

LUCIFER

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FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

“The difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects
seen.

All manners take a tincture from our
own,
Or some discolour'd through our pas-
sion shown ;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thou-
sand dyes.”

—POPE.

“IT is, indeed, shorter and easier to proceed from ignorance to knowledge than from error,” says Jerdan.

But who in our age of religions gnashing their teeth at one another, of sects innumerable, of “isms” and “ists” performing a wild *fandango* on the top of each other's heads to the rhythmical accompaniment of tongues, instead of castanets, clapping invectives—who will confess to his error? Nevertheless, all cannot be true. Nor can it be made clear by any method of reasoning, why men should on the one hand hold so tenaciously to opinions which most of them have *adopted* , not *begotten* , while they feel so savagely inimical to other sets of opinions, generated by somebody else!

Of this truth the past history of Theosophy and the Theosophical Society is a striking illustration. It is not that men do not desire novelty, or that progress and growth of thought are not welcomed. Our age is as greedy to set up new idols as it is to overthrow the old gods; as ready to give lavish hospitality to new ideas, as to kick out most unceremoniously theories that now seem to them effete. These new ideas may be as stupid as green cucumbers in a hot milk soup, as unwelcome to the majority as a fly in communion wine. Suffice it, however, that they emanate from a scientific brain, a recognized “authority,” for them to be welcomed with open arms by the fanatics of science. In this our century, as all know, every one in society, whether intellectual or scientific, dull

or ignorant, is ceaselessly running after some new thing. More so even, in truth, than the Athenian of Paul's day. Unfortunately, the new crazes men run after, now as then, are not *truths*—much as modern Society prides itself on living in an age of facts—but simply corroborations of men's hobbies, whether religious or scientific. Facts, indeed, are eagerly sought after, by all—from the solemn conclaves of Science who seem to hang the destinies of the human race on the correct definition of the anatomy of a mosquito's *proboscis*, down to half-starved penny-a-liner on the war-path after sensational news. But, it is only *such* facts as serve to pander to one or another of the prejudices and preconceptions, which are the ruling forces in the modern mind that are sure of their welcome.

Anything outside of such facts; any new or old idea unpopular and distasteful, for some mysterious reason or other, to the prevailing *ismical* authorities, will very soon be made to feel its unpopularity. Regarded askance, at first, with uplifted eyebrows and in wonderment, it will begin by being solemnly and almost *à priori* tabooed and thence refused *per secula seculorum* even a dispassionate hearing. People will begin to comment upon it—each faction in the light of its own prejudice and special craze. Then, each will proceed to distort it—the mutually inimical factions even clubbing their inventions, so as to slay the intruder with the more certainty, until each and all will be running amuck at it.

Thus act all the religious *isms*, even so all the independent Societies, whether scientific, free-thinking, Agnostic or Secularistic. Not one of these has the faintest correct conception about Theosophy or the Society of this name; none of them has ever gone to the trouble of even enquiring about either—yet, one and all will sit in Solomon's seat and judge the hateful (perhaps, because dangerous?) intruder, in the light of their respective misconceptions. We are not likely to stop to argue Theosophy with religious fanatics. Such remarks are beneath contempt, as those in "Word and Work" which, speaking of "the prevalence of Spiritualism and its advance *under the new form of Theosophy*" (?), strikes both with a sledge-hammer tempered in holy water, by first accusing both Spiritualism and Theosophy of "imposture," and then of *having the devil*.*—But when in addition to sectarian fanatics, missionaries and foggy retrogrades, in general, we find such clear-headed, cool, intellectual giants as Mr. Bradlaugh falling into the common errors and prejudice—the thing becomes more serious.

It is *so serious*, indeed, that we do not hesitate to enter a respectful yet firm protest in the pages of our *journal*—the only organ that is likely to publish all that we have to say. The task is an easy one. Mr. Brad-

* "Many, however," it adds, "who have had fuller knowledge of spiritualistic pretensions than we have, are convinced that, in some cases, there are real communications from the spirit world. If such there be, we have no doubt whence they come. They are certainly from beneath, not from above." *O Sancta Simplicitas*, which still believes in the *devil*—by perceiving its own face in the mirror, no doubt?

laugh has just published his views upon Theosophy in half a column of his *National Reformer* (June 30th) in which article—"Some Words of Explanation"—we find some half-a-dozen of the most regrettable misconceptions about the supposed beliefs of Theosophists. We publish it *in extenso* as it speaks for itself and shows the reason of his displeasure. Passages that we mean to controvert are underlined.

SOME WORDS OF EXPLANATION.

The review of Madame Blavatsky's book in the last *National Reformer* and an announcement in the *Sun* have brought me several letters on the subject of Theosophy. I am asked for explanation as to what Theosophy is, and as to my opinions on Theosophy. The word "theosoph" is old, and was used among the Neoplatonists. From the dictionary, its new meaning appears to be, "one who claims to have a *knowledge of God*, or of the laws of nature by means of internal illumination." An Atheist certainly cannot be a Theosophist. A Deist might be a Theosophist *A Monist could not be a Theosophist. Theosophy must at least involve Dualism.* Modern Theosophy, according to Madame Blavatsky, as set out in last week's issue, asserts much that I do not believe, and alleges some things which to me are certainly not true. I have not had the opportunity of reading Madame Blavatsky's two volumes, but I have read during the past ten years many publications from the pen of herself, Colonel Olcott, and other Theosophists. They appear to me to have sought to *rehabilitate a kind of Spiritualism in Eastern phraseology.* I think many of their allegations utterly erroneous, and their reasonings wholly unsound. I very deeply indeed regret that my colleague and co-worker has, with somewhat of suddenness, and without any interchange of ideas with myself, adopted as facts, matters which seem to me *as unreal as it is possible for any fiction to be.* My regret is greater as I know Mrs. Besant's devotion to any course she believes to be true. I know that she will always be earnest in the advocacy of any views she undertakes to defend, and I look to possible developments of her Theosophic opinions with the very gravest misgiving. The editorial policy of this paper is unchanged, and is directly antagonistic to all forms of Theosophy. I would have preferred on this subject to have held my peace, for the publicly disagreeing with Mrs. Besant on her adoption of Socialism has caused pain to both; but on reading her article and taking the public announcement made of her having joined the Theosophical organisation, I owe it to those who look to me for guidance to say this with clearness.

C. BRADLAUGH.

It is of course useless to go out of our way to try and convert Mr. Bradlaugh from his views as a thorough Materialist and Atheist to our Pantheism (for real Theosophy *is that*), nor have we ever sought by word or deed to convert Mrs. Besant. She has joined us entirely of her own free will and accord, though the fact gave all *earnest* Theosophists unbounded satisfaction, and to us personally more pleasure than we have felt for a long time. But we will simply appeal to Mr. Bradlaugh's well-known sense of justice and fairness, and prove to him that he is mis-

taken—at any rate, as to the views of Colonel Olcott and the present writer, and also in the interpretation he gives to the term “Theosophy.”

It will be sufficient to say that if Mr. Bradlaugh knew anything of the *Rules* of our Society he would know that if even he, the Head of Secularism, were to become to-day a member of the Theosophical Society, such an action would *not necessitate his giving up one iota of his Secularistic ideas*. We have greater atheists in the T.S. than he ever was or can be, namely, Hindus belonging to certain all-denying sects. Mr. Bradlaugh believes in mesmerism, at all events he has great curative powers himself, and therefore could not well deny the presence in some persons of such mysterious faculties; whereas, if you attempted to speak of mesmerism or even of hypnotism to the said Hindus, they would only shrug their shoulders at you, and laugh. Membership in the Theosophical Society does not expose the “Fellows” to any interference with their religious, irreligious, political, philosophical or scientific views. The Society is not a sectarian nor is it a religious body, but simply a nucleus of men devoted to the search after truth, whencesoever it may come. Mrs. Annie Besant was right when stating, in the same issue of the *National Reformer*, that the three objects of the Theosophical Society are:

“to found a Universal Brotherhood without distinction of race or creed; to forward the study of Aryan literature and philosophy; to investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man. On matters of religious opinion, the members are absolutely free. The founders of the society deny a personal God, and a somewhat subtle form of Pantheism is taught as the Theosophic view of the Universe, though even this is not forced on members of the Society.”

To this Mrs. Besant adds, over her own signature, that though she cannot, in the *National Reformer*, state fully her reasons for joining the T. S., yet she has

“no desire to hide the fact that this form of Pantheism appears to promise solution of some problems, especially problems in psychology, which Atheism leaves untouched.”

We seriously hope that she will not be disappointed.

The second object of the T. S., *i.e.* the Eastern philosophy interpreted esoterically, has never yet failed to solve many a problem for those who study the subject seriously. It is only those others, who, without being natural mystics, rush heedlessly into the mysteries of the unexplained psychic powers latent in every man (*in Mr. Bradlaugh himself*, as well as in any other) from ambition, curiosity or simple vanity—that generally come to grief and make the T. S. responsible for their own failure.

Now what is there that could prevent even Mr. Bradlaugh from joining the T. S.? We will take up the argument point by point.

Is it because Mr. Bradlaugh is an Individualist, an English Radical of the old school, that he cannot sympathize with such a lofty idea as the

Universal Brotherhood of Man? His well-known kindness of heart, his proven philanthropy, his life-long efforts in the cause of the suffering and the oppressed, would seem to prove the contrary in his practice, whatever his theoretical views on the subject may be. But, if perchance he clings to his theories in the face of his practice, then let us leave aside this, the first object of the T. S. Some members of our Society, unfortunately, sympathize as little as he might with this noble, but perchance (to Mr. Bradlaugh) somewhat Utopian ideal. No member is obliged to feel in *full* sympathy with all three objects; suffice that he should be in sympathy with one of the three, and be willing not to oppose the two others, to render him eligible to membership in the T. S.

Is it because he is an Atheist? To begin with, we dispute "the new meaning" he quotes from the dictionary that "a Theosophist is one who claims to have a knowledge of God." No one can claim a *knowledge* of "God," the absolute and unknowable universal Principle; and in a personal god Eastern Theosophists (therefore Olcott and Blavatsky) do *not* believe. But if Mr. Bradlaugh contends that in that case the name is a misnomer, we shall reply: *theosophia* properly means *not* a knowledge of "God" but of gods, *i.e., divine*, that is superhuman knowledge. Surely Mr. Bradlaugh will not assert that human knowledge exhausts the universe and that no wisdom is possible outside the consciousness of man?

And why cannot a *Monist* be a Theosophist? And why must Theosophy at least involve *dualism*? Theosophy teaches a far stricter and more far-reaching *Monism* than does Secularism. The Monism of the latter may be described as materialistic and summed up in the words, "Blind Force and Blind Matter ultimating in Thought." But this—begging Mr. Bradlaugh's pardon—is *bastard* Monism. The Monism of Theosophy is truly philosophical. We conceive of the universe as one in essence and origin. And though we speak of Spirit and Matter as its two poles, yet we state emphatically that they can only be considered as distinct from the standpoint of human, *mayavic* (*i.e., illusionary*) consciousness.

We therefore conceive of spirit and matter *as one in essence* and not as separate and distinct antitheses.

What then are the "matters" that seem to Mr. Bradlaugh "as *unreal* as it is possible for any fiction to be"? We hope he is not referring to those physical phenomena, which most unfortunately have been confused in the Western mind with philosophical Theosophy? Real as these manifestations are—inasmuch as they were *not* produced by "conjuring tricks" of any kind—still the best of them are, ever were and ever will be, no better than *psychological illusions*, as the writer herself always called them to the disgust of many of her phenomenally inclined friends. These "unrealities" were all very well as *toys*, during the infancy of Theosophy; but we can assure Mr. Bradlaugh that all his Secularists

might join the T. S. without ever being expected to believe in them—even though he himself produces the same “unreal” but *beneficent* “illusions” in his mesmeric cures, of many of which we heard long ago. And surely the editor of the *National Reformer* will not call “unreal” the ethical and ennobling aspects of Theosophy, the undeniable effects of which are so apparent among the bulk of Theosophists—notwithstanding a back-biting and quarrelling minority? Surely again he will not deny the elevating and strengthening influence of such beliefs as those in Reincarnation and Karma, doctrines which solve undeniably many a social problem that seeks elsewhere in vain for a solution?

The Secularists are fond of speaking of Science as “the Saviour of Man,” and should, therefore, be ready to welcome new facts and listen to new theories. But are they prepared to listen to theories and accept facts that come to them from races which, in their insular pride, they term effete? For not only do the latter lack the sanction of orthodox Western Science, but they are stated in an unfamiliar form and are supported by reasoning not cast in the mould of the inductive system, which has usurped a spurious place in the eyes of Western thinkers.

The Secularists, if they wish to remain consistent materialists, will have perforce to shut out more than half the universe from the range of their explanations: that part namely, which includes mental phenomena, especially those of a comparatively rare and exceptional nature. Or do they imagine, perhaps, that in psychology—the youngest of the Sciences—everything is already known? Witness the Psychic Research Society with its Cambridge luminaries—sorry descendants of Henry More!—how vain and frantic its efforts, efforts that have so far resulted only in making confusion worse confounded. And why? Because they have foolishly endeavoured to test and to explain psychic phenomena on a physical basis. No Western psychologist has, so far, been able to give any adequate explanation even of the simplest phenomenon of consciousness—sense perception.

The phenomena of thought-transference, hypnotism, suggestion, and many other mental and psychic manifestations, formerly regarded as supernatural or the work of the devil, are now recognized as purely natural phenomena. And yet it is in truth the same powers, only intensified tenfold, that are those “unrealities” Mr. Bradlaugh speaks about. Manipulated by those who have inherited the tradition of thousands of years of study and observation of such forces, their laws and modes of operations—what wonder that they should result in effects, unknown to science, but *supernatural* only in the eyes of ignorance.

Eastern Mystics and Theosophists do *not* believe in miracles, any more than do the Secularists; what then is there *superstitious* in such studies?

Why should discoveries so arrived at, and laws formulated in ac-

cordance with strict and cautious investigation be regarded as "rehabilitated Spiritualism"?

It is a historically recognized fact that Europe owes the revival of its civilization and culture, after the destruction of the Roman Empire, to Eastern influence. The Arabs in Spain and the Greeks of Constantinople brought with them only that which they had acquired from nations lying still further Eastward. Even the glories of the classical age owed their beginnings to the germs received by the Greeks from Egypt and Phœnicia. The far remote, so-called antediluvian, ancestors of Egypt and those of the Brahmin Aryans sprang once upon a time from the same stock. However much scientific opinions may vary as to the genealogical and ethnological sequence of events, yet the fact remains undeniable that every germ of civilization which the West has cultivated and developed has been received from the East. Why then should the English Secularists and Freethinkers in general, who certainly do not pride themselves on their imaginary descent from the lost ten tribes, why should they be so reluctant to accept the possibility of further enlightenment coming to them from that East, which was the cradle of their race? And why should they, who above all, ought to be free from prejudice, fanaticism, and narrow-mindedness, the exclusive prerogatives of *religious* bodies, why, we ask, should they who lay claim to free thought, and have suffered so much themselves from fanatical persecution, why, in the name of wonder, should they so readily allow themselves to be blinded by the very prejudices which they condemn?

This and many other similar instances bring out with the utmost clearness the right of the Theosophical Society to fair and impartial hearing; as also the fact that of all the now existing "isms" and "ists," our organization *is the only body entirely and absolutely free from all intolerance, dogmatism, and prejudice.*

The Theosophical Society, indeed, as a body, is the *only* one which opens its arms *to all*, imposing on none its own special beliefs, strictly limited to the small *inner* group within it, called the Esoteric Section. It is truly *Universal* in spirit and constitution. It recognises and fosters no exclusiveness, no preconceptions. In the T. S. alone do men meet in the common search for truth, on a platform from which all dogmatism, all sectarianism, all mutual party hatred and condemnation are excluded; for, accepting every grain of truth wherever it is found, it waits in patience till the chaff that accompanies it falls off by itself. It recognizes and knows of, and therefore avoids its representatives in its ranks—but one enemy—an enemy common to all, namely, Roman Catholicism, and that only because of its auricular confession. But even this exception exists only so far as regards *its inner group*, for reasons too apparent to need explanation.

Theosophy is monistic through and through. It seeks the one Truth in all religions, in all science, in all experience, as in every system

of thought. What aim can be nobler, more universal, more all-embracing?

But evidently the world has not yet learned to regard Theosophy in this light, and the necessity of disabusing at least some of the best minds in the English-speaking countries, of the prejudices springing from the tares sown in them by our unscrupulous enemies is felt more than ever at this juncture. It is with the hope of weeding these minds from all such misconceptions, and of making the position of Theosophy plainer and clearer, that the present writer has prepared a small volume, called "The Key to Theosophy," now in the press, and to be published very shortly. Therein are gathered in the shape of dialogue all the principal errors about, and objections to, Theosophy and its teachings, and more detailed and fuller arguments in proof of the assertions made in this article will be found in that work. The writer will make it her duty to send an early copy—not to the editor of the *National Reformer*—but to Mr. Bradlaugh *personally*. Knowing him by reputation for long years, it is impossible for us to believe that our critic would ever condescend to follow the example of most of the editors, lay or clerical, and condemn a work *on faith* even before he had cut open its pages, merely because of the unpopularity of its author and the subject treated.

In that volume it will be found that the chief concern of Theosophists is *Search after Truth*, and the investigation of such problems in Nature and Man which are mysteries to-day, but may become secrets, open to science, to-morrow. Is this a course which Mr. Bradlaugh would oppose? Does *his* judgment belong to the category of those that can never be open to revision? "This shall be your creed and belief, and therefore, all investigation is useless," is a *dictum* of the Roman Catholic Church. It cannot be that of the Secularists—if they would remain true to their colours.



A PRISONED SOUL.

You love me not! You think me cold and proud;

A narrow heart, a narrow soul beside—

Prize more the burning words to me denied

Than soaring thought that may not cry aloud,
And shake to silence the world's gaping crowd!

Oh God, to fling my soul's barred portals wide

And stand before you free, strong, ardent-eyed,

Until your spirit before my true self bowed!

Never on earth my dearest may this be;

Within all flame, without all ice I stand,

A prisoned soul, while in your careless hand

You hold unknowing Love's mighty master key:

Fate's riddles are hard to read, what heart hath spanned

Life's chasm of tears thro' Love's eternity?

EVELYN PYNE.

THE FIRST RACE.

THE thought that the highest man had an archetype or prototype and that the conception of man antedated in time the historical evidence of his body is one which links together both the Platonic and the Occult teachings. The "ideas" of the Platonists are the "astral forms" of the Occultists, the "archetypes" of Sir Richard Owen, the "Prototypes" of Rochet. The modern school of science, which is Darwinian, and consequently avoids all questions bearing on the philosophy of animal creation, ignores the anatomical teaching which pupils received from Sir Richard Owen in 1848 & 1849. But this theory is found to closely accord with the ideas Madame Blavatsky has sketched out.

If we look at the diagram of the vertebrate archetype in Owen's book * side by side with those of the fish, the crocodile, the bird, the mammal, and man, we see that we have in reality the "astral man" of the race depicted. If we look at the picture of the prototype of man drawn by Rochet † (p. 18) the Adam Kadmon created male and female is before us. In the words of Swinburne :

"None, seeing us cloven in sunder
Will weep, or laugh, or wonder."

And we have a type of man shown which is essentially transcendental.

But after all, what is transcendental anatomy? What is that which seeks to pierce into the real *Bedeutung* of things whereby the memory of the old anatomical forms is preserved?

The greatest transcendentalist is the one who, either through the memory of past re-incarnations, or from his own knowledge has remembered most of the early forms of humanity. He does not express what might be, but remembers what has been.

It must not be imagined of course, that the universal concepts which are identical with the archetypes, are the ideas in the mind of the Deity, who is limitless and indiscrete,‡ but merely in the mind of the observer. Such ultra realism as was taught by William of Champeaux is not inferred by the transcendental anatomist of the school of Oken, Owen, or Knox. We may realise the conception of anatomists, and believe in the existence of forms. We must not be content to see in community of pattern mere community of descent, which may or may not be proven. Owen has searched as a reverend student may search, by the scientific use of the imagination, for the very thought that passed through the mind of the supreme designer, whose eyes beheld the "substance" of man, being yet imperfect, and in whose account every limb was written.§

A reverend mind and a good anatomist dare only have attempted this task. Owen has said in his "Nature of Limbs:" (8th Vol. Lond. 1849.)

* Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton. 8vo. Lond. 1848.

† The Prototype of Man. 8vo. 1886, p. 18.

‡ R. F. Clarke, S. J. Logic. 8vo. Lond. 1888, p. 160.

§ Ps. cxxxviii, 14, 15.

“To what natural laws or secondary cause the orderly succession and progression of such organic phenomena may have been committed to us, we as yet are ignorant.

“But, if without derogation of the Divine power, we may conceive the existence of such ministers and personify them by the term ‘Nature,’ we learn from the past history of our globe that she has advanced with slow and stately steps, guided by the archetypal light amidst the wreck of worlds, from the first embodiment of the vertebrate idea under its old ichthyic vestment, until it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the Human form.”

Here Owen merely speaks of an “ichthyic vestment” (loc. cit. p. 86), not of a “fishy nature”; and never dreamt that his successors would so far warp his words as to affirm the descent of man from fish.

And in another passage in the same work :

“The inference as to the possibility of the vertebrate type being the basis of the organisation of some of the inhabitants of other planets will not appear so hazardous, when it is remembered that orbits or protection cavities of the eyes of the vertebrata of this planet are constructed of modified vertebræ. Our thoughts are free to soar as far as any legitimate analogy to guide them rightly in the boundless ocean of unknown truth. And if censure be merited for here indulging, even for a moment, in pure speculation it may perhaps be disarmed by reflection. Mivart has said and said well, ‘If man and the Orang are diverging descendants of a creature with certain cerebral characters then that remote ancestor must also have had the wrist of the Chimpanzee, the voice of a long armed ape, the bladebone of the Gorilla, the chin of the Siamang, the skull-dome of an American ape, the ischium of a slender Loris, the whiskers and beard of a Saki, the liver and stomach of the Gibbons,’ and a number of other characters in which the various several forms of the higher and lower *Primates* respectively approximate to man.”

The archetype of man, as conceived by the transcendental anatomist, is united in a form which Owen has drawn. Fishlike though it may have been, it does not represent the form of any actual fish, or even such a type as we find in *Amphioxus*. But the teachings of Theosophy serve to help out the speculations of the comparative anatomist, resting on the book of Dzyan, which corroborates the teachings of the higher *savant*. The two methods of thought have been found to accord, and the “Secret Doctrine,” from whatever source it may have been derived, is found to be in perfect harmony with the rigorous teachings of comparative anatomy.

Speculation on the primitive archetype of vertebrate, the form which we find in the second race developed under circumstances detailed in the Book of Dzyan becomes less premature to the comparative anatomist of the generation of Owen and de Blainville than to those who peruse Haeckel, or the “evolutionists.” *Sto super vias antiquas.*

C. CARTER BLAKE, D. SC.

* Mivart. “Man and Apes,” 8vo., London, 1873, p. 176.

THE VISION OF SCIPIO.

A VERSION OF CICERO'S "SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS."

THE short fragment of Cicero generally known as the Vision of Scipio to those who are seeking for the scattered pearls, which once adorned the sacred bosom of the pure virgin of the mysteries, before she was defiled and her robe and jewels trampled in the mire of the sty, is perhaps the most interesting record in the voluminous writings of the great Roman orator.

Whence Tully derived his information, whether from the writings of the outer schools of Pythagorean and Platonic philosophy, or from private sources, is in the present case immaterial.

Antiquity has appealed to a higher tribunal in these later days for justification, and, as a witness in this all important case, we welcome the noble Scipio, and bid him come into the fair and open court of LUCIFER, there to plead his cause in words so eloquent, wise and clear, that the jury, LUCIFER'S good readers, will require no further comment.*

For those who like dates and facts, and the anatomical processes of modern chronicle-ism, with its dry-boned rattle, it may be stated that the occasion of the vision was as follows.

At the outbreak of the third Punic War 149 B.C., P. Corn. Scipio Æmilianus Africanus Minor, the philosopher and polished man of letters, accompanied the Roman army to Africa, and there met with the aged Massinissa, prince of Numidia, the friend of his great-grandfather by adoption, the renowned Africanus (Major). After spending the day in discussing the political institutions of their respective countries and in recollections by the aged prince of the elder Africanus, for whom he still retained the most lively affection, Scipio, wearied by the lengthy conversation and exhausted by his journey, retired to his couch and soon fell into a profound sleep. And while he slept the vision of his grandsire appeared to him, in that form which was more familiar to Scipio from his statue than from his own person, and after foretelling the future exploits of his adopted grandson and the incidents of his death in full detail, continued (Scipio narrating the story):

"But that you may be the readier to protect your country, know this of a surety. All who have preserved, helped or increased their country, have in heaven a certain and assigned place, there in blessedness to enjoy a sempiternal age. For to the Supreme Deity, which rules the whole of this universe, nothing on earth is more acceptable than the assemblies and gatherings of men united by law, which are called States.

* The most remarkable passages are printed in Italics.

It is from this region that the rulers and preservers of States proceed and hither do they return."

Hereupon, although excessively frightened, I asked whether my father Paulus too and others, whom we thought annihilated, still lived.*

"To be sure they do," answered Africanus, "for they have flown from the chains of their bodies, as out of a prison. That which you call life is death. But behold your father Paulus approaching you."

And when I saw my father, I burst into a great flood of tears. But he, folding me to his breast, with kisses, forbade me to weep. And as soon as I had dried my tears and began to be able to speak, I said: "Prythee, most reverend and excellent father, since this is a state of life, as I hear from Africanus, why do I tarry on earth and not hasten to join you in this state?" †

"It may not be," he replied, "for unless that Deity, whose temple is the whole of this, which you behold, shall free you from those ties which keep you in the body; the way hither cannot be open to you. For this is the law which governs the birth of men; that they should maintain that globe, which you see is the middle one in this temple, and which is called the earth. And a soul has been given them from those sempiternal fires, which you call constellations and stars. These being of a globular and round nature and ensouled with divine minds, perform their cycles and orbits with wonderful rapidity. Wherefore, both you, Publius, and all good men should keep their soul in the guardianship of the body, and should not quit the life of mortals without the command of that Being, by whom the soul was given to you, lest you should seem to have been untrue to that duty to mankind, which has been assigned you by the Deity. Practise, therefore, justice and the spirit of duty, ‡ like as both your grandsire here and I, your father, have done. Now duty, excellent though it is when shown to parents and relations, is best of all, when practised towards one's country.§ Such a mode of life is the path to Heaven and to this assembly of men, who have lived, but now freed from their body inhabit the place, which you see."

Now that place was a circle shining with dazzling splendour amid the stars,|| which you, after the Greeks, call the Milky Way, and from it all other objects seemed to me, as I gazed, exceedingly bright and marvellous. There were stars which we have never seen from earth; and the magnitudes of all of them were such as we have never suspected. The smallest of them was the star, which being furthest from Heaven and nearest to earth, shone with a borrowed light.¶ Moreover, the stellar globes far exceeded the earth in magnitude, which now to me

* *Extinctos*, a strong word in contradistinction to *viveret* expressing the continuance of life.

† *Hac*.

‡ *Pietas*.

§ The Roman mind saw no higher duty than this. It was necessarily the *summum bonum* of a race even in its best days of warriors and statesmen.

|| *Inter flammis*, flaming bodies.

¶ Heaven (*coelum*) here means the *Lactæus Orbis*, the Milky Way.

appeared so small, that I was grieved to see our empire contracted, as it were, into a very point.*

Now as I continued to gaze thereon with increasing interest, Africanus continued :

“How long will your attention be fixed earthwards? Do you not perceive into what precincts † you are come ?

All things are bound together with nine spheres or globes. The last of these is celestial, and embraces all the others, being that supreme Deity which restrains and contains the rest. In this sphere are fixed the sempiternal cyclic revolutions of the stars,‡ and to it are subjected the seven spheres, which revolve backwards with a contrary motion to the celestial sphere.§ Of these the star they call on earth Saturnian, possesses one sphere. Next comes that splendour, which is said to be of Jupiter, propitious and salutary to the human race. Then a sphere of a red colour and terrible to the earth, which you say is of Mars. Next in order and almost under the mid region the Sun holds place, the leader and chief and director of the remaining lights, the mind of the world and its controlling principle, of such magnitude that it illumines and fills all things with its light. The two orbits of Venus and Mercury follow the Sun, as attendants. In the lowest sphere the Moon revolves, lit by the rays of the Sun. Below this there is nothing, which is not subject to death and decay, except the souls bestowed on the race of men by the gift of the gods. Above the moon, however, all things are eternal. For the Earth, which is the middle and ninth sphere, both does not move and is lowest, and all ponderable bodies are carried towards it by their natural gravity.”||

And when I recovered myself from my amazed contemplation of these

* The above lines, as well as the still more extraordinary passage in the sequel, written some fifty years B.C., are such a stumbling block to the critics, that the wildest hypotheses have been put forward with all the parade of learning. Among others the following is interesting. “If we compare this passage with the fortieth chapter of the Prophecies of Isaiah, and with other parts of the same prophecy we shall find it difficult to believe that that inspired book had not in part, or wholly, come to the knowledge of the Romans as early as the age of Cicero.” The passage of Isaiah referred to is as follows (v. 22):—“It is He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers.” The other passages referred to have not as yet been discovered by the translator. *Verbum sapienti satis.*

† *Templum*, signifies a portion of the heavens cut off from the rest, and was the technical term for the “Houses of the Heavens” in augury.

‡ *Illi, qui voluntur, stellarum cursus sempiterni*, a somewhat involved passage; the translation, “the original principles of those endless revolutions which the planets perform,” is not warranted by the Latin.

§ See *Plato, Timæus, XII.* “. . . besides which he made one of the circles external, the other internal. The motion of the exterior circle he proclaimed to be that of sameness, and that of the interior the motion of difference.”

|| If from these nine spheres we subtract the ultimate celestial, and the Earth, which is perishable, we shall, as in the Eastern system, get a septenary, for the so-called first and seventh principles are really no principles. It must be left to the intuition of the student, to decide whether this echo of ancient science, this fugitive ray from the lamp of the Mysteries, is to be applied literally to the seven physical bodies called planets in ancient astronomy, or is meant as a hint for those who have ears to hear. “For the Mercury of the Philosophers is not the common mercury.” In occult science the seven physical “planets” of astrology are merely symbols of the seven principles of all material bodies.— See *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. i., 132.

things, "What," I asked, "is this mighty and sweet harmony which fills my ears?"

And he replied: "This melody composed of unequal intervals, yet proportionately harmonized, is produced by the impulse and motion of the spheres themselves, which by blending high and low tones produces uniformly divers symphonies. Such mighty motions cannot be made in silence, and nature brings it to pass that the extremes should at one end give forth a low note, at the other a high tone. Consequently that highest star-bearing orbit of heaven which I have mentioned, whose revolution is more rapid, moves with a sharp and vigorous sound: whereas this sphere of the Moon, which is the lowest, gives forth a very grave tone. While the Earth, the ninth, remaining immovable always abides in the lowest seat, *encompassing* the middle place of the universe." *

"These eight orbits,† two of which have the same power, namely Mercury and Venus, create a scale of seven distinct intervals; *a number which is the connecting principle‡ of nearly all things.* And learned men imitating this mystery with strings and vocal harmonies, have won for themselves a return to this place: like as some others, who, *endowed with extraordinary natural powers, have studied divine sciences even in earth-life.*§

"Now mortals have become deaf to these sounds, by having their ears continually filled with them; so much so that hearing is the dullest of your senses, just as the people who dwell near the Cataracts of the Nile are defective in their sense of hearing. And so this sound, which is generated by the exceedingly rapid revolution of the whole Cosmos,|| is so stupendous, that mortal ears cannot contain it: just as you cannot look at the face of the sun without both sight and sense being overcome by its rays."

Now, though I was struck with astonishment at these things, I still kept my eyes turned to the earth. Whereupon Africanus said:—"I perceive, Scipio, that you still gaze upon the seat and home of mortals. But, if it appears to you so small as it really is, it were better to keep your eyes ever fixed on these celestial sights, and disregard those of earth. For what renown from the mouths of men, or glory worth striving for, can you achieve? You see that the population of the earth is con-

* *Complexa medium mundi locum*; this is generally translated, "occupying the central spot in the universe," a somewhat strange and unnatural rendering of *complexa*, which is never found bearing this meaning in any other context. By giving it, however, its natural signification of "embracing," a key to the tone meaning of the term, sphere, is offered. Readers who are interested in mystic harmonies, the music of the spheres, and their occult correspondences, should carefully study the opening chapters of the *Timæus* of Plato; this, however, will prove a somewhat desperate undertaking, if the translations of the schoolmen have to be solely relied on.

† The celestial sphere is not included, seeing that the various tones are produced by the varying velocity of the different spheres revolving in an opposite direction to the heavenly sphere.

‡ *Nodus.*

§ *Qui præstantibus ingeniis in vitæ humana divina studia coluerunt.*

|| *Totius mundi*, an additional proof that the physical planets are not meant in the preceding description.

fined to scattered and narrow localities, and that vast uninhabited tracts surround the inhabited specks: that the dwellers on earth also are so cut off from one another, that mutual intercourse is impossible: but that *some stand sideways, some backwards, some directly opposite you,** from whom you can certainly hope for no glory. You perceive, moreover, that the earth is also encompassed and surrounded, so to speak, with belts: *two of which separated by the greatest distance and situated at each end under the very poles of the heaven,*† you see are rigid with ice; but the middle zone, which is also the largest, is burnt up with the heat of the sun. Two of these are habitable: the southern zone, the inhabitants of which *have their feet turned towards you,*‡ has no connection with your race. Of the northern (temperate) zone, however, which you inhabit, see what a small share you possess. The whole surface inhabited by you, of small extent north and south, but of greater length east and west, is an insignificant strip,§ surrounded by the sea, which you call on earth the Atlantic, the Great Sea, or Ocean. And yet you see how small it is in spite of its great name. How, then, is it possible for either your own name, or that of any of our countrymen, to pass out of these familiar and well-known countries and either traverse the Caucasus here, which you see, or cross yonder Ganges? Who in the rest of the world, east or west, or in the extreme northern or southern regions, will hear your name? And if you subtract these, you will easily see, within what narrow limits your glory seeks to spread itself.

“How long, again, will those who speak about you, continue to do so? For even if future generations should successively desire to hand down the praises of any one of us, which they may have, in their turn, received from their fathers, yet, because of *the cataclysms of water and fire,*|| *which must happen at fixed periods,* we can attain not even lasting renown, much less eternal glory. For what does it profit you to be spoken of by men who shall be born hereafter, when those are silent, who were born before you, not less, indeed, in number, and certainly better men; when, moreover, no one even of those, who can bear our repute, is able to preserve the recollections of a single year. Now men usually measure the year by the sun, that is, by the revolution of one star; but it is only when *the rest*

* *Sed partim obliquas, partim aversos, partim etiam aversos stare vobis.* A somewhat difficult passage to do justice to; the next paragraph, however, proves beyond all doubt that the positions are referred to a spherical and not a plane surface.

† If Cicero believed the earth was a flat surface, how could he possibly speak of *two poles*?

‡ *Quorum australis ille, in quo qui insistunt, adversa vobis urgent vestigia, nihil ad vestrum genus.* Surely no words could testify more clearly to the science of the ancients! Even a child might conclude the argument with a triumphant Q. E. D., and yet hear the commentator of the orthodox schools:—“This is a very curious passage, and if our author's interpreters are to be believed, he was acquainted with the true figure of the earth, a discovery which is generally thought to have been reserved for Sir Isaac Newton (!), and to have been confirmed by some late experiments; but I own I am not without some doubts as to our author's meaning, whether he does not here speak, not of the whole face of the earth, but of that part of it which was possessed or conquered by the Romans.”—GUTHRIE. *Requiescat in pace!*

§ *Infula*, literally a fillet or ribbon used as an ornament in the sacrifices.

|| *Propter eluriones, exustiones que terrarum.*

of the constellations* have returned to their original positions, and have brought back the same aspect of the heaven after long intervals, that the true revolution of the year can be spoken of. In which cycle I scarcely dare say how many centuries of mortals are contained. For like as in olden days, when the soul of Romulus entered into these mansions, men saw the sun obscured and extinguished, so when the sun shall be again obscured in the same position and period, and all the signs and stars are recalled to the same origin, then must you consider the cycle complete. But you must know that not even the twentieth part of this year has completed its revolution.†

“Wherefore, if you have hopes of a return to this place, where great and excellent men enjoy all things; of what value, I ask, is that human glory, which can scarcely extend to the small fraction of one cycle? And so if you would look on high and fix your gaze on this state and your eternal home; you will neither devote your life to vulgar fame, nor centre the hope of your welfare in human rewards. True worth itself by its own attractions should lead you to real achievement. What others say of you, let them see to it; for talk they will. But all such fame is bounded by the narrow limits of the regions which you see. Never yet has a man enjoyed lasting fame, for death destroys and the oblivion of posterity engulphs it.‡

“And, if indeed, O, Africanus,” I said, “a *side path* § to the highway to heaven lies open to men, who have deserved well of their country; and though heretofore from my youth up, by treading in the footsteps of yourself and my father, I have never been untrue to your honourable reputation; yet now with such a prospect before me, I will strive with even greater watchfulness.”

“Strive on,” said he, “with the assurance that *it is not you, who are subject to death but your body*. For that which is really yourself, is not the being which your bodily shape declares. But the real man is the *thinking principle* || of each, and not the form, which can be pointed to with the finger. Of this, then, be sure that *thou art a God*; in as much as deity is that which has will, sensation, memory, foresight, and rules, regulates and moves the body it has in charge, just as the Supreme Deity does the universe. And like as eternal deity guides the Cosmos which is in a certain degree subject to decay,¶ so a sempiternal soul moves the

* *Astra*; the term *astrum* is never applied to the planets; it generally means a constellation or a sign of the zodiac, and is used in the plural as a designation of the heavens. The usual rendering, however, is “planets”; clearly a perversion of the radical meaning.

† This astronomical cycle was called by the Romans *Annus Magnus* or *Annus Mundanus*. It is a period of some 25,000 common years, and the key to the mysteries of the Manvantaric cycles, rounds, races, and sub-races. The method of calculation of such cycles being one of the most important branches of occult astronomy, was jealously guarded. Even in the present Renaissance, figures are kept back.

‡ Throughout this remarkable exposition of the emptiness of fame the grand precept “kill out ambitions” re-echoes, emphasised, however with all the logic of the practical Roman mind, so that it may stand for trial in the open court of Reason, and fight the doubter with physical facts.

§ A hint that even true patriotism is not the *Path*, though tending in its direction.

|| *Mens* (Manas).

¶ Cosmic pralaya.

destructible body. *Now that which is ever in motion is eternal.* Whereas that which communicates motion to something else, and which is set in motion by an external cause, must necessarily cease to exist, when its motion is exhausted.

“That, therefore, which has the principle of motion in itself, seeing that it can never fail itself, is the only eternal existence, and moreover is the source and causative principle of motion to all other bodies endowed with movement. The causative principle however, can have no antecedent cause. For all things spring from this principle, which cannot in the nature of things be generated from anything else; for if it were so, it would cease to be the principal cause. And if this is without beginning, it can evidently have no end, for if the principle of causation were destroyed, it could not be reborn from anything else, nor give birth to any thing out of itself, for all things must necessarily be generated from the causative principle. The principle of motion, therefore, comes from that which is endowed with self-movement; and this can suffer neither birth nor death; otherwise every heaven would collapse, and every nature necessarily come to a standstill, seeing that it could no longer obtain that force by which it was originally impelled.

“Since, therefore, it is evident that that only is eternal which is self-motive* who is there to deny that this is a rational attribute of souls? For everything which is set in motion by external impulse is destitute of the soul principle,† whereas everything ensouled‡ is energised by an interior and self-created motion; for this is the soul's proper nature and power. And if it alone of all things has the attribute of self-movement; it surely is not subject to birth but is eternal. Exercise the soul therefore, in the highest pursuits. Now the noblest interest of a man is the welfare of his country; and if the soul is practised and exercised in such cares, it will the more speedily wing its flight to these mansions and its proper home. *And the time of this achievement will be greatly shortened, if even now in the prison of the body, it extends beyond, and by contemplating things which are not of the body, withdraws itself as much as possible from its earthly tabernacle.*

“For the souls of those who have given themselves up to the pleasures of the body, and have made themselves the servants of these pleasures, and under the sway of the passions, whose ruler is pleasure, have transgressed the laws of gods and men; *on quitting the body, they hover round the earth, and do not return to this heavenly haven until they have been tossed about for many ages.*” §

He vanished and I awoke from sleep.

E. E. O., F.T.S.

* This is why the Absolute and the unknown deific Principle, is called “Absolute Motion” in the *Secret Doctrine*—a “motion,” which has certainly nothing to do with, nor can it be explained by, that which is called motion on Earth. [Ed.]

† *Inanimatum.*

‡ *Animal.*

§ *i.e., are reincarnated.*

THE SEARCH FOR CHRIST.

"We must look at the Decalogue in the light
Of an ancient statute, that was meant
For a *mild* and *general* application,
To be understood with the reservation
That, in certain instances the Right
Must yield to the Expedient!"

The Golden Legend.—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"**W**HERE is the Christ?"

The question was thundered through the heavens and shook old earth to her foundations; and, from among the ignorant, arrogant, teeming multitudes that swarm the rolling globe, the answer came:

"Lo, here is Christ!" and "Lo, there!"

The Spirit thundered forth again: "Where is the Christ?"

The Eastern world started at the cry, and pointing westward, made answer: "Lo, there is Christ!"

It was sunset to the Eastern world. The Spirit swept westward, overtaking the great sun on his diurnal journey and still calling in accents which vibrated on the air:

"Where is the Christ?"

The nations were too lethargic to answer. Rome raised a scarlet cross as a reply, and England alone cried out lustily and alertly:

"Lo, here is Christ!"

Here indeed! The Spirit paused; this, then was the centre of enlightenment; here, on this green, fertile soil was the accumulated intellect of ages; here was the Christ, the perfected age; well might the Spirit pause. But he was confused, there was something organically wrong; the place was dark; the fumes of ill-health and vice appalled him, he had been misled; so he called again, and his voice rang pathetically through England's hills, "Where is the Christ?"

England roused herself; a thousand discordant voices, each endeavouring to outvie the other in strength arose, their aura darkening the atmosphere.

"Lo, here!" "Nay, here!" "He lieth, Spirit, Christ is here!"

"These are the smaller sects," called the Church of England, assuming an air of importance. "The unbaptized, perchance; here is the fold."

The voice of Nonconformity pierced the air.

"The Church is hand in hand with Rome and the devil. Christ dwells with us alone."

"They all lie!" thundered the voice of a Jesuit. "We are the one and only Church; these heretics mutilate our doctrines, travesty our ceremonies, and steal our name!"

"It is useless," sighed the Spirit; "I will descend still nearer this people, and I may find what I seek."

He alighted nearer the earth. Above him the fair blue sky reflected a thousand hues of translucent light; but as he neared the metropolis, the clouds gathered

over his head, and the rain descended in torrents. Nature wept at the anguish of which the Spirit was to be partaker.

A conscious spirit walking the earth, observes nations and men with different sight to ours which is inverted. He, with developed senses, comprehends the inner motives of classes and individuals, which prompt the organization of laws that are for a people's weal or woe.

The Spirit of investigation and advancement was on the search of what he knew to be a great light. And, could he find the nation who possessed within themselves the Christ, would he not have found a people with whom he could co-operate for the enlightenment of all humanity? He gazed beneath him; a thousand gilded crosses and pointed spires marked the metropolis.

"The Christ is not to be found amid these symbols," he mused, "for they all raise their inharmonious voices in defaming one another. Their pulpits resound with egotistical virtues and the delinquencies of others and the pondering of their miserable, puny material, dogmas, while they ignore the spirit of Him they profess to follow, and whom they call upon so loudly. Yet, patience; I will seek farther."

At that moment, the blast of a trumpet rent the air; the Spirit shuddered before him marched an army in blood-red array, as if fully equipped for war.

"Christian England," he wailed, "what blot on your escutcheon is this?"

A smile of contemptuous pity was upon every soldier's face. Each man straightened himself into a more complete gunpowder automaton than before, and proudly gave answer:

"Spirit, you have been misinformed. We are no blot on our country's escutcheon, and you should know that this is no light matter denouncing so glorious, so time-honoured an institution as we, the army, who are paid by the Government, cajoled by the aristocracy and have the sanction of the Church."

"The sanction of your Church," exclaimed the Spirit. "Does Christianity then uphold an army of human butchers for slaughtering sister-nations?"

A dark frown settled on every soldier's brow.

"Nay," they answered, "we carry the gospel to other nations, giving them a better form of government, which improves them in every way."

"You teach them to misinterpret your bible and give them practice in murder at the same time," corrected the Spirit. "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." (*Matth.*)

"You misjudge us," they cried. "Go to the Church for an explanation. You who are stranger, and do not understand this matter."

"I have not had the advantage of your national education," said the Spirit. "I am but a student of the laws of nature, and the customs of nations from their births. I have come to study your nation and improve it, and I find that the church upholding you has ten laws, one of which is, 'Thou shalt do no murder.'"

The army shrugged its shoulders. It was scarcely worth their while to stay arguing with this short-sighted spirit. It was a very busy day with them, as the Government had told them that they might put on all their gold lace, arm themselves with their big pop-guns, and play at war among themselves. So they curtly answered:

"We cannot waste our time on you to-day; we are all perfectly aware that our commandment says, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' but, in certain instances one must. So our Church has met the difficulty in this way. She earnestly impresses upon us that we may not kill except by order of the magistrate, when we may wear weapons and serve in the wars; then, the more enemies we kill the better for every man among us. Good day."

The army moved on with the blast of brazen trumpets and the roll of booming drums; the Spirit with darkening brow turned the opposite way: here as the people heard his cry they arose, and with discordant voices answered:

"We are all Christians; Christ is here!"

They were a motley crowd of humanity; and the florid, burly butcher sharpening his huge knife, where he stood amid his bleeding animals, shouted as loudly as the others.

"Christian England," cried the Spirit, "I might have known it; if you partake in human bloodshed, why should you not slaughter by the million creatures who are powerless to defend themselves. Oh, why should a Christian people live on the agony of a helpless creation!"

"Where does this Spirit come from who would rob us of our chief support?" they asked.

"I come from the School of Altruism," answered the Spirit, "to ask you why you live on the suffering of others? Egotists! Is not nature prolific in her gifts to you?"

"God created the animals for our consumption," they answered.

"No doubt, no doubt," said the Spirit, "and also the sun to warm you, and a heaven to be peopled by you alone. Hypocrites, accepting so much, you could afford to spare."

The people began to grow alarmed. What should they do if they had not these bleeding carcasses upon which to subsist? Like true Englishmen they flew to their bibles. How convenient it is for a nation to possess such a book. After having been mutilated by the material vehicles through which it passed; translated according to the selfish, prejudiced fancies of fanatical minds, and placed it under the distorting glass of the Church, it can now be made to prove anything, or mean exactly opposite to what it says.

So they cried out: "But our bible declares to us that we may live on the animal kingdom!"

"How dare you take refuge in a code of laws which none of you follow! It is written, 'Thou shalt not kill!'"

A shiver ran through the multitude. Who was this stranger? Evidently, one not capable of understanding their commandments. How dared he quote to them from their own Bible? So they answered: "We kill to live."

"You are not living now," said the Spirit gravely. "You have all been dying, inch by inch, for centuries, and now you are dead. You do not comprehend it, nevertheless it is so. Where's that nation on the face of this earth so blinded by selfishness or so hopelessly material as you, Christian nations! Every man's hand is against his brother, church against church, sect against sect; you grow rich and powerful on the misery, oppression and tears of the weak. You are fast becoming that, of which it shall be written 'Babylon, the great, is fallen!'"

"Who are you, denying our customs and our religion," cried the people "We are a Christian community, but you are not one of us and do not know us. *It is the clergy who can alone explain the Scriptures.* Go to the Church and she will instruct you."

The Spirit left the multitude standing there, and went on. He was weary and sick at heart; he seemed to hear around him the cries of that great army of innocents, who yearly and hourly die at the hands of cruel men, for the welfare of an avaricious Herod who sits afar from the screams of anguish, and closes his ears to any faint cry which may reach him.

Suddenly, such a sight met the Spirit's eyes, that he started back as if an arrow had pierced his heart.

Below him loomed a high, gloomy building, surrounded by solid stone walls. Within the yard a gibbet was erected, and on it hung a human being! Some few men stood there as witnesses of the death of this, their brother. Yes, their brother, sharing the common lot of poor humanity; their brother in sin and suffering; their brother, who killed where the Government disapproved, while the hangman, poor tool, killed also, only in his case the Government approved, and provided him with a comfortable subsistence for accomplishing their murders for them.

"'Thou shalt do no murder!'" cried the Spirit from above.

The officials looked up aghast.

"'Murder?'" they repeated. "This is not murder."

"If you may murder by wholesale your enemies, should this man be hung for killing but one of his, and when he had so noble an example set him by those who make the laws? Stay thy hands, thou Cain!"

Officialdom arose in great concern.

"What," it asked. "Do you call this, our servant, under our pay, *names* because he fulfils his duty by removing disreputable people who are a disgrace to a Christian country and break her laws?"

"*Your* laws?" cried the Spirit, "if your Deity committed you to death for breaking the law, there is not one of you who would not hang on a gibbet such as this one ere to-morrow's sun arose."

"But, it is right, 'life for life,'" came the answer.

"Then," said the Spirit, "you are no Christians but Jews, living under the old law, the Jewish dispensation; it is with you as with those of old, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'"

The hearers felt that they had received an unbearable insult.

"Who is this," they cried, "disputing our judgment and branding us with the name of Jews? We are Christians."

"You are Pharisees," repeated the Spirit, "under the old Jewish dispensation. The Jehovah you have created still sits above, dealing out injustice as of yore; sentencing ignorant, erring creatures to eternal damnation for the sins of their three-score years and ten; which cruelties you imitate by allotting in your hearts a future Hell for this unrepentant fellow-creature of yours who hangs there. Being too merciful, no doubt, to cheat him out of any time he might spend there in torture, you cut him off ere the three-score years and ten are accomplished."

The officials extending their charity to the stranger, answered:

"It is quite evident that you do not understand our form of Government nor our Religion, for in our Litany it is written, 'The laws of this Realm may punish Christian men with death for heinous and grievous offences.'"

"Was the man who hangs there a Christian then?" asked the Spirit. "If so he is the first I have seen among your nation."

"Stranger, you are mistaken. The man was a murderer; we should regret much if there were not thousands among us better Christians than he."

"I have journeyed but among men who are employed in killing for a livelihood; there is no Christ among them. Where shall I find Him?"

"We do not meddle in these matters," answered the officials. "Religion is not in our line. We pay the clergy to read the prayers and expound the Scriptures for us; go to the Church, she will doubtless make everything quite clear to you."

The Spirit sped onward again, crying loudly, "Where is the Christ!"

His voice pierced the walls of every church. The priests standing before their altars, with the sacramental wine red on their lips, paused, answering:

"He is here! He is here!"

"Silence!" cried the Spirit. "He is not to be found among you; the golden words of your golden laws are obliterated by the blood you have spilt."

"We?" cried the churches indignantly. "We are against the shedding of blood, for it is written, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' this we say from our altars daily, raising our voices in denouncing that of which you say we are partakers."

The Spirit cried out yet more loudly: "Are you so blinded by custom and by the repetition of a decalogue now meaningless that you cannot see the spectres which surround your altars?"

The priests came down from their altars into their chancels, to argue with this spirit who was denouncing their time-honoured liturgy as a desecration to the Holy place. Those who wore vestments disrobed, as such sanctified garments would be unfit for sacramental purposes, were they used outside the sanctuary for the purpose of arguing with this strange, uncivil, and certainly blasphemous visitant. The priests with one consent made answer:

"Our altars are surrounded by no spectres; your eyes deceive you; they are decked with flowers, lights, sculptured apostles, rich draperies, mosaic and stencilled walls."

"Your flowers stand forth as living preachers to denounce you," said the Spirit. "The crucified Christ carved on yon reredos, stretches his arms in despair at the sights around him, still crying as of old, 'This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoureth me with their lips but their heart is far from me,* for your altars drip with the tears of widows and orphans, while your walls reek with the blood that you have spilt."

The churches armed themselves with their rubrics to be prepared for any emergency, and answered in tones of wrath:

"Tell us wherein we sin? Have we caused women to be widowed, or children orphaned? Convince us."

"You are the upholders, the instigators of wars without end; you teach your sons that they may carry weapons and serve in the wars; that your people

* Matthew xv., verse 8.

may live on the sufferings of the lower creation, and that your erring sons are to be killed for a grievous offence. Every day men soiled with crimson blood receive, with your sanction, symbols which you call sacred, aye, blood for blood, and your walls resound with hypocritical thanksgivings to your Deity that He has mercifully delivered you from the enemy's hands. In other language, this means that the murderers and others have met in their church (appropriate place) to thank God that He has graciously allowed them to exterminate by wholesale their fellow-creatures, their brothers; that they praise, laud and magnify His name, because, in place of themselves being slain, another nation less versed in the arts of war and in the manufacture of destruction, has been the victim. Oh, shame upon you, hypocrites!"

"You do not understand," cried the now furious clergy. "We deplore all wars as great evils, yet it is meet that we, a nation living under the glorious light of the Gospel, should subdue the heathen under us and teach them Christianity; for they are steeped in sin, ignorance and vice, besides being subject to laws which are unjust and cruel."

"Churches," said the Spirit sternly, "can you think of the meek Jesus converting with shot and gunpowder? How dare you speak of the sin, the vices of *others*? O, Church, why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? 'Thou Hypocrite, cast out first the beam that is in thine own eye.'* You are the upholders of a fashionable, respectable and wholesale system of murder. Cast out the beam, for remember, you who are so devoted to your bibles, it is written, 'When ye spread forth your hands I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye make many prayers I will not hear; your hands are full of blood.'"+

The churches were roused; every priest opened his prayer-book and pointed to the rubrics which upheld their favourite forms of murder.

"Ye blind leaders of the blind" continued the Spirit ignoring the rubrics, "who regard killing as a duty and the theft of another's country as honest and upright. Remember 'He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity, and he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword,' But the New Testament is too far ahead of you, you are still under the old law. Why do I waste my time in searching for the Christ here. He is not yet come among you. England is to-day one vast slaughter-house, and hides her crime under the name 'Christian', a name that every day is falling into disrepute and becoming a bye-word of scorn for the thinking world. I have done. Away with you. 'Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me, the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with. *It is iniquity* even the solemn meeting.'"+

A heavy peal of thunder reverberated through the gloomy churches as the Spirit ceasing to speak, vanished.

A moment later the priests resumed their sacramental offices unabashed; the army moved on to its work of desolation; the butchers raised their sharp knives to pierce the trembling, bleating lambs; the hangman placed his hand upon the body of the murdered man. *The Spirit is with us still.*

* Luke vi. verse 41 and part of v. 42.

† Isaiah i. verse 15.

‡ Isaiah i. verse 13.

But England's annals are stained with tears and blood which seal her doom. The blood of creatures and of men, the blood of misery and anguish, the tears of martyrs, the tears of the starving poor, the blood and tears of the helpless whose pathetic eyes are lifted to ours in mute appeal, all this blood cries loudly to Heaven! but the "God in Heaven" heeds it not.

But the day is not far distant when England must work out the Karma she has gathered about her, for she does not sin in ignorance, and in the horizon there is a little cloud no larger than a man's hand.

"He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

For it is the churches which are responsible.

HELEN FAGG.



STREET MUSIC.

They were only street musicians,
They had tramped for many a mile,
For the richer parts of the city
Gave them frowns and never a smile.

So they came to a crowded alley,
Where a bitter and ceaseless strife
For a crust of bread and a garret
Was the sum of the people's life.

Where the fathers were worn and feeble,
Where the sons were hollow of face,
And the daughters had lost their beauty
For want of a breathing space.

Where the children played in the gutter,
'Mid the garbage and filth and dirt,
While their weary and starving mothers
Were living the Song of the Shirt.

The musicians stood for a moment,
Then they softly began to play,
And from flute and harp and viol
Rose the songs of a bygone day.

Through the hovel homes of that alley
Swept the murmurous voice of the sea,
The breezes from off the hilltops
And the carollings of the lea.

The notes of the lark and the linnet
Floated quivering through the air,
And the scent of cowslips and daisies
Seemed to steal up each broken stair.

The children crept nearer and nearer,
Forgetting their sorrowful play,
And for one brief moment their fathers
Remembered their own childhood's day.

The birds and meadows and cornfields,
All the joys of their country life,
Ere the grasping greed of the landlords
Drove them into the city strife.

And from off the heart of the women,
Was lifted the burden of care,
As they travelled back to their girlhood,
And the days when sorrow was rare.

They rested their weary, worn fingers,
And their teardrops fell like the rain,
As they sighed with passionate yearning
For the days that come never again.

The chords changed from sadness to triumph,
And mingled with all the regret
Was a hope and a prophecy golden
Of a gladness and joy to be yet.

When the father should glory in manhood,
And the daughter rejoice in her grace,
When the mother should lose all her sorrow,
And the children be happy of face.

When the old world of toil and privation
Should seem like a dream of the night,
And the new world should have its foundations
In justice and wisdom and right.

The music died out in soft sweetness,
Entwined with a pathos of pain,
And the struggle for crust and for garret
Claimed the lives of the toilers again.

But their hearts had been softened and strengthened
In the midst of life's infinite wail,
For the art which is sister to heaven
From the future had lifted the veil.

They say that the people are brutal,
That their instincts of beauty are dead,
Were it so, shame on those who condemn them
To the desperate struggle for bread.

But they lie in their throats when they say it,
 For the people are tender of heart,
 And a well spring of beauty lies hidden
 Beneath their life's fever and smart.

Day by day burns that fever more fiercely,
 Hour by hour grows that smarting more keen,
 While the Paradise dims in the distance,
 For the pain of to-day comes between.

Yet be of good cheer, oh! my brothers,
 And my sisters, work on till the morn,
 Though to-day you must sorrow and suffer,
 To-morrow shall freedom be born.

HERBERT BURROWS, F. T. S.

WHAT IS HIS NAME?

"Behold when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, what is his name? What shall I say unto them?"—*Exodus* iii.

One Spirit King of all the Spheres,
 Throughout Eternity, and time—
 And passing years,
I AM!

One Guiding Light in all the earth,
 Throughout Humanity, in past—
 And future birth,
I AM!

One Living Self in all It made,
 Throughout Infinity, which is—
 A living shade,
I AM!

One Ruling Guide to life in peace,
 Throughout Futurity, to come—
 And never cease,
I AM!

One Loving Soul in all the earths,
 Throughout Immensity, and now—
 E're mortal births,
I AM!

One Unknown Voice which speaks to you,*
 Throughout Mortality, of love—
 The faithful true,
I AM!

—WM. C. ELDON SER JEANT.

* "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." See *John* viii.

Oriental Gleanings.

He hath awakened from the DREAM of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife.

—ADONAIS.

THE candle pales before the lightning. So do our valleys fade, and our plains become unbeautiful, when the clouds part, and we behold, once in an age, the light-crowned summits of the everlasting hills.

The clouds close ; and we find our low, unlovely plains, with their dried and withered life, once more around us.

We fall again to our daily drudgery, our useless toil ; but some memory of the vision remains for us, after the heavens have been once opened, as

“ a presence that is not to be put by,”

working a subtle change, so that we no longer find our narrow world-grave wide enough.

We jare the true *troglodytes*, cave-dwellers, though we call our cavern the world.

We are gnomes, condemned to forced toils, in the kingdom of darkness.

Living for ages in the night-realm, we dream that our darkness is full day.

Once and again, in the midst of the blackness, wonderful, bright vistas flash for a moment before us, awaking thousand light-echoes in the walls of our Erebus : fading again into a deeper night.

Once and again, in the silence, sweet faint fairy songs ring out on the stillness of our night : dying away into a heavier silence and gloom.

Once and again, fair glowing colours gleam around us, the opal's crimson fire, the rainbow flame-drops ; only to gleam for a moment and then disappear in the darkness.

All life is but a perpetual promise ; an engagement renewed but never fulfilled.

Man is a king, dethroned, and cast out from his kingdom ; in chains and in a dungeon.

Yet he is perpetually reminded of his royal estate, perpetually reminded that he has power to be free.

But the king is dull, his heart is clogged with heaviness, and he will not listen.

The imprisoned monarch dreams his dungeon a palace, his fetters seem chains of gold.

Man is the imprisoned monarch, who is bound with fetters; he himself holds the key of the prison, he alone can unloose the fetters.

But the king dreams on.

The heart of a beggar will not be content with half the universe, says a sage, he is not born to a part, but to the whole.

So it is that in the world's garden blest with the choicest fruit, the most scented flowers; thrilled with the sweetest melodies, fanned by perfume-laden airs; we are silently apprised that there is that which is sweeter than melody, and more joyful than joy.

Our life is the ante-room of the palace where our true treasure lies.

The door may be opened in life; it may be opened by death: but there is a death which will not open the door.

What is the treasure that lies within?

Is it power? or wisdom? or happiness, or love?

It is none of these things, and yet it is them all; for it is the life of them: a rare and precious quality, pure essence, whose presence alone gives these things their worth. It is *amrita*, the joy of the Celestials.

Useless to seek to seize the ocean-echo, by clasping the shell in which it lies hid: as useless to try to seize this essence by grasping the form in which for a moment it shone.

“As a bird alights on a branch, and then hops to another branch, so it is with THAT: it appears for a moment under one form; then under another.”

He who would drink this essence must dare to possess it pure; must willingly throw aside the dust-covered treasures of earth that harboured its flavour before.

The secret unconscious conviction that this divine essence exists; this Better than Best is no dream; this is the power that renders endurable life's long burden of pain, or deadlier still, of monotony.

When the gleam of this essence shines forth, amidst the darkness of life, we believe the sorrow of eons a price too small for so splendid a recompense. The first strong day of power repays in full the weakness of ages.

But that recompense escapes us; the day of strength does not dawn.

The leaden clouds clash together; the fair glimpse of heaven is shut out.

Man cries aloud in desolation, a poor captive beating his life out against the bars.

Then quietness falls on the struggler's soul ; he learns that the prize may be his, as soon as the price is paid ; and he learns that the price is *himself*.

Two oracles there are, graved in the shrine of the heart.

The First : Thou, Man, art the heir to fulness of life.

The Second : No life that is bounded can ever satisfy thy soul.

In every meeting of mortals, though their brains are stuffed full of all the follies and madneses of the world ; though their hearts and minds are drugged with the dull intoxication of self and sense, there is quite unknown, or hardly suspected by these former, another far different company ; august, powerful, beneficent ; living with the everlasting laws ; breathing the pure air of divinity ; watching in silence their mortal companions, and making their presence felt by quiet, scarce-heard monitions in the recess of the heart ; gently and steadily leading the weak and uncertain steps of the mortals up the steep path of divinity.

These august immortals are no other than the mortals themselves ; as they are now in promise, and as they will one day be in consciousness and life : when man shall have left behind that garment of follies which he, though a divinity, yet consents to wear.

Divine apotheosis, long toiled for redemption, when to folly, dullness, and strife shall succeed mutual knowledge and mutual trust ; when instead of the sullied desires and thoughts that now disfigure and debase him, man shall have claimed his high hopes and royal duties ; when to the impotence and futility of man the mortal shall succeed the power and endurance of man the divinity ; when death shall have fled before life, and the grave shall melt away into immortality.

On that day the august company of watchers, the strangers unseen in the earthly company, shall have taken the place of the poor actors who now usurp the stage.

These divinities that we shall become, will recognize nothing lower than universal aims ; with their motives and actions, the mighty sweep of the celestial laws and the galaxies shall be in harmony ; their work shall be for truth, and for universal love.

When the silence falls upon us we can hear their voices, pointing out in the quiet light of divine law the true path for us to follow.

By these and other pictures, symbols, and metaphors, we seek to express the conviction that this all-too solid looking world, this matter-of-fact earth of ours, with its fields and houses, streets and cities, is not the sum and crown of the universe : but that under this material seeming, lies hid the world of spiritual life, of divine law.

That we poor mortals, who can but raise our heads some six feet from the earth, towards the firmament of stars, can nevertheless, raise ourselves into the celestial inner world on which the material universe floats, like foam on a river of pure water ; that in the inner world we can hear the music of the eternities, can learn the full richness of the celestial powers that surround us ; and perceive the complementary parts of all that seems broken and futile and fragmentary on earth.

By these and the like metaphors, we would express the belief, that even in the midst of the follies and madness which surround him on earth, man is yet an immortal god.

That all calculations and human actions and foresights which count him to be less than this, must, either soon or late, be doomed to futility.

That all men who see in their fellows less than gods and immortals in the making and who act towards them on this lower assumption, must sooner or later revise their opinions if they would not war with the unconquerable.

All the air resounds with the presence of spirit and spiritual laws.

This spirit it is, that, under the myriad illusions of life, works steadily towards its goal ; silently, imperceptibly, irresistibly, moving on to divinity.

Let us catch the echo from that great ocean which is borne in upon us, let us divine the working of the true life-spirit ; and we can, without fear or apprehension, leave to the guidance of this power the doubtful destiny of our life.

Under all the futilities and insanities that fill up our earth life this power is silently at work.

These terribly engrossing futilities and trifles are but the veil cast by the great magician over his work.

By this glamour of Time are concealed from the weak souls of men, the dark abysses around them ; the terrible and mighty laws which incessantly direct their life.

These laws penetrate in all their power and mystery to the profoundest immensities of space ; they work in their wonder and might through the longest ages of time.

Around us, above us, within us, the forces of spirit are here.

As the ice-floes melt before the summer, and the deep oceans beneath come once more to the light of the sun, so shall the seeming realities and stubborn materials of the world melt and dissolve before the silent, unperceived, irresistible advance of the celestial laws, and the world shall once more wear the crown of divinity.

C.J., F.T.S.

A WOMAN'S MISSION.

(MARY MERIVALE.)

ONE even as we sat in the spring weather,
While rose a crescent moon across the sea,
And myriad little stars sprang forth together,
She turned her grey eyes suddenly on me ;

And " dear," she said " true lover and true poet,
" What should a woman-Christ do if she came ?
" Perchance from you my seeking soul may know it !"
" Then were my cursed lips as touched with flame !

Blind fool I was ! We poets are such creatures
As windstruck harps endowed with sudden breath,
Mere bundles of thrilled nerves with human features,
Mere strings that sing of life and love and death.

And lose themselves in singing, echo fashion ;
Our life, the very heart of us is dumb,
But beats below the voice with silent passion
And seeks the utterance that will never come

So I with swift words that fell thick as showers
Of apple-blossoms on some maiden's hair,
Wrought out the woman-Christ with her sweet powers
Alas, my darling's doom I pictured there !

I told how clear-eyed with the age's straining
Up perilous paths of science and of thought,
To fuller life and deeper soul attaining
New light unto Christ's blessed lore she brought :

I said, too, she would sift the grain for seeding
To perfect thinking and to perfect life
From chaff of custom, coward-cant unheeding,
True woman always, whether maid or wife

True woman in the sweetest sense, upholding
Ideals ever, loving unto death ;
Yea, growing tenderer as life unfolding
Shows hard, stern truths for visions youth dreaméth.

How, judging from the inmost heart and being
 Of queen or peasant girl, crowned king or thief,
 Because all nature's heart her heart was seeing,
 All joy grew her joy, and all grief her grief.

And freedom would she teach, not outward only,
 From rule of king or cant, or godless law,
 But freedom from the pride that makes men lonely,
 And wounds each kindred heart with fierce brute claw.

And freedom from the selfishness that snatches
 Sweet fruit from hungering lips, and swiftly drinks
 The wine another's weakness needs, or patches
 His leaking boat while the great slave-ship sinks !

And freedom from all coward bonds that barter
 The soul's shame for lip honour brazenly,
 Set man's dead word before God's living charter,
 Link loveless souls with hideous mockery.

To souls unloving, yet, if mad, despairing,
 They burst their fetters, curse them quick or dead,
 And crown themselves with Christ's name, only bearing
 The devil's image in his gracious stead !

I told how, careless of the cold world's clamour,
 Straight-eyed and fearless to the unknown end
 Her steps would go, lit by no sudden glamour,
 But steady sunlight that the gods would lend

Unto her path ; and for her precious dower
 She bore such innocence and purity
 Each human heart grew sweet as a rose-flower,
 And scathless thro' sin's furnace glided she.

And then I told of fiendish craft betraying
 The woman-Christ unto some shameful death,
 While love slept on, nor knew all time for praying
 Had sped in dreams. . . . Alas whom love failéth.

Shall any God have pity or compassion
 To shelter them 'neath fragrance of his wings ?
 No God save death, who coldly in his fashion
 Lays equal hands on beggars or on kings !

But Mary with her great eyes full of yearning,
And little hands clasped firmly on her breast,
With love's red roses in her sweet face burning,
And all the magic, mystic unexpressed

The loved one bears about her, spake full slowly,
" My soul hath had her answer, well I know
" This mission you have pictured high and holy
" Is mine alone, dear-heart, and I must go.

" Ah, love, my trembling lips all calmly utter
" The bitter words that sever us for aye !"
Then sobbing fell she with a bird-like flutter
Of lips and hands, and on my bosom lay :

And sudden all my swift words left me, winging
I know not whither, or to earth or sky ;
I strained her to that heart her voice was wringing,
But save by frantic kisses naught spake I.

Of all the terror and the anguish growing
Beneath the mournful glory of her eyes,
While visions of the future caught me, showing
The coming darkness when the sun should rise.

" Oh, speak," she cried at last, " beloved, hear me !
" I dare not falter, dare not fail to go !
" Have you no word now the dark hour draws near me ?
" Mine own heart's heart hath not God willed it so ?"

And then at last the torrent of my sorrow
Burst forth in rushing, inarticulate speech.
I knelt at her dear feet, and sought to borrow
Some mightier power that her soul might reach :

" Dear Heart," I pleaded, " hath God might to sever
" Linked hearts like ours ? Nay ! 'Tis some demon's spell
" Laid on you by the fiend, who rests not ever
" From tempting loving souls to treason's hell !

" For how should you be true to all our brothers
" If false to me ? my dearest, turn again ;
" Have we not chosen each from out all others ?
" Is not our precious task made clear and plain ?

“ To love and labour, and to see before us
 “ A gleaming ladder step by step appear,
 “ Whereby we reach the stars that glimmer o'er us,
 “ Each step by deeper loving growing clear ?

“ And if love's ladder broken be, or darkened,
 “ How shall we reach life's stars ? . . . Oh soul of me
 “ Have not the very spirits within us hearkened
 “ And breathed responses to love's litany ? ”

“ Yea, dear,” she whispered, “ each sweet word hath seeded
 “ Into my soul, and flowereth therein.
 “ Your love was all the human in me needed,
 “ But, ah ! beyond it higher needs begin !

“ Love leadeth to the stars, but love of many,
 “ Yea, love that claspeth all the world as one ;
 “ Look well amid the saints if there be any
 “ Who chose her task to do beneath the sun.

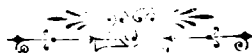
“ Because I love you best and dearest ever,
 “ Oh, never doubt the faithful heart of me !
 “ I dare to leave you, dare dry-eyed to sever
 “ Love's clinging fetters ! ” . . . far across the sea.

There stole a moaning wind-voice like a token
 Of some dire deed the dawning day should show,
 And, bending as a reed the storm has broken,
 I loosed my clasp, and let my darling go ;

For now across the shadowed sky slow stealing,
 Came slender golden phantoms, slim and sweet,
 And, dreamy-eyed, the sun rose up, revealing
 The shivering stars hasting with silent feet

Behind their cloudland, and the birds were singing
 Their first swift question to the flushing day,
 And sweet against the blue white gulls were winging,
 And all were glad no cursing God knew they !

EVELYN PYNE.



THE YOGA PHILOSOPHY OF PATANJALI.*

THE word *Yoga* means *union*, or that merging of mind and soul in the Divine element within us which is otherwise called *concentration*. *Yoga* (or concentration) is therefore that realisation of our oneness with the Supreme that has been the aim of mystics of all ages and all creeds. To reach this highest possible point of spiritual development, it is obvious that the whole of the threefold nature of man must be developed upon its various lines ; that is, the physical, the mental, and the spiritual elements must receive an appropriate and simultaneous training, or we have a want of that harmony which is a necessary concomitant of perfection. A chain can be no stronger than its weakest link, and if any link in the triple chain of our being be imperfect, the whole must suffer the consequences.

Concentration is used in two senses, as *Yoga*, or union with the Divine and as the employment of the means to that union. The one is the result, the other is the method leading towards that result. I say "towards what result" advisedly, the goal being so far beyond any present hope of attainment.

There are two systems of *Yoga*, the *Hatha* (or Physical) and the *Raja* (or mental *Yoga*). The first is said to be derived from *Ha* the sun, and *Tha* the moon, used as symbols for the regulated breathing supposed to produce the desired condition. "In the *Hatha Yoga* practice," says Mr. Judge, in his very interesting *Introduction* to the *Aphorisms of Patanjali*, "the result is psychic development, at the delay or expense of the spiritual nature." *Raja-Yoga* is said to be derived from the root *raj* to *shine*, in allusion to the luminosity of the soul or *Atman*, and therefore means union with the Supreme Soul. "The initiatory training of a true Vedantin *Raj Yogi*, must be the nourishing of a sleepless and ardent desire of doing all in his power for the good of mankind on the ordinary physical plane, his activity being transferred, however, to the higher astral and spiritual planes as his development proceeds." †

Mr. Judge also tells us in his *Introduction* that there were two Patanjalis, the one known as a commentator upon the grammarian Panini, who wrote, according to the authority of Prof. Goldstücker and others, about the year 140 B.C. ; the author of the *Aphorisms* being an older and altogether legendary character, of whom nothing remains but this book. But in a long and exhaustive article on the date of Sri Sankaracharya ("Five Years of Theosophy," p. 278) Patanjali is

* THE YOGA APHORISMS OF PATANJALI. *An interpretation* by W. Q. Judge, assisted by James Henderson Connelly, New York.

† Mohini Chatterji on "Morality and Pantheism."

mentioned as the *Guru* or spiritual teacher of Sankara, under the name of Govinda Yogi, it being the custom of Initiates to assume a new name. This Patanjali is declared to be the great author of the *Mahabhashya*, the *Yoga Sutras* and a book on medicine and anatomy, and the *Sutra* period probably ended about 500 B.C., "though it is uncertain how far it extended into the depths of Indian antiquity. Patanjali was the author of the *Yoga Sutras*, and this fact has not been doubted by any Hindu writer up to this time. Mr. Weber *thinks*, however, that the author of the *Yoga Sutras* might be a different man from the author of the *Mahabhashya*, though he does not venture to assign any reason for his supposition."

The *Yoga Aphorisms* are divided into four books. *Book First* explains what *practical* concentration is, the obstacles to its acquirement and the way to overcome them.

Book Second treats of the means of acquiring concentration through the purification of the body and the mind, and its results.

Book Third analyses concentration in its higher metaphysical form, as the synthesis of attention, contemplation, and meditation, and shows how this leads to direct cognition, and absolute independence of the influence of the body, and its obscurations of the intellect. The tools of the spirit having been made perfect, the mind becomes one with the soul, and *isolation, emancipation, or perfect concentration* follows.

The essential nature of *Isolation* forms the subject of the *Fourth* (and last) Book.

The soul is defined (in Aphorism 20, Book Second) as the Perceiver, and seems to be identified by Patanjali with the conscious Ego. We are to conceive of it as the holder or possessor of the mind, which may be compared to a mirror wherein all truth may be reflected, provided the conditions are suitable. If the *body* be impure or imperfect, the mirror of the mind is like a glass where the quicksilver is partly worn away, and the reflecting surface is impaired, or like one whose surface is dull and tarnished, or covered with dust. If the *mind* be not under control, the mirror is shaken by the winds or passion or impulse, or idle fancies, and the shadows of external things flit confusedly across its swaying surface, and we see nothing.

The first thing to be done, then, that we may secure the perfect reflection of the Higher Self, is to eliminate all these adverse conditions, and this is the object of the *Yoga Aphorisms*. "Concentration," says Patanjali, "is the hindering of the modifications of the thinking principle" (or mind.) In the fine lecture by W. K. Clifford on "Some of the Conditions of Mental Development," (1868) he shows how constant such modifications are. "If you will carefully consider what you have done most often during the day," says that distinguished philosopher, "you will find that you have really done nothing else from morning to night but *change your mind*. . . . Did you perform any deliberate action? There was

the change of mind from indecision to decision, from desire to volition, from volition to act. . . . In a word, whatever you have done, or felt, or thought, you will find upon reflection that you could not possibly be conscious of anything else than a change of mind."

These changes may be either sudden or gradual. In the latter case they are more properly called "modifications," perhaps, and Patanjali tells us that they are of five kinds, and are painful or not painful. They are *Correct Cognition, Misconception, Fancy, Sleep, and Memory*; that is, the mind may be led away from its subject of thought by (1) ideas that are true in themselves, or (2) false in themselves, by (3) idle notions suggested by some verbal association, by (4) sleep, or by (5) recollections. These modifications of the thinking principle, or as we more often say, this wandering of the mind, may be hindered in two ways, which are called *Exercise* and *Dispassion*. The former, the first step towards the far-off goal, is that mechanical fastening of the mind upon one point for a given length of time without intermission, which is called *Attention*, and is intended to strengthen the controlling power of the thinking principle. This is the preliminary sharpening of the tools or, to keep to the original metaphor, practice in the effort to hold the mirror perfectly still. The second step, *Dispassion*, is the attainment of freedom from all passions, desires, and ambitions, which cloud and obscure the mirror. Carried to the utmost, it is indifference to all else than soul. This purification of the mind is to be accomplished through the practice of *Benevolence, Tenderness, Complacency* (which means, I suppose, cheerfulness), and a disregard of the virtue or vice, the happiness or pain, of our fellow men. This does not mean that we are to be indifferent to the circumstances of others, but simply that we are not to allow our sympathies to upset our mental and moral equilibrium, and it is an exact corollary to the first maxim of the "Light on the Path."—"Before the eyes can see, they must be incapable of tears."

The obstacles to the attainment of this serene and unperturbed condition, are enumerated as *Sickness, Languor, Doubt, Carelessness, Laziness, Addiction to objects of sense, Erroneous perception, Failure to attain any stage* (of abstraction), and *Instability* (to remain therein if attained).

These obstacles are to be overcome, and the virtues before-named to be practised, and then follows a description of various physical and mental aids that will help the student in his difficult task, such as certain exercises in breathing, or the banishment of an evil thought by dwelling upon its opposite, or by pondering upon anything that one approves.

In conclusion, we have a description of the highest form of purely intellectual concentration, culminating in what is called "Meditation without a seed," where there is no longer any distinct mental recognition of the object, but *vision* has taken its place. This seems to be akin to the *Gnosis* of the Neo-Platonists.

Book Second deals more particularly with the physical and moral aids to concentration, being directed to the establishment of meditation and the elimination of "afflictions." These, as may be judged by the name, are of a more passive and involuntary character than the "obstacles" mentioned in *Book First*, and are *Ignorance, Egoism, Desire, Aversion, and Tenacity of Life*, or what Schopenhauer calls "the will to live." These "afflictions" are inherent parts of our nature, whereas the "obstacles" are faults that lie more upon the surface, and can be more readily shaken off. They concern our mental attitude, the others lie at the very foundation of our being. Of these afflictions *Ignorance* is the origin and synthesis, being equivalent to *Tamas* (or Darkness) one of the three qualities that comprehend all things. It is mental or moral blindness, or the confounding of good and evil, eternal and transitory, pure and impure.

Egoism consists in identifying the *ego*, or soul, the power that sees, with the power of seeing; that is, in confounding the soul with the mind that is its tool, as ignorant persons confound the mind with the organs of sense, and imagine it is the eye that sees. For as the mind uses the eye, so the soul uses the mind. We realise this when we say, "My mind is confused, I (that is, the soul or ego) cannot see the idea."

Desire and *Aversion* mean, respectively, such dwelling upon pleasure or pain as perturbs the mind, and renders it incapable of the serene peace (described in the *First Book*) which is essential to perfect concentration. Desire and Aversion necessarily include all inordinate affections, and all forms of cowardice, whether moral or physical, the latter coming under the head of aversion to pain.

The tenacious desire for earthly existence, or "the will to live," is the natural tendency of humanity, without which existence under ordinary conditions would be impossible. It is this tendency that produces reincarnation, and that must be conquered ultimately or the cycle of re-births would never cease.

It is from these five elements that spring the roots of our merits and demerits, or, in other words, that *Karma*, whose fructification in each succeeding life on earth is either pleasure or pain. But to the man of perfect spiritual cultivation, all earthly things are grievous (since all the natural qualities are hindrances to the attainment of perfect concentration, or union with the Divine), and therefore in such an one, the desire for earthly life must gradually be lost.

From the fact that in our present form of life the soul is so closely wedded to the mind, and the mind to the body, her vision is impeded, and she is constantly misled. The past cannot be changed, the present cannot be shunned, but for the future we can prepare, by avoiding all acts likely to cause pain to ourselves or others, at the same time that we refrain from any fear or dread of what the morrow may bring forth.

For the Universe exists for the sake of the soul's experience and

emancipation—why then should we be troubled? The means of quitting the state of bondage to matter (which is caused by ignorance of the true nature of the soul and its relations), is perfect discriminative knowledge. This is of seven kinds (not named by Patanjali), and until it is attained in perfection, a partial illumination only will be the result of the practices conducive to concentration. These are eight in number, and comprise, like those mentioned in the *First Book*, physical, mental, and moral development, one of them alone, *Forbearance*, covering abstention from all the sins mentioned in the Decalogue.

From this simultaneous development of man's threefold nature, there necessarily results both purity and strength, culminating in that perfection of power which produces superlative felicity. The *Second Book* concludes with a description of these eight practices, and their results.

The *Third Book* begins with an analysis of concentration in its higher intellectual form, as composed of *Attention*, *Contemplation*, and *Meditation*.

Attention is fixing the mind upon a place, object or subject.

Contemplation is the continuance of this attention.

Meditation is contemplation directed to a material substance or object of sense.

The concentration resulting from the union of all these is called *Sanyama*, and is to be used in overcoming those more subtle modifications of the mind suffered by the advanced student, who has overcome those described in the preceding *books*, and we are told that this more purely intellectual form of concentration is especially efficacious for the attainment of "distinct cognition." Although not immediately productive of it, it precedes that kind of meditation in which distinct cognition of the object is lost, called "meditation without a seed," and described at the end of the *First Book*. The Victorine Mystics of the 12th century divided *Contemplation* into six stages, two belonging to Imagination, whose objects are *Sensibilia*, or sensible things; two belonging to Reason, *Intelligibilia* or truths concerning what is invisible, but accessible to reason, and two to Intuition, *Intellectibilia*, or unseen truth above reason. In fact, the resemblances are very numerous between the teachings of Richard of St. Victor and those of Patanjali.

But this is not the place to dwell upon this comparison, nor does it seem worth while here to enlarge upon the subtle definition of the the properties of objects that follow the analysis of Concentration. The larger portion of the *Third Book* is taken up by a description of the wonderful powers, both physical and mental, resulting from perfect control of the mind, and of all its hitherto undeveloped, and to most of us, unsuspected faculties. The 50th maxim says: "In the ascetic who has acquired the accurate discriminative knowledge of the truth, and of the nature of the soul, there arises a knowledge of all existences in their essential natures, and a mastery over them."

In this *Book* we see traced out the steps to the acquirement of perfect control of the physical through the mental, and the exemplification of the manner in which *all* knowledge may be reflected in the mirror of the mind, when made perfectly pure and held in perfect control. This is the highest stage of purely intellectual development, the ultimate point to which the *mind* of man can attain, but there is a further step, for in the last maxim of the *Third Book* we are told: "When the mind no longer conceives itself to be the knower or experimenter, and has become one with the soul, the real knower and experimenter, *Isolation* takes place, and the soul is emancipated,"

The *Fourth Book* proceeds to treat of this *Isolation* and its essential nature. It begins by defining the reasons for the variety of characters inherent in mankind, showing how each character is modified by the results of former lives, and how these characters may be still further modified by the proper use of the proper means. This modifying process is called "the removal of mental deposits," or in other words, of the accumulated experiences through which the entity has passed, which have left their traces upon it, as the different geological periods have left their record in the various strata of the earth.

Maxim 23 tells us, that the mind, though assuming various forms by reason of these innumerable mental deposits, exists for the purpose of the soul's emancipation, and co-operates thereto. The mind, being the instrument of the soul, exists for the soul's sake; the soul cannot be said to exist for the sake of its instrument, any more than the sense of sight exists for the sake of the eye. Having arrived at this perfection of Knowledge, if the ascetic strenuously banishes all other thoughts, and is free from desire to exercise the powers that lie within his reach ("is not desirous of the fruits," says Patanjali), and yet is not inactive, he arrives at the state called *Dharma-Megha* "the cloud of virtue," so-called because it brings that spiritual rain that causes the soul to blossom into emancipation. Then from the infinite heaven of absolute knowledge, the knowable seems a little thing and easy to grasp, then the modifications of the qualities cease to be, having accomplished their purpose, and time likewise is no more, for to emancipated soul there is nothing left but eternity, wherein past, present, and future are but one. Such a soul, having ceased to mistake the qualities of objects for realities, "abides in its own nature," and is upon the threshold of absolute union with the Divine.

For the greater part of mankind the *First Book* alone contains more than can be mastered in an ordinary lifetime, and therefore I have only sketched, in the briefest and most superficial manner, the general subjects of the last three *Books*. Theosophists owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Judge, for having put within the reach of all, a work of such far-reaching import, such subtle analysis, and such tremendous grasp, as the *Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali*.

It is not a book to be hastily read, but to be pondered and inwardly digested, to be comprehended by the intellect, and apprehended by the soul, and then wrought into the tissue of our life !

KATHERINE HILLARD, F.T.S.



THE NATURE OF MATTER AND THE PERSONALITY.

IT is well-known that throughout the universe runs the fundamental distinction into subject and object. Thus knowledge consists of a knower and a thing that is known, sight is made up of a seer and a thing seen, and so on. A great deal may be learnt by studying things in their two aspects side by side. I propose in this way to consider personality and matter, which are the positive and negative aspect of the same thing.

What we call "Matter" can be known to an ordinary mind only through impressions conveyed to the senses. All we can be certain of with regard to it is that it produces certain sensations, and we have no reason for supposing that anything exists apart from these sensations. Now, considering the five senses separately, it appears that we derive our idea of matter or substance from sight and touch alone ; for we are unable to form any conception, from the senses of smell, taste and hearing, of any object or substance which may possess these qualities as attributes. All we know is that there is a certain odour or a certain flavour or a certain sound, but in the absence of sight and touch we should never think of connecting them with any idea of substance. There seems to be a specially mayavic character about the senses of sight and touch, and in order to get an unbiassed view of the nature of matter, we ought to recognise their illusory nature and regard them in the same way as we do the three other senses. In short we should regard form and touch as separate entities, rather than as attributes of a substance which could exist apart from them.

Matter thus becomes reduced to a bundle of agents producing certain sensory impressions in our minds. But what are these agents? Eastern metaphysics teaches that they are certain forces in nature called "tatwas," which permeate the whole objective universe, so that a substance may be described as "a centre of tatwic vibration." The objective aspect of these tatwas affects universal or primordial substance, and causes what we call matter ; while the subjective aspect affects universal mind, and causes what we call our senses. Thus, when we perceive an object, the centres of tatwic force which we call our senses, vibrate in unison with the centres of tatwic forces which we call the object. Thus we have arrived at a conception of matter as being a bundle of forces

working in primordial substance, and hence we realise that actual identity of matter and force which is a tenet of the occultists.

Bearing in mind this fact, it is evident that in order to obtain complete control over the objective universe, it is only necessary to be able to control these forces and manipulate them at our will. But we have seen that these same forces, in their subjective aspect, form our sensorium and produce all the effects of perception. Eastern occultists further maintain that our animal souls are made up of the same vibrations, which are known to us under the name of emotions, feelings, desires or wishes.

Hence, if we are to control the tatwic forces as they exist in the objective universe, we must be able to control them as they manifest themselves in our souls ; in other words, we must learn to master our passions, so that by resisting the forces of nature we may become independent of them, and be their masters instead of their slaves. And is not this the great lesson taught by all occult teachers to their pupils, and impressed upon us at every turn as *the* great object of achievement for the aspirant ? When we first enter upon our esoteric studies we have to take these and similar truths on faith, but when by pondering the mysteries of nature we are able to deduce the same truths for ourselves, an additional stimulus to our progress is afforded.

And now, in pursuance of my original plan, let me apply to the subjective aspect, or "personality," the same reasoning as I have applied to the objective aspect, or "Matter." Just as Matter, when stripped of all the forces which endow it with distinctive characteristics, is reduced to a universal and undifferentiated substance ; so, when the forces which constitute the personality are removed, nothing is left behind but the true Self, which being undifferentiated is common to all individuals. For what we call our personality is nothing more than a collection of emotions and fancies, which are merely centres of tatwic vibration in the soul, and when we have obtained the mastery over them and can control them at will, we shall have destroyed personality, and be in a position to realise that the only true operator is the Higher Self.

Thus we shall have arrived at the great occult Truth of the one universal "Something" in its true aspects of Spirit and Matter, the former being Universal Mind, and the latter the Akâsa or Waters of Space in which the former is reflected.

H. T. EDGE, F.T.S.



The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER XII.

A MIRACLE.

FAR be it from us to throw a slur upon any of our fellow-men, or, still worse, to impugn the intelligence of any legally-constituted authority.

Nor do we wish to besmirch the memory of good people by attributing wrong motives to what they did. An old proverb says that to him to whom God gives an office He also gives the qualifications necessary to fill it. But in spite of all this, it is true, and the cloak of charity is not long enough to hide the fact, that, in comparatively modern times, at a certain village to which a negro, by some mishap, found his way, he was rubbed and washed by order of the authorities, for the purpose of making him white, because these good and well-meaning people had never heard of black men. The burgomaster, especially, was not a little indignant that a strange vagabond should dare to appear in his presence with such a black face.

It is in the nature of man that he should fear and hate that which he does not know, and persecute that which he does not understand. Thus it has been before, and history never ceases repeating itself. The huntsman is proud of killing a bird such as has never been seen, and the scientist knows of no greater pleasure than to examine a new discovery in its minutest details, even if that examination involves the destruction of the object.

Let the new discovery be a bird of the woods or a truth descended from Heaven for the purpose of redeeming the world, it will always have to be ill-treated by ignorance, misunderstood, and its form destroyed before poor and benighted humanity will awaken to a true understanding of its nature. In vain the history of Galileo is shouted into the ears of the modern scientist, he himself constitutes a petty tribunal of inquisition, and acts like the one which objected to the rotundity of the earth, whenever he finds a truth not in accordance with his adopted opinions.

We do not claim that this should not be so; we believe that everything is the outcome of previously existing conditions, and therefore exactly what it must be. We do not propose to blame the world for not being better than it is; we would merely like to have it clearly understood what it is. Neither credulity nor scepticism is the true saviour of mankind.

The history of *Christina Mirabilis*, born in 1150 at Luetlich, who had the power of flying from tree to tree like a bird, and who could not be caught until some ruffian succeeded in breaking her leg with a stick of wood thrown at her, or that of *Joseph of Cupertino*, born on July 17th, 1603, at Naples, who was first tortured on the rack by the Holy Inquisition, and afterwards made a saint, because he was in possession of certain powers, of which the majority of other persons do not know that they exist. These and a thousand similar histories

might be cited to show that Self-opinionatedness is the spouse of Ignorance, and Cruelty is their child.

Nor does the history of the Talking Image of Urur show that those who wish to pry with curious eyes into the mysteries of Nature have become any wiser than their forefathers, who likewise hunted for external proofs, for the purpose of convincing themselves, by argumentation, of the existence of things which they ought to have been capable of perceiving within their own selves.

Phenomena of a strange and occult character continued to take place in the presence of the Talking Image. The ringing of invisible silver bells was often heard in the air, and occult letters were dropped on the heads of the Chelas, but the greatest phenomenon of all that occurred, and one which may truly be considered of a miraculous nature, was that some of the benighted Chelas and Members of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom actually said and wrote certain things, whose character bore self-evident proof that they must have emanated from an intelligence superior to their own. Unfortunately, such an inspiration never lasted. Thus, Mrs. Honeycomb wrote a little book entitled "Rays of Wisdom," which contained great and exalted thoughts, and was evidently full of divine inspiration; a book which she herself neither understood, nor did she follow the counsels given therein. It was nevertheless, a very remarkable book, and one which seemed to be the outcome of the magnetism of Rataramorubatchi poured upon Mrs. Honeycomb's head.

Mr. Green, likewise, after having received several numbers of the *Edwardsville Herald*, sent to him by a friend, and which spoke in a flattering manner of his prospects of being advanced to the hierophantic chair, felt encouraged to sit down and try some of Krashibashi's magnetism, an effort which we are glad to state was not without a certain result. He went into poetry, and, with his permission, we will give the reader a specimen of his productions:—

"Do you know for what I'm yearning?
Guess, ah, guess what it can be!
I am yearning after learning
All 'bout *Mulaprakriti*.

"I am yearning, like the parrots,
Without mustard cannot be,
And like mules that yearn for carrots,
After *Mulaprakriti*."

If we take into consideration the fact that Mr. Green never wrote any poetry before, we shall clearly perceive that he must have been inspired; for, although the form of the poem is somewhat defective, the underlying ideas are very suggestive and beautiful.

But Pancho's brain, we are sorry to say, remained entirely inactive, even under the combined influence of the magnetism of Krashibashi and Rataramorubatchi, for, being of a mulish and stubborn nature, he would continually do his own thinking, and not allow the ideas of the Mysterious Brotherhood to take shape in his mind.

Madame Corneille's occult powers were of a different kind. Her speciality seemed to be the production of direct occult letters without the application of

magnetism of any kind ; and, moreover, the occult letters produced through her strange mediumistic powers offered the extraordinary advantage of always appearing at the time when they best served her purpose.

Thus a few days after the interview between Madame Corneille and Rev. Sniff, Captain Bumpkins found an occult letter while alone in his room. Its contents were as follows :

“MY DEAR BUMPKINS.—In consideration of the valuable services which you have rendered to the cause of Truth, and as a reward for your indefatigable labours, I am authorised by the great *I Am* to communicate to you the following :

“You are aware that the chiefs of the Mysterious Brotherhood live in a city called Kakodumbala, situated within the inaccessible mountain regions of the Lybian desert, and guarded by a legion of grim elementals. No mortal foot has ever found the way to the place where we live, nor could it be approached by a balloon, as we would immediately send a thunderbolt to annihilate the intruder ; but to you, our esteemed Hierophant, we will disclose the fact that there are subterranean passages leading under the mountains to the doors of our city. He who is wise enough to discover such a passage, courageous enough to enter it and strong enough to encounter the foul air contained therein, if once he safely passes through that passage, to him the doors of our city will be opened, and the remaining years of his Chelaship will be remitted. We will give him a diploma to show to the world that he is a member of the Mysterious Brotherhood and he shall be entitled to wear a green ribbon with the order of the Blue Elephant suspended upon his breast. Hoping that you will make the attempt to find the subterranean passage, so that you may be introduced to the great ‘I Am,’ I remain, Yours faithfully,

“KRASHIBASHI.”

Where, ah, where, can we find words to express and picture the delight which Captain Bumpkins experienced after reading this letter ! He made up his mind to immediately start for the mountains, and discover the subterranean hole. He did not for a moment consider the dangers connected with such a perilous undertaking ; he only thought of the diploma, of the order of the Blue Elephant and of his introduction to the great *I Am*, whom he rightly supposed to be a personage superior to the rest of the Mysterious Brotherhood, and whom he pictured to himself as an old benevolent man, with a long grey beard, dressed in a white gown, with a crown upon his head, and reading the *Bhagavat-Gita*.

Thus the Hierophant left, and for several weeks, nothing unusual happened at Urur. Madame Corneille frequently went to the city, presumably to hold interviews with the Rev. Sniff. Mrs. Honeycomb was searching for means to discover the whereabouts of the Black Magicians, Mr. Green occupied himself with evolving thoughts for the benefit of Humanity, and Pancho wasted his time in worrying because he did not know certain things, instead of employing it in seeking to obtain knowledge of them.

At this time some violent attacks were made by certain newspapers upon the Talking Image, and its doctrines. These were said to be pernicious, and the occult phenomena taking place at Urur were denounced as sleight-of-hand performances. They were made, it was averred, by Mr. Green and the other

Chelas, for the purpose of enticing the gullible into the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. Especially "The Missionary," a paper published at the city was virulent in his attacks upon the Image, saying that it was possessed by devils, and that all it said was produced by ventriloquism; that Krashibashi and Rataraborumatchi were spooks and impostors, and that the Image ought to be destroyed and its supporters prosecuted-by law.

To substantiate these claims a number of letters were published by "The Missionary," and these letters were said to be copies from originals signed by Krashibashi and Rataramorubatchi. The originals were to be privately shown at the office of "The Missionary," whose editor was the Rev. Sniff. This threw a great deal of discredit upon the Mysterious Brotherhood, impugning as it did the honesty of Krashihashi, the veracity of Rataramorubatchi and the intelligence of Captain Bumpkins and Mr. Green. The following are some of the specimens, as they appeared.

"Extracts" from The Missionary.

"MY DEAR MADAME CORNEILLE. The Mysterious Brotherhood is sorely in need of money. Please persuade Captain Bumpkins to appoint a committee to go to London and to rob the Bank of England of a few millions of pounds. Let him choose for that purpose only people of intelligence—if any such may be found. Let them be provided with crowbars and dynamite, and take good care not to be caught. Yours for the truth, RATARABORUMATCHI."

The second letter, in different handwriting, was addressed to the Hierophant.

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN BUMPKINS. You know that every Chela must have a master, whose orders he must obey implicitly, but whom he is not permitted to know until he becomes finally initiated after having had his obedience tested and tried in every way. You will probably soon be offered a high position in the government. Accept it, but whatever the government may order you to do, always remember that you must first of all obey the orders of your unknown Master. Not the enemy of the government, but the enemy of your Master is your enemy. Do not forget this, and all will be well with you, even if the government goes to the deuce. Yours faithfully, KRASHIBASHI."

The third letter was in still another handwriting, and to experts that were called in, have never been able fully to determine the name of the mysterious Brother who wrote it. It was as follows:

"SAPRISTI! Shal we submit to bay our monée to the Gouvernement? Shal we *supprimer* our *raison*? Shall we listen to the enseignments of *Monsieur le* bishop? No, *nevare!* We will eat up these Hottentots. They will be nothing to us but a *dejeuner à la fourchette.*"

The last one was signed by the "Talking Image" itself, although it has never been explained how an image of stone could write a letter without being made to write it by some external influence. It ran thus:

"Oh, how weary I am of life in a world where everything without a single exception is the product of ignorance; a world which is only one grand hallucination. Please show me one man or woman who is not a fool and I will thank you for it. Alas, he who thinks that he is not a fool is surely the greatest of all, because life itself is a tomfoolery, and if he were not a fool, he would not have been born at all. What but vanity is even the greatness of the kings in this world. . . ."

(The rest of the letter—it was stated—could not be published for reasons that are intimately connected with the interests of religion and morality.)

Such villainous and seditious letters, subversive to the authority of church and state, and tending to overthrow the very foundations of society—for what would become of society if every person should consider the other a fool?) could not be tolerated. Even the friends of the Image did not wish to be told that they were fools; the scientists stormed, the clergy raged, the aristocracy became indignant; the Government was applied to for protection, and the public demanded in a loud voice that the Image should be destroyed.

To crown the exposure, a letter in the handwriting of Mr. Green was found and published in "The Missionary." It was addressed to a medical man, and its contents were as follows:

"*Dear Sir*,—I have been informed that you have a good remedy by which the power of ventriloquism can be developed. Ever since I came to Urur, I and the other Chelas have been engaged in making 'the Image' talk by our ventriloquism and we are all affected with sore throat and cramps in the digestive organs. If you can give me any advice, please address."

"GREEN ESQ, CHELA, URUR."

This letter, which, however, afterwards was declared to be a forgery, settled the matter. It proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Image was not only possessed by devils, but that all its utterances were the results of frauds and impostures produced by Mr. Green, Mr. Malaban and Ram. Henceforth, the clamour of the press, and the outcry of the public, could not be treated any longer with indifference. It was necessary that an example should be made and the culprits be punished.

These were dark days for the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. While the Hierophant was away, seeking for the subterranean hole that leads to the city of Kakadumbala, they were like a herd of sheep without their leader, not knowing which way to go. In vain Messrs. Malaban, Ram and Green sent lengthy communications to the papers in defence of the Mysterious Brotherhood; the former expressing his contempt for the vile insinuations of "The Missionary," which he would not have condescended to answer if it were not for the benefit of humanity; while the latter stated that he had studied Latin and Greek, and that, therefore, even a child might see that he was not the man to be easily imposed on. Alas, for poor humanity! All these communications were returned with the ominous words written on the margin, "declined with thanks." In vain Mrs. Honeycomb, being certain that it all was the work of Black Magicians, substituted nitric acid for the oil of vitriol, the latter having proved to be ineffective to restore harmony at Urur. Krashibashi and Raramorubatchi seemed to have gone to sleep. Whether they had emigrated, or found it beneath their dignity to meddle with such trifling affairs, has not been ascertained; because Captain Bumpkins was gone and the Chelas were not permitted to tell. At last, however, a communication was given through the "Image," signed by the great I Am, in which he said that on a certain day he would give a public proof of his power, and existence, and perform a miracle.

This letter created a great sensation, and a kind of armistice was silently agreed upon between the friends and the foes of the Image, until the day of the miracle should arrive.

At this time an event occurred which created a great sensation among the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom. It has never been ascertained how the rumour originated; but on a certain day the news was suddenly spread that a living Adept, a member of the Mysterious Brotherhood, had been seen near the Shrine, and was now inhabiting one of the forests adjoining Urur. The appearance of a man-eating tiger in the vicinity of an African village, would not have created a greater sensation than did this report about the presence of a man who was really wise. The Chelas were seen to run about and gesticulate in an excited manner, and everyone who was not an invalid took to the woods in search of the supposed Adept. Mr. Green along with the others swore that he would not return until he had attained his object.

Pancho went likewise to the forest; but for a different purpose. He had begun to think that it would be of little use to hunt for an Adept from whom to receive further instruction, as long as the instructions which he already possessed were not carried out. Moreover, he was led to believe that spiritual knowledge is of a subjective kind, which cannot be taught by words; but that it consists in a knowledge of certain powers existing within oneself, and which must exist therein before one is able to know them. He cared no more for talk but wanted to study the germs of power existing within himself, and to practise that meditation which is taught in the ancient books. He got the translation of Edwin Arnold's "Song Celestial," and read the description in it of a Yogi; that is to say of one who has attained the power of being self-conscious of divine truth.

" Sequestered should he sit

Steadfastly meditating, solitary,
His thoughts controled, his passions laid away,
Quit of belongings. In a fair still spot,
Having his fixed abode—not too much raised
Nor yet too low—let him abide; his goods
A cloth, a deerskin and the Kusa grass.
There setting hard his mind upon the One,
Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm,
Let him accomplish Yoga and achieve
Purenness of soul, holding immovable
Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed
Upon his nose end."

Pancho made up his mind to follow these directions and to try the experiment. He knew of a quiet secluded spot near the seashore, where he could practise the ceremony prescribed in the Bhagavat Gita, without being disturbed. He resolved to make the trial. True, he thought that a little more clothing than a cloth would do no harm and he had neither a deer skin nor a supply of Kusa grass; but these were evidently matters of secondary consideration.

So taking his hat he proceeded towards the seashore. He did not follow the road but went through the forest and jungle to a place where stood an old deserted Mahommedan temple whose walls were crumbling to pieces. He mounted the platform in front of it. This platform was about four feet high

and consequently "not too much raised nor yet too low." There he sat down, making himself as comfortable as possible, watching for a while the moonbeams playing upon the foaming waves and listening to the sound of the surf. He then tried to keep his body, head and neck immovable, and directed his gaze upon his nose end, not without fear however of getting a permanent squint.

Some months had now elapsed and Pancho had received no further news from his wife. To his troubles about philosophical questions was added the anxiety to know the reason of Conchita's silence. He had written several letters, but received no answer. He had even began to make himself familiar with the thought that she was dead. In this opinion he was confirmed by the fact that he dreamed of her frequently and believed at times he saw her form even after awakening; but no sooner did his external consciousness become fully re-established, than the apparition disappeared.

He tried to think of nothing, but did not succeed, for thoughts of Conchita came into his mind; when his eyes were attracted to the moonbeams that fell through the branches. Suddenly it seemed to him as if there was a cloud-like mist floating between the trees, and that it grew denser and denser, until it assumed the well-known form of Conchita, robed in white; but far more beautiful than he had ever seen her in life. Her face was radiant with joy, her eyes seemed to penetrate to his very soul, she smiled, and although her lips did not move, nevertheless it seemed to him that he heard her saying:

"Do not grieve my beloved one, all will be well."

"Is it then true," thought Pancho, "that you are dead?" and as if in answer to his thoughts the form replied:

"Not dead; but gone before."

"How happy you seem to be," cried Pancho, and heard in reply:

"Joy! joy! There is no death. My power to communicate with you is growing stronger. Farewell!"

"Farewell!" echoed Pancho, as the dear form faded away.

How long Pancho sat in that place meditating about the vision he had seen is not known; but he was suddenly disturbed by a voice speaking in solemn accents the words:

"Rum, shrum, Korumbulum, satawaki, Karibaki, Krashibashi."

It was Mr. Green's voice, and as Pancho looked around, there in the moonlight stood Mr. Green himself, repeating the above meaningless words. But what was most peculiar about him was that he was dressed in absolutely nothing except a loin cloth, his white flesh forming a strong contrast with the dark background of trees.

"Rum, shrum, Korumbulum!" it sounded again, when Pancho exclaimed:

"What are you doing, Mr. Green? Are you not afraid of snakes?"

"No snake will bite him who has been selected to become a hierophant," replied Mr. Green. "I have become a real probationary Chela and I am under the special protection of Krashibashi who will see that I am not bitten by snakes."

"But what has become of your clothes?" asked Pancho.

"I took them off," replied Mr. Green, "for it is written that a real Yogi must wear nothing but a loin cloth."

"And what are the words you spoke?" asked Pancho.

"I am sorry that you have listened," answered Mr. Green. "They are a sacred formula that was given to me by my *guru*."

Pancho looked into the eyes of Mr. Green and what he saw there was—insanity ! Then it seemed to him as if he had suddenly become aware of an abyss yawning at his feet, and that he himself was on the verge of it. He knew that if he should go one step further he himself would become a maniac like Mr. Green.

By a good deal of persuasion he prevailed upon Mr. Green to put on his clothes and return home with him. From this simple act of kindness Pancho received more interior satisfaction and spiritual strength, than if he had stood upon one leg for a week, or held his breath for a month, or gone through any similar kind of ceremony prescribed by the Yoga philosophy. In the meantime the day was approaching when Krashibashi was to perform his miracle. On the evening before the great day, numerous visitors had arrived for the purpose of witnessing it. Among the former was Mr. Bottler, in his official capacity as deputy of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, and it was on him that now hung the hopes of the S. D. W. He was looked upon as the redeemer who was sure to confound the enemies of the Society, by proving beyond any reasonable doubt the existence of the Mysterious Brotherhood ; and what Mr. Bottler said confirmed the members of the S. D. W. in their belief that they would gain a complete victory over their detractors.

"I congratulate the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom," said Mr. Bottler, "that a man of such eminent qualifications as I possess has been selected to investigate the claims of the Mysterious Brotherhood. If these Brothers exist, I say, let their doctrines be believed, by all means ; but if they do not exist, then their doctrines should not be accepted, for what they teach can only be pernicious in the extreme. If it can be shown that the raps which were made in the presence of the Image were not produced by the great Krashibashi, but by a being of an inferior order, then I say, I shall not believe for a moment in his theories of evolution ; but if Krashibashi himself produced these raps, then I shall announce to the world that his doctrines are true."

These wise words of Mr. Bottler were received with great applause.

"There can be no doubt that there exists a source of inspiration,"* observed Mr. Green.

"If there is such a source," observed Mr. Bottler, "let it be shown. Let it come forward and show whether or not it can stand the test of scientific research. What is this power which claims to be the source of inspiration ? To what category does it belong ? What is its chemical composition ? How shall it be classified ? Let it give us visible and tangible proof of its existence. Until this is done, I for one shall refuse to believe."

Mr. Bottler was then introduced to Madame Corneille, and they soon became friends. She made to him certain revelations intensely interesting and highly important for the promotion of science. What the exact nature of these revelations was has never been fully revealed, from that day to this. It was merely whispered that Mr. Bottler was provided with a large-sized flask to be corked with Solomon's seal, and into which he expected to ensnare a living Adept to be henceforward preserved in the Museum of his Society.

Supper, to which a number of guests were invited, was announced. During

* A "Mahatmic Force?" [Ed.]

that meal Mr. Bottler astonished the members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom by his profound learning.

Mr. Green proposed a toast to Mr. Bottler, the representative member of the Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences, and in answer to it Mr. Bottler rose and said :

“Well may modern science be proud of the results it has achieved ! All that has been formerly considered occult, has now been thoroughly explained, and new discoveries are continually being made by science. Through my own in-fatigable labours, carried on with an immense amount of patience and exactness for a number of years, I have succeeded in proving beyond the possibility of contradiction, that if we take one of these rotato-spheroidal Calcium-carbonate-exudates of embryonal-gallinaceous intermediary formations” (here Mr. Bottler took up an egg from the table), “and by the exercise of a certain amount of force perforate the polar *curvature-maxima* of the same situated diametrically opposite, disturbing the equilibrium within the exterior periphery, either by suitable mechanical appliances, or even by physiological means, we may create variations between the internal and external tensions of the fluids contained within the said ovoid body. In consequence of this, the protoplasmic sarcode mass with all the physiological products belonging thereunto, will be expelled either with a constant or varying velocity, in a straight or parabolic direction, according to the fundamental laws governing the hydrodynamic equations of fluidic and semi-fluidic bodies.”

Larger and larger grew the eyes of Mr. Green during Mr. Bottler's discourse. Formerly he had imagined that to suck an egg it was only necessary to make a hole in each end ; but now he saw the profundity of his ignorance. The members of the Society for the Distribution of Wisdom listened awe-struck and in silence, and their attention reached its climax when Mr. Bottler proceeded to demonstrate by beautiful experiment the truth of the theory he had so clearly explained. He solemnly perforated the ovoid body ; but as the egg was hard boiled—a circumstance which Mr. Bottler could not have foreseen—the experiment failed this time.

The eventful day had arrived.

The great day of the MIRACLE. Early in the morning large crowds assembled at Urur ; but only a certain number of selected people received admission cards to enter the shrine. At the appointed hour the procession could be seen wending its way to the temple. There was Malaban Babu with his unavoidable flag, and Ram-Garu carrying incense, Messrs. Bottler, Green, Pancho, Mrs. Honeycomb with other Chelas, besides a great number of experts and dignitaries that had come from the city to witness the performance. They entered the temple and ascended the stairs leading to the sacred room. They opened the door in solemn silence and raised their eyes in reverential awe. They looked in the direction of the Shrine, and then stared wildly at each other. . . .

The “Talking Image” *was gone ! . . .*

FRANZ HARTMANN.

(To be continued.)

THE SEVEN MYSTERY NAMES.

WHICH are the *genuine* seven mystery names? That *Mikael Gabriel, Raphael, Oriel, Scaltiel, Jehudiel* and *Barachiel*, are substitutes only we have been told already by some Masters, and by Mme. Blavatsky. (See LUCIFER, July 15, 1888, pp. 355-365.) Let us, then, try and find out the real names—if we can.

Different authors give different names to the “seven mystery gods,” or the “seven spirits of God,” as the Apocalypse has it. My research—unfortunately too short and too incomplete—led to the following result :

I.

In *Heptameron* by *Pietro de Abano*,

- | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|---------------|----|
| 1. <i>Michael</i> | is the angel of | <i>Sunday</i> | ⊙. |
| 2. <i>Gabriel</i> | ” | ” | ♃. |
| 3. <i>Samael</i> | ” | ” | ♂. |
| 4. <i>Raphael</i> | ” | ” | ♃. |
| 5. <i>Sachiel</i> | ” | ” | ♃. |
| 6. <i>Anael</i> | ” | ” | ♀. |
| 7. <i>Cassiel</i> | ” | ” | ♃. |

II.

In *Semiphoras*, one of the many so-called “Keys of Solomon,” the seven planetary angels are named :

- | | | | |
|-------------------|----|-------------------|----|
| 1. <i>Zaphiel</i> | ♃. | 5. <i>Haniel</i> | ♀. |
| 2. <i>Zadkiel</i> | ♃. | 6. <i>Michael</i> | ♃. |
| 3. <i>Camael</i> | ♂. | 7. <i>Gabriel</i> | ♃. |
| 4. <i>Raphael</i> | ⊙. | | |

The Planetary Spirits are called :

♃ Sabathiel, ♃ Zedekiel, ♂ Madimiel, ⊙ Semiel, or Semishiah ♀ Nogahel, ♃ Coahabiah, or Cochabiel, and ♃ Jarechel, or Jevanael.

The planets themselves are given the following names :

♃ Sabachay, ♃ Sodech, ♂ Modym, ⊙ Hamnia, ♀ Noga, ♃ Cochab and ♃ Lavahan.

III.

In *The Invocation of St. Christopher*, or “Christopheles-Gebet” (the Prayer of Christopher), the seven archangels are named :

Gabriel, Raphael, Michael, Uriel, Zacharia, Emanuel, and Charaphael.

IV.

In *De Magia Veterum* by *Arbatel* the seven planets are enumerated thus :

1. *Oriphiel*, or *Ophiel* ♃. 2. *Jophiel* ♃. 3. *Samael* ♂. 4. *Michael* ☉.
 5. *Anael* ♀. 6. *Raphael* ✨. 7. *Gabriel* ♃.

The seven angels standing before the Lord are said to be:

1. ♃ *Oriphiel*. 2. ♀ *Anael*. 3. ♃ *Zachariel*. 4. ☉ *Michael*.
 5. ✨ *Raphael*. 6. ♂ *Samuel* (*Samael*?). 7. ♃ *Gabriel*.

V.

In *Semiphoras*, or *Schemhamphorasch Salomonis Regis*, the 7 heights of the planets and the 7 planetary angels are called:

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 1. <i>Samaym</i> (<i>Schamaym</i>).
Gabriel ♃. | 1. <i>Ophanel</i> . |
| 2. <i>Raaquin</i> . <i>Zachariel</i> ,
<i>Raphael</i> ✨. | 2. <i>Tychagara</i> . |
| 3. <i>Saaquin</i> . <i>Anahel</i> ,
<i>Avahel</i> ♀. | 3. <i>Barael</i> . |
| 4. <i>Machonon</i> . <i>Michael</i> .
☉. | 4. <i>Quelamia</i> . |
| 5. <i>Mathey</i> . <i>Samael</i> ,
<i>Saball</i> ♂. | 5. <i>Anazimur</i> . |
| 6. <i>Sebul</i> . <i>Zachiel</i> , ♃. | 6. <i>Paschar</i> . |
| 7. <i>Arabat</i> . <i>Cassiel</i> , ♃. | 7. <i>Boel</i> . |

VI.

In *The Great Grimoire of the Pope Honorius* the Spirits of the air are enumerated thus:

1. *Michael*, ☉. 2. *Gabriel*, ♃. 3. *Gamael* (*Samael*?) ♂.
 4. *Raphael* ✨. 5. *Serachiel* (*Sachiel*?) ♃. 6. *Anael* ♀. 7. *Kaphpiel* (*Cassiel*?) ♃.

VII.

In *The Telescope of Zoroaster*, also called *The Kabbala of the Magi*, the "Intelligences" are given the following names:

1. (a.) *Genhelia*, Sun-intelligence, material or elementary.
 (b.) *Psychhelia*, Sun-intelligence, spiritual or ethereal.
2. (a.) *Seleno*, Moon-intelligence, material.
 (b.) *Psychomene*, Moon-intelligence, spiritual or ethereal.
3. *Erosia*, Venus-intelligence.
4. *Panurgio*, Mercury-intelligence.
5. *Lethophoro*, Saturn-intelligence.
6. *Aglae*, Jupiter-intelligence.
7. *Adamasto*, Mars-intelligence.

VIII.

In *Cypriani Citatio Angelorum* the "angels" enumerated are not less than eight, as witness this invocation:

"Cito imprecor, requiro atque exoro jam vos, o *Almaziel*, *Ariel*, *Anathamia*, *Ezebul*, *Abiul*, *Ezea*, *Ahesin* et *Calizabin*, angelos Dei sanctissimos."



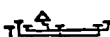




IX.

In a book of black magic *Dr. Johann Faustens Miracul-Kunst und Wunder-Buch oder Die schwarze Rabe, auch der Dreifache Hollenzwang genannt*, the black shadows of the planetary spirits, or "the seven Grand-dukes of Hell" are named :

1. *Aziel* ☉. 2. *Mephistophelis* (Mephistopheles ?) ♃. 3. *Marbuel* ♂.
4. *Ariel* ♀. 5. *Aniguel* (Azibael ?) ♃. 6. *Anisel* (Anifel ?) ♀. 7. *Barfael* (Barbuel ?) ♃.

X.

In *Claviculae Salomonis, id est Theosophia Pneumatica*, the following "seven administrators" are mentioned :

1. *Arathron*. (Saturn). Seal: 
2. *Bethor*. (Jupiter). Seal: 
3. *Phaleg*. (Mars). Seal: 
4. *Och*. (Sol). Seal: 
5. *Hagith*. (Venus). Seal: 
6. *Ophiel*. (Mercury). Seal: 
7. *Phul*. (Luna). Seal: 

XI.

In *De Magia Veterum* by *Arbatel* the same names, as in *Claviculae Salomonis*, are mentioned as a variation.

XII.

In *Magia Divina*, printed in 1745, the planetary dukes are named :

1. *Arathron*, ♃. 2. *Bethor*, ♃. 3. *Phaleg*, ♂. 4. *Ah*, ☉. 5. *Hagith*, ♀.
6. *Ophiel*, ♀. 7. *Phul*, ♃.

XIII.

In a recent *Illustrated History of the World* (Illustrerad Verldshistoria), published in Stockholm, Sweden, the following are said (i. 77) to be the names of the *Chaldean planetary gods* :

1. *Samas* ☉. 2. *Sin*, ♃. 3. *Adar*, or *Adarmalik*, ♃. 4. *Nabu* (*Nebo*), ♀. 5. *Nergal*, ♂. 6. *Marduk*, ♃. 7a. *Istar* (the morning Star, the Goddess of Battle), and b *Bilit* (the Evening Star, the Goddess of Love), ♀.

XIV.

The *Ophic planetary group* (*Origen in Celsum* vi. 25) consists of :

1. *Michael*, ☉. 2. *Suriel*, (♃ ?). 3. *Raphael*, ♀. 4. *Gabriel*, ♃. 5. *Thantabaoth*, (♀ ?). 6. *Eratsaoth*, (♀ ?). 7. *Ouriel*, (♃ ?).

XV.

Origenes calls the Sun *Adonai*, the Moon *Jao*, Jupiter *Eloi*, Mars *Sabao*, Venus *Orai*, Mercury *Astaphai*, and Saturn *Ildabaoth*.

NOTE I.

In the Bible, "the two greater and the five minor lights" are named:

1. *The Sun*: חַמָּה *Chammah* (5 times); חֶרֶס *Cheres* (3 times); שֶׁמֶשׁ *Shemesh*, Babylonian and Assyrian *Shamas* (150 times).
2. *The Moon*: יָרֵחַ *Jareach* (20 times); לְבָנָה *Lebanah* (10 times).
3. *Mars*: מַאֲדִים *Maadim*. אָדָם *Adom*.
4. *Mercury*: כּוֹכַב בְּעֵל *Cochab*, the oldest name; later: כַּתָּב *Cathab*.
5. *Jupiter*: כּוֹכַב בְּעֵל *Cochab Baal*.
6. *Venus*: נֹגַהּ זָהָרָה *Noga Zaharah*; מוֹלֶדֶת *Moledeth*, or מוֹלֶדְתָּהּ *Molidtha* (*Mylitta*?).
7. *Saturn*: כּוֹכַב שַׁבָּת *Cochab Shabbath*, or שַׁבְּתָאִי *Shabathi* (*Shabbathai*?), and שַׁבְּתֵי *Shabbetha* (*Shabbethi*?).

NOTE II.

In the *Kings of China*, the Sun is called *Ji*, the Moon *Yuei*, and the planets *Sing*. *Venus'* Chinese name is *Kin Sing* (the Metal Star); *Mercury's* is *Spui Sing* (the Water Star); *Saturn* is named *Tu Sing* (the Earth Star); *Mars, Ho Sing* (the Fire Star); and *Jupiter, Mo Sing* (the Wood Star). Jupiter is called "the planet of the year" and is placed in the east; Mars, "the planet of the wandering light," in the south; Venus, "the great white star," in the west; Mercury, "the planet of the hours," in the north; and Saturn, "the planet of control (self-control?) and calm," in mid-heaven. *Die Religion und der Cultus der alten Chinesen*, by Dr. J. H. Plath, Munich, 1862.

Dupuis, in his *Religion Universelle* (i. 75), says, that every planet is represented by a vowel, and that, during the worship of different days, the vowel, hallowed to the ruling planet, was sung. Hence the seven notes of the musical scale. *Si*, is said to represent the moon; *Ut*, (Do), Mercury; *Re*, Venus; *Mi*, the Sun; *Fa*, Mars; *Sol*, Jupiter, and *La*, Saturn. This was the music of the spheres. Furthermore, seven of the well-known metals were connected with the planets, viz., *gold* with the Sun, *silver* with the Moon, *lead* with Saturn, *iron* with Mars, *tin* with Jupiter, *quicksilver* with Mercury, and *copper* with Venus.

Now, which are the real *bona fide* mystery names? Well, the truth has more than one side, and more than one name, too. I, for my part, thought for a long time that those mentioned under Nos. X, XI, and XII, were the true ones. But as I believe those mentioned under Nos. XIII. and XV. to be in some way genuine, too, I dare not say that I have found or can point out the genuine mystery names yet. Will not Mme. Blavatsky kindly bring light to this "hidden thing of darkness"? If this information cannot be given before the *initiation*, I am waiting for that.

JAKOB BONGGREN, F.T.S.

NOTES ON THE SEVEN MYSTERY NAMES.

THE above article cannot fail to attract the attention of all lovers of the occult, and it will not, I think, prove uninteresting to the student of comparative philology. In considering a subject of this nature from the standpoint of the Theosophist it is advantageous to know that these planetary names are of a generic nature, and refer as much to the various planes, spheres, principles, states, and conditions of Being, as to the planetary bodies themselves; or the humanity which inhabits them. Moreover they have reference to certain intelligent Forces in the universe, which may be considered separately, as in relation to Spiritual entities, or in the aggregate as a collective manifestation of the One Life.

Borrowing a little of the light of *Lucifer*, we may profitably reflect upon this interesting subject.

No doubt our able author is right when he says, "It seems to be no easy task to tell which of the different series of names is nearest the truth." When we know that different names have been conferred upon the same planetary bodies in almost every language, and this with the view of portraying their several different characteristics, and further, when we regard the inevitable confusion and the distortion of those names by transmission through the centuries from one nation to another, it becomes, as said, no easy task to make a complete identification between even two of the different systems of nomenclature.

But it may not be unprofitable to make a comparative survey of the results which have rewarded, in no small degree, the patient investigations of our compiler.

A—To begin then with the sun, or Sol. As the name suggests he is the On or One, the adjective form of which word is "only." In the Sanskrit we have the word Sum or Sam which means "all," and which by transliteration becomes our word Sun. Hence also the Hebrew, *shemesh*, *samazon*, *Samson*, &c. (Comp. Table 13, No. I.)

Under these names of Sol, Sum, Shem, On, An, &c. the solar sphere becomes a natural symbol of Svabhavat, the "All Being," whose light is Wisdom, whose heat is Love, and in the union of which consists the Intelligence of Life.

In table 2 it will be seen that Raphael is attributed to the sun and Michael to the planet Mercury, while in tables 3, 4, 5 and 6, the arrangement favours the exchange of these names, giving Michael to the sun and Raphael to Mercury. This latter method agrees with the above remarks as regards the sun. Mercury's Regent we will consider in its order.

"Michael is formed from three Hebrew words, *Mi*—who, *Cah*—like, *Al*—God; *i.e.*, Who is like unto God? and for the sake of analogy we may ask, "What is like unto the sun?" In note 2 the Chinese name is given as *Ji*. This becomes in the Sanskrit, *Jee*, and in Hebrew, *Chy*, both of which mean "life." In table 9 Aziel seems to get its name from *Az*—flame, and *Al*—a power. Och and Ah in tables 10 and 12 may be considered as the same, the ch, as is often the case, changes here to the aspirate equivalent. Og, Ah, Ahi, Uch, Ag, are all oriental names for the sun or its spiritual counterpart. It may be remarked here that *Shemesh* denotes the solar light, as distinguished from *chammah*, the solar heat, and *cheres*, the solar body. Thus at the outset we may see how the "mystery names" become thrice mystical when we fail to take into consideration the fact that a name in the pristine sense denotes a quality of the abstract noumenon, and not of the thing itself.

B.—The moon, as may be seen from the above remark, has more names than all the other planets put together; for, on account of its swift

motion, its nearness to the earth, its powerful magnetic influence, and other more occult reasons, it would present innumerable qualities which might escape notice in the case of planets having a slower motion in orbits more distant from the earth.

In Table 1, the name of Gabriel is given to the Moon, and it means the powerful or "strong god." But this name, we know, is the Hebrew name for Mars, whence also the name Kabir or Cabeir. The word Geber means "strong," and it is often used to designate a male, and yet we know that it was applied to the moon by the Egyptians and Chaldeans. The explanation of this seeming contradiction lies on the fact that the moon was sacred to them as a symbol of the male-female power in nature, and they called the moon in this sense, Aphroditos, which embodied the male Lunus and the female Luna. So we may safely affirm that Gabriel is a name indicative merely of one of the lunar qualities, viz, strength, but most probably when in association with Mars. By Jerecheal, Table 2, the lunar light is denoted. Jerech is the Hebrew for a lunar month, *i.e.*, the period of its changes in regard to the light source, Sol, from one new moon to the next. The same root is met with in the name of the city Jericho. It may be noted here that the word for the second day of the week, over which the moon has dominion, is called in the Hebrew *Sheni*, which means, "my repetition, my second, or my confirmation," and it may certainly be said of the emblem of Isis that it is second only to that of the celestial Osiris, which is the Echod, or One; Rasit, or first.

Jevanal (*ibid*) is from Hebrew Junah or Jevanah, a dove, which like the moon is a symbol of the Holy Spirit of the Western world, the Brahmâ-vâch of the Orient, and the Ruach-hequedosh of the middle ground.* This word Jevanah is no doubt a cognate of the Sanskrit *jivana*—to foster, restore or revive; hence the accepted characteristic of the Third Person of the Christian orthodoxy, the Restorer. The Greek Holy Spirit is called Juno, the Bride (comp. Sanskrit *Juna*, *juven*, &c., under root *joov*). Juno Lucina was the goddess invoked by the Romans during childbirth. Levahan (note I.) is from Hebrew *leben*, whiteness.

In Table 5 we find the moon called Samayn or Shemayn, which we may translate as the "one of many names," since the word is the plural form of Shem, which denotes a state, condition, place, or name. Its fitness with regard to the moon is very apparent. Selene, Table 7, is the Greek name for the moon. It is curious to note the occult signification of the expression so well-known even in our own country, that the new born babe was "got out of the parsley bed." The simple explanation of the fact is that the Greek for parsley, is Selinon! but as said, there is an occult truth lying beneath the surface of this quaint figure of speech.

Mephistopheles, as a name for the moon, is very apt, and its meaning, "lover of the clouds," neatly conveys the idea of certain characteristics

* *Vide Secret Doctrine*, vol. i., p. 80.

of the lunar orb, which will suggest themselves to the occultist without particular mention in this place. Phul, Table 10, may be the Hebrew root of the words for "sacrifice, intercession &c." as in the Sanskrit Bul, a sacrifice, meaning also power, strength, virus, like the Hebrew Geber. We may note that Bol, or Baal, was the name of the ruler to whom as Baal-berith, the Egyptians sacrificed the bull in order to celebrate the conjunction of Sol and Luna in the sign Taurus, the equinox of the ancients.

Jao. Table 15, is so well-known as a name for the Holy Spirit that no comment need be made upon the name at this place. Lilah, Lilith, Delilah, Vach Vacca, Bacchus, are all names of the multinomial orb.

C.—The planet Mars rules Tuesday, the third day of the week. In Sanskrit the root *Mar* denotes "conflict, affliction, battle," and the word *Samur* has also the same signification, as will be seen in the names of Mars, Samuel, Samael, &c. The sphere of Mars has been identified with the Hindu Vishnu. The root number of Mars is 3, and the worshippers of Vishnu in some parts of India are distinguished by bearing on their foreheads three parallel red lines. Belshalisha was worshipped by the Egyptians under the form of a triple-headed man, armed as a warrior; also as Persis and Perseus, "the fire of Zeus, or Jupiter" This denotes the lightning flash of the god of thunder, and is the Fohatic sharp two-edged sword of the gods. Camael, Tab. 2, describes Mars as the "power or spirit of heat"—*cham* or *cam*. Madimial means the "spirit of the vehement ones"—*Madim*, hence English—mad. The word vehement seems to suggest the secret Vahan or vehicle of the Alhim, *i.e.* Fohat; *vuhni* being the Sanskrit for fire, as well as *agni*. Modym is the same as the name Madim. Adom (note 1) is a Hebrew term denoting "redness," a state inseparable from the things of Mars. Emanuel, Table 3, son of Zeuspater is a kabiric name for Mars. Adamasto, Table 7, has a common root with the words Kadam, Kadmon, Cadmus, Gaudama, Gotoma, &c. which are generic names for the parents of the Kaliyuga, or Iron age of Mars. Maruel, Barbuel, and Marvel, are all of the same root, Mar. (vide Table 9.) Phaleg or Peleg, Table 10, means to "sever, distribute, divide," and refers to the Cabiric or martial sword. Suriel, Table 14, is the same as Zuriel. The root *sar* (Sanskrit) means strength vigour, excellency, and likewise iron. The Hebrew Sheir or Ser, means a ruler, governor, or commander, whence perhaps the English—Sir, sire, &c. This expression is equal to the Spanish, Don, Greek, Adonis, and Hebrew, Adonay; all of which terms are applied to Mars in his capacity of Kabiric ruler. In Table 15, the name Suriel is applied to the sun, while Sabao or Saba, meaning a host, or an army, is given to Mars by Origen—from which incident we may still further evidence the mutability of this nomenclature.

D.—Mercury, the fourth planet of the Saptas, rules the fourth day of the week, *i.e.* Woden's day. This Woden is the same as Odin and

Buddha. As Hermes he is called the messenger of the gods, and we may hence suspect an association between Woden and Vudan, the Sanskrit word for the mouth. As Mercury he is the swift-winged messenger of the gods, in the matter of merx or trade, and perhaps mer-cura, the waters of healing. Thus in Table 1, he is called Raphael, "the spirit of healing." Besides the waters of healing, Mercury is said to hold the Caduceus, *i.e.* the *Kedeshi-ash*, "or flame of the holy ones," which means the spirit of truth. The Hebrew for 4, the root number of Mercury, is Reboah, which denotes vibration, agitation, &c. qualities peculiarly connected with the operations of the mercurial element of Akasa, and the astral fluid. Cochabiel, Table 2, means the spirit of the astral light, for *cocab* means to shine, and is used in reference to the stars as *Jerech* to the moon and *shemesh* to the sun (see ante par. A.) Coahabiah is from *coah*, to burn, being here no doubt a reference to the nearness of the mercurial orb to the sun. Those who understand the symbolism of the East, will see under this figure of the burning mercury, the Egyptian sphinx, which at the end of the soli-mercurial period is said to be consumed in the flames of the sun on the temple of Osiris. A Chaldean name for the Phœnix was Calo, which means to consume. In Tables 3 and 5, the Regents of Jupiter and Mercury are given as the same in one instance viz., Zecharial, but this may be accounted for by the fact that *zecar* sometimes means to remember, and in this sense refers to the nature of the mercurial faculty which is vested in the astral light *i.e.* the *memoria mundi*.

The Chinese name for Mercury, the "water star," clearly refers to the nature of the healing, cleansing and convertible spirit of Raphael. Panurgio, Table 7, is from the Greek *Pan*, all, and *urgon*, work, and is expressive of the skill which the god of merx showed in this respect. Argus was the warder of Juno, no doubt the same as Kartikya the warder of Pravati, who is said to have six faces and one hundred eyes.

Ariel, in Table 9, means the "Spirit of Light," or "of the River." The Hebrew *ar*, to flow, likewise denotes *flame* and by the insertion o, a formative (u) wav or vau, it becomes *light* (see par. F.).

Ophiel, Table 11, is the spirit of Oph, Opis, or Avis. The root Oph (Hebrew) means to flutter or vibrate; a tremulous motion, hence Ouph a bird, or winged creature. In the book of Hermes, mention is made of "the all-powerful sceptre which holds the Ophion." This refers to the Caduceus of Mercury which holds the winged serpents united *i.e.*, Oph-Yoni.

Nabu, Table 13, is Nebo, a term often used in Oriental countries as a mark of distinction, like Azar (strong). In the name Nabonazar they are combined. Nebo means "to put forth, utter, pour out, produce interpret, or prophesy," and has evident allusion to the reproductive memory of Hermes, and to his prerogative as "Interpreter of the Gods."

Nebo, is Dagon, the Sun-fish, Oannes, Johannes, Jonah, &c., other names

for Mercurius, "the water star." Astaphai, Table 15, seems to be from Stao-phe, the appointed Mouth, Hebrew, *Setphi*, but it may be Chaldean, *asta* or *vesta*, fire, and *phe* or *pi*, mouth.

E.—Jupiter, Table 1, is called Sachiël, which we may regard as a modification of Zadkiel or Tzedekial, as in Tables 2 and 5. Tzedek (Hebrew) means judgment, justice (Latin, *Judex*). The 5th day over which Jupiter has dominion is called in Genesis I. Chemesh, which means "to make regular, to equalize," as in the species of the animal kingdom, the cosmic order of the elements, or the ideas of the mind. Chemesh thus means, "to array or set in order, to make ready." The various names of Jupiter, such as Devapatri, Deopater, Zeuspater, Tao, Theo, Jove, Joveh, Jehovah, &c., are all cognate expressions having reference to Brahma, the creator, with whom this planet has been associated. Thus the names Jove, Joveh, Jehovah, are but Jah-vah *i.e.* Brahmâviraj and Brahmâ-vâch.

The Hindu name for Jupiter is Bripusputi *i.e.*, Lord of Creation, in the sense of an *expansion of Himself*. The Hebrew Bra means "to create." Sodech, Table 2, is Zodek, Zadok or Tzedek. As Cocab Baal, the Star God, Thor is represented as a powerful man (naked, holding a sceptre in his right hand and seven lightnings in the left; he stands upon the clouds of thunder, and his head is crowned by seven stars. Thor means a circulator. As Zacharia, Jupiter is known as "the strong God," *i.e.*, Zecar-Jah. Jophiel, Table 4, is the intelligence of the Sphere of Jupiter; the word no doubt being a form of Hebrew *Jahvah*.

Zebul, Table 5, is the Recompenser, Karmic Law or Justice. Pashar is "the expanding flame," *i.e.*, Brahmâ, from Brih, to expand.

Aglæ, Table 7, means the circulator or the Revolver. It is worth noticing that such names as Thor, Zebul, Shebul, Agla, all convey the same idea of revolution and circulation, which fitly describe the Karmic Law of Justice, the specific quality of Zedekial or Zachiel; and, when united with Brih, Bra, Brahmâ, &c. the expanders, a very clear idea of the principles of Cosmic Evolution is obtained. Bethar, Tables 10 and 12, is a form of Thor and refers to Baal Bethor, "the undefiled." Marduk, Table 13, is Lord God: and if this may be Meradag, then it denotes "the Lord of the Increase," *i.e.*, the Creator.

Thauthabaoth, Table 14, is from Toth, Tat, Tad, Dat, Dad (a father) and Abuth, swelling, distention, or expansion, and here again Jupiter is identified with Br-aum, and Brahm.

Eloi, Table 15, means simply "my God."

F.—Venus as Van-esh and Luxfero, Phosphorus or Lucifer, must be well known to all our readers. Venus is also called Bhavaneë, Parvuteë, Pravati, and Doorga, the impregnable, "Kartikya and Pravati," or Mercury and Venus, and conjointly Hermes-Aphrodite, *i.e.* the Androgynous Buddhi—Manas. Venus rules over Friday the 6th day;

Hebrew Sis or Shesh, meaning bright, cheerful, sparkling. Venus is variously called Lucifer, Hesperus, Vesta, Hestia &c. Of the Vestal virgins there were *six* said to be the guardians of the Sacred fire. This mythos when viewed in connection with Venus, whose root number is Six, at once suggests the Linga Yoni and Solipse *i.e.*, the two interlaced triangles, or six pointed star, with a central Fire or Life source called Bhavani or Venus (*vide* symbol of Theosophical Society). Anael, Haniel, Tables 1 and 2, is Diana, Anna. Hannah, the Bride of On Haniel, (Hebrew) means the Gracious Spirit or Power. Freya or Frigga, the Northern Goddess of Beauty is the same as Phria (Hebrew) the Fruitful. Therefore as the Vestal Virgin of Heaven, Venus is the Sacred Nun, the fruitful yet immaculate source of life. The word "Nun" means a fish; hence arises the sacred association of "the diet of fish" with Dies Veneris. Nogahel, from Nogah, to shine or glitter, doubtless refers to the appearance of the planet Venus, and such of us as are more nearly under its magnetic influence; thus Nogah and Nogah Zaharah (Hebrew) is "the pellucid brightness" or "the clear shining" (*ibid* note 1). Moledotha or Molyedoth means "She who filleth the hands." Uriel, Table 3, is the Spirit of Light. The Hebrew Aur, light, is from Ar, to flow, whence we may conclude that the "*undulatory theory*" of light was that supported by the Hebrews and their Teachers, the Chaldeans and Egyptians. The formative letter U, vau, or wav (numerical value six), means to connect, link, hook together, or to marry, by which peculiarities it became a special sign for Venus. Uriel, Auriel, or Oriel is the same as Luxfero, "the Light bearer."

Kin Sing, the metal star (note 1) is likewise the Ken, or Queen Star Kinya (Sanskrit) means the Virgin, Ceres, the sign Virgo; and Kansyuh, the Queen's metal or copper, is the metal ruled by Venus. Kin, the Chinese, means "to foretell" and Nechesh, the Hebrew for copper, also means "to augur, to divine, or to foretell the future." The influence of the planet Venus in this respect is well-known to all Astrologers (*e.g.* see Zadkiel's Grammar of Astrology, ch. X.)

Anahel, Table 5, and Anael are the same. Barael, Hebrew Bar, to cleanse, is the Spirit of Purity. Erosia, Table 7, is the Goddess of Love, Eros. Hagith, Tables 10 and 12, means "the festive" or "the dancer"; terms which are almost inseparable in Eastern Countries, as it was always the custom to celebrate the return (Haga) of festivals, by dancing, singing, and the like Venus demonstrations. Orai, Table 15, is Ouriel or Uriel.

G—Saturn or Sat-ar-nons, the "pure Light mind" is also known as Chronos, the god of time, and Charon, the mystic conveyer of souls into Hades. Saturn rules the 7th day, *i.e.*, the Sabbath; hence the Hebrew name of Saturn was Shebatael. The word Sabbath means to rest, to stay, cease or complete. Thus Saturn is sometimes compared to the Hindu Shiv, "the Restorer" or "the Destroyer." Sab or Shiv in

Hebrew (English, Save) means to turn back, to restore, as by old age, death or pralaya. Cassiel, Table 1, means Cold, and is applied, in the Hebrew, to denote that state of rigidity or paralysis (pralaya) in the astral fluid which is the cause of Nature's death, both individually and generally. Thus Job xxxviii, v. 31, should be rendered "canst thou bind the (modnuth kimah) trembling heat, or loose the (*kesil* tipetech) bonds of coldness?"

Zaphiel, Table 2, means "the concealed or hidden." Charaphael, Table 3, denotes the Spirit of Devastation, *i.e.*, Shiv. Chereph (Hebrew) means to strip, to lay waste, or to desolate; it is a name for the winter. Oriphiel or Orphael, table 4, is the Spirit of Bereavement. Ophiel, as applied to Saturn, or Chronos, may denote the Ouph or Serpent which comprehends the universe, a symbol of continuous revolution and endless Being.

Tu Sing, the earth star (note 1) denotes the Saturnine nature in its lowest or material aspect, the cold, condensing, binding power in Cosmos. Kaphiel, Table 6, denotes the compacted, condensed or congealed state of the elements while under Saturn's influence. It also signifies gloom or depression, a condition not uncommon among Saturnine souls. Lethophoro, Table 7, is the angel of death, or forgetfulness (Lethum).

The Lethean waters, over which Saturn presides, are said to encircle the lower world and it is therefore required that all souls passing to and fro between this world and another should pass through these waters of forgetfulness. Persons who cannot understand that they have had previous incarnations on this or another planet, will do well to examine this mythos and find out what the nature of these mystic waters actually is.

Arathron, Table 10, is "the one who encircles the Light," *i.e.* the great mystery or Darkness. Adar-malik means the strong king. Perhaps the Egyptian worship of Moloch, who is said to devour his own children; was only a corrupted idolatry of "Shiv, the Destroyer." Eratzaoth, Table 14, is identical with the Chinese *Tu Sing* or "Earth Star"—Hebrew, *Eretz*, the earth. Ildabaoth is the Hebrew Ildabuth, which means "the progenitor of the fathers," *i.e.*, of the Devapitars and their earthly prototypes, the ancient patriarchs. In this sense Saturn is a type of the Great Mystery, the Infinite Being; Bhu (Sanskrit) to be; Hebrew, the Boundless (vide, Gen. i. 2).

In making these notes upon the different names of the planetary spheres, as given in the foregoing article by Brother Bonggren, I have been forced to leave out of mention, for the most part, those contained in Table 8, for I confess ignorance as to their origin, although some of the roots seem quite familiar. Therefore, while offering these remarks as an addendum to the patient and careful researches of our author, I shall hope, with him, that LUCIFER will supply our deficiency. The presence of eight names in Table 8 is to me an obstacle in itself.

Saturn and Mercury, Sol and Mars, and the Moon and Venus have many names in common, which arises from the fact that the natures of these spheres are in many respects similar. In conclusion it is necessary to remark that, although the Chaldeans, Egyptians, and Hebrews, and latterly the Greeks and Romans, have attributed the septenary power of Nature to the then known bodies of the solar system, yet the oriental sages of even earlier times had quite a different foundation for a similar system of nomenclature.

The Seven Rishis are the Divine Sages, Prajapatis, or Lordly Sons who are said by the Hindus to rule over the seven lokas or "spheres." * In applying the planetary symbols of the solar system to indicate these seven Lokas and the principles of the microcosm corresponding to them, the Hindu Sages placed them in the following order: Saturn Jupiter, Mars, Sol, Venus, Mercury, and Moon as determined by their respective Geocentric radii. By a repetition of this order to the 10th place we obtain the planetary names for the days of the week from the integers of the series as follows: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c.

Ten was the number of signs in the most ancient Zodiac, and it is a sacred number arising out of the union of the phallus and circle or lingayoni, *i.e.*, the Alpha and Omega of Creation. These ten signs as "the gates of the lower world," have reference to their paradigms in the Microcosmos, *i.e.*, Adam Kadmon, Androgynos, or Hermes-Aphrodite.

The Hebrew termination Al or El, arbitrarily rendered by me as "spirit or power," is the masculine singular of the word Alhim (Elohim.)

The H is a feminine termination, and IM the plural affix. Thus it becomes an occult and, to lexicographers, an inexplicable name, having reference to the Mystic *Seven in One*.

Each of these seven is dual, making the esoteric 14 thus: by Kabalistic Temurah, A=1, l=3, h=5, i=1, and m=4; total 14. (*Vide* Secret Doctrine, vol. i., p. 91.)

Here I must leave the subject in the hands of my readers, having produced sufficient evidence, no doubt, to show that there is a great deal of valuable esoteric knowledge still hidden in the various "Mystery Names of the Seven Worlds."

SEPHARIAL.

* Which spheres or lokas mean esoterically the seven globes of our planetary chain, as also the even Rounds, etc.—[Ed.]



Theosophical Activities.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE.

A paper read before the BLAVATSKY LODGE OF THE T. S. by WILLIAM KINGSLAND.
President.

IN the course of our systematic study of the *Secret Doctrine*, which we have now pursued for nearly six months, we have arrived at the conclusion of the Stanzas of the 1st volume. It would be well to pause and ask ourselves what is the nett gain which we have derived? In what respects are our ideas altered or modified, what have we learnt which is new, and how much do we recognise the value of the Book?

It has been no easy matter to form a clear and concise idea of the *modus operandi* of cosmogenesis as set forth in the stanzas and the accompanying commentary. They do not profess to do more than lift the corner of the veil. Large numbers of intermediate slokas we are told are omitted, and certain occult keys, which it is not yet permitted to make public, are withheld. Those who are members of the Esoteric Section of the T. S. have a better chance of understanding the matter than the ordinary reader, but since numbers who have attended our Thursday evening meetings are not Esotericists, it has been impossible to treat the matter from any but an exoteric stand-point.

In order to present an abstract principle in anything like a comprehensible manner, it is necessary that it should be represented in some form having reference to our ordinary methods of intellectual apprehension, and our ordinary states of consciousness. Some kind of *form* is indispensable for the conceptions which arise out of our present state of consciousness, and the one great fallacy which we should constantly guard against, is the mistaking of the form for the reality, the effect for the cause. It is this self same illusion of form, Maya, which is which is the great deceiver, the great tempter. It deceives our physical senses and our intellectual faculties. It is the cause of all the illusive forms of superstition and religion which have prevailed in all ages. Let not the student of the *Secret Doctrine* fall under the same illusion, and mistake the form which is there presented for the principles which underlie the form, or materialize into a dogma the priceless treasure of wisdom and knowledge therein contained.

I know that some have come to grief over the various celestial Hierarchies of Dhyān Chohans, being totally unable to connect these with the physical forces with which they are familiar, or to see any

connection whatever between them and the physical universe. Perhaps if they will dematerialize their ideas of celestial beings, disconnect them from all preconceived ideas of Angels and Archangels derived from Biblical fairy tales, instilled into their youthful minds—not an easy matter, by the way—and give free play to their intuition, they will be able to surmount what at present appears to them such a formidable obstacle.

The mysteries of *Parabrahm* have been touched upon more than once, and it has been pointed out that this term is not used to designate either a *God* or a *machine*, but as a purely metaphysical abstraction—albeit the one reality, the *absolute*. Nevertheless *Parabrahm* appears to have been a very hard nut for some to crack, as also the first and second *Logos*, *Brahma* and *Brahmâ*, *Fohat*, and a host of other *personified* forces. We can hardly be surprised if the casual and superficial reader should be lost in the vast pantheon of the *Secret Doctrine*, and should fly for comparative intellectual safety to the orthodox doctrine of the trinity.

But let us not, as students of the *Secret Doctrine*, be hasty in forming either our conceptions or our conclusions. We must bear in mind that we are dealing with the imaginative powers of the Eastern mind, and with the deepest and most subtle of metaphysical and philosophical systems. Let us try and understand the *Secret Doctrine* in its materialized form, and then, when we have mastered the form, we may be the better able to understand what that form represents.

Setting aside now all concrete ideas having reference to the form in which the teachings are moulded, I imagine that those who have followed closely the course of instructions, cannot have failed to have grasped some general principles of the utmost importance. They cannot have failed to have obtained such a broad and comprehensive view of the law of *evolution*, of the essential unity and oneness of nature—including in that term both the visible and the invisible universe—and of the law of correspondences and analogy, such as could not have been obtained by them by the study of half the scientific books in the world.

Science prides itself upon its generalizations, such as the law of the conservation of energy and the doctrine of evolution, and these two doctrines have certainly been responsible, more than anything else that science has done, for the breaking down of the narrow and superstitious conceptions of the government of the universe by the personal fiat of a Biblical Jehovah.

But the *Secret Doctrine* carries these generalizations immeasurably further than even science itself has yet ventured to do. The *Secret Doctrine*, in fact, proceeds by an opposite method to that of science. The methods of science are *inductive*, proceeding from particulars to universals; the method of the *Secret Doctrine* is deductive, proceeding from

universals to particulars. Now each of these methods has its own particular application and value. Implicit faith should not be placed in either the one or the other, but each should be used in a legitimate way. Science ignores altogether the deductive method. Her generalizations and theories are built upon a vast mass of accumulated facts, which scientific men are ever adding to, while at the same time they endeavour to piece them together so as to form a connected whole. The generalizations of science are the result of numbers of isolated observations and experiments. It may fall to the lot of some one man to enunciate some particular law of nature, which he is therefore said to have discovered, and which is labelled with his name; but it is seldom the case that the discovery is due to his own unaided and original observations. He is indebted to numberless other experimenters, it may be to a line of research which has been carried on for centuries, but it has fallen to the lot of this particular individual to crown the efforts of others by the enunciation of a law which binds together and shows the essential relation of phenomena, which have hitherto appeared to be isolated and arbitrary.

But we may well doubt whether science by means of the inductive method can ever teach us anything respecting the deeper problems of our consciousness, can ever reach such generalizations and principles as are to be found in the *Secret Doctrine*. Science refuses to deal with metaphysics, or even with such physics as psychical phenomena, and we certainly cannot, as individuals, afford to wait until science shall have seen fit to offer a solution of certain problems with which we are more immediately acquainted. Let us recognise the value of inductive science in its own proper sphere, but meanwhile let us also use the deductive method, and see whether we cannot arrive at general principles without having to spend our lives in accumulating innumerable facts, or in labelling with learned names the minutest subdivisions of every insect or plant which we can meet with in the remotest corners of the globe.

If we push back our enquiries respecting the phenomenal universe, and the causes which are operating to produce the effects which we see around us, we very soon reach a point where physics cannot help us, and where we must resort to metaphysics and abstract ideas. We cannot employ the inductive method here, for we have exhausted our knowledge of facts. We stand before the great ocean of the unknown, that strange illusion which we call time and space. What is to be our guide here; how does the *Secret Doctrine* help us?

By analogy. By showing us the past, the present and the future, contained in the highest possible metaphysical abstraction, in the *Absolute* or *Parabrahm*, and then proceeding downwards through the various manifestations in time and space of this one absolute reality—always by analogy, and in lines that never vary in principle—until we reach those

finite manifestations which constitute our present physical universe, and our human consciousness.

Analogy is the great law of the *Secret Doctrine*. As above, so below. The microcosm is a reflection of the macrocosm. These occult axioms are to be found elsewhere, but in no other book are they so exemplified, or worked out in such detail, or made to cover such a vast area as in the *Secret Doctrine*. Truly this is a key which is worth having, an universal key with which we can unlock one by one every mystery of our being. We must first of all learn to grasp firmly this principle of analogy, and if we do this I imagine that we shall soon discover its value in every department of those regions which we are endeavouring to penetrate.

And now we stand face to face with the greatest question of all. Thus far we have been dealing with cosmogenesis, and have only incidentally touched on the deeper problems of life and consciousness. Stanza VII. opens with these words:—"Behold the beginning of sentient formless life." "Formless life!" What can we apprehend of life without form? And yet as we read and re-read the stanza it impresses us with a sublimity of philosophic thought which surely is nowhere else to be found.

It presents itself to our mind like a ray of the one Divine Life itself flashed into the darkness of our materiality; or like the lightning in the blackness of the night it suddenly illumines the earth, enabling us to discern the outlines of our surroundings—then leaves us in deeper darkness.

What is this deep mystery of Life, these countless myriads of lives "the beams and the sparks of one moon reflected in the running waves of all the rivers of earth?"

Tell us, oh, Sphinx, of the three letters and the nine! Tell us—the insatiable desire to know which you have instilled into our minds pursue you as *Nemesis* through countless reincarnations.

What is life, mind, consciousness, man? Are not all these conglomerated, collected, distributed, permutated, annihilated, in the stanza before us, till our brain becomes a fiery whirlwind, and our reason sinks into the deep waters of space. We stand before the mystery of Life; we catch a glimpse of the awful depths of our own being, and those heights to scale which we must become—Gods! We stand for a moment on the verge of that infinite consciousness where there is neither great nor small, being or non-being, time or space, light or darkness, sound or silence.

The stanza reads like the great diapason tone of nature; it swells into a harmony that seems the very source of our being. Who but a great musician or magician can analyse these tones, or fit them to the scale of our earth-bound consciousness. Let us pause and listen, if perchance we may attune our minds to the divine harmony, and carry some portion of it with us into our daily life. Truly our task has been no light one

thus far, but with the strength we have gained we will still push forward, and master these deeper secrets of life by which alone we can hope to free ourselves from the great illusion.

WILLIAM KINGSLAND.

COLONEL OLCOTT IN JAPAN.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

Kioto, Japan. 21 April, 1889.

Availing myself of the first opportunity since my convalescence, I beg to thank, through the medium of your journal, those friends who so kindly made inquiries as to the state of my health, and who were so anxious about my recovery. Extreme lassitude, brought on by overwork in the Ceylon Section, broke down my constitution; a change was necessary, remaining in Colombo was injurious to my health, and Colonel Olcott thinking that change of air, perfect rest from work, and a sea-voyage would bring me round again, brought me over here. He also wished me to become known to the Japanese in view of future international intercourse.

So far as Hong Kong everything went well. Saigon is a French Colony, and, by-the-way, a beautiful city, eminently French in its appearance; having a limited trade, almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. Hong Kong, a British colony, was quite a contrast to that quiet and tropical city, Saigon. Here was that activity and bustle which one sees in a busy commercial city. Standing near the clock tower, it was a most striking experience to see the unending stream of jinrickshas and the throngs of busy Chinamen in their picturesque dresses, passing to and fro. The day of our arrival was the one after the Chinese New Year. Here, too, the Chinese carry on a brisk trade. Hong Kong was cold, and overcoats were found indispensable. From Hong Kong to Shanghai we had a rough sea, cold winds and rain. In Shanghai the temperature had fallen to 34 deg. Fah. To one from the tropics, who had never experienced a winter, this sort of weather was an unpleasant, not to say dangerous, novelty; at least I found it so. From Shanghai to Kioto was a trying passage; I could not bear the cold, I felt as if I would freeze to death. At last my debilitated constitution succumbed; I was attacked first with rheumatism in the extremities, which subsequently changed into an agonising neuralgia, preventing my moving about Japan with Colonel Olcott, and serving him as Secretary. Mr. Noguchi having also fallen ill, the President has been left to get on in the best way he could, to our deep regret.

On the 9th of February we arrived in Kobe. As soon as the s.s. *Djinnah* anchored, the members of the "Col. Olcott committee," and a few of the Chief Priests, came on board to welcome the "Imastraka" Olcott. On the pier about a hundred priests, representing all the sects having temples in Kobe, were waiting to present him with an address of welcome. After the presentation of the address, Colonel Olcott and party were escorted to a famous local temple of the Tendai sect, where arrangements had been made for our entertainment. The temple is an admirable construction in the Japanese style of architecture and excited our admiration, so neat, so beautifully decorated in that perfect taste and

delicacy of touch for which the Japanese are famous. On the 9th Colonel Olcott in a short address made the audience understand that Buddhism is a philosophy whose ethics were now gaining ground among the intellectual minds of Europe and America, and that they should cling to their national religion. On the following morning he spoke again before leaving Kobe for Kioto, the religious and ancient capital of Japan, where we arrived in the evening. The Kioto Railway Station was the scene of tumultuous activity. Thousands of men, women and children had gathered; all the students of the Western and Eastern Honganjis, numbering about 1,100, lined the streets to do honour to the welcome guest. We were taken to the Cheonin temple of the Pureland sect, a venerable and imposing structure, the very sight of which impresses one with a feeling of awe. Here reigns a supreme calm. It stands amid beautiful scenery and for contemplative minds seems a paradise. In the vast preaching Hall of this venerable pile, to an audience of thousands of people, Colonel Olcott made his first public lecture. The greatest enthusiasm was provoked by his fiery address, the audience listened with rapt attention save when they broke out into thundering applause. Just near the shrine where the image of Lord Buddha is placed, Colonel Olcott stood on a raised platform. His venerable figure and dignified presence instantly commanded attention. He raised his hand to enforce quiet, repeated the "Pansil," and then began his discourse in a clear, strong voice that reached the furthest auditor. Mr. Noguchi, surprised at the calmness of the audience in the Patcheappah Hall, Madras, had made Colonel Olcott understand that a Japanese audience would always be turbulent. Quite the contrary, it proved; this and all his other monster audiences have listened to catch his every word; and he has held them under his perfect command.

As was to be expected, Colonel Olcott's arrival has frightened and excited the Christians. You will see in the following extract from a Japanese influential magazine—the *Dando Kai*—the silly things Christians say of him; just as they have done in India and Ceylon these past ten years, but to no purpose.

"The arrival of Colonel Olcott has caused great excitement among the Christians in Japan. They say that he is an adventurer, a man of bad principles, and an advocate of a dying cause. How mean and cowardly are these Christians! They may use the unprincipled pens at their disposal as much as they choose, but they cannot weaken the effects of his good principles, nor fasten upon him any of their scandalous insinuations. They do not produce the least effect upon Colonel Olcott or upon Buddhism. When he was told in Tokyo that the Christians were abusing him, he only smiled and said: 'This has been the case in all countries: these are the weapons that they employ. I do not mind their slanders in the least; it is like the chirping of birds in the trees, or the croaking of frogs in a swamp. Do not worry, my Japanese Brothers, they can never beat us; our Religion is based upon Truth!' We thoroughly concur in these ideas, and recommend our Japanese Brothers and Sisters to pay no attention to these slanderers. It is a common observation of the world that an ugly woman hates a beautiful one, and evil hates righteousness. We feel great pity, however, for those who are Christians that, while ignorant entirely of our doctrines, they are crying out their fantastic ideas to the four corners, as when one dog barks all the others imitate him.

“How ridiculous this all is! How great has Colonel Olcott’s influence become “in Japan.”

Colonel Olcott’s first lecture in the religious capital was on the 12th February, and the promulgation of the Japanese New Constitution occurred on the 11th. It has been noted as a “curious coincidence.” If I remember aright, Colonel Olcott’s first lecture after his arrival in Bombay was given on the 13th of March 1879, and that day has proved the commencement of a New Era of thought in India.

The most important event at the opening of Colonel Olcott’s Japanese Mission was the Convention he called of Chief Priests of all sects, to give them clearly to understand the absolutely mental attitude he intended to maintain between them. In response to his invitation, 17 chief priests, representing the 12 Buddhist Sects, assembled together on the 13th of February in the Emperor’s Room of the Cheonin Temple. He read his address with solemn earnestness, and it was interpreted to them. Subsequently the Sanskrit letter of the High Priest Sumangala, addressed to his Japanese co-religionists, which Colonel Olcott had brought with him, was also read and interpreted. The assembled priests were brought to a sense of duty, and the result was so complete an unanimity that a committee of Priests was formed, representing all the Sects, to manage his tour and defray all the expenses. On the 23rd of February Colonel Olcott left for Tokyo, and remained there almost a month, during which time he delivered eleven addresses; nine on Religion, and one each on Education and Agriculture. His work there was a complete success. His address before the Education Society of Japan was so much appreciated that the Vice-Minister of Education sent him an official letter thanking him. He was also elected an Honorary Member of the Japan Agricultural Society in appreciation of his discourse on agriculture, and presented with a pair of *cloisonné* vases.

The Governor of Tôkyô, Baron Takasâki, gave a dinner-party in honour of our President, and invited all the Ministers of the Cabinet then in the city. All the principal ministers, including the Prime Minister, and several high officers of the Imperial Household, were present. Colonel Olcott, upon invitation, gave his views upon the political and religious state of Japan. His main point was that, unless politics go hand in hand with Religion, anarchy would be the result. The stability of a Government rests on a moral basis, and is represented by the average conscientiousness and patriotism of the masses; it is therefore of the utmost importance that the morality of the people should be cared for in any scheme of national education, and Buddhism, which brought civilization into Japan, offers the highest guarantees for its future greatness. The Empire is now passing through a crisis, brought about by the strife of two different factors. European material civilization and Buddhism. These two can never agree, for they regard man from two different standpoints: the one tends to brutalising, the other to ennobling the individual.

Colonel Olcott’s lectures being all extemporaneous and upon topics suggested at the moment by the Committee, I am unfortunately unable to give you their substance. I myself having been confined to my sick room and unable to read the full reports with which the newspapers of Japan have teemed. There can be no doubt, however, from all I hear that they have created a profound impression,

not only upon the masses but upon the higher classes as well. His portrait has been lithographed and engraved for various papers, new magazines have been started at Tokyo, Nagoyâ and other places to commemorate his visit. The Governors of provinces have entertained him at dinners, and had him address invited audiences of the *élite*. The Priests of different sects have presented him with more than a thousand volumes for the Adyar Library, and a joint committee representing all the Sects has travelled with him throughout the Empire. His name, which was already familiar to the peoples of India and Ceylon, has now become known to the whole Japanese Nation, and invitations keep pouring in from the most distant places for him to visit them. Thus this single mission, undertaken by one man against the well-meant protest of a few short-sighted friends, has at a single stroke effected that friendly union between the Buddhists of Japan and Ceylon which the earnest Buddhists of the latter country had hoped for but thought impossible.

As for the kindness shown to me by my co-religionists during my long illness I have no words to describe it. For sixty days and nights they watched, nursed and took care of me as tenderly as a mother would take care of her child. Such heartfelt sympathy I could only expect from my dearest ones; but the hearts of the Japanese are overflowing with kindness. That system of Philosophy, based on Love, which has "made Asia mild" has imbued the Japanese heart with kindness, and I have been the gainer. I shall never forget them.

From Colonel Olcott's diary I get the following additional particulars: Among the notable men he met in Tokyo were Mr. Hinton, author of "A Persian King," and other philosophical monographs which are included in the *Theosophist* Manager's Book List; Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, Secretary of the Asiatic Society; Mr. Satow, a well known Sinalogue; Capt. J. M. James, another; Professors Fennelosa and Divers of the University; Capt. Brinkley, R.A., Editor of the *Japan Mail*; and General C. W. Legendre, an old companion in arms, whom he saw desperately wounded in the Battle of Newbern. On the 23rd March he left Tokyo for Sandai, far away to the north, where he was honoured with a public dinner by the Governor, and lectured to audiences which almost broke the floor of the building. Utsonorniya, Mayabashi, Tagasaki, Yokohama, Shizuoka, Hamamatsu, Okasaki, Nazoya, Narumi, Gifu and Ogaki were in turn visited, and the same success repeated at each station. A gratifying circumstance was the hoisting of the new Buddhist Flag, introduced by our Society into Ceylon two years ago, and now universally adopted there, at each Japanese town where he lectured. Upon arrival he found it hoisted at the temple, sometimes also over the gate of his hotel, and even at the railway station. Its beauty makes it popular, and its non sectarian or local character commends it as a common symbol of their faith for all Buddhists. I should here mention that his Imperial Majesty has accepted a copy of it offered by Colonel Olcott along with a stone relic from Buddha Gaya, leaves of the Bo trees of Gaya and Anaradhapura, and some photos of sacred shrines in Ceylon sent by the Buddhists of our Island. The collection has been placed in the Imperial Museum.

After a few days' rest at Kioto, the President began the final portion of his tour by visiting and lecturing at Nara, Osorka, where the Governor and General commanding, Baron Takashima, entertained him at a dinner, to which the leading military and civilian officers were invited; Ho-din-ji, Nagahama, Nogasuma and

Hikone, the last-named three lying along the shore of the beautiful Lake Biwaha. He is again in Kioto for a few days to organize a large branch of the Theosophical Society, and will presently start for Nagasaki and other places in the extreme south, whence he is to work his way back to Kobe, at which port he will take steamer—probably on the 14th June—for Colombo and Madras.

H. DHAMMAPALA.

A rumour has been current that Colonel Olcott is coming to England to preach Buddhism. Now while Colonel Olcott is undeniably a sincere and convinced Buddhist, as many other members of the T.S. are Christians, Hindus or Mussulmen, yet he would never dream of preaching Buddhism in England, for the fundamental rules of the Society forbid any member to preach his own religion to others not of the same faith. In Japan, Colonel Olcott has been preaching Buddhism to Buddhists; but he comes to England to preach THEOSOPHY—not any sectarian creed or religion.

(From the *Pall Mall Gazette* of June 28th, 1889.)

AN AMERICAN MISSIONARY OF BUDDHISM.

COLONEL OLCOTT AMONG THE JAPANESE.

News from Japan published in the *Glasgow Herald* is to the effect that Colonel Olcott's tour is creating a veritable furore. His first reception was of a mixed character, some of the Buddhist priests welcoming him, others giving him the cold shoulder. Then his lectures in the capital began to excite popular interest, which was intensified as he went through the larger provincial towns. The latest news of him is from Nagoya, a large commercial town between Tokio and Kioto. Here he had audiences at each lecture of about four thousand people, and it is said that the wildest applause everywhere greets his declarations that the closest relationship exists between the stable progress of the nation and the maintenance of true Buddhism. At the time the last news left, Colonel Olcott, having made a tour in the north, was progressing towards the south, where Buddhism always had a stronger and more earnest hold upon the people. The Buddhists who control Colonel Olcott's tour, seeing the effect he is producing, are hurrying about from place to place, so that he is delivering orations and lectures in three or four different places in the same day, as if he were an octogenarian ex-Prime Minister of Great Britain. The really striking part of the business is that Colonel Olcott does not speak a word of Japanese; his lectures are therefore delivered in English, and translated on the platform by an interpreter, sentence by sentence as he goes along. In this way, of course, all the eloquence and *verve* are taken out of the discourse before it reaches the audience. There is no chance for working the latter up to enthusiasm by mere words; hence the speaker who succeeds as Colonel Olcott has done in arousing public meetings in this way must find a strong sympathy between him and it already existing. No doubt the novel spectacle of an Occidental inculcating the view that there is no religion like that of Buddha has something to do with it. It is not only the common people that gladly hear him, but also the high officials. In many of the large towns through which he passed special meetings were held at times suitable to officials, at which they alone were present. Of the reality of the

impression he is creating there is no doubt ; how permanent it may be no one can tell. Apropos of this topic, I may mention that for the first time a Unitarian missionary has put in an appearance in Japan. He belongs to the United States, and has already got entangled in a theological discussion in the press. This, indeed, is how his advent became generally known.

“LA KABBALE.”

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

I HAVE just finished the article, under the above title, by “Papus” in *L’Initiation*—if I am rightly informed—the official journal of the French Theosophical Society “Hermes.” At any rate, it is stated in the text of its Prospectus (on page 2 of cover) that though “not exclusively *theosophical*, the journal numbers amongst its editors *the most learned of the French Theosophists.*”

If so, it is doubly to be regretted that M. “Papus,” its editor in chief, though counting himself among the most learned Theosophists, should be so very *un-theosophical* and at the same time so very ignorant even of the rudiments of Indian philosophy. He shows himself so destitute of the knowledge even of the commonest names in the Hindu Pantheon as to quote, in terms of the highest approval, a paragraph which displays an ignorance so crass as only to be equalled by the ridiculous *caricature* which the author makes of the quasi-Sanskrit names and terms he uses.

On the preceding page (June number, 1889; p. 218) M. Papus has just indulged in a lofty and pompous criticism of Subba Rao, Mr. Sinnett, Dr. Hartmann and Mdme. Blavatsky. He warns his readers against relying wholly upon the teachings emanating from the Theosophical Society, as these “almost always lack method;” and he observes that none of the works of the authors just mentioned “furnish sufficient data for the establishment of the relations between the Kabalistic Sephiroth and the Hindu doctrines.”

The Hindu Sephiroth, according to the author whom M. Papus declares to have “re-discovered the mystic Organon of the ancient Hindus,” a list which M. Papus himself adopts and tabulates on page 219, are as follows: *Maia*, *Oum* (*sic*), *Haranguerbehah* (*sic*), *Porsh* (*sic*), *Pradiapat* (*sic*), *Prakrah* (*sic*), and *Pran* (*sic*).

I presume he means to refer to what scholars name *Hiranyagarbha*, *Purusha*, *Prajapati*, *Prakriti*, and *Prana*; but what in the name of wisdom these have to do with the Sephiroth, no student of Indian philosophy can imagine. When further M. Papus identifies Malchuth (the Kingdom) with “*Pran*,” which means Life, and Geburah with Oum, the *synthesis* of Brahmâ, Vishnu and Siva, which three he has just identified with Kether, Chochmah and Binah, the distracted reader can only fear that “too much learning has made him mad.”

That one who constitutes himself the lofty and condescending critic of such a profound metaphysician as Subba Rao, of such a learned symbolist as Mdme. Blavatsky, should make such an abject display of ignorance of the simplest elements of the topic he deals with, is profoundly to be regretted for the sake of Theosophy in France, and the reputation of the Hermes Branch especially.

W. R. OLD.

[NOTE.—Madame Blavatsky being absent in France, the Sub-Editor has taken the responsibility of inserting the above letter from a very learned English Kabalist, who is also well acquainted with the Hindu system.]

THEOSOPHY IN LONDON.

CIVILIZATION certainly appears to be making giant strides in India, the Native Press vying with the English and American in its haste to publish any kind of news *detrimental* to individuals who, if they have no other claim upon its consideration, are at least fellow creatures possessed of human feelings.

Strange feature of Human Nature this; pre-eminently that of our dying cycle! Let us suppose that some hallucinated scribbler were to send from England or America to, say, India, the following:—

“A number of Enthusiastic Theosophists met at Hyde Park with the object of voting an equestrian statue of Colonel H. S. Olcott in recognition of his many virtues and eminent civic and military services. The meeting was very impressive and solemn, and after singing an ardent hymn of praise to H. P. Blavatsky, they adjourned, shedding tears of brotherly love!”

What paper, even a native *Daily* in India, would ever think of reprinting such trash without any verification or even a word of comment?! We feel certain that, every kind of corroboration from other sources notwithstanding, no paper would hasten to repeat the news, simply because it would be too good, and too absurd to be true. Why then do we find that every Editor—our old friend and brother the Editor of the *Indian Mirror* included—jumps with joy at any malicious denunciation and falsehood published by enemies in third-rate papers in England against the Theosophical Society.

A Theosophist sends us from India a cutting from the *Calcutta Mirror* of May 24th about “Theosophy in London.”

After sundry grandiloquent compliments to Mr. Sinnett—may they do him good!—we read the following, containing a falsehood in every line.

“The Thursday evening meetings are still held at Madam’s house * * * but the whole movement appears to have suffered a very grievous check. A lady who came over from America to study Theosophy under Madame Blavatsky has acted as a spy in the camp. She remained for some time under the roof of Madame as a disciple, and now she has suddenly turned round, and in full Council of the initiated has renounced Madame and all her works (like the proverbial Satan and his works,) and has even denounced her. * * * The American neophyte stigmatized Madame Blavatsky as an imposter and was followed by several influential members as she left the meeting. Our modern prophets have often a bad time of it in these days” &c., &c.

It matters not whether we begin at the top, bottom, or middle of this pack of lies—deception runs throughout. But why should “a spy” undertake to denounce a person as “an imposter”? Does not this sound rather like a want of diplomacy to say the least?

As no such denouncement has been made by anyone (our meetings including neither missionaries nor Psychic researchers) this is lie number *one*! Falsehoods second, third, fourth, fifth &c., consist in the statements that there was a row *in full Council*; that there was *a spy from America*, that *several influential members had left*; that the American “lady” was a *neophyte* or that she *studied under Mme. B.* (a familiar expression this, we have heard it before!); and that the T. S. has “*a bad time of it.*”

Now as a matter of fact only one, or at most two, of the “influential members” of the Society have left it during the past twelve months. Of rows, it is true, we

have had plenty, and we may expect more, so long as human nature is the same among Theosophists as everywhere else. We advise our noble friends, "the mild Hindus," to beware of all such republications of third-rate stuff at fifth hand, which comes to them under the inviting title of "the latest news." We know who wrote the lines quoted, we are aware also of the motive under which they were written; we have already read it before, and we gave it no attention. But when it is foisted on our Hindu friends with no other purpose ostensibly than to excite malicious spleen, we are forced, out of respect for their friendship, and anxiety for their welfare, to make a frank and *emphatic denial* of these falsehoods.

Has the Editor of the *Indian Mirror* suddenly become afflicted with a violent fear of, or a desire to pander to, the missionaries, we wonder?

THE WORK OF THE "ESOTERIC SECTION OF THE T. S."

TO ALL THE "PLEGDED" THEOSOPHISTS.

THE Washington *Evening Star* of June the 22nd, 1889, contains an article full of the most ungentlemanly and false denunciations inspired by the *ex-President* of the "Gnostic Theosophical Society" (now dischartered), attacking the best Theosophists of America, the Society and the undersigned. Speaking of Occult magnetism the traducer expresses himself as follows:

"I want to emphasize the dangers there are in the knowledge of these occult powers and forces without the *moral stamina* to use that knowledge for good."

So far so good. The "Ex-President" here repeats only that, which H.P. Blavatsky—whom he accuses in print of "tricks, fraud and *deviltry*" (?)—insults, scorns and laughs at—was the first to teach in the T.S. and its literature. But being himself just one of those who lack "moral stamina," he adds to it the following insinuation:—

"Take an illustration of what I say, that recent very bad case of the Boston Theosophists(?) so fully exposed by the press. There is a true, real and actual psychic force. It may be used for good or for evil. Any honest theosophical society makes a study of this force and attempts to direct it toward the improvement of mankind. But such a society works quietly and never strolls about the country," etc., etc.

Every one knows that no "Boston Theosophists" have *ever been* "exposed by the press" neither "fully" nor partially; but only the "Esoteric" humbug of Hiram Butler and his mythical adept "1,000 years old." And it is as well known that of the "Butler" Esoteric *clique*, not one has ever been a member of the T. S. however much those crows tried to parade in theosophical plumage by cribbing all they could from our books. Therefore, it becomes quite evident that the intention of the *ex-President* of the defunct gnostic Branch of the T. S. was to maliciously identify and connect theosophists in general with the Butlerites. He does not name Hiram Butler, but, relying upon the public ignorance, *insinuates* the identity; an action than which none baser or more cunning could be conceived. At the same time it is as evident that those whom he seeks to strike at are the "Esotericists" of the T. S. and the Head of the Section, as he repeatedly calls the "pledged" theosophists Mme "Blavatsky's *dupes*."

Whether any *pledged* or *unpledged* theosophists will resent the malicious calumny and insinuation is their own concern. My humble advice is, to show the greatest contempt for an action which dishonours but the perpetrator of such a base attack. Only in view of the term "Esoteric" and "Esotericism" having been so desecrated by the Boston Butlerites; and rendered so ridiculous by the non-existent and mythical "Esoteric Theosophical Society" of America,

invented by its "Perpetual President" ("perpetual peacock," rather as neatly rendered by a Californian lady)—our Esoteric Section had better drop its name. The Council in England has decided to call it the "Arcane" instead of the "Esoteric" Section and we hope the American Council will accede to this. It has the advantage of being a name which has not been dragged in mire and ridicule by charlatans as has the term Esoteric.

Hoping this name will be sanctioned by our President, Col. H. S. Olcott, and readily adopted by the pledged members,—I remain, fraternally, etc.,

(Signed) H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Head of the Arcane (late Esoteric) Section of the T. S.
Fontainebleau, July 7th, 1889. ———

A FEW ADDRESSES TO MME. BLAVATSKY.

(Called forth by the malicious attacks of the T. S.'s enemies.)

As the slanders against the Theosophical Society, and the base and entirely unwarranted attacks against our Esoteric Section and its Head, are increasing in America, we publish the following addresses and votes of confidence out of the many assurances of gratitude and loyalty received by Mme. Blavatsky, since a new persecution was started against her. The first one speaks for itself, and is a complete answer to the lies and libels started by an *ex*-Theosophist (just expelled from the Society by the American Council), namely, that the Esoteric Section is "a new *trick*," and a "fraud started by H. P. B." We withhold the signatures on the first address, just to shield honourable men from vile attacks.—[SUB-EDITOR.]

TO MADAME H. P. BLAVATSKY.

* * * * *

DEAR MADAME,—

Monday, June 24th, 1889.

We, the undersigned, members of the HORUS LODGE of the Esoteric Section of the Theosophical Society, have read the various papers sent to us from time to time, relating to the * * affair, and we unanimously express our contempt for the dishonourable actions of both * * (parties concerned), especially in regard to their breach of the pledges of secrecy and fidelity to the T. S. We beg you to accept our sincere sympathy with you in this trouble, knowing how disheartening it must be to you to have your earnest efforts thus combated by such dishonourable dealing. We have every confidence in *you as an occult teacher*, and earnestly ask you to continue the E. S. instructions to us at the earliest opportunity. *It matters not to us whether the said teaching be the fruits of your own labour, or the instructions of the Mahatmas. We are satisfied to receive what is to us undoubtedly valuable instruction, and some of us, who have been students of so-called Occultism for the last ten years, are satisfied that we have at last got upon the Right Path, through your great and valuable assistance.*—We are, Dear Madame, yours most sincerely and fraternally,

(Signed), President's name, followed by those of the Members.

The underlined passage proves (1) that Mme. Blavatsky possesses the esoteric knowledge requisite for teaching occult sciences—from whatever source she has it;—and (2) that since old Kabalists and Occultists have found that they can learn something from her, as the sentence "*we have at last got upon the Right Path through your (her) valuable assistance,*" plainly shows,—that the Esoteric Section of the T.S. can hardly be a *fraud* or a *trick*. As these epithets, however, are freely bestowed only by one person—namely an American *ex*-theosophist now expelled, and that his motives and malicious revengeful spirit are well known, whatever he may write, cause to be written, or say can never influence a true theosophist—least of all one who is a pledged student of Occultism. Having invented a *bogus* Esoteric Theosophical Society of America, of which he created himself "Perpetual President," the foundation of a real Esoteric Section of the T.S. interfered of course with his plans—which, we regret to say, were to fool the credulous crowds of his admirers. Hence, as he had never belonged to the E.S., nor had his mythical Esoteric Society been chartered by the Council at Adyar, it naturally had to fall through when a real Esoteric Section was announced. Hence, again, his *ex-*

tions to show the real E.S. of the T.S. a *hoax*, a *humbug*, and its Head a "fraud" "bent on a *new trick*." His conduct having been exposed, he now seeks to produce a reaction by resorting to falsehoods and bogus exposures. We pity one once so high and now so fallen (whose name we do not pronounce out of respect for his family, though every theosophist knows him). Let him do the worst he may; his *Letters* to H. P. Blavatsky, now printed in America, have unveiled him more than he can ever hope to unveil any of those whom he so hates.—[SUB-EDITOR.]

Resolutions adopted by "POINT LOMA LODGE of the Theosophical Society," June 20th 1889, at San Diego, California.

Whereas a base and unwarrantable attack has been made by certain Fellows of the Theosophical Society upon Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, and through her upon the T. S. in general, therefore be it—

Resolved—That we, the members of "Point Loma Lodge" of the T. S. located at San Diego (California), do hereby re-affirm our loyalty to the Theosophical cause, and our allegiance to its Founders and Leaders.

Resolved—That we denounce and condemn all such attempts to destroy the unity and usefulness of the Society, all endeavours to vilify its Leaders by whomsoever made, and that we will withstand such attacks to the best of our power and ability.

Resolved—That recognizing the prominent services rendered by Mdme. Blavatsky to Theosophy, also the many persecutions she has thereby endured, we offer a tribute of thanks, respect, sympathy and love, with the hope and belief that she will live down all such treacherous attempts, and that she may for many years continue to be our Teacher.

(Signed),

T. DOEKING, M.D., President.

At a Regular meeting of the Golden Gate Lodge of the T. S., held June 15th, 1889, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted; the same to be entered upon the minutes of the Lodge, and a copy to be sent to Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and published in the Press:—

Whereas, A base and unwarrantable attack has been made by certain Fellows of the Theosophical Society upon Mme. Blavatsky, and through her upon the Theosophical Society in general, therefore be it

Resolved—That we, the members of the Golden Gate Lodge of the T. S., located at San Francisco, Cala., do hereby reaffirm our loyalty to the Theosophical cause and our allegiance to its Founders and Leaders—

Resolved—That we denounce and condemn all such attempts to destroy the unity and usefulness of the T. S., and all endeavours to vilify its leaders, by whomsoever made; and that we will withstand all such attacks to the best of our power and ability—

Resolved—That, recognizing the pre-eminent services rendered by Mme. H. P. Blavatsky to Theosophy; also the many persecutions she has thereby endured, we offer her a tribute of thanks, respect, sympathy, and love, with the hope and belief that she will live down all such treacherous attempts, and that she may for many years continue to be our Teacher.

(Signed),

THEO. G. ED. WOLLER,

Pres. Golden Gate Lodge T. S.

· ALLEN GRIFFITHS,

Sec. Golden Gate Lodge T. S.

San Francisco, Cala., June 16, 1889.

Correspondence.

WORLD-IMPROVEMENT OR WORLD-DELIVERANCE.

You yourself must make an effort. The Tathāgatas are only preachers.—If a man find no prudent companion, let him walk alone like a king who has left his conquered country behind. It is better to live alone; there is no companionship with the *fools*. Let a man walk alone; let him commit no sin, with few wishes—like an elephant in the forest.

Dhammapada : 61, 276, 329, 330.

Sutta Nipata : 1. 3. § § 12 and 13.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

A VERY important paragraph which you wrote in No. 3 of your "Revue Théosophique," published in Paris, May 21st 1889 (pp. 6 and 7), has caused very serious doubts in the minds of some of your readers in Germany—doubts, probably caused by our misunderstanding you or by your shortness of expression. Will you permit me to state our view of the case, and will you have the kindness to give us on this basis your opinion of it publicly, perhaps in LUCIFER?

You were speaking of Indian "yogis" and European "saints" and said :

La sagesse orientale^a nous apprend que le *yogi* Indou qui s'isole dans un forêt impénétrable, ainsi que l'*hermite* chrétien qui se retire, comme aux temps jadis, dans le désert, ne sont tous deux que des égoïstes accomplis. L'un, agit dans l'unique but de trouver dans l'essence une et nirvanique refuge contre la réincarnation; l'autre, dans le but de sauver son Âme,—tous les deux ne pensent qu'à eux-mêmes. Leur motif est tout *personnel*; car, en admettant qu'ils atteignent le but, ne sont-ils pas comme le soldat poltron, qui déserte l'*armée* au moment de l'action, pour se préserver des balles? En s'isolant ainsi, ni le *yogi*, ni le "*saint*," n'aident personne autre qu'eux-mêmes; ils se montrent, par contre, *profondément indifférents* au sort de l'*humanité* qu'ils *fuient* et *désertent*.

You do not plainly say what you expect a true sage to do; but further on you refer to our Lord, the Buddha, and to what *He* did. We readily accept His example as well as His teachings for our ideal rule; but from those stanzas I have quoted above, it appears, that what he expected his disciples to do, does not quite agree with what you seem to expect from them.^b

(^a) The editor of LUCIFER and the *Revue Théosophique*, pleads guilty to an omission. She ought to have qualified, "la sagesse Orientale" by adding the adjective '*ésoterique*.'

(^b) The Western disciples and followers of the Lord Buddha's ethics lay very little stress on the dead letter (and often fanciful) translations of Buddhist *Sutras* by European Orientalists. From such scholars as Messrs. Max Müller and Weber, down to the last amateur Orientalist who dabbles in Buddhism disfigured by translation and proudly boasts of his knowledge, no Sanskrit or Pali scholar has so far understood correctly that which is taught; witness Monier Williams' fallacious assumption that Buddha never taught anything *esoteric*! Therefore neither the *Dhammapada* nor the *Sutta Nipata* are an exception, nor a proof to us in their now mutilated and misunderstood text. Nagarjuna laid it down, as a rule that "every Buddha has both a revealed and a mystic doctrine." The "esoteric is for the multitudes and new disciples," to whom our correspondent evidently belongs. This plain truth was understood even by such a prejudiced

He taught that all the world, or the three worlds, in fact, every existence, is pain, or leading to pain and grief. World and existence is pain and evil *per se*. It is a mistake (avidya) to believe that desire can be satisfied. All worldly desires lead in the end to dissatisfaction, and the desire (the thirst) to live is the cause of all evil. Only those who are striving to deliver (to save or to redeem) themselves from all existence (from their thirst for existence), leading the "happy life" of a perfect bhikshu, only those are sages; only those attain nirvana and, when they die, paranirvana, which is absolute and changeless being.^c

No doubt some sort of development or so-called improvement, evolution and involution, is going on in the world; but just for this reason the Buddha taught (like Krishna before him), that the world is, "unreality, maya, avidya." Every actual form of existence has *become*, has grown to be what it is; it will continue *changing* and will have an end, like it had a beginning as a form. *Absolute being* without "form" and "name," this alone is true reality, and is worth striving at for a real sage.^d

Now what did our Lord, the Buddha, do and how did He live? He did not in any way try to *improve* the *world*; he did not strive to realise socialistic problems, to solve the labour question or to better the *worldly* affairs of the poor, nor the rich either; he did not meddle with science, he did not teach cosmology and such like; * quite on the contrary; he lived in the most *unworldly* manner, he begged for his food and taught his disciples to do the same; he left, and taught his disciples to leave, all worldly life and affairs, to give up their families and to remain homeless, like he did and like he lived himself.^e

Against this cannot be brought forward, that these are only the teachings of the Hinayana system and that perhaps the Mahayana of the Northern Buddhists is the only right one; for this latter lays even more stress than the former on the *self-improvement* and continued *retirement* from the world of the bhikshu, *until* he has reached the perfection of a Buddha. True, the Mahayana system says,

* *Malunka Sutta* in Spence Hardy, "Manual of Buddhism," p. 375. *Saymuttaka Nikāya* at the end of the work (Vol. iii. of "Phayre MS.;" also *Cullavagga*, ix. 1, 4.)

scholar as the Rev. J. Edkins, who passed almost all his life in China studying Buddhism, and who says in his "*Chinese Buddhism*":

(Ch. iii.) "The esoteric was for the Bodhisattvas and advanced pupils, such as Kashiapa. It is not communicated in the form of definite language, and *could not*, therefore, *be transmitted by Anandas as definite doctrine among the Sutras*. Yet, *it is virtually contained in the Sutras*. For example, the "Sutra of the Lotus of the good Law," which is regarded as containing the cream of the revealed doctrine, is to be viewed as a sort of original document of *the esoteric teaching, while it is in form esoteric*." [Italics are ours.]

Moreover we perceive that our learned correspondent has entirely misunderstood the fundamental idea in what we wrote in our May editorial, "*Le Phare de l'Inconnu in the Revue Théosophique*." We protest against such an interpretation and will prove that it errs in the course of this article.

(^c) An exoteric and frequent mistake. Nirvana may be reached during man's life, and after his death in the Manvantara or life-kalpa he belongs to. *Paranirvana* ("beyond" Nirvana) is reached only when the Manvantara has closed and during the "night" of the Universe or *Pralaya*. Such is the esoteric teaching.

(^d) Just so; and this is the theosophical teaching.

(^e) Quite right again. But to live "like he lived himself" one has to remain *as an ascetic* among the multitudes, or the *world*, for 45 years. This argument

that not *every* Arahat has already attained highest perfection ; it distinguishes Cravanas, Tratykeabuddhas and Bodhisattvas, of whom the latter only are considered the true spiritual sons of the Buddha, who are to be Buddhas themselves in their final future life and who have already realised the highest state of ecstasy, the Bōdhi state, which is next to Nirvana.

Until a bhikshu or arhat has sufficiently progressed in perfection and wisdom, "playing at" Buddha and fixing himself up as an example or as a teacher to the world, is likely not only to throw him entirely off his path, but also to cause annoyance to those who *are* truly qualified for such work and who *are* fit to serve as ideal examples for others. None of *us* is a Buddha, and I do not know which of us might be a Bodhisattva ; not everyone *can* be one, and not everyone was by the Buddha himself expected to *become* one, as is clearly and repeatedly expressed in the Saddharma Pundarika, the principal Mahayana work.^f Nevertheless, admitting for argument's sake, that we were somehow fit to serve as specimen sages for "the world" and to improve "humanity"—now what *can* and what *ought* we to do then ?

therefore, goes directly against our correspondent's main idea. That against which we protested in the criticized article was not the *ascetic life, i. e.*, the life of one entirely divorced, morally and mentally, from the world, the ever-changing *maya*, with its false deceptive pleasures, but the life of a *hermit*, useless to all and as useless to himself, in the long run ; at any rate *entirely selfish*. We believe we rightly understand our learned critic in saying that the point of his letter lies in the appeal to the teaching and practice of the Lord Gautama Buddha in support of withdrawal and isolation from the world, as contrasted with an opposite course of conduct. And here it is where his mistake lies and he opens himself to a severer and more just criticism than that he would inflict on us.

The Lord Gautama was never a *hermit*, save during the first six years of his ascetic life, the time it took him to enter fully "on the Path." In the "Supplementary account of the three religions" (*San-Kiea-yi-su*) it is stated that in the *seventh* year of his exercises of abstinence and solitary meditation, Buddha thought, "I had better eat, lest the heretics should say that Nirvana is attained in famishing the body." Then he ate, sat for his transformation for six more days and on the seventh day of the second month obtained his first *Samadhi*. Then, having "attained the perfect view of the highest truth," he arose and went to Benares where he delivered his first discourses. From that time forward for nearly half a century, he *remained in the world*, teaching the world salvation. His first disciples were nearly all Upasakas (lay brothers,) the neophytes being permitted to continue in their positions in social life and not even required to join the monastic community. And those who did, were generally sent by the Master, to travel and proselytize, instructing in the doctrine of the four miseries all those with whom they met.

(f) Our correspondent is too well read in Buddhist *Sutras* not to be aware of the existence of the esoteric system taught *precisely* in the *Yogacharya* or the contemplative Mahayana schools. And in that system the hermit or yogi life, except for a few years of preliminary teaching, *is strongly objected to* and called **SELFISHNESS**. Witness Buddha in those superb pages of *Light of Asia* (Book the

We certainly can have nothing to do with humanity in the sense of the "world," nothing with *worldly affairs* and *their* improvement. What else should we do, than to be "*profondément indifferents*" to them, to "*fuir et désertier*" them? Is not this "army" which we are deserting, just that "humanity" which the Dhammapada rightly terms "the fools"; and is it not just that "worldly life" which our Lord taught us to quit? What else should we strive at then but to take "refuge against re-incarnation," refuge with the Buddha, his dharma and his sangha!*

Fifth) when arguing with and reprimanding the self-torturing Yogis, whom, "sadly eyeing," the Lord asks:

". Wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?"

When told in answer that they stake brief agonies to gain the larger joys of Nirvana, what does He say? This:

"Yet if they last
A myriad years . . . they fade at length,
Those joys . . . Speak! Do your Gods endure
For ever, brothers?"

"Nay," the Yogis said,
Only great Brahm endures; the Gods but live."

Now if our correspondent understood as he should, these lines rendered in blank verse, yet word for word as in the *Sutras*, he would have a better idea of the esoteric teaching that he now has; and, having understood it, he would not oppose what we said; for not only was self-torture, selfish solicitude, and life in the jungle simply for one's own salvation condemned in the *Mahayana* (in the real esoteric system, not the mutilated translations he reads) but even *renunciation of Nirvana for the sake of mankind* is preached therein. One of its fundamental laws is, that ordinary morality is insufficient to deliver one from rebirth; one has to practise the six Paramitas or cardinal virtues for it: 1. Charity, 2. Chastity, 3. Patience, 4. Industry, 5. Meditation, 6. Ingenuousness (or openness of heart, sincerity). And how can a *hermit* practise charity or industry if he runs away from man? Bodhisattvas, who, having fulfilled all the conditions of Buddhahood, have the right to forthwith enter Nirvana, prefer instead, out of unlimited pity for the suffering ignorant world, to renounce this state of bliss and become *Nirmanakayas*. They don the *Sambhogakaya* (the invisible body) in order to serve mankind, *i.e.*, to *live a sentient life after death* and suffer immensely at the sight of human miseries (most of which, being Karmic, they are not at liberty to relieve) for the sake of having a chance of inspiring a few with the desire of learning the truth and thus saving themselves. (By the bye, all that Schlagentweit and others have written about the Nirmanakaya body is erroneous.) Such is the true meaning of the Mahayana teaching. "I believe that not all the Buddhas enter Nirvana," says, among other things, the disciple of the Mahayana school in his address to "the Buddhas (or Budhisattvas) of confession"—referring to this secret teaching.

(*) The quotation with which our correspondent heads his letter *does not* bear the interpretation he puts upon it. No one acquainted with the spirit of the metaphors used in Buddhist philosophy would read it as Mr. Hübbe Schleiden does. The man advised to walk "like a king who has left his conquered country

But we further think, that the Buddha—as in every other respect—was quite right also on this point, even if one considers it as a scientist, as an historian or as a psychologist, not as a bhikshu. What real and essential improvement of the “world” can be made? Perhaps in carrying out socialistic problems a state might be arrived at, where every human individual would be sufficiently cared for, so that he *could* addict more *spare* time to his spiritual self-improvement if he *wished* to do so; but if he does *not wish* to improve *himself*, the best social organization will not make or help him do so. On the contrary, my own experience, at least, is just the reverse. The spiritually or rather mystically highest developed living human individual I know is a poor common weaver and moreover consumptive, who was until lately in such a position employed in a cotton-mill, that he was as much treated as a dog, like most labourers are, by their joint-stock employers. Still this man is in his inner life quite independent of his worldly misery; his heavenly or rather divine peace and satisfaction is at any time his refuge, and no one can rob him of that. He fears no death, no hunger, no pain, no want, no injustice, no cruelty! ^h

behind,” implies that he who has conquered his passions and for whom worldly *maya* exists no longer, need not lose his time in trying to convert those who will not believe in him, but had better leave them alone to their Karma; but it certainly does not mean that they are fools intellectually. Nor does it imply that the disciples should leave the world; “Our Lord” taught us as much as “the Lord Jesus” did, the “Lord Krishna” and other “Lords” all “Sons of God”—to quit the “worldly” life, not *men*, least of all suffering, ignorant Humanity. But surely neither, the Lord Gautama Buddha less than any one of the above enumerated, would have taught us the monstrous and selfish doctrine of remaining “*profondément indifferents*” to the woes and miseries of mankind, or to *desert* those who cry daily and hourly for help to us, more favoured than they. This is an outrageously selfish and cruel system of life, by whomsoever adopted! It is neither Buddhistic, nor Christian, nor theosophical, but the nightmare of a doctrine of the worst schools of Pessimism, such as would be probably discountenanced by Schopenhauer and Von Hartmann themselves!

Our critic sees in the “army” of Humanity—those “fools” that the *Dhammapada* alludes to. We are sorry to find him calling himself *names*, as we suppose he still belongs to Humanity, whether he likes it or not. And if he tells us in the exuberance of his modesty that he is quite prepared to fall under the flattering category, then we answer that no true Buddhist ought, agreeably to the Dhammapadic injunctions, to accept “companionship” with him. This does not promise him a very brilliant future with “the Buddha, his dharma and his Sangha.” To call the whole of Humanity “fools” is a risky thing, anyhow; to treat as such that portion of mankind which groans and suffers under the burden of its national and individual Karma, and refuse it, under this pretext, help and sympathy—is positively revolting. He who does not say with the Master: “Mercy alone opens the gate to save the whole race of mankind” is unworthy of that Master.

(^h) And yet this man lives *in*, and with the world, which fact does not prevent his *inner* “Buddhship;” *nor* shall he ever be called a “deserter” and a coward, epithets which he would richly deserve had he abandoned his wife and family, instead of working *for them*, not for his own “dear” self.

You will concede, I suppose, that Karma is not originated by external causes, but only by each individual for himself. Anyone who has made himself fit for and worthy of a good opportunity, will surely find it; and if you put another unworthy one into the very best of circumstances, he will not avail himself of them properly; they will rather serve *him* to draw him down into the mire which is his delight.

But perhaps you reply: it is, nevertheless, our duty to create as many good opportunities as we can, for humanity in general, that all those who are worthy of them, might find them all the sooner. Quite right! we fully agree and we are certainly doing our best in this respect. But will this improve the *spiritual* welfare of "humanity"? Never, not by an atom, we think. Humanity, as a *whole*, will always remain comparatively the same "fools," which they have always been. Suppose we had succeeded in establishing an ideal organization of mankind, do you think these "fools" would be any the wiser by it, or any the more satisfied and happy?ⁱ Certainly not, they would always invent new wants, new pretensions, new claims; the "world" will for ever go on striving for "worldly perfection" only. Our present social organization is greatly improved on the system of the middle-ages: still, is our present time any the happier, any the more satisfied than our ancestors have been at the time of the Niebelunge or of King Arthur? I think, if there has been any change in satisfaction, it was for the worse; our present time is more greedy and less content than any former age. Whoever expects his *self*-improvement by means of any *world*-improvement or any external means and causes, has yet to be sorely undeceived; and happy for him if this experience will come to him before the *end* of his present life!

A very clever modern philosopher has invented the theory that the best plan to get rid of this misery of the "world," would be our giving ourselves up to it the best we could, in order to hasten this evil process to its early end.—Vain hope! Avidya is as endless as it is beginningless. A universe has a beginning and has an end, but others will begin and end after it, just like one day follows the other; and as there has been an endless series of worlds before, thus will there be an endless series afterwards. Causality can never have had a beginning nor can it have an end. And every "world," that will ever be, will always be "world," that is pain and "evil."^j

Therefore, like Karma, also *deliverance*, redemption or salvation (from the world) can never be any otherwise than "*personal*," or let us rather say "individual." The world, of course, can never be delivered from itself, from the

(i) This is no business of ours, but that of their respective Karma. On this principle we should have to deny to every starving wretch a piece of bread, because, forsooth, he will be just as hungry to-morrow?

(j) And therefore, *Sauve qui peut*, is our correspondent's motto? Had the—

"All Honoured, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful,
The Teacher of Nirvana, and the Law."

taught the heartless principle *Après moi le déluge*, I do not think that the learned editor of the SPHINX would have had much of a chance of being converted to Buddhism as he is now. Very true that his Buddhism seems to be no better than the exoteric dry and half-broken rind, of European fabrication, of

"world," from pain and evil. And *no one* can be delivered therefrom by anyone else.—You certainly do not teach vicarious atonement! Or, *can* anyone save his neighbour? Can one apple make ripe another apple hanging next to it?^k

Now what else can we do but live the "happy life" of bikshus without wants, without pretensions, without desires? And if our good example calls or draws to us others who seek for the same happiness, then we try to teach them the best we can. But this is another rather doubtful question to us! Not only are we not properly fit to teach, but if we were, we require proper persons to be taught, persons who are not only willing, but who are also fit to listen to us.^l

In spite of all these difficulties and quite conscious of our own incompetency, we nevertheless venture now to publish books and journals, in which we try to explain Indian religio-philosophy to the best of our understanding. Thus every one who has eyes may read it, and who has ears may hear it—if his good Karma is ripening! What else do you expect *us agnams* to do?^m Are we not rather to be blamed already, that we undertake such work, for which we—*not* being Buddhas, nor even Bodhisattvas—are as badly qualified as a recruit is fit to serve as general field-marshal. And if you cannot find fault with us, can you say that those "yogis" or "saints" whom you seem to blame in your above passage, were in a better position and could have done more? If, however they were, *what* ought they to have done?

that grand fruit of altruistic mercy, and pity for all that lives—real Eastern Buddhism and especially its esoteric doctrines.

(^k) No; but the apple can either screen its neighbour from the sun, and, depriving it of its share of light and heat, prevent its ripening, or sharing with it the dangers from worms and the urchin's hand, thus diminish that danger by one half. As to Karma this is again a misconception. There is such a thing as a *national*, besides a personal or *individual* Karma in this world. But our correspondent seems to have either never heard of it, or misunderstood once more, in his own way.

(^l) *Fais que dois, advienne que pourra.* When did the Lord Buddha make a preliminary selection in his audiences? Did he not agreeably to allegory and History, preach and convert demons and gods, bad and good men? Dr. Hübbe Schleiden seems more Catholic than the Pope, more prim than an old-fashioned English house-wife, and certainly more squeamish than Lord Buddha ever was. "Teach vicarious atonement?" certainly we do not. But it is safer (and more modest at any rate) to make too much of one's neighbours and fellow-men than to look at every one as on so much dirt under one's feet. If I am a fool, it is no reason why I should see a fool in everyone else. We leave to our critic the difficult task of discerning who is, and who *is not* fit to listen to us, and, in the absence of positive proof, prefer postulating that every man has a responsive chord in his nature that will vibrate and respond to words of kindness and of truth.

(^m) We expect you not to regard everyone else as an "*agnam*"—*if* by this word an *ignoramus* is meant. To help to deliver the world from the curse of *Avidya* (ignorance) we have only to learn from those who know more than we do, and teach those who know less. This is just the object we have in view in spreading theosophical literature and trying to explain "Indian religio-philosophy.

We are fully aware that a true Buddhist and a sage, or—if you like—theosophist, must always be every inch an *altruist*. And when we are acting altruistically, it is perhaps no bad sign in regard to what we some day might *become*; but every thing at its proper time: where competency does not keep pace with altruism in development and in display, it might do more harm than good. Thus we feel even not quite sure whether our conscience ought not to blame us for our well-intended, but pert work; and the only excuse we can find for our thus giving way to the promptings of our heart is, that those persons who really might be properly qualified, do *not* come forward, do *not* help us, do *not do* this evidently necessary work! "

Yours respectfully,

HÜBBE-SCHLEIDEN.

Neuhausen, *Munich*, June 1st, 1889.

(ⁿ) An apocalyptic utterance this. I think, however, that I dimly understand. Those who are "properly qualified, do *not* come forward, do *not* help us, do *not do* this evidently necessary work." Don't THEY? How *does* our pessimistic correspondent *know*? I "guess" and "surmise" that they do, and very much so. For had the T. S. and its members been left to their own fate and Karma, there would not be much of it left to-day, under the relentless persecutions, slander, scandals, purposely set on foot, and the malicious hatred of our enemies—*open and secret*.

H. P. BLAVATSKY.



Reviews.

THE BANQUET* (IL CONVITO) OF DANTE ALIGHIERI.

MISS HILLARD has in her translation of Dante's fragment called "Il Convito," produced a scholarly and deeply intuitive work. She has evidently studied closely the great poet's other writings, bringing to bear upon this his well-known but minor poem the full result of her research. In the introduction she points out concisely, but with great force, some of the many arguments on the troubled question of dates in regard to the periods of writing and publication of the various poems. For the readers of *LUCIFER*, however, such questions are of minor importance as compared with the true meaning of Dante's compositions. The translation now under review shows perhaps the mystic character of the theme and its treatment more clearly than any of those that have gone before, and it is this side of the subject that will now be dwelt upon rather than its scholastic merits.

For those who know the A B C of occult philosophy there can be no shadow of doubt as to the meaning conveyed in Dante's writings. He discloses himself all through them as a veritable mystic. Even for the more conventional scholar, "Il Convito," in Miss Hillard's presentation, can bear no other interpretation. In Chapter I. of the commentary on the 1st Canzone, Dante says that "books can be understood and ought to be explained in four principal senses." The first is literal, the second allegorical, which "is a truth concealed beneath a fair

* By KATHERINE HILLARD. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.

fiction," the third the moral, the fourth anagogical or mystical, that is, beyond sense. There are but three of these Canzoni, and they are used by Dante as texts for the more detailed exposition of his ideas. The book consists consequently of prose commentaries rather than of verses, and the commentaries truth to say are both diffuse and pedantic, although the Canzoni themselves are quite the opposite.

The main idea of the Banquet is to be found in the search of the soul for Divine Philosophy, or in other words, the struggle upwards of the soul towards its Higher Self and God. The Alchemists of the middle ages were never weary of telling the few for whom they wrote of the true way to grasp this real knowledge. The emancipation of the soul from the body, or the blending of the different planes of consciousness, was the goal to be attained, thus rendering the physical body what it will eventually become, a vehicle in which the higher nature can work for the good of humanity, unshackled by the ordinary drawbacks and desires of the flesh. The alchemists veiled their teaching by symbolising the soul, spirit and higher principles in man under various names, such as sulphur, mercury, silver, gold, the red and green dragon, etc., but those who look for the spirit underlying the letter of their works are not misled by these terms. They know that by the transmutation of the baser metals into gold was implied, as stated above, the purification of the soul from the dross of the body and the bringing of it into conscious relation with the spiritual soul.

In like manner it would seem that Dante endeavoured to teach the same truths, sheltering them also from the apprehension of the dangerous classes by a symbology quite as misleading to the conventional reader as that of the alchemists, although not so beguiling in form to the greedy and ambitious. In this he was wise, as results have proved. His works have probably been more widely read and less understood than those of any other writer of his time, and he has been always recognised as a great poet, an exceptional man of learning and ability, while he has been spared the persecution and hard treatment that the alchemists, from their larger claims upon the imagination of the people, drew upon themselves. His books perhaps, however, reflect the research and erudition of the student rather than the actual results of direct experiment, and it may be doubted whether he attained to more than a profound appreciation of the spiritual possibilities inherent in himself and mankind.

Miss Hillard's introduction is by no means the least attractive portion of this volume. She puts forward so concisely and reasonably the harvest gathered during her studies, enforcing her views with so much moderation on the much debated question as to the reality of Beatrice as a flesh and blood woman that one cannot but trust her as a reliable and most intelligent guide. She says "After careful consideration of Dante's definition of the *literal*, I cannot find that it necessarily implies the *historical* . . . the argument for the *necessity* of the existence of the actual Beatrice falls to the ground when we admit that the literal is often what the poet himself calls 'a beautiful fiction.' It is quite possible, nay probable, that Dante at the age of nine may have fallen in love with a little neighbour . . . but I can not see that we have any right to identify that ideal with Beatrice *Portinari* from any evidence furnished by Dante himself. Such identification rests solely upon the authority of that exceedingly

untrustworthy romancer, Boccaccio." Miss Hillard also argues in support of her position that Dante was a student of the "Philosophy of Plato, Aristotle, the Æneid of Virgil, Cicero's Dream of Scipio, and his various essays, the Consolations of Boëthius, the suggestive words of the Apocalypse, and the Book of the Wisdom of Solomon."

The authoress then gives her reading of "Il Convito," taken in its four meanings, the literal, allegorical, moral, and mystical; but a quotation giving the last will here be sufficient. She says "We have a soul that having recognised its true blessedness in the Divine Wisdom, loses itself for a time in the things of this world, shortly to repent and to turn back to that blessed Beatrice that gazeth continually upon the face of God, for she is privy to the mysteries of the knowledge of God, and a lover of His Works."

To all admirers of Dante this book cannot but be welcome. Whether they agree with Miss Hillard's views or whether they prefer to retain the more widely received opinion of Dante's love for Beatrice Portinari as a woman whose death he never ceased to regret, they must appreciate the honesty of purpose that characterises the work, as much as the literary skill of its presentation.

HERTHA.*

THE general purport of this little volume is admirably expressed by the motto, from the concluding chorus of the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust*, which stands on its title-page: *Das ewig-weibliche zieht uns hinan*. The author, a Theosophist and member of the E. S., is deeply imbued with the importance of woman's mission and work in life. She quotes very aptly from a wide range of mystic writers, prominently *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, and shows in a most able manner the nature of the part which woman is called upon to play in restoring to equilibrium the unbalanced natural forces which are the cause of the evil and misery which surround us. She writes with deep feeling, thoughtfully and with evident care, and her work abounds in striking passages; two of which we cannot forbear to quote: speaking of the necessity for conquering the illusions of physical life, she writes:

"In the language of the world people are called *désillusionnés*, because their senses have been dulled as an axe is dulled, by wrongly using them. The overcoming illusions is quite a different thing—the senses are at their keenest and freshest, and to them is added the sixth sense, an imperial sense, which crowns as with a diadem the perfect man."

This remark is one which all mystics would do well to lay to heart.

Again, describing the present condition of women, we find the following passage of great force and truth:

"The feminine is receptive, passive, and the race can never be renewed, restored, till woman is receptive to the highest—receptive to the influx of Spirit. She is awakening from man idolatry, from priest worshipping, from idolatry of the physical and intellectual, to a higher worship and a higher receptivity—this in time will renovate the race. Woman has been submerged and has submerged herself in the material, and has therefore lost peace and power. She has made herself passive and receptive to the physical and intellectual man and has idolized his errors, which were reflected upon herself and upon her children. She has exalted and extolled the man of war and warlike deeds. She often exalts and worships the more rapacious man of modern 'civilization' because he, too, lays the spoils of provinces at her feet."

But though looking to woman as the future deliverer of the race, the author is no blind worshipper of her sex as such. She rightly regards the sexes as mutually

* OR THE SPIRITUAL SIDE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION, by Elizabeth Hughes. Los Angeles, California, 1889.

complementary, equal, but different ; and has not fallen into the great error which has engulfed so many mystic writers of regarding sex as a permanent attribute of the individuality. She is thus saved from that false conception of complementary individualities of opposite sex, which figures so largely in the writings of Lake Harris and Laurence Oliphant, a conception which is responsible for much immorality and for the gross materialization of things spiritual. The author states in plain words that true harmony and perfection can only be reached by the individual *within himself, i.e.*, by the mystic marriage of Soul with Spirit, not by any imaginary "sympneumatical" union with a counterpart of opposite sex.

She is right also in saying that the woman must first become herself, must free herself internally in mind and heart, before she can take her rightful place in external life. When she has done so, she will not need to *force* her way, for she will find her true sphere and place by natural development. The outer ever follows upon and reflects the inner.

There are many pages of great beauty, full of healthy and suggestive thought in this work, and last but not least, it is free from all trace of morbidity, of sickly sentimentality and cant. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

"THE NATIONALIST." *

EDWARD BELLAMY'S remarkable romance, "Looking Backward," has started in America a movement that bids fair to become of considerable importance. Men and women touched with "the enthusiasm of humanity," and feeling a sense of personal shame for the inhumanity of our present social system, have been fired by the beauty of the Socialist Utopia to make an effort towards bringing it about ; and they are gathering themselves into "Nationalist Clubs" to work for its realisation. The name "Nationalist" is ill-chosen, connoting as it does in the minds of most the separateness of the different nations rather than the internationality of the Socialist ideal ; but it is used, not to mark off peoples from each other, but to indicate the breaking down of the narrower barriers of class and the nationalisation of the land and capital now held as private property. The central idea of the movement, as expressed in the constitution of the Boston Nationalist Club, is "The nationalisation of industry and the promotion of the Brotherhood of Humanity." The Boston Club has established *The Nationalist* as its organ, and starts its career with articles from the pens of Edward Bellamy himself, Col. T. Wentworth Higginson, H. Willard Austin, J. Ransom Bridge, Cyrus Field Willard, and others, and among those who promise contributions are Mrs. Helen Campbell, author of the "Prisoners of Poverty," Laurence Grönlund, the well-known Socialist, Rabbi Schindler and Thaddeus B. Wakeman. In the opening number Edward Bellamy tells how he came to write "Looking Backward" starting with the idea of "a fairy tale of social felicity" and transmuting it into "the vehicle of a definite scheme of industrial organisation." We notice with interest that three of the writers in this first issue belong to the Theosophical Brotherhood, a sign that the American brethren mean to work, as well as speak, for the Brotherhood of Humanity. We wish our young contemporary good speed.

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