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सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

MATERIALISM AND THEOSOPHY.

A review of the Materialistic position and arguments, and their solution by the Esoteric Doctrine.

FEW considerations are more impressive to a reflective observer—should he but glance behind the wheel of social conventionalities—than the increasing prevalence of materialistic views among all classes, and of that lurking dread of an approaching annihilation, which rises like a pale spectre to haunt the inquirer in his lonely moments. No longer does the doctrine of despair serve as a pabulum for a clique of nihilistic philosophers: it can now marshal its adherents—whether avowed or unavowed, and the latter are the most numerous and dangerous—by their thousands and hundreds of thousands. As any secularist lecturer will gleefully inform you, it is fast becoming the only creed of the working classes in our great towns.* The same opinion—though in a less marked degree—may be advanced as to the unbelief of the gentry and middle class—the latter, as is always the case, the stronghold of dogma and the throne of prejudice, but which nevertheless is admittedly now yielding to the pressure of events. Not that the departure from the traditional faith of the country is in the generality of cases marked by an open rupture with the special religious community concerned, but from the ultra-broad Churchman, who rejects the miraculous and denies the divinity of Jesus, to the orthodox Christian, who accepts the fable of Adam and Eve and the Apple in its crude and literal simplicity, it evinces itself in a wavering belief in a future life of which there is no direct evidence. Now, as to what may be the outcome of all this,

* I refer here of course to English experiences.—E. D. F.

I will not hazard a conjecture, but it is impossible for us not to revert to the precedent of that awful revolution which marked the close of the last century, and to recall how large a part the denunciations against religion of Volney, Voltaire, d'Alembert, &c., played in the sowing of the seed of that bloody harvest, without realising the significance of the present crisis. Say what the Positivists will, materialism must breed anarchy, sensuality and revolution. The great mass of men at this stage of our evolution are not and cannot be induced to pursue an unselfish career on the strength of an appeal to considerations of pure utilitarian morality. They will seek their own gratification irrespective of the general welfare when once the conviction has forced itself on their minds that death is an eternal sleep, and assuredly the logic of their position, according to the Necessitarian doctrine, cannot be disputed.

The burning question then presents itself for solution:—Is there no possibility of a reconciliation between the strict logic of the Materialist's philosophy and the instinctive desire we almost all experience for a future state after this troublous and chequered life? An age which refuses to inquire into the evidences of spiritualism, or at best rests content with a stupid denial of the attestations of some of its most eminent exponents, will not be satisfied short of an all-embracing, all-explaining philosophy. This—the kernel of all religious and scientific truth, the veritable substratum of reality underlying the maze of wrangling creeds—must be sought for in the ESOTERIC DOCTRINE, so lately revealed by the glorious sages of the Himavat. For the sake of lucidity let me first give an abstract of the Materialist's philosophy—if indeed the latter term is not degraded by being employed to denote so shortsighted and narrow a system. Subsequently it will be apparent that the Esoteric Doctrine is the only possible harmony between the revelations of Science and the assertions of Spiritualists and Theologians.

The Materialist of the "advanced" school of speculation, represented by Vogt, Büchner, Feuerbach and Moleschott in Germany, and by Bradlaugh, Holyoake and Watts in England, excludes God—or, for simplicity's sake let us say, a Final Cause—from his cosmological system. Matter is his God and Annihilation his Heaven. Matter and force are to him inseparable, indestructible and eternal, and given these acting under the operation of natural law, the evolution of a universe and its ultimate dissolution—into its original condition of matter existing in a state of diffuse nebulousity—will occur and re-occur in rhythmical succession throughout the endless cycles of eternity. Religions he looks upon as superstitious variations of Nature-worship, religious founders as either legendary reformers or fanatic Idealists, and indignantly scouts the possibility of miracle as inconceivable, both as involving the existence of a Personal God and of a break in the sequence of causation in natural law. He regards organic and inorganic forms as merely results of accidental combinations of material molecules under varying conditions, and the soul—or what he terms Mentality—as a function of matter resulting from

certain vibrations and molecular changes in the nerve-substance of the grey pulp brain. He thus reduces thought to the level of a movement of matter. "Does not the growth or decay of intelligence proceed with the growth or decay of the physical brain, varying as it varies in youth, in childhood and in old age? And if you invest the thinking and digesting apparatus man with a soul, on what grounds do you deny one to animals, who possess the same intelligence only in a minor degree? And if you except the higher animals from the list of soulless organisms, at what point in the evolution of Nature through the vegetable* and animal world do you assume the sudden intervention of this spiritual entity, the very attributes of which your theology cannot define? In so doing you impeach the orderly development of Nature from rudimentary forms. Again, injure the brain and where is your "soul?" It is gone, it is extinguished. And if you retort that the brain is but the physical basis of the workings of an invisible mind, let me remind you that the perfection of this "physical basis" is a necessary condition of the perfection of the thinking faculty; that the brain is no passive organ as learned divines ordinarily assume, but a structure of infinite delicacy and quivering throughout with intense vitality; that, in proportion as it transcends the other organs of the body in the elaborate mechanism of its nerve-centres and cerebral convolutions, it also transcends them in the exalted nature of the function it performs—a function which, in fact, determines its very existence as a special organism." Have I stated the case for Materialism fairly? I believe the above is at least a faithful resume of that terrible doctrine. How then does the Esoteric Philosophy—or at least those crumbs of it which have fallen from the rich man's table—meet these time-honoured contentions, some of which have certainly remained unanswered since the time of Lucretius?

First of all as to the nature of the Final Cause. The Deity of the Arhats is no cloud-compelling Jove, no tyrannical space-ranging Jehovah of semi-barbarous Judaism—the hardener of Pharaoh's heart, the inspirer of obnoxious statutes and of false cosmological teaching, the instigator and abettor of countless massacres of innocent tribes,—not the anthropomorphic conception of blundering Theology, omnipotent yet all-good, conscious yet without limitation, personal yet infinite, who but mirrors man in his loftiest moments, and like some vast idol upreared by the imagination, courts the slavish adoration of prostrate humanity as he deals forth plagues, pestilence and war. No, such is not our view, feeble as words must ever be to serve as the vehicle of a conception so solemn and sublime, and which ever swells in majesty as the ideas of man slowly expand and unfold in the gradual process of evolution. To us the reverent disciples and

*The phenomena of sexual selection and actual sensation in plants are of an extremely interesting nature. Some are capable of being poisoned and visibly affected by the application of special substances; and in the *Drosera* and *Dionea Muscipula* we find a capacity to sense, destroy and digest insects. The line of demarcation between the animal and vegetable worlds cannot be defined, as the two states in fact interchain.—E. D. F.

to our illustrious teachers,—whose knowledge of the Universe transcends mortal experience—formless, changeless, unconscious and eternal is the all-pervading spirit—the Supreme Soul—from which all things proceed and unto which all things must return.

But is this Idea—this all-pervading essence,—undiscernible save to the awakening spirit in man himself, to be approached or cajoled by the utterances of ignorant devotees and favour-seeking applicants? No, he who sows the wind must reap the whirlwind. Karma meets out impartial justice, and in her delicate scales the harvest of effects must always exactly balance the varied outlay of causes. True adoration is that yearning after perfection, that earnest struggle for the merging of the individual in the whole, which is the only aim and end of inward self-development.*

But, it may be argued by a superficial reasoner:—Whence creation, if not proceeding from the mandate of an Omnipotent ruler and controlled by his will? If we substitute for the term creation—a word which deserves perpetual banishment from philosophical dictionaries—Evolutionary process, the answer is simple. As Von Hartmann insists in his “Philosophy of the Unconscious,” the First Cause of the Kosmos, or, if you will, the Supreme Soul, is imbued with an INNATE ORGANIZING AND ETERNAL IDEA of Evolution, the aim and object of the Universe being the production and perfection of individualities, finally to be merged in the Absolute, *it becoming them and they becoming it*, thus realizing the ultimate fusion of all consciousness in Nirvana, which, however, would still be differentiated—so to speak—into distinct entities by reason of the karmic associations of the absorbed individualities.

Again, the Esoteric Doctrine harmonises with the Materialist philosophy in not only admitting but in postulating in unmistakable terms the absolute indestructibility of matter and force, the impossibility of an immaterial creative power, and the successive and eternal evolutions and dissolutions of the universe—the *manvantaras* and *pralayas* of the occultist. But, although it accepts the main cosmological teachings of that philosophy, it scornfully rejects and repudiates the reasoning whereby matter is enthroned as King of kings and Lord of lords. For after all what is this deified matter? Can we ever be said to have solved the mystery of its existence or to have comprehended it by the avenues of the five senses? We regard a tree or a stone; what do we really *perceive* except a combination of attributes manifesting themselves in vibratory waves? We do not see nor comprehend the stone or tree itself, but only some indications of its presence, and even these only received by an indirect and circuitous method. No analysis of the nature of matter is in fact possible, for the real underlying object cannot ever be discerned by the external indications of its presence. Objective phenomena, though themselves produced by causes

* Among the many glimpses of the Esoteric Doctrine, which like stray gems stud the exoteric teachings of the Gospels, none is more prominent than the above.—E. D F.

external to the mind, necessarily must, *as far as we are concerned* be products of our own states of consciousness. Consequently in the progress of our evolution a gradual "change must come over the spirit of the dream," and our perception of the objective world will slowly expand, until our ideation identifies itself with cosmic ideation. At present, however, it is absurd for the *uninitiated* thinker, relying on the slender and imperfect character of the evidence of the senses, to dogmatize on the nature of matter. Dealing with the religious faiths of the world, the Materialist characterises them as mere phases of the mental development of man, or to take M. Comte's classification of the three successive stages of human inquiry,* we find (1) a tendency to explain phenomena by supernatural agency, (2) by metaphysical abstractions, (3) by ascertaining the laws of succession and similitude of natural phenomena. Claiming omniscience for modern science the Materialists must necessarily denounce and repudiate every alleged "miracle" as a violation of natural law, forgetful, as even J. S. Mill suggests (Logic, p. 410, People's Edition), that an unknown physical cause might have been present to produce the special effect, wholly independent of the intervention of an imaginary Personal Deity. That such phenomena-working powers have been possessed by the greatest religious founders of history, it seems difficult for the impartial weigher of evidence to deny;† otherwise the teachings of such god-like beings as Krishna, Zarathustra, Gautama Buddha, and the Galilean Arhat, could never have secured any especial prominence in the first instance. It would be well too for the orthodox Christian to recall the fact, that the Greek words in the New Testament (*σημεία τέρατα δυνάμεις*) do not in any way convey the notion of "miracle" as interpreted by an ecclesiasticism which has long since lost the Logos of the symbolical gospels. Putting aside for the moment, however, the question of the miraculous which Materialists have long since disposed of, there remains that one serious bar to their expected triumph—modern spiritualism,—which they regard with feelings of unbounded detestation. When unable to ascribe the phenomena of the séance room to trickery, or to resort to the stupid and convenient process of a blunt denial of facts, they invent some such ephemeral theory as that of "Brain Waves," "Transferred Hallucination," "Unconscious secondary self," etc., etc., wholly oblivious of the fact that these hypotheses *do not even cover the ground*, but still leave an imposing array of occurrences wholly unexplained. Such are the (a) passage of matter through matter and movement of heavy bodies, (b) the apport of fruit, flowers, and specified articles, (c) the

* "Cours de Philosophie Positive."

† As even Archbishop Whately is forced to admit—in the earliest times of Christianity, although the "miracles" were admitted, they were not regarded as a proof of the Divine origin of the Nazarene Reformer. The charges levelled at the Founder of Christianity of employing the Black Magic of Egypt are well known. The position of the scientist is that he cannot recognize the fact of their occurrence, because they *appear* to involve a violation of Natural Law and the existence of a corporeal god. The orthodox however claim these phenomena as miraculous. Both parties are thus floundering in the mire.

phenomena of Psychography, (d) the so-called "materialisations," * capable of being actually handled, etc., etc. But of course nothing is simpler than to deny their occurrence under the name of modern science—a science, that deals wholly with physical data and oversteps its limits by dogmatizing on super-physical possibilities. On the other hand it must be admitted that the spiritualists lay themselves open to much criticism by imputing all phenomena to the presence of the "dear departed." Still trivial as some of these are to the outside observer, facts are facts, and no amount of verbal jugglery can disprove that point. Yet the Materialist appears to be of that opinion, as he argues them away over his Moleschott or Holyoake.

Mental Philosophy is of course a myth to him, an aimless hunt after empty abstractions. Like M. Comte he would relegate that branch of study to the physiologists with their scalpels and microscopes. No life without protoplasm; no life without carbonic acid, water and ammonia; no thought without phosphor. The Laws of the Body are the Laws of the Mind, and further speculation is useless.

Now, although organic life may only be possible—and who shall say that—under these *conditions*, it is a crude inference to gather from so simple a proposition that life itself is but the combination of certain molecules under certain circumstances, and an aspect or development of matter only. Let us see how the case stands.

In the first place we find that life exerts on those elements which serve as its aliment, an action contrary to that which is produced by the ordinary chemical affinities in its absence, and in the second place that, if we trace the chain of organized forms from civilized man down to the lowest grade of vegetable growth, in no case do we find a departure from the Law that life alone produces life. Without the presence of living protoplasm to assimilate and convert into living matter the carbonic acid, water and ammonia present in the soil and the atmosphere, there will be no development of matter into vegetable organisms, and without these there can of course be no further evolution into animal life. Whence then this original impetus determining the appearance of the primary vegetable growths? The Materialist says it is merely a question of the properties of material molecules combined in a special manner to produce this effect—a chance union of hitherto separated elements—but he has here to assume that non-living substance has developed into being, a conjecture not amenable to ordinary scientific experience. Is not the solution of the mystery of Life to be found in the original working of the universal, all-pervading principle in the elemental and mineral worlds which evolves a distinct individuality, each fresh improvement of form being the

* Has Materialism yet given us a rational explanation of the clairvoyant faculty, or does it confine itself to denying such exhibitions of a "sixth sense?" The "Brain Wave" theory usually resorted to to explain it fails signally. It however seems to resolve itself into (a) a temporary awakening of the spirit—soul, (b) reading in the Astral Light, (c) actual projection of the Mayavi-rupa to distant places. Just as Professor Owen can construct an antedeluvian monster from a single bone, so from the occasional glimpses of this beautiful faculty can we construct a theory of immortality.—E. D. F.

nursery, as it were, of the budding soul-germ? In the same manner, as regards the assertion that thought is merely a function of the bodily mechanism, a distinction must be drawn between the *process* of thought, which is undoubtedly a material one involving chemical changes in the constitution of the brain, and the consciousness of the thinking thing, or 5th principle, which underlies the visible organism. While it is open to question whether every vibration of the grey-pulp brain constitutes a thought, it is equally certain that the immaterial mind—the 5th or reasoning principle—,if present, must require, and would indeed provoke into existence, an organisation of an extremely delicate structure, to enable it to cognise at all efficiently on the objective plane. If it be objected that pressure on the brain, old age, or disease, will temporarily weaken or even destroy this intelligence, the answer is simple. Can the eye discern clearly with a mote in it, or are we to maintain that because of the presence of the mote on the cornea there is no eye behind it at all? I cite the following passage from the writings of J. S. Mill, certainly one of the most logical reasoners who ever penned a line: “Now I am far from pretending that it may not be capable of proof...that certain assignable physical modifications of the nerves may be the conditions not only of our sensations and emotions but even of our thoughts; that certain mechanical and chemical conditions may, in the order of nature, be sufficient to determine the action of the physical laws of life. All I insist upon, in common with every thinker who entertains any clear idea of the logic of science, is that it shall not be supposed that by proving these things, one step would be made towards a clear explanation.....Let it be shown for instance that the most complex series of physical causes and effects succeed one another in the eye and in the brain to produce a sensation of colour, rays falling on the eye refracted, converging, crossing one another, making an inverted image on the retina and after this a motion—let it be a vibration or a rush of nervous fluid, or whatever else you are pleased to suppose, along the optic nerve—a propagation of this motion to the brain itself and as many more motions as you choose, still *at the end of all these motions, there is something which is not motion—there is a feeling or sensation of colour.*”

But that which has hitherto been the most powerful argument of the Materialist against the possibility of a future existence, is not so much the incapacity of Theology to explain its own Pneumatology, as the dogmatic assertion that animals perish and men live for ever after the moment of dissolution. Certainly, before the publication of the Esoteric Doctrine, it was difficult for any one accepting the evolutionary hypothesis to avoid seeing to what conclusions it led.* Either the Materialist view must be a correct one, or we must concede an immortal principle to the denizens of the animal world as well as to man himself. Otherwise at what link in the evolutionary chain came the leap from mortality to im-

* With the exception of the expressions of the Re-incarnationist views of such French Scientists and Spiritists as MM. Pezzani, Figuier and Flammarion, the West until recently has never seriously contemplated this Spiritualized Evolution Doctrine.—E. D. F.

mortality? It is useless here to argue with Bishop Butler in his "Analogy," that because we see the butterfly emerging from the chrysalis, etc., that therefore we are to infer our own immortality. The retort is evident. "True, as regards the succession of physical forms, but when the butterfly dies—What then?" Theosophy now comes forward to the rescue and solves the mystery. In the infancy of the globe the universal principle interpenetrating every particle of matter, originates the countless nuclei of future individualities. From the semi-torpor of the mineral they pass into and germinate in the vegetable world, finally becoming distinct entities in the higher species of animals, and thence through myriad rebirths expand and develop in man, till the long race is run and the ascent won that leads to Nirvana.

But before closing I would ask the Materialist two questions: (1.) Whence evolution itself? (2.) Is nature eternally engaged in her Evolutionary Task with *no* aim in view? Is she an automaton, a macrocosm more lifeless and useless than the complicated machinery of some insignificant factory, which works at least for *some* result, however humble?

In fine let me add a protest against the narrow philosophy which is daily begetting a crop of soulless men and women, or at best which still further increases the difficulties that menace the monad in the great struggle for survival yet to come in the fifth Round. Materialism is Antichrist—the extinguisher of the Buddhi, that Blasphemy against the "Holy Ghost" mentioned in the symbolical Gospels.

E. D. FAWCETT.

THE NEW EPIDEMICS.*

CHOLERA, diphtheria, politics—all the evils of the century,—are thrown into the shade by the one ever-growing calamity, the new plague sent by Providence to punish us for our unbelief! **PSYCHOLOGY** is its name. Under the baleful influence of this new scourge, men and women are changed suddenly, without warning, between morn and noon, or the afternoon walk and dinner, into incurable maniacs. They become assassins, dishonest, immoral—criminal! It is an invisible, terrible influence; one that respects neither age, nor sex, station in life, talent, late virtues, faith or nationality: all who are drawn into its current become drivelling idiots.

Our jurymen, who, for the last decade, have been letting go unpunished every kind of criminal under the sun, are wise in their generation, as a verdict of guilty would have only reached irresponsible victims of "Psychology."

"Monomania does not exclude reasoning powers, while it develops craft and cunning to quite an extraordinary degree"—we were told by the old allopaths. 'Psychology' stands several degrees higher, especially when it is 'collective,' or, in other words, when a group of apparently sane individuals are moved to exercise it mutually upon each other. The psychological *bacteria* love to attack

* Translated from the Russian.

the great and the intellectual of the land, and fasten themselves in preference upon the cultured classes of society. Thus, we see it forcing one nation to throw *glamour* upon another—often its ally and friend; and the other nation biologising the rest of the powers into the belief of its righteousness. It moves one crowned head to bewitch another, whose possessor, thus *envouté* by diplomacy, exercises his hypnotic power on his next-door neighbours—the rival politicians. Physicians psychologize their patients, advocates their clients, and the latter their creditors. Molière's famous query: *Lequel de nous deux trompe-t-on ici?** is reflected in the restless, suspicious eye of all one meets in society. The daughter's confidence in her mother is shaken, the father dreads his son lest he should *psychologize* him out of a cheque, and the wife avoids her husband for fear she should be *hypnotised* by him and made to tell her secrets. No more confidence is possible, for mutual trust and primitive innocence are things of the past! Friendship is dead, society disorganized, the world shaken to its foundations, and things in general turned upside down!

Why all this? Because the Medical Faculties of inquisitive Europe have made an international conspiracy to pry simultaneously into Mother Nature's Secrets. Dr. Charcot hypnotised his colleagues into investigating psychic mysteries; those in their turn deluded the London and Russian faculties: then they psychologized Germany, and tricked innocent, classic Italy into following in their steps. The result of their collective efforts was to dethrone Mesmer, to show definitely the "Grand Albert" a thimble-rigger, Apollonius of Tyana an hysterical sleight of hand man; and the whole brood of modern mediums, sensitives and theosophists a little *worse* than epileptic visionaries and frauds.

The noted,—and by the grace of God, long defunct—Commission of 1784, for the investigation of Mesmer's phenomena, had this suggestive sentence in its Report to the French Academy:

"We have thought it best not to fix our attention upon those rare, isolated, marvellous facts that appear to contradict all the laws of physical science, as those cases seem to be always the result of very complicated causes—*variable, hidden (occult?) inextricable,*" etc.†

Such a method adopted, all was delightfully easy. The members of the Committee had a good time of it. Hence the conclusive lines of the *Report*, signed by Bailly, Franklin and Darcet, stating that "the mesmeric fluid having *failed to reveal itself to any of the senses of the Committee men, that fluid could not be demonstrated and proven to them.*"

The *naivetés* of the Committee, or of some of them, anyhow, were unique. Thus Dr. Bailly discovered that all those "*incomprehensible effects*" and "*prodigious results,*" that "*contradict physical laws,*" were the product of imagination (see Arago's *Annuaire*, p. 420): *Vis quœdam in imaginatione!* This new theory of "imagination" was very soon after declared by Laplace, Cuvier,

* "Which of us two deceives the other?"

† Arago's *Annuaire*, 1853.
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Jussien, and even Dr. Gall—very poorly imagined.* This puerile sophistry was repeated by Dr. Dubois† of Amiens, who concludes his great work (page 89) with these words: “General conclusion: the magnetic fluid *does not exist*, and the means to make *it* act are dangerous.” To make something that does not exist, *act*, and moreover act so as to be dangerous, is quite a priceless discovery. It reminds one of Dr. Magendie’s later fallacy when, denying on one hand the reality of mesmeric phenomena, he asserted in the same breath that he had seen “several persons who had died under the influence of that art.” (See *Letters*, by Dupau).

This Academical Report having been analyzed by Arago in 1853, Mesmer’s name was hooted out of academical circles by the men of science. It was left for Dr. Charcot to resurrect the same thing under another name, and Dr. Braid’s “Hypnotism” became the new slogan. Very soon Hypnotism became the happy parent of Hallucination, Delusion, Illusion, Suggestion, Thought-Transference, and PSYCHOLOGY—last and greatest of the litter.

Since then this “Septenary”—as our friends the Theosophists would call it—has become the saviour of the age. As the academicians of the last century left the more difficult problems of mesmerism untouched, so the Neuropathic physicians of our day leave the more complicated phenomena to take care of themselves. Thanks to the masses of medical works upon the new subject, we are in a position to trace back every crime to the primary cause, and to give it a scientific name. What for example was the murderess of little Sarah Baker? “An irresponsible visionary:” her voluntary confession will not stand the test of cross examination; she is detected in contradictions, and neither judge, jury, nor public shall accept her guilt: she suffers under “psychomaniacal self-sacrifice”—she must be let go scot free. See that editor of a world-known paper, on his trial for feigning abduction and seduction, while aiming in reality at the reduction of the most hateful fiendish crimes in his country. There is not one man in the whole kingdom who doubts his innocence; scarcely an honest man who would not take his hat off before him, who sacrificed himself so nobly, who risked his life and honour to protect and redeem the poor and the helpless, those of whom Christ said: “Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not...for of such is the kingdom of God.” Nor do the Judges of the land doubt his thorough innocence of all but a technical misdemeanour. But he had interfered with the “psychological” and biological experiments, with the *amusements* of the mighty ones of the land. The prisoner had deluded himself into a belief that *his*

* “It is very unphilosophical to deny the existence of magnetic phenomena, only because in the actual state of our knowledge they are inexplicable to us; for they (phenomena) cannot be imagined. (LAPLACE. “Calcul des Probabilités”... p. 348). “...the effects obtained on persons in a state of trance (*en syncope*) do not permit the doubt that...there exists an effect very real and quite independent of any participation of imagination. It is clear that they (the effects) are due to some communication established between their nervous systems” (of the magnetised and the magnetiser). CUVIER. “Lessons of Comparative Anatomy.”

† Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Medicine; author of several works besides the one from which we quote:—*Histoire Académique du Magnetisme Animal*.

psychology of pure motives and truth, of righteousness and morality, would ever prevail against the snares of the great universal PSYCHOLOGIZER—the Demon of Lust; and he shall have to suffer for such a hallucination. He who reigns supreme over the world of matter, the demon, who slumbers by day and governs from sunset till sunrise the modern Sodom and Gomorrah, the metropolitan cites of the civilized Christian nations, must not be thwarted in our century of mock piety and speculations.

Those who have grumbled against science for neglecting Psychic Phenomena have no more cause for doing so. The *savants* have analyzed them chemically and physically; weighed and measured, dissected and vivisected their subjects. The astronomers have plunged their far-seeing telescopes into the very souls of their sensitives; and the geographers suggested the unknown spots on the globe, whither the liberated spirits of the entranced *hystériques* should proceed. No details neglected, not a psychic sigh left unexplained. The investigators showed the difference between “telepathic and purely subjective hallucination;” and when *percipients* and when *agents* “were concerned in telepathic incidents.” They invented new names for psychic gestures, and psycho-physical terms for thoughts and things unseen. They exerted their intellectual faculties to the utmost stretch to perceive telepathically the “pale imprisoned form” called soul, but succeeded only in finding the seat of Hysteria, the universal generator of all phenomena—objective or subjective. Sad, yet not disappointed, for they had never supposed for one moment there was anything external to man himself in the phenomena, they finally caught the dreary epidemics; and hanging their medical harps on the willows of the Salpêtrière, rested upon their laurels. They had thoroughly psychologized themselves into the belief that they had done good work; that they had nailed the shadows to their proper places, and labelled correctly every important phasis of Hysteria, Hallucination, Thought-Transference, Delusion, Illusion and Suggestion.

Can anything more be expected of the men of science? They have reached the *terminus ad quem* and now feel sure there is nothing beyond. After us, the Deluge. They seem to fancy everything is now shown to be hallucination, and nearly every action in the least abnormal proclaimed as the dreary effect of some *neuropathic* internal disorder. Bacon kindly supplied science with a new organ—*novum organum*—experience and observation; at which presumption Bodley felt most wrathful; and Hobbes attacked religion in the name of *senses and matter*. Our modern men of science go further. They attack in the name of that same inductive science—known 3,000 years ago—phenomena, the psychic nature of which they do not comprehend in the least, and oppose to moral and spiritual certitude, material or physical experiment. If we remember right, notwithstanding that sixth organ he had furnished the men of science with, Bacon had the weakness at one time to go against the rotation of the earth? The telescope had never ceased to supply him with a

subject for his epigrams, and the microscope was declared by him quite incompetent.*

But it never struck our investigators, we fear, that they may be as incompetent to handle their *psychic* microscope as the famous Chancellor was to use his telescope. At any rate they act as though they had found out the last word of psychic phenomena. To our eye they appear to have made themselves immortal in a certain fashion. For this is what they have done. Hemmed within the magic circle of their physical limitations, our great investigators seem to have worked out a complete schedule of the phenomenal hallucinations. Of the highest interest to the world in general, it is especially so to those who would like to conduct their experiments upon those lines. Thanks to them, the world has come to know that (1) A man had no need to be a regular madman, or to pass for one in the eyes of his next of kin and neighbour, to be *labouring all his lifetime under chronic delusion*; (2) A person may look terribly like a lunatic, *i. e.*, he may be *positively hallucinated*, yet still retain, without one moment's interruption, *the full possession of his reason and senses*; (3) For, he can be a full-blown visionary, and at the same time the severe magistrate sitting in judgment over the tricks and pranks of his own nervous centres and brain pulp!

This category, of course, includes only those abnormal sensitives, who, on account of their social position, high character, and generally recognized public and domestic virtues, could not be very conveniently branded as *frauds* or *liars*.

Mediums and "somnambules" are treated with less leniency. There are two varieties in this family of "abnormals"—professional, and other mediums. A "medium *may be*—though generally he is not—an honest man or woman.† In this case he may be producing all his life fraudulent phenomena—with or without confederates—and help other mediums to produce the same, *firmly believing all the while* that these manifestations are produced by spirits." (!) In the other variety, the medium is *consciously* and thoroughly dishonest, an "abnormal development of cunning allowing him to perform unaided, a mass of most wonderful phenomena." The hundreds and thousands of his patrons—the spiritualists and stray *gobe-mouches* remaining, of course, firmly convinced of the reality of his manifestations—"under *mutual psychological influence* and a *collective temporary delusion*,"‡ (*sic*) which amounts to saying, that a man may assure large crowds of *sane* people that he is sitting on his own shoulders, and those "often respectable and highly cultured witnesses" believe him on his word.

As to the Theosophists and Occultists, recent developments have shown what they can be made to appear. The group being *sui generis*, a special notice is taken of them and an extra catalogue prepared. Thus we learn, that:

(1). A theosophist can be "a very honourable man, truthful and thoroughly reliable." Withal, he may help toward the pro-

* *Nov. Organum*, p. 29. See also *Bacon* by "Kuno Fischer."

† *Pathological Essays*—"On Mediums."

‡ *Andrieu's Phenomena*. See *Dubois' History*, etc., p. 340.

duction of bogus phenomena, remaining convinced himself of the reality of that he aids in performing by tricks. In this case, he is simply "acting under chronic or temporary psychological influence."

(2). An occultist, or a candidate for becoming one, "may be a deeply deluded maniac under every circumstance of his life." Nevertheless, this affliction "does not stand at all in his way of being a wonderfully clever man"—often a genius.

The following case will be found of paramount interest to all who would avoid falling victims to the epidemic of the age.

(3). An occultist of the modern type is an out and out *trickster*, a fraud in a clear crystal, suspected by all, known as such by the few. He is not even a *medium*—in short, has "no psychic powers whatever." Yet he may, upon entering unexpectedly and for the first time in his life a room full of strangers, and a stranger himself to all—cause several persons in the assembly, who were unknown to him to that day, to see one and the same personality near him, a personality having no real existence and solely generated and bred in his own vicious brain.*

Such are the modern powers of "hallucination" and "psychology." If the learned gentlemen who have worked out the programme are asked: "But how can one with no psychic powers whatever, a suspected fraud, produce such remarkable psychological results?" The answer is ready: "The group of persons hallucinated into seeing simultaneously that which was nowhere save in the brain of the *trickster*, have deliberately produced their own delusion, perhaps—in a fit of *unmanifested hysteria*." "But the victims were unaware of the arrival of that remarkable impostor, nor had they been previously acquainted?" "Oh well...yes, quite so: Yes,...but then even this can be very easily explained: They may have acted, you see, under the law of *suggestion*....Their seeing the apparition was put previously into their heads."... "By whom...? since they were mutually strangers to each other?" "Oh...well, well—*by themselves*, of course." (*sic.*)

Quite so. The programme is offered to those who will accept it. Of course the *really* scientific men may be fathered only with a certain portion of it—namely, "hallucination" resulting from physiological causes. The several other paradoxical enunciations belong simply to their imitators—the smaller fry of science. But then one has not always to do with a Dubois-Raymond, a Huxley, or a Charcot.

Yet even these great men are not the inventors or the discoverers of the double action of the brain. Mysterious cases of *neuropathy*—as they now call it in France—have occurred in every age. Even during the relative infancy of Western exact science, Father Malebranche, a learned monk and physician, wrote that: "the nervous filaments may be moved in two ways, either by the *end* which is outside the brain, or by the extremity that plunges into the mass" (of the brain); and added: "If those filaments are moved by whatever influence, within the brain, *the soul perceives something outside the body*." Therefore, the mediæval physiologist

* Extracts from private Letters from an "Investigator."

knew as well as the modern that there was a difference between an optical phenomenon and a cerebral intuition.

The mediæval men of science knew something more, as also did their predecessors in the hoary antiquity. Unfortunately they had to keep it to themselves, unless they would consent to attribute the phenomena to satanic influence, when their testimony became a marketable commodity. The devil having been now discarded and discredited, the investigators have to fall back on Diabolus Hallucination, pure and simple—the effect of “malignant psychology.” This squirrel-like method of ever travelling around the same wheel when once set in motion by a physiological suggestion, is naturally calculated to make the heads of our investigators rather giddy and to haze their ideas. But if they sincerely believe that they are progressing thereby in the right direction and are instructing humanity, we have no quarrel with them, but rather wish them sincerely godspeed in their “collective hallucination.” Thanks, gentlemen, for that word!

X. X.

A TRIP TO KELANIE VIHARE.

BEING anxious to witness the celebration of the Singhalese and Hindu New Year at the ancient and well known temple at Kelanie,* we made up a pleasant party of friends and started from Colombo at 3 P. M. on Sunday the 11th Instant. The weather was perhaps not all that the pious pilgrims could have desired, for it rained in torrents, and the road consequently was in a condition simply indescribable; but in spite of these unpropitious circumstances the way was crowded with pilgrims in the gayest of costumes and apparently in the highest of spirits. We reached our destination about 5. P. M., and through the courtesy of the incumbent of the Temple whose name I believe is Dompe Terunanse, we were soon installed in comfortable quarters. After a pleasant conversation in the Pansala we sallied forth to look about. By this time night had fallen, but the Temple courts were all ablaze with the ruddy glow of the torches and lamps borne by a surging crowd of enthusiastic devotees,—so large a crowd, that in spite of the great extent of the premises every inch of room was occupied, and it was only with considerable difficulty that we could make our way from one shrine to another. Among those present we noticed, not only men of our own nation, but Europeans, Americans, Tamils and Cochins, and even to our surprise some Paravas and a solitary Turk—all of whom however made their offerings at the stainless shrine of our Lord Buddha. At the foot of the steps leading to the Vihare many stalls had been erected, at which the pilgrims, having performed their ablutions in the well close by, purchased flowers, incense and oil for the use in their ceremonies. At the top of the stairs we noticed a party of devoted Theosophists selling copies of Col. Olcott's Buddhist Catechism, which seemed to be

* Tradition has it that this ancient Temple at Kelanie was visited by our Lord, and that inside its Dagoba, there is a chair set with precious stones, the gift of the king of the Nagas.—P. de A.

in great demand. I was glad to see this, as I believe this admirable little work is doing more good to the cause of Buddhism than the Bana preaching of the majority of the priests.

Following the stream of pilgrims we enter the Vihare and pass through the outer hall, and find ourselves in the sanctum sanctorum bowing before a colossal recumbent figure of our Lord. (I wonder by the way, whether this custom of erecting such enormous images of our great Teacher may not sometimes lead the more ignorant of his followers to doubt. He was actually about the ordinary stature of mankind. Of course all educated Buddhists comprehend that the size of some of the ancient figures results from the fact, that the only way in which the untutored mind could express its conception of an intellectual giant was by depicting a physical one; but I cannot help fearing that such a representation has given rise to false notions among the illiterate.)

Round this huge image, as usual, we see the bands of color which are intended to represent the magnetic aura which the world has universally agreed in depicting, as emanating from its greatest saints. Another example of this may be observed in the aureole or halo drawn round the heads of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Apostles in Christian pictures. The researches of the erudite Baron Reichenbach have proved there is more foundation for this world wide belief than our modern sceptics might be disposed to allow. But to return to our subject,—as the night wore on and the auspicious moment of the birth of the New Year approached, both the inner and outer circles of the Vihare were densely packed with an eager crowd of enthusiastic votaries, all awaiting with a strained expectancy the signal from without. Precisely at 3-18 A. M. the deep toned bell “rang out the old, rang in the new” and with one accord, the gaily clad worshippers raised the joyous shout of Sadhu! Sadhu! Sadhu! as, lifting their floral offerings high above their heads, they pressed forward to the ancient shrine. The scene at this moment was thrilling in the extreme. The graceful flowers of the arecanut waved high above our heads on every side, and the effect produced resembled exactly that of a gust of wind sweeping over a paddy field, while the lovely hues of the sacred lotus relieved the eye at frequent intervals. As in the dim religious light the wave of excited humanity surged round the feet of those gigantic and impassive statues, our minds were borne backwards along the tide of time to the days of Egyptian and Babylonian greatness, when just such crowds, bearing just such offerings, must have thronged the vestibules of Karnak and Luxor, or have trodden the courts of the Temples of Nineveh and Thebes in the palmy days of yore.

Cold and impressionless, indeed, must have been that Buddhist, whose heart did not swell with exultation at the thought that on this night millions of human beings were making this harmless and beautiful offering at the stainless shrine of

“The Saviour of the world

The Teacher of Nirvana and the Law—”

PETER DE ABREW, F. T. S.

DREAMS.

THE chronicles which I am about to present to the reader are not the result of any conscious effort of the imagination. They are, as the above heading indicates, records of dreams, occurring at intervals during the last ten years, and transcribed, pretty nearly in the order of their occurrence, from my private Diary, written down, in the first instance, as soon as possible after awaking from the slumber during which they presented themselves: these narratives, necessarily unstudied in style and wanting in elegance of diction, have at least the merit of fresh and vivid colour, for they were committed to paper at a moment when the effect and impress of each successive vision were strong and forceful in the mind, and before the illusion of reality conveyed by the scenes witnessed and the sounds heard in sleep had had time to pass away.

I do not know whether these experiences of mine are unique. So far, I have not yet met with any one in whom the dreaming faculty appears to be either so strongly or so strangely developed as in myself. Most dreams, even when of unusual vividness and lucidity, betray a want of coherence in their action, and an incongruity of detail and *dramatis personæ* that stamp them as the product of incomplete and disjointed cerebral function. But the most remarkable features of the experiences I am about to record are the methodical consecutiveness of their sequences, and the intelligent purpose disclosed alike in the events witnessed and in the speeches heard. Some of these last, indeed, resemble, for point and profundity, the apologues of Eastern scriptures; and, on more than one occasion, the scenery of the dream has accurately portrayed characteristics of remote regions, city, forest and mountain, which in this existence at least I have never beheld, nor, so far as I can remember, even heard described, and yet, every feature of these unfamiliar climes has revealed itself to my sleeping vision with a splendor of colouring and distinctness of outline which made the waking life seem duller and less real by contrast. I know of no parallel to this phenomenon unless in the pages of Bulwer Lytton's romance entitled—"The Pilgrims of the Rhine," in which is related the story of a German student endowed with so marvellous a faculty of dreaming, that for him the normal conditions of sleeping and waking became reversed, his true life was that which he lived in his slumbers, and his hours of wakefulness appeared to him as so many uneventful and inactive intervals of arrest occurring in an existence of intense and vivid interest which was wholly passed in the hypnotic state. Not that to me there is any such inversion of natural conditions. On the contrary, the priceless insights and illuminations I have acquired by means of my dreams have gone far to elucidate for me many difficulties and enigmas of life which might otherwise have remained dark to me, and to throw upon the events and vicissitudes of a career filled with bewildering situations, a light which, like sunshine, has penetrated to the very causes and springs of circumstance, and has given reality and

meaning to much in my life that would else have appeared to me futile and insignificant.*

I have no theory to offer the reader in explanation of my faculty—at least in so far as its physiological aspect is concerned. Of course, having received a medical education, I have speculated about the *modus operandi* of the phenomenon, but my speculations are not of such a character as to entitle them to presentation in the form even of an hypothesis. I am tolerably well acquainted with most of the propositions regarding unconscious cerebration, which have been put forward by our learned men of science, but none of these propositions can, by any process of reasonable expansion or modification, be made to fit my case. Hysteria, to the multiform and manifold categories of which, medical experts are wont to refer the majority of abnormal experiences they encounter, is plainly inadequate to explain or account for mine. The singular coherence and sustained dramatic unity observable in these dreams, as well as the poetic beauty and tender subtlety of the instructions and suggestions conveyed in them do not comport with the conditions characteristic of nervous disease. Moreover, during the whole period covered by these dreams, I have been busily and almost continuously engrossed with scientific and literary pursuits demanding accurate judgment and complete self-possession and rectitude of mind. At the time when many of the most vivid and remarkable visions occurred, I was following my course as a student at the Paris Faculty of Medicine, preparing for examinations, daily visiting hospital wards as dresser, and attending lectures. Later, when I had taken my degree, I was engaged in the duties of my profession and in writing for the press on scientific subjects. Neither have I ever taken opium, haschish or other dream-producing agent. A cup of coffee and a cigarette represent the fullest extent of my indulgences in this direction. I mention these details in order to guard against inferences which might possibly be drawn by superficial critics as to the genesis of my faculty.

With regard to the interpretation and application of particular dreams, I think it best to say nothing. The majority are obviously allegorical, and although obscure in parts, they are invariably harmonious, and tolerably clear in meaning to persons acquainted with the method of Greek and Oriental myth. I shall not, therefore, venture on any explanation of my own, but shall simply record the dreams as they passed before me, and the impressions left upon my mind when I awoke.

Unfortunately, in some instances, which are not, therefore, here transcribed, my waking memory failed to recall accurately, or completely, certain discourses heard or written words seen in the course of the vision, which in these cases left but a fragmentary impression on the brain and baffled all waking endeavour to recall their missing passages.

These imperfect experiences have not, however, been numerous; on the contrary, it is a perpetual marvel to me to find with what

* Many interesting and dramatic dreams are omitted from the series here given, on account of the many allusions contained in them to matters affecting the private circumstances of the dreamer or of other persons.

ease and certainty I can, as a rule, on recovering ordinary consciousness, recall the picture witnessed in my sleep, and reproduce the words I have heard spoken or seen written.

Interims of many months often occur during which none of these exceptional visions visit me, but only ordinary dreams, incongruous and insignificant after their kind. Observation, based on an experience of considerable length, justifies me, I think, in saying that climate, altitude and electrical conditions are not without their influence in the production of the cerebral state necessary to the exercise of the faculty I have described. Dry air, high levels, and a crisp, calm, exhilarating atmosphere favour its activity, while, on the other hand, moisture, proximity to rivers, cloudy skies and a depressing, heavy climate, will, for an indefinite period, suffice to repress it altogether. It is not, therefore, surprising that the greater number of these dreams, and, especially, the most vivid, detailed and idyllic, have occurred to me while on the continent. At my own residence on the banks of the Severn, in a humid, low lying tract of country, I very seldom experience such manifestations, and sometimes, after a prolonged sojourn at home, am tempted to fancy that the dreaming gift has left me never to return. But the results of a visit to Paris or to Switzerland always speedily reassure me, the necessary magnetic or psychic tension never fails to reassert itself, and before many weeks have elapsed my Diary is once more rich with the record of my nightly visions.

Some of these phantasmagoria have furnished me with the framework, and even details, of stories which from time to time I have contributed to various magazines. A ghost-story published some years ago in "London Society," and much commented on because of its peculiarly weird and startling character, had this origin; so had a fairy-tale which appeared in a Christmas Annual last year, and which has recently been reissued in German by the editor of a foreign periodical. Many of my more serious contributions to literature have been similarly initiated; and, more than once, fragments of poems, both in English and other languages, have been heard or read by me in dreams. I regret much that I have not yet been able to recover any one *entire* poem. My memory always failed before I could finish writing out the lines, no matter how luminous and recent the impression made by them on my mind. However, even in this direction, my experience has been richer and more successful than that of Coleridge,* and

* Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in the summer of 1797, had an experience—the only one in his life apparently,—which in manner and method seems identical with my own, so far, that is, as *verse* is concerned, for we have no evidence that he possessed any peculiar faculty of scenic *dreaming*. He relates his solitary experience in the following terms:—

“The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines: if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking, he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business, and detained by him above an hour, and on his

I am not without hope that at some future time, under more favorable conditions than those I now enjoy, the broken threads may be resumed and these chapters of dream verse perfected and made complete.

It may, perhaps, be worthy of remark that by far the larger number of the dreams set down in this volume, occurred towards dawn; sometimes even, after sunrise, during a "second sleep." A condition of fasting, united possibly, with some subtle magnetic or other atmospheric state, seems therefore to be that most open to impressions of the kind. And, in this connexion, I think it right to add that for the past fifteen years I have been an abstainer from flesh-meats; not a "Vegetarian," because during the whole of that period I have used freely at my meals such animal produce as butter, cheese, eggs and milk, and, occasionally, fish, though this last only when other food was not obtainable. That the influence of fasting and of sober fare upon the perspicacity of the sleeping brain was known to the ancients in times when dreams were far more highly esteemed than they now are, appears evident from various passages in the records of theurgy and mysticism. Philostratus, in his "Life of Apollonius Tyaneus," represents the latter as informing King Phraotes that "the interpreters of Visions or Oneiropolists, are never wont to interpret any vision till they have first enquired the time wherein it befell; for, if it were early, and of the morning sleep, they then thought that they might make a good interpretation thereof, in that the soul was then fitted for divination, and disincumbered. But if in the first sleep, or at midnight, while the soul was as yet clouded and drowned in libations, they, being wise, refused to give any interpretation thereof. Moreover, the gods themselves are of this opinion, and send their oracles only into abstinent minds... For the priests, taking him who doth so consult, keep him one day from meat and three days from wine, that he may in a clear soul receive the oracles." And again, Iamblichus, writing to Agathocles, says:—"There is nothing unworthy of belief in what you have been told concerning the sacred sleep, and seeing by means of dreams. I explain it thus:—

return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

'Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom world so fair
Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread,
And each mis-shapes the other. Stay a while,
Poor youth! who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes—
The stream will soon renew its smoothness, soon
The visions will return! And lo! he stays,
And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms
Come trembling back, unite, and now once more
The pool becomes a mirror.'

Yet from the still surviving recollections in his mind, the author has frequently purposed to finish for himself, what had been originally, as it were, given to him. *αὔριον ἄδιον ἔσω*: but the tomorrow is yet to come."

Such was the genesis of the poetical fragment entitled *Kubla Khan*.

The soul has a twofold life, a lower and a higher. In sleep the soul is liberated from the constraint of the body, and enters, as an emancipated being, on its divine life of intelligence. Then, as the noble faculty which beholds objects that truly are—the objects in the world of intelligence—stirs within, and awakens to its power, who can be astonished that the mind which contains in itself the principles of all events, should, in this its state of liberation, discern the future in those antecedent principles which will constitute that future? The nobler part of the mind is thus united by abstraction to higher natures, and becomes a participant in the wisdom and foreknowledge of the Gods... The night-time of the body is the day-time of the soul."

But I have no desire to multiply citations, nor to vex the reader with hypotheses inappropriate to the design of this little work. Having, therefore, briefly recounted the facts and circumstances of my experience so far as they are known to myself, I proceed, without further commentary, to unroll my chart of dream-pictures, and leave them to tell their own tale.

THE DOOMED TRAIN.*

I was visited last night by a dream of so strange and vivid a kind that I feel impelled to communicate it to you, not only to relieve my own mind of the impression which the recollection of it causes me, but also to give you an opportunity of finding the meaning, which I am still far too much shaken and terrified to seek for myself.

It seemed to me that you and I were two of a vast company of men and women, upon all of whom, with the exception of myself—for I was there voluntarily—sentence of death had been passed. I was sensible of the knowledge—how obtained I know not—that this terrible doom had been pronounced by the official agents of some new reign of terror. Certain I was that none of the party had really been guilty of any crime deserving of death; but that the penalty had been incurred through their connection with some regime, political, social or religious, which was doomed to utter destruction. It became known among us that the sentence was about to be carried out on a colossal scale; but we remained in absolute ignorance as to the place and method of the intended execution. Thus far my dream gave me no intimation of the horrible scene which next burst on me,—a scene which strained to their utmost tension every sense of sight, hearing and touch, in a manner unprecedented in any dream I have previously had.

It was night, dark and starless, and I found myself, together with the whole company of doomed men and women who knew that they were soon to die, but not how or where—in a railway train hurrying through the darkness to some unknown destination. I sat in a carriage quite at the rear end of the train, in a corner

* This narrative was addressed to the friend particularly referred to in it. The dream occurred near the close of 1876, and was regarded by both recipient and friend as having relation to a national crisis, of a moral and spiritual character, their interest in which was so profound as to be destined to dominate all their subsequent lives and work.

seat, and was leaning out of the open window, peering into the darkness, when, suddenly, a voice, which seemed to speak out of the air, said to me in a low, distinct, intense tone, the mere recollection of which makes me shudder,—“The sentence is being carried out even now. You are all of you lost. Ahead of the train is a frightful precipice of monstrous height, and at its base beats a fathomless sea. The railway ends only with the abyss. Over that will the train hurl itself into annihilation. THERE IS NO ONE ON THE ENGINE!”

At this I sprang from my seat in horror, and looked round at the faces of the persons in the carriage with me. No one of them had spoken, or had heard those awful words. The lamp-light from the dome of the carriage flickered on the forms about me. I looked from one to the other, but saw no sign of alarm given by any of them. Then again the voice out of the air spoke to me,—“There is but one way to be saved. You must leap out of the train!”

In frantic haste I pushed open the carriage door and stepped out on the footboard. The train was going at a terrific pace, swaying to and fro as with the passion of its speed; and the mighty wind of its passage beat my hair about my face and tore at my garments.

Until this moment I had not thought of you, or even seemed conscious of your presence in the train. Holding tightly on to the rail by the carriage door, I began to creep along the footboard towards the engine, hoping to find a chance of dropping safely down on the line. Hand over hand I passed along in this way from one carriage to another; and as I did so I saw by the light within each carriage that the passengers had no idea of the fate upon which they were being hurried. At length, in one of the compartments, I saw *you*. “Come out!” I cried; “come out! Save yourself! In another minute we shall be dashed to pieces!”

You rose instantly, wrenched open the door, and stood beside me outside on the footboard. The rapidity at which we were going was now more fearful than ever. The train rocked as it fled onwards. The wind shrieked as we were carried through it. “Leap down,” I cried to you, “Save yourself! It is certain death to stay here. Before us is an abyss; and there is no one on the engine!”

At this you turned your face full upon me with a look of intense earnestness, and said, “No, we will not leap down, we will stop the train.”

With these words you left me, and crept along the footboard towards the front of the train. Full of half-angry anxiety at what seemed to me a Quixotic act, I followed. In one of the carriages we passed I saw my mother and eldest brother, unconscious as the rest. Presently we reached the last carriage, and saw by the lurid light of the furnace that the voice had spoken truly, and that there was no one on the engine.

You continued to move onwards. “Impossible! Impossible!” I cried; “it cannot be done. O, pray, come away!”

Then you knelt upon the footboard, and said—"You are right. It cannot be done in that way; but we can save the train. Help me to get these irons asunder."

The engine was connected with the train by two great iron hooks and staples. By a tremendous effort, in making which I almost lost my balance, we unhooked the irons and detached the train; when, with a mighty leap as of some mad supernatural monster, the engine sped on its way alone shooting back as it went a great flaming trail of sparks, and was lost in the darkness. We stood together on the footboard, watching in silence the gradual slackening of the speed. When at length the train had come to a standstill, we cried to the passengers,—“Saved! Saved!” and then amid the confusion of opening the doors and descending and eager talking, my dream ended, leaving me shattered and palpitating with the horror of it.

THE SPECTACLES.*

I was walking alone on the sea-shore. The day was singularly clear and sunny. Inland lay the most beautiful landscape ever seen; and far off were ranges of tall hills, the highest peaks of which were white with glittering snows. Along the sands by the sea came towards me a man accoutred as a postman. He gave me a letter. It was from you. It ran thus:—

“I have got hold of the earliest and most precious book extant. It was written before the world began. The text is easy enough to read; but the notes, which are very copious and numerous, are in such minute and obscure characters that I cannot make them out. I want you to get for me the spectacles which Swedenborg used to wear; not the smaller pair—those he gave to Hans Christian Andersen—but the large pair, and these seem to have got mislaid, I think they are Spinoza’s make, you know he was an optical-glass maker by profession, and the best we have ever had. See if you can get them for me.”

When I looked up after reading this letter, I saw the postman hastening away across the sands, and I cried out to him, “Stop! how am I to send the answer? Will you wait for it?”

He looked round, stopped, and came back to me.

“I have the answer here,” he said, tapping his letter-bag, “and I shall deliver it immediately.”

“How can you have the answer before I have written it?” I asked. “You are making a mistake.”

“No,” he said. “In the city from which I come, the replies are all written at the office, and sent out with the letters themselves. Your reply is in my bag.”

“Let me see it,” I said. He took another letter from his wallet and gave it to me. I opened it, and read, in my own handwriting, this answer, addressed to you:—

“The spectacles you want can be bought in London. But you will not be able to use them at once, for they have not been worn

* From another letter to the friend mentioned in the note appended to the “Doomed Train.” The dream of “The Spectacles” was assumed to refer to literary work connected with the subject already spoken of in this note.

for many years, and they sadly want cleaning. This you will not be able to do yourself in London, because it is too dark there to see well, and because your fingers are not small enough to clean them properly. Bring them here to me, and I will do it for you."

I gave this letter back to the postman. He smiled and nodded at me; and I then perceived to my astonishment that he wore a camel's-hair tunic round his waist. I had been on the point of addressing him—I know not why—as *Hermes*. But I now saw that he must be John the Baptist; and in my fright at having spoken with so great a saint, I awoke.

THE ENCHANTED WOMAN.

The first consciousness which broke my sleep was one of floating, of being carried swiftly by some invisible force through a vast space; then, of being gently lowered; then of light, until, gradually, I found myself on my feet in a broad noon-day brightness, and before me an open country, hills, hills, as far as the eye could reach,—hills with snow on their tops, and mists around their gorges. This was the first thing I saw distinctly. Then, casting my eyes towards the ground, I perceived that all about me lay huge masses of grey material which, at first, I took for blocks of stone, having the form of lions; but as I looked at them more intently, my sight grew clearer, and I saw, to my horror, that they were really alive. A panic seized me, and I tried to run away; but on turning, I became suddenly aware that the whole country was filled with these awful shapes, and the faces of those nearest to me were most dreadful, for their eyes, and something in the expression, though not in the form of their faces, were human. I was absolutely alone in a terrible world peopled with lions, too, of a monstrous kind. Recovering myself with an effort, I resumed my flight, but, as I passed through the midst of this concourse of monsters, it suddenly struck me that they were perfectly unconscious of my presence. I even laid my hands, in passing, on the heads and manes of several, but they gave no sign of seeing me or of knowing that I touched them. At last I gained the threshold of a great pavilion, not, apparently, built by hands, but formed by Nature. The walls were solid, yet they were composed of huge trees standing close together, like columns; and the roof of the pavilion was formed by their massive foliage, through which not a ray of outer light penetrated. Such light as there was seemed nebulous, and appeared to rise out of the ground. In the centre of this pavilion I stood alone, happy to have got clear away from those terrible beasts and the gaze of their steadfast eyes.

As I stood there, I became conscious of the fact that the nebulous light of the place was concentrating itself into a focus on the columned wall opposite to me. It grew there, became intenser, and then spread, revealing, as it spread, a series of moving pictures that appeared to be scenes actually enacted before me. For the figures in the pictures were living, and they moved before my eyes, though I heard neither word nor sound. And this is what I saw. First there came a writing on the wall of the pavilion:—“This

is the History of our World." These words, as I looked at them, appeared to sink into the wall as they had risen out of it, and to yield place to the pictures which then began to come out in succession, dimly at first, then strong and clear as actual scenes.

First I beheld a beautiful woman, with the sweetest and most perfect face conceivable. She was dwelling in a cave among the hills with her husband, and he, too, was beautiful, more like an angel than a man. They seemed perfectly happy together; and their dwelling was like Paradise. On every side was beauty, sunlight, and repose. This picture sank into the wall as the writing had done. And then came out another; the same man and woman driving together in a sleigh drawn by reindeer over fields of ice; with all about them glaciers and snow, and great mountains veiled in wreaths of slowly moving mist. The sleigh moved at a rapid pace, and its occupants talked gaily to each other, so far as I could judge by their smiles and the movement of their lips. But, what caused me much surprise was that they carried between them, and actually in their hands, a glowing flame, the fervor of which I felt reflected from the picture upon my own cheeks. The ice around shone with its brightness. The mists upon the snow mountains caught its gleam. Yet, strong as were its light and heat, neither the man nor the woman seemed to be burned or dazzled by it. This picture, too, the beauty and brilliancy of which greatly impressed me, sank and disappeared as the former.

Next, I saw a terrible looking man clad in an enchanter's robe, standing alone upon an ice-crag. In the air above him, poised like a dragon-fly, was an evil spirit, having a head and face like that of a human being. The rest of it resembled the tail of a comet, and seemed made of a green fire, which flickered in and out as though swayed by a wind. And as I looked, suddenly, through an opening among the hills, I saw passing the sleigh, carrying the beautiful woman and her husband, and in the same instant the enchanter also saw it, his face contracted, and the evil spirit lowered itself and came between me and him. Then this picture sank and vanished.

I next beheld the same cave in the mountains which I had before seen, and the beautiful couple together in it. Then a shadow darkened the door of the cave; and the enchanter was there, asking admittance; cheerfully they bade him enter, and, as he came forward with his snake-like eyes fixed on the fair woman, I understood that he wished to have her for his own, and was even then devising how to bear her away. And the spirit in the air beside him seemed busy suggesting schemes to this end. Then this picture melted and became confused, giving place for but a brief moment to another, in which I saw the enchanter carrying the woman away in his arms, she struggling and lamenting, her long bright hair streaming behind her. This scene passed from the wall as though a wind had swept over it, and there rose up in its place a picture, which impressed me with a more vivid sense of reality than all the rest.

It represented a market place, in the midst of which was a pile of faggots and a stake, such as were used formerly for the burning of heretics and witches. The market place, round which were rows of seats as though for a concourse of spectators, yet appeared quite deserted. I saw only three living beings present, the beautiful woman, the enchanter and the evil spirit. Nevertheless, I thought that the seats were really occupied by invisible tenants, for every now and then there seemed to be a stir in the atmosphere as of a great multitude; and I had, moreover, a strange sense of facing many witnesses. The enchanter led the woman to the stake, fastened her there with iron chains, lit the faggots about her feet and withdrew to a short distance, where he stood with his arms folded, looking on as the flames rose about her. I understood that she had refused his love, and that in his fury he had denounced her as a sorceress. Then in the fire, above the pile, I saw the evil spirit poisoning itself like a fly, and rising and sinking and fluttering in the thick smoke. While I wondered what this meant, the flames which had concealed the beautiful woman, parted in their midst, and disclosed a sight so horrible and unexpected as to thrill me from head to foot, and curdle my blood. Chained to the stake there stood, not the fair woman I had seen there a moment before, but a hideous monster,—a woman still, but a woman with three heads, and three bodies linked in one. Each of her long arms ended, not in a hand, but in a claw like that of a bird of rapine. Her hair resembled the locks of the classic Medusa, and her faces were inexpressibly loathsome, she seemed, with all her dreadful heads and limbs, to writhe in the flames and yet not to be consumed by them. She gathered them in to herself; her claws caught them and drew them down; her triple body appeared to suck the fire into itself, as though a blast drove it. The sight appalled me. I covered my face and dared look no more.

When at length I again turned my eyes upon the wall, the picture that had so terrified me was gone, and instead of it, I saw the enchanter flying through the world, pursued by the evil spirit and that dreadful woman. Through all the world they seemed to go. The scenes changed with marvellous rapidity. Now the picture glowed with the wealth and gorgeousness of the torrid zone; now the ice-fields of the North rose into view; anon a pine-forest; then a wild sea-shore; but always the same three flying figures; always the horrible three-formed harpy pursuing the enchanter, and beside her the evil spirit with the dragon-fly wings.

At last this succession of images ceased, and I beheld a desolate region, in the midst of which sat the woman with the enchanter beside her, his head reposing in her lap. Either the sight of her must have become familiar to him and so less horrible, or she had subjugated him by some spell. At all events, they were mated at last, and their offspring lay around them on the stony ground, or moved to and fro. These were lions—monsters with human faces, such as I had seen in the beginning of my dream. Their jaws dripped blood; they paced backwards and forwards, lashing

their tails. Then too, this picture faded and sank into the wall as the others had done. And through its melting outlines came out again the words I had first seen:—"This is the History of our World," only they seemed to me in some way changed, but how, I cannot tell. The horror of the whole thing was too strong upon me to let me dare look longer at the wall. And I awoke, repeating to myself the question, "How could one woman become three?"

ANNA KINGSFORD, M. D.

"THE DETERMINATION OF ATMA-GYANAM."

An English translation of Atma-gyan-nirnaya from the Mahanirvana-tantra.

1. * UNTIL all the Karmas good and bad are run through, Moksha† is not obtained by men by (a lapse of) even hundreds of Kalpas.‡

2. Until then Jiva|| is bound by his Karmas, good and bad, as if with chains of iron or gold (he being fettered in either case).

3. The frequent performance of acts (rites) and the endurance of hardships over a hundred times, does not secure Moksha (to the Jiva) until the 'science of self-knowledge' (Gyanam) is learnt (*lit.* born).

4. By the wise and pure in heart this self-knowledge is obtained by spiritual discourses (solving the problem "Thou art It,") by unselfish Karma and by the dispersion of Tamasa (delusion).¶

5. The knowledge that this world from Brahma to the herb is (illusively) formed of Maya, and that Para-Brahma (the Supreme Spirit) is the only One, the great Reality, confers happiness (to the Jiva).

6. He, who having abandoned the name and form (of every material object) has unmistakably found (ascertained) the Tatwa (Truth) in the eternal and permanent Brahma, is free from the bonds of Karma.

7. Salvation does not come from counting prayers with beads, and performing Homa§ and a hundred fasts. The embodied one is saved by the knowledge (realization) "I am he the Brahma."

8. He deserves salvation (mukti) who knows (directly cognizes) Atma as the witness (of the three conditions), the all-pervading, the perfect, the real, the non-dual of the supreme, and as though in this body (apparently) yet not in it.**

9. With no shadow of doubt he is saved, who has given up, as mere child's play, all thought about the appearances and names of objects (worldly),†† and has anchored firmly in Brahma.

* Cf. Bhagavad-gita, IV. 37 and 39.

† Salvation in Nirvana. [See 'Buddhist Catechism' by Col. Olcott. Question No. 66.]

‡ A cosmic period of 4,320,000,000, years. Vide Isis, Vol. I, page 32.

|| Individual Ego.

¶ Cf. Bhagavad-gita, II. 51: III. 19, 9 and 4: IV. 34: and V. 12.

§ A rite of pouring clarified butter over the flame.

** Cf. Utra-Gita. (Brahmanda Puranam) Chap. I. 27 verse.

†† On account of their mutability.

10. Idols of worship designed by mortals confer Moksha, (as truly) as they become king, from the kingdoms obtained in dream.

11. The worship of statues of clay, stone, metal, and wood as Gods brings only miseries ; for without Gyanam there is no salvation.

12. Alas ! Cheered at the taste of the sweets (of senses), and florid with a well-nursed body from a sufficiency of food, how would they obtain emancipation if ignorant of Brahma-gyanam (knowledge of the divinity)?

13. If subsistence upon air, herbs, grain, and water alone entitles one to Moksha, then the serpents, the cattle and the aquatic birds are all saved. (The idea intended to be conveyed being that the dish absolutely has no special merit in itself).

14. The disposition of mind for Brahma ranks the highest ; that for Dhyanam (contemplation) holds the middle place ; that for Prayers and Supplications is low, and the lowest is the love for the non-essentials of religion (lit. external worship).

15. The union* of Jivatma (spirit) with the Paramatma (the Supreme Spirit) is Yoga, and the worship of Siva and Kesub is (the right one) ; but for him who has realized that every thing is Brahma, no Yoga, no (form of) worship (is binding).

16. Of what use are sacrifices, prayers, asceticism and rites to him in whose breast shines Brahma-gyan, which is, indeed, the highest of all wisdom ?

17. What needs he of contemplation and continence, who has seen (cognized) Brahma—the non-dual and of the form of *Sat-Chit-Ananda* (existence, consciousness and bliss), and who has thus completely identified himself with Brahma ?

18. For him who knows the whole universe to be (only filled with) Brahma, there is no virtue or vice, no heaven or rebirth, neither the contemplator nor the contemplable. [A complete identification with Brahma leaves no second self in existence, and as such the contemplator is non-existent, and for him too, there is none to be contemplated ; the Brahma-gyana then, having shed every atom of *Ahankaram*, individual separation..., Karma cannot bind him longer to conditioned existence. He lives in the eternal.]

19. The Atma is always free, unaffected by (though in contact with) all things. What are its bonds ? From what would the ignorant wish it to be set free ?

20. It is the Maya (energy) of Paramatma (Supreme Spirit) that has produced the Universe ; and he himself shines (resides) there as if contained in it.

21. † As the Akasa permeates everything both in and out, so does the eternally existing Atma shine (in everything) as witness (of the conditions).

22. ‡ The Atma is void of change, is not born, has no childhood, does not grow young or old, and is ever of the same form of *Sat-Chit-Ananda*.

* *Lit.* Realization of the Identity.

† Cf. Bhagavad-gita, XIII. 32 and 15.

‡ Cf. Bhagavad-gita, II. 20.

23. * Birth, youth and dotage happen of the body—not of Atma ; the intellect overclouded by Maya cannot grasp it fully (*lit.* overlooks it).

24. As the one sun appears many when viewed in a cup of water, so, through Maya, Atma is thought to be many and different (in each body).

25. As the lunar rays reflected upon rippled waters impart inconstancy to the moon, the ignorant with partial knowledge from the untranquillity of Buddhi (intellect) attribute the restlessness to the Atma.

26. The Atma remains equally the same as in life, so after the dissolution of the body, as space in the jar is the same even after its dissolution.

27. Oh ! Goddess ! This Atma-Gyanam is the best means of obtaining Moksha, for (I speak unto you) truly the acquisition of this Gyanam gives immediate salvation undoubtedly.

28. Neither by acts (rites) nor by incantation of Mantras can one be liberated. The knowledge of Atma through Atma can save men.†

29. Oh ! Benefactress ! the Atma is the beloved of all objects, than which there is nothing dearer ; that other (objects) become dear, it is only with respect to Atma (self).

30. Maya makes the distinctions (in objects), as the knowledge (Gyan), the knowable‡ of the Knower ; but a right discrimination of them with respect to Atma melts the distinctions, and Atma alone remains (as being predicative of them).

31. Surely he has attained the Supreme Wisdom, who knows Atma of the form of and full of consciousness (chit) as the Knowledge, Knowable || and Knower.

32. Oh ! Goddess ! to you I have revealed this Wisdom—the certain means of (attaining) Nirvana—the richest treasure of the four classes of religious devotees (Abadhaubs).

A. G.

SOWING AND REAPING.

(Continued from page 517.)

CHAPTER III.

A Spectral Visitor.

“**H**ULLO St. Clair! so there you are. The world we live in is small enough after all.” Startled, I turned round at the familiar voice of the speaker ; but before I could distinguish the expected face of my old friend Ravenshawe I felt the grasp of his hand on my shoulder. We could hardly move amidst the crowd of visitors who were thronging into the verandah of the pleasant little Bellevue Hotel at one of the less frequented hill stations of India,

* Cf. Bhagavad-gita, II. 13 and 20.

† Cf. Bhagavad-gita, XIII. 24 and 25.

‡ Or the known.

|| Viz. (1) Hansa, (2) Param-hansa, (3) Bahudac, (4) Cutechac.

which for many reasons shall be nameless in this narrative. The greeting though silent seemed to annihilate in a moment the long years during which we had not met and bring back the day when armed with hope we came together to join a well-known mercantile house in the commercial capital of India. But the ceaseless flow of visitors and the deafening rattle of dak-gharries left us no time for reflection or conversation. The station was not usually such a busy centre of activity. The unusual rush of visitors was due to a big hunting party, which a neighbouring Rajah had organized not far off. As it was, however, the little hotel was filled to overflowing, and not having each engaged a room beforehand, Ravenshawe and myself were obliged to occupy the only one available together. But sleep was not very certain in the din and bustle of the next day's *Shikar*, and we had met after a long time, so this arrangement suited us as well as any other.

Ralph Ravenshawe was my old chum, and we had been together a great deal until about five years before, when the death of a rich Australian uncle left him heir to a large fortune, and he sailed for Queensland to take possession of the estate which he thus inherited in Toowoomba. We had corresponded fitfully, but our friendship was of that sturdy kind which silence and distance never wither.

After dinner quiet was comparatively restored, and we sat chatting and smoking in our room, which, much to our good fortune, was large and comfortable.

"Well, Ralph," I said, resuming our interrupted conversation, "to what strange freak of fortune is due your sudden appearance here? We all thought you were safely settled in some outlandish Bush, growing fatter and richer every day. But you don't look at all well, and the years seem to have passed over you with heavy steps. I hope it has not altogether killed your affection for S. and B: you have hardly touched your glass."

"Your example has corrupted me, and I have become all but a teetotaller."

"Now for your story Ralph: tell us how the world has treated you, and what wave has cast you ashore amongst us again. Fire away!" said I, replenishing my pipe. "There is not much to say" Ralph replied. "It is the ordinary humdrum story. I am engaged to be married to Grace Stanley you know, the daughter of Richard Stanley. You must remember the old man and the exciting pigsticking we once had on his tea plantation. Grace was away at the time. Those days are gone. It was before you became a philosopher and took to studying Sanskrit with that strange Brahman you picked up at Benares."

"Oh, yes. I remember the old man very well, and I think I saw the young lady too at one of the Vice-Regal balls. But tell me, is not the old man dead?"

"Yes, he came to Toowoomba with Grace, and there he died more than a year ago. It was a short time before his death that we became engaged. After that Grace went to some relations at home, and has been back about three months at her father's old

place not far from here. Our wedding is fixed for the next month, and after we are married and all her Indian affairs are put straight we intend to go home and settle down at some quiet country place. Are you as keen on the subject of celibacy as you were under the old Brahman's tuition? I see you are still sticking to your Vegetarianism. The wonder is you don't become a fakir outright, and give up the world and civilization all at once. Have your studies gone deeper and revealed to you the secrets of the other shore of death?"

I was startled by a deep note of serious and almost melancholy earnestness in Ravenshawe's voice, so different from the good-natured humour with which he was accustomed to refer to my "eccentric studies in Brahmanical superstition."

"My dear Ralph," I said, "that is one subject which you never understood, and it is right and proper that you should not trouble yourself about the mysterious side of existence. Yours has been a happy, free life, and you have nobly filled the measure of manhood as you understood it. But there are problems of life and death, which possess a fascination for those who study them, which cannot be explained to others. Your robust common-sense life has kept all such mysteries from your path."

There seemed to be momentary agitation in Ralph's breast, as if he suppressed a rising sigh. For a while he remained silent; then, turning his face a little away, said with a smile:—

"I am not so sure of that. This time when I was passing through Bombay I went to see the Karli caves. I was going to return when I was overtaken by a severe thunderstorm, got wet to the skin, and was in a very wretched plight altogether. I was alone, and did not exactly know what to do. Fortunately I met a Brahman youth, who took me back into the cave where he was living, and made me quite comfortable. He seemed to have every thing ready for me in that strange place, and said his Master had told him to expect me. Of course in spite of my gratitude for his hospitality I did not exactly believe in the supernatural. But any way what he said to me about my own past life was strangely true—things which no body could have known by any normal means. He told me of my engagement to Grace, and warned me of an impending catastrophe. When I came back to the station at Tarma a boy gave me a letter in English. Before I could ask him any question he was gone. The letter I have with me now and will read to you."

He took out a letter from his pocket and read:—

"Nothing happens by accident. Let the Saheb remember the interview with the Brahman youth. The future will explain more."

"How is it signed?" I inquired.

"Only 'The Brahman Stranger'," said Ralph. "Supernaturalism apart," he went on, "the young Brahman showed a wonderful knowledge of life, which for a person in his position was simply marvellous. I shall remember the interview for this reason if for nothing else."

I asked him for a description of his strange host of the cave. For aught I knew it might have been the young mystic, my guide to the subterranean temple. But on this point I thought it pru-

dent to be silent. And as it was Ralph gave me no opportunity to act otherwise.

“Of course, old chap,” he said abruptly, “you are coming to see Grace with me to-morrow. She won’t forgive me if I don’t bring you to her as you are so near. You are in no hurry during these holidays. No excuses, old boy.”

Ralph was his old self then, and with his usual decision of character made up the programme for the next day.

Grace Stanley had come back to the old tea plantation principally on account of her health, which had suffered much from the worry and fatigue of nursing her father through his last illness. She intended also to take that opportunity of arranging all matters of business with Mr. Barlowe, who managed her father’s affairs during his life-time and continued to do so after his death. I knew Barlowe very well, as he had several times come down to Bombay to transact his principal’s business with our firm. In Mrs. Barlowe Grace had found a mother, ever since she had lost her own. So Grace in her home was not entirely desolate, although hardly any other European family lived within visiting distance. But she was in no need of society, her time being almost entirely taken up with painting, of which she was passionately fond. Every thing weird and strange had a great fascination for her, and she was in no want of subjects among the sylvan enchantments embodied by the venerable banyans on the estate and in the romantic forest of stately deodars. Her imagination was quick and strong, and the life-like representation of Indian legends on her canvas were worthy of all the admiration they received. She carried off the first prize at the Simla Fine Arts Exhibition by her works in oils. This was the information about his *fiancée*, which I gleaned from Ralph before we went to bed that night. Contrary to our expectations the preparations for the *shikar* did not begin till early morning; so the quietness of the first part of the night was not disturbed and our wearied frames did not require much provocation to sink into sleep.

I did not know how long I had slept when I awoke to see a broad band of light which seemed to grow on the wall facing me. My first impression was that some of the sons of Nimrod were moving about with their torches, but it had to be given up as the light was much paler and steadier than what it ought to have been upon this supposition. The strangest feature of it all was that the light seemed to grow and expand in area. My knowledge of the occult side of nature, which I had gained from my venerated Brahman teacher, prevented any alarm being felt at this unexpected sight, but was not extensive enough to explain the mystery. Suddenly the wall seemed to vanish from view, and its place was occupied by a house, the general appearance of which showed that it did not belong to India. A female form slowly emerged from the house and glided into our room. She stopped at the head of Ravenshawe’s bed, and bent over the sleeping man. Then, with a look of intense agony and horror, melted away. Ravenshawe groaned in his sleep.

The vision seemed to harrow my soul, and left an indelible impression upon my mind, which starts into life at the slightest touch of thought. Even as I write I see the sleeping form of

Ravenshawe and the spectral visitor holding up her babe as if she would place it in his unwilling arms. Further sleep that night was naturally out of the question. The face of the phantasm held my imagination in an iron grip. A thousand nameless thoughts and formless fancies spread their cloudy wings around me. Ah! Ralph, Ralph! A cruel suspicion began to writhe like a serpent in my breast. I tried to crush it, but could not. Was it the picture of some deed of Ralph's, my more than friend and brother, that the memory of the earth yielded to me by night? Or was it but the phantasy of a night-mare, transferred from his brain to mine and objectified by my peculiarly sensitive constitution? It was too strongly printed on the astral atmosphere to be the mere phantasy of a dreadful dream. I cannot, I will not see the truth. Ralph, I loved thee as a brother, and so I shall in spite of earth and hell and thee. But Ralph, why didst thou not die, with thy soul as pure and spotless as the bright moonlight streaming in through that window? Why didst not thou die at the moment when I saw thy vessel devoured by distance, as I stood on the beach at Bombay? Now the iron wheels of retribution must move on.

The next morning as the *dák ghári* (Indian Mail Cart) rattled along the uneven road which led to the bungalow of Ravenshawe's friends, neither Ralph nor I spoke much. After a few sporadic attempts at conversation, provoked by the superb loveliness of the scenery which surrounded us, Ravenshawe fell into a kind of reverie, in which I did not seek to disturb him. I was too full of the night's events to think of anything else. We proceeded in silence. Towards dusk Miss Stanley and Mr. and Mrs. Barlowe joined us some distance from the plantation. As the twilight was most delightful we decided upon walking there, leaving the servants who accompanied the party from the plantation to bring up our luggage.

The very sight of Grace seemed completely to transform Ralph. Like the autumnal cloud in the Indian sky the gloom disappeared from his face almost instantaneously, leaving it radiant with the pride of manhood and the pure affection of a virgin heart. All pain and misgiving were swept out of my mind by the strong current of affection that seemed to flow between Grace and Ralph. I could not believe such a beautiful flower of love could grow on unclean ground. I was relieved; and the happy scene before my eyes obliterated the haunting shadows of the nightly vision.

Grace Stanley was a tall, thin girl with that kind of clear, transparent complexion which is such a rare sight under the Indian sun. A mass of silken auburn hair of the finest texture shaded but did not darken the exquisitely chiselled face, which instantly reflected every thought as it rippled in her breast. Bright forms, born of the spirit within, mirrored themselves in her large brown eyes and illuminated her countenance. Her features housed a thousand airy expressions whose timorous steps defy alike the painter's brush and the poet's pen. Such was Grace Stanley, more fitted by her weird, ethereal beauty to be a sybil of the inner sanctuary than to deserve a more common-place lot.

A breath of involuntary regret came through me at the thought of the bonds of matrimony that she was going to impose upon herself, and the fate that might have been hers if times had been different.

Ravenshawe seemed to inhale a strange exuberance of spirits with the air of the plantation. Brilliant as Ralph usually was, his brilliancy at dinner was a surprise to me, even after years of intimate friendship. The unexpectedness of his impassioned rhapsodies on Grace's really fairy-like paintings and his criticisms on art in general disclosed a keen philosophical insight and a power of poetical expression which simply amazed us.

As soon as there was a lull in the sparkling observations that Ravenshawe showered upon us, Mr. Barlowe excused himself as the homeward mail started the following morning, and went to his bungalow to write his letters. Mrs. Barlowe, upon whose matronly constitution Ralph's conversation had a remarkably tranquillizing effect, was reclining in a huge arm chair, silent, perhaps half asleep. Grace began to play upon her favourite instrument, the Indian *Setar*, and the depth of mystic melody that she evoked from its strings stole over us with its tuneful foot-falls, disclosing glimpses of a life which the mystic feels and the poet fancies. A low breeze was moaning over the rows of tall casurena trees, that surrounded the house casting fitful shadows in the uncertain moon-light upon the verandah which opened out of the drawing-room where we sat. As the music ceased the breeze gave a long wail among the casurenas; the sound was weird, uncanny and full of meaning. Grace was much startled. On looking up I noticed a change in Ravenshawe, a pallor spread over his countenance, and he looked as if he was suppressing some powerful mental perturbation. The weird wail came again, this time more piercing though not so loud; and the strangest feature in it was that it began to assume a certain resemblance to a half-suppressed human cry of agony. Grace drew nearer to Ralph, and put her hands on his shoulder. To break the mysterious spell that seemed to cast its net upon us, I said to her:—

“Miss Stanley do those weird forms you endow with life on your canvas often join in a chorus to your music? The moanings of the wind have become uncommonly humanized in this enchanted bower.”

“You are not far from the truth, old boy, enchanted castle indeed. What with the embodied witcheries named Grace, the paintings, the music, the surroundings in general and the incidents of the day, I am fit only to play the part of the captive knight,” struck in Ralph with a visible effort.

“You two seem very much amused,” said Grace, “but I feel oppressed with a vague, indistinct sense of some terrible calamity. Never has the wind spoken to me with so much purpose and meaning. It brings back to mind a strange prophecy made about me as a child by a fakir, to whom my nurse used to go for instruction. I was only seven at the time of the occurrence, but it made such a deep impression on me that it has returned time after time.”

“Has the prophecy any connection with the mysterious airy tongue speaking among the trees?”

“Yes, it has. You know what importance an Indian woman attaches to the marriage of her daughter, and how early they begin to think of it. Well, Motee was more than a mother to me, even while my mother lived. My mother’s delicate health prevented my being very much with her. Mrs. Barlowe,” she said, turning to the amiable lady who lay back on her chair in a profound slumber, “was my governess before she married. She and Motee were the only mothers my childhood knew. Well, Motee consulted the holy man about my marriage, as she told me afterwards, but the father wanted to see me once before he would give an opinion. Motee took me out for a walk one morning, and we passed the fakir’s hut under the great banyan tree by the side of the brook at the eastern extremity of our plantation. The fakir looked at me hard with his glistening small eyes and said: ‘The Missy-baba (European girl) will be happily married unless the *devas* (gods) give her three warnings before her wedding comes off. But, when the *devas* do give the warning, some terrible catastrophe will come to pass—’”

“It has come to pass!”—a hollow unearthly voice repeated from the corner of the room beyond the piano. And a strange cry of anguish vibrated into our very souls.”

“The warning has come!” almost shrieked out Grace, and covered her face with her semi-transparent hands. At that very instant Ralph cried out

“What is that infernal voice?” and nearly jumped out of his chair, but seemed to be mysteriously struck down and to become nailed to his seat.

A column of ethereal vapour, like a spray of moonlight, began to collect in the corner where the mysterious voice was heard. Slowly it began to draw near us and gather shape and consistency, till at last, within a few feet of Grace and Ralph, there stood the strange phantasm of my nocturnal vision. She cast a look of fiendish triumph on the lovely form of the girl who had clung in terror to the palpitating breast of Ralph.

Slowly the apparition stretched out her arms towards Ralph and seemed to touch him. But, though motionless, he appeared to elude the contact like an image in the looking glass. For a moment I saw Grace Stanley enfolded in the spectral embrace, and then her slight frame fell upon the floor, and the spectre vanished. Bursting the awful spell I hastened to raise her and found her senseless. Ralph was stupefied, though not unconscious.

CHAPTER IV.

The Memory of the Earth.

IN the confusion of awakening from her deep torpor Mrs. Barlowe was ready to scream with the vague feeling that something crushing and awful had occurred. But the sight of the reality tied her tongue. A strange and unaccountable feeling of strength held me up, and I felt as though I were the master of

the situation. I impressed upon Mrs. Barlowe the necessity of coolness, and she seemed to obey me like a docile child. I called the servants in, and Grace was carried to her room, followed by Mrs. Barlowe weeping. I placed Ravenshawe on a sofa, loosened his collar, bathed his head with cold water, and then leaving his Indian servant to fan him, I went in search of Mr. Barlowe.

Mr. Barlowe's bungalow, as mentioned before, was not very far off, and, as the bright moon had not yet gone down, I went alone to prevent all needless alarm. My way lay among rows of tall pines, whose leafy ranks were pierced through and through by the silver darts of slanting moonlight. But my mind was too much dominated by the oppressive incidents of the evening to cast more than a passing glance at the silent communion of earth and heaven, which at other times would have inspired other thoughts. All thought was now annihilated by the unearthly image, the horror-struck face of Ralph, and the sweet, drooping countenance of Grace. Oblivious to all else I plunged into the living mass of pines. Some distance before me stood the tall figure of a man, robed in white. The figure looked as though the restful light of the moon had crystallized into the form of a human being. I approached the spot and was startled when I recognized my Brahman preceptor.

"Well, Punditji," I said after the first greeting was over, "to what good fortune do we owe your visit here?"

"By this time, you ought to know better than ask such questions. Do you remember when your steam launch was devoured by the angry waters of the Krishna, and you jumped into what you thought the jaws of certain death with the *Bhagavadgita* in your hand? Do you remember what you said when your manly lifeless body revived on a bed of reeds and rushes on the bank? Have you forgotten your promise?"

"No," I said almost ashamed of myself. "I promised never to be surprised, and never to ask questions. But if your Lordship will remember, my question was one in form but not in substance."

"Ah, my good friend," replied the venerable Brahman in good English, "I have always said the son of the Englishman is a great logician and will argue with King Yama on his death-bed. But enough of that. You have felt the first turn of the wheel of karma. Your Ralph Ravenshawe, though living, is more than dead. In him insanity has usurped the throne of reason. But leave him alone to his karma. Now, listen. The English girl is a strange creature: not many such are born every day. You must watch at her bed side, and expect me there at the third watch of the night."

After giving me a few hurried directions, the form melted away into the sleeping moonlight. Strange as the incident may seem to the reader, it was not so to me. During the course of my instruction under my venerated teacher I had learned enough of practical psychology to understand the nature of the mysterious power which some abnormally constituted persons naturally possess and others acquire by a long and laborious course of training, and which enables them to temporarily separate the soul from the body and project it at will to any part of the globe. The incident on the

river Krishna, to which the Mystic referred, was the first time that I had received a practical demonstration of what I had before but theoretically studied in Sanskrit writings, the names of which are too strange and outlandish for English ears.

I found Mr. Barlowe sitting at his writing table with a whole heap of books and papers before him. I told him briefly what had occurred. He jumped up from his chair with a vigour which his burly frame hardly warranted, and came to the side of the table where I was standing.

"What!" he said, "further complications! Here, Madhu,— I will send him off at once for the doctor. But you know enough of medicine, St. Clair, to be useful now. Is Ravenshawe dead? Oh, Grace, my poor girl!"

"No, but his life will be a death. His will be the maniac's life of horrors. May his soul be in peace! Miss Stanley is in a very critical condition."

"And you have come to tell me that. For Heaven's sake go and attend to her. You seemed to be more attentive to the miserable beast of a cooly who had the cholera, you remember. You put off the pig-sticking to look after him, and you don't move your little finger for Grace. You know a double murder will be on your head. For I tell you Mrs. Barlowe will never survive the loss of her Grace. Go, run to her and do something."

"The best thing to be done for Miss Stanley now is to let her alone for a little while. Later on I shall see her. The ayah and I between us will watch her through the night until Dr. Christopher arrives. If you send for him now I dare say he will be here by day-break. But where is the doctor of the plantation?"

"He is gone on seven days' leave. We must telegraph for him. But, you know, he is good enough for the coolies, but not for Grace."

"Be cool Barlowe," I said, "I shall do all that has to be done. But you must exercise your influence with Mrs. Barlowe to keep her away. She will only make herself ill with excitement. With the ayah's help I shall do all that is necessary."

Half an hour after I was in Grace Stanley's room, from which Mrs. Barlowe had to be literally torn away. The ayah lay on an improvised bed outside the room, so as to be in readiness when I called. I stood by the side of Grace's bed, feeling her pulse, which was feeble and fitful. I thought of Ralph in the drawing-room, worse than dead, and I thought of the past and the strangeness of the occurrences, which had followed each other with breathless rapidity bringing desolation on every side. I looked at the unconscious form of Grace Stanley. The plucked flower seemed to be already withering. The moonlight fell on her colourless face, her lips like two crushed leaflets, her arms intertwined one with the other, and her bright white teeth. In the moonlight she looked like a denizen of the world of dreams. Ah! Master, you have conquered: life is but a dream. The dream of Brahma is the day of man. Grace breathed a deep sigh and opened her large brown eyes in bewilderment; she did not seem to recognize anything, and, as if oppressed by the

struggles of the mind to adjust itself to the surroundings, closed them again with a feeble groan; a few tear-drops ran down her cheeks. I was relieved at the signs of approaching consciousness, and hastened to give her some medicine. As I touched the medicine bottle which stood on a small table by the bed-side, I received a strong shock as if from a powerful electric battery, and at the same moment saw the astral body of the Punditji standing in the middle of the room. I kept quite still while he looked towards the door in silence. He approached me slowly and pointing to Grace said:—

“She is awake, but not strong enough to speak. Put your hands on her forehead.”

I did as I was told, and Grace heaved a sigh, deep and long. Then with a sudden impulse she sat up in bed, with her hair streaming down and her eyes fixed as if on some invisible object. Punditji warned me in a whisper not to move or speak unless at his direction. I sat spell-bound in my chair.

“There, I see Ralph,” exclaimed Grace. “He sees me not. It is a splendid ball room, and he stands amidst a throng of brilliant men and women. Ralph is the handsomest man in a company of handsome men. He meets a beautiful brunette, the queen among the women there. The music bursts into waves of dance-provoking enchantment. Ralph and the brunette are borne along the waves. I cannot see the face of his companion. A thick cloud enfolds it. Ah! what unspoken thoughts radiate from her, assuming the shape of transparent luminous snakes that wriggle and wriggle round him. Now they dart into his eyes and twine round his brain and heart, fold after fold. Ha! there is another which strikes his lips, and like a slender thread of smoke penetrates into those bright spots in his heart and obscures them. There’s yet another, that like the vapour of some subtle poison sinks into the bones of his fingers and with lightning speed courses through every fibre in his body. With impotent violence the blood rushes in tumult through his veins and arteries. Alas! they cannot quench the fire that burns with greyish smoke all through his body. The silver thread of will that holds him to his beautiful soul hangs loose. He trembles. Would that I were with you to pour out my heart and soul in tears to save you from that conflagration! His strong frame trembles at the violent earthquake which convulses his whole nature. He is gone. I see him no more.”

Punditji silently directed me to put my hands on her head.

“Thank you,” said Grace as I took off my hands. “Yes, he is there, the woman sits by his side in all the voluptuous langour of fatigue. She speaks to him but I cannot hear, though I see the psychic maelstrom of passion. I feel its area of suction spreading. I see many who innocently and unconsciously stand on the shore drawn more and more strongly into smaller whirlpools which proceed from the parent source in Ralph and the brunette. She turns her face; the thick cloud which surrounded it becomes thinner and more transparent. It disappears. Good heavens! it is *she.*”

Grace Stanley fell back upon the pillows of her bed as if shot. At the Master's direction I put my hands upon her again. She revived and tried to raise her head, but did not succeed. I removed the pillows in obedience to the silently expressed command of the Brahman mystic, and she lay flat on the bed.

"A neat little cottage it is. The moon, like hope in a heart of despair, breaks into a thousand fragments on the tremulous surface of the lake. What beautiful trees bend over the cottage as if in affection. Ralph leans against a tree, tracing figures on the earth with his stick. A gentle movement of the creepers and the jessamine bushes, and a shadowy form appears at a distance. It is she. Ralph embraces her. They sit on a garden seat on the verandah, her one hand in Ralph's and the other round his neck. Her head droops until it rests on Ralph's shoulder. Oh, again those serpents; they wriggle and flash from the lips, eyes, nostrils and finger-tips of the two lovers.

"Who is that old man, standing before them with a revolver in his hand? She starts up. Ralph moves aside. There is smoke issuing from the tube of the murderous weapon. Ralph seizes the old man by the throat. She hides her face in her hands. They scuffle. The old man falls down—dead. Ralph takes the lifeless body in his arms. How cool the water of the lake. Many would like to sleep in it, but he who goes there did not wish it so. His eyes, though age had stolen their fire, had not yet seen enough of that beauteous form that stood by his side as his spirit took flight in hatred and agony. But she saw the smile in the old man's soul, which none other saw, as it rested in pity and sadness on her soul when the last struggle of life rested in the peace of death." Grace stopped, apparently lifeless. I put my hands upon her, she groaned feebly. I breathed upon her; she opened her eyes and said:—

"Her baby is born. The same cottage. Ralph and she again, her baby in her arms. Ralph remorseful, hard and silent. The Medusan look on her face petrifies him. She presses the baby to his bosom. He turns away at the unearthly look on her face. Hastily snatching the baby from his arms she flings it into the lake, and drops down dead at Ralph's feet.

"The Nemesis is formed by the love of that woman turned to hate, murder, treachery, lust and remorse mingle to give it birth. It feeds and grows upon the unexhausted life-force of the miserable woman. Where he put his foot, there is its foot also. With cool, passionless pertinacity Ralph Ravenshawe's karma dogs his steps. It eats with him, plays with him and watches while he sleeps. Never, never for a single moment does the eye of that karma close—karma to which a form has been given by the fallen soul of her, who broke the bond of wedlock for his sake, whose maniac hand crushed the innocent blossom of the tree of guilt, and whose surcharged heart was shattered by the bursting of its pent up forces."

Grace Stanley strained her large brown eyes as if bent upon the recognition of some object in perfect darkness. The effort was too great and her vital energies, well nigh exhausted, had to be frequent-

ly replenished by an artificial process before she could go on any further. In a few seconds an inexpressible calm lighted upon her. She closed her eyes in the perfect repose of a month-old babe. Her voice seemed to vibrate with a strange music, and soon became so changed and etherialized as to be but the memory of its old self. As she spoke the words seemed to come out with the clear, deep-cut ring which belongs to the purest crystal.

“The threads of the two lives,” she continued, “are too much entangled to be easily separated. Ralph was too swiftly moving to a part of his life’s orbit which would have destroyed the power of the miserable half-dead creature, the executioner of the Law of Karma by the influence of other forces which had lain dormant in him. But the strain was too great. Ralph’s life was not strong enough to bear the backward pull. His love for me did not succeed in breaking the ties of remorse, which held him bound to his guilt and crime.

Reason, the milky-way for the soul’s communion with outer life, is completely shattered. But my love is strong enough to build it again. I know it is and the Law of Karma will order it so. I see it now. I see how the past changes into the present, but I may not utter it. My last life was lost for love, this one will be sacrificed for it. It is well that it should be so. I see the golden flight of my soul.”

With a smile whose silvery radiance transformed the whole being of the strange girl she sank into a state of peaceful calm which defied all description. The early glow of the approaching sunrise was playing among the softer gloom of the nocturnal sky from which the moon had disappeared, and the chorus of birds, heralding the awakening life of the day, poured in through the window which I threw open for the freshness of the morning air.

“Rise,” said the venerated preceptor, “the doctor is coming,” and with a few words of direction, as I was gazing at the transformed features of the beautiful Grace Stanley, he dismissed me from the chamber of the sick.

M. M. C.

(To be continued.)

DESTINY OF MAN AFTER DEATH (ZOROASTRIANISM).

ACCORDING to the Platonic, the Kabalistic, the Hermetic, and the Hindoo philosophies and doctrines, the destiny of the human soul after death, is guided by the character or tendency she has evolved during her preceding life on earth. This character or tendency is what is known by the well known epithet of Karma, and for a lucid and philosophical exposition of it, the reader is referred to the exhaustive and able annotations to “Light on the Path.” by P. Sreenevas Row. It is not held by the said doctrines that, as erroneously propounded by some Western religionists, a human soul is consigned to any good or bad state or region for eternity, for the sake of actions committed within a life time of at the most a hundred years. Such absurd views, revolting to the human mind as well as to the laws of nature, are not entertained by the said

doctrines. They mostly hold that, after death, every human soul passes into a spiritual region, where, for a length of time, many times longer than the time passed upon earth, she enjoys the fruits of her spiritual tendencies, and when these are exhausted, her death in that region takes place. This is equivalent to saying that her material tendencies then assert themselves and draw her down to the material plane. Controlled by the influences of her Karma, she is attracted, by the law of gravitation, as it were, to that conjunction which is likely to prove agreeable to the proclivities of her nature. The soul, generating good Karma, takes birth on higher and higher planes until after a series of rebirths, she arrives at that stage when her material tendency perishes and she generates no Karma, and thus becomes freed from being drawn down to the material body and material plane, and then she is pure spirit, a being of a very transcendent order. The souls that do not generate Karma appropriate for higher planes, must necessarily undergo rebirths on either their preceding material planes or lower ones until they generate such Karma. But some souls degenerate to such a depth that they lose the divine principle in them; in other words, they so utterly neglect their spiritual tendency and become so far immersed in the mire of matter that, after a series of rebirths on lower and lower planes, they lose the power of generating spiritual affinities, the spark of divine life is quenched in them, or rather the divine principles leave them and return to their original source. These souls, which have become devoid of the divine principles and therefore of the faculty of comprehending the true state of things (just as in the case of lunatics while on earth), are generally called evil spirits of the astral plane or region (a region betwixt the spiritual and the material regions). These evil spirits remain there until they are, in the course of time, disintegrated just as a human body or a material thing, subject to physical laws, disintegrates and resolves itself into its component elements. But though devoid of the divine principles, these spirits retain their material vitality for hundreds of years, and during this period they have to undergo considerable suffering just as a human body does, when attacked by a painful disease, destined ultimately to prove fatal. Their very essence being of matter, and being the result of their never-ceasing and never-restrained love of material objects and passions, their craving for material subjects is intense, and it is said to be their principal tendency to be attracted to evil thinkers and evil doers and to impure abodes. Just as good spirits and beings of transcendent orders are said to love and to abide in the pure and god-loving, evil spirits are said to love and abide in the impure and god-hating, and they always tempt man to be evil. Besides this order of the evil spirits of the lower part of the astral plane, there are many others, and a more extensive account of them all is to be found in the "Perfect Way," in Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism," and in the writings of some of the Platonists.

Opinions, more or less similar to those we have above described, underlie almost all the doctrines prevalent in the world. Even

amongst barbarians, in places most widely apart, such as the aborigines of Australia and the aborigines of America, similar views have prevailed from time immemorial. The same is true of the populations of the vast countries of India, Japan, China and many others. Surely no one would go to the extent of saying that human kind could be imposed upon to all this extent; why should the philosophers of all countries as well as the most ignorant barbarians instinctively entertain similar views? Says Professor Draper, "That the spirits of the dead occasionally revisit the living, or haunt their former abodes, has been in all ages, in all European countries, a fixed belief, not confined to rustics but participated in by the intelligent..... If human testimony on such subjects can be of any value, there is a body of evidence reaching from the remotest age to the present time, as extensive and unimpeachable as is to be found in support of anything whatever."

Philosophers of all capacities, from the highest to the lowest, of all countries and all ages, of characters most pure and unimpeachable, of intellects the brightest imaginable, as well as prophets of all ages and countries, have more or less testified to the above views, and who can doubt their veracity? These were the personages who have solved the mightiest problems; what God is, what the universe is, how it came into existence, and where is its end, what man is, whence he came, and whither he is bound, and what guides his destiny; these mighty problems were solved by them and they intuitively knew the truth of what they said. These are the personages who have, by their influences, guided the moral and spiritual tendencies of all the nations of the world, of the most wise as well as the most ignorant. Their influences have guided the destiny of nations from time immemorial and will so guide for ages to come, despite what the wiseacres may say. Can we doubt the testimony of such personages? Yet, even in this degenerate age, there still exist persons who intuitively know *the Truth*. They know it because they see it with their highly developed intuitive powers, and for an ordinary man, to see it, he must be what they are.

To return to Zoroastrianism. The only book of the Zoroastrians, from which principles of the doctrine can be inferred, is what is called the Zend Avesta. This book is a small volume in itself, and appears to have been subjected to fearful interpolations by the sacerdotal orders. There are a few other books written in the Pehelvec and the Pazand dialects, but they most deplorably betray their author's ignorance of the very spirit of Zoroastrianism. There are two other books named the Desatir and the Dabistan, the doctrines contained in which seem to accord more or less with the views above expressed, but they are said to be the doctrines of some sects of the Zoroastrians, such as Yazdians, Abadians, &c. The wonder of wonders is that there is not the least indication or trace of there having ever existed a Zoroastrian philosopher since the editing of the Zend Avesta, which is itself a very disappointing specimen of Zoroastrian literature. The Avesta is too unintelligible, and can be comprehended correctly by those alone who read it in the light of esoteric philosophy. Though Hindoo

philosophies have now been generally admitted by esoteric thinkers to be the source of all other advanced philosophies, the Chaldean school is the channel through which the western philosophies, such as the Platonic, the Hermetic, the Kabalistic, &c., appear to have drawn their knowledge. Read the Chaldean doctrine by Thomas Stanley, read the Zoroastrian Oracles and the commentaries thereupon,* read the works of the Platonists, and you will find the name of Zoroaster constantly recurring in them. Whether this Zoroaster was or was not the original propounder of the Zoroastrian doctrine, we need not discuss, but there are ample proofs to show that the philosophy of the (Persians) Zoroastrians cannot be materially different from the said philosophies. Often we read that Plato and Pythagoras derived their knowledge from the writings of Zoroaster. Under all these circumstances, despite what outsiders may say, we consider ourselves fully justified in interpreting (for our own use at least, and for the use of those who may choose to accept our interpretations) the Zoroastrian doctrine, by the light of the various esoteric philosophies above named. It is from this standpoint that my preceding papers as well as the present one have been written. That Zoroastrian doctrine is mostly clothed in metaphor and enigma, is, to esoteric thinkers, unmistakably plain, yet it will be worth while to quote a similar opinion expressed by Moshan Fani in his *Dabistan*.

“The substance of the venerable Zardusht’s precepts is contained in enigmas and parables, because with the mass of society, fabulous narrations, though revolting to reason, excite stronger impressions. In the next place, if it were proposed to communicate to an ignorant person the idea of the existence of the necessarily existing God, independent of cause, he could not understand the proposition; and if we speak to him concerning the uncompoundedness of intelligences, the immateriality of souls, the excellence of the sphere and stars, he becomes overwhelmed in perplexity and amazement, being utterly unable to comprehend spiritual delights or tortures, or discover the exact truth; whilst the precepts enforced by the figurative expressions of the law come within the understanding of high and low, so that they are profited thereby, and the explanation of the law is attended with a good reputation both in this world and the next. The select few undoubtedly comprehend the nature of certainty, religious abstraction and philosophy, although the vulgar, in general, hold these in abhorrence: it therefore becomes necessary to clothe the maxims of philosophy in the vestments of law, in order that all classes of society may derive their appropriate advantages from that source.”

That portion of the writings of the Avesta which can give one some idea of the destiny of man after death is the following fragment from the Avesta:

1. Zarathustra asked Ahura-Mazda: Ahura-Mazda, Heavenly, Holiest, Creator of the corporeal world, Pure! When a pure man dies, where does his soul dwell during this night?

* All these are being reprinted by me.—D. J. M.

2. Then answered Ahura-Mazda : near his head it sits itself down, reciting the Gatha Ustavaiti, praying happiness for itself : Happiness be to the man who conduces to the happiness of each. May Ahura-Mazda create, ruling after his wish. On this night the soul sees as much joyfulness as the whole living world possesses.

3. Where does the soul dwell throughout the second night ?

4. Then answered Ahura-Mazda : near its head it sits itself, &c. (as in verse 2.)

5. Where does his soul stay throughout the third night ?

6. Then answered Ahura-Mazda : near its head it sits itself, &c. (as in verse 2). Also in this night this soul sees as much joyfulness as the whole living world (possesses).

7. When the lapse of the third night turns itself to light, then the soul of the pure man goes forward, recollecting itself at the perfume of plants. A wind blows to meet it from the midday region, from the midday regions, a sweet scented one, more sweet-scented than the other winds.

8. Then it goes forward, the soul of the pure man, receiving the wind in the nose (saying) : Whence blows this wind, the sweetest-scented which I ever have smelt with the nose ?

9. In that wind (?) there comes to meet him his own law in the figure of a maiden, one beautiful, shining, with shining arms ; one powerful, well grown, slender, with large breasts, praise-worthy body ; one noble, with brilliant face, one of fifteen years, as fair in her growth as the fairest creatures.

10. Then to her (the maiden) speaks the soul of the pure man, asking : What maiden art thou whom I have seen here as the fairest of maidens in body ?

11. Then replies to him his own law : I am, O youth, thy good thoughts, words, and works, thy good law, thy own law of thy own body. Which would be in reference to thee (like) in greatness, goodness, and beauty, sweet-smelling, victorious, harmless, as thou appearest to me.

12. Thou art like me, O well-speaking, well-thinking, well-acting youth, devoted to the good law, so in greatness, goodness, and beauty as I appear to thee.

13. If thou hast seen one there practise witchcraft, practise unlawfulness and bribery, fell trees, then thou didst set thyself down whilst thou recitedst the Gathas, offeredst to the good waters and to the fire of Ahura-Mazda, whilst thou didst seek to satisfy the pure man who came near and from far.

14. Thou hast (made) the pleasant yet more pleasant to me, the fair yet fairer, the desirable yet more desirable, that sitting in a high place, sitting in a yet higher place, in these (Paradises) Humata, Hukhta, Hvarst.* Afterwards men praise me, and ask Ahura-Mazda, praised long ago.

15. The soul of the pure man goes the first step and arrives in (the Paradise) Humata ; the soul of the pure man takes the second step and arrives at (the Paradise) Hukhta ; it goes the

* The respective literal meanings of the three terms are purity in thought, purity in word, and purity in deed.

third step and arrives at (the Paradise) Hvarst; the soul of the pure man takes the fourth step and arrives at the Eternal Lights.

16. To it speaks a pure one deceased before, asking it: How art thou, O pure deceased, come away from the fleshly dwellings, from the earthly possessions (?), from the corporeal world, hither to the invisible, from the perishable world hitherto the imperishable, as it happened to thee—to whom (be) Hail!

17. Then speaks Ahura-Mazda: Ask not him whom thou askest, (for) he is come on the fearful, terrible, trembling way, the separation of body and soul.

18. Bring him hither of the food, of the full fatness, that is the food for a youth who thinks, speaks, and does good, who is devoted to the good law after death, that is the food for the woman who especially thinks good, speaks good, does good, the following, obedient, pure, after death.

19. Zarathustra asked Ahura-Mazda: Ahura-Mazda, Heavenly, Holiest, Creator of the corporeal world, Pure! when a wicked one dies where does the soul dwell throughout this night?

20. Then answered Ahura-Mazda: There, O pure Zarathustra, near the head it runs about whilst it utters the prayer Ke-manm,* &c. Which land shall I praise, whither shall I go praying, O Ahura-Mazda? In this night the soul sees as much displeasing as the whole living world.

21. Where does this soul then keep itself the second night through?

22. Throughout the second night it runs about near the head, &c. (as in verse 20).

23. Where does this soul keep itself the third night?

24. Throughout the third night it runs, &c. (as in verse 20).

25. When the lapse of the third night approaches towards light, O pure Zarathustra, then goes the soul of the wicked man to the impure place, recollecting itself continually by the stench. To it comes a wind blowing from the region, an evil smelling one, more evil smelling than other winds.

When the soul of the wicked man receives this wind into the nose, it goes (saying) whence comes this wind which I smell with the nose as the most evil-smelling wind?

33.† The fourth step takes the soul of the wicked man and arrives at the darkneses without beginning.

34. To it speaks a formerly deceased wicked one, asking it: How, O deceased wicked one, art thou come away from the Drukhs from the fleshly abode, from the earthly possessions, from the corporeal world to the spiritual, from the perishable to the imperishable, how long—woe to thee!—was it?

* Yasna 45.

† The M. S. S. omit verses, 27—32 which must, however, of course, have contained a description exactly the converse of verses 9—15. In the Minokhired the verses corresponding to this passage say that the soul of the wicked meets the ugliest and most hateful maiden that can be conceived, and on asking her who she is he is told that she is his own wicked deeds, &c.

35. Then speaks Aura-mainyu : Ask it nothing, it whom thou askest, which has wandered on the fearful, terrible, trembling way, the separation of body and soul.

36. Bring hither food, poison and mixed with poison, for that is the food for a youth who thinks, speaks, and does evil, belongs to the wicked law, after his death. This is the food for a harlot who most thinks, speaks and does evil, is indocile and disobedient, the wicked after her death.

In the above fragment, much is allegorical and metaphorical, but the fact is plain as daylight that, like many other ancient philosophies and doctrines, Zoroastrianism declares that the destiny of man after death, is guided solely by the karma he has generated during his existence in the material world. To a superficial reader, the fragment might seem to imply that the actions of a single life-time would carry one, according to his deserts, to either of the two extreme ends, the Eternal Lights or the Eternal Darkness. That the actions of a single life-time would consign one either to eternal bliss or to eternal condemnation, is an absurdity, not entertained by the above named doctrines, nor by the laws of nature, and no one would suppose that Zoroastrianism could have ever entertained it. What the fragment indicates, is the *ultimate destiny* of any one soul, that is, a soul *ultimately* attains to the Eternal Lights, or, to the reverse of it, the Eternal Darkness. In the former case, the soul, as we have explained already, becomes a transcendent being, and unites herself with the Deity ; while, in the latter case, becomes a spirit of the astral plane, condemned to disintegrate ultimately.

Probably the following views described by Moshan Fani in his Dabistan, as held by some sects of the Parsees, called the Yazdians, the Abadians, &c., will be a fit complement to this article :

“ They also say, when this immortal spirit attains to eminence in praiseworthy knowledge and belief, that is, pure faith and good works, that on leaving this lower body, it succeeds in uniting itself to the sublime uncompounded spirits : but should it not attain to this high emancipation—bestowing degree, it is united to that sphere, in relation to which its acts were upright. If the habitual language were praiseworthy and the works performed meritorious, but it should not have attained to the rank of union with a sphere, it being then divested of corporeal elements, remains in the lower world with the similitude of a bodily form, and in consequence of its praiseworthy qualities, it enjoys in appearance the view of the nymphs, palaces, and bright rose bowers of paradise, and becomes a terrestrial Angel. But if its words have been reprehensible, and also accompanied with evil deeds, on deserting this material body, it obtains not another similarly constituted, and is unable to reach the region of Light. Being thus separated from the primitive source, it remains in the abode of elements, in the Hell of concupisence and passion and the flames of remorse : ultimately it becomes the prey of malady, but does not obtain a higher mansion : the soul of such a description finally becomes an

Ahriman, or evil Demon. If in a spirit destitute of praiseworthy conversation, the good actions preponderate, but in consequence of the attachment of the heart to matter, or through ignorance, such a spirit attains not to the dignity of liberation, it removes from one body to another, until by the efficacy of good words and deeds, it is finally emancipated from body and gains a high rank. Sarabi thus says :

“The truly free, as soon as possible, disengages himself from body :

“If he cannot extricate himself from skin, let him resign his doublet.

“But if the spirit be prone to error, it descends successively from the human frame to the animal body : such are the doctrines of their distinguished men. Some, however, of this sect, in whose language all is metaphorical and figurative, assert, that sometimes the spirit, through excessive wickedness, becomes by insensible degrees connected with plants and vegetables ; and frequently by progressive gradations, becomes joined to mineral or metallic substances. According to this class of believer, there is an uncompounded soul in each of the three kingdoms of nature : and they acknowledge that every thing possesses a ray of existence from *Shid Shidan* or ‘Effulgence of Light.’ One of the eminent men, agreeably to this view, has said,

“The soul is the marrow of certainty, the body its envelope :

“In the robes of spirit contemplate the form of a friend (the Creator.)

“Whatever object bears the impress of existence,

“Regard it as the reflection of light or his very self.”

DUNJIBHOY JAMSETJEE MEDHORA.

THE RULES OF PRACTICE FOR THE STUDENTS OF RAJ YOG ;

OR

SARTHANTHIKAVIDHI SLOKAMS.

PART IV.

18. IF one knows that one became the other, then that one is *the man*.

[To *know* is to realize, to feel, to regard. The true and worthy man is he who looks upon and loves his neighbour as himself. The Christian Decalogue and the Aryan Ethics teach the same principle. “Love thy neighbour as thyself,” &c. “आत्मवत्सर्वभूतानि,” This short saying conveys much meaning. Neighbourhood exists between two men, two houses, two towns, two countries, two continents, and two worlds. A selfish miser first loves himself ; for his self’s sake he may love his family members. This love first beginning at home may extend to the neighbour. When the first neighbour is identified in love with self, the love may extend to the second next neighbour, and so on. The psychological fact is that “Emotions spread themselves over the collaterals.” Thus

the selfish man may grow so philanthropic as to love all in the town he lives in. This love in a good man in course of time spreads to the whole country, continent, and world. He becomes a true philanthropist at last. This one touch of Love makes the whole world kin. This is the spirit of *Universal Brotherhood*. And he who realizes and practises this principle of *Universal Brotherhood* deserves to be called by the name of *man*. His life is so gentle, and "the elements so mixed in him, that Nature might stand up, and say to all the world 'This was (rather *is*) a man!'" *Julius Cæsar*. Act V, Sec. 5.]

19. Desiring what, and for what end, should the body be tortured ?

[Since all the effects of such tortures—for instance, the Hata-yogic tortures, postures, and disciplines—are terrestrial, transient and ephemeral, and since the *one, permanent, and eternal* and *incomparable* bliss is that of *Nirvana* or *Moksha* or *Mukthi*, tortures are abortive. To attain the bliss of *Mukthi* no tortures are necessary, but knowledge or *Gnyanam* or the perception of the one Truth is the *sine qua non*.

This is what Sri Sankara Charya inculcates in the following verse :

ज्ञानविहोनस्सर्वमतेन मूर्त्तिनभजतिजन्मशतेन

"In no way will he who has no (divine) knowledge ever attain *Mukthi* even by *several* or *hundreds of* births." This is the Raja Yogi's guide.]

20. An intelligent Brahmin knowing Athma contemplates Him.

[Sri Sankara Charya's disciple Anandagiri says :—

योगरतविभोगरतो वासंगरतोवासंगविहोनः ॥

यस्यब्रह्मणिरमतिचित्तं नंदतिनंदतिनंदव्येव ॥—॥

which means "When one is either practising *Yoga* or enjoying happiness, or rejoicing in company or living in solitude, one,—whose mind is rooted and revelling in Brahma,—that one alone is truly rejoicing, rejoicing, and rejoicing." Sri Krishna, in *Bhagavad Gita* in verse 22, Chap. IX "beginning with "अनन्याश्विनयंतोनां," &c., teaches that, him I shall take care of whoever and anon contemplates nothing else than myself—*Paramathma*."]]

21. What is the good of talk or much talk ? Is it not simply causing pain to the mouth, jaws, and vocal organs ? (Therefore giving up much and useless talk, practise silence and calmly and contemplatively climb to *Paramathma*.)

22—23. What propels us to desire *Mukthi* for the unfettered and intact mind, that alone also propels those of us that desire *moksham* to ever secure our minds free from external bonds and intact from external objects.

24. Mind is itself *Sansara*, itself (the world); therefore one should study mind with all efforts.

[Mind is a mighty subject than which there is nothing both *more* and *less* familiar either to a savage or a savant. The subject of Psychology tantalizes a school-boy and rebuffs a scholar. The subject has been, or is, never completely studied and learned. The psychical forces are buried deeper down in the mental mines than the golden ore in the bowels of the earth. The deeper he digs, the more he finds. To enumerate the effects of psychical forces, let me merely mention the eight familiar Sanskrit names:— (1) *Anima*, (2) *Mahima*, (3) *Garima*, (4) *Laghima*, (5) *Prapthi*, (6) *Prakamyā*, (7) *Isathwa*, and (8) *Vasithwa*—this group known as *Ashta-siddhies*. The *Second Creation* by Viswamithra (mentioned in the Puranas) is the result of these eight siddhies. Unveil the covers of impurity and uncleanness—in brief, destroy the six enemies of man, viz., Lustful love, Anger, Miserliness, Irrationality, Pride or Vanity, and Jealousy or Hatred—these are the chief mental impurities—and the mental mirror will be all the brighter. The face of man in it looks more divine, while water and washing may cleanse the physical impurities, no amount of words or water and washing can cleanse the *mental* impurities,—but *work, good work* alone, with a good *desire*. That good desire in the true sense is the one based on *unselfish* motive. Mind is the originator of all *karma* whose sweet nectar or bitter poison we drink throughout our lives according to our unselfish or selfish aims. The readers of the chapters on “Devachan” and “Kama Loka” in the “Esoteric Buddhism” of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, need no more to be told of the wonderful power of mind, both for good and for evil, in the septenary constitution of man, than to be asked to note how vast and wonderful are the effects that await the results of the formidable strife between the higher and lower principles in man, and how a man is saved or lost for a *Manvantara* according to the success or failure in the strife. Sri Bhagavad Gita, the introductory portion of which treatise is so ably commented upon by Mr. T. Subba Rao in the February *Theosophist*, is from the beginning to the end one beautifully continuous picture of the struggle between the good and the bad, higher and lower principles. The mind’s attachment and affinity to the former or the latter set of principles make a man happy or miserable. The purity of the fountain-head of mind is therefore insisted upon. Thus, though lowest in order, yet highest in importance, becomes the third object of the Theosophical Society—“to investigate and study the latent psychical powers in man.” This object being very difficult is prescribed to be followed by but a few competent members.

To examine mind and to know where its mighty forces for good and bad are stored up, and then to expel the bad forces from the store room—to do all this no amount of effort will ever suffice.]

25. Identifying everything which you perceive by your five senses with the one Life—Brahma—think of all things as Brahma Himself.

26. So long as the *Maya* screens the true nature of things—in short, so long as the fairy Truth is in the *Avidyaic* (=of Ignorance) *purda*—so long we have to assume the existence of the permanent

basic Truth, Brahma, in the heart of the transient, apparent and nominal realities.

27. Rather than suffering from the thought of self as the physical body, think of self as Brahma himself.

[While the former kind of thought is a source of all woes and sorrows, the latter kind of thought is a fountain of joy and happiness. The "I" of the physical body which is the means of suffering good and bad influences of the surrounding externals, suffers. This "I" is *Jivathma*. That "I" which gives life to *Jivathma*, and which merely witnesses actions and things, remaining always unaffected, and which overshadows the physical "I", is the *Paramathma*—who has no mind, therefore no sorrow, no disease, no desires, &c. (*Vide Sri Sankaracharya's Athma Bodh, Eng. Tran. by the writer, verses 32—34.*) Since everything (including himself) is Brahma; there is nobody to offend one but oneself. Nobody is offended much with the wrong done *by* himself to himself. Again, he—who is also Brahma—cannot and therefore does not feel pain or agony, for Brahma is free from all feelings. Therefore it is inconsistent for one to feel or suffer after he has realized the fact that he as well as every thing else is Brahma; and his absence of suffering is self-happiness.]

28. The disc of Brahmie thought in the mind or heart cuts asunder the strong knot of mind and lower principles. When this Gordian knot is cut the selfishness dies, and with it die also, hatred, anger, &c., which can only be measured from the standpoint of self or selfishness. Every thing being Brahma, there neither is, nor appears to be, any distinction of self and not-self. Then one sees *everything as himself or as Athma*. आत्मवत्सर्वभूतानि

[This passage also inculcates the lesson of Universal Brotherhood. The *mayic* differences cease and knowledge begets unity or oneness.]

30. Know that the existence of finite objects of desire is only very changing and transient.

[As good and bad are blended together, so also are happiness and misery. Joy in extreme is sorrow, and *vice versa*.*]

31. Reject the multitudinous sastras, and adore and pursue the Truth in everything.

[Sastras are too voluminous for the study of a lifetime. One century, nay, several centuries are not enough to study the Vedas. Therefore reading alone without practising is both foolish and futile. Much reading will insure *fame*, while good work and patient persevering practice will insure *merit*. Fame and name shed their dim light on a man's career only on this earth. They are purely earthly, whereas merit enlightens a man's course both above and below. Merit springing from below spirally soars to the sublime spheres. It makes a man *deserve to desire*.]

* "The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy,
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident." Shak: *Hamlet*. Act III. Sec. II.

32. He who has a wife wishes to enjoy her ; and he who has no wife wishes no such enjoyment.

[This is a general truth. Possession—at least for the time being even—is necessary for enjoyment. There is no enjoyment with the *nothing*. This ideal or false enjoyment exists only in dreams and in the Utopian regions of Fancy and Imagination. As for the time being the dreamy enjoyments seem to be real ones—while they (as all of us know) *are not*,—so also do these earthly ephemeral and false enjoyments appear, while in fact they are but as moonshine.

Thus the true object of enjoyment is that which is true and eternal. But man's ignorance persuades him to believe the unreal to be real and makes him enjoy that unreality as a reality. And he who has no ignorance—*i. e.*, wife—cannot find any enjoyable thing under the sun ; and therefore he does not, nay, cannot, wish to enjoy anything that is unreal. Moreover possession creates association ; association, action ; and action, effects. Association is bad. Its absence is good. निसांगत्वेनिर्माहृत्वं says Sankaracharya. Also compare what Sri Krishna says on this point to Arjuna in *Sankhya yōga Bhagavad Gita*—Ch. II, verses 62-3. Therefore we have to eradicate bad association which leads to bad action and hence to bad effects. Much more therefore is it necessary to destroy or lose *possession*.]

33. He who gives up women gives up the world ; and he who gives up the world, becomes happy.

[The evils resulting from the possession and enjoyment of women by men are sufficiently told in several works of Sankaracharya and other authoritative books. It is through her the children, family, house, lands, professions, cares and anxieties, the *meum* and *tuum* of this world,—all become prominent. It is with her a man becomes a *Grihastha* (a householder) and a *sansari*, a family man. The more one loves her the more she fetters him, and the longer becomes the term of his confinement, harder the stripe for liberation, and more uncertain the success. The man is thus stifled in his own web. With much disgust and abhorrence, with a great and firm resolution and reasoning, and with a truly philosophical spirit she and her company must be abandoned by the earnest student and seeker of Truth—Athma.]

B. P. NARASIMMAH.

(To be continued.)

CONDUCT.

CONDUCT, it has been said by one of the ablest of living English writers, makes up at least three-fourths of life. Hence it is supremely important that we should find some criterion by which our conduct may be ordered to the best advantage. Though in different parts of the globe there are considerable differences of opinion in the estimation of the heinousness of similar crimes, we find on the whole a universal prevalence of similar ideas of right and wrong. The difference is not so much

in the ideas themselves or in their nature as in the reasons on which those ideas are founded. A large portion of mankind consider that they are bound to act in certain ways, because they would otherwise displease their deity and in that case would be visited with punishment. Others uphold a system of morality and abide by it on the ground that all are bound to act in such a manner as to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. There is, however, a third way of arriving at the foundation of a sound system of morality which seems to possess the further recommendation that it is contained in the very nature of things. For if we admit the action of one life governed by one law, working throughout the universe, then what we call right must be simply action in accordance with that law, and what we call wrong must be action in opposition to it.

The main characteristic of the universal law is that under its operation all things tend to reach out towards a higher development, as does also the universe itself. Hence action in accordance with that law will be action that will serve to promote our higher development, and not such as will tend to hinder it by the indulgence of the lower or animal nature.

Again, by treating others with brotherly kindness, we shall help on their development also, and it is our plain duty to do this if we are to follow the dictates of the universal law, for if we act in a different manner, if by considering our own interests alone and endeavouring to promote them at the expense of others, by selfish action, then we act against the law which makes for the development of the whole as well as of every part, and we shall infallibly be crushed by the forces of nature. Once admit the real intrinsic unity of the universe, and what has just been said must follow as a natural corollary.

Thought governs action and to arrive at right conduct, right thought must be cultivated. The mind must be restrained and its workings must be made to proceed in the most spiritual direction that we are capable of conceiving. We must act not from intellectual impulse merely, but in accordance with our highest intellectual conceptions of the truth. It is here that an acquaintance with the esoteric doctrine or wisdom-religion is seen to have a definite practical value. Its great practical recommendation is that it furnishes us with a comprehensive theory of life as a whole and so gives us a rational ground on which to order our conduct. Moreover it gives a unity to the whole course of our life, so that we are able to live for a definite end and to make progress that is real and lasting.

The two main passions by which man is governed are those of love and hatred. The former makes for unity, the latter for separation and destruction.

The doctrine of reincarnation follows the acceptance of the doctrine of human perfectibility, for if this perfectibility is a fact, and it is also a fact that it has to be worked out by evolutionary development, then we can conceive no other way in which this result can be brought about. Higher development in some state of existence other than that of our present earth life, cannot produce the same effects, and if we know that a portion at least of

our development must inevitably be worked out on earth, then, unless we admit that there is such a thing as partial development only, the whole remaining portion must in like manner be worked out on earth. Unless this be so, one of two things must happen. Either this life must be final, in which case our best course would be surely to please ourselves only at whatever cost, or else in the higher spheres, if their existence be admitted, there will be nothing but confusion.

There are some who consider that human immortality is confined to the succession of life on earth and that we shall live again in our descendants and thus only. If death immediately followed the production of offspring, there would be some show of reason in this hypothesis, for it might be argued that the parents dying, left their essential selves in their children, endowing them by the law of heredity, with the result of their experience and so on. But as a matter of fact this is not what actually does happen. For the most part men and women live some years after they have given birth to children. Hence the question arises, what becomes of the experience gained by a man after his paternity, are we to suppose that it all perishes with the physical body? Has all the energy generated by unfulfilled aspirations, and that was latent in faculties that never had a chance of full fruition, no further existence? Unless we accept the hypothesis of reincarnation there does not seem to be any satisfactory answer to this question.

The accumulation of experience, the formation of the real man, goes on until the day of his death or at least as long as his faculties remain unimpaired. If it is true that any further development is to take place, that development must start from the stage attained during the whole life and not merely from a point reached some years before death.

Again if this development is to take place it is evident that the starting point must be as it were a quintessence of the whole life of the man, further progress can only be possible as an addition to what has been *completely* accomplished, hence it is that a state of rest becomes in the majority of cases a necessary part of human development, in order to get rid of the energy set up by unfulfilled desire and the like.

MAURICE FREDAL.

ESOTERICISM IN HARDWAR.

OF the seven places of pilgrimage mentioned in the article on "Places of Pilgrimage in India" (*Theosophist*, Oct. 1885) Máyá is the third. The general reader will perhaps find some difficulty in identifying the place under the modern designation of Haridvára or Haradvara. But the archæological researches made at the instance of the Indian Government leave no doubt on the subject. Dr. Hunter in his *Imperial Gazetteer* (Vol. IV, p. 2) says:—"Hiouen Thsang, 7th Century A. D., speaks of Mo-yu-lo identified with Máyura, remains of which still exist at Máyápura, a little to the south of the modern town... Abul Fazl, in the time of Akbar, speaks of Máyá, vulgarly Haridwara on the

Ganges... In the next reign Tom Coryat who visited the place describes it as Haridwara." This renders the identification complete and marks the time, the 16th Century, when the old name was abandoned in behalf of the present designation.

The principal statue at Hardwar is Máyá Devi, and is thus described by General Cunningham:—"It is a three-headed and four-armed female in the act of killing a prostrate figure. In one of the hands I recognized a *chakra*, or discus; in the other there was an object like a human head, and in the third hand a *trisula* (trident). This is certainly not the figure of Máyá Devi the mother of Buddha, nor is it exactly that of any goddess with which I am acquainted. It corresponds best with the figures of Durga; but if the name assigned to it is correct, the figure must be that of the Puranika Máyá Devi, who, according to the Bhágavata, was the energy of the supreme, and by her, whose name is Máyá, the Lord made the universe."—*Archæological Survey*, Vol. II, p. 233.

Dr. Hunter dissenting from General Cunningham proceeds:—"But the action of the figure is most decidedly opposed to this identification; and I am therefore inclined to assign the statue to Durga, the consort of Siva, to whom Vishnu gave his discus and Siva his trident. This attribution is the more probable, as there is close beside it a squatted male figure with eight arms, which can only be Siva; and on the outside of the temple there is a Lingam and a statue of the bull Nandi."—*Imp. Gaz.* Vol. IV, p. 2.

It is necessary only to say that both these writers are correct in their identification, for Durga and Máyá are one and the same. In the Brahma Vaivarta Purana it is stated that Durga is the primeval energy of Narayana (Vishnu) and the efficient cause of emanation, conservation and destruction. "By her I (Vishnu) emanate, through her exist Brahma and the gods, through her the universe remains victorious (*i. e.* undestroyed), by her emanation exists, without whom the manifested universe is not... This is the liberating energy of the emancipated and the Máyá of those who are in the bondage of changing conditioned existence." The difficulty of the writers cited above is entirely due to their failure to apprehend the nature of Máyá. The generally prevalent conception of Durga is connected with that aspect of her in which she is the tutelary goddess of Bengal, and the gladdener of every Bengali heart like the autumnal moonlight with which she appears to bring restful leisure and festive rejoicing. The ten-handed goddess on her lion, conquering the buffalo-born *asura* and having Siva on the top of her image, embodies an awful mystery. Durga here represents spiritual wisdom, the pure Máyá or Vidyá, the totality of the energy in man and nature, or more correctly in man. For there is no energy in nature which is not in man, while there are energies in man with which nature has no connection except through him. Man can attain to *mukti* which nature cannot. Durga is the dynamic energy as well as the eternally static energy. She is the liberating energy of the emancipated as well as the dynamic energy of those in bondage. As the first she is called the *Sva-*

tantra or *Turiya Sakti*, an aspect of Siva the Pratyagátma and one with him, as in the other she is the *Kriyá Sákti* or Rudrani. The gods and goddesses by her side are the energies of perception and volition. Lakshmi, who is to her right, is *Ichha Sákti* or power of volition in its feminine aspect, while *Saraswati* is the similar aspect of *Gnáná Sákti* or power of perception. The male aspects of these energies are represented by Karti Keya and Ganesha respectively. It is not within the scope of the present paper to enter into details, but any Sanskrit scholar can do so for himself, following the line of inquiry here indicated. Siva on the top is the Pratyagatma or Turiya consciousness, which is the same as Paramatma. The ten arms of the goddess are the ten Mahavidyas or rays of spiritual wisdom spoken of in the Tantras, the same as the ten forms or murtis of Krishna mentioned in the Gopala Tapani Upanishad, Pt. II. The eleventh is Turiya whom none can worship. For it is the union of the worshipper and the worshipped. The Asura is the whole power of illusion born of buffalo, the vehicle of Yama the Law, and thus the symbol of the evolutionary energy, *avidyá*, which perpetuates bondage. The lion is the same as Brahma Vidya. The Sanskrit word for a lion is *simha*. As Sri Sankaracharya explains in his commentaries on the Nrisimhapani Upanishad, *sim* means bondage and *ha* the destroyer. Although the present paper is meant to be suggestive and by no means exhaustive, there is a deep lesson taught by our tutelary goddess which cannot be overlooked. After fighting for ages with the *asura*, the goddess was told by him that any boon she might ask him would be granted. She consented to do so on condition that he should accept a boon from her. As a result the goddess placed her left foot on his shoulder and he became her vehicle; and she ordained that whoever worshipped her as she then was would attain liberation. Plainly stated it means there is no wisdom but the right perception of illusion, and when that is developed both disappear, and Nirvana is—what it is. It is like the multiplication of a fraction by its reciprocal which leaves unity. Vidya and Avidya are but the positive and negative aspects of the Brahma Vidya or Máya in its highest aspect of Maya, which from a different point of view is the same as átmá. The character of the Asura's aspect is shown by the negative foot being placed upon him.

The Maya that is seen at Hardwar is the Maya as operating in the third of the seven lotuses in man—the *swadhithawa padma*, corresponding to the svarloka of our Brahmanda, and to the element of fire or astral light. It represents the state of a yogi who has realized his true personality, the *jiva* that goes from birth to birth; outside the temple is Siva which dwells in the region of the heart, the next higher *Padma*. He is the same as the Purusha of the Katha Upanishad,—he who sleeps in the “hollow of the heart,” as Mr. Edwin Arnold renders it—the individualized consciousness of the plane of *sushupti*. To this point we shall presently revert. Maya being thus the Vaishnavi Maya has three heads, representing the three *gunas* or qualities, *satva*, *rajas* and *tamas*, by the conjoint operation of which the *jiva* exists. Her

four hands symbolize the four aspects of *ahankára* or egotism, according as the influence of one of three *gunas* predominate. The hand holding the discus, which stands for the *manas*, is *vaiakrita* or *ahankára* under dominated by *satva gunam*; that holding the human skull is *shutádi* or *ahankara* under the overpowering influence of *tamas*, producing the five subtle elements, the third hand, the content of which General Cunningham omits to tell us, is *tajasa* or *ahankára*, mainly affected by *rajas*, and producing the ten faculties—five of sensation and five of action. We should expect this hand to hold some weapon of offence or the noose (*pasa*), as *rajas* is mainly instrumental in perpetuating bondage as well as the destroyer of the prostrate figure which represents the gross elements. The hand holding the *trisula* is *ahankára* in the state of the equipoise of the three qualities on the psychic or astral plane. The Siva outside is the man who, in his absolute state, *not* condition, is the rider on the bull, which is the Pranava and therefore the four states of consciousness. As the man Siva has eight hands or forms, *viz.*, the five elements, *manas* presided over by the moon, *ahankára*, the actor or sacrificer, and *buddhi* which is the emblem of the sun. These constitute the eightfold nature mentioned in the *Bhagavad-gita*, p. VI st. 4. The ninth is the *mula prakriti*. Remembering this the Srichakra becomes intelligible.

The energy of Maya as represented at Hardwar is the third chakra seated in the umbilical region. This is the centre from which all the lower energies in man proceed and thus the world is kept in its present condition. Hence this is the spot from which the *marta* (worldly) Ganges flows. But we shall reserve the subject of the sacred Ganges for a future paper. It will suffice for the present to draw attention to a group of five places which form a kind of appendage to Hardwar. These are the Pancha Kedaras. The word Kedara means a field and the five Kedaras are the five sheaths of Vedanta Philosophy, the five *lingams* in Benares. Beyond the five sheaths is the true individuality, the Siva, who is indicated by the five *lingams* or characteristics. This is the real significance of *lingam*. It also symbolizes Priapus, for that is the characteristic of manhood.

MOHINI M. CHATTERJI.

INITIATION.

AS every one knows, in all the great religions of old time, there were certain grades among the devotees, and the successive steps by which these grades were attained were marked off by initiation into the mysteries.

Such initiations still exist among the votaries of the Wisdom-Religion and, being by their very nature involved in the most profound mystery, much curiosity has been awakened as to their precise character. There are many who seem to look upon initiation as a purely mechanical process which depends solely upon the will of the initiator, and some seem inclined to blame the stewards of the mysteries for not publishing whatever knowledge

they may possess as widely as possible, so that it may be within the reach of any individual of an enquiring turn of mind.

The really important part of initiation is however the fitness of the candidate himself. Just as it is said in the Bible that new wine put into old bottles is liable to burst those bottles, so, in like manner, if esoteric knowledge is imparted too far in advance of the progress already made, the mental balance of the candidate will be upset and madness is liable to supervene.

Hence the attitude we should adopt is not so much one of an intense desire for initiation—often but a form of ambition, the wish to be wiser than our fellows—as an intense determination to do everything in our power to fit ourselves for reception as initiates.

If it is true that “the whole universe is an aggregate of states of consciousness,” it would seem to follow that the real difference between one who is an initiate and one who is not lies in the fact that the former looks at all things from a totally different standpoint to the majority of men. It is not that he has acquired certain items of knowledge that others do not possess, such as the way to manipulate the hidden forces of nature, but that he is on a higher plane of consciousness altogether. If such a higher plane has been attained, it will follow that his whole range of ideas will differ from that of others and he will be sensible of the operation of causes of a more far-reaching character than those cognised by others. He will be as it were in the possession of higher and superior information and so will be able to form juster conclusions and this fact alone will give him enormous power.

The action of the entire universe is but a detailed manifestation and example of the action of mind on matter, governed at the highest point by the action of the universal mind. Between the finite human mind of the ordinary uninitiated individual and this universal mind lie an infinite number of gradually ascending degrees, and the higher the plane of consciousness the nearer is the approach to the universal mind which is, as it were, the mainspring of the whole. Although there are no hard and fast lines in nature yet these various grades may be marked off into great main divisions; and it is the successive attainment of these, one after the other that is represented by the degrees of initiation. When one plane of experience has been exhausted, there is needed, as it were, a fresh impulse to enable us to go on higher and this it is that is supplied at the time of initiation.

ALPHA.

THE ALLEGED PHOTOGRAPH OF A MASTER.

A copy of a photograph now selling at Mussoorie as a portrait of the Mahatma “K. H.” having been shown me, I hereby declare that it is not a likeness of that personage, but of, apparently, a Sikkim or Bhootan lama of the Dug-pa sect.

H. S. OLCOTT.

Reviews.

A ROMANCE OF DUALITY.*

IF our modern authorities had sounded the depths of human nature and calculated the orbital paths of human passions, one might compile a moral calendar in which the varying phases of national literature would be predicted. But all they can tell us at present is that the predominant spirit of an age mirrors itself faithfully in every department of its mental activity; and that the future historian of our present epoch will find in contemporaneous fiction a perfect clue to the successive motives of our actions, as one or the other has alternately prevailed. Just now the nodal point of our Anglo-Saxon social orbit is attracting towards us a meteoric shower of "psychological novels;" as that of the French is a deluge of physiological ones. We demand startling tales of mysticism; our neighbours realistic ones of lust. We watch for the flitting ghost, they for the flitting lover. Our thirst for mystical stories seems to increase with what it is fed upon, and even the soberest magazines are forced to yield their precious space to tales and essays upon the popular theme which are enough to make their several founders turn in their graves. Ours is not a mere gross appetite for ghostly horrors like that of our grandparents, which supped upon the "Mysteries of Udolpho," the "Castle of Otranto," and improbable romances of that highly-spiced class. Nor should we bear patiently with a Mistress Anne Radcliffe, or a Mr. Thomas Moore coolly explaining away at the end of their blood-stirring tales, all their phantoms and mysteries in the most absurd way by prosaic theories of imposture or accident. We require our mystical romancers to teach something; we want our authors to weave whatever they can of the observed facts of modern spiritualism, clairvoyance, mesmerism, thought-transference, and Asiatic occultism into the thread of their narratives, and to make their stories square with the laws of occult science. The novels that have done this have proved the greatest successes, and some—like the "Strange Story" and "Zanoni"—enjoy a perennial popularity. The book under present notice will not pass muster under such tests. Its *motif* is highly sensational, but it is too untrue. It is suggested that the author caught the plot in a dream; if that were so, and he had made that the starting-point of research into occult science, he might have produced a master-piece that would have perpetuated his name among the great writers of this class. Unfortunately he did not, and hence "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" will barely escape classification with those hair-lifting, cheap books called by the vulgar, "shilling shockers." The story runs thus: A London physician, born rich, clever, of rather animal tastes, yet so fond of the respect of the wise and good as to make him conceal his pleasures, is the hero. For respectability's sake he becomes a double-dealer, like many another man; yet no hypocrite, for both sides of him were in dead earnest. "I was," says he, "no more myself when I laid aside restraint and plunged in shame, than when I laboured in the eye of day, at the furtherance of knowledge or the relief of sorrow and suffering. And it chanced that the direction of my scientific studies, which led wholly towards the mystic and the transcendental, reacted and shed a strong light on this consciousness of the perennial war among my members." Gradually, yet surely, he drew near "to that

* "Strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." By R. L. Stevenson. London 1886. Price one shilling.

truth that man is not truly one but truly two." He says two, because the state of his own knowledge did not pass beyond that point. Others would follow and outstrip him on the same lines: he even hazards "the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens." This idea the author seems to have caught from the now famous treatise on *The Elixir of Life*, that first appeared in this magazine. It became to his hero "a beloved day dream" to dwell on the thought of the separation of these elements. If each "could but be housed in separate identities, life would be relieved of all that was unbearable; the unjust might go on his way delivered from the aspirations and remorse of his more upright twin; and the just could walk steadfastly and securely on his upward path, doing the good things in which he found his pleasure, and no longer exposed to the disgrace and penitence by the hands of the extraneous evil. It was the curse of mankind that these incongruous fagots were thus bound together—that in the agonised womb of consciousness, these polar twins should be continuously struggling. How then, were they dissociated."

The author here falls into the fatal error of ignoring that the aim and strife of the true occultist is to "kill out desire," to awaken in himself that overmastering love and attraction for what is high and pure which, when fully developed, extirpates the thirst for what is base and ignoble, and lifts the individual to the plane of the higher consciousness. So, instead of making his hero evolve the diviner self, he sets him to creating a monster of evil out of the lower propensities. Such a social scourge deserved only instant annihilation. Brooding and experimenting over his laboratory table, he comes to "perceive more deeply than it has ever yet been stated, the trembling immateriality, the mist-like transience of this seemingly so solid body in which we walk attired... I not only recognized my natural body for the mere aura and effulgence [shadow, would be the better word] of certain of the powers that made up my spirit, but managed to compound a drug by which those powers should be dethroned from their supremacy, and a second form and countenance substituted, none the less natural to me because they were the expression, and bore the stamp, of lower elements in my soul."

He had not attained the "projection of the double," but the transformation of the better self A into the evil self B, with a physical body to match the inner character, as his normal outer self had previously matched his composite inner self. The results were terrible even to read about: this artificial second being, a thing of unmixed evil, acted like a demon of lust, hate and malignity. It rejoiced with a savage joy in the commission of crime for its own sake, and beat to death without provocation an unoffending passer-by and stamped and danced upon the body of a little girl whom he had knocked down in the street. The respectable physician, the man of high social position, who was surrounded with friends and all the appliances of comfort and tranquillity, had but to swallow a certain decoction and, presto! in a moment he had become changed into another personality, as different as possible as to size, complexion, expression of face, gait, tone of voice, and moral characteristics! Thus transfigured he—always keeping the old self-consciousness, yet with a modification adapted to the new personality—would sally into the streets and plunge to his heart's content into every imaginable excess. But a catastrophe the experimentalist might have but did not foresee, took place; by degrees this evil entity grew so strong as to overmaster

the weakened better half of the man : *it became now more difficult to remain the natural than the unnatural being.* Often he would have to take double and even treble doses of his decoction, to recover his natural shape and often, to his terror, he would find upon awakening in the morning that during sleep the good "Doctor Jekyll" had automatically become the fiendish "Mr. Hyde." This was so great a peril—a price having been put upon the head of Hyde by the authorities for one of his murders—that the wretched man was compelled to shut himself up in his laboratory and deny himself to all visitors, even to his own servants who, of course, were ignorant of what was going on. At last, when the final drop of his decoction had been drunk and no more was procurable, and he had been existing for some days as the hunted murderer Hyde, with no hope of being able to retransform himself into the immaculate Dr. Jekyll, he took poison and so ended his fearful life.

This is a highly dramatic story, and the author evinces that strong mystical bias which he had shown in his previous noted works of fiction. But in homage to his genius, we are compelled to say that it is inferior to its predecessors in plot and detail of construction ; while as a study of occult science it leaves much to be desired. The occultist will not deny the possibility of transforming the physical body (*Sthula Sarira*) by the solvent and recreative power of the Will. This is done, as alleged, by the highest Yogis when they wish to continue their psychic development in the same incarnation. After the body has reached the utmost limit of its usefulness as a "house" to dwell in it must be repaired and re-vitalised ; to effect which the Yogi throws himself into the state of *Samadhi*, and thus remains for a number of months. We are also taught in the "Elixir of Life" the psycho-physiological rationale of this process. But this is a natural one, quite the opposite of that imagined by Mr. Stevenson as occurring in the case of his Jekyll-Hyde, which is simply unthinkable save upon the hypothesis of miracle—something outside the occultist's consciousness. The latter would be quite ready to admit that such an *apparent* transformation could be made, a person appearing at one instant to be one thing and the next a totally different one. Nay, some of us have seen the still more startling effect of the instantaneous disappearance of a living person from before our eyes. But these are phenomena of *Maya*, (mesmeric illusion), the visual organs of the observer being momentarily deprived of the faculty of correct perception by the focalised will-power of an adept mesmeric operator. The physical body, solid though it seems, is truly a thing of "trembling [vibrating] immateriality, of mist-like transience" as Mr. Stevenson puts it ; yet nothing short of a miracle-working power—if such an unscientific thing could be postulated—would be able, without causing instant death, to tear asunder its molecules and reassemble them after another pattern of human personality. Quite possibly I may have quoted to me my own report of the transformation of Mrs. Compton, the American medium, into the phantasms known as the child Katie Brink and the Indian chief Seneca. Readers of my book ("People from the Other World") will recollect that by sight, touch, weighing and measurements, I proved that Compton had disappeared from the corner-cupboard where I had effectually fastened her, and that the moving, speaking phantasmic forms were physically different from her. Yet even this phenomenon is within the range of Asiatic *maya*, which can equally influence all the five senses. As for the projected human "double," there is scarcely any limit to its protean self-transformatory powers. The radical fallacy in the present instance is that a complete man A is made to change into a complete man B—flesh, bones, and entity—and when the desperate wretch kills himself with prussic-acid the form found lying on

the floor by those who burst into the room, is not the normal Dr. Jekyll but the abnormal Mr. Hyde. In the history of mediæval "lycanthropy" the opposite thing happens, for the *maya* cannot survive the Will that has created it. The book under notice is therefore, misleading to the beginner in mystical study.

H. S. OLCOTT,

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY.*

THIS quaintly bound book—printed on loose sheets held together between boards by cords of the same colour as the binding—is written for children and puts the main truths of theosophy in simple language adapted to the understanding of the young. It gives an account of karma, incarnation, reincarnation, devachan, etc., and also contains a sketch of the life of Gautama Buddha. The book does not so much appeal to Asiatic readers, but we earnestly recommend it to all American and European members of the Theosophical Society, many of whom may have found difficulties in giving short and easy explanations of the truths of the esoteric philosophy. It will be found especially useful by those who have children, and we also think it will be found useful by a good many others who are not children but who are also not born metaphysicians. There is room for more short books of this kind. The last words of the book apply to all of us, whether great or small:—

"Let us both try to be good Theosophists, and perhaps some day we may be able to teach others who know less than we do. Many are asking, what is Theosophy? and there is no more important duty than to give to those who ask; God himself, we are taught, has no higher work."

THE PATH.†

THE first number (April) of this magazine has just reached us and promises well for the future. The following, from the first article, will show the objects of the periodical:

"We appeal therefore, to all who wish to raise themselves and their fellow-creatures—man and beast—out of the thoughtless jog trot of selfish, every day life. It is not thought that Utopia can be established in a day; but through the spreading of the idea of Universal Brotherhood, the truth in all things may be discovered. Certainly, if we all say that it is useless, that such highly strung, sentimental notions cannot obtain currency, nothing will ever be done. A beginning must be made, and has been made by the Theosophical Society. Although philanthropic institutions and schemes are constantly being brought forward by good and noble men and women, vice, selfishness, brutality and the resulting misery, seem to grow no less. Riches are accumulating in the hands of the few, while the poor are ground harder every day as they increase in number. Prisons, asylums for the outcast and the magdalen, can be filled much faster than it is possible to erect them. All this points unerringly to the existence of a vital error somewhere. It shows that merely healing the outside by hanging a murderer or providing asylums and prisons, will never reduce the number of criminals nor the hordes of children born and growing up in hot-beds of vice. What is wanted is true knowledge of the spiritual condition of man, his aim and destiny. This is offered to a reasonable certainty in the Aryan

* Boston. Cupples Upham and Company 1886.

† The Path, a magazine devoted to the Brotherhood of humanity, Theosophy in America, and the study of Occult science, Philosophy and Aryan Literature, edited by W. Q. Judge, published under the auspices of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York.

literature, and those who must begin the reform, are those who are so fortunate as to be placed in the world where they can see and think out the problems all are endeavouring to solve, even if they know that the great day may not come until after their death. Such a study leads us to accept the utterance of Prajapati to his sons: 'Be restrained, be liberal, be merciful; It is the death of selfishness.'

The magazine contains a paper on the mystic syllable A U M showing its connection with the Logos, the Divine creative word, and showing also how this syllable is symbolical of a cycle of creation, and furthermore that "it represents the constant undercurrent of meditation, which ought to be carried on by every man, even while engaged in the necessary duties of this life."

Dr. Pancoast contributes a learned article on the Kabbalah and we hope to see more on this subject from his pen in future numbers. A paper on Seership, treated from the Oriental stand-point will be found both instructive and full of suggestion. "The nature and Office of Buddha's Religion" reprinted from the first volume of the Theosophist, "A prophecy about Theosophy" from the same, together with Reviews etc, complete the contents of the magazine.

The fact that it is edited by Mr. William Q. Judge is in itself a guarantee that the present standard of excellence will be fully kept up, and the magazine bids fair to be a most important factor in helping on the spread of those great truths which the Theosophical Society has been the means of once more bringing before the attention of mankind.

RAJA YOGA.*

THIS book contains a translation of the Vakyasudha or Drigdrishya-viveka of Bharuatitirtha and the Aparokshanubhuti of Shri Sankaracharya together with the Sanskrit text and commentary of the former. The whole is prefaced by a masterly essay in which is given a clear and succinct exposition of the theory of Raja Yoga and its philosophical basis in both Western as well as Eastern systems.

In this introduction the writer commences by showing that the main underlying characteristic of the universe is its changefulness, a fact that is most sternly presented to our notice in the great change we call death. Reflecting on the universality of this law of change, the conviction is forced upon us that the phenomenal universe is impermanent in its nature. "Once the idea of the unpermanence of this phenomenal world takes possession of a man, he is not able to shake it off: nay it presses upon him with so great a violence that ultimately it grows with his life and strengthens with his body." A man who has arrived at this stage has attained the first of the qualifications of a candidate for initiation into the mysteries of the Vedanta, viz., disgust or Vairagya, for he has lost all taste for the world and its pursuits. Hence he finds that happiness must reside in something that cannot be affected by the law of universal change. The course of conduct most conducive to the attainment of happiness appears to be that which is most in accordance with the highest good, since all conduct must derive its sanction from virtue. But the question is what is virtue, and what is the highest good? To find out this we must learn to discriminate and so we arrive at the stage of discrimination called by Sankaracharya Viveka. The whole problem is thus seen to be a search for the immutable and unchanging. Our author then gives a short summary of

* *Raja Yoga, or the Practical Metaphysics of the Vedanta, with an introduction, etc.*, by Manilal Nabhubhai Dvivedi, B. A. (Sold by Mr. Damodar Ishvardas, Kalkadevi Road, Bombay. Price Rs. 1-8).

the views of the principal Grecian and other philosophers and finds as the result that "the search for truth is as old as the world or at least as the mind of man" that the greater masters of old, "the custodians of the higher methods of inquiry," may have formed the nucleus of an occult brotherhood of teachers and philosophers, such a brotherhood being made almost a necessity owing to the effects of the great intellectual cataclysms that have followed one another in rapid succession, and that modern discoveries are not new ones.

He then touches upon modern science and shows that it starts "with the phenomena of the physical universe which it reduces into Matter and Energy—which are again assumed to be co-existent and co-extensive." It also teaches us that matter exists in one or other of three states, solid, liquid or gaseous: that what are called the chemical elements, form the superstructure of all the forms of matter with which we are acquainted, and that the whole universe is governed by the law of evolution.

Comparing the Adwaitee doctrine of evolution with the conclusions of modern science it is found that the two are in perfect accord. A further harmony is found in the ontological speculations of the Adwaitees and the more recent European ones, but it is shown that the Western thinkers have failed to grasp the whole truth in that their conception of the "unknowable" is a purely negative one. Our author says "If there were no life in the cause, there is no chance of its appearing in the effect. If the Unknowable had no life in it, it becomes difficult to understand what extraneous element, independent of the Unknowable, can come at some future stage to confer life upon one of its manifestations." In contrast with this, according to the Adwaitee doctrine "matter is spirit and spirit is matter. The two are in fact different manifestations of Mulaprakriti. They exist potentially and therefore the duad is but unity, which then when manifesting itself becomes a trinity. For it is only when the Logos (the Son) is born that the Father and Mother (the two manifestations of the eternal substance) can be taken cognisance of. So long as there is no differentiation in the universal consciousness (Brahma)—the universal fifth principle—there can be no individual consciousness to take cognisance of these potentialities"... "Thus we arrive at our main conclusion that the one all-pervading principle of this universe is Mulaprakriti; in other words the universe is Brahma itself. This is a conclusion warranted alike by science and philosophy. This is the truth, loudly and logically declared by Aryan Adwaitee philosophy, the truth round which the human mind centres and gravitates throughout the history of the world."

Hence happiness must rest in a thorough grasp and understanding of this universal truth. Next follows an analysis of the mind according to the teachings of the Awaitee philosophy, in order to show how this understanding is to be attained. This ends the first part of the Introduction. The second part, which is a sort of supplement or amplification of the first, treats the universal problem from a more purely vedantic standpoint, showing how the practice of Raja Yoga is conducive to the attainment of happiness.

Studied in the light of the introduction, the translations that follow will be found full of high spiritual teachings. We congratulate the author on the able and skilful manner in which he has explained the rationale of Raja Yoga and trust his little book will have a wide circulation.

Literary and Personal Notes.

ANANDABAI JOSHI.—We have all reason to feel proud of the success of our courageous sister Anandabai Joshi in taking her degree of Doctor of Medicine at the excellent Woman's College of Philadelphia. Her modest behaviour, courageous adherence to caste customs, and assiduity and intelligence, have won her the enthusiastic regard of her teachers and all acquaintance. She returns, as we prophesied she would, a staunch Hindu, and has before her a brilliant professional career.

MR. W. T. BROWN.—According to latest accounts has left Germany for America and is working for Theosophy in connection with the Rochester T. S. and its gifted Secretary Mrs. J. W. Cables.

DR. F. HARTMANN is bringing out in London an enlarged and improved edition of his work on Magic, which will be a standard authority upon this subject. He is also making excellent use of the very exceptional chance offered in his access to a private collection of Rosicrucian books in Germany, by the compilation of a work upon the noble Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross, which should be one of the most valuable in existence.

WE have received from Mr. Chavali Ramaswami Sastri, Madras, a prospectus of a work on Yoga Philosophy, to be compiled "from the best standard works, such as Patanjali's Aphorisms, Yoga Yagnavalkya Smriti, the Upanishads, Hatthayoga Pradipika, Siva Yoga Pradipika Raja Yoga Pracasika, Manta Yoga Kalpataru, Laya Yoga Rashasya, Siddha Natha Tantram and also from Smritis and Puranas."

The text and commentary will be in Sanskrit, and translations will appear in Canarese, Telugu, Tamil and English. Illustrations will be given of the several postures, and the qualities of certain drugs used in Yoga practice will be treated of.

The book is expected to be ready by April 1887. The subscription for the complete book of five parts will be Rs. 7, if paid before the 1st of August next.

Mr. G. Krishna Charyar, Kanarese pundit of the Christian College, Madras, announces that he intends to publish a second part of his Dhaturnavali, the conjugation of Sanskrit verbs, provided he can get three hundred subscribers. The book is to be issued in monthly parts for a period of nearly three years, and the subscription for the whole part will be Rs. 7. The price of Part I is Rs. 2-12.0.

WE have received a small pamphlet "The nature and aim of Theosophy," by Dr. J. D. Buck of Cincinnati, U. S. A. It contains an excellent summary of the aims and objects of the Theosophical Society, and we trust it will have a wide circulation. It is published by R. Clarke and Co., Cincinnati.

THE Occult Publishing Company of America have reprinted Mrs. Sinnett's "Purpose of Theosophy," and also "Light on the Path." Their catalogue contains several valuable works on mystical subjects.

Correspondence.

"THE VIRGIN OF THE WORLD."

SIR,—It is so very painful to me to be misunderstood by your reviewer and, possibly, also, by the readers of the *Theosophist*, among whom are many of my personal friends, that I beg you to be so kind as to set me right with my critic by publishing the following brief remarks on his last article.

1. I consider the "Kore-Kosmou" to be a fragment, on the hermetic method, of late date, for the various deities introduced into it are clearly Greek, not Egyptian. My reviewer himself called attention to this fact on p. 96 of the *Theosophist* for November. This being incontestable, and the very title of the fragment itself being Greek in derivation and in allusion, I cannot think myself to blame for having given a Greek interpretation to the whole fragment, especially as the manner and motive of it are wholly in accord with the Drama of the Kore-Kosmou as known to Greek contemporary writers.*

2. Where I say that Isis is "not properly a Principle" I mean of course, as I thought would be clearly understood, not one of the seven principles which make up the microcosm (Man) or the macrocosm (World) if from the term "world" the satellite of the earth be excluded. With the rest of my critic's views in regard to Isis I have no fault to find. I do not agree with his conclusions but that is a mere question of scholastic opinion.

3. I fail to make out the cause of my critic's confusion in regard to Dionysos Zagreus and Osiris. I understand that the Greek Mysteries deal with the Lapse and Rehabilitation of the Soul (Persephone) and with the Incarnation, Martyrdom and Resuscitation of the Spirit (Dionysos) in their macrocosmic sense, and, only by analogy and implication, with the same mysteries in their microcosmic sense. The World and Man correspond in all their parts, hence what is said of one is inferentially implied of the other. But I think that Osiris always meant the distinctively human aspect of Dionysos,—not to be confounded with him, because it would be incorrect to speak of Osiris, as the Seventh principle of the World,—but his analogue, the only Begotten in man,—manifested as the Redeemer. Consequently Osiris is third in the chronological series, because man is himself the result of the evolution of the world and not co-œval with it. I do not know that any precisely equivalent Persona of Dionysos is to be found in the Egyptian Pantheon. I know that some writers affirm him to be of Egyptian origin, but the question needs to solve it more erudition than I possess. At any rate I feel pretty sure the equivalent cannot be sought in Osiris, for Osiris is clearly the analogue of the Christian Christ, not of the Kabbalistic Adonai.

4. The difficulty which my critic feels about the guardian angel seems to be chiefly due to the misunderstanding arising from his failure to construe as I intended, the term Principle as relating only to one of the seven microcosmic principles. Of course an influence is the effect of a principle.

I am very sorry to find that my critic and I do not agree on other heads, but it would be useless to enter into any discussion of these, nor have I the least wish to do so. I merely desire, by your kind permission, to explain the few points in regard to which he appears not to have grasped my meaning.

Faithfully Yours,

ANNA KINGSFORD. M. D., F. T. S.,

April 2nd 1886.

* Persephone was, in Arcadia, often called the Virgin of the World, (Kore Kosmou) the Saviour Maid (Soteira) and our Lady, (Despoina).

SUPPLEMENT TO

THE THEOSOPHIST.

JUNE 1886.

CEYLON.

THE President-Founder returned from Ceylon on the 4th May, and has since remained at Adyar. The objects of his three-months' visit were mainly accomplished, and Mr. Leadbeater stops permanently at Colombo to carry on the work. During this time Col. Olcott addressed public and private meetings thirty-two times, Mr. Leadbeater twenty-nine times. Tours among the villages of the Western and North Western Provinces were made in Col. Olcott's famous bullock-cart—which is an office, dining-room, and sleeping-apartment for five, all combined—and above five hundred rupees collected for the Sinhalese National Buddhistic Fund. A new Sinhalese edition of 5000 copies of the Buddhist Catechism was published at the "Buddhist Press" of our Colombo Branch; and two editions of 2000 copies each of an introductory, or child's, Buddhist Catechism by Mr. Leadbeater were disposed of. The accounts of the Colombo Branch, and of its weekly organ, the *Sandaresa*, and those of the Buddhist Press, were overhauled and audited, and improvements effected in the management. Subscriptions amounting to some three thousand rupees were obtained towards a Building Fund for the Colombo Branch. The old "Buddhist Defence Committee" of 1884, as whose representative Col. Olcott conducted his successful negotiations with Lord Derby, was reorganized upon a permanent and more national basis. The Buddhist flag—whose colored stripes represent the traditional hues of the auric rays which are said to have emanated from the Tathagata's body when he was in *Samadhi*—was finally perfected, and the dimensions proposed by Col. Olcott adopted as the standard. Fraternal communications were sent to the Buddhists of Siam and Japan. An arrangement was partly made for the publication in Germany of a translation of "The Light of Asia." The holding of semi-annual paddy-shows, with prizes, at the Colombo Head-quarters, for the benefit of Buddhist agriculturists, was determined upon and the first one announced. A Convention of Buddhist priests—the third of the kind—was held by the President Founder at Colombo. This and other useful work was accomplished, and a programme of city and suburban tours was arranged for Mr. Leadbeater, and the distribution of some thousands of charity-boxes in aid of the National Fund and Colombo Branch was provided for. Col. Olcott's labours were somewhat interfered with by a severe attack of fever which confined him to his room for nearly a fortnight and temporarily reduced his strength; but thanks to a strong constitution and simple diet, he soon rallied and is now as well and hearty as ever. We are pleased to learn that there is every probability of our Buddhist Section being represented at this year's Annual Convention by several influential delegates. There is even a chance that the universally respected High Priest Sumangala and the eloquent Buddhist champion Megittuwatte will come to take part in the ceremony of the opening of our Oriental Library, the building for which approaches completion.

ON May 9th a very interesting address was delivered in the Theosophical Hall at Colombo by Mr. V. N. Narasimiyengar, a District and Sessions Judge of Mysore. He said that as he was paying only a flying visit to Ceylon he had had no intention of appearing before the public during his stay, but his Buddhist friends had so earnestly assured him that a few words from him would

be welcome to their compatriots that he could not but take them at their word. Although he was a complete stranger to the audience before him—though he was not only of a different race, but also of a different religion—he was yet emboldened to say what he had to say by the fact that the great Founder of the Buddhist system had enjoined upon his followers a respect for the Brahmin caste, to which he (the speaker) had the honour to belong. Though himself a Vishishta Adwaiti, and consequently at variance with the Buddhists as regards some doctrines, he could unhesitatingly say that there was no nobler code of morality than that taught by the LORD BUDDHA, and that perfect obedience to it could not but bring happiness in this world and the next. But he regretted to notice that there seemed to be several important points in which the Sinhalese Buddhists had departed from the wise rules laid down by their Great Teacher. Though he had been only a few days in Ceylon, he had been observing the manners and customs of the people, and he hoped they would excuse him if he drew their attention to what appeared to him to be certain anomalies. First of all, he was unable to understand how it was that a people the first tenet of whose religion forbids the taking of any life whatever should nevertheless constantly be in the habit of eating animal food. Secondly, he was much pained to see that, in spite of the direct prohibition against it contained in the *Pancha Sila*, the use of intoxicating liquors was alarmingly common in the island. Nothing destroyed a nation, body and soul, more thoroughly and rapidly than the spread of drunkenness, and he implored his Sinhalese friends to use every effort to check the growing evil while yet there was time. He feared that these two vices—the eating of flesh and the drinking of alcohol—had been adopted in imitation of the customs of the dominant race. It was pretended—though he himself did not believe it—that for the dwellers in a colder climate these things were necessary; but at least there was not the slightest excuse for their use by the inhabitants of this favoured isle. He strongly deprecated a rash and indiscriminate adoption of foreign habits merely because they were foreign, and though we owed it to our country and our ancestors not to give up a national custom for a foreign one until we were certain that the latter was really an improvement upon the former. He did not wish to be considered as a foe to progress; he only wished us to ascertain, before making a change, that it *was* in the direction of progress, and not in that of retrogression. It was impossible to suppose that the ruling race thought better of the natives for slavishly copying European customs that were obviously unsuited to their surrounding conditions. A minor instance of the same mistaken feeling which he had noticed was the extensive adoption by the Sinhalese of heavy European clothing, which, though no doubt sufficiently well suited to the requirements of the English climate, was certainly neither comfortable nor convenient in the tropics—to say nothing of the fact that it was enormously more expensive and less picturesque than the Oriental costume. He was very glad to see that the Theosophical Society, which had done so much for India, was actively at work in Ceylon also, and he earnestly hoped that the same good results might follow its labours here as on the neighbouring continent.

The speaker was heartily applauded, and after a few words from the chairman (Mr. C. W. Leadbeater) the audience dispersed. The need of the new Hall which the Colombo Theosophical Society intends to build was very clearly shown on this occasion, as it was impossible to find seats for even half of those who presented themselves. Not only the hall itself, but the adjoining yard and even the street outside were thronged by a dense crowd who stood patiently all through the address, evidently anxious not to lose a single word. Other Brahmin gentlemen in search of a few days' rest and change might do worse than follow Mr. Narasimiyengar's example, and pay a visit to the neighbouring island. They would see a beautiful and interesting country, and be sure of a hearty welcome from their Buddhist brothers; in addition to this they would have the satisfaction of feeling that they were doing something practical towards drawing closer the bonds of fraternity that should unite the various nations of the world. This is said to be the first time—at least since the British occupation of Ceylon—that a Brahmin has addressed a Buddhist audience here; we hope it may not be the last.

THEOSOPHY ABROAD.

It is most interesting to see how the leaven of Theosophy is quietly working in contemporaneous thought throughout the world. By a foreign mail of last month (May) an American official of our Society wrote: "The movement is spreading wonderfully in this country. Theosophy seems to be in all the air. Branches are springing up all over the country and the wave has not yet reached its height. The effect here of the Hodgson Report is *nil*." Mr. W. Q. Judge's new Theosophical magazine, *The Path*, says: "In various intellectual circles there is much discussion of Theosophical literature and, in general, of the subject. Notwithstanding recent malicious attacks upon our harmless and studious Brotherhood, the current of truth flowing through the Society's channels makes itself felt in Boston." From Sweden, we hear that Dr. Carl Von Bergen "has just finished a course of six lectures on Theosophy which have created an immense sensation and interest both amongst the wealthy and the working classes. He is bringing out a newspaper called *Freethought* and is beginning quite a revolution in the public mind. It is a grand work for one man to do." Which it certainly is. A distinguished member in Germany, writing about the effect of the Hodgson Report upon their minds, says: "We cannot comprehend how any one should imagine that sane people like ourselves could become crazy enough to despise upon such evidence what we had learned to honour, love and appreciate." A gentleman in England, whose interest in Theosophy rests upon something higher than a mere thirst for sensational phenomena, writes respecting the recent unpleasantness: "I wish to brush the whole matter aside and put it outside my horizon. My aim is entirely one of moral development, and my warmest gratitude is given to the Founders who have opened to me the path towards a higher understanding, hidden truths, and purer aspirations." The worthy President of our Australasian Branch writes: "With extreme delight I express my gratitude to the writers of such works as 'White and Black Magic,' 'Hints on Esoteric Theosophy, No. 2,' 'The Occult World,' 'Esoteric Buddhism,' 'Light on the Path,' and others, as well as to the Founders of the Theosophical Society through whom such a priceless boon has been vouchsafed to Western students. There must be many thousands in the different quarters of the globe who share these feelings. Let the multitude scoff, there is enlightenment and joy here for the few who can appreciate such teachings."

The above sentiments and facts—which might be multiplied to almost any extent by citations from the correspondence of the Head-quarters—show the firm and non-personal basis upon which our Society is standing.

At latest accounts Babu Mohini M. Chatteji was in Ireland organizing the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society; the members of which, it is gratifying to learn, are particularly if not solely concerned with the study of the Aryan Doctrine.

The wave of Theosophy has even reached South Africa: a provisional Branch being actually at work upon our department of study, and a formal charter applied for. Enquiry has also begun in Japan.

THE BIRTHDAY OF LORD BUDDHA.

THE Full-Moon Day of the Sinhalese month Wessak (Sanskrit Vaistákâ) which fell this year on the 17th of May, was celebrated throughout Ceylon with great enthusiasm. By Buddhists this is regarded as the holiest of the year, and corresponds with the Christmas of the Christians. Until last year it had not been recognized by the Government of Ceylon, and Buddhist officials were forced to take special leave and lose their day's pay if they wished to celebrate it. But in his correspondence with the Colonial authorities at London in 1884, Colonel Olcott called Lord Derby's particular attention to this grievance and begged that the day might be gazetted as a public holiday. The application being favorably received, the matter was referred to H. E. Sir Arthur Gordon, and that enlightened and just Governor of Ceylon secured the passage of an Act by the Legislative Council to that effect. The holiday occurred last year just after the action of Council was announced, and the people scarcely had time to celebrate it properly. This year, however, it was

different, as appears from a telegram of the 17th ultimo to Col. Olcott from Sumangala, High Priest. He says: "Universal rejoicing. Accept hearty congratulations." In honor of the occasion the newly adopted "Flag of Buddha's Rays"—a copy of which our Colombo Branch has kindly presented to the Society—was hoisted at sunrise at the Adyar Head-quarters and kept flying until sunset.

A PROTEST.

"WE, the undersigned, are much surprised to read the report of the "Society for Psychological Research on Theosophy."

"The existence of the Mahatmas or Sadhus was not invented by Madame Blavatsky or by any other individual. Our forefathers who had lived and gone long before the birth of Madame Blavatsky and the Coulobes had full belief in the existence of the Mahatmas and their psychical powers and even had personal interviews with them.

"There are persons, in India, even at the present day, who have no connection with the Theosophical Society and yet have interviews with such Superior Beings.

"There are many reasons to prove these well-established facts, but we have no time and it will be useless also to go into the details.

"Let Mr. Hodgson and the Committee if they are earnest, make deep researches into the matter and find that their conclusions were not only hasty but also entirely unfounded.

"The report of Mr. Hodgson and the conclusion of the Committee thereon cannot at all affect in the least our belief in the existence of the Mahatmas, but will only betray their grossest ignorance of the Occult philosophy and history of the Hindus."

The above protest followed by nearly seventy signatures has been sent to the Head-quarters of the Theosophical Society, from Negapatam. None of those who have signed the protest are in any way connected with the Theosophical Society.

A CAUTION.

INFORMATION just received impels us to utter a word of caution to members of our Society with respect to an alleged occult Brotherhood which has been much discussed and lauded in Western countries. If the allegations sent us are true, it would appear that the Society in question is a catchpenny affair, promoted by disreputable persons for private gain; some worthy members of our Society and outsiders having been first duped and then utilized as honest decoys. The names and aliases of the reputed schemers of this movement have been given us, but will not be published at present.

A WORD TO BROTHER THEOSOPHISTS.

BY ARTHUR GEBHARD.

WE hear recently a great deal about a crisis through which our society is passing. Where is this crisis? Is it actually in the society, or is it in the hearts of individual members? Let us also ask: have those who have worked faithfully and disinterestedly had to pass through a crisis? Is a cloud hanging over them? Does the attack made on Madame Blavatsky have any other effect on them than profound sorrow and sympathy for her? I believe I can speak for all those who have investigated theosophy disinterestedly and studied ardently, that they all are convinced that the fundamental teachings of theosophy are truth. How then can any slander affect truth? Surely truth does not depend upon any member nor any amount of members, and whatever a person believes ought to be the result of ardent study, comparison of what is thus learned with other teachings bearing on the same subject and contemplation on the whole, if possible, personal investigation to find out whether the teachings verified in the above manner and found logically correct will bear testimony in an experimental manner. The latter will not be possible in many cases; but then, after all, our conscience is the highest court of appeal, and by developing this conscience through a pure life we may turn this

belief into conviction. If this belief be based on sound reason it is corroborated by our conscience. Our conscience is capable of far greater development than the mere voice for right or wrong on a moral question.

“In him who knows that all spiritual beings are the same in kind with the Supreme Spirit, what room can there be for delusion of mind, or what room for sorrow when he reflects on the identity of Spirit?”

What then is this crisis or cloud? Some persons have joined the society in the hope of getting practical instructions in occultism, or acquirement of powers to get control over certain forces in nature. They were referred to the teachings of India Hathi Yoga, but the rules laid down there seemed much too hard, besides such teaching they might have had outside the society just as well. Others with higher aims thought they would be put into correspondence with some high adepts, and would have their doubts removed and their knowledge of hidden laws in nature increased. Those all were sorely disappointed. Others again, who had removed their ambitions from the lower plane, had them reappear through a subtle transformation with a changed aspect. They fancied they had removed interest from self, but in reality had only enlarged the limits of experience and desire and transferred their interest to the things which concern their larger span of life. They generally were expecting teaching for their branches, for their own individual surroundings and thinking somebody ought to come and teach them. Has it not been stated over and over again, that the true teaching has to come from within? that it is useless to read or learn by heart a statement, even if the letter is ever so well explained or logically proven.

They also were sorely disappointed and in their disappointment did not hesitate to blame our head-quarters in India, as if the head-quarters ever intended to be anything but the executive center for all the branches—Indian, European or American. It is from such disappointed members that other societies for occultism draw their adherents. But let him who thinks that India ought to take care of itself, who thinks that no money ought to go to India to help defray the general expenses of head-quarters, the expenses for the Sanscrit publication fund, etc., etc., let him just stop and ask himself where shall the teachings come from if not through such publication? But besides, even if the money so expended had not such visible results; suppose for a moment, that it would be used for the spreading of theosophy among our Hindoo brothers, what, I may quote, “would become of our fine expressions of universal brotherhood,” if we would oppose it on the ground that India ought to take care of itself “Are those expressions a mockery? and if a mockery, can ours be truth?”

Let us now turn to Madame Blavatsky. It is no more than fair that a few words of comfort should be given those who, having been firm adherents of the doctrine so far, find suddenly the ground shaky under their feet; they are assailed by their friends and surroundings with the assurances that the whole society, its doctrines and teachings, have been proven by a body of honorable men to be the product of a band of frauds and liars, Madame H. P. Blavatsky being the head as champion impostor and the others her accomplices. What, then, has this body done which has investigated the phenomena of Madame Blavatsky “fairly and impartially”—this society for psychical research which sent one of its members out to India? They acted upon the report of a woman who said she had been the accomplice of liars and frauds for years, but suddenly resolved to speak the truth and nothing but the truth. All they have done is to show how some phenomena might have been done with ordinary means, but, with all their so-called fairness and impartiality, they have not given a single person who had been particularly interested in these phenomena or had been present, a chance to explain. Nor were these letters purported to have been written by Madame Blavatsky ever shown to her or to Mr. Sinnett, while Mr. Hodgson carried them in his pocket for weeks, receiving at the same time the hospitality of the Society at Madras. This so-called impartial investigation is branded on its face. It will be interesting to know that Mr. G. Gebhard of Elberfeld, Germany, sent a letter written by one of the Masters in his own house under almost test conditions, and also a letter written by Madame Blavatsky, to the first government expert at Berlin, who gave his written

testimony that it was impossible that the two letters could have been written in the same hand, an exactly opposite conclusion to that of the English expert.

If this report should have the effect of shaking the belief of the general public in phenomena or in the Mahatmas, and making those seeking membership, join the society for its philosophy and objects' sake, then I am sure Madame Blavatsky will be glad to have suffered the calumny. For after all the phenomena had no other purpose than thoroughly to arouse the public, which was fast growing to regard the teaching of their materialistic scientists as the only reality on earth. Theosophic teaching is not founded on authority. If it were proven to-morrow that the Mahatmas did not exist, it would not matter. Much better a person should enter the society because he has an unselfish desire to promote the spread of kindly and tolerant feelings between man and man, and a decided interest in the study of ancient literature and Aryan intellectual achievements, than that he should enter believing the phenomena to be true and judging that if he could learn from those Mahatmas to do the same he would reach the *summum bonum* of bliss.

This whole investigation has warmed up all the old stories against Madame Blavatsky. So we hear not alone of her being a fraud, but also vulgar, nay even a black magician. It will be readily conceded by her friends that she is far from satisfying Mrs. Grundy; that frequently she slaps the laws of conventionality in the face. But that does not oppose the fact that she is kind of heart.

From a theosophic standpoint our orthodox society ways would be impossible, while we are well able to find a good kernel under a rough cover. Again, we must not lose sight of one fact. It is far from the desire of Madame Blavatsky to excite personal admiration. On the contrary, she constantly has to combat this feeling, as her object is to incite to an admiration and pursuit of Theosophy, *i. e.*, Truth, regardless of her personality. And I know of cases, where this lesson evidently could not be learnt, without a terrible shock to one's feelings. If Madame Blavatsky were the perfection of ladyhood, and a person would for that reason follow theosophy, he would surely come one day to a terrible disappointment. He would see that the way had not been chosen for the sake of the way itself, but for personality's sake; a grave error, which would have to be eradicated with much pain.

To crown all slander, she is accused of "black magic." It seems that some of the phenomena were made under conditions which would not admit of being explained away by the society for psychical research, so there was nothing left but to say she has "the aid of the devil." If this charge of black magic were not so serious, one might dismiss it for its absurdity, but I find quite serious people deluded with this idea. A great deal can be done by each of us to dispel such nonsense. Here is a woman, who devotes her life to the dissemination of the highest Truth. She knows beforehand that this act must arouse the opposition, with all possible venom and hatred, of long established error, both in religion and science. Nevertheless she fearlessly preaches, so imbued is she with love for mankind and the conviction that Truth will bring life and joy, where now death, superstition and sadness reign. She finds people so enveloped in time-honored error, that she does not hesitate to weaken her life principle—for phenomena require an enormous physical strength and sap the foundation of human vitality—in order to give tangible proof of the truth of her teaching. But man, true to his lower self—man the same as 1800 years ago—accuses such an one of being "of the devil." Can a more preposterous idea be put in the world than that a powerful black magician sacrifices all enjoyments of life to fight black magic? Can a more ridiculous idea be brought up than that a magician, who is powerful enough to materialize letters, to ring astral bells, duplicate jewels, etc., starts a society for the brotherhood of humanity in order to gain money; while the same person could hire a hall and make sufficient money in a month to live as he pleases during the rest of his life and satisfy all ambition as to honor or sensuous pleasures?

In the December *Theosophist* was a beautiful article, called "Lonely Musings," I want to bring back to your memory the description of the road a chela has to travel: "Think not that thy road will be a pleasant one. After

some few gleams of brightness to refresh thee, it will lead through the torture-chamber, and when thou art led there thou needest not stir a finger, for all shall be done for thee, and thy soul shall endure searching torture, and of thy loftiest thoughts and most impassioned dreams shall be formed the rack on which thou shalt be stretched."

And verily it is not difficult to apply the above to our lady. What else can be her "loftiest thoughts and most impassioned dreams" than that she should think that man *will*, that he *must*, leave his error, must leave the road to destruction, when he hears the Truth, the doctrine so self-evident, taught with such arguments and proofs as she is ready to give.

And when even her enemy, all superstition, ignorance and selfishness combined, will oppose her to a heavy degree, she is at least sure that thousands will rally round her banner and will live a life of unselfishness and truth. And what is the result? A handful of men gather feebly around her, half understand her, instead of intuitively feeling that this is a very serious question—in fact, the most serious; that the welfare of humanity is at stake, that thousands and thousands rush blindly into long periods of annihilation and degradation, if not brought to the right path. They lukewarmly wait for the gratification of their own interests, and in the hour of trial forsake her. Can their be a more fearful rack on which her soul should be stretched?

But I find myself defending one who needs no defence. A brother Theosophist said to me the other day: "As to Blavatsky's person, I would never condescend to argue the question. I would not lower her before the people by defending her. She stands much too high to be judged by the same standard as we use with ordinary people." We do not place her by this on any super-human platform as an idol for admiration or veneration but well can we admire and venerate her, poor, despised, hated by mankind for whom she gave all; working and toiling for her daily existence, while one single use of her occult powers for her personal benefit would place her in comfort, in honoring and admiring surroundings; toiling all day in her labor for truth in spite of fatigue, sickness and pain; in her body raging a fearful disease. Two years ago, her limbs on examination were found to be distorted by pain, but gaping curiosity-seekers were not idle to demand pleasant smiles in answer to their gabble, were not idle to demand her very life blood in order to be gratified by a phenomenon. This is Madame Blavatsky, my friends, now at Wurzburg, just recovered, so to speak, from death, and working uninterruptedly at her new book twelve hours every day. For myself, I am happy to say, while not in the least confounding her person with the work of our society, that I am able from the bottom of my heart to love and revere Madame Blavatsky.

But all this is of really slight consequence. In the eyes of herself and those whom she calls her "Masters," it is of no consequence, as they, as well as she have frequently so declared.

The object of the society, and ours, is not either to traduce or vindicate any person, but to search after truth and to develop real moral worth. If in the literature of either India, Germany or China there is to be found a pearl of wisdom, then our search is for that, and not for proofs that any particular man or woman has occult powers or has used them improperly. Dogmatic Christianity may claim to rest on the miracles of Jesus if it pleases, and Spiritism may assert that its work lies in showing forth the doings of mediums. The votaries of those will then of course be engaged in proving miracles and sustaining mediums; but if our motto is that "There is no religion higher than Truth," we gain nothing in our great task by inquiring into the personality of an individual.—*The Occult Word*, Rochester, U. S. A.

ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

In the letter from Mr. W. G. Judge in the *March* number of the *Theosophist* the above should have been given as the name of the N. Y. *Branch* and not "Aryan Theosophists" as printed by mistake.

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