VOL. XVI. APRIL 15, 1895. No. 92.

LUCIFER.

PLOTINUS.

[The following essay is intended as a preface to a new edition of Thomas Taylor's *Select Works of Plotinus*, which will be shortly published in the Bohn Libraries.]

FOREWORD.

IN presenting to the public a new edition of Thomas Taylor's *Select Works of Plotinus*, it will not be out of place to show cause for what may be considered by many a somewhat temerous proceeding. What has the present English-reading public to do with Plotinus; what still further has it to do with the translations of Thomas Taylor?

IN the following paragraphs, I hope to show that the temper of the public mind of to-day, with regard to the problems of religion and philosophy, is very similar to that of the times of Plotinus. The public interest in the philosophy of mysticism and theosophical speculation has so largely developed during the last twenty years that a demand for books treating of Neoplatonism and kindred subjects is steadily increasing.

Now of Neoplatonism Plotinus was the coryphæus, if not the founder. What Plato was to Socrates, Plotinus was to his master, Ammonius Saccas. Neither Socrates nor Ammonius committed anything to writing; Plato and Plotinus were the great expounders of the tenets of their respective schools and, as far as we can judge, far transcended their teachers in brilliancy of genius. Therefore, to the student of Neoplatonism, the works of Plotinus are the most indispensable document, and the basis of the whole system. Just as no Platonic philosopher transcended the genius of Plato, so no Neoplatonic philosopher surpassed the genius of Plotinus.

The Enneads of Plotinus are, as Harnack says, "the primary and classical document of Neoplatonism;" of that document there is no translation in the English language. There are complete translations in Latin, French and German, but English scholarship has till now entirely neglected Plotinus, who, so far from being inferior to his great master Plato, was thought to be a reincarnation of his genius. ("*Ita ejus similis judicatus est, ut . . . in hoc ille revixisse putandus sit.*"—St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, viii, 12.) A glance at the Bibliography at the end of this essay will show the reader that though French and German scholars have laboured in this field with marked industry and success, English scholarship has left the pioneer work of Thomas Taylor (in the concluding years of the past century and the opening years of the present) entirely unsupported. Taylor devoted upwards of fifty years of unremitting toil to the restoration of Greek philosophy, especially that of Plato and the Neoplatonists. In the midst of great opposition and adverse criticism he laboured on single-handed. As Th. M. Johnson, the editor of *The Platonist* and an enthusiastic admirer of Taylor, says in the preface to his translation of three treatises of Plotinus:

"This wonderful genius and profound philosopher devoted his whole life to the elucidation and propagation of the Platonic philosophy. By his arduous labours modern times became acquainted with many of the works of Plotinus, Porphyry, Proclus, etc. Since Taylor's time something has been known of Plotinus, but he is still to many a mere name."

Taylor was a pioneer, and of pioneers we do not demand the building of Government roads. It is true that the perfected scholarship of our own times demands a higher standard of translation than Taylor presents; but what was true of his critics then, is true of his critics to-day: though they may know more Greek, he knew more Plato. The present translation, nevertheless, is quite faithful enough for all ordinary purposes. Taylor was more than a scholar, he was a philosopher in the Platonic sense of the word; and the translations of Taylor are still in great request, and command so high a price in the second-hand market that slender purses cannot procure them. The expense and labour of preparing a complete translation of the Enneads, however, is too great a risk without

first testing the public interest by a new edition of the only partial translation of any size which we possess. A new edition of Taylor's *Select Works of Plotinus* is, therefore, presented to the public in the hope that it may pave the way to a complete translation of the works of the greatest of the Neoplatonists. That the signs of the times presage an ever growing interest in such subjects, and that it is of great importance to learn what solution one of the most penetrating minds of antiquity had to offer of problems in religion and philosophy that are insistently pressing upon us to-day, will be seen from the following considerations.

Then and Now.

The early centuries of the Christian era are perhaps the most interesting epoch that can engage the attention of the student of history. The conquests of Rome had opened up communication with the most distant parts of her vast empire, and seemed to the conquerors to have united even the ends of the earth. The thought of the Orient and Occident met, now in conflict, now in friendly embrace, and the chief arena for the enactment of this intellectual drama was at Alexandria. As Vacherot says:

"Alexandria, at the time when Ammonius Saccas began to teach, had become the sanctuary of universal wisdom. The asylum of the old traditions of the East, it was at the same time the birthplace of new doctrines. It was at Alexandria that the school of Philo represented Hellenizing Judaism; it was at Alexandria that the Gnôsis synthesized all the traditions of Syria, of Chaldæa, of Persia, blended with Judaism, with Christianity, and even with Greek philosophy. The School of the Alexandrian fathers raised Christian thought to a height which it was not to surpass, and which was to strike fear into the heart of the orthodoxy of the Councils. A strong life flowed in the veins of all these schools and vitalized all their discussions. Philo, Basilides, Valentinus, Saint Clement and Origen, opened up for the mind new vistas of thought, and unveiled for it mysteries which the genius of a Plato or an Aristotle had never fathomed" (i 331).

Indeed, the time was one of great strain, physical, intellectual, and spiritual; it was, as Zeller says, "a time in which the nations had lost their independence, the popular religions their power, the national forms of culture their peculiar stamp, in part, if not wholly;

in which the supports of life on its material, as well as on its spiritual side, had been broken asunder, and the great civilizations of the world were impressed with the consciousness of their own downfall, and with the prophetic sense of the approach of a new era: a time in which the longing after a new and more satisfying form of spiritual being, a fellowship that should embrace all peoples, a form of belief that should bear men over all the misery of the present, and tranquillise the desire of the soul, was universal." (v. 391-392, quoted by Mozley.)

Such was the state of affairs then, and very similar is the condition of things in our own day. It requires no great effort of the imagination for even the most superficial student of the history of these times to see a marked similarity between the general unrest and searching after a new ideal that marked that period of brilliant intellectual development, and the uncertainty and eager curiosity of the public mind in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

The tendency is the same in kind, but not in degree. To-day life is far more intense, thought more active, experience more extended, the need of the solution of the problem more pressing. It is not Rome who has united the nations under her yoke, it is the conquests of physical science that have in truth united the ends of the earth, and built up an arterial and nervous system for our common mother which she has never previously possessed. It is not the philosophy of Greece and Rome that are meeting together; it is not even the philosophy of the then confined Occident meeting with the somewhat vague and unsystemized ideas of the then Orient; it is the meeting of the great waters, the developed thought and industrious observation of the whole Western world meeting with the old slow stream of the ancient and modern East.

The great impetus that the study of oriental languages has received during the last hundred years, the radical changes that the study of Sanskrit has wrought in the whole domain of philology, have led to the initiation of a science of comparative religion, which is slowly but surely modifying all departments of thought with which it comes in contact. To-day it is not a Marcion who queries the authenticity of texts, but the "higher criticism" that has once for all struck the death-blow to mere Bible-fetishism. The conflict between religion and science, which for more than two hundred

years has raged so fiercely, has produced a generation that longs and searches for a reconciliation. The pendulum has swung from the extreme of blind and ignorant faith to the extreme of pseudo-scientific materialism and negation; and now swings back again towards faith once more, but faith rationalized by a scientific study of the psychological problems which, after a couple of centuries of denial, once more press upon the notice of the western nations. The pendulum swings back towards belief once more; the phenomena of spiritualism, hypnotism and psychism generally, are compelling investigation, and that investigation forces us to recognize that these factors must be taken into serious account, if we are to trace the sweep of human evolution in all its details and have a right understanding of the history of civilization. The religious factor, which has been either entirely neglected by scientific evolutionists or has remained with an explanation that is at best fantastically inadequate, must be taken into primary account; and with it the psychic nature of man must be profoundly studied, if the problem of religion is to receive any really satisfactory solution.

Thus it is that there is a distinct tendency in the public thought of to-day towards a modified mysticism. It is a time also when the human heart questions as well as the head; the great social problems which cry out for solution, over-population, the sweating system, the slavery of over-competition, breed strikes, socialism, anarchy—in brief, the desire for betterment. Humanitarianism, altruism, fraternity, the idea of a universal religion, of a league of peace, such ideas appear beautiful ideals to the sorely suffering and over-driven men and women of to-day. Yes, the times are very like then and now; and once more the hope that mystic religion has ever held out, is offered. But mysticism is not an unmixed blessing. Psychism dogs its heels; and hence it is that the history of the past shows us that wherever mysticism has arisen, there psychism with its dangers, errors, and insanities has obscured it. Have we not to-day amongst us crowds of phenomenalists, searchers after strange arts, diabolists, symbolists, etc., a renaissance of all that the past tells us to avoid? All these vagaries obscure the true mystic way, and at no time previously do we find the various factors so distinctly at work as in the first centuries of the Christian era. It was against all these enormities and the wild imaginings that invariably follow,

when the strong power of mystic religion is poured into human thought, that Plotinus arose to revive the dialectic of Plato and rescue the realms of pure philosophy from the hosts of disorderly speculation, while at the same time brilliantly defending the best that mysticism offered. It will, therefore, be of great interest, for those who are inclined to believe in mystical religion in the present day, to consider the views of perhaps the most acute reasoner of the Greek philosophers, who not only combined the Aristotelean and Platonic methods, but also added a refined and pure mysticism of his own which the times of Plato and Aristotle were unable to produce.

The reader will doubtless be anxious to learn what was the attitude of Plotinus to Christianity, and whether the Christian doctrine had any influence on the teachings of the greatest of the Neoplatonists. Much has been written on the influence of Christianity on Neoplatonism, and of Neoplatonism on Christianity, especially by German scholars; but it is safer to avoid all extreme opinions, and be content with the moderate view of Harnack that, "the influence of Christianity—whether Gnostic or Catholic—on Neoplatonism was at no time very considerable," and with regard to the first teachers of the school entirely unnoticeable. Nevertheless, "since Neoplatonism originated in Alexandria, where Oriental modes of worship were accessible to everyone, and since the Jewish philosophy had also taken its place in the literary circles of Alexandria, we may safely assume that even the earliest of the Neoplatonists possessed an acquaintance with Judaism and Christianity. But if we search Plotinus for evidence of any actual influence of Jewish and Christian phraseology, we search in vain; and the existence of any such influence is all the more unlikely because it is only the later Neoplatonism that offers striking and deep-rooted parallels to Philo and the Gnostics," and Porphyry (c. xvi.) distinctly states that the Gnostics against whom Plotinus wrote were Christians.

And yet there can be no doubt that the strong spiritual life and hope which the teaching of the Christ inspired in the hearts of his hearers, brought a reality into men's lives that would not be content with the mere envisagement of a cold ideal. Those who were fired with this hope taught that this ideal was realizable, nay, that it had already been realized. With such a fervid spirit of hope and

enthusiasm aroused, philosophy had to look to its laurels. And in the words of Mozley, based on Vacherot, "the philosophers were kindled by a sense of rivalry; they felt, present in the world and actually working, a power such as they themselves sought to exercise, moralizing and ordering the hearts of men; and this stirred them to find a parallel power on their own side, and the nearest approach to it, both in character and degree, was found in Plato. To Plato they turned themselves with the fervour of pupils towards an almost unerring master; but they selected from Plato those elements which lay on the same line as that Christian teaching whose power elicited their rivalry."

Nor were the better instructed of the Christian fathers free from a like rivalry with the philosophers; and from this rivalry arose the symbols of the Church and the subtleties of an Athanasius. Curiously enough in our own days we notice a like rivalry in Christian apologetics in contact with the great eastern religious systems; a number of the most enlightened Christian writers striving to show that Christianity, in its purest and best sense, rises superior to what is best in the Orient. The theory of direct borrowing on either side, however, has to be abandoned; indirect influence is a thing that cannot be denied, but direct plagiarism is unsupported by any evidence that has yet been discovered. As Max Müller says:

"The difficulty of admitting any borrowing on the part of one religion from another is much greater than is commonly supposed, and if it has taken place, there seems to me only one way in which it can be satisfactorily established, namely, by the actual occurrence of foreign words which retain a certain unidiomatic appearance in the language to which they have been transferred. It seems impossible that any religious community should have adopted fundamental principles of religion from another, unless their intercourse was intimate and continuous; in fact, unless they could freely express their thoughts in a common language. . . .

"Nor should we forget that most religions have a feeling of hostility towards other religions, and that they are not likely to borrow from others which in their most important and fundamental doctrines they consider erroneous." (*Theosophy or Psychological Religion*, London, 1893, pp. 367-369.)

And though Plotinus cannot be said to have borrowed directly either from Christianity or other oriental ideas, nevertheless it is beyond doubt that he was acquainted with them, and that too most intimately. By birth he was an Egyptian of Lycopolis (Sivouth); for eleven years he attended the school of Ammonius at Alexandria; his interest in the systems of the further East was so great, that he joined the expedition of Gordian in order to learn the religio-philosophy of the Persians and Indians; his pupils, Amelius and Porphyry, were filled with oriental teaching, and it was in answer to their questioning that Plotinus wrote the most powerful books of the Enneads. Porphyry, moreover, wrote a long treatise of a very learned nature *Against the Christians*, so that it cannot have been that the master should have been unacquainted with the views of the pupil. Numenius again was highly esteemed by Plotinus and his school, and this Pythagoreo-Platonic philosopher was saturated with oriental ideas, as Vacherot tells us (i, 318):

"Numenius, a Syrian by origin and living in the Orient, is not less deeply versed in the religious traditions of Syria, Judæa and Persia than in the philosophical doctrines of Greece. He is perfectly familiar with the works of Philo, and his admiration goes so far as to ask whether it is Philo who platonizes, or Plato who philonizes; he dubs Plato the Attic Moses. If the doctrines of Philo have at all influenced the philosophy of Greece, it is owing to Numenius, the father of this Syrian School, out of which Amelius and Porphyry came into Neoplatonism.

"The oriental tendency of the philosopher is shown by the following words of Eusebius: 'It must be that he who treats of the Good, and who has affirmed his doctrine with the witness of Plato, should go even further back and take hold of the doctrines of Pythagoras. It must be that he should appeal to the most renowned of the nations, and that he should present the rituals, dogmas and institutions which—originally established by the Brâhmans, Jews, Magians and Egyptians—are in agreement with the doctrines of Plato.' (VIII, vii, *De Bono*)."

We, therefore, find in Plotinus two marked characteristics; the method of stern dialectic on the one hand, and a rational and practical mysticism on the other that reminds us very strongly of the best phase of the yoga-systems of ancient India. As Brandis remarks:

"The endeavour which, as far as we can judge, characterised Plotinus more than any other philosopher of his age was . . . . to pave the way to the solution of any question by a careful discussion of the difficulties of the case."

And though the method is somewhat tedious, nevertheless the philosophy of Plotinus is one of remarkable power and symmetry. In the opinion of Mozley:

"There is a real soberness in the mind of its author; the difficulties connected with the divine self-substance and universality, in relation to the individuality of man, though they cannot be said to be solved, are presented in a manner to which little objection can be taken intellectually, and against which no serious charge of irreverence can be brought."

This is a great admission for a man writing in a dictionary of Christian biography, and the word "serious" might well be omitted from the last line as totally unnecessary, if not supremely ridiculous, when applied to such a man as Plotinus.

The part of the system of our great Neoplatonist that has been and will be the least understood, is that connected with the practice of theurgy, which consummates itself in ecstasy, the Samâdhi of the yoga-art of Indian mystics. For years Plotinus kept secret the teachings of his master Ammonius Saccas, and not till his fellow-pupils Herennius and Origen (not the Church father) broke the compact did he begin to expound the tenets publicly. It is curious to notice that, though this ecstasy was the consummation of the whole system, nowhere does Plotinus enter into any details of the methods by which this supreme state of consciousness is to be reached, and I cannot but think that he still kept silence deliberately on this all-important point.

Ammonius, the master, made such an impression on his times by his great wisdom and knowledge that he was known as the "god-taught" (θεοδίδακτος); he was more than a mere eclectic, he himself attained to spiritual insight. The pupil Plotinus also shows all the signs of a student of eastern Râja Yoga, the "kingly art" of the science of the soul. In his attitude to the astrologers, magicians and phenomena-mongers of the time, he shows a thorough contempt for such magic arts, though, if we are to believe Porphyry, his own spiritual power was great. The gods and dæmons and

powers were to be commanded and not obeyed. "Those gods of yours must come to me, not I to them." (ἐκείνους δεῖ πρὸς ἐμὲ ἔρχεσθαι, οὐκ ἐμὲ πρὸς ἐκείνους.—*Porphyry*, x.)

And, indeed, he ended his life in the way that Yogins in the East are said to pass out of the body. When the hour of death approaches they perform Tapas, or in other words enter into a deep state of contemplation. This was evidently the mode of leaving the world followed by our philosopher, for his last words were: "Now I seek to lead back the self within me to the All-self" (τὸ ἐν ἡμῖν θεῖον πρὸς τὸ ἐν τῷ παντὶ θεῖον.—*Porphyry*, ii.)

Indeed Plotinus, "in so far as we have records of him, was in his personal character one of the purest and most pleasing of all philosophers, ancient or modern" (Mozley). It is, therefore, of great interest for us to learn his opinions on the thought of his own time, and what solution he offered of the problems which are again presented to us, but with even greater insistence, in our own days. We will, therefore, take a glance at the main features of his system.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(*To be concluded.*)

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

(*Concluded from p.* 50.)

THE early months of the summer that Madame Blavatsky spent near Naples, at Torre del Greco, were months full of suffering. She felt ill, solitary, and deserted, and, what is more, she feared that the prosperity of the Theosophical Society was ruined by her unpopularity and by the calumnies at all times directed against her. But at the first suggestion of resignation she made, she raised a storm of unanimous protest from America, Europe, and above all, from India. The President was powerless to calm the malcontents, who urgently demanded the return of H. P. Blavatsky, and the resumption by her of the business of the Society and of Theosophical interests in general. In vain she tried to prove to them that she would really be of more use to the movement by devoting herself, in seclusion and uninterrupted by business affairs and troubles, to the writing of her new work, *The Secret Doctrine*. They replied with assurances of devotion to her and by asking her to come to London, to Madras, and to New York; settle where she would, she would be welcomed, if only she would resume the leadership of the movement. As for leaving them, she must not for a moment think of it, for, according to the unanimous opinion, her leaving meant the dispersion of the Theosophical Society and its death!

As soon as it was known that one of the most foolish accusations against H. P. Blavatsky was that the Mahâtmâs did not exist, and that they were only the creation of her imagination, invented in order to deceive the credulous, hundreds of letters reached her from all parts of India, from persons who had knowledge of them before, they said, they had possessed the slightest acquaintance with Theosophy. Finally came a letter from Negapatam, the home of *pundits*, bearing the signatures of seventy-seven of their learned men, emphatically affirming the existence of these superior beings, who were

too well known and recognized in the history of the Âryan races for their descendants to be able to doubt their existence. (*Boston Courier*, July, 1886.)

Helena wrote to me from Würzburg, where she had settled for the winter:

"I understand that the Psychical Research Society of London has suddenly perceived the possibility of making me pass for a charlatan. Above all things, they wish by any means to avoid differences with the orthodox science of Europe, and consequently it is impossible for them to recognize the occult phenomena as genuine and the result of forces unknown to the scientists. If they were to do this, they would at once have against them the whole clique of doctors of Science and Theology. Certainly their better plan is to trample on us Theosophists, who fear neither the clergy nor academic authorities, and who have the courage of our opinions. Well, then! rather than excite the anger of the shepherds of all the European sheep of Panurge, is it not better to excuse my disciples (for there are many among the number who have to be taken care of!) and condole with them as being my poor dupes, and to place me upon the stool of repentance, and accuse me of frauds, of spying, of thefts, and what not? Ah! I recognize my usual fate; to have the reputation without having had the pleasure! . . . If only at least I could have been of real service to my beloved Russia! But no! The only service that I have had the chance of performing for her has been a very negative one; the editors of certain newspapers in India being my personal friends, and knowing that every line written against Russia gave me pain, abstained from attack oftener than they otherwise would have done. . . . Behold all that I have been able to do for my country now lost for ever!"

Her great consolation in this exile of hers was the letters and the visits of her friends, who knew where to find her in the depths of Germany, where she had taken refuge for the sake of quiet and to be able to write her book in peace. The letters all displayed confidence and friendship; of the visits, those of her Russian friends gave her the greatest pleasure. Amongst them were her aunt from Odessa and M. Solovioff from Paris. While there the latter had a letter from Mahâtmâ Koot-Hoomi, and left again for Paris, enthusiastic over his visit and the extraordinary things which he had

witnessed at Würzburg, so much so that he wrote letter after letter, all in the style of the following extract:

"PARIS,
"*October 8th*, 1885.

"MY DEAREST HELENA PETROVNA,

"I am in correspondence with Madame Adam. I have spoken to her much of you; I have thoroughly interested her, and she tells me that her *Review* will be forthwith opened not only to Theosophical articles, but to your own justification, if needs be. I have praised Madame de Morsier to her (this lady formerly professed much devotion to Madame Blavatsky and her teachings); as it happens, at this very time she has staying with her a visitor who joins with me and speaks to the same effect. All is going as well as possible. I spent the morning with Dr. Richet, and again I spoke with him about you, with regard to Myers and the Psychical Research Society. I can say that I have convinced Richet as to the reality of your personal powers, and the phenomena taking place through your agency. He asked me three categorical questions—to the two first I replied in the affirmative; as to the third, I told him that without doubt I should be able to give him an affirmative answer within the space of two or three months. I have no doubt that my answer will be in the affirmative, and then—you will see—there will be a triumph which will crush all the 'psychists' (of London). Yes, so it must be, must it not? For assuredly you will not deceive me! . . . I leave to-morrow for Petersburg.—Yours,

"V. S. SOLOVIOFF."

All the winter, at Würzburg, Madame Blavatsky was occupied in writing her *Secret Doctrine*. She wrote to Mr. Sinnett that never since the writing of *Isis Unveiled* had the psychometric visions appeared so clearly and plainly before her spiritual perception, and that she hoped that this work would revivify their cause. At the same time Countess Wachtmeister, who passed this winter with her (and thenceforward never wished to leave her) wrote letters full of admiration for the writings of Madame Blavatsky, and above all for "the surprising conditions under which H. P. Blavatsky worked at her great book."

"We are surrounded daily with phenomena"—thus she wrote

to me—"but we are so used to them that they seem quite in the ordinary course of things."

Once again H. P. Blavatsky had a severe illness, from which she with difficulty recovered, thanks to the devotion of her friends, who never left her side for a moment. It was principally to Dr. Ashton Ellis, of London, Countess Wachtmeister, and the Gebhard family that she owed her recovery; but from this time forward her life was one of continuous suffering more or less acute.

In the month of April, 1887, her friends succeeded in removing her to England. The previous winter she had passed at Ostend, where she finished the first half of *The Secret Doctrine*, and here she was constantly surrounded with friends, especially with those who came to see her from London; amongst these was the President of the British Theosophical Society, Mr. Sinnett, who had just published his book, *Incidents in the Life of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky*.

The last four years of her life, which Madame Blavatsky passed in London, were years of physical suffering, of incessant labour, of mental over-excitement, which completely undermined her health; but these years were also years of success, of moral fruition, which fully compensated her for her sufferings, and gave her cause to hope that her book, the Theosophical Society, and her writings would remain as evidence in her favour after her death, and would serve to clear her name from the calumnies with which it had been covered.

Here is an extract from one of her letters, written in the autumn of 1887, excusing herself for her long silence.

"If you only knew, my friends, how busy I am! Just imagine the number of my daily duties; the editing of my new magazine, LUCIFER, rests entirely with me, and besides that I have to write for it each month from ten to fifteen pages. Then there are the articles for the other Theosophical magazines—the *Lotus* at Paris, the *Theosophist* at Madras, the *Path* at New York—my *Secret Doctrine*, of which I have to continue the second volume and correct the proofs of the first two or three times over. And then the visits! . . . . Very often as many as thirty a day. . . . Impossible for me to get out of it! . . . . . There ought to be a hundred and twenty-four hours in each day. Have no fear; no news is good news! You will be written to if I become more ill than usual. . . . .

Have you noticed on the cover of the *Lotus* the sensational announcement of the Editor? *Under the Inspiration of Madame Blavatsky.* Good Heavens, what 'inspiration'! when I have not had time to write one word for it. Does it reach you? I have taken three copies, two for you and one for Katkoff. I worship that man for his patriotism and the outspoken truth of his articles, which do honour to Russia. . . ."

The activity of the Theosophical Society in London, its meetings, its monthly and weekly magazines, and, above all, the writings of its foundress, attracted the attention of the press and the reprisals of the clergy. But here their representatives never gave way to such unjust and calumnious excesses as did the Jesuits of Madras. Most assuredly there were many stirring meetings, at which H. P. Blavatsky, to use her own expression, was "treated like Lucifer—not in its true sense, as *bearer of the heavenly light*—but in the popular sense, that which is ascribed to him in Milton's *Paradise Lost.* I was presented to the public as anti-Christ in petticoats." Nevertheless, her fine letter, entitled, "LUCIFER to the Archbishop of Canterbury," made a great sensation at the time, and all but put an end to clerical hostilities.

In London there was no longer any question as to phenomena; Helena Petrovna took an aversion to them. Nevertheless, as Mr. Stead remarks with truth, in his article on Madame H. P. Blavatsky in *The Review of Reviews* for June, 1891, never before did she make so many distinguished converts or converts more devoted to her cause than during the last four years of her life. Her visions and her clairvoyance, however, never left her. In July, 1886, she told us of the death of her friend, Prof. Alexander Boutléroff, before it was mentioned in the Russian newspapers. In fact, she saw him at Ostend on the very day of his death. The same thing happened in the case of our celebrated politician, M. N. Katkoff, a patriot whom she cordially esteemed. She wrote to me (and the letter is fortunately still extant and precisely dated) one month before his end that he would be ill and would die. In July, 1888, when I was in London, she extricated me from serious perplexity, caused by a wrongly-interpreted telegram, and told me, after an instant's meditation, what had happened at Moscow on that very day. When in the spring of 1890, the Headquarters of the Society

in London was moved into a new house, better adapted to accommodate her increased staff, H. P. Blavatsky said, "I shall never move again, they will take me from this house to the crematorium." When asked why she foretold this, she gave as a pretext that this house had not her lucky number; the number seven was lacking.

The health of Helena Petrovna continued to go from bad to worse with the increasing growth of her occupations. She formed around herself a group of ardent Theosophists who were anxious to study the occult sciences. With regard to this she wrote to me in 1889.

"You ask of me, what are my new occupations? None except the writing of fifty or so more pages each month, my *Esoteric Instructions*, which cannot be printed. Five or six unhappy voluntary martyrs, among my devoted esotericists, copy out 300 copies, so as to send them to the absent members of my Esoteric Section, but I have to revise and correct them myself into the bargain! . . . . And then our Thursday meetings, with the scientific questions of the *savants*, such as William Bennet or Kingsland, who writes on electricity; with stenographers in all the corners, and the assurance that my least word will be incorporated in our new journal of reports, *Transactions of the Blavatsky Lodge*, and that they will be read and commented on not only by my Theosophists, but by hundreds of the ill-disposed. My pupils in Occultism are overjoyed. They have sent out a circular through the Theosophical world, saying, 'H. P. B. is old and very ill; H. P. B. might die any day, and then from whom could we learn the things she can teach us. We must club together and record her teachings,' and so they pay for the stenographers and the printing, and it costs them much. . . . And their old H. P. B. *must* find time to teach them, although this cannot be done except at the cost of time which she formerly devoted to writing, in order to gain her daily bread, for foreign journals and newspapers. Well! H. P. B. will have her habits a little further upset—that is all! At the least word from me they would gladly indemnify me, but I won't accept one penny for such lessons. 'May thy money perish with thee, for thou hast thought to purchase the gifts of God for gold;' that is what I say to those who think they can buy the divine science of eternity for shillings and guineas."

Two years after she had settled in London, Madame Blavatsky made the acquaintance of a woman of extraordinary knowledge, merits, and talent.

I will let her speak herself.

"I fight more than ever with the materialists and atheists. The whole league of 'Freethinkers' is armed against me, because I have converted into a good Theosophist the best of their workers —Annie Besant—the famous woman author and orator, Bradlaugh's right hand and his tried friend. . . . Read her profession of faith, *Why I became a Theosophist*—a shorthand report of what she said in her public confession before a great meeting at the Hall of Science. The clergy are so well pleased with her conversion that at present they are full of praises of Theosophy. . . . What a noble and excellent woman she is! What a heart of gold! What sincerity, and how she speaks! A real Demosthenes. One never can tire of hearing her. . . . That is precisely what we have need of, for we have knowledge, but none of us—above all myself—know how to speak; whereas Annie Besant is a finished orator. Oh! this woman will never betray, not only our cause, but even my poor person!"

My sister had good grounds for what she said. With the support of Theosophists such as Mrs. Besant, Countess Wachtmeister, Bertram Keightley, and such like, she could have rested in peace and devoted herself quietly to her literary works, had her days not been already numbered.

The winter of 1890 was, as we all know, very severe in London, and, from the spring of 1891, the influenza, this new scourge of humanity which has the gentlest appearance and does not show its claws until later on, joined issue with the inclemencies of the season and carried off a larger proportion of the world than all the other diseases—our old friends—who do not deceive people by their airs of innocence. The whole community at 19, Avenue Road, was taken ill with it during the months of March and April. The younger members recovered, H. P. Blavatsky succumbed.

Mrs. Annie Besant was away; she had gone to the Congress of American Theosophists, to represent there the Foundress of the Society, and had been entrusted by her with an address to "her fellow citizens and brothers and sisters in Theosophy." The first

successes of Helena Petrovna had their cradle in New York; the city of Boston had the privilege of giving her her last pleasure while on earth. The telegrams full of kind sentiments, of thanks and sincere good wishes for her, which reached her from America, after the reading of her letter, gave her real joy, at the very time she was confined to her bed and condemned. . . . Condemned? No. She who so often had been deceived herself and had so often proved false the sentence pronounced on her by the doctors, once again deceived them, but in another way. At eleven o'clock in the morning of May 8th, the doctors pronounced her out of danger, she got up and sat at her writing-table, without doubt wishing to die at her post, and at two o'clock she closed her eyes and—departed.

"She departed so quietly"—so wrote a witness of this unlooked-for death—"that we, who were near her, did not know even when she ceased to breathe. A supreme sensation of peace took possession of us, as we knelt there, knowing all was over." ("How she left us," by Miss L. Cooper, LUCIFER, June, 1891).

I had seen my sister for the last time in the summer of 1890. She had just been settling into her new house and was very busy and nearly always in pain. She was then forming a Home at the East End for working women. "The Working Women's Club," founded at the cost of a wealthy Theosophist who wished to conceal his identity, prospered at this time under the protection of the lady patronesses belonging to the Theosophical Society. We passed the evenings talking of old days, of her beloved country; the injustice of the English Press and its calumnies against Russia seemed always to amount to injuries against herself. It is a great pity that her compatriots do not know all her articles on this subject. Many of them, those, above all, who formed their idea of her from the allegations of certain Russian newspapers, would have changed their opinions about her after reading, for instance, her article in LUCIFER, June, 1890, entitled, "The moat and the beam," written in reply to the false accusations against the Government of Russia, carried at indignation meetings held with regard to "Russian Atrocities in Siberia," which latter were, for the most part, invented by the too vivid imagination of George Kennan. And, curiously enough, the last words from her pen, which appeared on the same page of LUCIFER in which a hurried notice of her death was inserted,

related to the Emperor of Russia. Therein she gave the Court of the Queen of England the good advice, that they should endeavour to follow the example offered by our Imperial family, in the practice of certain virtues, unknown to those devoid of "True Nobility," that being the title of this article.

On a fine May day, the remains of the Foundress of the Theosophical Society were taken in a coffin, completely covered with flowers, to the Crematorium at Woking. There was no elaborate ceremony, neither was mourning worn, she herself having expressly forbidden it.

It was in India and, above all, at Ceylon, that her death was commemorated with much pomp, but in Europe the ceremony was of the simplest, only a few words were spoken of her "who had created the Theosophic movement, who had been the apostle of universal charity, the apostle of a life of purity and labour for the sake of others and for the progress of the human spirit and, above all, of the eternal and divine soul." Then the body was committed to the flames and "three hours later, the ashes of her who had been Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, were brought back to her last home.' Possibly some amongst her disciples were too fervent, but there were others who spoke nothing but the absolute truth concerning her. I quote, as a specimen, these words, which cannot fail to be approved by any impartial person.

"The friends of Madame Blavatsky merely ask that the rules of palpable common sense shall be admitted in any judgment of her, that testimony from those who know much shall be thought weightier than testimony from those who know nothing, that every well-established principle in the interpretation of human character shall not be reversed in her case, that the unsupported assertion of a daily newspaper shall not be conceded the authority of a Court or the infallibility of a Scripture. They do not even ask that the impartial shall read her books, but they *suggest*, not from hearsay, but from experience, that if any man wishes his aspirations heightened, his motive invigorated, his endeavour spurred, he should turn to the writings which express the thought and reflect the soul of Helena P. Blavatsky."—("Test of Character," by A. Fullerton, *Path*, June, 1891).

"Amen," say we, her nearest relatives, to this tribute of a disciple.

As for myself, although I do not exactly hold with them, yet I may be allowed to say that the teachings of Theosophy should not be ignored by our contemporaries, even though the Society be dispersed and no trace remain of it as an organised body. These teachings will have their place in the history of the Nineteenth Century and—even if they do not materially influence the coming generations, as is the hope of her devoted followers—yet the name of a woman who was capable of calling forth a movement based on universal ideals, cannot be entirely lost in oblivion.

VERA P. JELIHOVSKY.

[*Our best thanks are due to the Editor of the* Nouvelle Revue, *for permission to translate this biographical Essay*—EDS.]

MYTHS OF OBSERVATION.

(*Concluded from p.* 16.)

MR. COLENSO gathered, half a century ago, information from old chiefs, one of whom (from the East Coast, North Island) said "Anciently the land was burnt up by the fire of Tamatea," when all things perished. Another, a chief of the Ngatiporou of the East Cape, said that "all the moas perished in the fire of Tamatea." (See *Trans. N. Z. Inst.*, vol. xii., p. 81. The Tamatea mentioned is however almost certainly not the Tamatea of the tribe Ngati-Kahungunu, but probably the ancient deity mention by Wohlers in *Trans.*, vol. vii., p. 6.) Now, as we know that the moa (if by *moa* is meant the *dinornis*, which I doubt) did not perish by fire, the inference is that this "fire of Tamatea" was probably a legend brought with them from afar, and localized.

I have just recovered an interesting legend not yet published; it is as follows:—

"The descendants of Tarangata were the parents of Fire. He conceived the idea that he was destined to become the conqueror of the world. He protruded his tongue to lick up Water, thinking he could consume it all. Then came forth the great Wave to do battle with him. The one shot forth his tongue, the other did the same on his part. Aha! the name of the battle was Kaukau-a-wai. Then, then indeed was the power of Water exhibited. Aha! This was the defeat of Fire; it flew; it retreated; it was conquered by Water. Before all was over, however, everything on earth had melted."

The story of Maui having procured fire from celestial sources, and in doing so setting the world in flames, is the most widely distributed of all the Polynesian legends. The Mangaian (Cook's Islands) version says that Maui resolved to be revenged for his trouble

"by setting fire to his fallen adversary's abode. In a short time all the nether-world was in flames, which consumed the fire-god and all he possessed. Even the rocks cracked and split with the heat; hence the ancient saying, 'the rocks at Orovaru are burning'," equivalent to saying, "the foundations of the earth are on fire." (*Myths and Songs of the South Pacific*, by the Rev. W. Wyatt Gill, LL.D., p. 56.)

In Hawaii (Sandwich Islands) was preserved a distinct tradition that, on account of the wickedness of the people then living, the god Tane destroyed the world by fire and afterwards organised it as it is now; the first man of the new race being called Wela-ahi-lani (Burning-fire-of-heaven). (Fornander's *The Polynesian Race*, vol. i., 63.) They have also a distinct tradition of the watery deluge.

Before leaving Polynesia we may also notice that the Maoris speak of the deluge as "the overturning of the world." So the Ngaitahu relate that "Puta was the cause of the land being turned upside down" (White's *Ancient History of the Maori*, i., 181), and the flood spoken of in the legend of Tawhaki, when the earth was overwhelmed with the waters, is called "the overturning by Mataaho."

Now the Greenlanders have the same expression as this. They are very much afraid of certain spirits called Inguersoit, who are supposed to be the souls of those people that died when "the world was turned upside down" in the days of the deluge. They are thought to have become flames of fire, and to have found shelter in the clefts of the rocks. (*Crantz*, vol. i., p. 208.)

Having thus collected a certain number of facts as material for reasoning upon, let us consider if they contain any material worthy of study. Of course, when I speak of facts, I do not allude to the substance of the stories as being facts, but to the convergence of certain lines of tradition. The first point to consider is the truthfulness of the idea contained in the old legends. Are they sheer profitless lies, or are they merely veils for the truth? That they are lies, in the sense of being made with the intention to deceive, I do not think possible. The field for lying is so vast, and originality so rare, that I do not think it reasonable to suppose that pure falsehoods with identical incidents would have sprung up in a hundred different places, and continue to agree with each other in their repetitions over vast spaces of time.

The next hypothesis is that they are religious parables. It will be found that in almost all tales of the great ancient catastrophe, whether of fire or water, the notion of its having been a punishment for human sin is very prominent. Not only in the Biblical account, but in heathen traditions it is said that men grew evil. Thus in the Teutonic legend, that of the Scandinavian Voluspa, which I before quoted, we find that before the earth was burned, and before its re-emergence from the waters, the time was one of brothers fighting against each other, cruelty and luxury reigning.

"The age of axes, the age of lances, in which bucklers are cleft. The age of North winds, the age of fierce beasts succeeds, before the world falls to pieces. Not one dreams of sparing his neighbour." (Ida Pfeiffer's *Visit to Iceland*, p. 333.)

The Druid tells us that it was "the profligacy of man" that provoked the deluge and the conflagration. The Maori says that before the deluge "Man had become very numerous on the earth. Evil prevailed everywhere." The Hawaiian relates that the earth was destroyed by fire on account of the evil conduct of its inhabitants. The Brazilian describes "the ingratitude of men and their contempt for him who had made them." The tale is everywhere the same; a few are hidden from the fire in a great cave, or escape in a canoe from the overwhelming flood, to become the parents of a new race. If we grant that the stories had a religious origin, that the flood and fire were believed to be sent as punishments for sin, we may then ask: "In what way was the tradition transmitted? Was it originally a legend handed down through many centuries to the descendants of those who really experienced the calamity in a certain locality?" If so, it must be of stupendous antiquity, since the story is the property of Ancient Briton, Scandinavian, Greek, Hindustani, Chinese, North and South American, Indian and Polynesian. The children of that one primitive people which experienced the flood must have differentiated into all these extremely foreign tribes. A far more probable theory is that the story, the property of one people, has been diffused to the others by communication. This too would necessitate a great antiquity, but for such antiquity there is good evidence. The more study one gives to the races of men the more impressed the mind becomes with the necessity for great spaces of time in which the drama even of *man's* life on earth can be played.

Long periods are necessary for even the most simple phases of human existence to develop and play their part. I do not fear at the present day to shock the sensibilities of others by such a claim, for a champion of the orthodox, Professor Sayce, has stated that he considers that human beings have communicated with each other by means of articulate speech for at least 40,000 years. And this is a very mild estimate compared with what some anthropologists demand. If then we allow 6,000 years for all recorded history (much even of that being mythical), we have behind in the darkness of unrecorded ages, 34,000 years of which we know absolutely nothing, except geologically. Time is here for the growth and decadence of great peoples, for endless wanderings, tradings, wars, captivities, and, in fact, an infinite variety of circumstances before which the mind falters. It is quite possible, nay, even probable, that in that far-off unknown time there were means of communication as to language and tradition of which we now have no conception, and that legend and story may have passed from race to race during epochs since which the very configuration of the earth's surface has had time to change.

Thus, then, we have considered three theories for the origin of the "destruction" legend; that it was pure lying, evolved similarly in many places at once; that it was a religious story (record or parable), handed down from a people which differentiated into many alien races; or that it was a tale, which, issuing from one source, flowed by inter-communication among people widely separated in regard to locality and ethnic character. There yet remains another explanation, which seems to me to be the most probable of all, *viz.*, that it belongs to the class of legends named by Tylor "Myths of observation." These are mainly scientific discernments, distorted by imperfect observation, and affected by the primitive superstitions and dim perceptions of cause and effect which mark the simple mind of the barbarian. He sees, as the trained scientist sees, the facts of nature, and unable to reason inductively, he deduces some false conclusion. He notices huge bones left uncovered by a landslip or lying in a cave. Thence arises the idea that these are the bones of giants, and it is not long before all the accompaniments of myth are grouped around the incident, the war between the gods and giants, etc. The Siberians have often found bones, teeth, and other remains of mammoths partly exposed in river-banks or cliffs. They

supposed, from seeing the remains thus half-buried in the ground, that these were the *disjecta membra* of some burrowing animal. The Chinese of the North call it *fen-shu*, the "digging-rat." Soon arose legends of the creature's habits; the Yakuts and Tunguz have seen the earth heave and sink as a mammoth bored underneath. In a Chinese Encyclopædia of Kang-hi it is described as like "a rat in shape, but as big as an elephant; it dwells in dark caverns, and shuns the light." Rhinoceros horns, brought to Europe by ancient travellers, were supposed to be claws of griffins, those great four-footed birds with claws like lions, spoken of by Herodotus and Ctesias. The Siberians also think that the fossil horns of the rhinoceros are the claws of an enormous bird, and thence has grown a myth that monstrous birds in olden times fought with the ancestors of men.

"One story tells how the country was wasted by one of them, till a wise man fixed a pointed iron spear on the top of a pine tree, and the bird alighted there, and skewered itself upon the lance." (Tylor's *Early History of Mankind*, p. 310.)

This legend is especially interesting because it suggests the origin of some of our New Zealand stories concerning a great man-eating bird. The Rev. Mr. Stack relates a legend from the South Island, stating that a gigantic bird of prey had "built its nest on a spur of Mount Tarawera, and darting down from thence it seized and carried off men, women, and children, as food for itself and its young. For, though its wings made a loud noise as it flew through the air, it rushed with such rapidity upon its prey that none could escape from its talons. At length a brave man, called Te-Hau-o-Tawera, came on a visit to the neighbourhood, and finding that the people were being destroyed, and that they were so paralyzed with fear as to be incapable of adopting any means for their own protection, he volunteered to capture and kill this rapacious bird, provided they would do what he told them. This they willingly promised, and having procured a quantity of *manuka* saplings, he went one night with fifty men to the foot of the hill, where there was a pool, sixty feet in diameter. This he completely covered over with a network of saplings, and under this he placed fifty men armed with spears and thrusting weapons, while he himself, as soon as it was light, went out to lure the Pouakai from its nest. He did not

go far before that destroyer espied him, and swooped down upon him. Hautere had now to run for his life, and just succeeded in reaching the shelter of the network when the bird pounced upon him, and in its violent efforts to reach its prey, forced its legs through the meshes, and becoming entangled, the fifty men plunged their spears into its body, and after a desperate encounter succeeded in killing it." (*Trans. N. Z. Inst.*, vol. x., 64.)

White also relates that the fairy people, the Nuku-mai-tore, were greatly troubled by the visits of a huge flesh-eating bird. It was killed by the hero Pungarehu, and they found, round the cave in which the creature had lived, bones of human beings strewn about. (White's *Ancient History of the Maori*, vol. ii., p. 33.)

Now it is exceedingly probable that the Maoris, seeing the huge bones of the *dinornis* lying on the surface, as we even now find them, constructed on the immensity of the remains a myth about a monstrous man-eating bird, unaware that the *dinornis* was wingless. It is improbable that the remains of *Harpagornis*, comparatively scarce and not remarkable, should have suggested the myth. In the ancient world the discovery of fossil bones often either originated or became the illustrations of myth, just as Marcus Scaurus brought to Rome from Joppa the bones of the monster prevented by Perseus from devouring Andromeda, and as the rib bone of the whale still preserved in St. Mary Redcliffe Church is supposed to have belonged to the Dun Cow slain by Guy, Earl of Warwick. Numberless such instances could be cited if necessary.

On the other hand there are myths of observation in which probably the legend is not so much an accretion to the natural fact, as a slightly altered transmission of actual record. The savage tribes of Brazil tell of the *curupira*, an enormous monkey, covered with long, shaggy hair, and with a bright red face. No such animal now inhabits Brazil, but geologists say that in the post-pliocene period such a creature existed in that country, and may possibly have lived down to the time when men came into being. A tradition has been preserved by Father Charlevoix (*History of New France*, vol. v., p. 187) from North American sources, concerning a great elk. He says,

"There is current also among the barbarians a pleasant enough tradition of a great elk, beside whom others seem but ants. He

has, they say, legs so high that eight feet of snow did not embarrass him; his skin is proof against all sorts of weapons, and he has a sort of arm which comes out of his shoulder, and which he uses as we do ours."

Mr. Tylor, speaking of this legend, says,

"It is hard to imagine that anything but the actual sight of a live elephant can have given rise to this tradition. The suggestion that it might have been founded on the sight of a mammoth frozen with his flesh and skin, as they are found in Siberia, is not tenable, for the trunks and tails of these animals perish first and are not preserved like the more solid parts, so that the Asiatic myths which have grown out of the finding of these frozen beasts tell nothing of such appendages. Moreover, no savage who had never heard of the use of an elephant's trunk would imagine from the sight of the dead animal, even if its trunk were perfect, that its use was to be compared with that of a man's arm."

I may add to Mr. Tylor's remark that "the beast with a hand" is a well known ancient name for the elephant, and that in the Island of Java (West portion, Sunda) the elephant is called "*liman*," a word derived from *lima*, the common word for "hand" and "five" in Polynesia.

Thus we have the myths of observation divided into two classes; one, in which the natural object becomes suggestive and gathers myth; for instance, the discovery of large bones giving rise to the story that "there were giants in those days," the war of the Titans, etc. The other class is that wherein has perhaps been kept a dim record of events once observed, but which without the tradition would have been forgotten. If the stories both of the watery deluge and the destructive fire are not religious dramas portraying the earthly punishment of the wicked, to which class of the myths of observation do they belong? I am strongly inclined to think that they do not belong to the series of tales which have preserved the memories of things which once existed or circumstances that really happened. They are not like those legends in which are probably kept alive the memory of the elephant among American Indians, or of the great anthropoid ape in Brazil. They are more likely to be partially imperfect scientific observations. Thus the savage sees, as we see, sea-shells on the top of a mountain, and he argues as we do,

"This place was once covered with water." But he does not go on as the geologist does, gathering fact after fact, and deducing therefrom the knowledge that different portions of the earth's surface, now solid land, were once submerged and have been upheaved. The untrained observer's imagination goes to work and pictures a sudden and dreadful catastrophe, in fact, a deluge. But what should such a deluge be for? What could such a drowning quantity of water have been needed for but to extinguish a world-destroying flame? Around him his watchful eye notices other rocks which have been subjected to the action of fire. This is not to be denied, for he can probably see in many places lava-flows actually in process of being converted into stone; and those who think that the uneducated mind is incapable of recognising similar action in the plutonic rocks know little of the acute powers of reasoning (in some directions) possessed by primitive men. Here is the water-worn rock, so once there was a deluge; here is the fire-fused rock, so once there was a conflagration in which the whole earth was on fire. Given this idea, started in two or three places, however widely separated, and interchange of thought during the immense spaces of prehistoric time would well account for the dissemination of the myths.

I believe that the Maoris have many myths of observation not of this kind, and to these I hope at some future time to call your attention; but the particular class of legends relating to the deluge has probably sprung from suggestions inspired by keen eyes and enquiring brains seeking to account for geological puzzles.

There is one thing which, it is only honest to say, troubles me and prevents my wholly accepting the "observation-myth" explanation. I cannot help thinking that at some exceedingly ancient date, the world, or a large part of the then known world, was really visited by some great catastrophe. Major-General Shaw lately gave an interesting paper on the Great Ice Age, but neither in his paper, nor, curiously enough, in the discussion that followed, was mention made of the *suddenness* with which the climatic alteration was effected. The mammoths, whose remains have been exhumed in thousands in Siberia were victims of some sudden calamity. In full vigour of life they were frozen up and preserved. So also with the vegetable remains now to be found in the Polar regions. The stumps of

magnolias, walnuts, limes, vines and mimosas (which prove a luxuriant flora and almost tropical climate to have existed in Greenland and Spitzbergen) had no time to decompose and rot before the Terrible Age of the world set in. That the calamity was accompanied by great cold appears to be taught by one of the oldest religious books in the world, the *Zend Avesta* of the Parsîs. In this book, the first Fargard of the *Vendidad* describes the creation of the world by the great spirit Ahura Mazda, and the second Fargard speaks thus:—

"The Maker, Ahura Mazda, of high renown in the Airyana Vaêgô, by the good river Daitya, called together a meeting of the celestial gods. . . . . And Ahura Mazda spake unto Yima, saying 'O fair Yima, son of Vîvanghat! Upon the material world the fatal winters are going to fall, that shall bring the fierce foul frost; upon the material world the fatal winters are going to fall, that shall make snowflakes fall thick, even an *aredvi* deep on the highest tops of mountains. And all the three sorts of beasts shall perish; those that live in the wilderness, and those that live on the tops of the mountains, and those that live in the bosom of the dale, under the shelter of stables. Before that winter those fields would bear plenty of grass for cattle; now with floods that stream, with snows that melt, it will seem a happy land in the world, the land wherein footprints even of sheep may still be seen. Therefore make thee a Vara," etc., etc. (Darmesteter's *Zend Avesta*, vol. i., p. 15.) the god instructing Yima how the remnant of men, cattle, seed and other things might be preserved against the time of trouble close at hand. Whatever that trouble was, whether of fire, or water, or intense cold, or of the whole three in succession, the memory of such an evil time could never have co-existed in the legends of Europeans, Asiatics, American Indians, and Polynesians, if those people then occupied the localities they now inhabit, since we know that no catastrophe has been universal. In such cases we have to rely upon the theories either of common descent or of free interchange of traditions all round the world in prehistoric times.

EDWARD TREGEAR.

TWO HOUSES.

CHAPTER I.

"LET me see," said Miss Jessamy Mainwaring, tentatively, "your name is——?"

"Liz Arden, please, Miss. This here's my sister Jess."

"Ah!" Miss Mainwaring picked up a paper from the table before her, read it, frowned, laid it down, and, leaning forward, tapped lightly upon it with a little gold pencil case.

"I am sorry," she said incisively, "we can do nothing for the case."

The applicants looked crestfallen; they were the extremest contrast in appearance conceivable, but the rueful air was reflected in both faces as Miss Mainwaring pronounced her dictum. The spokeswoman was a girl of nineteen, her dress was fairly respectable, she had a strong, substantial figure, a handsome, brilliantly tinted face, and fine, bold looking eyes; her boots were patched, and she wore a string of pearl beads round a full, well moulded throat. The younger girl was also the taller; she looked as though she had outgrown her strength; she was very slim, with long, thin hands, the fingers of which tapered. Her face was delicate in outline; it might have been pretty had it not been so pale and pinched. The lips were sensitive, the upper lip very short, it quivered as Miss Mainwaring spoke. The skin was fine, and soft, and bloodless looking. The girl was shabbily dressed, her black curly hair, cropped short, and clinging in rings and tendrils round her brow, wanted brushing. Her eyes were grey, frightened, misty, dilated, and circled with long, black lashes. The elder girl spoke

"The lady as I saw last week, Miss——"

"Miss Syme? I know. She told you she would investigate the case. I am attending the bureau this week, and I have all information respecting former applicants. We can do nothing for you."

"Why not? What's there against us? Mr. Vasarhély——"

"Pardon me," said Miss Mainwaring coldly, "Mr. Vasarhély is not an authority here. This is a church organization; Mr. Vasarhély is an infidel and a charlatan. Please do not mention his name as a recommendation. If you desire to know what there is against you, I can tell you."

The girl wriggled nervously, and contemplated her patched boots. The younger, by three years, began to whimper, and wipe her eyes with her long, thin hands. Jessamy Mainwaring picked the paper up daintily. Her hands were rather large, firm, and white, and on the third finger of the left hand was a diamond ring.

Jessamy was an only child, a credit to her parents both physically and mentally. She stood five feet eight inches, without her pretty slippers. She went clothed in the nineteenth century equivalent for purple and fine linen. She had crowned a petted childhood and a brilliant career at Newnham, by a no less brilliant betrothal to Sir Charles Verschoyle, a young man who had terminated a season of the diligent sowing of wild oats by becoming entirely subjugated by the wit and beauty of Miss Mainwaring. Jessamy was a beauty, whose physical advantages threw a softening veil over an intellect, the vigour and lucidity of which were inclined to gravitate towards a harsh and unlovely strength and pride. Her cleverness was attended by all social graces, and it was only now, in the charitable bureau, that it showed some hard and unprepossessing traits, linked with some prejudice. She raised her blue eyes:

"Elizabeth Arden," she read, "aged nineteen, and Jessie Arden, sixteen, that is correct? You live with your grandmother, Susan Arden. You are the daughters of her daughter, now dead. Susan Arden is intemperate in her habits, she has been frequently imprisoned for drunkenness and the use of bad language. She has lately been imprisoned for obtaining money under false pretences by means of fortune telling. She has pursued this system of fraud for years. You—Jessie Arden—were discharged with a caution, because of your youth. You obtained money from a servant girl, by pretending to see visions in a glass ball. You are young, and under your grandmother's authority, therefore you were leniently dealt with; but you knew you were cheating and saying what was untrue, and your age does not really excuse you. You deserved punishment.

As for you, Elizabeth, you were taken as housemaid by Mrs. Forsythe; it was your first place."

"I was at school before."

"A reformatory school, I think?"

"Well, yes!" said the girl, defiantly. "Come now. It was—and what of that?"

"Nothing—to me. You left that situation with a stain upon your character, and you have since been living at home. Mrs. Forsythe often had reason to complain of your forward manners and flightiness. That is your story. A very discreditable one."

The younger girl was sobbing hysterically, and backing towards the door. The older planted her arms akimbo and advanced.

"Look 'ere," she said in a strong voice, "it's very fine for you, you've all the luck and all the fun you want, but you just think 'ow you'd feel if you 'adn't no luck and no fun that you could take without being bullied and nagged, and kep' under. You're a gal like me, I'll be bound you've got some fellow keeping company with you, respectable like. If you was placed like me, and treated as I've been, you'd think it was pretty hard as you should be starved to death for it. It's a shame! Why, you've never had a chance of doing wrong. Not you! You'd be a fool if you did, that's what you'd be, a fool! Now that's straight, ain't it?"

"Be kind enough to leave the office," said Miss Mainwaring, white with wrath.

"No—and I won't leave the hoffice neither. Will you get me work?"

"Certainly not. Leave the office."

"I shan't, I tell you. You, sitting up there and lecturing away. I'll give you a piece of my mind, and if you don't like it you can do the other thing, you can! Leave me alone, Jess, you little fool."

The younger girl was sobbing, and plucking her by the sleeve.

"You impertinent young woman," said Miss Mainwaring, indignantly. "I shall send for the police."

"Ho! you'll send for the perlice, will you," screamed the applicant, her face scarlet. "You'll send for the bloomin' perlice and 'ave me run in. All right! You just wait. I'll give 'em something to lock me up for. Don't you make any mistake! I'll scratch your eyes out, I will. Insulting me!"

Jessamy Mainwaring stepped towards the bell, the other jumped before it.

"No, you don't," she screamed. "You don't ring that 'ere bell. I'll 'ave you up for insulting a respectable young lady, as good as you are, if the truth was known, I dessay."

Miss Elizabeth Arden launched forth into a flood of vituperation, which the polite reader shall be spared. The object of her attack stood erect and scornful, so far as outward demeanour was concerned, but her inward soul was dismayed, for if this raging savage perpetrated a physical onslaught upon her, how then?

Miss Mainwaring was a fearless rider, an admirable dancer and swimmer, an expert tennis and golf player. She was in perfect health and excellent condition. She was probably more than a match for the shrieking young virago confronting her; but her pride and delicacy revolted from a struggle in the orderly sanctum of the charitable bureau, dedicated to the serene personality of Miss Syme.

"Girl," she said severely, as her assailant paused for breath, "you must be either intoxicated or insane."

The speech had not a soothing effect; the young shrew sprang forward as though about to fly at Miss Mainwaring's throat. The younger girl caught her and held her back with all her feeble strength. Her own breathing was quickened, and she coughed a little hard cough. It was noticeable that though the furious Liz bestowed a very uncomplimentary epithet upon her sister and bade her release her, she did not struggle with her for freedom, and, indeed, stood still, and only strove to loosen the clinging hands with her own.

At this juncture there came a tap on the panels of the door, which swung open and a man entered.

The younger girl gave a faint gasp and released the older. The new-comer was very tall and exceedingly powerful, considerably above the ordinary height and broad in proportion—a very giant.

His features were calm and regular; his face had the mellow whiteness of ivory. His hair was brown, thick, wavy, and worn rather long. The face was serious and very still; the eyes were blue, and had a strangely veiled expression in them. The face was sphinx-like in its quietude and repression, the brow was very broad, the eyebrows thick and level. He did not look like an Englishman,

yet he bore no distinctive features of any other race. A striking personality—human, yet not human, judged by our present day standards. So might the men of a mightier race, long passed away, appear in the imagination of a poet.

He stepped into the office, uncovered his head, and bowed easily, gracefully, and with dignity.

"I am afraid," he said, in a deep, pleasant voice, "that you are in some difficulty, Miss Mainwaring."

Miss Mainwaring, startled by the advent of a perfect stranger who knew her name, answered with a heightened colour,

"I am. This young woman has been grossly uncivil. I think she must have been drinking. I have refused, upon sufficient grounds, to assist her either with money or work. If you know her, pray advise her to leave the office at once, or I shall give her in charge for using threatening language."

The angry girl seized a huge volume upon the table, evidently with the intention of flinging it at Miss Mainwaring's head, when the tall man raised his hand. He was standing behind Liz Arden. She certainly did not see the action. She stopped, the book fell heavily to the floor, and she hastily closed the left hand over the right, and began to rub and chafe it. The man stepped to her side, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Have you sprained your hand?" he said, quietly.

"I don't know," said the girl, in a low-voiced mutter. "It feels all jarred like."

"Perhaps you sprained it. You had better go home. Fetch your grandmother from the 'Rose and Crown,' and keep your sister at home out of the rain. She is ill already. Take her home."

The girl crept out like a beaten dog, and the younger followed. The man looked at her as she went, and smiled.

"Is your cough bad, Jess?" he said, gently.

"Yes, sir." She spoke in a faint, hoarse, frightened whisper.

"Never mind," said the man. "To-morrow you will be quite well. Good-bye, Jessie."

The girl stared at him with her frightened, misty, grey eyes, and stole out after her sister. The door closed. Miss Mainwaring spoke.

"I am infinitely obliged to you."

"By no means. I sent them here to-day. I came myself to see you. I wished to see you—again."

He made an odd little pause between the two last words, and Jessamy was seized with a strange sense as of some vague reminiscence.

"I do not remember having met you before."

"No? But I remember you very distinctly. My name at least you will remember—Vasarhély."

Miss Mainwaring stiffened visibly.

"I know your name, certainly."

The tall man laughed.

"But had no desire to meet the owner? Miss Mainwaring, will you not consider the cases of Liz and Jess Arden?"

"I cannot. The rules of this organization are most stringent, and—"

"I know that. Many Christian organizations virtually assert that their Master was too lax in His judgment of sinners; but, I plead for your own private consideration. May I talk to you a little."

"I am exceedingly busy—however—for a minute—"

"Thank you. I suppose that Liz was very abusive?"

"She was. She is, moreover, a most undeserving case. She was educated at a reformatory school, and her moral character is very bad."

"Truly so. But I want you to reflect. Liz has been brought up by a drunken old woman. Her education from her kinswoman consisted of bad example, blows and foul language. She is a *gamine* of the streets. She has the faults and virtues of her class. The training of the reformatory was repressive, but not softening. She entered life a very handsome, coarse-natured young woman, with a boundless flow of animal spirits. She did not resist nor dislike evil; it was a foregone conclusion that she should not. She spoke to-day rudely and violently—but—didn't she speak the truth? You are a clever woman, you are unsympathetic, but bring your brains, your reason, to bear upon this problem of the case of Liz. Translate her clumsy, rough vernacular, into your daintier phrases, and—did she not speak the truth? Will not you from your well-won pinnacle of purity, help your sister from the mire? Furthermore, reflect; the

manifestation of what is base and bad in Liz revolts you. You shudder at its expression in her; but are you quite sure that you have not loved, do not love, just such another sinner, whose sin clothes itself more daintily and speaks a prettier language. If so, Miss Mainwaring, it is not only that you do not hate the sinner—which is well—but it is not even the sin you hate, but its garment."

"I—I—cannot discuss such matters."

"I entreat you to discuss them now for your own sake. Because," he leaned forward and rested the tips of his fingers on her arm, "I admire you, I respect you; if you will forgive me, I will say, I love you so well that, weak as it seems to be, I do not want you to learn sympathy through pain—I want to spare you."

The finger tips on her arm gave a strange, tingling, not unpleasant sensation, as of a slight electric current thrilling through her; it increased as Vasarhély's voice deepened, shook, and grew more earnest.

"I do not understand you."

"I cannot explain. If I did, you would only smile and doubt. You are strong—you can bear suffering—and if you will not hear you must suffer, for you cannot go down to your grave a dead soul, as do many. You must rise from the dead, and, if you will close your ears to the softer tones of the angel's trumpet, you must heed the harsher."

"Are you trying to frighten me into assisting your *protégé*?"

Vasarhély removed his hand from her arm and his eyes grew veiled.

"No," he said, quietly. Miss Mainwaring took up her pen suggestively.

"You will not assist Liz. What is your case against little Jess?"

"She would have been imprisoned as a swindler were it not for her age and because she was a first offender. She knew she was wrong—of course she did!"

"How did she swindle?"

"She pretended to see pictures in a glass ball."

"Are you sure she did not?"

"Mr. Vasarhély, do you—obviously a man of education—ask me, a woman of average intelligence and culture, living in the nineteenth century, that question?"

"I do. Are you sure that Jess Arden's illiterate eye cannot see things that you do not see? Are you prepared to swear that that child did not 'see pictures' in her glass ball?"

"Certainly," said Jessamy, with a short laugh, "I am."

"I am afraid you would be perjured."

"You think she saw visions of futurity for an ignorant servant girl who paid her a shilling for the hire of her prophetic gifts?"

"Not necessarily. But little Jess is to be forgiven if she thought they were visions of the future. And if she did not, don't you think that a starving child who found that she could sell her mind-pictures at a shilling a piece would be strongly tempted to do so, even though she suspected that they were not always to be relied upon?"

"Possibly. But a girl who lies and obtains money under false pretences is not deserving of help."

"Miss Mainwaring, can you conceive of no circumstances under which you—yourself—might (excuse me) lie, and obtain money under false pretences?"

"I?" Miss Mainwaring rose. "Good morning, Mr. Vasarhély."

"That is a dismissal," said Vasarhély. "I will leave you."

His eyes dwelt upon her sadly, tenderly, pitifully. He bowed and left the office. Jessamy turned to the methodical discharge of Miss Syme's business and forgot her visitor.

She left the office at noon and drove home. Sir Charles Verschoyle dined with them that evening and accompanied them to the theatre afterwards. Jessamy dismissed Liz Arden from her thoughts. That belligerent young person went home through the rain.

The one room occupied by the *ménage* Arden was on the top-most floor but one of a tall lodging house. The landlady was a good-humoured, slatternly soul, with a fellow feeling for the weakness of Susan Arden. That venerable dame had returned from the "Rose and Crown," and lay asleep on the floor when her granddaughters entered.

Liz commented upon her condition with disrespectful candour. Having so commented, she took no further notice of her sleeping relative. She took off her hat and knelt on the hearth.

There was a little coal in a box, and on her way home she had

bought a halfpennyworth of wood and some exceedingly gruesome-looking sausages. There was bread and a little tea. She lit the fire and boiled the kettle, made the tea, and set Jess to toast the sausages.

The two girls ate them when they were cooked, and having done so, the younger lay down, coughing and shivering, on the blanketless and not over-clean bed.

"Feel bad?" said Liz; she was twisting about the bows on her hat and curling a large feather that decorated it. There was little furniture in the room; the floor was dirty, the atmosphere close and stale; on the chimney piece were a pack of tarot cards and a glass ball.

"Awful bad," said the other, with a sob. "I'll have to go up to the hospital again, Liz. I've got a cold again, some'ow."

"Some'ow?" said the girl, with an angry laugh. "It's not far to look, my gal; no farther than your boots. You're always wet through this weather."

"I'd go to the 'spensary if I'd sixpence."

"You ain't got it—that the last I spent just now."

Jess sighed.

"The fog just tears at your chest," she said. "The doctor says to me—don't you go out in the fog, says he. Take plenty of milk and eggs, he says, and keep warm and in pure air—else you'll never 'ave a chance."

Liz laughed.

"Why don't 'e say port wine and chicken and hot roast beef," she said, derisively. "P'raps 'e'll pay for it. Never mind, Jess, we'll get money some'ow."

She whistled the air of a street song as she twisted the bows. When it grew dark she got up and lit a small bit of candle, carried it across to a little looking-glass, and curled her hair. She put the hat on and searched about till she produced a dirty pair of light-coloured gloves, some coarse lace, and a bunch of artificial flowers.

She proceeded to decorate herself with these. She took an old haresfoot out of a drawer and rubbed it to and fro on her cheeks, and twisted a veil across her face and over her hat. She looked handsome when her toilette was completed.

She crossed and looked at Jess. The girl was asleep, shivering

aud moaning in her slumber. Liz hesitated, stooped, and kissed her; then she blew out the candle and departed. It had been raining hard, the streets were very wet; the wheels of a passing carriage splashed the Strand mud into the face of Liz Arden. The light from a lamp fell on the faces of the occupants of the carriage; a handsome, grey-haired lady, a beautiful, cold-eyed girl, and a man. The man leaned forward listening to the girl's words; his face expressed love and admiration; hers was pleased, though expressive of no very poignant emotion.

Liz Arden's teeth set with a click; it was the woman who had refused to help her, but it was not upon the face of the woman that her eyes rested. She was looking at the betrothed husband of Jessamy Mainwaring, and as the carriage swept by, the girl, splashed by the mud cast up by its wheels, cursed Charles Verschoyle with lips to which the usage of her nineteen years had rendered the curse more facile of utterance than the prayer.

In the little squalid room Liz had left, the old woman slept her drunken sleep with stertorous breathing. The girl on the bed moaned and shuddered—coughed—and moaned again. The raindrops fell hissing into the dying fire. Just before Liz returned, Jess gave a long, low groan and a strong shudder. Her breathing stopped, recommenced, there was another shiver, a curious, gutteral sob; then the breathing waxed more steady, and the girl ceased to moan.

An hour previously, Jessamy Mainwaring had bidden her lover good-night and ascended to her room.

It was a lovely, luxurious room, with a bright fire burning upon the hearth. She sat before her softly-draped, silver-decorated dressing-table, while her maid brushed her hair. Then she stood awhile, clad in her long white nightdress, with its full, soft frills, and her little slippered feet on the fender, her eyes gazing into the fire, while she smiled a pleased smile at her thoughts.

At length she threw herself upon her big, soft bed, and drew the smooth sheets and silk-covered eiderdown over her, with a sigh of contentment.

IVY HOOPER.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW ULYSSES.

(*Concluded from p.* 35)

CHAPTER III.

PENELOPE.

(THREE years after). I have drifted a good deal beyond the point when I left the monastery. That there are powers (one or many) above us, I have no kind of doubt; but what they are, whether they want anything of me, what they want, whether the objects they pursue have any direct reference to us at all, whether our worship is any pleasure to them, to all such questions, I can only answer—I do not know. Once I gathered up my whole life in my hand for one brave push for an answer, one great drive at the wall which sunders these powers from us. I do not regret it; the *chance* of success was worth my life; but I have failed, and like Mrs. Browning's Satan, "all things grow slowly sadder to me, one by one"—*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!* "The eye is not satisfied with seeing," and if not, what is to satisfy it? A dull, heavy, despairing regret for my lost youth seems to grow on me, and is serious enough;—"that way madness lies!" To see my life—my own beautiful life—all I had in the world, so ruined, gone so utterly to waste, nothing made of it and no pleasure had from it! I am not bemoaning what might have been; I look over the vast waste of powers and possibilities; and the bitterness of it is just that I could make no better of it. Like Browning's Paracelsus:—

> "I have addressed a frock of heavy mail,
> But may not join the troop of sacred knights."

God will not have my service—what shall I do?

Another thing is growing on me also, a drifting back in *heart* to the Catholic faith. My reason is not affected, I do not see how it can be; but I feel a kind of "drawing" to give all this up and plunge blindfold into the —— abyss, shall I call it? If I did, I

must hold that God does not desire what we call the perfection of man's nature; that we are in fact only tools in His hands, the development required from us measured only by His requirements, for purposes which we do not and can not understand. But what is this but saying that God does not love us?

Perhaps this development for which I have been pleading is, after all, only the knowledge of evil? A man who knows no evil is but half a man; true—but how if in this case the half is better than the whole? I think not; a preference of such limitation argues limitation in the being who entertains it. If God be unlimited, He must love best the man of whom there is most man, if I may use such a phrase. A lion who should eat straw like the oxen would be a very poor lion!

The root of the matter is that I cannot get over my old habit of—what shall I call it?—love to God. Spite of all arguments and doubts, I look to Him for all the happiness I can ever enjoy; a *chance* of His existing and loving me is, even now, more to me than all enlightenment and all progress. Whether it is but a mere habit of the mind, or, deeply hidden, a real love, I cannot tell. All I know is that I am fit for nothing else. What could I do pleasure-hunting? If all things are vanity, the religious vanity is the only one I can ever make believe to care for I can never even dream that anything short of God can fill the void within me. Happiness? What happiness could wealth and wife and child and friends bring to me? All would be to me dreams, shadows. A warm, loving woman clasped to my breast would leave my heart as lonely and empty as it is now. So I am made; I stand blindly stretching forth my arms into the vacancy, feeling for God; "like blind Orion hungering for the moon." What pleasures other men have, I know not, I understand not; all I can understand is God! If haply I might find Him? Where is He?

1895. The foregoing will suggest, what there is no space to develope here, the force which, after many recoils and hesitations, in course of years brought me to say once more—I believe. Without the omitted history, it may seem to some a cowardly surrender, but I think others will judge me more charitably. I was alone in the dark, cold wilderness; and the outlook, backward over what seemed an utterly wasted life, and forward over declining years of

which the best I could hope could only be that they might not be much worse than the life I was living then, blank and hopeless as that was; all illusions of love, friendship, worldly success vanished, and nothing left but the mere human beast, grinning and showing its teeth at me, led only to a death as blank and hopeless as the life. Can any one wonder, or much reproach me, if I looked back longingly at the warm, safe fold I had wandered from? Perhaps the last paragraph of my diary before I actually re-entered the Church may be as good a defence as I can give:—

"When I left home for the noviciate, though there was even then the root of selfishness which I have traced, I *did* love God as well as I knew how; and if I foolishly thought His work was to be done by first making a saint of me—by bringing my mind and body completely under His control, and *then* He was to do wonders by me—instead of which what He really wanted was to do His work with me, weak, confused, and foolish as I was, keeping the unity of spirit I demanded of Him as the condition of my working, for my reward when the work was done—my mistake was, after all, one which no soul that did not love could commit. It led, indeed, to hopeless failure; but if I had not loved God, should I not have been delighted with my freedom? Should I have spent my time as I have done, pondering how to get back under His yoke, how to convince myself that, in spite of all, He was, and He loved me? No, indeed. Of all selfish hopes and aspirations, the desire of being filled with God's spirit is surely the most excusable. That I know for certain that nothing less than God could satisfy me, even if I looked for my own satisfaction, must surely show that His works never (consciously) drew my heart from Him."

I add a few lines from a letter with which I sent my diary, nearly twelve years after, to a friend, which will show the condition into which I had settled down before I came upon the New Gospel.

"I have dropped all speculation about Divine Providence, or religion, or anything else. Do you remember Don Quixote, when he had made a pasteboard vizor for the barbar's basin he took for Mambrino's helmet? He must make trial of it, and so brought down his sword on it with a swashing blow. Naturally the poor thing went to smash; 'at which (says the history) the Don was much abashed: but presently, taking heart, he repaired it as well as he

could, and *ever after remained satisfied that it was a most excellent helmet.*' But he made no more experiments; neither do I!

"The enclosed diary is chiefly employed in wondering why I, being so wise, have done so many foolish things. The chief gain of this last ten years has been that I have found out why. The great World-Secret of which people speak is not quite the same to any two people, and each must find it out for himself; but the commonest solution is much the same as mine; that a man may be a clever man (like me!) and a learned man (like me!) and full of the most beautiful sentiments, and able to give the best advice (like me!) and be a 'darned fool' for all that!! It has taken thirty years of my life to find this out, but now I feel as if life had nothing more to teach me—as if I had 'floored' my paper at the examination, and had nothing more to do but to wait till they let me out. You can't imagine, as O. W. Holmes says, the comfort it is to have arrived at this conclusion; how every difficulty of life seems to clear itself up in the light of this discovery; and all the anxiety about one's wasted opportunities, and everything else of which this diary is so full, is 'laid' (like a ghost) by this precious spell. But the essence of it lies in the perception that if you had your life to come over again you would be much such a fool again—you don't get the full comfort of it without. 'He that is down need fear no fall,' and now I make a fool of myself from time to time, and simply take it as the natural course of things, neither annoyed nor troubled.

"With regard to my faith: as I say, I have not gone into any new arguments. I will freely confess that even now I have not anything like the grand certainty which many writers describe themselves as possessing. I think it is not in the character of my mind. I am easily daunted by any contradiction. If you were to stand up and energetically declare that my name was *not* Ulysses, I should begin to hesitate and wonder if I *were* quite sure, and reflect how often I have been mistaken, and how much more likely you were to know than I, and so forth; and I doubt if I should get beyond, 'My dear fellow, I really do think it is,' or some mild phrase of the sort. On the other hand, I am often astonished at the certainty with which I can lay down the doctrines of the Church to some one else. Spite of doubts all over, I believe that I *do* believe.

"But this, even now, has its limits, and my joke about Mambrino's helmet is not all jest. I am just as clear now as ten years ago that the world is not governed by Gury's *Moral Theology*, only I have found a way to slip out of the conclusion I drew from the fact: and I once more candidly confess that I deliberately refrain from reading books on Theology, because I am afraid their bad arguments for the truth may once more shake my faith in the truth itself. I am still, and shall be all my life in matters of religion, a valetudinarian; my past failure will always be a broken limb, an old wound, which must be spared and cared for to the very last.

"The crucial test of course is—How should you feel if you knew you were to die—say in five minutes? Could you say, 'I believe in all the Church believes,' as, if you are a Catholic, you must?

"Well—to speak entirely without reserve, I should not feel infallibly certain that everything that would meet me in the new life (if life there were) would be exactly as in the books. Everything that is revealed to us is an adaptation to our modes of thought of something we cannot understand. But of this much I do feel sure, that I shall find myself in the hands of a loving God. If judgment there be, all I can say is—'I have been a horrible fool; but for all that (hard as it is to believe) Thou knowest all things—Thou knowest that I love Thee.' And I am not afraid of the result."

CHAPTER IV.

"IT MAY BE WE SHALL REACH THE HAPPY ISLES."

STRANGE to say, I think my return to the Church was an advance in my religious life. I re-entered a very different man from what I was when I left. I had said NO! and the earth had not opened and swallowed me up: and though I began in time to see that, after all, "white was not so very white and black not so very black," as I think Browning says somewhere, I returned with a freedom, a tolerance even, of what we call evil, which is not very far from the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*. I fashioned for myself a system which I still think is the essence, the sum of the Christian faith: the doctrine of the *human* as well as superhuman love of God for the soul—that He (unimaginable as it may seem) actually loves our souls—wants them in Heaven as the completion of His bliss; and I worked

it out and preached it as well as I could. I found it useful in dealing with souls out of the pulpit, and if I could have been satisfied with myself, might have lived and done good work to the end of my life. But after all I had not laid the ghosts—only shut my eyes. When I meditated alone, I could never answer my own question, What are we the better, here and now, for this wonderful love of God for us? Is it anything more than an imaginary means of salvation from imaginary dangers, of neither of which is there any kind of evidence? You say God has taken human flesh, and died to save me? But, as a matter of fact, He can't save me when I want help and strength in this life; why should I fancy He will do better when I am dead? Revelation? Say what you will, an interpretation of certain passages in an old book is not enough to rest one's life upon; we must have something more real than that.

Besides, the world contradicts this view. We are told that God wants us—that the world is made for that purpose—that all men should learn to love Him and go to be with Him in heaven. Very beautiful; but finally—once for all—the world is not made for any such purpose! A man who can assert that an All-Wise, All-Powerful Creator made the world, as it stands, for any such end, is only fit for a lunatic asylum. A great war was going on; and I was asked to believe that "Divine Providence" had arranged the unspeakable sufferings of a whole province "for some good end"; and that "Divine Justice" was waiting to commit all the sufferers who had done anything which the books call sin—ninety-nine out of every hundred, in fact—to everlasting torment afterwards!

No; my system of the Love of God would not do; but I had nothing to take its place. The world was governed in this horrible way, however it came about. I myself was made in the same insane fashion, full of powers and longings I could never satisfy. The Christians seemed right so far, that nothing but Christianity can satisfy us—but that cannot. For God cannot be good, if only one soul is "lost eternally." The Sphinx was still before me, her riddle as much unguessed as forty years before.

I had given up all attempts at pastoral work, and shut myself up alone, in the vain hope of thus holding together the fragments of my faith till the end, when I happened to take up an old number

of the *Review of Reviews*, containing Mr. Sinnett's biographical sketch of Madame Blavatsky. I had seen it before, and thought it looked nice, and thought no more of it. But now, just as I was looking over the fence, and longing that it were possible to breathe the fresh air of the desert without losing the safe shelter of the fold—remembering how bare and cold the desert had been, but still—wishing—wishing—: why, it came to me as a revelation, "Perhaps then, after all, there *is* an alternative to Christianity—an answer to the Sphinx—a safe Way Out!" And with the gleam of hope there came the consciousness that the longing for freedom had lain far deeper and stronger in me than any religion, and that all I had been so painfully struggling after had been simply trying to kill my real soul.

I had become a Catholic, not by way of argument. I beheld the great IDEA of a Church, coming down through the centuries with the Truth of God, and instinctively rallied to it as the noblest thing I saw in the world. Now, there dawned upon me a new Idea, grander even than that—the New Gospel of Humanity, humanity ever existing, ever evolving to something higher, each man a portion of the whole, his own Creator and his own Judge. Here I found a place for all the conclusions I had drawn from my own experience; a religion which would take me up from where I was standing (having, in fact, come to the end of my tether as a Catholic) with a farther way open before me and new hopes and new powers to tread it; giving me for the first time in my life an intelligible view of the world as it stands; relieving me of the now quite hopeless task of finding a loving Providence in the wretched hash of the world around us; and, still better, of the absurdity, growing more and more outrageous to me as time went on, of supposing that the ordinary run of people can possibly merit heaven—or hell—by all the unmeaning inanities of their daily life here. The one thought that this present passing life of illusion is not my first, and will not be my last—that, whilst my future is indeed in my own hands, no aspiration to the higher life can ever be lost: that if it does not come to perfection in this life it will yet remain in the soul as a gain for the next—why, this alone is for me the Great Deliverance!

I wrote to a friend: "The New Gospel (and the more I think of it the more true it seems) is shortly this. Our future destiny is

not settled in this one life, nor in many. We have had many lives before, and have a long range of evolution to ever higher reaches of spirituality still before us. We have our rewards and punishments for what is done in this life; but these are settled not by any capricious 'judgment,' but by the strict law of (as we may call it) Retribution. Whatever causes, good or evil, we set agoing, must work out their effects on us and on others; there is no 'pardon' and no place for 'repentance'; but in either case they do work themselves out—there is nothing eternal about them. After death the higher part of the soul, which alone survives, has a certain time of peace and rest and is then reborn, to gain fresh experience, under surroundings which are determined by the actions of the previous life. It is here the punishment of sin comes in. The horrible problem of great cities, quite insoluble on Christian lines—the crowd of children *born* to infamy and sin—has thus a suggested explanation, possible, and even plausible. It is the result of selfish evil-doing in a previous life; and the end is, not eternal damnation, but simply a rebirth in circumstances where every effort, however poor, they may have made to rise, will be credited to them in new strength for the next trial. Once you grasp the two ideas, that these are not souls created by God expressly to be put into these miserable surroundings, and that at their death not only the poor shamed bodies but the soddened, brutal minds drop from them into the grave, to be re-made fresh and clean for the next life of the immortal spirit: and it seems to me very hard not to believe it; it all 'comes to me,' as people say.

"My religion has never been to me so much the mere escape from damnation as the means of obtaining for myself and others—how shall I put it?—a harmony in our souls—a power to resist evil—a hope for the future—an intelligible view of our place in the world. I have often reproached myself with this as a dereliction of duty; that in dealing with souls (my own included) I was too much impressed with the passing needs of the hour to press upon them the more important concerns of the future (the 'big, big D' in fact) and that thus I may have allowed souls to be damned, in my general idea of 'making things pleasant.'

"Now, it appears that my instinct was right; that to restore souls to peace and harmony and help them along their way upwards is

indeed all we can do for them, and that to make them do this or that under pain of damnation is not in the least to help them. I never believed that Gury's *Moral Theology* was the way to good on earth; now I find it is not even the way to Heaven! It is a vast comfort.

"But when I speak of this continued evolution as a 'new and larger hope,' I shall be at once met by those I am leaving with this answer—'You have already the hope of Heaven, the highest possible development, to be gained at once after death, without this weary round of lives! You may see God then (and what more can any Nirvâna or absorption give?) for ever and for ever.'

"Will any of these understand me if I say that even if it were so—even if I had the choice between the two—I would choose the re-birth, the continued struggle for perfection, gained as a man, amongst men and for men? To pass with my fellows birth after birth and Round after Round the great Ladder of Perfection! We cannot save our own souls alone, as the Christian theology teaches; and to know better how to help mankind and to be stronger to do it, is more, far more, than any selfish happiness in the 'lone, sunny idleness of Heaven.' It is true I have done little, but this is because all effort has hitherto been poisoned with the doubt whether on the whole I was doing harm or good. I reverence the natural development of every human soul so much that I hesitate to lay a finger on it even for what seems obvious good—so much follows from any interference, and we know so little. Hence, whilst more energetic men have been working around me, preaching this or that panacea for all human ills, and reckoning much stir for much done, I have mostly stood aside, longing to help, but fearing lest I should make things worse instead of better. And I am by no means sure that it was not the wiser part.

"But in truth I have not the choice. Every time I place myself in imagination (and it is very often I do it) at the point of death, it grows harder and harder to fancy myself forcing out an 'I believe what the Church believes' just to save myself from hell fire; it would be a useless mockery if it were needed.

"But I am told it is my duty to give up this rebel reason to faith! How would my account of myself to God sound on this view? 'My God, I did not on earth believe this or that doctrine of the

Church; but as the theology books taught it, and I was afraid of hell, I said I did, and taught so to others. Give me my reward for subjecting my reason to faith!'"

Well, perhaps this is too roughly expressed and hardly a fair statement of the case, put it then in its most respectful shape:

"My God, I was so much more sure that your revelation was infallible than that I was right—I knew I might be mistaken, but your Church could not be, that I forced myself, bullied myself into saying, *Credo quia impossibile!*"

I cannot put it better than that, but even so it cannot be. Possible, nay, noble in a Saint of the olden time to whom the Gospels came straight down from heaven with a message which men had forgotten and he must deliver; but it is *not* possible now. *We* know that when, many years before, Gautama Buddha preached what is practically the same message, it was but a revival of an old doctrine then. We are aware how little is known of what Christ's teaching really was, and how hopeless the endeavour ever since persisted in by all the best intellects of the Western World to make a complete and consistent system of the fragments which have survived to us has been. No, it is time we cast ourselves loose from the sinking ship.

And thus like Ulysses with his old comrades, I make ready for a new voyage. "It may be we shall find the Happy Isles." It may be, also, "that the gulfs may wash us down." The breach which the followers of the New Gospel have to storm is steep and well defended, and many of the forlorn hopes of the assailants must fall, happy if their more favoured companions may mount the easier over their bodies. Only, if we fall, let it be clearly understood that we have devoted ourselves, not for the aggrandisement of men who come and go as shadows, but for the great objects of our Society: the universal recognition of the true brotherhood of humanity, and the mingling of Eastern Wisdom with Western Science in one full, true hope of Eternal Life.

LL. D.

A SAMOYED SEERESS.

By K. Nosiloff.

One of my friends in Novaya Zemlya is an old Samoyed woman. She has no name, because Samoyed philosophy holds that a name for a woman is a superfluous luxury; so we called her "Jolly Grandmother."

Jolly Grandmother was the life and soul of our winter-quarters at Màtochkin Bay. She was blind in one eye, and bustled about with tireless, cheerful activity, brightening our hut through the long dark hours of gloomy Arctic winter.

At that time I had no house of my own at the northern Bay, and so spent the winter in a common Samoyed hut, not a very convenient habitation perhaps, but at any rate very close to nature.

There were times when a thick cloud of melancholy settled down upon our hut. There was absolutely nothing to do. You could not show your nose out of doors; foul weather, wind, darkness, a polar night. One even grew tired of sleeping. Then a happy thought would suddenly strike Jolly Grandmother, and the whole hut grew cheerful again. She had a wonderful gift of mimicry. I do not believe there was any one she had ever seen whose voice and manner she could not hit off to the life, with such genüine humour that she drew an involuntary smile even from her savage old husband. She sometimes acted whole scenes for us, and her success was so complete that she fairly brought down the house.

Sometimes, when the old lady's jokes followed each other thick and fast, we laughed till the dogs began to wonder what had happened to their masters. But Jolly Grandmother never so much as smiled herself.

Besides her incomparable gift in this direction, there was another side to Jolly Grandmother's character that gave us much food for thought. This was her extraordinary faculty of second

sight, or clairvoyance. Her past was always a mystery to me. In spite of endless enquiries, I could learn nothing for certain, except that she had out-lived six husbands, and was now dwelling in peace and happiness with the seventh.

We often jested with number seven about his predecessors, and a lively emulation sprang up among us as to who should have the reversion of the old lady, and the honour of becoming number eight.

She herself never talked about her past. She only laughed when I begged her to tell me at least one of her love-stories amongst the tundra wastes. She would not even reveal to us under which husband she had lost her left eye, though we more than once suggested that an interesting history must be connected with it. Rumour said that she was once a remarkable beauty, according to Samoyed canons, and that she was never long a widow before romantic stories began to gather round her; but this is only the voice of rumour.

The only thing we could learn for certain was that her present lord and master had bought her rather cheap, for something like a dozen reindeer and half a cask of brandy. But in the old days her price was higher. Once we found under her blanket the "image" of her late husband, number six. It was simply a log, dressed in his clothes—*malitza pima*, and reindeer cap. Grandmother was very fond of him, and often fed him, rubbing his lips with tallow. And we used to hear her singing to him sometimes, after an extra glass of vodka.

But we were still more interested in her gift of second sight. This gift used to come to her when the fire blazed on the hearth, and we all sat round it warming ourselves. Jolly Grandmother generally sat there with us, some tattered garment on her knee, her one effective eye fixed on the fire. There were times when the weather quieted down a little out of doors, when the winds were hushed, and a faint ray of light struggled through the air. Then we used to hurry out to fish at the edge of the ice on the bay. We were eager to know what luck we would have, and kept a close watch on Grandmother to see if she would say anything.

But for a long time she paid no attention to us at all, not even noticing that we were going out, but sat gazing into the fire and

fumbling at a patch on her old husband's coat. Then we could not help asking:

"Do you not see anything in the fire, Grandmother?"

Then she used to raise her head from her sewing, and look at us with a sly smile.

"No; I don't see anything, only . . ."

"But look again! look carefully! we are going out over the ice, to try to get some food for the dogs; the wretches have had nothing to eat for three days."

And all the time we kept thinking, if we could only get a white bear!

But the old woman merely chuckled and said:

"Oh, you know I don't know anything! I only talk nonsense!"

But we all knew, and had known for a long time, what sort of nonsense it was. Then we used to throw another log on the hearth, till a bright blaze shot up, pretending to forget about it, and going on with our preparations. Suddenly Grandmother said:

"Well, go! perhaps you will get something!"

"So you saw something after all, Grandmother?" we asked, a little more confidently.

"Oh, I saw some red,—not much. Perhaps you will get a seal or two!"

Then we got our guns, and went out of the hut to harness the dogs. We drove to the open sea, at the edge of the ice, and often had to sit there the whole day beside the water, freezing, before we could shoot a seal. We did not want to believe in it ourselves, it was too like a fairy tale.

Another time, Grandmother said:

"To-day I see something black, and a great deal of red!"—red we had got used to, it always meant blood. And we were not gone half-an-hour before we shot a big Greenland seal; just as if the Fates had brought it in front of our guns. But at other times you never saw one for months at a time or, at any rate, not within shot.

But our joy was greatest when Grandmother "saw" a white bear. She never spoke quite openly about it, for to pronounce the bear's name—Oshkin—is a sin for a Samoyed, and still more for a woman. She used to speak in a roundabout way, whispering, as if it was a great secret.

"I don't know—to-day I see something white, and a lot of blood!" and looked so sly about it that we almost hugged her for joy. The hut was suddenly filled with an air of mystery. The women grew silent, the men looked to their guns, and gave them an extra rub, while the hunting tackle was being got ready. A feeling of constraint reigned. No one was willing to speak of what was in everyone's thoughts; but all the time we were almost jumping for joy. When we went outside the hut, even the dogs seemed to know about it, and crouched close at our feet. And it turned out true!

When the great white king of the Arctic ice lay before you in the last death struggle, a feeling of superstitious dread came over you, in spite of yourself.

"Well! Grandmother—!" you said to yourself. The Samoyeds exchanged glances; it was no longer a surprise for them.

When you came home to the hut, there was Grandmother, looking as if nothing had happened at all; sitting at the fire, mending an old garment, with the little children playing round her. They were very fond of her.

But when Grandmother told you she saw nothing in the fire, you might go or stay as you pleased, you were sure not to get anything. Sometimes you said to yourself that the old witch was lying; and went on purpose to see. But you might wander about the whole day long, visiting all kinds of nooks and corners, and tiring yourself to death; you might even see plenty of game, but always out of range, as if bewitched. When you came home to the hut empty-handed, Grandmother did not even appear to notice that you had been out hunting at all, but sat by the fire, working away at her sewing. Then you began to feel wild.

If you ask the Samoyeds how she knows, they only smile, and say she "sees"; and you cannot get anything more out of them.

Such was Jolly Grandmother, of Novaya Zemlya; and she is there still, in my winter quarters. And yet she was no heathen, but a member of the Russian Church. She used to burn tapers on saints' days, lighting them herself, and putting them before the *ikon* in the corner of the hut. She used to burn incense while I recited prayers; and I never saw her taking any part in the Shamanism of the Samoyeds. Still I must confess that Grandmother

enjoyed telling fortunes by looking at the edge of a hatchet or a knife, especially when we asked her about our friends at home.

I have many entries in my diary of her "prophecies" during that winter, 1889, and the next two years. There are many remarkable things there, but two incidents stand out with special vividness in my memory.

In our hut was a little boy, called Nevolya, the son of my guide, Konstantin Vilki. Nevolya was my favourite, and always kept near me the whole day long. When I was reading, he used to follow the lines with his eyes, and if I had to clean my instruments he was always there to help me.

But what interested him most was my provision chest; where he was sure of finding some sugar or sweetmeats for himself. When I went out over the ice with his father, he used to wait for me at the door, in spite of the cold. And more than once, when his father happened to come home without me, he filled the whole hut with his cries, and nothing would console him till I appeared round the distant cape. He always thought that I had been eaten up by the bear whose skin his father had brought home on the sleigh in my place.

When the polar night came on Nevolya began to grow thin and the colour began to fade from his cheeks. His eyes shone with a feverish brightness, and he no longer played with the dogs, nor sang his songs, nor climbed round his mother's neck. We did everything we could for him; but still, he took to his bed, and we saw that he could not escape death. The polar night had chosen him for its victim.

Suddenly, one night when we were all asleep, the hut was awakened by Grandmother, who cried out that someone had come and carried off Nevolya. It was perfectly dark, and she was sleeping on the opposite side of the hut from Nevolya and his parents.

Everyone rose; a light was brought, and the hut was suddenly filled with the wailings of Nevolya's mother. The boy was already stiff and cold. His head was bent awkwardly on his lean dirty little shoulder.

But when the old woman began to tell us, in the dim firelight, that she had seen a chain let down through an opening in the roof of the

hut, and that afterwards it began to go up again, carrying Nevolya with it; that she had tried to cry out, but felt choked, and could only cry when the chain had disappeared with Nevolya through the roof, our hair stood on end in spite of ourselves, at her simple story. That was a night not to be forgotten.

The second memorable incident was in April of the same year. This time Grandmother's "prophecy" made us all laugh at her. She suddenly cried out:

"I see a ship!"

"You devil's doll!" cried her old husband, "you see a ship, do you? Look out, and see what it is like outside!"

And outside there was really such a storm of snow that we had not been able to go out for two days. All the same, volunteers were found to believe the old woman, and they struggled out of doors to reconnoitre. But as not only the sea but even the shore was invisible, they soon came back again covered with snow, and the whole hut laughed at them.

Even Grandmother laughed, but maintained that she did see a ship, though it was still a long way off. We all made fun of her seeing a ship at that time of the year, when even the Norwegians prefer to stay at home; all the same, we did not forget about it. Our expectations were raised, and we kept hoping that something might come of it, after all.

On the next day the weather was quieter, so we got ready to go to the nearest headland to look for the ship. We arrived there, took out our telescopes, and began to examine the horizon. The sea was almost open, with only a few icebergs here and there.

There we sat till we were almost frozen, but nothing was to be seen over the whole wide sea. Sometimes we thought we saw a sail, but closer examination showed us that it was only an iceberg. So we went back to the hut, and made fun of the old woman once more; but she only sat there smiling to herself.

On the third day she again said that she saw a ship. So we asked her to tell us at least what sort of a ship it was—a steamer, a yacht, or a schooner—for we thought that perhaps it was another polar expedition.

"No!" she answered, "it is not a steamer, for I do not see any smoke, but I see a sail."

Then we began to ask her what sort of sails there were.

"I don't see well," she said, "it is still very far off. I can hardly see it."

We even threw another log on the fire, but she could see nothing more. We were greatly puzzled, and went back to the headland to look out again. One Samoyed even climbed the mountain to get a better view. We looked long, but could not see anything. All we could see was a few icebergs off the Serebrani Island, with something black on them. This we supposed to be a group of walruses, and we would have gone in pursuit of them had we not been afraid of the weather. The wind was blowing off the shore and might carry our little sloop away into the Arctic Ocean.

On the fourth morning the old woman said to us again:

"The ship is coming closer, and its bowsprit is pointing straight towards us. I can see that it is a yacht with two masts, one big and one smaller."

"Well, let it come!" we thought to ourselves.

On the fifth morning she said:

"The ship has come! It is quite close, but you cannot see it, as there is something in the way."

We went out to the headland again. Even the old man went with us. Nothiug was to be seen at all, not a single sail on the horizon.

But the icebergs had drifted in much closer to us, and we could see a walrus here and there on them. Our hunting instinct triumphed. We rushed home and got ready for the chase, launched our sloop, and set sail across the bay towards the distant cape.

We rounded Cape Mityasheff, reached the Serebrani Islands, and saw the walruses in groups on the ice. Just as we were rounding the last of the islands we saw a mast behind it. We went a little further and the whole ship came into sight—a Norwegian, with reefed sails and with a boat on the water close by.

We hardly believed our eyes. None of the Samoyeds had ever heard of a Norwegian ship coming to Novaya Zemlya at that time of the year. We rowed over towards the ship. They noticed us, and the crew began to gather on the deck. When we came alongside, they lowered the gangway for us, and we went on board, shook

hands, and asked how they happened to come north so early. They answered that they had come from Tromsoë; another of the Samoyeds began to ask whether war had broken out—an event they were in constant dread of, as they feared the possibility of being left on their desolate island without provisions, or still worse, without powder and shot. But the Norwegians reassured them on this point, telling them that they had nothing to fear.

They invited us to come down to the cabin, where they supplied us with coffee and rum. And, to the great astonishment of the skipper, I went and examined the latest entries in his log-book.

The old woman was vindicated. Exactly six days before, the ship first reached the shore of Novaya Zemlya, under the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude. Since then, she had been creeping along the shore towards us; and, the evening before, they had reached the islands, noticed the walruses on the ice, cast anchor, and furled the sails.

That was why we could not see the ship in the morning, when the old woman told us that it was there, quite close, but hidden from sight.

(*To be concluded.*)

Translated from Novoë Vremya *by C. J.*

EARLY CHRISTIANITY AND ITS TEACHINGS.

I. The Purpose of Christianity.

What is the purpose of a religion, and what, especially, is the purpose of Christianity? To save men's souls, is the common answer. To call them to repentance, and to rescue them from the snares of the world and the devil. It may be that there is more in religion than this; that this forms only a part of the scheme which is included in the teachings of Christ and his disciples.

From the records of the earliest and the greatest defenders of the faith, we find that a wider range was recognised then, than is now the case, and that the dogmas which hardened into such rigid shells during the Middle Ages, and still exist, though almost robbed of the life they once possessed, do not represent properly the faith of the early Christians.

The following description sums up in a rough form the scheme of orthodox Christian doctrine as it is commonly understood. Mankind has sprung from one progenitor, Adam, who was created perfect by God, and placed in Paradise. He committed a sin, disobeyed his Creator, and because of that sin all humanity suffers, for it brought death into the world. There is thus a separation made between God and man, a separation of a moral kind, and one which can be overcome. In order to effect a reconciliation between the Creator and his sinning creation, the Son of God incarnated on earth, passed through human sufferings, and finally sacrificed himself on the cross, completing the act of atonement or reconciliation by his death. He came to found a kingdom, composed of those who follow him, in which kingdom this reconciliation is accomplished. This is the consummation of the work. The means by which each man obtains this reconciliation is his faith in the one who reconciles. Without that he cannot receive the benefits of the work, but must suffer the result of his own sin and the sin in which he was born.

This scheme is becoming much modified, and unbelievers are not now so indiscriminately condemned as heretofore, but it still represents the views of the great mass of the old-fashioned and less "enlightened" believers.

The first thing, then, and the most important, in the Christian religion, is to bring people to a belief in the reality of their salvation through Jesus Christ, by whom they are preserved from eternal torment, if they accept him. The purpose of Jesus was to lead them to faith in him and to cause them to turn from the delights of the world to a repentance for their past sins. By this faith and repentance they would escape from the ordinary consequences of those sins and would be forgiven.

There are but few hints in the ordinary writers, or preachers of sermons, of any other purpose. Christianity is a messenger from God to tell humanity of His love for it, and of the means of atonement. It is not a thing for the mind, a thing to be investigated as a branch of knowledge, but to be accepted, on pain of a terrible punishment for its refusal. It is a simple gospel, which can be comprehended by the poorest in mind, and all that is necessary for salvation is that complete faith which receives the messenger without question.

Everything in the sacred writings themselves, everything written by the most immediate followers of Jesus and his disciples, contradicts this view. To them Christianity meant more. It was not a mere calling to repentance, a demand for simple faith, but an instruction in the facts of man's nature, a teaching that had to be pondered over and to be understood. It was a science, and gave instruction to those ready to receive it, not a mere creed to be swallowed like a pill, in order to produce spiritual purification. "Simple faith" was relegated to its proper position, as a necessity for those who could not proceed beyond it, but not to be ranked with the higher stage, which was that of understanding and knowledge.

The purpose of Christianity is summed up by Origen in a few words (*Contra Celsum*, Bk. III, chap. lxii):

"God the Word was sent, indeed, as a physician to sinners, but as a teacher of divine mysteries to those who are already pure, and who sin no more."

Again in chap. lix he says:

"It is not the same thing to invite those who are sick in soul to be cured, and those who are in health to the knowledge and study of divine things. We first invite all to be healed . . . and when those who have been turned towards virtue have made progress, and have shown that they have been purified by the Word, and have led, so far as they can, a better life, then, and not before, do we invite them to participate in our mysteries. 'For we speak wisdom among them that are perfect.'"

Thus is expressed unmistakably the dual nature of religion, the preliminary part, the calling to repentance or the turning of the mind to spiritual things, and then the teaching, the science of the inner life, the body of knowledge which is the heritage of all true religions. So far as we can judge from history, every religion has had, or has claimed to have had, this knowledge as to facts of nature not open to the ordinary man, nor obtainable by means of the physical senses.

If there are realms of nature which may be explored by those who have fitted themselves for such investigation, but which are not open to all, then the one who can so seek for knowledge may bring back some of that which he has gained, in order to enlighten his more limited brethren. All religion is based upon the reality of such knowledge, upon the reality of an inner life in nature, the laws of which can be learned. It is, above all things, based on the reality of a spiritual life in man. A code of ethics by itself does not form a religion; there is required, as well, a body of teaching as to the nature and the destiny of man. A religion that did not give some hint as to the whence of the soul, or as to its future, when the body has been left, would not gain much hold on humanity. Men are ever seeking to know something of the life beyond the grave, for an ineradicable instinct tells them that the decay of the body is not the close of their existence. Thus it is that in all religions the future abodes of the man are described. Heavens and hells innumerable are planned for him, some material and sensual, as in orthodox Mohammedanism, others so metaphysical and supersensual that they are sometimes thought to mean annihilation, such as the Buddhist Nirvâna or the Hindu Moksha.

Are all these stories as to man's future and his divine nature mere idle tales, or do they all represent, in some distorted form,

truths of the inner life? On their surface they each contradict the other. There seems little in common between Nirvâna and the Christian heaven, between the scheme of Buddha, in which each man must perfect his own nature by an almost endless series of lives, gaining only what he has won by effort, and that of the orthodox Christian, in which heaven is not won but given to all who will accept it by faith. On looking deeper, it may be that amidst the different forms we shall find one truth that unites them. One life is seen throughout a forest, but it is expressed in many different trees and shrubs. It may be that religions are similar, in that they all are expressions of a life which is in the background, and which is one and the same in all the many forms. No one creed could be absolutely true, just as no one tree could express the whole power of vegetation. But the forms, however different, would not be mutually destructive or contradictory, no matter in how many directions they might point. To obtain the full truth which is the life-force of all, every possible form must be included.

If we are to seek for the truth, we should seek it, not in what is special to any creed, but in the common ground of all. In spite of the many forms of faith, there are certain characteristics found to be repeated. The same stories are used with different names and a slight alteration of incident, but in the background we may perceive a common source, the great central Tradition which is the fountain head of the many branches. There is not only a brotherhood of man, but there is a great brotherhood of religions, and a right perception of the one will go far to the realisation of the other.

This brotherhood is not to be found in the external creeds. As the brotherhood of man is based on the spiritual unity, the inner identity, so the true brotherhood of religions is to be sought in their soul and not in their body. This is the distinction between exoteric and esoteric, the outer and the inner.

True esoteric knowledge cannot be revealed in physical symbols. These can merely be used as hints which assist the awakening of the knowledge within, as points which penetrate the veil, and permit the seeing eye to glance through. But there is an esoteric side to all religions which belongs to a lower plane. This is the secret teaching which can be transmitted orally or in writing from teacher to pupil.

That this is found in early Christianity, as it is in other faiths, it is my endeavour to prove, and also, if possible, to give some hints of the nature of those secret teachings which formed the real foundation of Christian creed. In so doing the works of the greater Christian fathers will be used as the sources of information. From them we can obtain some clue as to the real doctrines of those times. It is useless to go to the later writers, to the Church of a few centuries ago, unless we hold the Roman Catholic dogma of the continued infallibility of the Church. What was orthodox in primitive Christianity, what was then proclaimed by the greatest defenders of the faith, was in later times classed as heretical, when the faith had narrowed into limits more in accordance with the believers' minds.

The question as to the supposed necessity for secrecy is a difficult one, but there is one reason, and it seems to me a sufficient one, for such secrecy even with regard to many teachings which could do no apparent harm by the widest dissemination. We have only to regard the progress of religions as we may see it in history to learn this reason. At first some teaching is put forward that appeals to the mind of the multitude as true. It is truth to them, and they enshrine it in their hearts, and brood over it. And presently they build around and upon it, enclosing it in walls which hide it, until only the walls are viewed and the purpose of their building is forgotten. Then they turn their attention to the building, and improve it and adorn it and discuss its merits and its failings, for the doctrine which once brought light has become a dogma which can reflect back only that light which is thrown upon it. And, finally, the casket which was once a shrine becomes a tomb for the dead truth. Thus it is with all the doctrines, no matter how noble, no matter how true. They must die in time, if they once become part of a creed. There is a reason then why the more exalted teachings, the divine truths all religions claim to possess, should not be cast abroad indiscriminately. If they are to be preserved in their purity, so that when men are fitted to receive them they may be freely given, they must not be laid open for everyone to take and degrade according to his ability. A truth once given and then killed out by those that received it loses its power, and only when presented in some fresh form can it be given again a lease of

life; so that if a more real form were given at an inappropriate time and allowed to decay, as it must, it could not again live its full life, for the mind already inoculated would be hardened against it.

There are other means for preserving the true teaching through the lapse of ages than by publishing it abroad. The one that is most important for our study is that of symbolism; symbolism, not of figures and of forms merely, but of traditions and creeds, aye, even of dogmas. These are the things which have influenced the human mind most powerfully. Stories and traditions are carried through the ages of history, and are never utterly forgotten. They belong to the very life of humanity, and are repeated in its folk-lore and glorified in its religions. Every faith has used the materials of its brother faiths, though it has not recognised the unity of their source. Sometimes it has, against its will, been forced to see the similarity of the tales and creeds, and then we have that venerable joke, originated in Christian literature, apparently, by Justin Martyr, of plagiarism by anticipation, on the part of the devil and his assistants.

But dogmas? What can the searcher after knowledge find in them? Theosophists in the past have had much to say about dogmas, and seldom has the language been one of approval. Theosophy, we are told, abhors dogma, and teaches the right of every man to seek for his own form of belief and to possess it for himself. Religions the Theosophist approves of, as a rule, but dogma jars upon him, and he feels it his duty to fight against it with mind and voice. But there may be a dogmatism in denying dogma, and universal charity, if real, must enfold all things, even the most material of dogmas. We cannot separate religion from dogma, nor either from the nature of the human mind, and this we must recognise, if we desire to obtain a clear understanding of one or all. There is some reason for dogma and dogmatism, and it is our duty to seek for it unhampered by any prejudices, even a prejudice for the freedom of thought.

If at the back of all religious belief there are the fountains of truth, then the channels which keep those fountains open to mankind must be preserved. And how is this to be done? It is safe to say that no idea is brought forward at any time which is new throughout. Nor, on the other hand, can we assume that any con-

ception, religious or otherwise, which has formed a part of the mental building of any race, is the same in all points as some other which had its birth and death in some perhaps forgotten age. In order that the new life, which always comes with the entrance of a fresh ideal into the mind, may be received, there must be some points of contact, some links with the past thought. It cannot fall into a totally unprepared soil, and take root there. These links may be well nigh lifeless themselves, the mere shells of thoughts, moulds which are to be broken with the entering life, but they have their use. The mistake is, and has always been, to take the shell for the substance within, but it is also an error to fail to perceive the utility of the shell. It is the protector and the preserver. The mind of man may be compared to an egg. Within are the living thoughts, the active forces, more or less formless and chaotic. They are unorganised for the most part, and flow along their own channels but little under the control of the thinker. And outside is the shell of dead thought, the forms from which the life has departed, left as mental deposits; for every thought leaves its mark on the soul.

We must all recognise within ourselves the tendency to view things with a prejudiced eye. These prejudices are our special characteristics, our idiosyncrasies. They are the dead moulds of our past thinking, which cannot easily be broken; they form the shell of our mind-egg, and prevent the free expansion of life within.

Is such a shell only a hindrance? What would we be like without it? If we could look upon all things with a clear eye, untrammelled by our limitations of thought and character? Such clear perception is one side of the ideal that is set before us by the spiritual teachers of the world. It is to see the truth face to face and not "as through a glass, darkly." This glass which obscures is the shell of thought, and perhaps we might suppose that the best way to obtain that face to face perception would be to break the shell. But if we hold to the analogy of the egg, we may come to a different conclusion. The shell is not the egg, it is not the life, but if we break it before that life has become an organic whole, a living creature, we only have a nasty spilt liquid. And for most of us, this would be true of the mind. Break the shell, and instead of the living bird, the fully formed soul, would proceed an uncontrollable

flow of mind stuff, chaotic thought. It is our limitations of mind which save us from madness.

The true development is the organizing of the contents, until the egg is ready to break, and the soul, fully formed, may proceed on its own life, released from the trammels of the body. But that is far away in the future for us, who have not yet put in decent order the little part of our mind of which we are fully conscious. We have to proceed step by step.

In its details the mind repeats this characteristic. Its ideas, its forms of belief, have all their protecting shells, their dogmatic external. The true reformer does not indiscriminately smash the shells, he quickens the life within, and when the time comes, the shells are cracked by the growth. This, it seems to me, is the true method of proceeding.

How is it that people have fought for their dogmas as they have fought for nothing else? They have felt the life which truly was in them, although they have not known the nature of that life. There must be something behind that strenuous endeavour to preserve those dogmas which seem the very mummies of belief. Looked at from an outsider's point of view there is a purposelessness that is almost appalling in the creeds of the world's religions. That men should hang on to those forms as their dearest possessions appears incredible. The ideals generally accompanying them are grand, but it would seem that that should only throw the lifeless lumber more completely on one side. It may be that the unconscious perception of truth lies behind all this fighting for unintelligible doctrine, that the true cause of this is the unrecognized intuition of the future which is to bring the full illumination.

In connection with this view we have the old division given by St. Paul and expanded by some of his followers—the division of Christian teaching which follows out the great triple classification that is the keynote of Christianity. Christianity is not alone the word of Faith; beyond that is Knowledge, and beyond that again is Wisdom. For the ordinary man, unable or unwilling to seek for knowledge, faith was necessary. It was the groundwork, the foundation, but not the building.

To quote Origen, once more (*Contra Celsum*, Book I, chap. xiii):

"It is, in agreement with the spirit of Christianity, of much more importance to give our assent to doctrines upon grounds of reason and wisdom than that of faith merely, and it was only in certain circumstances that the latter course was desired by Christianity, in order not to leave men altogether without help."

This division corresponds to the threefold man, body, soul, and spirit. Faith is the action of the spiritual life in the grossest of the sheaths of the mind, the physical body; knowledge comes when the powers of the soul are awakened, and the man perceives, though still obscurely; while wisdom, the last of the three great gifts, is the fulness of the spiritual light, the man clothed in the highest of his robes, the purified spiritual body. Then only is the consummation of true life attained.

The purpose of Christianity is not, then, the gift of faith, or the reward which is to be obtained by faith. It is a greater ideal that is presented. Faith, the turning of the earthly man to the first glimmerings of the inner light, the awakening Christos, leads to knowledge, when he *knows* himself as not merely a child of earth, but the possessor of the powers of the soul, and becomes the "sky-goer." But greater than these is the fulness of the spiritual life which is reached by Wisdom; for then is the great victory won. No longer on the ocean of birth and death, as a wanderer, not knowing either the goal or the starting place, he has attained to the changeless and the eternal kingdom; the kingdom of Christ, or of Heaven; call it by any name, it is the great abode, the promised land of all religions, where the changes of the day and night are not.

This is the gospel of Christianity, but it is not the gospel of "Salvation by Credulity."

A. M. G.

(*To be continued.*)

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ÉLIPHAS LÉVI.

TRANSLATED BY B. K.

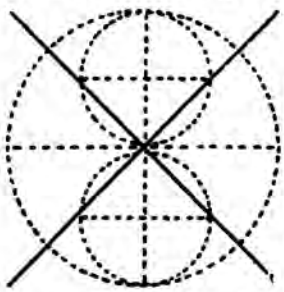
(*Continued from p.* 55.)

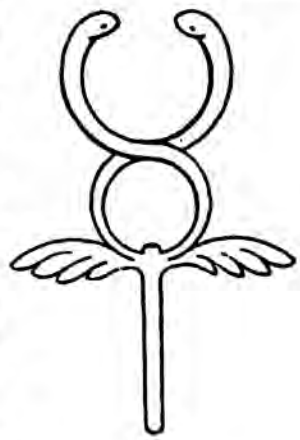
CXXXVIII.

Liber Occultationis est ille qui describit librationem bilancis. Thus commences the *Sepher Dtzenioutha* or the Book of Occultism, the book of dogmas of the *Zohar*, the most sublime treatise on Theology in the world.

It is thus, according to the very text I have just quoted to you, the book which describes the equilibrated movement of the balance. Of what balance?

Bilanx quæ pendit in loco qui non est. Of the balance whose scales are everywhere and centre nowhere. *Antiquam bilanx esset non respiciebat facies ad faciem:* Prior to the conception of this balance, one does not conceive the conserving law of movement and of life: the law of universal analogies represented by the mysterious number of the ogdoad. The eighth key of the Tarot represents Justice holding this balance in equilibrium. It is sovereign justice, as one sees from its crown; it is not the justice of men, for it is not blind. The number eight recalls to our minds by its shape the serpents of the Caduceus. It represents life: one and twain, consequently threefold, because in this figure one can conceive of three unities. It represents also Being and Life. You find it in every sense in the pantacle of Thebes, where it indicates the form of the letters and the numbers. It has for its square two squares, which are in all their power; its cubic form





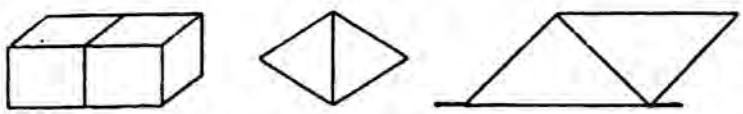
gives twelve squares, again a figure of Being and of Life, of stability and of movement.

The ogdoad also represents the Eternal, because it is eternally adding one to seven, that is a beginning to every end, a re-birth after every death, a dawn after every night.

December 2nd.

CXXXIX.

Focus into one all that I have said to you about the quaternary and the binary, explain the one by the other and you will have the law of creation in form and the beginning of all real physics. All equilibrates itself in nature and everything can be represented by two cubes, balanced the one by the other. Every harmony results from the analogy of contraries; every weight is supported by an equal counter weight; every force has for its *point d'appui* a resistance of equal magnitude. The six represents antagonism, because two triangles do not at once find their mutual equilibrium, but it is not thus with two squares, which cannot struggle one against the other, for they represent motion only when inscribed in a circle, and always give by their combination regular figures, especially if one makes use of solid figures, such as cubes of cardboard or of wood. Two together give a parallelogram which will rest on the ground in any direction, while two triangles will give a lozenge, impossible to balance on its angles, and whose upper part will hang over if placed on one side, thus:



The ogdoad, while thus representing motion, is yet also and above all the symbol of stability. This figure thus reconciles the opposed laws of nature. It explains eternity by time, faith by knowledge, God by man. It is for this reason that the 8 is the number of J. C., the man-God and universal mediator whose complete number is 888, as that of the Anti-christ is 666. And for this you have just seen the reason.

CXL.

Madness is even more sad than death; for death is a passage and madness an *impasse*. It is a syncope of the reason, which judgment is forced to abandon, because the will has fixed itself in the absurd. The souls of madmen resemble those personages in the fable who have been

changed into statues by the Gorgon, in the very attitude they were in when they unhappily looked thereon. Their thought is a bad coin, which Nature has nailed on her counter that it may circulate no more. I understand therefore all your suffering. God is trying you, my friend, because he seeks to make of you a wise man; and yet do not let us think that God himself chooses our sufferings for us. He does not do ill to some in order to bring good to others. His providence walks peacefully by the way of eternal order and justice. Suffering is inevitable for all; but it is an evil only for the unjust; for others it is a good. What for one would be despair, is for another a trial and consequently a hope.

December 6th.

[Letter CXLI is purely personal.]

CXLII.

THE ogdoad is the number of Justice. Now what is Justice? It is the action of the reason guided by truth. Recall the star: Being—Truth—Reality—Reason—Justice.

The common herd understand it otherwise; and for them Justice is either a virtue which renders to each what is his due, or a power which rewards and punishes.

The sad reality modifies this last point in the sense that the Justice of the Courts, what is properly termed human justice, punishes and does not reward.

Therefore its mistakes cannot be expiated. It sends Lesurques to the scaffold and does not rehabilitate him.

Wherefore is this so? Because our actual justice is an expedient and not a reason, a force and not a power. Because Society slays in its own defence and deems itself in the right because it is the stronger. If it can be mistaken, since it cannot make good again, it must expiate. Now it can only expiate by abdicating. The justice of the old world, is the old right of war: *Vae victis!*

The "idéologues" of our day, who speak or write against capital punishment, give me the impression of some honest quaker who should go to a battle-field to cry out to the generals and soldiers: "Brothers! It is forbidden to kill one's neighbour! Thou shalt not kill! . . ." If capital punishment were abolished to-morrow, one would have to send the whole of the magistrature to the galleys for complicity in murder!

Capital punishment! Sombre and terrible question! Base of an old social edifice, which would crumble entirely to pieces if the scaffold

were overthrown! For the executioner supports the earth, as the devil supports heaven! Behold in two words the programme of the condemnation of the old world!

December 11th.

CXLIII.

BEFORE the eternal Reason there is not even restitution to be made. One does not render, one leaves to each what belongs to him.

Nothing is good except in its proper place and everything that is out of place is an obstacle to life. The exercise of justice is thus that of the simplest reason.

Property ill-acquired profits one not. This is one of those proverbs which are axioms worthy of eternal wisdom.

If evil could make us happy, we should do well to do evil. I have dared to say this in my *Fables et Symboles*, the most daring and the most profound of my books; and it is pure truth. Let us not, however, confuse between happiness and the delirium of intoxication. Some miserable wretch steals, with the money stolen he gets drunk and laughs stupidly, growling out that he is the happiest of men . . . . but who then would dare to envy him his awful happiness?

Lacenaire, one of the most intelligent evil-doers of our century, wrote: "Behold me! I have lived! I lived waiting for the hangman!" This was how he had lived: waiting for the hangman, and dragging this nightmare from drunken bout to drunken bout!

O holy and inevitable Justice, one must be mad not to recognise thee! And here, my friend, I will recall to your mind a beautiful allegory from the Bible: God causing the manna to rain in the desert upon all. It had to be gathered at his time. Some took more, some less, but the overplus beyond the right amount decomposed and the incomplete measures filled up of themselves. When, then, shall the book of God cease to be a closed book to men? My friend, you speak to me of the terror of a swimmer finding himself alone in mid ocean! And in saying this you thought of yourself! . . . and I then, who will remember me if you forget me, one whom the spirit holds suspended between such immensities, such abysses?

(*To be continued.*)

THE CLASH OF OPINION.

ALTHOUGH I should be quite justified in holding over the two following letters till Mrs. Besant's return, I insert them. *Les absents ont toujours tort!* G. R. S. M.

CINCINNATI,

March 1st, 1895.

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

On page 442 of the Feb. LUCIFER occurs a statement by Mrs. Besant regarding myself that is untrue, and therefore entirely misleading. I am made to express the conviction that Mr. Judge is guilty as charged by Mrs. Besant, and that he has been so severely punished that he will "do it no more." I never had, nor have I now, any such conviction of Mr. Judge's guilt, but on the contrary, I believe him entirely innocent of wrong-doing, and the subject of a relentless persecution, conceived through misapprehension, but followed by a zeal that is blind and unreasoning, and therefore full of all uncharitableness. As I am being similarly mis-quoted elsewhere, I trust that this plain statement will leave my position on these matters in no uncertainty. I trust I may be permitted to express my profound sorrow that the magazine founded by H.P.B. should be so largely devoted (nearly forty pages) to bitter denunciations of one whom I have reason to know possessed during her lifetime her profound love, her warmest gratitude, and her entire confidence. There seems nothing left of LUCIFER but the name.

Very respectfully,

J. W. BUCK, M.D., F.T.S.

[Are we to believe that H.P.B. gave W. Q. Judge a certificate for all time? Are we to judge of facts as they are, or are we to go by what some one said at some time about somebody else? Was not the prime object of LUCIFER to throw light on hidden places? Is it not better to

turn the search-light on to the dark corners in the Theosophical landscape? Whether these dark spots are in the domain of others, or in the dwellings of the Editors of LUCIFER, time will show.—G. R. S. M.]

62, QUEEN ANNE STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.
March 17th, 1895.

G. R. S. MEAD, *Editor of* LUCIFER.

SIR,—I have just finished your remarks in the March issue of LUCIFER concerning the articles signed "Che-Yew-Tsăng." Concerning Mr. Hargrove's share in the matter I do not here speak, although I hold that it is perfectly within the legal and moral right of any man to make use of a pseudonym. I also know that you deliberately and obstinately deceived yourself, asserting that Che-Yew-Tsăng must be an Adept, although Mr. Hargrove was careful to write you that he spoke without the least authority. I observe that you carefully select your extracts, and do not give the context of his letters.

What I am concerned with is the wholly unjustifiable manner in which you introduce Mrs. Keightley's name. It may be within the ethics of LUCIFERIAN journalism or magazine-editing to introduce publicly the name of a lady who has taken no public action in the matter, but you, however, have exceeded even this limit in the insinuations you make.

Mrs. Keightley told you in my presence, before the second article appeared, that though she had truly said she did not know the personal identity of Che-Yew-Tsăng when you first asked her, she now knew who he was. Mrs. Besant was informed immediately on her return from the Chicago Congress, and it was by her express desire (reiterated in her letters from India) that you were not told.* Mr. Judge was not told until much later, and for your information I may add that he expressed the decided opinion that you should be told. Mr. Hargrove was willing; Mrs. Besant was not. On the one occasion that you mentioned the matter to me, I replied: "I am not able to tell you," for Mr. Hargrove had not then given his permission.

It appears that your memory is as conveniently defective as the postal arrangements both into and out of your office are lacking in accuracy.

I may conclude by saying that it is only my respect for the principles of Theosophy, and the fact that you are using another person's property to make your excuses for having, as you now think, deceived and

* This last statement has been expressly and emphatically denied by Mrs. Besant in recent letters.—B. K.

stultified yourself, which prevents your being served with a suit for libel. I give you now fair notice that my forbearance will not extend over a similar abuse of your editorial position in the future.

Yours truly,

ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY.

[Dr. Keightley's angry letter appears to me to be too ridiculous to need a reply.—G. R. S. M.]

To the Editors of LUCIFER.

DEAR SIR,—It is with extreme reluctance that I find myself drawn into any personal controversy with Dr. A. Keightley. But in his letter to *The Irish Theosophist* of March 15th, he repeatedly mentions my name, and as my silence might seem to endorse his statements, I feel it a duty to correct some erroneous statements as to facts within my personal knowledge.

With regard to Dr. Keightley's version of the legal procedure in such cases, I can only say that he is mistaken as to some of the facts, and states others without the necessary qualifications which, if stated, would very materially alter their bearing upon the points at issue.

As regards the number of pieces of evidence, Mrs. Besant's brief, etc., members will in due course have the whole of the evidence in their hands, and can judge for themselves. But I may be permitted to state of my own knowledge that the three members who pledge their honour "that it contains under a dozen pieces of evidence," must either have forgotten their arithmetic or been guilty of gross carelessness.

I was present at Richmond in July, 1894, on the occasion referred to by Dr. Keightley. Mrs. Besant did *not* "promise Mr. Judge that he should have copies of all the evidence" in the sense of any undertaking to provide him with such. No such promise, nor anything approaching it, was made by her, and Mr. Mead confirms my recollection as to this. Thus the facts are erroneously stated by Dr. Keightley, and a colouring is added to them which practically conveys an entirely incorrect idea of what took place—at least to the best of my recollection, in which I am confirmed by Mr. Mead, who was also present.

With regard to the further statements as to what took place at Richmond, Mr. Mead has made his own statement, and my recollection entirely agrees with his, and differs radically from what is stated by Dr. Keightley; and the same is the case in regard to what took place at the meeting of the Judicial Committee, as to which my memory is in entire accord with what has been stated by Mr. Mead and borne out by Messrs. Kingsland, Firth, and Sinnett.

With regard to the question of the sending of Mr. Judge's circular of November 3rd to the press, Mrs. Besant's statement (as quoted by Dr. Keightley) is that it was "sent to an expelled member of the E.S.T. in India." Quoting this, Dr. Keightley assumes the appearance of questioning Mrs. Besant's statement. But he speaks *only of the publication of the circular in London in The Westminster Gazette*, and ignores entirely Mrs. Besant's statement as to its publication in India. The fact is that the circular in question was published in the Bombay *Times of India* the same week in which the mail bringing it arrived there, and *before The Westminster Gazette* containing it reached India at all, with an accompanying letter from an expelled member, and one known to be such to both Mr. Judge and his agent in London. *Verb. sap.*

Dr. Keightley demands, on behalf of Mr. Judge, that all statements and documents should be supported on oath; but one of the striking features of his present letter, as also of the numerous other pamphlets and statements circulated in support of Mr. Judge, is the remarkable number of assertions and statements made, not merely unsupported by oath, but avowedly upon mere hearsay evidence, and that often of the flimsiest description.

In conclusion, I should like to recall the minds of members to the real points at issue. Mr. Judge and his friends have sought, and are seeking, to obscure the real question by raising numbers of side issues and clouds of accusation and talk which have no bearing upon that question, and serve merely to confuse and mislead the minds of members. The real issues are these:—

1. What has Mr. Judge to say in direct reply to the charges brought and evidence produced against him last July, copies of which have been in his hands since that date, parts of which have been made public in *The Westminster Gazette*, and the whole of which will soon be in the hands of each member?

2. Why did Mr. Judge, if he has a satisfactory answer and defence to these charges and evidences, evade producing them last year before the Jury of Honour proposed by Mr. Burrows?

Yours sincerely,

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

The following communications have been received. In the absence of Mr. Mead I insert them in LUCIFER. The proposed Special Convention has been abandoned owing to the lateness of Mrs. Besant's return, but arrangements will be made for placing the evidence in proper form in the hands of all members of this section as soon as possible after Mrs. Besant's return.—A. M. G.

BENARES.

Jan. 20th, 1895.

To the President Founder Theosophical Society.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—I have to request that you will furnish me with the documents on which were based the charges preferred by me last July against Mr. W. Q. Judge.

A proposal has been made to call a Special Convention of the European Section, Theosophical Society, on my return to Europe, for the purpose of discussing the attitude to be taken by the Section towards this case; and there is a general demand for the production of these papers for the information and guidance of members. I therefore request you to again place them in my care.

Yours fraternally,

ANNIE BESANT.

OOTACAMUND.

Feb. 21st, 1895.

Mrs. Annie Besant, F.T.S.

DEAR COLLEAGUE,—After mature reflection I have decided to comply with the request contained in your letter of the 20th ult., as it seems reasonable that the delegates in the approaching Special Convention of the European Section should be allowed the opportunity of knowing the evidence upon which your charges against the Vice-President of the Theosophical Society were based, before committing themselves by formal vote to a recommendation to me of specific official action in the case. I wish it known at the same time that, since they came into my possession after the abortive meeting of the Judicial Committee, I have had them under lock and key, and nobody has been allowed to copy or even read them; furthermore, that the copies and facsimiles made by Mr. Old were taken while they were in his custody, in the earliest stages of the enquiry, and published without my consent or by lawful authority. The issue not having been tried, I considered it improper to give them publicity unless new and imperative contingencies should arise. Such is now the fact; and, as it is evident that the case can never be equitably settled without the circulation of these papers, and as Mr. Judge complains that he has not been permitted to see them, my present decision is reached.

Before you sail I shall confide the documents to your custody once more, on the conditions of their return to me intact on my arrival in London in June, of your placing your statement and the evidence in the hands of the General Secretary of the European Section for dis-

tribution to Branches and members, and of his supplying a certified copy of the evidence to Mr. Judge for his information and use.

Fraternally yours,
H. S. OLCOTT, P T.S.

BENARES CITY, N.W.P.
March 20th, 1895.

To G. R. S. Mead, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Having received the following note from Mr. Lindsay which deviates from truth, and as he informs me that he has the intention of making it public for the defence of Mr. Judge, thus giving misleading statements, you will greatly oblige me by inserting the following in LUCIFER and the *Vâhan*. Mr. Lindsay writes :—

"You told me that before H. P. B. died, she showed you a box wherein was Master's seal, and that immediately after H. P. B.'s death you took the box with the Master's seal in it into your keeping, and that the box was not in anyone else's hands till given over by you to Annie Besant on her return from America. When the box was opened by Annie Besant, the Master's seal was not to be found in it, and all this took place before Mr. Judge came to England."

Now, the true facts are the following :—

H. P. B. never shewed me the seal above named. I did not even know of its existence. I had seen the impression of the seal during H. P. B.'s life-time, but not the seal itself, and I believed these impressions to be from a genuine seal belonging to the Master.

After the death of H. P. B., when Colonel Olcott came to London, he made enquiries about the seal and told us how the seal was made under his directions in the Punjab and then given by him to H. P. B.

In the presence of many people I was asked if I had ever seen the seal, and I replied "No," that I had searched diligently and minutely for various articles belonging to H. P. B. after her death, thus obeying certain instructions given by her to me, but I had found *no seal* among her things. H. P. B.'s property, which I had thus collected, I handed over to Annie Besant on her arrival in England from America.

What Mr. Lindsay writes tallies so entirely with the experience of Bertram Keightley, that I think Mr. Lindsay in his eagerness to defend Mr. Judge has got slightly confused in his mind.

Bertram Keightley has said in the presence of several witnesses that in the year 1888, in Lansdowne Road, he saw this seal in a box which

H. P. B. requested him to get out for her, and she told him that it was a flapdoodle of Olcott's.

False statements are always mischievous, and so I have felt it my duty to relate facts as they have really occurred and in confirmation of which I could bring forward many witnesses.

Yours faithfully,

CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER.

We are glad to be able to endorse the above statement of Countess Wachtmeister, that *no seal* was found after H. P. B.'s death. We, with Mr. Mead, were present when Countess Wachtmeister made the search referred to, and after everything had been carefully examined, all cupboards, drawers and boxes were sealed up in our presence until Mrs. Besant's return. The Countess Wachtmeister never examined anything except in our presence and that of Mr. Mead.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY.
LAURA MARY COOPER.

With regard to the seal, I was present when the Countess denied having ever seen it, though she had seen impressions of it, as she has stated above. In 1888, I saw the seal itself at Lansdowne Road, in a box which H. P. B. requested me to get out of her wardrobe for her, and in reply to a question, she told me that it was a flapdoodle of Olcott's.

I agree with Countess in thinking that Mr. Lindsay has confused events, and ascribed to Countess what really happened to me at an earlier date.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

The American Convention.

Owing to the division of opinion in the Section, it will of course be out of the question to send a representative to the forthcoming American Convention. In the name of the Section, I can do no more than send a letter of cordial greeting to our brethren, with fervent wishes for the wisest outcome of their deliberations. In these greetings and wishes we can all share; but that any one should represent us as a single body of one mind is out of the question.

G. R. S. Mead, *General Secretary.*

Europe.

The Scandinavian Sub-Section held its Convention at the end of January, at which Mr. G. Ljunström read a paper on "Some Thoughts on Theosophical Matters," and Dr. Zander read a translation of Mr Fullerton's paper "The necessity of Illusion in Devachan," a discussion following. The seventh anniversary of the foundation of the Society in Stockholm was celebrated on Sunday, February 10th. The number of members in the Sub-Section was reported as 381.

Mrs. Besant is to lecture on her return at St. James' Hall, on Saturday, April 27th. The tickets can be obtained from 7, Duke Street, Adelphi, and the ticket office at the Hall. Mrs. Besant is to give a number of lectures at the Blavatsky Lodge during the next session, the first, dealing with the present trouble in the Society, being open only to Members of the Society and Associates of the Lodge.

Mr. Bertram Keightley has returned from India, arriving earlier than was anticipated. He will remain for some months and will, no doubt, assist materially in the work here during his visit.

The result of the voting on the question of Mr. Judge's resignation has been published, 578 voting in favour of the resolution calling for Mr. Judge to resign, and 117 voting against it. It is possible that more votes may still arrive.

Owing to the disputes as to the evidence, a fund has been opened by Mr. Mead to defray the expenses of publishing the long "State-

ment" of Mrs. Besant which it was intended to place before the Judicial Committee last year. As this document is very lengthy and contains many extracts from letters and considerable evidence, the expenses will be heavy. All who desire to know the actual state of the case will, no doubt, be willing to assist in the matter.

Letters of all kinds are still flying about the Section, and the printer and postman are having a busy time.

The Stoke-on-Trent Centre expresses its confidence in the General Secretary and approval of his action, but thinks it better to leave matters alone.

The Bristol and Bow Lodges have passed resolutions in favour of Mr. Judge, a number of members of the Bow Lodge protesting against its action.

A.

INDIA.

There has been a steady and most satisfactory advance in the activity and work of this Section of late. Mrs. Besant's last year's visit is beginning to bear fruit; her eloquence and real insight into things spiritual are becoming more and more widely recognised; and she is increasing with every day the strength of her hold upon the minds and hearts of the Hindus.

Through her lectures she has really brought home to the spiritually inclined in India the reality of the help and assistance they may derive from the study of H.P.B's. works in the elucidation of their own Shastras and sacred texts; and thus a great advance has been achieved in making the Theosophical Society a living force in the spiritual life of India.

Mrs. Besant has just completed a course of six lectures in Lahore and seven in Calcutta. In both cases the audiences were very large, several thousand in number at each lecture; and hour after hour of the days she spent at both places have been used in conversation and answering the questions and difficulties of the most learned and leading members of the Hindu community of both places.

As a consequence the movement is becoming more and more an active factor in the thought of India, and our members and branches, finding they have someone really able to give them a key to the understanding of their own spiritual teachings, have been encouraged to persevere in the systematic study of Theosophical literature, especially *The Secret Doctrine*—a work which, it must be remembered, presents the most formidable difficulties even to the highly educated student whose

native tongue is English, while to the Hindu, to whom English is a foreign tongue, and whose mind moreover runs in other grooves, these difficulties are enormously enhanced.

Under such circumstances the sneers and constant efforts to belittle and disparage India and her Brahmins, such for instance as disfigure the recent numbers of *The Path*, are most regrettable. Many of the statements made are either absolutely false or entirely distorted, but the animus underlying them, the motives prompting them, are so palpable that they are unworthy of further notice.

The future will amply show what is the true relation and importance of India to the world's spiritual life. Facts will speak for themselves and to enter upon a controversy on such questions is futile.

The General Secretary has been suddenly summoned to England on account of the very dangerous illness of his aged mother, and Babu Upendra Nath Basu, of Benares, is acting for him during his enforced absence. Such occurrences as this illustrate one of the constantly recurring difficulties in the working of the Branches of this Section. Naturally, the most cultivated and best English-educated members in each Branch form in India, as everywhere else, the active working nucleus of the Branch. But these men, being for the most part in Government service, are constantly and suddenly transferred at twenty-four hours' notice from one station to another, often many hours' rail distant. Frequently these transfers are almost wholesale, and the entire nucleus of a Branch may find itself within three days broken up and scattered to the four quarters. This is the most common cause of Branches becoming "dormant"—for they are not dead, but merely inactive owing to the lack of a leader, and as soon as by process of transfer such a leader comes again to the place, the Branch at once revives and resumes its full activity.

AMERICA.

The lecturers of the Section have been proceeding with their usual work, speaking at many different halls on the subjects of Re-incarnation, Occultism, and the like. The Pacific Coast lecturers' work for the past year appears to have been considerable, according to the report in last month's *Path*, one hundred cities having been visited, and innumerable branch and other lectures given.

The Ninth Annual Convention of the Section will be held in Boston on Sunday, April 28th, and will continue until the next evening, or longer, if found necessary.

A very peculiar plan for securing funds for the Section has been

proposed and is approved by the General Secretary. This plan is to form a stamp collection, all members who are willing and able contributing to it stamps of all kinds which may be in their possession. It is proposed to sell the collection after fifteen years, by which time the stamps will have greatly increased in value. The idea is novel, if not dignified.

A.

AUSTRALASIA.

A letter from Mr. Staples informs us of the condition of things in Australia. There is every prospect of resuscitating a good strong branch in Brisbane, he says, and also hope of Perth. The Society is not without its troubles in that region of the globe, but on the whole things are pretty smooth, compared with the state here.

We much regret to have to announce the stoppage of the *Austral Theosophist*. This journal was excellently conducted, and promised to be of much service, but the expenses were too great for its continuation, and so it now ceases to appear. May its Devachan be short and its reincarnation rapid! But perhaps it only slumbers!

From Auckland. New Zealand, we receive the following:—

To partly fill up the school vacation period, Miss L. Edger, M.A., went on a visit to the Gisborne district, and from there southward on to Wellington. At Gisborne her four meetings were highly successful, the mayor of the borough presiding at each. The first was held in the public hall, but it was crowded to excess, and all the open windows were packed outside. The other three lectures had to be given in the theatre, to get the necessary room. Her whole trip is likely to be highly successful. For some time past it has been arranged that from twelve to three o'clock on each week-day, save Saturday, some member is to be in attendance at the Lodge room to meet visitors.

A.

REVIEWS.

Homeward, Songs by the Way.

By A. E. [Dublin: Whaley. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1*s.* 6*d.*]

This little volume of poems has passed into its second edition in a very short time, and we must congratulate the author upon a feat not often accomplished by young poets. The book is a very tiny one, and the poems are also tiny, a fact which speaks well for the judgment of the writer, for poetry must be great indeed to cause people to wade through page after page of verse, dealing with the same subject, unless the verse be narrative or of humorous nature. These poems are neither, but are dainty little rhymes of three or four verses each, of serious import, and written very much from the heart. They are worthy of notice, more perhaps for their promise of fuller power in the future than for the present achievement, though the latter is by no means small.

The Preface gives us the key to the poems and also to the style of the writer.

"I moved among men and places, and in living I learned the truth at last. I know I am a spirit, and that I went forth in old time from the Self-ancestral to labours yet unaccomplished; but filled ever and again with home-sickness I made these songs by the way."

Indian mysticism has laid deep hold of the writer, and familiar terms, such as Brahma, Om, and Mâyâ appear, but it cannot be said that great success is met with when such themes are attempted. The style is too light and slender. It is in the expression of the human emotions that A. E. shines most. The two little poems entitled "Forgiveness" and "Pity" are among the best efforts. The following verses are from the former:

"And all my sins were told; I said
Such things to her who knew not sin—
The sharp ache throbbing in my head,
The fever running high within.

"I touched with pain her purity;
Sin's darker sense I could not bring;
My soul was black as night to me;
To her I was a wounded thing."

"The Spirit of the Gay" is also a poem with much charm in idea and expression.

"Dazzling as with red and gold;
Rich with beauty, love and youth,
How were we to know the truth,
That if all the tale were told
Life for you was sad and cold?

"For you found if we would wake,
And the joy make young each heart,
You who told must stand apart;
And you bore it for our sake,
Though your heart was nigh to break."

We might quote many other verses, but these will indicate sufficiently their quality. The chief power of the author lies in his choice of musical language; the words flow melodiously, and the sensitive ear is not jarred with ill-assorted phrases. What has yet to be developed is strength and originality of thought. There is a certain lack of solidity and grip, which, though not apparent when dealing with the purely human emotions and putting them into verse, renders the more ambitious poems a little tame. The writer should avoid the repetition of one or two words. "Ancestral" and "immemorial" appear somewhat prominently in several poems.

A. E. might do worse than to attempt short prose essays or sketches, as it seems to us that he would find quite as good a vehicle for his powers in prose as in verse, and the former would perhaps give greater scope for originality. It would be a great advantage if the tendency to "occultism," as somewhat cheap mysticism is commonly called, were severely restrained, and perfect simplicity of phrase and idea striven for.

A. M. G.

Christian Missions and Hinduism.

[By J. H. Wilson, C.E.: James Speers, London, 1894, 1*s.* 6*d.*]

This is a well-printed pamphlet of 115 pages, by an "Outsider," who seems to be very well informed indeed. His method is to show, by quotations from the best men, Easterns and Westerns alike, that

the missions, as now conducted, are foredoomed to failure. The lack of understanding of the religion they endeavour to supplant exhibited by missionaries, and the fact that their substitute is "false doctrine," leads the author to the conclusion that a return to the "Christianity of Christ" is needed; and, while advocating at the same time a return of Hinduism to its primal purity, and realizing that such a course is undoubtedly necessary, he is not led away into an unprofitable discussion as to the essential merits of the two systems. He is apparently of opinion that primarily they are much the same. The little work will be of value to many Theosophists for its well-selected quotations, and the references to the Lunn-Besant controversy will interest others. A portion of one of the best quotations (from Ruskin) is:

"There are briefly two, and two only, forms of possible Christian, Pagan, or any other gospel, or good message. One, that men are saved by *themselves doing what is right;* and the other, that they are saved by *believing that somebody else did right instead of them.* The first of these gospels is eternally true and holy; the other eternally false, damnable and damning. . . ."

F.

Astrologer's Ready Reckoner.

[Halifax: The Occult Book Co., 6, Central Street. 3*s.* 6*d.*]

This work is well designed for those who are unable to work "a ready rule of three" in their heads. To such it will save time and trouble; but to all others it should rightly fall into the same category as crutches, to be put off till a crippled old age.

The sets of tables contained in this work are printed in bold figures, and enable one in a few glances to compute proportional longitudes for any time within twelve hours, and also to determine the time of the sun's return to its place at the nativity. This, in brief, is the use of the *Ready Reckoner.* No doubt there are many who will be glad of the help these tables afford, and to such we recommend them.

S.

THEOSOPHICAL

AND

MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Adyar*).

Vol. XVI, No. 6:—The meeting with Swami Dyânand Saraswati is described in this month's "Old Diary Leaves." He produced a most favourable impression, and there seemed every reason to expect a hearty co-operation in their mutual work. Their ideas at that time as to the constitution of the Society must strike an irreverent reader as a little funny. They "came to an agreement with him that he should draft and send us the three Masonic degrees we intended to make for classifying our advanced Fellows according to their mental and spiritual capabilities" (!!) The examination of the "spiritual capabilities" of the "advanced Fellows" and the awarding of prizes must have been interesting. An entertaining account of snake charming and a "snake-stone" is given. H. P. B. must have been a trying companion. They visited a Dakkanee Sirdar, who, at the end of the visit, brought in a pretty child of ten years; H. P. B. was delighted with her, but when the old grey-bearded host said, "Madame, allow me to present to you my little wife," she shouted in disgust, "Your WIFE? You old beast! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" "We left the host trying to smile," adds the Colonel. Dr. Pratt continues his peculiar articles on the Suns, working out a solar system according to the four suns mentioned in *The Secret Doctrine*. The articles have some interest, but the assumptions seem extremely large in comparison with the facts to be explained. Rama Prasad writes on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*; a story by the Count von Leben, and a report of a lecture by Mrs. Besant completing a good number.

A.

THE PATH (*New York*).

Vol. IX, No. 12:—Madame Blavatsky complains, in one of her letters published in this issue, of her neglect by the Russian newspapers, who apparently did not trust her because she had become an American citizen, although she continued to write much for the country of her birth. Her immense programme of work is well described in a letter to Madame Fadeef, and an account is given of an interesting psychometric experience. C. J. discourses on Indian books, and gives three landmarks by which to classify them. These landmarks are, the present time, the great war of the *Mahâbhârata*, which occurred five thousand years ago, and the lifetime of Buddha, about halfway between the two dates. Franz Hartmann writes on "The New Departure," and states that with the advent of the Theosophical movement, an era of self-thought began; which is rather a broad statement. "Testimony as to Mahâtmâs," fulfils its promises of humour. The visions of irresponsible seers might form an interesting story, if well written up, but why advertize them in such a form? There

will soon be a great "boom" in visions. Mr. Fullerton writes on "East and West" very sympathetically. Mr. Judge publishes much defence of himself, direct and indirect, but refrains from giving any hint of contrary views or facts. A stamp collection for the Theosophical Society is an ingenious idea, distinctly American and go-a-head, but hardly a dignified scheme for such a Society.

A.

THE VÂHAN (*London*).

Vol. IV, No. 9:—This issue contains the result of the vote on Mr. Judge's resignation, a further letter from Mr. Judge, and an answer by Mr. Mead. Mr. Judge denies that he asked Mrs. Besant to return him his letters, and Mr. Mead in answer quotes his words, "Well, I'm in a hole—I'd do the same for you. That's the sort of man I am," and Dr. Keightley's version of the same request, given in *The Irish Theosophist*. These are the main points of interest, but a long letter from Dr. Keightley is also published, protesting against various statements, and also against the proposal to publish Mrs. Besant's "brief." No "Enquirer" yet.

A.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST. (*Dublin*).

Vol. III, No. 6:—This number is almost entirely taken up with the Judge case, of course only one side of the case being presented, with the exception of a letter from Mr. Sinnett, correcting Mr. Judge's account of some proceedings connected with himself. Dr. Keightley occupies about half the journal with an attack on Mrs. Besant's methods of conducting her case. Mr. Judge accuses Mrs. Besant of attacking him in order to prevent his becoming President, and to obtain the Presidency herself. The one article not bearing on the subject is a nicely written paper on "The Legends of Ancient Eire." If such legends were given more in the form of tales, and with less of mystical exposition, the result would be better.

STUDIES IN "THE SECRET DOCTRINE."

This is one of the most useful pamphlets that has recently been published, and forms a refreshing contrast to the floods of controversial literature with which we are being inundated.

The first part sketches in plain and simple language, intelligible even to the typical man-in-the-street, the outline of the doctrine of Monads, which forms the philosophical basis of *The Secret Doctrine*. This forms the bulk of the pamphlet, and will prove exceedingly useful to all students of Theosophy, as well as most suggestive to the ordinary reader.

The second part, on the Tetraktys and Tetragrammaton, is also very well done, bringing together a great deal of information on a difficult subject and arranging it with lucidity, in a consecutive and intelligible form. The keynote of the difference in the conceptions symbolised by these terms is admirably given and should be a great assistance to every student.

On the whole the hearty thanks of all members of the Theosophical Society, as well as of the much larger number outside our ranks who study Theosophical thought, are due to Mr. Glass and to Mrs. Cooper-Oakley for this careful and well-worked out contribution to our literature.

B. K.

THE NORTHERN THEOSOPHIST. (*Redcar*).

Vol. II, No. 17:—The Editor discusses the difficult but now pressing question of a re-organisation of the Constitution of the Society. The remarks are full of common-sense. Periodical election of all officers is advocated, but the alterations would scarcely get over the present difficulties, which are much too deep-rooted to be really affected by such surface changes. "The Personal Equation" is discussed in a chatty manner by W. A. B., and Miss Shaw writes on, "Is Theosophy for Children?"

PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST (*San Francisco*).

Vol. V, No. 8:—The "crisis" occupies almost the whole of this number. What a time some humorous antiquarian of the future will have when he turns up the present Theosophical (?) literature! Allen Griffiths, in the first article, "The Real Issue," traces the trouble down from Parabrahm and the beginning of the Mahâmanvantara. There is nothing like thoroughness. India, the Brahmins, the Black Magicians, the Brothers of the Shadow, with their "Satanic ambition," are the evils and obstructions in the way of the "mighty wave" of that Manvantara, but "invincible, inexorable, the legions of the Great Lodge, whose heart is the MASTER SOUL, march on!" and their flag is the one with the stars and stripes. Dr. J. S. Cook writes on "Adepts," and Dr. Anderson concludes his article on the "Relation of Theosophy to Religion, Science and Philosophy." A.

LE LOTUS BLEU (*Paris*).

Vol. VI, No. 1:—Contains translations of Madame Blavatsky's article on "Astral Bodies," an exposition of the Japanese Buddhist doctrine, and some short papers and extracts. M. Guymiot discusses the problem of the nature and destiny of man, regarding the teachings of Buddhism relating to the Skandhas and Nirvâna as the solution. An article on the "Transmigration of Souls," takes up the question as to whether Pâranirvâna means final absorption.

A.

THE AUSTRAL THEOSOPHIST (*Melbourne*).

Vol. II, No. 14:—The Editor discusses Max Müller's article on "Why I am not an Agnostic" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and also touches upon the Judge case in a very moderate manner. "Some Simple Truths" places the main teachings of Theosophy in an intelligible manner, although one might dispute the strict accuracy of some statements. Podmore's *Apparitions and Thought Transference* is well reviewed, and "Notes on Mrs. Besant's Lectures," and "Mesmerism" complete the issue.

A.

SOPHIA (*Madrid*).

Vol. III, No. 3:—"The Present Hour" is an enthusiastic article by José Plana. Now is the time for the spread of Theosophical teachings; in the midst of so much chaos there are some prophetic voices leading to higher things. H. F. P. Llansó gives an interesting description of a cathedral, considering the symbols contained in its architecture. An elaborate paper on the planet Mars contains much information of a curious kind. Ancient mythology, ancient and modern science and *The Secret Doctrine* are drawn from copiously, but the connecting link is not always clear. The usual translations proceed, and the "Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury" is concluded.

A.

THE BUDDHIST (*Colombo*).

Vol. VII, Nos. 4 to 7:—The *Visuddhimagga* is getting somewhat incomprehensible as it proceeds to the details of meditation and asceticism. A little exposition of its meaning would do no harm. "Theosophic Policy: Hinduism or Buddhism?" is reprinted from *The Theosophist*. There is a certain Theosophical superstition, often paraded in front of Western religionists, that Buddhists are the least criminal of all the followers of the various faiths of the world. In some "statistics" given in Vol. XII, p. 94 of LUCIFER, the proportion of the convicted among Buddhists is about one-fifth of that among Christians. It gives one a little shock to find a Buddhist journal publishing statistics of crime in Ceylon, in which the percentage of Buddhist prisoners far exceeds that of any other faith, with the exception of Sinhalese *converts* to Christianity. The Indian statistics are rather more unfavourable. Another of our legends departing! Those terrible facts, they have no

consideration for the most cherished convictions!

A.

THEOSOPHIC THINKER (*Bellary*).

Vol. III, Nos. 2 to 7:—These numbers contain a good deal of interest to those whose special study is of Hindu character. The "Ninety-six Tatwas" are dealt with by Sitarama Shastry, and much information given in a somewhat dry form. The Students' Column by N. P. S. is of considerable value, dealing with things from a metaphysical standpoint, on the lines of Mr. Fawcett.

A.

THE THEOSOPHIC GLEANER (*Bombay*).

Vol. IV, No. 7:—Publishes a very peculiar report of a lecture by the Countess Wachtmeister, delivered in Paris last year, containing some extraordinary statements. Mr. Gostling makes a few sensible remarks upon it. The rest of the magazine is made up by reprints and a continuation of the papers upon the study of Theosophy.

A.

ANTAHKARANA (*Barcelona*).

Vol. II, Nos. 13, 14, and 15:—A valuable work begun in these numbers is a translation of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*. These numbers contain an Introduction by I. Roviralta Borrell, giving much information to readers who are not well acquainted with the book. The last of a series of papers on the "Constitution of Man" is published, and an article on "Individuality and Personality" by José Plana.

A.

THE LAMP (*Toronto*).

Vol. I, No. 8:—"Japan's Statue of the Lord Buddha" is the pictorial joke of this number. These pictures are a special feature of this little journal, but it is just as well that some of the people represented are dead. From a feeling of brotherhood living men should be excluded from the gallery. The rest of the paper is as bright and readable as usual, and consists of a collection of most varied information.

A.

THEOSOPHIA (*Amsterdam*).

Vol. III, No. 35:—This issue begins with a report of the Adyar Convention and some statistics of the Society. The translations of *Through Storm to Peace*, *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, *Letters that have helped me*, and *Death—and After*, are continued, and an article by F. de B., entitled "*Post Tenebra Lux*," is given.

A.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

We are also in receipt of the following: *Review of Reviews*, with a communication from Mrs. Besant; *Light*, containing some fairly interesting articles on psychic matters; *The Agnostic Journal*, with a series of papers on "The 'Yahveh' Myth;" *Book-Notes*, giving lists of new books of a Theosophical and mystic nature; *Kalpa*, the Bengâlî magazine; *Nigamâgam Pâtrikâ*, a journal issued by the Sanskrit Publishing Company; *The Last Change of the Earth's Axis*, an extensive pamphlet published by the Narada Branch of the Theosophical Society; the science displayed appears to be somewhat primitive; *The Metaphysical Magazine*, containing an article by Rhys-Davids, on the "Comparative Study of Religions," and papers of a mystical tendency by C. H. A. Bjerregaard, Alexander Wilder and others; *The English Mechanic*; *The Astrologer's Magazine*; *Oriental Department Paper* of the American Section, containing translations of the *Mundaka Upanishad*, and Shankara's *Tattva Bodha*.

WOMEN'S PRINTING SOCIETY, LIMITED 66, Whitcomb Street, W.C