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ON PSEUDO-THEOSOPHY.

“The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of devotion.”

—LAVATER.

“The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.”

—THALES.

SHALL WE WINNOW THE CORN, BUT FEED UPON THE CHAFF?

THE presiding genius in the *Daily News* Office runs amuck at LUCIFER in his issue of February 16th. He makes merry over the presumed distress of some theosophists who see in our serial novel, “The Talking Image of Urur”—by our colleague, Dr. F. Hartmann—an attempt to poke fun at the Theosophical Society. Thereupon, the witty editor quizzes “Madame Blavatsky” for observing that she “does not agree with the view” taken by some pessimists; and ends by expressing fear that “the misgivings that have been awakened will not easily be laid to rest.”

Ride, si sapiis. It is precisely because it is our desire that the “misgivings” awakened should reach those in whom the sense of *personality* and *conceit* has not yet entirely stifled their better feelings, and force them to recognize themselves in the mirror offered to them in the “Talking Image,” that we publish the “satirical” novel.

This proceeding of ours—rather unusual, to be sure, for editors—to publish a satire, which *seems* to the short-sighted to be aimed at their gods and parties only because they are unable to sense the underlying philosophy and moral in them, has created quite a stir in the dailies.

The various Metropolitan Press Cutting Agencies are pouring every morning on our breakfast-table their load of criticism, advice, and comment upon the rather novel policy. So, for instance, a kindly-disposed correspondent of the *Lancashire Evening Post* (February 18) writes as follows:—

The editor of LUCIFER has done a bold thing. She is publishing a story called “The Talking Image of Urur,” which is designed to satirise the false prophets of

Theosophy in order that the true prophets may be justified. I appreciate the motive entirely, but, unfortunately, there are weak-minded theosophists who can see nothing in Dr. Hartmann's spirited tale but a caricature of their whole belief. So they have remonstrated with Madame Blavatsky, and she replies in LUCIFER that "the story casts more just ridicule upon the enemies and detractors of the Theosophic Society than upon the few theosophists whose enthusiasm may have carried them into extremes." Unfortunately, this is not strictly accurate. The hero of the tale, a certain Pancho, is one of these enthusiasts, and it is upon him and upon the mock "adepts" who deceive him that the ridicule is thrown. But it never seems to have occurred to Madame Blavatsky and Dr. Hartmann that the moment you begin to ridicule one element, even though it be a false element, in the faith, you are apt to shake the confidence of many if not most believers, for the simple reason that they have no sense of humour. The high priestess of the cult may have this sense for obvious reasons,* but her disciples are likely to be lost if they begin to laugh, and if they can't laugh they will be bewildered and indignant. I offer this explanation with all humility to Madame Blavatsky, who has had some experience of the effects of satire.

The more so as, according to those members of the T.S. who have read the whole story, it is precisely "Madame Blavatsky" against whom its *satire* is the most directed. And if "Mme. Blavatsky"—presumably "the Talking Image"—does not object to finding herself represented as a kind of *mediumistic* poll parrot, why should other "theosophists" object? A theosophist above all men ought ever to bear in mind the advice of Epictetus: "If evil be said of thee, *and if it be true*, correct thyself; if it be a lie, *laugh at it*." We welcome a *witty* satire always, and defy ridicule or any efforts in this direction to kill the Theosophical Society, so long as it, *as a body*, remains true to its *original* principles.

As to the other dangers so kindly urged by the *Post*, the "high priestess" acknowledges the benevolent objections by answering and giving her reasons, which are these: The chosen motto of the Theosophical Society has been for years—"There is no religion *higher than truth*"; the object of LUCIFER is in the epigraph on its cover, which is "to bring to light the hidden things of darkness." If the editor of LUCIFER and the Theosophists would not belie these two propositions and be true to their colours, they have to deal with perfect impartiality, sparing no more themselves than outsiders, or even their enemies. As to the "weak-minded theosophists"—if any—they can take care of themselves in the way they please. If the "false prophets of Theosophy" are to be left untouched, the *true* prophets will be very soon—as they have already been—confused with the false. It is nigh time to winnow our corn and cast away the chaff. The T. S. is becoming enormous in its numbers, and if the *false* prophets, the pretenders (*e.g.*, the "H. B. of L.," exposed in Yorkshire by Theosophists two years ago, and the "G. N. K. R." just exposed in America), or even the weak-minded dupes, are left alone,

* The "obvious reasons" so delicately worded are these: "the high priestess of the cult" is almost universally supposed, outside of the T. S., to have exercised her own satirical powers and "sense of humour" on her *alleged* and numerous victims by *bamboozling* them into a belief of *her own invention*. So be it. The tree is known by its fruits, and it is posterity which will have to decide on the nature of the fruit.—[Ed.]

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then the Society threatens to become very soon a fanatical body split into three hundred sects—like Protestantism—each hating the other, and all bent in destroying the truth by monstrous exaggerations and idiotic schemes and shams. We do not believe in allowing the presence of *sham* elements in Theosophy, because of the fear, forsooth, that if even “a false element in the faith” is *ridiculed*, the latter “is apt to shake the confidence” in the whole. At this rate Christianity would be the first to die out centuries ago under the sledge-hammer blows dealt to its various churches by its many reformers. No philosopher, no mystic or student of symbolism, can ever laugh at or disbelieve in the sublime allegory and conception of the “Second Advent”—whether in the person of Christ, Krishna, Sosiosh, or Buddha. The *Kalki Avatar*, or last (not “second”) Advent, to wit, the appearance of the “Saviour of Humanity” or the “Faithful” *light of Truth*, on the White Horse of Death—death to falsehood, illusion, and idol, or *self-worship*—is a universal belief. Shall we for all that abstain from denouncing the behaviour of certain “Second Adventists” (as in America)? What *true* Christians shall see their co-religionists making fools of themselves, or disgracing their faith, and still abstain from rebuking them publicly as privately, for fear lest this *false* element should throw out of Christianity the rest of the believers? Can any of them praise his co-religionists for climbing periodically, in a state of paradisiacal *decolleté*, on the top of their houses, trees, and high places, there to await the “advent?” No doubt those who hope by stealing a march on their slower Brethren to find themselves hooked up the first, and carried *bodily* into Heaven, are as good Christians as any. Should they not be rebuked for their folly all the same? Strange logic!

THE WISE MAN COURTS TRUTH ; THE FOOL, FLATTERY.

However it may be, let rather our ranks be made thinner, than the Theosophical Society go on being made a spectacle to the world through the exaggerations of some fanatics, and the attempts of various charlatans to profit by a ready-made programme. These, by disfiguring and adapting Occultism to their own filthy and immoral ends, bring disgrace upon the whole movement. Some writer remarked that if one would know the enemy against whom he has to guard himself the most, the looking-glass will give him the best likeness of his face. This is quite true. If the first object of our Society be not to study one's own self, but to find fault with all except that self, then, indeed, the T. S. is doomed to become—and it already has in certain centres—a Society for mutual *admiration*; a fit subject for the satire of so acute an observer as we know the author of “The Talking Image of Urur” to be. This is our view and our policy. “And be it, indeed, that I have erred, mine error remaineth with myself.”

That such, however, is the policy of no other paper we know of—

whether a daily, a weekly, a monthly, or a quarterly—we are quite aware. But, then, they are the public organs of the masses. Each has to pander to this or that other faction of politics or Society, and is doomed “to howl with the wolves,” whether it likes or not. But our organs—LUCIFER pre-eminently—are, or ought to be, the phonographs, so to speak, of the Theosophical Society, a body which is placed outside and beyond all centres of forced policy. We are painfully conscious that “he who tells the truth is turned out of nine cities”; that truth is unpalatable to most men; and that—since men must learn *to love the truth* before they thoroughly believe it—the truths we utter in our magazine are often as bitter as gall to many. This cannot be helped. Were we to adopt any other kind of policy, not only LUCIFER—a very humble organ of Theosophy—but the Theosophical Society itself, would soon lose all its *raison d'être* and become an anomaly.

But “who shall sit in the seat of the scorner?” Is it the timid in heart, who tremble at every opinion too boldly expressed in LUCIFER lest it should displease this faction of readers or give offence to that other class of subscribers? Is it the “self-admirers,” who resent every remark, however kindly expressed, if it happens to clash with *their* notions, or fails to show respect to *their* hobbies?

“. . . I am Sir Oracle
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!”

Surely we learn better and profit more by criticism than by flattery, and we amend our ways more through the abuse of our enemies than the blind pandering of friends. Such satires as the “Fallen Idol,” and such chelas as Nebelsen, have done more good to our Society, and certain of its members, than any “theosophical” novel; for they have shown up and touched *au vif* the foolish exaggerations of more than one enthusiast.

Self abnegation is possible only to those who have learnt to know themselves; to such as will never mistake *the echo of their own inner voice—that of selfish desire or passion—for the voice of divine inspiration, or an appeal from their MASTER*. Nor is *chelaship* consonant with mediumistic sensitiveness and its hallucinations; and therefore all the *sensitives* who have hitherto forced themselves into discipleship have generally made fools of themselves, and, sooner or later, thrown ridicule upon the T. S. But after the publication of the “Fallen Idol” more than one such exhibition was stopped. “The Talking Image of Urur” may then render the same, if not better, service. If some traits in its various *dramatis personæ* fit in some particulars certain members who still belong to the Society, other characters—and the most successful of them—resemble rather certain EX-members; fanatics, in the past, bitter enemies now—conceited fools at all times. Furthermore “Puffer” is a compound and very vivid photograph. It *may* be that of several members

of the T.S., but it looks also like a deluded victim of other bogus Esoteric and Occult Societies. One of such just sprung up at Boston U.S.A., is now being nipped in the bud and exposed by our own Theosophists.

These are the "Solar adepts" spoken of in our January editorial, the *âmes damnées* of shameful commercial enterprises. No event could vindicate the policy of our journal better than the timely exposure of these *pseudo-adepts*, those "Sages of the Ages" who bethought themselves of trading upon the public hunger for the marvellous *ad absurdum*. We did well to speak of them in the editorial as we have. It was timely and lucky for us to have pointed to the ringleaders of that shameful speculation—the sale of bogus occult knowledge. For we have averted thereby a great and new danger to the Society—namely that of unscrupulous charlatans being taken for Theosophists. Misled by their lies and their publications filled with terms from Eastern philosophy and with ideas they had bodily stolen from us only to disfigure and misapply them—the American press has already referred to them as Theosophists. Whether out of sheer flippancy, or actual malice, some dailies have headed their sensational articles with "Theosophic Knaves," and "Pantognomostic Theosophs," etc, etc. This is pure fiction. The editor of the "Esoteric" had never been at any time a member of our society, or of any of its numerous Branches. "ADHY-APAKA, *alias* the Hellenic ETHNOMEDON and ENPHORON, *alias* the Greco-Tibetan, *Eus-movens OM mane padmi AUM*" (*sic*) was our enemy from the beginning of his career. As impudently stated by him to a reporter, we theosophists hated him for his "many virtues!" Nor has the Sage "bent under the weight of centuries," the VIDYA NYAIKA, said to be represented by a person called Eli Ohmart, had anything to do with the T. S. The two worthies had, like two venomous wily spiders, spread their webs far and wide, and numerous are the Yankee flies caught in them. But thanks to the energy of some of our Boston Members, the two hideous desecrators of Eastern philosophy are exposed. In the words of the "Boston Globe," this is the—

"WEIRD TALE WHICH MAY HAVE A SEQUEL IN COURT."

"If there are no arrests made, I shall go right on with the work; but if they make trouble, I shall stay and face the music."

Hiram Erastus Butler, the esoteric philosopher of 478 Shawmut avenue, uttered the foregoing sentiment to a GLOBE reporter last evening as calmly as one would make a casual remark about the weather.

Thereby hangs a tale, a long, complicated, involuted, weird, mystical, scientific, hysterical tale—a tale of love and intrigue, of adventure, of alleged and to some extent of admitted swindling, of charges of a horrible and unspeakable immorality, of communion with embodied and disembodied spirits, and especially of money. In short, a tale that would make your head weary and your heart faint if you attempted to follow out all its labyrinthine details and count the cogs on its wheels within wheels. A tale that quite possibly may find its sequel in the courts, where judge, jury, and counsel will have a chance to cudgel their brains over almost every mystery in the known universe."

These are the *heroes* whom certain timid Theosophists—those who raised their voices against the publication of the “Talking Image of Urur—” advised us to leave alone. Had it not been for that unwillingness to expose even impersonal things and deeds, our editorial would have been more explicit. Far from us be the desire to “attack” or “expose” even our enemies, so long as they harm only ourselves, personally and individually. But here the whole of the Theosophical body—already so maligned, opposed, and persecuted—was endangered, and its destinies were hanging in the balance, because of that impudent *pseudo* esoteric speculation. He, therefore, who maintains in the face of the Boston scandal, that we did not act rightly in tearing off the sanctimonious mask of Pecksniffian piety and the “Wisdom of the Ages” which covered the grimacing face of a most bestial immorality, of insatiable greediness for lucre and impudence, fire, water, and police proof—is no true Theosophist. How minds, even of an average intelligence, could be caught by such transparent snares as these publicly exhibited by the two worthies, to wit: Adhy-Apaka and Vidya Nyaika—traced by the American press to one Hiram E. Butler and Eli Ohmart—passes all comprehension! Suffice to read the pamphlet issued by the two confederates, to see at the first glance that it was a mere repetition—more enlarged and barefaced, and with a wider, bolder programme, still a repetition—of the now defunct “H. B. of L” with its mysterious appeals of four year ago to the “Dissatisfied” with “the Theosophical Mahatmas.” The two hundred pages of the wildest balderdash constitute their “Appeal from the Unseen and the Unknown” and the “Interior of the Inmost” (?) to “the Awakened.” *Pantognomos* and *Ekphoron* offer to teach the unwary “the laws of ENS, MOVENS, and OM,” and appeal for money. *Vidya Nyaika* and *Ethnomedon* propose to initiate the ignorant into the “*à priori* Sambudhistic (?) philosophy of Kapila” and—beg for hard cash. The story is so sickening that we dislike to stain our pages with its details. But now to the moral of the fable.

YE SPURNED THE SUBSTANCE AND HAVE CLUTCHED THE SHADOW.

For fourteen years our Theosophical Society has been before the public. Born with the three-fold object of infusing a little more mutual brotherly feeling in mankind; of investigating the mysteries of nature from the Spiritual and Psychic aspect; and, of doing a tardy justice to the civilizations and Wisdom of Eastern pre-Christian nations and literature, if it did not do all the good that a richer Society might, it certainly did no harm. It appealed only to those who found no help for their perplexities anywhere else. To those lost in the psychic riddles of Spiritualism, or such, again, as, unable to stand the morbid atmosphere of modern unbelief, and seeking light in vain from the unfathomable mysteries taught by the theology of the thousand and one Christian sects, had given up all hope of solving any of the problems of life. There was no

entrance fee during the first two years of the Society's existence ; afterwards, when the correspondence and postage alone demanded hundreds of pounds a year, new members had to pay £1 for their diploma. Unless one wanted to support the movement, one could remain a Fellow all his life without being asked for a penny, and two-thirds of our members have never put their hand in their pocket, nor were they asked to do so. Those who supported the cause were from the first a few devoted Theosophists who laboured without conditions or any hope for reward. Yet no association was more insulted and laughed at than was the Theosophical Society. No members of any body were spoken of in more contemptuous terms than the Fellows of the T.S. from the first. The Society was born in America, and therefore it was regarded in England with disfavour and suspicion. We were considered as fools and knaves, victims and frauds before the benevolent interference of the Psychic Research Society, which tried to build its reputation on the downfall of Theosophy and Spiritualism, but really harmed neither. Nevertheless, when our enemies got the upper hand, and by dint of slander and inventions had most maliciously succeeded in placing before the credulous public, ever hungry for scandals and sensations, *mere conjectures as undeniable and proven facts*, it was the American press which became the most bitter in its denunciations of Theosophy, and the American public the most willing to drink in and giggle over the undeserved calumnies upon the Founders of the T.S. Yet it is they who were the first told, through our Society, of the actual existence of Eastern Adepts in Occult Sciences. But both the English and the Americans spurned and scoffed at the very idea, while even the Spiritualists and Mystics, who ought to have known better, would, with a few exceptions, have nothing to do with *heathen* Masters of Wisdom. The latter were, they maintained, "*invented* by the Theosophists:" it was all "moonshine." For these "Masters," whom no member was ever asked to accept, unless he liked to do so himself, on whose behalf *no supernatural claim was ever made*, unless, perhaps, in the too ardent imagination of enthusiasts ; these Masters who *gave* to, and often *helped* with money, poor Theosophists, but never asked anything of the rich—these MASTERS *were too much like real men*. They neither claimed to be gods nor spirits, nor did they pander to people's gush and sentimental creeds. And now those Americans have got at last what their hearts yearned for : a bonâ fide ideal of an adept and magician. A creature several thousand years old. A *true-blue* "Buddhist-Brahmin" who appeals to Jehovah, or *Jahveh*, speaks of Christ and the Messianic cycle, and blesses them with an AMEN and an "OM MANE PADMI HUM" in the same breath, relieving them at the same time of 40,000 dollars before they are a month old in their worship of him *Wullahy!* Allah is great and—"Vidya Nyaika" is his only prophet. Indeed we feel little pity for the victims. What is the *psychology* that some Theosophists are accused of exercising

over their victims in comparison with this? And this necessitates a few words of explanation.

IGNORANCE NOT ALTOGETHER BLISS.

All know that there is a tacit, often openly-expressed, belief among a few of the Fellows of the T. S. that a certain prominent Theosophist among the leaders of the Society *psychologizes* all those who happen to come within the area of that individual's influence. Dozens, nay, hundreds, were, and still are, "psychologized." The hypnotic effect seems so strong as to virtually transform all such "unfortunates" into irresponsible nincompoops, mere cyphers and tools of that theosophical Circe. This idiotic belief was originally started by some "wise men" of the West. Unwilling to admit that the said person had either any knowledge or *powers*, bent on discrediting their victim, and yet unable to explain certain abnormal occurrences, they hit upon this happy and *logical* loop-hole to get out of their difficulties. The theory found a grateful and fruitful soil. Henceforth, whenever any Fellows connected theosophically with the said "psychologizer" happen to disagree in their views upon questions, metaphysical or even purely administrative, with some other member—"on despotism bent," forthwith the latter comes out with the favourite solution: "Oh, they are psychologized!" The *magic* WORD springs out on the arena of discussion like a Jack-in-a-box, and forthwith the attitude of the "rebels" is explained and plausibly accounted for.

Of course the alleged "psychology" has really no existence outside the imagination of those who are too vain to allow any opposition to *their* all-wise and autocratic decrees on any other ground than phenomenal—nay, *magical*—interference with their will. A short analysis of the Karmic effects that would be produced by the exercise of such powers may prove interesting to theosophists.

Even on the terrestrial, purely physical plane, moral irresponsibility ensures impunity. Parents are answerable for their children, tutors and guardians for their pupils and wards, and even the Supreme Courts have admitted extenuating circumstances for criminals who are proved to have been led to crime by a will or influences stronger than their own. How much more forcibly this law of simple retributive justice must act on the psychic plane; and what, therefore, may be the responsibility incurred by using such psychological powers, in the face of Karma and its punitive laws, may be easily inferred. Is it not evident that, if even human justice recognizes the impossibility of punishing an irrational idiot, a child, a minor, etc., taking into account even hereditary causes and bad family influences—that the divine Law of Retribution, which we call KARMA, must visit with hundredfold severity one who deprives reasonable, thinking men of their *free will* and powers of ratiocination? From the occult standpoint, the charge is simply one of black magic, of *envoûtement*. Alone a *Dugpa*, with "Avitchi" yawning at the further

end of his life cycle, could risk such a thing. Have those so prompt to hurl the charge at the head of persons in their way, ever understood the whole terrible meaning implied in the accusation? We doubt it. No occultist, no intelligent student of the mysterious laws of the "night side of Nature," no one who knows anything of Karma, would ever suggest such an explanation. What adept or even a moderately-informed chela would ever risk an endless future by interfering with, and therefore *taking upon himself, the Karmic debit of all those whom he would so psychologize as to make of them merely the tools of his own sweet will!*

This fact seems so evident and palpably flagrant, that it is absurd to have to recall it to those who boast of knowing *all* about Karma.

Is it not enough to bear the burden of the knowledge that from birth to death, the least, the most unimportant, unit of the human family exercises an influence over, and receives in his turn, as unconsciously as he breathes, that of every other unit whom he approaches, or who comes in contact with him? Each of us either adds to or diminishes the sum total of human happiness and human misery, "not only of the present, but of every subsequent age of humanity," as shown so ably by Elihu Burritt, who says :—

"There is no sequestered spot in the Universe, no dark niche along the disc of non-existence, from which he (man) can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world ; everywhere his presence or absence will be felt —everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence. It is an old saying, and one of fearful and fathoming import, that *we are forming characters for eternity*. Forming characters ! Whose? Our own or others'? Both—and in that momentous fact lies the peril and responsibility of our existence. Who is sufficient for the thought? Thousands of my fellow-beings will yearly enter eternity* with characters differing from those they would have carried thither had I never lived. The sunlight of that world will reveal my finger-marks in their primary formations, and in their successive strata of thought and life."

These are the words of a profound thinker. And if the simple fact of our living changes the sum of human weal and woe—in a way for which we are, owing to our ignorance, entirely irresponsible—what must be the Karmic decree in the matter of influencing hundreds of people by an act perpetrated and carried on for years in premeditation *and the full consciousness* of what we are doing !

Verily the man or woman in the unconscious possession of such dangerous powers had much better never be born. The Occultist who exercises them consciously will be caught up by the whirlwind of successive rebirths, without even an hour of rest. Woe to him, then, in that ceaseless, dreary series of terrestrial *Avitchis* ; in that interminable æon of torture, suffering, and despair, during which, like the squirrel doomed to turn the wheel at every motion, he will launch from one life of misery

**Devachan*, rather ; the *entr'acte* between two incarnations.

into another, only to awake each time with a fresh burden of other people's Karma, which he will have drawn upon himself! Is it not enough, indeed, to be regarded as "frauds, cranks, and infidels," by the outsiders, without being identified with *wizards* and *witches* by our own members!

THE GENUS "INFIDEL" AND ITS VARIETIES.

It is true to say that the varieties of infidels are many, and that one "infidel" differs from another infidel as a Danish boar-hound differs from the street mongrel. A man may be the most heterodox infidel with regard to orthodox dogmas. Yet, provided he proclaims himself loudly a Christian, that heterodoxy—when even going to the length of saying that "revealed religion is an imposture"—will be regarded by some as simply "of that exalted kind which rises above all human forms."*

A "Christian" of such a kind may—as the late Laurence Oliphant has—give vent to a still more startling theory. He may affirm that he considers that "from time to time the Divine Influence emanates itself, so to speak, in phenomenal persons. Sakyamouni was such; Christ was such; and such I consider Mr. (Lake) Harris to be—in fact, he is a new avatar,"† and still remain a Christian of an "exalted kind" in the sight of the "Upper Ten." But let an "infidel" of the Theosophical Society say *just the same* (minus the absurdity of including the American Lake Harris in the list of the *Avatars*), and no contumely heaped upon him by clergy and servile newspapers will ever be found too strong!

But this belongs properly to the paradoxes of the Age; though the *Avataric* idea has much to do with Karma and rebirth, and that belief in reincarnation has nothing in it that can militate against the teachings of Christ. We affirm, furthermore, that the great Nazarene Adept distinctly taught it. So did Paul and the Synoptics, and nearly all the earliest Church Fathers, with scarcely an exception, accepted it, while some actually taught the doctrine.

DO NOT START TWO HARES AT ONCE.

From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step, and Karma acts along every line, on nations as on men. The Japanese Mikado is tottering towards his end for having played too long at *hide and seek* with his worshippers. Hundreds of shrewd Americans have been taken in through disbelieving in truths and lending a too credulous ear to bold lies. A French abbé has fallen under Karmic penalty for coquetting too openly with Theosophy, and attempted to mirror himself, like a modern clerical Narcissus, in the too deep waters of Eastern Occultism. The Abbé Roca, an honorary *chanoine* (canon) in

* *I*vide Lady Grant Duff's article "Laurence Oliphant" in the "*Contemporary Review*" for February: pages 185 and 188.

† *Ibid.* Quoted from Sir Thomas Wade's notes, by Lady Grant Duff—page 186.

the diocese of Perpignan, our old friend and irrepressible adversary in the French *Lotus* a year ago—has come to grief. Yet his ambition was quite an innocent one, if rather difficult of realization. It was founded on a dream of his ; a reconciliation between Pantheistic Theosophy and a Socialistic Latin Church, with a fancy Pope at the head of it. He longed to see the Masters of Wisdom of old India and Eastern Occultism under the sway of Rome *regenerated*, and amused himself with predicting the same. Hence a frantic race between his meridional phantasy and the clerical bent of his thought. Poor, eloquent abbé ! Did he not already perceive the Kingdom of Heaven in the new Rome-Jerusalem ? A new Pontiff seated on a throne made out of the *cranium* of Macropropopus, with the *Zohar* in his right pocket, *Chochmah*, the male Sephiroth (transformed by the good abbé into the Mother of God), in his left, and a "Lamb" stuffed with dynamite, in the paternal Popish embrace. The "Wise Men" of the East were even now, he said, crossing the Himalayas, and, "led by the Star" of Theosophy, would soon be worshipping at the shrine of the reformed Pope and Lamb. It was a glorious dream—alas, still but a dream. But he persisted in calling us the "greatest of Christian-Buddhists." (*Lotus*, February, 1888.) Unfortunately for himself he also called the Pope of the "Cæsaro-papal Rome" "the Satan of the seven hills," in the same number. Result : Pope Leo XIII. asserts once more the proverbial ingratitude of theological Rome. He has just deprived our poetical and eloquent friend and adversary, the Abbé Roca, of the—

exercise of all his functions in Holy Orders, as also of his living, for refusing to submit to a decree by which his works were placed on the Index Expurgatorius. These works bore the titles of "Christ, the Pope, and the Democracy ;" "The Fatal Crisis and the Salvation of Europe ;" and "The End of the World." Even in the face of the present papal decision, he is advertising the appearance of a fourth work, entitled "Glorieux Centenaire," 1889. "Monde Nouveau." "Nouveaux Cieux, nouvelle Terre."

According to *Galignani*—(and his own articles and letters in theosophical organs, we may add) the fearless—

Abbé has for some time, (says *Galignani*), been denouncing the Papacy as a creature of Cæsar, and as wholly preoccupied with the question of its temporalities in face of the crying needs of humanity. According to his view, the Divine aid was promised the Church until the end of the world, or of the age ; and the Cæsarean age having passed away, all things are to be made new. He looks forward to a spiritual coming of Christ by the spread of the modern sentiment of "liberty, equality, fraternity, toleration, solidarity, and mutuality," in the atmosphere of the Gospel. Although his views do not appear to be very clear, he argues that the Gospel is passing from "the mystico-sentimental phase to the organico-social phase, thanks to the progress of science, which will illumine everything. (*The Globe*.)

This is only what had to be expected. The Abbé would not accept our joint warnings and took no heed of them. The sad epilogue of our polemics is given (not altogether correctly as regards the present writer)

in the same *Globe*, wherein the news is wound up in the following words:—

“He has been contending, in the *Lotus*, in favour of a union of the East and the West by means of a fusion between Buddhism and the Christian Gospel; but Mdme. Blavatsky, the foremost European convert to the Indian religion, has emphatically repudiated all attempts at such union, because she cannot or will not accept the authority of Christ. The Abbé Roca is therefore left out in the cold.”

This is not so. What “Mdme. Blavatsky” replied in the *Lotus* (December 1887) to the Abbé’s assertions that the said *fusion* between his Church and Theosophy would surely come, was this:

... “We are not as optimistic as he (the Abbé Roca) is. His church sees in vain her greatest ‘mysteries’ unmasked and the fact proclaimed in every country by scholars versed in Orientalism and Symbology as by Theosophists; and we refuse to believe that she will ever accept our truths or confess her errors. And as, on the other hand, no true theosophist will accept any more a *carnalised* Christ according to the Latin dogma than an anthropomorphic God, and still less a ‘Pastor’ in the person of a Pope, it is not the adepts who will ever go toward ‘the Mount of Salvation,’ (as invited by the Abbé). They will rather wait that the Mahomet of Rome should go to the trouble of taking the path which leads to Mount Meru.” . . .

This is not rejecting “the authority of Christ” if the latter be regarded as we and Laurence Oliphant regarded Him, *i.e.* as an *Avatar* like Gautama Buddha and other great adepts who became the vehicles or *Reincarnations* of the “one” Divine Influence. What most of us will never accept is the anthropomorphized “*charmant docteur*” of Renan, or the Christ of Torquemada and Calvin rolled into one. Jesus, the Adept we believe in, taught our Eastern doctrines, KARMA and REINCARNATION foremost of all. When the so-called Christians will have learnt to read the New Testament between the lines, their eyes will be opened and—they will see.

We propose to deal with the subject of Karma and Reincarnation in our next issue. Meanwhile, we are happy to see that a fair wind is blowing over Christendom and propels European thought more and more Eastward.



GOD IS INVISIBLE AND INDEFINABLE; WHAT WE CAN DEFINE OR SEE IS NOT GOD. MEN DESIRE IN THEIR SPECULATIONS TO APPREHEND GOD: THEY APPREHEND IN HIS PLACE—THE DEVIL, WHO WOULD ALSO POSE AS GOD. . . .

MARTIN LUTHER.

The Death of Judas Iscariot.

[A wild spot by the Lake. Judas lying motionless on the ground ; after a long silence he raises his wild, haggard face and speaks in a hoarse, despairing tone.]

Lost ! Lost ! All lost ! and yet, ah God ! God ! God !
 Thou knowest (if truly thou art Deity,
 And not mere phantom madness like all else
 In this wild soul), thou knowest I loved him well
 With all my might of manhood . . . with the hope
 I held of happiness and purity
 With worship passing wonders, as the bird
 Flies swift beyond the tortoise with all strife
 To reach the love I craved for in his eyes,
 To feel the sunshine of his blessedness
 Fall quivering down my life Ah God ! God ! God !
 Unmoved, unmovable, look down on me,
 On me thy creature formed from out the clay
 By thy swift-quickening might look on me here
 Cast down to earth with horrible shudderings,
 In anguish craving as the highest bliss
 Return to nothingness and clay again
 I gaze into the blackness, and but see
 Perpetual anguish of those pleading eyes—
 Oh, Christ my Master, whom I vile betrayed
 For tinsel silver ! oh my Lord, mine own,
 My friend, my king, my God, my torturer !
 My groping fingers tear away the light
 And seize the darkness, holding it fast clasped
 Before my aching sight, to shut those eyes
 Those saddened, pleading eyes, away from me,
 Yet still they shine tear-bright : Oh agony !
 Oh torture of remorse ! Oh Paradise
 I see behind me in the lessening
 Fair light of bygone youth, fast barred to me
 By blackness of my sin ! Ah treacherous tongue
 Urged fiend, swift to despair ! How dare I speak
 Or breathe the usual greetings carelessly,
 “ Good morrow, friend ; a fair bright morning, love.”
 Or any words unnoticed glowing on
 In happy days, severely wringing down
 The gentle slope of life. How should I dare
 Even to greet a brother ? But I rave !
 I have no brother now no sister love

Or friend . . . no humanness, no softening
 Dwells in my blackened soul—alone—alone—
 For evermore alone I journey on
 Thro' blackness of despair, until one day,
 One time-flash, fiend-winged, shall bring forth for me
 A sharper final pang, and I am dead—
 Dead by mine own foul hand—a traitor dead—
 While all the busy world moves whirling on
 And smiling as it passes, shuddering
 Between the ripples of a light, low laugh
 To think that it dared shudder at my fate.
 "What could a traitor and a perjured friend
 Expect but bitter ending and despair,"
 So whispers it, half fearful all the time
 Lest dispraise of my sin be praise of him
 It crucified because it would not hear
 The truth he bore upon his godlike brow,
 A crown of terror to its falsenesses ! . . .
 Its falsenesses ! Ah traitor, even now
 Thou dost not dare to hold the terrible truth
 Before thy shivering mind ! . . . its falsenesses !
 Know, fiend, it was thine own : it strove in vain
 (And evermore had striven) to crucify
 Thy Lord Divine, unless from thy foul tongue
 And greedy lust of silver it had bought
 The night which kissed, with feigned caressing word,
 And with love's kiss betrayed him . . . unto death—
 The shameful death and anguish of the Cross !
 The falseness of the world ! . . . The open hate—
 The loud-voiced scornful threat to crucify
 A scoffer at false lives, so fair without
 So foul and hideous underneath the mask—
 This was not shameful like thy grovelling sin :
 Remember thy meek lies ; thou downward-eyed—
 Thou thinly speaking, quivering platitudes
 Of saving for the poor, yet holding back
 The riches of great hearts to squander them
 Upon thy filthy lusts—thou loving him
 With empty words, betrayed : and why, forsooth ?
 Because thou grudgest that he, seeing clear
 Into the darkened chamber of thy soul,
 And knowing it so black, held in his eyes
 A piteous pleading when they gazed at thee,
 A prayer for nobleness within thy heart
 To bud and blossom to that height of deed
 He loved in others, yet not loved thee less
 But others more . . . [*throws himself down on the ground again*]

Ah God! God! God!

I see it now all clear ; my little mind
Held but my stunted self, and yet I dreamed
It bore within its narrow dimnesses
Christ raised and crowned, the over-mastering
Fair angel of my life. Ah, God, I know
The love I boasted was but vanity ;
I sunned myself so proudly in his light,
And thought it wreathed my brows with holiness
And filled my life with bliss and purity :
Alas ! mere selfish love that sets itself,
Its own small feelings, its own happiness,
Before the thing it loves, is but a curse !
How dare I talk of love . . . love dead to me
Who dares to love me now ? . . . Ah ! threatening God,
No single human soul beneath thy sun
But feels a horror at my sinfulness !
Not one of all that canting brotherhood
Who bought my weak soul's promise with their gold
But shuddering turns away from me accursed—
And yet I once was innocent and young,
And hopeful in my budding happiness,
Had friends and brothers, and a dearer one
Than these, to bless my life ; ah ! Bathsheba,
Who wast my love, and would have been my wife,
Whose dreamy eyes held ever in their depths
The blissfulness of heaven's sunny blue,
The ever-changing rapture of the sea,
And waving rhythm of the fragrant air,
My own ! my own ! whom yet I left for him
The Christ, the Master, the all-loving one,
With deep pathetic wisdom passing words
In his calm smile of blessing : ah, my Christ.
They babble of thy rising into life
To judge the world with pitiless righteousness,
Would God it might be so ! . . . then might I fall
Before thy pierced feet, and, weeping there,
Find death by gazing, everlasting death—
A hideous blackness—an eternal curse—
A clinging anguish . . . anything but this
Oh ! face so pale and saddened watching me
With mute reproach thro' anguish on the brow,
And yet no anger in the steadfast eyes,
But godlike pity maddening my soul !
Did I not love thee ? Oh ! my Lord, my Christ,
Would I had died for thee. . . . Yet thou art dead ;
Thou anguished, mocked at, scourged, and all by me,

Thy friend and brother ! God, look down, look down !
 Crush me to dust beneath that holiness
 Thy look bears as it falls—let me but die !
 Oh, strike me blackened to the weary earth
 Ere I make deeper darkness, heavier sin,
 By cutting with my frantic, anguished hand
 The silver thread of life. Oh, dreadful God,
 My nation's God, alas ! but mine no more,
 Strike me into the dust.

[*Lies motionless for a few moments, then suddenly starts up* |

He will not strike !

He has no pity for the murderer—
 And now the last faint echo of a hope
 Which I dared hardly whisper has died out
 And left an utter darkness : while I felt
 “Lost ! lost ! all lost !” behind the misery
 (A faint star peeping thro' the mist of night)
 My soul still held a groping instinct-like,
 Tho' lost on earth yet mercy might be found
 Perchance in that dread, terrible
 Yet sometime smiling god, were it but that
 Of striking with Heav'n's bolt my branded brow
 To deeper darkness on th' accursed earth
 But now no hope remains save in this hand,
 For I must free myself and yet I know
 This hope of thus escaping the wild dread
 Of those deep, pleading eyes is vain, most vain—
 Their pathos haunts me now, and evermore—
 But this mad feeling that I am alone,
 Alone in sin, alone in agony,
 While all the careless, happy world steps on
 More quickly as it passes my bowed form
 For fear of touching the vile murderer,
 Or being scared 'mid its propinities
 By mad despair it has no heart to feel
 Or 'twould lie bowed before the Crucified,
 With ashes on its head and sackcloth girt
 Around its fasting limbs . . . why do I rave
 Against the guilt of others when myself
 Am blackest under Heaven ? I will not bear
 This anguish further . . . [*seizes his sword*]
 'Tis no madness this
 But calm resolve : have not these Romans taught
 By many noble deaths that sinning souls
 May half atone by resolute strength in death ?
 Shall I a Jew be less resolved than they ?
 Oh God I'm mad. . . . I rave. . . . I frenzied seize
 The thread from out thy hands and frantic snap

The fragile cord in twain. . . . Unmoveable,
 Sitting serene upon thy golden throne
 Mid Heaven's light, lo ! I hurl back to thee
 With scorn and loathing this thy gift of life,
 Take it and rack me for thus breaking it
 When it became unbearable by sin
 'Gainst which thou gavest me no manly strength
 To stand firm-eyed, unflinching ; take it back
 And send thy plagues down on my guilty soul—
 (The legends tell us that we all have souls)
 Ten times the plagues of Egypt, doubly cursed
 With wearing anguish—ride upon the wind
 And bid thy chainless steed tear me apart
 With blustering breath of flame until no limb
 Clings close unto its fellow—let no tongue
 Have power to say "here lies the traitor-friend
 Who slew our hope ; the king our God had sent
 For refuge to his people !" Oh, my Christ,
 In mercy turn those haunting eyes away
 For one brief moment—Oh, my lord ! my love !
 This darkness closes round me ! Where am I ?
 I know no more Oh, meek-eyed torture
 I see but thee, thou'rt maddening me to death,
 Oh haunt me not ! oh turn those eyes away !
 I knew no mercy, but oh, Christ my Lord
 Spare me ! . . . Ah devil is it thou at last ?
 Take me and torture ! Christ in mercy turn
 Those haunting eyes away ! [*Falls on his sword with a dying gasp.*]
 Oh Christ ! Christ ! Christ !
 Oh horrible, meek eyes, they haunt me still ! [*Dies.*]

EVELYN PYNE.



"THERE are nine thousand licensed dens of crime here in the city of New York. A community which boasts of Christian civilisation tolerates and legalizes a business which is nothing else than a curse to the people who are compelled to submit to its presence. Not one word can be spoken in its favour, not one argument cited to support it. A thousand policemen, a dozen criminal magistrates and courts, asylums, jails and penitentiaries are needed to take care of the consequences of this business. . . .

Among the Buddhists with five hundred million followers and the Mahomedans with two hundred and fifty million, drunkenness is unknown. The so-called heathens of the world, the "vile and despised of the earth," forbid the use of alcoholic drinks and crush intemperance, and we Christians encourage and legalize it.

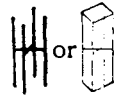
Ministers of the church of Christ are labouring in the cause of the license, while heathen teachers are fighting for its suppression (read *Theosophists*) ; and yet we send missionaries to these people to convert them to our religious civilization ! God forbid !" (*From the New York Press.*) The superiority of the Christian over Heathen religions, is proved, indeed !

The Seven Geometrical Vowels.

“**T**EN is the number of Jehovah, the typical personal God.” See LUCIFER, December, page 291.

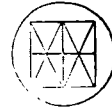
The word “Jehovah” contains the five vowels, therefore, according to “The Geometrical Vowels,” page 317, it expresses a combination of Air **I**, Earth **E**, Water **V**, Fire **A**, with one consonant, **H**, added. The letter **H** is only an aspirate—a breath; it is repeated, therefore *TWO breaths*.

From a geometrical point of view, two **Hs** at once suggest solidity; put in perspective they would be

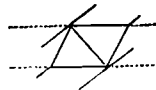


As the vowels **IEOVA** express the elements named, these combined with the two *Breathings* are those elements in concrete form; or as given in our text, a “*personal God*,” by reason of those two *Breathings*.


IEHOVAH :—This is the form of it,



which from a side view is



Its two pyramids rest upon the plane of the *horizontal* line.


The vowel **E** and the letter **H** are intimately connected, the **H** completing the solidity of the vowel **E**, making it 



E, as representing Earth, is a combination of Elements in tangible (solid) form, which, as we have just deduced, is completed by the breathing of **H**.

Therefore, of the vowels we have only Four left **AIOV**.

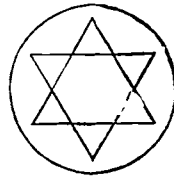
We came to the conclusion, page 318, that water was only a reversed condition of Fire, therefore a form of **A**, consequently the vowels are reduced to Three **AIO** as the primal Trinity which is very similar to our word God.




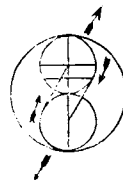



MAN, or . The letter **I** (am) is here *induced* by the operation of the letter **N**, which by its peculiar enunciation checks the outgoing of the vowel **A** and forces it upwards into the head, producing the **I**, or consciousness as represented in the monogram.


IAM or  is nearly the same as **MAN** =  therefore by the evolution of **IAM**, *man* is produced, and by the involution of **Man**, **IAM** is produced.

WOMAN joined to **MAN**  generates the winged egg.

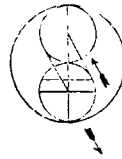
In  is **IΛVO**, but neither **E** nor **H** is in the monogram.

It expresses a conception of Divine energy prior to its out-Breathing. Although by the completion of the Bases of the two Triangles two planes of consciousness are indicated within the circle of the Boundless, as Light and Darkness.

	is 10 Ten	} These form	
	= Three		
	= Six		
	= Nine		

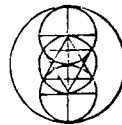
In this the wheels turn in one direction as indicated by the arrows, from left to right. This is the Sign  Cancer, which, by Taro, is generation of first forms of Life. This is One Breath of Jehovah.

Reverse the wheels and we have




The Second Breathing.

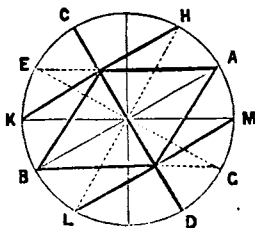
These together are



The curious will easily find that this monogram contains all the numbers—as stated in my Text, all the signs of the Zodiac—and many other things. And by adding **E** and **H**, it will be found to contain all the letters of the English alphabet.

Astrological inference:—The weight of attraction upon the line of operation of **I** producing the two triangles  is an antagonistic influence, opposed to the completion of the circle of **I** (as shown on page

317), and tending to draw together the two polar points, and to absorb them in the plane of its power.



In this diagram it is seen that these points represent an influence 90 degrees apart.

A C, C B, B D, D A, an astrological \square square.

This retarding influence or weight must be powerfully felt along the whole line of the operation C D, consequently the opposition C—D is most powerfully inimical to the points A, B, tending to absorb them.

Astrologers will see by this diagram, geometrically, how *friends* and *pleasure* are the drag upon a man and his wife's wealth, and tend to absorb it in the plane of their power.

But the line A E and B G are in affinity with each other, and are the power of A and B extended to the limit of the circle, these represent points in *Trine* and *sextile* to each other, As do also the points of the letter H as K L, H M, L D, D M, and so on.



There is no levity in pointing out that this is the operation of Jehovah in the circumstances of the Life of man.

A CHELA.



A PARABLE.

A NUMBER of psychical researchers, thirsting after occult knowledge, went into a wilderness to seek for the serpent of wisdom. The day was very hot and they became very hungry, so that they would have eaten almost any kind of food, however repulsive, to keep themselves from starvation. At last they espied a serpent of a beautiful green colour, with a golden crown upon its head. They caught the snake and resolved to eat it; but they would not eat it raw and alive. So they cut it to pieces. One boiled his piece, another roasted his, and the third attempted to make a stew of it; but, wondrous to relate, whenever a piece was nearly done, it disappeared, and nothing remained but some indigestible bones.

Then the psychical researchers were very much disappointed and wept; when a voice from above spoke to them and said: "He who wishes to come into possession of the truth must learn how to eat living snakes. He must not expect to have the truth killed and dressed up to suit his taste; but absorb the living spirit of wisdom, such as it is."

F. H.

OCCULT AXIOMS AND THEIR SYMBOLS.

II.

FROM the one to the many, from the many to the one, is the law of universal evolution, symbolised poetically by the breath of *Brahmā*, graphically by the interlaced triangles of Solomon's seal.

Duality being the number of *Maya*, the supreme Unity is incomprehensible to our ignorance. Notwithstanding the efforts of reason, *Avidya* forbids us to conceive of a state where the relation between matter and spirit has become an identity, although at the same time our thought loses itself in the abyss of nothingness, when trying to trace through infinitude these two parallel limits of existence ; under analysis, objectivity melts into the Unknowable, and subjectivity dissolves into the Unconscious. But if two parallel lines never meet in reality, they always meet in perspective, at a distance determined by our power of vision, and the conception of supreme unity represents that point to our metaphysical shortsight. Although the threshold of the Absolute, it is at the same time the centre and focus of *Maya*. About *Parabrahm* we can say nothing, not even that it exists. To the Relative, the Absolute is a mystery ; to the Absolute, the Relative is an illusion. Lost between the night of Non-Being and the shadow of unreality, our thought has to surround itself with its utmost limits, and build the immense sphere of its own eternity as a screen upon which to project its weird fancies. By the same process, *Brahmā*, waking up from *Pralaya*, was frightened by his isolation, and looking around, saw *Parabrahm* everywhere under the veil of *Mulaprakriti*. This beginning of illusion is the end of our thought.

Parabrahm has no symbol ; the Absolute can no more be represented figuratively than mentally. If we consider the white page as the empty ground of all figures, we may draw a circle as the symbol of *Mulaprakriti*. In this case, the central point is often taken to represent the Logos, *Brahmā* in the egg, *Kether* in *Shekinah*. But the whole figure, point and all, can also be taken as a symbol of the immaculate mother, for its three elements fitly illustrate the Trinity in Unity, the circumference representing non-manifested substance, and the centre being the first unmanifested Logos or the germ of consciousness, while the surface between the two is the ground on which will take place the operations of the Great Breath, which represents the noumenon of motion or latent force. As circumference, centre, and surface constitute only one figure, so *Mulaprakriti* is the synthesis of the three emanations. Omnipresence, the last residuum of time, space, and motion, as well as of substance and consciousness, is also the focus whence emanate the three rays which enlighten the three main planes of existence, the three Logoi which in manifestation become androgyne. Hence the seven *Purushas*, the seven *Prakritis*, and the seven wheels of *Fohat* ; yet the three persons are one

in each of the seven operations of the Paraclete, as well as in their supreme mansion ; the Holy Trinity reigns in the least grain of sand as well as in the highest heavens. The Central sun radiates its rays, which divide and subdivide, to enlighten a wider and wider area of *Maya*, until, the expansive force having spent its energy, the contractive force asserts itself, *Brahmā* withdraws his breath, and the diversity of things progressively rebecome one.

Mulaprakriti, then, is the unity of the three, of the seven, of the whole ; the omnipresence in the great and small, in the quick and slow, in the past and future, the sphere which is nowhere and the centre which is everywhere. Here is the Gordian knot of a recent discussion concerning the best division of the human "principles." The transHimalayan Occultists understand by *Mulaprakriti* that synthesis of the three and of the seven which is the feminine and only conceivable aspect of *Parabrahm* ; while it represents to the *pundits* only the root of objectivity or substance, above which they place *Daiviprakriti*, the root of force, and *Ishwara*, the root of consciousness. To the Vedantins, it is one of the extremes of creation, the passive material of the Universe ; to us, it is the aspect of the Supreme Principle, the unique and living element. And in the last sense, it becomes identical with the *Aditi* of the Vedas, which is the mother of the *Adityas*, and one with them ; identical also with the *Avyaktam* of the Sankhyas, with the *Thai-y* (great Unit) of the Taoists, and the *Thai-khi* (Great Limit) of the Confucianists. To the substantial root of the Universe, the name of *Prakriti* ought to be reserved. Confusion would be still better avoided if, leaving to the Vedantins their terms *Parabrahm* and *Mulaprakriti*, we adopted the pure Vedic terminology and said :—In *Tad*, *Aditi* ; from *Aditi*, the seven.

The trinity *Purusha-Fohat-Prakriti* is contained in each of the seven manifestations. Occult science teaches that there is not an atom of dead matter in the universe ; force and consciousness may be either latent or manifested, but are present everywhere. On the other hand, neither consciousness nor force can be said to exist unless they manifest, and they cannot act unless through an *Upadhi* or vehicle of some kind, however immaterial. There is such a thing as "spiritual substance," in which the gods are clothed : and there is such a thing as "material spirit," that is to say, spirit clothed in the gross substance of the bodies. The three emanations are present in all manifestations, but they are not equally distributed therein. In the higher orders of being, spirituality is dominant, and materiality is a mere point or potentiality ; while in the lower orders, matter predominates, and spirit has become a simple potentiality. Thus, in our actual state, consciousness of time is only of the present, a mere mathematical point running perpetually from past to future, a non-existing abstraction, which, however, passes through all possible states of existence ; physical consciousness is momentary, while in transcendental states the three divisions of time are omnipresent. In space, our actual consciousness is only the intersection of the three

dimensions, a mathematical point again, which we instinctively localise behind our eyes, and to which we refer all extension ; yet this nothing is the basis and the beginning of all form, and scarcely have we conceived it when we must conceive around it the "*Dik*," the six quarters of space, North, South, East, West, Zenith, Nadir, seven with the centre, while in abstract Space there are no dimensions. Thus, on this plane, self-consciousness is a mere unit, upon which all numbers are based : and its definition is given in the *Upanishad* : "The Self, smaller than small, greater than great, is hidden in the heart of the creature" ; it is said also to be of the size of the thumb, and is called "The little man in the pupil of the eye." This shows us once more the wealth of symbolical language : for, while the point in the circle, as a general symbol, enables us to trace consciousness to its source, it also indicates to our mind the perfect symmetry of its manifestation : on the higher planes, the point represents materiality ; the circumference of the circle, spirituality ; in the lower worlds, the point is spirit, and the plane of the circle, matter.

Purusha and *Prakriti* may be considered as the two extremities of manifestation, the two mathematical points where our angle of vision meets the horizon of eternity, the two poles between which springs the electric arc of *Fohat*. This intermediate principle or agent, without which spirit could never move matter and both would remain eternally latent, is said, in Japanese cosmogony, to possess the shape of a lanceolated leaf. Starting from a mere potentiality, it fills the enlarged space between its father and mother, expands to the utmost, and then contracts again ; thus translating into manifestation, through the two kinds of *Saktis*, the two breaths of the never ending but never perceived respiration.

The six-pointed star, composed of a white and black triangle interlaced, symbolises this noiseless respiration, in that state where, the two breaths counteracting each other, all rests in equilibrium. The white triangle represents also the three creative principles, and the black one the three created *Upadhis*. The whole figure thus stands for the spiritual universe, or the world in that state where being and non-being embrace each other. Then comes the fall into matter. The two triangles begin to slide upon each other in opposite directions, until their two bases are united in one ; the six-pointed star has become a rhomb. This in symbolism has the same signification as the square and the cube, the key to its meaning being its axial lines, which in a two-dimensional space form the cross, symbol of sex and polarity, and, in a three-dimensional space, represent these three dimensions, or the illusory appearance of the Eternal in Past, Present, and Future. Meanwhile, the circumscribing circle has elongated itself into an ellipse with two poles, the symbol of the manifested universe, the model of all beings and their motions, and the point in the circle has become the germ in the egg, *Brahmá*, the manifested Logos. In each of the triangles of the rhomb may be inscribed the sacred tetraktis of Pythagoras, the unity at both ends

standing for the Alpha and Omega of evolution ; if we redress the figure, we shall obtain a square containing the Pythagorean Table, one of the most pregnant symbols of Occultism, which will be explained elsewhere.

It is to the primordial Unity that all beings owe that feeling of " I am " which constitutes identity of Self, or Individuality. The consciousness latent in *Mulaprakriti* is the very root of human spirit ; the rays emanating from it give to us our active triad and our three reflected principles. Every being in the Cosmos is thus an image of the supreme Existence. The Unity remains one while positing itself an infinite number of times. Hence that element of reality which runs under and through *Maya* ; hence that confidence in the solidity of the Universe which enables us to pass through it. Obviously enough, illusion must have a substratum of some reality, must be the appearance of something. *Atma*, the ray of the Absolute, is the only beacon which can save us from the wreck of our delusions ; and our belief in it, as the only reality, enables us to answer the arguments of those philosophers who reproach Pantheism with being a self-destroying doctrine unable to maintain the certitude even of its own conclusions. Mansel, in his Bampton lectures, finding that all his reasonings on the Absolute and Infinite lead him to Pantheism, prefers yet the suicide of reason through blind faith, to what he calls its suicide through Pantheism. " The Pantheist tells me that in order to attain to a true philosophy of being, I must begin by denying my own being. And for what purpose is this act of self-destruction needed ? In order to preserve inviolate certain conclusions which I, the non-existent thinker, have drawn by virtue of my non-existent powers of thought. But if my personal existence, the great primary fact of all consciousness, is a delusion, what claim have the reasonings of the Pantheist himself to be considered as anything better than a part of the universal falsehood ? " This is always the old confusion between false personality and true individuality. Far from maintaining the unreality of Self, the whole of the Pantheistic literature is intent upon teaching us how to attain to that only eternal reality, by ridding ourselves of the trammels of a transitory and artificial personality. The subjectivism of Pantheistic doctrines does not go even so far as that of the Scotch or German Idealists ; for if, on the one hand, it denies the reality of subjectivity as it appears to our present consciousness, on the other it denies equally the reality of the consciousness so limited, and, recognising as real only the substratum of both subjectivity and objectivity, leaves in perfect *statu quo* the equilibrium or balance between the two. The fact that what we take for real is a *Maya* is a merely philosophical recognition, and in no way hinders the present state of things. Plunged in *Maya*, we will continue to believe in it until its illusory character is realised by us through something higher than mere intellect. Much less still have the Materialists any right to call the Pantheist an " abstractor of quint-essence," when themselves, to explain a universe which they believe real,

start from such metaphysical abstractions as "Matter" or "Force." Least of all need the Occultist be troubled by the argument that, were everybody to practice *Yoga*, the present world would come to an end. For firstly, such an alternative is not very dreadful to those who know that annihilation is the only thing that cannot happen; and secondly, the danger is not at all likely to be realized: the ascetics are now, and will be for a long time to come, only too rare exceptions. The complicated snare in which the world is entangled constitutes the "second creation" of the cosmogonies, and will last until its secondary creator is reabsorbed in the first Logos, and this one in his turn in the Absolute. Says the *Kaivalyan-Avanita*: "The creation of the Self-effulgent *Ishwara* and the creation of the *Jiva* are quite different from each other. The creations of *Ishwara*, in the universe, are of a general character: they are all the moveable and immoveable things. But self-esteem, hate, love, all these which are the outcome of egotism, form the creations of the free-willed *Jiva* and not at all the doings of the spotless One." This is the mystery of incarnation, the descent of spirit into matter, the evolution of *Ahamkaram* from *Mahat*. Each *Jiva* is a ray, and all rays have a common center. And, as a definite number of *Jivas* are formed, from Gods down to Men, so at the same time a corresponding number of corporeities come to existence, from planetary down to atomic centers. Then also takes place the genesis of concrete time and space, for an occult relation exists between the number of *Jivas* launched in manifestation and the duration of the *Manwantara*. Consciousness is the standard measure of objectivity for gods as for men. When dispersion has reached its utmost limits, each *Jiva* begins to reascend towards *Atma*. The rays return to the sun, enriched with the images they have enlightened in their planetary pilgrimage; the blood regains the heart, vivified and nourished by the air it has helped to inhale and the food it has helped to assimilate.

To this dual current of metaphysical forces we may expect, by analogy, to find, in the moral world, a corresponding double tendency. Two laws indeed govern the relations of living beings towards each other, egotism and altruism. Egotism, like sexuality, is a cosmic force, an instinct, necessary to the descent of spirit into matter. There are kingdoms in nature ruled entirely by pure egotism and innocent instinct: spheres, still more material than ours, inhabited by beings whose souls are, so to say, petrified; whose passions and emotions are to them as objective and tangible as the terrestrial minerals. There exist Fohatic creatures in whose constitution pity, love, sympathy, and kindness have no place. We are not concerned here, however, with the misery of the elemental, mineral, vegetal, or animal orders: this misery is told for us by the eternal complaint of the forest and the ocean, by the voices of the thousands of creatures who can only express by moanings and shrieks even their joys and loves. Over their painful sleep, egotism alone wakes; unconsciousness is proclaimed by their savage roars and plaintive

bleatings; and their clumsy masses are moved only by the necessities of the struggle for existence. Man, the victor in that struggle, can well afford to be generous towards his inferiors: he who ill-treats animals is like a warrior who strikes a fallen foe. There is even more than supplication in these ceaseless noises and complaints: there is, to those who listen with their heart to the apparently meaningless discord, an appeal to a deep and touching communion. The silence that reigns in mountain solitudes is eloquent. It reminds us of identity of substance between our bones and the rocks, between our flesh and the soil it comes from, between our hair and the trees which every passing wind disturbs, between our breath and the vapours which any ray colours with a rainbow or disperses in thin air.

The gaze, fiery or meek, from irrational eyes teaches us humility and tenderness towards beings, after all, so similar to us in form that we have no organ, either mouth, eyes, ears, or anything else, which they do not possess also; our only sensible advantage over them being the faculty of language. And yet the evening hymn bellowed by stray cattle in foggy meadows is the expression of the same life that animates us. But if the soul of man can thus discern a prayer in the pitiless voice of Nature, if his industry can employ to intelligent purposes the blind strength of tamed brutes, if he can play towards his soulless brothers the part of a god—or of a devil—nay, even the part of a creator, who transforms existing types and elicits new combinations from the living materials of nature, does not the pretence which would submit the conqueror to the same law his slaves obey appear ridiculous? Those who argue that, because the struggle for existence is the supreme rule of animal evolution, man must worship faithfully the great God of Egotism, surrender human liberty to the shame of animal fatalism, take several steps backwards in the road of evolution. If man were yet on the descending arc, if he were nothing better than an animal, it would be useless to question the supremacy of selfishness; if mind is nothing but a modification, a product, of matter, the great material laws must control and limit its operations. But then it may be asked whether the habits and expediencies of civilisation, the creations of art and productions of industry, the very symmetry with which we build our towns and houses, are not in direct defiance to the laws of brute matter and chaotic nature? The moment a mind began to think, instinct began to fade: the instant association appeared, the struggle for existence began to lose its intensity. The throne of Egotism was undermined by the first man who sacrificed himself for other men.

AMARAVELLA.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT ASTRONOMY OF THE HINDUS.

NOW that the Light of Oriental Science is beginning to diffuse itself more widely into the mental atmosphere of Western thinkers, much of the ground covered by modern schools of Theorists, with the imposing structure they have been pleased to call *Exact Science*, is likely to fall into other hands. It is possible, nay most probable, that the Right of Inheritance will ere long receive that consideration which is demanded by the nature of its claims.

Until a very recent date, the leaders of modern systems of thought in Europe and America have held undisputed possession of the public mind, and especially have they bestowed great pains upon the cultivation of that area covered by the physical sciences. The spongiouse absorption of dogmatic science is considered by the average student to be an equivalent to individual intelligence.

The enquiring "Why" is no longer the pupil, friend, or confidant of the reasoning "Because." "A new theory" to-day, and more "exact science" to-morrow. No room for questions? *Not a little!* The gods have spoken, therefore keep silence!

Webster, and others of his vein, tell us that a science is a collection of principles or truths, based upon a fixed law. This may be; but science to-day is thought, by many people, to be anything which is followed by such names as Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, &c. With such persons, the mere connection with one of these names is an all-sufficient *reason*. No more than this blind credulity was required of us in our childhood, to enable the indulgent nurse to administer the obnoxious "grey powder"! "Open your mouth and shut your eyes and see what the gods will send you!" We remember it well! too well not to have profited by this experience of thy artful devices, O human nature!

Well, and who is this that has thrown down the glove to the champions of Modern Science? None other than the poor despised Hindu—the same that in our early days we were taught to look upon as a poor illiterate heathen, having all the vices and none of the virtues of human nature. The idea of his claiming anything more than an Englishman, beyond a darker skin, seems altogether too absurd to be entertained by one who has been trained thus to think of him. And yet, amongst other claims, a knowledge of astronomy, equal if not superior to that of Europeans, is asserted by him to have been the inheritance of his people for at least 5,000 years!

It is our purpose to examine this claim; as briefly as may be, consistent with justice.

Let us then enquire first of all as to their knowledge of the general constitution of the heavens.

In the Philosophical Transactions for 1772 some highly interesting remarks were made upon the Indian Zodiac by Sir William Jones, the nature of which went very far to prove that the present form of the Zodiac was well known to the Hindus at least 2,400 years B.C. Reference is made to Acharya Varaha Mihira, who quotes from ancient Sastras existing 2,000 years before his time, to

show that the Precession of the Equinoxes was employed by the ancient Hindus to mark certain of their important "periods."

According to modern astronomical teachings, Hipparchus of Bithynia, who founded his school of philosophy in Alexandria 140 B.C., is said to have first observed this phenomenon of the Equinoctial precession.

But the aforesaid Mihira, who is mentioned by name in the Panchatantra, makes this observation. "At present, one solstice is in the first degree of Karkâta and the other in the first of Makara, but certainly the southern solstice was once in the middle of Aslesha, the northern in the first degree of Dhanishtha, according to former Sastras." This is equivalent to saying that about 400 B.C., the summer solstice was in Cancer 1° and the southern or winter solstice was in Capricornus 1° , but that, according to scientific teaching over 2,000 years anterior to this period, the solstices were respectively in the first degrees of Leo and Aquarius. Now what else can this statement imply than that the motion of the fixed stars and constellations was well known to the astronomical Hindu? It is to be noted that since the ancients have recorded the summer solstice as falling in Leo, such record must have been made about 4,320 years ago, since the solstice is now in Gemini, and the time required for its passage through each sign is 2,160 years. This latter period was also the time allowed by the ancients, for their "Great Year" consisted of 25,920 years, *i.e.*, 12 times 2,160, and as this is the period allowed by Newton, and indeed all astronomers up to a very recent date, for the precession of the Equinoxes, I think we may affirm that the merit of *antiquity* as well as of *accuracy* is due to the Hindu.

It is to be noted, then, that the ancient inhabitants of India figured their Zodiac in precisely the same way as the Greeks, from whom, through the Romans, we obtained our knowledge of this subject in the first place. The division of this Zodiac into the 12 signs was the same as that found in the Egyptian monuments of antiquity by Bailly and other travellers. Copies of the Dendara Esné Zodiacs present exactly the same order in the "signs" as the copy of the Ancient Indian Zodiac in Moor's Pantheon, and that also by Sir Wm. Jones in the Philosophical Transactions.

Further we find that the Hindus divided their Zodiac into 36 drekkanas, each sign consisting of 3 such, having 10° each. They likewise divided the circle into 27 lunar mansions.

For every one of these drekkanas and lunar mansions they had a distinctive name, and what is more remarkable still, as an evidence of the importance of astronomical exactness with them, they had a particular name for every degree of the Zodiacal circle. Besides this mathematical knowledge of the Zodiac, they appear to have been well acquainted with the natures of the different asterisms constituting the drekkanas, for they have not only named them, as said, but have portrayed them under figures or symbols. A description of these is given in Mihira's Vrihat Jâtaka, translated by Colebrooke. Examining still further, we shall find that the ancient Hindus possessed a wide knowledge of astronomical "periods."

We have already noticed the "Great Year" formed by the precession of the Equinoxes: we may now mention the famous Naros, or Naronic cycle.* The Naros was composed of 600 years and the cycle of $12 \times 600 = 7,200$ years. It is called

* Said to have originated in Narada a Vedic Rishi and astronomer.

the "Lunisolar Year," because it has relation to the motions of the sun and moon through the Zodiac, for it will be seen that the Naros consists of 7,200 months or moons, while the cycle measures the same number of years. This cycle allows 600 years to each sign of the Zodiac, whereas the "Great Year" allows 2,160 years, and this latter period divided by 30, the number of degrees in each sign, gives 72 years, which, multiplied by 100, gives the Naronic cycle. The idea of the Hindus dividing the Zodiac into ten signs no doubt has arisen from a comparison of these two periods. The Naros of 600 years is said to be one of the oldest periods known to the Aryans. It is used to mark the recurrence of Lunisolar conjunction in the same asterism, but we may here add that it also has an important esoteric meaning as well as an exoteric use. In this respect it is like all other natural phenomena to the spiritually-minded Hindu.

We may now notice another astronomical period known to the Aryans, which is intimately connected with the foregoing.

The obliquity of the ecliptic is a phenomenon which did not escape the notice of the Oriental astronomer. Regarding this matter modern astronomers are at loggerheads, not only as to its cause, but also as to its motion in regard to the earth's axis. True to nature, the Hindus have set this motion down as "regular," and appear to have reckoned it as 50" per century, or half a second per year. A comparison of the figures given by Flamstead, Bradley, Mayer, Maskelyne, Vince, M. de la Lande, and Woodhouse gives the same result.

It will be seen, therefore, that there is a relationship between the "great year" of 25,920 solar years and this motion of the earth's axis in regard to the plane of the ecliptic (which we may call the polar revolution), in that the precession of the equinoxes is 50" per year and the polar revolution 50" per century.

Consequently the time required for a complete polar revolution is 2,592,000 years. Now if we multiply the Naronic cycle of 7,200 years by 360, the degrees in a circle, the result is this period of 2,592,000 years! Hence one Naronic cycle will produce just one degree of *diminution* in the obliquity of the ecliptic, or, in other words, *increase* of polar elevation.

If we consider the vast cosmical effects which would take place under this law in the earth's body in the course of only half such a period as that required for the polar revolution, we shall not be disposed to treat as fables the allusions frequently made in Oriental writings to stupendous seismic phenomena which are said to have occurred in past ages. Indeed, it is only reasonable to assume that, since the angular distance of the North Pole from the plane of the earth's orbit is gradually increasing, the presence of the Borean region in the tropic of Cancer, some 240,000 years ago, will satisfactorily account for the fossil remains of the greater tropical mammalia and many kinds of tropical vegetation found in what are now the Arctic regions and the frozen deserts of Northern Russia. This theory seems far more agreeable to nature than some of the "shifts" to which modern geologists resort in their endeavours to make "head and tail" of our little globe. Moreover, since heat expands and cold contracts, we may infer that an "earth-wave," occupying that belt of the globe known as the tropics, would follow the course of the sun induced by this polar revolution, viz., from north to south. and therefore, also, the depression of the earth's body at the poles may be referred to the same phenomenal causes, viz., the polar revolution

and the sun's angular distance. The moon, in its motion round the earth, acts upon the mass of waters in the oceans, carrying with it a tidal wave ; and why should not the sun, under proportionate conditions, act in a similar manner upon the denser mass of the earth's body ? Besides, scientists have yet to prove that there is some specific quality in the North and South Poles which constitutes their magnetic natures, or, in other words, the earth's polarity. The same magnetic phenomena can be produced by a circular current of electricity travelling from west to east (the motion of the earth's tropical and electric belt), which will cause all polarized bodies within its area of action to immediately indicate true north and south. If this theory can be faithfully worked out (and we are of opinion it can), it will prove polarity in the earth's body to be merely a relative condition arising out of solar electrical action, a condition which, in the course of 2,592,000 years, would obtain with every degree of the earth's polar circle.

This brings us back to our Oriental friends. The Hindus count 360 years of mortal life as one Divine year, and as they allow 12 millions of such years to be equal to one "day" of Brahmâ, it follows that, with a corresponding "night" of equal length, the immense period referred to as "a day and a night of Brahmâ" = 4,320,000,000 years of mortal life. Therefore 360 of such periods will constitute "Brahmâ's year," and 100 such "years," making the period known as the Mahakalpa, will, if expressed in mortal years, yield this number, 311,040,000,000,000. Now to make a comparison of these periods with those we have previously noted, we may first take the Naronic cycle of 7,200 years. This we have already shown to consist of an astronomical period, multiplied by the number of signs in the Zodiac. If we multiply this cycle by the Naros of 600 years, the result is the Mahayuga, which is the sum of the "four ages," so well known as to need no mention here.

With regard to the period required for the precession of the Equinoxes, if it be multiplied by 1,000, it will give the sum of the Sandhis, or intervals between the reigns of the Manus, *i.e.*, 25,920,000 years, which is the sum of six Mahayugas. Ten revolutions of the earth's poles will produce the same figures. Presuming the polar revolution to be *regular*, and no one has yet proved that it is *not*, it may be applied to the measurement of the "four ages" already referred to. Thus at the rate of 50 per century

60 degrees will produce	432,000 years,	the Kali Yuga
120 " " "	864,000 " "	Dwâpur "
180 " " "	1,296,000 " "	Treta "
240 " " "	<u>1,728,000</u> " "	Satya "

The sum of which 4,320,000 years is the Mahayuga.

To return once more to "the precession of the Equinoxes." It is well known that our sun is not the central sun of the universe of systems, and therefore it is but right to infer that, in connection with other minor centres to which our sun is related, it has a motion of its own in regard to the great central orb. In other words, we may say that, just as there are planetary orbits, so there are solar orbits, and thus from centre to centre we may proceed inwards until the mind grows giddy and loses its sense of location in the unfathomable depths of cosmic space. In regard to our subject we would ask, Is it not more rational to suppose the motion of the sun through space, in its own im-

mense orbit, to be the cause of the precession of the Equinoxes, than that the countless systems constituting our Zodiac should concur in a uniform motion in regard to our own little system? Suppose the sun to move in the direction of the order of the "signs" at the rate of 50" per year,* then the asterisms of the Zodiac would *appear* to move at the same rate in the opposite direction, *i.e.*, against the order of the signs, which is agreeable to all our observations of this phenomenon.

Granting these premises to be correct, the calculation of the sun's distance from its own centre would be a matter of a few minutes, providing we had any definite figures to denote the Radius Vector of the earth, but we will leave our astronomers to settle this point first. A study of the different computations made during the past 1,800 years only, leaves us a pretty fair margin for guessing if science permits of such a method in a matter so important! At all events it is something between 800 miles and 104,000,000 miles!

Modern Science affects to *look down* upon the Hindu Vedānga Jyotisha, but we may safely affirm, even from this cursory survey of their astronomy, that the ancient Sages of the East were not guessing nor "playing duck and drake" with figures, when they mentioned such vast periods as those we have been regarding. More than this, our astronomical basis rests in the soil of the Hindu mind, and the lofty superstructure we call our own has undergone many changes to *suit the fashion*, but the foundations have remained undisturbed.†

SEPHARIAL.

* This would, of course, set aside the idea of an elliptical orbit in the case of the earth and planets of the solar system, and in its place a motion similar to that of the moon would be instituted. For modern astronomers to admit a motion of the sun through space, and to retain the theory of the elliptical orbit, as they do, merely to bolster up the Newtonian Philosophy, is only another proof of their insane bigotry. Any school-boy can see that it is impossible to form an ellipse round a moving body!

† The Radius Vector of the earth, according to the ancients, was 800 million stadia. A stadium is 606 feet 9 inches: and this multiplied by the above number yields 91,931,818 English miles. These figures are so exactly within the limits prescribed by *the latest calculations* that one cannot but be struck with the result of any comparison which might be made between them and the different estimates of astronomers since the time of Copernicus. Thus:

Copernicus gives	3,391,200
Mayer ,, 	184,000,000
These are <i>outside figures</i> .	
Result from last transit of ♃ = between 91,600,000, and 92 millions.	
R. Proctor gives 91,500,000.	
The Great Pyramid, 91,840,000.	



TURKISH PROVERBS.

- Eat and drink with a friend, but do not trade with him.
- He who wants a faultless friend, remains friendless.
- He who wants the rose, must want the thorns also.
- A sweet tongue draws the snake forth from the earth.
- Without trouble one eats no honey.
- Sacrifice your beard to save your head.

THE ROOTS OF RITUALISM IN CHURCH AND MASONRY

I.

THEOSOPHISTS are very often, and very unjustly too, accused of infidelity and even of Atheism. This is a grave error, especially with regard to the latter charge.

In a large society, composed of so many races and nationalities, in an association wherein every man and woman is left to believe in whatever he or she likes, and to follow or not to follow—just as they please—the religion they were born and brought up in, there is but little room left for Atheism. As for “infidelity,” it becomes a misnomer and a fallacy. To show how absurd is the charge, in any case, it is sufficient to ask our traducers to point out to us, in the whole civilized world, that person who is *not* regarded as an “infidel” by some other person belonging to some different creed. Whether one moves in highly respectable and orthodox circles, or in a so-called heterodox “society,” it is all the same. It is a mutual accusation, tacitly, if not openly, expressed; a kind of a mental game at shuttlecock and battledore flung reciprocally, and in polite silence, at each other’s heads. In sober reality, then, no theosophist any more than a non-theosophist can be an infidel; while, on the other hand, there is no human being living who is not an infidel in the opinion of some sectarian or other. As to the charge of Atheism, it is quite another question.

What is *Atheism*, we ask, first of all? Is it disbelief in and denial of the existence of a God, or Gods, or simply the refusal to accept a personal deity on the somewhat gushy definition of R. Hall, who explains Atheism as “a ferocious system” because, “it leaves nothing *above* (?) us to excite awe, nor around us to awaken tenderness” (!) If the former, then most of our members—the hosts in India, Burmah, and elsewhere—would demur, as they believe in Gods and supernal beings, and are in great *awe* of some of them. Nor would a number of Western Theosophists fail to confess their full belief in Spirits, whether spatial or planetary, ghosts or angels. Many of us accept the existence of high and low Intelligences, and of Beings as great as any “personal” God. This is no occult secret. What we confessed to in the November LUCIFER (editorial), we reiterate again. Most of us believe in the survival of the Spiritual Ego, in Planetary Spirits and *Nirmanakayas*, those great Adepts of the past ages, who, renouncing their right to Nirvana, remain in our spheres of being, not as “spirits” but as complete spiritual human Beings. Save their corporeal, visible envelope, which they leave behind, they remain as they were, in order to help poor humanity, as far as can be done without sinning against Karmic law. This is the “Great Renunciation.” indeed; an incessant, conscious self-sacrifice throughout æons and ages till that day when the eyes of blind mankind will open and, instead of the few, *all* will see the universal truth. These Beings may well be regarded as God and Gods—if they would but allow the fire in our hearts, at the thought of that purest of all sacrifices, to be fanned into the flame of adoration, or the smallest altar in their honour. But they will not.

Verily, "the secret heart is fair Devotion's (only) temple," and any other, in this case, would be no better than profane ostentation.

Now with regard to other invisible Beings, some of whom are still higher, and others far lower on the scale of divine evolution. To the latter we will have nothing to say; the former will have nothing to say to us: for we are as good as non-existent for them. The homogeneous can take no cognizance of the heterogeneous; and unless we learn to shuffle off our mortal coil and commune with them "spirit to spirit," we can hardly hope to recognise their true nature. Moreover, every true Theosophist holds that the divine HIGHER SELF of every mortal man is of the same essence as the essence of these Gods. Being, moreover, endowed with free-will, hence having, more than they, responsibility, we regard the incarnated EGO as far superior to, if not more divine than, any spiritual INTELLIGENCE *still awaiting incarnation*. Philosophically, the reason for this is obvious, and every metaphysician of the Eastern school will understand it. The incarnated EGO has odds against it which do not exist in the case of a pure divine Essence unconnected with matter; the latter has no personal merit, whereas the former is on his way to final perfection through the trials of existence, of pain and suffering. The shadow of Karma does not fall upon that which is divine and unalloyed, and so different from us that no relation can exist between the two. As to those deities which are regarded in the Hindu esoteric Pantheon as finite and therefore under the sway of Karma, no true philosopher would ever worship them; they are signs and symbols.

Shall we then be regarded as atheists, only because while believing in Spiritual Hosts—those beings who have come to be worshipped in their collectivity as a *personal* God—we reject them absolutely as representing the ONE Unknown? and because we affirm that the eternal Principle, the ALL in ALL, or the *Absoluteness* of the *Totality*, cannot be expressed by limited words, nor be symbolised by anything with conditioned and qualificative attributes? Shall we, moreover, permit to pass without protest the charge against us of idolatry—by the Roman Catholics, of all men? They, whose religion is as pagan as any of the solar and element worshippers; whose creed was framed out for them, cut and dry, ages before the year 1 of Christian era; and whose dogmas and rites are the same as those of every *idolatrous* nation—if any such nation still exists in spirit anywhere at this day. Over the whole face of the earth, from the North to the South Pole, from the frozen gulfs of Northland to the torrid plains of Southern India, from Central America to Greece and Chaldea, the Solar Fire, as the symbol of divine Creative Power, of Life and Love, was worshipped. The union of the Sun (male element) with Earth and the Water (matter, the female element) was celebrated in the temples of the whole Universe. If Pagans had a feast commemorative of this union—which they celebrated nine months ere the Winter Solstice, when Isis was said to have conceived—so have the Roman Catholic Christians. The great and *holy day* of the *Annunciation*, the day on which the Virgin Mary "found favour with (her) God" and conceived "the Son of the *Highest*," is kept by Christians *nine months before Christmas*. Hence, the worship of the Fire, lights and lamps in the churches. Why? Because Vulcan, the fire-God, married Venus, the daughter of the Sea; that the Magi watched over the sacred fire in the East, and the Virgin-Vestals in the West. The Sun was the "Father;" Nature, the eternal Virgin-Mother: Osiris

and Isis, Spirit-Matter, the latter worshipped under each of its three states by Pagan and Christian. Hence the Virgins—even in Japan—clothed with star-spangled blue, standing on the lunar crescent, as symbolical of female Nature (in her three elements of Air, Water, Earth); Fire or the male Sun, fecundating her yearly with his radiant beams (the “cloven tongues like as of fire” of the Holy Ghost).

In *Kalevala* the oldest epic Poem of the Finns, of the pre-Christian antiquity of which there remains no doubt in the minds of scholars, we read of the gods of Finland, the gods of air and water, of fire and the forest, of Heaven and the Earth. In the superb translation by J. M. Crawford, in *Rune L* (Vol. II.) the reader will find the whole legend of the Virgin Mary in

“*Mariatta*, child of beauty,
Virgin-Mother of the Northland . . .” (p. 720).

Ukko, the great Spirit, whose abode is in Yûmäla, the sky or Heaven, chooses the Virgin Mariatta as his vehicle to incarnate through her in a Man-God. She becomes pregnant by plucking and eating a red berry (*marja*), when, repudiated by her parents, she gives birth to a “Son immortal,” in the *manger of a stable*. Then the “Holy Babe” disappears, and Mariatta is in search of him. She asks a star, “the guiding star of Northland,” where her “holy babe lies hidden,” but the star answers her angrily:—

“If I knew, I would not tell thee;
’Tis thy child that me created,
In the cold to shine for ever. . . .”

and tells the Virgin nothing. Nor will the golden moon help her, because, Mariatta’s babe having created her, left her in the great sky:—

“Here to wander in the darkness,
All alone at eve to wander,
Shining for the good of others. . . .”

It is only the “Silver Sun” who, taking pity upon the Virgin-Mother, tells her:—

“Yonder is thy golden infant,
There thy holy babe lies sleeping,
Hidden to his belt in water,
Hidden in the reeds and rushes.”

She takes the holy baby home, and while the mother calls him “Flower,”

“Others named him *Son of Sorrow*.”

Is this a post-Christian legend? Not at all; for, as said, it is *essentially pagan in origin* and recognized as pre-Christian. Hence, with such data in hand in literature, the ever-recurring taunts of idolatry and atheism, of infidelity and paganism, ought to cease. The term *idolatry*, moreover, is of Christian origin. It was used by the early Nazarenes, during the 2½ centuries of our era, against those nations who used temples and churches, statues and images, because they, the early Christians themselves, *had neither temples, statues, nor images*, all of which they abhorred. Therefore the term “idolatrour” fits far better our accusers than ourselves, as this article will show. With Madonnas on every cross road, their thousands of statues, from Christs and Angels in every

shape down to Popes and Saints, it is rather a dangerous thing for a Catholic to taunt any Hindu or Buddhist with idolatry. The assertion has now to be proved.

II.

We may begin by the origin of the word God. What is the real and primitive meaning of the term? Its meanings and etymologies are as many as they are various. One of them shows the word derived from an old Persian and mystic term *goda*. It means "itself," or something self-emanating from the absolute Principle. The root word was *godan*—whence Wodan, Woden, and Odin, the Oriental radical having been left almost unaltered by the Germanic races. Thus they made of it *gott*, from which the adjective *gut*—"good," as also the term *gotz*, or idol, were derived. In ancient Greece, the word Zeus and *Theos* led to the Latin *Deus*. This *goda*, the emanation, is not, and cannot be, identical with that from which it radiates, and is, therefore, but a periodical, finite manifestation. Old Aratus, who wrote "full of Zeus are all the streets and the markets of man; full of Him is the sea and the harbours," did not limit his deity to such a temporary reflection on our terrestrial plane as Zeus, or even its antetype—Dyaus, but meant, indeed, the universal, omnipresent Principle. Before the radiant god *Dyaus* (the sky) attracted the notice of man, there was the Vedic *Tad* ("that") which, to the Initiate and philosopher, would have no definite name, and which was the absolute Darkness that underlies every manifested radiancy. No more than the mythical Jupiter—the later reflection of Zeus—could *Sûrya*, the Sun, the first manifestation in the world of Maya and the Son of Dyaus, fail to be termed "Father" by the ignorant. Thus the Sun became very soon interchangeable and one with Dyaus; for some, the "Son," for others, the "Father" in the radiant sky; *Dyaus-Pitar*, the Father in the Son, and the Son in the Father, truly shows, however, his finite origin by having the Earth assigned to him as a wife. It is during the full decadence of metaphysical philosophy that *Dyâva-prithivi* "Heaven and Earth" began to be represented as the Universal cosmic parents, not alone of men, but of the gods also. From the original conception, abstract and poetical, the ideal cause fell into grossness. Dyaus, the sky, became very soon Dyaus or Heaven, the abode of the "Father," and finally, indeed, that Father himself. Then the Sun, upon being made the symbol of the latter, received the title of *Dina-Kara* "day-maker," of *Bhaskara* "light-maker," now the Father of his Son, and *vice versa*. The reign of ritualism and of anthropomorphic cults was henceforth established and finally degraded the whole world, retaining supremacy to the present civilized age.

Such being the common origin, we have but to contrast the two deities—the god of the Gentiles and the god of the Jews—on their own *revealed* WORD; and judging them on their respective definitions of themselves, conclude intuitively which is the nearest to the grandest ideal. We quote Colonel Ingersoll, who brings Jehovah and Brahma parallel with each other. The former, "from the clouds and darkness of Sinai," said to the Jews:—

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me.....Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them; for I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, *visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me.*" Contrast this with the words put

by the Hindu into the mouth of Brahm : ' I am the same to all mankind. They who honestly serve other gods, involuntarily worship me. I am he who partaketh of all worship, and I am the reward of all worshippers.' Compare these passages. The first, a dungeon where crawl the things begot of jealous slime; the other, great as the domed firmament inlaid with suns. . . ."

The "first" is the god who haunted Calvin's fancy, when he added to his doctrine of predestination that of Hell being paved with the skulls of *unbaptized* infants. The beliefs and dogmas of our churches are far more blasphemous in the ideas they imply than those of the *benighted* Heathen. The *amours* of Brahmâ, under the form of a buck, with his own daughter, as a deer, or of Jupiter with Leda, under that of a swan, are grand *allegories*. They were never given out as a *revelation*, but known to have been the products of the poetic fancy of Hesiod and other mythologists. Can we say as much of the *immaculate daughters* of the god of the Roman Catholic Church—Anna and Mary? Yct, even to breathe that the Gospel narratives are allegories too, as they would be most sacrilegious were they accepted in their dead letter, constitutes in a Christian born the *acme* of blasphemy!

Verily, they may whitewash and mask as much as they like the god of Abraham and Isaac, they shall never be able to disprove the assertion of Marcion, who denied that the God of *Hate* could be the same as the "Father of Jesus." Heresy or not, but the "Father in Heaven" of the Churches remained since then a hybrid creature; a mixture between the Jove of the Pagan mobs and the "jealous God" of Moses, exoterically the SUN, whose abode is in Heaven, or the sky, esoterically. Does he not give birth to LIGHT "that shineth in Darkness," to the Day, the bright Dyaus, the Son, and is he not the MOST HIGH—*Deus Cælum*? And is it not again *Terra*, the "Earth," the ever immaculate as the ever prolific Virgin who, fecundated by the ardent embraces of her "Lord"—the fructifying rays of the Sun, becomes, in this terrestrial sphere, the mother of all that lives and breathes on her vast bosom? Hence, the sacredness of her products in Ritualism—the *bread* and the *wine*. Hence also, the ancient *messis*, the great sacrifice to the goddess of harvest (*Ceres Eleusina*, the Earth again): *messis*, for the Initiates, *missa* for the profane,* now transformed into the Christian mass or liturgy. The ancient oblation of the fruits of the Earth to the Sun, the *Deus Altissimus*, "the Most High," the symbol of the G.A.O.T.U. of the Masons to this day, became the foundation of the most important ritual among the ceremonies of the new religion. The worship offered to Osiris-Isis (the Sun and the Earth),† to Bel and the cruciform Astarte of the Babylonians; to Odin or Thor and Friga, of the Scandinavians; to Belen and the *Virgo Paritura* of the Celts; to Apollo and the *Magna Mater* of the Greeks; all these couples having the same meaning, passed bodily to, and were transformed by, the Christians into the Lord God or the Holy Ghost descending upon the Virgin Mary.

Deus Sol or *Solus*, the Father, was made interchangeable with the Son: the "Father" in his noon glory, he became the "Son" at Sun-rise, when he was said to "be born." This idea received its full apotheosis annually on December the

* From *pro*, "before," and *fanum* "the temple," *i.e.*, the non-initiates who stood before the fane, but dared not enter it.—(*Vide* the Works of Ragon.)

† The Earth, and the Moon, its parent, are interchangeable. Thus all the lunar goddesses were also the representative symbols of the Earth.—*Vide Secret Doctrine, Symbolism.*

25th, during the Vernal Solstice, when the Sun—hence the solar gods of all the nations—was said to be born. *Natais solis invictæ*. And the “precursor” of the resurrecting Sun *grows*, and *waxes strong*, until the vernal equinox, when the god Sol begins its annual course, under the sign of the Ram or the *Lamb*, the first lunar week of the month. The 1st of March was feasted throughout all pagan Greece, as its *neomenia* was sacred to Diana. Christian nations celebrate their Easter, for the same reason, on the first Sunday that follows the full moon, at the Vernal Equinox. With the festivals of the Pagans, the canonicals of their priests and Hierophants were copied by Christendom. Will this be denied? In his “Life of Constantine” Eusebius confesses—thus saying, perhaps, the only truth he ever uttered in his life—that “in order to render Christianity *more attractive to the Gentiles, the priests (of Christ) adopted the exterior vestments and ornaments used in the pagan cult.*” He might have added “their rituals” and dogmas also.

III.

It is a matter of History—however unreliable the latter—for a number of facts preserved by ancient writers corroborate it, that Church Ritualism and Freemasonry have sprung from the same source, and developed hand in hand. But as Masonry, even with its errors and later innovations, was far nearer the truth than the Church, the latter began very soon her persecutions against it. Masonry was, in its origin, simply archaic Gnosticism, or early esoteric Christianity; Church Ritualism was, and *is, exoteric paganism*, pure and simple—*remodelled*, we do not say *reformed*. Read the works of Ragon, a Mason who forgot more than the Masons of to-day know. Study, collating them together, the casual but numerous statements made by Greek and Latin writers, many of whom were Initiates, most learned Neophytes and partakers of the Mysteries. Read finally the elaborate and venomous slanders of the Church Fathers against the Gnostics, the Mysteries and their Initiates—and you may end by unravelling the truth. It is a few philosophers who, driven by the political events of the day, tracked and persecuted by the fanatical Bishops of early Christianity—who had yet neither fixed ritual nor dogmas nor Church—it is these Pagans who founded the latter. Blending most ingeniously the truths of the Wisdom-religion with the exoteric fictions so dear to the ignorant mobs, it is they who laid the first foundations of ritualistic Churches and of the Lodges of modern Masonry. The latter fact was demonstrated by Ragon in his ANTE-OMNĒ of the modern Liturgy compared with the ancient Mysteries, and showing the rituals conducted by the early Masons; the former may be ascertained by a like comparison of the Church canonicals, the sacred vessels, and the festivals of the Latin and other Churches, with those of the pagan nations. But Churches and Masonry have widely diverged since the days when both were one. If asked how a profane can know it, the answer comes: ancient and modern Freemasonry are an obligatory study with every Eastern Occultist.

Masonry, its paraphernalia and modern innovations (the Biblical Spirit in it especially) notwithstanding, does good both on the moral and physical planes—or did so, hardly ten years ago, at any rate.* It was a true *ecclesia* in

* Since the origin of Masonry, the split between the British and American Masons and the French “Grand Orient” of the “Widow’s Sons” is the first one that has ever occurred. It bids fair to make of these two sections of Masonry a Masonic Protestant and a Roman Catholic Church, as far as regards ritualism and brotherly love, at all events.

the sense of fraternal union and mutual help, the only *religion* in the world, if we regard the term as derived from the word *religare*, "to bind" together, as it made all men belonging to it "brothers"—regardless of *race* and *faith*. Whether with the enormous wealth at its command it could not do far more than it does now, is no business of ours. We see no visible, crying evil from this institution, and no one yet, save the Roman Church, has ever been found to show that it did any harm. Can *Church* Christianity say as much? Let ecclesiastical and profane history answer the question. For one, it has divided the whole mankind into Cains and Abels; it has slaughtered millions in the name of her God—the Lord of *Hosts*, truly, the ferocious Jehovah Sabbaoth—and instead of giving an impetus to civilization, the favourite boast of her followers—it has retarded it during the long and weary Mediæval ages. It is only under the relentless assaults of science and the revolt of men trying to free themselves, that it began to lose ground and could no longer arrest enlightenment. Yet has it not softened, as claimed, the "barbarous spirit of Heathendom"? We say no, most emphatically. It is Churchianity with its *odium theologicum*, since it could no longer repress human progress, which infused its lethal spirit of intolerance, its ferocious selfishness, greediness, and cruelty into modern civilization under the mask of *cant* and meek Christianity. When were the Pagan Cæsars more bloodthirsty or more coolly cruel than are the modern Potentates and their armies? When did the millions of the Proletariat starve as they do now? When has mankind shed more tears and suffered than at present?

Yes; there was a day when the Church and Masonry were one. These were centuries of intense moral reaction, a transitional period of thought as heavy as a nightmare, an age of strife. Thus, when the creation of new ideals led to the apparent pulling down of the old fanes and the destruction of old idols, it ended in reality with the rebuilding of those temples out of the old materials, and the erection of the same idols under new names. It was a universal rearrangement and whitewashing—but only skin deep. History will never be able to tell us—but tradition and judicious research do—how many semi-Hierophants and even high Initiates were forced to become renegades in order to ensure the survival of the secrets of Initiation. Prætextatus, pro-consul at Achaia, is credited with remarking in the IVth century of our era, that "to deprive the Greeks of the sacred mysteries *which bind together the whole mankind* was equivalent to depriving them of their life." The Initiates took perhaps the hint, and thus joining *volens volens* the followers of the new faith, then becoming all domineering, acted accordingly. Some hellenized Jewish Gnostics did the same; and thus more than one "Clemens Alexandrinus"—a convert to all appearance, an ardent Neo-Platonist and the same philosophical *pagan* at heart—became the instructor of ignorant Christian Bishops. In short the convert *malgré lui* blended the two external mythologies, the old and the new, and while giving out the compound to the masses, kept the sacred truths for himself.

The kind of Christians they made may be inferred from the example of Synesius, the Neo-Platonist. What scholar is ignorant of the fact, or would presume to deny, that the favourite and devoted pupil of Hypatia—the virgin-philosopher, the martyr and victim of the infamous Cyril of Alexandria—had not even been baptised when first offered by the bishops of Egypt the Episcopalian See of the Ptolemaid? Every student is aware that, when finally baptised,

after having accepted the office proffered, it was so *skin-deep* that he actually signed his consent only after his conditions had been complied with and his future privileges guaranteed. What the chief clause was, is curious. It was a *sine qua non* condition that he was to be allowed to abstain from professing the (Christian) doctrines, that he, the new Bishop, did not believe in! Thus, although baptised and ordained in the degrees of deaconship, priesthood, and episcopate, he never separated himself from his wife, never gave up his Platonic philosophy, nor even his sport so strictly forbidden to every other bishop. This occurred as late as the Vth century.

Such transactions between initiated philosophers and ignorant priests of reformed Judaism were numerous in those days. The former sought to save their "mystery-vows" and personal dignity, and to do so they had to resort to a much-to-be-regretted compromise with ambition, ignorance, and the rising wave of popular fanaticism. They believed in Divine Unity, the ONE or *Solus*, unconditioned and unknowable; and still they consented to render public homage and pay reverence to *Sol*, the Sun moving among his twelve apostles, the 12 signs of the Zodiac, *alias* the 12 Sons of Jacob. The *hoi polloi* remaining ignorant of the former, worshipped the latter, and in them, their old time-honoured gods. To transfer that worship from the solar-lunar and other cosmic deities to the Thrones, Archangels, Dominions, and Saints was no difficult matter; the more so since the said sidereal dignities were received into the new Christian Canon with their old names almost unchanged. Thus, while, during Mass, the "Grand Elect" reiterated, under his breath, his absolute adherence to the Supreme Universal Unity of the "incomprehensible Workman," and pronounced in solemn and loud tones the "Sacred Word" (now substituted by the Masonic "Word at low breath"), his assistant proceeded with the chanting of the *Kyriel* of names of those inferior sidereal beings whom the masses were made to worship. To the profane catechumen, indeed, who had offered prayers but a few months or weeks before to the Bull Apis and the holy Cynocephalus, to the sacred ibis and the hawk-headed Osiris, St. John's eagle * and the divine Dove (witness of the Baptism while hovering over the Lamb of God), must have appeared as the most natural development and sequence to his own national and sacred zoology, which he had been taught to worship since the day of his birth.

* It is an error to say that John the Evangelist became the patron Saint of Masonry only after the XVIth century, and it implies a double mistake. Between John the "Divine," the "Seer" and the writer of *Revelation*, and John the Evangelist who is now shown in company of the Eagle, there is a great difference, as the latter John is a creation of Irenæus, along with the fourth gospel. Both were the result of the quarrel of the Bishop of Lyons with the Gnostics, and no one will ever tell what was the real name of the writer of the grandest of the Evangelists. But what we do know is, that the Eagle is the legal property of John, the author of the *Apocalypse*, written originally centuries B.C., and only *re-edited*, before receiving canonical hospitality. This John, or *Oannes*, was the accepted patron of all the Egyptian and Greek Gnostics (who were the early Builders or *Masons* of "Solomon's Temple," as, earlier, of the Pyramids) from the beginning of time. The *Eagle* was his attribute, the most archaic of symbols—being the Egyptian *Ah*, the bird of Zeus, and sacred to the Sun with every ancient people. Even the Jews adopted it among the Initiated Kabalists, as "the symbol of the Sephirah Tiph-e-reth, the spiritual Æther or air," says Mr. Myer's "Qabbalah." With the Druids the eagle was the symbol of the Supreme Deity, and again a portion of the cherubic symbol. Adopted by the pre-Christian Gnostics, it could be seen at the foot of the *Tau* in Egypt, before it was placed in the Rose-Croix degree at the foot of the Christian cross. Pre-eminently the bird of the Sun, the Eagle is necessarily connected with every solar god, and is the symbol of every seer who looks into the astral light, and sees in it the shadows of the Past, Present, and Future, as easily as the Eagle looks at the Sun.

IV.

It may thus be shown that both modern Freemasonry and Church ritualism descend in direct line from initiated Gnostics, Neo-Platonists, and renegade Hierophants of the Pagan Mysteries, the secrets of which they have lost, but which have been nevertheless preserved by those who would not compromise. If both Church and Masons are willing to forget the history of their true origin, the theosophists are not. They repeat: Masonry and the three great Christian religions are all inherited goods. The "ceremonies and passwords" of the former, and the prayers, dogmas, and rites of the latter, are travestied copies of pure Paganism (copied and borrowed as diligently by the Jews), and of Neo-Platonic theosophy. Also, that the "passwords" used even now by Biblical Masons and connected with "the tribe of Judah," "Tubal-Cain," and other Zodiacal-dignitaries of the Old Testament, are the Jewish *aliases* of the ancient gods of the heathen *mobs*, not of the gods of the Hierogrammatists, the interpreters of the *true* mysteries. That which follows proves it well. The good Masonic Brethren could hardly deny that in name they are *Solicoles* indeed, the worshippers of the Sun in heaven, in whom the erudite Ragon saw such a magnificent symbol of the G. A. O. T. U.—which it surely is. Only the trouble he had was to prove—which no one can—that the said G. A. O. T. U. was not rather the *Sol* of the small exoteric fry of the *Pro-fanes* than the *Solus* of the High *Epoptai*. For the secret of the fires of SOLUS, the spirit of which radiates in the "Blazing Star," is a Hermetic secret which, unless a Mason studies *true* theosophy, is lost to him for ever. He has ceased to understand now, even the little indiscretions of Tshuddi. To this day Masons and Christians keep the Sabbath sacred, and call it the "Lord's" day; yet they know as well as any that both *Sunday*, and the *Sonntag* of Protestant England and Germany, mean the Sun-day or the *day of the Sun*, as it meant 2,000 years ago.

And you, Reverend and good Fathers, Priests, Clergymen, and Bishops, you who so charitably call theosophy "idolatry" and doom its adherents openly and privately to eternal perdition, can you boast of one single rite, vestment, or sacred vessel in church or temple that does not come to you from paganism? Nay, to assert it would be too dangerous, in view, not only of history, but also of the confessions of your own priestly craft.

Let us recapitulate if only to justify our assertions.

"Roman sacrificators had to confess before sacrificing," writes du Choul. The priests of Jupiter donned a tall, square, black cap (*Vide* Armenian and Greek modern priests), the head dress of the *Flamines*. The black *soutane* of the Roman Catholic priest is the black *hierocoraces*, the loose robe of the Mithraic priests, so-called from being *raven* coloured (raven, *corax*). The King-Priest of Babylon had a golden seal-ring and slippers kissed by the conquered potentates, a white mantle, a tiara of gold, to which two bandelets were suspended. The popes have the seal-ring and the slippers for the same use; a white satin mantle bordered with golden stars, a tiara with two bejewelled bandelets suspended to it, etc., etc. The white linen *alb* (*alba vestis*) is the garment of the priests of *Isis*; the top of the heads of the priests of Anubis was shaven (*Juvenal*), hence the tonsure; the *chasuble* of the Christian "Father" is the copy from the upper garment of the Phœnician priest-sacrificers, a garment called *calasiris*, tied at the neck and descending to their *heels*. The *stole* comes to our priests from the female garment worn by the *Galli*, the male—*Nautches* of the temple, whose office was that of the Jewish *Kadashim*; (*Vide* II. Kings xxiii. 7, for the true word) their *belt of purity* (?) from the *ephod* of the Jews, and the *Isiac* cord; the priests of *Isis* being vowed to chastity. (*Vide* Ragon, for details.)

The ancient pagans used *holy* water or lustrations to purify their cities, fields, temples, and men, just as it is being done now in Roman Catholic countries. Fonts stood at the door of every temple, full of lustral water and called *favisses* and *aquiminaria*. Before sacrificing, the pontiff or the *curion* (whence the French *curé*), dipping a laurel branch into the lustral water, sprinkled with it the pious congregation assembled, and that which was then termed *lustrica* and *aspergilium* is now called sprinkler (or *goupillon*, in French). The latter was with the priestesses of Mithra the symbol of the Universal *lingam*. Dipped during the Mysteries in lustral milk, the faithful were sprinkled with it. It was the emblem of Universal fecundity; hence the use of the holy water in Christianity, a rite of phallic origin. More than this; the idea underlying it is purely occult and belongs to ceremonial magic. Lustrations were performed by fire, sulphur, air, and water. To draw the attention of the celestial gods, *ablutions* were resorted to; to conjure the nether gods away, *aspersion* was used.

The vaulted ceilings of cathedrals and churches, Greek or Latin, are often painted blue and studded with golden stars, to represent the canopy of the heavens. This is copied from the Egyptian temples, where solar and star worship was performed. Again, the same reverence is paid in Christian and Masonic architecture to the Orient (or the Eastern point) as in the days of Paganism. Ragon described it fully in his destroyed volumes. The *princeps porta*, the door of the World, and of the "King of Glory," by whom was meant at first the Sun, and now his human symbol, the Christ, is the door of the Orient, and faces the East in every church and temple.* It is through this "door of life"—the solemn pathway, through which the daily entrance of the luminary into the *oblong square* † of the earth or the Tabernacle of the Sun is effected every morning—that the "newly born" babe is ushered, and carried to the baptismal font; and it is to the left of this edifice (the gloomy north whither start the "apprentices," and where the candidates got their *trial by water*) that now the fonts, and in the days of old the well (*piscinas*) of lustral waters, were placed in the ancient churches, which had been pagan fanes. The altars of heathen Lutetia were buried, and found again under the choir of *Notre-Dame* of Paris, its ancient lustral wells existing to this day in the said Church. Almost every great ancient Church on the Continent that antedates the Middle Ages was once a pagan temple in virtue of the orders issued by the Bishops and Popes of Rome. Gregory the Great (*Platine en sa Vie*) commands the monk Augustine, his missionary in England, in this wise: "Destroy the idols, never the temples! Sprinkle them with holy water, place in them relics, and let the nations worship in the places they are accustomed to." We have but to turn to the works of Cardinal Baronius, to find in the year XXXVIth of his *Annals* his confession. The Holy Church, he says, was *permitted to appropriate the rites and ceremonies used by the pagans in their idolatrous cult*, since she (the Church) *expiated them*

* Except, perhaps, the temples and chapels of dissident Protestants, which are built anywhere, and used for more than one purpose. In America I know of chapels hired for fairs and shows, and even theatres; to-day a chapel, the day after sold for debts, and fitted for a gin shop or a public-house. I speak of chapels, of course, not of Churches and Cathedrals.

† A Masonic term; a symbol of the Arks of Noah, and of the Covenant, of the Temple of Solomon, the Tabernacle, and the Camp of the Israelites, all built as "oblong squares." Mercury and Apollo were represented by oblong cubes and squares, and so is Kaaba, the great temple at Mecca.

by her consecration! In the *Antiquités Gauloises* (Book II. Ch. 19) by Fauchet, we read that the Bishops of France adopted and used the *pagan ceremonies in order to convert followers to Christ*.

This was when Gaul was still a pagan country. Are the same rites and ceremonies used now in Christian France, and other Roman Catholic countries, still going on in grateful remembrance of the pagans and their gods?

V.

Up to the IVth century the churches knew of no altars. Up to that date the altar was a *table* raised in the middle of the temple, for purposes of *Communion*, or fraternal repasts (the *Cæna*, as mass was originally said in the evening). In the same way now the table is raised in the "Lodge" for Masonic Banquets, which usually close the proceedings of a Lodge, and at which the resurrected Hiram Abifs, the "Widow's Sons," honour their toasts by *firing*, a Masonic mode of transubstantiation. Shall we call their banquet tables *altars*, also? Why not? The altars were copies from the *ara maxima* of pagan Rome. The Latins placed square and oblong stones near their tombs, and called them *ara*, altar; they were consecrated to the gods *Lares* and *Manes*. Our altars are a derivation from these square stones, another form of the boundary stones known as the gods *Termini*—the *Hermeses*, and the *Mercuries*, whence *Mercurius quadratus, quadriceps, quadrifrons*, etc., etc., the *four-faced* gods, whose symbols these square stones were, from the highest antiquity. The stone on which the ancient kings of Ireland were crowned was such an "altar." Such a stone is in Westminster Abbey, endowed, moreover, with a voice. Thus our altars and thrones descend directly from the priapic boundary stones of the pagans—the gods *termini*.

Shall the church-going reader feel very indignant if he is told that the Christians adopted the *pagan* way of worshipping *in a temple*, only during the reign of Diocletianus? Up to that period they had an insurmountable horror for altars and temples, and held them in abomination for the first 250 years of our era. These primitive Christians were Christians indeed; the moderns are more pagan than any ancient idolators. The former were the *Theosophists* of those days; from the IVth century they became Helleno-Judaic Gentiles *minus* the philosophy of the Neo-Platonists. Read what Minutius Felix says in the IIIrd century to the Romans:—

"You fancy that we (Christians) conceal that which we worship because *we will have neither temples nor altars*? But what image of God shall we raise, since Man is himself God's image? What temple can we build to the Deity, when the Universe, which is Its work, can hardly contain It? How shall we enthrone the power of such Omnipotence in a single building? Is it not far better to consecrate to the Deity a temple in our heart and spirit?"

But then the *Chrestians* of the type of Minutius Felix had in their mind the commandment of the MASTER-INITIATE, *not to pray in the synagogues and temples* as the *hypocrites* do, "that they may be seen of men." (Matthew vi., 5). They remembered the declaration of Paul, the Apostle-Initiate, the "Master Builder" (1 Corinthians iii., 10), that MAN was the one temple of God, in which the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of God, dwelleth; (*Ibid.*) They obeyed the truly Christian precepts, whereas the modern Christians obey but the arbitrary canons of their respective churches, and the rules of their Elders. "Theo-

sophists are notorious Atheists," exclaims a writer in the "Church Chronicle." "Not one of them is ever known to attend divine service . . . the Church is obnoxious to them"; and forthwith uncorking the vials of his wrath, he pours out their contents on the *infidel, heathen* F.T.S. The modern Churchman stones the Theosophist as his ancient forefather, the Pharisee of the "Synagogue of the Libertines" (*Acts* vi., 9), stoned Stephen, for saying that which even many Christian Theosophists say, namely that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands" (*Ibid.* 48); and they "suborn men" just as these iniquitous judges did (*Ibid.* 11) to testify against us.

Forsooth, friends, you are indeed the righteous descendants of your predecessors, whether of the colleagues of Saul, or of those of Pope Leo X., the cynical author of the ever famous sentence: "How useful to us this *fable* of Christ," "*Quantum nobis prodest hac fabula Christi!*"

VI.

The "Solar Myth" theory has become in our day stale—*ad nauseam*—repeated as we hear it from the four cardinal points of Orientalism and Symbolism, and applied indiscriminately to all things and all religions, except Church Christianity and state-religion. No doubt the Sun was throughout the whole antiquity and since days immemorial the symbol of the Creative Deity—with every nation, not with the Parsis alone; but so he is with the Ritualists. As in days of old, so it is now. Our central star is the "Father" for the *pro-fanes*, the Son of the ever unknowable Deity for the *Epoptai*. Says the same Mason, Ragon, "the Sun was the most sublime and natural image of the GREAT ARCHITECT, as the most ingenious of all the allegories under which the moral and good man (the *true sage*) had ever endowed infinite and limitless *Intelligence*." Apart from the latter assumption, Ragon is right; for he shows this symbol gradually receding from the ideal so represented and conceived, and becoming finally from a symbol the original, in the minds of his ignorant worshippers. Then the great Masonic author proves that it is the *physical* Sun which was regarded as both the Father and the Son by the early Christians.

"Oh, initiated Brethren," he exclaims. "Can you forget that in the temples of the existing religion a large *lamp* burns night and day? It is suspended in front of the chief altar, the depository of the ark of the Sun. Another *lamp* burning before the altar of the virgin-mother is the emblem of the light of the *moon*. Clemens Alexandrinus tells us that the Egyptians were the first to establish the religious use of the lamps . . . Who does not know that the most sacred and terrible duty was entrusted to the Vestals? If the Masonic temples are lighted with three astral lights, the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *geometrical star*, and with three vital lights, this Hierophant and his two *Episcopos* (Wardens, in French *Surveillants*), it is because one of the Fathers of Masonry, the learned Pythagoras, ingeniously suggests that we should not speak of divine things without a light. Pagans celebrated a festival of lamps called *Lampadophories* in honour of Minerva, Prometheus, and Vulcan. But Lactantius and some of the earliest fathers of the new faith complained bitterly of this pagan introduction of lamps in the Churches; 'If they deigned,' writes Lactantius, 'to contemplate that light which we call the SUN, they would soon recognise that God has no need of their lamps.' And Vigilantius adds: 'Under the pretext of religion the Church established a Gentile custom of lighting vile candles, while the SUN is there illuminating us with a thousand lights. Is it not a great honour for the LAMB OF GOD (the sun thus represented), which placed in the middle of the throne (the Universe) fills it with the radiance of his Majesty?' Such passages prove to us that in those days the primitive Church worshipped the GREAT ARCHITECT OF THE WORLD in its image the SUN, sole of its kind." (*The Mass and its Mysteries*, pp. 19 and 20.)

Indeed, while Christian candidates have to pronounce the Masonic oath turned to the East and that their "Venerable" keeps in the Eastern corner, because the Neophytes were made to do the same during the Pagan Mysteries, the Church has, in her turn, preserved the identical rite. During the High Mass, the High-Altar (*ara maxima*) is ornamented with the Tabernacle, or the pyx (the box in which the Host is kept), and with six lighted tapers. The esoteric meaning of the pyx and contents—the symbol of the Christ-Sun—is that it represents the resplendent luminary, and the six tapers the six planets (the early Christians knowing of no more), three on his right and three on his left. This is a copy of the seven-branched candlestick of the synagogue, which has an identical meaning. "*Sol est Dominus Meus*" "the Sun is my Lord!" exclaims David in Psalm xc. translated very ingeniously in the authorized version by "The Lord is a great God," "a great King *above* all Gods" (v. 3), or planets truly! Augustin Chalis is more sincere in his *Philosophie des Religions Comparées* (Vol. II., p. 18), when he writes :

"All are devils (demons), on this Earth, save the God of the Seers (Initiates) the sublime *IAO* ; and if in Christ you see aught than the SUN, then you adore a *dev*, a phantom such as are all the children of night."

The East being the cardinal point whence arises the luminary of the Day, the great giver and sustainer of life, the creator of all that lives and breathes on this globe, what wonder if all the nations of the Earth worshipped in him the visible agent of the invisible Principle and Cause ; and that *mass* should be said in the honour of him who is the giver of *messis* or "harvest." But, between worshipping the ideal as a *whole*, and the physical symbol, a part chosen to represent that whole and the ALL, there is an abyss. For the learned Egyptian, the Sun was the "eye" of Osiris, not Osiris himself ; the same for the learned Zoroastrians. For the early Christians the Sun became the Deity, *in toto* ; and by dint of casuistics, sophistry, and dogmas not to be questioned, the modern Christian churches have contrived to force even the educated world to accept the same, while hypnotising it into a belief that *their* god is the one living true Deity, the maker of, *not the Sun*—a demon worshipped by the "heathen." But what may be the difference between a wicked demon, and the anthropomorphic God, *e.g.*, as represented in Solomon's Proverbs? That "God," unless poor, helpless, ignorant men call upon him, when their "fear cometh as desolation" and their "destruction as a whirlwind," threatens them in such words as these : "I will *laugh* at your calamities, I will *mock* when your fear cometh!" (Prov. i., 27.) Identify this God with the great Avatar on whom the Christian legend is hung ; make him one with that true Initiate who said, "Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted" : and what is the result? Such identification alone is quite sufficient to justify the fiendish joy of Tertullian, who laughed and rejoiced at the idea of his *infidel* next of kin roasting in hell-fire ; the advice of Hieronymus to the Christian convert to trample over the body of his pagan mother, if she seeks to prevent him *leaving her for ever* to follow Christ ; and it makes of all the Church tyrants, murderers, and *omnes gentes* of the Inquisition, the grandest and noblest exemplars of *practical* Christianity that have ever lived !

H. P. B.

FROM THE EAST OF TIME.

By CHARLES HANNAN, F.R.G.S., Author of "A Swallow's Wing," etc.

I HAVE considerable difficulty in writing, nor do I know exactly what half impels me to do so, unless it be that something of the author's spirit has actually returned with me to the East of Time. That he is not dead must be apparent to you as it is to me, else should I be unable to transcribe these lines; yet I cannot understand how it should be a matter of such difficulty to write to you now, unless it be that my medium, living five hundred years ago, is seriously ill. Otherwise, having once completed the mesmeric circle, it should be a matter of no difficulty to resume communication at any future time.

At the moment I have to resist the negative power, for, as you may conceive, I have no desire to return to the life which is his! It is curious for me to look back. I can remember distinctly now, all that has occurred, both before I stepped back into the past, and during the time whilst I was with him as a part of his soul.

I awoke with a terrible shock, whose awfulness it is beyond my power to explain. It was as though the living struggled with the dead in a contest of awful intensity—won in a moment's space of time. Sharing with him the agony of the seconds that shuddered into darkness, I waited calmly, whilst he, placing the pistol against his breast, pulled the trigger and shattered the life which was within him.

And then? I know nothing, save of things unearthly, and beyond the ken of man. * * * *

I appear to have returned to my own earthly frame *in the middle of the night*, a fact which is, I suppose, accounted for in this—that the exact hour of my release from his existence must, of course, differ considerably from the hour at which I find myself instantly reinstated in the corresponding moment in the East of Time.

Looking back upon that terrible time—terrible to me as well as to him in that I partook of a full share of all emotions which coursed his brain—I am filled with wonderment.

Youth! I sought youth, did I? Well, I found it, friends, and it was a ghastly thing!

It occurs to me as a curious question, "What has my earthly frame done during these ten days?" I am here in my own room in the dead of night. Have I never moved thence during these past days? Impossible! Someone would surely have found me else lying in a trance, and in that case I should not be as I now am, reclining in my chair, fully dressed. It puzzles me. How is it that I find myself just as I was ten

days ago? What fields of wonderful investigation lie before me! Can it be that, entranced as I have been, and lost in the past, buried, soul by soul, with him who lived five hundred years ago, I have yet gone through my ordinary life without consciousness, in the East of Time? If it were not night, my question might be solved. As it is, I must wait. Yet no! I have it now! If I have been performing every act of my ordinary life in this age, I must have read my news. My box must have been emptied daily; by that I shall know. One moment. . .

This is the most extraordinary thing. My box contains several items of news, yet it is not full, as it would be to overflowing in ten days' time! Therefore I might presume that I had been regularly emptying its contents without knowing it, daily performing actions in the future, of which my soul, which had fled to the past, was unconscious, were it not for this singular fact.

The few items which it contains are of the day following the hour on which I passed from the future into the bygone age, and therefore all, without exception, nine or ten days old!

I cannot make it out. This is the only solution that occurs to me—that in the olden time ten days are as one of ours now, and yet this seems to be absurd. I cannot fathom—I long for the day to come. Stay! one thing I might do without disturbing the household; it is the only way of getting at it. Useless as it seems, it would be curious if I were successful in my search. Yes; I shall set about it at once.

I shall search again every nook and corner in my library to find if it be there—the second volume of the biography of the man who is writing now.

What a strange thing if it were to be found—if I could actually read of this man's life—if I could read of his suicide and learn what has happened to him now. He certainly cannot be dead, else I could not write through him; and yet again he must have come within an ace of death, else my spirit had never escaped as it has done. I can recall everything with the greatest clearness. I can recollect even the last moment of the transition of my spirit in its entirety from the future to the past, and the first of the awakening amidst curious old scenes, and I can recall every hour of those days passed in his youth and amidst his misery with Onora Mayne—everything down to the moment when he fired. I am filled with amazement when I recognise that I too was in love, and that by some strange chain this man, believing me to be an accursed thing, found evil spring up within him. No; my nature was not the same as his after all. It has been like a terrible dream, and it may be that in my fear lest I should never return from the past, I forced him to commit the final crime! For the rest, his misery was mine, his sin became my sin, his thoughts my thoughts, and how was I to blame that this was so, for I could not *remember*, although the future existed side by side with the past, and I could not return to my own frame when I would.

Even now *I* am, in a measure, linked to him in the past. I think *he* must feel feeble still, for I feel weak and ill, and I am curious indeed to know what has happened to him, and how the bullet missed its mark—as it must have missed its mark—and how he still comes to live. It is useless to search my library—I feel it—I have done it so thoroughly before—before I read in the book of life—yet if that volume has existence I shall find it, I swear it, to-night.

Here again comes a curious point—in what way does my finding this book interfere with destiny? He, in the past, when my spirit was with his, strove to turn aside the future time and could not; yet if I find this book and read therein and communicate its contents to him before they have been written, and if he writes them, then what course of fate can render what he writes the exact unaltered copy of the biographer who will refuse to use his words?

I am filled with a great wonder—he and I together, when side by side in the past, failed to alter the inevitable—but now, if I find this volume, then, surely, the course of destiny shall be by me turned aside.

And because of that thought I fear that I shall never find this book!

I shall search, though I search in vain!!!

How weary I am now that I arise. I must sleep a little, and to the daylight leave all things that perplex me now, for I am so tired that I can scarcely move.

* * * * *

It is still dark. I cannot tell if I have slept through an entire day or but an hour, for it is still night. Yet I feel rested and my thoughts re-awaken with new strength, and questions of every kind torment me and gnaw my heart.

But it is dark and I can do nothing. Nay, I am wrong, the volume that I sought in vain, days and days ago, would help me could I but find it now. Yes, I shall search at once—I shall tread lightly so that the household may not be disturbed.

The household be disturbed! How is it that I have been left alone as I find myself now for ten days! It *must have been* ten days, though my news box gives that fact the lie. Yet I have lived ten days in the past—did I not lie here for ten days in the present? I am lost in vague wonderings.

Once again, I must be patient and wait—this time without sleep—for the light of day, yet I would that I could know how long I have slept—an hour or a day—which was it?

* * * * *

What a long time it seems to me since I was last here in my library.

I have been searching for this book for hours, and all is still in vain.

The dawn is approaching, for the grey tinge of light is struggling over all, and in time the world shall wake and I shall know and be known and live amongst my own people once more.

How shall they greet me? as one who was dead and is alive, or as one whom all had forgotten as he sat in trance undisturbed in his silent room? How could they all forget me? How could it be? I weary myself with the things which in good time the day will cast its light upon.

To my search—to my search!

* * * * *

I hold it here—*it*—the second volume of the Biography of Geoffrey Harborough, the book which I have sought for everywhere, and now have found.

It appears to have been re-bound in some distant bygone day, and in its plain and dust-covered binding I may have passed it by unnoticed, for it has been cut a smaller size as though to renovate the old, old leaves. It is now but a fragment, for the pages are loosened and many lost, yet I hold the book—that is enough for me!

And now, you in the West, you of whose latter days I am about to read ere you have passed away, learn and write as I read of that which has been and is to be, and when you have so written, question this—May not destiny after all by your so writing be turned from its course?

I open near the end this book, centuries after it has been written—and to you I communicate what has been written, therefore write:

“ . . . It is sad to contemplate the decline of an intellect which was, at one time, great.

“It is in his prose that we admire him most, for his poems speak more of the actual nature of the man—a nature at once tinged with beauty and with gloom—than of that thorough abandonment to the heart’s imaging which makes the poesy we love.

“We cannot but feel that a genius which exhibited its powers in earlier life had attained its height shortly prior to his death. Whether the shadow that fell upon him was due to a mental overgrowth, or entirely to an unhappy love, is a point which we are not competent to decide; but certain it is that the little which has been given to us as emanating from his pen during the few weeks prior to his death exhibits no signs of that mental decay to which his attempted suicide has been attributed. At the last his mind appears to have chiefly turned to verse, and the lines which are to our knowledge the last fragmentary effusion from his pen speak to us, not of distorted genius, but rather of an excess of that depth of sorrow which descended upon him in the few days before his attempted suicide. Death mercifully came upon him thereafter within two days. These are the fragmentary and uncorrected lines:

“ IF GOD SHOULD SAY: ‘ THERE IS NO GOD.’

“ Then the birds in the thicket branches,
Self-taught in the music they pour
From the throats that gather the echoes
Of the water’s murmurous store,
Should be still as the stream whose music
Could sing to the trees nevermore.

“ And the night should be ashy paleness,
And the moonlight upon the stream
Never more should now tempt the troutlet
To dance in the silvery gleam.
Never more should now see its own beauty
In the chrystal of chrystal stream.

“ And the wind should come sighing, listless,
With despair in each shuddering tone,
As the voice of the dying creature
In the wilderness left alone,
When it lifts up its head, forsaken
And gives to the desert its moan.’

“ It is perhaps well that the poem was never completed, for his genius must have failed to bring before us the awfulness of that day, when the world shall be no more !”

* * * * *

I ceased for a little, because it seemed to me that he who from these lines I have read still lives, approaches the death that slowly creeps upon him, and I do not know at what hour his pen may fall for ever from his hand. Two days between the pistol-shot and the end, but *I have slept*, and know not how long I have slept, and how near the end may be !!!

* * * * *

I looked up from the page and shrieked aloud, for the light has come, and my shrieks echoed and re-echoed through the house, and came back to me as I fell, in a fit of maddened terror, upon the floor.

“ If God should say, ‘ There is no God ! ! ! !’”

Nothingness has come upon my soul.

* * * * *

For many hours I have been as one mad, and now am calm and I know and realise the truth. My soul has been filled with an exceeding stupor—a thing beyond fear, for upon everything the blight has come.

No eyes looked upon me in my trance, for there were none who had sight to see.

I slept undisturbed. The blight of death descended upon all things,

and in that hour it descended upon my frame—upon what was not—for my spirit was in the West of Time.

And I alone, whose soul existed in the past when all things ceased to be, am now returned to the world of the dead.

Ten days ago, my news ceased. Ten days ago, the end of all things came, and God's love has gone from the world, for no living thing is upon the earth.

A world of the speechless dead! And I still live!

I alone am returned, as from the dead, to look upon the desolation around!

And I cry aloud within myself, "Away from this! Back—back to all that is hideous—back to the misery of *his* life—back to the past—away—away from a world which has ceased to be."

There is no life, no living thing in all the universe, for the greyness of death has spread its calm over all, and the end of all things has come.

I was as one who knew not, and then the light came and I awoke, and slowly saw.

And what I saw I cannot tell to you, for my soul is as a stone, and cannot speak.

I alone still live. I, who was dead, when the end of the world came. I, alone, who had fled into the past. I alone who now call aloud for death, and call in vain, for God has said: "There is no God."

• • • • •

All is grey with a greyness my mind is powerless to portray—still, unmoving frames inhabit the desolate rooms; corpses, alone, in ghastly mockery fill the streets; not a leaf stirs in the breeze; there *is* no breeze, for the air is still and the cold world still moves on though every leaf and blade of grass is dead.

And the awfulness of silence stills me—of silence so great as to be beyond the comprehension of man, and the madness that was with me would return did I not hope to die.

For my spirit is linked with his spirit and my soul shall die with his soul, and I know that he who still writes is dying now, and I, too, grow weaker and more feeble even as he.

Yet I would not return to your age lest our souls be then as one to pass into eternity, but remain here linked with him and speaking through him to the end. I would die with him when he dies as a linked, yet separate, soul, I, in the East of Time—he, in the far, far West.

And when I die I shall have passed away for ever, for the end of the world has come and none shall be born upon the earth!

And how it came, I know not. How should I know, I who was with you when the silence fell and numbed all the things that lived?

• • • • •

I cannot fathom the everlasting or the co-existence of Time. My

wonderings are futile, for I cannot pierce the infinite, and yet I am as one dizzy, who stand at a great height and look back upon the ages which have passed between the time when you are and the nothingness in which I now am. I am dying, and he is dying, even as he wished to die, with pen in hand.

I open once more this volume, to read the end, for it is as though there were something which I did not yet know, and I, who am the child of destiny, even as he, may read as he may write, till the end comes, for neither he nor I can alter one tittle of which is written here (and is to be written there), nor change one atom of that which is to be, of that which has been, in the centuries which lie between him and me.

Write on—you, Geoffrey Harborough, in the West of Time—write on, that the things which have been may be, and that all may be complete.

“Since the conclusion of this volume it has been deemed advisable to add a special note regarding the publication of the first part of an extraordinary conception ‘From the East of Time,’ which has now for the first time appeared as one of Geoffrey Harborough’s works. This strange creation made its appearance in one of our magazines, accompanied with the following explanatory note :

“*A certain feeling of reticence as to publishing the last words of Geoffrey Harborough has caused the lady in whose possession the manuscript has been to refrain from that which she has now come to look upon as a duty, alike to the public and to the dead. Many years have intervened since the author’s death, and the above is now published in obedience to the expression in words upon his deathbed of his desire that it should ultimately see the light and appear exactly as he has written it, without note or explanation of any kind save this which has itself emanated intact from his pen.*”

“This note is in strange conformity with the manuscript to which it refers, of the latter part of which we have been deprived by one of those literary scandals which accuses the lady, the possessor of the MS., of being, herself, the author of an extraordinary production, now issued under the name of the dead. For these and other reasons the remainder of the MS. has been, we trust, only temporarily suppressed, for of so strangely metaphysical a nature is the last conception of Geoffrey Harborough that we are struck with wonder at this which differs so essentially from all his former works.

“That some light will be thrown upon the poet-author’s later days—perhaps even up to the moment of his death—by the remaining portion of the MS. seems a certainty, and personally we believe the statement that the manuscript is that of Geoffrey Harborough, notwithstanding that the following, which is one of those inexplicable coincidences we sometimes meet with, occurs in the already published part. The author has strangely chanced, as it seems, to foretell certain *words of ours* in the

first volume of this essay—a volume which *had just been sent to press*—when the following, which we extract, appeared in *From the East of Time*:—

“He had now entered upon his twenty-sixth year, and it was during this year that he fell in love. This love, from the depth of his poetic nature, became a passion of the most intensified character, and was the cause of that change which cast a shadow upon——”

“This quotation will be found in the last pages of the first volume of this book!

“We are, indeed, curious to read the remaining portion, and the conclusion of ‘*From the East of Time.*’” * * *

* * * * *

I in the far East, he in the far West, write that conclusion now!

I am filled with something greater than wonder at the unravelling of the coils. And I see for a moment, as though with a clearer sight, that the hand which guides holds all things, and that we cannot understand, and are not meant to understand,

The Mysteries of Destiny and Time.

* * * * *

Something obscures me, light and darkness grow as one. In the West he is dying—in the East, I, too, feel Death clutching at my heart.

A great hand is stretched above me. I can feel its warmth beat down upon me till my soul is scorched, for the palm is heated, as it were, by the fires of Hell.

Death! I feared you not till your hand was near me—and now a great awe is within me, and a terror from which I cannot flee has taken possession of my evil soul.

Thy hand! I can look upon it now in its hideous strength and swollen veins! Blood, as of the heat of fire oozes from thy finger-nails to drop in terrible pollution upon earth and upon earth’s passing things.

And now I alone remain to testify to thy silent power!—alone, and yet not alone, for in the Eternity of Everlasting Time another in the far West is even now beneath thy palm.

A great hand is stretched above me! Something has come to me, so that I no longer fear. The hand, which is the hand of death, has changed; now no longer to scorch my soul. My fevered brow is soothed! All is beautiful, with the shadow of a great love, passing the understanding of woman and of man.

The hand of Death is above me in the beauty of its unyielding strength. Its terror has gone.

* * * * *

I cannot breathe. The blackness of the unknown encircles me. Who shall say what is beyond? . . .



The Talking Image of Urur.

CHAPTER V.

COLLEAGUES.

THE steamer on which Pancho took passage was a most beautiful ship of enormous dimensions. She had good accommodation, not only for numerous cabin passengers, but also for a great many Chinamen, who were about to return to their homes in the land of the Celestials, to celebrate the New Year; for on this important day it is customary in China to square up all accounts, and he who cannot settle his bills then and there loses his reputation and credit. There were over a thousand Chinese on board, occupying the lower deck, while in the state-rooms were lodged ladies and gentlemen of position, English lords travelling for pleasure, foreign consuls returning to their posts, grave-looking professors of science bent upon the discovery of some new insect or plant, and last, but not least, a number of young and gay missionaries with their newly-married wives, anxious to convert the heathen, and hoping to find a comfortable parsonage, with very little martyrdom connected with it.

There was a great bustle and noise as the preparations for leaving the harbour were progressing, and soon Pancho wished himself back to his quiet home. More than once he instinctively started to return; but while he hesitated the bell rang the last signal, the whistle sounded, the ropes that held the steamer to the wharf were drawn in, and all this seemed to him like the reading of his death warrant and preparations for the execution. Then the bridge was taken away, the ponderous engines began to puff and to roar, and the musicians played a valse. The command was given, the steamer began to move, and a watery grave opened its jaws between him and his beloved Conchita. For one moment he was ready to leap over the railing and jump back upon the wharf; but he hesitated, and in a moment it was too late. Then, for the first time, he fully realized that he was now separated from his wife, and it took all the strength of his will to keep himself from giving way to despair. He wanted to throw himself upon the ground, like Romeo in the play. He too was now banished from his beloved country and from the world in which his Juliet lived. Banished, not by a tyrant in mortal form, but by the demon of curiosity, the king of all evils.

Hurrahs arose from the crowd on the shore and from the sailors on board; they sounded to him like the howling of devils rejoicing over his torture; but in his soul there arose a cry of despair far louder than all that music and hurraing, a cry which must certainly have reached beyond the noisy wharf and beyond the house-tops and spires of the City of a Thousand Hills, and reached a little cottage where a beautiful woman was lying in a death-like swoon upon the floor.

There was one more chance for escape, for when the ship left the "Golden

Gate," entering upon the open sea, the pilot left the ship, and a number of people who had accompanied their friends returned with him; but now Pancho had sufficiently recovered his will-power to resist the temptation. He watched the pilot-boat as it receded from the steamer, and the people in it waving their handkerchiefs to their friends, and as he watched, he thought he saw a female figure, dressed in white, with long, black hair falling over her shoulders, standing on the fore-castle, wringing her hands, and a cry like that of one dying in agony covered the roar of the waves, calling: "O, Pancho! My Pancho, return!"

Too late! A breeze began to blow and the waves grew higher, showing their foam-covered crests. Occasionally a wave higher than the others dashed against the side of the steamer, throwing a spray of salt water upon the lower deck and causing consternation among the Chinamen, while the passengers on the upper deck enjoyed the fun. But soon the latter ceased in their turn to laugh, and the faces of many assumed a serious aspect. The first effects of sea-sickness were manifested in the high and the low, and even the missionaries turned pale and lost their hilarity.

It is doubtful whether there is any condition during which man feels more miserable than when his brain loses its point of balance on account of sea-sickness. The desire to die became so strong in Pancho's mind that it excluded every other thought. But even the greatest evils will have an end, no grief is lasting for ever, and after a few days other curious events attracted his attention.

Among the passengers there was one especially grave and solemn-looking young man with long dark-brown hair, looking like an itinerant clergyman of the Baptist persuasion. This young man was accompanied by an extraordinary tall and lean female of past middle age, with sharp features and a short aquiline nose. Her artificial hair was of a different colour from that which had still been spared on her head by the cruel, destroying hand of Time. She was dressed in the height of fashion, with a profusion of sham jewellery, and her eyes wandered restlessly all over the ship, scrutinizing everybody, especially the rest of the ladies on board.

For several days the dignified-looking young man, either on account of his natural modesty, or on that of etiquette, was not seen to speak with anyone except the old lady, but as he occupied a place at the dinner-table next to Pancho, the usual civilities habitually indulged in on such occasions led to a conversation, in the course of which the stranger handed his card to Pancho. It was as follows:

A. B. C. GREEN, T.Ch.M.B.,
M. S. D. W., G. S. L. E.,
L. C. B. W. T., V. A., S. S. S., C. B.,
etc., etc., etc.

It appeared afterwards that these mysterious letters were to be interpreted as

follows :—Anthony Balthazar Charles Green, Titulary Chela of the Mysterious Brotherhood, Member of the Society for Distribution of Wisdom, Graduate of the School of Law at Edwardsville, Late Correspondent of the *Bullington Weekly Times*, Visitor of America, Student of the Secret Sciences, Collector of Books, etc., etc., etc.

This introduction was followed by that of the old lady, whose name was Amelia Celestina Gloriosa Honeycomb.

Mr. Green continued to look very solemn and had little to say, but Mrs. Honeycomb at once opened her heart. She expressed herself delighted in making Pancho's acquaintance.

"In one of my former incarnations," she said, "I knew a person to whom you have a striking resemblance. He was a very dear friend of mine, and many a star-lit night have I wandered with him along the flowery banks of the Nile, inhaling the odours of the acacias and listening to the song of the nightingales, or we would be gliding along the current of the river in a mahogany boat, covered with roses and orange blossoms, while the chaste moon overhead threw her silvery rays upon the water, and our Nubian slave, sitting at the rudder and guiding the boat, would sing to us one of his weird native songs, accompanying it with his harp."

"So you are a believer in reincarnation?" asked Pancho.

"O, yes!" sighed Mrs. Honeycomb. "I remember ten of my incarnations. In my last one I was a Greek slave; but I was treated so badly by my cruel master that I hate to think of it. I only know that I was very, very beautiful, and that my beauty caused me a great deal of trouble."

"Dear me, how much she has changed!" thought Pancho. However, he did not express his thought, but asked Mr. Green whether he also remembered his past incarnations.

"I have been told that I was Socrates," replied Mr. Green very gravely, "but I do not remember it. However, I expect to find out all these things when we arrive at Urur."

"Are you going to Urur?" asked Pancho, surprised.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Green. "I have been accepted as a probationary Chela by the Mysterious Brotherhood."

"Let me congratulate you," said Pancho. "Do you already know who your Master is?"

"I am not personally acquainted with him, but his name is Rataraborumatchi."

"And from whom do you get your orders?"

"I get them through Mrs. Honeycomb," replied Mr. Green. "She is very much advanced in Chelaship, as you may see by the fact that she remembers her ten incarnations; but this is due to the fact that she was an Egyptian priestess, a thousand years ago."

Mrs. Honeycomb seemed to be well pleased with Mr. Green's explanation. "If anyone fails to see," she exclaimed, "that Mr. Green was Socrates, I shall have my own opinion about such a person's clairvoyance. I tell you Socrates is in him, and will out occasionally. When we were at Saratoga at dinner with my friend, the Countess Carnivalli, she said Mr. Green reminded her so much of Socrates. 'My dear friend Mrs. Honeycomb,' said the Countess, 'there cannot be the slightest mistake about his having been Socrates.'"

Mr. Green looked still more solemn and dignified, if possible. Suddenly he said : "Gnothi seauton."

"There; you have it!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "It means, '*know thyself*.' Mr. Green always says that when Socrates speaks in him."

"It is a very wise saying," remarked Pancho.

"Indeed it is!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "It is an excellent saying. There is nothing so useful as when one knows himself. Now-a-days it is an easy thing to know oneself, but in Socrates' time it was difficult, because people did not have such good looking-glasses then as now; we had only those miserable metal mirrors, and it took a lot of scrubbing to keep them polished."

"Tell us something of your experience when you were the Greek slave," begged Pancho.

"Don't mention it," sighed Mrs. Honeycomb. "It makes me feel dreadful to think of it! I was fastened to a chain, and there was a man who used to trifle with my affections. I remember him well. If I ever catch him in this present incarnation, I will make it hot for him," she suddenly fired up.

"Peace, Mrs. Honeycomb!" said, very severely, Mr. Green. "Do not give way to feelings which are entirely below the dignity of a Chela. The man may have repented and suffered for his wickedness in *Avitchi*, or he may be still in *Kama loca*, and your revengeful feeling will keep him there."

"I have looked all over *Kama loca*, but I could not find the villain," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "Of course, I did not go to *Avitchi*. I do not like to go to such a disreputable place."

"So you are clairvoyant?" asked Pancho.

"I occasionally go out in my astral body," answered Mrs. Honeycomb, evasively.

"I wish I could do the same thing," he said.

"It is a dangerous thing to do," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "You must be well trained, especially if you attempt it without a guide. Before Captain Bumpkin, the Hierophant, was well trained, he once tried to get out in his astral body. He staggered around the room like a blind man, and struck his astral head against the too material bed-post. When he awoke he had a great big bump on his physical eye."

"How does it feel, when one gets out in his astral body?" asked Pancho.

"Oh, so nice," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "Everything looks just as natural as when you are in your physical body, but then you see only the astral counterpart of things. My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, went out once in her astral body, and was nearly frightened to death by an astral cow. It was all she could do to get back into her physical sheath before the cow knocked her down. It was in the country, and when the Countess Carnivalli opened her eyes there was actually a physical cow rushing at her, and she had to climb with her physical body over a physical fence."

"And then those horrid Elementals and Elementaries!" added Mr. Green. "I have been told that the very sight of them is enough to make one sick at the stomach."

"O, Mr. Green!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb. "Will you do me the favour and never use such a vulgar expression in my presence again. Say '*digestive organs*' if you have to say anything in regard to such physiological apparatus."

"Well," said Mr. Green, "it makes one sick at one's digestive organs."

"You have quite shocked my nerves," said Mrs. Honeycomb. "Go to my cabin and fetch me my bottle with smelling salts."

"A nice young man!" remarked Pancho, while Mr. Green was hurrying away.

"Very nice indeed!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "Only he uses such vulgar expressions and does such boorish things. Would you believe it! When we were invited to dinner, at the house of my friend, the Countess Carnivalli, he actually cut his fish with a knife. I thought I should die. Of course my friend, the Countess Carnivalli, fainted right away."

"He seems to have excellent qualifications for Chelaship," said Pancho.

"O yes!" answered Mrs. Honeycomb. "He is ready to believe anything, especially if it comes in a letter that is dropped on his head."

Mr. Green returned with the smelling salts.

"Thanks," said Mrs. Honeycomb, receiving the bottle. "The Master says you may now go and meditate for an hour."

"All right!" said Mr. Green, going away. But Mrs. Honeycomb called him back.

"Mr. Green," she said, "Master says you must not let any idea come into your head."

"Never!" solemnly acquiesced Mr. Green.

"Now go!" She ordered him off, and Mr. Green disappeared down stairs.

"What is he going to do?" enquired Pancho.

"We always make him sit every day for an hour or two and look at any fly-speck on the wall," replied Mrs. Honeycomb, "so that the Master can work his brain and get it into good shape to make it receptive. The poor fellow is very anxious to become clairvoyant."

"He seems to be very obedient."

"O, yes! He is easily managed. If we would tell him to jump overboard, he would do so unhesitatingly. He is used to obedience. He was educated by a Christian clergyman, who made him do lots of nonsensical things to train him to obey. For two years Mr. Green had to carefully water a walking cane stuck into a flower-pot every day, although he knew well enough that it would never grow. It was merely done to get him into the habit of not using his reason."

"But why did you tell him not to let any idea get into his head?"

"Because," was the answer, "there is nothing more dangerous for a Chela than if he does his own thinking. He should never think, but always believe what we tell him."

"What do you mean by *we*?" asked Pancho. "Has Mr. Green any other teacher besides yourself?"

"At present I am his only guide," she answered. "He has full faith in me; but I always take care not to tell him anything very unreasonable; for he cannot be trusted. He used to believe everything that the clergyman told him from the First Book of Genesis down to the last Chapter of St. John's Revelations, but one day that clergyman told him that they were going to have apple pie for dinner and instead of that it was squash. From that hour, Mr. Green then lost his faith in his clergyman, and called him a liar. Ever since then, moreover, he swears that the whole Bible is a tissue of lies."

"But what has the Bible to do with the apple-pie?" asked Pancho.

"Mr. Green has studied logic," she replied. "He says that anything which a man who once lied tells us must not be believed. It was the clergyman who told him that the Bible was true, and, as the clergyman lied about the pie, this proved the Bible false."

"Very logical," thought Pancho. "These Chelas are very queer people."

During the subsequent days he became more intimately acquainted with Mr. Green. He found him to be a man of tolerably good education, but who, in spite of his having been Socrates, had not the faintest idea of the meaning of the term "self-knowledge." He had read a great many books and believed that nobody could possibly know anything unless he had read it in a respectable book, or had been told of it by a respectable person. All his knowledge consisted in a belief in what he had been taught, and this belief was based upon nothing else but a belief in the respectability and veracity of his teacher. If the teacher happened to lose his respectability in the eyes of Mr. Green, then necessarily all the beliefs of the latter, and consequently all of his knowledge, went for nothing and were lost.

"I do not believe in the truth of the doctrines of a Church which employs untruthful and disreputable persons to teach them," said Mr. Green, once; "for how could anything else than lies come out of the mouth of a liar? In my country nobody reads any book unless its author is well known for his veracity."

"And who is to decide about the veracity of the author?" asked Pancho.

"It is the business of the publisher to see to that," replied Green. "If a book is brought out by a publisher who has a reputation to lose, it must necessarily be a good book, and everybody will buy it; but if it is published by one whom nobody knows, nobody will want it, no matter what it contains. In my country, and especially in Germany, nobody cares for the contents of the book, and it also matters little who is the author. All that the reading public wants to know is, who is the publisher?"

"This is very true," said Pancho, "and still those respectable publishers are often very ignorant people, who are perfectly incapable of judging of the value of the books which they undertake to sell."

"How can that be possible?" asked Mr. Green. "What warrant have you to make such a statement? What would become of the public, if they could not trust any longer in the veracity of respectable publishers? And how can anybody know whether or not a thing is true, unless he can rely on the veracity of the person who tells him so?"

"I prefer to use my own judgment rather than to rely on anybody's veracity," said Pancho.

"So do I," said Mr. Green. "I am not of a credulous, but of a very sceptical turn of mind. I never accept any statement from anybody unless I have sufficient proof of his respectability. I would not even have believed in Mrs. Honeycomb's statements, if she had not given me sufficient proof of her veracity. I am not a man who is easily imposed on. I had once such an experience, and since then I am more careful."

"How do you know that what Mrs. Honeycomb tells you is the truth?" asked Pancho.

"How could it be otherwise? Is not all that she says inspired by the

Mysterious Brotherhood? Has she not given sufficient proof that she is in communication with Adepts? Does she not remember her past ten incarnations? Can she not go out in her astral body?"

"I don't know," our hero answered.

"That is because you are not a Chela," answered Mr. Green. "We Chelas are not permitted to doubt."

Such and similar conversations with Mr. Green made Pancho very sad and almost wish that he had stayed at home, for he recognized in him an overdrawn picture of his own self. All Mr. Green's hopes and inspirations were based upon a belief in Mrs. Honeycomb's veracity. All that had induced Pancho to go in search of the Mysterious Brotherhood was his belief in the truth of the statements made to him by Mr. Puffer.

"Is it then really true," he asked himself, "that nobody can be found who actually knows anything, and that all our supposed knowledge is merely belief in statements made by others? Who is there who knows anything except what he is told by somebody else, and that somebody else what has been told in his turn to him? Can any truth be found except in mathematics and logic, and are we perfectly sure that even the basis upon which we base our calculation and logic is the correct one? Is not the truth of that basis likewise a mere assumption, if it cannot be logically proved; and if its truth can be known without any logical reasoning, why then should not all things be known without such artificial help? If I believe that 2×2 is four, because $1 + 1$ is two, my belief is based upon the assumption that twice one is two, and this again is incomprehensible unless I take it for granted that 1 is unchangeable and does not turn into another number. But what if we could not depend on the one? What if it were suddenly to change into two or into some other number; then $1 + 1$ instead of being 2 would perhaps be 3 or 4. But how do we know that 1 is 1 and unchangeable? As authority for it we have neither the statement of Mr. Puffer, nor that of Mrs. Honeycomb, nor even the declaration of an Adept. Nevertheless we know it, or imagine we know it, and if we can absolutely know one thing by our own intuition and without having been informed of it by another, why should we not be able to know all things in the same manner and without the necessity of logical proof? Surely there must be a mystery about these things, which I hope to have explained to me at Urur."

Among the passengers there were two German professors, of great scientific reputation. They were called by some the "inseparables," as they were always seen together. They were like "two hearts that beat as one," but as neither of them seemed to be in possession of that kind of knowledge which Pancho imagined to be possible to attain, they sometimes became divided in their opinions, and then they quarrelled with each other in a most objectionable manner.

It was a fine evening. The sun shone in tranquil glory in the sky, as if he did not care a straw about the opinions of all the astronomers in the world, and the planet Earth revolved with the usual velocity around its axis, regardless of any scientist on board of the steamer, now aware of no other movement than that of the ship. The two professors were discussing some theories with regard to the interior of the earth; and while one insisted that the globe was a solid mass in a state of terrible heat, the other maintained that it was a hollow, egg-shaped body,

containing no solid matter, but an atmosphere like our own. They had already waxed warm in defending their respective arguments, and their dispute began to attract the attention of the passengers on deck.

"Your theory," cried Professor Hopfer, "is absurd. As a man of science, you ought to know that if one digs down into the earth, he finds the temperature rising at the rate of about 2° R. for every hundred feet, which gives a heat of some 2,000 degrees at a depth of 100,000 feet below the surface. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"This antiquated theory of yours, which is at present held only by those who are entirely ignorant of scientific principles," answered Professor Schlei, "has long ago been discarded by those who are better informed. It seems that you are not aware of the fact that at the boring of the artesian well at the insane asylum of St. Louis, the temperature increased in the manner described by you only until a depth of 3,209 feet had been reached, where it became 106 degrees, after which it began to sink, and at a depth of 3,817 feet the thermometer stood at 105; at ten feet farther down at 104, showing a decrease of 1° R. for every ten feet, which at 10,000 feet would give a cold of 900 degrees, showing that the inner strata of the earth's crust are in a frozen state. *Verb. sap. sat.*"

"It seems more probable," remarked the other, "that the observations at the digging of that well were taken by the inmates of the asylum. A schoolboy would laugh at your theory, if he ever heard of volcanoes, the safety valves of the earth."

"Because," replied his opponent, "the schoolboy would be asinine enough to imagine that the fire of the volcanoes came from the centre of the earth, while those who have studied the matter know that it comes from chemical decompositions taking place within the crust of the earth. Do you want to make people believe that they are standing upon the top of a fiery mass of thousands of miles in diameter, with only an egg shell between them and a glowing hell below, which at any time might burst and send them to perdition?"

"I had some suspicion," he was promptly answered, "that you are in your dotage. Now I am certain of it, and arguments would be wasted upon you. If you were capable of reasoning, you would comprehend that we are not living on the periphery of a soap-bubble, which is at any moment ready to explode. You do not seem to know that Descartes had a similar theory and was forced to give it up, and that, according to the newest discoveries, our planet is a seven axial rotating ellipsoid. You seem to be ignorant of the fact that Gylden of Stockholm has solved the mathematical problem of the three bodies, by introducing the transcendental periodical functions discovered by Jacobi, and that he estimated the medium density of the earth as being 5.7."

This was a stunner for Mr. Schlei, but he quickly recovered.

"I hope," he exclaimed, "to live long enough to demolish you and your doctrines. I shall certainly write a book exposing your ignorance. I shall go to the North Pole and enter through Symes' hole into the interior of the earth, to enjoy a good laugh at your stupidity."

"And have you forgotten, then," said Mr. Schlei, "that I am on my way to Naples, where I will dig a tunnel connecting the crater of Vesuvius with the Mediterranean? I will put out the fires of the volcano, and of the whole

of the interior of our globe. I shall explode your vile theory, and this if I have to blow up the whole earth to do so."

The quarrel was becoming serious, and it was with great difficulty that they were pacified by the bystanders. These were likewise divided in their opinions as to which one of the professors was in the right. Mr. Green proposed that it should be submitted to the decision of the Mysterious Brotherhood, but one of the missionaries said that it had already been decided in the Bible. Was it not written that in the beginning the earth was *void*, and there was *darkness* upon the face of the deep? If the earth were full of molten minerals, it could not have been void, and if there were a fire in it, it could not be dark; but this darkness also disposed of the theory about the holes at the poles.

It has not been stated whether or not everybody was satisfied with that explanation; but we know that Pancho was not. "What kind of a science is this," he said to himself, "if men of science know nothing, and only imagine certain things to be true by drawing deductions from external appearance; or phenomena, which may go to support two opposite theories, and whose causes may be entirely different from what we imagine them to be? What kind of a being is man if he does not even know the nature of the planet upon which he lives, and how can he dare to decide on that which is beyond the stars?"

It was growing late. The passengers, one after another, retired to their cabins: but Pancho had no inclination to sleep. He stood at the railing and looked at the porpoises that were playing around the steamer, and at the streaks of liquid gold which the ship left in her track as she ploughed her way through the phosphorescent waves. The moon was not visible, but the stars were shining brightly. Their light was reflected in the foaming waters which were thrown into confusion by the unceasing motion of the screw. The air was pure and calm, and fit for meditation, and the stars taught Pancho a lesson. For, while their reflections in the water were distorted by the motion of the waves, they themselves were not a bit affected by it, but shone and twinkled in the sky. "Thus," he said to himself, "it may be with Truth. It remains for ever the same; but its rays are broken and often distorted in the minds of men. Those who can see only the distorted image but mistake it for truth itself, live in illusion; those who can see Truth itself, see the Reality, and are in possession of knowledge."

Pancho wondered from whence he got this idea. It had never been told to him by anyone, neither by Mr. Puffer nor Mrs. Honeycomb, and he believed in it, although its correctness had not been warranted to him by any respectable authority that he knew. But where could he find real truth?

As if in answer to his thought, a red glow appeared upon the eastern sky. Gradually the moon arose, throwing a silver stream upon the waters, causing the masts and the smoke-stacks to cast phantastic shadows upon the sea. A broad path of light seemed to extend from the horizon towards the ship, showing plainly the form of each wavelet within the glittering path; but it did not penetrate the watery depths below, where the corals and pearls, the sharks and the mermaids, were hidden far away from human sight.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VOYAGE CONTINUED.

THEY were now approaching the coast of Japan, and one morning when Pancho stepped upon the deck a wonderful sight met his eyes. Before him, and resting high in the air, was a new planet, a bright, glittering world, illuminated by the rays of the terrestrial sun, although the latter had not yet risen above the horizon. It was the snow-covered top of the volcano Fuji-yama radiating with light, but whose foot was in darkness, for it was still dark in the valley, and a mass of mist and vapours played round the base of the mountain, making it appear as if the latter was not a thing belonging to this Earth, but a satellite created during the night.

After a short stop at Yokohama the steamer proceeded on her way. Gracefully she ploughed her way through the waters along the beautiful coast of Japan, and in sight of its bluff-lined shore. There were many lovely islands, and here and there, from behind the bushes, surrounded by a luxurious vegetation, and half hidden behind camphor and persimmon trees, peeped the roofs of the houses of the natives; neat cottages in idyllic places, such as Pancho had often dreamed about, and where he would have wished to spend the rest of his days with Conchita. Soon, however, the trees disappeared, and in the distance arose the volcano Oyama, grim and forbidding-looking, enveloped in smoke, sending dark masses of vapour up into the blue ether, and the edges of the clouds were reddened by the lurid fires coming from the mysterious crater below.

Among those who enjoyed the novel sight was Mrs. Honeycomb, and, being gifted with the power of clairvoyance, she described the elementals of fire as they arose from the crater and delved again into its depths.

"How quickly these fiery elementals bob up and down!" she exclaimed. "Now, do you see that big one with his black, curly locks and the pitchfork in his hand? How they frolic and jump."

"Do you see anything?" asked Mr. Green.

"Of course I do," answered Mrs. Honeycomb. "If you do not see them you must be as blind as a bat. The crater is full of them, and they wriggle and squirm like bees in a hive. There are big ones and little ones. They elongate their bodies and contract them again."

"Are there any female elementals among them?" asked Mr. Green.

"Mr. Green!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "I have already told you repeatedly not to think about females. It seems that you still have women on the brain. Were you not told that you could not become a genuine Chela as long as you are thinking of women? If you do that again you will draw upon you a severe reprimand from Rataraboru——"

"Hush!" interrupted Mr. Green. "There are people listening. Do not pronounce that holy name so publicly."

"——matchi," added Mrs. Honeycomb to her former sentence. "If I start to say something, it must out. I do not want to choke over it."

"I wish I could get an occult letter!" said Mr. Green. "It would do me much good, and then it would be such a good test for my friends, if I were to get one here on board where nobody can be suspected of cheating."

"You do not deserve any as long as you are such a doubter," said Mrs. Honeycomb.

"I am doing the best I can," replied Mr. Green.

It seems that then and there an invisible "adept" was present and heard Mr. Green's request; for, incredible as it may appear, on the very night that followed this conversation, Mr. Green, being alone in his room, found an occult letter under his pillow, which was as follows:

"To Mr. Green, Prob. Chel. M.B.—Fortunate are those who can see without seeing, and hear without hearing, and know without knowing. Have faith in Mrs. Honeycomb. I will communicate my orders through her.—*Rataraborumatchi.*"

Little sleep came upon the eyes of Mr. Green that night. He wept for joy, and more than once he started to knock for admittance at Mrs. Honeycomb's door, to tell her of his good fortune. He was only restrained from doing so by fear of creating a scandal which might have injured Mrs. Honeycomb's reputation. He therefore concluded to say nothing about it and to see whether Mrs. Honeycomb would discover it by her clairvoyant power; nor was he deceived in his intuition; for when he met her at the breakfast-table next morning, she asked him whether he had received a message from the Mysterious Brotherhood. This test fully convinced Mr. Green of Mrs. Honeycomb's occult powers, and he saw all his doubts vanish before the sunlight of truth.

Mr. Green was delighted. From a mere titular aspirant for Chelaship, he had now become an accepted probationary chela, as was proved beyond the possibility of a doubt by the wording of the letter. His bearing became still more solemn. He never permitted himself to indulge in a joke, and looked displeased when others showed signs of hilarity. He felt too much the importance and dignity of his position not to be overcome with awe, and he wondered at his own hidden greatness, which had entitled him to such honours.

"With the receipt of that letter," he said to Pancho, "a new chapter has begun for me in my book of life. To become an accepted probationary Chela is one of the most respectable positions that can be obtained; but it is also one of the most important ones, and not without danger, for I have been told that as soon as such a honour has been conferred upon one, it brings out all of his latent propensities for evil. If one has an inherited inclination to lie or to steal, as soon as he becomes a probationary Chela, he becomes a liar or thief.* I tell you this as a matter of precaution in your intercourse with me. I am not fully aware of all my inherited propensities, and if you should some day miss your watch or something, you will have to attribute it to my development. As far as lying is concerned, I do not believe that there is any danger. I do not feel any inclination to lie."

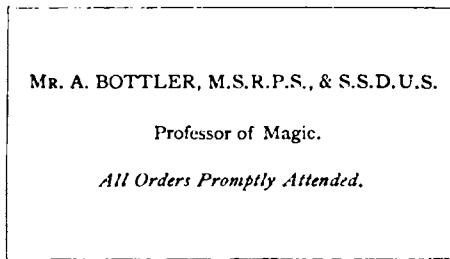
Heretofore the subject of Occultism had been discussed only amongst our friends, but now Mr. Green, feeling, as he said, the influence of *Rataraborumatchi* upon him, considered it his duty to make propaganda among the passengers for a belief in Adepts, and the possibility of their existence soon became the general topic of conversation on board of the steamer. Mrs. Honeycomb received numerous applications from people who wanted to obtain occult letters and

* No greater truth was ever said in a work of fiction and a satire.—[ED.]

tests. One lady, who had been reading "Count de Gabalis," requested Mr. Green to get her an attendant spirit to do her work ; because she said that she always had so much trouble with her chambermaids, and would prefer a Sylphide that would not talk about her affairs with the neighbours. A young fellow wanted an Undine, and promised, if his request was granted, to provide her with all the water she could reasonably desire. Some wanted to be taught the art of making gold, and love powders, and a rich old invalid confidentially offered to Mr. Green a thousand dollars for a bottle of the Elixir of Life.

Mr. Green expressed his regret at his present inability to grant these requests, but promised to lay them before his "Master" on his arrival at Urur. He moreover stated that if he should ever return to England, he proposed to establish there a College of Occultism, in which he would himself be professor.

Among the new passengers who had come on board in Japan, there was a



As may be seen by the above card, Mr. Bottler was a Member of a Society formed for the purpose of making Researches in Psychology, and also of Several other Societies for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences. He was himself a Professor of Magic, and had gained considerable reputation by testifying before the Seybert Commission in Philadelphia that he had never seen any spiritual phenomena, and that they were, therefore, all performed by tricks. He was an expert in classifying everything, and prided himself that he could explode anything which would not submit to his classification, as a humbug. Nevertheless, he was not a sceptic or an infidel, but rather of a religious turn of mind. It was especially due to his efforts that a Society had been formed to explore the bottom of the Red Sea, to rake up the golden chariot-wheels which had been lost by the Egyptians drowned in their pursuit of the children of Israel. Mr. Bottler, in a scientific dissertation laid before the "Society for the Discovery of Unknown Sciences," had clearly given his reasons for his belief that these chariot-wheels, as well as many other articles of value, had resisted the influence of salt water, and could be recovered. He, moreover, had made himself famous by writing a book showing that the unicorn was not an extinct animal, and that some specimens of it still existed on the Island of Madagascar. He was now on his way to it to secure the beast, and to sell it to Barnum's Museum.

Strange to say, while Mr. Bottler firmly believed in the occurrence of all the miracles described in the Bible, the accounts of which he took in their literal sense, he was a man of too scientific an education to believe in the existence of "Soul." He had himself been a professor of Psychology at a college in England, and knew that there was no such thing as that. Every fact which went to show that man could exercise powers other than those which were produced

by the physiological action of his physical body was peremptorily denied by Mr. Bottler, and there was nothing too evident for him to deny. When he heard of the existence of a Mysterious Brotherhood possessing occult powers, he became much excited.

"Let these Mysterious Brothers come out of their dens," he said. "Let them show their certificates and qualifications! Let us see whether they can stand the test of science, before they come to ask us to believe in what they teach. Let them come out, I say! Who cares for sages whom nobody knows? Let them appear and perform their miracles before a committee of the S.R.P.S., and if they can stand the test, we will take them under our protection. An adept with a certificate from our association would command belief wherever he goes; but if he has no standing in our profession, he is only a quack."

Such disrespectful language in regard to the Mysterious Brotherhood could not be tolerated by Mr. Green, who, in his capacity as a Chela, felt it to be his duty to defend them.

"These Brothers," he said, "care nothing for your S.R.P.S., nor for your S.D.U.S. Their reputation is already too well established to need any certificates from *your* Society, but if you will come to Urur, I promise you in the name of the great Rataramorubatchi, whose influence I feel, that you will get satisfactory proof that such adepts do exist."

"Who is that Rataramorubatchi?" asked Mr. Bottler.

"He is a man whose name ought to be pronounced only with the greatest reverence," said Mr. Green. "He is over a thousand years old, and still he looks as if he were thirty-five, because whenever he feels himself getting old, he takes a dram of the Elixir of Life and makes himself young again. He and the other adepts are persons who know everything; because the greatest ancient mysteries have been handed down to them from the remotest antiquity, either orally or by tradition. What they say is true and cannot be denied. All the religious systems in the world have been instituted by persons who are now dead, and of whom we, therefore, do not know whether or not they were sufficiently respectable to be believed by our present and more enlightened generation. But the members of the Mysterious Brotherhood are living persons whose respectability has been vouched for by many respectable persons. Moreover, they have given sufficient proof of their occult powers, and what they teach must be true."

"What kind of occult powers are they supposed to have?" asked Mr. Bottler.

"Come to Urur, and you will see it. In the meantime, you had better be more guarded in your expressions in regard to them." So saying, Mr. Green walked away.

Mr. Bottler doubted very much the sanity of the Chela's mental condition. Nevertheless his curiosity was now excited, and he desired to obtain more information in regard to Urur.

"What," he thought, "if the existence of the Adepts were a truth after all? If I could learn from them the art of making gold by artificial means, or to hypnotize the people in England and make them elect me a Member of Parliament. How astonished would be the members of the S.S.P.S., if I could bring them not only a Unicorn, but a living Adept!"

Mr. Bottler made up his mind to consult Mrs. Honeycomb.

Mrs. Honeycomb, in spite of her advanced years, was a remarkable woman. Her marriages with her first, second, and third husbands had not been happy ones. She must have been very attractive in her youth, as her first lover threatened to kill himself if she would refuse him, and she married him out of compassion. A generous soul she was, but the ungrateful wretch made her life miserable, and finally ran away. Her second husband, who at the time of his betrothal to her showed no symptoms of a desire to commit suicide, was heard to curse the day that he was born, soon after the honeymoon. But why should we revive these painful memories, which Mrs. Honeycomb tried to forget?

Love of truth compels us, however, to state that at the time of which we are writing, Mrs. Honeycomb had not yet given up all hopes of finding her real affinity. She had accepted a call from Captain Bumpkins to become one of the high-priestesses of the Shrine, and a diploma that admitted her to the inner circle of the Elect, and was on her way to enter upon her duties. Whether or not dreams of the Elixir of Life and of rejuvenation entered into her programme, we are not permitted to tell.

"This Mr. Green," said Mr. Bottler, as he was walking upon the deck with Mrs. Honeycomb, "seems to be hallucinated. I am sure that there is not a word of truth in what he says."

"Men can never be trusted," answered Mrs. Honeycomb with a sigh, "and it may be that Mr. Green is just as bad as the rest of them. If I were a young girl, I would not believe a word of what any man said, unless I had the marriage certificate in my hand. They blow hot one day and cold the next, and even after the marriage they cannot be relied upon."

"I meant to say," continued Mr. Bottler, "that Mr. Green proposed to me. . . ."

"Did he, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb, interrupting his sentence. "Well, I am not astonished at anything. You could hardly believe what queer things may happen to probationary Chelas. It must have been an evil spirit throwing a glamour over his eyes to make him imagine you were a woman. Such things are often done by black-magicians. My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, had a similar experience. She once thought she saw the spirit of an Adept walking in the yard, and when she ran out to meet him, it was only an old tablecloth that had been hung up to dry."

"I am glad to hear you express such good and sensible views," said Mr. Bottler. "All these spirits and ghosts are nothing but impostures and hallucinations, degrading to the dignity of man and destructive to the purity of women. The ancients believed in ghosts, but modern science has destroyed all such illusions. I have studied psychology thoroughly, and found that there is no such thing as a soul. Who ever saw a soul? It can be found neither in the pineal gland nor in the big toe. All thought is dynamic and molecular. It is produced by a hypertrophy of the ganglia of the brain. It is due to a condition caused by a spasmodic contraction of the dynamic centres of the cerebellum, in consequence of which the transversal oscillatory rhythmic movements of the interior vibrations of the brain cells are kinetically altered. If you will look at the oscillatory curves of the four dimensional extensions of the thought dynamides,

you will see that thoughts are produced by an increased action of the motor nerves of the cerebellum, entirely analogous to the oxydation of zinc in a voltaic battery."

"I always thought so," replied Mrs. Honeycomb. "It's the best explanation I ever heard. My friend, the Countess Carnivalli, says the same thing whenever she is influenced by her guiding spirit. When he takes possession of her, he makes her vibrate like a battery, and when she speaks the whole audience becomes electrified."

"It's the air that acts as a conductor," said Mr. Bottler. "When the four dimensional movements of the transversal oscillations of the thought dynamides have once been started by the contact and galvanic action of the grey matter of the brain with the blood corpuscles, the sympathetic impulses liberated in the mass of which the convolutions are composed may be transmitted to the auditory sense of the audience by means of the oscillations of the tympanum, and it is unnecessary to assume the action of spirits."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Honeycomb; "my husband was, then, a conductor. Poor man! He did not know anything about such things, and so he used spirits. I always told him that it was unnecessary, but after he once got into the habit, he could not quit it, and it killed him at last."

"It is all due to a state of disturbed equilibrium," said Mr. Bottler.

"Perfectly true!" said Mrs. Honeycomb. "His equilibrium was sometimes so much disturbed that he tumbled from one side to the other. O! if I could find the man in whom equilibrium is restored, I would follow him to the end of the world. I would recognize in him the true affinity for which my soul is yearning."

"But, my dear madam," said Mr. Bottler, "it seems that we are talking about two different subjects. You are thinking of yearnings, while I am discussing the most profound philosophical questions."

"O, you men!" sighed Mrs. Honeycomb. "You will never understand a woman's heart!"

Consultation with Mrs. Honeycomb having proved unsatisfactory, Mr. Bottler turned again to Mr. Green, and the latter insisted that Mr. Bottler should go to Urur to see the Talking Image, which would undoubtedly clear up all his doubts. "This Image," he said, "is not an invisible spirit; but a substantial thing, made of some solid material, and it can think and talk like a human being."

"The construction of such an Image," said Mr. Bottler, "would go to prove the correctness of my theory about the thought dynamides. All we have to do is to construct a proper organism and to supply it with brain and blood in the right proportions, and there will be no difficulty in causing it to evolve thoughts. Add to that the proper organs of speech, and you will have a Talking Image as complete as the one you describe. On my return from Madagascar I will go to Urur and examine the Image, and if it is what you represent it to be, I shall construct one like it and present it to the S. R. P. S."

"I will speak with Rataraborumatchi about it," replied Mr. Green, "and recommend you to his attention. He will grant you all the necessary facilities to bring your investigation to a successful result."

The steamer passed by the island of Formosa and entered the Chinese sea.

Soon the long low hills of the coast were seen and the number of fishing boats encountered increased until the sea seemed to be a forest of masts. After they entered the tortuous channel that leads to Hong Kong a great commotion took place among the Chinese on board, who seemed swayed by one common impulse, the joy of returning home. Many longing hearts were beating as the steamer approached the harbour; many anxious eyes were watching the ship from the shore; hundreds of boats swarmed out from the wharf and surrounded her, and when, after anchor was cast, the human tide overflowed the deck, while the landing took place, Pancho wrote a letter to his wife, from which we will copy the following:

“The nearer I come to the place of my destination, the more do I become convinced that it was necessary for me to go, so as to see with my own eyes whether or not those marvels are true. There is no dependence to be put on anything that anyone hears. I have met with some scientific celebrities who differ in their opinions just as much as vulgar and ignorant people. Moreover I have met with two Chelas; but their statements are too absurd to be believed. I therefore am still far from a solution of the problem, and my heart beats with joy as I am coming nearer to the attainment of my object. We are half way on our journey now, and I shall soon see the Talking Image and sit at the feet of the great Hierophant, listening to his instructions and receiving positive proof that man has a soul.”

The rest of the letter contained such trifles as are usually talked of among lovers, and which it would be indiscreet to reveal.

During the last few days of the voyage, some learned discussions took place between Mr. Bottler and Green in regard to certain historical occurrences certified to in the Bible, in the reality of which Mr. Bottler fully believed, but which he explained on scientific grounds, meeting, however, occasionally with some difficulties. For instance, Mr. Bottler had no doubt that Jonah was swallowed by a fish, only he said that for some anatomical reasons it could not have been a whale, a mistake undoubtedly due to a mistranslation of the original text. He went into long speculations about Noah's ark and the system which the former had adopted to feed the different animals. He also made a project on his return to Europe to raise an army of volunteers to recapture the Castle of Zion, which, as he said, had been long enough in the hands of the infidels.

As to Mr. Green, he denied the truth of the Bible. He said that such a respectable person as the Virgin Mary is represented would surely have selected a more suitable place than a stable to give birth to her child, and that Jesus would not have ridden into Jerusalem on an untrained ass, because, if he had not been an expert in horsemanship, he would have been in danger of being thrown and making himself ridiculous in the eyes of the people. In fact, it seemed as if Rataramorubatchi's influence was already acting, as his Chela took actually to reasonings, while Mr. Bottler became daily more and more petrified in his own opinions.

Many philosophical interviews took place also between Mr. Bottler and Mrs. Honeycomb. The great scientist explained to her his ideas about the fourth dimension of space, and proved to her the enormous progress which science had made since the days of Plato. He demonstrated clearly and beyond the

possibility of a doubt that an average schoolboy of our days knows a great deal more than did Socrates or Pythagoras. As to Plato, he was an old imbecile, whose intelligence was surpassed even by that of Mr. Green.

While Mrs. Honeycomb listened with infinite patience to Mr. Bottler's explanations, which she neither understood nor cared to understand, the yearnings of her soul carried her mind far away to a more ideal realm, where she hoped to find her affinity. Pancho, as he came nearer to his destination, felt a more solemn influence pervading his being. He knew that he should now soon stand in the awful presence of Captain Bumpkins, the Hierophant, who would unveil before him the goddess of Nature, and introduce him to the Mysterious Brotherhood.

The ship now approached the African coast, and one day the island of Madagascar was reached, where Mr. Bottler left the ship to go to Tanarivo to hunt for his unicorn. He promised that after having accomplished his object he would come to Urur to investigate the claims of the followers of the Mysterious Brotherhood.

A few days more and a long blue line was seen, indicating land. Was it a part of the Lybian Desert where the sages dwell? Was that grey cloud on the western horizon hovering over the city of Kakodumbola, the abode of the Adepts?

Nearer and nearer; now the long hills with forests and houses could be plainly distinguished. Then the harbour appeared, and the city beyond, with its towers and palaces. Crowds of people were seen to walk about the shore watching the steamer, and among the boats that came and approached the ship there was one bearing a flag with the letters "S. D. W.," meaning "Society for the Distribution of Wisdom," written upon it.

"Stop!" The heavy engines which had laboured so long and faithfully ceased to work; a signal was given, and down came the heavy anchor, fastening its fangs in the deep.

The people from the boat of the S. D. W. came on board. They were members of that society, venerable Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Zulus, who gave a hearty welcome to our friends, and invited them into their boat to go ashore, where carriages were awaiting to take them further on to Urur.

They landed, and Pancho entered a carriage with one of the Zulus.

"I am exceedingly anxious to make the acquaintance of Captain Bumpkins," said Pancho, as they drove along the beach on the road to Urur.

"We hope," said the Zulu, after some hesitation, "that you will have some influence over him."

"How could I, a mere beginner, have any influence over the Hierophant?" asked Pancho astonished. "Is it not far more probable that I will have to sit at his feet and listen to his wisdom?"

"It is all very well," said the Zulu; "but, speaking confidentially, I will tell you that Bumpkins has some little peculiarities, and that we have stood his nonsense long enough; even the Hottentots will stand it no longer. We do not want to be made the laughing-stock for small boys and servant girls; we can see no wisdom in that. He wants us to march through the streets of the city, each one to wear a badge and a little flag in his hand. He means well enough; but we will not stand his nonsense, we won't! We hope that you will persuade him to give it up, or there will be a mutiny. This is all that I am permitted to say."

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D

(To be continued.)

The Elixir of the Devil.

(Translated from the German of E. T. A. Hoffmann by William Ashton Ellis.)

(Continued from the February Number.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE dawn broke in many-coloured shafts of light through the painted windows of the church. Alone and sunk in contemplation I sat in my confessional. Only the steps of the lay-brother who was cleaning the church rang through the vaults. A rustling sound near me; I saw a tall, slim maiden, clad in strange guise, her face concealed by a long veil. She had entered by the side door and approached me to make her confession. Her every movement breathed an indescribable grace. As she sank upon her knees a deep sigh escaped from her. I felt her warm breath. It was as though an intoxicating charm was cast around me, even before she spoke! How can I describe the wonderful thrilling tone of her voice? Each word tore my breast, as she confessed that she harboured a forbidden love, against which she had long and vainly striven, and that this love was the more sinful as the object of her passion was bound by holy and irrevocable vows; in the madness of hopeless despair she had breathed a curse upon these vows. She paused—then, with a flood of tears that well-nigh drowned her words, she broke forth: "*Thyself*, Medardus, it is whom I love so madly!"

My nerves quivered as in the grip of death; I was beside myself; an unknown emotion played havoc in my breast; to see her, to press her to me, to perish in joyous pain, one moment of this bliss and ever after the eternal torments of Hell!

She was silent, but I heard her deep-drawn breath. With one despairing effort I girded up my strength. What I said I know not, only I know that she arose in silence and departed, while I drew my cowl deep over my eyes and, as though dazed, remained alone and half-conscious within the confessional.

Fortunately no one else came into the church, and I was able to pass unnoticed to my cell. But how changed all seemed now to me, how trivial and how hollow my own set purpose! I had not even seen the face of my strange visitor, and yet it lived within my inner vision and gazed on me with its witchery of dark-blue eyes, set with pearly tears which fell like hot fire upon my soul and kindled flames such as no prayers and not any penance could again extinguish. Yet did I chastise myself, torturing myself with bloody scourge, in order to escape the everlasting damnation which threatened me, for the raging fire in which this strange woman had set me had lit up a flame of sinful desire, hitherto unknown, so that I knew not how to save myself from the voluptuous pain.

An altar in our church was dedicated to Saint Rosalia, and above it was depicted her martyr-death. The features of the Saint were those of my beloved;

I knew them well, and even the drapery was the fac-simile of that my unknown maid had worn. There lay I by the hour, as though reft of my senses, and heaved forth terrible wails of desperation, so that the monks fled in horror from the spot. In quieter moments I rushed into the cloister-garden, and wherever I went I saw *her* in the distance. She came from out the bushes, she mounted with the fountain, she hovered o'er the flowering meadows; everywhere *her* form alone! Then I cursed my vows, my very being! Out into the world would I forth, never to rest till I had found her, till I had bought her with the forfeit of my soul.

At last I was able at least to moderate the excess of my outbursts in presence of the astonished Brothers and the Prior. I would *seem* more restful, but ever more deeply burnt the brand into my heart's core. No sleep, no peace! Pursued by her image, I dashed my sides against the planks of my bed and called on all the saints—not to preserve me from the tempting phantom that haunted me, not to save my soul from eternal destruction, no!—to give to me the maid, to loose me from my oath and set me free for my sinful fall!

At last my whole soul was set upon one thing, to end my torment by flight from the Monastery. Freedom from the cloister vows seemed the one thing needful to deliver this woman into my arms and to still the desire that devoured me. I determined to disguise myself by shaving off my beard and donning worldly clothes, and thus to wander about the city until I found her. I never once reflected how difficult, perchance impossible, this might be, nor that I could not without money exist perhaps even one day beyond the walls.

The last day which I intended to pass in the cloister had dawned; by fortune I had obtained some passable burgher clothing, and with the fall of night I meant to leave the Monastery for ever. It was already evening when the Prior unexpectedly sent for me. I shuddered, for nothing seemed more sure than that he had discovered something of my secret plan. Leonardus received me with unwonted solemnity, nay with so imposing a dignity that involuntarily I quailed before him.

“Brother Medardus,” began he, “thy extraordinary behaviour, which I attribute to a violent outbreak of that mental excitation which thou hast long fostered, and perchance not from the purest motives, is destroying our peaceful intercourse. It disturbs that serenity of spirit which I have always endeavoured to cherish among the Brothers as the evidence of quiet, pious living. It may be that some untoward event which has befallen thee bears all the blame. Thou mightest have found consolation from me as thy friend and father in whom thou couldst implicitly confide; but thou hast kept silent, and I can the less press thee for an avowal, as now thy secret might rob me of a portion of that peace which in my old age I cherish above all else. Thou hast often, and especially before the altar of Saint Rosalia, sadly distressed not only the Brothers, but even strangers who have found themselves within the church, by the terrible utterances that seem to burst in madness from thee. According to the rules of the monastery, I might chastise thee for this harshly; but this will I not do, since perchance some evil power, or even the Adversary himself, whom thou hast not successfully withstood, is cause of all thy erring, and prompts thee but to be more strenuous in thy prayers and fastings. But, mark me well, I can see straight into thy soul; *thou wouldst be free!*”

Leonardus's gaze searched through and through me; I could not bear his glance, and sobbing cast myself to the ground, overwhelmed with the conscience of my wicked purpose.

Leonardus proceeded: "I understand thee, and I even believe that, better than the solitude of the cloister, the world, if only thou wanderest piously through its ways, will heal thee of thy error. A matter concerning our monastery demands the presence of a Brother in Rome. I have chosen thee for this mission, and to-morrow, armed with full powers and my instructions, thou canst set forth on thy journey. Thou art all the more fitted for this business as thou art young, robust, and expert in affairs, and art complete master of the Italian language. Go now to thy cell; pray fervently for the welfare of thy soul, as I will; but give up all thy penances, which would but weaken thee and unfit thee for thy journey. With the break of day I wait for thee within this chamber."

Like a ray from heaven came to me the words of the worthy Leonardus. I had hated him, but now, with a delightful pang, returned the love which had bound him once to me. I shed hot tears, I pressed his hands unto my lips. He embraced me, and it seemed to me as though he knew my inmost thoughts and yielded me the freedom to follow out the destiny which might perchance fling me, after a few short moments of bliss, into everlasting ruin.

My flight was now unnecessary; I might openly leave the cloister, and follow without ceasing her without whom there was now no rest and no salvation for me on earth. The journey to Rome, the embassy, seemed to me but a device of the Prior to free me from the monastery in decent fashion.

That night I spent in prayer and in preparations for my journey. I filled a wicker-bound flask with the remnant of the miraculous wine for future use, and replaced its original receptacle within the casket.

I was not a little surprised when I learnt from the lengthy instructions of the Prior that my mission to Rome was no mere pretext, and that the occurrence which demanded the presence of a Brother as a plenipotentiary was one of grave importance. It fell as a heavy weight upon my heart, for I had thought to give myself unreservedly to my new freedom with the first step outside the cloister. Yet *her* image gave me fresh courage, and I resolved to remain true to my own plan.

The Brothers were all assembled, and the parting from them, especially from Leonardus, gave me the deepest sorrow. But at last the monastery gate was closed behind me, and I had set forth on my long journey into Freedom.

PART II.

ENTRANCE ON THE WORLD.

CHAPTER VIII.

VEILED in blue mist the monastery lay below me in the valley; the fresh morning breeze wafted through the air to me the pious hymns of the Brothers. Involuntarily I joined my voice to theirs. In rosy flames the sun arose behind the city, its golden glitter glancing through the trees; like glowing diamonds the dewdrops fell on myriads of gaily-painted insects, who circled round in buzzing concert. The birds awoke and fluttered through the wood, singing songs of

gladness and caressing one another for very joy. A band of peasant-lads and bright-dressed lasses came up the hill. "Praised be Jesus Christ!" they cried to me in passing; "To all eternity," I answered.

I felt as though a new day, full of joy and freedom and thousand happinesses, were breaking on my life. Never before had my spirits been so mirthful; I seemed to be a different being, and, as though endowed with newly-wakened force, I rushed down through the forest.

I asked a peasant whom I met to direct me to the place which was marked on my itinerary as my first sleeping station; he pointed to a footpath branching off from the highway, through the hills. I had already journeyed a considerable distance before the thought of my unknown maid and my fantastic plan for seeking her recurred to me. But her picture was blurred as though by some strange unknown power, so that only by an effort could I recognize the dim, disfigured traits; the more I strove to hold the vision in my mind, the more it faded into mist. Only my extravagant behaviour in the monastery, after that mysterious occurrence, stood clear before my eyes. It was incomprehensible even to myself, that the Prior should have borne with me in patience, and sent me forth into the world, in place of well-deserved chastisement. I almost convinced myself that the appearance of the fair unknown was but a vision resulting from too great strain of mind, and instead of ascribing the traitorous phantasm to the ever-watchful persecution of the Adversary, as once I should have done, I laid its blame on my own over-strung senses; for the circumstance that the stranger was clad just like Saint Rosalie seemed to show that the speaking likeness of the Saint, which could easily be seen from my confessional, had a great share in the matter. I was deeply moved by the wisdom of the Prior, who had chosen the very means for curing me, since, cribbed within the cloister-walls, always surrounded with the self-same objects, and ever devoured by the broodings of my heart, that vision, borrowing more vivid colours from my solitude, might well have driven me to madness. More and more enamoured with the idea that this was but a dream, I could scarce refrain from laughing at myself, and, overcome with unwonted frivolity, I jested with myself on the thought that I had presumed to choose a Saint for temptress, and even to imagine myself a second Saint Anthony.

I had journeyed for some days among the mountains, between stern, towering pinnacles of rock, and across narrow rustic bridges, beneath which the forest torrents rushed; more desolate and more toilsome grew the way. It was high noon; the sun beat fierce upon my unprotected head; I parched with thirst, but no spring was near, nor could I reach the hamlet I was seeking. Prostrate, I sat myself upon a boulder, and could no longer resist the temptation to draw a draught from the wicker flask, though I would fain preserve my precious liquor as long as possible. New force glowed through my veins; refreshed and strengthened, I set forth once more to reach my nearing goal.

Denser and denser grew the pine forest; in its deepest recess I heard a rustling sound, and immediately thereon I heard the neighing of a haltered steed. I pressed a few steps forward, and shrunk back in terror as I found myself upon the brink of a fearful abyss, beneath which, between jagged slabs of stone, a torrent hissed and foamed on its course, with a sound of thunder that I had heard while yet far off.

At the very edge of this precipice, upon a jutting crag of rock, there sat a young man in uniform, his hat with its high tuft of feathers, his sword and his pocket-case lying beside him. His whole body bent forward over the abyss, he seemed to have fallen asleep, and each moment he sank to a more perilous position. His fall was thus inevitable. I ventured forward; seizing him with my hand to hold him back, I shouted loud "For Christ's sake, awake! For Christ's sake!"

As soon as I touched him he jumped up, aroused from his deep sleep; but at the same moment, losing his balance, he fell into the gulf and dashed from crag to crag, his mangled limbs splintering with cruel crash. His piercing cries re-echoed from the immeasurable depth, until at last only a muffled sound was borne aloft, and this too died away.

Stupefied by terror and amaze, I stood awhile, and then took up the hat, the sword, and letter-case, and would have rushed from the fatal spot; but a young man, clad like a hunter, rushed from the wood to meet me. He gazed first searchingly upon my face, and then began to laugh so immoderately that an ice-cold shudder shook my frame.

At last he spoke: "My gracious master, the disguise is magnificent. If the adorable lady had not been warned beforehand, indeed she would not recognize her sweetheart. But where have you thrown your uniform, my worthy count?"

"I threw it into the torrent," answered a dull, hollow voice from within me. It was not *I* who spoke the words, for they came unbidden from my lips. Absorbed within myself, my eyes turned only to the precipice; in dread lest the corpse of the Count should rise and confront me, I stood there mute. It seemed as though I had committed murder; but still I held the hat and sword and letter-case in firm-clasped grip.

The young man went on: "Now, my gracious master, I will take the bridle-path to the town, and hold myself in readiness, in the house beside the left-hand gate. You must go straight down to the castle, where some one is already awaiting you. I will take the hat and rapier with me."

I handed both to him.

"Adieu, Sir Count! Good luck at the castle!" cried the young man, and singing and whistling he disappeared in the thicket. I heard him loose his steed and take his way.

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as I had recovered from my stupefaction, and could think over the occurrence, I saw that I was the plaything of some curious chance that had thrust me all at once into the strangest of relations. It was clear to me that some remarkable similarity of my features with those of the unhappy Count had deceived his servant, and that the dead man must have selected the disguise of a Capucin monk for sake of some adventure in the neighbouring château. Death had overtaken him, and at the same time forced myself into his place. An inward irresistible impulse, the will of this strange destiny, to carry on the rôle of this young Count, overcame my every scruple, and hushed the inner voice which accused me of murder and of an ill-intent. I opened the portfolio;

letters and notes for considerable sums fell into my hand. I wished to go through the papers and read the letters one by one, in order to acquaint myself with the history of the Count; but my inward unrest, and the mad rush of a thousand new ideas storming through my brain, permitted it not.

After a few steps I paused again and rested on a block of stone, in order to regain a quieter frame of mind, for I plainly saw the danger of rushing at once, so unprepared, into a fresh circle of experiences.

The cheerful sound of horns came through the wood, and the joyous cry of many voices came nearer and ever nearer. My heart beat loud within my bosom, and my breath came fast as I felt that now a new world and a new mode of life was opening out before me.

I hid myself in a narrow passage of the rock that led me at last to a steep decline, from whence I could see, in the valley below, a stately castle. This must be the scene of the adventure on which the Count was bent, and gallantly I went towards it.

I soon found myself within the park that surrounded the castle. Walking in a shady valley I saw two men, one of whom was clad like a lay-brother. They approached me, but without observing they passed me by, absorbed in deep converse. The *secular* was a youth, whose fair features were blanched with the deadly pallor of gnawing care; the other, whose plain dress yet bore the mark of distinction, appeared to be a man advanced in years. They sat down upon a bench of stone, with their backs turned to me, but so close that I could hear every word they uttered.

"Hermogen," said the older man, "you are bringing despair upon your family by your stubborn silence. Your moroseness is increasing every day; your youthful strength is broken, and the bloom of health is fading fast away. Your resolve to adopt a spiritual calling shatters all the hopes and wishes of your father! Yet would he gladly cast aside these hopes if only a real inner call, an irresistible bent to solitude, had fostered this decision from your youth up; he would not then attempt to strive with the decree of fate. But the sudden change of your whole nature shows only too plainly that some occurrence, on which you preserve an obstinate silence, has shaken your inner soul in dreadful mode, and still pursues its deadly work. You were once a bright, ingenuous youth, full of the joy of life. What is it that can have so estranged you from humankind that you despair to find within a human breast the balm for your sick soul? You answer not; you stare vacantly before you; you sigh, Hermogen? Once you loved your father above all else; now, though even it be impossible to you to unveil your heart to him, at least spare him the pain of seeing this garb which indicates your terrible purpose! I beseech you, Hermogen, cast off this hateful garment! Believe me, there lurks a hidden force in these externals. Since I am sure there can be no misunderstanding between us, you will not be offended with me when I remind you how often it happens that an actor, once dressed for his part, yields easily to the impressions of the character he must play, as though incited by some foreign spirit. Let me speak more in my usual way, and use a lighter tone than may seem fit to you. Can you not conceive that, if this long robe did not compel your gait to gloomy gravity, you would once more step forward fresh and blithesome, and leap and spring as was your wont? The glitter of the epaulettes which once

adorned your shoulders would cast again the glow of youth upon these blanched cheeks—the clinking spurs, like sweet music, would sound to cheer the mettled steed that neighed to greet you, curvetting for joy, and arching down its neck in homage to its dear-loved master. Up, Baron! off with the dismal garb that suits you not! Shall Frederick go to fetch your uniform?”

The old man arose and would have departed, but the youth fell on his neck.

“Ah! how you torture me, Reinhold,” cried he, in halting tones; “you pain me unspeakably. Alas! the more you try to strike the chords within my breast that once responded in harmony to your touch, the more I feel the iron grip of fate which has crushed out all their music, and turned them all, as in a broken lute, to discord!”

“So it seems to you, dear Baron,” replied the other; “you talk of some dread destiny that has overtaken you; but whence its origin, you say not. But sure, a youth like yourself, full of inner strength, in the first flush of manhood’s vigour, must well be able to ward off that iron grasp of destiny, and, as though illuminated with the divine light of nature, rise above the decrees of fate, and thus awakening and enkindling his higher self, must mount above the sordid cares of life. Baron, I know no destiny that has the might to crush to death this inner Will.”

Hermogen stepped back a little, and, staring at the older man with a defiant look of secret scorn, that had something appalling in its glance, he cried in hollow, muffled tones:

“Know then that I myself am the Nemesis that crushes out myself, that a terrible sin is weighing on me, a shameful crime that I atone in misery and in despair. Therefore, be pitiful, and pray my father that he open to me the cloister gates!”

“Baron,” answered the old man, “you are in a condition of mind that indicates a nature totally unstrung. You must not leave us, you *dare* not part. To-day the Baroness returns with Aurelie; and they must see you.”

The young man laughed, a laugh of terrible contempt, and cried in a voice that rang through all my body:

“Must I? Must I stay? In sooth, old friend, your words are true; I must remain, and my penance here will be more fearful than within the mute and lonely walls!”

With these words he sprang into the shrubbery and left the older man, who stood, his head propped by one hand, the picture of unutterable grief.

“Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ!” I said in greeting tones.

He started, looking at me in wonder; yet the next moment he seemed to recognize my advent as something for which he was already prepared, and said:

“Surely, reverend Sir, it is you whose visit the Baroness has some time promised us, in consolation of this mourning family.”

As I assented, Reinhold resumed at once the cheerfulness of mood that seemed his chief characteristic. We wandered through the beauties of the park, and came at last to a leafy bower adjoining the castle, in face of which the whole fair panorama of the mountains lay expanded. Upon his call a servant, who was just leaving the doorway of the castle, came to us, and soon a sumptuous breakfast was spread out. Whilst we were clinking our brimming glasses, it seemed to me that Reinhold observed me with growing attention, as though he were

taxing his memory for some half-forgotten occurrence. At last he broke the silence :

“Heavens above, my reverend master! If I am not much mistaken, you must be Father Medardus, from the Capucin monastery in B——. Yet how were that possible? But, nay, it is so. You are certainly the Father Medardus. Only tell me!”

As though a lightning-flash had struck me, my every nerve thrilled at Reinhold's words. I saw myself discovered, unmasked, and accused of murder; yet my desperation gave me strength, for it was now a question of life or death. “I certainly am Father Medardus, from the monastery in B——, and at present am journeying with full powers to Rome,” this I said with all the composure it was possible for me to simulate.

“Is it, then, a mere chance,” said Reinhold, “that you have strayed from the high road and found our castle, or how is it that the Baroness has made your acquaintance and sent you here?”

Without knowing what I uttered, and blindly following the dictates of an inner voice that whispered me the words, I said, “Upon my journey, I met the confessor of the Baroness, and he begged me to fulfil an errand in this house.”

“It is true,” resumed Reinhold; “that is what the Baroness wrote us. Heaven be thanked that it has led you on this path, for the salvation of the house, and that, as a devout and trusty man, you have been pleased to interrupt your journey, here to execute a deed of good. Some years ago, I was by chance in B——, and heard the words of comfort that you let fall from the pulpit, in truly heaven-sent inspiration. I trust to your piety, your manifest calling to bring healing to lost souls with fervent zeal, and to your noble inborn eloquence, to accomplish that in which we all have failed. I am glad that I have come across your path before you had met the Baron. I will use this opportunity to make you acquainted with the history of this family, concealing nothing; as is my duty to you, most reverend sir, to a holy man whom Heaven itself would seem to have sent us for our consolation. I must, therefore, in order to give your efforts the right direction, tell you at least the outline of much on which I otherwise would gladly have kept silence.”

(To be continued.)

UNIVERSAL PROVERBS.

The wolf changes his coat but not his nature.

What good is soap to a negro, and advice to a fool?

God builds the nest of the blind bird.

The eye is a window which looks into the heart.

He who is far from the eye is far from the heart.

The young of the raven appears to it a nightingale.

The dog barks, but the caravan passes on.

Theosophical Activities.

THE BUDDHIST, our new journal at Colombo, No. 4 (the 10th *Pura Durutu*, 2432 A.D., of Buddha) writes :

“ It is with heartfelt joy that we announce that the veteran President of the T. S. is expected to reach Colombo on Sunday the 13th of this (Feb.) month. . . . He is on his way to confer with and assist our Brother Buddhists in Japan, where we trust that his presence will have the effect of checking the recent tendency towards the adoption of the Western heresies. We quarrel with no man for changing his faith upon sincere conviction ; but our Japanese friends have been contemplating Christianity not as a religion, but merely as an aid to mercantile speculation, and it is right that their eyes should be opened to the awful consequences that may follow from playing with fire. We most loyally wish our revered President-Founder all success on his errand of mercy ; and we trust that his mission will draw into closer bonds of love brothers who at present know too little of one another. All who love our LORD and His Law will join in a hearty welcome to our brave leader. . . . He will leave for Yokohama on the 17th of this month.”

Again we find in the issue of the 2nd *Ava Durutu*, 2432 A.D.B. (or Feb. 18th, 1889) of the same excellent little weekly of our Buddhist brethren of Ceylon, an account of our President's visit to Colombo.

“ The days spent by the President in Colombo were full of official work. He held the Anniversary of the local Branch and election of officers ; organized the new Ceylon section, distributed the prizes to the Buddhist English High School, and delivered an address to the invited guests ; gave a lecture in our Headquarters Hall ; transacted very important financial business connected with the Branch Society's real estate ; breakfasted with his old friends, Mr. Arnachalam, the Hindoo Registrar-General, and the Hon. Mr. Ramanathan, Tamil member of the Governor's Council ; had several interviews with the High Priest Sumangala ; and attended to other Society affairs. At our Colombo Headquarters, facing the charming lake, two very clever Japanese priests are living, one sent by the erudite Akamatz, of the Monto sect, to study Pali under Sumangala, the other by Professor Max Müller's favourite pupil, Bunyu Nanjio, to learn Sanscrit under Pandit Batwantudawe. Their education finished, they are to return to Japan with sets of the Sinhalese Buddhist Scriptures, and devote themselves to the comparative study of the sacred books of the Northern and Southern canons. Thus has our Society served as the bridge over which will pass to and fro the most learned priests of the Mahayana and Hinayana—the “ Greater Vehicle ” and the “ Lesser Vehicle ”—to exchange views about the primitive teaching of BUDDHA SAKYAMUNI, a *rapprochement* unknown since the great schism at the Vaisali Council two thousand one hundred years ago, which resulted in the formation of the two major bodies, the Northern and Southern Churches. In view of this impressive fact it is not unreasonable to count upon results of great moment from the President's first tour in Japan. As he began his Ceylon work by convening, at Galle, a council of Priests of the Siam and Amarapura sects, so he hopes to be able to call a similar one of the forty sects into which Japanese Buddhism is said to be divided. All good wishes attend him.”

Our revered President-Founder left these shores upon his mission to Japan on the day following the full-moon-day. His departure was quite dramatic. It fortunately

happened (quite without pre-arrangement) that the Right Reverend High Priest Sumangala was preaching at the Theosophical Hall on that evening, and the noble old Colonel and his young companion, Mr. Dhammapala Hevavitarana, entered the Hall and solemnly took Pansil just before starting. The High Priest, after reciting the Pali Sutra which he had chosen as his text, spoke a few hearty words of friendly farewell to the voyagers before commencing his sermon. He said :—

“Once when our LORD BUDDHA wished to send some one to preach his LAW to unknown and foreign nations, an Arahat named Punna Thero, who was noted for his kindliness and long-suffering, offered himself for the service. Our LORD said to him :—

“‘Supposing that when you preach to foreign and savage nations, the people, instead of hearing you gratefully, should revile you and heap abusive language upon you ; what would be your feelings towards them?’

“Punna Thero replied :—

“‘LORD, I should feel kindly and gratefully towards them, because they abused me only, but did not hustle or assault me.’

“‘But supposing that they proceeded to hustle and assault you, what then?’ continued our LORD.

“‘LORD, I should still feel kindly and gratefully towards them, because, though they assaulted me, they yet did not injure me with weapons.’

“‘But if they did injure you with weapons, what then?’ asked our Master.

“‘LORD, I should still feel kindly and gratefully towards them, in that although they thus injured me, they did not kill me.’

“‘But if they even proceeded to kill you, what would your feelings be?’

“‘LORD, I should still feel kindly and gratefully towards them, because, having injured me so severely, they did not leave me to linger in agony and desire death in vain.’

“Then said our Blessed Lord : ‘Go forth and preach, and prosper in your work ; for you are indeed fit to carry My law among the heathen.’

“Now Colonel Olcott is not yet an Arahat, nor are the people to whom he is going to preach heathen ; they are Buddhists—followers of the same glorious LORD whom we obey, though perhaps it has not been their good fortune to preserve His Teaching as pure, as unaffected by outer influences, as we in this favoured island have been able to do. But yet Colonel Olcott possesses many of those qualities which so highly distinguished Punna Thero of old. He has frequently been abused, and his noble work unappreciated, but he has shown that he knows how to return good for evil, and to treat his bitterest opponents with kindness and forbearance. He is the only person who could undertake and successfully carry out this missionary work for Buddhism ; it is well therefore that our Japanese brothers have heard of the great good that he has done for our religion, and have sent for him to help them also.

“And his companion, Mr. Dhammapala Hevavitarana, who, at an age when young men usually think of nothing but their own enjoyment, has devoted his whole life to the service of our glorious religion, is worthy to share the high honour of his task, and to be the first Sinhalese who sets foot upon the shore of Japan.

“My parting advice to them as they leave us for their noble work is that, in whatever danger or difficulty they may find themselves, they will never forget the Three Gems they have taken for their Guide, and in whose strength they go forth—the LORD, the LAW, the ORDER ; and I would charge them to bear in mind our Master’s words :—

*Akkodhena jine kodhan
Asadhun sadhuna jine.*

which means :—

Overcome another’s envy by your kindness ;
Overcome bad people by your goodness.

“I invoke upon their heads all the blessing of the devas, and I ask you all to speed them on their way with your heartiest good wishes.”

The Hall was crowded to excess, but the entire assembly rose with one accord, and so, with the solemn blessing of the greatest Priest of the Southern Church, and amid the ringing cheers of their Buddhist brothers, our beloved President and his young companion passed forth to work which has been given them to do.

History repeats itself. The rise and triumph of Christianity and its general spread in the West were due originally to a purely political exigency. While remaining to his death a devoted heathen, Constantine enforced the creed of the Nazarene sect upon his army and people, and made of it a state religion. The fall and decadence of Christianity will be due, as Karmic effect, to the same cause, and Christian constitutional Sovereigns will have perhaps at no distant day to make away with priests and Churches for the same political reasons as those which guided the wily Constantine. The hand of the great Law of Retribution is already at work. How low the fundamental idea that underlies the teachings of Christ has now fallen is instanced in what is going on at the present moment in Japan. Christianity is advocated there, not because of its ethics, not because it is regarded as the *one revealed* religion, or even the best; but the conversion—in this case *perversion*, surely—of a whole nation is contemplated simply as a trade commodity, the price paid for the right of standing in the same rank as the European nations. It is by such a *suicidal* step that this misguided and truly benighted, though clever and good, people hopes to reach the same level of civilization as we have attained. That they would reach at the same time all the moral degradation of our centres of civilization does not seem to have entered their dazed minds. The real motive that prompts some of their leaders is confessed with praiseworthy sincerity by some Japanese *literati* and publicists, and the slap on the face of Christianity is received by the servants of Christ with rapturous joy. “Is it advisable to embrace the religion of Europe and America?” ask some politicians. *It is*, answer the greatest Materialists of Japan. The whole question is in a nutshell, and we find it stated in a small paragraph of a daily :

“Those connected with the movement say that Christian dogmas are a bitter pill to swallow, but advise that it be swallowed promptly for the sake of the after effects. Mr. Fukuzawa, a well-known writer, urges this course, although he says he takes no personal interest whatever in religion, and knows nothing of the teaching of Christianity; but he sees that it is the creed of the most highly civilised nations. To him religion is only a garment, to be put on or taken off at pleasure, but he thinks it prudent that Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbours, with whom she desires to stand well. Professor Toyama, of the Imperial University, has published a work to support this view. He holds that Chinese ethics must be replaced by Christian ethics, and that the benefits to be derived from the introduction of Christianity are : (1) The improvement of music ; (2) union of sentiment and feeling, leading to harmonious co-operation ; and (3) the furnishing a medium of intercourse between men and women.

Oh, poor purblind Japs! But:—

“Mr. Kato, the late President of the Imperial University, who says that religion is not needed for the educated, and confesses his dislike to all religions equally, urges the introduction of religious teaching into the Government schools, on the ground that the unlearned in Japan have had their faith in old moral standards shaken, and that there is now a serious lack of moral sentiment among the masses. Among the replies to this is one by a Mr. Sugiura, who is described as ‘a diligent student of Western philosophy for many years.’ He speaks of the specially marked lack of religious feeling and sentiment in his countrymen: The Japanese, he says, have no taste for religion whatever, and it is impossible that they should ever become a religious people. The youth of Japan, he argues, being free from the thralldom of creeds, and free to act according to reason, are so far in advance of Europeans, and instead of talking about adopting a foreign religion Japanese should go abroad and preach their religion of reason to foreign countries. Other writers urge the same views.”

The second proposition is an improved notion and we hope it will pass. The voyage of our President to Japan may yet become fruitful of events and help in this later amendment. In the matter of ethics and common morality, European nations are undeniably below the level, not only of Japan, but of India and every other *uncivilized* country. It is a boast of Church and civilization that Christian grace has softened the hearts of men and reformed barbarous customs. Facts and centuries of experience prove this to be a *boast* truly, and nothing else. Ideal Christianity or the Gnosticism of a Marcion or Valentinus would have softened the rude customs of barbarous ages and have been an improvement of the *inner* man, such as he was during the period of the decadence of Rome. Church Christianity, however, helped by the fatal law of *reversion* to original types, caused only the outward bearing of the physical man to assume a more polished and therefore less sincere demeanour than shown by the barbarian of old; and civilization, while putting on the mask of Christian humility, has led the European nations back to all the moral dissolution, sensuality, crime, and cruelty of the polished Roman, but to none of the virtues of the rude Spartan. Outward leprosy has disappeared from the surface to work the more actively inwardly. The combination of pagan* rites and metaphysical ideas (now transformed into the Church dogmas and symbolism) with Gnostic Christianity euhemerized, has justified fully the wisdom of the reply to the disciples of John the Baptist; namely, that “men do not put their new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break and the wine runneth out.” The pagan bottles of the Churches have broken, and shown their true origin thereby; and the wine of Christ is running out and spilling as fast as it can. Christianity has now become purely geographical; and the worst animal, bestial instincts in man seem to strengthen with every new step we take in civilization. Let us, then, have the Japs come to Europe by all means, and preach to it Buddhist

Vide Art. The Roots of Ritualism in Church and Masonry.

morality. Any *ism* is better than all the licentiousness of the centuries of Caligula, Nero, and Messalina under the mask of mock Christianity and *cant*—that sickening Pecksniffianism of our modern day!

A NEW BRANCH AT SINGAPORE.

[We have just received the following letter.]

“You will be glad to learn that a Branch of the Theosophical Society was formed in Singapore, where Colonel Olcott stopped a little over a day on his way to Japan. The Sinhalese Buddhists, who are settlers of the place, came in a body and welcomed him. At the house of Mr. P. B. de Silva, a well known merchant, Colonel Olcott addressed those assembled upon the usefulness of united action in working for the interests of Buddhism, and by his persuasiveness the Buddhists were so much moved that immediately a Branch was formed; and as this is composed of all Sinhalese, Colonel Olcott directed that the Branch be included in the Ceylon Section, which already has ten branches. Colonel Olcott, Mr. Zensiro Noguchi, the Japanese Delegate, and myself left Singapore on the 24th instant, amidst the good wishes and blessings of those Sinhalese Buddhists.

“Like the Princess of the fairy tales, who, as she goes along, drops pearls from her mouth, so Colonel Olcott seems to drop pearls of good words, winning the people to his side and forming fresh branches of the T. S.

“From the letters and telegrams that have been received from Japan, Mr. Nugochi thinks that Colonel Olcott will have an enthusiastic reception from his countrymen, who are eagerly waiting to hear what the Colonel has to say.

“We have on board the good steamer *Djinnah* as fellow passengers three young Cambodian noblemen, who are returning home after an absence of three years in Paris, where they have been prosecuting their studies in French. From all that I hear from them there is a probability of Colonel Olcott’s receiving an invitation from the King of Cambodia—who is a devoted and staunch Buddhist—to visit his country. There exists such a close relationship between Cambodia and Buddhist Ceylon, that it is only right that the friend and regenerator of Ceylon Buddhism should be invited to the court of a King who has all along taken an interest in the religion of our country. Ceylon is destined to become the central point of union between the Northern and Southern Churches of Buddhism, and the venerable Sumangala Náyaka Thero in his Sanskrit letter to the Japanese Buddhists, which Colonel Olcott takes with him to Japan, to add dignity to his mission, expresses this hope.

“As I have remarked in a letter to *The Theosophist*, it is a wonderful fact that after the Northern and Southern Churches have been dissevered for 2,200 years—since the great schism which separated Buddhism into the so-called Greater and Lesser Vehicles—our young Theosophical Society, a stripling born out of the womb of Destiny only 14 years ago (two 7’s), should by some magical influence or other be made, perhaps, the link of gold to re-unite them into one stupendous Church! Who can tell? And one thing must be born in mind, that this trip to Japan, with all its results, is, as Mr. Nugochi said in his Madra speech to the Convention, a consequence of Colonel Olcott’s success in Ceylon.

DHARMAPALA HEVAVITARANA.”

"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS"

THE God-fearing and truth-speaking *padris* of India and their pals in England are once more at work. The bitter truths uttered by Mr. Caine in his "Letters from India," about the failure of Christian proselytizing in the East, have touched a sore place in the heart of the wily dissenters. As a result we find in the "Methodist Times," a flat denial sprinkled with the spice of pious falsehoods of that which is a patent fact to everyone in, or out of, India.

The statement that instead of becoming Christian converts the educated youths of India join "the Brahmo, or the Arya Somaj, or become Theosophists" cut the "men of God" to the quick. Hence a cunning thrust in the direction of Theosophy—a thrust in the vacuum, of course—and a shower of pious mistatements. Says the "Methodist Times": "since the publication by the Rev. G. Patterson . . . of the truth (?) about Mme. Blavatsky, theosophy has been little more than the butt and laughing stock of all India." This is why, we must suppose, the number of the "Fellows of the T. S."—since that failure of the Age, the attempt in *The Christian College Magazine* to expose those whom the meek missionaries hate and fear—has more than doubled in India, tripled in Europe, and quintupled in America? Alas for poor Yorick-Patterson! The attempt was speedily followed by an Address to the slandered victim, signed by several hundreds of the students of the same *Christian College of Madras*, who protested against the foul calumny. If the disproofs brought forward by the Methodists against Mr. Caine's assertions are as truthful as this statement and those others saying that Mme. B. was "compelled to become an exile from India," and therefore the T. S. rivals no longer Mormonism" (!)—then Mr. Caine must feel secure. "Let God be true but every man a liar" is the Pauline precept carried out literally by most of the Missionary organs and those of the Methodists especially. Of course, if the necessity for missions at all "hath more abounded through my (their) lie," what have the "infidels" to say? Perhaps, however, there are still a few genuine Christians left who may think otherwise. There are those who would prefer seeing the Indian *padris*—the white ants of religion—girding their loins to turn homeward rather than disgracing Christianity as they do. An honest infidel is surely preferable to a lying and slandering Missionary: and of such there is a terrible percentage among those who claim to do their Christian duty.

THE CAMBRIDGE LODGE OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a Council meeting of the Cambridge Lodge T. S., held on February 17th, Mrs. Passingham resigned her position as President, and Mrs. Gillig that of Secretary of the Lodge, in consequence of their approaching departure from Cambridge, both remaining Fellows of the Society at large.

The above resignations were duly accepted with many expressions of regret.

Mr. C. V. Naidu was proposed as President by Mr. Rogers, seconded by Mr. Heaton, and unanimously elected. It was proposed by Mr. Naidu, seconded by Mr. Heaton, and carried unanimously that Mr. Rogers be Vice-President, *vice* Mr. Naidu elected President, and that Mr. Edge be Secretary and Treasurer.

At a subsequent meeting held on February 24th, the above resolutions were confirmed.

Thus the officers for the year 1889 are:—

President, Mr. C. V. Naidu, Downing College.

Vice-President, Mr. Rogers, Caius College.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Edge, King's College.

THEOSOPHY IN SWEDEN.

A THEOSOPHICAL LODGE was founded in Stockholm on the 17th February, 1889, under the name of "The Swedish Branch of the Theosophical Society."

The members of the branch meet on the second Sunday of every month (except June, July and August), at 16. Jacobsgatan, where also the lodge library is accessible to members.

Every member pays 5 Kr. per year. for the formation of the library and other expenses.

The branch proposes to issue translations of Theosophical literature and to hold lectures and discussions.

Officers of the lodge :—

President, Dr. Gustaf Zander.

Vice-President, Baron Victor Pfeiff.

Secretary, Dr. A. F. Akerberg

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. Cederschiold.

Treasurer, Mr. Emil Zander.

Books already translated into Swedish :—

The Occult World.

Incidents in the Life of Madame

Blavatsky.

Esoteric Buddhism.

Buddhist Catechism.

Light of Asia.

Death and Afterwards.

Light on the Path.

Jehoshua.

Magic, White and Black.

Mystery of the Ages.



Reviews.

THE WANDERINGS OF OISIN AND OTHER POEMS.*

THE Ossianic legends naturally form an important part of the lyrics of the West of Europe. Present in Scotland, Ireland, Cornwall, and Brittany, their apparent absence in Wales can only be accounted for on the theory that in the Principality mediæval songs are preserved, while the more archaic ones have perished through the lapse of time. Perhaps the Ossianic legends have suffered most through the indiscreet efforts of Macpherson, who preserved the northern Gaelic aspect of the legends in a peculiarly improbable manner, though Napoleon the Great is said to have admired Macpherson's Ossian, which may account for some of his defeats. Dr. Johnson, however, disposed of his claims in the celebrated words: "I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still." (Boswell's "Life of Johnson," ed. 1847, p. 430.) And the verdict of posterity has confirmed the opinion of the great lexicographer. Fergus McIntyre, in Walter Scott's novel of the "Antiquary" (ch. xxx.), gives us a fair specimen of a dialogue that a Caledonian St. Patrick is supposed to have had with

* By W. B. YEATS. KEGAN PAUL.

Oisín, and the contest which took place between the advocates of the Christian and Druidical forms of theology. To our mind this dialogue is much more natural than the similar passages which exist in the same author's "Harold the Dauntless," or in Longfellow. Mr. Swinburne has attempted the same line of thought. However, we have a volume before us that deals with the whole subject of St. Patrick and Oisín, from one who combines the character of a ripe scholar of Irish tradition, folk-lore, poesy, and history, with that of an original and powerful poet, whose contributions to English verse will, ere long, receive their meet reward. Part of the work is on the Ossianic dialogue, in which the mythical St. Patrick ("Little Peter," a pure diminutive) holds a conversation with Oisín, the latter expressing the history of his sins, weakness, and blindness. Oisín reverts in the day of his death away from Christianity, to the thoughts of his forefathers. There are many who, in more modern days, do the same, and return to the ancient secret faith of their ancestry. We see this at the death-bed of most Jews who have joined the Christian religion. Here we cannot do more than give two verses to show the tone of Mr. Yeats' versification.

PATRICK.

"On the red, flaming stones, without refuge, the limbs of the Fenians are
tost ;
No live man goes thither, and no man may war with the strong spirits
wage,
But weep thou, and wear thou the flags with thy knees, for thy soul that is
lost,
For thy youth without peace, and thy years with the demons, and the
godless fires of thine age."

OISIN.

"Ah me ! to be old without succour, a show unto children, a stain,
Without laughter, a coughing, alone with remembrance and fear,
All emptied of purple hours as a beggar's cloak in the rain.
As a grass seed crushed by a pebble, as a wolf sucked under a weir."

Other verses are of equal merit, but in a far different style. "Time and the witch Vivien" is a ghastly poem, redolent with the higher knowledge of human nature, and resembles one of Antoine Wiertz's pictures done into verse. "Moscule" is pretty, and reminds one of Longfellow's "Spanish Student." Students of the Spanish drama are familiar with the manner in which a small number of actors perform many things. The plays of Calderon are better examples than those of Lope de Vega, and Mr. Yeats has followed the former model rather than the latter. It is in the most worthless plays of modern times that we see the unnecessary multiplication of superfluous *dramatis personæ* in the modern transpontine drama. Mr. Yeats, with the true hand of an artist, has done the reverse, and the result is that he has produced some good and systematic verses which will bear repeating, and of which the merit will increase with the age of the further productions by the same author. Considering that every month witnesses the production of at least thirty new volumes of poetry, of which we can only say *sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*, it is really a com-

fort to have a book of wholesome, ringing verse, which often illustrates the theosophical principle that Karma, Nemesis, or Destiny, attends all manifestations of life, and is an inseparable concomitant of every thought, word, and action. Mr. Yeats is never so graceful, never so deeply devout, as when expressing the higher mysteries of the theosophical philosophy. We shall be glad to see more verse from his pen.

LIGHT THROUGH THE CRANNIES.*

PARABLES AND TEACHINGS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

THIS is one of the most charming little books which we have ever read. It consists of a series of communications received by a sensitive from the "other side,"—whether from spirits of the departed is another question into which it is needless to enter now. These communications take the form of anecdotes and stories, touching in beauty and simplicity of style and thought, most of them referring to the teaching and life of the Man of Sorrows, though one or two of them are of a different character. Each parable or story is followed by a few paragraphs of "Teaching," tending to enforce and illustrate the meaning conveyed in what precedes.

High philosophy and subtle metaphysics are not expected in such a book as this; but the parables, broad and noble in their teaching, are told with a grace and simplicity which will appeal to many far more than would any merely intellectual presentation of the ideas conveyed.

An all-embracing spirit of charity pervades this little volume, and no taint of exclusiveness mars the harmony of its thought. The parable of "The River and the Pool" is one that we all need to lay to heart, as it preaches a doctrine that we must all strive to practise—the Universal Brotherhood of all. It is this spirit which gives to these parables their theosophical tone, and should cause them to be widely read among all who are anxious to see the dawn of the day of peace and good will among mankind.

This class of literature is greatly needed at present as a means of educating the minds of people. It will assist in bridging over the difficult and dangerous transition from the narrowness and dogmatism of established churches, and the even more crushing exclusiveness of sectarianism in all its forms, to the wider and freer air, the larger and more embracing forms, which the religious instinct of men must create in the near future.

The book is one that deserves a wide circulation, the type is clear, and its low price brings it within reach of all. We shall look forward with feelings of pleasurable anticipation to the future volumes of the series which the author promises.

* London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price 1s.



NOTE.—We regret that lack of space prevents our putting in this number the reviews of several interesting and valuable books, pre-eminently "A Study of Man," by Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, U.S.A., just received, and a few others. They will be all noticed in the April number.

Correspondence.

THEOSOPHICAL QUERIES.

THE first object of the Theosophical Society being to promote the principle of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, how can it be reconciled with the aim that, at the same time, it presents in life to every individual being :—the duty of developing his Higher Self, by the sacrifice of every selfish desire, by the conquest of all material interest, for the mere purpose of attaining a higher spiritual perfection, in order that this perfection should transform our *faith* in the spiritual world *into sight and knowledge*, and give us “life everlasting.”

How can one practice altruism and philanthropy, when one devotes one's life to the cultivation of the inner spiritual being and the attainment of total indifference to the physical world ?

Can there be a compromise ? Can one divide one's existence, and serve two principles at once ? Now if the first, which is the altruistic principle, be taken as a beacon for one's activity, which is the right way to apply it ? If neglecting all personal interest, one works for the welfare of people, by trying to give them a happier earthly existence, may not the accusation be raised against one that it is too materialistic to work *only* for the practical welfare of people, as if men were born merely for enjoyment ?

This reproach will be evaded if one holds to the theory that presents the reign of the moral law as the aim of an altruist But what is the right criterium for one's judgment ? Can anybody be certain enough of possessing the real knowledge of truth, to demand blind submission to it from others ? and what right has anyone to believe that his opinion must be accepted on authority—when he himself can err ? If the Christian principle of giving away everything one possesses to the poor were universally practised, there would be no poor in this world to be benefitted ; or rather there would be nobody who would want to possess any worldly goods, and so the benefit of civilisation would be lost ? This seems very irrational. If, by a firm conviction in one's spiritual immortality, and complete indifference to all practical benefit in this world, a certain calmness of mind, can be attained, but through moral suffering, has one a right to impose it upon others ? To try to show them that all that makes the enjoyment of life is but temporary and illusive ; that we are on the eve of losing everything we love ; would not such thoughts darken the existence of the majority, and deprive it of all energy for action in practical life ? In such a case, what is the use of our faculties and talents, which must have a physical plane to act upon ? Must they be neglected and stifled in order to give the spirit the liberty and the means to devote itself to the attainment of self-perfection, and the study of the higher spiritual knowledge that gives immortality ?

5/17 February, 1889,
Petersbourg, Petite Morskaia.

BARBARA MOSKVITINOFF.

THE questions asked and the difficulties propounded in the foregoing letter arise mainly from an imperfect acquaintance with the philosophical teachings of Theosophy. They are a most striking proof of the wisdom of those who have repeatedly urged Theosophists to devote their energies to mastering, at least, the outlines of the metaphysical system upon which our Ethics are based.

Now it is a fundamental doctrine of Theosophy that the "separateness" which we feel between ourselves and the world of living beings around us is an illusion, not a reality. In very deed and truth, all men are one, not in a feeling of sentimental gush and hysterical enthusiasm, but in sober earnest. As all Eastern philosophy teaches, there is but ONE SELF in all the infinite Universe, and what we men call "self" is but the illusionary reflection of the ONE SELF in the heaving waters of earth. True Occultism is the destruction of the false idea of Self, and therefore true spiritual perfection and knowledge are nothing else but the complete identification of our finite "selves" with the Great All. It follows, therefore, that no spiritual progress at all is possible except by and through the bulk of Humanity. It is only when the whole of Humanity has attained happiness that the individual can hope to become permanently happy,—for the individual is an inseparable part of the Whole.

Hence there is no contradiction whatever between the altruistic maxims of Theosophy and its injunction to kill out all desire for material things, to strive after spiritual perfection. For spiritual perfection and spiritual knowledge can only be reached on the spiritual plane; in other words, only in that state in which all sense of separateness, all selfishness, all feeling of personal interest and desire, has been merged in the wider consciousness of the unity of Mankind.

This shows also that no blind submission to the commands of another can be demanded, or would be of any use. Each individual must learn for himself, through trial and suffering, to discriminate what is beneficial to Humanity; and in proportion as he develops spiritually, *i.e.*, conquers all selfishness, his mind will open to receive the guidance of the Divine Monad within him, his Higher Self, for which there is neither Past nor Future, but only an eternal Now.

Again, were there no "poor," far from the "benefits of civilisation being lost," a state of the highest culture and civilisation would be attained, of which we cannot now form the faintest conception. Similarly, from a conviction of the impermanence of material happiness would result a striving after that joy which is eternal, and in which all men can share. Throughout the whole letter of our esteemed correspondent there runs the tacit assumption that happiness in material, physical life is all-important; which is untrue. So far from being the most important, happiness in this life of matter is of as little importance in relation to the bliss of true spiritual life as are the few years of each human cycle on earth in proportion to the millions and millions of years which each human being spends in the subjective spheres, during the course of every great cycle of the activity of our globe.

With regard to faculties and talents, the answer is simple. They should be developed and cultivated for the service of Humanity, of which we are all parts, and to which we owe our full and ungrudging service.