

LUCIFER.

ON THE WATCH-TOWER.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER'S LATEST CRITICISM ON H. P.
BLAVATSKY.

IN the October number of *The Nineteenth Century*, Professor Max Müller disposes of M. Notovich's *Vie Inconnue de Jésus-Christ* in the same manner and on the same grounds as ourselves in the July number of LUCIFER. It is, however, to be regretted that the Professor has thought fit to drag Mdme. Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett into his article as though the cases were parallel, and giving the uninstructed to suppose that in exposing the pretensions of Nicholas Notovich he has likewise disposed of the claims of H. P. Blavatsky. In speaking of the inaccessibility of Tibet, he writes:

"It was in Tibet, therefore, that Madame Blavatsky met her Mahâtmas, who initiated her in the mysteries of Esoteric Buddhism. Mr. Sinnett claims to have followed in her footsteps, but has never described his or her route."

This is hardly a correct statement. It is true that H. P. Blavatsky has said that two of her instructors resided mostly beyond the Himâlayas, but she has also stated that she had met her teachers in New York, London, Egypt, India and elsewhere. Mr. Sinnett could not possibly have described his route to Tibet, for he has never made any claim of being in the country, and the wideness of mark of Professor Max Müller's hit is perfectly ridiculous to anyone acquainted in even the most superficial manner with Mr. Sinnett's books.

The Professor then goes on to remark that if Madame Blavatsky and Mr. Sinnett had told the public "in what language they communicated with the Mahâtmas, it would not be courteous to ask any questions." But they have repeatedly stated that the language was

English, and there seems to be no great sin in a "Mahâtma" knowing a language that a coolie can pick up.

The two great friends of Madame Blavatsky whose pseudonyms are before the public do not happen to be Tibetans. Both are Indians, and one at any rate has spent several years in the West.

Anyone who has read the two articles by H. P. Blavatsky entitled "Tibetan Teachings," in the last two numbers of LUCIFER, and compared then with M. Notovich's yellow-back, will be struck with the local colouring and realism of the one and the artificial and patchwork character of the other. Still Madame Blavatsky does not claim to have obtained the knowledge herself on the spot, but to have had it communicated to her by post from some of her correspondents.

But Professor Max Müller seems to have but the haziest idea of what the woman he criticizes so freely has written, for he says:

"Madame Blavatsky, if I remember rightly, never even pretended to have received Tibetan manuscripts, or, if she had, neither she nor Mr. Sinnett have ever seen fit to publish either the text or an English translation of these treasures."

But that is just what Madame Blavatsky has done, as everyone but Prof. Max Müller knows. The two volumes of *The Secret Doctrine* are based on a translation of the text of certain stanzas and of the native commentaries on these stanzas. *The Voice of the Silence* claims to be a translation of three fragments from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*. It seems almost too absurd to have to set this down in refutation of the above accusation, but such is the misrepresentation that one who has spent the long years of his life in the pursuit of the ideal of accurate scholarship, unconsciously permits himself in dealing with what is the most misunderstood of all movements. Not, however, that Madame Blavatsky ever claimed to be a Tibetan, Chinese or Sanskrit scholar, but her friends knew these languages, and spoke them, and translated them into their English and hers.

This is Mdme. Blavatsky's own account of these translations, and it is by far the most simple of all the hypotheses, and demands less of imagination than the suppositions made by her critics. We should be only too glad for any Orientalist to give an honest opinion on these matters, but so far they have all shirked the subject. But, says the Professor:

“That there are Mahâtmas in India and Tibet no one would venture to deny. The only doubt is whether these real Mahâtmas know, or profess to know, anything beyond what they can, and what we can, learn from their sacred literature.”

This is, at any rate, a great admission and one that would hardly have been made a short time ago. The claim, however, is that the west has *not* got all the sacred records to refer to. In proof of this we are given *The Stanzas of Dzryan* and fragments from *The Book of the Golden Precepts*. These translations are grand and unique of their kind. If the Professor can show that they are taken from the canons of scriptures known to Western Orientalists, we shall owe him a debt of gratitude, and raise a fund to have the rest of the texts translated. If he can show that they are mere patchwork from the known sacred books, we shall also be grateful, for we have so far not been able to trace the patches, and we are more anxious to get at the truth than to bolster up a deception. If, on the contrary, he continues to shirk the main issue, and criticize an imaginary Mdme. Blavatsky, then those who study the subject for themselves cannot consider his views worthy of that consideration which they would be only too ready to accord to them, if he gave proof of a fair and impartial attempt to get to the bottom of the whole matter.

Meanwhile we wish him health and strength for the task, if he will attempt it.



A FAIR JUDGMENT.

Mr. Stead in the last number of *Borderland* has a long account of H. P. Blavatsky, based on Colonel Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves." As of yore Mr. Stead is still a friend of the theosophical movement, and has intuition enough to see that its real strength is not owing to thaumaturgical doings but to real solid work. Thus he writes:

“The most irate of the sceptics cannot deny, and will not dispute, the fact that the Theosophical Society exists, and that it is far and away the most influential of all the associations which have endeavoured to popularize occultism, and that its influence is, at the present time, felt far and wide in many lands, and in many churches. The number of pledged Theosophists may be few, although it is probably greater than most people imagine. But the theosophical ideas are subtly penetrating the minds of multitudes who know

nothing about Theosophy, and are profoundly ignorant of all the controversies which have raged round Mdme. Blavatsky.

“This is eminently the case with the doctrine of reincarnation, and with the altered estimate which the average man is beginning to form of the mystic teachers and seers of India. Reincarnation may or may not be true. Whether true or false, it has, until the last decade, been almost unthinkable by the average Western. This is no longer the case. Multitudes who will reject it as unproved have learned to recognize its value as a hypothesis explaining many of the mysteries of human life. A few admit that there is nothing in reincarnation antagonistic to the doctrine of Christ, and that it is quite possible to hold firmly all the great verities of the Christian revelation, without rejecting the belief that the life of the individual, upon which judgment will be passed at the Great Assize, is not necessarily confined to the acts done between the cradle and the grave, but may be an existence of which such a period is but one chapter in the book of life. Altogether apart from the question of the actual truth of the doctrine, it is indisputable that the sympathetic recognition of the possibility of reincarnation has widened the range of popular thought, and infused into religious speculation some much-needed charity. And this, which is unquestionably a great achievement, will ever be associated with the name of Madame Blavatsky.

“Still more remarkable has been the success with which this remarkable woman has succeeded in driving into the somewhat wooden head of the Anglo-Saxon the conviction—long ago arrived at by a select circle of students and Orientalists, of whom Prof. Max Müller may be said to be the most distinguished living representative—that the East is—in matters of religious and metaphysical speculation—at least entitled to claim as much respect as the West. That indeed is stating it very mildly. ‘The snub-nosed Saxons,’ as Disraeli used to love to describe the race which made him Prime Minister, are learning somewhat of humility and self-abasement before the races whom, by use of material force, they have reduced to vassalage.

“Down to quite recent times the average idea of the average Englishman—notwithstanding all the books of all our pundits—has been that the Hindoos were benighted and ignorant pagans, whom

it was charity to subdue, and a Christian duty to try to convert. To-day, even the man in the street has some faint glimmering of the truth that these Asiatics whom he despises are, in some respects, able to give him points and still leave him far behind. The Eastern Sage who told Professor Hensoldt that the West studied the stomach, whereas the East studied the soul, expressed strongly a truth which our people are only beginning to assimilate. We are learning at least to respect the Asiatics, and in many things to sit at their feet. And in this great transformation, Madame Blavatsky again figures as the leading thaumaturgist. She and those whom she trained have bridged the chasm between the materialism of the West and the occultism and metaphysics of the East. They have extended the pale of human brotherhood, and have compelled us to think, at least, of a conception of an all-embracing religion, with wider bases than those of which the reunionists of Christendom have hitherto dreamed.

"These two achievements, even if they stood alone, would have made Madame Blavatsky notable among the leaders and moulders of this generation. But they did not stand alone. Perhaps even more important was the impetus which she gave to the revival of the doctrine of the continuity of existence beyond the grave, and the divine justice which enforces the law of moral responsibility, unthwarted and uninterrupted by death. In an age when materialism has entrenched itself in the churches, she made men realize that the things which are seen are but temporal and evanescent, and that it is the things which are unseen which alone are eternal. 'The future life,' which had become a mere phrase to many, has acquired a fresh and awful significance, and the essential spirituality of man has been asserted with no uncertain sound in the midst of a carnal and material civilization."



"MINE OWN FAMILIAR FRIEND IN WHOM I TRUSTED."

Just as we go to press a series of articles, making a most indiscriminate and vicious onslaught on several of our friends and colleagues, is being published in *The Westminster Gazette*. We are deeply sorry to have to inform our readers that the inspirer of this attack is W. R. Old, who witnessed the passing away of H. P. Blavatsky. Virulence and misrepresentation can, however, only defeat their own ends.

THE AWAKENING TO THE SELF.

SHANKARÂCHÂRYA'S ÂTMA BODHA.

THIS awakening to the Self is recorded for those whose inner darkness has been worn away by strong effort, who have reached restfulness, from whom passion has departed, who seek perfect Freedom.

Among all causes, wisdom is the only cause of perfect Freedom; as cookery without fire, so perfect Freedom cannot be accomplished without wisdom.

Works cannot destroy unwisdom; as these two are not contraries; but wisdom destroys unwisdom, as light the host of darkness.

At first wrapped in unwisdom, when unwisdom is destroyed the pure Self shines forth of itself, like the radiant sun when the clouds have passed.

When life that was darkened by unwisdom is made clear by the coming of wisdom, unwisdom sinks away of itself, as when water is cleared by astringent juice.

This world is like a dream, crowded with loves and hates; in its own time it shines like a reality; but on awaking it becomes unreal.

This passing world shines as real, like the silver imagined in a pearl shell, as long as the Eternal is not known, the secondless substance of all.

In the real conscious Self, the all-penetrating everlasting pervader, all manifested things exist, as all bracelets exist in gold.

Just like the ether, the Lord of the senses, the Radiant, clothed in many vestures, seems divided because these are divided, but is beheld as one when the vestures are destroyed.

Through this difference of vesture, race, name, and home are attributed to the Self, as difference of taste and colour to pure water.

Built up of fivefold-mingled elements through accumulated works is the physical vesture, the place where pleasure and pain are tasted.

Holding the five life-breaths, mind, reason, and the ten perceiving and acting powers, formed of unmingled elements, is the subtle vesture, the instrument of enjoyment.

Formed through the beginningless, ineffable error of separateness, is the causal vesture. One should hold the Self to be different from these three vestures.

In the presence of the five veils, the pure Self seems to share their nature; like a crystal in the presence of blue tissues.

The pure Self within should be wisely discerned from the veils that surround it, as rice by winnowing, from husk and chaff.

Though ever all-present, the Self is not everywhere clearly beheld; let it shine forth in pure reason like a reflection in a pure mirror.

The thought of difference arises through the vestures, the powers, mind, reason, and nature; but one must find the Self, the witness of all this being, the perpetual king.

Through the busy activity of the powers, the Self seems busy; as the moon seems to course through the coursing clouds.

The vestures, powers, mind, and reason move in their paths under the pure consciousness of the Self, as people move to and fro in the sunshine.

The qualities of vestures, powers, and works are attributed to the spotless Self through undiscernment, as blue to the pure sky.

Through unwisdom, the mental vesture's actorship is attributed to the Self, as the ripple of the waves to the moon reflected in a lake.

Passion, desire, pleasure, pain move the mind; but when the mind rests in deep sleep they cease; they belong to the mind, not to the Self.

Shining is the sun's nature; coldness, the water's; heat, the fire's; so the Self's nature is Being, Consciousness, Bliss, perpetual spotlessness.

The Self lends Being and Consciousness, and mind lends activity. When these two factors are joined together by undiscernment, there arises the feeling that "I perceive."

The Self never changes; and mind of itself cannot perceive; but the Self through error believes itself to be the habitual doer and perceiver.

The Self is believed to be the habitual life, as a rope is believed to be a snake; and thus fear arises. But when it is known that "I am not the habitual life but the Self" then there can be no more fear.

The Self alone lights up the mind and powers, as a flame lights up a jar. The Self can never be lit by these dull powers.

In the knowledge of the Self, there is no need that it should be known by anything else. A light does not need another light; it shines of itself.

Putting all veils aside, saying, "It is not this! it is not this!" one must find the real unity of the habitual Self and the Supreme Self, according to the words of wisdom.

All outward things, the vestures and the rest, spring from un-wisdom; they are fugitive as bubbles. One must find the changeless, spotless, "I am the Eternal."

As I am other than these vestures, not mine are their birth, weariness, suffering, dissolution. I am not bound by sensuous objects, for Self is separate from the powers of sense.

As I am other than mind, not mine are pain, rage, hate, and fear. The Self is above the outward life and mind, according to the words of wisdom.

From this Self come forth the outward life and mind, and all the powers; from the Self come ether, air, fire, the waters, and earth upholder of all.

Without quality or activity, everlasting, free from doubt, stainless, changeless, formless, ever free am I the spotless Self.

Like ether, outside and inside all, I am unmoved; always all-equal, pure, unstained, spotless, unchanged.

The ever-pure lonely one, the partless bliss, the secondless, truth, wisdom, endless, the Supreme Eternal; this am I.

Thus the steadily-held remembrance that "I am the Eternal" takes away all un-wisdom, as the healing essence stills all pain.

In solitude, passionless, with powers well-ruled, let him be intent on the one, the Self, with no thought but that endless one.

The wise through meditation immersing all outward things in the Self, should be intent on that only Self, spotless as shining ether.

C. J.

(To be concluded.)

THE WEB OF DESTINY.

FEELING himself, his own low self the whole;
 When he by sacred sympathy might make
 The whole one self. Self, that no alien knows!
 Self, far diffused as fancy's wing can travel!
 Self, spreading still! oblivious of its own,
 Yet all of all possessing.—COLERIDGE.

How familiar to every child born of Christian parents is the phrase, "God created the world out of nothing"! It is a matter of belief, the reason cannot grasp it; it is absurd and therefore pertains to the domain of faith. *Credo quia absurdum!* And yet I was told by a Jesuit father that it was a "postulate of pure reason"; that as I was a rational being and had heard the truth, it was nothing but the obstinacy of my heart that prevented my acceptance of the dogma, and for that same obduracy I was rightly and properly condemned to Hell. I thought that it was the obduracy and uncharitableness of someone else's heart that so condemned me, and departed less of a "Christian" of that kind than ever.

Nevertheless there is good in the dogma, for good and evil are hidden in all things. The good in it is that the human soul shrinks from admitting anything else than God in the boundless fields of being. Nothing but God. And the universe, what of that? "Verily God created it." But how? "Out of nothing—but himself," methinks I hear the small voice whisper.

The dogma of "creation out of nothing" has its good side, for it is an attempt, when rightly understood, to bring home to the un-instructed mind the great truth that deity in its own nature does not perform the function of a fabricator, that its "creations" are those of will, transcendent and spiritual, and that the "creatures" of its divine creation in their turn carry out the behests of the divine will, and emanate and fabricate, build and fashion, the wondrous fabric of the universe.

The evil side of the doctrine is the use made of it by an ignorant priesthood to dwarf the human mind by ever imposing upon its natural questionings the dull weight of an unintelligible dogma, which crushes its sprouting life and terrifies the half-awakened intelligence with the nightmare of a vengeful deity that punishes every timid turning of the soul to higher light.

Fortunately, however, there has been, long before this curious priest-made dogma (for it is not to be found in the scriptures) was invented, and there still is, another view of the matter which avoids the Scylla and Charybdis of the extremes which I have pointed out above—a view which supplies a golden mean or passage-way along which the soul can sail in safety.

In the Vedic scriptures the Eternal is said to have *thought* the universe out of himself, by the self-emanative power of self-contemplation. In other words, the Supreme Being evolved or created the universe out of himself; that is to say, that deity is both the efficient and material cause of the universe.

Many commentaries have been written upon the Vedas, and the habit of some of them is to argue out the great statements in the original scriptures, bringing forward objection after objection. In fact, in the commentaries, there is a familiar dramatic character who is always turning up, called the objector. "How then can it be possible," interrupts the objector, "that God can be both the material and efficient cause? The potter makes his pots out of clay. The potter is not the same as the clay; the efficient and material causes are not the same person. The potter does not make the pot out of himself." And then the writer of the commentary replies, using a simile found in the sacred scripture itself, "Even as the spider spins its thread out of itself and withdraws it again, so this universe is spun out of the Supreme and is again withdrawn." It is, however, carefully stated that a simile must not be confounded with an identity. The Supreme does not weave the garment of the universe out of himself in precisely the same manner as the spider spins its web, but the simile of the spider is, at any rate, a nearer approach to the reality than the crude analogy of the potter.

The ideas of a spider and of a web are found over and over again in the sacred books of the Hindus; so much so that it is borne in upon the mind of the careful reader that such a frequent

simile must correspond to a very important fact in nature. But there is another simile that is even more graphic. It is the figure of the chrysalis and the butterfly, of the silkworm and the cocoon. And here let me quote one passage out of many which will give you a foretaste of what this essay designs to treat of.

The vast Indian epic, called the Mahâbhârata or Great War, is many times larger than the Iliad of the Greeks, and its epic dress is only the setting for long religious and philosophical discourses. One of its great divisions or books is called the Book of Peace, and one of the sub-divisions of this Book is entitled, the Book of the Laws of Freedom. In it we read as follows:

“As the silkworm spinning its cocoon shuts in itself on every side in every way by means of its self-made threads, even so the soul, though in reality it transcends all attributes, invests itself on every side with attributes [and thus deprives itself of freedom].” (Sec. ccciv.)

This cannot but remind us of the graceful myth of Psyche among the Greeks. Psyche, the soul, painted and sculptured with butterfly wings—the soul that wings its joyful flight from the chrysalis of the body—is a figure so innate with life and beauty that the mind is at once held captive by the sweet graciousness of so fair a conceit.

Let us next turn to another ancient book, fragments of which are given by H. P. Blavatsky, where we shall find the same idea of a web and its spinning. One of the Stanzas of Dzyan runs as follows:

“Father-Mother spin a Web, whose upper end is fastened to Spirit, the Light of the One Darkness, and the lower one to its shadowy end, Matter; and this Web is the Universe, spun out of the Two Substances made in One.”

Father-Mother is the graphic name for the Eternal when viewed as emanating the universe out of its own essence. Spirit and Matter are names for the modes of its existence as viewed by little men. Spirit is that Light of which the author of the Book of Genesis speaks as created by the divine fiat that willed “let there be light.” It is the Light of the One Darkness, because Spirit is the brightest light that the inner eye of man can bear; and yet beyond

this the intuition declares there is that which transcends even this most glorious light, but upon which no mortal can look and live, for to see it he must become immortal. And this is, therefore, darkness to mortal gaze, and so is not inappropriately termed the One Darkness. So, then, Father-Mother spins the web of the universe out of the two substances, Spirit and Matter, which really are not two in essence but one, for they are Father-Mother essentially.

In this connection it is hardly necessary to remind the reader of the words put into the mouth of the Erdgeist by the genius of Goethe:

"Thus at the roaring loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou see'st Him by."

This garment of God is the universe. The loom of the Erdgeist roars as the shuttles fly on their cyclic journey back and forth; but their roaring is no chaotic cacophony, but the "harmonious song" of the "spheres."

It may be useful to remark here that with regard to the idea of a cocoon (for the garment or web is ever spheroidal), the symbol of an egg, or embryonic germ, is an index of the same idea, and its frequent occurrence in the old religions is because of the marvellous manner in which so universal a phenomenon in nature shadows forth the manner of the inner workings of the creative energy.

Yet one more instance of the same idea, this time from the hieroglyphics of ancient Khem. Several of the inscriptions on the tombs of the kings in the ancient sacred city of Thebes have been translated by Edouard Naville, the French Egyptologist, and embodied in his book, *La Litanie du Soleil*. A few sentences dealing with the present subject, together with M. Naville's excellent commentary, were translated in the May number of LUCIFER of this year, under the heading, "The Gods and their Dwellings." Speaking of Teb Temt, the term for the Supreme Being in these old records, M. Naville writes:

"He is a being enclosed in an envelope, which is neither a sphere nor an egg, but more closely resembling the latter. The symbol which represents the envelope Teb has exactly the shape of the cocoon of the silkworm. This is, no doubt, the origin of the tradition handed on to us by Eusebius, which attributes the form of ☉ to the universe."

It would be easy to multiply quotations and produce much evidence of the frequency of this idea in ancient scriptures, but sufficient has been said to warrant a fuller exposition than if the conception were of very rare occurrence.

Now, the study of the allegorical descriptions of creation and the origin of the universe that are found in every scripture, would be of only minor importance if they had but a remote bearing on human affairs. If primordial processes and the development of long series of hierarchies are simply to serve as a pretext for airy metaphysical speculation, they can only be of interest for a very limited class of minds. If, on the other hand, the processes of the great world are directly applicable to the processes of the little world, if the history of the universe is also the history of man, then the study of such processes is of very vital interest to us, for they teach us the history of the spirit and soul in man, and so wean him from the illusion that he is a mere body, and the powers of man only such as the physical body will permit him to wield. We have all heard the trite old aphorism, commonly called Hermetic, "as above so below," and some have met with it elsewhere and have learned to realize its truth, for it helps the solution of the great problem of life in a manner that no other method will. Analogy of processes and the great fact that man is potentially deity, that "this is that," as the grand logion of the Vedas has it, is the only means whereby a solution of the problem can be attempted; and a religion or a philosophy, or a science that neglects this central fact ends nowhere but in confusion. As the *Kathopanishad* (II. iv. 10) has it: "What verily is here below that is there; what is there is likewise here." That is to say, what is true of the universe is true of man, what is true of man is true of the universe; what is true of little man, the little world, is true of the heavenly man, the great world.

Let us, then, bear this in mind and apply it to the subject in hand, our "web of destiny." The web of destiny is not one but three, not single but threefold, for are there not three worlds? The threads of the web are gross, subtle, and subtler than subtle, for is not *man* spirit, soul and body? And is not *man* God, did he but know it? There is but one Self "hidden in the heart of all creatures." It is the bodies that make the Self *seem* different, for it *is* one for all. These bodies are webs of destiny, self-evolved, self-

woven. There are those who think that man is but his physical body; not so say the scriptures. The seers of truth speak of man as spirit, soul and body, and the wisest say that the Self is beyond. In man, the Self is enwrapped, and yet not really enwrapped—for all words are incapable of truly stating the mystery—in a spiritual body or spirit, in a psychic body or soul, and in a physical body; three webs of destiny, or, if you prefer it, one web of triple texture. The spiritual, psychic and material vestures clothe the Self in a triple disguise that produces this seeming separateness which is called the "great heresy" by those who know the Self. The Vedântic psychologists call them the gross, subtle and causal vestures or disguises, and the early Christian mystics, the so-called Gnostics, classified mankind into the Hylics, Psychics and Pneumatics. These Greek names signified that men were to be distinguished according to the bonds in which they were bound, according to the error in which they were plunged, for Hyle means matter, and Psyche soul, and Pnuma spirit.

But these vestures are living vestures, for there is the material life, and the psychic life, and the spiritual life; three oceans of life and consciousness, and yet not three but one, for they are the Self. For what is more precious to man than life; what does he cling to with such desperation? He clings to the Self, for life is the Self. Through life alone can we have some conception of God here in this world. Life is God.

And so we have three bodies and three lives, the habitual or material life, the emotional or psychic life, and the intuitional or spiritual life, and yet all is one—the Self. Here we have the seven-fold nature of the Esoteric Philosophy, so much talked of and so little understood; and yet it is a natural classification, an unavoidable classification. It is by what the Vedântins call the "false attribution" of the Self to the gross vesture or physical body that the "waking" consciousness, or habitual life, is experienced; by the false attribution of the Self to the subtle vesture, or psychic body, that the "dreaming" consciousness, or emotional life, is sensed; and by the false attribution of the Self to the causal vesture, or spiritual body, that the "deep sleeping" consciousness, or noetic life, is enjoyed. Now these terms "deep sleeping," "dreaming" and "waking" are very inadequate, and are only the reflections or memories of the

three great lives, or states of consciousness, in our small brains. For what we call dream is only a memory, and what we call deep sleep is only a reminiscence, a vague feeling, that we have slept ill or well. These three states *appear* to us in our normal consciousness as waking and dreaming and deep sleep; but there is a waking consciousness appropriate to each of the three bodies of man, and a dreaming state, and one of so-called deep sleep; and beyond all is the "fourth," the "peace that passeth all understanding."

Here below in this world we are wrapped round in a triple vesture, for all things centre together here in the battlefield of good and evil. The triple "carapace of selfhood" imprisons and confines us.

In the "interspace," or "middle distance," there are but two vestures, if complete severance from physical bonds can be achieved; but if not, the shadows cast by the blackness of the sins committed in the body are reflected into the world of the soul and accompany it on its passage through the "hall of learning."

In the highest world there is but one, the vesture of causation; and in this "heaven-world" the disciple learns the past and future. They say the wise ones can separate these three vestures at will, can assume and lay them aside, for the Self strides through the three worlds in the twinkling of an eye.

The mystics of the early days of the Christian era, now condemned as heretics, knew of these sacred things and understood the meaning of the outward rites and symbols. Thus they called those who had no thought for anything but the body and its pleasures the "dead." These were the Hylics, the "sepulchres," for they were indeed dead to higher things; such men and women were naturally without the community of real "Christians"; not placed without by any man-made ordinances, but naturally outside the "church" or assembly of saints. For to enter therein they had to "rise from the dead" and be baptized. This baptism was no outer form; the outer form was but a symbol. It was a real natural process open to all men, not to be given by favouritism, not to be withheld by mortal hands. And there were two great baptisms, the lesser and the greater. The baptism of water and the baptism of fire or of the holy spirit. These were the lesser and the greater mysteries that we hear of among the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Persians and elsewhere. For

what is the baptism of water? We know what water is here on earth; but just as the "dreaming" state is but a memory and reflection of the true state of the soul in our waking consciousness, so is the water of the earth a reflection of the true water of nature. "On my soul, gentlemen, ye have never seen the true earth," says Eugenius Philalethes, and he might have added, "On my soul, good friends, ye have never seen the true water of life." For this water is the ocean of soul-life, the "astral" ocean, that causes the soul-sight to live. It was only when the pilgrim had learned to put on his subtle vesture at will and was "doused" into the waters of the ocean of pure astral light and life, that he was indeed baptized with water. And yet these were but the lesser mysteries. Those who were illumined by this *natural* initiation were called Psychics. But the greater mysteries pertained to the perfect, the just. The baptism of fire was the reception of the spiritual influx of divine light and life. The breath of the Holy Spirit (air) vivified and energized their spiritual bodies, and thus they were called Pneumatics.

Beyond these greater mysteries, transcendent and unspeakable as they are said to be, there was something grander and greater and more wondrous. Beyond the three states is the "fourth"; the Self, the Father, is ever waiting on the threshold for his children. It is the mystery of the At-one-ment, the baptism of blood, when the very life and essence of deity is given that man may be one with the Highest. Pity it is that these high things are so degraded in our age. But we are in the mire and must make the best of it.

Let us now return to our three vestures, the karmic webs that we have woven for our weal and woe. The third depends on the second, and the second on the first. The physical body is the product of the psychic, and the psychic of the spiritual. Or in other words, the gross vesture is "precipitated" through the force-mould of the psychic vesture, by means of the character and experience stored up in the spiritual vesture. Each vesture has its appropriate life-span. The "shadow-man" lives longer than the physical, it may be but a few years, it may be centuries, for its life-span is as variable as that of the physical vesture, though its normal life is of greater length. But both these life-cycles are governed by the great life-cycle of the spiritual body. The gross and subtle bodies have their root in the causal. This is the perennial root living throughout the

"eternity." On this "all the worlds depend," as the scripture saith, or in other words, from it grow all the bodies, gross and subtle, that serve as vestures for the reincarnating lord. And seeing that these psychic and physical bodies sprout forth from it and die down into it, as the summer and winter of its great year cause the warm life now to be breathed forth and then to be withdrawn, it needs must be that all causation rests with it; that it is the karmic storehouse of all that each man was, is, and will be; that (to use another simile), it is the very "book of the recording angel." It is because of this that the whole past of a man surrounds him on every side; it is impressed on his psychic vesture (the sidereal or astral man), for it is the "influence of the stars"; it is stamped upon his physical frame and features. But these "stars" are not the stars of heaven, and the predictions of astrologists and cheiromantists and the rest are based on a correspondence and not on a reality. True astrology deals with something higher.

Nor need we go further than the mythology of the Book of Genesis to gain a conviction of the truth of this triple nature of man. For there is first the man made in the "image" of God, and then the Adam of "red-earth," who dwelt in Paradise, no physical region as we now understand the word. The paradisiacal body is the soul, and not until man is cast out of Paradise, does God lastly fashion for him his "coat of skin." Only when man is born into physical life is he clad in the gross vesture of the material body. Can anyone be so foolish as to think that God actually made for Adam and Eve garments from the skins of animals wherewith to clothe them? Let us leave such crudities to the uninstructed congregations of our "little Bethels," and proceed to see whether it is possible for man to escape from the triple web of his destiny; and how the passivity of the three great oceans of life may be changed into the activity of the three great lights; and how that the triple-tongued flame may burst forth and destroy the webs and join the ineffable Grand Master, the Fire Self.

G. R. S. MEAD.

(To be concluded.)

A MASTER OF OCCULT ARTS.

[The following is translated from the Russian of N. S. Leskoff, and forms only an episode in his most interesting article on the "Russian Demonomaniacs." Petr Mogila, referred to in the article, was a great ecclesiastic in the south of Russia about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the founder of the first great college in Kieff. The readers of LUCIFER will probably be interested to know that H. P. B. strongly desired to get his "Great Book." In 1888 her nephew found it for her in St. Petersburg, but the book cost about four hundred roubles, and she could not afford to buy it.—TRANSLATOR.]

FATHER BOGOLÈP was a man of about fifty. He was born in the lowly condition of a serf, and the professions he embraced at the various epochs of his eventful life have been many. He has been a counting clerk in the office of a rich landlord and serf owner; he has been a merchant; has been a farmer, and, later on, a monk of high degree.

However, at the time I made his acquaintance, some twenty years ago, he was not only compelled to leave the monastery, but even deprived of his clerical dignity, and put down in the police books as a "bourgeois" of an insignificant small town in the environs of St. Petersburg. Notwithstanding this drawback in his worldly career, he still wore a cap and a loose black garment of monkish pattern. He said he was engaged "in endless wrestling with the spirit of sublunar wickedness."

The devils tortured him, but at the same time obeyed him. His life was spent in pilgrimages to all kinds of places of reputed holiness, and in visits to households where he knew he could find a wretched woman stricken with "demoniac hiccuping," "demoniac singing," and various other nervous trifles.

"Between me and *them*"—Father Bogolèp used to say—"there

always is strife, battle, war to the bitter end. We are always gnashing our teeth at each other. They gnash at me, I gnash at them, but who will be the victor at the end is impossible as yet to predict."

Such was the sombre avocation of Father Bogolèp.

Father Bogolèp was a small man; the vegetation of his beard and head was uncommonly scarce; his forehead large and protruding, his eyes grey, with a strange dry glitter in them. In short, his looks did not amount to much. The first impression he made on one was decidedly of a repulsive character; then one got interested in him, then tired and bored. Many were the places where he intended to settle down with a view to the "salvation of his soul." Moscow, with its convents of Saint Sergé, Kieff, Pochaeff, Solovki on the White Sea, and Mount Athos on the Archipelago—he tried them all but stayed nowhere. At last he came back to St. Petersburg with the intention of giving himself up entirely to exorcism. Many archbishops and other high ecclesiastics knew him personally. He never grumbled against any of his numerous late parochial or monastic superiors; though at the end of all his narratives he always frankly admitted that he had been dismissed by one and all of them, thanks to calumnies and false rumours. But the calumniators, in their turn, were not to be condemned, or even roughly judged; as, in the eyes of Father Bogolèp, they were mere tools of his one powerful enemy, Satan. Archbishops, archimandrites, priors, as well as the monastic "small beer," who never missed an opportunity of playing tricks on Father Bogolèp, merely "danced to the tune" of a malicious, ever-watchful artist, but only the "artist"—read "the evil one"—was to be made responsible for it all. And no wonder *he* was so down upon Father Bogolèp, for was not Father Bogolèp the thrice happy possessor of the big book of Petr Mogila, filled with all kinds of exorcisms, and did not Father Bogolèp make the whole Inferno perfectly wretched and miserable by means of this book? Many a humble slave of the Lord was rid of his own particular "devil," thanks to Father Bogolèp, and in the records of his soul-freeing practice there even existed a certain nun who was happily freed by him from a whole triad of devils—the devil of drink, the devil of unchastity, and the devil of vagrancy.

Father Bogolèp had the unfortunate habit of so formulating his narratives that they always had the flavour of impudent and bold

lies; but the listeners soon got accustomed to it, and listened with a growing curiosity, so much the more as the personality of the narrator was altogether out of the common, and that a sudden glimmer of truth was not unusual in the general tangle of conscious and unconscious fiction.

When Father Bogolèp called forth the three devils of the above mentioned nun, these "rascals" jumped out and sat on the border of a water jug. At first they all looked like "steam," were thin and hardly visible, then they got "solidified" and began to play "dirty tricks." Especially the devil of unchastity. His tricks were of such a description that their equal is not to be found even among the utterances of witches, tortured by inquisition.

"It was getting quite unbearable," said Father Bogolèp. "The dirty imp waving his paws at me and sending waves of unchaste desires upon me, and all my limbs ablaze with impurity, and the nun asleep, with her lips parted and as red as a ripe cherry. Hardly any power of resistance was left in me."

But Father Bogolèp went on reading.

And so he read on until he came to "the ninth prayer." The ninth prayer, he said, was fatal; and I have something to say on the subject, out of my own experience. At this point there is generally no end to the devils' ingenuity. Here begins a regular struggle for dear life. The devils started throwing all manner of unclean things at Father Bogolèp. But when the brave Bogolèp, "covered with them from head to foot," nevertheless finished reading the ninth prayer, all the three devils got up and said:

"You have proved the strongest; but henceforward you shall have no peace, you shall not be permitted to settle anywhere."

On this they left. As to him, he finished reading, put out the taper with "due ceremony," and felt satisfied. But lo! about five o'clock in the morning he was suddenly awakened by two old nuns of the high circle to behold himself, to his "utter astonishment and despair," side by side with the liberated nun, who was still sweetly asleep. Needless to say, Father Bogolèp found no difficulty in understanding whose work it all was; and immediately after this heard "infernal laughter in the air regions." This was the first instance of the devils' revenge. But certainly the devil of unchastity casts his glamour on everyone, and no one would believe

Father Bogolèp was his innocent victim. Without saying a word, they sent him away to another monastery, where his endeavours to save his soul grew still more serious, but "the rest of the brotherhood unfortunately hated him from the first."

"They never even gave a thought to polite manners, but said from the very first day: 'And so you can do miracles, can you? You chase away evil spirits, but before long you yourself shall be chased from this monastery!'"

And so he was.

He began wandering from one convent to another until at last he got in such a tangle of devils' tricks that he was compelled to abandon his holy state of a God-loving monk and was degraded to the state of a bourgeois. He said this was a "mere nothing," easily explained to anyone who would listen; but the brotherhood that rose against him on this particular occasion would not listen—all owing to the revengeful spirit of the devils who, on this occasion, were all following the lead of the devil of vagrancy. But a still more puzzling mishap occurred to him in the house of a certain landowner, where Father Bogolèp was invited to exorcise evil ones who just at the time were in the possession of all the harriers and the greyhounds on the premises.

At that time Father Bogolèp was in the midst of one of his numerous exile episodes. The devil of vagrancy was killing him, making him wander with no hope of stopping or rest. But most probably the torturer was also getting sick of this wretched pretence of life, and was proposing to deliver Father Bogolèp into the hands of another of his comrades. The poor hermit was walking, sore at heart, from a monastery into which he was not admitted, seeking another, which he most probably would not be permitted to enter either. His way lay through woods, then across fields, and Father Bogolèp lost his way. Wherever he looked there was nothing but grass to be seen, tall, rich grass; and at last the very traces of a path disappeared. On all sides nothing but grass and sky.

Whether it all was real or only appeared to be so to Father Bogolèp, owing to the devil, I don't know, but I write down his narrative exactly as my memory preserved it.

Father Bogolèp was perishing. Twice the day changed into night, but there was no getting out of this wondrous grass. Weari-

ness, hunger, thirst, were rapidly leading him into utter exhaustion, and, when he slept, he heard laughter, and "someone was mockingly nodding his head at him from behind." All this time he had no nourishment but hardened, overgrown leaves of sorrel. He was about to "curse the day of his birth," when he suddenly heard a bird giving him bad counsel. He crawled in the grass to the bird, caught it, broke its neck, stripped it of its feathers, and, forgetting his monastic vows, devoured it raw, and without salt. And no sooner had he thus polluted himself than he saw a moving spot in the distance, which proved after awhile to be a gentleman's huntsman. They entered into a conversation; the huntsman gave the monk some strong liquor to drink and readily offered to show him the right way. On the way, the huntsman told the monk how he had to ride to a distant village in order to fetch someone skilful in the treatment of sick dogs, as some stray dog had bitten all his master's costly hounds that were trained to hunt bears.

"Whether these hounds are mad or not," continued the hunter, "we don't know, and can't make head or tail of the business. They are all kept in the cellar right under our master's house, where they howl and bark all the time in a perfectly frightful way; and there is no one to give any kind of useful advice. And the worst of it is that the cellar they are occupying leads to another, where we keep master's choice wine. One of these days master must give a big feast, as is customary about this time of the year, but he can't, as no one dares to fetch the wine. And so I have been sent to fetch a skilful man, but never found one, as they say in the village over there they had one, but he died some time ago. And now I simply dare not show myself to my master."

Father Bogolèp listened and said: "Well, if this is all that troubles you, just make yourself easy. Give me another drink from your bottle that my trembling legs may tread this wearisome earth in a gayer fashion, and at the same time put the load of your cares on my shoulders. I shall chase away the devil, and welcome."

On hearing this, the joy of the huntsman was so great that he handed the whole of his bottle to his new friend, who soon drained it dry; never giving a thought to the discomfort of drinking while on his feet and actually walking.

Soon they arrived at the village, and then at the gentleman's

manor house, all adorned with beautiful porches; and no sooner did they catch sight of it than they heard a tremendous howling and whining, coming right from the basement.

"Here are our dogs," said the huntsman, and went to announce the new arrival to the master.

This is what I heard from Father Bogolèp as to what followed:

"I peeped at the dogs through a small window just above the ground, and saw they were many and big and restless. So I said to them: 'Now, you silly pups, behave yourselves!' They were awfully glad to see me, and rushed to the window, jumping on their hind legs and lifting their snouts to me, as if asking me to stretch out my hand to them. The cellar was very deep; I could not reach them with my hand, so I took off my boots, sat down on the edge of the window, and hung my legs down among them. This was exactly what they wanted, as they immediately crowded round, jumping one over the other to lick my feet. On this the master came out of the house, moody and cross, and says he to me: 'What are you about?' 'I am giving health to the creatures,' says I. He looked on, puzzled and astonished. 'It seems to me you are drunk,' says he. 'No, I am not drunk,' says I. 'But you smell of wine.' 'Smelling of wine does not mean drunk.' So he thought awhile and, 'Right you are,' says he. 'And do you mean to say my hounds are all right?' 'Now they have touched me,' says I, 'they are all right. Just let them out.' And so the dogs were let out. And everyone loved me for it, dogs, men, and the master himself; and I was allowed by him to live on the premises wherever I liked, and to save my soul in whatever way I liked. So I said to him: 'It will be good if I save my soul in the very cellar where the dogs were locked. First, it is a nice, cool place, comfortable in summer; and second, the devil that tortured them is still there, lurking about. I shall just put him to the wall, and he will have to speak out to me why it was he made war in this particular case, not against man, his rightful enemy, but against dumb creatures.'"

N. S. LESKOFF.

(To be continued.)

THE CONDITIONS OF TRUE UNION.

HARMONY results from the analogy between contraries, says Éliphas Lévi, and all stability is based on antagonism or polarity. A magnet is a magnet only by virtue of its having two opposite poles; without the simultaneous presence of two dissimilar bodies no electricity is generated.

The Theosophical Society aspires to be a harmonious and stable body, and its permanence as such depends on the existence of antagonisms of opinion among its members. Uniformity of belief would produce a church, for a church is a body formed to uphold certain fixed doctrines, and difference of opinion constitutes heresy and leads inevitably to schism.

But the Theosophical Society is not a church; it professes to uphold truth, not one particular facet of truth; and truth is many-sided and involves what to the shallow-minded seem irreconcilable paradoxes. Hence in the Theosophical Society we must be prepared to find the most opposite views held by different members, a diversity of opinion which in a church would be instantly fatal, but which is the strength of the Society. The whole truth cannot be reflected in a single human mind, and its different aspects, many of them polar aspects, must therefore be reflected in many minds. This circumstance is regarded by the superficial observer as a ground for schism, and has doubtless been for some a motive for leaving the Society, while for others it has been the incentive to strenuous and misguided attempts to bring everyone to the same way of thinking, and reconcile the irreconcilable. To the deep thinker, however, the fact that members hold antagonistic views can be no reason for their mutual estrangement, for it is the heart that is the true bond of union, not the head.

It is a very old saw that men should be one in heart though legion in opinion, but like all old saws it needs to be repeated often and in many forms in order to be realized. The earth has a north

pole which is directly opposed to the south, the east antagonizes the west, the zenith the nadir; yet the earth does not fly into six pieces, for it is one in substance though diverse in polarity; on the contrary, this universal antagonism is a vital condition of its stability. The solar system has seven planets representing seven great gods or creative powers, all different in their character; but the fact that Mars is contrary to Jupiter, and Mercury to Saturn, does not in any way impair the harmonious working of the system, but is necessary thereto. In the same way members of a brotherhood of truth-seekers must learn to tolerate the greatest diversity and contrariety of opinion and reconcile it with perfect unity of heart; for, until such time as each member has progressed far enough to be capable of reflecting the whole truth in all its aspects within his single mind, he must be prepared to find certain portions of it, which cannot find room in his mind, reflected in other people's minds. Nor has any one the right to regard his own particular fragment as more valuable than anyone else's.

If two heads are better than one, and three heads better than two, it is because they are different and correct each other's bias. There is much more hope for people who are not afraid to quarrel now and then with full confidence all the time in their singleness of heart, than for those who dare not trust themselves to differ lest they should alienate themselves for ever. There is also more security for the character that is leavened with a sense of humour than for the over-earnest and over-solemn temperament which mistakes superficial disturbances for radical derangement.

To borrow an illustration from Éliphas Lévi, the temple of truth is supported by *two* columns which, though parallel, yet stand apart. He who, Samson-like, tries to unite these two pillars into one, brings the temple down about his ears.

This would be the fate of our Society should anyone ever succeed in the attempt to establish uniformity of opinion therein; for he would thereby turn it forthwith into a church and start it on the road to destruction.

H. T. EDGE.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY.

My sister, Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, *née* de Hahn, better known in our country under the *nom de plume* of Radha-Bai, which she adopted for her writings in Russia, was a sufficiently remarkable person, even in these days, when striking personalities abound. Although her works are but little known to the general public, nevertheless they have given birth to a spiritual movement, to an organization founded on the theories therein contained which it pleases her disciples to allude to as "revelations"—I speak of the Theosophical Society, so well known and widely spread throughout America, England, India, and in a less degree throughout Europe.

This Society was planned and founded by Madame Blavatsky, in the year 1875, at New York, in which city she had established herself—why she herself hardly knew, except that thither she was drawn by an irresistible attraction, inexplicable at that time to her, as we shall see by her letters.

Without money, without any kind of influence or protection, with nothing to rely on but her indomitable courage and untiring energy, this truly extraordinary woman in less than four years succeeded in attaching to herself devoted proselytes, who were ready to follow her to India and to cheerfully expatriate themselves; and in less than fifteen years she had thousands of disciples, who not only professed her doctrines, but who also proclaimed her "the most eminent teacher of our times, the sphinx of the century," the only person in Europe initiated into the occult sciences of the east—they were, indeed, with few exceptions, ready to canonize her memory, had the philosophy she taught them permitted any such thing.

There was hardly a country in which the death of H. P. Blavatsky did not produce a most profound impression. All quarters of the globe responded, in one fashion or another, when the news reached them of the death of this poor Russian woman, whose only claim to such celebrity lay in her personal genius. For a time her

name rang throughout the press of the entire world. Doubtless it is true that more bad than good was spoken of her, but none the less they spoke of her, some abusing her up hill and down dale and loudly complaining of the injuries wrought by her; and on the other side twenty or so theosophical journals proclaiming her "illuminated" prophetess and saviour of humanity—humanity which, without the revelations which she had given out in her works, above all in *The Secret Doctrine*, would—so they affirmed—be dragged to its doom by the materialistic spirit of the times.

It is not my business to decide as to whether the truth lay with her friends and enthusiastic disciples or with her bitter enemies. My intention is simply to offer to the public some impartial family reminiscences and to lay before them some letters of undoubted interest.

It would be easy for me to fill many volumes from the mass of materials which I have at my disposal; I will, however, merely select that which is most remarkable and weave it together with my own personal recollections.

Our mother, Mdme. Hélène de Hahn, *née* Fadéew, died when she was twenty-seven. Notwithstanding her premature death, however, such was the literary reputation she had already acquired, that she had earned for herself the name of the "Russian George Sand"—a name which was given her by Béliusky, the best of our critics. At sixteen years of age she was married to Pierre de Hahn, captain of artillery, and soon her time was fully occupied in superintending the education of her three children. Hélène, her eldest daughter, was a precocious child, and from her earliest youth attracted the attention of all with whom she came in contact. Her nature was quite intractable to the routine demanded by her instructors, she rebelled against all discipline, recognized no master but her own good will and her personal tastes. She was exclusive, original, and at times bold even to roughness.

When, at the death of our mother, we went to live with her relations, all our teachers had exhausted their patience with Hélène, who would never conform to fixed hours for lessons, but who, notwithstanding, astonished them by the brilliancy of her abilities, especially by the ease with which she mastered foreign languages and by her musical talent. She had the character and all the good

and bad qualities of an energetic boy; she loved travels and adventures and despised dangers and cared little for remonstrances.

When her mother was dying, although her eldest daughter was only eleven years old, she was filled with well-founded apprehensions for her future, and said:

"Ah well! perhaps it is best that I am dying, so at least I shall be spared seeing what befalls H el ene! Of one thing I am certain, her life will not be as that of other women, and that she will have much to suffer."

Truly a prophecy!

At the age of seventeen H. P. Blavatsky married a man thrice her age, and some months later she left her husband in the same headstrong and impetuous manner in which she had married him. She left him under the pretext of going to live with her father, but before she got there she disappeared, and so successful was she in this that for years no one knew where she was, and we gave her up for dead. Her husband was the vice-governor of the province of Erivan, in Transcaucasia. He was in all respects an excellent man, with but one fault, namely, marrying a young girl who treated him without the least respect, and who told him quite openly beforehand that the only reason she had selected him from among the others who sought to marry her was that she would mind less making him miserable than anyone else.

"You make a great mistake in marrying me," she said to him before their marriage. "You know perfectly well that you are old enough to be my grandfather. You will make somebody unhappy, but it won't be me. As for me, I am not afraid of you, but I warn you that it is not you who will gain anything from our union."

He never could say that he did not get what he had bargained for.

H. P. Blavatsky passed the greater part of her youth, in fact almost her entire life, out of Europe. In later years she claimed to have lived many years in Tibet, in the Him alayas and extreme north of India, where she studied the Sanskrit language and literature together with the occult sciences, so well known by the adepts, wise men, or Mah atmas, for whom later she had to suffer so much. Such, at least, is the account of her doings that she gave to us, her

relations, as also to her English biographer, Mr. Sinnett, the author of the work entitled, *Incidents in the Life of Madame H. P. Blavatsky*. For eight years we were without any news of her. It was only at the expiration of ten years, the period necessary to render legal the separation from her husband, that Madame Blavatsky returned to Russia.

After her return to Russia, she first came and settled herself in the Government of Pskoff, where at that time I was living with our father. We were not expecting her to arrive for some weeks to come, but, curiously enough, no sooner did I hear her ring at the door-bell than I jumped up, knowing that she had arrived. As it happened there was a party going on that evening in my father-in-law's house, in which I was living. His daughter was to be married that very evening, the guests were seated at table and the ringing of the door-bell was incessant. Nevertheless I was so sure it was she who had arrived that, to the astonishment of everyone, I hurriedly rose from the wedding feast and ran to open the door, not wishing the servants to do so.

We embraced each other, overcome with joy, forgetting for the moment the strangeness of the event. I took her at once to my room, and that very evening I was convinced that my sister had acquired strange powers. She was constantly surrounded, awake or asleep, with mysterious movements, strange sounds, little taps which came from all sides—from the furniture, from the window-panes, from the ceiling, from the floor, and from the walls. They were very distinct and seemed intelligent into the bargain; they tapped once, and three times for "yes," twice for "no."

My sister asked me to ask them a mental question. This I did, selecting a question as to a fact only known to myself. I recited the alphabet, and the reply I received was so true and so precise that I was positively astounded. I had often heard talk of spirit-rappings, but never before had I had an opportunity of testing their knowledge.

Before long the whole town was talking of the "miracles" which surrounded Madame Blavatsky. The not only intelligent, but even clairvoyant answers given by these invisible forces, which operated night and day, without any apparent intervention on her part, all round her, struck more astonishment and wonder into the

minds of the curious than even the movement of inanimate objects, which apparently gained or lost their weight, which phenomena she directly produced by merely fixing her eyes on the object selected.

All these phenomena were, at the time, fully described in the Russian newspapers. There was no longer any peace for us, even in the country, where we shortly went to live, on a property which belonged to me; we were pursued by letters and visits. Matters became insupportable when, by the intervention of "messieurs les esprits," as our father laughingly called them, was discovered the perpetrator of a murder committed in the neighbourhood, and the officers of the law became convinced believers, clamouring for miracles. It was still worse when, one fine day, H el ene began describing "those whom she alone saw as having formerly occupied the house," and who were afterwards recognized from her descriptions by the old people and natives of the place as having been former lords of the manor and their servants, all long since dead, but of whom they still preserved the memory. I may as well remark that this property had only been mine for a few months. I had bought it in a district completely unknown to me, and none of us had ever before heard these people she described spoken of.

My father, a man of vast intellectual power, and most learned, had all his life been a sceptic, a "Voltairien," as we say in Russia. He was compelled by the force of circumstances to change his convictions, and before long passed days and nights writing, under the dictation of "messieurs les esprits," the genealogy of his ancestors the "gallant knights of Hahn-Hahn von Rotterhahn."

Ever since her return to Russia, H. P. Blavatsky was at a loss to explain her mediumistic condition, but at that time she by no means expressed the disdain and dislike for mediumship that she did later on. Ten or twelve years later she spoke of the mediumistic performances of her younger days with much repugnance—in those days the forces at work in the phenomena were unknown and almost independent of her will, when once she had succeeded in obtaining entire mastery over them she no longer cared to recall the memory. But at the age of twenty-eight she had not the power of controlling them.

With reference to this the following is of interest:

In the summer of 1860 we left the Government of Pskoff, for

the Caucasus, to pay a visit to our grandparents the Fadéews and Madame Witté, our aunt, my mother's sister, who had not seen Hélène for more than eleven years. On our way there at the town of Zadonsk, in the Government of Voronège, we learnt that the Metropolitan of Kieff, the Venerable Isidore, whom we had known well when we were children at Tiflis, where he had been the head of the exarchate of St. George, happened to be in the town, passing through on his way to St. Petersburg, and was for the moment officiating in the monastery. We were most eager to see him; he remembered us, and sent us word to say that he would be very pleased to see us after mass. We made our way to the archiepiscopal church, but not without misgivings on my part. As we were on our way there, I said to my sister:

"Do please take care that your little devils keep themselves quiet while we are with the Metropolitan."

She began laughing and saying that she would like nothing better, but that she could not answer for them.

Alas! I knew it but too well. And so I was not astonished, but all the same suffered agonies when I heard the tapping begin as soon as ever the venerable old man began to question my sister about her travels. . . . One! two! . . . one! two! three! Surely he could not but notice these importunate individuals who seemed determined to join the party and take part in the conversation; in order to interrupt us they made the furniture, the looking-glasses, our cups of tea, even the rosary of amber beads, which the saintly old man was holding in his hand, move and vibrate.

He saw our dismay at once, and taking in the situation at a glance, enquired which of us was the medium. Like a true egotist, I hastened to fit the cap on my sister's head. He talked to us for more than an hour, asking my sister question after question out loud, and asking them mentally of her attendants, and seemed profoundly astonished and well pleased to have seen the phenomena.

On taking leave of us, he blessed my sister and myself and told us that we had no cause to fear the phenomena.

"There is no force," he said, "that both in its essence and in its manifestation does not proceed from the Creator. So long as you do not abuse the gifts given you, have no uneasiness. We are by

no means forbidden to investigate the hidden forces of nature. One day they will be understood and utilized by man, though that is not yet. May the blessing of God rest on you, my child!"

He again blessed Hélène and made the sign of the cross.

How often must these kindly words of one of the chief heads of the Orthodox Greek Church have been recalled to the memory of H. P. Blavatsky in later years, and she ever felt gratefully towards him.

VERA PETROVNA JELIHOVSKY.

(To be continued.)

Our best thanks are due to the Editor of the Nouvelle Revue for permission to translate this Biographical Essay.—EDS.

THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE.

THE world (the body) *has* life, and eternity (the soul) *is* Life. The interior lives and the external lives; the cause is life and the effects are living. Life is law and its manifestation; it is law for the understanding and manifestation for the organs of sense. The parts are vivified by the whole; the bodies by the world; the soul of man by eternity, this being our home. When the eternal being manifests motion there springs into existence a series of actions and reactions, producing secondary causes. Thus the world is the realm of motion, of apparent causes and effects, of change and contraries and duality; but eternity is the kingdom of the one fundamental Cause, of oneness and tranquillity.

That which is subject to change in man is related to the world (nature); that which is eternal in him is one with eternity, one with the law which is the life itself. The changeable in nature, acting upon that which is subject to change in us, produces opposite motions and sensations and change; eternity causes no change in the eternal, but becomes manifest in the soul as a revelation of internal, imperturbable peace, immutable blissful joy, and holy, pure, exalted and redeeming power, a self-consciousness of liberty and immortal being, a recognition of the oneness of the true self with the All.

Eternity manifests itself in us as rest, nature causes unrest. Eternity reveals the truth, the action of the world causes illusions. The eternal in us reveals to us our own real nature as a self-existent being, independent of everything, unapproachable, resting upon nothing but its own self, dwelling in nothing but its own divine self-consciousness; but the powers of nature act in our organisms as exciting causes, originating joys and sorrows, pain and pleasure, the illusions of personal hopes and affections, the delusion of separateness and "self," desire for "self-preservation," false self-consciousness, self-esteem, longings, desires, passions, virtues and vices, manifold thoughts and sensations, in short, the experiences of an

external illusory life, caused by the action of opposites upon each other and having no permanency or stability, and not belonging truly to us; but being due to the action of nature in us, a life which we call "our own" merely because, having become oblivious to our own true state of being, we are in the habit of identifying ourselves with the conditions produced by the play of nature's forces within the organism in which we dwell.

From this non-recognition of our eternal state thus results our participation of all that the human organism to which we are attached has to enjoy and to suffer, and, while we are taking part in its joys, we have also to take part in its sufferings. To the extent that we identify ourselves with that which is mortal or changeable in us, must we die or become changed; to the extent in which we realize eternity in ourselves do we realize our own eternal existence, which nothing foreign can trouble or touch.

The door from this ignorance of our real nature to the true knowledge attainable only by the realization of its own self, is the experience gained by suffering. Here is the beginning of our redemption, because we become willing to be redeemed after experiencing the absolute worthlessness of the impermanent upon which our hopes and desires have rested. Realizing the action of opposites in nature and how they continually neutralize each other, producing nothing new; seeing how the wheel of nature revolves for ever in a circle without aim or end; how nature perpetually devours her own children, and birth is followed by death, beauty by ugliness, strength by weakness, intellectuality by the imbecility of old age, the soul begins to seek for a place of refuge beyond the wheel of revolving shadows and finds rest in the light. Disappointed in all her hopes, thrown back upon the resources within herself, seeing that there is nothing to be relied upon and to rest upon among all created existences, the world begins to appear to her empty and dark, devoid of anything worth striving after or worthy to keep. She begins to see that the images that have been reflected in her so long were false, and her life illusive; that the active life of nature, whose sensations she experienced, was not her true life, which is rest, peace and joy. She then begins to long for the knowledge of her own true life, seeks to become free of the battle of opposites and to repose in the one indivisible unity, the one eternal cause; and in proportion as the

soul departs from the delusion of "self" (surrenders her self-will to the divine) the realm of illusions and fantasy disappears beneath her feet, and upon the mind dawns the morning-glory of a new day of immortality and freedom, and the heart becomes filled with a sense of all-consciousness, knowing itself to have no separate life, but to be one with the true life in all.

Thus the external lives by change and the eternal lives in immutable oneness; our worldly consciousness moves in continual friction, and our eternal self-consciousness rests in eternal peace. If we let the world act upon our soul, the body experiences life; but if we let eternity become revealed in us, the eternal life of the soul becomes revealed to her. The greater the sensations which act upon the body, the more that body experiences life, and it craves for sensation so that it may know that it lives; for the life of the soul is inconceivable to the body, eternity is to it a word without meaning. But if we let eternity become manifest in the soul, then begins the true life of the soul in internal emotion, which finds its culmination in the attainment of perfect "self-forgetfulness"; this being identical with the acquisition of perfect consciousness of the true Self, and culminating in perfect satisfaction, happiness, freedom, peace and tranquillity.

The external world acting upon our interior world produces external emotion, causing the true interior life of the soul, the true self-consciousness, to disappear in proportion as the external life is stimulated into activity; for the life of the soul is external rest and internal motion; external unconsciousness and insensibility, but internal illumination; external non-being, but internal all-being. The life of the soul consists in the action of her internal (superior) and external (inferior) powers. With her internal powers she reaches into the kingdom of spirit; her external powers are bound up with matter. Carried away by the whirl of the world, taking part in the never-ending aimless motion of opposites, the higher faculties of the soul become paralyzed and inactive; true self-consciousness is overshadowed by the realization of the illusion of self, and our life restricted to the exercise of those faculties which belong to the lower and animal part of our organism, the material intellect, imagination, beliefs and opinions, personal affections and desires and all that belongs to the delusion of "self"; the soul then is like

a mirror in which only the illusions of the world are reflected, and we mistake the life of these illusions in us for our true life. Thus the lower faculties of the soul, whose destiny it is to serve its superior faculties, assume an apparently independent life of their own, having no other object than its own self; this being the cause of that egoism, which springs from the non-recognition of the true omnipresent and universal self, that Self which is known to few and which in ordinary parlance is called "God."

So begins the restless chase after gratification of personal desires, illusory possessions, illusory knowledge, illusory loves, illusory joys, all of which cannot be permanent, because they are born and die within the revolving wheel of ever-changing existence.

But as the soul is in possession of dual faculties, it is also capable to reflect the kingdom of heaven (eternity) when its lower activity ceases. When the external senses are subdued and the activity of the external thinking faculties are restrained so as to be at perfect rest, the soul begins to realize its own true, eternal nature; entering into true self-consciousness, it becomes unconscious of the illusions of the external world; self-luminous and self-knowing, it enters into the incomprehensible oneness, into true being, independent of space and time, expanding and unfolding into a higher state with superior faculties and perceptions, growing continually holier, purer and more luminous, until it finds perfect redemption in eternal rest.

F. HARTMANN.

SOME FIRST-HAND NOTES ON TIBET.

CONVERSATIONS WITH A CONVERT TO LAMAISM.

WE have lately enjoyed the good fortune of having a number of interesting conversations with a most enthusiastic adherent of the lamaistic community. Our informant, who has been a traveller for upwards of thirty years, and has spent the last fifteen years of his life in India, has developed his enthusiasm on the spot and not within the four walls of a western study. In fact, the chief charm of his recital lies in the fact that he talks simply of the Tibetans and what their lamas told him; he does not apologize for his statements or try to make them fit in with the present phase of orientalist studies or the popular prejudices on the subject. He knows of lamaism from the lamas themselves, he knows of Tibet either from his own personal observation or from what the inhabitants have told him. The simple and straightforward manner of the narrator, his very ignorance of the controversial points with regard to the customs of the people and the doctrines of lamaism, are a guarantee of good faith; and, though the doctrinal part of lamaism is still to a great extent a sealed book to him, his general information is of value.

The main reason why our informant has not been able to derive more information on doctrines of the lamaistic system, is that the lamas are very reticent concerning the profounder tenets of their faith and the practical part of their psychological science. They will only impart such information to one of their own number, and then only on the condition of submission to their long-established methods of training and discipline.

It was some three years ago that our visitor began to study Tibetan and became a Buddhist. As he himself frankly confesses, this was in the first instance not so much because of his personal conviction, but in order to enable him to travel with greater freedom beyond the Snowy Range and in the interest of his studies as a naturalist. Soon, however, he became convinced that, for him at

any rate, lamaism was the one thing desirable, and then he began to prosecute his studies with the greatest enthusiasm. For ten months he shut himself up in a small gonpa or monastery beyond the Sikkhim frontier, and there applied himself, under the tuition of the lamas, to a study of the first elements of his adopted religion. At the end of that time he was duly admitted to the first grade of the lamaistic community.

The furthest extent of his travels so far has been ninety miles into the interior; but he has now received official permission from the authorities at Lhassa to visit that city; armed with which and safeguarded by his membership in the order and the privileges it confers, he intends to push on further during the coming year. The difficulties of entering Tibet from the Sikkhim side are described as being very great. Of the two passes one is open for only two months in the year, and the other for barely one month. The magnificence of the scenery, the gigantic and stupendous grandeur of the titanic masses of snow-capped peaks that hem in the traveller on every side, form a fitting propylæa to what must, so far, be considered a land of mystery.

As to the inhabitants of the land, they are described as living a happy, peaceful, virtuous and industrious life. It is the custom to judge of the Tibetans by the contaminated populace of the borders, such as the Bhutanese and Nepalese; these are not genuine Tibetans, nor do they live like those beyond the mountains. It is not fair to visit the dishonesty and sorcery of the latter upon the whole of Tibet.

As to polyandry, against which such an outcry has been raised, there is, perhaps, more to be said for it, as far as Tibet is concerned, than may appear at first sight. In the patriarchal times of biblical history polygamy was common, in the still patriarchal times of lamaism polyandry is the rule. But this polyandry is confined to the brethren of one family, and as families are usually very small, and one or two of the members almost invariably become celibates and enter the priesthood, the polyandry is not of so promiscuous a nature as is generally supposed. Moreover, as the conditions of life in the country are very rigorous and the productivity of the land small, if the western customs of marriage were followed, Tibet would not be capable of supporting the surplus population, and the

Tibetans would have to depend on imported supplies, which, in their opinion, would open up their country to foreign trade and all the terrors of modern civilization. As it is, the populace is strong and vigorous, the men often standing six feet high and models of health. It is the rarest thing to come across a cripple. Many of the women are very beautiful, and our informant especially instanced the case of a young girl from the interior, who had come down to Darjeeling in a caravan. She was nothing but an ordinary coolie carrier, but her features were so exquisitely formed and so regular, her hair, which was of a chestnut tinge, so wavy and silky, that she created quite a sensation at Darjeeling. She would, our lama said, have made quite a *furor* even at Paris.

In Tibet the women have the greatest possible freedom, and what is more, are treated with the greatest respect by all members of the community. Every possible consideration is shown to the wife, and every care taken of her. If a man wishes to marry, he agrees with the father of the girl that he will work so many years for her. This reminds one of the marriage contract of the patriarch Jacob. The children that are born, however, before the expiration of the stipulated time of service, do not belong to the husband, but to the wife's father. Such children form a sort of servile class, and are allowed to kill animals for food. For, although the Tibetans are Buddhists, nevertheless, owing to the rigour of the climate they eat meat, and only observe the ordinance of Buddha, "not to kill," in so far as not to slaughter the animals themselves. Hence it is that the slaughtering of animals is confined to this class and to the Mohanmedans, of whom there are a certain number in the country.

Whatever may be the evils of polyandry, one thing is certain, that adultery is very rare in the country, and when detected is punished by death. As a smiling little Tibetan lady said when joked about her quiver-full of husbands, "I have the whole love of three husbands, and am sure of retaining it; your wife has the love of only one husband, and is no by means confident of keeping it!" In fact, the wide-spread immorality of the west in such matters is constantly held up by the lamas as a warning to the people if there are any signs of impatience at the existing order of things marital. It is not, however, by her elaborate toilette that a Tibetan lady wins the hearts of her husbands, for there is practically no distinction in

dress between the men and women. Sometimes even it is difficult to distinguish between them, and only the back-view of the double pigtail of the lady and the single pigtail of the gentleman solves the problem of what must take long precedence of the "bloomer" costume.

The people are happy and contented and laughter-loving, very fond of dancing and singing and music. The two simple instruments they play upon are a sort of three-stringed guitar and a flute. The dancing is somewhat like that of the Shamans, and the main movement consists in spinning round with incredible rapidity. Sometimes the performer is swathed in a garment of innumerable bands of strings of various lengths, to the ends of which are attached morsels of white wool, which stand out from the body with the rapidity of the pirouetting and produce a very pretty effect. Their dancing proclivities also find an outlet in their religious plays, when mummers clad in strange garments and masks representing infernal and celestial characters, go through certain dramatic representations. But the great time for gaiety is the feast of flowers made of butter, which is held on the Tibetan New Year's day, February the eighth. Then, in addition to the dancing and music and other festivities, there are very clever exhibitions of rope-dancing. Among other things a rope is attached to a high crag, and the performer slides down it head foremost on his chest with incredible rapidity.

But if there is one thing that is to be remarked more than another it is the truthfulness and honesty of the people. The Tibetan's word is his bond, and receipts and bills are not known. During the whole of our informant's transactions with the people, he has never been once deceived. The Bhutanese and Nepalese on the borders are great cheats, but the Tibetans proper are remarkably honest and have not yet been corrupted. On the first occasion that our visitor entered into commercial relations with them he had occasion to procure a large quantity of wool, but could not find any at the town to which he had been directed. He applied for help to the chief lama, who said that he would supply him with a number of people who would go into the country and buy wool for him. "You have only," remarked the lama, "to give them the money, and they will bring back the wool, if it is procurable." "But," said our trader, with natural hesitation, "how am I to make sure they

will not decamp with the money?" "A Tibetan's word is his bond," proudly replied the lama, "if they cannot get the wool they will bring back the money." After some deliberation, our sceptical trader determined to risk it, and, true enough, the lama's people returned with the wool, and never since that time has he been deceived by one of the natives beyond the mountains.

Tibet is a country where there are no police and no soldiers; it presents the strange spectacle of a nation governed in all things by a priestly hierarchy. The monastery is the beginning, middle and end of all authority—the greatest of blessings if the priesthood is pure and wise, the greatest of curses if the hierarchy is a traitor to its sacred duties.

At the gonpa, all without any distinction obtain a free education, and there is said to be no one in Tibet who cannot read and write. There is no aristocracy or bourgeoisie or submerged tenth in the country, and the war of capital and labour is not sufficiently materialized to even cast a shadow on the land. The education of a girl generally ends with her fourteenth year and of a boy with his sixteenth; but if they become members of the Order this education is prolonged indefinitely. The lamas are most excellent penmen, and enormous quantities of most beautiful specimens of their handiwork are yearly produced in the monasteries. One of their chief tasks is to copy the sacred books. If a new monastery is founded it at once procures copies of the sacred scriptures and chronicles from other monasteries, and sets to work to copy. It is the duty of every neophyte to present his gonpa with so many copies of such books.

If a poor man desires to marry and start himself in business or in some occupation, the monastery will supply him with all that is needful, on condition of his paying a tithe of the produce. A young lama is generally told off to supervise the book-keeping of the new establishment—a very business-like arrangement.

Lhasa is regarded as the chief centre of literary activity, and the monasteries procure specimens of the rarest manuscripts from it. But there is another centre farther north on the borders of Siberia which is regarded by all the most learned as the Mecca of Tibet. The chief lamas all desire most fervently to visit this sacred spot at least once in their lifetimes, for there they receive further instruction and the consummation of their spiritual training.

As to the latter side of their studies the lamas are extremely reticent, but there is no doubt, as our informant assured us from his own personal observation, that they possess a profound knowledge of magnetic and mesmeric forces. Many are adepts in thought-reading and other such arts. There is also a curious belief among them in the efficacy of relics, but only if they are relics of very holy men. For instance, the chief of a monastery takes his food out of the skull of his predecessor, so that when eating he may reflect upon the impermanence of this life, and also on the virtues of his former chief. One of the most precious possessions of a lama is a rosary made out of one hundred and eight pieces of bone taken from the central portion between the eyes of skulls of holy men. The bones of all other people are burned to ashes, as there is a belief that so long as any portion of the body remains the soul is either earth-bound or confined to certain worlds.

It is from some such consideration as the above that the punishment for adultery is a very terrible one. The guilty man and woman are stoned to death, and the top parts of their skulls are fixed back to back. The open ends are then covered with parchment, and a drum is thus formed. Two pieces of cord, to which drumstick-heads are attached, are tied on either side of the central band of this strange instrument, so that by shaking it in a certain manner a drumming is produced. This is kept in the monastery, and at certain times held up to the people as a terrible warning of the fate which overtakes adulterers, for the souls of the guilty are believed to be earth-bound so long as the skulls remain unburned. After a certain time, at the great feast of flowers, this fearsome drum of warning is burned with certain rites, and so the wretched souls are freed.

The punishment for murder is perhaps even more dreadful. The murderer is bound face to face with his victim's body for three days and then both together are thrown into a river.

There seems to be no doubt that some of the lamas use their psychic powers for their own advantage. For instance, their habit of holding and stroking the hand of the person with whom they are engaged in conversation, is nothing else than an aid to reading that person's thoughts. Such practices are those of psychic pick-pockets and nothing better.

But throughout the whole narration of our informant there was no effort made to discriminate between Dugpas (Red Caps) and Gyalugpas (Yellow Caps), the psychic practices and customs of Tāntrika and Bhon corruptions of the "Good Doctrine," and the pure spiritual training and life of those who still hold to the uncontaminated teachings of the Holy Lha. It was even stated that the Red Caps use all their powers to keep the people good; but willing people into goodness is as pernicious as willing them into evil, for in either case they are to a large extent made irresponsible entities.

Nevertheless, back of all the popular beliefs and practices there is a doctrine and practice only known to the most worthy. As our informant said, "I have often been asked by the many tourists who come to Darjeeling, 'Have you seen a Mahātma?' Well, my reply has invariably been that of the lamas themselves. The lamas all believe in such perfected Arhats, who, they say, watch over and protect them. But none but their highest know which of their number has reached such perfection. You may sit side by side with one of the 'Great Souls' and yet not know it; for such sages never work directly, but always through a third party; they benefit the order and the people by intermediaries, and their direct agency is as unseen as the track of birds in the air."

One of the most general ideas about Tibet is that the whole population is continually muttering the sacred formula, "Om mani padme Hum," and that all their "praying" consists of a wearisome repetition of this six-syllabled mantram. On the contrary, there is a different prayer or formula for every day of the year, and it requires much application to learn so long a lesson by heart. At the beginning of every prayer is prefixed a record of the name of the monastery where it was composed, the name of the lama, the date, and much other information, so that in this way there is a historical record which will no doubt prove of great value when the chronicles of Tibet come to be written for western students.

On the whole, we have gleaned from our conversations that there is much to be learned about Tibet that will surprise the general reader, but that it will also require much discrimination and long and patient research before the really best side of the "Good Doctrine" is unearthed.

THE BOOK OF THE AZURE VEIL.

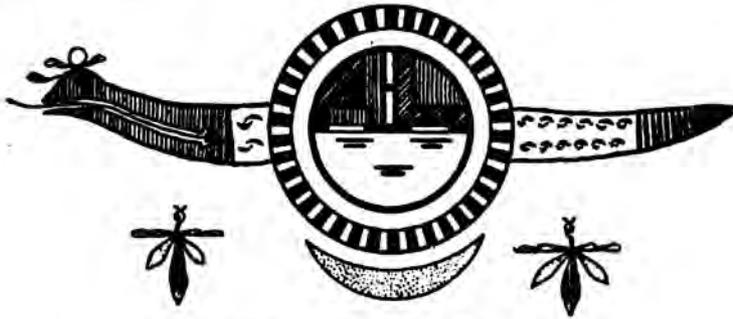
(Continued from p. 134.)

EXPLANATORY.

OF the seven races of mankind, the first three and one-half are lunar; the last three and one-half are solar. The former are symbolized in *Popol Vuh* by the men made of red earth, the cork-wood, and the pith of the pliant reed, who are destroyed because they are incapable of invoking Hurakan, the threefold solar fire. From these failures of the third race the monkeys are descendants; but the psychic remnant of the race continues, and has to be subjugated by the child of the sun, the God of the Colours, before the real man can be manifested upon the earth. So, from this point on to the end of the second book, we have in *Popol Vuh* a series of allegories concerning the child of the sun, explaining the inner constitution of man, the method of awakening the psychic centres by means of the threefold fire, and the formation of the various ethereal bodies. The meaning of these allegories is so obvious that an elaborate analysis of them is unnecessary; but a few illustrations from *Áshiwi* and other sources may make them a little clearer. For the *Áshiwi* and other Red men of the Pueblos in the south-western United States are of the same original stock as the Quichés, and through the protection afforded them by the powerful northern Republic have escaped the religious persecution which forced the Lacandones of Central America to exclude all white men from their territory. And though for four hundred years no new applicant has taken the higher degrees in their religion, they have retained the magical meanings of their ancient myths.

As usual in such writings, when telling of the creation of the earth, sun, moon and stars, the real subject is the inner constitution of man and his spiritual rebirth; this is as true of the first chapters of *Genesis*, where the six days of labour and seventh of rest refer to the seven earth-lives of the neophyte, as it is of *Popol Vuh*, where

the child of the sun descends into the Underworld and vanquishes its ruler, Seven-deaths; hence the Plumèd Serpent, in one of its many significations, is simply—man. Among the Áshiwi (Zufis) it is thus represented:



KÓ-LO-WI-SI, THE PLUMÈD SERPENT.

(In the above, as in other illustrations to follow, the colours are indicated thus: violet, ; blue, ; green, ; yellow, ; red, .)

In the pictograph, the red-and-yellow figures to the right and left of the moon are butterflies: with the Zufis the butterfly is a symbol of the soul, or rather the lunar body of the soul. With the Nahuas it was replaced by the humming-bird, called by them "sun's hair." Thus, in the hall of the five-terraced temple of Mexico were images of two gods, placed on azure pedestals: to the right was "Shining Mirror," the god of Law, who, in his crystal mirror rayed with plumes of every colour, saw all that has been, is, or shall be, in the world of men; at his left was "Humming-bird to the Left," the immaculate son of "Our Mother, the Lady Serpent," who through the prowess of her son became the goddess of flowers.

Forming an inverted tau in the radiating sphere of the Plumèd Serpent are two tubes, violet and ruby-coloured respectively, with a white line between them. They are, in meaning, the same as the Air-tube Hunter of the Sleeping Animal, the Air-tube Hunter of the Unsleeping Animal, and the Great White-rayed One, of *Popol Vuh*.

The body of the serpent has three divisions, and above its head is the winged globe which symbolizes the "single eye" of the seer, the "pineal gland" and "optic thalami." (May the gods pardon the use of such uncouth terms for what the old Druids expressed by the mistletoe berry and leaves, where heaven and earth kissed each

other!) In *Popol Vuh*, this appears as the elastic ball, by vibrating which the child of the sun goes to the Underworld.

The blank space on either side of the magic line leading to the heart of the serpent is called "the entrance path" (o ne yäthl kwá to na).

The child of the sun is a twofold being, the "two young devotees," who are the "gods of the colours," *qabauil*, from *g'ibak* (Maya), to paint, applied to the coloured symbolical images in the temples. They have two names, both applicable to each of them: one is compounded of the seventh and twelfth signs of the Quiché calendar, but we have given it in this translation as Light-bringer, since this god is identical with the "Day-maker," who is the Divinity of Light in the myths of the northern Indians; the other name is Master of the Air-tube. This air-tube is the sarbacana, the terrible blow-gun used by the natives of Central and South America. The learned Dr. Brinton, A.M., M.D., Prof. American Archæology and Linguistics in the University of Pennsylvania, asserts that "such a name bears little meaning in this relation—little relevancy to the nature and functions of God." After much linguistic engineering, he extracts from it the meaning "the chief master of magical power," when it "has a distinctly relative signification, one intimately associated with the most recondite mysteries of religion; it expressed the divine power which the priests and prophets claimed to have received from the gods." Let us bow before the decisions of Science, especially when a western master of medicine touches upon psycho-physiology.

These two gods are found in Áshiwi mythology, and Mr. Cushing says of them: "They are believed to be single in spirit, yet dual in form, the child or children of the God of the Sun, and to guard from year to year, from sunrise to sunset, the vale and children of those they were first sent to redeem and guide" (*My Adventures in Zuñi*). In a paper on "Zuñi Fetiches" he gives an extract from a mythologic epic which he calls the Zuñi Iliad:

"Although oral, this epic is of great length, metrical, rhythmical even in parts, and filled with archaic expressions nowhere to be found in the modern Zuñi. It is to be regretted that the original diction cannot here be preserved. I have been unable, however, to record literally even portions of this piece of aboriginal literature, as it is jealously guarded by the priests, who are its keepers, and is publicly repeated by them only once in four years, and then only in

the presence of the priests of the various orders. As a member of one of the latter I was enabled to listen to one fourth of it. . . . I therefore give mere extracts, mostly furnished from memory, and greatly condensed, but pronounced correct, as far as they go, by one of the above-mentioned priests.

"THE DRYING OF THE WORLD.—In the days when all was new, men lived in the four caverns of the lower regions (the 'Four Wombs of the World'). In the lowermost one of these men first came to know of their existence. It was dark, and as men increased they began to crowd one another and were very unhappy. Wise men came into existence among them, whose children supplicated them that they should obtain deliverance from such a condition of life.

"It was then that the 'Holder of the Paths of Life,' the Sun-Father, created from his own being two children, who fell to earth for the good of all beings. The Sun-Father endowed these children with immortal youth, with power even as his own power, and created for them a bow (the Rain Bow) and an arrow (Lightning). For them he made also a shield like unto his own, of magic power, and a knife of flint, the great magic war knife. The shield was a mere net-work of sacred cords on a hoop of wood, and to the centre of this net-shield was attached the magic knife.

"These children cut the face of the world with their magic knife, and were borne down upon their shield into the caverns where all man dwelt. There, as the leaders of men, they lived with their children, mankind.

"They listened to the supplications of the priests. They built a ladder to the roof of the first cave, and widened with their flint knife and shield the aperture through which they had entered. Then they led men forth into the second cavern, which was larger and not quite so dark.

"Ere long men multiplied and bemoaned their condition as before. Again they besought their priests, whose supplications were once more listened to by the divine children. As before, they led all mankind into the third world. Here it was still larger and like twilight, for the light of the sun himself sifted down through the opening. To these poor creatures of the dark the opening itself seemed a blazing sun.

"But as time went on men multiplied even as they had before,

and at last, as at first, bemoaned their condition. Again the two children listened to their supplications, and it was then that the children of men first saw the light of their father, the Sun.

"The world had been covered with water. It was damp and unstable. Earthquakes disturbed its surface. Strange beings rose up through it, monsters and animals of prey. As upon an island in the middle of a great water, the children of men were led forth into the light of their father, the Sun. It blinded and heated them, so that they cried to one another in anguish, and fell down, and covered their eyes with their bare hands and arms, for men were black then, like the caves they came from, and naked, save for a covering at the loins of rush, like yucca fibre, and sandals of the same, and their eyes, like the owl's, were unused to daylight.

"Eastward the two children began to lead them, toward the Home of the Sun-Father.

"Now, it happened that the two children saw that the earth must be dried and hardened, for wherever the foot touched the soil water gathered—as may be seen even in the rocks to-day—and the monsters which rose forth from the deep devoured the children of men. Therefore, they consulted together and sought the advice of their creator, the Sun-Father. By his directions, they placed their magic shield upon the wet earth. They drew four lines a step apart upon the soft sands. Then the older said to the younger, 'Wilt thou, or shall I, take the lead?'

"'I will take the lead,' said the younger.

"'Stand thou upon the last line,' said the older.

"And when they had laid upon the magic shield the rainbow, and across it the arrows of lightning, toward all the quarters of the world, the younger brother took his station facing toward the right. The older brother took his station facing toward the left. When all was ready, both braced themselves to run. The older brother drew his arrow to the head, let fly, and struck the rainbow and the lightning arrows midway, where they crossed. Instantly, *thlu-tchu!* shot the arrows of lightning in every direction, and fire rolled over the face of the earth, and the two gods followed the courses of their arrows of lightning.

"Now that the surface of the earth was hardened, even the animals of prey, powerful and like the fathers (gods) themselves,

would have devoured the children of men; and the Two thought it was not well that they should all be permitted to live, 'for,' said they, 'alike will the children of men and the children of the animals of prey multiply themselves. The animals of prey are provided with talons and teeth; men are but poor, the finished beings of earth, therefore the weaker!'

"Whenever they came across the pathway of one of these animals, were he great mountain lion or but a mere mole, they struck him with the fire of lightning which they carried in their magic shield. *Thlu!* and instantly he was shrivelled and burnt into stone.

"Then said they to the animals that they had thus changed to stone: 'That ye may not be evil unto men, but that ye may be a great good unto them, have we changed you into rock everlasting. By the magic breath of prey, by the heart that shall endure for ever within you, shall ye be made to serve instead of to devour mankind.'

"Thus was the surface of the earth hardened and scorched, and many of all kinds of beings changed to stone. Thus, too, it happens that we find, here and there throughout the world, their forms, sometimes large like the beings themselves, sometimes shrivelled and distorted. And we often see among the rocks the forms of many beings that live no longer, which shows us that all was different in the 'days of the new.'"

The same curious blending of earth-creation and human progression is apparent in the above; for the child of the sun descending into the "four great cavern wombs of the world," and then climbing out of them, is simply the Self of man passing through the racial cycles. The shield of sacred cords which holds the lightning, and has the magical white stone in the centre, needs no anatomical chart to make its meaning clear.

This is sufficient to show the nature of the children of the sun, and guard the reader against the error into which even Prof. Max Müller falls; for, despite his keen literary discrimination, he becomes an unconscious humourist when, after speaking of the destruction of the third race in *Popol Vuh*, he says:

"Then follows a story of a very different character, and which completely interrupts the progress of events. It has nothing to do with the creation, though it ends with two of its heroes being changed into sun and moon. It is a story very much like the fables

of the Brahmans, or the German Märchen. Some of the principal actors in it are clearly divine beings brought down to the level of human nature, and who perform feats and tricks so strange and incredible that in reading them we imagine ourselves in the midst of the Arabian Nights. . . . The story, which well deserves the attention of those who are interested in the origin and spreading of popular tales, is carried on to the end of the second book, and it is only in the third that we hear once more of the creation of man" (*Chips from a German Workshop*, i. 336).

Perhaps it is irony, and not a discrepancy, when the unknown author of *Popol Vuh* says of the wooden mannikins, notwithstanding their destruction by the deluge, "these are the people who inhabit the *surface* of the earth."

POPOL VUH.

CHAPTER III.

RUIN and destruction closed the cycle of these wooden mannikins, who all were whelmed in death.

For the waters were upborne by the will of the Heart of the Heavens, so that a swelling flood surged over the heads of these beings carved in wood.

The flesh of the man was from the cork-wood tree; but when the woman was graven by the Former and the Creator the pith of the pliant reed was used. Yet they neither meditated upon nor invoked their Former and Creator, who had created them, who had brought them into being; hence the deluge swept upon them, and dense clouds as of incense obscured the heavens. That which is called the Face-below-the-Navel tore their eyes from the sockets; the Bat-blindness struck off their heads; the Wasted-force devoured their flesh; and the Obstructed-force broke and crushed their bones and cartilages; and their bodies were ground to powder and scattered afar, for the chastisement of their personalities.

Because they had not directed their thoughts to their Father-Mother, the Heart of the Heavens, whose name is First Great One, the face of the earth grew dark, and a dismal rain began, rain by day, rain by night.

Then came all the big nature-sprites, the little nature-sprites; and even things of wood and stone took shapes of sprites and had

speech. All things which had formerly served men, the dishes, plates, kettles, as well as their dogs and fowls, assumed sprite-like forms.

"Wrongfully you have used us, you held us in contempt; and now, as a recompense, you shall be tormented," said to them their dogs and their fowls.

And thus their corn-mills: "Daily, daily, by night as by day, you tortured us; always ho-o-le-e, hu-u-ke-e, screeched our surfaces for sake of you; but now that you have ceased to be human you shall feel our pressure: we shall grind and triturate your flesh to powder."

Their dogs cried again: "Why did you not give us food? Rarely did you notice us, save to drive us away, to chase and pursue us; a pretext for striking us was always ready, while you took your own repast. In that way you treated us, who could not use words; but for this we should not now be putting you to death. Why did you not use your reason, why did you not consider your conduct? You tyrannized over us, and now you feel our fangs as we devour you," snarled their dogs, while lacerating their flesh.

Their skillets and kettles said in their turn: "Evil and misery you have caused us; ever placing us in smoke and fire, you burnt us, although we were insensible to pain. Now you shall suffer also, for we shall burn you," cried the kettles, assuming shapes of sprites. And so did the hearth-stones, entreating the flames to burn furiously under the men's heads stretched over them, because of the evil they had done.

Then men ran hither and thither, jostling each other, frantic, despairing; they sought refuge upon the house-tops, but the houses, crumbling away, dashed them to the ground; they attempted to climb the trees, but the trees shrank away from them; they tried to enter the caverns, but the caverns closed before them.

Such was the ruin of this human race, people who were fated to be overthrown and destroyed; their bodies and lower selves were all given to condemnation and dissolution.

But it is said their descendants are the little monkeys who live in the forests to-day: it is a family-resemblance handed down from those whose flesh was constituted of wood alone, in the experiment of the Former and the Creator. That is why the little monkey has the likeness of man, a family-resemblance showing his descent from a former race of human beings, who were only mannikins carved in wood.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was only a little light upon the face of the earth at that stage: it was not yet Day.

But there was a certain being who cherished surpassing vanity; Seven-macaws was his name.

The heavens and the earth existed; but the face of the sun, of the moon, was veiled.

Said Seven-macaws: "In truth, the ethereal remnant of these people who perished in the deluge is marvellous: their Shades are like the archetypal Gods themselves. Mighty once more above all created beings shall I be; for I am their Sun, I am their radiant Halo, I am their Moon: so be it.

"Great is my splendour; I am he by whom men come and go.

"Of silver are the globes of my eyes, which are resplendent with pupils of precious stones; and my teeth gleam in their enamel like the vault of the sky.

"Lo, my nostrils glitter from afar like moon-rays; and my throne is silvern; the face of the earth is gladdened when I advance before my throne.

"Thus, of a truth, I am the Sun, I am the moon, because of the radiance of my subjects, the luminous halo of my devotees. So be it; for my seership extends over all space."

So spoke Seven-macaws; but in fact he was not that Seven-macaws who is the Sun; only he was glamoured by his sparkling jewels and precious metals. In reality, his seership ended at a set limit, and did not include everything under the heavens.

Not yet were revealed the sun, the moon, the stars; not yet had come the opalescent Aurora.

After this fashion Seven-macaws imagined himself superb, and simulated the sun and the moon, although as yet the illumination had not come, and the light of the sun and moon had not begun to irradiate; he was but a braggart, desirous of surpassing all things.

Thus it was at the time of the deluge provoked by the wooden mannikins.

So now we shall tell of the dethronement and death of Seven-macaws, and of the nature of man as constituted by the Former and the Creator.

CHAPTER V.

THIS is the method of the overthrow and destruction of the magnificence of Seven-macaws by two young devotees, of whom the first was called Master of Air-tube, and the second Light-bringer.

They, in truth, were the Gods of the Colours. Because of the evil which they saw in this vain-boaster, and what he would perpetrate in the face of the Heart of the Heavens, these same young devotees said: "It is not well that this should happen, man not yet being manifested here upon the face of the earth. Therefore, we shall try shooting the air-tube at its mark; we shall blow through it there, and create a turmoil which will put an end to his precious stones and metals, his emeralds and jewels of which he is so proud: for these were created for all men. It is not to inflate his vanity that precious metals exist. So be it." Thus spoke the two young devotees, each with his air-tube at his shoulder.

Now, Seven-macaws had two sons; the one was named Desire for Results, and the other Second Great One; Precipitate Entering was the name of their mother, the wife of Seven-macaws.

Well, this Desire for Results up-built those great mountains which are called Chicak, Hunahpu, Pecul, Yaxcanul, Macamob and Huliznab—these being the names of the mountains which existed when first the dawn began to whiten, and which in one night were called into existence by Desire for Results.

Likewise Second Great One shook the mountains by his will-power, and the mountains, great and small, were vibrated by him.

Of such doings the sons of Seven-macaws were excessively vain. "Lo, it is I who am the sun," said Seven-macaws. "It is I who have made the earth," said Desire for Results. "And it is I who shake the heavens, it is I who overturn the whole earth," said Second Great One.

In this style the sons of Seven-macaws made pretensions to grandeur, after the example of their father.

This, then, was the evil the two young devotees perceived. But at that period our first mother, our first father, had not yet come into being. Therefore was the death and dissolution of Seven-macaws and his sons resolved upon by the two young devotees.

ARETAS.

(To be continued.)

THE HEAVENWORLD.

THE heavenworld is the current of the states of feeling that sets in, when the self, freed by death from the body and from the desires that are concerned with the body, rests from pain. It is not a cessation of activity, but an enhancement of the highest activities that prevail on earth. It is not a cessation of desires, but their sublimation and realization. The current of consciousness in the heavenworld flows nearer to all realities than embodied consciousness; its life and thought is a higher life, a deeper thought, a more real action, than any that obtains here. Our conceptions of it rest, too, entirely on its aspect as an illusion, and consequently our teachings about it to beginners are tinged too much with half-conscious apology, as if we felt that here was a weak point. We must renounce this flavour of apology, for, if it is necessary, then our presentation is faulty; we must stop depicting life in the heavenworld as a process of castle-building in the air on an immense scale. In a universe whose purpose is the evolution of mind and of wisdom in mind there can be no such elaborated arrangement for extensive waste of time. Periodically mind descends into the life of terrestrial matter to gain experience there; periodically it ascends to the highest level now possible to it to ripen and add to that experience. Although this ripening is as involuntary as the growth of a flower or a child it is none the less real; and as it is the result of self-examination and the conscious contemplation of experience here on earth, these processes may be voluntarily and wisely pursued on a far greater scale in the heavenworld. If all our ways of thinking were not so materialistic at the core, we should never have conceived of the heavenworld as a place or state where there is no real action, but only the effortless and profitless retrospection of an advanced senility; at best "only thought," as if thought was not action, or as if there were any other action than thought. That to which we restrict the word "life" in ordinary speech, is the current of the

states of consciousness that flows for each of us on this plane of being, states the overwhelming majority of which are concerned with the data of the physical senses. Contrasted with the life of the heavenworld it is a slow and a muddy current. The states are threaded upon two strands of feeling—the feeling of the impact of physical sensation, to speak loosely, and the feeling of the impact of quite higher sensation from the spiritual being of nature and our fellows. Desire alternating towards one and the other, causes action with the object of getting more of one or the other, and causes attention and thought upon either. For the physical group we have elaborate names, upon them are built systems of so-called psychology, and their relations are in some degree known to all. Of that other group, those which receive their essential development in the heavenworld, we have no definite knowledge or classification; to our minds they form a vague unpatterned cloud, and they are rarely determinedly sought after and encouraged as are the others. The antithesis which makes of this the world of causes, and of the heavenworld that of effects, is misleading, misleading because resting on part of a truth; for an effect is the product of all the forces that have preceded it. Lives on earth and in the heavenworld follow each other. It is only part of the forces generated on earth that can find their field of activity in the heavenworld, the remainder have to await the succeeding earth life; and there are forces generated in the heavenworld which have their effects in the period of embodiment. The life in the heavenworld and the embodied life are alternately cause and effect, and the former more nearly approaches the ultimate reality. Most of our terrestrial occupations have no scope in the heavenworld, and there are some, which we pursue haltingly on earth, that find there ideally fit conditions. Life in the early and descending races must have been wholly of the latter nature, as a state following upon and inferior to life wholly spiritual; whilst that to which the term “life” is now almost exclusively applied is again the next step lower, a set of short and disagreeable interludes to it, constituting a temporary phase in human history, necessary to establish our complete self-consciousness and to complete our understanding of nature, yet excrement upon real life.

So if, as we ought, we regard each man as a mind, dipped into matter for the understanding of it, and clothed with that specially

evolved form of matter that constitutes his body, then we must take this at least bipartite nature into consideration. Mind is a creative, potent, spiritual unit, and the spiritual aspect is its primary and proper one. But mind embodied on earth as the man of to-day is thereby reduced in its spiritual and creative aspects to a minimum. While it regards itself as body, saying, "*I am hungry*," it cannot perform its high function of creation, becoming a passive sharer in the sensations of matter, whose waves flow as an undiminished river of sensation across the field of its consciousness. Absorbed with this, it cannot really be regarded as active at all. The true work for which mind should now exert itself is the creation of the thought forms and forces that shall move on and guide the life and growth and be the pattern for many a future world.

And between mind thus nobly active, and mind tossing passively upon the crest of the waves of matter, there is a blended state where the spiritual predominates, that of the heavenworld, wherein, availing ourselves somewhat of our spiritual birthright of power, we are yet hampered by the finer underlayers of the thick garment of matter which we wore in the life just passed, and by those memories of it into whose forms we must condition our new and higher experiences. It seems almost axiomatic that any conception of the heavenworld which, after full contemplation, does not minimize or destroy our fear of death, is false. Fear of death has root in two sources; in that materialism of soul that cannot conceive of life without a physical body or as other than physical life, and in the dread of the sufferings of the surceasing body. To the former group belong in some degree those who, thinking that they have an assured faith in life hereafter and even now the peace born of that faith, do yet, in a deeper mental place and one concealed partly from themselves, conceive of that future life as utterly severed from the thread of this present, from its work, its ties, its companions, its human consciousness.

So, deeper than faith, hidden over, may be dread and the negation of faith; and faith itself may rise and fall with the moods of the body, till we learn to make a faith in the heart and fix it as we fix a photograph. If we Theosophists take no steps to success in this we had better cease to try and teach. For though the strong and sustained conception of death as the benediction of nature upon

whatever may be good in us does not at once prove the destroyer of fear, if it does not ultimately succeed in doing so it shows its falsity. Let us try to arrive at a true conception of death, of the stages that follow, and of the heavenworld, and then, dwelling constantly yet not morbidly thereon, do away with conscious and unconscious fear, both for ourselves and others. This fear is already dead when we have for an instant realized what it is that dies, when we have intently watched a pain and found it to be entirely of the body and distinct from our watching self, which always survives, when we have imagined the whole body as dead and found no change in the self once we had got clear of the shock of the severance from bodily sensations. Such imaginings help the change called death when it comes, and make it easier. The good of the Self is neither mortal nor can it change. The fear of death is the shadow cast upon us by the thickening veils of matter. We pay that price for our knowledge of matter in embodiment. Of matter, man in his early days ages ago knew nothing, for his consciousness was too high, too spiritual to be affected by matter, to get from contact with matter any sensations whatever. Matter, for him, did not exist. So, as he had no vestures to put off, death did not exist either; his life was an unchanging thread. But as he developed consciousness of the presence of matter, and especially of that matter which, gathering about him, formed his body, he gradually lost touch of the spiritual life, and came to live more and more the life of his body.

Now we have almost lost the power of forming a conception of spiritual life; to refer to it under that term is to sum up, in the conceptions of those who hear it, all the infinite complexity, continual changes, and interplay of currents between our own heart and that of nature and our fellows, which that life really involves, into a vague feeling of piety; it seems to most of us as if we were born, lived and died, with the body. We cannot have consciousness fully in two states at once, and so the soul, immersed in the sensations of body, in its pains and pleasures and desires, forgot that it was an eternal thread of life, periodically embodied and periodically freed, has forgotten, therefore, the line of its incarnations, and figured for itself one eternal heaven or hell after one short life. Now, even that poor picture is departed or departing, and nothing disturbs our absolute association with the body and its changes.

We view human life as "a discreditable episode in the history of the planet," and human consciousness as a casually evolved, quickly evanescent item among the sparks thrown off by the unconscious rotation of the wheel of matter. To some there yet remains a sort of semi-intellectual conviction, or a hope dignified by the name of "surety," that life remains after the death of the body, but it is very imperfect. It fails to save from fear of death; at best they are "resigned" to that which to them is theoretically, and only theoretically, liberation; it is a hope, a faith, a trust, not a knowledge in the complete sense that the present life is a knowledge. "God forbid!" said the bishop piously, when the ship's captain prophesied that in half an hour they would all be in heaven. Yet such knowledge is within our grasp; it is within the power and right of the soul.

Theosophists who lecture in public are often called upon by someone who sincerely disbelieves it to prove to him that his consciousness can exist apart from his body, and though he might, with equal intelligence, require proof that he can love his mother, still, such a man is a sign of the age, and it is beyond the capacities of his consciousness to understand that it is possible for the mind so to disentangle itself from the bodily sensations as to cease to regard them as a part of itself, to compel them to become, as it were, subjectively objective, like a toothache when one is half awake, and as a final voluntary step to sever temporarily all connection with them, and thus to gain freedom.

To understand it theoretically we should study how at birth the veils of matter gather one by one about the soul; how as it becomes conscious of sensation its consciousness of its real being and selfhood becomes dimmed and goes out; how the transitional gulf is crossed and how it emerges on the shore of matter to gain there that other consciousness of selfhood in body which is the disturbed reflection of the first. Then, entangled in the net of terrestrial life, it moves heavily across the stage to that dreaded point called death, whereat there is reversal of all this and revival of proper being. Some make a great difficulty of the abrupt chasin between the high and penetrating consciousness of some great ego in the heaven-world and the consciousness of the same ego in the early months and years of life. They have not reckoned at their full weight the iron

bonds of bodily sensation. In the Psychological Research reports (part 25), is an account by Prof. Ramsay of his sensations, or rather of his subjective condition when *partly* anæsthetized. He says:

"I do not think that I am a follower of Bishop Berkeley in my ordinary every-day existence; my tendency of mind is . . . a condition of scientific scepticism. But under the influence of an anæsthetic all doubts vanish; I *know* the truth of Berkeley's theory of existence.

"It is as if the veil which hides whence we come, what we are, and what will become of us, were suddenly rent, and as if a glimpse of the Absolute burst upon us.

"An overwhelming impression forced itself upon me that the state in which I then was, was reality; that now I had reached the true solution of the riddle of the Universe . . . that all outside objects were merely passing reflections on the eternal mirror of my mind."

With him, as with Sir Humphrey Davy, there was the vivid conception of the ideal foundation of the universe; he records also his immediate knowledge of his individual eternity; and in the case of both, the subsidence of these conditions of consciousness on the cessation of anæsthesia and return to bodily sensation left them on their ordinary mental plane. This is the experience of most of us, save that we usually retain less, often only an impression of having gone through an immensity of experience. In the case of those who have not, while in full bodily consciousness, freed themselves from the ties of it, the transition from the swift, relatively timeless, freed, vivid, heavenworld consciousness, down to the place in which consciousness is a prey to the enormous volume and sustained flow of the myriad currents of sensation from *every* cell in the body, is too great for memory, the gulf is too wide and deep. Probably every cell appeals to consciousness continuously in waking life, as every leaf in a forest contributes something to the sound which we hear, but which becomes inaudible by reason of its continuity. Whilst feeling continuously all the cells, and whilst being subconsciously attentive to and tethered by them, we only notice an occasional few that are in pain or hungry, that is, that rise above the level surface of the others. Amidst all this the ego loses his self-consciousness, cannot think of himself as self in the whirl of myriads

of simultaneous sensations; and disappearing infancy is the advancing power of disregarding these or taking them in mass, as a man neglects the continuous roar of a crowd to hear his friend's voice. This power slowly begins to allow of his regaining self-consciousness and the power of abstracted thought.

How then does the man in the heavenworld differ from the same man on earth? How does he stand towards friends remaining on earth and towards others contemporaneously in the heavenworld? We must give up making false differences between the dweller in the heavenworld and the terrestrial man. Secretly we picture the man on earth as standing open-eyed in the reality of life, practically and actually dealing with real men and things; and the man in the heavenworld as lying dawdling away a long millennium, dreaming in the paradise of an untrammelled fancy, useless to humanity, shielded from the cold winds of reality, a lazy summer morning's reverie a kalpa long.

Two men look at a cornfield, ripe for the reapers. One is reckoning its value in bushels, and to him it represents this or that figure on a cheque. The other watches the sunlight on the sea of waving stalks, and the feeling of its beauty wakes within him. Both men will apply to it the name of cornfield, but they refer to two totally different things.

Or there is a measured tapping of hammers on wires. To one man it is an offensive mechanical rattling, to another it is high music. Which is true? Certainly the hammers tap the strings; the strings rapidly vibrate and so the adjacent particles of air and finally the ear-drums of the listeners. None of this is sound, for sound is the form into which consciousness is thrown when solid objects touch each other smartly. This touch is the first thing; it may be regarded for our present purpose as truly objective; but it is not sound; an observing consciousness, stimulated by its being aware that two objects have touched, creates in itself the sound; and that is the second thing; the consciousness may be that of a lizard, a cat, or a man, but in it and of it is the sound, not in nature, who presents only the touch. But the regulated touch of hammers upon stretched wires becomes to man or to most men not only sound, but music; a very complex state of feeling, though the sound is so simple a state as to be possible to the consciousness of an animal. To put

it somewhat more carefully, the touch of the hammers on wires serves as an incitement to an observing sensuous consciousness to create sound within itself; the presence of sound in the outer, astral, sensuous consciousness serves as an incitement to the inner, spiritual, knowing consciousness of a man to create within itself music. But both music and sound may be created by the two orders of consciousness in man without any stimulus from objective nature. Neither music nor sound are in nature, where are only smart contacts; they are the creations of consciousness, whilst the former, the creation of music, requires human consciousness, being beyond the range of the animal as that of sound is beyond the range of the tree. Music is an extremely elaborate dress which we weave to clothe and make beautiful the bare sound, which in its turn is the simpler preliminary dress for the most naked datum of cognition.

An eye perceives vibrations in ether; a mind interprets those vibrations into terms of itself, as the colour green creates the colour green upon the reception of that stimulus, and we say the leaf is green, which is not true. An artistic soul will further create within the feeling green the further feeling beautiful. But neither green nor beauty exist in nature, where are only vibrations and contacts. Around these naked skeletons, we, the conscious selves, create the rest. What is for us reality save ourselves? The form, the colour, the sound, the beauty of nature, are our creations furnished from the essence of our conscious being, and we are the reality. None of these powers of creation are lost at death, and the creations of the soul in the heavenworld are no less real than those of the same soul on earth. What is true for this plane is true for the heavenworld. Its substance, on the upper levels of the ether, presents for us vibration and movement as does physical substance here, for in both is the throb of the one life. What we do here we do there, only far more perfectly, creating around those vibrations sensation and feeling, form, colour, beauty. And all is more real on higher, serener, intenser levels.

Let us for the time pass on from this, enquiring now, if we can, what other aspects of life on earth are also possible or certain hereafter. What of friends? what of our work? does death shut off friends and work, supplying us with phantoms for the one and lazy dreaming for the other? We cognize acquaintances and friends in

ways parallel with our cognition of nature. We are tripartite, physical, astral, and spiritual, or receptive, sensational and noetic; and we saw that common astral sensation is a subjective creation around a physical reception, that a bare physical reception does not become a sensation till it has left the physical plane and been received into the complex framework of astral subjectivity, upon which in its turn the spiritual is added. So each of the three parts deals with nature. Upon the physical sense-organ falls the bare touch of nature, the contact, the vibration. This passes into the sensitive astral, instinct with the sensation-consciousness, and there the physical touch becomes sensation, sensation of form, of colour, of sound, and the rest. Then the spiritual man takes it perhaps, and these sensations are made to serve as the foundation of the feeling of beauty. In dealing with our fellow-men, the tripartite nature is similarly active, though on somewhat other levels. Corresponding with physical contact, we have the appreciation of the fact of the presence and outer doings of our fellows. Corresponding with astral sensation, we perceive that their acts affect us favourably or otherwise with respect to our personal welfare, pleasantly or otherwise. The judgment is from the standpoint of selfishness, and is only concerned with them so far as their acts subserve our particular interests. Corresponding with spiritual feeling is our perception of our fellows as egos, the feeling of them as friends, not merely acquaintances—for friendship when real is of the spiritual nature. It has its outward occasion or inciting cause in the bodily presence and acts of the friend, as the feeling of music has its outward occasion in sound, but, like music, it is our own creation, the creation of our spiritual nature, of that spiritual centre in us which is not in this or that spot of space, which finds its food and incitements in music, in all beauty, in friendship, in love, in philosophy, in religion, which, once excited, sleeps no more. Drawn into the activity of friendship, by the presence of him who is thereafter our friend, it remains active; and that feeling of our friend which becomes manifested to the lower consciousness as the thought about the friend is a permanent current passing on the inner planes of being between the two. In former lives we may have made the link, as we may have developed music, and they continue always in our inner and properly ethereal being; in this life they do not mani-

fest themselves to the outer consciousness till excited by the outer cause, the friend's new presence or the musical instrument. Without this exciting cause, our new outer consciousness, full of the body and its instruments and the personal interests, has not had its attention called to what has continued within it, as a Londoner does not hear the city-roar till reminded by his country cousin. Nevertheless it may, once struck, have continued unbroken right across many lives and their intervals of rest. In and with this lives the self of the dweller in the heavenworld. If it be asked how friendship and how music arose at first, we must answer that both are reminiscences of the time far back when all humanity was spiritual only, and that our spiritual selves yet remaining in unison within are obscured and walled about from one another by their bodies and the rush of personal feelings that body has engendered. We may have many friends, real friends, and the quality of feeling we maintain for each of them is different—not necessarily different in degree, for all may be equally close, but in kind, so that our central being epitomizes our friends just as the germ-cell has been supposed to contain adequate sample of all the other separate cells of the body. Such feeling, once aroused, does not depend on their acts, for they may never be able to do us a service; they may, on the contrary, need unintermittent service from us. If they do us acts of service that may confuse the issue, for, whilst hardly affecting the true spiritual feeling of friendship, which is independent of all outward acts, it gratifies the lower selfish personal nature. They may even, misled by their own lower nature, do unkindly things and thus offend our selfishness, unless we can separate the higher from the lower, and, disregarding the latter, hold only in view the former—having, though we cannot see it, a sort of dogged faith in its existence, and thus waiting quietly and forgivingly till the clouds of the lower man roll off. To make a friend in the real sense is to recognize or feel the inner ego of another. To recognize even in a little degree the ego of another through the veils of its body and personal consciousness, is to make or find a friend. And where in life this process is only slightly begun, in the heavenworld it will ripen into perfect bloom, just as in the night we solve our problems with clearer vision. And just as we wake in the morning, and find that we have by means of some forgotten or half-remembered

"dreams" come to know and strongly like someone who the night before was barely an acquaintance, so in the succeeding life we meet recognizingly one who in the heavenworld has become a friend, though that "dream" is forgotten wholly unless the survived feeling be counted memory. The inner feeling of friendship, different in kind for each friend, is knowledge of that friend, it is his inner light showing direct into our crypt, it is his very self. That is the ultimate purpose of life on earth, that each of us shall reflect in himself, shall feel in himself the inner being of every other, shall know, shall be utter friend to every other.

Acquaintance is of the lower, astral, sensational, merely cognizing nature, and is pleasant or unpleasant according as the acquaintance furthers or hinders our personal interests in life.

Friendship is of the feeling spiritual nature. Pushing research inwards, we shall find that our feeling of our friend is in the same inner place and of the same essence as our innermost perception of self-being. It is of less immediate intensity than that, because we are not perfect friends. We know our friends by the same light of consciousness as we know ourselves, not intellectually but nearer home. Our feeling of essential self-existence is of the same kind and on the same plane as our feeling of our friend's self-existence. It is really the Great Self reflected in two mirrors, the causal vestures, two rays of the same golden sun. On the highest planes of being and consciousness, those corresponding with deep sleep and with the initial and ultimate states of humanity, all selves are thus united, all possess and feel each other. But that is not enough for nature. She would have that fire of love shine into all states of our being, and again and again she brings us in varying assemblages upon earth, that amid the separateness of body, amid the confictions of personal interests, we may regain that perfect unity. Thus in degree we already know and feel our friend as we know and feel ourselves, two states of the same feeling, one act of knowledge in the inner. Only, as I said, this knowledge of another, though it survive centuries of separation, though it is eternal, may yet be dimmed time and again by the conflicting selfish natures of the outer man, who through the smoke of that conflict cannot see the small spark of their friendship, perhaps struck alight ages ago, never to go out. So nature will see to it that in associated lives on

earth they wear out at last the hates and conflicts of the lower man; for the enemy with whom now painfully we are associated in hate may be him to whom once we took vows of friendship. Hate has within it the fire of its own destruction, for it becomes more and more painful and more and more fatal to all the pleasures as the man accumulates lives and experiences.

HERBERT CORYN.

(To be continued.)

KALKI PURĀNA.

(Translated from the Sanskrit by Pandit Bhavāni-Shankar.)

(Continued from p. 75.)

CHAPTER VII.

The parrot said:

1. I DESIRE to hear the precepts as to Vishnu spoken by Shiva, O blessed one! Thou art fortunate, thou hast performed good deeds, since thou art become a disciple of Shiva.

2. Being happily destined by fate to approach thee, I would hear the supreme marvels that can free me from a parrot's birth,

3. The method of the Bhakti-Yoga¹ of the Lord, Japa, Dhyāna, joy-giving, capable of yielding supreme bliss, sweet to be heard.

Padmā said:

4. In the sacred rules of worship of Shri Vishnu, as expounded by Shiva, which, being related, heard and practised with faith,

5. Forthwith purify one from the sin of slaying a Guru, a cow, a Brāhman, listen, O parrot! with composed mind. Thus He said:

6. Having bathed early in the morning, and performed the prescribed Karmas,² one should remain pure, and having sprinkled the hands and feet, seat oneself on one's own seat,

7. Eastward facing, self-controlled, one should perform Anganyāsam,³ Bhūtaśuddhi,⁴ and then Arghyasyasthāpana,⁵ according to the rules;

8. Then, after performing Nyāsam,⁶ pronouncing Keshava,⁷ and becoming wholly absorbed, fixed on his seat, one should meditate on the Ātmā in the heart, wholly absorbed in THAT.

9. With Pādya,⁸ Arghya,⁹ Āchamaniya,¹⁰ Snāna,¹¹ Vāsa,¹² Vibhūshana,¹³ and other rites, the worshipper, with the prescribed Mūlamantra,¹⁴

¹ Union by devotion.

² Religious ceremonies laid down in the Shāstras.

³ Touching the limbs of the body with the hand, with appropriate mantras.

⁴ Purifying the elements of the body with prescribed mantras.

⁵ Making an oblation to the sacred image used.

⁶ Touching the various parts of the body with the hand, while reciting mantras.

⁷ A name of Vishnu; the various names of Vishnu are here recited, or some of them.

⁸ Water for washing the feet of the God.

⁹ An oblation of water.

¹⁰ Water used for sipping while reciting the names of Vishnu.

¹¹ Bathing.

¹² Dressing.

¹³ Adorning.

¹⁴ Mūla, in a compound word, has the force of chief, or principal; it is apparently used here for the mantra that would be employed in Japa, the "Om! namo Nārāyaṇāya, svāhā!" that begins the hymn to Vishnu.

10. Should contemplate from foot to head the God of benign countenance, who is in the centre of the heart, and who grants to His Bhaktas¹ the desired fruit.

“AUM! NAMO NĀRĀYANĀYA, SVĀHĀ!
(Aum! prostration to Nārāyana, all hail!)

11. “Contemplated through Yoga by the Siddhas and Buddhas,² the asylum of Lakshmi, Tulsienwreathed,³ swarmed round by Bhaktas,⁴ glorious, with toes like lotus-petals, with pink-flushed nails, from which the Ganges flows—in those Feet of Hari I take refuge.

12. “With strings of jewels ringing softly, walking with swan-like gait, with jingling feet-ornaments, the border of the yellow silken garment waving as a floating flag, and with golden three-faced anklets, these lotus footstalks of the Feet of Hari I remember.

13. “Extended over the neck of Suparna,⁵ like two sapphires, with the pinken soles of the feet hanging down, with the beak⁶ in the middle, pleasant to behold, these Legs of Hari I remember.

14. “Clad in variegated raiment, flashing like gloriously-coloured lightning arising from the shoulders of the Lord of Sacrifices,⁷ with the spiritual glory fully uttered by the Sāma chantings from the motion of the wings,⁸ the Knees of Hari I remember.

15. “On the Loins of Vishnu, with his seat on the back of the Bird, from which are produced Vidhi,⁹ Kritānta,¹⁰ Manobhū,¹¹ encircled by a silken cloth formed of the aggregated sheaths of Jīvās,¹² like eggs, with cloths round it of many colours, as yellow, of varied qualities and forms, and with an ornamented zone, I meditate.

16. “On the slender Waist of Bhagavān,¹³ shining with triple folds, set with a line of down, with the cavity of the navel circular as the fully expanded lotus whence Vidhi was born,¹⁴ wherein dwell the sheaths of the worlds like white coils, containing the fluid which flows from the Nādis¹⁵ that are like rivers, I meditate.

¹ Devotees.

² Siddhas, those who have achieved; Buddhas, the wise.

³ Tulsī, the plant sacred to Shri Krishna.

⁴ Literally, Bhakta-bees; swarmed round by devotees as bees round flowers.

⁵ Well-feathered; an epithet of Garuda, the divine Bird who is a vehicle of Vishnu.

⁶ Of Garuda.

⁷ Vishnu.

⁸ Of Garuda.

⁹ The creator, Brahmā.

¹⁰ He who puts an end to, *i.e.*, Yama, the God of Death.

¹¹ Manobhū is an epithet of Kāmadeva, the God of Love.

¹² Jīvas, *i.e.*, embodied Egos.

¹³ The Lord, or Vishnu.

¹⁴ Vidhi, or Brahmā, was born as the creative energy of Vishnu from a lotus that sprang from Vishnu's navel as he lay sleeping beneath the waters; the lotus expanded and floated on the surface of the waters, with Brahmā seated within it.

¹⁵ Tubular vessels.

17. "Shining with the radiance of the jewel Kaustubha¹ worn thereon, and with the necklace² marked with the red saffron-powder from Lakshmi's breast, with the Shrivatsa mark,³ and the Harichandana⁴ flowers, the fair Breast of the most Blessed Bhagavân, I remember.

18. "Decked with bracelets and armlets, dexterous in the destruction of sinful Daityas,⁵ triumphant with the fiery power of mace and discus,⁶ the two glorious and most beautiful right Arms and Hands of Bhagavân with my mind I remember.

19. "Like an elephant's trunk, bearing lotus and conch-shell,⁷ decked with ornaments, touching the knees with their reddened fingers and giving pleasure to Padmâ,⁸ the two beautiful and dark blue left Hands of Mura-ripu,⁹ I remember.

20. "The beautiful and shining Neck of Bhagavân, like the stalk of the lotus-like Face, with three encircling lines and garlanded with wood-flowers, like the footstalk of the rich fruit of meditating on the abode of final liberation,¹⁰ for a long while I remember.

21. "Like a crimson lotus, shining with teeth made visible in a smile, fair to look upon, with red under-lip, pouring forth the nectar of sweet and noble speech, with rolling eyes like the petals of a lotus in the lake of the pure minds of sages, the beautiful and radiant Face of Hari I remember.

22. "The well-formed Nose which perceived the fragrance in the son of Shura's dwelling,¹¹ the flower-like Eyebrows of Hari, that beautify His Face and are able to create, preserve and destroy everything,¹² that make Kâma¹³ merry and gladden the heart of Kamalâ,¹⁴ these I remember.

23. "With shining pendent Makara-earrings,¹⁵ near the cheeks, illu-

¹ The gem typifies the Soul of the World.

² The necklace is composed of five jewels, and typifies the rudiments of the five elements—ether, air, fire, water, earth.

³ The Shrivatsa is the Svastika, and typifies Pradhâna in its productive action.

⁴ Sandal-wood tree.

⁵ Demons, or enemies of the Devas.

⁶ The mace of Vishnu typifies Buddhi, or discriminative intuition; His discus is Manas, or the mind, the intellectual powers.

⁷ The lotus typifies fire-water, spirit-matter, hermaphrodite nature; the conch-shell is Ahankâra, in relation to the elements.

⁸ Lakshmi.

⁹ Mura-ripu, the enemy of Mura; an epithet of Krishna, as the slayer of the demon Mura.

¹⁰ The Face of Vishnu is here regarded as the abode of the finally liberated soul, hence as the fruit of meditation performed by the worshippers of the God.

¹¹ Vasudeva, the father of Shri Krishna, was the son of Shura; the atmosphere of his dwelling was so pure that it was fit for the Avatâra of the God.

¹² The hairs of a God are used as the instruments of creation in some recorded cases; as where Vishnu took two hairs to bring about the incarnations of Krishna and Balarâma.

¹³ The God of Love.

¹⁴ A name of Lakshmi, apparently used here as a play on words.

¹⁵ The Makara, or crocodile, is a mystic symbol of fivefold man.

minating the quarters¹ and space, with their tips curved by the pressure of the jewelled diadem and waving locks of hair, the Ears of Hari I remember.

24. "With the Tilaka² painted on the forehead, beautiful, pleasant and fragrant, made with yellow pigment,³ befriending the eyes of women, captivating eyes and mind, graced with the crown in which glitters the jewel that is the abode of the one Brahman, on the Forehead of Īshvara⁴ I meditate.

25. "On the long and waving locks of curly hair of Shri Vāsudeva,⁵ carefully decorated by His relatives with the most fragrant blossoms of various kinds, shining like clouds, and satisfying the desires of Ramā's⁶ heart, in the centre of the Lotus-Heart I meditate.

26. "In form as a cloud, shining radiant as moon and sun, with noble brows and nose, and long eyes like lotus-petals, rainbow-hued, outstretching the worlds, with garments flashing like lightning, in the incomparable Lord I take refuge.

27. "Distressed, bereft of the worship taught in the Vedas, my body full of sins and miseries, devoured by desire,⁷ smitten with grief and delusion, with Thy compassionate glance protect me, O Vāsudeva!"

28. Those devotees who bow down to and worship, with praise and devotion, the primary, ever-to-be-contemplated, blissful manifestation of Vishnu, with the flowers of these seventeen shlokas, having become pure and freed, shall go to Brāhmic bliss.

29. This sacred discourse, related by Padmā and expounded by Shiva, the best means of securing prosperity, wealth, fame, longevity, Svarga,

30. The fruit of Dharma, Artha,⁸ Kāma, Moksha,⁹ here and hereafter, studied by those who are most fortunate,¹⁰ shall lead to great bliss and shall set free from sin.

Thus in the blessed Kalki Purāna, coming after Bhāgavata, pertaining to the future, the seventh chapter, by name,

Devotion to Hari.

End of Part I.

(To be continued.)

¹ The quarters of the sky.

² A mark made on the forehead with sandal-wood or other unguent.

³ Gorochana is a bright yellow pigment found in the head of a cow, or prepared from cow's urine or bile.

⁴ The Lord.

⁵ The son of Vasudeva, i.e., Krishna.

⁶ A name of Lakshmi.

⁷ Lobha is the word here used; in its more usual sense it is avarice or greed, but this seems inappropriate.

⁸ Objects.

⁹ Liberation.

¹⁰ Fortunate in having this opportunity.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ÉLIPHAS LÉVI.

TRANSLATED BY B. K.

(Continued from p. 161.)

CVIII.

Et exspecto resurrectionem mortuorum. These words are in the Nicene Creed. Let us not change dogmas. We have neither the right nor the power. Only let us beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which makes the bad bread of the common herd. Yet how believe *all that the Church teaches* without falling into the Pharisaic errors? By understanding in a spiritual sense all that the error of the multitude materializes—an error, nevertheless, that we must respect in the feeble, for it often forms their whole faith, and if one deprived them of it they would have nothing left.

There are plenty of people who believe firmly that an angel (a spiritual being) raising to his mouth (a mouth he has not got) a material trumpet, will awaken in the valley of Josaphat the dead of all the earth (of whom not one has slept, since the universal life has never ceased working in them), and will make them arise with the same body (this is true in the unity of substance) which they had at their death. One must let them believe. Try and spiritualize all that for people who have no *esprit*. The moment you utter before unintelligent people the words: symbols and allegories, it is as if you spoke of dreams and falsehoods, and the whole of religion for them reduces itself to zero. If in taking the Communion they do not imagine that they have in their mouths the human flesh of Christ ready to bleed if they touch it with their teeth, they think the eating of a little *pain à chanter* ridiculous. Let us then, never offend these little ones, and to that end let us leave all its occultism to the philosophy of good sense, which is, and alas will long continue to be, the "occult" philosophy. If I have revealed it in my books, it is in the conviction, as I have written, that the believing feeble will not read them; and if they do read them, they will get out of it by treating them, like M. Gougenot Des Mousseaux, as abominable books, and declaring that I am in direct communion

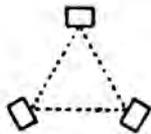
with Messire Sathanas. To be cursed and blessed is the lot of all prophets of truth. Forgive them, for they know not what they do.

October 1st.

CIX.

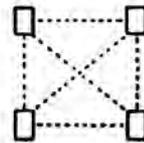
LET us withdraw into ourselves for a while before entering the temple of the septenary. We have just completed the work of the six days, the first and most important task of the science of numbers. We have now indeed all the elements necessary for the kabalistic creation, and we can divine the force of the numbers which we have still to study. Let us unite three to four and we have seven, multiply three by four and we have twelve, four by two and we have eight, three by three and we have nine, etc. Now we know what two is, what three, four, five . . . etc., are, and by uniting the ideas which we have of these numbers, and associating them together as we do with the numbers, we can find beforehand what we have still to seek. Initiated already by my books into the symbolism of the Tarot, you are thus already able to foresee what I have to write you upon the other sixteen letters. You can question them by combining them in

twos, in threes, in fours and in fives. You  will spell at first, later on you will read.

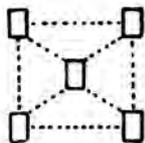


One letter is an idea with three degrees of intelligence.

Two letters are two ideas associated in such wise that the one acts upon the other and fecundates it.



Three letters are the birth of an idea, four letters an edifice of ideas; a throne of truths.

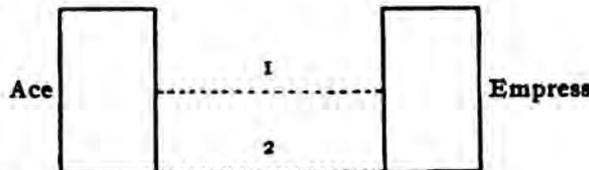


Five letters form a synthesis and an autocracy of ideas.

Six letters form a balance and a sort of antagonism between the absolute ideas represented by the ternaries.

For example :

I draw at random two cards of the Tarot, and I get the Empress and the Ace of Cups; generation and love, Venus and Cupid—Isis and Horus, Berecynthia and the crescent moon—Mary and the Holy Church—nature and space.



I place them in equilibrium: and I begin by saying: (1) The birth of love

is analogous to (2) the love of birth—nature exerts its action upon love—love exerts its action upon nature.

CX.

NOTE that I read alternatively from left to right and from right to left to find the balanced analogies. Note also that in the names I gave to our two cards, I omitted those of the divine order which are *providence* and *space*.

I say then, nature fecundates love, love fecundates nature—I could have said: Providence fecundates space, and I should have as the analogous correspondence, space fecundates providence, which appears absurd. But as the absurd is impossible in what are the exact sciences *par excellence*, I perceive that I am touching upon a great mystery and a lofty revelation. So I meditate profoundly upon this apparent absurdity, and I discover the secret of the marriage of Porus, god of plenty, with Penia, goddess of poverty. I recollect that in the Platonic myth, it is Penia who surprised and in some sort violated Porus during his sleep. I understand that the void cries out for fulness, and I see how space, anhungered in some sort, sucks the breasts of providence which then cannot withhold its milk.

It is thus that all those statements of the oracle which may seem to you either absurd or meaningless will lead you to the knowledge of the highest mysteries.

These are merely sketchy ideas I am here giving you in advance, for we shall return to this very important question of reading the oracles after we have gone through all the letters. I like to put the key into your hands in advance so as to familiarize you a little with this all-powerful instrument which will open to you for ever the temple of profound peace.

October 4th.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

*164, Boston Avenue,
San Diego, Calif., U.S.A.*

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Reading the admirable paper of A. Besant on "Devotion and the Spiritual Life," in your issue of August, 1894, on p. 490, line eight reads as follows:

"Neither Liberation nor the Great Renunciation can close the path of the man who works with a view to results."

I must confess that after many years spent in the theosophic path that I had come to the conclusion that the Great Renunciation involved for ever the absolute removal of the lower *self*, and perfect union with the Higher *Self*, in other words, that no one could enter the Great Renunciation under any other conditions. If my view is correct, I find fault with this sentence as misleading, and therefore it ought to be qualified. For there ought to be no *ifs* with regard to an impossibility.—Yours very truly and fraternally,

T. DOCKING, *Sec. P. L. L., T. S.*

[I should suggest the following paraphrase of Mrs. Besant's sentence. He who works for results will never find his path closed by Liberation or by the Great Renunciation; for Liberation only comes when every desire has vanished, and until Liberation comes, the Great Choice, whereby it is renounced and offered on the altar of service to humanity, cannot be made. Therefore, he who works with a view to results will never find his path closed or ended by reaching the goal of Liberation, for his desires are the very things that add to the length of the Path.—ED.]

To the Editor of LUCIFER.

DEAR SIR,—In the September issue of your magazine, LUCIFER, I have found a review of a pamphlet published by a certain Doctor Koch in Germany, and entitled *Medical Experiments on Living Beings*, etc. Your reviewer says: "The fourth chapter of this pamphlet bears the title, 'The Uses of Orphans,' and details how certain doctors in Stockholm carried on their experiments in inoculation on orphan children;

animals being too dear and the children having no tiresome parents to interfere."

The fact is this. Conformably to Swedish law all children must be vaccinated, *i.e.*, inoculated with cow-pox, in order to secure immunity against small-pox, or, at least, against the malignant forms of that terrible disease. The inoculation with cow-pox causes generally, among other symptoms, a slight fever of short duration. Dr. Janson wished to try vaccination with sterilized lymph, *i.e.*, lymph containing no microbes, and consequently being still more harmless to the organism than the usual lymph; and, as there always are in the Orphan Hospitals children waiting for vaccination, Dr. Janson requested the permission of its director, Professor Medin, to try the sterilized lymph on those children, which otherwise must have been vaccinated with unsterilized lymph. Professor Medin, of course, willingly gave his assent in the well-founded hope that the indisposition following the vaccination would be mitigated. The result was that the children vaccinated with sterilized lymph got no fever and showed no other signs of the usual indisposition.

I have not seen Dr. Koch's pamphlet and do not know where he has taken his 999 cases of death from; but the fact is that none of the children vaccinated in Stockholm have died except one, which succumbed to *Cholera infantum*, a disease which could not have any causal connection with the vaccination.

The experiments of Dr. Janson have been the object of two different malevolent attacks in Swedish papers, which both referred to the German magazine, *Der Natur-und Volksarzt*, as their authority; these Swedish papers were compelled to retract and apologize for their accusations.

It grieves me indeed that LUCIFER has not only lent itself to the circulation of, but also seconded, Dr. Koch's groundless and unjust attack. Its very tone of fanaticism should have made it suspected; its endeavour "to make the confiding public know that the main object of our leading physicians is—not to heal wounds but to create them," etc., is an abominable falsehood and a shameful ingratitude.

G. ZANDER, M.D.,

Pres. Scand. Sub-section T. S.

[I am very sorry to have given my friend Dr. Zander such offence, and glad to hear that Dr. Janson is not so black as he is painted in Dr. Koch's pamphlet. Dr. Koch professes to quote Dr. Janson's own words, taken from *Centralblatt für Bakteriologie und Parasitenkunde*, Aug. 11th, 1891, and used by Janson in a paper read before the Society of Swedish Physicians on May 12th, 1891; and I am willing to believe,

though Dr. Zander quotes nothing in support of his own statement, that the pamphlet is misleading. It should be observed, however, that Dr. Koch gives in his pamphlet many more cases of experiments performed by other doctors in other places, and there is evidence enough here and elsewhere to show that *some* physicians are mere ruthless experimenters, though doubtless they constitute only a small minority of the noble profession they disgrace. Far be it from LUCIFER to condemn the whole with the (very small) part.

H. T. EDGE (reviewer).]

THE MAGICIAN OF LANE'S "MODERN EGYPTIANS."

THE editors of LUCIFER (or rather *one* of them, Mrs. Besant being absent in Australia) having penned the footnote to my notice of the above in the shape of a query, it is necessary to reply.

The paragraph in question does *not* signify "that clairvoyance, or self-hypnotism, cannot be induced by some such physical means as above referred to," and I am surprised at the writer of the footnote reading such a meaning into it.

The letter was written and the abstract made to point out to readers of LUCIFER that a certain instance of magic, often cited by some of them, was an exploded one, and the last paragraph must surely have been read by most readers as decrying a building of belief upon a basis of phenomenal experiments instead of upon the firm rock of pure intelligence or intuition. I wrote "*those who base their belief upon,*" not "*those who believe in.*"

The present writer, certainly, *believes in* clairvoyance and auto-hypnotism, but his belief is certainly not based upon these natural experiences but upon another foundation altogether.

Knowing me as well as the editor of LUCIFER does, I will only hope that the oppressive London fog was a little more dense than usual and that he was carrying his work on late into the afternoon!

E. T. STURDY.

[I am very glad that my editorial note has drawn the above clear expression of opinion from my friend Mr. Sturdy. In my opinion, a far more sweeping deduction might be drawn from his remarks than he really intended. Had I been able to discover the whereabouts of Mr. Sturdy, I should have suggested the alteration of a phrase or two, and no editorial note would have been necessary. The signature "EDS." was appended by one of my colleagues in my absence; otherwise I should have signed my note with my own initials, as I do now.

G. R. S. M.]

REVIEWS.

"ROSY MITE," OR THE WITCH'S SPELL.

By Vera Petrovna Jclihovsky. [London: Truslove and Hanson,
143, Oxford Street, W.]

SUCH a kindly spirit of good fellowship with all that lives speaks throughout the pages of this dainty little story, that no child—old or young—can follow the "Rosy Mite's" adventures amongst the insect folk without feeling the better for having read about them. Her unconscious doing of the three great deeds, by which right conquers might and the witch's spell is broken, is charmingly told. The illustrations are well done, and the book deserves a wide circulation this season in stockings and Christmas boxes. Members of the Theosophical Society will be interested to know that the story is from the Russian of a sister of Madame Blavatsky.

SPIRITISM THE KEYSTONE OF CHRISTIANITY.

By A. M. Clerk. [London: Swan Sonnenschein and Co., 1894. 1s.]

THIS pamphlet pleads for Spiritism as against narrow materialistic Christianity, the arguments being familiar enough to old campaigners. Spirits are defined as "the intelligent beings of the creation. They constitute the population of the universe in contradistinction to the forms of the material world.' They are the individualization of the intelligent principle, as bodies are of the material principle." Reincarnation is well spoken up for, its revelation being attributed to the spirits; this endorsement of Theosophic teaching is equally comprehensible whether we hold the theory that spirits are real sages or that they are mere parrots. Some interesting details as to spirit-life are given, followed by a word of warning to intending mediums, in which the vicious nature of some spirits and the moral weakness of some mediums are fully recognized.

H. T. E.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

EUROPE.

THE General Fund, which had fallen off considerably of late, has, owing to an appeal from the General Secretary in the *Váhan*, presented a more respectable appearance this last month; a generous donation of £70 from the Hon. Mrs. Malcolm has brought it up to the quarterly average which is now demanded by the increased expenditure on library accommodation and secretarial work.

The General Secretary made a short tour among the lodges and centres in the south of England, visiting Bournemouth, Bath, Bristol and Exeter, at which places he was cordially welcomed and attentively listened to. In November he purposes to visit the north-eastern lodges and centres.

The H. P. B. Home has been compelled to announce its closure, and the following letter appeared in the *Váhan* for November to this effect:

"The Committee of the H. P. B. Home announce with regret that circumstances oblige them to take immediate steps towards closing it. The hopes formed at first that the Home would receive the support of those to whom active philanthropy appears to be the best embodiment of Theosophy, have not been realized, and the Committee are forced to admit, after two years' work, that very little interest has been aroused outside their own immediate friends. The working expenses of the Home are far greater than members at all realize, and the payments received from the parents of the children fall far short of meeting those expenses. There is a considerable debt owing to the Hon. Treasurer, and the Committee do not feel justified in further increasing it. Nothing less than a guaranteed income of £200 a year is sufficient to keep the Home in proper working order, with an efficient staff; and there being no prospect of that amount being subscribed the Committee have decided to close it; they would, however, be very grateful for any subscriptions towards defraying the final expenses, which will amount to about £70."

The North of England Federation announced a quarterly conference to be held on Saturday, Nov. 10th, at Victoria Hall, Quadrangle,

York; the General Secretary taking advantage of his north-eastern tour to be present.

The Countess Wachtmeister has lectured in Liverpool, Southport and Brighton, having good and enthusiastic audiences in each place. At Southport considerable public interest was aroused by an interview with her in the *Southport Visitor*, the lectures were reported, and discussion in the press ensued; the lodge also derived much encouragement from her conversation. The Bow Lodge reports an average attendance of forty, and activity in its other departments of work. The Margate Lodge has hired a room at the Temperance Hotel, Fort Road, for its autumn session. The Middlesbrough Lodge has provided lectures in Redcar and Stockton with the view of establishing working centres there. At Bristol H. P. Leonard lectured to about 700 people in Mr. Moffat Logan's Baptist Chapel, on *Christianity in its Relation to Theosophy*.

The "Hands Across the Sea" scheme writes as follows:

"The above scheme, as will have been seen in the September number of LUCIFER, meets with the warmest approval of Colonel Olcott, and it is thought that the utility of the system may be greatly increased by extending it to include such unattached or individual members as may wish to enter into correspondence with members of the T. S. in countries other than their own.

"In order thus to forward the 'first object,' the undersigned have opened a register for the reception of the names, not only of Lodges, but of individuals, who wish to be placed in communication with other members.

"Will, therefore, those Lodges and members who are willing to help this movement send in their names to the Federal Secretary? when they shall be put in correspondence with others who similarly respond.

"A copy of this circular will be sent to every Lodge and Centre in all the Sections of the T. S. and to the magazines.

"All communications to be addressed to the Federal Correspondent, at 19, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, London, N.W.

"ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY, *Fed. Corr. T. S.*

"M. U. MOORE, } *Asst. Fed. Corrs.*

"O. FIRTH,

"October, 1894."

The committee for arranging lectures in working-men's clubs in London, under the management of S. G. P. Coryn, has begun its work for this season.

INDIA.

The syllabus of the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, shows that they hold three meetings a week, consisting of a lecture on Sunday, a discussion on Tuesday, and a vernacular lecture on Thursday, there being fifteen different speakers down on the syllabus for the third quarter. Evidently this Lodge keeps up its activity.

The Punjab T. S. is, we are informed by *The Indian Mirror*, going to erect a hall in Lahore for its meetings. A meeting of members was held, at the instance of Rai B. K. Laheri, in the premises of Rai Bahadur P. C. Chatterji, Judge, Chief Court, Punjab, on Sept. 20th, at which a resolution was passed to that effect, and the collection and banking of a fund provided for.

Colonel Olcott had a long conversation in the rooms of the T. S. at Bombay, which is reported in *The Bombay Gazette* for Sept. 20th. In it he related his experiences and undertakings in Europe, spoke hopefully of Theosophical propaganda and the spread of the movement, and enlarged on Annie Besant's strenuous exertions in lecturing and other work.

Bertram Keightley lectured on Aug. 31st to a large number of Hindu students at the Albert Hall, Calcutta, and his lecture is reported at length in *The Indian Mirror* for Sept. 21st. After some introductory remarks by the chairman, Babu Norendro Nath Sen, President of the Bengal T. S., Bertram Keightley stated that there were three chief objects in education, namely, the formation of character, the discipline of the mind, and the imparting of information, but western education concentrated attention almost exclusively on the last. He then drew a vivid picture of the difference between superficial "cramming" and the acquiring of real knowledge, and appealed to the students to remember their racial birthright—spirituality.

The Indian Mirror for Sept. 23rd contains a report of the last European Convention, contributed by Oliver Firth, of Bradford.

We have received a prospectus of "The Theosophical Publishing Co. Ltd.," Bellary, whose object is to publish theosophical books, journals, pamphlets, etc., in English, Sanskrit and other languages. The nominal capital is Rs. 10,000, in 50 rupee shares, and the Secretary is T. A. Swaminatha Aiyar.

AMERICA.

From the October *Path* we learn that one Geo. W. Gerhardt, of the Syracuse Branch, has been expelled. He claimed to have been in India and to have received several degrees in adeptship, but now his only degree is E.F.T.S., or Expelled Fellow Theosophical Society.

Claude Falls Wright has shown his usual activity in lecturing. On Aug. 21st he spoke to a large audience in the rooms of the Toronto Branch, and gave other lectures on each of the three following days. His meetings were all crowded, and he also gave a public lecture on *The Adepts*. At Bar Harbour, Maine, two very crowded public lectures were given. At Syracuse, N.Y., he gave Lodge lectures, private meetings, and public lectures, inaugural meetings for new rooms in the town being held. These wonderful lecturing successes are the envy and despair of some of us sleepy Europeans.

Burcham Harding is forming centres in the New England States.

The Countess Wachtmeister's doings are further recorded, and are, as usual, perfectly monotonous in their uniform success. Enthusiastic audiences greeted her almost everywhere, and she left behind a new stimulus in each branch she visited. At the Island of Put-in Bay great help was given to Theosophy by a sermon against it, preached by the rector of the island, which stirred up the popular curiosity. After going through several states she returned to Boston and New York, where she created much sensation, and returned for Europe on Sept. 26th in the *City of Paris*.

The Annie Besant Branch, Fort Wayne, Indiana, has sent us its syllabus for 1894-5, which is an artistic booklet, printed in coloured inks, and containing a long list of discussions.

On the Pacific Coast, a new branch has been chartered at Colorado Springs, and another at Santa Barbara; Dr. Griffiths has continued his lecturing tour and branch visiting, and a branch has been chartered at Sacramento with the extraordinary name of "Seventy Times Seven T. S." The English might emulate this with a "Praise-God-Barebones T. S."

AFRICA.

The small centre of theosophical activity at Johannesburg is expanding and strengthening, and digging its roots deep down into the South African soil. We who started the work cannot but feel gratified and thankful that it has so prospered. We now number some dozen earnest students, and our weekly meetings are invariably attended by a goodly number of visitors, many of whom promise to develop a still deeper interest. Meetings are held at the Public School Room, for which we pay a rental of £3 per month.

Last month's syllabus consisted of original papers by Messrs. Purchas, Kitchin and Ritch, on *Reincarnation*, *Mesmerism*, and *Theosophy and Every-day Life*, the fourth Wednesday being given to questions and their discussion. We have found this institution of one

discussional evening per month both desirable and satisfactory. Its object is to draw the more retiring members out of their shell.

By way of counteraction to our movement a "Spiritualistic Association" has been formed, to which a couple of our members have gone over. Messrs. Kitchin and Ritch have collaborated for the purpose of giving a lecture next Wednesday upon *Spiritualistic Phenomena in the Light of Theosophy*, which has been advertised, and all interested have been invited to attend and discuss the subject.

In connection with the Group we have an excellent little lending library, which is well appreciated. *LUCIFER* and *The Path* are received regularly, and articles of general interest read aloud. A stock of literature for purposes of sale is expected shortly, and will doubtless come to a good market.

The Secretary receives correspondence from all parts of South Africa, and has distributed a considerable quantity of pamphlets to enquirers.

The Group owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mrs. Cooper-Oakley for her invaluable help in countless ways.

LEWIS RITCH, *Hon. Sec.*

AUSTRALIA.

Annie Besant's Tour.

We have received such a mass of cuttings from the Australian press in praise of Annie Besant's lectures that it is somewhat difficult in a short space to give any adequate idea of the golden opinions she has won from her hearers. At Melbourne the general election happened to be in full swing, and actors and actresses were playing to empty benches, nevertheless hundreds were nightly turned away from the doors of the Bijou Theatre where Annie Besant delivered her first four lectures. So great an interest was excited that a second set of four had to be given at the Athenæum. Even then the Melbourne public had not had enough of the speaker, and another series of lectures has been arranged for her on her return from New Zealand. At Sydney her welcome from the Australian public was even more enthusiastic. The chairmen at the three lectures (out of the six announced) of which we have received accounts, were an ex-premier and two chief justices of the Supreme Court—Sir Henry Parkes, Sir George Innes and Sir William Windeyer.

The Opera House was nightly packed to overflowing, and the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* (Sept. 19th) describes the audience at the first lecture in the following terms:

"Long before eight o'clock, the hour at which Mr. Justice Windeyer was announced to take the chair, every seat in the building except those previously reserved was occupied, and many hundred persons anxious to gain admittance were turned away. Those who did succeed in finding room represented some of the most interesting and widely different sections of the community. Needless to say, the Theosophical Society turned out in force; but after all, they must have represented a small percentage of the audience. In one of the stage boxes sat Sir Henry and Lady Parkes, well-known barristers occupied seats in various parts of the house, prominent physicians, accompanied by their wives, were to be seen in all directions, journalists, actors, dentists, and every other variety of professional men seemed to have turned out with one accord for the occasion. Some people might have said that it was an audience composed chiefly of 'cranks,' and those who made it their business to run after 'cranks'; but a broader-minded description of the audience would have involved the admission that it was, on the whole, one of the most critical assemblages ever allured within the compass of a speaker's voice in Sydney."

The same paper in an earlier issue (Sept. 18th) says:

"Two circumstances of a local nature add interest to Mrs. Besant's approaching visit. It was in the Supreme Court of New South Wales that Sir William Windeyer, who, with singular appropriateness, presides over her first lecture in the Opera House this evening, delivered the historic judgment exonerating her from the charge of issuing an obscene publication; and it is in the neighbouring city of Melbourne that her daughter, married to a journalist connected with one of the daily papers of that city, was waiting to accord a loving welcome to the woman from whom in childhood she had been wrenched by the mandate of a British judge. On that occasion counsel declared in court that 'Mabel, educated by her mother, would be helpless for good in this world, hopeless for good hereafter—outcast in this life, and damned in the next,' and in this the judge apparently concurred. At least he decided that Mrs. Besant was an unfit person to have the care of her own children. Sir William Windeyer, on the other hand, in the concluding words of his judgment upon the 'Knowlton pamphlet,' said, 'It must be a matter of congratulation that this, like all attempted persecutions of thinkers, will defeat its own object, and the truth, like a torch, "the more it's shook, it shines."'"

Besides giving her eight public lectures in Melbourne, Annie Besant gave a number of Branch lectures and held other meetings and *conversazioni*, and received strings of visitors. She writes: "The rush

of work here is so great and incessant that I have hardly a moment to myself."

The *Melbourne Herald* says:

"The orthodox conception of Mrs. Annie Besant is that of an objectionable, truculent, ill-dressed woman who goes about talking wildly in favour of anarchy and dynamite, who delights in smashing things—especially church furniture—and who seeks the destruction of social order and Christianity. It was not an Annie Besant of that pattern that the large and cultivated audience at the Bijou saw last evening. On the contrary, they beheld a pleasant-looking and pleasant-spoken gentlewoman, neatly attired in white silk or satin, who talked to them—without any theatrical frills or affectation—for an hour and twenty minutes in truly eloquent fashion, without offending their susceptibilities or wounding their moral sensibilities in any way."

From Sydney Annie Besant writes:

"There was a regular crowd at the station to welcome me, which was kind. Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday evenings I lectured; Wednesday I spoke to T. S. friends. Daily I have had open receptions from eleven o'clock to two, questions all the time. I have had private interviews before eleven and after two p.m. till four or five. . . . The Society is making steady progress here, and is harmonious and united."

On October 1st Mrs. Besant sailed for New Zealand, where she was to lecture for some three weeks or so. Returning to Melbourne in November for her third series of lectures there, she will speak at a number of other towns between Melbourne and Adelaide, where she will embark on P. and O. ss. *Oceana* on Dec. 5th, *en route* for Colombo, and thence she will proceed to Adyar for the Convention at the end of December.

NOTE.—As so much of our space is taken up by the summary of Mrs. Besant's tour, we have been compelled to hold back reports from New Zealand and the Hawaiian Islands till next month.

THEOSOPHICAL AND MYSTIC PUBLICATIONS.

THE THEOSOPHIST (*Adyar*).

Vol. XVI, No. 1:—The editor announces the commencement of the new volume and reviews the history of the magazine. "Old Diary Leaves" begins a new series with more questionings over the "great personality-puzzle, Helena Petrowna Blavatsky," and describes the arduous journey to India *via* London, and the meeting of Adepts in London. H. P. B. explains the duality of her personality, and illustrates her explanation by a corporeal phenomenon. "A New Study of the Todas" gives, from *The Madras Mail*, some interesting particulars of the customs of this peculiar race. "Black Magic in Russia," by V. J., is translated in all its gruesomeness. Deussen's *Elements of Metaphysics* is reviewed by Kâshi. N. F. Bilimoria has the first instalment of an article on "Evolution according to Theosophy and Zoroastrianism," which we commend to students of occult cosmogony, who will find the side-lights thus thrown very useful. The editor seems quite pleased and impressed by Gladstone's article on the atonement, and quotes therefrom profusely. The article on Bhûtas, etc., by R. Ananthakrishna Shastry, is continued, and is very interesting and detailed in its classification and description.

H. T. E.

THE PATH (*New York*).

Vol. IX, No. 7:—Contains a most instructive and valuable article by W. Q. Judge on "Communications from 'Spirits,'" in which the subject is analyzed in a very masterly way. When we learn

that, in weighing the merits of spirit-communications, seven factors have to be taken into account—the minds of the medium and sitters, the occult powers of all concerned, physical memory, hidden forces, elementals and the like, the astral light and the astral bodies of medium and sitters—we shall avoid hasty judgments. There is a picture of H. P. B. in the bath-chair, with Messrs. Mead and James Pryse. The article by Che-Yew-Tsang on "Seeking the Self" is the great feature of this number and needs no comment. "Conversations on Occultism" is continued after a very long interval and will be warmly welcomed by students of the old *Paths*. These features combine to make this a most important number, which all should read. Why does not the editor chain up "A. F."?

H. T. E.

JOURNAL OF THE MAHĀBODHI SOCIETY (*Calcutta*).

Vol. III, No. 6:—This number is mostly made up of news and scraps, and a very dull exposition entitled, "Sixty-two Forms of Belief Enumerated in the Buddhist Suttas." There is also an interesting description from the point of view of a traveller of "The Great Lama-sery of Kumbum" in Tibet.

THE LAMP (*Toronto*).

Vol. I, No. 3:—The front page is embellished with a portrait of Colonel Olcott. There is much variety and a large amount of information crammed into its thirty-two columns; here and there, however, we notice statements that are extreme,

and others couched in too startling language for the general reader. But judging from the environment of *The Lamp* and the narrow orthodoxy it has to illumine, it is doing good work, and we wish it every success.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE SCOTTISH LODGE (*Edinburgh*).

Vol. II, Part 16:—The major part of this number is occupied with a paper by the president, entitled, "Celtic Occultism Compared with Ancient Oriental Systems," and contains a collection of most interesting scraps of information concerning the Mysteries of antiquity. We are asked to entertain the hypothesis that Celtic ideas may have coloured the thought of the writer of the Apocalypse, and that Celtic ideas penetrated into India, and that the Mahābhārata and other Indian serpent-myths may have to be ascribed to a Celtic original. But why not hold to the more workable theory of a common source, and abstain from labelling it Celtic, or Indian, or Scandinavian, or German, or Maya, or Scythian, or whatever happens to be the name of the pet hobby for the time being of the theorist? The remaining paper is "A Note on Magic Mirrors."

SOPHIA (*Madrid*).

Vol. II, No. 10:—The only original article which appears in this excellent Spanish periodical is a very short one by Señor Treviño y Villa. The rest consists of H. P. B.'s celebrated article on "Ancient Philosophers and Modern Critics," a translation from *Five Years of Theosophy*, "Do the Adepts deny the Nebular Theory now generally sustained?" D. A. C.'s translation of Annie Besant's celebrated French conference, H. P. Blavatsky's "Ensouled Violin," and a translation from *The Theosophist* of Maurice Fredal's celebrated article on Apollonius of Tyana, conclude the number. The last seems to be chiefly from Philostratus, and the dates are consequently uncertain.

C. C. B.

THE IRISH THEOSOPHIST (*Dublin*).

Vol. III, No. 1:—This magazine commences its third volume with a greatly improved cover and general get-up—all in excellent taste. It is now printed by the H. P. B. Press, and is a good example of its work. "The Application of Brotherhood to Women and Children" begins a series by G. A. H. Brereton in which "it is proposed to examine whether present social arrangements cramp and limit artificially the physical, mental and moral stature of women." "Work Together!" by the editor, is an appeal which the title well describes; "Soul-Death" is the first of a series and begins clearly and simply to deal with a difficult subject; "The Mystic Nights' Entertainment," by "Æ.," tells in the delightful style of the author a tale of the astral world; "Leading Articles in Theosophical Magazines" are well chosen and give the necessary "Reviews" in a brief space; "Lotus Circle" (for little folk) gives "The Story of the Wild Thyme" which will be read as gladly by old as by young. An announcement is made that with the next number a series of letters will be begun on current topics by Jasper Niemand. *The Irish Theosophist* is certainly not a paper that stands still!

T.

LE LOTUS BLEU (*Paris*).

Vol. V, No. 8:—The chief article in this excellent periodical is Dr. Pascal's on "Reincarnation," in which the subject is treated in a scientific manner, and we are glad to see the evidence from the Jewish scriptures scientifically marshalled and commented on. "The Sabbath" by Mons. Guymiot, and "The First Step" by M^{me}. Kolly are well worthy of perusal. Among the translations we see *Death—and After?* Countess Wachtmeister's *Reminiscences*, Rāma Prasād's *Science of Breath*, and *The Theosophical Glossary*. We must, however, draw attention to the excellent article on "The Crucified Saviours" in "Occult Varieties."

C. C. B.

DEPARTMENT OF BRANCH WORK
(*New York*).

No. 45:—"Nature," read before the Aryan T. S. by J. H. Fussell, deals with the terms "objective" and "subjective," and compares the attributes of the various kingdoms of nature, showing even minerals to be alive and conscious. It also deals with the four elements, elementals, planets, and kindred subjects. Nature is described as the garment or veil of Deity, and the world is shown to be the result of intelligence and life, the same plan being self-evident everywhere. The seven planes and seven principles, and the analogy between the universe and man, are also touched upon in this interesting paper.

H. T. E.

THE VĀHAN (*London*).

Vol. IV, No. 4:—We would humbly suggest that the questioners be allowed to take a turn at answering so as to get their revenge on the answerers, who in their turn could be made to supply questions. One man asks about free-will and necessity, another wants to know if a dynamite explosion which shatters the physical body shatters also the astral. A query on personal Gods draws some variegated but instructive answers. More than half the number is activities and notices, which is perhaps not amiss.

H. T. E.

THE THEOSOPHICAL FORUM
(*New York*).

No. 64:—The first question virtually amounts to one so often asked—Why does Parabrahman manifest? H. P. B. was once asked this question, and her reply had the merit of brevity: "My dear, ask Parabrahm; I do not know"! The second questioner asks for the proper rule of action, and is well answered that in the last analysis man has no other guide but his own soul. W. Q. J. explains the meaning of one or two statements in *The Ocean of Theosophy* for the benefit of a rather muddle-brained enquirer.

T.

THE PRASNOTTARA (*Madras*).

Vol. IV, Nos. 44, 45:—Two questions dealing with Parsi customs and belief are answered briefly by N. F. B. An even shorter reply is made to one concerning the relationship of Dvaitism, Visishtādvaitism and Advaitism; and the rest of the numbers consist of "Notes and Extracts" with short reports of the Section's activities. The usefulness of *The Prasnotara* is open to question at present.

T.

ORIENTAL DEPARTMENT (*American Section*).

No. 19:—From the *Hiri Sutta* are taken these words of import: "He who transgresses and despises modesty, who says—I am a friend! but undertakes nothing for his friend, know that he is no friend. . . . He is no true friend who always eagerly suspects a breach, and is on the watch for faults, but he is a true friend with whom you dwell as a child at the breast of his mother; from such a friend none can ever divide you." The translation of ch. vi, *Chhândogya Upanishad*, is most ably continued; "That Thou Art," could hardly be improved upon, beautifully and clearly expressed as it is; "The Mahomedan Tradition of Issa or Jesus," from the Persian of Mirkhond, is also most readable.

T.

THE NORTHERN THEOSOPHIST
(*Middlesbrough*).

Vol. I, No. 12:—"The Editor's Remarks" are full of sound common-sense and of a distinctly "healthy" character. They should be read by everybody as an antidote to cant. W. A. B. writes with understanding of the "Pairs of Opposites," rightly attributing the root of pleasure and pain, as we think, to self-identification with the stimuli which induce the sensations. "Theosophic Basis of Christian Dogma" is a useful effort to properly interpret the Christian scriptures. "The New Movement in England" is reprinted from *The Echo*;

"Masters' Service" is short but good, and "Gleanings" have the rare merit of being well chosen.

T.

THE AUSTRAL THEOSOPHIST
(Melbourne).

Vol. I, No. 9:—The editorial "Searchlight" is followed by an article by H. W. Hunt on "Our Third Object." This contains a plea for the appointment of Committees (and even sub-committees) to investigate all sorts of psychic phenomena after the fashion of the S. P. R. "A Criticism of Spiritism," by Gus. Sharp, is written by one who has evidently had a long experience of such investigation—but who is *not* in favour, it would seem, of further work in that direction. "Messages from Masters" is the reprint of a useful article from *The Pacific Theosophist*; a fair portrait of Mrs. Besant is given; "Maori Mysticism," by J. St. Clair, is worthy of the highest commendation as giving a really original account of *esoteric* Maori mythology. Would that more of our New Zealand members would tell us anything they know of the Tohungas of the Wharekura and other schools. "Psychometry," by E. G. Edelfelt, is excellently concluded; "The Justice of Reincarnation," and "Good and Evil," are both good and readable articles.

T.

THE PACIFIC THEOSOPHIST
(San Francisco).

Vol. V, No. 3:—"The Lost Chord of Christianity," is an exceedingly well written essay on the teaching of Reincarnation and Karma to be found in the Bible. It is written sympathetically—a too rare attitude amongst those theosophic writers on Christianity who do not go to the ridiculous extreme of considering the teaching of Christ as unique. "The Mystery of the Holy Trinity," by the Rev. W. G. Copeland, gives several useful interpretations of the triad in nature. "Metaphysical Properties in Man," by A. L. Gibson, is clearly the

result of original and deep thought; it is ably done, and the writer does not hamper himself with a fixed terminology. Dr. J. A. Anderson writes on "The Sin of Self-Righteousness"—one aspect of which we would describe as that which cries in the open places, "Poor man, poor dear man, he has sinned, but we in our pity forgive him; we are all human (snivel), and now we have exposed the commission of the sin we will ask Jesus to be kind enough to forgive the sinner as we do." The activities are not the least interesting reading in the number.

T.

THE BUDDHIST (Colombo).

Vol. VI, Nos. 34-37:—The translation of the *Sutra Sangraha* is continued at great length. Neither it nor the *Visuddhinagga* of Buddhaghosa Thera, also being translated, are of peculiar interest. "Startling Analogies brought to Light; Lives of Christ and Buddha"—reprinted from the *Argus*—occupies more space than it is worth. A translation is given of *Vishnu Purāna*, Book VI; various extracts headed "From the Buddhist Scriptures," and D. J. Subasinha translates from a book, whose name is not given, under the title, "The Priestess Visākhā." Not of great interest is *The Buddhist* at present, though it is a good plan and one worthy of imitation to give the Pāji of most of the translations.

T.

THE THEOSOPHIC GLEANER
(Bombay).

Vol. IV, No. 2:—"A Criticism Replied" is presumably written in answer to an attack on Theosophy by the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*. "Our first, H. P. B., together with her successor, Mrs. Annie Besant, has been called silly because she was a woman," it is said. But this coupling of the two names is absurd, and Mrs. Besant would be the first to deprecate it. "Spiritual Culture," a good paper by Brother Pestanji Dinshaji Khan; "Behind the Scenes of Nature," by A. P. Sinnett, a reprint from *The Nineteenth*

Century; "Mrs. Besant on Vegetarianism"; "Places of Pilgrimage in India," by Dr. E. Gaster of a newly-discovered from *The Theosophist*, and "Obiter Dictum," conclude an issue which chiefly consists of reprints as usual.

T.

nouncing the approaching publication of a treatise by the famous Rabbi Maimonides; *The Influence of Alcohol*, by Mrs. Annie Besant, a lecture delivered in the Livesey Central Temperance Hall; several numbers of the *Sanmārga Bodhini*, the only vernacular weekly in India dealing exclusively with Theosophy, containing useful articles on "Evolution from the Hindū standpoint" and "The Shānkhyā Philosophy"; *The Gūl Afshān*, the English portion of which contains some outrageously absurd reprints, chosen at unfortunate haphazard; *The Behar Times*; *The New Age*, "A magazine of Spiritual Knowledge and Psychical Research," which has been started under "the guiding influences of the spirit world" and which may possibly help to raise the tone of current Spiritualism, though it begins badly by showing an unfriendly spirit towards Theosophy; *La Haute Science* (Paris), for October, which continues its translations of Iamblichus, *Rig Veda*, etc.; *Borderland*, *Review of Reviews*, *Light*, *Agnostic Journal*.

OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of the following with thanks, and regret that lack of space forbids more detailed review: *The Theosophic Thinker*, Nos. 34-38, containing continuations of the very interesting series on "The Yogic Life," with "The Advaita Catechism of Shankarāchārya," and notes on *Bhagavad Gītā*—a source of continued honour to the leading Bellary members; *Theosophia* (Amsterdam), with translations of *The Key to Theosophy*, *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, *Death—and After?* and *Cyclic Impression*, by W. Q. Judge; *Teosofisk Tidskrift* (Stockholm), consisting of a long and useful article by Dr. G. Zander, with translations of articles from *Le Lotus Bleu* and *Lotusblüthen: Book-Notes*, always useful to bibliophiles, an-



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