

LUCIFER.

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The Editor does not hold herself responsible for any opinions, whether religious, philosophical or social, expressed in signed articles.

An Editorial Word.

Seek spiritual knowledge by doing service, by strong search, by questions, and by humility; the wise who see the truth will communicate it unto thee, knowing which thou shalt never again fall into error.—*Bhagavat Gita.*

THE founder and chief editor of this magazine has passed into what men call the "Silent Land", as though voices did not ring louder across a grave, and as though the thought of the living were not moulded by that of "the dead". Elsewhere in these pages I have tried to put on paper something of the impression she made on me, who know and love her so well. Here it is only the place to say a word or two on the past and future of LUCIFER, the torch she lit and fanned into flaming, and has handed on to us to keep alight. Through three-and-a-half years, stormy and calm by turns, she bore it on, and only Death could have loosened the grip in which she held it, a light-bearer indeed to many a darkened spirit, to many a stricken soul crouching in the shadow of the grave. Now it is for those she trained to show that they can in some measure imitate her courage and her devotion, by throwing redoubled energy into the work on the success of which her heart was set and her life was staked. She has died at her post, in the very chair in which she sat always at her desk, and the very number published after her departure contains articles written by her pen.

It is not necessary to say much here as to the future conduct of the magazine. Its policy remains unaltered, its aims unchanged. That which she has left behind her in my hands will give its readers the special knowledge for which they sought it; G. R. S. Mead, her secretary, for some time past sub-editor, and the many friendly contributors will continue their generous aid. H. P. B.'s faithful colleague and trusted friend, William Q. Judge, has also promised to send an article from time to time. But I

must ask all those who sympathise with H. P. B.'s life-work to aid us in carrying on the magazine: this they can do by obtaining for us new subscribers, by presenting copies to public libraries, by using any convenient method of making it more generally known. Theosophists especially should now make an effort to increase its circulation by themselves becoming subscribers, for the majority of our English readers are not members of the Theosophical Society. This, *not direct gifts of money*, is the kind of help we want: thanks to the generosity of friends the magazine was taken out of debt last year, and is in a financially sound condition, but we want to make it a greater power for good, and this the more since she who founded it has gone.

When in September, 1889, I obeyed the wish of H. P. B. that I should share with her the editorial duties, I hoped for many years of work in which, by my relieving her of the more tiresome details of editorship, she might be free to devote herself to that work of teaching for which she was uniquely endowed. Now I am left to carry on the work with the aid of those she trusted, and though I cannot bring to it her wisdom, I shall try to bring to it something of her steady purpose and unflinching courage. We, who are Theosophists, have learned to know that every effort made bravely and honestly in the Cause we serve cannot fail of its full effect. Our success depends not on the strength of our muscles but on the forces with which those muscles may ally themselves, and if their fibres are wrought of purity, sincerity, and compassion, the electric thrill of wisdom will stir them into fullest life. If LUCIFER cannot efficiently serve the Theosophical movement, I am content that it should die. Only as the measure of its utility should be the measure of its life; but for her sake who made it, and for the service of the Cause she loved, it will, I trust, endure.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

BLAVATSKY sleeps, that wondrous soul who shed
 Its strength and beauty spendthrift for the world,
 Spite all the hard and cruel malice hurled
 From foolish lips that knew not what they said;
 Who taught us hope when hope had all but fled,
 Who gave us joy when life was living death,
 Whose tender message sweeter than the breath
 Of soft blown music, charmed and comforted.
 But for a space that dauntless Spirit sleeps
 Stripped by life's autumn of its leaves of pain;
 Some happier spring will call it forth, again
 To flash Truth's torch across earth's darksome deeps;
 We cannot, brothers, in our grief's dismay,
 Grudge this brief respite on the bitter way.

CHARLES MACKAY OLIVER, F.T.S.

H. P. B.

Elle vécut dans l'angoisse, et mourut dans le travail ;
mais elle eut de la gloire, et elle fut aimée.

How she left us.

IT having been my privilege to be with H. P. B. during her last illness, and at the moment of her death, I have been asked to contribute my share to the "Memories" which have been written for the benefit of the brother and sister Theosophists, who being far away have not had the advantage of seeing and being with H. P. B. constantly.

It was on Tuesday, the 21st of April, that I went to stay at Headquarters for the few days, which, owing to the unexpected events that followed, turned into a visit of some weeks. H. P. B. seemed in her usual state of health, and on Thursday, the 23rd, attended the Lodge and remained chatting with the friends who surrounded her for some time after the proceedings of the evening were over ; she then adjourned to her room where, according to their habit, members who live at Headquarters followed to sit with her while she took her coffee before retiring for the night. The following day, Friday, passed quietly over, giving no warning that a fortnight from that date our beloved H. P. B. would leave us. The next evening, Saturday, she was very bright. Dr. Mennell called and was perfectly satisfied with her condition. My sister, Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and I, with one or two others, remained talking with her until eleven o'clock, when she retired with a cheery "Good night all", apparently in her usual health. The next morning, however, H. P. B.'s maid came early to my room to tell me she had passed a very restless night and had been seized with shivering attacks. I went down shortly after, and the first glance shewed me that she was evidently in a high state of fever. The doctor was immediately sent for, and the day passed with H. P. B. alternately in a heavy sleep, or in a state of restlessness. Late in the afternoon Dr. Mennell came, pronounced the illness to be influenza ; the fever was very high, her temperature being 105. Fearing the probable complications which might ensue owing to H. P. B.'s chronic illness, Dr. Mennell at once took a serious view of her case and said she must have with her, during the night, a responsible member of the household in addition to her maid, it being of the utmost importance that both medicine and food should be given punctually. The duty fell on me, for the Countess Wachtmeister being

engaged in business all day could not sit up during the night, and my sister was not permitted by Dr. Mennell to do so, owing to the fact that in addition to being engaged in business she had recently been very ill.

From that memorable Sunday night, April 26th, began the succession of misfortunes, the illness of one member of the household after another, which culminated in the passing away of our beloved H. P. B. The hours slowly passed in alternations of restlessness and sleep, and with the morning came little or no change for the better. H. P. B. had her large armchair brought from her sitting room and placed by her bed, that she might be able to gain a little ease by changing from one position to another. Though feeling very ill she asked to be told all that was going on, and was concerned on hearing that another member, Mr. Sturdy, had also been taken ill with influenza; when it was suggested that Mr. Mead should bring him to be nursed at Headquarters, she was much pleased and insisted on his being sent for at once.

H. P. B. spent a most suffering day, and when Dr. Mennell came early in the evening he was distressed to find the fever was still very high; he changed the medicine, giving a preparation of salycene, it being absolutely necessary to reduce the temperature, and decided to call again about midnight to see the result; he left strict orders that before each dose the temperature should be carefully taken, for in the event of a sudden fall taking place it would have been dangerous to continue the medicine. Before he came again that night a third dose fell due, but owing to the decrease in H. P. B.'s temperature, I felt justified in not giving it, especially as the discomforts incidental to the drug were beginning to cause her much uneasiness. And it was a relief, when Dr. Mennell came, to find the right course had been taken, for he was satisfied with her condition. She passed a fairly quiet night, and on Tuesday morning the fever had almost gone; that day and the following night all seemed going on well, for though the weakness was very distressing, no complications had as yet appeared, and she was able to take plenty of nourishment. Towards the end of Thursday the 30th, H. P. B. began to suffer very much from her throat, and as the hours went by she had increasing difficulty in swallowing; her cough became very troublesome and her breathing very laboured. On Friday morning she was no better, and when Dr. Mennell arrived he found a quinsy had formed in the right side of the throat; hot poultices were applied and some relief was gained. During the evening the quinsy broke, and when Dr. Mennell came again he was comparatively satisfied with H. P. B.'s condition. The improvement, however, was not of long duration; a bad night followed, and in the morning it became apparent there was a second formation in the throat. This proved to be an abscess on the bronchial tube. A wretched day and night succeeded, and the morning of Sunday, May 3rd, found H. P. B. very ill indeed, for the pain of swallowing made it very difficult for her to take the necessary

amount of nourishment, and her weakness increased in consequence. Monday and Tuesday passed in much the same manner; the abscess disappeared, but the bronchial tubes being much affected, the difficulty in breathing still continued, and almost constant fanning had to be kept up to relieve the dreadful oppression from which she was suffering. How bravely she struggled against her illness only those who were with her can realise. On Wednesday, the 6th May, she partially dressed and walked into the sitting-room, remained there for her luncheon, resting for some time on the sofa; in the evening Dr. Menzell found her going on fairly well, all fever had entirely left her, but the great weakness and the difficulty in breathing caused him considerable anxiety. Several times H.P.B. told Dr. Menzell she felt she was dying, and that she could not keep up the struggle much longer; but he, knowing the illnesses she had previously conquered, did not give up hope; indeed, I may say this feeling was shared throughout the house, for though we realized how seriously ill H.P.B. was, we could not believe she would leave us.

One bad symptom was that from the first days of her illness, H.P.B. lost all desire for smoking her cigarettes, and though, when the fever left her, she tried to begin again it gave her no pleasure and she finally threw up the attempt. It had always been her custom to roll a few cigarettes for Dr. Menzell when he called, and all through her illness she never failed to have some ready; sometimes in the course of the morning, with many a pause, she would succeed in rolling one or two, and later when she became too weak to roll the cigarettes herself either Mr. Mead or Mr. Wright was called for that purpose. That Wednesday night was the turning point in her illness; about midnight a change for the worse took place and for an hour or two it seemed as if H.P.B. must go; she had no perceptible pulse, and it seemed almost impossible for her to get breath. After a time the attack passed off; she became a little easier, and for the time the danger passed. Very early on Thursday morning Mr. Wright went for Dr. Menzell, who returned with him and remained for some time to watch the effect of the medicine he gave—during the day H.P.B. rallied and about three in the afternoon dressed, and with very little assistance walked into the sitting room; when there she asked for her large armchair to be brought her and while it was being placed in its old position near her writing table, she stood merely leaning slightly against the table. The chair was turned facing into the room and when H.P.B. was sitting in it she had her card table with the cards drawn in front of her, and she tried to “make a patience”; notwithstanding all these brave efforts it was quite apparent that she was suffering intensely, and that nothing but her powerful will could have sustained her in the struggle; the intense difficulty in breathing had brought a strained pathetic expression into H.P.B.’s dear face most pitiful to see, and it seemed to show even more when she attempted any return to her old habits. Dr. Menzell came shortly after 5 o’clock

and was much surprised to find her sitting up, and he congratulated her and praised her courage; she said, "I do my best, Doctor"; her voice was hardly above a whisper and the effort to speak was exhausting, as her breath was very short, but she was less deaf and liked to hear conversation. She handed Dr. Mennell a cigarette she had managed with difficulty to prepare for him; it was the last she ever made. After a little time Dr. Mennell asked H.P.B. if she would mind seeing his partner Dr. Miller, and allowing him to listen to her chest; she consented, he came in at once, and the examination took place; a consultation was held, and then Dr. Mennell called Mrs. Oakley and myself to hear Dr. Miller's opinion. He considered H.P.B.'s condition very serious, owing to the bronchitis from which she was suffering and her extreme weakness; he advised a tablespoonful of brandy every two hours, the quantity to be increased if necessary. This change in the treatment was at once made, and it seemed to produce a good effect. Shortly after Dr. Mennell left H.P.B. returned to her bedroom and her chair was once again placed beside her bed; she was very tired, but asked as usual after the other invalids, particularly wishing to know if there was a good Lodge Meeting. The night that followed, her last with us, was a very suffering one; owing to the increased difficulty in breathing H.P.B. could not rest in any position; every remedy was tried without avail, and finally she was obliged to remain seated in her chair propped with pillows. The cough almost ceased, owing to her great exhaustion, though she had taken both medicine and stimulant with regularity. About 4 a.m. H.P.B. seemed easier, and her pulse was fairly strong, and from that time until I left her at 7 o'clock all went quietly and well. My sister then took my place, while I went for a few hours' rest, leaving word for Dr. Mennell to give me his opinion of H.P.B. when he called. This he did shortly after nine, and his report was satisfactory; the stimulant was having a good effect and the pulse stronger; he saw no cause for immediate anxiety, advised me to rest a few hours, and told my sister she could go to her business. About 11.30 I was aroused by Mr. Wright, who told me to come at once as H.P.B. had changed for the worse, and the nurse did not think she could live many hours; directly I entered her room I realised the critical condition she was in. She was sitting in her chair and I knelt in front of her and asked her to try and take the stimulant; though too weak to hold the glass herself she allowed me to hold it to her lips, and she managed to swallow the contents; but after that we could only give a little nourishment in a spoon. The nurse said H.P.B. might linger some hours, but suddenly there was a further change, and when I tried to moisten her lips I saw the dear eyes were already becoming dim, though she retained full consciousness to the last. In life H.P.B. had a habit of moving one foot when she was thinking intently, and she continued that movement almost to the moment she ceased to breathe. When all hope was over the nurse left the room, leaving C. F. Wright, W. R. Old

and myself with our beloved H.P.B. ; the two former knelt in front, each holding one of her hands, and I at her side with one arm round her supported her head ; thus we remained motionless for many minutes, and so quietly did H.P.B. pass away that we hardly knew the second she ceased to breathe ; a great sense of peace filled the room, and we knelt quietly there until, first my sister, then the Countess arrived. I had telegraphed to them and Dr. Menzell when the nurse said the end was near, but they were not in time to see H.P.B. before she left us. No time was lost in vain regrets, we all tried to think and to do what she would have wished under the circumstances, and we could only be thankful she was released from her suffering. The one ray of light in the darkness of our loss seems to be, that had there not been the instruments in the Society to carry on the work she would not have left us. She has bequeathed to us all as legacy the care of the Society she founded, the service of the cause to which her life was given, and the depth of our love and our loyalty will be measured by the strenuousness of our work.

LAURA M. COOPER, F.T.S.



The Cremation.

THE quiet of Headquarters early on Monday morning, May 11th, was remarkable. There was no hurry, nothing to show that anything unusual was to take place, except the serious faces of the residents and the constant receipts of telegrams. Shortly before 10 a number of Theosophists arrived, and together with those of the staff who had not the immediate direction of affairs, stood waiting in a double line in the hall and covered way. With quiet order the transfer was duly effected and the simple hearse started for Waterloo Station, accompanied by three members, the others finding their way to the station as they pleased, it being the repeatedly expressed wish of H.P.B. that no show or parade of any kind should be made over her body.

At Waterloo were many familiar faces, though not so many as there would have been had the notice been longer, as the many letters of regret for enforced absence testified. To an outsider who did not understand the spirit that animated the assembled Theosophists, and who had never regarded death as a mere change and the body as simply a garment, the absence of all mourning and the usual funeral paraphernalia must have caused some surprise. But to all of us present there seemed an appropriateness in making the last act in the drama of so unconventional a life in harmony with the rest.

The way from the Woking station to the Crematorium led through a length of pleasant sunlit lanes, arched over with new-born leaves, and the beauty of a glorious May morning brightened the grief which even the

calmest-minded felt, for it takes many incarnations to "kill the heart" and lose all preference for the personality. Indeed on that particular morning nature showed herself in one of her happiest moods and seemed to smile a joyous farewell to the body of one of her dearest and most wondrously endowed children.

The Officers of the Society and the Headquarters Staff surrounded the flower-decked bier, and all remained in deepest silence while G. R. S. Mead, the General Secretary of the European Section, and Private Secretary to H.P.B. for the past two years, standing at the head, read the following address:—

FRIENDS AND BROTHER THEOSOPHISTS,

H. P. Blavatsky is dead, but H.P.B., our teacher and friend, is alive, and will live forever in our hearts and memories. In our present sorrow, it is this thought especially that we should keep ever before our minds. It is true that the personality we know as H. P. Blavatsky will be with us no longer; but it is equally true that the grand and noble individuality, the great soul that has taught all of us men and women to live purer and more unselfish lives, is still active.

The Theosophical Society, which was her great work in this incarnation, still continues under the care and direction of those great living Masters and Teachers whose messenger she was, and whose work she will resume amongst us at no distant period.

Dear as the personality of H.P.B. is to us, to many of whom she took the place of a dearly loved and revered mother, still we must remember that, as she has so often taught us, the personality is the impermanent part of man's nature and the mere outer dress of the real individuality.

The real H.P.B. does not lie here before us. The true self that inspired so many men and women in every quarter of the earth with a noble enthusiasm for suffering humanity and the true progress of the race, combined with a lofty ideal of individual life and conduct, can in the mind of no Theosophist be confounded with the mere physical instrument which served it for one brief incarnation.

Fellow Theosophists, the duty that lies before us, her pupils and friends, is plain and simple. As we all know so well, the one great purpose of our teacher's life in this her present incarnation, a purpose which she pursued with such complete unselfishness and singleness of motive, was to restore to mankind the knowledge of those great spiritual truths we to-day call Theosophy.

Her unvarying fidelity to her great mission, from which neither contumely nor misrepresentation ever made her swerve, was the key-note of her strong and fearless nature. To her who knew so well its true and inner meaning, Theosophy was an ever-present power in her life, and she was ceaseless in her endeavours to spread the knowledge of the living

truths of which she had such full assurance, so that by their ever-widening influence the wave of materiality in Science and Religion might be checked, and a real and lasting spiritual foundation laid for the true progress and brotherhood of mankind.

With such an example before us, then, our duty as Theosophists is clear. We must continue the work that H.P.B. has so nobly commenced, if not with her power—which to us is as yet impossible—at least with an enthusiasm, self-sacrifice and determination such as alone can show our gratitude to her and our appreciation of the great task she has committed to us.

We must, therefore, each individually take up our share of that task. Theosophy is not dead because to-day we stand by H. P. B.'s dead body. It lives and must live, because Truth can never die; but on us, the upholders of this Truth, must ever rest the heaviest of all responsibilities, the effort so to shape our own characters and lives that that truth may be thereby commended to others.

Most fortunately for all of us, H. P. B. leaves the work on a firm foundation and fully organized. In spite of failing health and bodily pain, our beloved leader to the very last moments of her life continued her unceasing exertions for the cause we all love so well. Never did she relax one moment from her vigilance over its interests, and she repeatedly impressed upon those who surrounded her the principles and methods by which the work was to be carried on, never contemplating for one instant that the death of her body could be any real hindrance to the performance of the duty which would then more than ever be incumbent on every earnest member of the Society. This duty, which lies so clearly before us, and of which H. P. B. has set us so striking an example, is to spread the knowledge of Theosophy by every means in our power, especially by the influence of our own lives.

Much as we love and reverence our leader, our devotion to the work must not rest on the transient basis of affection for a personality, but on the solid foundation of a conviction that in Theosophy itself, and in it alone, are to be found those eternal spiritual principles of right thought, right speech and right action, which are essential to the progress and harmony of mankind.

We believe that if H. P. B. could stand here in the body and speak to us now, this would be her message to all the members of the Theosophical Society, not simply to those who are present, but to all who without distinction of race, creed, or sex, are with us in heart and sympathy to-day. She would tell us as she has told many of us already, that a "clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for all, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction, a courageous endurance of personal injustice, a brave declaration of principles, a valiant defence of those who are unjustly attacked, and a

constant eye to the ideal of human progression and perfection which the Sacred Science depicts—these are the golden stairs up the steps of which the learner may climb to the Temple of Divine Wisdom."

And now in silence we leave the body of our teacher and go back to the every-day world. In our hearts we shall ever carry with us her memory, her example, her life. Every Theosophical truth that we utter, every Theosophical effort that we make, is one more evidence of our love for her, and what should be greater even than that, of our devotion to the cause for which she lived. To that cause she was ever true—to that truth let none of us be ever false.

A brief silence succeeded, and then the vehicle that bore the body of the greatest of the Theosophists passed through the folding doors of the Crematorium. Nothing could have been simpler. No ceremony, no pomp or pageantry, no distressing signs of emotion or useless mourning; and yet the last act of honour to our great leader's body was far from being without its impressiveness; and the scene at Woking will ever live in the memories of the spectators, who could not fail to sense the grave seriousness of the occasion, the deep and suppressed feelings of the mourners, and the determination shown in the set faces of those who work for Theosophy.

Two hours afterwards the urn containing the ashes of our beloved teacher's body was reverently received, and carried back to Headquarters and placed in her own rooms, thus terminating a very eventful day for the Theosophic world.

Yes; that last farewell to H. P. B.'s recent garment of flesh marks an important epoch in the annals of the Theosophical Society, and a new point of departure for increased effort and exertion.

In the hearts of those who are endeavouring to make Theosophy a real factor in their lives, there must remain an overwhelming sense of gratitude to her who has inspired them with the will to do so; and this sense of gratitude, love and respect will never be content until it can find fit expression. No material memorial, nothing that money can purchase, will ever be judged a sufficient tribute to her memory. There is but one way in which the debt can be paid, and that is by making the Theosophical Society a world-wide success and Theosophy known throughout the whole globe. The work to be done is one not only of head and hands but also of heart, the well-spring of all right actions and the real magnet-point of our humanity. The tremendous burden of responsibility that lay so heavily on H. P. B., but which she so gladly bore for the Society, must now be shared among ourselves. No longer can H. P. B. stand as a "buffer", as she herself phrased it, to the Society and be the scape-goat of all its shortcomings. While she lived, every mistake and wrong-doing of those who surrounded her were set down to H. P. B. and she had to bear the blame for all. This is now no longer possible. The Theosophical

Society and each of its members must stand upon their own merits, and the day of vicarious atonement is past. If the world is to respect Theosophy, we must make it first of all respect the Theosophical Society, both for its labours for others and for the immediate good it does to those who come within its pale. We must teach and exemplify: teach, what Theosophy is in plain and simple words, and exemplify its redeeming power by our right conduct in all the affairs of life.

He alone is a true Theosophist who develops all his higher faculties and learns to sense the "fitness of things", their underlying harmony, on all occasions. Right thought, right feeling, right speech, right judgment and right action are the signs of such an one, and will indubitably lead to that consummation of brotherhood which we have before us as our ideal.

Let us, then, who would fairly earn the title of Theosophist, see well to this and follow the example of H. P. B. in sacrificing ourselves for the good of others.

"As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, protects her son, her only son: so let there be goodwill without measure among all beings. Let goodwill without measure prevail in the whole world, above, below, around, unstinted, unmixed with any feeling of differing or opposing interests. If a man remain steadfastly in this state of mind all the while he is awake, whether he be standing, walking, sitting, or lying down, then is come to pass the saying 'even in this world happiness has been found'."*

G. R. S. MEAD, F.T.S.

At New York and Wurzburg.

MY earliest acquaintance with H. P. B. dates from the autumn of the year 1877, when I took advantage of a three months' leave of absence from my duties in England to seek her out in New York. The Spiritualist movement, with which I was officially connected, was at that time in full swing, and the appearance of Col. Olcott's book, *People from Another World*, was making a great stir, chiefly on account of the strange occurrences therein reported as taking place in Vermont, through the mediumship of the Eddy brothers. The part of the book which attracted me however, was that in which Col. Olcott related the appearance on the scene of the Russian lady lately arrived from the East, and whose explanation of the phenomena was widely different from that generally received. As soon as I learned the address of Madame Blavatsky from the American Spiritualist journals, I wrote to her, and it was in consequence of our correspondence that I was induced to visit America.

Our first introduction was a singular one. I was staying at some distance from West 34th Street, where H. P. B. was then residing, and

* *Metta Sutta* quoted in Rhys David's "Buddhism".

one afternoon, soon after my arrival, I went to call on her. After ringing three times in vain, I was about to turn away in despair, when the door was opened by H. P. B. herself! Having already exchanged photographs, recognition was mutual, and my welcome the heartiest imaginable. We went up to the flat on the second floor, and who that has ever known H. P. B. will fail to understand how hospitable was her reception, and how when Col. Olcott returned from the City, I was already quite at home. I could not remain then, for I was leaving New York the next day on a little tour to Niagara and elsewhere; but on my return three weeks later, I spent five weeks with H. P. B., until I finally left for England.

Just at that time *Isis Unveiled* was going through the press, and many were the happy hours I spent correcting proof-sheets and discussing the problems put forward in that marvellous book. These are personal details and seem too trivial to be recorded; yet how lovingly does the mind linger round the smallest incident, and try to recall, in the light of after events, the *minutia* of those precious opportunities, too little valued at the time! While the intellectual work was going on, and details connected with printing and publishing had to be attended to, there were perhaps fewer of the so-called "phenomena" which were frequent in those early days of the Theosophical Society; but what phenomenon could well be greater than the production of H. P. B.'s monumental works, in a language and country foreign to her, unless it were the union in one individual of such great knowledge, such spiritual wealth, with so much geniality and consideration for the meanest brother or sister who showed aspiration for truth or goodness, so much sympathy and ready help in difficulties of every kind, material as well as psychical and spiritual.

When I consider how few of the teachings of Theosophy as since given to the world were then unfolded, I am amazed to think how one mind could contain them all without making them known. But the time had not yet come. The encounter in those days was largely with those who were engaged in the investigation of modern spiritualism, as the pages of *Isis* plainly show, and it was some years before the world, even the world to whom Madame Blavatsky's writings chiefly appealed, was aware of the full brilliance of that meteor which had shot from the Eastern across the Western sky. How many more years will yet elapse before a tithe of her teachings become common property? We shall see. The charm of her personal presence, her brilliant conversation, her sallies of wit and humour, her infinite variety which no custom could ever stale, never failed from the first to draw around her endless numbers of visitors and acquaintances, besides the friends who knew something of her real worth. But it was only those who lived with her constantly, or for any length of time together, and who had occasional glimpses of the real self behind the fluctuating exterior, who could know how true and large, how generous and noble was the heart that beat within.

Various instances of H. P. B.'s psychical powers occurred while I was with her, but most of these are difficult to record, are in fact incommunicable. The following is, however, patent to all:—One morning at breakfast she told us that she had while asleep seen her nephew killed in the war then going on between Russia and Turkey. She described the manner of his death-blow, how he was wounded, the fall from his horse and other details. She requested Col. Olcott and myself to make a note of it, as well as the date, and before I left New York full confirmation of the event was received in a letter from Russia, all the circumstances corresponding with H. P. B.'s dream or vision. Duplication of objects was not uncommonly practised by H. P. B. at that period, and occurred both in my own presence and in that of persons on whose testimony I could perfectly rely.

It required no special insight to perceive that communication was constantly kept up with some distant or invisible minds. Frequent signals of various kinds were heard even at the dinner-table, when H. P. B. would immediately retire to her own apartment. So familiar were these sounds as well as the terms "Masters", and "Brothers", that when in after years so much controversy as to their reality took place, even among those calling themselves Theosophists, it never occurred to me to doubt their existence.

At this time attacks on H. P. B.'s writings and personal character were rife in the American journals, and on my return to England I had to encounter almost single-handed the opposition of the English Spiritualists, on account of her explanations of their favourite "manifestations". Finally I left both the Spiritualist and Theosophical Societies, and did not see Madame Blavatsky again for many years; yet so strong and ineffaceable was the impression produced on my mind by her nobleness of character, her truthfulness and honesty, that no sooner had I heard of the Report of the Psychical Society, than I determined to go to H. P. B., if anywhere within reach, if only as a silent protest against the action of those most unfair and mis-guided gentlemen, who had endorsed so foul a slander. I found her at Würzburg with the Countess Wachtmeister, writing the *Secret Doctrine*, and from that time till H. P. B.'s death our connection has become ever closer and more binding.

If these few lines appear egotistical to the reader, I can only ask what tribute to the power of spirit can be greater than the declaration that in spite of every adverse influence being brought to bear, hers in the end became paramount, and is destined to sway those who came under its influence to the end of time.

Each can only speak as he or she has been personally affected; and such egotism, if egotism it be, is but a triumphant verdict in favour of her we fain would honour, whose greatest glory was the number of hearts and minds she won for the pursuit of truth and virtue.

EMILY KISLINGBURY.

At Cairo and Madras.

IMPOSSIBLE is it for me, in the short space allotted, to give any details of the many deeply interesting times I have spent with our beloved Teacher and leader: I will therefore confine myself to the memorable winter of 1884-85, when the much-talked-of Coulomb affair took place. It was, without doubt, a momentous crisis in the history of the Theosophical movement of this century; and being thus important, details given by an eye-witness may be of interest.

H. P. B. had been staying during the summer with Miss Arundale in Elgin Crescent, but left her house to join Mr. Oakley and myself, and remained with us until we started for India with her. The house party consisted of H. P. B., my sister, Dr. Keightley, Mr. Oakley and myself. It was early in November, 1884, that we left Liverpool for Port Said *en route* for Madras. It had been arranged that we were to go first to Cairo in order to get some definite information about the antecedents of the Coulobms, who were well known there, as the news of their treachery had already reached us some months before, news which H. P. B. had taken very calmly. We reached Port Said on the 17th of November, 1884, and there remained some few days for Mr. Leadbeater to join us; on his arrival we took the mail boat down the Suez Canal to Ismailia, and then went by train to Cairo. Very deeply impressed on my memory is every incident connected with that memorable voyage. H. P. B. was a most interesting fellow-traveller, her varied information about every part of Egypt was both extensive and extraordinary. Would that I had space to go into the details of that time in Cairo, the drives through the quaint and picturesque bazaars, and her descriptions of the people and their ways. Especially interesting was one long afternoon spent at the Boulak Museum on the borders of the Nile, where H. P. B. astonished Maspero, the well-known Egyptologist, with her knowledge, and as we went through the museum she pointed out to him the grades of the Initiate kings, and how they were to be known from the esoteric side. But I must not linger over these memories of her.

To run briefly over events, H. P. B. and Colonel Olcott came to London from New York in 1878, and after a brief stay in England proceeded to Bombay where, at Girgaum, they opened the first Theosophical Headquarters in India and started the *Theosophist*. Soon after landing in Bombay, Madame Coulomb, who had once nursed H. P. B. in Cairo, appeared at Headquarters and appealed for assistance. It marks one of the strongest traits in our Teacher's character that she never forgot a kindness, however trivial and however unworthy the person who did it. So when Coulomb,

with her husband, came half-starved and penniless to H. P. B., they were taken into shelter. Madame Coulomb was made housekeeper and Alexis Coulomb general manager, as there was a lack of competent help for household work. M. Coulomb was by trade a carpenter and mechanic.

In 1883 Colonel Olcott and H. P. B. made arrangements to visit Europe, and the Society's general affairs were turned over to a "Board of Control", the Coulombs having charge of the house and remaining especially upstairs, where H. P. B. used to live. No sooner had H. P. B. sailed than the Coulombs shut themselves away in the upper part of the house, which had a separate stair-case, and then Alexis Coulomb had over six months in which to do all his carpentering work, to make various trap doors and sliding panels for use in his conspiracy. They then proceeded to the missionaries in Madras, and offered to show them that tricks had been done, and they were paid by the missionaries for their pretended disclosures. Their plans were a little hurried at the end, owing to the unexpected arrival of Mr. William Q. Judge from New York, and the decision of the Board of Control to discharge Coulomb. The rough and unfinished condition of the trap doors is accounted for by their hurried departure. The Rev. Mr. Patterson himself informed Mr. Judge of the payment that had been made to the Coulombs.

Thus far their history; now to return to our journey. On leaving Cairo, H. B. P. and I went straight to Suez. Mr. Oakley remained at Cairo to get the documents from the police about the Coulombs; Mr. Leadbeater joined us at Suez. After waiting two days for the steamer we started for Madras. I am not often thoroughly ashamed of my country men and women; but I confess I had reason to be so during that fortnight; the first pamphlets written by the missionaries were being circulated on board ship, and every insulting remark that could be made about H. P. B. was heard. That voyage was very unpleasant, but some few kindly incidents relieved the general monotony of incivility to our dear friend. Col. Olcott and some members met us at Colombo, and we stayed there nearly two days, paying some deeply interesting visits to the old Buddhist Temples, and one especially charming visit to Sumangala, the High Priest, who evidently had a very high respect for H. P. B. We then proceeded to Madras. Never shall I forget the quaint picturesqueness of our arrival there. A deputation, accompanied by a brass band, came off in boats to meet us; but the sound of the music was somewhat marred by the fact that the drop between the waves is so great that sometimes our band was on the top of a high roller, and sometimes almost engulfed between two big waves. On landing at the pier head there were hundreds to meet H. P. B., and we were literally towed by enthusiastic members down the pier in a truck, wildly decorated with paper roses, etc., and then surrounded by masses of smiling dark faces. She was driven off to Pacheappah's hall, where we had garlands of pink roses festooned round us, and were sprinkled

somewhat copiously with rose water. Then H. P. B. and I were conducted by a Rajah to his carriage and driven off to Adyar. Here the warmest welcome awaited her. Members were assembling from all parts of India for the approaching Convention; we went into the large hall and at once began discussing the all-absorbing Coulomb case. Col. Olcott then informed us that the Society for Psychical Research was sending out a member to investigate the matter, and accordingly a few days after, the notorious Mr. Hodgson arrived fresh from Cambridge. And now a word on this young man. Mr. Hodgson was an Australian by birth, and came to England to make his way in the world, and being an enterprising young man he was willing to do anything with that end in view. I am quite confident that if an older man had come, one with more experience and a maturer judgment, the Coulomb affair would have been presented to the world in a very different way. It takes a cool head and a just nature to side with the minority, and when Mr. Hodgson arrived in India, he found the whole Anglo-Indian Community in arms against Madame Blavatsky on two principal points—(1) that she was a Russian spy, (2) that she sided with the Hindoos against Anglo-Indians, if she thought that the former were unjustly treated, and above all had the courage to say so. Now, the position of a young man who wanted at once to do the right thing and to be popular with the majority, was necessarily very difficult; and a continuous round of dinner parties did not tend to clear his views, for he had incessantly poured into his ears a stream of calumny against her. The general community hated her for the reasons I have given; and the Missionaries hated her because she was unorthodox and a Theosophist. Mr. Hodgson's investigations were not conducted with an unbiassed mind, and from hearing everyone say Madame Blavatsky was an impostor he began to believe it: after a few interviews with Madame Coulomb and the Missionaries we saw that his views were turning against the minority. Now his report was not by any means accurate, for he omitted some very valuable evidence of phenomena given to him by Mr. Oakley and myself. Mr. Hodgson was treated with the greatest courtesy and friendliness by H. P. B. and Col. Olcott, and every opportunity was afforded him for investigating every hole and corner at Adyar; and yet he preferred, and gave more credence to, the testimony of a discharged servant, whose bad character was by that time universally known, than to that of H. P. B. and her friends, who had no monetary interest in giving their evidence. The trap doors and sliding panels had all been made by Coulomb, in H. P. B.'s absence, and his wife sold the character of the mistress who had saved her from starvation to the Missionaries and forged the letters she showed to them. Any person of ordinary intellect and common sense could see that the trap doors and sliding panels were quite new, so new as to be immovable, *the grooves being quite fresh and unmarked by any usage whatever*, as Mr. Oakley and I

found when we tried to move the largest sliding door. If we could not do so with our combined efforts, surely it is ridiculous to think Madame Blavatsky could have used them for conjuring tricks; the arrangements were so bad that any trick would have been inevitably discovered. However Mr. Hodgson was so bent on being a "success" that these simple common-sense facts were disregarded by him. Immediately after the convention was over he left Headquarters, and went to live in Madras, until his investigations were ended. How often did H. P. B. ask him to let her see the letters she was supposed to have written, but neither she, nor any of her intimate friends, were ever allowed to see them. No one who was not on the spot at the time could imagine the scandalous injustice with which she was treated. The effect of all this worry was that she became seriously ill. Col. Olcott had started for Burmah, Mr. Oakley and I were comparatively alone with her. Very anxious were the hours and days of nursing that I went through those three weeks, as she grew worse and worse and was finally given up in a state of coma by the doctors. It proves how wonderful was the protective influence of H. P. B., ill or well; for though I was completely isolated with her near the roof of the house, an open staircase leading up, hardly a soul within call, yet night after night have I wandered up and down the flat roof, to get a breath of fresh air between 3 and 4 a.m., and wondered as I watched the daylight break over the Bay of Bengal, why I felt so fearless even with her lying apparently at the point of death; I never could imagine a sense of fear coming near H. P. B. Finally came the anxious night when the doctors gave her up, and said that nothing could be done, it was impossible. She was then in a state of coma and had been so for some hours. The doctors said that she would pass away in that condition, and I knew, humanly speaking, that night's watch must be the last. I cannot here go into what happened, an experience I can never forget; but towards 8 a.m. H. P. B. suddenly opened her eyes and asked for her breakfast, the first time she had spoken naturally for two days. I went to meet the doctor, whose amazement at the change was very great. H. P. B. said, "Ah! doctor, you do not believe in our great Masters". From that time she steadily improved. The doctor insisted on her being sent to Europe as soon as possible; I was unable to go with her, my health having broken down with the strain, and I could not stand without crutches. Space fails me, and the rest must wait; but this I must say, in all the years I have known our Teacher and friend I have never known her utter one ungenerous word of her greatest enemy; she was the practical personification of charity and forgiveness, and was always ready to give another chance of doing better to any one who had failed her. It is said that "familiarity breeds contempt", but it is a striking fact that the more closely and intimately we were united to H. P. B. in everyday life, the more did we learn to respect, nay to reverence her. A wonderful and mysterious line of demarcation always

surrounded her, severing her inner spiritual life from her outer, and apparently ordinary one. Her every moment was devoted to the work she had been sent to do; nothing was too small or minute for her most careful attention. She passed away like a sentinel at his post, in the armchair in which she taught and wrote—the best and truest of Teachers, the most faithful and untiring of Messengers.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY, F.T.S.

At Würzburg and Ostende.

IN the month of November, 1885, I went to Würzburg to visit Madame Blavatsky; I had met her previously in both France and England, but had had only a casual acquaintance with her. I found H. P. B. sick and weary of life, depressed both in mind and body, for she knew what a vast and important mission she had to fulfil, and how difficult it was to find those who were willing to give themselves up to the carrying out of the noble work which was her allotted task in life. She used often to deplore the indifference of the members of the T.S. in this respect, and she said that if she could only raise the veil for one moment, and let them see into the future, what a difference it would make; but each had to work out his own Karma and battle through his difficulties alone.

Madame Blavatsky was settled in comfortable apartments with lofty rooms and with the quiet surroundings she so much needed for the stupendous work in which she was engaged. Every morning at 6 a.m. she used to rise, having a good hour's work before her breakfast at 8 a.m., then, after having read her letters and newspapers she would again settle to her writing, sometimes calling me into the room to tell me that references from books and manuscripts had been given to her by her Master with the chapter and page quoted, and to ask me whether I could get friends to verify the correctness of these passages in different Public Libraries: for as she read everything reversed in the Astral Light, it would be easy for her to make mistakes in dates and numbers—and in some instances it was found that the number of the page had been reversed, for instance 23 would be found on page 32, etc.

Between one and two o'clock was Madame Blavatsky's dinner hour, the time varying to accommodate her work, and then without any repose she would immediately set herself at her table again, writing until six o'clock, when tea would be served. The old lady's relaxation during the evening would be her "Patiences", laying out the cards while I read to her letters received during the day or scraps from newspapers which I thought might interest her. Between nine and ten o'clock H. P. B. retired to rest, usually

taking some slight refreshment, and would read her Russian newspapers until midnight, when her lamp was put out, and all would be quiet until the next morning, when the usual routine recommenced. And so, day after day, the same unvarying life went on, only broken by the malicious Hodgson report which caused waves of disturbance to reach us from all sides. H. P. B. said to me one evening: "You cannot imagine what it is to feel so many adverse thoughts and currents directed against you; it is like the prickings of a thousand needles, and I have continually to be erecting a wall of protection around me". I asked her whether she knew from whom these unfriendly thoughts came, she answered: "Yes; unfortunately I do, and I am always trying to shut my eyes so as not to see and know"; and to prove to me that this was the case, she would tell me of letters that had been written, quoting passages from them, and these actually arrived a day or two afterwards, I being able to verify the correctness of the sentences.

All who have known and loved H. P. B. have felt what a charm there was about her, how truly kind and loveable she was; at times such a bright childish nature seemed to beam around her, and a spirit of joyous fun would sparkle in her whole countenance, and cause the most winning expression that I have ever seen on a human face. One of the marvels of her character was, that to everybody she was different. I have never seen her treat two persons alike. The weak traits in every one's character were known to her at once, and the extraordinary way in which she would probe them was surprising. By those who lived in daily contact with her the knowledge of *Self* was gradually acquired, and by those who chose to benefit by her practical way of teaching progress could be made. But to many of her pupils the process was unpalatable, for it is never pleasant to be brought face to face with one's own weaknesses; and so many turned from her, but those who could stand the test, and remain true to her, would recognise within themselves the inner development which alone leads to Occultism. A truer and more faithful friend one could never have than H. P. B., and I think it the greatest blessing of my life to have lived with her in such close intimacy, and until my death I shall try and further the noble cause for which she slaved and suffered so much.

I shall not speak of phenomena in this paper, for my personal testimony can be of no use to anybody but myself, except to satisfy curiosity; all I can say is, that phenomena occurred daily both in Würzburg and in Ostende, where I spent a second winter with Madame Blavatsky. In fact what people call phenomena seemed to me the ordinary natural occurrences of daily life, so used did I become to them; and true it is, that we only call phenomena that which we are unable fully to explain—and the shooting stars, the growth of trees, in fact all nature around us is one vast phenomenon which if witnessed but rarely would fill us with far more incredulity and astonishment than the ringing of astral bells, etc.

Our stay in Würzburg was only interrupted by casual visitors, the last being Madame Gebhard and Miss Kislingbury in the month of May, 1886. I parted with H. P. B. at the station, leaving her with Miss Kislingbury, who was to accompany her to Ostende, while I went with Madame Gebhard to Kempten, where we were met by Dr. Franz Hartmann, who showed us that strange, weird and mystical town.

In October, 1886, I joined H. P. B. in Ostende, and found her settled in comfortable enough quarters; she welcomed me with all the warmth of her genial nature, and was, I think, as truly glad to have me as I was to be with her. We recommenced our monotonous but interesting life, the thread being taken up from where it was last broken, and I watched with delight how the piles of manuscript for the *S.D.* were increasing. Our near vicinity to England caused people once more to come buzzing round H. P. B., and we received several visitors, amongst whom were Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland, and it was a pleasure to listen to the conversation of three such highly gifted intellects on all the points of resemblance between Western and Eastern Occultism, but still with my further and later experience of H. P. B. and her teachings it is marvellous to me how she kept safely locked within her own breast the occult knowledge which she has lately been permitted to give to a few of her pupils.

Towards the end of the winter H. P. B. became very ill; her kidneys were affected, and after some days of intense suffering the Belgian doctor told me that he despaired of her life. I telegraphed to Madame Gebhard, who had been a true and sincere friend of hers for many years, and also to Mr. Ashton Ellis, a member of the T.S. and a clever doctor, both responded to my call and helped me through those trying and anxious days, and in the end Mr. Ellis' wise treatment pulled her through the dangerous crisis. As H. P. B. was slowly recovering other friends came. Dr. Keightley and also Mr. Bertram Keightley were among these, and they both persuaded Madame Blavatsky to go and spend the summer in England in a small cottage which was taken for her at Norwood.

I then left Ostende, Madame Gebhard kindly remaining with the old lady until she felt equal to undertaking the journey to London. During the same summer, while I was at home in Sweden, H. P. B. wrote to me that there was a proposal to take a house in London with the Keightleys, to form a centre for theosophical work in England; she wrote: "Now at last I begin to see my way clearly before me, and Master's work can be done if you will only agree to come and live with us. I have told the Keightleys that without you their project must fall to the ground," etc., etc. I replied that I would take a share in the house, and hoped that a nucleus of earnest members would be formed to carry on the work and her mission in life.

I came to England in August, 1887, found H. P. B. at Norwood, and shortly afterwards we moved into 17, Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, and then began a new, difficult and often painful life. Trials followed each

other in quick succession, but the very outcome of all these trials and worries was the development of the Society and the spreading of theosophical truths.

Madame Blavatsky was at home every Saturday afternoon, and visitors came every evening, crowds of people; some out of curiosity, others with a true desire to learn about Theosophy, and a few attracted by her personality. To watch the varied way in which H. P. B. would receive each new arrival was in itself a study, and later events have proved that her knowledge of character was unique. At times she would seem to grow and expand in intellect and the force and power with which she would put forward her vast knowledge would seize those present with awe; at other times she only talked of the most trivial things, and her hearers would go away quite satisfied with themselves, feeling that they were vastly her superiors. But I have only a certain space allotted to me and must close these few lines.

The house in Lansdowne Road became too small for the requirements of the workers who had gathered around us, and so in July, 1890, we moved into 19, Avenue Road, which became the Headquarters of the European T.S.

Others having gradually shared with me in the daily care and attention with which it had hitherto been my privilege and pleasure to surround H. P. B., I must leave it to their eloquence to give you a description of her life, and slowly declining health; and now our beloved friend and teacher has gone, but H. P. B.'s work still remains to be finished, and it is only by the way in which we carry on that work that we can prove to the world how intense has been our love and gratitude to the noblest and grandest woman this century will have produced.

CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER, F.T.S.

A Word from Mr. Sinnett.

I HAVE been writing about Madame Blavatsky at considerable length for another periodical and have thus endeavoured to convey to the exoteric public some idea of the grandeur of the work she has been carrying on in the life just closed. Invited to contribute some remarks concerning my long friendship with her to the magazine she herself founded, I prefer now to avoid any direct repetition of external impressions concerning her wonderful attributes and faculties, and to deal instead with hints I have received from herself, and in other ways, from time to time, as to the probable course of her own evolution in the future. For many years past she has spoken to me at intervals of the hopes she entertained in reference to the destinies in store for her when permitted to lay down the burden of the incarnation now exhausted. All

theosophists who have profited by the illumination she was able to shed upon the principles governing individual human progress, will realise two conclusions about her as practically certain. The life just over cannot have been that in which she first began her occult career, and it will certainly not be followed by a normal return in her case to an ordinary period of devachanic rest. She must have been considerably advanced in preparatory initiation before she became H. P. B., and the hard and faithful work she has now been performing for so many years in the service of those who are never ungrateful, will mean inevitably that kind of reward which will best subserve her further spiritual progress. I do not know how far she may have elucidated the matter to others, but I see no reason for reticence in regard to her more recent incarnations; in reference to which, indeed, she never gave me any details, and led me to believe that she was unacquainted with details. But as to the broad fact I have no personal doubt. Her very last incarnation before this one just completed was in the person of a member of her own recent family, an aunt who died prematurely; and that existence does not seem to have served her advancement in any important degree. Before that she had been a Hindoo woman of considerable occult attainments, with eager hopes and aspirations concerning the people to whom she then belonged. Her transfer to another nationality seems to have been connected in some way with a belief on her part that she would be better able from the fulcrum of a European birth to further the interest of the Hindoo race.

As regards the future—or may we say as regards the present?—it seems very unlikely that she would have another female incarnation in succession to her last. The highest teaching has been to the effect that alternations occur in almost all cases after a short series of incarnations in the same sex. Her own wish in this matter pointed very strongly to a masculine incarnation this time, and her expectation that this wish would be realised was very confident.

Many readers of LUCIFER will be aware that the abnormal incarnations of those whose Karma has lifted them above the operation of automatic laws are of two kinds. The Chela-Ego may be linked with a newly forming organism, and be born as a child in the ordinary way—though destined in such a case to recover recollection of the previous life as soon as the new body should attain maturity; or it may be transferred with violence, so to speak, to an already mature body, adapted to serve as a vehicle for its further manifestations and progress, if such a body happens to be ready at the right moment; that is to say if its former tenant happens to be provided for in some other way. To meet such an opportunity as this it would be necessary that the right moment should be seized for effecting the transfer, and it might be expected therefore that any one in whose interest such a transfer was to be accomplished, would be called at a moment's notice, would in conventional language, die very suddenly. Now it is a striking

fact about Madame Blavatsky's "death" that ill as she often has been of late, and impossible though it might have been to have kept her organism in activity much longer, she was physically better on the day she died than she had been for several days previously, and was congratulated that morning by her doctor on having got over the attack she had been troubled with. Her death just when it occurred was an absolutely unexpected event, and could probably not be assigned to any specific physical cause. On two or three occasions during the last half dozen years she has been definitely given over by her doctors and declared incapable of living another day. In such crises she has been rescued at the last moment, evidently by the exercise of occult power; whereas on the present occasion, when there was no apparent need for her to die at all, she closes her eyes and passes away in an instant.

To me the inference seems very plain and points among other conclusions to the *possibility* that the new personality she may now have been clothed with, if already mature, may in the progress of events be identified by some of us now living before we in turn are called upon—or permitted—to use whichever phrase best suits our internal condition of mind—to pass through the great change ourselves.

A. P. SINNETT, F.T.S.

A Memory of Madame Blavatsky.

THE first and earliest impression I received from Madame Blavatsky was the feeling of the power and largeness of her individuality; as though I were in the presence of one of the primal forces of Nature.

I remember that the talk turned upon the great leaders of materialism, —then filling a larger space in the public eye than now—and their dogmatic negative of the soul and of spiritual forces. Madame Blavatsky's attitude in the discussion was not combative, hardly even argumentative; still she left in the mind the conviction of the utter futility of material reasoning, and this not by any subtle logic or controversial skill, but as though a living and immortal spirit by its mere presence at once confuted the negation of spiritual life.

This sense of the power of individuality was not what one has felt in the presence of some great personality, who dominates and dwarfs surrounding persons into insignificance, and tyrannously overrides their independence. It was rather the sense of a profound deep-seated reality, an exhaustless power of resistance, a spirit built on the very depths of Nature, and reaching down to the primæval eternities of Truth.

Gradually apparent under this dominant impression of power, arose a subtle sense of great gentleness and kindness, an unflinching readiness to forget herself entirely and to throw herself heartily into the life of others.

Another side of Madame Blavatsky's character unfolded itself more slowly—the great light and piercing insight of her soul.

One was lulled, as it were, by the sympathetic personality, and tranquillised by the feeling of balanced power, so that at first this quality of inner light might remain unnoted, till some sudden turn of thought or change of feeling opened the eyes, and one recognized the presence of a denizen of eternity.

Everyone has noticed, in travelling through some wild and mountainous country, that the vast masses and depths of the hills and valleys are often hid and remain unapparent; the mind and eye are held by the gentler graces of nature, the trees, the birds, and the flowers; and some ridge is ascended imperceptibly, till suddenly the crest is reached, and the mind is startled by the vast perspective swiftly unfolded before it.

These startling, unexpected glimpses into profundity, I have often felt in Madame Blavatsky's presence, when the richness and sympathy of her character had almost tempted one to believe her a fascinating personality, and nothing more.

All through her life, the dominant note of Madame Blavatsky's character has been power; in early years, power without light; then later, power and light in equal balance. The earliest record of her life shews her as a strong and dominant personality, always deeply impressing herself on her surroundings, and overriding and dominating the personalities of others, imperiously, often tyrannically, yet with an ever-present imperious generosity and gentleness; a deep generosity of thought, an almost incredible generosity of action; a powerful personality, using its power often extravagantly, often unwisely, often unjustly.

Then the light dawned for her, and the chaotic strength of her nature was illuminated, harmonised, purified, and with the same dominant power she prepared to deliver her message to mankind, the message of the strong to the weak, of one who stood within the circle of light to those in the darkness without.

With unparalleled force, she asserted the soul; with transcendent strength she taught the reality of spirit, by living the life, and manifesting the energies of an immortal.

She cast herself with torrential force against the dark noxious clouds of evil and ignorance that envelope and poison human life; the rift in their leaden masses through which, high above, we catch a glimpse of the blue, bears testimony to the greatness of the power that rent them asunder.

She was a personality of such magnitude as to divide the world into her adherents and her opponents, leaving none indifferent between; the test of the force of her nature is as much the fierce animosity of her enemies

as the loving devotion of her friends. Such was the power and dominance of her individuality, that, in comparison with hers, all other souls seemed inert.

An immortal spirit, she had the courage to live as an immortal spirit, and to subject material nature and the base forces of life to the powers of her immortality; she perpetually took her stand on the realities of spiritual nature, and consistently refused to admit the dominant tyranny of the material world.

And this dominant power and this clear interior light were united to a nature of wonderful kindness, wonderful gentleness, and absolute self-forgetfulness and forgiveness of wrong.

Nothing in her was more remarkable, nothing more truly stamped her as one of the elect, than the great humility of her character, ready to deny and ignore all its own splendid endowments, in order to bring into light the qualities of others. This humility was no mere affectation, no mere trick to call up admiration and wonder, but the profoundly sincere expression of her own nature; an expression as deep and real as Sir Isaac Newton's comparison of himself, after a life of unequalled achievement, to a little child gathering shells by the shore of the ocean.

Madame Blavatsky's nature was like a mountain torrent, having its source in some deep, clear lake above the clouds, and impetuously carrying down to the valleys the riches of the mountains, to spread them over the hungry and thirsty plains below; to give them new life and fertility, and the promise of a richer harvest in due season; and amongst the commoner gifts of the mountains, bringing now and then grains of gold and precious gems, and scattering them like Pactolus, over the sands of the valley; and ever and anon the dwellers of the valley, finding these rarer treasures, see in them the promise of the deeper wealth of the mountains, and vow to themselves never to give up the search for the great treasure until they die.

Such was Madame Blavatsky in her life; and now that she is dead, her death seems to have taken away from us half the savour of life; and her absence to have withdrawn one of the great incentives to living.

But to hallow the loneliness of her death, she has left us the great lesson of her life, a life true to itself, true to its Spirit, true to its God.

One who stood beside her, so calm and quiescent in death, could never believe that that torrential nature, that splendid power, had ceased to be; with the feeling of loss at her departure came the conviction far stronger than reason or logic that a power like hers could not be quenched by death, that a great soul like hers could never cease to be.

And so has gone from amongst us a soul of singular power, of singular light, of singular sweetness. Her life has given a new nobility to life; and Death has become more kindly by her death.

“Yours till Death and after, H. P. B.”

SUCH has been the manner in which our beloved teacher and friend always concluded her letters to me. And now, though we are all of us committing to paper some account of that departed friend and teacher, I feel ever near and ever potent the magic of that resistless power, as of a mighty rushing river, which those who wholly trusted her always came to understand. Fortunate indeed is that Karma which, for all the years since I first met her, in 1875, has kept me faithful to the friend who, masquerading under the outer *mortal* garment known as H. P. Blavatsky, was ever faithful to me, ever kind, ever the teacher and the guide.

In 1874, in the City of New York, I first met H. P. B. in this life. By her request, sent through Colonel H. S. Olcott, the call was made in her rooms in Irving Place, when then, as afterwards, through the remainder of her stormy career, she was surrounded by the anxious, the intellectual, the bohemian, the rich and the poor. It was her eye that attracted me, the eye of one whom I must have known in lives long passed away. She looked at me in recognition at that first hour, and never since has that look changed. Not as a questioner of philosophies did I come before her, not as one groping in the dark for lights that schools and fanciful theories had obscured, but as one who, wandering many periods through the corridors of life, was seeking the friends who could show where the designs for the work had been hidden. And true to the call she responded, revealing the plans once again, and speaking no words to explain, simply pointed them out and went on with the task. It was as if but the evening before we had parted, leaving yet to be done some detail of a task taken up with one common end; it was teacher and pupil, elder brother and younger, both bent on the one single end, but she with the power and the knowledge that belong but to lions and sages. So, friends from the first, I felt safe. Others I know have looked with suspicion on an appearance they could not fathom, and though it is true they adduce many proofs which, hugged to the breast, would damn sages and gods, yet it is only through blindness they failed to see the lion's glance, the diamond heart of H. P. B.

The entire space of this whole magazine would not suffice to enable me to record the phenomena she performed for me through all these years, nor would I wish to put them down. As she so often said, they prove nothing but only lead some souls to doubt and others to despair. And again, I do not think they were done just for me, but only that in those early days she was laying down the lines of force all over the land and I, so fortunate, was at the centre of the energy and saw the play of forces in

visible phenomena. The explanation has been offered by some too anxious friends that the earlier phenomena were mistakes in judgment, attempted to be rectified in later years by confining their area and limiting their number, but until some one shall produce in the writing of H. P. B. her concurrence with that view, I shall hold to her own explanation made in advance and never changed. That I have given above. For many it is easier to take refuge behind a charge of bad judgment than to understand the strange and powerful laws which control in matters such as these.

Amid all the turmoil of her life, above the din produced by those who charged her with deceit and fraud and others who defended, while month after month, and year after year, witnessed men and women entering the theosophical movement only to leave it soon with malignant phrases for H. P. B., there stands a fact we all might imitate—devotion absolute to her Master. “It was He”, she writes, “who told me to devote myself to this, and I will never disobey and never turn back.”

In 1888 she wrote to me privately:—

“Well, my *only* friend, you ought to know better. Look into my life and try to realize it—in its outer course at least, as the rest is hidden. I am under the curse of ever writing, as the wandering Jew was under that of being ever on the move, never stopping one moment to rest. Three ordinary healthy persons could hardly do what *I have* to do. I live an artificial life; I am an automaton running full steam until the power of generating steam stops, and then—good-bye! ° ° ° Night before last I was shown a bird's-eye view of the Theosophical Societies. I saw a few earnest reliable Theosophists in a death struggle with the world in general, with other—nominal but ambitious—Theosophists. The former are greater in numbers than you may think, and *they prevailed*, as you in *America will prevail*, if you only remain staunch to the Master's programme and true to yourselves. And last night I saw ° ° and now I feel strong—such as I am in my body—and ready to fight for Theosophy and the few *true* ones to my last breath. The defending forces have to be judiciously—so scanty they are—distributed over the globe, wherever Theosophy is struggling against the powers of darkness.”

Such she ever was; devoted to Theosophy and the Society organized to carry out a programme embracing the world in its scope. Willing in the service of the cause to offer up hope, money, reputation, life itself, provided the Society might be saved from every hurt, whether small or great. And thus bound body, heart and soul to this entity called the Theosophical Society, bound to protect it at all hazards, in face of every loss, she often incurred the resentment of many who became her friends but would not always care for the infant organization as she had sworn to do. And when they acted as if opposed to the Society, her instant opposition seemed to them to nullify professions of friendship. Thus she had but few friends, for it required a keen insight, untinged with personal feeling, to see even a small part of the real H. P. Blavatsky.

But was her object merely to form a Society whose strength should lie in numbers? Not so. She worked under directors who, operating from *behind the scene*, knew that the Theosophical Society was, and was to be, the nucleus from which help might spread to all the people of the day, without thanks and without acknowledgment. Once, in London, I asked

her what was the chance of drawing the people into the Society in view of the enormous disproportion between the number of members and the millions of Europe and America who neither knew of nor cared for it. Leaning back in her chair, in which she was sitting before her writing desk, she said :—

“When you consider and remember those days in 1875 and after, in which you could not find any people interested in your thoughts, and now look at the wide-spreading influence of theosophical ideas—however labelled—it is not so bad. We are not working merely that people may call themselves *Theosophists*, but that the doctrines we cherish may affect and leaven the whole mind of this century. This alone can be accomplished by a small earnest band of workers, who work for no human reward, no earthly recognition, but who, supported and sustained by a belief in that Universal Brotherhood of which our Masters are a part, work steadily, faithfully, in understanding and putting forth for consideration the doctrines of life and duty that have come down to us from immemorial time. Falter not so long as a few devoted ones will work to keep the nucleus existing. You were not directed to found and realise a Universal Brotherhood, but to form the nucleus for one; for it is only when the nucleus is formed that the accumulations can begin that will end in future years, however far, in the formation of that body which we have in view.”

H. P. B. had a lion heart, and on the work traced out for her she had the lion's grasp; let us, her friends, companions and disciples, sustain ourselves in carrying out the designs laid down on the trestle-board, by the memory of her devotion and the consciousness that behind her task there stood, and still remain, those Elder Brothers who, above the clatter and the din of our battle, ever see the end and direct the forces distributed in array for the salvation of “that great orphan—Humanity”.

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, F.T.S.



As I knew her.

“Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.”

Lowell.

ENDURANCE and patience have certainly been the crowning qualities of H. P. B. as I have known her during the last years of her life, and as I have heard of her from those fortunate enough to have known her for more years than I can count during her present life. The most salient of her characteristics was implied in these crowning qualities; it was that of strength, steady strength, unyielding as a rock. I have seen weaklings dash themselves up against her, and then whimper that she was hard; but

I have also seen her face to face with a woman who had been her cruel enemy—but who was in distress and, as I uncharitably thought, *therefore* repentant—and every feature was radiant with a divine compassion, which only did not forgive because it would not admit that it had been outraged. The hardness which can be tender is the hardness which is needed in our mollient Western life, in which one is sick of the shams that pass for value, of the falseness that stabs with a smile, and betrays with a kiss. Unconventional, H. P. B. was always called, and the adjective was appropriate. She did not regard society conventions as natural laws, and she preferred frankness to compliment. Above all she had the sense of proportion, and that “rarest sense of all, common sense”. She did not think that all natural piety was trampled under foot when a woman smoked cigarettes, nor that every bond which held society together was ruptured when some solecism in manners was committed. A traveller in many lands, she had seen social customs so various that one or another was to her as unimportant as wearing a hat, a turban, or a fez, and she laughed at all the crude insular British ideas that a man’s merit depended on his agreement with our own notions. On the other hand, she was rigidity itself in the weightier matters of the law; and had it not been for the injury the writers were doing themselves by the foulnesses they flung at her, I could often have almost laughed at the very absurdity of the contrast between the fraudulent charlatan and profligate they pictured, and the H. P. B. I lived beside, with honour as sensitive as that of the “very gentil parfait knyghte”, truth flawless as a diamond, purity which had in it much of a child’s candour mingled with the sternness which could hold it scatheless against attack. Apart from all questions of moral obligation, H. P. B. was far too proud a woman, in her personality, to tell a lie. Brought up amid the highest born of the Russian nobility, inheriting much of their haughty contempt for the people around them, she would not have condescended to justify herself by untruth; she did not sufficiently care for “what people would say” to stoop to any subterfuge to defend herself. Indeed some of the earlier slanders took their rise in this very recklessness of public opinion. And when to this was added the occult training that hardens the chela against all outside judgments, and placing him ever at the tribunal of his Higher Self renders him indifferent to all lesser condemnation, it will readily be seen that the motives to untruthfulness which move ordinary people were absent. And this is apart from the deeper facts of the case, of which it would be idle here to speak, and of which it must suffice to say that no high Occultist can dare to lie for personal gain or personal defence.

It used to be said that the devil paid his servants well in this life, in whatever fashion he might recover the debt in another; but verily if, as the pious say, she was one of his emissaries, the gold mines of Sheol must be giving out. For in these later days H. P. B. was a very poor woman, and I have known her hard pressed for a sovereign many a time. Then

some devoted admirer would send her money, and away it went, to the Theosophical Society, to a distressed friend, to an old servant in want, to some family whose starvation I might have mentioned. It was a royally generous nature, that of H. P. B., always needing some channel into which it might flow over; money, clothes, jewels, anything she had, she flung it away with both hands to the first who was in want.

Looking at her generally, she was much more of a man than a woman. Outspoken, decided, prompt, strong-willed, genial, humorous, free from pettiness and without malignity, she was wholly different from the average female type. She judged always on large lines, with wide tolerance for diversities of character and of thought, indifferent to outward appearances if the inner man were just and true.

Personally, one of the greatest services she rendered me was placing at my service as an aid to self-knowledge her own deep insight into character. I have laughed to myself when I have heard folk say that "Madame Blavatsky must be a very bad judge of character, or she would never have trusted people who afterwards betrayed her". They did not know that her rule was to give every one his chance, and she never recked if in thus doing she ran risk of injury to herself. It was always herself she gave away to such persons—never the Society, nor any knowledge they could use to the injury of others. I watched the course of one such case, a young Judas who pretended friendship, who was admitted by her to stay in her house, who tried ineffectively to find out "secrets", and went away finally to attack her and try to betray. She talked to him freely enough, hindered him in none of his enquiries, tried to lead him the right way, but once or twice I caught those strange eyes of hers, of which so much has been said, looking him through with a deep pathetic gaze, turning away at last with a half-breathed sigh. But when anyone was really seeking that most difficult of all knowledge, self-knowledge, then she would use her rare power of insight, would warn of hidden dangers, point to concealed characteristics, unravel the tangled threads of half-understood or non-understood qualities and defects, and thus guide the student in his efforts to know himself, and to escape from the web of illusion. Over and over again, in my own case, she has led me straight to hidden motive, to concealed weakness, to covered pitfall, and any of her pupils who could bear her scrutiny and criticism without resentment might be sure of similar aid.

As teacher H. P. B. was inspiring and suggestive, not didactic. She could only teach effectively when the student was thoroughly in touch with her, and could fill with quick intuition the gaps she left in her outline. In such cases she would throw out thought after thought, with wonderful wealth of illustrations from the most widely separated sources, the thoughts often unrelated on the surface, but always found, on careful re-study afterwards, to be links thrown, as it were, into light of some unbroken chain. The intervening links had been left in shadow, and if the student could throw

them also into light, by the use of his own intuition, it was well. But where the student's mind gave no response to hers, where her quick blows startled no spark to leap forth in answer from the rock, to such H. P. B. remained always enigmatic, obscure, involved, lost in maze of metaphysics, and she proved as unsatisfactory to them as they were hopeless to her.

Of late, H. P. B. led a very secluded life; she would close her doors for days, sometimes for weeks, against those who were nearest to her, and we understand now how she was preparing all for the approaching change. And to us who lived with her the change is less than many, perhaps, may suppose. Our nearness to her was not that of the bodily presence, it was that far closer tie which ever binds together teacher and pupil in the venerable philosophy which it was her mission to impart. To us, the mere fact that she has flung off the worn-out garment of her personality in no wise alters the relation between her and us; those of us who were with her in past lives have been separated physically before through "the change that men call death", and have found each other again on return to "life" on earth. What has been shall be, and in the true life no separation is possible. For many a year past, her life has been one long torture; she stood at the centre of a whirl of forces spiritual and psychic, exposed at the same time to the pressure of the material plane. Alone, with none who could wholly understand her, misunderstood, wronged, insulted, and even when loved mostly loved in a mistaken way, none except her peers can tell what a hell upon earth her life has been. That she is out of it, is matter for rejoicing, not for sorrowing for those who really loved *her*, not themselves in her. The work to which she gave her life is now ours to carry on; the forces behind it are not weakened because H. P. Blavatsky has departed. It is the work of the Brotherhood, not of any one individual, and while the Brotherhood lives and works neither doubt nor despair can touch their disciples. We have but to do our duty: success, as the world counts it, is a thing of no account.

ANNIE BESANT, F.T.S.

The Last Two Years.

I HAD previously stayed at 17, Lansdowne Road, during my vacations. but it was not until the beginning of August, 1889, that I came to work permanently with H. P. B. She was away in Jersey then, and the copy and proofs of LUCIFER were being busily transmitted backwards and forwards to the accompaniment of an infinity of characteristic notes and telegrams. I had only time to review two books before a pressing telegram came from H. P. B., and I started for Jersey. What a warm greeting there was in the porch of that honeysuckle-covered house, and what a fuss to have everything comfortable for the new comer!

It has often been a surprise to me that the chief of the accusations and slanders brought against H. P. B. have been those of fraud and concealment, and I can only account for it by the fact that those who make such accusations (save the Coulomb woman), have never known her. According to my experience, she was ever over-trustful of others and quite prodigal in her frankness. As an instance, no sooner had I arrived than she gave me the run of all her papers, and set me to work on a pile of correspondence that would otherwise have remained unanswered till doomsday; for if she detested anything, it was answering letters. I then was initiated into the mysteries of LUCIFER, and soon had my hands full with transmission of directions, alterations, and counter-directions to Bertram Keightley, who was then Sub-editor, for in those days H. P. B. *would* not let one word go into LUCIFER until she had seen and re-seen it, and she added to and cut up the proofs until the last moment.

One day, shortly after my arrival, H. P. B. came into my room unexpectedly with a manuscript and handed it to me, saying, "Read that, old man, and tell me what you think of it". It was the MS. of the third part of the *Voice of the Silence*, and while I read she sat and smoked her cigarettes, tapping her foot on the floor, as was often her habit. I read on, forgetting her presence in the beauty and sublimity of the theme until she broke in upon my silence with, "Well?" I told her it was the grandest thing in all our theosophical literature, and tried, contrary to my habit, to convey in words some of the enthusiasm that I felt. But even then H. P. B. was not content with her work, and expressed the greatest apprehension that she had failed to do justice to the original in her translation, and could hardly be persuaded that she had done well. This was one of her chief characteristics. Never was she confident of her own literary work, and cheerfully listened to all criticisms, even from persons who should have remained silent. Strangely enough she was always most timorous of her best articles and works and most confident of her polemical writings.

When we returned to Lansdowne Road, one of those changes, so familiar to those who have worked with H. P. B., occurred, and both Dr. Archibald Keightley and Bertram Keightley left for abroad, the former on a voyage round the world, the latter to lecture in the United States. And so their duties came mostly to me, and I gradually began to see a great deal of her alone at her work owing to the necessity of the case.

Let me see if I can give some idea of how the work was done.

To begin with there was LUCIFER, of which she was then sole editor. In the first place H. P. B. never read an MS., she required to see it in proof and then mostly "averaged" its contents. What she *was* particular about was the length of the copy, and she used to laboriously count the number of words in each paper, and would never be persuaded of the accuracy of my count when I in my turn "averaged" the length. If I suggested that mine was the most expeditious method, she would

proceed to tell me some home truths about Oxford and Cambridge education, and I often thought she used to continue her primitive methods of arithmetical computation on purpose to cure me of my impatience and my confidence in my own superiority. Another great thing was the arranging of the different articles. In those days she would never entrust this to any other hand, and the measuring of everything was a painful operation.

Getting LUCIFER through the press was invariably a rush, for she generally wrote her leader the last thing and, having been used to it, considered the printers, if anybody, were to blame if it did not appear in time. But all that was soon changed when Annie Besant became co-editor and H. P. B. found that it was not necessary to do everything herself.

Then there was the correspondence, voluminous enough in all conscience, from all parts of the world and from "all sorts and conditions of men" and women truly. H. P. B. was very laconic, sometimes even epigrammatic, in her directions as to answering it, and gradually became even more silent, so that I had often to risk her displeasure in pressing for a reply or in trying to persuade her to answer some letter of great importance herself. It was comparatively easy to get the morning mail in safe keeping, but letters arriving by later posts were a difficulty; for H. P. B. sternly refused all access to her room and, to make up for this, used to carefully put away the important letters in hiding places so as to give them to me later, while she left the rest to their fate. The plan was not a good one; for she mostly forgot her hiding-place and I often could not rescue the rest of the waifs and strays from among her MS. at all, for she would let no one touch the work she was actually engaged upon, and so they had to go, to be answered when finally unearthed at some distant date. But gradually too we found out better methods, and latterly I have not had to play so many games of hide and seek.

The first hour in the morning after breakfast during those two years will ever remain with me a pleasant recollection. Everything was so unconventional. I used to sit on the arm of her great armchair and obediently smoke the cigarette she offered, while she opened the letters, told me what she wanted done and signed diplomas and certificates, the latter under great pressure, however, for she detested such mechanical work. It was exciting and instructive too, for in our large Society there were always crises of more or less gravity. The many disputes came to her for settlement, and the many attacks had to be met and counteracted by her. So it was that I learnt much of human character and of the inner working of the Society and how the life of it depended upon her. Many an evidence too had I of her prodigal generosity, and many a gift did I transmit to a poor Theosophist or employ for theosophical purposes under strict promise of secrecy, although she thereby frequently came to the bottom of her "stocking".

Though H. P. B. left much of her correspondence to me, still it was

not without a distinct supervision, for she would suddenly call for a reply that had not yet gone out or for the copy of an old letter, without any warning, and if there were any mistakes, the lecture I received was not reassuring to my discomfort. One thing she was always impressing upon me, and this was to develop a sense of the "fitness of things", and she was merciless if this law of harmony were broken, leaving no loop-hole of escape, and listening to no excuse, with her over-powering reason and knowledge, which in spite of its apparently disconnected expression, always went home; although, indeed, the minute afterward, she was again the affectionate friend and elder brother, shall I even say, comrade, as she alone knew how to be.

One of the greatest proofs to me of H. P. B.'s extraordinary gifts and ability, if proof were needed in the face of the manifest sincerity of her life-work, was the way in which she wrote her articles and books. I knew every book she had in her small library, and yet day after day she would produce quantities of MS. abounding in quotations, which were seldom inaccurate. I remember almost the last day she sat at her desk, going into her room to query two Greek words in a quotation, and telling her they were inaccurate. Now though H. P. B. could in her early years speak modern Greek and had been taught ancient Greek by her grandmother, she had long forgotten it for all purposes of accuracy, and the correction of the words I objected to required precise scholarship. "Where did you get it from, H. P. B.?" I asked. "I'm sure I don't know, my dear", was her somewhat discouraging rejoinder, "I saw it!" adding that she was certain that she was right, for now she remembered when she wrote the particular passage referred to. However, I persuaded her that there was some mistake, and finally she said, "Well, of course you are a great Greek pundit, I know, but you're not going to sit upon me always. I'll try if I can see it again, and now get out", meaning that she wanted to go on with her work, or at any rate had had enough of me. About two minutes afterwards, she called me in again and presented me with a scrap of paper on which she had written the two words quite correctly, saying, "Well, I suppose you'll be a greater pundit than ever after this!"

The above is one instance out of many, but it will little profit to narrate them, for they mean nothing to anyone but the eye-witness, and the public is quite content with its own infallibility of judgment and prefers to remain myopic.

In the evenings, H. P. B. liked to have the household round her, and tried her best to force us to abandon work for a couple of hours. She herself played her eternal game of solitaire, which she very occasionally varied with a game of dummy whist. Many have questioned why H. P. B. always "made her cards" in the evening, and those of us who have learned by experience that H. P. B. did nothing without a reason, deduced logically that there was also reason in the cards. The evening was the time for

anecdotes, for hints on occultism, for an infinity of useful information. There was, however, no order about it, and no one could count on hearing this or that, or getting an answer to a question. We had to wait for the opportunity, and never regretted the waiting when the opportunity came.

When we moved to our present Headquarters, many things were changed. Looking back it now seems almost as if H. P. B. had got things in training for leaving us at any moment, though apparently preparations were being made in which she herself and her continued residence with us were the principal factors.

Ever since she went to Brighton in the early part of last year she has suffered most cruelly in her physical body, and been unable to work as she used to. But we always lived in great expectations of restitution to at any rate her normal state of health. At Lansdowne Road she used always to be pleased to receive visitors, and nearly every evening they came in to see her. But in Avenue Road she gradually began to isolate herself more and more, so that often she would not receive even the members of the household in the evening unless she especially sent for them. Then again, she was strangely quiet latterly, rarely showing the great energy that was her peculiar characteristic. Still the same indomitable will was there, though her body was worn out, for she worked on at her desk even when she ought to have been in bed, or in her coffin. The very night before she left us, she insisted on going into her working room and playing her cards. It was indeed a last and supreme effort of will, for she was so weak that she could hardly speak or hold up her head. And thus the influenza claimed its greatest victim. Such at least is the opinion of one who regards it as his chiefest honour to have been the last of H.P.B.'s Private Secretaries.

G. R. S. MEAD, F.T.S.

What she is to me.

TWO years ago Annie Besant and I saw H. P. B. for the first time, and now it is not many days since I stood by her lily-covered coffin and took my last lingering look at the personality of the marvellous woman who had revolutionised the lives of my colleague and myself. Two years are but little as men count time, but these two have been so pregnant with soul-life that the old days before them seem ages away. If it be true that life should be counted by epochs of the mind, then life, from the day that I first clasped H. P. B.'s hand to the moment when, majestic in her death sleep, I helped to wreath around her body the palms from that far-off East which she loved so well, was richer, fuller, longer to me than a generation of the outward turmoil which has its little day and then is gone. I went to her

a materialist, she left me a Theosophist, and between these two there is a great gulf fixed. Over that gulf she bridged the way. She was my spiritual mother, and never had child a more loving, a more patient, a more tender guide.

It was in the old Lansdowne Road days. Beset with problems of life and mind that our materialism could not solve, dwelling intellectually on what are now to us the inhospitable shores of agnosticism, Annie Besant and I ever craved more light. We had read the *Occult World*, and in bye-gone years we had heard—who had not?—of the strange woman whose life seemed to be a contradiction of our most cherished theories, but as yet the philosophy of the book was to us but assertion, the life of the woman a career which we had no means of examining. Sceptical, critical, trained by long years of public controversy to demand the most rigid scientific proof of things which were outside our experience, Theosophy was to us an unknown, and, as it then seemed, an impossible land. And yet it fascinated, for it promised much, and with talking, with reading, the fascination grew. With the fascination also grew the desire to know, and so, on an ever-to-be remembered evening, with a letter of introduction from Mr. W. T. Stead, then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as our passport, we found ourselves face to face, in the drawing room of 17, Lansdowne Road, with the woman whom we afterwards learned to know and to love as the most wonderful woman of her time.

I was not foolish enough to look for miracles, I did not expect to see Madame Blavatsky float, nor did I crave for materialised teacups, but I did want to hear about Theosophy, and I did not hear much. She whom we were there to see was a stout, unwieldy lady, playing Russian "Patience", and keeping up a stream of conversation on nearly every subject except the one which was just then nearest our minds. No attempt at proselyting, no attempt to "fix" us, (we were *not* hypnotised!) but all the while the wonderful eyes were flashing light, and, in spite of the bodily infirmity which was even then painfully apparent, there was a reserve of power which gave the impression that we were seeing, not the real woman, but only the surface character of some one who had endured much, and who knew much.

I tried to keep an open impartial mind, and I believe I succeeded. I was genuinely anxious to learn, but I was critical and on the watch for the slightest attempt at hoodwinking. When I afterwards discovered something of H. P. B.'s extraordinary insight, I was not surprised to find that she had gauged accurately and unerringly my mental attitude on this my first visit, and it is an attitude which she never really discouraged. If those who talk so foolishly about her magnetising people could but know how she continually impressed upon us the absolute duty of proving all things and holding fast only to that which is good!

To go once was to go again, and so it came that after a few visits I

began to see light. I caught glimpses of a lofty morality, of a self-sacrificing zeal, of a coherent philosophy of life, of a clear and definite science of man and his relation to a spiritual universe. These it was which attracted me—not phenomena, for I saw none. For the first time in my mental history I had found a teacher who could pick up the loose threads of my thought and satisfactorily weave them together, and the unerring skill, the vast knowledge, the loving patience of that teacher grew on me hour by hour. Quickly I learned that the so-called charlatan and trickster was a noble soul, whose every day was spent in unselfish work, whose whole life was pure and simple as a child's, who counted never the cost of pain or toil if these could advance the great cause to which her every energy was consecrated. Open as the day to a certain point, she was the incarnation of kindness—silent as the grave if need be, she was sternness personified at the least sign of faithlessness to the work which was her life. Grateful, so grateful for every affectionate attention, careless, so careless of all that concerned herself, she bound us to her, not simply as wise teacher, but as loving friend. Once I was broken down through long bodily and mental strain and the wheels of my life ran so heavily that they nearly stopped. Through it all her solicitude was untiring and one special proof of it that she gave, too personal to mention here, would have been thought of, perhaps, but by one in a million.

Perfect—no; faults—yes; the one thing she would hate most of all would be the indiscriminate praise of her personality. But when I have said that she was sometimes impetuous as a whirlwind, a very cyclone when she was really roused, I have told nearly all. And I have often thought it was more than possible that some of these outbursts were assumed for a special object. Lately they had almost vanished. Her enemies sometimes said she was rough and rude. We who knew her, knew that a more unconventional woman, in the very real sense of the word, never lived. Her absolute indifference to all outward forms was a true indifference based upon her inner spiritual knowledge of the verities of the universe. Sitting by her when strangers came, as they did come from every corner of the earth, I have often watched with the keenest amusement their wonder at seeing a woman who always said what she thought. Given a prince and she would probably shock him, given a poor man and he would have her last shilling and her kindest word.

How meagre all this is I know full well. Of the real H. P. B. we only caught occasional glimpses, and so necessarily we are thrown back on that human side of her life which appeals most to the human in us. Of her vast and profound knowledge this is not the time to speak, and if it were, how could one speak? Only its ripples ever reached us, but those would make an ordinary ocean. Probably we shall never know all the why and the wherefore of her recent incarnation. In 1889 Annie Besant and I were with her in France at the Forest of Fontainebleau, and while there she went

over with us in manuscript part of the *Voice of the Silence*. Looking back on that time, I remember that the passages over which she was most impressive were those which describe the toilsome ascent of the pilgrim-soul. In the copy of the book which she gave me and which will never leave me, she has written, "To Herbert Burrows, my old friend in another and better incarnation, from his ever-loving H. P. B." It may be that in those words lie part of the key to the life that we knew.

Be that as it may, the real key for us is to be found in the example of her self-sacrificing devotion to her work. This is the note which was struck in the hearts of the hushed crowd who but yesterday gathered for the last time round the body of their loved teacher. That body has vanished from our sight, but the work remains. No great thought can ever die, no great effort for humanity can ever cease, but thought and effort can be accelerated by faithful service for mankind. More than ever now is that service needed, and they who would read aright the lesson of H. P. B.'s life will give that service unstintingly, ungrudgingly, if need be to the bitter end.

HERBERT BURROWS, F.T.S.

Teacher and Friend.

MY first acquaintance with Madame Blavatsky was in correspondence upon the subject of western occultism, during the year 1887.

I had often wished to see her, and had proposed to myself a way by which I could satisfy this desire, without in any way trespassing upon the slight acquaintance I had with the famous authoress of "Isis Unveiled". Some months passed, and, for reasons in which a reclusive disposition found some sort of consolation, I had not yet seen Madame Blavatsky. I was in daily correspondence with members of the Theosophical Society, and others interested in the special subjects of its investigation, and every day the fact of my not having seen the chief mover in the occult renaissance of the 19th century, was growing more and more a source of annoyance to me. Quite unexpectedly, and to my intense satisfaction, the matter shaped itself. A letter from a London friend informed me that he had arranged for a few friends to meet at his house to discuss some of the problems in which we were mutually interested, and that if I would go up to town that evening, he would take me round to see "H.P.B." on the morrow.

I went—not to see my friends, nor to discuss problems, but—with the sole idea and purpose of seeing "H.P.B." That evening it seemed that Time stood still for the special purpose of laughing at my impatience. At last, however, the morning dawned and grew into a fine summer day, and towards noon I found myself with my friend at the house in Notting Hill, whence, he informed me, all the life of the Theosophical Society

came. Entered, we were shown into the drawing-room, at least I presumed that was its appellation, though I have never seen, nor ever expect to see, another room like it. No, I was mistaken, for a few seconds later, in response to a familiar greeting from my friend, H.P.B. rose from her desk, where she had been hidden from view by an unusually large arm-chair, and came forward to receive us.

The largest and brightest blue eyes I have ever seen opened widely upon me as she took my hand and gave me welcome. All the confusion I had secretly predicted for myself fled from me on her first words. I felt at home and at ease with H.P.B. at once. "No, I will not be called 'Madame', not by my best friend, there was nothing said of that when I was christened, and if you please I will be simply H.P.B. Have a seat there; you smoke of course; I'll make you a cigarette. E—, you flapdoodle, (this to my friend), if you can find my tobacco box on the place there, I'll mistake you for a gentleman." Then amid some laughter, as playful and buoyant as that of a child, she explained to me that E— and she were "old friends" and that she was very fond of him, but that he often "took advantage of her old age and innocence", and amid some repartee the tobacco was produced, and H.P.B. made cigarettes for each of us. Then we settled down to more serious talk, H.P.B. asking me about my studies in Theosophy and western occultism, and telling me of the success of the Theosophical movement, and how the people said this and that, and how the papers said much more, and that all were wrong because they did not understand, and had forgotten their history books and could not see where the movement was going to. And then she asked me to tell her about myself, and gave me some practical advice, and soon afterwards I had taken leave of the most interesting person that I had ever seen.

Such were the circumstances which led to my personal acquaintance with my beloved and revered teacher and friend. I was most pleasurably impressed with all that I had heard and seen during my brief visit to the home of the Theosophists, and the impression I most vividly recollect of H.P.B. herself, was of her surpassing kindness of manner, her fearless candour, her remarkable vivacity, and above all the enthusiasm with which she spoke of the work which lay before the Theosophical Society. When, many months later, it was suggested that I should go to live at the London Headquarters, then in Lansdowne Road, I was only too glad to do so; indeed I would have gone anywhere in order to have come more directly under the pure strong influence of H.P.B.'s example and teaching. The impressions I had first formed of her character remained unchanged during all my intimate association with her, until her passing away. In all my difficulties, whether in study or work, I have ever found her a wise counsellor and a strong guide. In sickness or sorrow she has always been kind, gentle, helpful and re-assuring; in short, no one has ever filled

my life in the double capacity of friend and teacher as she has done, and there is none to whom my gratitude so willingly flows.

I have said that H. P. B. was enthusiastic in her devotion to the cause which she had the honour of representing to the world. None who has had the privilege of working with H.P.B. could make any doubt upon this point. One of her first letters to me, phrased in her peculiar foreign way, informed me that "the first volume of my book (the *Secret Doctrine*) is from the press, and I am up since five o'clock these days". Her powers of endurance were equal in every respect to her great sense of devotion. She was an incessant worker. I have seen her at her desk as early as six o'clock in the morning, and often in the coldest days of the winter months, several sheets had passed under her pen before she took breakfast. Her application and tenacity were oftentimes a source of wonderment to me, especially when I considered that a great part of her life had been spent in the restless excitement of travel and adventure. Whatever may be the respective merits of the many Causes for which men and women have worked and died, certain it is that none have served them more fervently, persistently and painfully, than H. P. B. has served that of Theosophy. The night before her departure she was at her desk for a few minutes, effecting the last disposition of her papers; an editorial lay half completed upon her desk, when for the last time she laid her pen aside to go to her passing rest. I was present at her departure, her right hand grew cold in mine. I will not attempt to describe my feelings when the consciousness of our loss, temporary though it may be, first dawned upon my mind. These moments of exquisite pain, when self-compassion, and a joy for the rest that had come to one I loved, tore my being in twain with their wild contest, will ever remain among the sacred memories of my life.

The last words from her pen were in defence of the truth for which she had lived; her dying lips framed words of encouragement to those upon whom the chief work would fall by her departure. What though many in the outside world have denied to her that honesty of purpose which they would be the first to claim for themselves, what though her untiring efforts in the cause of the Truth were repaid by the slanders and scoffs and sneers of the superficial crowd, and though her friendship was betrayed by the wounded vanity of a few fading personalities, yet she was unchecked in her purpose, and beyond the belief and desire of all her opponents, successful in the task she had undertaken in the face of such enormous discouragement. Those at least who lived with her, and best knew her, can tell how pure and unselfish was her whole nature, and how inspiring her teaching and her example. Nothing that I can say could add anything to the inherent beauty and purity of her character, and it is only with a feeling of grateful devotion and duty that I pen this feeble tribute to the memory of my greatest friend. WALTER R. OLD, F.T.S.

H. P. Blavatsky as seen through her Work.

HAVING joined the Theosophical Society in 1878, just as Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott were leaving America for India, and having followed the fortune of the Society ever since with increasing interest up to the time of H. P. B.'s death, it has occurred to me that the reasons that have led me, step by step, to the present time, may not be without interest to the readers of *LUCIFER*. It is not my purpose to write even an epitome of the Theosophical movement, or to attempt to show Madame Blavatsky's relations thereto, but rather to give a distant view of the teacher, as seen in her work, and show how her motive and aim may be discerned therefrom.

Coming to the T. S. doctrines from the orthodox protestant communion through familiarity with modern science, and philosophers like Herbert Spencer, these studies were immediately followed by mystical writers like Jacob Böhme, when at this point my attention was attracted to *Isis Unveiled*.

The result of all previous studies had been most unsatisfactory. The old religious creeds and theological interpretations of Christianity had been altogether repudiated; and while the materialism into which modern science was obviously drifting was still less satisfactory, as giving the meaning of life, the nature and destiny of man, there lingered a feeling that there must be, after all, an element of truth and a beneficent purpose in the old religions. I was still earnestly searching for that which I had all along been unable to find, and yet which I felt must somewhere exist.

Two or three times I took up one of the volumes of *Isis*, only to lay it down, discouraged by the idea that I must read it through in order to know what it contained, and life at that time seemed very short, and time always precious. To "scan" these books hastily, and get, as I had often done with other volumes, a good general idea of their contents, seemed impossible. One day I opened the first volume, "Science", and certain references therein to the Freemasons arrested my attention. I read on and on, and always with increasing interest. Before I had read to the end of the volume I began to hunt for some clue to the author. Who was "H. P. Blavatsky"? I had found in the volumes certain references to a "Theosophical Society". What was Theosophy, and what objects had the Society in view? At last my interest became so great that I wrote a letter of enquiry to the publisher, Mr. Bouton, and the result was a most kind and courteous response from H. P. Blavatsky herself. A more specific letter of enquiry was followed by another kind answer, and by my joining the Society.

Soon after arriving in India H. P. B. wrote me again in regard to the *Theosophist*, just then getting out its first number and requested me to answer any attacks upon, or misrepresentations regarding the T.S. From that time till her residence at Avenue Road, she wrote me at considerable intervals of time and whenever occasion specially required.

Obtaining, from clues given in *Isis*, a more definite idea of that for which I had been so long in search, as also of its ear-marks in many directions, I soon learned the sign-manual of the true occultist, *viz.*, the absence of all egotism. As soon as I found a writer exploiting a doctrine for either personal fame or profit, I learned first to distrust, and finally to discard him. Applying this test to H. P. B., as I did from the beginning, I found her in the face of her immense knowledge never egotistic, and not only from every sign and all reliable information, free from all personal pride or ambition, but rejecting everything offered to herself in the way of adulation or revenue. If one called her great or wise, she replied, "I am but the servant of Masters who are indeed great". Before leaving America she became a naturalized citizen of the U.S., and in doing so lost her pension from the Russian Government. The expense of founding the Society, of removing its headquarters to India, of starting the *Theosophist*, and of many other items, was largely borne by H. P. B. and Col. Olcott, while at the same time the small fees for dues, diplomas, etc., went in every instance into the treasury of the Society. I never knew her to solicit money in any way, even for the propaganda, and whenever presents of money were made to her they invariably went into the general fund of the Society.

I speak of these matters here, although so generally known, because as year after year went by, they furnished additional confirmation that here was no selfish egotist, no "adventuress", but a worker for truth and for humanity who utterly sank herself in her work. This chain of evidence, beginning from the foundation of the Society and ending only at her last breath, is unbroken. Nor have I ever seen one particle of evidence to the contrary, though ignorant and unscrupulous persons have made all sorts of baseless and absurd charges against her.

I regard this line of evidence as of great importance for the reason that every other movement of modern times, claiming to work on similar lines, with which I am acquainted, and I know a good many personally and intimately, is open to the charge of exploitation for both money and personal aggrandisement. H. P. B. sometimes made the statement that some of these organizations had stolen the livery of Theosophy for the purpose of personal profit; and in several instances, taking their professions at face-value with the reserved right of withdrawing if I found them otherwise, I joined them for the purpose of learning whether they were indeed true, and if they were working unselfishly on Theosophical lines. In every single instance their professions were false, and their boasted wisdom a delusion and a snare. One society was exploited by a convicted felon with

great pretensions and manuscripts "borrowed" from the "literary remains" of P. B. Randolph. The test to which I referred in the early part of this paper is unfailing, and those who are inexperienced in such matters will do well to bear it in mind. The true teacher of arcane wisdom who really aims at the betterment of man is never egotistic, ambitious, mercenary, or time-serving. For fourteen years I have applied this test to H. P. B. with the result of confirming all my earlier impressions. She sacrificed fortune, fame, health, and at last life itself, for an *idea*, and that idea was first and last the teaching of the truths of Theosophy for the benefit of humanity.

Coming now to her teaching itself; those who have charged her followers—those who were glad to be taught and led by her—with foolish credulity or blind fanaticism, are invariably those who speak without knowledge, and malign without evidence.

If I examined her method and motive, I also critically examined the grounds of her knowledge, and the evidence of her statements. Every one who has ever read her larger works, even with curious and literary interest, has remarked the almost innumerable references to many books in many languages and written in almost every age. Profound, indeed, would be the knowledge, and priceless the opportunity, of him who had the ability and the opportunity to verify all these references. He might, indeed, find here and there inaccuracies; what wonder, when these references were known to have been made *apparently* from memory, for it is well attested that she had a small number of volumes of any sort within her reach, and for months together never left the house in which she was living. Fortunately I have one of the largest libraries of occult and rare books to be found in America, and as my studies progressed I kept buying books to which she referred in *Isis*, in the *Secret Doctrine*, and in her almost numberless fugitive essays, for the purpose of verifying her statements as well as for further research. Through the clues thus afforded by her writings I was almost unconsciously gathering a mass of testimony in support of the old wisdom religion. Given, now, an individual of fair intelligence, capable of estimating evidence, and loyal at all times to the simple truth, I could undertake to support the great bulk of H. P. B.'s teaching by outside and overwhelming testimony.

There is also another, and entirely different, line of evidence; I have already early in this paper referred to the Freemasons. It was at this point that I first became attracted to H. P. B.'s writings and joined the Society; I had been through thirty-two degrees of Masonry, and had here, as in the orthodox religions, found something wanting. There were, indeed, traditions of "Ancient Landmarks", and that Masonry had originally been given to man "by God Himself", but what these ancient land-marks really were, or how and when the G. A. of T. U. had revealed them to man was nowhere to be discovered.

In other words, there was the evidence of glyphics, and the meaning

of symbolism ; and here my first real clue was derived from H. P. B. A friend of mine who has probably made more discoveries in the ancient Kabbala than anyone known to modern times, and who had devoted more than twenty years to this special line of work, raised once certain enquiries concerning his own researches, and expressed the doubt that any man then living could or would answer his enquiries. I suggested that he should write to H. P. B. in regard to the matter, and after some delay he did so. The result was nearly forty pages of very closely-written MSS. answering every question he had raised, and adding a fund of information that astonished the recipient beyond all measure. This gentleman is not and never has been a member of the T.S., but to the present time he declares his conviction that H. P. B. was the most profound and wonderful woman of this or of any age. He, a specialist for half a lifetime in an obscure and unknown field, found H. P. B. perfectly familiar with all his work.

But why multiply evidence on these lines so familiar to all who have really any knowledge of the subject of which I write? If such methods of examination and such tests constantly applied for fourteen years constitute one a "blind follower" and an "unreasoning enthusiast", then am I all that and more. Mine is not the pen to write a biography of H. P. B., nor to estimate the value and magnitude of her work. These are but brief personal reminiscences of one who never saw her, who could not, therefore, come under her personal magnetism, nor be in any way prejudiced by personal contact. From the beginning I have measured the work of H. P. B. *by itself*, as well as by every available test and comparison, and allowed it to stand or fall on its merit. The time has now come when every one at all interested in the teachings and work of the T. S. must apply this discriminating method, and if the student be in real earnest and ready to accord to truth its own intrinsic value the result can be in nowise uncertain. There is no record of any such teacher in the western world since our boasted "civilization" emerged from barbarism.

If it be just to judge a tree by its fruit, a character by its service to humanity, and a personality by its self-forgetfulness, then will H. P. Blavatsky soon be recognised in her true character, and placed among the benefactors of humanity.

Her mission remains to the Society she came forth to found. If its members have not apprehended her mission, then, indeed, have they studied in vain, and she hath imagined a vain thing. Those who have received most through larger opportunity and from personal contact with the teacher, have the larger duty.

"Nay, O thou candidate for Nature's hidden lore!
If one would follow in the steps of holy Tathāgata,
Those gifts and powers are not for Self."

But what if the disciple prove forgetful and untrue, and wander off in search of Self? The teachings still remain, and truer disciples yet will come to carry on her work. A tidal wave raised by her hand has already swept around

the world. Its pulses throb in every artery of life. The Society has but to feed the body already transfused with a newer life, to keep it intact as a whole, and to draw from exhaustless sources already in their keeping, to move the world, as it has not been moved for many a weary century. *The nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood* is already formed. Shall this Laya-centre lift humanity and enlighten the world? H. P. B. is not dead. There is no death. H. P. B. has diffused her life into the Theosophical Society, bidding them again diffuse its vital stream to every soul that breathes; adding their life-force to hers, and so to *pass it on*, involving all; enlightening all; redeeming all from selfishness and sin. "Death" was her most heroic deed. It marks and means renewed life. Hitherto we have received, now we must give. Hitherto we have learned; now, like her, we must teach. The harvest is ready, and the reapers are *not* a few, and the golden grain shall not fall back into the ground, nor be devoured by the beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air, for an innumerable host that no man can number stand hungry and waiting without. They are waiting without, foot-sore and weary with life. They have waited long, clamouring for bread, and receiving only a stone, and here is the *One only Truth* that can feed and satisfy the starving soul; the one truth that to the last analysis can satisfy the reasoning mind, and give new life and hope to the sorrowing heart of humanity. *Let us push on the work of H. P. B.*

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

The Opinion of a Hindu about H.P.B.

[*The subjoined Paper was not published in January, because H. P. B. was the Editor of LUCIFER; I print it here now, among the many testimonies to her great worth.—ED.*]

IN perusing the article headed, "The Theosophical Society and H.P.B.," by Mrs. A. Besant in the December number of LUCIFER, I was struck with several things, and although I cannot fully express my mind on all that I think and know about the subject, I yet feel myself constrained to speak a few words on it.

There is not the least doubt that H. P. B. is a woman of mysterious and wonderful occult powers, and must have acquired them, I believe, with great, very great difficulty and drawbacks; for now-a-days it is very rare to find out, *i.e.*, to recognise, a powerful Yogi in India, and especially to succeed in getting anything out of him; the more so by a woman born of Mlecha tribe. That, however, somehow or other—how, it is more than I

can say—she has succeeded in getting the key of the true Hindu and therefore of the subsequent Buddhistic Secret Philosophy, there can be no question, no doubt and no hesitation about it. Those who really understand anything about the sublime and mysterious philosophy of the Hindus—including the Hindus themselves—can at once find out what she knows and what she is ; it does not require the demonstration of her occult powers to convince such a person. A few words on the real point, nay, only one word and the sign of a particular place, and he knows at once what she is.

I am not known to the Theosophical Society in India, England, or America, although I know H. P. B. very well. I am not a Russian, an Englishman, or an American, and therefore I have no earthly reason to speak well or ill of a person, unless I am thoroughly convinced of the one thing or the other. Add to this the fact that I am a Hindu and a Brahmin of the high caste, and then you will be able to judge what motive can have actuated me, *except truth*, in speaking one word in favour of a person who, I must say, does not do justice to the philosophy of my ancestors, by revealing it to the *Ausoon* of the West, who are every inch Mlecha, in spite of all their vaunted civilisation and modern science.

Those who call H. P. B. “a fraud” are much mistaken, they do not know her. I would be glad to give up everything I have in this world to become such a fraud, if anybody will come forward to teach me. Is it not sufficient for the Westerns to know that a proud Brahmin, who knows not how to bend his body before any mortal being in this world, except his superiors in relation or religion, joins his hands like a submissive child before the white *Yogini* of the West? Why so? because she is no longer a Mlecha woman ; she has passed that stage ; and every Hindu—the purest of the pure amongst the Brahmins—would be proud and delighted to call her Hindu and a mother—there is no doubt about it. India cannot forget her, has not forgotten her, and the Hindus will, at no distant time, get their *Yogini* back to their house. They may be careless and ignorant, but they are certainly not ungrateful or faithless, like most of the civilised people of the West. I am really very sorry for the conduct of some of my mistaken countrymen, during the Coulomb farce on the missionary stage in India, who for fear of disclosing the names of the Yogis to the people of the West, lost no time in concealing the fact, so as to make it appear that there were no real Yogis in India at all. I myself certainly do not like the idea of publishing the Secret Philosophy of the East for the information of the people of the West, who have nothing but contempt and hatred for everything called Eastern, and especially Indian ; there may be very, very few exceptions to these ; but there is one consolation in this ; that those books are dead letters for the *Sahab loks* unless fully explained, and H. P. B. is the only person who can explain them in the West. But I sincerely hope that she will not abuse her authority, unless with the consent of those from whom

she received. As a Brahmin, I would always object, and I consider it my duty to do so, to the publishing of the secret sublime Truths of my religion and ancestors, especially amongst the people whose food is beef, who drink spirituous liquors, and have beds composed of spring cushions made of down and feathers.* It is very easy to envy the powers possessed by others, and to wish to possess the same; but it is very, very difficult to attain these, more difficult than I am able to express.

RAI B. K. LAHERI, F.T.S.

How an Agnostic saw Her.

FROM stale, grey London we were whirled out among the green fields and through masses of fruit trees white as the vesture of Soracte's† hill, that day we followed to the furnace the mortal remains of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky. Away we were whirled through plains grazed by fat oxen that would have made a holocaust worthy to have celebrated the victory of Plataea, and through a gloomy plantation of resinous pine that would have made a funeral pyre for Patroclus. And, from among the bushes, the birds sang as merrily as they did erst in Eden, and the primroses prink the green slopes as fragrantly and daintily as in the old romantic days, when they bore up the dancing feet of Titania and Oberon beneath the light of the moon.

And on we sped with our dead through that blue-skied afternoon in the month of May. We bore no warrior to the pyre. We needed no oxen and resinous pine. We hastened to a mortuary furnace more intense than ever reddened the heavens round Ilium, or rendered Gehenna hideous with unctuous smoke and the odour of smouldering bones.

We were accompanying to the flames an oracle, a sphinx, or a sibyl, rather than anything that the world commonly produces in its ordinary villages and towns. We accompanied the remains of what erst was the madcap girl of Ekaterinoslow, who, with nuptial withes, had, as a freak, tied her wild and impetuous young heart to that of tame and frosty age; and had since, in every realm of this planet of ours, thought and toiled and suffered, and had been misunderstood and calumniated. She felt her strength, and knew the weakness of the chattering imbeciles that, in the census-return, make up the millions of a country's population. Mabel Collins tells the truth when she says that Madame Blavatsky had a contempt for mankind; but forgets to say that it was an affectionate contempt.

* A true Hindu would never care for the Western civilisation which, like an onion, only emits a strong smell of a peculiar kind, too much provocative of passion, and discloses no substance when the several skins are taken off.

† *Vide* Hor., Ode ix.

She was neither pessimist nor misanthropist. She was simply an upright and romantically honest giantess, who measured herself with the men and women with whom she came in contact, and felt the contrast, and was not hypocrite enough to pretend she did not feel it. But she did not call even those who reviled and wronged her by a more bitter epithet than "flapdoodles". Such assailants as even the Coulombs and Dr. Coues she referred to with expressions equivalent to "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do", even when these assailants were doing their best to cut her, soul and body, with numerous and ghastly wounds, and to fill them with salt and salve them with vitriol.

She had no more rancour against the "flapdoodles" than I have against my butt, "Mr. John Smith, nonconformist and cheesemonger"; and my ill-will towards him is shown by my working away for him year after year barring up my path to literary renown and worldly success, and becoming prematurely blind and grey-haired, wrinkled and old, for his sake. If Madame Blavatsky, like every other ambitious man and woman, had flattered the "flapdoodles" and catered to their prejudices, they would have paid her for her services and awarded her the kind of excellently stale character that would obtain one a situation as a Methodist preacher. But she was not one of the Methodist preacher type, and they give her a character (*vide* Coues and others) that would obtain for the very devil a more exalted position in hell. She declined to place her feet in the very marks in which Mrs. Grundy trod, even as an eagle could not be made to walk for leagues on the hoof-prints of an ass. She at one time amused some gapers and gazers with specimens of home-made "miracles"; and these "miracles", light as a game at Nap, they elected to associate with Theosophy, which, compared with a frivolous game at Nap, is serious as the cannonading at Trafalgar. They judged her on the testimony of a snake she had warmed in her bosom, a Madame Coulomb, a renegade friend, the most venomous viper the world knows of, especially if the viper be a female one. And on the coilings and wriggings and hissings of this adder they are mean enough and mediocre enough to base devilish aspersions against the strong, brave, and simple woman with the remains of whom we travel on to the furnace at Woking. Such was the tenour of my contemplations by the way.

One in a wagon-load of uncraped mourners, I reached the crematorium. It is a red-brick building, which, in appearance, seems a mongrel between a chapel, a tile-kiln and a factory chimney. You enter by a mortuary chapel, passing through which you emerge through heavy folding doors of oak, and find yourself in an apartment, in the middle of the floor of which, and end to you, there is a great iron object like the boiler of a locomotive, but supported by and embedded in masonry. The Theosophists crowd round this boiler-looking object with anxious but decorous curiosity, to gratify which one of the attendants turned, on the end of the object, an iron snib, which left a circular orifice about the size of a crown piece. Those present

looked in succession into this opening ; most, I noticed, gave one quick glance, and turned away with an involuntary shudder. When it came to my turn to peep in I wondered not that my predecessors had shuddered. If Virgil or Milton or Dante had ever seen such an Inferno, they would never have written about the Inferno at all, relinquishing the theme as utterly ineffable. Inside that furnace was filled with towels of fire whisked by the arm of the very devil himself. I can look on a common furnace ; but I shall never again peep through that iron eye-let into the viscera of hell.

As I was so contemplating, the hearse arrived and drew up on the gravel in front of the door of the mortuary chapel. Into the chapel the coffin was borne and laid upon an oaken tressel, and we all stood up and uncovered. The coffin was literally laden with and hidden in flowers, and a heavy perfume pervaded the air. Under those flowers lay the mortal remains of her who was dear to all of us, and had wielded a personal influence such as mere mediocrity, however amiable, could never have exercised. The *glamour* with which she evoked towards herself human respect and affection was a greater "miracle" than any her traducers have drawn our attention to. It was equalled only by the envenomed hate towards her with which she could apparently inspire her enemies. And how she could have enemies at all is a "miracle" to me ; for, in spite of her tremendous attainments and unrivalled talent, she had not a vestige of pedantic assumption, and had the simple heart of a child. "Impostor" indeed ! She was almost the only mortal I have ever met who was *not* an impostor. And the flagrant and apparent ignorance of those who style her so is contemptible. They allege that she "founded a new religion". Where and when did either she or hers make such claim ? On the authority of mendacious popular gossip, they allege that the "new religion" like the baleful old mockery of a religion that is in this country, by law established, was attested by thaumaturgy and miracle. They are ignorant of the very elements of Theosophy who make such a charge. Even if you were to take it for granted that, by a clever juggle, Madame Blavatsky found a tea-cup under the ground and mystically mended a trayful of broken china, the fact would have no more connection with Theosophy than Tenterden Church has with the Goodwin Sands, or lawn tennis with Christianity. Ye sneerers of cheap sneers, read "Isis Unveiled", "The Secret Doctrine", and the "Key to Theosophy", and you will find that Theosophy is, most likely, something too high for your comprehension, but something that is immeasurably removed from the possibility of being assisted by the legerdemain of a charlatan or the jugglery of a mountebank.

Mr. G. R. S. Mead, a young gentleman of refined features and much *spirituelle* of expression, stepped forward to the head of the coffin of her to whom he had been private secretary and attached friend. There, in the most solemn hush, he read an impressive address impressively. As his

silvery voice rose and fell in melancholy cadence, I was wafted away as in a vision to the glen where—

“In accents soft and calm,
Kilmahoe gave out the psalm,”

among the heathery hills of my own loved land, to sterner and less literate heretics who were persecuted with fire and steel, even as the heretics among whom I now stood were persecuted with sneering and calumny.

But, while thus musing, the door from the crematorium into the chapel opened, and four employees, who did not look exactly like either stokers or butchers, but had some resemblance to each, entered, and, in a business-like manner, went two to each end of the tressel, and, raising it by its four handles, moved off with it through the doorway. Four Theosophists who had known and loved Madame Blavatsky, and had, like myself, found the grandest and the worst-abused woman in the world identical, followed her remains through that wide doorway down to the furnace. The mass of flowers wafted us another wealth of fragrance as they disappeared, and the great doorway was slammed and bolted with a decisive mastery suggestive of the fall of the portcullis in Hades.

Tressel, coffin, and flowers had gone. They were now behind that inexorable door, as also the mortal remains of the strongest, bravest, and noblest woman that shall ever grasp this poor trembling hand, all too mean and weak to write her obsequies. “Give up thy life if thou wouldst live..... Before he cast his shadow off his mortal coil, that pregnant course of anguish and illimitable pain, in him will men a great and holy Buddha honour..... When to the Permanent is sacrificed the mutable, the prize is thine: the drop returneth whence it came. The OPEN PATH leads to the changeless change—Nirvāna, the glorious state of Absoluteness, the Bliss past human thought.”*

Since Madame Blavatsky's arrival in England the Theosophic movement has made steady progress, principally among the influential and educated; for, like Positivism, it offers no haven of mental indolence and moral lethargy for the unlettered and unthinking. The most notable English convert is Mrs. Annie Besant, whom we always predicted would, in time, relinquish the cold *this-worldism* of the Secularist.

Anyone with the capacity to recognise human greatness and to discern the *Shekinah* light of Genius—and this is written by one who has looked in the face of Carlyle—could not fail to know that the world held only one Madame Blavatsky. There was a charm in the sublime simplicity of her manner which drew her followers to her as the horse-shoe magnet attracts the steel filings. She struck you as a square-headed, rough-featured, stout, carelessly-draped, Oliver Cromwell-looking personage, as you sat alone with her over coffee and smoking with her cigarettes of her own making;

* “The Voice of the Silence,” translated and annotated by H. P. Blavatsky.

but she had that overflow of soul which falls to the lot of few, and such as might, but for superior mental fibre and balance, have impelled her, like Wiertz and Blake, to ride on steeds of fire while the multitude deemed their genius dashed with madness. Hers had been a life of storm, toil, and unrest, which had left their autographs written cruelly upon her face, and had originated or accentuated incurable illness. She kept herself among us by taking doses of arsenic which would have killed the strongest. And yet she was cheerful and sociable, incapable of an ungenerous thought, and she had not a mean drop of blood in her veins.

Her manners and mode and matter of speech were far too unconventional for the drawing-room. She could use expressions of expletive force which are compatible with dashing dragoons rather than with simpering dudes. She had that tremendous strength of idiosyncrasy which can dispense with receiving lessons in deportment from the dancing-master. The feeble yew looks best when clipped and pruned; but the forest oak appears to most advantage in the possession of the full length and strength of his great arms with which he has grappled with the roaring storm.

Theosophy or no Theosophy, the most extraordinary woman of our century, or of any century, has passed away. Yesterday the world had one Madame Blavatsky—to-day it has none. The matrix of heredity environment in which she was moulded has been broken. Through the coming ages of time or eternity shall the shattered fragments of that matrix be gathered up and refixed, and another Helena Petrovna Hahn be born upon the earth, when the earth is sane enough not to misunderstand her, to persecute her, and seek to bury her name in a cataclysm of falsehood, hatred, and slander?

Any discriminating person who came in contact with her could easily understand why she was so dearly loved, and no less easily conjecture why she was so bitterly hated. She wore her heart upon her sleeve. Unfortunately for anyone who hopes to "get on" in this world, she did not possess even a single rag of the cloak of hypocrisy. She rattled away rather than conversed upon persons and principles in merry sarcasm and happy cynicism, but, to those who could understand her, without even a suspicion of bitterness or malevolence. She had none of that restrained precision in utterance in regard to friends and contemporaries which ladies in society adopt. She meant no ill, and so it did not occur to her that she could speak any evil. She was, if you like, too simple and ingenuous and straightforward; she wanted in discretion; she was entirely lacking in hypocrisy; and thus she became an easy butt for the envenomed arrows of her traducers.

Now, through dark death and the crematorium fire, she has passed from among us, ye slanderers. Apart from the nobility of her soul and the magnitude of her achievements, I cherish dearly the memory of one I loved, of

a misunderstood one whom I understood, and one of the very few who ever understood me. The mystery to which we are passing may be the richer for her presence ; but this mediocre world of ours is all the poorer for her loss. Her demise falls heavily upon me who was of her brotherhood, but who do not share in the stoical consolations of her creed.

To her followers she is still alive. The Madame Blavatsky I knew " can in the mind of no Theosophist be confounded with the mere physical instrument which served it for but for one brief incarnation ". But I lay not firm enough hold upon this doctrine for it to give consolation to me. The Madame Blavatsky I knew is *dead* to me. Of course, all that might be permanent or impermanent of her still whirls in the vortex of the universe ; but she lives to me only as do others on the roll of the good and great, by the halo of her memory and the inspiration of her example. Her followers are gnostic on grave issues of teleology on which I am only agnostic. They have unbroken communion with their dead ; but I am left to mourn. It is not for me to altogether overleap the barriers of sense, and, by the divine light of spiritual perception, behold help extended to me from that awful bourne from which no traveller returns. To me Madame Blavatsky is dead, and another shadow has fallen athwart my life, which has never had much sunshine to bless it.

SALADIN.

(In *Agnostic Journal*.)



Resolutions from Lodges.

THE following Resolutions from Lodges have been received at the European Headquarters :

BLAVATSKY LODGE.

Resolved, that the members of the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society hereby record their unabated loyalty to and confidence in H. P. Blavatsky, the founder and teacher of their Lodge, and express their grateful and heartfelt thanks for all the instruction she has imparted to them.

Resolved, that the Blavatsky Lodge of the Theosophical Society, herewith determines to carry on the work of Theosophy with increased activity, and re-adopts with enthusiasm the fourth clause of its original constitution, passed on Thursday, May 9th, 1887, at Maycot, Upper Norwood, viz.: " That the aim of the Lodge be active work ".

PHILALETHEAN LODGE, BRIXTON.

Resolved, that this Lodge of Fellows and Associates of the Theosophical Society hereby records its deep regret at the death of the honoured Founder of the Theosophical Society, after a life of undeviating rectitude and absolute self-sacrifice.

CHISWICK LODGE.

Resolved, that the Chiswick Lodge of the Theosophical Society desires to place on record its deep sense of the loss which the Society has incurred in the death of its founder and teacher, H. P. Blavatsky; to acknowledge their obligation to her for inspiration and knowledge derived from her teachings; to uphold against all attack her personal character and the noble effort of her life, and to express their deepest sympathy with those of her immediate circle, who feel her loss most keenly.

BRADFORD LODGE.

Resolved, that this Lodge desires to express its sincere regret occasioned by the death of that inestimable woman named Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, and its deep lament at the loss which the world in general, the Theosophical Society in particular, but most especially her private students, will thereby incur.

LIVERPOOL LODGE.

Resolved, that the Liverpool Lodge confirm their telegram of the 9th instant, and convey to Headquarters their heartfelt sympathy and regret for the loss of their beloved friend and teacher, H. P. Blavatsky, and express their conviction that if the Fellows of the Theosophical Society would ensure the success of the noble work which she so ably instituted, they must labour to the utmost of their ability in the same direction.

BIRMINGHAM LODGE.

The Birmingham Lodge writes:—This is indeed a great loss to us generally: but we must not let our sorrow hide from us the real ties which made H.P.B. dear to us, and we therefore take this opportunity of assuring you of our allegiance to the Cause for which she worked, to which she was so devoted, hoping ere long to see an imperishable monument to H.P.B.'s memory raised up in the success of the Theosophical movement.

WEST OF ENGLAND LODGE.

We, the undersigned members of the West of England Branch of the Theosophical Society, having learned with deep regret and sorrow of the passing away of our gifted Teacher, Helena P. Blavatsky, on the 8th May, desire to express our deep sense of the loss we have all sustained in the removal of a life from the midst of us, the work of which has earned our heartfelt gratitude, and also to offer our great sympathy with those who were closely associated with our Teacher at Headquarters, the President and Members of the Blavatsky Lodge.

SIGNED BY MEMBERS.

DUBLIN LODGE.

Resolved, that the Dublin Lodge desire to place on record their unalterable conviction that whatever is best and noblest in their natures has been aroused and energized by the immortal work done for humanity of all races and creeds by our revered leader H. P. Blavatsky. With this view of her life and work before us, the Lodge feel that ordinary expressions of gratitude for the manner in which her life has raised some of us to a partial realization of the possibilities of our nature would be woefully inadequate to express the deep love and reverence with which we must ever regard her.

SCOTTISH LODGE.

Resolved, that the Scottish Lodge send its heartfelt condolence and sympathy to its co-workers in London, and express its sense of the exceed-

ing great loss the cause of Theosophy throughout the world has sustained by the death of its greatest exponent, Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

SWEDISH BRANCH.

Resolved, that the Gothenburg Centre express its regret at the great loss sustained by the death of H. P. B.

“The members of the Swedish Theosophical Society send a greeting of warmest sympathy to the members of the H. P. B. Staff in London on account of the great loss all Theosophists have incurred through the departure of our revered friend and teacher, H. P. B. She was a light-bringer to all who possessed the blessed power to see or feel that it was the truth she brought us. She consoled many a despairing soul that ignored its divine birthright. Through her courage and indefatigable unselfish labour she made fervent many a cold heart that had forgotten that it lived to struggle. Her unfailing faith put the faint-hearted to shame; her humility was a lesson to the self-sufficient.

“Blessed and cherished be her memory! You lived with her and enjoyed her daily teaching and advice, your regret is deeper, but your remembrance is richer, and if we have the certain hope, that from the hearth where H. P. B. once lived and worked, light and warmth will flow to us long after she has left it, it is not only because we trust your willingness to share the inheritance with us, but because we have already had so many proofs of your untiring and enlightened work for your brethren.”

IONIAN BRANCH.

Resolved, that the Ionian Branch express its deep-felt sorrow for the unexpected, sudden and irreparable loss to the Theosophical Society occasioned by the death of its Founder, Chief, dearest Friend, and illustrious Teacher, Madame H. P. Blavatsky.

DUTCH-BELGIAN BRANCH.

Resolved, that the Dutch-Belgian Branch express its heartfelt grief at its great loss, and their deep sympathy for the Council of the British Section and all H. P. B.'s friends at the Headquarters in London, or in other parts of the world, occasioned by her decease.

SOCIÉTÉ THÉOSOPHIQUE D'ORIENT ET D'OCCIDENT.

The Duchesse de Pomar, President of the Société Théosophique d'Orient et d'Occident, writing for the members of the Branch, after sincere expressions of sympathy, continues:—“Indeed the loss of such a devoted Teacher, and so eminently learned a woman, is a general one, and one that can never be replaced in our day at all events; and the only thing we can do to help ourselves is to study the voluminous writings she has left us with redoubled assiduity, and with the firm assurance that she will still aid us from the other side, and will still continue to take the same deep interest in our studies and aspirations she has ever done”.*

LE LOTUS BRANCH.

Le Lotus Branch in a sympathetic and brotherly letter express themselves as follows:

“Au moment où la Société Théosophique est frappée si cruellement par la perte de celle qui fut sa lumière et la propagatrice inspirée de la vérité, le devoir de tous les membres de la S. T. est de s'unir encore davantage et de redoubler de zèle et de dévouement.

“C'est ainsi seulement que nous prouverons que nous étions dignes de recevoir ses hauts enseignements et qu'ils ne sont pas tombés dans une terre ingrate et stérile.”

* Pressure of space prevents us giving the rest of the letter.—[Ed.]

THE SPANISH GROUP.

Douloureusement frappé par la perte que la S.T. vient d'éprouver dans la personne de son Maître respecté, H. P. Blavatsky, le Groupe Espagnol s'adresse au LUCIFER afin d'y exprimer publiquement sa profonde douleur.

Cependant, malgré la tristesse qui pèse sur tous ses membres, ils peuvent dire que leur attachement et leur enthousiasme pour la Cause Théosophique ne s'est pas démenti un seul instant, Cause à laquelle notre Maître avait voué sa noble vie et pour laquelle elle avait tout sacrifié.

Le Groupe Espagnol, semblable au roseau battu par le vent d'orage, la consternation du premier mouvement passée, secoue sa tristesse et relève courageusement la tête pour continuer la lutte avec énergie et remplir loyalement son devoir.

Le Groupe Espagnol *tient à proclamer hautement* dans cette amère circonstance, son inébranlable et fidèle adhésion à la Société Théosophique, convaincu qu' H. P. Blavatsky qui fut notre Maître, notre guide et notre ami à tous, veillera sur ceux dont elle a été à même d'apprécier le dévouement et la sincérité, et leur donnera la force nécessaire pour atteindre un jour le but si noble et si élevé auquel ils se sont proposé d'arriver et dont H. P. Blavatsky leur a indiqué le chemin.

The Glasgow Centre, not yet formed into a chartered Lodge, sends by its Secretary, "the expression of the deep regret and sorrow felt by the members of the Centre at the death of H. P. B., loved as she was and revered, as a woman and as our leader, by all of us."

The resolutions from Branches of the American and Indian Sections are held over till next month for want of space.

The Press.

DURING the last month we have simply been inundated with cuttings. Upwards of 500 have been received from Great Britain alone; in fact the whole press of the country has had something to say of H.P.B. and Theosophy. The majority of the cuttings are favourable and many papers re-produced the life of H.P.B. from *Men and Women of the Time*. A few were eulogistic and some had the bad taste to vilify the dead, heaping on her the most shocking imputations. With regard to these the following protest was drawn up and appeared in quite a host of papers:

"We, the undersigned members of the Theosophical Society, who have known intimately the late H. P. Blavatsky, have read with surprise and disgust the extraordinary and baseless falsehoods concerning her life and moral character circulated by a portion of the press.

"We do not propose to attempt any answer in detail to libels as monstrous as they are vile, libels which deal, moreover, with supposed events laid in distant quarters of the world, without any evidence being adduced to substantiate the allegations. Is it right, even for the sake of soiling a dead woman's memory, to ignore the ordinary rule of law that the *onus* of proof lies on the accuser? What character can be safe if any unsupported slander is to be taken for proved fact? We content ourselves with staking our honour and reputation on the statement that her character was of an exceptionally pure and lofty type, that her life was unsullied and

her integrity spotless. It is because we know this that we were and are proud to follow her guidance, and we desire to place on public record the fact that we owe to her the noblest inspirations of our lives.

"As regards the curious idea that Madame Blavatsky's death has given rise to any contest for her 'vacant place', will you permit us to say that the organization of the Theosophical Society remains unaffected by her death. In conjunction with Col. H. S. Olcott, the President of the Society, and Mr. William Q. Judge, a prominent New York lawyer, Vice-President and leader of the movement in America, Madame Blavatsky was the founder of the Theosophical Society, and this is a position that cannot well be carried either by a *coup d'état* or otherwise. Madame Blavatsky was Corresponding Secretary of the Society, a purely honorary post, which, under the constitution, it is unnecessary to fill at her decease. During the last six months, in consequence of the growth of the Society, she temporarily exercised the presidential authority in Europe by delegation from Colonel Olcott, in order to facilitate the transaction of business, and with her death the delegation naturally becomes void.

"Her great position in the movement was due to her knowledge, to her ability, to her unswerving loyalty, not to the holding of office; and the external organization remains practically untouched. Her special function was that of teacher, and he or she who would fill her place must have her knowledge.

(Signed) "ANNIE BESANT.

"C. CARTER BLAKE, Doc. Sci.

"HERBERT BURROWS.

"LAURA M. COOPER.

"ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY.

"ARCHIBALD KEIGHTLEY, M.B. (*Cantab.*)

"G. R. S. MEAD, B.A. (*Cantab.*), *Sec. European Section T.S.*

"WALTER R. OLD, *Sec. British Section T.S.*

"CONSTANCE, COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER.

"W. WYNN WESTCOTT, M.B. (*Lond.*)"

LONDON, *May 19th, 1891.*

On the whole the newspaper men have shown a desire for fair play; in fact one prominent journal which had devoted several columns in two succeeding issues to a rehash of the personal opinion that made Mr. Hodgson so notorious, and was so foolishly endorsed by a learned society (perhaps to enliven their otherwise deadly dull reports) sent a representative to visit the Blavatsky Lodge, and gave us an excellent notice in one of its columns.

We have also received many cuttings from the United States, India and the Continent, and have to report on them also as above. It is to be remarked that the press of all these countries, perhaps we may say of the world, has not been contented with a few lines of notice or comment. Many of the leading papers have devoted editorials to the subject, and some contain articles of several columns in length. On the whole, the world imagines that the members of the T.S. are long-haired mystics or credulous imbeciles; we wonder how they will take it when they find out that we are somewhat business-like people, only a little more in earnest than the majority!



The True Church of Christ, Exoteric and Esoteric.

IV. THE LIFE PRINCIPLE OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from the May Number.)

IT has been significantly said that every man has three distinct personalities, first the man as he is, second the man he believes himself to be, and third the man as others see him. Of these the first can probably only be known to omniscience, but the synthesis of the second and third will come as near to it as it is possible for finite human intelligences to attain. The man himself can no more know the outward presentment of his personality than others judging him can know (as he himself partially *does* know) the spirit and reason of that presentment and its real meaning. So by strict analogy is it with the Church; outsiders who are not members (in the fullest sense) of the Church, may have a very full knowledge of the outward aspects τὸ φαινόμενον (better perhaps than the generality of members); but of the inward realities τὸ ὄν they have no more knowledge than outsiders have of the true motives of a man's actions. Just as it is valuable to a man to be told by a friend how his conduct appears to others, but dangerous for any to judge a man by appearance merely; so the candid criticism of honest outsiders is of the greatest value to the Church, and to the real seeker after truth the account of the Church's teachings and system presented by an outsider, collated with the explanation thereof given *from within* by the authoritative voice of the Church itself, affords the best possible information of what the Church really is. The writings of the modern Hermetic school are of great value in this regard; honest enough and altruistic enough to see clearly faults as well as virtues, and not to "set down aught in malice". mystic enough to discern the mystic and spiritual side of Church teaching, and able as outsiders to look clearly and dispassionately on the outward presentment, they can know and describe the visible body of the Church, into which the voice of the living Church can infuse a living soul.

I have used the expression "living Church", which has indeed been the common expression from its first foundation to the present time, and the question naturally arises wherein does the life consist; and by what test may we clearly distinguish the *living* Church from the Christian sects which are not members of it? Here again the analogy of the human body will help us, for science tells us that the life principle is resident in certain cells. In such a cell-colony as I have already alluded to, the life and the power of continuance of the species resides in the germ-plastic cells, these are surrounded and overlaid by enormous numbers of somatic cells which

are mortal, which come and go in the processes of metabolism, not the life of the colony, yet necessary to its life. And these germ-plastic cells are not homogeneous, but themselves undergo molecular changes whereby they become each, as it were, the microcosm of the whole colony, so that each germ-plastic (or reproductive) cell has a potentiality of reproducing the entire colony. On this molecular differentiation seems to depend the law of heredity, and the most reasonable conclusion seems to be that the germ-plastic or reproductive cell is a vehicle subject to continuous change and differentiation, but carrying the subtle odic or life principle, and capable of imparting it. That life principle must have been originally infused into the cell from some universal life or over-soul, or whatever name it may be called by. The vehicle however, of the germ cell being the microcosm of the cell colony, is itself imperfect and limited, and to this extent to be distinguished from the vital principle it carries, which, being drawn from universal life, is not subject to these imperfections. The Church, as we have seen, growing together with a common life like a cell-colony, arranged its own constitution and conditions, therefore, though outsiders may perceive that there is a life principle somewhere, it is only from within that the nature of that life can be stated, or the precise conditions of it. Taking the analogy of members of the Church to molecules of the human body, we should expect to find that life dependent on certain members and passed from one to another of them, a life moreover originally infused from without. This accordingly brings us to the next proposition.

6. THE CORPORATE LIFE OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST RESIDES IN THE CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD DESCENDED BY APPOINTED MEANS FROM THE APOSTLES, INTO WHOM THE ESSENTIAL SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH WAS ORIGINALLY INFUSED.

Demonstration.—Leaving aside for the moment as undemonstrated the question whether the historic Jesus of Nazareth was the same as the mystic Christ (the manifestation to the world of the Ineffable Supreme), and merely assuming that such a manifestation has been and is, and that certain seers, adepts, initiates, call them what you will, desired the formation of a human society to be the means of making known to all mankind some of the teachings concerning that manifestation. The corporate life, according to the history, came into the Church by what is termed the descent of the Holy Ghost on the Apostles at Pentecost. We have nothing now to do with *proving the truth* of that account. Our demonstration merely amounts to this: (1) The story is related in the Acts of the Apostles. (2) The Church by its living voice, *i.e.*, decree of council and subsequent acceptance, has pronounced that book canonical, *i.e.*, part of the Church's authorized teaching. (3) Therefore the Church as a living body accepts that account of its origin. (4) The Church as a living body with a corporate life afterwards considered that such corporate life residing at first in the Apostles could only be transmitted by them, or by or through those to

whom they transmitted it. This fourth point is proved first by the Epistle of Clement of Rome* shewing the existence in Apostolic times of a Church with a Bible and government like our own ; secondly, St. Ignatius writing some thirty or thirty-five years later ; thirdly, the testimony of Irenæus and Tertullian urging the Apostolic succession as indisputable and essential for the life of the Church ; fourthly, the catena of authority showing the acceptance of the theory consistently up to the present day by the Church, which is well traced out in Haddan *On Apostolic Succession*, Chapter V., and the authorities there cited.

Notes and Illustrations.

(1.) The Church's theory of its own life then is and always has been that it is dependent on and resides in and is transmitted by its priesthood, in other words "the doctrine of the Apostolic Succession". Those who reject this doctrine are those who, for some cause or another, have left the parent Church. The presumption as to these, therefore, is that they have lost the corporate life of the Church of Christ. They may be Christians, they may even belong to what I have alluded to as the astral Church, but they are not and cannot be members of the visible Church unless they can show a share in the corporate life.

who are the priests!

(2.) Be it carefully understood that up to now there is nothing as to supernatural grace or personal revelation, or moral goodness. We are dealing simply with the human side of a human organization which has prescribed, as it had a right to do, its objects and constitution, its mode of communication with human beings, the theory which it holds as to the origin of its common life, and the ceremonial or mechanical means whereby that life is to be carried on. All these elements we may see in more or less detail in every living association. In fact we are now looking simply at the four lower principles of the Association known as the Church of Christ.

(3.) To follow out the analogy, the general mass of members of the Church are its *Sthula Sharira*, chaotic if regarded as an unorganized mass, but differentiated from the first into somatic and germ-plastic cells, the latter being represented by the priesthood ; through these germ-cells the *Prāna*, called Life in the case of a human being, Divine Grace in the case of the Church, is conveyed more or less vigorously and efficaciously to the whole organism.

(4.) The germ-plastic cell being subject to molecular differentiation, whereby it becomes, potentially at all events, the microcosm of the cell colony, yet carries and transmits the subtle and mysterious principle of life, would lead us to expect a doctrine in the Church that the life of the Church, call it Divine Grace or what you will, is unaffected by the personal character of the priest who is the vehicle of transmission. Accordingly we

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* For the most recent and learned account of St. Clement and his writings, see *The Apostolic Fathers*, Part I., by the late Bishop of Durham, London, 1890.

find that throughout Church history this has been the mind of the Church. Taking the mediæval schoolmen, both the great opposing sections, the Thomists and the Scotists, maintained that the sacraments, including that of ordination which is the transmission of the Church's life, operated *per se*, not *per accidens*, i.e., that it was in fact the subtle essence or principle that was conveyed independent of the coarser material of its vehicle. "He who receiveth is not injured, though he that bestoweth be unworthy."* St. Augustin† and St. Optatus‡ maintain the same.

(4.) It is impossible here to recount the opinions of the various schismatic sects who maintained the opposite view, such as the Novatians, the Donatists, and in later times the Hussites, Lollards, and Lutherans. It is enough for our present purpose that the voice of the Church as defined in the last article has always supported the theory which follows from application of the analogy of the Church to a human body.

(5.) A suggestive analogy of the transmission of this church-life may be found in the case of the fragrant incense ignited from an evil-smelling brimstone match. Or the Malayan "crease" which has hurried numbers to a cruel death, if magnetized may convey its magnetism to the needle of the compass, which saves hundreds of lives. The counter-proposition may be found in the doctrines of the schismatics above alluded to, and need not be further set out here. It remains to see what is the essential element of the Christian Priesthood for the preservation of the Church's life, and this brings us to the next proposition.

7. THERE HAVE BEEN FROM THE BEGINNING THREE ORDERS OF CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD: BISHOPS, PRIESTS, AND DEACONS, AND OF THESE THE ORDER OF BISHOPS IS ESSENTIAL FOR CARRYING ON THE LIFE OF THE CHURCH.

Demonstration.—The words of Theodoret cited in the last paper as to the meaning of the word Bishop, the Epistle of Clement and the writings of Irenæus also above cited, prove that from the time of the Apostles, the Bishops were regarded as representatives of their sees. The Apostolic Canons¶, the Council of Antioch||, the Council of Laodicea§, confirm this point. See also St. Cyprian's notable words, "Episcopatus unus est, cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur".** Klee also says, ". . . this authority conferred on the Apostles to govern the Church has passed to *Bishops* instituted by them, and is preserved in all the successions of those who have followed them".†† Ordination from earliest times up to modern has been by a Bishop.‡‡ The other two orders, *viz.*, Priests and Deacons, are

* S. Isid. l. iii., Ep. cccxl. Greg. Naz., Orat. 40. Chrys, in *Matth. Hom.*, l. n. 3.

† Cont. Lit. Petil., i. 4. n. 5, and 1, 3. n. 4; 6 n. 7. ‡ De Schism. Don. v. 4.

¶ Can. xxxiii. || Can. ix. § Can. xii. ** St. Cypr. de Unitate Eccl.

†† Hist. Dog., i. 116. Apostolic Constitutions, Lib. viii. c. 16. Pseudo Dion i. 363, ed. 1634.

‡‡ Vide Morinus, *De Sac. Ord.*, ii. p. 51, and for the Greek Church *Euchologion*, p. 160. ed. Venice, 1854.

proved by the fact that every branch of the Church which acknowledges Bishops acknowledges them also. Therefore the theory of the original founders of the Church as to the necessity of Bishops carries all the rest.

Notes and Illustrations.

(1.) Records and authorities too voluminous even to enumerate here as to the ancient synods all show the Bishops as the essential element. See especially Dr. Salmon's account of the decision against certain fanatics of Phrygia pronounced by *neighbouring Bishops*. In the third century, at a Council held at Carthage, the *Bishops* of North Western Africa *issued decrees*. Two councils of Bishops were held in Arabia, at which Origen, who was not a Bishop, was invited to attend. St. Cyprian, though giving great weight to the opinions and testimony of the laity, speaks always of *Episcopal* synods and decisions arrived at by *Bishops*. An important and interesting series of Councils was held with regard to the heresy of Paul of Samosata, Bishop of Antioch; these were attended by Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, and though the main part in the debate was taken by Malchion, a priest and a subtle logician, but not a Bishop, yet the final deliverance shows that the Bishops were the constituent members of the Council. Then comes the great age of Councils; at the opening of the fourth century a Spanish Council met at Elvira, the canons passed thereat being introduced by the words "*the Bishops said*". So at the Council of Arles, which St. Augustine calls a plenary Council, and was attended, *inter alios*, by three Bishops from Great Britain. In the East two Councils were held in the same year at Ancyra and Næocæsarea, composed of eighteen or nineteen Bishops. These smaller councils selected from an enormous number show the catena of Episcopal representation, bringing us to the great synod of Nicæa. The constituent members of this were Bishops, and Bishops only, it was long known as the Assembly of the 318, that being the number of Bishops present. The formal Epistle ran in the name of "*the Bishops assembled at Nicæa*". Similar evidence may be adduced regarding the other Œcumenical Synods. A remarkable and instructive Council is the second of Orange in 529, at which the Bishops forming its constituent members declared what was "their definition and the definition of the Fathers", asserting their own authority as the voice of the living Church, and at the same time deriving it from the primitive authority originally conferred on the Church.

(2.) The counter-proposition to Props. 6 and 7 is that what is known as Apostolic succession conveys no spiritual vitality, that the inspiration or inward persuasion or intuitive sense which prompts man or woman to be a teacher is the sole effectual warrant, and any ceremony of ordination is merely the sign that a particular body of people for the time being, accept that one as their teacher, just as they might accept a member of Parliament. The answer to this counter-proposition is that so far as it is true, it is true of the Astral Church alluded to in the first paper. The personal inspiration

of, and revelation given to, prophets, seers and initiates, was, before the formation of the visible Church of Christ, their warrant for teaching. That such personal inspiration, altogether unconnected with ordination and the priesthood, may still exist, is nowhere denied by the Church, indeed, in many instances it has been positively asserted to exist, especially in the Roman and Eastern branches. The Church of Christ, however, as previously shown, was to be a *visible* Church, *i.e.*, the already existing astral form was to assume a material and objective existence. In the process of this formation the material process of carrying on the life of that material body was formulated. Thus, to recur to the human analogy, the life (if I may call it so) of an astral form, may be independent of the mechanism of germ-plastic cells; but so soon as the subjective form becomes objective or material, such mechanism or vehicle for the life principle becomes necessary.

(3.) Such being the Church's theory and principle for its own constitution, held as we have seen continuously from the first foundation for at least five centuries, it follows that those who reject that theory and adhere to the counter-proposition are no longer members of the visible Church of Christ, that is, of the Association originally founded for the promulgation of certain doctrines and theories by men called the Apostles, and which was by them called the Mystical Body of Christ. Numerous Protestant sects have from time to time split off from the main body, but it is clear that wherever these have lost their Episcopal character and Apostolic succession they are not members of the visible Church of Christ, they are parted from its corporate life. They may have a corporate life of their own, they may have a degree of spirituality and ethical goodness exceeding the average of the main body, but it is not the life of the Church. Thus a bough cut off from a tree is for ever separated from the life of the tree, though perhaps it may take root and grow into a new tree, or more likely may live but for a time while the sap which is in it lasts, and then wither. The important point here is that the founders of the Church, intending a distinctly visible, tangible and material body, provided that its life principle should be clearly recognised, and the presence or absence thereof provable by ordinary historic methods and the rules of evidence, and that it should be distinctly ascertainable whether the Church had or had not definitely spoken on any point. These are the essential characteristics of a living material body such as the Church by hypothesis is.

(4.) The argument sometimes adduced against the Church, that its mission is doubtful because the books of the New Testament were not collected and promulgated authoritatively until the fourth century, is a strong one against the Protestant sects which, having lost or rejected the corporate life depending on episcopal ordination, and therewith the conception of the *living* Church, have to depend on private interpretation of the Bible, each man interpreting for himself. On the Church theory, as I have

tried to set it forth, this argument falls harmless, for only on the authority of the Church, the living Teacher, can the Scriptures be accepted. The Spirit or higher-self of the Church forming gradually a material manifestation of itself, produced and adopted the Bible as a *passing* work, and gave this work into the hands of the living Church, to be used as occasion required, and yet as the Bible was adopted and promulgated after the formation of the Church, so the Bible may cease to be and yet the life of the Church continue.

(5.) The relation of the Church to the Bible may be thus summarized :
 (a) The Church does not exist because of the Bible, but the Bible exists for the advantage of the Church. (b) No member of the Church has any right of private interpretation of the Bible in reference to the doctrines of the Church. (c) The Bible is not the *sole* and *only* rule of faith.

(6.) We are still speaking of the Church only as a purely material association for a purely material and perfectly defined purpose, *viz.*, to promulgate certain doctrines and theories, having, like all other associations, a right to make its own rules and form its own constitution. These rules and constitution admit of historic proof; the Association's means of communication with material persons being by decrees of Œcumenical councils, and its conditions of continuity being Episcopal ordination. In all this no question arises of good or bad, right or wrong; the simple point is that the Association having thus organized itself must be judged by that organization for good or for ill, and not by what outsiders or enemies choose to call the Church.

(7.) The above demonstration and observations enable us to appreciate popular arguments with regard to what is called "Sacerdotalism". An excess of germ-plastic cells is prejudicial to the life of the colony, an excessive power vested in the priesthood is prejudicial to the Church. If Sacerdotalism signifies merely excess, we can only say the word is a somewhat silly and misleading coinage, but the deductions are true. If, however, the arguments are taken (as they often are by the uneducated) as directed against the principle of a priesthood, then they are directed against the very life-principle. Those who adopt such arguments in that case must be taken to desire absolutely the destruction of the Church, and faced on this ground. More difficult to deal with are those who, speaking of Sacerdotalism, carefully explain to those who understand that they intend merely the excess above alluded to, well knowing that the generality will take their words as directed against the life-principle itself. This is not honest search after truth, it is not even fair fighting, but deliberate and conscious duplicity, and should be unmasked accordingly.

The operation of the law of Karma on the lower principles of the Church will be treated in the next paper.

J. W. BRODIE INNES, F.T.S.

(To be continued.)

Problems of Life.

FROM "THE DIARY OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN."

BY DR. N. I. PIROGOFF.*

(Continued from the May Number.)

VI.

ON THE UTILITY OF ILLUSIONS, ON WILL, DESIRE,
AND PURE REASON.

January 28th, 1880.

A KIND of *dolce far niente* a singing in the ears, not from quinine only, but intensified—as the echoes of the evening noises in the streets of a large city.† A whole kaleidoscopic world in the head, *in statu nascente*, one thought rapidly replacing the other, the past changing into the present without cessation. Attention fails to catch and fix a single idea, meanwhile attention and cerebration and fancy and memory are all there, and all acting at the same time. This proves to me, that in me, as in all others, I believe, in healthy as in abnormal conditions, none of these faculties act separately; my *I* is now playing on their respective keys, now lightly touching memory, then passing on to imagination, then again to reason. Only my *I* does so now softly, in a very weak way, extracting from the keys dull though not altogether disconnected tones and sounds. But such a state of mind is not without its charm: for it is the *dolce far niente* of our *I*.

Looking over the pages written during these last days, I find that I have spoken of illusion. Yes, this screen, as I have called it, is indeed our talisman. For a man who watches himself carefully, it will be easy to understand the kind of service illusion renders him, and by becoming still more careful he will not permit it to darken too much the path before him—that path which is indicated to him by his inherent, hence irrepressible, drawing toward the truth.

* Translated from the Russian by H. P. B.

† This diary was written by Dr. Pirogoff in his country place, in the government of Podolsk, far away from any city, and during the last years of his life, when he was already constantly ailing. Much matter not directly concerned with his philosophical speculations is left out in this translation, as having no interest to the English reader.—[TRANSL.]

January 30th.

Everything will be explained, everything will become clear, to him who knows how to deal with fact—illusion whispers. Learn to carefully observe, sharpen your senses, know how to discriminate correctly; and then will disappear the wonders and mysteries of nature, and the arrangement of the Universe will become as simple a fact for you as all that you now know, and that you hitherto considered arcane and quite inaccessible. Such is the conviction which with every day takes more hold, not only of the high priests of science and the foremost intellects, but of the masses likewise. And this is one of the most important modern illusions, the most beneficent as it is the most useful. This illusion is more than useful, inasmuch it directs all our mental forces to objects subservient to the most exact sense-analysis and investigation, and prevents us at the same time busying ourselves with that which, to us, has to remain a most commanding mystery. The more the object of our investigation is special, the more it is limited; the stronger the illusion, the more hope there is for an exact and clear result; hence the more blissful and calm he feels who has devoted all his time and attention to the investigation. Having plunged into and devoted all our life to research on these lines, we arrive at last at the conviction, that there is nothing behind the scenes on the stage of our action, and that what appears hidden behind the scenery is so only to him who does not want or knows not how to throw a searching look into those nooks. And yet it is sufficient to think seriously, without being carried away either by the striking grandeur of sundry discoveries or by the colossal results obtained through the inductive methods of investigation, and calmly examine and analyse the sum and essence of the knowledge we have acquired by these methods, to obtain the certitude that we learn exclusively thereby only the exterior side of the universe that surrounds us, and also of ourselves.

Thus some of us are solely interested in the mechanism of phenomena, the construction, materials and action of certain sets and apparatuses of life, and its forms; others are occupied with the practical, hence also with the external side of life. By this method our knowledge and conceptions of the life of this world are undeniably increased; its external side is subjected to an examination from different sides; but it remains as much as ever undeniable now as before, and as it always was, that *in's Innere der natur dringt kein geschaffener Geist*. It is this consciousness—so keen for our spirit—that we blunt by means of the beneficent illusion, which makes us fix and concentrate all our attention on the external side of the world-life.

Who, among the men occupied with the investigation of evident truths and practical life, will ever think of reflecting upon the essence of things? Who of those busy with practical affairs would believe that this essence is not at all what our senses make us believe it is? All is plain and simple to him who has got into the habit of viewing everything as plain and simple. The really scientific investigator is far more concerned with

the *how* than with the *why*. We see a leaf growing, we watch it growing, we learn the organization and the component parts of its cells, and follow step by step the division and the multiplying of the cells, and the whole mechanism of the growing process is discovered to us as plainly as it can be. But what is it that makes the leaf grow just as it is, and not in a different way? What is it that makes the plant and the animal assume this or another characteristic species? Why do the seed and the egg contain respectively a germ precisely of the same type and species as those from which they originated? What is it that attracts the alkalies to the acids? What is that cohesion which forces the particles to unite together, and what attracts one body to the other? Why does muscular motion get transformed into heat, and heat into motion; and why does the vibration of atoms produce in us the feeling of heat? All these and a thousand more questions, remaining unanswered to this day owing to our ignorance of the ultimate essence of things, show that we are surrounded with mysteries; and if none of these mysteries are regarded by us as miracles and wonders, it is only because we meet them at every step. Instead of wonders, we call them phenomena, based on natural laws, though we are ignorant of their origin. But when, on the other hand, we meet with something far less marvellous, but less common, we do not hesitate for a moment to deny its reality; we do not believe in it, or else we believe too much, and forthwith call it a miracle. Such are our illusions--and thank heaven for them! Without our dear illusions, it would be unbearable for us to live in this mysterious world, circumscribed by an enchanted circle out of which there is no exit.

February 8th, 1880.

But is it, indeed, so? May it not be also an illusion to say, or to believe, that there exists an essence of things of some kind, unknown and not subject to our analysis? May not that ultimate essence be again only that which becomes known to us by means of experiment and observation? Why should not our senses be fitted by nature herself expressly to recognise things as they essentially are? *Sensus nos fallunt* may be only another term for *asylum ignorantiae*. It is only necessary to learn how to use our senses, to habitually train and sharpen them, to know how to correctly interpret and explain to ourselves the sensations conveyed to us by their organs, and our senses will never deceive us.

Such are the arguments brought forward and there is some truth in them, but only *some* truth.

To begin with, we judge of our senses and the results derived therefrom only subjectively and individually. Verification of these is based on the general solidarity of opinion. But the judges of our sensuous perceptions are those same senses. That which seems to all undeniable on the testimony of their senses to-day, may be controverted to-morrow on the same authority. There is a limit to the acuteness of the senses, and the

more one sense is sharpened, the more easy becomes error, the more difficult the verification of that sense, or its checking by another sense. Finally, however acute and trained my senses may have become, still the question, what is the object observed by me outside myself, remains unsolved. I recognise any object only through the impression and sensation it produces on me. And a sensation without my *I* is unthinkable to me. Meanwhile, the certitude remains to my reason that every object that I investigate can, and will, exist without me. What is then this object? But even besides this evidently unsolvable question, the essence of things—*das Ding an (und) für sich selbst*—must be for us something else, and not that which is conveyed to us by our senses, simply because our sensuous and mental perceptions and representations, however clear they may be, can never give us a complete and full comprehension even of the external side of the object investigated by us. Could we fully fathom and penetrate into the essence of things even from their external sense-side alone, we would then know what is force and what is matter. And if we could get a representation of things not as they seem but as they really are, without the help and participation of our senses, then would we comprehend the mystery of creation, and also the mysteries of the creative powers. But not only is this unreachable to us, but even the possibility of subjecting every object to the analysis of all our senses is denied us. Myriads of things remain unexplained; other myriads will remain for ever entirely unknown to us; while our mental representations about those things which are yet likely to be discovered and analyzed through an artificial cultivation of our senses, however clear they may seem to us, are still in reality no better than phantoms, misty pictures and faint echoes, often alluring the mind into the inextricable labyrinth of conjectures and illusions.

Another beneficent illusion is our unshaken conviction in the freedom of our will, thought and conscience. Without this conviction, so dear to us, moral life would become impossible, while the phenomena of physical life would meet at every step impediments in ourselves. It is not an easy matter for me to make myself lose the conviction that I cannot fail to wish for that which I desire, and that I cannot fail to desire that which it is natural for my psychic and mental faculties to long for. My thought cannot manifest itself outside of fixed and well-known laws of cerebration, without the risk of getting transformed into something inane. My conscience demands of me only that which I consider conscientious and moral; and if I act contrary to the laws of conscience, I profess that it is because the latter has lost the freedom of its action. However, we can only maintain that will, thought and conscience are not arbitrary, though they are certainly free within the limits determined by certain organic and psychic laws. Absence of causation and freedom are certainly not synonymous terms; nor are will and desire equivalents. *I will* and *desire*, are two different notions. But neither our willing nor desiring can be arbitrary, though they do seem

to us so to be. I am wishing (or desiring) at this moment something, because my inner or organic sensations (*i.e.*, those conveyed to me by the organs), and all the preceding circumstances and conditions force me to desire just this and not anything else; I can alter my desire or force it to be silent, but only so long as my will has not yet been weakened under the yoke of various desires and other abnormal conditions. Will, in its normal state, must always be stronger than desire. Will is ever active and is the ruler of our actions. Hence, I can will something good, and at the same time wish something bad. It is only physical obstacles that can impede the actions of a strong or normal will. In will, there is indeed, a tendency to arbitrary action; nevertheless, even will cannot be disproportional in its strength to the organic energy of our *I*. I may will to lift my arm, but my will and its subsequent action are limited by the faculty of transmitting my will to the arm; and if the latter is paralyzed, then, with all my will to lift it, there will be no active wish to do so. I shall have probably to return more than once in this diary to this important subject.

The third illusion of our psychic life, an illusion as beneficent as the former two, depends on the inconsistency of our mind and fancy.

Pure reason, *i.e.*, reason viewed apart from the other psychic faculties, cannot, of course, be inconsequential. But we are unable to so argue that pure reason alone should act; while arguing, we at the same time pay attention, we remember, imagine, desire, and (in practical life) frequently excite ourselves, and get carried away by some passion or other. Therefore, our mind, consistent in principle, becomes almost invariably inconsistent in practice. And this is our fortune and also our misfortune.

Thus our mind, owing to its innate consecutiveness, is brought during each of its world-concepts, of its speculations upon the phenomena of the universe, to accept, whatever it may be trying to investigate in its world-contemplation, the infinite, the limitless and the eternal, whether it be in space, in time, motion, force, substance, or what not. It has finally to confront infinitude, the illimitable, and eternity, even though it can never form for itself any definite and clear conception of these. And no power of our argumentative fancy can represent to us any image of that infinitude, the recognition of which our mind with its inherent consecutiveness fatally reaches. This undeniable existence of the infinite, limitless and eternal principle, so fatally reached by our mind and its ideation, while analyzing the finite, the conditioned and the temporary, is not only a fact subservient to our sense, but it stands higher than any fact, because it is the unavoidable postulate of pure reason which it transfers to the domain of phantasy. At the same time both reason and argumentative phantasy are incessantly occupied in practical life with the contemplation of the various transformations of all that surrounds us, and it is these ceaseless changes in space, time, motion, force and substance, which constantly contradict in themselves the consequential conclusions of pure reason, forcing us to find in everything

that surrounds us only that which is temporary, conditioned and determined. This is that very illusion which is our fortune and our misfortune, but on the whole more beneficent than otherwise, since it forces us to centre all our mental faculties on the research of changes taking place outside of us in infinite space and time. Without this forced inconsecutiveness of our mind and the outflowing illusion, the activity of our intellect and fancy would be lost for us, engrossed as it would be in a fruitless contemplation of (to us) an unreachable infinitude.

(To be continued.)

“ Evil.”

EVIL is the twin of progress, and progress is the law of the universe. The normal condition on one stage of evolution is evil on the next higher stage, on which a higher form has become the normal condition. Consider the pilgrimage of the Monad: the Monad is in the stage of inmetallization, and in a volcanic eruption stones are flung into the air, they dash themselves against each other and break each other into fragments, burning lava pours out of the crater; so long as nothing but minerals have been evolved all these forces work for progress, for further evolution. Pass to the next stage: the Monad is inherballed, plants kill each other out, yet this struggle for existence works for progress and cannot injure moral feelings not yet evolved. The Monad is inzooned; the plant may poison the animal, the animals slay each other, and with this stage of consciousness may be said to begin what men call evil, pain caused by disharmony, though even here there is no evil from the moral standpoint, the normal condition being that of struggle. But when the Monad is inhumanised all is changed. With the evolution of the higher form of life comes the possibility of rising to a higher plane of being; man *can* rise above the material plane, and *ought* so to rise, because if he stands still he obstructs the evolution of the universe. As man he is able to rise to self-surrender, and the power gives the duty. Sacrifice is a condition of progress, enforced on mineral, vegetable, and animal, left to be accepted or refused by man. Lower forms of life fulfil the laws of their being by necessity: man by choice, his conscious self-surrender into harmony with the universe being his prerogative as Manasic entity. To live on a lower plane when one can rise to a higher is sin; the life-conditions of the lower irrupting into the higher are evil; the combat which is right for the brute is wrong for the man, because man thereby brings the brute passions of the lower plane into activity on the higher, in which they are disharmonious, destroying that which is further evolved than themselves. A dog kills a dog, and the stronger dog remains to breed; a man kills a man, and the brute survives while the human in him is slain. If there were no progress there could be no evil, since evil is only the life-form of the past persisting into the present: therefore wherever you see evil lose not heart, for if the higher were not evolving the distinction between higher and lower could not be.

Magic among the Hindus.

WITH the exception of some descriptions of ceremonies connected with Black Magic, called *Krishna Marga* (literally The Dark Path), no complete instructions on practical occultism are now to be found in the Shastras commonly known to us. The intelligent reader of the Shastras, however, can gather sufficient hints of its existence and a very full description of the preliminary training and trials which a neophyte must undergo before he is fit to receive instructions in practical Yoga, or to learn anything of the *Rahasya* or *Gupta Vidya* (Secret Knowledge) from his Guru or Teacher. Without the assistance of a Guru no one can hope to proceed far on the Way without bringing himself into great danger, which may end not only in his own death or in the loss of his mental and moral balance, but also may involve those near and dear to him.

When I was a boy I knew two persons of my native village in the district of Nudden, who were dabblers in magic. One was a distant relative, the other the priest of our family. The former became insane and died in a very short time; the latter, now a very old man, began to lose his reason, and has ended by becoming completely insane. Another of my acquaintances began to practise *Bagala Mukhee Vidya*: misfortunes followed in quick succession, many members of his family died within a very short time of his commencing the practice, and he himself lost everything he had in the world. He had kept the practice a profound secret until it was discovered by an astrologer to whom he had gone to have his horoscope examined.

That there are treatises on real *Gupta Vidya* still in India, I have not the least doubt, for I have actually seen (and read) some with an occultist of a certain school, and also a symbolical picture of the *Shat Chakrams* (Six Wheels) given to me privately for a tracing. That some, at any rate, of these practices are effective, and do not even require much effort (at least for a Hindu), I can vouch for, as I have tried one or two myself for the sake of experiment.

There are magnetisers here who are far more powerful than the professionals in the West, who know the secret of recouping their loss of power by drawing to themselves the influence of a certain planet or planets. But they will never do anything for gain, and never advertise themselves.

In most of such occult practices, *Surya* (Sun), *Chandra* (Moon) and *Agni* (Fire) play an important part; but they have different meanings according as they are (a) within us or (b) outside of us.

In all the preliminary trainings ascetic rules of life are more or less necessary ; they are compulsory, in a certain way, even for the practitioner of Black Magic.

The original source of magic was the *Atharva Veda*. I am of opinion that the knowledge of our Initiates in regard to the *Gupta Vidya* was supplemented later on by *Asuree Maya*, and *Rakshasee Maya*, called *Apara Vidya* (Inferior Magic).

As regards rules for preliminary training, the principal and those most commonly found are: (1) absolute celibacy; (2) gradually withdrawing one's attraction (or *Asakti*) from worldly pursuits and family affairs; and (3) devotion to the object the neophyte has in view. Our Shastras again and again reiterate and clearly enunciate that it is impossible for a man to clearly comprehend and remember occult teaching, unless *Brahmacharya* (Celibacy) is practised. As for a real Ascetic, a *Sannyasi*, he should not touch one of the opposite sex, or in fact anyone else, and in some schools even statues of women are forbidden to be touched. The three should, in my opinion, be practised simultaneously, as they help each other. But the greatest helper is the dogged will of the neophyte himself and his courage to suffer and undergo all trials. Our *Gupta Vidya* is not for the faint-hearted and the vacillating.

There are certain signs hinted at in our Shastras by which a *Siddhu Purusha* or adept can be distinguished from ordinary mortals. Most of these signs can be observed in the face of an Adept. But what these signs are, is nowhere clearly mentioned in any book that I have seen, and most probably this has to be learned by the pupil from his teacher. It is for this reason, they say, that the Yogis besmear their faces with ashes when they go out.

To the present day in India magical practices, mostly of a sinister nature, are indulged in by many. Any one desirous of collecting evidence as to the induction of artificial clairvoyance, vampirism, magnetic healing, invocation of spirits (*Pretas*), propitiation of elementals, etc., will have a very fair chance of success.

In all occult ceremonies, *Mantras* (invocations, enchantments, prayers, etc.) play an important part. There are two classes of *Mantras*; one in the Sanskrit language and the other in an almost unknown tongue interspersed with the vernacular of the province in which it is current.

Besides *Mantras*, *Yantras* also are used. These are geometrical figures, often very complicated, traced with powders of various colours.

KALI PRASANNA MUKERJI, F.T.S.

Berhampur.

Theosophical Activities.

EUROPEAN SECTION.

A Consultative Emergency Council, consisting of the European Advisory Council and the British Section Council was held in the Lecture Hall at Headquarters, London, May 23rd, 1891, at 8 p.m. William Q. Judge, Vice-President T. S., in the Chair. The members present were: European Advisory Council.—Annie Besant, W. Kingsland, Herbert Burrows, A. P. Sinnett, E. T. Sturdy, Emily Kislingbury (Hon. Treas.), G. R. S. Mead (Gen. Sec.). British Section Council: Blavatsky Lodge.—Annie Besant (Pres.), Isabel Cooper-Oakley, Herbert Burrows, Countess Wachtmeister, Jas. M. Pryse (Delegates). Scottish Lodge.—G. R. S. Mead (Cor. Sec.). Newcastle Lodge.—Annie Besant (Cor. Sec.). Dublin Lodge.—C. F. Wright (Cor. Sec.). Bradford Lodge.—T. H. Pattinson (Delegate). Liverpool Lodge.—S. G. P. Coryn (Delegate), Alice L. Cleather (Cor. Sec.). Birmingham Lodge.—W. R. Old (Cor. Sec.). West of England Lodge.—S. V. Edge (Cor. Sec.). Brighton Lodge.—W. Kingsland (Cor. Sec.). Chiswick Lodge.—W. Kingsland (Pres.). Brixton Lodge.—A. J. Campbell (Delegate). F. L. Gardner (Hon. Treas.). W. R. Old (Gen. Sec.).

Dr. J. D. Buck, of Cincinnati, councillor of the American Section, was present by invitation, but without power to vote.

After some introductory remarks by the Chairman, the order of business was proceeded with, as follows:

I.—Statement by Annie Besant concerning the affairs of H. P. Blavatsky.

II.—Resolved, that pending the arrival of the President-Founder the General Secretaries shall issue provisional charters and diplomas, and that the latter be in the form of the general diplomas of the Society.

III.—Statement by the General Secretary as to the organization of the European Section and the present position of affairs with regard to it.

Resolved, that this Council is of the opinion that a re-organization of the European Section is necessary.

Resolved, that this Council is of the opinion that the European and British Sections should unite to form one Section, and that the sense of the Branches and unattached members be taken on the subject.

IV.—The present Secretary of the European Section spoke as to the advisability of holding a Convention of the members of the two Sections to deal with the proposed re-organization, in accordance with Art. XII, Rule 1, of the *Constitution and Rules of the T.S.*, and brought forward as additional reasons the opportunity of making some fit tribute to the memory of H. P. B., the arrival of the President-Founder in July and the presence of the Vice-President in London, he having decided to remain in England till Col. Olcott's arrival.

Resolved, that under the authority of this Council, a notice be sent out by the General Secretaries to all the Branches and unattached members, informing them that a Convention is to be held, and containing the order of business to be decided upon by this Council; and that the Convention be held at Headquarters, London, on Thursday and Friday, July 9th and 10th, 1891.

Resolved, that this Council is of the opinion that the first work of the Convention should be to pass resolutions in honour of the memory of H.P.B. ; and that it should be proposed that a suitable casket be purchased, by funds procured by a subscription of a limited amount, in which to preserve the ashes of her body.

Resolved, that committees, each composed of three members and the General Secretaries (*ex-officio*), be appointed for making the necessary preparations for the Convention, consisting of :

- (i) An Organizing Committee.
- (ii) A Reception Committee.
- (iii) A Committee for Drafting the Constitution of the new Section.

Resolved, that the Organizing Committee be composed of Herbert Burrows, E. T. Sturdy and C. F. Wright.

Resolved, that the Reception Committee be composed of the Countess Wachtmeister, Isabel Cooper-Oakley and E. T. Sturdy.

Resolved, that the Committee for Drafting the Constitution of the new Section be composed of Annie Besant, William Q. Judge and W. Kingsland.

Resolved, that the Committees have power to hold joint meetings, if found necessary.

Resolved, that the Organizing Committee and Reception Committee together form a Finance Committee.

Resolved, that the Organizing Committee is hereby directed to make such arrangements as are necessary and to formulate a programme of business and that on the evening of the second day of the Convention a public meeting be held in some suitable place for the purpose of propaganda.

Resolved, that the General Secretaries be directed to make reports to the Convention on all centres of Theosophical work in Europe and that the Treasurers of the various Theosophical funds should be also instructed to report.

Resolved, that the press be admitted only to the public meetings.

Resolved, that agenda of the Convention and draft of the proposed Constitution of the new Section be sent to all unattached members and to the Branches in sufficient number to be distributed to every member.

Resolved, that the Financial Committee be directed to open a subscription for the expenses of the Convention, and that the expenses be limited to £100.

(Signed) G. R. S. MEAD, *Gen. Sec. European Section.*
W. R. Old, *Gen. Sec. British Section.*

ENGLAND.

Blavatsky Lodge.—The meetings since the departure of H.P.B. have been more crowded than ever, sometimes as many as 50 people having to stand and what is more standing patiently until the last words were uttered. On May 14th, the Vice-President, Dr. W. Wynn Westcott, delivered the following address on H.P.B.

“ Our Lodge Meeting last Thursday, and our meeting to-night form a momentous era in our history. When we last met, our honoured teacher’s chair was indeed unfilled, as it has often been of late—for she suffered much—but she was still in the midst of us, in her home here at the Headquarters of Theosophy. In addition to her chronic ailments, H.P.B. had been ill some ten days with an attack of the prevailing epidemic, but there was then no cause for despair of her restoration, at any rate, to comparative health. But alas, a few short hours were fated to hasten her departure from our midst. Early on Friday afternoon, she sank into rest, her troubles over, her present earthly pilgrimage at an end. Our regular day of assembly has returned, and her chair is again vacant—never more to be filled by her: never again shall any one of us press forward to

“ welcome her, who has done so much for us. I am thankful that H.P.B.’s
 “ last hours were passed in peace and calm, surrounded by those whom she
 “ loved and who loved and respected her as a Teacher and as a friend.
 “ However much I regret, on your behalf, that your President, Annie
 “ Besant, is not here to-night—being still on her voyage from America, to
 “ address you, on this painful occasion, yet I do feel a sorrowful satisfaction
 “ that it has fallen to me to speak these words of grateful acknowledgment
 “ of H.P.B.’s many kindnesses to us, and of our deep indebtedness to her
 “ for the fund of wisdom she imparted. We bitterly regret the loss we
 “ have sustained, for it is inexpressible; but I am sure I am only expressing
 “ her wishes, when I say that the absence of our leader must serve to
 “ stimulate us, each and every one, to increased exertions for the sake of
 “ Theosophy, so that peradventure our combined energies may be so
 “ followed by success that her departure may not be apparent by any
 “ relaxation in the thoroughness of our conduct of the Theosophic
 “ propaganda: her great desire was that the Lodges should continue their
 “ work with courage and endurance, and that there should be no interval of
 “ repose spent in sentimental lamentation. Ever work, and always onward,
 “ were her watchwords to her pupils, for work is superior to prayer, or as I
 “ said only last week—to the Theosophist, *Laborare est Orare*. To work
 “ is, for us—to pray.

“ Let us all then unite in working without ceasing for the success of
 “ the Theosophical Society, the child of her creation, through which alone
 “ have we a prospect of elevating and spiritualizing the popular religious
 “ feelings of our time.

“ Helena Petrovna Blavatsky was a unique personality, a splendid
 “ linguist, full of the deepest learning, fluent of speech in many languages;
 “ a metaphysician who was profoundly versed in almost every system of
 “ which the world has any record, and a facile master of a philosophy of
 “ which the learned of Europe are in entire ignorance.

“ To a mind thus stored with the wisdom of the ages she added a ripe
 “ and varied experience cultivated in a life time of travel all over the
 “ world.

“ Yet to these great qualities was added another, the charm of her
 “ personal presence, almost every one whose acquaintance was worth
 “ making fell under the spell of her impressiveness; to know her was to
 “ love her, and to respect her as a superior: one felt in our Teacher’s
 “ presence, the overshadowing of a mighty intellect.

“ So great a personality could only have been the outcome of many
 “ valuable, and cultured incarnations: happy will they be who may be
 “ privileged to stand around the next form her individuality may energize.

“ Once more I call upon you all, at this time when our hearts are
 “ depressed, and our heads bowed before the blow which has befallen us
 “ her pupils, I call upon you to stand up with enthusiasm for the doctrines
 “ she has unfolded to us, to condemn hypocrisy, sensuality and selfishness
 “ wherever you find them, war against the sins—and extend mercy to the
 “ sinners, and never fail to combat the prevailing fatal fallacy of vicarious
 “ redemption—for each one must bear his own burden of punishment for
 “ sin—and even so also shall Karma, stern even-handed justice, mete out
 “ to all who see the Path of Duty, and who humbly and fearlessly pursue it
 “ to the end,—the Reward of an insight into the Higher Life beyond our
 “ present comprehension, that Higher Life which leads by successive steps
 “ to a union with the Divine essence beyond our most exalted conceptions—
 “ the Infinite, Inconceivable One All.”

After the passing of the resolutions printed on another page, G. R. S. Mead read an interesting paper on “ Eastern Psychology ”, and contended that it was the “ missing link ” for the West “ between religion and science ”. On May 28th, Herbert Burrows, taking the place of Brother E. T. Sturdy,

whose recent serious illness prevented his attendance, lectured very lucidly on "Theosophical Ethics", the usual discussion being postponed to enable the Lodge to hear Dr. J. D. Buck, President of the Cincinnati T. S., a staunch friend of Theosophy, who has been an active member of the Society for fourteen years and had come all the way from Ohio to see H. P. B. (an unfulfilled pilgrimage alas!), and also our Vice-President T. S., William Q. Judge, whom we have the good fortune of seeing with us. Annie Besant took the chair again for the first time after her return from America. Several papers reported the proceedings of the evening and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which had lately rehashed the "one man report" of the S. P. R., devoted a whole column to a most favourable notice. On May 28th, the lecture was to have been on "Divine Incarnation" by Annie Besant, the President, but Dr. Buck was pressed by her to speak in her place and chose as his subject "Theosophy in its relation to Life"; a vast subject, truly, but one handled very ably by the learned author of "The Study of Man". Brother Judge followed and spoke by request, on reincarnation, giving some very interesting instances of recollection of past lives by children which he had been collecting, and urged upon us the necessity of letting the little ones be our teachers, instead of crushing their memory out of them by pooh-poohing their "fancies". Annie Besant summed up as usual. The classes for the study of the *Secret Doctrine* and *The Key of Theosophy* are very well attended, and altogether the interest in Theosophy is abundantly manifested.

One of our members has generously given £100 for purposes of a Propagandist Publishing Fund, and 20,000 copies of Brother Kingsland's excellent essay, "The Esoteric Basis of Christianity", have been printed and will be sold at a very low price for purposes of distribution.

CLAUDE F. WRIGHT, *Hon. Sec.*

Battersea.—Herbert Burrows was announced to give a lecture at Stanley Hall, Battersea, on Thursday the 14th May, on the subject of "Theosophy, its Meaning and its Teachings"; but as he had gone to Queenstown to take the news of H. P. B.'s departure to Mrs. Besant on her return from America, his place was supplied by Wm. Kingsland. The Hall was well filled by an appreciative audience, who listened with evident interest to a plain and simple exposition of the teachings of Theosophy and the basis upon which they rest. The lecturer drew particular attention to the basis of experience upon which Theosophy rests, as opposed to authority and revelation, and showed how from the fundamental concept of the unity of the Universe and of Natural Law in the Spiritual World, the principles of analogy might be applied to a determination of the processes of cyclic evolution. Numerous questions were asked at the close of the lecture, and the greatest harmony prevailed, the audience, which was composed largely of working men, feeling that the subject had been presented to them in a fair and straightforward manner, and expressing their appreciation in a vote of thanks to that effect. Brother A. A. Harris occupied the chair, and closed the meeting with a few well chosen words of advice to those who were seeking for a solution of the problems of life.

Chiswick Lodge.—There was a crowded meeting of this Lodge on Monday, 1st June, to meet Brother Wm. Q. Judge, who gave an address on the subject of "Theosophy, what it is, and what it is not". The members had been active in bringing their friends who were more or less interested in the subject, and for these the address was a specially apt and able one, dealing as it did with most of the popular misconceptions respecting Theosophy and the Theosophical Society. The Chiswick Lodge continues to add to its numbers, besides doing a good deal in the neighbourhood to spread a knowledge and appreciation of Theosophical teachings. The meetings are now held on Monday evenings, instead of

on Saturdays as heretofore. Every alternate Monday is an open Lodge meeting, while on the intermediate Mondays the members meet for the study of the *Secret Doctrine*.

IRELAND.

Dublin Lodge.—The usual public fortnightly meeting was held on the 20th May. The President referred briefly to the death of H. P. B., and said that so far from the work of the Society being stayed in its progress, new zest would be added in the determination to carry on the movement. A paper on "Karma and Experience", founded on the teaching in the *Key to Theosophy* was then read by the Secretary. Questioned as to the authority on which these teachings were advanced, he replied that there could be in one aspect no real authority outside of experience, but proceeded to show in what manner independent study and experiment in the realm of psychology might lead one to postulate the existence of living teachers whose knowledge gave them every authority to those prepared to recognise it.

FRED. J. DICK, *Hon. Sec.*

SCOTLAND.

Scottish Lodge.—The first meeting of the Summer Session was almost entirely occupied by an address from the President on "Personal recollections of H. P. B.", intended to give to those members who had never had the privilege of acquaintance with her as clear an idea as possible of that unique personality, and to refute the scandalous libels which have appeared in the newspapers. This address attracted a considerable gathering, and was listened to with close attention and great interest. Several questions were asked and answered, the only one of general interest being, "What is the authority for the dogma that a fresh soul is created for every new-born baby?" Answered, "No such dogma has ever been promulgated in the Christian Church. It is an opinion held by some members thereof on their own responsibility and rejected by many others. The bulk of members of the Church consider the point an open one, and make no assertion either way."

When the present course on the *Key to Theosophy* is finished the Lodge proposes to take up the subject of Physical Sciences as examples of the Occult Science of the *Secret Doctrine*.

THE CONTINENT.

Sweden.—The centre at Kalmar is now possessed of a Lending Library.

France.—One of our energetic brothers, who with true theosophic modesty does not wish to have his name made public, has had 20,000 pamphlets printed and is hard at work distributing them single-handed.

INDIAN SECTION.

We take the following from the Supplement of the May *Theosophist* :—

General Secretary's Report.—"It gives me great pleasure to state that the work of the Society is going on both at Headquarters and in the Branches with renewed vigour and activity. The reports, both private as well as official quarterly reports, which have been called for during the last month from each Branch, show that the formation of the Indian Section has produced a real revival of interest and a fresh determination to work for the good of Aryavartha. Great help is also being given to us from the other Sections of the Society, especially the British and American. From London we have just received 150 copies of the Magazine called *Time*, containing an

admirable article by Mrs. Annie Besant, refuting the attacks made upon Madame Blavatsky by the S.P.R. [Mr. Hodgson rather—*Ed.*] A copy of this has been sent to each Branch of the Society, and to a number of newspapers, and we are greatly obliged to some of the latter, especially the *Indian Mirror*, for reprinting the able article in full.

“Mr. Judge from America is helping us by providing funds to enable me to maintain a competent pundit at Headquarters to take charge of the work of making translations from valuable Sanskrit and Tamil works into English, and there are negotiations already in progress which, I hope, will result in our obtaining the services of one of the first scholars in India.

“Mr. A. Mahadeva Sastri, of Nellore, is at work upon the translation of Sankaracharya's Commentary on the *Bhagavad Gita* into English. His translation is admirable, and the notes with which he explains and illustrates points of difficulty, will be of the greatest value to every student of Theosophy.

“*The Hatha Pradipika*, a standard work upon Hatha Yoga and Pranayamam, has also been translated into English with commentary by one of our members, and is now in the hands of a publisher with a view to issue.”

The reports of the Branches so far received cover eleven pages of small type, and the most encouraging signs are given of Branches, once considered dead, now issuing from obscurity.

AUSTRALIA.

We are rejoiced to hear that our President-Founder's health is greatly improved, and that he has brought the immediate business which called him to the colony to a satisfactory issue. The estate bequeathed by will to him for the benefit of the T.S. proves to be of the value of £5,000, and the Colonel's title to it is unquestioned. As, however, in the opinion of our President, the testator did a great wrong to his family in leaving everything to the T.S., the Colonel has decided to take only £1,000 and give back the rest.

In a late letter the Colonel writes very hopefully of the future of the T.S. in the Antipodes. “There is,” he says, “a striking resemblance between the white colonists here and the Americans, whom they remind one of in mind, body, and habits. A new commonwealth is being born here at the Antipodes, and will build upon the same lines as in America.” Though Theosophy is as yet little known, great popular interest is evidenced by the crowded houses at his lectures.

AMERICA.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The spread of Theosophy in the United States could not have been more markedly shown than by the Convention just held by the American Section of the T.S. in Boston, “the hub of the Universe”. Hither came delegates from the Pacific Coast, travelling for five days across the continent in witness of their loyalty and love to the great Cause. Hither also earnest men and women from New York and Washington, from Philadelphia and Ohio, as from many another fair city of the Union in which the seed of the truth has been planted for the future feeding of man. Quite a large party came from New York, including the General Secretary and Mrs. Judge, Alex. Fullerton, Mr. and Mrs. Lovell, Mr. and Mrs. Neresheimer, H. T. Patterson, while Dr. Archibald Keightley and myself added a

European flavour to the whole. The Parker House, Boston, has become a mere outer court of the Theosophical Temple, and echoes of Reincarnation and Karma linger in the lift and are wafted along the corridors.

The first meeting of the Convention opened at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, April 26th, in the Steinert Hall, a pretty and convenient building, seating about 300 persons. It was filled in the morning and evening and crowded in the afternoon, the passages leading to it being packed and large numbers of people turned away, so great was the interest felt in the letter sent by Mme. Blavatsky to the Convention.

Business commenced with the calling to order of the Convention by the General Secretary, W. Q. Judge. On the proposition of Dr. Buck, of Cincinnati, Brother Griggs, the President of the Boston Branch, was elected as temporary Chairman, and the programme prepared by the Secretary was adopted as the order of business. The list of branches and delegates was then read, and the Convention being thus definitely constituted, the President and Secretary were elected, Bro. Rambo, of San Francisco, and Bro. Crosbie, of Boston, being respectively chosen to fill these necessary offices. Bro. Rambo said a few graceful words in taking the chair, and the foreign delegates were then introduced and made members of the Convention.

This routine business over, more interesting matter was brought forward in the shape of the report of the General Secretary, a document which bore most striking evidence of the numerous activities carried on by the Theosophical body in the U.S., all having their centre in and gaining their impulse from the untiring energy and patient devotion of that most faithful of servants, W. Q. Judge. Nineteen Branches had been chartered since the last Convention, the only private Branch had opened its doors, three Branches had coalesced to form one, none had died; the total result whereof was that the American Section consisted of 52 Branches in full work, 432 new members had been admitted, 23 had resigned, one had been expelled. The press, the lending library, the tract-mailing scheme, had all been in vigorous activity through the year, and had been well supported by contributions. In the Treasurer's report the most marked feature was the amount given away to India; certainly the Indian Section cannot complain of lack of help from the far West.

When the applause with which the report was received had subsided, various business Committees were appointed. The most interesting of these was one to consider the methods by which some practical work for human brotherhood could be carried on. Bro. Judge urged that Theosophists should work *as* Theosophists to help their poorer and more ignorant brethren, and suggested that an association should be started with this object in view.

This business over, Dr. Buck moved and Bro. Ransom Bridge seconded the following resolution:

"Whereas, the Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society now in session, appreciating the personal sacrifices, the unflinching heroism, and the transcendent importance of the labours of Mme. H. P. Blavatsky, without which the Society would have had no existence, and whereas, through the labours of Mme. Blavatsky the tenets of the Wisdom Religion are being brought to the world in a measure unknown and unprecedented for many centuries, therefore resolved, that this Convention instruct the General Secretary to cable to Mme. Blavatsky its warmest sympathy, its most cordial appreciation of her work, and its most unqualified confidence in her mission and teaching."

Warm applause at once endorsed the resolution, but a delegate, somewhat misapprehending its object, rose to move that Colonel Olcott's name should be included in it. Bro. Judge pointed out the inapplicability to Col. Olcott of the language used, and after a very brief discussion the amendment was withdrawn, and the Convention carried the resolution by rising to its feet. It then further marked its sense of the honour due to

Mme. Blavatsky, by directing, on the motion of D. Buckman, the erasure of the amendment and the discussion from its minutes.

The following resolution was then proposed and cordially agreed to :

"Whereas this Theosophical Convention fully appreciates the long years of faithful service rendered to the T.S. by Col. Olcott; and whereas, through these labours performed in a foreign land through great hardships, his health has been greatly impaired; therefore resolved that the Gen. Sec. be instructed to convey to Col. Olcott its high appreciation of his valuable services and his loyal devotion to the work of the Society, and to express its hope that he may be fully restored to health and vigour, and live long to enjoy the honours that belong to the world's benefactors."

The afternoon meeting was packed in hall and passages, some two hundred people being turned away; the interest was due to the fact that it had been announced that a message from H. P. Blavatsky would be read to the Convention by her messenger and representative, Annie Besant. Her message was as follows:—

TO THE BOSTON CONVENTION, T. S., 1891.

For the third time since my return to Europe in 1885, I am able to send to my brethren in Theosophy and fellow citizens of the United States a delegate from England to attend the annual Theosophical Convention and speak by word of mouth my greeting and warm congratulations. Suffering in body as I am continually, the only consolation that remains to me is to hear of the progress of the Holy Cause to which my health and strength have been given; but to which, now that these are going, I can offer only my passionate devotion and never-weakening good wishes for its success and welfare. The news therefore that comes from America, mail after mail, telling of new Branches and of well-considered and patiently worked-out plans for the advancement of Theosophy, cheers and gladdens me with its evidences of growth, more than words can tell. Fellow Theosophists, I am proud of your noble work in the New World; Sisters and Brothers of America, I thank and I bless you for your unremitting labours for the common cause so dear to us all.

Let me remind you all once more that such work is now more than ever needed. The period which we have now reached in the cycle that will close between 1897-8 is, and will continue to be, one of great conflict and continued strain. If the T. S. can hold through it, good; if not, while Theosophy will remain unscathed, the Society will perish—perchance most ingloriously—and the World will suffer. I fervently hope that I may not see such a disaster in my present body. The critical nature of the stage on which we have entered is as well known to the forces that fight against us as to those that fight on our side. No opportunity will be lost of sowing dissension, of taking advantage of mistaken and false moves, of instilling doubt, of augmenting difficulties, of breathing suspicions, so that by any and every means the unity of the Society may be broken and the ranks of our Fellows thinned and thrown into disarray. Never has it been more necessary for the members of the T. S. to lay to heart the old parable of the bundle of sticks than it is at the present time; divided, they will inevitably be broken, one by one; united, there is no force on earth able to destroy our Brotherhood. Now I have marked with pain a tendency among you, as among the Theosophists in Europe and India, to quarrel over trifles, and to allow your very devotion to the cause of Theosophy to lead you into disunion. Believe me, that apart from such natural tendency, owing to the inherent imperfections of Human Nature, advantage is often taken by our ever-watchful enemies of your noblest qualities to betray and to mislead you. Sceptics will laugh at this statement, and even some of you may put small faith in the actual existence of the terrible forces of these mental, hence subjective and invisible, yet withal living and potent, influences around all of us. But there they are, and I know of more than one among you who

have felt them, and have actually been forced to acknowledge these extraneous mental pressures. On those of you who are unselfishly and sincerely devoted to the Cause, they will produce little, if any, impression. On some others, those who place their personal pride higher than their duty to the T. S., higher even than their pledge to their divine SELF, the effect is generally disastrous. Self-watchfulness is never more necessary than when a personal wish to lead, and wounded vanity, dress themselves in the peacock's feathers of devotion and altruistic work; but at the present crisis of the Society a lack of self-control and watchfulness may become fatal in every case. But these diabolical attempts of our powerful enemies—the irreconcilable foes of the truths now being given out and practically asserted—may be frustrated. If every Fellow in the Society were content to be an impersonal force for good, careless of praise or blame so long as he subserved the purposes of the Brotherhood, the progress made would astonish the World and place the Ark of the T. S. out of danger. Take for your motto in conduct during the coming year, "Peace with all who love Truth in sincerity", and the Convention of 1892 will bear eloquent witness to the strength that is born of unity.

Your position as the fore-runners of the sixth sub-race of the fifth root-race has its own special perils as well as its special advantages. Psychism, with all its allurements and all its dangers, is necessarily developing among you, and you must beware lest the Psychic outruns the Manasic and Spiritual development. Psychic capacities held perfectly under control, checked and directed by the Manasic principle, are valuable aids in development. But these capacities running riot, controlling instead of controlled, using instead of being used, lead the student into the most dangerous delusions and the certainty of moral destruction. Watch therefore carefully this development, inevitable in your race and evolution-period, so that it may finally work for good and not for evil; and receive, in advance, the sincere and potent blessings of Those whose good-will will never fail you, if you do not fail yourselves.

Here in England I am glad to be able to report to you that steady and rapid progress is being made. Annie Besant will give you details of our work, and will tell you of the growing strength and influence of our Society; the reports which she bears from the European and British Sections speak for themselves in their records of activities. The English character, difficult to reach, but solid and tenacious when once aroused, adds to our Society a valuable factor, and there are being laid in England strong and firm foundations for the T. S. of the twentieth century. Here, as with you, attempts are being successfully made to bring to bear the influence of Hindu on English thought, and many of our Hindu brethren are now writing for LUCIFER short and clear papers on Indian philosophies. As it is one of the tasks of the T. S. to draw together the East and the West, so that each may supply the qualities lacking in the other and develop more fraternal feelings among nations so various, this literary intercourse will, I hope, prove of the utmost service in Aryanising Western thought.

The mention of LUCIFER reminds me that the now assured position of that magazine is very largely due to the help rendered at a critical moment by the American Fellows. As my one absolutely unfettered medium of communication with Theosophists all over the World, its continuance was of grave importance to the whole Society. In its pages, month by month, I give such public teaching as is possible on Theosophical doctrines, and so carry on the most important of our Theosophical work. The magazine now just covers its expenses, and if Lodges and individual Fellows would help in increasing its circulation, it would become more widely useful than it is at the present time. Therefore, while thanking from the bottom of my heart all those who so generously helped to place the magazine on a solid foundation, I should be glad to see a larger increase

in the number of regular subscribers, for I regard these as my pupils, among whom I shall find some who will show the capacity for receiving further instruction.

And now I have said all. I am not sufficiently strong to write a more lengthy message, and there is the less need for me to do so as my friend and trusted messenger, Annie Besant, she who is my right arm here, will be able to explain to you my wishes more fully and better than I can write them. After all, every wish and thought I can utter are summed up in this one sentence, the never-dormant wish of my heart, "Be Theosophists, work for Theosophy!" Theosophy first, and Theosophy last; for its *practical* realization alone can save the Western world from that selfish and unbrotherly feeling that now divides race from race, one nation from the other; and from that hatred of class and social considerations that are the curse and disgrace of so-called Christian peoples. Theosophy alone can save it from sinking entirely into that mere luxurious materialism in which it will decay and putrefy as earlier civilizations have done. In your hands brothers, is placed in trust the welfare of the coming century; and great as is the trust, so great is also the responsibility. My own span of life may not be long, and if any of you have learned aught from my teachings, or have gained by my help a glimpse of the True Light, I ask you, in return, to strengthen the Cause by the triumph of which that True Light, made still brighter and more glorious through your individual and collective efforts, will lighten the World, and thus to let me see, before I part with this worn-out body, the stability of the Society secured.

May the blessings of the past and present great Teachers rest upon you. From myself accept collectively the assurance of my true, never-wavering fraternal feelings, and sincere heart-felt thanks for the work done by all the workers.

From their servant to the last,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Mrs. Besant then read the following additional message from Madame Blavatsky:

REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, 15 : 4 : 1891.

TO THE FIFTH CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN SECTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Brother Theosophists:

I have purposely omitted any mention of my oldest friend and fellow-worker, W. Q. Judge, in my general address to you, because I think that his unflagging and self-sacrificing efforts for the building up of Theosophy in America deserve special mention.

Had it not been for W. Q. Judge, Theosophy would not be where it is to-day in the United States. It is he who has mainly built up the movement among you, and he who has proved in a thousand ways his entire loyalty to the best interests of Theosophy and the Society.

Mutual admiration should play no part in a Theosophical Convention, but honour should be given where honour is due, and I gladly take this opportunity of stating in public, by the mouth of my friend and colleague, Annie Besant, my deep appreciation of the work of your General Secretary, and of publicly tendering him my most sincere thanks and deeply-felt gratitude, in the name of Theosophy, for the noble work he is doing and has done.

Yours fraternally,

H. P. BLAVATSKY.

Annie Besant, after reading the messages, spoke about H. P. B. and her work, and the strongest and most cordial sympathy and interest were evinced by the Convention in the account thus given of the great Theosophist. The remainder of the sitting was occupied in reading reports from India and Great Britain, together with many letters of greeting from foreign branches, and finally Bro. Judge delivered a short and stirring speech on "Theosophy and Christianity".

At the evening meeting resolutions were passed confirming the action taken with regard to the various lines of work carried on at the chief Secretary's office, and a vote of confidence in Bro. Judge was unanimously passed. The following was then carried:

Resolved—"That we, the members of the American Section of the T.S. in Convention assembled, in addition to the gratitude and devotion expressed in the resolutions of the morning session, tender to H. P. Blavatsky our sincere and heartfelt thanks for sending to us her messenger, Mrs. Annie Besant, and for her letter to the Theosophists in America." Resolved—"That her words of encouragement and advice, and the words of her messenger, we will carry in our hearts, and will endeavour to cause them to bear fruit in our lives and future work." Resolved—"That we feel deep sympathy in the great trial of her suffering, and earnestly hope that she will soon recover her health and be spared many years to work with us in her body." Resolved—"That we, the members of the American Section of the T.S. in Convention assembled, hereby express our gratitude to our esteemed sister, Annie Besant, for the great service to Theosophy and to this Convention in bearing to America the message of our beloved teacher, H.P.B., and for her own words of wisdom and inspiration."

The General Secretary was re-elected, and the election of the Council and the Executive Committee was made. Miss Katherine Hillard read a paper on "Dante's Beatrice from a Theosophical Point of View", and Bro. J. Ransom Bridge spoke on "Reincarnation".

The second day's Convention was held in Tremont Temple, and was opened by a paper from Alex. Fullerton, on "An American Theosophist". This was followed by a paper on "One God in the Vedas", by Swami Bhaskara Nand Saraswati, who commenced by reciting in Sanscrit some verses from the *Bhagavat Gita*: the paper was a deeply interesting one, and will, we hope, be printed. Dr. Archibald Keightley next gave an address on "Problems of Life and Death", one of the most thoughtful and well-delivered of the speeches made to the Convention. Annie Besant came next, with the report of the European Section, and then speaking on "Practical Work for Theosophists". Some business details concluded the morning sitting, a movement that may have great results being quietly started by the announcement of the formation of a league for practical work.

The afternoon sitting was opened with a paper by Bro. Patterson, on "The Voice of the Silence". He was followed by Bro. Judge, who gave an admirable answer to a question by a "Mental Healer", and then spoke on "Religion and Reform". Next came Dr. Buck on "The Wisdom Religion"; a careful and scholarly paper, and then Mr. Ayres on "Brotherhood". At the end of his remarks Bro. Rambo, from the chair, closed the most successful Convention the American Section has yet held.

ANNIE BESANT.

ANNIE BESANT IN THE UNITED STATES.—Last month we left off our account at the lecture in New York on the 23rd April. On the 24th Mrs. Besant, with a large body of Theosophists from the New York Society, went to Boston, Mass., to attend the Theosophical Convention there. A reception was given to Mrs. Besant by the New England's Woman's Press Association, which is a very large and powerful organization. At the conclusion Mrs. Besant made a short address on "Women and Journalism, from a Theosophical standpoint". On the 25th there was a reception by the Boston T.S. in honour of Mrs. Besant, the American General Secretary, and the visitors from New York and other places. The Convention began

on the 26th, and was continued on the 27th, and at both meetings Mrs. Besant lectured and took part. These proceedings will be found in their proper place. After the Convention, on the night of the 27th, Mrs. Besant lectured in Tremont Temple, and again on the following Tuesday and Thursday, her subjects being "The Message of Theosophy to the Western World", "Dangers Menacing Society", and "Labour Movements in the Old World". On Friday Mrs. Besant, with Mr. and Mrs. Judge, went to Springfield, Mass., and there lectured to about 300 people, leaving that city on the 1st of May for New York. In New York she lectured to the Aryan T.S. of New York, to a crowded audience, at the conclusion of which a Women's Working Club presented an address to her. This ended her American tour. Throughout the whole visit the newspapers of the United States were full of Theosophy and Annie Besant, so that Theosophists felt that the trip did a great deal of good to the movement in the United States.



Gems from the Hitopadesa.

BEHOLD the difference between the one who eateth flesh, and he to whom it belonged! The first hath a momentary enjoyment, whilst the latter is deprived of existence!

A man should not form any acquaintance nor enter into any amusements with one of an evil character. A piece of charcoal, if it be hot, burneth; and if cold, it blackeneth the hand.

He whose mind is at ease is possessed of all riches. Is it not the same to one whose foot is enclosed in a shoe, as if the whole surface of the earth were covered with leather?

Where there is a splashing of dirt, it is good not to meddle, and to keep far away.

By the fall of drops of water, by degrees, a pot is filled; let this be an example for the acquisition of all knowledge, virtue and riches.

Although a gem may tumble at the feet, and a piece of glass be worn upon the head, yet, at the season of buying and selling, glass is glass, and gems are gems.

It is not to be suspected of a man, whose life hath been spent in noble deeds, that his reason is lost when he is only involved in trouble. A fire may be overturned, but its flame will never descend.

Time drinketh up the essence of every great and noble action, which ought to be performed, and is delayed in the execution.



Theosophical

AND

Mystic Publications.

THE THEOSOPHIST for May is headed by one of the Adyar Convention lectures delivered by our energetic inspector of Branches, Brother C. Kotayya, and is a very lucid and useful exposition of "The Identity of the Microcosm and Macrocosm", and of the fundamental concepts of the Advaitic philosophy, which derives its name (non-dual) from its assertion of this identity. The lecturer has handled his subject in a very careful and clear manner, and succeeded in presenting an exceedingly abstruse and difficult subject in a most interesting and understandable fashion. Assuredly Astrology in the East differs from that of the West if we are to judge by the papers of Rama Prasad, who expounds in the most interesting fashion the ancient science of India which deals with the "finer forces" of nature. In tracing the "origin and development of our senses", he says that "the sun is the maker and source of the senses", and shows how the Solar life evolves vehicles for the manifestation of the monad, and how the future evolution of humanity must lie in the development of finer senses and the consequent widening of the area of sensation. In the course of his essay he makes an important correction in the translation of a Sloka in Patanjali's *Yoga Sutra* by Ballantyne and Govinda Deva Sastri, and laments the decadence of true Indian scholarship as follows: "It is such translations that bring discredit upon ancient Hindu thought; for the conclusion must naturally come to the mind of every uninitiated reader that the original must be as absurd as the translation. Alas! to what low depths have we fallen that our Shastris, too, should give such an explanation of their scriptures to the world, to say nothing of unsympathetic Orientalists."

F. A. Brodie-Innes follows with some useful hints on the training of children, entitled, "Child Culture". How happy and fortunate would be the little ones if parents would follow out such suggestions! The two members of the Kumbakonam T. S. continue their invaluable work, and first give us the "Gharba Upanishad of Krishna-Yajur Veda", treating of conception, the embryo, &c. Every student of Occultism and esoteric science and

philosophy should read it. This is followed by the "Thara-Sara Upanishad of the Sukla-Yajur Veda", treating of the essence of Om. The papers on "Obeah" are ended, and the identity between such practices and those of the mediæval witches conclusively demonstrated. It is a pity, however, that more stress has not been laid on the vileness of Obeah, and that so much prodigality of detail has been indulged in. We next come to another "Chat on the Pail" between Mundanus and Mysticus. Mundanus has become a member of the T.S., and has been trying different methods recommended by phenomena-hunting F.T.S.'s for attracting the attention of the Masters, and wishes the opinion of Mysticus, which runs as follows:—"You cannot attract the attention of the Masters, unless you co-operate with them in their work—altruistic labour for the spiritual regeneration of Humanity." In fact, the whole paper of Brother C. R. Sreenivasaiyengar is marked with strong common-sense. The following paper by Y. Srinivasa Row on "Nadi Granthams", or treatises on the influence of the planets, will prove of great interest to astrologers. E. D. Fawcett in dealing with earthquakes and similar phenomena, manages to introduce a lot of dictionary and reference work in a paper that is not uninteresting. S. E. Gopala Charlu continues his paper on the occult signification of the prayers of the Brahmins, and shows deep sense in apparent nonsense, from the European standpoint, and so concludes a very strong number of the *Theosophist*.

THE PATH for May opens with a paper on "The Basis of the Manifestation of Law" by H. L. C. It deals mainly with consciousness, introducing the subject as follows:—"Starting with Spinoza's demonstration (*viz.*, of one substance underlying all the myriad forms of existence), it would appear obvious that if each atom is, in fact, but a portion of the divine substance, projected into the state of limitation or objectivity by the act of creation in the sense of manifestation, then we would expect to find in the behaviour of an atom evidence of the possession of some portion or form of the essential attribute of divinity, which is

consciousness". He then proceeds to enquire into its nature. W. Q. J. continues his useful "Hidden Hints on the *Secret Doctrine*", and underlines important passages for the benefit of students. Jasper Niemand follows with a beautiful and instructive legend, entitled, "One Woman's Vision". He tells of a woman "high above all human frailties, save only Love and Death". And how desire arose in her for another, and with it she held him down from spiritual freedom, "for love alone makes free what it loves", and not *desire*. But having her eyes opened she forsook her desire, and said:—"I give him to his higher life, that life which is the law. And I—I bless the law, though it deny me, because it sets him free." And so she overcame death too, for "the only true death is the death of self".

Miss Bandusia Wakefield next and necessarily answers the question "Is Self-Annihilation the End and Aim of Life?" in the negative. Brother Alexander Fullerton then points out what should be our "Attitude to Karmic Law" in a suggestive two pages. The following writer busies himself with the query "If Methuselah existed, why so short our Lives?" and proceeds with a physical argument that leaves much unexplained, although the general idea of the ethereal early races being less material than the present humanity, and so more permanent, is correct. "Tea Table Talk" gives two or three dreams and talks about them, and then reports the nefast news that that absurd note on *Pranayama* by a "practical student" in a late number of the *Theosophist* has inmeshed another victim in the psychic net. We are glad to see that Julius administers a strong corrective.

THE BUDDHIST contains a paper on "Buddhist Inter-marriage with Christians" by Chandramita, in which he laments the existing state of affairs, and exposes (if true) a disreputable use of the confessional whereby converted Buddhist girls are made decoy ducks to catch an equal number of male Buddhists in marriage, on the condition of their becoming Christians. The writer is in hopes that this and other inter-marriage difficulties of Buddhists with Christians will be quietly set on one side by the Women's Educational Society. For the Western reader it is somewhat regrettable that the rest of the papers deal with either Buddhism in the West, or that side of Christendom and Christian dogma that the missionaries keep so religiously from the natives. But perhaps this is a somewhat selfish opinion and the programme adopted is the more useful one for practical good to Singalese

readers. The papers are by no means without merit, some being powerful. For instance, W. R. Webb, the United States Consul at Manila, writes, quoting from a letter sent from Paris to a gentleman in New York, in order to support his argument:—"I met M. Maspero, the great Egyptologist, at a dinner last night, and had a most interesting conversation with him. He was manager of the Bulak Museum at Cairo for five years. He assures me there is no vestige of a sign of the Jews ever having been in Egypt. I also met Wilbur, who discovered the writing on the stone in mid Nile at the first cataract, reported as speaking of the seven years' famine in the time of Joseph and his brethren. He told me on translating it he found no mention of the famine."

LE LOTUS BLEU opens with an announcement to the readers headed simply "H. P. B.". We cannot refrain from quoting from the address of our loyal and devoted brother Arthur Arnould. "H. P. Blavatsky est morte!—Non—elle a quitté son corps—cette enveloppe illusoire et passagère qui ne vaut que par l'étincelle divine qu'elle renferme et manifeste à nos sens grossiers, sur cette terre également illusoire et passagère.

"Non, H. P. Blavatsky n'est pas morte:—'Elle est retournée chez elle'—après avoir commencé . . . et accompli, sans doute, dans la mesure où c'était écrit—l'œuvre pour laquelle elle était venue—et qui continuera, pendant son absence, comme elle s'exécutait sous sa haute Direction.

"Morte!—Non, elle ne l'est pas.—La mort n'existe point—sauf pour les âmes inférieures, en qui ne luit aucune Spiritualité.—Il n'y a que la vie, la vie partout, en tout, toujours!—rayon lumineux émané de la Source Universelle, et y retournant, après un long parcours et d'infinies transformations." Curiously enough the translation of the *Voice of the Silence* commences with this number. We are glad to see that the translator, Mme. Jury, has kept as closely to the original as possible. H.P.B.'s article on "Cosmic Mind" is also translated. The other versions are continued, and altogether *Le Lotus Bleu* is a strong little review, although and just because it is composed of translations.

THEOSOPHICAL SIFTINGS, Vol. 4, No. 5, contains an excellent paper by Dr. J. D. Buck, on "The Ministry of Pain, the Meaning of Sorrow, and the Hope of the World". The Doctor first of all insists upon certain ideas in order to clear away the misconceptions that stifle our present

day Western humanity, and proclaims that the "Theosophical Society is the World's Educator" in this direction. Some of these ideas are the Law of Karma—with its undivorcable corollary, Reincarnation—man's Knowledge of his own nature and the abandoning of the illogical and cramping conception of a Personal God. "Pain and Pleasure are," he says, "the two poles of sensation or feeling in relation to consciousness," and he arrives at the conclusion that "a mere modification of the conditions of consciousness renders us capable of ignoring or annulling all that we designate as pain and pleasure." Further, if a man "understands the law (of Karma) and its essential justice and beneficence, he will continually moderate his pleasures and joys, in order to limit his pain and sorrow. In other words, he will control *desire*. This control of desire is the very exercise which most develops the will, and expands consciousness through repeated experience." The writer concludes with these wholesome words to those who are trying to be Theosophists. "Humble as may be their lot, it is theirs to point out the way, the truth, and the life. Brothers of Compassion, working for the help and redemption of those even poorer than themselves, they in their turn are helped and inspired by those Sons of Light, those Sentinels on the towers of time, whose transcendent powers and divine beneficence represent the highest evolution of the human race, the Divinity which is the goal of our common humanity. For this is the 'Hope of the World'." The next paper is entitled "A Blighting Curse", and materialism receives a severe handling from the same able writer.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM, No. 23, produces a capital answer from "J. D. B." to the reiterated question "If an Adept be really an Initiate and not always at liberty to tell plainly all that he knows, does he really enter the field of literary composition on the same terms as other people." After speaking generally about Neo-platonic, Hermetic, Gnostic and Alchemical writers, the writer continues:—"Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine* is no exception . . . yet it is remarkable in giving so many plain clues and direct allusions. Nothing like it can be found in literature for several thousand years past; and yet it can be studied and apprehended in any broad and large sense only by following the clues given with a persistency like that of the blood-hound. Sometimes the text is clear, and just as one seems on the verge of a great secret, right in the path before him is dropped a *symbol*, and away

goes the writer on what *appears* a tangent. Now the symbol thus placed is a blind or a clue, *just according to how the reader takes it*. To the zealous student it is like the little flag used by surveyors in running their lines, while to the careless and indifferent it simply 'puts him in a hole' and leaves him there."

THE VAHAN, No. 12, contains a short account of "The Departure of H.P.B." After the usual synopsis of some of the most important Theosophical publications, Dr. Carter Blake adds another mite to our information about Serpent Stones, by producing evidence from Gloucestershire folk-lore and Western Africa, of a belief that serpents "congregate themselves to produce a stone". Query the Philosopher's Stone!

No. 13, in answer to a question on Devachan, gives a page from a Master's letter of exceeding great interest.

THE PRASNOTTARA, No. 4, still continues its answers as to methods of meditation; there is unfortunately too much "concentration on the navel," &c., about it to please Western students. There is an orthodoxy and dead-letter of occultism in the East that some of our Hindu brethren seem loth to abandon, and which should be trimmed by the editorial scissors. The next question deals with asceticism and produces some interesting albeit contradictory answers. The last batch of answers deals with the symbolism of caste marks, and is very interesting.

AMERICAN SECTION: DEPARTMENT OF BRANCH WORK. No. 14 of these papers is by M. J. Barnett, of the Boston T.S., and treats of Karma. Among other sensible ideas, the writer warns members of the T.S. against simply telling a man groaning under great suffering, that "misery is a benefit" and other such "comfortable words", and adds, "We do not believe in preaching what is called the hell-fire doctrine in Theosophy any more than in orthodox religion".

No. 15 is entitled "Jesus the Initiate", and is by Mrs. Veronica M. Beane, of San Francisco. It is a useful and interesting paper to form the basis of a branch discussion.

TEOSOFISK TIDSKRIFT, No. 5, contains a translation of W. Kingsland's *Higher Science*. Then follows a paper on doubt by Teltersten. He tells of a friend who was during early life a staunch Christian, but who later on, when starting for America, whispered in his ear that he had lost his faith and was in the greatest misery, for he had nothing

to replace it. Then follows a correspondence, in which his friend wanders through a whole labyrinth of doubt, until at last a glimmer of light comes, and he finds that the germ of truth lies *within himself*, and if he only tend it carefully, it will fructify and blossom forth. The number is concluded with a notice of H.P.B.'s departure, followed by a few touching words by Dr. Zander, the President of our Swedish Fellows.

SPHINX. Our German contemporary has some interesting articles this month, among them one from the pen of Dr. Carl du Prel on "Hartmann against Aksakof." In a brief notice of H.P.B.'s death the Editor remarks that "Whatever friend or foe thought of the Dead, while some revered her as divine, others contemned her, all who knew her were agreed that she was one of the most remarkable human beings which this century can shew: she was unique in her own line. . . . The time is not yet ripe for final verdict on the Dead; but we cannot refrain from saying that we, like many others who feel with us, thank her for inspiration of quite priceless value. Of her Schiller's words are true: 'Embroidered in the love and hate of parties, Her character moves through history'."

ESTUDIOS TEOSOFICOS, Nos. 5 and 6, the organ of our energetic brethren in Spain, contains a translation entitled "El Buddhismo en Occidente" by Emile Burnouf, the famous French Orientalist. The translation of Mrs. J. Campbell Ver Planck's "Theosophical Catechism" is continued, and the famous article of H.P.B. on "Practical Occultism" appears for the first time in Spanish.

EL SILENCIO. We hear that Brother H. S. Budd, of El Paso, is hard at work on a sixteen-page Theosophical monthly, in Spanish, and wish him every success.

Just before going to press we have received a copy of the latest Theosophical baby. It is of the same size as the *Vâhan*, enclosed in a dull yellow cover and carries as its sigil an asp brooding over the solar disk. The con-

tents are as follows: — "Salutacion"; "Fraternidad, por Nemo" (Bro. Montoliu); "La Teosofia, por Thomas Williams"; "Por que dudas? por Oretes"; and "El Movimiento Teosofico". There can be little doubt of the usefulness of *El Silencio*.

The Esoteric Basis of Christianity is the title of a prettily covered pamphlet by Wm. Kingsland in a compact form and well printed by the Women's Printing Society. Bro. Kingsland's able essay was originally read before the "Blavatsky Lodge", and received a most favourable verdict from the audience, which we are now pleased to cordially endorse. The contents of the pamphlet are not new to theosophical students of this all-important phase of Christianity, but the author has the great merit of having put them in a clear and understandable manner before the public. Twenty thousand copies have, we understand, been printed, and we shall watch with interest for "the stirring of the waters" which is to be expected. Theosophists have been called "Esoteric Buddhists" long enough. It is time for a change for the public; let us see if "Esoteric Christians" will suit their lips as well, and then we might try "Esoteric Zoroastrians", etc., etc.

Theosophy and its Evidences is a pamphlet, consisting of the two articles thus entitled in *LUCIFER*, and written by Annie Besant. It is sold at the modest price of threepence, and will, we hope, prove a useful addition to our cheap literature.

Kaliyuga is a four-page pamphlet, printed for free distribution by the members of the Kumbakonam T.S. It deals with the present nefast cycle, and the place of the T.S. in it.

The Rose Garden is a tiny four-page monthly for children, published by Mrs. Ida Arnold Budd, of El Paso, Texas. It contains a pretty story and two pleasing pieces of verse. We hope that it will make the path of some little ones less thorny in this materialistic age, and train them to be Theosophists.

Our Budget.

In the account of money subscribed to the President's Holiday Fund, the £2 acknowledged as from "T. W. Wilson" should have been as from the Bradford T.S.

SANGAMITTA GIRLS' SCHOOL, COLOMBO.			
Mrs. Malcolm	-	-	£2 0 0
Mr. Bickerton	-	-	2 10 0
E.K.	-	-	0 10 0
			<u>£5 0 0</u>

E. KISLINGBURY, Treasurer.

