

them that are to be saved really is the "tau" or "cross." No one has divined why the *scarab* was so sacred. He was led to a solution by seeing an exaggerated *tau cross* on the back of a scarab. On looking into the Egyptian name for the scarab he found it to be *tore*, and that the sutures on the beetle form a tau cross. But the same name is applied to the same beetle by our peasantry—*tor-beetle* or *dor-beetle*. Wilkinson represents a god with a scarab for a head, one of the names of which was *Tore*. The use of the pre-historic or pre-Christian cross is world-wide.'

Literary and Personal Notes.

COUNT ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS, the renowned Italian Orientalist, who recently visited India, received from the hands of Pandit Bhagwanlal Indrajī, the Bombay archæologist, that most ancient of all *cordons*, the sacred Brahmanical thread. The letters which he is now contributing to the *Bombay Gazette* show his deep reverence for the Aryans and affection for their descendants. He received the *upavita* with evident gratitude and pleasure. "This was," he says, "a special benediction received from a great Brahman, and was intended to bring me good luck. It is not allowable, according to the Indian belief, to approach the sacred rites, and to read the *Vedas* without having previously received the sacred thread, and as I was preparing to visit the principal temples and shrines of India, that sign of my spiritual dignity was worn till my pilgrimage was completed." The *Indian Mirror*, remarking upon the circumstance, says: "The Count's is not the first instance in which a European has been invested with the sacred thread, which a Hindu Brahman alone can wear. Colonel Olcott when in Calcutta, sometime ago received the same honor from the late Pundit Taranath Vychaspati." And—unless we are greatly mistaken—Sir Wm. Jones was similarly honored by the Calcutta Pandits in testimony of their unbounded love and respect for him.

THE following notice of a book, by one of our members, appears in an English paper:—

A curious book is about to be published on the somewhat novel and certainly esoteric subject of Geometrical Psychology. Mr. B. W. Betts, a solitary student whose home is in New Zealand, has evolved some strange theories; and the diagrams which illustrate them, representing successive stages in the evolutions of human consciousness, have a curious resemblance to idealised and conventionalised forms of leaves and flowers. Literary shape is given to Mr. Betts's imaginings by Miss L. Cook, a sister of Dr. Keningale Cook, who died in the early summer just after the publication of his work, "The Fathers of Jesus."

WE hear from Paris that the Duchesse de Pomar intends to start a monthly Theosophical Journal in French, the first number to appear towards the end of November under the title of "*L' Aurore du Jour nouveau*" (The dawn of the new day).

WE have received a copy of the German translation of Col. Olcott's Buddhist Catechism. We congratulate the translator on his successful rendering of the original. This edition also contains the notes added by Dr. Cones to the American (Biogen Series) edition of the catechism, an addition which increases the value of the work to Western readers.

ओं

THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. VIII. No. 88.—JANUARY 1887.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

THEORIES IN COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

THE contributions of Professor Max Müller and Mr. Andrew Lang, to the literature of comparative mythology and their recent controversy in the *Nineteenth Century*, have done much towards a general comprehension of the labours of scholars in that field of study. The solar hypothesis as well as the anthropological theory have been placed before the general reader by able exponents; but the subject cannot be said to have been settled one way or another. In these circumstances a few observations from the point of view of the mythologists of India, or Purânists as they may be called, will not perhaps be entirely out of place. Sanskrit scholars are aware that, in the ancient literature of India, especially of the Purânîc period, there is an attempt at a rational explanation of some of the myths which, in various disguises, have roamed over the whole range of ancient literature and have representations yet living among the less advanced families of the human race. The chief ground upon which consideration is denied to the Purânîc interpretation of myths is that it leads to mysticism. But it would seem that if the interpretation is consistent with itself and otherwise satisfactory, it possesses great interest and importance, as throwing light upon the psychological evolution of man, and quite independent of the merits of the philosophical doctrines it embodies.

That psychology is the most important element in the science of comparative mythology has been practically agreed upon by the rival schools. But they are at issue as to its application. The method of the solar theorists is to trace a mythic name to its root etymologically, and then to build up an interpretation of the myths clustering round that name, with the help of the rational imagination of a cultured mind of the present day. Thus, the psychology applied by the etymologists to the construction of comparative mythology is the psychology of the civilization of the

nineteenth century. It would no doubt be the psychology of the age of myths if it could be proved that psychology is not governed by the law of evolution, and that knowledge does but expand in surface and never grows in depth. Without going into abstruse problems, it may be asked whether, in point of fact, during the development of a human being from infancy to old age, the mind itself remaining unchanged only receives an accretion of facts. There is little doubt how every careful psychologist will reply to the question. If the mind had been constant in quality there would have been no value in education, and the human race accumulating all knowable facts would have reached its absolute limit of perfection in a few centuries.

The method of the anthropologists seems to be founded on a sounder psychological basis. Myths of the world are to be collected, as far as trustworthy information is available about them. The psychology of the peoples believing in myths has to be studied, and then inferences are to be drawn according to recognized canons of reason. This is briefly the method of the anthropologist. "Employing this method," says Mr. Andrew Lang, "we study the myths and the psychology of the savages."* But the savages are not the only peoples for whom myths are truths. Accepting the principle adopted by the anthropologists, it is clear that the best source for information as to the psychological condition of a people who believe in myths or have believed in them, is the professed psychological treatises produced by the people themselves. Clearly no such treatises are to be found so long as the investigation is confined entirely within the savage races. But India is a country where, throughout the ages, myths have prevailed as genuine articles of belief and are so accepted by the bulk of its present Hindu population. A mass of writings of the ancient Indian psychologists, who implicitly believed in gods and the marvellous powers of man, have come down to us, and a large portion of it is available to the European student through translations. The purely rationalistic foundation of the Sâṅkhyan School of Indian philosophy is admitted by all, and yet it treats of gods and super-human powers in the same way as any question of pure psychology—sensation, for instance.† It may also be mentioned that most of the Purânas and Tantras have the thread of Sâṅkhyan philosophy running through and through them. References and citations are useless, as most of these writings are as yet untranslated‡. A study of Sanskrit is therefore of invaluable service to comparative mythology, but it will not yield its best fruit unless pursued in a spirit of psychological research§.

* *Nineteenth Century*, January 1886.

† *Sâṅkhya Kârikâ*, Colebrooke and Wilson, pp. 113, 83.

‡ The student of Sanskrit may be referred to Vishnu Purâna, Bhagavad Purâna *passim*, and especially to Kurma Purâna, ch. xlii—iii, Padma P. Sarga Kh. ch. ix, Brahmagnana Tantra *passim*.

§ An instance will illustrate the position. The technical term *Buddhi* of Sâṅkhyan philosophy is universally translated as intellect or its equivalent. But this *Buddhi* evolves egotism. It is difficult to see how there can be intellect anterior to egotism. Before this difficulty can be fairly chargeable on the philosopher, it must be proved that he would have used the word intellect if writing in English. In the want of such proof he is to be accused of unintelligibility, but his views ought not to be distorted by mistranslation.

Sanskritists who accept the solar hypothesis ignore the current Indian interpretation of myths on account of its mystical tendencies. But what reason have we for supposing that mysticism was not the religious faith of the ancient races? It is not necessary to affirm that it was so; nor, is it justifiable to assume that it was not. The fact is there are as strong grounds for accepting mysticism as a working hypothesis as any other. Professor Max Müller has nobly won his mead of praise by his scholarly researches in a region of thought so little accessible to the public. And that is exactly the reason why the present charge of omission obtains relevancy.

When the taboo is removed and the Purânic hypothesis is allowed to enter the lists as a theory deserving of consideration, it will find an ally in the anthropologists, whose ranks it will strengthen and enlarge, and whose present generalisations it will in some respects modify. Briefly stated, the Purânic method starts with the postulate that there is a basic unity in all things that live. That the Indian Purânists believed their pantheistic postulate to be the absolute truth does not concern the comparative mythologist otherwise than as a historical fact. With its philosophical aspect he has nothing to do. For the Purânist building upon this pantheistic foundation the natural corollary follows. Whatever can be discovered in man by psychological analysis must also exist everywhere around him. All myths are then to be explained as embodying some account of the psychological elements of man's constitution and their actions and reactions with the whole of nature. That this is the method of Purânic in all countries admits of no doubt. This statement, so far as it bears upon the position of Indian Purânists, can be demonstrated by a reference to the *Adhyâtma Râmâyana** which forms a part of the *Brahmânda Purâna*. It is an attempt to give a spiritual interpretation to the great epic of *Vâlmiki* upon the basis of Sâṅkhyan philosophy.

To develop the Purânic method fully would require an introductory treatise on Sâṅkhya, which forms the logical, though not the chronological, groundwork of the psychology and ontology of all peoples, believing in myths. All the peculiarities of the savage mind,—his belief in the medicine man and his powers, his Totemism and other fantastic forms of the doctrine of metempsychosis—have all philosophical representatives in *Kapila's Sâṅkhyan system*. Here we must be content with general statements; to go into details would violate the present plan.

The peoples under consideration believe that there is in nature a universal, immutable principle of consciousness, inhering in a universal substance which evolves, in obedience to forces of which it is itself the embodiment, this universe of names and forms. In the process of this evolution the principle of consciousness has the appearance of itself evolving, in the same way as light, proceeding from a stationary source, appears to change with the changes of the surface on which it falls. If the material of the objective universe or rather that part of it which forms the human body and its

* It has not yet been translated. The *Nrisimha, Rama and Gopala Upanishada* may be cited.

surroundings is taken as the reflecting surface, and the light as spirit or consciousness, then the forces which produce change, as well as the fall of light, will represent the soul. So long as the principle of consciousness or the notion of ego appears to follow the body and its destiny with the notion of identity attached to it, life as a human being continues; when by abstraction it is realized that consciousness remains constant through all possible changes, the soul is supposed to be freed from the bonds of matter. Besides this, it is to be remembered that in deriving an infinite variety of forms from one common substance, a vast and complicated scheme of correlations naturally arises. Of course these doctrines in their present form will not be detected in the self-consciousness of the savage. But the germs or survivals (whatever may be ultimately proved) are there. And it is a safe inference, from observation of philosophical systems evolved among races believing in myths, that a similar result will follow if a philosopher arises among savages.

It must, moreover, be stated at the outset that if the Purânic method is right, many myths will present certain inconsistencies, difficult of explanation. For every disorder in the psychological machinery is bound to be reflected in the constructions of myths. But these difficulties and inconsistencies are not of a description calculated to blind us as to the direction in which the explanation lies.

Mr. Andrew Lang* has clearly shown how premature it is for Mr. Max Müller to claim that 'the solar theory is no longer a theory, but has now been recognised as a fact.' He has also demonstrated the insecurity of the equation, Ahanâ=Daphne=Dawn. We shall, therefore, for the purpose of testing the comparative merits of the Solar and the Purânic theory adopt another group of myths which Mr. Max Müller puts forward in support of his theory. The story of Purûravas and Urvasî, found in the Satapatha Brâhmana, has been claimed as a solar myth and identified with the legend of Orpheus and Eurydikê. Mr. Max Müller interprets Purûravas as the sun. "That Purûravas is the appropriate name of a solar hero," he says, "requires hardly any proof."† He gives in support of this statement an etymological argument which, however, does not seem quite satisfactory.‡ He then contends that Purûravas calls himself Vasishtha, and "Vasishtha,

though best known as the name of the Vedic poet, is the superlative of Vasu, bright, and as such also a name of the sun." That Vasishtha is the sun is further proved, according to the same authority, by the fact that he is said to be the son of Mitra (day), Varuna (night), and Urvasî; and the offspring of the Dawn is an epithet of the sun.* Now, if this pedigree is a justification, there is another Vedic poet, Agastya, who has exactly the same parentage, and must be equally entitled to the honour. But there is nothing either in the etymology of the name Agastya or in the myths about him which would support the solar theory. The myth which makes him the regent of Canopus cannot justify the identification, for in that case Dhruva, the regent of the Pole star and son of king Uttanapâda, who gives every indication of having been a real man, must also share the same fate. May it not therefore be that the word Vasishtha when applied to king Purûravas, means simply resplendent with light or glory without any reference to the sun?

No doubt the solar theory will gain considerable strength if Urvasî is clearly demonstrated to be the Dawn. Rejecting the etymology of the name as given by the great grammarian Pâninî, Mr. Max Müller proceeds:—"I therefore accept the common Indian explanation by which this name is derived from Uru, wide *εὔρου* and a root *as*, to pervade, and thus compare Uru *asî* with another frequent epithet of the Dawn *Urûkî*, the feminine of Uru-*akî*, far-going."‡ "The common Indian explanation of the name" is to be found in the *Harivamsa*, where it is derived from *ûru* (not Uru), meaning a totally different thing. Accepting this corrected etymology, how can we follow Mr. Max Müller when he identifies Urvasî, which does not mean wide-going with Eurydikê and the Dawn? But of that hereafter. It is held that "the best proof that Urvasî was the Dawn is the legend told of her and her love to Purûravas, a story that is true only of the sun and the Dawn."§ The story is well told by Mr. Max Müller in his usual fascinating style. The incidents that relate to our present purpose are that Urvasî, a heavenly nymph, marries a mortal, king Purûravas. She is allowed to live with him only so long as she does not see him unclothed. Her celestial friends wishing her return from earth, one night pretend to steal her animal pets. In anguish she cries out "Is there no man, no hero, on earth that my darlings should be stolen?" Purûravas, unclothed as he was, jumps up, exclaiming, "Let it not be said the earth is without heroes so long as Purûravas lives." Just then a flash of lightning caused by the heavenly beings shows Purûravas to Urvasî, and the condition is broken. Purûravas is disconsolate at the loss of his

* *Nineteenth Century*, Jan., 1886. † "Chips from a German Workshop," ii. 101.

‡ "Purûravas," the learned pundit goes on, "meant the same thing as *πολυδενκης*—endowed with much light; for though *ravas* is usually applied to sound, yet the root *ru*, which originally meant to cry, is also applied to colour in the sense of loud or crying colour, i. e., red. This application of the root *ru* to colour is sought to be established from two quotations from the Rigveda. The first of them says, "the fire cries out with light" (Rv. vi. 3, 6). Here it is difficult to see how crying is applied to light and not to the crackling and hissing noise of burning fire. The next is, "the sun cries like a new-born babe (Rv. ix. 74, 1). Nor is this ground firmer. There is nothing to show that the text ascribes crying to light and not to awakening Nature, who hails with a cry of joy the new-born king of day. In further justification of the position he compares *ruber*, *rufus*, Lith-*vanda* O. H. G. *rot*, *rudhira* *ῥουθρός* and the Sanskrit *ravi*, sun. The last word must clearly be excluded; for the connection of *ravi* with *ru* is itself in question, the current Indian etymology of the word is quite different. As regards the other words, if they are to be traced to the root *ru*, it must be from the homonymous root, meaning to kill. The Sanskrit *rudhira*, blood, is commonly derived from *rudh*, to kill.

* *Chips*, ii. 101.

† The ground for this rejection, however, does not seem very strong. There is no such word as *urva* from which Pâninî derives the name, is Mr. Max Müller's argument. But he overlooks that the grandfather of Jamadagni was called *Urva*. The other objection founded upon the want of conformity between this name and other words formed by the same inflection is not conclusive. In every language a number of irregularities are always to be found.

‡ *Chips*, ii. 101.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 103.

beloved. After some time he meets her in the disguise of a bird, but she soon reveals herself to him. She, however, refuses to come back saying, "I am gone like the first of dawns...I am hard to be caught like the wind." Finally she relents, and through her instruction Purûravas becomes an immortal by initiation into the mysteries of the Gandharvas, celestial beings tied in kinship to Urvasî.

Urvasî's comparison of herself to the first of dawns may appear at first sight to support the solar theory, but on close examination it will be found to tend quite the other way. In this figure of speech Mr. Max Müller sees "a strange glimmering of the old myth in the mind of the poet." But as he also says that in a Rigvedic text the word Urvasî is used in the plural, signifying many dawns, it is difficult to say why the poet was content with glimmering when so little trouble would have brought him into the noon-day blaze. On the other hand, if the poet had any suspicion that his Urvasî was the Dawn, would he have marred the poetical effect of the passage by using a bare-faced simile, especially as his object was not to interpret the myth, but to show the importance of a peculiar rite? The fact is, Urvasî never meant the Dawn, otherwise the author of Satapatha Brâhmana, a work so closely connected with the Vedas, would surely have known it. The theory of bad memory cannot operate to an unlimited extent, especially with regard to an idea which once becomes fixed by a position in the most important literature of a people. Hence it is reasonable to believe that no trace of the solar character of Urvasî is to be found in the Vedas.

The connection of this legend with the myth of Orpheus and Eurydikê is not very striking, so far as incidents are concerned. In both cases the husband loses his wife (though only temporarily in one myth) under circumstances which have something to do with a look. Etymological considerations do not strengthen the bond. Professor Max Müller, admitting that the name Orpheus 'is inexplicable', yet identifies him with the Vedic Ribhu or Arbhu. In view of the admission it would appear that the identification has proceeded entirely from the similarity of the sound of the names. The question, therefore, remains wide open. Eurydikê is interpreted, through its etymological meaning, as the Dawn, whom the Vedas often call the 'wide-going.' This by itself is no firm foundation for the solar theory. But we must not forget that in spite of all we have said the theory will be greatly strengthened if both these myths sufficiently respond to one and the same solar interpretation. In fact that may be called the crucial test.

Mr. Max Müller's interpretation of these myths has been generally followed by the solar theorists with but slight divergencies in matters of detail. The essence of the interpretation lies in the "Correlations of Sun and the Dawn, the love between the mortal and the immortal, and the identity between the Morning Dawn and the Evening Twilight."* The great objection to this gene-

realisation is the ascription of mortality to the Sun and not to the Dawn, who, under the name of Eurydikê, actually dies, bitten by the serpent of night* or winter-frost, † as it is variously understood. Apart from that, an examination of the details does not yield any better results. The solar hypothesis can make the Orphic myth intelligible only by taking Eurydikê as the Evening Twilight, beloved of the Sun. She is killed by the Serpent of Darkness, and the Sun, wandering the livelong night in search of her recovers her the following morning, but only to lose her again through the deadly influence of his look as he mounts the sky. This, in substance, is the explanation given by Mr. Max Müller. But it has fatal defects. Etymologically Eurydikê can only be connected with the Dawn, as we have seen. Her conversion into the Evening Twilight is due to a subsequent process. The Dawn idea ought, therefore, to be predominant in the myth, especially as the essential features of it must be supposed to have originated before the separation of the Aryan people into different groups. The analogy of original Aryan words which have preserved different shades of their primitive meanings in different languages is evidently inapplicable to the present case. Because, being connected with religious emotionalism, myths are better guarded by the conservative instinct of human nature than mere words. The least that may be asked for, before the case is closed, is some indication, in Greek mythology itself, that Eurydikê at any time meant the Dawn primarily and the Evening Twilight only in a subordinate manner. In the absence of such proof a comparison of this myth with the legend of Purûravas makes the weakness of the solar theory more glaring. Purûravas is reunited to Urvasî in the end. To preserve consistency with the preceding myth, this can only take place in the evening. Urvasî is therefore the Dawn who disappears from the Sun by gazing upon his increasing splendour. But at the end of the day she reappears as the Evening Twilight to be happily reunited to him. Remembering how short-lived the Evening Twilight is in India, it is quite certain that it would never have struck the imagination of an Indian poet to select that as the fitting period for such an event. It is not maintained by the solar theorists that the myths were carried by the Aryan emigrants, full-formed from their original home and not developed in their countries of adoption. We hold that if the solar theory be true, the myth of Urvasî and Purûravas would never have received its present form in India, and it can be easily seen from what has been said whether this position is tenable.

To remedy some of these inconsistencies, late writers of the Solar school have explained both Urvasî and Eurydikê as the Morning Dawn on whose mist the smile of the Sun plays in many-coloured ripples, ‡ "but the brightness of his glare is fatal as he rises higher in the heaven." This consistency, however, loses the

* Chips, ii. 127.

† Cox, Myth of the Ar. Na. p. 74.

‡ Goldstucker, Dictionary, S. V. Apsaras; (Cox, Myth. of the Ar. Na. pp. 32, 218.)

* Chips, ii. 98.

unity of poetical conception, so beautifully preserved in Mr. Max Müller's explanation.

Nor is this consistency long kept up. No sooner born than it becomes the mother of inconsistencies. Sir George Cox explains the serpent that killed Eurydikê as winter-frost, thus stretching out the story over different seasons. In view of the community of origin of the two myths under discussion, the same explanation ought to apply to Purûravas and Urvasî; or reason must be shown for the non-application. Urvasî is neither killed by the serpent of winter-frost nor does she finally become lost to Purûravas. The Solar theory, therefore, has proved its inability to construct a valid induction to explain the origin of these myths. It makes totally different conditions produce the same result without any psychological necessity. True, objects affect different persons differently, and the workings of the law of association of ideas is almost inexplicable. But before the Solar theory can be established upon a scientific foundation, it is reasonable to expect that, starting upon a given basis, it would explain some of the divergent operations of a common law.

What conclusively proves the insufficiency of the Solar hypothesis in regard to myths of this family is the Orpheus' story which occurs in the Mahâbhârata.* Curiously enough it does not seem to have attracted notice. But its incidents agree so well with the Orphic legend, except in the ending, that, in the absence of any *vera causa* to explain the difference, the Solar theory receives a great blow.

Ruru, a Brahman of the family of Bhrigu, is betrothed to the beautiful Pramadvarâ, daughter of the celestial nymph Menâka, and adopted by the sage Sthula Kesa. A few days before marriage while playing with her companion, she accidentally treads upon a sleeping serpent, hidden in the grass. The bite of the enraged reptile proves fatal. Ruru in his grief roams wildly in the forest, uttering most pathetic lamentations. Attracted by his sorrow, a heavenly being appears before him, and says his bride will be restored to him if he consents to give her half the length of days that yet remains to him. Ruru readily agrees, and at the intercession of the immortal the King of Death sends back Pramadvarâ. They live a happy, united life, Ruru engaging in the destruction of serpents to avenge what he has suffered. His career of slaughter comes to a close, when he discovers in one of his intended victims a human being undergoing punishment for some crime.

Applying the method of Mr. Max Müller and his school, all the elements of a Solar myth are to be found here. The name Ruru contains the root ru. Bhrigu can be etymologically connected with the Sun. Pramadvarâ maddens the hearts of men with delight and is therefore a fit epithet of the Dawn. Besides, she is the daughter of a celestial nymph of the Apsaras order, interpreted by Goldstucker† "as personifications of the vapours which are attracted by the Sun and form into mists or clouds." The equations

* Adi P. Chs. viii—ix.

† Dictionary S. V. Apsaras.

Ruru=Sun and Pramadvarâ=Dawn, can therefore be put forward as safe. But then the ending of the story resists the Solar theory to the last. And it may here be added that, as in the grouping of languages, grammatical structure is more important than vocabulary, so in the interpretation of myths incidents dominate our etymology. Perhaps the Solar theory will here call in the aid of the *deus ex machina*, the theory of forgetfulness. But there is such a thing as riding a theory to death and bursting an hypothesis by over strain.

It is very difficult to accede unlimited operation to the theory of forgetfulness, especially when applied to the Brahmans who have always shown such a remarkable development of the faculty of memory.

To proceed to examine the working power of the Purânîc method. The resemblance between the myths deepens by the introduction of the legend of Ruru. The incidents allow the arrangement of the myths in a certain order. Orpheus who does not win back his lost Eurydikê stands at one end, and Ruru who lives happily with Pramadvarâ, restored by death, at the other. The link between them is supplied by Purûravas, who is re-united to Urvasî only when he achieves his own immortality with the help of celestial beings.

In interpreting these myths we must remember what attributes were attached to the soul by the religions of the peoples among whom they were current. From the present point of view religions are to be looked upon merely as philosophical and emotional representations of the psychology of their followers. Proceeding upon this basis no great difficulty will be experienced on the way. The male characters naturally enough stand for the Man and the female ones for the Soul. It will be remembered how frequently in the languages of the world words signifying the soul have the feminine form. Orpheus is the Man whose life begins in union with the Soul. But in the fair meadow of manhood by the side of the running river of life, Eurydikê is taken away from him, killed by the serpent of sin and passion, which lies hidden among the beautiful things of this earth. The unhappy man who once realises the higher life of the soul, faintly though it be, can know no joy while away from her. He grows a disconsolate and restless wanderer on the face of life, making the heavens ring again with the agonized outpourings of his heart. In the midst of his suffering some compassionate soulful man gives him the glad tidings she may yet come back, if he can with patient self-abnegation pass through trials and sorrows. Manfully he makes the effort, but, alas! he fails, the desire for present enjoyment is too strong for him and his faith is feeble. He is not content cheerfully to struggle through the dark valley of tribulation, with the full consciousness of the unseen presence of the soul resting upon him. But the doubting eye of the mortal must seek to behold the immortal. The last hope now flies from him. Eurydikê leaves him for ever and he falls a victim to the jealous fury of the Thracian women, the Passions, to whom full sovereignty was denied by the

memory of the lost soul. When a man rises high, great is his fall, when he does fall.

Eurydikê the wide-pervading, is a fit epithet of the soul, for whom, the religions say, the mortal limitations of time and space do not exist. The etymology of the name Orpheus is admittedly obscure. It is probable, then, in view of Orphic traditions, that he was a living human being who taught this doctrine and thus became a mythical man when his doctrine became a myth, and it is also justifiable to assume that many incidents of his life were laid under tribute to furnish a mythical garb for his doctrine. These remarks, with obvious alterations, apply to all myths of this class.

The love of Purûravas and Urvasî can be explained as another aspect of the same doctrine. The soul remains in subjection to the man only so long as the truth about his nature is not realized. While she lives with him his life is filled with noble and daring deeds of heroic goodness, although he does not know the source from which his inspiration comes. King Purûravas is a man of kingly acts and not of philosophic thought. He has a soul, but in the pride of his manhood fancies the charms of the soul are his subjects, to be controlled by the human part of his nature. The soul remains his obedient and loving wife until a flash of inspiration descends from her true home, sent by her kindred. The true character of this life becomes manifest. There is no real satisfaction in this life, even when illuminated by great and good deeds. For all things have an end. To work for humanity is also vain; for what is the good of fattening the animal that will be one day sacrificed? Nothing will escape the universal doom. "The Sun himself will sink with age." Man will not be satisfied with aught but immortality. He never will know contentment until united to his beloved in a home where the pulse of time no longer beats. This thought casts Purûravas from the peak of his human greatness into the depths of despondency. The man of action loses his soul in the solitude of his heart. Urvasî leaves Purûravas because he wished her to come down to his level without raising himself to hers. When Urvasî goes the joys of life take their flight after her. But in moments when the pangs of this joyless life grow intense, visions of the soul, veiled in disguise, burst upon the mortal man—maddening visions as difficult to be caught as "the wind."* But the perfect union does not come until the celestial beings, the higher faculties, open the gate of immortality. Then, indeed, 'the one bound to death' rejoices in heaven, and his rejoicing will increase as others tread the path he has followed.

Ruru is a Brahman and thus a man of contemplation, unlike king Purûravas, who will not let it be said that the earth is without heroes so long as *he* lives. A temporary check is given to the even flow of his philosophic life by the serpent of Passion that overmasters him, but he soon recovers himself and establishes a greater harmony between the man and the soul than ever existed

before; the length of days is evenly divided between him and his bride. He is not for long in need of help from without; his philosophical training comes to the rescue and the strength of soul wells out from the springs within. When he recovers his lost bride he slaughters a vast number of serpents, and desists from the moral crusade only when he perceives the educational value of sin and suffering. In tearing out deep-seated evils without patient judiciousness, we may pull out the roots of much that is good.

The comparative study of these myths throws into relief an important feature common to them. The Muse-born Orpheus is a poet and musician, an artist; king Purûravas is a hero, while the Brahman Ruru is a teacher.

Thus, they represent the three types of the flower of humanity, the artistic, the practical, and the contemplative. The connection with the Platonic trinity is obvious. To the artist Orpheus his soul is his art, the embodiment of all that is beautiful in nature. He loses his soul from the influence of the world; his heart grows joyless till his faith is restored in his ideal. But her subtle form escapes him as he seeks to give it shape. Despair spreads her gloomy wings around him, and the world proves too strong for the divided heart. Art never realises the ideal without practical morality.

Purûravas, the man of action, finds his soul in goodness which urges him on the path of duty. The darlings of the soul must not be stolen; the highest aspirations of our nature must not sink in the Lethe. But even the veriest enthusiasm will cool if the inner light does not burn clear. Who does not sigh that things were always right or always wrong? Action without knowledge is useless. We will none of it. The marriage of Knowledge and Action is the highest good; for its offspring is Truth.

Ruru, the sage, divorces knowledge from action and finds its futility. There is in us something which overbears the theories of the lonely man of contemplation. Real life is not what the philosophy of the recluse wishes it to be. Passions rise in our breast which knowledge alone cannot quell. So long as Ruru did not experience suffering he lived and worked for himself alone. But suffering generates sympathy and teaches us that we can live for ourselves only by working for others. Man to be perfect requires, in the words of George Eliot, "the super-added life of the intellect," to be united to "the super-added moral life."*

It is clear that the interpretation above given knits these three myths into one coherent whole, explaining many details, not touched upon by any other theory, and may therefore be put forward as a valid induction. And we may remark how it throws light on the religious emotion with which myths are associated in the minds of those who believe in them. Religious feeling of a very much loftier character than is met with among savages has been evoked by myths. The Solar theory is quite unsatisfactory in regard to this point. It seeks to explain the evolution of

* Cf. Bhagavad Gita (vi) :—"The mind is as difficult to control as the wind."

* Letter to J. Sibree, Cross's Life of George Eliot i, 176.

religious emotion by the obvious effect that natural phenomena have upon the material prosperity of man and the awe they excite in unscientific minds. If this view were correct, we should have found sublimer cosmic emotions in the savage than in the civilized man of the present day. Besides that, the explanation misses the essence of religious feeling, a sense of security among the dangers of life and of triumph over evils. Furthermore, a belief in an afterlife is to be found among all races, high and low, and its existence in the remote antiquity is proved by the oldest literature of mankind, the Vedas. A belief in survival of the individual after death involves a conscious or unconscious belief in the soul. Is it not therefore reasonable to expect a consciousness of the destiny of the soul in the minds that produced myths and believed in them as religion?

The subject may be pursued to a much greater length than is permissible here. But for the present it must rest with the conclusion that the Solar theory requires limits to be prescribed to its operation, and that the psychological or Purânîc method, properly applied, is capable of yielding valuable results.

MOHINI M. CHATTERJI.

THE BISHOP'S STORIES.

IT was at the dinner table of one of the highest dignitaries of the Church—a man whose name, were I at liberty to mention it, would command recognition and respect wherever the English language is spoken—that I heard the stories which I am about to relate. I am aware that to give the name of the narrator would add greatly to the value of the account with many minds, and, indeed, I have no reason to suppose that there would be any objection to my mentioning it; but I did not ask permission to do so (having at the time not the slightest idea of ever publishing the tales) and therefore I refrain. Whether the stories have been given to the public before, and if so where and in what form, I cannot say; the distinguished narrator was of opinion that they had become the theme of common talk, and seemed much surprised that no one present had heard them: but since they were entirely new to the forty or fifty persons gathered round that table, and since I myself have never seen them in print, though I have read most of the extant collections of such stories, I run the risk of repeating what may, perhaps, be to some people an oft-told tale. For the sake of clearness I shall in each case call the chief actor in the story “the bishop,” though, of course, in the first of the cases related, his episcopal honours were far in the future.

The first of his ghostly experiences occurred while “the bishop” was still at college. It seems that one night he had retired to bed somewhat earlier than usual, having locked the outer door of his sitting-room, but leaving that between the latter apartment and his bed-room standing open. In the sitting-room a large fire was blazing brightly, flooding the place with its cheerful light, and rendering every object as distinctly visible as at noon-day. It was half-past ten, and the Bishop had just laid himself down in blissful

expectation of a long and uninterrupted sleep, when standing in the doorway between the two rooms, in the full glare of the light, he saw the figure of his father. Surprise held him motionless for a few seconds—nay, he thinks that he must have watched the play of the firelight upon that sad, earnest face for a whole minute—when the figure raised its hand and beckoned to him to come. This dissolved the spell which seemed to hold him in its grasp, and he sprang from the bed and rushed towards the door; but before he could reach it the figure had vanished! Startled beyond expression, he searched both sitting-room and bed-room thoroughly, but easily convinced himself that he was entirely alone; there was nowhere for an intruder to hide, and the outer door was securely locked as he had left it. Besides, the figure had been distinctly and unmistakably that of his father, looking—except for the intense yearning expressed in his face—exactly as when he had last seen him only a few weeks before; and he was quite convinced that no college joker could have deceived him on this point. He was at last forced to conclude that he must have been the victim of an illusion, hard though it was to bring himself to such an opinion when he recollected the natural appearance of the figure and the play of the firelight on its face; so he once again composed himself to rest. The shock, however, had banished sleep for the time, and he lay watching the flickering shadows on the wall for more than an hour before he felt himself sinking again into unconsciousness. Whether he had actually fallen into a doze, or was only on the point of doing so, he was unable to say; but he was suddenly startled into complete wakefulness by the re-appearance of the figure in the doorway, with the same intense expression on its face, and beckoning to him, if possible, even more earnestly than before. Determined that this time, at least, it should not elude him, he sprang with one bound from his bed to the door, and clutched violently at the apparition; but he was again doomed to disappointment: the appearance seemed exactly the same even when he was within a yard of it, yet his outstretched hands grasped only the empty air, and once more the strictest search only confirmed what was already certain—that it was utterly impossible for any bodily presence to have either escaped from the rooms or concealed itself in them.

Like most young men he had been more or less sceptical upon the subject of apparitions, and, though seriously startled by what he had seen, he endeavoured to reason himself into the belief that it was due to a mere trick of the imagination, arising perhaps from some unsuspected bodily ailment. After bathing his forehead with cold water, he therefore retired to rest once more, firmly resolving not to allow his mind to dwell upon what he considered the dream of a distempered brain. As he lay down, the various college clocks chimed midnight, and, with visions of early chapel in his mind, he made the most strenuous efforts to obtain the sleep of which he felt so much need. At last he was successful, but it seemed to him that he could have been but a few moments unconscious when he awoke with a start, with that feeling of causeless terror at his heart which so often overcomes persons

of highly nervous organization when suddenly roused from deep slumber. The fire in the sitting-room had burnt low, and instead of the cheerful dancing light he had seen as he fell asleep, there was now only a dull red glow upon wall and ceiling; but there in the doorway, clearly defined in the midst of that glow, stood his father's figure once more! This time, however, there was a distinct difference in both its expression and its action; instead of the intense yearning which had been so clearly visible before, there was a look of deep though resigned regret, and the raised hand no longer eagerly beckoned him to approach, but slowly and sorrowfully waved him back as he fixed his horror-stricken gaze upon the vision. Instead, too, of vanishing instantly, as before, its outlines became indistinct and it seemed to fade gradually away into the dull red glow upon the wall. Only upon its disappearance did the bishop recover the power of motion, and his first act was to draw forth his watch and look at the time. It was ten minutes to two—far too early either to arouse any one else or to obtain any sort of conveyance for his homeward journey—for home he at once resolved to go. His father—the rector of a distant country parish—had been perfectly well when he left him a few weeks before, nor had he since heard anything to alarm him in any way; but, profoundly impressed as he was by the recurrence of the vision, and convinced at last that there was in the matter something of what is usually called the supernatural, he felt that it would be impossible for him to rest until he had satisfied himself by ocular demonstration that his father was alive and well. He made no further attempt to sleep, and at the very earliest moment when he thought such an application possible, he sought an interview with the head of his college, explained his fears to him, and set out for home without delay.

The day of rapid travel somewhat weakened the impression that the events of the night had produced upon him, and when, as the shades of evening were beginning to fall, he drove up the well-known lane leading to the rectory, it was scarcely more than a latent uneasiness which clouded his pleasant anticipations of the astonished greeting of the home circle. It gave him a sudden shock, on coming within sight of the house, to see that all the blinds were drawn closely down; true, it was already growing dusk, but he knew that his father loved the twilight hour, and would never admit candles until they were absolutely necessary; and a nervous apprehension of he hardly knew what, overpowered him so completely that for some moments he was unable to knock at the door. When at last he summoned courage to do so it was opened by the butler—one who had served in the family for many years—whom he had known since childhood; but the first glimpse of this old retainer's face revived in a moment all his worst apprehensions.

"Ah! sir," said the man, "you are too late! If you could only have come last night! Yes," (in answer to the bishop's horrified enquiries) "yes, the master is gone; and almost the only words he spoke after he was taken ill were to say how he longed to see you. It was ten o'clock last night when the fit took him, and

half-an-hour afterwards, as soon as he was able to speak, the first thing he said was 'Send for my son; I must see my son once more.' We told him that a messenger should be sent with the first dawn of day, but he scarcely seemed to hear us, for he had fallen back into a kind of trance, like. Then at a quarter to twelve he roused up for a few moments, but all he said was, 'How I wish my son were here!' And again just the moment before he died—ten minutes to two it was—he opened his eyes and seemed to know us all, though he was too weak to say much; but he just whispered 'I am going; I should like to have spoken to my dear son once more, but I shall not live to see him now.' And then he passed away so peacefully, it seemed as though he had but fallen asleep."

Such was the bishop's first experience of life on the super-physical plane—one of a class by no means uncommon, though perhaps an unusually perfect and striking example of its kind. At any rate it is not difficult to believe the remark of the narrator, that it produced on him an impression which time was powerless to obliterate—an impression which coloured his whole after-life.

How many there are among us who have been profoundly affected—nay, whose entire characters even have been changed—by one short glimpse of that world which is ever close around us, though commonly veiled from our eyes! Few people care to speak of such things in this blind and sceptical age, but any one who takes the trouble to make quiet and earnest enquiries among his friends will be surprised to discover how much more common than he had supposed such experiences are.

The second story which the bishop related to us was of a different character, and its events took place at a much later period of his life. It appears that on the day in question he had accepted an invitation to dinner at a certain house in one of the midland counties. Happening to arrive somewhat earlier than usual, he found, on being shown into the drawing room, that the hostess was not yet down, the only occupant of the room being a Roman Catholic priest—a complete stranger to him—who was seated upon a sofa intently reading a large book. As the bishop entered the priest raised his eyes, made him a courteous but silent bow, and again resumed his reading. He was a strongly built, active-looking man—apparently rather a muscular Christian; but there was in his face an expression of weariness and anxiety that attracted the bishop's attention, and he wondered much within himself who he could be and how he came to be invited to that house. Soon other guests appeared, and the hostess came down so full of apologies for not being in readiness to receive her guest on his arrival, that the questions he had intended to ask about the stranger-priest were forgotten for the time. When seated next to his hostess at the dinner-table, however, they recurred to his memory, and turning to her he remarked.

"By the way, you did not introduce me to that interesting looking priest whom I found in the drawing-room; who is he?"

Then, looking along the table, he continued with some surprise: "He does not seem to have come in to dinner."

A very strange look passed over the hostess's face as she said hurriedly, almost in a whisper: "What, did you actually see him, then?"

"Certainly I did;" replied the bishop; "but I beg your pardon; I fear I have unintentionally mentioned a subject which is unpleasant to you—perhaps intruded upon some family secret. I had no idea but that the priest was a simple guest here, like myself, and his appearance interested me so much that I wished to ask for an introduction; but if you are anxious for some reason that his presence here should be concealed, I need hardly assure you that you may depend upon my silence."

"No, no, my lord," answered the hostess still in a low tone, "you misunderstand me entirely; there is nothing which I wish to conceal, though this is a subject which my husband does not like to have mentioned. I was surprised to hear that the priest had shown himself to you, because until now this has never happened except to a member of our own family. What you saw was no visitor, but an apparition."

"An apparition?" ejaculated the bishop.

"Yes," continued the hostess, "and one whose supernatural character it is impossible to doubt, for during the two years we have lived in this house it has shown itself perhaps a dozen times to my husband and myself under circumstances in which either self-deception or imposition were quite out of the question. Since we cannot explain it, and are well assured that it is due to no natural causes, we have decided not to speak of it to any one. But since you have seen it—my lord, will you do me a favour?"

"Most certainly, if it be within my power," replied he. "I have often thought," she resumed, "that if any one could be found who had the courage to address it, we might perhaps be relieved from its presence. Can you—will you—make some trivial excuse for going back into the drawing-room for a few minutes, see if the priest be still there, and, if he be, speak to him—adjure him to depart from this house—exorcise him, in fact?"

After some hesitation the bishop agreed to make the proposed experiment. His whispered conversation with the hostess having been apparently unobserved, he excused himself to her in a louder tone for a few moments' absence, and left the room, waving back the servant who would have attended him. It was with a strange thrill of awe that, on entering the drawing room, he perceived the figure of the priest still seated in the same spot—still diligently perusing his great breviary, if such it was; but with unshaken resolution he walked slowly forward, and stood directly in front of the apparition. As before, the priest greeted him with a courteous inclination of the head, but this time instead of immediately returning to the book his eyes rested, with a look of infinite weariness, and yet with a kind of suppressed eagerness also, upon the bishop's face. After a moment's pause, the bishop said slowly and solemnly:

"In the name of God, who are you and what do you want?"

The apparition closed its book, rose from its seat, stood confronting the bishop, and, after a slight hesitation, spoke in a low but clear and measured voice.

"I have never been so adjured before; I will tell you who I am and what I want....As you see, I am a priest of the Catholic Church; and, eighty years ago, this house in which we now stand was mine. I was a good rider, and was extremely fond of hunting when opportunity offered; and one day I was just about to start for the neighbouring meet, when a young lady of very high family indeed called upon me for the purpose of making a confession. What she said, of course, I may not repeat, but it affected very closely the honour of one of the noblest houses of England; and it appeared to me of such supreme importance that (there being certain complications in the case) I committed the grave indiscretion—the sin even, for it is strictly forbidden by our Church—of making notes of the confession as I heard it. When I had absolved and dismissed her I found that it was only barely possible for me to reach the *rendezvous* in time, but even in my haste I did not forget the supreme importance of guarding carefully my notes of the terrible secret just committed to me. For purposes which I need not now detail, I had had a few bricks loosened in the wall of one of the lower passages of this house and a small recess made—just the place, I thought, in which my notes would be perfectly safe from any conceivable accident until my return, when I intended to master the intricacies of the case at my leisure, and then at once destroy the dangerous paper. Meantime I hurriedly shut it between the leaves of the book I had held in my hand, ran downstairs, thrust the book into the recess, replaced the bricks, sprang upon my horse, and rode off at full speed.....That day in the hunting field I was thrown from my horse and killed on the spot; and ever since it has been my dreary fate to haunt this earthly home of mine and try to avert the consequences of my sin—try to guard from any possibility of discovery the fatal notes which I so rashly and wrongly made. Never until now has any human being dared to speak to me boldly as you have done; never until now has there seemed aught of help for me or hope of deliverance from this weary task; but now—will you save me? If I show you where my book is hidden, will you swear by all that you hold most sacred to destroy the paper that it contains without reading it—without letting any human eye see even one word of its contents? Will you pledge your word to do this?"

"I pledge my word to obey your wish to the letter," said the bishop with solemnity.

The gaze of the priest's eyes was so intense that they seemed to pierce his very soul, but apparently the result of the scrutiny was satisfactory, for the phantom turned away with a deep sigh of relief, saying "Then follow me."

With a strange sense of unreality the bishop found himself following the apparition down the broad staircase to the ground floor, and then down a narrower one of stone that seemed to lead down to some cellars or vaults. Suddenly the priest stopped and turned towards him.

"This is the place," he said, placing his hand on the wall; "remove this plaster, loosen the bricks, and you will find behind them the recess of which I spoke. Mark the spot well, and—remember your promise."

Following the pointing hand and the apparent wish of the spectre, the bishop closely examined the wall at the spot indicated and then turned to the priest to ask another question; but to his intense astonishment there was no one there—he was absolutely alone in the dimly-lighted passage! perhaps he ought to have been prepared for this sudden disappearance, but it startled him more than he cared to admit, even to himself; he hurried up the stairs, and presented himself, still breathless with the surprise, in the dining-room.

His prolonged absence had caused some comment, and now his agitated appearance excited general attention. Unable for the moment to speak coherently, his only answer to the earnest questions of his host was a sign which referred him to the hostess for explanation. With some hesitation she confessed the errand upon which her request had despatched the bishop, and, as may easily be imagined, the intensest interest and excitement were at once created. As soon as the bishop had recovered his voice, he found himself compelled to relate the story before the entire party, concealment being now out of the question. Celebrated as was his eloquence, it is probable that no speech he ever made was followed with closer attention than this; and at its conclusion there was no voice to oppose the unanimous demand that a mason be at once sent for to break down the wall and search for confirmation of this weird yet dramatically circumstantial tale. After a very short delay the man arrived, and the whole company trooped eagerly downstairs under the bishop's guidance to watch the result of his labours. The bishop could hardly repress a shudder as he found himself once more in the passage where his ghostly companion had vanished so unceremoniously; but he indicated the exact spot which had been pointed out to him, and the mason began to work upon it forthwith.

"The plaster seems very hard and firm," remarked some one.

"Yes," replied the host, "it is of excellent quality, and comparatively new; these vaults had been long disused, I am told, until my predecessor had the old brickwork repaired and plastered over only a few years ago."

By this time the mason had succeeded in breaking away the plaster and loosening a brick or two at the point indicated, and though perhaps no one was actually surprised, yet there was a very perceptible stir of excitement among the guests when he announced the existence of a cupboard or cavity about two feet square and eighteen inches deep in the thickness of the wall. The host pressed forward to look in, but, instantly recollecting himself, drew back and made way for the bishop, saying:

"I was forgetting your promise for the moment; to you alone belongs the right of the first investigation here."

Pale, but collected, the bishop stepped up to the cavity, and after one glance put in his hand and drew forth a heavily bound, old fashioned book, thickly covered with dust or mould. A thrill ran through the assembled guests at the sight, but no words broke the silence of awe-stricken expectation while he reverently opened the volume, and, after turning over a few leaves, drew from between

the pages a piece of writing paper,—yellow with age, on which were some irregular, hastily-written lines. As soon as the bishop was certain that he had found what he sought, he averted his eyes from it, and, the others falling back to make way for him, bore it carefully up the stairs and into the nearest room and cast it reverently into the fire burning on the hearth, almost as though he were laying a sacred offering upon some ancient Zoroastrian altar. Until the last scrap of the mysteriously found document was reduced to tinder, no one spoke; and even then, though a few disjointed exclamations of "Marvellous! wonderful indeed! who could have believed it?" broke forth, the majority were far too deeply impressed for words. The bishop felt that none who were present on that occasion could ever forget its lessons—he himself least of all, and indeed he could never tell the story, even after years had passed, without the profoundest emotion. The figure of the priest, he added, was never seen again in the house where he had so long guarded his guilty secret.

This again, like the previous story, is an example of a well-attested and not infrequent class of phenomena, and is specially remarkable only from the high position of the principal actor, and, perhaps, for a certain perfection of detail—an artistic finish, as it were—which, if this account were a fiction, would be supposed to do credit to the conceptive powers of the writer. The person from whom, and the circumstances under which, I heard it, precluded, however, the slightest possibility of its having acquired a romantic tinge, as might be the case had it passed through many hands instead of coming direct from the fountain head—and for my part I can only say that I have been, as ever, scrupulously exact in its reproduction, using in many cases, I believe, even the exact words in which it was originally told.

CHARLES WEBSTER, F. T. S.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ASTRAL BODY.

THE astral form or body is the casket of the higher self of man—the link between that group of principles comprising the 5th, 6th, 7th, which constitutes the individuality and the lower three—the physical body, vital force, and *linga sarira*—relating to the life-personality only and dispensed with for ever at death. It is recognised by Christians as the "soul," by spiritualists and others as the "*Mayavi-Rupa*," "double," "fetch," "ethereal body," "perisprit," "soul-body," "wraith," "doppelganger," etc., and is the "spiritual-body," of the great occultist Paul of Tarsus. Although energising on a higher plane of existence than that of our present consciousness, its constitution is molecular, but nevertheless of so delicate a nature as to enable it to glide through the interspaces between the gross vibrating particles of a wall or rock with the utmost facility. It was in his astral form that Jesus—the Initiate and Adept deified after his death—appeared to his disciples after the crucifixion, and on one occasion, if we are to accept the testimony of St. John, passed into a room with closed

doors.* Similar feats of thaumaturgy are reported of Apollonius of Tyana and others, while even in these latter times of materialistic scepticism, the experiences of certain members of the Theosophical Society have shown that an exalted school of mystics still possesses the key to this and other secrets of occultism.

The astral form is the exact counterpart of the physical body, varying as it varies in every phase of life—youth, maturity and decline. In the disincarnate state it maintains the identical characteristics which distinguished the physical body immediately before dissolution—witness the entities of the seance room, old men manifesting as old men, children as children, cripples as cripples, etc., until finally sloughing off from the higher principles on the semi-subjective plane known as Kama Loka, it slowly disintegrates after a long lapse of years. Not unfrequently the separability of the astral form is manifested during the lifetime of a person,—a fact which has served as the basis of half the ghost-stories extant and is embedded in the folklore of many a nation. This occurs:—

I. By the consciously-directed will of one who has undergone a special training to acquire this power, as in the case of the adept or evil magician. (I have information, however, on the best evidence of a private *medium* in London who has exercised this faculty on occasions).

II. Without any conscious effort of the will.

(a) Under anaesthetics. (Cf. the interesting discussion in Dr. Wyld's "Theosophy")

(b) Under the influence of strong emotion.†

(c) Shortly previous to or at the moment of dissolution.‡

(d) In the case of the mediumistic seance; the 'double' of the entranced sensitive often personating alleged "spirits."

(e) During dreams; this case is, however, I believe very rare. (See Dale Owen's "Footfalls").

(f) Owing to strong expectation; in which case the 'double' is often projected unintelligently.§

The phenomena of "Materialisation" appear to me to admit of a simple explanation. It has often been asked in connection with

* In the case of the 'Resurrection' of the Nazarene Reformer, we meet with a striking confirmation of the fact that the astral form is always adapting itself to the modifications of the physical body, when the sceptical Thomas is shown the wound in the side of his Guru, the impression of which was visible in the structure of the astral man (4th principle). Similar cases of this permanence in the 'Double' of injuries caused to the physical body during life are recorded in Spiritualistic literature. *Vice versa*, a blow or wound inflicted on the 'materialised' double when absent from the body subsequently reproduces itself on the latter. M. d'Assier gives an interesting instance of this in his essay, where a wound dealt to the astral form of one Jane Brooks (a witch tried at Chard and condemned to death March 26th 1658) similarly reproduced itself on her entranced body.

† Telepathy is often the true explanation of these phenomena, though of course not covering all the ground. To this source are traceable the majority of clairvoyant dreams.

‡ The recorded instances of these cases are legion. I cannot forbear, however, quoting one from d'Assier's book. A woman on a voyage from Rio Janeiro, shortly before her death, falls into a syncope and announces on recovery that she has visited a friend in Brazil. The friend referred to subsequently verifies the account.

§ Mrs. Crowe records the case of a farmer who, on returning from the fields, frequently appeared at home in spectral form previous to his actual arrival. Dr.

the extraordinary and indisputable case of "Katie King," recorded by W. Crookes, F. R. S., how *could* a materialized spirit have a heart and lungs to be subjected to the rigid diagnosis of the Professor? Now whether "Katie King" was or was not the astral double of Miss Cook or an earth-bound elementary—though the latter supposition seems the most probable—is evidently foreign to the argument. Both alternatives are necessarily open to one ultimate explanation. Now, according to occult philosophy, the astral form of a person is—unless personating in its Protean manner some entity present in the memory of a spectator—the *exact* duplicate of his physical body. Consequently it must, as M. d'Assier remarks in his profoundly interesting essay, possess a corresponding system of nerves, veins and arteries, etc., simulacra though they probably are, and *stereotyped*, as it were, subsequent to the death of the physical body. As its molecular structure is built up out of matter existing in a state of differentiation,* other than that with which our senses acquaint us, the whole process of "materialization" must consist in the temporary reduction of matter from a higher to a lower state, according to some occult law as exemplified in the Simla "Cup phenomenon." In the same way as *we* are able—as in the case of melting down a block of ice and reducing the resultant water to steam—to make matter pass through *three* states in succession, I contend there is some similar mysterious law of Nature by which the apparently inexplicable phenomenon of "materialization" is effected. This law *may* be known to elementaries, perhaps to 'controls',—but more probably, I think, is called into action by some large expenditure of nerve-force on the part of the medium—of course unconsciously to himself. There is really no "materialization" in the matter. The astral body or shell is already "matter," and *existing just as it appears only on a higher plane*, the effect of the expenditure of the nerve-force of the medium being indirectly to "de-differentiate" temporarily the molecules of which it is composed. On the exhaustion of the nerve-force thus expended‡, it will be impossible for the manifesting entity or astral form of the medium—whichever it be,—to appear before the spectator in a solid shape. Just as the elastic tends to rebound when stretched, so the matter of which the astral form (4th principle) is composed, tends to return to its original state, directly the flow of nerve-force from the system of the medium becomes weak. This explains why the form at a seance is so frequently obliged to retire into the cabinet to gain strength.

Another phenomenon which *may* be explained on a similar hypothesis is the fact, that the manifesting entities of the seance room and elsewhere are often clad in a spectral counterpart of the

Wyld gives a similar instance in his 'Theosophy.' In these cases the astral form is projected unintelligently, because *minus* the higher principles. When the upper triad of principles accompanies the Mayavi-Rupa, the projection is intelligent and the physical body entranced. Otherwise this latter is no necessary condition. Valuable works on these subjects are Mr. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," R. Dale Owen's "Footfalls," and Kerner's "Secress of Prevost."

* Matter according to occult science exists in seven states.

‡ In the case of the projection of the conscious 'double' by a living man, his own entranced body is the storehouse of energy on which he draws.

clothes they wore during life. Many of the sights witnessed at "haunted" houses, etc., are, I am firmly convinced, mere pictures in the astral light and depend on electrical and atmospheric conditions being originally induced thus *vividly*—for every word, thought or deed has its etheric impression as well as a disturbing action on our nerve-atmosphere—by some act committed with great concentration of purpose. But with regard to "materializations" the case is different. Photography has proved that these clothed apparitions are no mere transferred hallucinations, as Dr. von Hartmann wished to show, but objective realities. Whence then the lavish display of attire visible on these forms? It seems to me that if we realise that everything in nature has its astral counterpart,* the explanation is simple. There must thus necessarily be astral counterparts of clothes also, astounding and even absurd as this statement will at first sight appear. Clearly if every molecule of "matter" has its seven principles, *as is the case*, the most trivial article of attire must necessarily have its astral—or as the Positivist M. d'Assier puts it 'fluidic'—counterpart. This latter is the aggregation of all the astral molecules of a fabric, etc., each of which is ordinarily linked to a fellow-molecule of what we term gross matter (*i. e.*, that state of matter cognized by the five senses). These "astral clothes" would be consequently detachable, retaining the same appearance as the original garment. That the astral forms of adepts are thus clad must also, in the absence of any direct information on the point, *appear* at least possible.† The remarkable experience narrated by Col. H. S. Olcott in his letter printed in "Hints on Esoteric Theosophy," No. II, may be thus reduced to law. In the account given there we are informed that previous to the departure of his astral visitant, the earnest but then sceptical Colonel requested some tangible proof of his not having been the subject of what psychical Researchers would term a "telepathic impulse," and Hartmann a "continuous transferred hallucination." The Mahatma in reply throws down his fehta, and disappears. The fehta, however, remains as an unanswerable proof of the objective nature of the experience. In this case the phenomenon is, at least, explicable on the hypothesis that by the knowledge of a profound occultist the fehta,—which was the astral counterpart of an original one in India,—was reduced, or rather the molecules composing it, from an existence in a transcendental to existence in a sensuous state of matter.‡ There would thus be now two fehtas, the astral

* There is no Realism involved in this statement, which merely amounts to this. When we say, for instance, that a tree has its astral counterpart, we do not mean that this counterpart exists as a *thing in itself* independently of observation, but that it is our illusory perception of the indications of a certain unknown and abstract reality. The latter is a thing in itself, but *not* its phenomenal appearance a product of our own mental states which the astral senses would cognize as "astral tree."

† M. d'Assier expresses the opinion that *every* object has its "fluidic image," or as occult science would term it—its astral counterpart. It is open to question, however, whether he is not chargeable with holding a veiled system of Realism, *i. e.*, a belief in an independent external world. Students of occultism cannot be too careful to distinguish between phenomena and noumena, in investigations of this sort. In this paper *phenomena* alone are dealt with.

‡ This of course however would still involve the reduction of matter from a 'higher' to a 'lower' state. Many phenomena can be thus produced.

counterpart of the original having been permanently "materialized," and each would now attract a number of astral molecules from the surrounding elements corresponding to its physical molecules and two fresh astral counterparts would be thus produced. The duplication of objects would be similarly effected, *i. e.*, by a permanent reduction of matter existing in one state to another, the astral counterpart of the original object being utilized for the purpose. As I said before when *we* transform water into ice by observing certain chemical conditions,—Western Science however only recognising three possible states of the existence of matter—we repeat the same experiment on a smaller scale, causing matter to pass from one state into another. There is thus only a question of degree, not of kind, between the two operations. The remaining hypothesis seem to be (1) that by the exercise of a trained will *according to an occult law*, the 'crystallization' of a material object out of the boundless resources of the akasa may be effected, (2) on the theory that, as Schopenhauer himself says, the laws of nature are *subordinate to and may be suspended* by the will alone, any phenomenon whatever being thus procurable. It is impossible for the uninitiated student to decide the point, but all things considered the production of the "astral attire" seems referable to the hypothesis of the utilization of astral counterparts, occasionally also to No. (1) of the last named causes. The transference of material objects from place to place is perhaps effected by an "Astralization"—if the term is permissible—of the physical object, and its transportation on akasic currents to the desired spot.

Perhaps the most striking independent testimony to the existence of the astral form comes from the most unlikely source. M. Adolphe d'Assier, a luminary of the Positivist School—which has hitherto insisted on the *impossibility* of the survival of human consciousness after death* in his essay on "Posthumous Man," categorically decides in favour of the existence and separability of the "Double." He believes also (1) in the existence of sorcerers and of their power to be present in this form when the physical body is lying entranced in another "locality †"; (2) in the existence of "incubi," "succubi" (*i. e.*, grossly material elementaries) and vampires, citing the terrible cases of the depopulation of whole Servian villages by these latter monsters; (3) in the existence of animals in astral form after death ‡; (4) in the desperate attempts of ex-human beings to once more

* We are to live after death only in the consequences of our actions and the diffusion of our ideas among other minds, is M. Comte's cheerful dictum. I am afraid doctrines of this sort will not enhance the sanction of morality for the black sheep of humanity. It rather fails too to invest *post-mortem* possibilities with an overwhelming measure of importance to ourselves! Comte's feeble remark is merely a concession to the thirst for immortality in man.

† May Theosophists not venture to retort: "Why not then adepts of the Good Law?" If *evil* mystics can acquire these powers, why not those of an exalted moral type?

‡ M. d'Assier gives cases of a miller appearing in the form of a dog! of a posthumous calf! of an astral mule! as instances of this phenomenon. True the Human Double is Protean in its assumption of temporary forms, but these phenomena are far more probably, if authentic, due to the pranks of elementals. He, however, explains the first case as a possible instance of posthumous "atavism"—a return to the lower life-forms in the Evolutionary chain. But Science has surely not yet traced the descent of man to the canine species.

manifest on the scene of their former experiences; of "the effort of the dead to recall himself to the memory of his kinsfolk and to implore their assistance;" (5) in the frequent appearance of the human double during life, when projected unconsciously during syncope, or under the influence of strong excitement; instancing many unimpeachable accounts of this phenomenon; (6) in promiscuous hauntings "poltergeists*" or violent 'ghosts,' and in wraiths, *i. e.*, apparitions of his own double to the person himself to forewarn in a dangerous crisis, etc., etc. These declarations from so eminent a man of science, once a professed materialist and speaking as an ardent follower of M. Comte, are most weighty as well as of absorbing interest. They are striking indications of the fact that the recognition of physical phenomena—already attested by names like those of Du Prel, A. R. Wallace, Profs. Hare, Zollner, Thiersch, Crookes, Hellenbach, Senior, Butler of and others—will become the necessity, not the singularity, of the next generation of men of science. M. d'Assier, however does not admit the immortality of the soul—which to him is identical with the astral form. It survives only for a limited term of years as a miserable and desperate phantom lingering out an utterly cheerless existence. It is needless to point out to him that if the final elimination of the astral form from the physical body is the result of death, it is *a priori* extremely probable that the astral form itself will serve as a fresh starting point for evolution after *its* extinction. We are content enough with his present admissions to allow ourselves without his aid to deduce the logical conclusion from the data which he thus furnishes. A medium according to him has the best chance of a long posthumous survival,—especially if he has mediumistic friends—owing to his possession of "mesmeric ether," and the "nerve-aura" of occultism and the "nerve-atmosphere" of Dr. B. W. Richardson. But the fact is that mediums possess far less of this nerve-aura than their more 'positive' fellowmen, their only *apparent* superiority in this respect being due to their excessive outlay of the original small quantum of it which they possess. "Positive" subjects economise their aura, mediums are continually dispensing with it to the injury of their health, in this manner furnishing their generally impure visitants with the force necessary for direct manifestation.

In M. d'Assier's anxiety to "strip posthumous man of the supernatural" and to "free men's minds from the debilitating hallucinations (What after his revelations !!) of spiritualism," he is most careful to obliterate the idea of immortality from our reflections. He can find no instances of doubles surviving after

* M. d'Assier's first suspicions of the reality of a future existence were derived from a series of remarkable experiences of this kind at a hydropathic establishment where he had gone to recruit his health. Poltergeist—especially stone-throwing—phenomena are fairly numerous and not unfrequently unanswerably attested (Cf. the extraordinary cases in R. D. Owen's 'Foot-falls' and in the back Nos. of "Light.'). They are often without apparent meaning and due, it would seem, generally to elementals availing themselves of the proximity of some mediumistic person on whose nerve-force they draw. Hartmann, through ascribing too many effects to the action of this force may be at fault, but he is undoubtedly right in insisting on its wide operation.

the death of the body for more than 100 years and points to the *fact* of the decreasing feebleness of the manifestations, as time flies, as a proof of the gradual fading out of the Ego—for ever. Evidently you may "break, you may shatter the vase if you will, but the odour of Comtism hangs round it still"—to mutilate the old song. If M. d'Assier would condescend to glance over the chapters on Kama Loka in "Esoteric Buddhism," he would realize the *real* meaning of these unquestionable facts. The death of the astral 'shell' with the gradual previous fading out of *its* consciousness after separation from the higher group of principles is the true explanation of the process he seizes upon to impugn the truth of immortality. Moreover his investigations seem mainly to relate to the lower astrals and elementals. He must look further yet to discover the mysteries of "posthumous humanity."

E. D. FAWCETT.

Postscript.—In connection with the question of "wraiths," *i. e.*, the appearance of man's unconscious double to *himself* on occasions of peril (vide the instances given in M. d'Assier's works), my theory is as follows:—that when the occurrence of some serious mis-adventure—not included in the Karmic destiny of an individual—is impending, the higher consciousness,—the "Transcendental subject" of Kant and Du Prel—is directly or indirectly the cause of its prevention in this manner. Otherwise I can see no explanation of this remarkable fact. The higher self is thus "the guardian angel" of primitive Christianity.

UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ELIPHAS LEVI.

(Fourth Series.)

IDRA SUTRA, SECTION II.

The Colloquy, II.

LET us continue our mental sketch of the hieroglyphic head that represents the father.

What eyes shall we give him?

Different eyes, eyes without eyelashes and without eyelids. For God never sleeps and never closes his eyes. It is not written: the guardian of Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps? It is also written: the eyes of the Lord are always over the whole extent of the universe. Yet it is said: the gaze of the Lord rests on those who fear him, the eye of Adonai is fixed on Israel. Is this a contradiction? No, indeed. For the Lord who regards the whole universe is the God of light, he who regards and prefers a single people is the God of shadow. The preference given to Israel would be an injustice, and hence a lie, did not God at the same time regard the entire universe. The eye of privilege would see badly were it not sustained and rectified by the eye of justice. For this reason we give two eyes to the Supreme head, but the two eyes are the two foci of an ellipse and this ellipse of the two eyes forms but a single eye.

This single eye has three rays and three aureoles. The three aureoles are the crowns that constitute the triple kingdom of things visible to God. They are two eyes, but when one tries to distinguish them, they become confounded and changed into a single eye. It is the right eye of the unique face composed of light and shade; for the two faces make but one, just as the two eyes make but one.

The left eye is that of the microprosope and it has eyebrows that contract, and frowns that threaten. It often sleeps, for it is made in the image of man, and he it is to whom is said: wake Lord, and look upon us.

Woe to the man who sees the eye of God red and inflamed with anger! Where will he who believes in an irritated God, look for pardon?

The ancient of days is full of mercy and the ray of his gaze is a light that is always white and always pure. Happy is the lot of the wise man who sees in this purity and whiteness. It is written: come children of Jacob and walk in the light of Adonai!

The name of the supreme master, however, remains surrounded by mystery.

It is nowhere explained in the law except in this passage, where Abraham has the promise of God: I swear by myself that in thee shall Israel be blessed. Who can thus pledge by an oath the name of the human God? and what is Israel in the divine order, but the faith of Israel?

And if God says by the mouth of the prophet: Israel, thou shalt be my glory; is not this the God of shadow desiring to glorify himself in the splendour of Israel's God of light?

In order to distinguish him by some name, we call him the ancient of days.

Indeed it is said in the prophecy of Daniel: I have seen thrones fall down and the ancient of days seat himself.

"Rise, rabbi Jehuda, and tell as what are these thrones that fall down." "It is written," said rabbi Jehuda, "his throne is the hearth of the life-giving fire. God sits on this throne and the fire vivifies instead of devouring and destroying. If God quits the throne, the hearth is extinguished for fear of consuming the worlds."

"Wherever God's seat is, there is equilibrium. When his power forms a centre, it creates a new universe, and all the others are displaced to gravitate around it. For God moves to sit down, and sits down to move on again."

And rabbi Schimeon said to rabbi Jehudah, "may God direct thee in the eternal paths, and may he abide in thy thoughts."

III.

Come and see. It is written: I am myself before all beings. I am in the first, and in the last of all I am wholly myself.

All is he for all reveals him. He hides himself in all that is. His breath gives life to all that breathes, and therefore, among the mysteries of his allegorical face, we shall now explain what is typified by his nose.

It is especially the nose that indicates the character of a face. But the head of light and the head of shadow are very different in character. The nose of the superior head breathes life into the inferior one.

From one nostril proceeds personal, and from the other, collective life.

But the one soul of this double breath is mercy and pardon. It is this breath which, at the time of the Messiah, is to appease all tempests and calm all anger.

The spirit of wisdom and intelligence, the spirit of counsel and of strength, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord—are all these different spirits?

It has been said that the breath of the Father is unique.

"Rise, rabbi Josuah!"

Rabbi Josuah rose and said, "In the days of the Messiah wisdom will be no longer hidden, for the intelligences will open. The breath of the Father, the spirit of God, will come with the six spirits that make but one, just as the six steps of the throne of Solomon formed the base of one single throne. Thus are explained the seven spirits of the thrones spoken of by the ancient prophets. They are the seven rays of light, the seven notes of music, the seven breathings that form the one breath of the spirit."

"May thine," said rabbi Schimeon, "rest in the place of the world to come."

Come now, see, when the prophet Ezekiel invokes the spirit to vivify the dead, he calls the four breaths that compose the spirit of life. What are these four inspiring breaths?

That of God towards man, that of man towards God, and that which results from their mixture, and then the great divine breath, immense and eternal, that encircles the worlds and returns to the mouth of the father.

These four breaths form but one which is the spirit of life.

Thus the prophet, turning towards the four cardinal points, calls but one spirit.

Is it not said that when king Messiah shall reign, when the spirit of intelligence and science shall be poured out on all flesh, every human soul will know the truth without the necessity of learning it?

For, at that time, when the veils of falsehood shall be for ever torn, souls no longer separated by the variety of errors will live through one another and will read in one another.

Each will radiate for all by a sort of universal aspiration and respiration.

Thus in all things, the spirit of life will be composed of four breaths.

Then there will be, as it were, a universal resurrection for the life of intelligence.

For the four spirits that are but one are figured by the square that encloses the triangle and thus is explained, in the symbolism of the members, the mystery of the seven spirits.

The nose of the white ancient, the nose of the supreme head, breathes out creations that are always new. That of the head of shadow breathes forth destruction and conflagration.

The black head breathes in life and breathes out death, the white head absorbs death and breathes forth life.

Who can conceive these strange and monstrous heads? Who has even seen or understood them? The kings of kings, that is to say, the masters of science and of wisdom, are alone able to understand where and why they are traced out, and how true it is to say that they both do and do not exist.

The Mystery of the White Beard.

Rabbi Schimeon had paused for an instant; again he spoke and said:

Woe to him who stretches out a profane hand towards the majestic beard of the father of fathers.

For this beard is a glory that effaces all glories, it is a mystery that envelopes all mysteries. None has ever seen it, none can touch it.

The beard is the ornament of ornaments, the majesty of majesty.

The beard brings the ears into communication with the mouth, it radiates around the lips like the speech that gives life and light to souls.

Therefore we take it for the symbolical figure of the Word.

It conceals all mysteries and teaches all truths. It is as white as snow and projects a shadow darker than night. It is divided into thirteen parts on which are spread the most precious perfumes. Two parts ascend from the nose to the corners of the mouth and are separated by a hairless space. Two parts join the beard to the root of the ears.

The beard is perfect because we take it for the perfect word. It is all beauty, all equilibrium, all justice. Above it shine the cheeks like two rosy apples, which, on the microproscope reflect the light of life.

The white and the red in combination form the colour of the mysterious rose; the whiteness of milk and the redness of blood; the whiteness of light and the redness of fire.

All that is red or white in nature is derived from the supreme rose.

The thirteen divisions of the white beard represent the synthesis of all truths; and the man who understands this allegorical beard, is a man of truth.

Do we not say proverbially, speaking of a man who is wise and strong—who before committing himself to any enterprise, lowers his eyes and reflects—that is a man who looks at the beard?

And those who stretch out the hand and swear by the beard of an old man, swear by the truth symbolized by the thirteen forms of the supreme beard.

Four—the four letters of the sacred name, the four elementary forms, the four angles of the square, the four cardinal points of heaven; and nine—three multiplied by three; the active, the passive, and their equilibrium reproduced by themselves.

The Mystery of the Black Beard.

Do order and regular arrangement exist also in the beard of the microproscope? Rise, rabbi Isaac, and tell us the forms of the black beard.

Rabbi Isaac rose and said: listen to these thirteen words of the prophet Michah.

1. Who is like unto thee O Lord?
2. Thou removest injustice causing it to disappear.
3. In moving thou passest over sin.
4. For it is thy will to save thy people in the end.
5. Thou wilt not be angry for ever.
6. For thy will is pardon.
7. Thy compassion will yet visit us.
8. It will overcome our iniquities.
9. It will bury at the bottom of the sea the last recollection of our faults.
10. He will give a heritage of truth to the family of Jacob.
11. And eternal compassion to the family of Abraham.
12. We believe in thy oath made to our fathers.
13. We believe in the promise of former days.

These, continued rabbi Isaac, are thirteen drops of precious balm fallen from the thirteen tufts of the supreme beard, and which come to create order in the chaos of the inferior beard.

The black beard has curling and stiff hair intertwined.

But the thirteen drops of the balm of mercy force them to conform to the harmonious arrangement of the superior beard. For the white beard causes its silky, flexible hair to descend to the black beard. And its streams of kindness modify the coarseness of the dark hair.

Thick and twisted hair is often a mark of intellectual slavery. And if we consider the hair as the radiation of the brain, a calm and lucid thought ought to be represented by regular, soft, and flexible hair.

The mouth is analogous to the hair from which it is however very distinct. The hair is revealed behind the ears; at the ears begins the beard which radiates around the mouth.

The black beard is the shadow of the white one, as the law is the shadow of liberty, and as threats are the shadow of pardon and love.

We have said that both shadow and light are necessary to the manifestation of day, and all brightness is revealed by a mixture of light and shade. Thus we may say that in the divine revelation absolute shadow does not exist and all is light. The light that shines is the white light, and the light that hides itself in shadow is the black light.

The law is written on a white page with black coals that the seraphim take from off the altar.

It is the great sheet of light bearing characters of fire.

Hence we represent the divine thought, the spirit of the scriptures, by a soft white beard with which is contrasted a stiff black one. For the one figures the spirit and the other the letter of the law.

So it is also with the hair. That of the God of light is white as snow, that of the God of shadow is black.

But the white beard anoints the black one with its perfumes, and the white head distills its splendours on to the black one; so that the two heads of hair and the two beards are attached to but one and the same head which is the symbolical and allegorical figure of God.

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."*

(Continued from page 169.)

THE second act opens with a view of Klingsor's Magic Castle, the Magician himself seated before the crystal in which he sees all the actions of the world; another reference to the ordinary practical magic of both East and West. By reason of Kundry's lower nature he has the power to summon her to aid him in his work. This he does in the same way that the "luminous shadow" is called up in the "Strange Story," Kundry's form arising in a pale bluish mist; for we are distinctly told it is not herself. In his incantations he has given us an insight into her true history, calling her by the different names under which she has been known to men in her various incarnations, "Kundry, Gundryggia, Herodias, Rose of Hell,—and what yet?" As Gurnemanz has said of her while engaged in the service of the knights, "Here lives she now, perhaps reborn, to wipe out the sins of her former existence." The unhappy woman's nature is torn between the conflicting powers of good and evil; the "spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." She has been led by her desire for a higher life into doing errands of mercy for the knights of the Gral, but her baser nature, violently as we have seen her struggling against it when in the first act she sinks into her magnetic trance, prevails still, by the effect of her past Karma. With her the Karma seems to work by explosions, alternating with periods of rest and repentance. It is significant that Gurnemanz tells us that Titurel found her on the very ground of the Gral's enclosure, as he was consecrating it, "sleeping and apparently dead;" but he, the good old founder, knew the meaning of her apparition then, and that, even in such a community, while yet the knights led incarnated lives, the danger of a fall was present. Thus Gurnemanz himself found her again, after Amfortas slid from the path of purity; and her very presence among the knights must be considered as typifying the fact that from them as yet earthly passions were not permanently cast out. That will only come at the end of Parsifal's work. Here we have her summoned by Klingsor in order to attempt the corruption of the "foolish one." The whole scene, in music and dialogue, is full of the most diabolical energy, and we can scarcely look on at or listen to it without a shudder. The poor soul is writhing in torture at the horrible deed she is called upon to perform, and is powerless to refuse. "Desire, desire!" like Amfortas she wails forth. This is her curse. "I will not," she says, "Well wilt thou, as thou must," replies Klingsor. "Thou canst not hold me

to it." "Nay, but bind thee." Her lower will, he knows, is stronger still than her higher wish. Then, in response to her cry for redemption, he tells her, "He who renounces thee alone can set thee free;" or, in other language, by refusing to be attached to the body only can it be purified. To her work must she go!

The castle sinks out of sight, and we are now in the scene of Parsifal's temptation. The youth stands upon the battlements, looking down upon as fair a sight as ever wooed a man to pleasure: the brightest of flowers, the loveliest of maidens. The Zauber-mädchen, Klingsor's advance guard of tempters, troop in from every side, and surround Parsifal. They are the personification of worldly pleasures, innocent, nay childish, in themselves, but deadly to those who allow their whole soul to be ensnared by them. To attain them Parsifal has had to slay their possessors—the old, old tale of the race for wealth and amusement, for which each man will sacrifice his fellow-men. Their evanescent character, their powerlessness over those who withstand them, they well show in the line, "Can'st thou not love us and woo us, we wither and perish away." For his albeit but momentary dalliance with them he has to journey many a weary year ere he again strikes upon the path to the Gralsberg. But they have no lasting charm for him, and as he spurns them they revile him, and even in their retreat attack him with the Parthian dart of ridicule. He shakes off their chains under the influence of a stronger passion, inspired by the sight of Kundry, in her form of supernatural beauty. She calls his name, and then the very memory of these pleasures is dimmed, as he says, "This all have I but dreamt?" In the "Light of Asia," Edwin Arnold gives us an almost identical picture of the temptation of Buddha:

"So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,
Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles.

* * *

Never so matchless grace delighted eye,
As troop by troop these midnight-dancers swept
Nearer the tree, each daintier than the last,
Murmuring 'O, great Siddartha! I am thine.
Taste of my mouth, and see if youth is sweet!
Also, when nothing moved our master's mind,
Lo! Kama waved his magic bow, and lo!
The band of dancers opened, and a shape,
Fairest and stateliest of the throng, came forth."

The soft veil of luxuriant creepers is lifted, and Kundry is revealed. At this point of the drama we see Kundry at her very worst. Through the picture of Herzeleide, which she calls up to Parsifal's mind, she would fain woo him to seeking love from herself; the boy is innocent, and she knows it, and that it is only the portrayal of a pure affection that will assist her in confusing the issue, so that she may then substitute for this ideal another of a baser form. She tells to Parsifal the story of his birth, and of his mother's griefs and fears for him, and at last of her lonely death. Even in her recital, however, we learn that it was only while the babe Parsifal slept, or was absent, that Herzeleide was filled with "Sehnen," with this "desire," that he alone was

* Reprinted from "Transactions of the London Lodge T. S." No. XI.

sent into the world to still for all men. And it is perfectly consistent with his character of the future destroyer of pain and desire that her death should occur at the moment when his first faint glimmerings of compassion began. With this feeling of sympathy, one's own egoistical heartache vanishes away. So Herzeleide, his one tie to the flesh, died. Henceforth the musical theme associated with her as his mother is put aside and in its place a shorter and more universally applicable motive introduced. His heartache is now to be for others; and this very motive we find largely associated with the agony of Amfortas in the last act—Amfortas, with whom, as representing the most tragic woe of mankind, he must feel the greatest sympathy. Kundry now stoops over him and gives him the Judas kiss; with that kiss would she poison the wellsprings of his purity. To him it is the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, for he starts, shuddering, away from her, with the cry, "Amfortas!" The momentary contact with sinful desire has opened up to him all the history of Amfortas' fall. Not a word has ere this been breathed to him of the cause of the King's pain; but now that he is, by contact with the cause itself, *en rapport* with the erring ruler, the whole scene lies before him in the "astral light." "Durch Mitleid wissend" has at last been fulfilled; all childishness is cast aside; he is now the conscious redeemer of his kind. He hears again the lament of the brotherhood over the waning glories of the Gral, the cry of the Holy of Holies itself, "Save and redeem me from sin-stained hands;" the last film of blindness is removed from his eyes, and he falls on his knees praying for forgiveness for his having left the pursuit of this divine knowledge in search of childish adventure.

But Kundry; still under the magic of Klingsor's spell, will not be so easily denied; the arts by which she bound Amfortas she would fain exercise on the spiritual heir of holiness; the body yet endeavours to assert its sway. Must he feel the pains of others, let him feel hers too; or rather, in the deeper meaning of the character, his own. She then relates her former career, and the curse which has befallen her. In a previous incarnation she had laughed at the sight of the Saviour on the cross! For this frightful blasphemy must she now pass "from world to world" in search of him; nay, even when for a moment she deems his glance cast upon her, "then comes the cursed laughter back." It is the curse of the body, of materialism, that laughs at the very idea of a soul; in one field of investigation after another it is met but by its own horrible grimace. She pretends that it is her material knowledge, and not the insight given by contact with it into the grim history of the souls it has wrecked, that has made Parsifal clairvoyant (hell-sichtig). "Pursue it then and thou wilt be as a God in this world; redeem this world by it, and leave the poor body, from whose wants it arose, to be accursed." The temptress has all the cant of the advanced material school at her beck and call, and in a masterly way changes her point of attack, directing it now against his emotional and intellectual planes. But not so. Parsifal tells her, "Can'st thou show me the way to heal the suffering

heart of another, then to thyself also do I bring redemption." That she will not, for she cannot; compassion for herself is all that she will seek from the Lord of compassion. Then, as he refuses to delay his holy mission, she invokes the powers of magic; and Klingsor, appearing, endeavours to destroy this dangerous opponent of his might, by directing against him the holy spear. But not even in the hand of so powerful a magician can the weapon avail against purity of heart; and Parsifal, making the mystic sign of the cross with the arrested spear, the might of Klingsor and his castle vanish into thin air. The lance is thus restored by Parsifal to its holy purpose, in the service of occultism, and the white magic conquers the black. As the spear in one of its meanings represents the will, we see here that will wrested from the animal passions, of which Klingsor is the concentration, and they are subjugated perforce, while it becomes now subject to the spiritual soul, embodied in Parsifal.

In this act Parsifal has reached the turning point in his career.

With one mighty effort all the selfish passions of the man are cast out in his sympathy with Amfortas; and here the mystic signification of the whole drama is most clearly shown. The feeling with others in their pains of body, intellect, and soul as though they were his own, the divination even of the causes of their griefs untold, this can only come to man from the full awakening of those powers of higher consciousness which lie dormant in us all, yet are even moderately active in but few. This is not only the emancipation from the lower self, but the bursting asunder of the bonds of individualism that separate man from man. Yet his contact with materialism gives temporary power to the curse Kundry invokes upon him: "Error, wandering! My boon companion, *into thy hands deliver I him!*"

In the third act we find Gurnemanz turned hermit. The brotherhood of the knights seems to have lost its vitality; the holy vision being denied them owing to the selfish prohibition of their King Amfortas, Titurel has died, and each knight has sought his own way.* They have endeavoured to sustain their mystic power by the practice of asceticism, and each is separated from the other. "Kraüter und Wurzeln findet ein jeder sich selbst." Each seeks the herbs and roots for his own food; as Gurnemanz says, they have learnt the lesson from the dumb creation. They have not learnt a right lesson from the lower kingdoms, however; for to what has it led the Ritterschaft? To nothing exalted. The mere warding off of deadly sins, each one for himself, while their lord and chief steward are slowly sinking under the deprivation of higher sustenance. It is not that the practice of vegetarianism is not in itself a means to the leading of a holy life; but it is the end for which they have pursued this that is bad. While each is engaged in the care of his own holiness none can work for the good of the whole. Wagner tells us they are now deprived both of courage

* This also seems to suggest the decline of a great religious movement through the introduction of sectarianism.—Ed.

and of leader. "No more comes message from afar to them nor call to holy battle." Here, again, we have the doctrine that individual effort, while directed to one's own salvation alone, avails nought even for that.

But the period of this lifelessness is soon to be cut short; and we are first introduced to this waste place, when Gurnemanz finds once more the almost lifeless body of Kundry; for in this drama where Kundry is, there Parsifal will surely appear. The two have a remarkable relation to one another, though the relation of opposite poles—the one that of matter, the other that of spirit. It is Kundry alone who has known Parsifal's history; she who has told the knights of his parentage, and himself of his mother's death. She may almost be considered as his lower self, and it is she who is always connected with things corporeal. It is by her and her master, Klingsor, that Amfortas received the wound; for his bodily wound alone it is she cares, and brings the balsam and orders the healing bath. In this act her only words are, "Dienen, Dienen," "Service;" she draws the water from the well, and, like the Magdalene, washes the Redeemer's feet, and offers the oil with which to anoint Parsifal's head. In her great struggle with Parsifal, it was "the body and the life" which she promised him should be his reward. Always the body! While he has been passing many weary years of pilgrimage, she too must have passed through some terrible process of purification, for she has entirely changed her mien. She is no longer the wild witch of the first act nor the dazzling enchantress of the second; Klingsor's power of evil over her has been broken, and now she is meek and humble. Klingsor's mocking words have come true: "He who contemns thee, sets thee free." The body itself is purified with the spirit.

Hardly has she come before us, when, clad in dark armour and solemn of tread, appears Parsifal, the holy spear by his side. Many years has he wandered through the world of trials and temptations unaided; the past karma of his actions required this, but like all karma, it was but an instrument for his good; he must work out his own process of cleansing ere he could obtain the power to help others. While there was the least trace of materialism left in him he was not fit for the great office he was to perform. Just as the Chela, beyond the few paradoxical hints that he receives, is expected to find out the truth for himself, and, if he cannot do this, is rejected as of no promise, so Parsifal had to find for himself the path. The spear he dared not use for self-defence lest he dishallow it; that is to say, no spiritual powers must be employed for a selfish purpose. For the good of others, yes; but not for oneself, else the high character of the occultist drops imperceptibly to that of the Black Magician.

But now the time of delivery is drawing nigh. Gurnemanz, who, as the Human Mind, has ministered to Amfortas, the sovereign Will, now effects the final initiation by the baptism of Parsifal, and, doing homage to him, forthwith proclaims his entry into the service of the Buddhi, or spiritual soul. At once Parsifal himself finds a fresh meaning in nature; for the veil, previously

lifted with regard to the human race, is now entirely rent asunder, so that he sees his oneness with the other kingdoms of nature. As Siegfried, after tasting the dragon's blood, understands the language of the birds, so Parsifal now feels the bond of union between himself and the world of leaves and flowers. "How sweet is now the fragrance of the children of the meadows, how lovingly they speak to me," he says. It is Good Friday, and on this day of the emancipation of man comes also for the kingdoms below him their passage into a higher state; they step into his shoes, so to speak. They cannot see the highest truths, but they, the lower creation, look up to man, and their development is carried a step higher in the ascending scale of material being. From the point of view of man himself also, it is "Tat tvam asi"—"Thou art it." He feels that he and the universe are one. It is probably more than a coincidence that he who effects this initiation is Gurnemanz, who throughout the play has acted as the Remembrancer, for in the posthumous fragments of Wagner's prose writings of about this date we find these pregnant lines; "Religion and art also are but rudiments of a former culture." The memory of his previous state of unity with the universe is thus called up to Parsifal by Gurnemanz; and here we have a remarkable coincidence with a tenet of the Esoteric lore, namely, that just before the attainment of Nirvāna the whole of the previous states of existence are called up in the mind of the individual. Thus Gurnemanz, representing as he does the human intellect, and more especially its faculty of remembrance, is the very person to perform this preliminary act of the final emancipation. Though only one phase of these prior existences is seized upon by Wagner as presented to Parsifal's vision, that, being the phase of vegetable incarnation, is the exact one that by its unexpectedness will be the most striking in its impression upon the imagination of his audience.

We are now taken once more to the Temple of the Gral, there to find all in solemn mourning. The astral body, that of Titurel, is apparently dead; the very vital principle itself, embodied in Amfortas, is ready to destroy itself through long separation from its essence, the Holy Spear; and the tragedy is all but complete. But now Parsifal enters, and with him Kundry and Gurnemanz; and thus, with exception of the animal passions, the fourth principle, which is typified by Klingsor, all the six principles ordinarily known are re-united. Kundry, the first, the body Rupa, with its traces of the fourth or animal soul, the Kama Rupa; Amfortas, the second, the vital principle, Prana, with its intensified form in the holy spear which Titurel, the third, (the astral body or Linga Sharira,) had, before Amfortas fell, confided to him alone; Gurnemanz, the human soul, the fifth, or Manas; and finally, Parsifal, the spiritual soul, the sixth, or Buddhi. One, the highest of them all, is yet to come, though it is brooding amongst them all, and we have heard its memory worshipped in the Temple scene of the first act.

We now hear Amfortas' terrible wail of anguish, when the whole soul seems rent asunder in grief and repentance, and the motive of

Klingsor, the animal soul, again rings through the sacred edifice. Parsifal approaches, the orchestra accompanying his steps with the theme of the Gral itself, showing the latter's correspondence with the Buddhi, or spiritual knowledge; that knowledge, which is absolute, intuitive, and not derived from book-learning, nor from experience on the material plane. He restores, by touching him with the spear, Amfortas' wholeness, and then he re-unites both spear and Gral; occult power and occult knowledge, Zanoni and Mejnour, meet never more to part. Then Kundry, the body, which after Parsifal's final initiation had been purified by baptism at his own hands, is dissolved, her form falling lifeless before the altar. The Gral glows with the divine light, Titurel lifts himself in his coffin with the sign of blessing, and softly and slowly floats down the Holy Dove,* the last link in the septenary chain. It is the Atmá, the *Divine* Spirit, which is henceforth the one supreme principle which knits all the others into harmonious union with itself; and thereby Nirvána is gained. Nothing ever seen on any stage has produced the miraculous effect upon the spectators of this snow-white Dove descending in a flood of light, as the curtains gently close the scene from sight, amid a hush of awe. It seems as though they were themselves caught up into the seventh Heaven, and all the woes of the body left behind.

In the symbolism of this drama much has been borrowed from the rites of the Christian Church; but that was absolutely necessary in order to exercise a mystic and religious influence upon an audience accustomed to those rites. Had Wagner's compatriots been, as a whole, Mohammedans, Buddhists, or ancient Hellenes, their form of worship must have been the mould in which he would perforce have cast his play; for some form of language, some vernacular must be adopted ere we can have intelligible speech,—until the universal tongue, the universal cultus, is proclaimed.

W. ASTON ELLIS.

* It was the Dove also who took up the silken reins of Lohengrin's barque when his time on earth was over, and he was to return to the higher realms.

“OCCULTISM IN MODERN LITERATURE.”

PART VI.

(“A Romance of Two Worlds.” BY MARIE CORELLI.)

AMONG the recent publications which touch upon the occult, “A Romance of Two Worlds,” by Marie Corelli (London: Bantons, 1886), is one which, while it shows many traces of a mind seemingly new to such studies, is yet saturated from beginning to end with the purest Theurgic mysticism. There is to be found in it no taint of the impure “drawing-room occultism” pervading some of its contemporaries; and although there are some “guardian angels” and spirits to be met with in its pages, they are not of the imbecile séance-room varieties which occupy prominent positions in certain other recent novels.

The authoress says in her Prologue, “In the present narration, which I have purposely called a ‘Romance,’ I do not expect to be believed, as I can only relate what I myself have experienced:” and she dedicates it to “One who knows”! We thence infer that she wishes it to be understood that her ‘Romance’ is intended as a parable or “fiction illustrating truth” to those who are learning “to know.” She tells us, “I personally advocate no theory of either Religion or Theosophy.....my aim throughout is to let facts speak for themselves. If they seem strange, unreal, even impossible, I can only say that it is open to others, to follow, if so inclined, the same course which I pursued.” Nevertheless, the work does introduce us to a theory,—that of “The Electric Principle of Christianity”—which reminds us strongly of certain ideas embodied in “The Perfect Way.” But though many of us suffer from “over work and worry,” I fear that either our evil Karma, or our not having been born in the proper “electric circles,” has hitherto prevented our making conscious acquaintance with the benevolent Master Heliobas in mortal guise.

The narrator describes herself as having arrived with some friends at an hôtel at Cannes, whither she had journeyed in hope of recuperating her nervous system, which had broken down under “over work and over worry.” Her art, that of musical composition, is one that in real life requires the exercise of certain faculties pertaining far more to the soul than the body, thence predicating a temperament more than usually susceptible to particular phases of occult influence, and therefore, in all likelihood, predisposing her to the friendship of a young Italian artist called Cellini, residing under the same roof. That gentleman soon induced her to sit to him for her portrait, and, during her first sitting, she made acquaintance with a large Newfoundland dog, which makes some figure in the story. During that sitting too, apparently from the rather mystical conversation of the artist, or from the heat proving too great for her delicate state of health, she was seized with a drowsiness, which included a semi-clairvoyant state: really produced by a draught of iced “Eastern wine” presented by the artist by way of refreshment. The result of this was, that on regaining her apartment she straightway fell asleep, and in that

sleep had three dreams or visions; the first two of which served to impress the name "Heliobas" upon her memory, and the third showed her "a man of noble features and commanding presence. He is in the prime of life.....his eyes deeply sunk beneath his shelving brows, are of a singularly clear and penetrating blue, with an absorbed and watchful look in them, like the eyes of one accustomed to gaze far out at sea." He is seated, reading aloud from a book, and presently he arises, and "stretches out his hands as though in solemn entreaty."

"Azul!" he exclaims, "Messenger of my fate, thou who art a guiding spirit of the elements!.....By that electric spark within me, of which thou art the Twin-Flame, I ask of thee to send me this one poor human soul; let me change its restfulness into repose, its hesitation into certainty, its weakness into strength, its weary imprisonment to the light of liberty! Azul!" Then turning to her, he asked, "Knowest thou not the name of Heliobas?" at which word she awoke.

She awoke feeling so much refreshed and better, that her friend who at that juncture entered the room, easily persuaded her to accompany her to a dance, to be given that evening.

At the dance she again saw Cellini, who on inquiry told her that his "Eastern wine" had contained a simple vegetable essence by which she had evidently benefited, but the effect of it was only transitory, and within forty-eight hours she must relapse into her former condition as he felt unable to treat her further without the advice of a friend who had cured him of a very bad illness, and "who alone can tell me whether I am right in my theories respecting your nature and constitution." After a little chat as to those theories, which we will come in contact with further on, and again referring to his friend, she asked him "Is not his name Heliobas?" Cellini seemed much surprised, and acknowledged that it was. Then asking her to come to him on the morrow, when he would tell her everything that was to be told, he left the ball room.

Next day she again visited his studio, and Cellini having inquired where she had heard the name Heliobas, she related to him the history of her visions, which he acknowledged to have been caused by the elixir administered to her in his "Eastern wine" (which had taken a stronger effect on her than he expected). Then he set about telling her his story, from which it appeared that he had been cured from a serious illness, and had received other benefits from a gentleman who called himself Casimir Heliobas, and who said he was descended from one of the "wise men of the East," hence his "pure Chaldee" name. This gentleman had exercised the application of "internal electricity" upon him, which had resulted in what this book calls his being "set free." The description of that operation reads like that of a simple act of mesmerism which, in the hands of any other than an adept, would scarcely be likely to effect his "setting free;" which term itself is used to signify what my readers are familiar with under the name of an "assisted projection of the double," or astral form. Cellini finished his story by strongly advising her to go to Heliobas, who would cure her. This, after some hesitation, she

agreed to do, and, as it turned out, the artist had already foreseen that she would do so, and had sent Heliobas a letter on the subject by the Newfoundland dog, which was in the habit of travelling alone between Cannes and Paris as their messenger. From this it will be surmised that Heliobas' practice of "Human electricity" had not reached that pitch of perfection attained to by certain other adepts, and some of their chelas, in the matter of manipulation of the astral currents. Yet Heliobas' power is described as being "so great that he can, without speaking, by his presence alone (bodily or otherwise, apparently) suggest his own thoughts to other people who are perfect strangers, and cause them to design and carry out certain actions in accordance with his plans."

Heliobas lived in Paris, and as Cellini advised, she started for that city the next day, furnished by the artist with both the address of his master, and that of a *pension* which he recommended. Accordingly we next find her in the luxurious residence of Heliobas, Hôtel Mars, Champs Elysées. He is the man seen by her in the vision, and he has just presented her with some medicine. She is about to ask him what his fee is; when, divining her thoughts, he said:—"I do not accept fees Mademoiselle. To relieve your mind from any responsibility of gratitude to me, I will tell you at once that I never promise to effect a cure unless I see that the person who comes to be cured has a certain connection with myself. If the connection exists, I am bound by fixed laws to serve him or her. I am also able to cure those who are not by nature connected with me; but then I have to *establish* a connection, and this takes time, and is sometimes very difficult to accomplish, almost as tremendous a task as the laying down of the Atlantic cable. But in your case I am actually compelled to do my best for you, so you need be under no sense of obligation." "I am connected with you?" she asked, surprised. "How? in what way?"

"It would take too long to explain to you just now," said Heliobas gently; "but I can prove to you in a moment that a connection does exist between your inner-self and my inner-self, if you wish it." "I do wish it very much," she answered. "Then take my hand," continued Heliobas, stretching it out, "and look straight at me!"

"I obeyed half trembling. As I gazed a veil appeared to fall from my eyes, a sense of security, of comfort, and of absolute confidence came upon me, and I saw what might be termed the *image of another face* looking at me *through and behind* the actual form and face of Heliobas. And that other face was his and yet not his; but whatever it appeared to be, it was the face of a friend *to me*, one that I was certain I had known long, long, ago, and moreover one that I must have loved in some distant time, for my whole soul seemed to yearn towards that indistinct haze where smiled the fully recognised yet unfamiliar countenance. This strange sensation lasted but a few seconds, for Heliobas suddenly dropped my hand.....what does it mean? I murmured."

"It means the simplest thing in nature," said Heliobas gently,

"namely, that *your soul and mine are for some reason or other placed on the same circle of electricity*... Therefore we must serve each other. Whatever I do for you, you have it in your power to repay me amply for hereafter." "All other explanations, if you desire them, shall be given you in due time. In the power I possess over you and some others, there is neither mesmerism nor magnetism—nothing but a scientific fact which can be clearly and reasonably demonstrated."

We may here credit the authoress with the introduction of an idea which seems quite fresh in the occultism of Modern Literature, that of the Electric circle Theory. The existence of subtle sympathies between persons born with temperaments which are the complements or the opposites of each other is a much older theory, but the two appear to have no little connection with each other. Thus: under the four great divisions of temperaments, there are twelve principal types; each having three sub-types divided into ten classes each. These divisions, types, sub-types and classes are symbolized by the four divisions of the Zodiac; its twelve signs, each of these aspects and thirty degrees. Every time the sun aspects a sign, we may suppose a circle to be made. But whether all the persons born at any one such conjunction are of the same temperament, or can be said to be on the same (electric) circle, are questions like the effects of heredity on temperament, yet much in want of elucidation and demonstration. Whether "neither mesmerism nor magnetism" was the basis of Heliobas' power, we shall soon have a better opportunity of judging; but my surmised deduction of the "electric circle" from the zodiacal aspects, seems to receive an item of favour and support from Heliobas' description of his pharmacopœia, of which he says:—"It contains *twelve* remedies, and only twelve,* in fact there are no more that are of any use to the human mechanism. All of them are made of the juice of plants, and six of them are electric."

Next day, when the narrator again visited Heliobas, as requested, at five o'clock, she already felt much benefited by his treatment. She was asked to stay to dinner there, but prior to that meal, she was introduced by him to his sister Zara, a young lady of great beauty, and a sculptress. At dinner she was presented to another guest, Prince Ivan Petroffsky,—a handsome Russian of about 30 years of age,—who appeared to pay rather more attention to Zara than that lady either desired or approved of. During dessert, "Leo," the Newfoundland dog already mentioned, came into the room, and in talking about him it came out that by his means Heliobas had been able to make many experiments in 'human electricity.' And he thus explained how he had utilized the dog:—

"When I was a very young man. . . . I absorbed myself in the study of electricity. . . . From the consideration of electricity in the different forms by which it is known in civilized Europe, I

* Some schools only count six, dividing diseases into three grand divisions. Others again say that there are three "elixirs of life": mineral, vegetable and animal.—Ed.

began to look back through history to what are ignorantly called "the dark ages," but which might be more justly termed the enlightened youth of the world. I found that electricity was well understood by the ancients—better understood by them in fact, than it is by the scientists of our day: The Chaldean kings and priests understood a great many secrets of another form of electric force which the world to-day scoffs at and almost ignores—I mean human electricity,* which we all possess, but which we do not all cultivate within us. When once I realized the existence of the fact of human electric force, I applied the discovery to myself, and spared no pains to foster and educate whatever germ of the power lay within me. I succeeded with more ease and celerity than I had imagined possible. At the time I pursued these studies Leo was quite a puppy. One day I was busy reading. . . . and Leo was gamboling in his awkward way about the room, playing with an old slipper, and carrying it in his teeth. The noise he made irritated and disturbed me, and I rose in my chair and called him by name, somewhat angrily. He paused in his game, and looked up—his eyes met mine exactly. His head drooped; he stirred uneasily, whined, and lay down motionless. He never stirred once from the position he had taken, till I gave him permission—and remember he was untrained. This strange behaviour led me to try other experiments with him, and all succeeded. I gradually led him up to the point I desired,—that is, *I forced him to receive my thought and act upon it*, as far as his canine capabilities could do; and he has never once failed. It is sufficient for me to strongly *will* him to do a certain thing, and I can convey that command of mine to his brain without uttering a single word, and he will obey me."

Then to exemplify this power,—the narrator wrote upon a piece of paper that she wanted a handkerchief which she had left upon a couch in the adjoining room; this was handed to Heliobas, who glanced at it and tore it up. Then "he took the dog's head between his two hands and gazed steadily into the grave brown eyes that regarded him with equal steadiness. This interchange of looks lasted but a few seconds," and the dog leaving the room soon returned with the handkerchief in his teeth.

If we regard this as a sample of Heliobas' application of "human electricity" to animals, his statement that there was "neither mesmerism nor magnetism" in the power he exercised, becomes in the highest degree doubtful when compared with cases in which a similar power was applied under the latter, or other names. For instance, a few years ago a tea-planter from Assam attended a horse-auction in Calcutta, when he found a splendid Australian horse exposed for sale at a ridiculously low price. The reason given for this was that the horse was incurably vicious, and had killed or seriously hurt more than one person. As the planter had some opinion of his own experience as a horse-breaker, he bought the horse, and had it sent up to his estate in Assam. There he applied all his knowledge, not without con-

* Besides electricity he might have discovered heat, light and magnetism, the development of electricity generally coming fourth in order—if he really developed "human electricity."—Ed.

siderable danger to himself and servants, but without the least success. He had concluded the horse was mad, and was considering over a cheroot with a friend in his veranda as to how the animal should be disposed of; when their conversation was interrupted by a gosein (religious mendicant), who salamed, and said he wanted to speak about the sahib's mad horse. He claimed to have some power over animals, and offered for a small fee to render the horse quite sane and docile in an hour or so. The planter warned him of the danger he would run, but in the end agreed to let him try what he could do. On going to the stable, the gosein looked steadily at the horse for a few minutes, and asking for its bridle, walked with it over his arm straight up to the dangerous animal,—which frequently would not allow its own syce (groom) to do so,—and seized it by the ear with one hand, and while he appeared to whisper something into the ear, he traced something like a figure in the air in front of its head with the other hand. Then, to the great astonishment of the beholders, he put on the bridle without the slightest resistance, and mounting the horse rode it quietly outside of the stable. After riding it about for some time, he brought it back in a perfectly quiet and rather exhausted state, informing the owner that he would find it quite tame now. He received his stipulated fee, but before going away said that in about a month the horse would be bad again, and that he would then come back to see him. The horse for some time was as docile as he had formerly been intractable, but towards the end of the month he began to relapse. The gosein came back at the promised time, and went through the same performance with a like result. But this time on receiving his fee, he counselled the planter to dispose of the animal while it was quiet, because it would certainly become wicked again in a short time. He refused to tell the secret of his skill, saying it was not his, and shortly went off.

Allowing for the different size of the animal, the power applied is the same, and even the manner of application is not very different from that of Heliobas; yet the gosein though ignorant of such names as "human electricity," mesmerism, and magnetism, was able to use practically a force comprehending all, or more than is implied by all these. While on the subject of influencing animals by occult means, another illustration may prove of interest. In this one, which is an Irish scene, (from "Lavengro," by Geo. Borrow, Vol. I, p. 175) it will be evident that the power made use of is the same as that abovementioned, although a different phase of it, which, including as it does both electricity and magnetism, is recognised by the few who know it under another and quite distinct name:—

Scene: A smithy in Ireland: "Are ye not afraid of the beast?" said the smith, showing his fang. "Arrah it's vicious that he looks!"

"It's at you then!—I don't fear him;" and I passed under the horse between his hind legs. "Is that all ye can do, Agrah?" said the smith. "Do!" said I, "I can ride him!" "Ye can ride him, and what more, Agrah?" "I can leap him over a six foot wall!" said I. "Over a wall, and what more, Agrah?" "Nothing

more," said I. "What more would you like?" "Can ye do this, Agrah?" said the smith, and he uttered a word which I had never heard before, in a sharp pungent tone. The effect upon myself was somewhat extraordinary, a sharp thrill ran through me; but with regard to the cob it was terrible, the animal seemed like one (mad) and reared, and kicked with the utmost desperation. "Can ye do that, Agrah?" said the smith. "What is it?" said I, retreating. "I never saw the horse like that before." "Go between his legs, Agrah," said the smith, "his hind legs." And again he showed his fang. "I dare not," said I, "he would kill me." "He would kill ye, and how do ye know that, Agrah?" "I feel he would," said I, "something tells me so." "And it tells ye truth Agrah, but it's a fine beast, and its a pity to see him in such a state: Is agam an't leigeas"—and then he uttered another word in a voice singularly modified but sweet and almost plaintive; the effect of it was as instantaneous as that of the other, but how different! The animal lost all its fears and became at once calm and gentle. The smith went up to it, coaxed it and patted it, making use of various sounds of equal endearment; then turning to me, and holding out once more the grimy hand, he said, "And now ye will be giving me the Sassenach tenpence, Agrah!" Perhaps our new Irish branch may be able to tell us whether any remnants of that phase of occult practice still lingers in their country?*

But to return to our dinner-party,—Heliobas being asked whether he could command human being likewise; replied, "Very few, those who are on my own circle of power I can, naturally, draw to or repel from me; but those who are not, have to be treated by different means. Sometimes cases occur in which persons, at first not on my circle, are irresistibly attracted to it by a force not mine. Sometimes, in order to perform a cure, I establish a communication between myself and a totally alien sphere of thought; and to do this is a long and laborious effort. But it can be done."

In explanation of his circle theory, he said, "the Universe is a circle. Everything is circular, from the motion of the planets down to.....a drop of dew. My "Circle Theory," as you call it, applied to human electric force is very simple; but I have proved it to be mathematically correct. Every human being is provided internally and externally with a certain amount of electricity, which is as necessary to existence as life-blood to the heart or fresh air to the lungs. Internally it is the germ of a soul or spirit, and is placed there to be either cultivated or neglected as suits the will of man. It is indestructible; yet, if neglected, it remains always a germ, and at the death of the body it inhabits goes elsewhere to seek another chance of development. If, on the contrary, its growth is fostered by a persevering resolute will, it becomes a spiritual creature, glorious and supremely powerful,† for which a new, brilliant, and endless existence commences when its clay

* Borrow speaks in another work of taming horses by whispering in their ears as a gipsy accomplishment.—Ed.

† This seems to be another way of saying that a man has to create for himself an astral body and then a spiritual body from that.—Ed.

chrysalis perishes. So much for the *internal* electric force. The *external* binds us all by fixed laws, with which our wills have nothing whatever to do. Each one of us walks the earth encompassed by an invisible electric ring—wide or narrow according to our capabilities. Sometimes our rings meet and form one, as in the case of two absolutely sympathetic souls, who labour and love together with perfect faith in each other. Sometimes they clash, and storm ensues, as when a strong antipathy between persons causes them almost to loathe each other's presence. All these human electric rings are capable of attraction and repulsion. If a man, during his courtship of a woman, experience once or twice a sudden instinctive feeling that there is something in her nature not altogether what he expected or desired, let him take warning and break off the attachment; for the electric circles* do not combine and nothing but unhappiness would come from enforcing a union. I would say the same thing to a woman."

Next day, while the narrator was packing up to leave her *pension* for Heliobas' hôtel, where Zara had invited her to stay, Madame Denise (proprietress of the *pension*) told her several wonderful stories about Heliobas and his sister, of which the following is a sample:—"They say she (Zara) is wedded to a devil!" a housemaid who was employed in the house, said "that one evening she was crossing the passage near Madame Casimir's (Zara's) boudoir, and she saw a light like fire coming through the curtains of the portico; and she stopped to listen, and she heard a strange music like the sound of harps. She ventured to go nearer and to raise the curtain the smallest portion, just to permit the glance of an eye." And she "saw her mistress...standing up near her couch with both arms extended as to embrace the air. Round her there was—believe it or not, Mademoiselle, as you please,—a ring of light like a red fire, which seemed to grow larger and redder always. All suddenly Madame grew pale, and then fell on her couch as one dead, and all the red fire went out. Suzanne (the housemaid) had fear, and she tried to call out—but now see what happened to Suzanne! She was *pushed* from the spot, Mademoiselle,—pushed along as though by some strong personage, yet she saw no one, till she reached her own door, and in her room she fainted from alarm." This, however, did not deter the narrator from taking up her abode there.

One day, when asking Zara some questions, it was suggested that she should apply to Heliobas, and to ask him to "set her free," as he had done Cellini. In reply to that request, he told her that Zara had been the only woman he had ever tried that—"his greatest"—experiment upon; and that she had now passed beyond his power, and had been dominated by one greater than he. He believed that she, like his sister, would probably be likewise so dominated, her nature being "more prone to love than to command."....."Nothing in the Universe is single.....this double life extends to all the spheres, and above the spheres. Do you understand?"

* It is quite true in one sense there are these "circles" as the writer calls them, but seven is the number not twelve.—Ed.

"I understand what you say," I said slowly; "but I cannot see your meaning as applied to myself or yourself"....."Very well. Now realize that there is no soul on this earth that is complete *alone*. Like everything else it is dual. It is like half a flame that seeks the other half, and is dissatisfied and restless till it attains its object.....The majority of people are content with the union of bodies only, and care little or nothing about the sympathy or attachment between souls. There are people, however, who do care, and who never find their twin-flame or companion-spirit at all on earth, and never will find it. And why? Because it is not imprisoned in clay, it is elsewhere.....By my researches into human electrical science, I discovered that *my* companion, *my* other half of existence, though not on earth, was near me; and on being commanded obeyed. With Zara it was different. She could not *command*—she obeyed; she was the weaker of the two.....no doubt you think I am talking very wildly about twin-flames and spiritual affinities that live for us in another sphere. You do not believe, perhaps, in the existence of beings in the very air that surrounds us, invisible to ordinary human eyes, yet actually akin to us, with a closer relationship than any tie of blood known on earth."

Talking over this conversation with Zara, that lady explained that the force that would be used to "set her free," would be *internal* electricity. And, explaining more clearly, she said, "you have internally a certain amount of electricity which has been increased recently by the remedies prescribed for you by Casimir. But however much you have, Casimir has more, and he will exert his force over your force, the greater over the lesser. You will experience an *internal* electric shock, which, like a sword, will separate in two body and spirit. The spiritual part of you will be lifted up above material forces; the bodily part will remain inert and useless, till the life which is actually *you*, returns to put its machinery in motion once more."

One day later, Prince Petroffsky again dined with Heliobas; and after dinner being alone with Zara, allowed his passion for her to overcome him so far, that he attempted, in spite of her warnings, to take the liberty of embracing her. The instant his hands touched her, she exerted her electric force and he fell to the ground stunned, entranced, and to all appearance dead. From that trance he was restored by Heliobas, using a process differing only in the implied name from an ordinary mesmeric one. When the Prince had recovered and was leaving the house, he sent a message to Zara begging forgiveness, and stating he had seen her lover. Conversing about this event with the narrator, Zara tacitly admitted to her that Heliobas "had charged her with electricity" by some method discovered by himself, and that gave her power to impart a repelling shock to persons she disliked. That discovery had been suggested to Heliobas, by finding in the human body the commencement or germs of electric organs, like those existing in certain fish,—that have nervous apparatuses which in the arrangement of their parts may be compared to a voltaic pile. They

developed electricity and give electrical discharges ;"—and these he had developed to a state of perfection in himself and Zara, and was cultivating in Cellini and others.

MIAD HOYO-RA KORA-HON. F. T. S.

(To be continued.)

RAJ YOG.

PART X.

The Vivekachandrika, (or The Moonlight of Knowledge).

“THE object of this work is to enable learned or good-minded persons to know that something which remains as *Parama* (or Great) *Brahm* when everything perceptible disappears.”

All men are engaged in numberless transactions for the sake of evanescent happiness. And none are bent upon securing the lasting and permanent good. This work, called *Vivekachandrika*, is composed for the purpose of elucidating the means of easily securing the eternal and *Brahmic* happiness by fit persons.

The disciple called *Vimalachitta* (*i. e.*, Pure mind) devoutly saluting the *Guru* called *Prabodhachandra* (*i. e.*, the Moon of Infinite Intelligence) secretly asks him to instruct him (the disciple) how to cross the ocean of *Sansara* (*i. e.*, the world of affinities and attractions). The *Guru* says:—“Thou art a wise and blessed man; and thou possessest a mind purified by the performance daily, and occasionally, of numberless good deeds without yearning for their effects. Therefore I shall teach you what is inaccessible to the sinful, to those that argue that the body is everything, that are sacrilegious, that are sunk in the sorrowful abyss of *Sansara*, that are always inclined to cheat others, and that are lured by sensual pleasures.

“This *Brahma Gnyana* (*i. e.*, Theosophy) is the means of destroying *Sansara*. And *Viveka* (*i. e.*, Intelligence or discriminative knowledge) is the means of acquiring Theosophy.” The disciple asks: “What is Theosophy? What is *Sansara*? Why (or how) does *Sansara* spring in *Brahm*? What is *Viveka*?”

The *Guru* replies: “*Brahm* is that something which is inexpressible, inconceivable, free from birth, being and death, individual, free from the conditions of within and without and sides, happy beyond sensual happiness, bare intelligence, unconditioned by time and place, always self-refulgent, unaffected, a witness of all worldly transactions, and omnipresent with *sat** form in the moveable and the immoveable universe.

“*Sansara* is the state of egosim (*i. e.*, *Ahankara*) in the man who is ignorant of the undivided self bliss, who identifies this delusive world of body, senses, &c., with himself, who consequently practices love and hatred, who pines for the permanency of the impermanent body, who is enmeshed by the sorrowful love of a wife, a son, wealth, cattle, &c., which are as unsteady as the

* *Sat* means One Life or Divine Potency.

waves tossed by a tempest, and who has no knowledge of the *Sadasat* (*i. e.*, the real and the unreal, or the permanent and the impermanent).

“The reason why this *Sansara* arises in *Brahm* is owing to *Aviveka* (*i. e.*, want of knowledge). *Aviveka* (*i. e.*, ignorance) means what can be destroyed by *Viveka* (*i. e.*, knowledge).

“*Viveka* means knowing or realising *Atma*, who is a witness of the whole world of mind, &c.

“This *Viveka* (or knowledge) itself is, for the enlightenment of ignorant persons, commonly called (1) *Drugdrusya Viveka*, (2) *Panchakosa* Viveka*, (3) *Panchabhuta Viveka*, (4) *Namarupa Viveka* and (5) *Tatva Viveka*. *Viveka* is thus classified and described under these five heads by the sages in the *Puranas* and the *Upanishats*, such as *Bruhadaranyaka*, &c., in the form of a discourse between a *Guru* and a disciple. I shall now succinctly explain the first of these *Vivekas* to you:—

(1) *Drugdrusya Viveka*:—

Druk means the perceiving eye. And *Drusya* means the sound heard by the ear, the thing seen by the eye, so also smell, taste, touch, and material things, such as pot, &c.

Again, *Druk* is of two kinds:

(1) *Druk* which has an end.

(2) *Druk* which is everlasting, endless and permanent, which witnesses the birth, existence and death of all things from mind down to the material universe, which is not illumined by the extraneous and unreal *Buddhi*, &c., and which is self-refulgent intelligence alone. This latter *Druk* is also known in *Sastras* as *Kutastha*, *Pratyakchitanya*, *Upadhi-covered Brahm*, *Atma* and *Sakshi*, *i. e.*, (witness).

“Now I shall explain *Antahkarana*, which is the means of knowing *Drukswarupa* (*i. e.*), the nature of *Druk* which witnesses *Buddhi*, &c. *Antahkarana* (or mind) is neither real, nor unreal, nor real-and-unreal. It is not real, because it is said not to exist for a time. It is not unreal, because all-seeing *Atma* knows it as love, hatred, &c. It is not real-and-unreal, because it is then a self-contradiction. It is not *Brahm*, because it is impotent and lifeless. It is not a thing existing separately from *Brahm*, because then it is unreal, and nothing real exists apart from *Brahm*. Therefore it is indescribable.

“This means or cause is:—

(1) Dependent, as iron requires extraneous and collateral help to turn to steel, &c.

And (2) Independent, as it makes us believe that *Atma* is an agent, an enjoyer, &c.

* The *Panchakosa Viveka* explains the true nature of the five *Kosas* (or covers), viz., (a) *Annamaya* (of food), (b) *Pranamaya* (of life), (c) *Manomaya* (of mind), (d) *Vignyanamaya* (of knowledge), and (e) *Anandamaya* (of bliss). For this *Viveka* one may with advantage study *Tatva Lodh* of Sri *Sankaracharya* and also *Sitaramanjaneyam*.

The *Panchabhuta Viveka* treats of the true nature of the five gross elements, viz., (a) Air, (b) Earth, (c) Water, (d) Fire and (e) Wind.

The *Namarupa Viveka* deals with the questions of “What is in a name or form?” And the *Tatva Viveka* reveals Truth or the essence of everything.

“ Further this cause has two conditions :—

(1) (Like a canvas) in its attenuation it destroys or blots out the universe.

And (2) in its heaving condition it creates the whole universe.

“ This cause alone is also called (1) *Maya* and (2) *Avidya*.

(1) *Maya* is that something which is presided by *Satwa Guna*, which becomes a subordinate help to *Iswara*, the reflection of the power of *Brahm*, in itself (*i. e.*, *Maya*), and which is the means of creation.

And (2) *Avidya* is the *Antahkarana* dominated by *Satwa Guna** combined with *Rajasa* and *Tamasa Gunas*, which is subordinate to *Jiva* (the reflection of the power of *Brahm* in *Avidya*), in creating the universe from the waking world up to *Moksha*.

“ From these *Maya* and *Avidya* result also bonds or fetters to one that is free. *Maya* in relation with *Iswara* (who is the reflection of *Brahm* in *Maya*) exhibits the all-filling, undivided and knowledge-like *Brahm* as the universe and as an enjoyable thing. And *Avidya* in relation with *Jiva* shows *Brahm* as an enjoyer. While self-knowledge is killing out *Maya* and *Avidya*, *Brahm* remains merely as a non-dual entity.

“ For experiencing this incomparable bliss of *Brahm* a neophyte should seek a solitary place unmolested by beasts, animals or men; should seek either peaceful, exhilarating and odorous flowery parks, or pleasant and cool sand-banks, or the banks of rivers, or pools fringed with the holy trees, such as *Aswatha* (*i. e.*, fig tree), or any other place where he can feel happy and comfortable. In such a solitary place he should sit on a silk cushion stuffed with cotton or any such soft substance, in the posture of *Siddhasana*.† Having known *Tavikalpaka* and *Nirvikalpaka Samadhis*, and also the difference between *Atma* and *Anatma*, and adopting *Viragya* (*i. e.*, resignation), he should practice *Drugdrusya Viveka*. Then he will become mere *Druk*-like *Atma*.

“ *Atma* means something which is the incarnation of intelligence, and which has no beginning and no end. And *Anatma* means *Antahkarana* which is the seat of such mental transactions as love and hatred, jealousy and dislike, &c.; and also the material universe formed of the five gross elements;—in brief, the mental and the physical world. As *Tatwa-Viveka* explains how *Maya* creates the world, it is needless to touch upon that subject here. I shall therefore now proceed to describe what is *Samadhi*.

* Of the three *Gunas* or qualities, *Satwa* refers to good qualities, *Rajasa* to mixed ones, and *Tamasa* to bad ones. As to their importance and order of working in the universe, *Vide Bhagavat Gita*, XIV.

† *Siddhasana* is the posture of sitting with the left heel placed against the anus and the right heel placed against the ureter, or urethra, with erect body and somewhat bent head, looking with half opened eyes at a point between the two eye-brows and meditating upon *Atma* all the while. This posture secures purity of mind, health and control of passions. (*Vide Sitaramanjaneyam*, Canto I. 84). In the same work it is also said that this posture is not becoming the married or family people for whom *Padmasana* or the posture of sitting with crossed legs, as most of the Hindus conveniently sit, is prescribed. This leads us to infer that for a *Rajyogi* any convenient posture for divine contemplation will do well. He need not torture his body with dangerous postures. (*Vide Sri-Sankaracharya's Aparokshambhuti*.)

Samadhi means concentrating by practice the well-disciplined mind on a given thing. This *Samadhi* is of two kinds :—

(I) *Savikalpaka* and (II) *Nirvikalpaka*. *Savikalpaka* again is subdivided into

(1) *Drusyamisra* and (2) *Sabdamisra*.

The external things not connected with the body are known as *Drusya*; so, also, the absence of such things is *Drusya*.

But *Druk* is said to be that *Kutastha* who witnesses those things and their absence also, who shines in the form of the potent and impotent body, senses, &c., and who vivifies lifeless things, as fire turns an iron ball into a fiery mass.

And he is called *Druk* also because he who knows and sees everything and shines as body, senses, &c., is not known by them in return. And everything else being in itself unable to see or know anything, and being seen as a lifeless thing, is said to be *Drusya*.

The neophyte should think that he is not the visible universe, that he is the perceiver of them all, that he is eternal, that he is a witness of everything, that the birth and death of the visible universe is seen by him, and that, therefore, all these things are *Drusyams* (or visible or perceptible world). Thus he should practise *Drugdrusya Viveka* in relation to the external world, where he should look upon himself as only *Druk*. Thus far we have said how one must practise *Drugdrusya Viveka* in the objective world.

“ Now we shall proceed to describe the method of practising *Drugdrusya Viveka* in the subjective world.”

The disciple asks :—“ No doubt in the objective world where there are visible things one can pose oneself as their witness; but how can this practice be carried on successfully in the subjective world where nothing is visible?”

The *Guru* replies :—“ In the subjective world, the transactions of *Antahkarana* (*i. e.*, mind) viz., *Ahankara* (*i. e.*, pride), &c., are perceptible. One can know that their witness is *Atma*. Therefore it is extremely necessary to probe into the subjective world or to hold introvision and internal inquiry. There is no salvation without internal investigation. Therefore one should cease the boasting talk of *Vedanta* with little or no experience of it, and should betake oneself to a *Guru* to learn the method of practising *Viveka* which enables one to secure the experience or recognition of *Brahm* through *Samadhi*. The process of such internal inquiry, in short, is as follows :—

“ The body is of three kinds :—

(1.) The *Sthula* (or gross) body is composed of bones, flesh, matter, skin, nerves, &c.

(2.) The *Sukshma* (or astral counterpart of the gross) body is made up of the five knowledge-giving senses, the five working organs, the five *vayus*, (or divisions of breath) constituting life, mind and *Buddhi*. These seventeen elements constitute the astral body.

And (3.) the *Karana* (or causal) body is *Agniyana* (or ignorance), which is the cause and seat of the other two bodies. *Atma* is above all these bodies and unaffected by them.

“*Antahkarana* in this body is of two kinds :—

(1.) *Ahankara* and (2.) *Manas*. A portion of the expansive *Antahkarana* which is like a mirror, reflects the power of *Kutastha*, who is a prop to that *Antahkarana*. This small portion of it, occupied by the said reflection, is known as *Ahankara*. When the said reflection, the portion of *Antahkarana* occupied by it, and the prop-like *Kutastha* are seen as one entity, then *Kutastha* assumes the name of *Jiva*.”

The disciple asks: “How can the predication of *Jiva* be made in *Kutastha* who is changeless?”

The *Guru* replies: “It is possible by *Aviveka* (*i. e.*, Ignorance or Indiscrimination). Not knowing its true character one may mistake mica for silver. It is quite possible for one to regard oneself as *Jiva* while in truth he is not *Jiva*. For instance, one with a bilious complaint or similar disease not infrequently thinks that he is riding on an elephant, or that he is a king, when he is not riding on an elephant, and when he is not a king. Similarly it is possible to predicate *Jiva* in *Kutastha*. But when examined with a discriminative eye *Kutastha* and his reflection *Jiva* will appear as two distinct entities, and the notion of their oneness vanishes. And this nature of *Jiva*, having sprung from mistake, is unreal. Therefore the internal inquiry should be carefully and completely held. The neophyte should, with closed eyes, see mental transactions coming and vanishing each in turn before his psychic eye, just as material transactions appear to his physical eyes; and he should, therefore, regard them as perceptible things or *Drusyams*; and he should regard the introspecting himself as *Druk*. He is eternal because he sees the disappearance of things, which, because they disappear, are transient and ephemeral, and which are not of his nature. He is mere knowledge. Since he is not known by other things while he knows everything, he is self-shining. He is a witness of all these transactions. He should thus practice *Drugdrusya Viveka* and look upon all transactions as perceptible, impotent and unreal. And he should regard himself as the witness of everything and as having no birth and death. This is what is called *Drusyamisra Samadhi*.

“Now to *Sabdamisra Samadhi*. In teaching the disciple the *Guru* says that *Atma* through *Maya* assumes the qualities of relationship, ruling, the nature of *Jiva*, knowing little, knowing much, agency, enjoying and witnessing; and that these notions cannot die away without first destroying the notions of the perceiver, the perception and the perceived. Inasmuch as *Brahm* has no agency, no enjoyment, nothing else whatever, oneself being changeless is the perceiver; and the perceived is the whole universe including *Antahkarana*. To forget these notions of the perceiver and the perceived, to know no transactions either within or without, or their absence or vacancy, to know that this knowledge is *Brahm*, and to meditate upon the triune nature of the worlds merely with a view to giving it up, is *Sabdamisra Samadhi*.

“Now to *Nirvikalpaka Samadhi*. It is the condition in which one forgets the perceiving self, the perceived world, and *Antahkarana* that speaks of the perceptible world, which knows nothing

whatever, as in sleep; which is not sleep even, and which does not let fall the body. In this *Samadhi*, one forgets the material universe, the physical and physical transactions, and the vacuum, and shines as mere intelligence. This intelligence itself is *Brahm*.

“If one practices this *Drugdrusya Viveka*, having faith in it, one will see in himself something which is not body, and which is the eternal and unaffected *Brahm*. This *Brahm* is oneself. Such an one is *Mukta* (or an absolved person). This is what *Vedantast* teach. This is also what *Yagnyavalkya* and others taught *Janaka*, &c., who became *Jivanmuktas* by looking upon themselves as mere intelligence. This is, further, what is inculcated in the *Puranas* and the *Upanishats*. You also had better practise *Drusyamisra*, *Sabdamisra* and *Nirvikalpaka Samadhis*, remain as mere *Brahm* without having births and deaths, and being freed from *Sansara*, be happy and blessed.”

The disciple obeyed the *Guru* and was ultimately blessed with the *Jivanmukta** state.

B. P. NARASIMMAH.

SAPTA-BHUMIKA.

A Romance of Human Life in Seven Aspects.

BY P. SREENEVAS ROW, F. T. S.

(Continued from page 184.)

CHAPTER III.

“Take.”

Pururavas said :—

“What voice is this? Descends some friendly Sage,
“In pity of my grief, or in some deer
“Disguised, directs me thus? Seer, I obey;
“And thank thy holy counsel.”

VIKRAMA URNASI, OF KALIDASA.

ACT IV.

THE wretched, poverty-stricken Brahmin mentioned in the last chapter, was Vittal Pant. He belonged to a family of Southern India; but his ancestors had been settled for generations in the West. At the time we write of, he was thirty-five years old, and was living in the town of Harinagar, with his wife Vijâyabâyi, and daughter Yamuna aged eight years. The latter was already married, according to Hindu custom; and was living with her parents, waiting for the time when her young husband would take her home.

Vittal Pant had once been very rich, having inherited a considerable amount of wealth. He traded on a large scale, and was looked upon by all as a just and fair man of business. His piety, gentle behaviour, and upright and unselfish conduct, secured for him the extraordinary privilege of being a trusted friend of every body, and an universal referee in all matters concerning family dissensions, social misunderstandings, commercial alterca-

* For a complete exposition of which see the *Theosophist*, Vol. VIII, pp. 119-23.

tions, and so on, among all classes in Harinagar and the neighbourhood. His charity to the poor and hospitality to the traveller were so notorious that he was justly styled the Tree of Plenty. In short, he was the model of a good man.

But there is nothing permanent in this world; and the circumstances of Vittal Pant could claim no exemption from the operation of the universal law. Gradually, adverse fortune crept into his quiet, happy life, and ultimately made him a prey to one of those national calamities, which were not uncommon in those days—we mean about 1545 of the Christian Era. The country seems at that time to have been in a state of unusually active commotion. The Mussalmen whose invasion had commenced some time before, began now to oppress the people in all possible ways. They burnt and demolished Hindu temples, plundered cities, and devastated the whole country, without the least feeling of pity for the people whom an unavoidable destiny had placed under their yoke. These aggressive powers were multiplying their devastations at this particular period by calling in the aid of the Portuguese. The Portuguese of course were not slow in responding to the call, more from a desire of self-aggrandisement than a genuine love for the Mussalmen power; and they accordingly made a descent upon the Western coast, burnt many towns, destroyed fortifications, and began to levy contributions from Tannah and Bombay. They soon extended their operations to Guzrat and other parts, and committed great havoc in the dominions of Bijapur, destroying with fire and sword all the towns from Goa to Bancote.

At this time the European nations had not yet thought of India. They had enough of anxiety at home. Italy was the theatre of strife between Spain and France; and England, under Henry VIII, was carrying on a war with France, with anything but brilliant success; while Scotland was doing all in her power to add fuel to the raging fire. Poor Henry VIII was not equal to the occasion. Strangely enough, he resembled his Eastern contemporaries in many respects. He demolished hundreds of monasteries and thousands of chapels, and attempted to spread his own peculiar notions of religion among the people. He was married half a dozen times, and was not very happy in any one instance. He was a creature of impulse; and was too much addicted to earthly pleasure, in the pursuit of which, and in imprudent warfare, he spent all the huge treasure amassed by his father, and suffered all the inconveniences of narrow finances. Sparing "neither man in his rage, nor woman in his lust," his reign became, towards its close, a despotism of terror.

In other countries also, there was but little happiness, in the real sense of the word, among the people.

Such was the disastrous period in the world's history when Vittal Pant's resources began to decline. The continued wars and concomitant evils reduced many a family in Western India to the most miserable condition of indigence; and Vittal Pant was one of these unfortunate sufferers. His wealth melted away; his trade was lost; his wife's jewellery, which is always considered as

her own exclusive property—even the very toys of his daughter—and in fact every little thing that had any marketable value, was sold to enable him to maintain at least a shadow of his former prosperous condition. But all was in vain. He was reduced to the extreme of poverty; his hospitality to the needy travellers ceased, and there was literally nothing left that could procure even a single meal for himself and for his wife and daughter.

So then, after fasting for two days,—not being able to resist hunger any longer, and not having, moreover, the courage to witness the horrible spectacle of his devoted wife and infant daughter pining away under the weight of untold grief and misery,—the wretched Vittal Pant resolved upon putting an end to his worthless existence, and proceeded to the valley to seek death there, unknown to any mortal being. But Providence had decreed otherwise. There he was met by Arjunsing; and what passed between them has already been told.

Of course, the counsel given by Arjunsing had a good effect in soothing the troubled mind of Vittal Pant; but unfortunately the latter was then in that peculiar condition in which nothing short of immediate pecuniary help could afford any relief whatsoever. Nevertheless, true to the promise he had made, he resolved to return home, whatever might be the consequences; and bent his steps towards the town of Harinagar.

Then it was that he heard the cries proceeding from the river side; and hastened to the scene as related in the last chapter.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning. The sun shone with much vigour. The river continued to receive freshes. The huge river swept along with waves that leaped and danced as if in playful sport; now touching the lofty banian tree which for ages had stood on the bank, and now washing the walls of the ancient temple of the village goddess; and then retreating backwards, taking with it all that lay on the bank; and then returning with new strength with something that the fresh stream had brought down from the upper banks, where, apparently, the heavy rains had devastated and destroyed many towns and villages.

Hundreds of people had gathered in the vicinity of the temple to receive the precious gifts which the river was thus bringing to the shore. Many had already accumulated a rich store; and others were rushing forward to secure the flood-borne spoil. The bustling crowd was so large that Vittal Pant had some difficulty in reaching the spot whence proceeded the cries he had heard. He lingered awhile looking on at the scene, when, suddenly, a thick, long rice-pounder, shod with an iron ferrule at each end, was dashed up by a violent wave, and fell at his feet. He picked it up mechanically; and ere he could think of what he had done, a shout of coarse laughter greeted his ear from the surrounding mob.

"Look at that lean Brahman skeleton who has just picked up a rice-pounder as thin as himself," said one.

"That is as it should be, now there is a pair of them," said another. "He had better go home and break his head with it, poor beggar."

"Don't be too hard on the poor man," said a third with serio-comic earnestness. "That beautiful piece of wood is quite a little treasure to a Brahman who cannot make both ends meet. Anybody would give him a couple of pice for it; and with that he can buy a whole measure of nice chaff, and that would give him one full satisfying meal. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Pained by these and other scoffing remarks, and smarting under grief and vexation and disappointment at the trumpery nature of his prize, poor Vittal Pant looked up to the Heavens as if invoking Divine succour, and giving thanks to the great powers. His appeal was not in vain. He soon beheld an indistinct figure in the clear, blue, sunlit sky above his head; and from the thin volume of the golden vapour that seemed to envelope the figure, there came a voice that said in a low and clear, yet commanding tone!

"Take."

"Take," echoed Vittal Pant. "What! am I to take this useless rice-pounder? What will people say? What will my poor wife think of me for coming home with nothing but this worthless object, after my long absence; just when she is most probably expecting some substantial help? Everything is against me, even the river." So murmured Vittal Pant; and in an agony of despair, with tears standing in his eyes, he once more looked up towards the Heavens. The golden figure was still there; nay more; it was gradually assuming more definite form, until at last the discontented Vittal Pant recognised the benevolent face of the venerable Arjunsing, radiant with a bright smile of encouragement; which instantaneously filled the poor man's aching heart with joy, and wrought a most marvellous change in him. Once more the thrilling voice repeating the word "Take," seemed to pierce his very soul, sending an electric tremor, as it were, throughout his shrivelled frame. Courage, hope and joy filled his heart, and banishing the grief to which he had so long been a prey, he exclaimed, "Master, I obey;" and, deliberately placing the rice pounder on his shoulder, he walked on, unmindful of what the little world around him said or thought.

CHAPTER IV.

"Contented."

"'Tis false; I am not poor. A wife whose love
Outlives my fortune; a true friend who shares
My sorrows and my joy; and honesty
Unwarped by indigence,—these still are mine."

SUDRAKA'S MRICHAKATI.
ACT III.

But the little world on the river bank must be pardoned, if, for a time, it enjoyed some mirth at the expense of Vittal Pant. His dishevelled hair, his tucked up dripping cloths, his ghastly countenance, the reflection of his inward distress of mind, rendered still more ghastly by his long fast, and the excitement of the day's events, his sunken eyes and distended nostrils, his right hand grasping the rice beater, which rested on his

emaciated shoulder, and his left hand waving in the air, as if to emphasize the thousand and one confused thoughts wildly raging in his troubled mind, or to command the gathering crowd to make way for him; and, lastly, his staggering gait as he made his way with hurried uncertain steps, while his legs were actually tottering under the weight of his skeleton frame;—these and numerous other oddities in his manner which the eye could discern better than the pen can depict, formed a sight ridiculous enough to draw a smile even from the most reserved of recluses.

But Vittal Pant heeded not his fellowmen. His whole attention was concentrated in one single object; and that was to proceed to the scene of distress, and afford what assistance lay in his power. Moved by this noble sentiment, he walked on and on, until he reached the river side, where a most touching spectacle was awaiting him.

There lay, under the benign shade of a banian tree, the body of a young woman, arrayed in the richest clothes and adorned with choice jewels. She seemed to be about eighteen years old, with golden complexion and matchless beauty. Her countenance was pale, and her eyes were closed; while her half open rosy lips disclosed two even rows of pearly teeth. Her expression was calm and placid, but breath there was none. The body seemed to be quite inanimate, but yet showed no signs of death. A crowd of idle spectators had surrounded this fallen statue-like body; and the only information which Vittal Pant's hurried inquiry could elicit from them was, that the body had been washed ashore, and that it escaped the danger of being carried back into the river by the retreating waves, owing to the fact that the female's cloth had entangled itself in a thorn-bush on the bank.

The crowd stood looking on, but not a soul condescended to remove the body to a better place and try if it could be re-animated.

"I have a great mind to save this charming girl," one was saying. "but the touch would pollute me."

"It is certainly inauspicious to come into contact with a corpse; especially when the marriage of my daughter is fast approaching," mumbled another.

"I care not for contamination or any thing of that sort; but the ghost would keep hovering over the body for some time after it has ceased to dwell within it; and it is a most dangerous thing to be affected by such ghosts," said a third with a serious look, and retraced his steps.

"The devil, eh! Are you afraid of devils?" cried another idler. "I can brave a host of ghosts without the least fear. Have I not got the amulet of the great Muni of Pandrapur? But I am afraid that there has been some foul play in respect of this unfortunate woman. Methinks she has fallen a victim to jealousy or hatred. It is not safe to meddle with cases of murder now-a-days. The penalty may fall upon the guiltless."

Then came a fifth, a full blown voluptuary, with incipient mustaches and affected manners. "I would risk all this, and much more for the sake of this paragon of beauty," he whispered loudly.

“And I would even spend thousands to revive her,—if I could only make sure of having her for my bride. But apparently, she belongs to a higher caste; and might haughtily despise my suit. Is it worth my while to waste my time and money on her account?”

Such were the expressions on all sides. No really unselfish love of humanity seemed to actuate any body. But Vittal Pant, resolved, as he was, upon doing good to all, ran up to the prostrate body, despite the remonstrances of the assembled crowd, and in spite of all the supposed horrors of ghosts, superstition, murder and so forth, examined it attentively, and said;—

“No, not dead! I will take the poor woman home and revive her.”

And he lost no time in carrying out his resolution. He soon constructed a litter of jungle wood bound together with green creepers,—gently took the body in his arms as one would take a loved daughter after a prolonged absence; and having placed it upon the litter, he cast a determined look all round, as if to enquire whether any body in the crowd would come forward to help him to convey the litter home. That look had a most extraordinary influence upon the people! Volumes of metaphysical writings; years of study in morals, and any amount of preachings and teachings of holy priests, could hardly have produced one hundredth part of the good result which the earnest look of Vittal Pant produced on this occasion; it was indeed miraculous; it could not have been otherwise. Human nature is not vicious *per se*. A variety of causes tend to demoralize it; and it wants an earnest appeal, a warm encouragement, and a worthy example to rouse its higher self to activity. When once the man places himself under its dominion, every thing will be brought into the realm of spiritual purity; and this tends to elevate the soul to the highest point. So then, it is no matter of surprise that the people, who had till then gazed upon the scene with superstition, horror, or indifference, and even shunned and recoiled from it,—were now drawn to it by the single earnest look of the devoted Vittal Pant, as if attracted to it by a strong magnet. All rushed forward with one mind and one object; all wanted to assist Vittal Pant in his charitable actions; and four strong men bore the young lady's litter to his house, followed by most of the crowd from the river bank, suddenly roused into an active interest in the lady's fate.

The day had far advanced. The sun had reached the meridian, and shone brightly upon the house of Vittal Pant. But the interior of the structure was full of clouds still. Vijayabayi, the good house-wife, was as gloomy as a human being can possibly be. She had not had a single hearty meal for the last three days; many a poor guest had to turn away disappointed from a house whose hospitality was noted throughout the country; and her own daughter,—her only child, had left the house to try and get a morsel of food from a distant relative, with what result the heavens only knew; and above all, her husband, who was the dearest of all that she held dear, had suddenly deserted the house and not been

heard of for some days. What could she do? She sat in a room wholly absorbed in unutterable grief, and had almost fainted when the noise outside roused her. She wiped her streaming eyes, and dragged herself out into the hall, where a number of men had gathered. They all departed at the sight of this lady of the house, and she stood alone gazing in utter astonishment at the strange figure that was lying on the litter, and at the still more strange appearance of her husband. He soon gave her a hurried account of the two great things he had brought home after a prolonged absence, namely, the inanimate woman and the rice-pounder. If the sight had surprised Vijayabayi, the narrative surprised her still more. What should she think of her husband undertaking the responsibility of life and death of an utter stranger, apparently of a high rank,—at a time when those absolutely dependent upon him were dying inch by inch from sheer hunger? And what could she say of the mad freak of a man—a banker by birth—bringing home—bearing on his own shoulders—such a worthless article as a rice-pounder. But she dared not speak out her thoughts. One word of reproach; even a single look of disapproval, would have plunged Vittal Pant into the depths of misery, and have even driven him to the commission of desperate deeds, seeing that he was at that time in a very highly strung emotional condition, almost amounting to phrenzy. She saw this, stifled her sighs with great effort; and, putting on as good a face as was possible under the circumstances, she smiled to her husband, when he handed the rice-beater to her, and said, “What a nice thing you have brought! How smooth and strong it is! It will be so useful too.” Then, glancing at the body of the young lady, the house-wife remarked. “How good of you, dearest, to take pity on this poor helpless being of my sex. I will try and revive her and do all I can to make her comfortable.” And lastly, turning more directly to her loving lord, she asked him a hundred questions at once as to where he had been, what he had done, whether he had dined, and so on. He gave her some hurried explanations, carefully concealing from her his imprudent attempt at suicide, and his interview with the Divine Sage. Any further conversation between this happy pair was checked by the return of little Yamuna, who had not only succeeded in obtaining a hearty meal for herself, but brought a number of sweet cakes which her relatives had sent as a present to her mother and father.

This was quite a treat to the hungry couple; and while they were satisfying the curiosity of their darling child in respect of their inanimate guest, there arrived a cherished friend of the family, the old Dharma-bhatt, of the sacerdotal caste. Having heard of the social calamity which had befallen the Brahmin, he came all the way down from his village, 200 miles off, with the determination of placing all his resources at the absolute disposal of Vittal Pant.

Poor Vittal Pant's joy knew no bounds at this auspicious turn of events. He repudiated the idea of his being poor. “How can a man be said to be miserable, who has a wife like my dear Vijaya, and

who can calculate upon the help of a true friend like Dharmabhatt?" He mused in this train; then desiring his friend to fetch a Doctor to treat the lady in the litter, and instructing his wife and daughter to change her wet clothes, fumigate her body with benjamin, and keep her hands and feet warm, he repaired to the inner apartments to perform his midday ablution and sandhya (prayer).

(To be continued.)

Requies.

SUB-MUNDANES.*

THIS is a reprint of the well-known "Count de Gabalis," a work written in 1670, treating in a satirical sort of vein of some of the Rosicrucian mysteries. It was presumably written in order to attract attention to occult studies, and in this it succeeded, as it was much read and translated into various languages. The principal topic is the marriage of elementals with human beings, symbolizing the power that the adept gains over the nature spirits. In support of this idea instances are given, both in the text and appendix, of the obsession of men and women by incubi and succubi. This seems to us a somewhat undesirable illustration, as such obsession, still a common fact in India, and not unknown in Europe and America, is by no means an advantage but a terrible danger, and would incline us to believe that the Abbot de Villars had misread ancient allegory, much as some sects have misread the stories of Krishna and the Gopis. Collectors of curious books treating on mystical subjects will be glad to be able to add this volume to their collection, though to the ordinary student it is likely to prove misleading. The symbolism of sex, so frequently found in Rosicrucian and other works, typifies a definite force or power in nature, mentioned under much the same imagery in the Vedas, which plays an important part in the transmutation of metals; we fear, however, that the Count de Gabalis will not lead his readers very far on the way to its discovery.

"AUREUS."†

MR. YARKER contributes an interesting preface to this work, in which he gives a sketch of the history of Alchemy with some of the more important works on the subject.

The present work is an account of the philosopher's stone in seven sections, and as Mr. Yarker says, its language "is Osirian, and much less complicated than the works of the later alchemists. Thus, where they use the planets to typify the metals, and qualify the trinity of being, as salt, sulphur, mercury, the following tractate adopts theological qualifications, used by the people, or the priests for them, of the trinity of Osiris, Isis, and Horus. Thus: we must marry our Crowned King to our Red Daughter, who conceives an excellent and supernatural son. But our

*"Sub-mundanes or the Elementaries of the Cabala," reprinted from the text of the Abbot de Villars. Privately printed. Bath, 1886.

†"Aureus," the Golden Tractate of Hermes Trismegistus, With an introduction by John Yarker. Bath, 1886.

son, the King begotten, takes his tincture from the fire. Our dead son lives. The son already vivified is become a warrior in the fire. Venus begets light, liquifies, her brother being conjoined. Join the son to the daughter of water, which is Jupiter and a hidden secret. The King: I am crowned with a Royal Diadem; ... rest with gladness in the arms of my mother. It needs a very superficial acquaintance with the legends of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, to discover the parallel symbolism, by which this metallic son of the Sun was compared with the son of Isis and Osiris. It is also noteworthy and curious that the magnet was termed the bones of Horus."

"Aureus" is reprinted from a work called "A Suggestive Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery," one of the most useful books in English on the subject. Like all other alchemical works "Aureus" is difficult of comprehension to those not already initiated into the secret and unacquainted with the symbolism employed, but to those who know the path of *Kundalini* the maze of "Aureus" will present no difficulties.

INDIAN NOTES AND QUERIES.*

THIS magazine, an extension of *Panjab Notes and Queries*, will supply a widely felt want by preserving and calling attention to facts about India and its people, "which are otherwise likely to be lost as too trivial for the more serious journals," as well as "to be a medium of inter-communication within its scope for officials and literary men in India and the East."

The present number, quoting a newspaper of the foundation of the last Parsi temple in Bombay to the effect that "fire produced by electricity," is one of the 1,001 portions of fire required at the foundation ceremony, asks if there is any authority in the *Vendidad* for this statement. Perhaps some of our Parsi readers can supply the reference.

An account is also given of the burial at Udipi, in the South Kanara District, of a Swami, the head of one of the *maths* of that place. The final ceremony was the placing of a cocoanut on the head of the deceased "and a tremendous blow from a heavy hammer smashed both the cocoanut and skull." These swamis are buried and not burned, because they are supposed to have attained such a degree of perfection that there is no danger of vampirism or return of the shell in their case.

The skull is broken because when a man attains a certain degree of spiritual development the "soul" makes its escape, at death, through the *brahmarandhara*, by which it entered the body, at the same time fracturing the skull. This phenomenon occurs even in the present day, and we heard of its happening in the case of a relative of a friend of ours.

The forcible smashing of the skull after death is but a superstitious imitation of the natural phenomenon.

The Editor of *Indian Notes and Queries* seems to think this custom of fracturing the skull is of the same origin as the trephining often found in various savage skulls; but Dr. Fletcher, of the American Bureau of Ethnology, who has given deep attention to the subject, is of opinion that the trephining was performed during life in order to remove pain, and cites instances of the actual use of this method among the natives of Samoa. Larger incisions he conjectures to have been performed after death in order to make amulets of the pieces cut out.

Indian Notes and Queries contains a variety of interesting information on many subjects and we wish it all success.

* Conducted by Captain R. C. Temple. Pioneer Press, Allahabad, Rs. 8 per annum.

THE KITCHEN, JOHN AND I.*

WE do not profess to know much about cooking. We did, indeed, once cook our own food for a term in college rooms and we made a small collection of cookery books—some of which we read—but all that had to do with vegetarianism, and the reading seemed somehow very dry and uninteresting. We remember, too, dipping into our mother's "Francatelli," which seemed very incomprehensible and mysterious, but when a writer turns a cookery book into a story, cookery seems quite a fascinating pursuit.

"The Kitchen, John and I" is a little book of ten chapters, the journal of John's wife (a graduate, "if you please"); who, one day, soon after marriage, thought their modest menage would go on very well without other servants than herself, and has recorded her experience for the benefit of other young housekeepers. A number of *menus* for breakfast and dinner are given, and the directions seem quite intelligible "even to a man." John and his wife were not vegetarians, but no drop of liquor was allowed in their house. We hope all our lady readers will see this book, and if the males of the family begin to read it, they will probably finish it and enjoy as we have done the bright glimpse of a happy home interior afforded by this brief record of loving woman's ministry.

THE "BIZARRE NOTES AND QUERIES."

THIS publication, now in its third volume, contains questions and answers in History, Folk-lore, Mathematics, Mysticism, Art, Science, etc. It is published and conducted by S. C. and L. M. Gould, Manchester (N. H.) U. S. A. and the subscription is one dollar a year. We have seen a great many issues of this journal, and always find some curious piece of fresh information in each of them. The last number to hand contains an interesting, though short, paper on "the Dog in Literature," beginning with the Egyptian Sothis (Sirius) and Anubis, and dealing chiefly with the Greek and Roman periods. The paper in question is to be continued, and so we hope the dog in Indian mythology will not be left out. If any of our Indian readers would supply us with an account of the mention of the dog in the *Sastras*, it might be forwarded to *Bizarre Notes and Queries*. On page 185 we find an explanation of the term "Bohemian" as applied to literary men, deriving it from a quarter of London. We think the real origin of the word must be traced to the Latin Quarter of Paris, and was popularized by the well known "Vie de Bohême," by Mürger, we do not think that any quarter of London has been known by this name. We may inform *Notes and Queries* that Jack Horner of nursery fame was a person who received a large "plum" or share in the spoliation of the English monasteries by Henry VIII. We believe his descendants are still living. It is said that other English nursery-rhymes had originally a political significance.

* By Belle Olcott. New York. Hearthstone Publishing Company, 1886.

ZOROASTRIANISM.*

THE compiler of this work is well known to our readers by the essays on Zoroastrianism that he has from time to time contributed to the pages of this magazine. These essays form the first portion of the present volume. They are an outline of Zoroastrianism interpreted "by the light of the Hindu, Platonic, Kabalistic and Hermetic philosophy", and great credit is due to the writer for his attempt to rescue the tenets of his religion from the darkness—if not oblivion into which they have sunk at the present day. When we take into consideration the fact that a considerable number remain of the votaries of this ancient religion, who are still nominally bound by its tenets it is deplorable to find to what slender dimensions its literature has sunk. Perhaps this paucity of ancient records accounts for the indifference with which so many of the author's co-religionists regard all matters connected with the inner meaning of their own religion.

The bulk of this book consists of a reprint, with some corrections of "The History of the Philosophy of the Chaldeans" together with the "Zoroastrian Oracles" and a selection from the Desatir with commentary. In the "History," Stanley has collected together all the information derivable from classical and other authorities, especially Psellus a Byzantine writer of the eleventh century. As set forth by Stanley, the Zoroastrian philosophy is closely akin to the Platonic. He gives a curious and interesting account of the Zoroastrian idea of elementals—"material demons," as he calls them. Of these he enumerates six kinds, all "haters of God, and enemies of men." They are credited with producing their evil effects "not by having dominion over us and by carrying us as their slaves withersoever they please, but by suggestion. They apply themselves to the phantastic spirit within us, and instil not by voice verberating the air, but by whisper, discourses of affections and passions." Stanley also gives a sketch of the Chaldean system of astrology. His description of magic rites only applies to divination, communication with elementals, evocation and repulsion of demons, clairvoyance and the like and is rather an account of the performances of the professional soothsayer of the Roman empire who worked for private gain, than an account of the sacred science. Like other writers, Stanley is much exercised by the appearance of six Zoroasters, and so after narrating the tenets of the Chaldean Zoroaster, he proceeds to discuss the Persian one.

The Zoroastrian Oracles are a collection, the bulk of which comes down to us from Psellus and Pletho. The present edition is from an edition by Patricues (1593) who rearranged them and added some not found in the authors we have mentioned, from Proclus, Hermias and others. Some of them are rather obscure (though the commentaries Psellus and Pletho are given) and the student is somewhat discouraged when he reflects that they have had to pass through Greek and Latin, on their way from their original language to English, while their pedigree renders the question of their accuracy somewhat complicated. They are worth studying however. This is what is said of Time: "The mundane God; Eternal, Infinite, Young, and Old, of a spiral form. And another fountainous, who guides the empyreal Heaven." The "spiral form is suggestive of cycles.

The appendix contains an extract of that part of the Dabistan treating of the cosmogony and doctrine of the Parsis, and offers important historical evidence. Besides these extracts there are others on the

* "The Zoroastrian and some other ancient systems" compiled by Dhunjeebhoy Jamesetjee Medhora, Fellow of the Theosophical Society. Bombay, 1886. Price Rs. 6.

Doctrine of the Rosicrucians from the work of H. Jennings; the Evocation of Apollonius; the Cosmogony of the Old Testament; Magicon; Christian Mysticism; Modern Science and Ancient Religion from the *Theosophist*; The Hermetic System by E. Maitland from the preface to "The Virgin of the World."

We hope this book will be widely read, especially by the Parsis, and while congratulating Mr. Dhunjeebhoy Jamsetjee on what he has effected, we cordially re-echo his own hope "that it will not be long, before we shall get a greatly enlarged treatise on Zoroastrianism, based upon the same main principles as are here set forth."

Literary and Personal Notes.

In the "St. George's Magazine" (London) for November, Babu Mohini M. Chatterji has an article on India's Influence on European evolution.

A meeting was held at Mayaveram at which Mr. Sreenivasa Sastrial announced his intention of publishing a new edition of the Mahabharata as he finds the text of Mr. Protap Chandra Roy, of Calcutta, is "sadly defective" and "many portions supporting the Advaita and Visishtadvaita doctrines, but unfavourable to the *Sakti* worshippers of the North have been omitted." The new edition will be collated from four or five manuscripts, and the price will be Rs. 25, including text and a commentary of more than half the size of the text. The edition will be ready in about eighteen months.

The "Revue des Hautes Etudes" is the title of an improved series of the "Anti-Materialiste" under the direction of M. René Caillié assisted by several French members of the Theosophical Society. The "Revue" will appear monthly. Three numbers have been received and contain most interesting and instructive articles on Theosophy and kindred subjects. The annual subscription is 10 francs in France and 10 fr. 50 c. abroad.

We have received the first number of "L'Aurore du Jour Nouveau," a Theosophical Journal issued under the auspices of Lady Caithness. Among other excellent articles it contains the first of an important series on Hermetic Philosophy by Dr. Anna Kingsford.

The London Lodge Theosophical Society has secured a room at 15, York Street, Covent Garden, as a permanent centre and meeting place for its members. A library is in course of formation.

An Italian Asiatic Society, under the patronage of King Humbert has just been formed. The President is Professor Michele Amari. Among the Asiatic honorary members we notice the names of the High Priest Sumangala of Ceylon, Babu Rajendralal Mitra, Babu Rama Das Sen and Rajah Surendro Mohun Tagore.

We have received a copy of "Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky," (Redway, London) by A. P. Sinnett. Apart from the personal interest with which all members of the Theosophical Society will read this work, it will have a wide circulation as one of the most entertaining biographies of the season. We shall notice it at greater length next month.

Just as we are going to press the mail brings us a copy of M. Gaboriau's "Le Monde Occulte" (Carré, Paris) a French translation of "The Occult World."

Correspondence.

CAUTION.

Pseudo-Occultist-Societies.

At the present time, when the very air seems to be full of whisperings of the Occult, may I be permitted to give a caution to all readers of *The Theosophist* as to joining so-called Orders or Societies professing to teach Occultism. The danger is exemplified in the history of a recent specimen of this class. I do not know how long exactly it had existed, but it first became active in 1884. It was evidently formed on the lines of the "Theosophical Society," but with special enmity to it. Knowing well that the members of that Society had complained of lack of teaching, it gave the largest promises of Occult knowledge to all comers, and tried to carry this out by copying in MSS., especially from the obscene works of the late P. B. Randolph, the Black Magician who made a stir in America some 20 years ago, and appropriately terminated his career by suicide, and, as it is said, getting up suddenly from an Incantation directed against the Theosophical Society and performing the "Happy Dispatch" with one of the instruments of destruction he had set before him as a symbol of his bitter hatred of the Theosophical Society.

By some means, its promoters had got hold of real Oriental occult knowledge on one particular subject, which deceived a member who had made Occultism his study for years. There is good reason to suppose that they also practised Black Magic against him, so as to throw a glamour over him. His position was such as to make his name important, to be used for their ultimate designs.

They professed to be in connexion with a real adept, under whose instructions they acted. Occult knowledge was gleaned from rare books, or MSS., and together with that from P. B. R., and a little real Oriental lore, was put into a series of MSS., which were forwarded in succession to those who paid their guinea entrance fee, and 5s. for postage, &c. A high sounding name was given and a specious symbol of the order was fabricated, and also sent to neophytes, for a consideration. Re-prints of important and rare books on the Occult Sciences were even made by the Society. A pretended formal, artfully contrived Initiation, was given to a few. They established also a monthly journal with articles in it, to which the names of Mejnour, Theon, and other celebrities were attached. They gained numerous adherents in England, America, and even India.

Then, they added an astrologer to the Institution, whose name was duly advertised and his performances enloured in their magazine. We shall see further on that this was fatal to them.

After a certain time, in conjunction with all this, there came out a scheme for buying a tract of land in some beautiful climate, and colonising it exclusively with their Initiates, who were to have the privilege of buying as many £ 10 shares in it, as they pleased. A temporary building was to serve, at first, as the place of initiation, but in a few years, a grand temple was to be built with all the accessories for the most elaborate rites and ceremonies of esoteric Magism. At what, we may suppose, they thought the propitious moment, there issued forth the prospectus of this Colony Scheme. They had contrived, under cover of a partial and imperfect statement of facts, to get a provisional consent of certain of the members to become directors. Suddenly, a

Prospectus was issued of the Colony Scheme, with all these names put down as directors, without the Draft having first been submitted to them for their approval, which was virtually putting their names in without their consent. The prospectus was so bad on the surface that no city man would have looked twice at it. Several of those whose names were so fraudulently put in as directors, immediately wrote and demanded that their names should be withdrawn.

Almost simultaneously with the issuing of this swindling prospectus, one of the Yorkshire neophytes wrote to their astrologer to have his horoscope cast. In the hand-writing of this astrologer, he recognised that of a man, whom he had formerly the calamity to come across, who was well known about Leeds and Bradford, and who had ceased to afflict the eyes of the people of that part of the world by a seven months imprisonment in Armley Jail for a most atrocious swindle, since which he had disappeared altogether from view. The Yorkshireman having made quite sure by comparing the astrologer's hand-writing with numerous letters in his own possession and that of others, and by this scrutiny finding that the hand-writing identified him also as the Secretary to, and prime promoter of the Order, he communicated the discovery to an active member who, for some time, had been very suspicious, and also happened to have letters and a photograph of the felon. This photograph was sent to the other chief promoter of this knavish order, and he was asked if he knew the original of that photograph. He acknowledged that he did, and was proud of the acquaintance, and was plainly quite indifferent whether he was a convicted felon or not, so long as he could help him to make money.

Upon this, without a moment's delay, every known member in England and America was written to and warned that its chief promoter was a convicted felon. This was done in time to prevent them making the haul of the £10 shares.

The convicted felon and his pal now fled to America, to the land in Georgia they were negotiating for, on which to plant the colony, evidently hoping at that distance to be able still to carry out the fraud. They were confronted on their landing by Americans who had been warned, and they were well heckled as to the felony. A great controversy ensued, but it all ended in their being ignominiously ejected from the land they intended to purchase by the very intelligent and most honorable gentleman, the owner of it, who saw what knaves they were.

Notwithstanding all this, they, or one of them, continue to publish the magazine, and I have good reason to believe they still find dupes in America, in London, in England generally, and even in India, willing to send them guinea subscriptions, and perhaps even to buy £10 shares.

The Police say that, had it not been for the Yorkshireman above-mentioned and those acting with him, it would have been one of the most gigantic swindles perpetrated for a long time.

The detectives had been watching them and knew that some fraud was contemplated.

I hope, therefore, I may be excused for giving this warning against Orders and Societies professing to teach Occultism, which is being brought into disrepute and ill odour by such abominable attempts, as above shortly, and only imperfectly narrated.

Yours faithfully,
A VICTIM.

ओं

THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. VIII. No. 89.—FEBRUARY 1887.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

PARACELSUS AND HIS WORKS.*

STUDENTS of mystical literature will be grateful to Dr. Hartmann for his lucid account of the philosophy of Paracelsus. The fact that the majority of the one hundred and six works written by this adept are in Latin and the remainder in somewhat difficult German, while many of his treatises exist only in manuscript and all are obscured by the use of a terminology invented by and peculiar to himself, has hitherto been an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of many readers. Dr. Hartmann has had the advantage of consulting the manuscript as well as the printed works, together with contemporary treatises on kindred subjects, and this is probably the first time that the philosophy of Paracelsus as a whole has been placed before the reader in an easily accessible form. Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim (Paracelsus) was born in 1493 near Maria-Einsiedeln in Switzerland, where his father, the descendant of an old German family, had established himself as a physician. From his father Paracelsus learned the rudiments of alchemy, surgery and medicine. After continuing his studies under the tuition of the monks of the convent of St. Andrew he went to the university of Basel. On leaving the university he received further instruction from Johann Trithemius of Spanheim, a renowned master of alchemy, magic and astrology, and afterwards he entered the library of the alchemist Sigismund Fugger at Schwatz in Tyrol.

Later on Paracelsus travelled much, visiting Germany, Italy, France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Sweden and Russia. It is also said that he went to India, because he was taken prisoner by the Tartars and brought to the Khan, whose son he afterwards accompanied to Constantinople. Dr. Hartmann thinks it probable that during

* "The Life of Paracelsus and the Substance of his Teachings" by F. Hartmann M. D., London, G. Redway, 1887.