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सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.]

## THE WESAK FESTIVAL IN CEYLON.

ACCOUNTS from all parts of the Island show that the Wesak festival was celebrated this year with unexampled enthusiasm—in fact it may be said that this is the first time for some centuries that due honour has been done to this great occasion. Unlike their Christian brothers, who celebrate the birth, death, resurrection and ascension of their Leader on so many different days, the Buddhists concentrate all in this Full-Moon-day of Wesak on which they commemorate at once the birth of their LORD, His attainment of the Buddhahood, and His departure from the world, whose misery He did so much to alleviate, no other festival, therefore, can approach this in importance, for no other (in this age at least) has so influenced the destinies of mankind. But for the glorious events of that day the vast majority of mankind would be whirling on helplessly and hopelessly in the ceaseless round of human misery, of recurring births and deaths, without any knowledge of the only way of escape, or of the noble future which lies before them at the end of that way. Therefore it is that Buddhists combine in the joyous celebration of Wesak—that it is a time when all differences are forgotten, all quarrels made up—when scattered members of the family meet together once more, and with one heart and one soul join in laying their pure and lovely flower-offerings on the holy shrines of the Great Teacher.

At the Head-quarters of the Theosophical Society in Colombo the celebration of the festival may be said to have commenced on the previous day (Sunday), for on that morning a refection of tea and cakes was provided for the children of the Buddhist Sunday School by the kindness of Bro. N. S. Fernando. (This Sunday School, it may be mentioned, now contains over one hundred

children, and its numbers are increasing every week. Having outgrown the rooms previously used for it, it has now been removed to the Theosophical Hall in Maliban Street. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the work which is thus being done for Buddhism, as all the day-schools and colleges of Colombo are in the hands of Christians.) In the afternoon of the same day a party of leading Theosophists drove over to Kollupitiya, where an address was delivered by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, and a few words were also spoken by Bro. W. D'Abrew.

At nine o'clock the boys of the Buddhist choir began to arrive, and after a final practice and a hearty tea the carolling party started from the Head-quarters at 11-30. It consisted of the Head-quarter's staff, some prominent members of the Society, and twenty-two boys, with a cornet, a violin, and an harmonium by way of accompaniment to the voices. It reached Maligakanda exactly at midnight, and was received by the High Priest in person, surrounded by his attendant monks. First of all the Pancha Sila was solemnly recited, many of the enormous crowd who were present joining in with great fervour, impressed by the scene, as well they might be. Before them was the brilliantly illuminated Vihare, through whose arched doorway was visible the alabaster figure of our LORD; at the top of the steps stood the greatest priest of the Southern Church; at his feet were grouped in a semi-circle the white-robed choristers, and in the centre waved the glorious flag of Buddha, full in the flood of light which poured through the open door. Well might the hearts of all true Buddhists thrill when they looked upon such a sight, when they thought of the great events they had met to commemorate, and when they heard ringing out in clear, sweet, childish voices upon the still midnight air the time-honoured formula of their faith, "I take my refuge in the *Lord*, the Law, the Order." As soon as the Pansil was ended, the boys, two by two, passed slowly and silently into the Vihare, bowed reverently before the image of our LORD, and laid their flower-offerings upon the shrine; then filed out again, re-formed, and sang two Wesak carols—one in English and one in Sinhalese. The words of the English one were as follows:—

#### A WESAK CAROL.

Hail, day of joy and gladness, the brightest of the year,  
The Queen of all the seasons, of all our feasts most dear;  
Ho! Buddhists, rise from slumber and greet with one accord  
The full-moon-day of Wesak, the birthday of our LORD.

*Chorus.*—Then come all ye who love Him,

With us your voices raise,

While in the song of triumph

His memory we praise.

Never so bright a glory shone o'er the world as then—

Never so fair a sunrise awoke the sons of men;

'Tis meet to such occasion high honour should be done—

To-day was born our Leader—Siddártha, Maya's son.

*Chorus.*—Then come, &c.

Full many a noble teacher hath risen to help the world,  
 And many a conquering monarch his standards hath unfurled;  
 But never such a Victor, and never such a Sage  
 As our great DHARMA-RAJA stands forth from history's page.

*Chorus.*—Then come, &c.

He was the bravest warrior who ever drew the sword,  
 Though never round His footsteps the blood of foemen poured;  
 Not in an earthly struggle His deeds of might were done,  
 But o'er the powers of evil His victories were won.

*Chorus.*—Then come, &c.

In many lands and nations, from Russia to Ceylon,  
 From northern snows to tropics, where'er His law hath shone,  
 To-day in countless thousands, with joyous laugh and song,  
 To offer flowers before Him His followers shall throng.

*Chorus.*—Then come, &c.

And ever to His temples shall press the eager crowd  
 To make their pure oblations 'midst wreaths of incense-cloud;  
 Richer than gold or silver, or jewel from the mine,  
 They lay the sacred lotus upon His stainless shrine.

*Chorus.*—Then come, &c.

Obey we then His teachings—His Five Great Precepts heed;  
 True followers of LORD BUDDHA should from all sin be freed,  
 And in His Eightfold Pathway their footsteps should remain,  
 For only at its ending NIRVANA they attain.

*Chorus.*—Then come, &c.

Very well the boys sang their carols, too; the labour of training voices unacquainted with time and tune (at least as Europeans understand those words) had necessarily been considerable, but it was far more than repaid by the result. The High Priest appeared greatly pleased, and as soon as the music was finished he spoke a few earnest and friendly words to the boys. He said that though he must first of all thank the Society that had brought them there, yet he no less thanked the boys themselves for coming; he told them that they had indeed done well thus to celebrate the very first hour of this great festival by laying their offering of music and flowers at the feet of their Prince and Saviour, and he trusted that the blessing of Him whom they had thus honoured would be with them through life, and keep alive in them the purity of heart and devotion to their religion symbolized by their dress and actions on this occasion. After a few words from the leaders of the party, thanking the High Priest for his fatherly reception, the monks present chanted the *Jayamangala Gatha*, the boys again—two by two—bent before the High Priest for his benediction, and the choir moved on to the temple at Demetagoda. Here and at the beautiful Kotahena temple the proceedings varied but little from those at Maligakanda, the most noteworthy event being a very complimentary speech from that brave old champion of the faith, the silver-tongued Megittuwatte. The choir also visited the house of the President of the Colombo Theosophical Society, Mr. Dharma Gunawardhana Mohandiram, he not being sufficiently well to attend at Maligakanda as had been at first intended. The night's round terminated at the house of Mr. Simon Pereira, who very kindly provided refreshments for the, by this time, somewhat exhausted party. Day having now dawned, the boys dispersed to their homes for a few hours' rest before taking part in the temple processions of the afternoon.

The elders of the party, however, after hoisting the Lord Bud-daha's flag at the Head-quarters, immediately started for Kelaniya in the celebrated Theosophical bullock-cart and reached that well-known shrine soon after nine o'clock. The road thither presented a most striking appearance. Any one acquainted with the country will hardly need to be told that it was raining, and raining with truly tropical vigour (no less than *three inches* of water fell on that Wesak day); but nevertheless every house hung out its flag—every tree was decorated—and every man and woman was decked out in gala costume. The roads were ankle deep in the peculiar red mud of the country, and furthermore were so crowded with vehicles of all sorts that pedestrians had to pass most of their time in the ditch; yet there the pedestrians were—thousands of them, women as well as men, stumping sturdily along with their offerings on their heads, evidently in the highest of spirits, laughing and chatting gaily, and letting the rain spoil their best clothes with a cheerful equanimity that one could not sufficiently admire. They evidently entered into the spirit of the day, and were far too much in earnest to care about the weather, villainous as it was; they felt that the occasion was so great that no sacrifice must be spared to do it all the honour in their power.

The nearer the Theosophical party drew to Kelaniya, the more congested became the roads, and the slower, consequently, was their progress; and when at last they reached their destination, they found temple, courts, and platform alike so densely crowded that anything like individual progression was simply impossible—they could only follow the movement of the throng. In due time, though at some risk of suffocation, they were in turn swept through the doors into the Vihare, made their offerings of flowers, and were washed out again by the ever-flowing surge of humanity. Some few who recognized them endeavoured frantically to clear a way for them; but it was quite useless—every one alike had to take his chance.

After watching this ever-changing crowd with great interest for a couple of hours, the Theosophical party left, and got back to the Head-quarters just in time to welcome a magnificent procession which was on its way from the Pettah to Maligakanda. Then, just after its start, it made a brave show indeed; but, alas! almost directly afterwards down came the inevitable deluge, and it reached its destination somewhat shorn of its fair proportions. Not that any of its members abandoned it—everybody was far too enthusiastic even to think of such a step; but some of the decorations and adornments inevitably suffered severely. This, however, did not seem to damp the spirits of its managers; for when the Theosophical party reached Maligakanda an hour later, they found it exhibiting its various component parts with great success to an excessively crowded audience. The houses and grounds at Maligakanda, in fact, were in much the same condition as those at Kelaniya, and it was a work of the greatest difficulty to make one's way from one point to another. The High Priest, having also been up all night, was somewhat fatigued, but much pleased at having just received a telegram from Colonel Olcott reporting that the

flag of the Lord Buddha had been hoisted at sunrise at the Headquarters of the Theosophical Society at Adyar. In the part of the procession just exhibiting itself before him it was easy to recognize some of the choir-boys of the previous night—no longer robed in virgin white, but disguised as children of various nations in all sorts of quaint dresses—some of them looking remarkably well in them, too. Thus costumed they sang another carol—but this time to a native air, soft, sweet, and plaintive. Another procession had arrived from Slave Island, and this also included some singing-boys, but in this case they were all dressed alike in sky-blue satin, conical hats, and pigtails, to represent Chinese children.

After some conversation with the High Priest and other friends, the party left for Kotahena, where they were once again most cordially received by the ever-kindly Priest Magittuwatte. There the scenes of Maligakanda and Kelaniya were repeated; everywhere the same dense crowd—everywhere the same enthusiasm, in spite of the atrocious weather: and letters from friends in other parts of the island report the same state of affairs in their various districts. It is evident that the proclamation of the day as a Government holiday has had a most remarkable effect upon the feelings of the people, and it may hereafter be found that this was one of the most important steps in the great revival of the Buddhist religion now in progress.

CHARLES WEBSTER, F. T. S.

### THE DELUSION OF POSITIVISM.

“In wonder *all philosophy began, in wonder it ends.*”—Coleridge.

**E**VOOLUTION is the law of being. It reigns supreme throughout the active Kosmos. A recognition of this principle in politics constitutes Liberalism—in the domain of religion practical Theosophy. In short, whether we are dealing with the case of a body politic or with the dogmas of a State Church, the same law holds good, viz., that an organism must adapt itself to its environment or—perish. It is a false conservatism that damns up the stream of progress until it bursts its barriers and sweeps forward in a rush of resistless and destructive might. Better far to open the sluice-gates betimes and allow the current to glide in mazy peacefulness through its natural channel, than to pen it within an artificial enclosure, which sooner or later must yield to the gathering forces behind and bring destruction in its fall.

It is this false conservatism which has dealt so fatal a blow to religion in Christian Europe—the spirit of blind opposition to the larger views resulting from the growth of science, which—so far from securing a permanence to any special form of belief—is in plain terms the herald, nay even the disseminator, of atheism. Once let religion bolster up with her authority any assertion at variance with established facts and require unhesitating allegiance by an appeal to that “faith,” which, as Voltaire says, “believes what reason

cannot," and a sure foothold is at once obtained by the extremists.\* In fact we find that wherever religion has opposed the most determined front to science, there scepticism is most powerful and menacing. Take the cases of France and Italy, where the domination of Romish superstition has endured for so many centuries. Society in these countries is admittedly honeycombed with materialism; indeed in Italy—the centre of the Papal influence—it is said that fully half the population are freethinkers! So much for the claims of the Church to a censorship of Science.

Religion has then, in great measure, sown its own crop of dragons' teeth; it is directly responsible for much of the widespread pessimism it is now combating with the energy of despair. There are, however, two other main factors to be taken into consideration—the indifferentism or materialistic phase of modern thought, and last, but not least, the active propagation of the soulless systems known as positivism and secularism. It is on the purblind policy of these latter propaganda that I wish to lay especial stress in the present paper. No intelligent observer now-a-days can fail to note the extreme prevalence of sceptical views in our large English towns, and the question is often asked "Whither are we drifting?" What will be the result of atheistic opinions when once realized and assimilated by the masses? In the words of a well known author,† "There is a power in the air around us by which man's faith is paralysed. The intellect—we were thinking but now—had acquired a new vigour and a clearer vision; but the result of this growth is with many to have made it an incubus.....Religion cannot fail to be changed by the neighbourhood of irreligion.....believers and unbelievers.....are united by habits, by blood, and by friendship, and they are each continually obliged to ignore or excuse what they hold to be the errors of the other. In a state of things like this, it is plain that the conviction of believers can have neither the fierce intensity that belongs to a minority under persecution, nor the placid confidence that belongs to an overwhelming majority. They can neither

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\* There are some notable exceptions, however, now-a-days to be found among our Broad Church clergy, many of whom deny equally as obsolete beliefs—the verbal inspiration of the Bible, the Divinity of Jesus and the dogma of the Atonement. The following quotation from that excellent collection of sermons by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, entitled "Thoughts for the Times" well illustrates this liberalism so essential in religion. "If you mean by a miracle some extraordinary event which happens without any adequate causes.....I do not believe in the possibility of miracle. But if you mean by miracle a certain unusual occurrence which takes place without any apparent cause—that is to say you cannot point out the cause of it—then I say I think a belief in that kind of miracle a very rational belief..... there has been no age in history when we do not find well-authenticated accounts of alleged miraculous events having taken place. The best men of the day were unable to explain the agencies at work. These agencies were naturally called miraculous. Such occurrences were not confined to Christ's time or to Christ..... miraculous powers were attributed to most great men; and many a reformer was also a thaumaturge." Alluding to the phenomena of spiritualism he also says with scathing accuracy....."people who are abjectly credulous about what happened 1800 years ago, are as abjectly incredulous about what is said to have happened yesterday, although the evidence for yesterday's event is twice as good as any evidence for events 1800 years ago can possibly be." The whole book is eminently worth a perusal. It should be entitled "Occultism in the Pulpit."—E. D. F.

† W. H. Mallock "Is Life worth living?"

hate the unbelievers, for they daily live in amity with them, nor despise altogether their judgment, for the most eminent thinkers of the day belong to them. . . . .as regards its hold (faith) on the human race it is faith no longer, but is anxious doubt, or at best a desperate trust." And this—let it be remembered—is an admission wrung from one upholding the authority of the Roman Catholic Church !

Classifying therefore under the head of "Positivism" not only that phantom Catholicism known as Comtean sacerdotalism—a "creed" which excites the derision alike of sceptic and believer—but all those militant systems which either ignore or deny a Great First Cause and the immortality of the soul, it remains to consider their practical bearing on the natural aspirations and happiness of the individual. For it is of course futile to lose sight of the unit man in the assumed interest of the race, if the hopes, the instincts, the aspirations of the individuals of which the race is made up are to be mocked and blighted in the contemplation of a philosophy that converts life into an empty delusion. And yet what else is the legitimate outcome of modern positivism ? Now with regard to the first point, it is not unfrequently asserted that science has disproved the existence of a First Cause. This statement is absolutely untenable. True, science has shown us the workings of natural law where superstition once figured to herself an occasional interposition, and it may equally well be maintained that the idea of a personal being controlling the universe by his will is likewise discarded by modern philosophy, but to outrun this conclusion and to excommunicate Spirit in the name of Matter is a postulate at once absurd and unwarrantable. As Prof. Huxley has said, "the materialistic position that there is nothing in the universe but matter, force and necessity is as utterly devoid of foundation as the most baseless of the theological dogmas." Even the term "matter" can only be said to symbolize in the vaguest manner—certainly not to explain—an impenetrable mystery. The most resolute materialist when pressed for a definition of his fetish can only appeal to the deliverances of consciousness—can only judge of the external world by the sensations he receives from it. Nature indeed must be viewed alike from a subjective and objective stand-point. The metaphysician is the necessary complement of the physicist, the former dealing with the perceiving mind, the latter with perceived phenomena. The observer of Nature can know her only through the myriads of wave-like motions thrilling around him—light vibrations, heat vibrations, sound vibrations, etc., etc., transmitted in delicate neural tremors to the brain—which the senses interpret as objects existing *per se*, whereas these latter phenomena are but subjective modifications of the mind. To the question whether an abstract matter exists independently of a perceiving mind, and if so what is its ultimate nature, the materialist is unable to reply. And yet before he is prepared to do so, it were surely mere folly to dogmatize on the secrets of nature. However on this point it is unnecessary for me to delay. The greatest thinkers of the age have unanimously admitted the existence of a first cause. It is only

here and there that the atheistic agitator or vain dreamer who has just received his first baptism in philosophy, ventures to answer this question in the negative. Few indeed there are who, apart from all metaphysical speculation, do not acknowledge a consciousness of an all-pervading, incomprehensible Power, and who do not realize that the progress of science only serves to illuminate and purify our conceptions of the great Ideal.

But on the question of the immortality of the soul a scepticism, truly appalling in its extent, confronts us. Philosophy here wraps herself in the cloak of agnosticism and relegates the problem to the regions of the transcendental, while the great physicists, alienists and physiologists for the most part meet the affirmation with a blank denial.\* Nothing in this direction is more disheartening—to all but Spiritualists and Theosophists—than a perusal of Mr. Graham's "Creed of Science," where we find the grim gospel of annihilation proclaimed with a relentless logic from almost every department of modern science. Every year now sees a large accession to the number of those who, almost against their will, acquiesce in a belief that at the hour of dissolution they will go down

"To the vile earth from whence they sprung"

wrapt in an eternal sleep; and that for them the universe and its loveliness will then for ever cease to be. How often in their hours of lonely meditation must the gloomy despair creep over them, so terribly depicted in the lines of Shelley:—

"The earth is the mother of all we know,  
The earth is the mother of all we feel,  
And the coming of death is a fearful blow,  
To a brain unencompassed with nerves of steel,  
When all that we know or feel or see,  
Shall pass like an unreal mystery."

How many too—who regard a belief in a future life as the noblest aspiration of man, must shrink aghast from the cold negations of the ruthless iconoclast who, in pursuit of an empty dream hatched in the brain of a conceited French philosopher, tears down the fabric of dogma—to replace it by a substantial ideal?—No; only to shatter lofty hopes and to leave a void in the aching hearts of his hearers,—“some of us may still cling lovingly to hopes that for others are classed with visions (!) of the past. There are numbered among us here those who have not ceased to think of immortality as a possibility, nay, perchance as a probability of the natural order of things..... We have amongst us, welcomed as liberal thinkers, those who may not have altogether rejected the God-idea.” Thus saith an oracular biologist at that haven of unbelief—South Place Institute, Finsbury.

Not that the prospect is one by any means to be despaired of. All these conclusions—let it be remembered—are based on mere observation of external phenomena and do not take into account

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\* This attitude is—I am convinced—the necessary outcome of a primary realization of the Theory of Evolution in its physical aspect. Our great physicists forget that, as Du Prel puts it, “earthly Darwinism would not be possible, were not metaphysical Darwinism a truth.”—E. D. F.



anything but the waking consciousness of man. Moreover much of the speculation of the advanced materialists is purely tentative. Even Büchner confesses his inability to form any definite opinion as to the exact nature of the relation of mind and matter, but after observing the gradual evolution of mental power in the chain of organised life, only declares the survival of consciousness after death to be “*apparently*” impossible. Again the élite of English science are by no means authoritative on the point. Prof. Huxley himself has disclaimed the conclusions of Materialism and expressed his belief in a higher destiny for man. Tyndall, whose attitude on the problem is most indecisive and unsatisfactory, has gone so far as to say “the production of consciousness by molecular motion is quite as unrepresentable to the mental vision as the production of molecular motion by consciousness. If I reject one result, I reject both. *I however reject neither*, and thus stand in the presence of two Incomprehensibles instead of one Incomprehensible.” In another place we find him regarding the emergence of consciousness from inert matter as an insoluble mystery. And so it will ever remain\* until Western science learns to assimilate the teachings of the esoteric philosophy of the East and admits the doctrine of a DUAL EVOLUTION.† However the cycle has nearly run its course, and a fresh outburst of interest in matters psychical is manifesting itself throughout the world. The rapid multiplication of mediums of late years has given such an impetus to the “pernicious heresy” of spiritualism, that before long science will be compelled to recognize the claims of this latter to a searching investigation. It will be a sore humiliation without doubt, but the end cannot be far off. My purpose here, however, is not to discuss the doctrines of materialism, but to consider the justice and policy of the active propagation of the soulless systems so loudly praised by the optimists of the study. First, with regard to the practical aspect of this question, I hold it to be a most ruthless—if not an actually criminal—course of procedure to preach openly a gospel of annihilation. It is, I maintain, beyond expression cruel to rob mankind of a belief in a future *state* in the interests of a mere theoretical system. There are thousands *still*, to whom this belief is the most sacred possession they cherish, and whose lives, when once freed from this “ancient superstition,” are forthwith stript of all their charm and meaning. If our ardent positivists are really convinced of the soundness of their views, that is no reason for imposing on humanity at large a philosophy, which stultifies existence and buries our brightest intuitions in the ruins of a fallen religion. Surely they must have some glorious end in view in

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\* Were Western science to realize the fact that mind (*i. e.*, an alleged immaterial substance) does not act directly on matter but is only a power of the 5th principle—itself composed of material though transcendental atoms—there would be no difficulty in stating that mental changes cause the material changes in the nervous structure of the brain. Theology is, however, gravely in error in identifying mind with soul.—*E. D. F.*

† As Prof. Drummond well remarks, “the difficulty of framing a theory of eternal life has been one which would exclude the brute creation drawing the line rigidly at man or at least somewhere within the human race.” (Natural Law in the Spiritual world.)—*E. D. F.*

thus immolating on the altar of theory the higher aspirations of their audiences. And the end what is it? "Montes parturiunt nascetur"—a paper scheme for elevating the morality of mankind by teaching every individual to sacrifice his own interest to those of the race, and to regard himself as a fugitive unit, whose only possible inheritance is an indirect share in bringing about the welfare of a posterity he can never live—or rather exist—to see. Now that this is a most laudable aim few will be found to deny. Unfortunately Positivism has no patent for the amelioration of the race, that being equally the aim of all systems which have any pretensions to excellence. But to identify the pursuit of this object with the inculcation of a soulless philosophy is not only entirely unnecessary and uncalled for, but serves as an actual barrier to the consummation of the desire itself. For in what possible way it is contended that the propagation of a doctrine of negation among the masses will conduce to the elevation of public morality, altogether escapes the comprehension. Human nature is far from perfect—on the contrary evil is largely in the ascendant in it, and to appeal to the vast majority of men to relinquish self and at the same time to remind them that their only hope is in this life, is simply to bring the element of "self" into still further prominence. Of course I do not mean to deny that there are cultured individuals who truly realize the spirit of devotion they so loudly proclaim—men of noble and unselfish lives who, however, figure quite as numerous inside as well as outside the pale of the creeds—what I do deny is the possibility of imbuing any large mass of men with this idea at the present stage of moral evolution. "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," is the certain outcome of a scepticism which, in the majority of cases, would simply serve as a cloak for indulgence and dissipation. In fact Positivism is based on a foundation of sand. It involves the suppression of selfish desires among men in the teeth of a prospective annihilation! Resting on a wholly false estimate of human excellence, it attacks the established creeds in which are vested the only sanctions for morality *at all binding on the masses*, and strives to replace them by an ideal which however worthy and beautiful in itself, would be cast aside with a sneer by the average materialist. Positivism, in short, at the present era of the world's progress, would be nothing less than the precursor of sensuality and social anarchy. It stands exposed as a masterpiece of iconoclastic, unsatisfying and disruptive rationalism.\* Its ideal is the common property of every creed; it differs from them only in the absence of the ordinary sanctions to morals which they enforce. Theosophy, on the other hand, though it teaches that *only* by sacrificing all can we gain all, and that in proportion as the lower self—the illusionary personality—fades away, the higher self—the

\* As Mallock says: "They (the positivists) have taken away the Christian Heaven and have thus turned adrift a number of hopes and aspirations that were once powerful. These hopes and aspirations they *acknowledge* to be of the first necessity. They are *facts*, they say, of human nature and no higher progress would be possible without them. What enlightened thought has to do is not to extinguish but to transfer them." Here is their foundation of sand. Their ideal is utterly visionary and unsatisfying to the average mortal.—E. D. F.

individuality—grows in splendour and majesty, throws no such gloomy shadow on the wayfarer's path as he struggles through a sad and sinful world. Stumble though he may in the mire, the beacon is ever before him on the hill-top. Its ray ever cheers and sustains him through the long journey, till at the close of that vast cycle, the duration of which the imagination shrinks from compassing, the purified "Ego" mounting the last rung of the evolutionary ladder that leads up from matter to spirit:—

"Unto Nirvana where the silence lives."

merges in the Absolute, and identifies itself with the First Great Cause.

E. D. FAWCETT.

## TWO MESSENGERS OF GOD.

RAMALINGA PILLAY, YOGI.

THE history of this remarkable Hindu ascetic, and his alleged pre-announcement that the Founders of the Theosophical Society, or persons answering somewhat to their description, would come to India, and propagate ideas similar to his own respecting Universal Brotherhood, was noticed in the *Theosophist* for July and December 1882. During my recent visit to Bangalore I was favoured with visits from certain of his disciples and near relations, who kindly gave me a copy of the oft-quoted, but now very rare, Proclamation issued by the Yogi about the year 1872, shortly before his decease (in January 1874), or "taking of Samadhi," as it is called, when speaking of ascetics of this class. To place this curious document upon permanent record, it is now transferred to these pages. It runs as follows:—

"OH, friends, who have received a soul, the most precious gift in this world.

"I am in ineffable joy, truly convinced that I am to obtain from this day forth, astounding revelations which were unknown to me since the day wisdom was given to me, and miraculous qualities which I did not possess before, conceptions of supernatural acts, and marvellous experiences hitherto unknown to me.

"I declare this to you under the influence of a fraternal sentiment of humanity, which is the goal of the aspirations of my heart, and I joyfully invite you to participate therein.

"There is one God, resplendent in himself, who exists from all eternity, who is supremely and immutably happy, whose grace and power originate and create all the world, the celestial regions, every power, every force, every science, every thing, every faculty, all those that have overpowered these, every creature, every act, every wish, every wisdom, every beneficial consequence, every experience, and so forth. His grace vivifies everything, enlightens everything, blots out our sins, gives merit. He is all things; nothing without him. He is merciful, omnipotent, omnipresent. He alone is the fulness of things, without an equal, without a superior, sovereign master, ocean of grace and light. Pure truth only can search Him out. He is manifest in the immensity of pure and illimitable intelligence. He appears such as the wise have conceived.

"Men without knowing this Supreme Lord, without loving Him, without obtaining His grace, and the life everlasting, going astray by mutable doctrines, impelled by various motives, embrace every religion, every sect, every system, in a state of constant change. These men are the prey of vanities and miseries. They are without wisdom, and plunge themselves in sorrow.

They are carried away by the force of calamities, and they die without salvation.

“To prevent such as these from dying in sheer destruction, and in order to furnish them with the knowledge of the Truth, true Love, Piety without Hypocrisy, and other good qualities, in order moreover, to make them better men, this one God, in His mercy and in His wish to secure for them great Felicity, has established here of His own free Grace a religious institution to make the Truth irradiate; for the purpose that these men should join this holy institution, which imparts its light to every religion, every sect, and every system.

“God having revealed His thought to the effect that He will dwell here for an unlimited time, that He will be pleased to manifest His presence by miracles without number, and that he exists all resplendent with grace and light.

“If, after the day hereunder specified, you hasten to visit us, your vows will be heard, you will see with joy the dead return to life, the old become young again, and you will witness other miracles.

(Signed) SIDAMBAROM RAMALINGA PILLAY.”

PARVADIPOORAM OR VADALLOOR, }  
ZILLAH CUDDALORE, }  
Madras Presidency. }

It may be readily imagined that so startling an announcement and so sensational an invitation as this, would excite the unbounded wonder and enthusiasm of a wonder-loving people like the Hindus. Trained from infancy to believe in the periodical manifestation of the Divine oversight through chosen prophets and messengers, and hereditarily predisposed to credit their possession of miraculous powers as signs and seals of their mission, they crowded by thousands to the locality where the Yogi awaited them. A large encampment, or village, sprang up with mushroom speed, like towns in new mining and oil regions. The holy man discoursed daily upon high themes, but apparently to unattentive ears; for it was when he found them eager only to see his promised miracles, that he burst forth in a flood of indignant eloquence, and is said to have prophesied that they would be compelled to listen shortly to “persons from Russia and America, and other European countries,” who would preach some of the very same ideas he was then giving out in vain. It was a bitter disappointment to the gathered multitudes that he failed to raise the dead, as promised, and many went away to revile, when, in truth, they should have but deplored their own credulity and selfishness. He seems to have been a skilled alchemist, a thought-reader, a mesmerist so powerful that he could change a carnivorous person into a vegetarian by “a mere glance” (vide *Theosophist*, vol. iii, 243). During the last quarter of the year 1873 he maintained an obstinate silence, and resumed speech only a month before his death. Long before this he had been preparing his disciples for this event, but promised that he should reappear, at a time not fixed, in his own body, which he would only seem to have left but which would remain in the state of suspended animation. On the 30th January 1874, he entered the solitary room in a small house at Metucuppam, stretched himself upon a mat, Socrates-like bade an affectionate farewell to his weeping disciples, and the door and all other apertures were closed. It is said by his disciples that, upon some irreverent intruder getting a sight of the interior,

thirty months later, the body of the saint was found to have disappeared. On the other hand it is affirmed that the body was still to be seen: a circumstance in itself surprising enough in view of the rapidity with which a human body decomposes in this tropical climate. Only the body of a true Samadhi would, without embalming, be intact after the lapse of one fourth the time specified. Over the hut of the Samadhi a costly building of very peculiar shape has been erected, and some of Ramalinga's disciples are keeping watch and ward for his promised return to preach the gospel of his mission to mankind.

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MIRZA GULAM AHMAD.

OF the history of the Mohammedan gentleman who has issued the following two documents, I have no personal knowledge. His invitation to me has not been accepted, notwithstanding his liberal offer to compensate me pecuniarily for devoting time to the investigation of his claims. Like the Hindu apostle, he offers to prove the divinity of his mission by the performance of miracles; and, unless doubts are entertained by others as well as myself as to his ability to redeem his spiritual promises, he should not lack guests and listeners. Among no body of sectarians are there more intensely zealous devotees of religion than among the Indian sons of Islam. They can boast among their *fakirs* and *pirs* men capable of producing the most astounding psychical phenomena. Though I myself have not seen their performances, I have personally met some whose disciples averred their possession of wonder-working powers, and trustworthy friends of mine have related to me very strange things they had witnessed with their own eyes. In the back numbers of this magazine several communications of the sort will be found. Besides the thaumaturgic fakirs and pirs, there are others who possess alchemical secrets, and mantrams for invoking djinns and other elemental spirits to perform phenomena. One of the most famous was Hassan Khan Djinni, a young man of impeachable morals, whose feats have been witnessed by hundreds still living. Whether Gulam Ahmad of Kadian, has these uncanny secrets or not, I cannot say. Possibly the publication of the following documents may elicit the facts of the case:—

I.

*From GULAM AHMAD, a humble servant of the Eternal God and a follower of the Chief Prophet (Muhammad). To COL. OLCOTT, Theosophical Society, Madras.*

SIR,

With all respect and humility I, (the Compiler of *Burahin-i-Ahmadia*), beg to say that the Almighty has commissioned me to try like the Nazarene Prophet (Christ) to amend the morals of mankind with utmost humility, lowliness, respect, submission and meekness, and to point out to the unacquainted the straight way by which we can obtain salvation, perceive the manifestations of heavenly life, and by which the marks of being loved by the Almighty become visible even in this physical world. For this purpose the book entitled "*Burahin-i-Ahmadia*," has been compiled, of which 592 pages have been printed and published, according to the synopsis of contents given in the accompanying notice. But as the publication of the *entire* book will take a long time, it has been determined, for the sake of conviction, to invite

the Dissenters by sending out this special epistle together with the enclosed notice to all the distinguished Clergy, and Jews of note throughout all the Continents of the world, as far as its transmission may be possible, and similarly to the Chief Leaders of Budhists, Brahmors, Aryas, Naturalists, Parsis, and the bigoted Maulawis\* (who do not believe in the existence of miracles and unusual deeds, and are hence suspicious against me.)

This is not a device of my own speculative functions and conceptions, but it has been inspired in me by God, who has communicated as to His overwhelming, and convincing those who fail to attend to truth even after the receipt of this epistle.

Having this end in view, I take the liberty of addressing this letter to you as a respectable, eminent, and principal leader of your community, and trust that you will, as such, kindly, with pure spiritual views, endeavour to seek Him with zeal. If you fail to deign to this true mission you shall be held inexcusable before Him, and the accounts of your thus receiving a registered note and your inattention thereto shall be given in a detailed manner in Volume Vth of the said book.

The specific object, for which I am commissioned, is to convey to the general public that the *only* true religion *strictly in conformity to His will* is *Islam*, and the *revealed and uncorrupted word* which ought to be acted upon is *Alquran*, in which besides the rational reasons there are *heavenly signs* (exhibition of supernatural deeds), which an earnest seeker can observe with his own eyes by undertaking my association with patience. If you doubt the Islam's truth or the heavenly signs,† please, come over to Kadian as a *sincere truth seeker* and live with me, a humble creature, for a year to achieve this end, but the condition is that you should come with a *firm and true design* (a sincere characteristic of seeking the truth) *of embracing Islam or averring the fact of the existence of supernatural powers, then and there*. If you will come, binding yourself to the said stipulation and intention, you shall (D. V.) witness the heavenly signs, as the Almighty God has promised to exhibit them, and His promises are immutable and reliable.

Now, if you do not come you will yourself be answerable to God. After awaiting your arrival for three months, the statement of your indifference will, *ipso facto*, be noted in the book as stated above, but in case you do come, and fail to behold any heavenly signs during your stay with me for the time specified, you shall be paid Rs. 200 per mensem (besides food and accommodation, which will be supplied free to all) as compensation to cover your damages, or as a recovery of fine in default of my promise. If you deem this sum inadequate to your dignity, I am even ready to pay as damages or fine for unfulfilling promise, whatever suitable sum you propose yourself, proportionate to your rank, if it be but not beyond my means. It is, however, necessary that visitors desirous of recovering damages or fine should ask my permission before-hand, through a registered note, of their intent of coming over to me, to enable me to limit the number according to the availability of my estate, but it is not requisite to do if otherwise.

If you cannot condescend to come over in person, it is optional for you to depute a representative in whom you fully trust and whose observing the Divine manifestations you deem just, *as your own*, provided there should be no hesitation in your embracing Islam or admitting the veracity of unusual deeds. It is further requested that you should kindly enter into executing an agreement on a plain paper to the above terms of Conversion, having it attested by a few persons of good authority, of different persuasion and creed, which will be published in some English and Vernacular newspapers. You shall have the right to get your claim for Rs. 2,400 (or whatever you choose yourself to propose, and my means admit of it) registered or, in order to secure it further, to get a portion (proportionate to what is specially agreed upon) out of my property, formally registered in your name in Court.

Finally, I thank God that He has been pleased to display, through His infinite grace, the reasons and doctrines of this *true religion*, and has placed

\* Mahommedan Pandits.

† This refers to Naturalists and those Maulawis who though they believe in Islam, yet disbelieve in the existence of miracles and inspirations.

me for the spread of it under the protection of the liberal Government of British nation, to whom I am grateful through the sense of obligation and gratitude.

*"Peace be to all the followers of righteousness."*

With due respects,  
I beg to remain,

Sir,

Your obedient well-wisher,

(Sd.) MIRZA GULAM AHMAD,

of Kadian, District Gurdaspur, Panjab, India,

ASIA.

## II.

*Being inspired and commanded by God, I have undertaken the compilation of a Book named "Burahin-i-Ahmadia," with the object of reforming and reviewing the religion, and have offered a reward of Rs. 10,000 to any one who would prove the arguments brought forward therein to be false. My object in this Book is to shew that the only true and the only revealed religion by means of which one might know God to be free from blemish, and obtain a strong conviction as to the perfection of His attributes, is the religion of Islam, in which the blessings of truth shine forth like the sun, and the impress of veracity is as vividly bright as the day-light. All other religions are so palpably and manifestly false that neither their principles can stand the test of reasoning nor their followers experience the least spiritual edification. On the contrary, those religions so obscure the mind and divest it of discernment, that signs of future misery among the followers become apparent even in this world.*

That the Muhammadan religion is the only true religion, has been shown in this book in two ways : (1st), By means of 300 very strong and sound arguments based on mental reasoning (their cogency and sublimity being inferred from the fact that a reward of Rs. 10,000 has been offered by me to any one refuting them, and from my further readiness to have this offer registered for the satisfaction of any one who might ask for it) : (2), From those Divine signs which are essential for the complete and satisfactory proof of a true religion. With a view to establish that Muhammadan religion is the only true religion in the world, I have adduced under this latter head three kinds of evidences : (1), The miracles performed by the Prophet during his lifetime, either by deeds or words, which were witnessed by people of other persuasions and are inserted in this book in a chronological order (based on the best kind of evidences) : (2), The marks which are inseparably adherent in the Alquran itself, and are perpetual and everlasting, the nature of which has been fully expounded for comprehension : (3), The signs which by way of inheritances devolve on any believer in the Book of God and the follower of the true Prophet. As an illustration of this, I, the humble creature of God, by His help have clearly evinced myself to be possessed of such virtues by the achieving of many unusual and supernatural deeds, by foretelling future events and secrets, and by obtaining from God the objects of my prayers, to all of which many persons of different persuasions, like the Aryas, &c., have been eye-witnesses. (A full description of these will be found in the said book.)

I am also inspired that I am the Reformer of my time, and that as regards spiritual excellence, my virtues bear a very close similarity and strict analogy to those of Jesus Christ, and in the same way as the distinguished chief of prophets were assigned a higher rank than that of other prophets, I also by virtue of being a follower of the August Person (the benefactor of mankind, the best of the messengers of God,) am favored with a higher rank than that assigned to many of the Saints and Holy Personages preceeding me. To follow my footsteps will be a blessing and the means of salvation, whereas any antagonism to me will result in estrangement and disappointment. All these evidences will be found by perusal of the book, which will consist of nearly 4,800 pages, of which about 592 pages have been published. I am always ready to satisfy and convince any seeker of truth. *"All this is a Grace of God, He gives it to whomsoever He likes, and there is no bragging in this."* "Peace be to all the followers of righteousness !"

If after the publication of this notice any one does not take the trouble of becoming an earnest enquirer after the truth, and does not come forward with an unbiassed mind to seek it, then my challenging (discussion) with him ends here, and he shall be answerable to God.

Now I conclude this notice with the following prayer: *Oh Gracious God, guide the pliable hearts of all the nations, so that they may have faith on thy chosen Prophet (Muhammad), and on thy holy Alquran, and that they may follow the commandments contained therein, so that they may thus be benefited by the peace and the true happiness which are specially enjoyed by the true Muslims in both the worlds, and may obtain absolution and eternal life, which is not only procurable in the next world, but is also enjoyed by the truthful and honest people even in this world. Especially the English nation, who have not as yet availed themselves of the sunshine of truth, and whose civilized, prudent and merciful empire has, by obliging us by numerous acts of kindness and friendly treatments, exceedingly encouraged us to try our utmost for their welfare, so that their fair faces may shine with heavenly effulgence in the next world. We beseech God for their well being in this world and the next. Oh God guide them and help them with thy grace, and instil in their minds the love for thy religion, and attract them with thy power, so that they may have faith on thy Book and Prophet, and embrace thy religion in groups. Amen! Amen!*

“Praise be to God, the supporter of creation!”

(Signed) MIRZA GULAM AHMAD,

*Chief of Kadian, District Gurdaspur, Punjab, India.*

Whatever else may be thought of the Kadian Chief's pretensions, the fervor of his self-persuasion will scarcely be denied.

Here we have two self-styled apostles of God, with commissions to enlighten a darkened world with religious truth. A difference will be noted in the tone of the two proclamations. The Hindu preaches the unity of truth and the brotherhood of mankind, while the pious Moslem declares Islam the only true faith, Alqurān the only inspired revelation. It is not for a third party, to whom all religious beliefs, sincerely held, are equally objects of tolerance, to decide between the two apostles. Who knows but their disagreements are but imaginary, and that if their respective images of Truth were disrobed they would be found identical beneath the vesture? A most noble presentation of this idea is given by Sree Krishna to Arjuna: “I am the same to all mankind: there is not one who is worthy of my love or hatred. They who serve me with adoration, I am in them, and they in me. They also who serve other gods with a firm belief, in doing so, involuntarily worship even me. I am he who partaketh of all worship, and I am their reward.” The opponents of Hindu religion stigmatize it as narrow and intolerant: but are not these words the very outbreathing of the spirit of tolerance, love and justice?

H. S. OLCOTT.

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UNPUBLISHED WRITINGS OF ELIPHAS LEVI.

*Fourth Series.*

X.

**T**HE true object of initiation is the fullness and not the semblance of life; the deep peace and not the destruction of the mind. But the most difficult thing in the world is to find and to hold firmly the fixed point of equilibrium by which one is able to enjoy everything without either fearing or desiring any-



thing. When that point has been reached, nature herself anticipates all our desires, and even in the midst of the troubles and sufferings inseparable from contact with mortal things, the heart is filled with joy. Human passions are but needs that are always irritated and that become more and more insatiable because they are outside equilibrium. The most beautiful and the most dangerous of our passions is pride. We all need to be adored before we can arrive at the adoration of ourselves.

The true satisfaction of pride, however immense it may be, is the sentiment of divine calm and repose of the will fixed on good, not by constraint but by choice, and with complete independence of all that is accessory. It is this elevation of thought that makes us consider all terrors as vain, all scruples as puerile and which appoints as our rule, not vulgar opinion, but the consciousness of our reason.

The tree of science, according to the biblical allegories, is the only one whose fruits must not be eaten. This is because its roots are interlaced with those of the tree of life, and this latter furnishes the sap that causes the eternal tree to fructify and flourish. Science is sacred, and no one has the right to lay hands on it in order to rob it of its riches. Its fruits must be enjoyed by gazing on them and inhaling their perfume, but since the tree belongs to no one, he is guilty of death who tries to rob it. To taste the fruits of science they must be sought on the tree of life.

Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice—said the Master—and all the rest will come of itself.

In other words, do what is right with prudence and discernment, and events will arrange themselves so as to favour and anticipate your just desires. Even the things that seem to be the most disastrous will turn out to your advantage. Be calm and wait: good fortune will certainly come in its turn, and you will enjoy beforehand that deep peace of the wise that is itself the greatest of all benefits.

Suppress the disorder of desire and sin no longer exists—the seven capital vices become the seven virtues—and thus it is that all things are permitted to the sage because he cannot will evil.

We now continue the translation of the fourth chapter of the *Sephir Dzeniutha*:

“The symbolical figure of the two heads whose beards join, revolves on itself as the world does. The superior head then becomes the inferior one, and the shadow of the light becomes the light of the shadow.

“Then the numbers of the superior head become those of the inferior one, for in human intelligence, the luminous point is what one knows or what one imagines, and the darkness is what is not understood.

“And thus it is that men often take good for evil, and evil for good.

“The beard is the sign of strength and the symbol of wisdom. But the two heads seem to have but one beard, white on one side and black on the other.

“But when the superior beard appears below, it is so veiled by the thick cloud of our ignorance that it seems blacker than the other; and the black beard, illumined by the rays that shine beneath the cloud, appears whiter than the white one.

“Then, speaking of the God that we imagine, we say God is good, because a reflected ray of the infinite goodness softens and disguises this monstrous figure.

“It is written in Genesis: God ordered the living soul to glide like a serpent through the waters.

“But there are both luminous and black waters, represented by the beards of the two ancients. The light of the one glides into the darkness of the other, and the shade of the dark beard seems, to our eyes, to enter the brightness of the white one.

“Thus there are feminine weaknesses in man and virile energies in woman.

“Thus what is above is like what is below.

“Thus there is good in evil and evil in good, just as there is brightness in shadow and shadow in light.

“That which is above becomes manifested in that which is below; and what is below lives by the influence of what is above.

“The alliance of light and shade produces brightness. The alliance of male and female produces physical life; the strife between truth and error produces intellectual life, and the antagonism of good and evil is the source of moral life.

“Absolute evil is death, but death does not exist in living nature.

“Evil exists because it is living. Good is the life above and evil is the life below.

“When God says let us make man, it is the light that speaks to the shadow and there is here no question of the personality of Adam, but of all humanity which is at once luminous and obscure; and is hence said to be the image of God.

“God seems to create himself in man, and man in his turn seems to complete and create himself in God.

“Hence it is said that God created man androgynous, that is to say, male and female, because the two sexes seem to be contained in and to be reproduced by one another.

“Emptiness attracts fulness and fulness fills emptiness.

“Woman contains man and man seems to give woman what is lacking to her.

“Man commences the divine work and woman finishes it.

“The man hidden in the woman is like the metal in the mould and to her he owes the power of virility.

“The dark God alone has descended to the earth. The head of light has given a palpable form to its shadow and man has been formed. Just as the symbolical form of God is double, so also the soul of man is double and seems to have two heads, the one on the right and the other on the left.

“Reason is manifested on the right, and on the left animal life; but that is only visible to the mind.

“These two powers are united by a marriage which renders them fruitful, and thus the acts of humanity are produced and multiplied.

“Their force is in their equilibrium; when man inclines with excess either to the right or to the left, he atrophies the other side.

“When the animal life is detached from reason, it produces sterile monsters; and when the mind becomes detached from the realities of life, it brings forth chimeras and demons.”

Here every word is an oracle. The antagonism existing between reason and human passions is explained by a lack of the intelligence of equilibrium. Some desire to atrophy the mind by giving themselves up entirely to the pleasures of the flesh; others want to kill the flesh in order to live solely in the life of the mind. But the connection of the two is such that the soul suffers when injustice is committed against the body, and the body loses health and legitimate enjoyments when it is no longer governed and ruled by the influence of the spirit. For neither can the soul live without the body, nor the body without the soul. The soul has a special and immortal body that proceeds from the mortal body, and the body has a special physical soul which will and must be immortalised by union with the immortal soul. This close and necessary alliance is figured by the marriage of man and woman, which is the most perfect of societies when it is equilibrated good.

The two souls of man have given rise to the fiction of the two angels, the one good and other bad, standing, it is said, one at the right and the other at the left of the man. And the law of equilibrium that united them was figured in the hieratic steles of Egypt by the scales in which Serapis seems to weigh souls on their entry into Amenthi. All that torments men comes from their lack of equilibrium, and this is also what produces disorder in households and families.

The end of this fourth book touches on difficult moral questions. At first sight it seems to justify evil by showing it to be necessary, and to authorise the initiate to use all means, even crime and injustice, to ensure the triumph of his will. But all this is totally opposed to the true intentions of the science.

The Bible is full of the records of crimes committed by its greatest heroes. St. Paul said, it is true, that we must not do evil that good may come, but Voltaire seems to correct St. Paul by saying that when a crime is necessary for the public good, it is no longer a crime but a virtue.

Suicide is a crime, but we admire Curtius who leaped into the gulf in order to appease the gods. What are called reasons of state are not always in accordance with strict justice; and a good general will sacrifice men in order to ensure the safety of an army. Hence a distinguished professor once said that there were two kinds of morality, that of the great and that of the small. But it is not so. There is but one morality, but its obligations increase for the great and diminish for the small.

Punishment is inherent in sin, for sin is a stain on the soul that becomes more hideous as the soul becomes purer. Our sentiments of personal dignity and our legitimate pride are wounded by it. A robbery more or less does not weigh very heavily on the conscience of a robber; but the recollection of a single breach

of faith is enough to afflict and eternally humiliate the conscience of an honest man.

Sin dishonours us, and a noble heart cannot live dishonoured.

An unworthy action is like the brand of the convict on our soul. If I choose to die rather than to tell a falsehood, I have the right to do so, and perhaps I am sublime; but if by an exaggeration of the sentiment of my personal dignity I compromise the existence of another, I do not fail in justice before the rigorous law, but I am wanting in humanity. But to be wanting in humanity is to put oneself outside the law that governs man.

Thus it is evident that there are cases in which an infraction of the law may be not only excusable but may be even elevated to the height of sacrifice. If I am so proud as to refuse to save my life at the expense of truth, and if I do for my neighbour what I would not do for myself, do I not, by thus sacrificing my self-love to charity, give my neighbour more than my life?

Thus there are two kinds of obedience to the law. To consent to be damned in order to save one's brother is to do more than God himself, who, in order to save his creatures only consented to suffer death. Charity is above all. It is even above rigorous law, and justice more or less tempered with mercy.

If we read the name Jod-He-Vadni kabbalistically, we find its meaning to be: The supreme power fertilising wisdom in love produces spiritual autonomy, which, by the empire of goodness in the universal equilibrium of forms, reproduces the generative principle.

This explains the mystery of the incarnation and gives an inner sense to the great arcanum which is the divinity of man. To understand this word perfectly and to pronounce it kabbalistically, is to possess all the science with the relative omnipotence attaching to it.

To pronounce a word kabbalistically is to formulate it by acts.

This name is indeed the supreme word of the kabbala. But in order to say it properly it must be known by heart and mind in order that it may be pronounced by actions.

For this purpose we must study nature and, above all things, have a knowledge of human nature. There is in all of us an active principle, a passive principle and an equilibrating power; just as in our physical nature there is a positive magnetism, a negative magnetism and an equilibrating mixture of the two.

But our magnetic force is projected and attracted according to the strong determinations of the free will. All magic power lies in this.

Our soul is like an arsenal furnished with offensive and defensive weapons. As determining powers we have our conscience or our passions. An ill-enlightened conscience chooses its arms badly; the passions in their blind instinct are sometimes better enlightened as to the immediate result, but their momentary success brings in its train a long and bitter disappointment. In order therefore to be powerful, the will must act freely in accordance with the inspirations of the conscience, and it must choose its arms wisely, or, in other words, the forces it is going to set in motion.

If you wish another to act in accordance with your will, you will certainly be able to impose this influence upon him if you are wiser than he and better equilibrated. In order to impose your equilibrated will upon him, you must magnetise him intelligently by directing your active electricity towards his passive electricity and *vice versa*.

In order to pronounce this name kabbalistically—to formulate it by acts—we must equilibrate the faculties of the soul in the order of the letters that form the name.

We must have the invincible will and independence of Jod, the science of He, the activity of Vau, the intelligence of Aleph, the goodness and the sovereignty of Daleth, the skill of Nun, and then we arrive at the reproduction of Jod, that is to say, the identification of the objective and the subjective, the realisation of the ideal which in some sort materialises and becomes incarnate and takes the terrestrial form spoken of by Hermes Trismegistus.

If I wish to effect some object, I commence by clearly defining that object. I define my ideal as clearly as possible, and then I study the elements of which it is composed. If my ideal is a true one, then these elements exist and they must be either known or sought for.

Then I act. In proportion as I find, I become master of my idea, which I recognise as good, I mingle and dispose the elements, and my realised ideal appears of itself. Thus people make fortunes and thus too they make friends. But if we propose to ourselves anything perishable as an end in itself and not as a means, success is always followed by some dreadful disappointment and some terrible chastisement.

The Jod-He-Vadni is not pronounced kabbalistically in an instant or even in a day. Years are sometimes needed to spell out the syllables.

### ANCIENT EGYPTIAN STORIES.

THE papyri and wall paintings of ancient Egypt as well as the many relics disinterred in various parts of the country, have furnished us with so many pictures of the daily life of the ancient Egyptians, that it is almost as familiar to us as that of the present inhabitants of some distant continent that we have not ourselves visited. It is not, however, perhaps so generally known that there have also been discovered the remains of the popular literature of this ancient empire. This will not surprise those who remember the comic papyrus now exhibited on one of the staircases of the British Museum, and which represents a goat and another animal playing at chess, or the other papyrus of the same kind at Turin (both these are copied on the walls of the Museum at Berlin), which depicts a sort of world upside down, where the birds live on the ground, and bears and other animals inhabit the trees which they ascend by means of ladders.

M. Maspero, the well-known Director of the Boulaq Museum, has collected some of these stories under the title of "Contes

Egyptiens," published at Paris by Maisonneuve. He has prefaced the stories with a most interesting introduction, which we would recommend to all acquainted with French to read, as it contains much valuable information.

We will now proceed to give a summary of the stories themselves.

The first is called "The Story of the Two Brothers." It is in two parts, and M. Maspero says that it was originally two separate stories. The first is like a version of the history of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar, though, as will be seen, the sequel is different. The papyrus dates from the 19th dynasty.

"There were once two brothers, sons of the same father and mother. The name of the elder was Anoupou, and Bitiou that of the younger. Anoupou had a house and a wife, and his younger brother lived with him in the capacity of a servant. Bitiou made the garments and followed the cattle to the field, he did all the farm work, for he was an excellent worker and had not his equal in the whole country.

"And for many days things went on as usual. The younger brother daily followed the oxen, returning each evening to the house, bringing the produce of the fields with him. He laid the grass before his brother who was seated with his wife. He ate, he drank, he slept in the stable with his excellent oxen. And when another day had dawned, after baking the bread he set it before his brother, and taking provisions for the day he led out his oxen to eat in the fields. And as he was walking behind his cattle they used to say to him "the grass is good in such and such a place," and he listened to what they said, and took them to the good pasture that they desired. Thus the cattle that were with him flourished exceedingly and increased greatly.

"And when the season of tillage had come, his elder brother said to him 'prepare, get ready my plough, for the land has risen out of the waters, it is fit for ploughing. Moreover go also to the field with seed for we shall set to work to-morrow morning.' The younger brother did as he had been ordered. When the second day appeared they went to the fields with their implements and set to work, and their hearts were glad with their work and they did not cease their labour."

One day the elder brother sends the younger one home to fetch some more seed, and then the wife tempts the young man who refuses to be led astray. In the evening when the elder brother returns home he finds his wife apparently in a great state of distress, and when asked the reason, she accuses the young man.

"And in the evening, when the elder brother returned to the house and the younger was behind his oxen with all the things from the fields, and was leading his beasts to the stable which was in the village, the wife of the elder brother began to be afraid of the words she had spoken. She took black ointment and made herself like one who has been beaten by some malefactor in order to tell her husband on his return 'it is thy brother who has beaten me.' When he arrived at the house he found his

wife lying down and like one in pain. She poured no water on his hands according to her daily custom; she lit no lamp before him; his dwelling was all in darkness, and she lay stretched out all unwashed. Her husband said to her, 'Who has spoken with thee?' She said 'No one has spoken with me except your younger brother.'

"The elder brother became like an enraged tiger: he took his knife in his hand. He went behind the door of the stable in order to kill his brother as he entered with the cattle. And when the sun was setting, and the younger brother came as usual loaded with grass from the fields, the cow that was walking in front said, as she was entering the stable, 'Here is your elder brother, standing before you with his knife to kill you; escape from him.' When he heard what was said by the cow that was walking in front, and the second told him the same thing, he looked under the door of the stable and saw the feet of his brother who was standing behind the door with knife in hand; he put down his burden on the ground and ran away as fast as he could and his brother ran after him with the knife. The younger brother cried out to Phra-Harmakhouti (the sun rising or setting) saying, 'My good master, thou art he who judgest the false and the true!' And Phra heard all his complaints, and Phra caused an immense water to appear between him and his brother, and it was full of crocodiles, and one of them was on the one side and the other on the other side. And the elder brother twice put out his hand to strike, and twice he failed to kill his younger brother. This is what he did. His younger brother called to him from the water's edge, 'Stay there till dawn. When the solar disk shall arise, I will plead with thee before him, that the truth may be established, for I shall never again be with thee, I shall be no more in the places where thou wilt be; I shall go to the valley of the Acacia.'

"When the earth became light and a second day had come, and Phra-Harmakhouti had risen, each of them perceived the other. The young man spoke to his elder brother and said, 'Why come behind me, to kill me by stealth, without having heard what from my mouth I had to say? But I am still thy younger brother. For thou art to me as a father. Thy wife is to me as a mother. Is it not because thy wife told thee that when I came for the seed I tempted her? But she has turned the matter into quite another thing.' And he told his elder brother all that had taken place." Finally after reproaching his elder brother with treachery, he said "Go home and look after thy cattle thyself, for I will not remain in the place where thou art, I shall go to the valley of Acacia. And this is what thou shalt do for me; thou shalt come and take care of me if thou learnest that anything has happened to me. For I will enchant my heart and I will place it on the top of the flower of the Acacia, and if the Acacia is cut down and my heart falls to the ground, thou wilt come and look for it; even if it takes seven years to find it do not be discouraged, but when once thou hast found it, put it in a vessel of fresh water; then I shall live again and I shall revenge the evil that has been done

me. And thou shalt know that something has happened to me when a jug of beer will be put into thy hands and it froths up: do not delay a moment after that has happened."

Then the younger brother went to the valley of Acacia and the elder went home and killed his wife and put on mourning for his younger brother.

This ends the first tale.

In the valley of Acacia, the younger brother amused himself by hunting and used to sleep at the foot of the tree on the summit of which he had placed his heart. Some time after he built himself a villa. One day when he was going out he met the cycle of the gods. They resolved to give him a wife. Accordingly, ordered by Phra, Khnoum made him a wife. The seven Hathors, who play the part of the fairy godmothers in Egyptian story, unanimously predicted that she would die a violent death.

Bithiou gave his wife strict orders not to leave the house in his absence lest the river should carry her off. One day she went out to walk beneath the tree where her husband had told her his heart was deposited. The river came towards her and she rushed into the house. The river followed her and asked the Acacia to deliver her up. Then the Acacia gave the river a lock of her hair and the river carried this into Egypt to the washerwomen of Pharaoh. This lock of hair gave forth a very beautiful scent with which it filled the garments washed in the stream. Enquiries were made as to the origin of the perfume, and the hair was fished out of the river and taken to the king. He gave it to his "scribe magicians" to examine and report upon. They informed him that it belonged to a daughter of Phra, and contained the essence of the gods, and recommended that messengers should be sent to the valley of Acacia to bring the owner to the king, thus showing that the magicians were well acquainted with psychometry. Messengers were accordingly sent, but only one returned, as Bithiou killed the rest. A second expedition was then sent, including a detachment of soldiers, and they were more successful, for they returned with the lady, and as the story mentions no resistance, probably there was none. For some unexplained reason a woman went with this second detachment, and so probably there was some stratagem employed to obtain possession of the daughter of the gods. Of course the king fell in love with the new arrival and established her as his chief favourite. She then recommended him to send some men to cut down the Acacia. This was done and Bithiou died.

The day after the cutting down of the Acacia a jug of beer was presented to the elder brother, and he noticed that it frothed up, and then they gave him some wine and it also was troubled. So remembering the parting words of his brother, "he took his stick and his sandals, also his garments with his tools" and set out for the valley of Acacia. He found his brother dead on a mat, in the villa. For three years he sought in vain for the heart. At last he was successful, he found the heart and put it into a cup of fresh water. In the evening the younger brother suddenly trembled all over, looked fixedly at his brother and then became unconscious



again. The elder brother gave him the water in which the heart was, to drink. Then it seems the heart went back to its right place and Bithiou was alive again. After some conversation Bithiou informed his brother that he was going to be transformed into an Apis bull and that his brother must get on his back and lead him into the presence of Pharaoh who would reward him. The next day Bithiou underwent the transformation, his brother took him to the king, who with all the people was rejoiced at the arrival of the sacred animal bearing all the orthodox marks and gave its conductor much gold and silver, and ordered a special place to be fitted up for the bull's habitation.

Some time after, the bull entered the palace and went up to the favourite and told her who he was. She then, having induced the king to promise to grant whatever she might ask, demanded that the bull should be put to death. The king reluctantly complied with her request. As the dead body of the bull was being carried past the king's palace, two drops of blood fell from its neck on either side of the principal entrance. The following morning *two perseas* (this plant was sacred to Osiris) had grown up from the two drops of blood. This miracle caused the king and his subjects to rejoice greatly. Some time after the king and the favourite went out to look at the *perseas* and the king sat under one and the favourite under the other. Then the tree beneath which the favourite sat revealed itself to her as Bithiou. The next day she got the king to have the two trees cut down, and while this operation was taking place a chip fell into her mouth. This she swallowed and it became a male child—a reincarnation of Bithiou. When the king died Bithiou reigned in his stead, the favourite was punished and his elder brother was made heir to the throne and afterwards became king.

Other versions of this story have been found in India and other countries. The next story is called "The Predestined Prince." Unfortunately this tale is mutilated and the conclusion is wanting. The prince is the son of a king who had long been childless. At his birth the Hathors prophesy that he will be killed by a snake, a crocodile or a dog. At first his father confines himself in a palace which he never leaves. But the prince rebels against this imprisonment and goes out on his travels. In the land of Naharanna he finds there is a competition going on for the hand of its princess. She has been placed by her father in a lofty dwelling of which the windows are seventy cubits from the ground, and he who can fly up to those windows is to be rewarded by receiving her in marriage. The predestined prince is successful and he marries the princess. She is made aware of the prophecy of the Hathors and one night kills a serpent that was just going to bite her husband. After this the prince has a conversation with a crocodile who informs him that he is his destiny and has been pursuing him since his birth. And then the story stops short. It is conjectured that the prince manages to escape the wiles of the crocodile but falls a victim to the dog that always accompanies him.

The history of Satni Khamois deals more directly with art magic. The hero was the greatest magician of his time in Egypt

and was also the king's son. One day he was discussing books and magical formulas with some of the ancient sages of Egypt and one of these old men began to laugh. Satni wanted to know the reason of this. So the old man said "I was not laughing at you, but how can I help laughing when you are taking about writings that have not got any power? If you really want an efficacious writing, come with me and I will take you where there is the book written by Thoth with his own hand. If you recite the first of the two formulas that it contains, you will charm heaven, earth, hell, the mountains and the rivers; you will know the birds in the sky and all the reptiles; you will see the fish, for the divine force will cause them to rise to the surface. If you read the second formula, even when you are in the tomb, you will have the form that you had on earth; you will even see the sun rising in the sky and his cycle of gods, the moon also in its real form." The old man tells Satni that the book is to be found in a certain king's tomb in the necropolis. He obtains his father's permission, and, accompanied by his brother, sets out to find the tomb. After three days search he is successful and goes down into the tomb. There he found it was quite light, for light emanated from the book. The king was not alone in the tomb for his wife and son were with him; "for, although their bodies were reposing at Coptos, their double was with him by virtue of the book of Thoth." Satni is accosted by the queen to whom he tells his errand. She advises him to have nothing to do with the book and tells him her history. Her husband had been a great magician and he had been recommended by an old priest to search for this wonderful book. He was told it was in the river at Coptos. In order to find it he made a magic boat filled with workmen and their tools, "he recited a writing over them, gave them life, gave them breath, and launched the boat." He said "workmen, work for me till you come to the place where the book is." The third day he threw sand into the river and a hollow was made in it. Then he saw swarms of serpents and scorpions and all sorts of reptiles around the place where the book was, and an eternal serpent was coiled round the coffer itself. Then he recited a writing over the swarm of serpents and they disappeared; the eternal serpent remained. This he killed three times, and three times it came to life again. At last he cut its body into two pieces and put sand between them and then the serpent did not return to life. Then he took up the coffer containing the book. This coffer was of iron enclosing one of bronze, within this were four more coffers of palm wood, ivory and ebony, silver and gold respectively. He opened the book and read the first formula and the second one, he gave life to his workmen and told them to work till they came to the place where his wife was. Arrived there he showed his wife the book and she read the two formulas. Then, being an accomplished scribe "he had a piece of virgin papyrus brought; he wrote on it all the words that were in the book, he filled the papyrus with perfumes and dissolved the whole in water. When all was dissolved, he drank and knew all that was in the writing."

But afterwards things did not go so smoothly. Thoth complained to Ra that his book had been stolen and its guardian killed. The prince's son fell into the water. His father read a writing and made him reappear, and he also made him reveal all that had passed between Thoth and Ra. They then returned to Coptos to bury the child. As they were proceeding on their journey, just as they passed the place where the boy had fallen into the water, the wife also fell into the water, and she was also buried at Coptos. When her husband, on resuming the voyage, arrived at the place where his wife and son had been drowned, he tied the book on to his body with a strip of linen and plunged into the water. He was taken to Memphis and the book was buried with him.

After hearing all these misfortunes Satni still wanted the book, and threatened to take it by force if it were not given to him.

Then Noferkephtah sat up and told him that if, in spite of what his wife had said, he still wanted the book, he must play at fifty-two—apparently some sort of draughts. Satni was beaten three times and then he seized Noferkephtah and told his brother to go home and fetch the talismans of Phtah and his books of magic. The brother did so, placed the books and talismans on his brother's breast and then died. Satni got the book but was warned that he would have to bring it back again. This also was the advice his father the king gave him, as soon as he had told his story. After various misadventures Satni came to the conclusion that the possession of the book was dangerous and so he took it back to the tomb. Noferkephtah was very glad to get his book again and asked Satni to go to Coptos and bring thence the bodies of his wife and child, for although by magic art they were present in the tomb at Memphis and, as we have seen, could speak to visitors, it was not quite the same thing as if their bodies had been actually in the tomb. Satni went to Coptos but had some difficulty in finding the tomb. Noferkephtah therefore appeared to him in the guise of an old man and told him where the bodies were to be found. Satni took them with him to Memphis and laid them beside the remains of Noferkephtah. It is noteworthy that in this story Satni is said to be able to read the magical writings on the temple walls, these being incomprehensible to others. Noferkephtah seems to owe his superiority to Satni through his having swallowed the papyrus on which he had copied the formulas.

“How Thoutii took the town of Joppa” contains a fore-shadowing of the stratagem employed by Ali Baba in the Arabian Nights. Joppa had revolted and massacred its garrison. The governor of the North sent the king a message to this effect and a council was held. Apparently it was not thought advisable to proceed against the rebel by sending troops in the ordinary way. Thoutii volunteered to get back the town for the king. He accomplished this object by introducing soldiers concealed in large jars into the town. Taking advantage of a favourable opportunity these fell upon the inhabitants and made themselves masters of the place.

“The Adventures of Sinouhit” give an account of a fugitive from Egypt. He comes to the country of Tonou where he remains about a year. Then the ruler of that country “because he knew my valour and had heard my merit spoken of” offered to take him into his service. Sinouhit replied to this offer in an elegant poem, and the chief gave him one of his daughters to wife and also gave him lands and other possessions. He was also given the command of the troops, and in fact seems to have been the chief’s right hand in everything. One day, one of the braves of Tonou challenged him to mortal combat. Sinouhit says “he was a hero without a second.” The prince deliberated with Sinouhit as to what was to be done “I said: I am not his brother, I keep far from his house; have I ever opened his door or crossed his threshold? He is some jealous fellow who thinks himself called upon to despoil me of cats and goats and also cows and to fall upon my bulls, my sheep and my oxen to take them for himself. If he is some miserable fellow who wants to enrich himself at my expense, not a Bedouin, and a clever Bedouin, then let the matter be judged! But if he is a bull who loves battle, a picked bull who always likes to have the last word, if he has the heart to fight, let him say the intention of his heart! Will God forget him whom he has always favoured up to now? It is as though the provoker were already among those who sleep on the funeral bed!” And then follows the combat. The warriors seem to have had javelins and bows and arrows. Of course Sinouhit was victorious and took possession of the spoils of the vanquished. But in the midst of all his prosperity Sinouhit longs to revisit Egypt and is greatly delighted when he receives a royal order requesting his presence in that country. According to that order, he is to leave all his wealth in the country of Tonou, as he will have estates given him in Egypt, he is also promised the best kind of funeral when he dies. He sends a dutiful reply in which he requests a number of the gods to preserve the king’s life, and afterwards he himself goes to Egypt. There he receives a court appointment, has considerable property allotted to him, and the prospect of a fine funeral. This part we quote as it shows exactly what the Egyptian idea of a first class funeral was. “They built me a pyramid of stone in the midst of the funeral pyramids; the chief of his majesty’s surveyors chose the ground, the chief of the designers designed it, the chief of the workers in stone carved it, the chief over the works executed in the high country traversed the land of Egypt to seek materials necessary for the masonry. When they had done all that was necessary to the pyramid itself, peasants were given me, an enclosure was made for this pyramid, also a platform, fields in the interior of the funeral domain were allotted, as is done for the friends (a particular order of courtiers) of the first rank; there was also a statue carved in gold with a vermilion robe, and this was introduced by his majesty.”

The story of “The Shipwrecked Man” is something in the style of the adventures of Sinbad. The man is thrown on to an island where he finds plenty of excellent fruit and indeed he says “nothing was wanting”. The first thing he did was to dress an altar to

return thanks for his preservation. Suddenly a large serpent, thirty cubits long, appears to the man and requests him to give an account of himself. The serpent takes the man in his mouth and carries him to his dwelling. There the man tells the story of his shipwreck, and the serpent tells him that he is on the island of the double, and that he may wait there for four months and that then there will come a ship from Egypt on which he may depart. The ship arrives at the predicted time and in taking leave of him the serpent tells him that in two months he will rest in his tomb and this also falls out as the serpent foretold.

The story of Rampsinitos, the clever thief, is found in Herodotus and is current in most of the countries of the world. It is the tale in which the two sons of the king's architect, being the only persons acquainted with the secret of the entrance to the treasure house, help themselves to the treasure. One day one of them is caught in the trap set by the king, and tells his brother to cut off his head and carry it away that both of them may not be discovered and put to death. The king finds the headless body and in order to discover the name of its owner, has it exposed publicly with orders that guards shall watch the passers-by and apprehend any one who appears to lament over it. The brother however manages to get possession of the body by a stratagem. The king then told his daughter to receive the visits of all who chose to call and to get each to recount the most clever trick he had played. The thief went like the others. But, in case of accidents he took with him the hand of a corpse. He told the princess his story, and she, according to instructions, at once seized him by the hand, but the thief gave her the hand of the dead man and made his escape. The king then promised both pardon and reward to the thief if he would come forward and avow himself. This the thief did and married the king's daughter.

The rest of the collection is unfortunately but fragmentary, but it is evident that from the stories quoted above that the Egyptians had like other nations a collections of folk-lore legends. It may be that as time goes on, other papyri may be discovered with similar tales and that we may then recognise some old favourites in a new dress.

MAURICE FREDAL.

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### THE TANJORE ROYAL LIBRARY.

**A**S the approaching foundation of our Adyar Oriental Library may become a very important factor in the Sanskrit revival in India, and as friends will be glad to know what classes of MSS. are to be found in the far-famed Saraswati Mahal, or Royal Library at Tanjore, we gladly give space to the following summary of the official Catalogue, compiled for Government, in the years 1873 to 1879, by Dr. Burnell, Ph. D., for which we are indebted to Mr. P. N. Muthusawmy, F. T. S., of Trichinopoly.

In his Preface Dr. Burnell complains that many useful books have been lost through mismanagement and theft. What remained he collected and arranged, and his Catalogue includes the titles of

12,736 Sanskrit MSS. Copies of any of the MSS. can be had upon application to the Collector, at a fixed rate per page. Dr. Burnell says: "The MSS. described here are the result of 300 years' collection; firstly, by the Nayaks of Tanjore; secondly, after about 1675, by the Mahratta Princes. The MSS. are of very different value, and come from many different sources. Some of the palm-leaf MSS. belong to the earlier period, but the greater part were collected in the last and present centuries. All the Nagari MSS. belong to the Mahratta times, and a large number were collected at Benares by the Rajah Serfojie about fifty years ago. The rest are recent Nagari copies of MSS. in South Indian characters. One important fact will at once be evident from this Catalogue—the great part taken, during later times, in South India, in the development of Sanskrit literature. More has been done, in this way, during the past thousand years in the South than in the North."

Following is Dr. Burnell's abridged classification:—

### I.—VEDIC LITERATURE.

- I. Samhitas and Brahmanas and Commentaries, etc., on them:—
  - (a.) Rigveda, (b) Yajurveda (Black), (c) Yajurveda (White), (d) Samaveda, (e) Atharvaveda.
- II. Sutras, &c.
  - (a.) Sutras, (b) Prayogas for special rites.
- III. Upanishads—(65) in number).
- IV. Vedangas—
  - (1.) Chandas or Pingala Sutra, (2) Jyotishe, (3) Cixa (Panimya)

### II.—MODERN SANSKRIT LITERATURE.

- A. Technical Literature—
    - I. Grammar. II. Lexicography. III. Prosody. IV. Rhetoric. V. Music, Dancing, &c. VI. Architecture, &c. VII. Medicine. VIII. Astronomy and Astrology.
  - B. Philosophy—
    - A. Purvamimamsa. B. Vedanta, or Uttaramimamsa. (a) Orthodox School of Sankaracharya. (b) Visishta-adwaita system of Ramanuja. (c) Dwaita School of Anandathirtha. (d) Saiva System. C. Sankhya System. D. Yoga System. E. Logical System (a) Nyaya of Goutama. (b) Vaiseshta System. F. Buddhistic and Jaini System.
  - C. Dharma Sastra.
    - I. Original Smritis (33)!
    - II. Digests.
    - III. Dissertations on special topics.
      - (a.) Akara, (b) Katanirnaya, (c) Dana, (d) Niti, (e) Prayschitha, (f) Vyavahara, (g) Sraddha, (h) Special rituals.
  - D. Kavya (Artificial Poetry) and Natakas (Drama)
    - I. Maha Kavyas. II. Kavyas, including Rhetorical Composition in Prose. III. Satakas and Anthologies. IV. Collections of popular Tales. V. Dramatic Poems (Natakas).
- ### III.—EPIC POEMS, PURANAS AND TANTRAS.
- A. Epics.
  - B. Puranic Literature.

- I. Puranas. II. Stotras and tracts connected with them.  
 III. Miscellaneous Puranic works, abridgment, &c.  
 C. Tantric Literature.  
 I. Tantras. II. Digests and Compilations.

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THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.

NO modern treatise upon Psychology or abnormal nervous phenomena would be complete unless it took note of the history and psychical peculiarities of this marvellous personage. In whatever light her case is viewed, it is unique, and we can scarcely render a more important service to, at least, our Asiatic readers, than by giving somewhat full particulars of its varied aspects.

The woman was a true seeress, or visionary—one who beholds things of the inner realm, or subjective side of nature, that are hidden from the physical eye. She could not only see persons and things at a distance from the place where she lay ill in bed; not only see phantoms of the Shadow-World, long-dead as well as recently-dead, and discover lost property, hidden streams of water, and beds of minerals; not only detect diseases in her visitors and prescribe the proper remedies in each case; but her psychic vision extended throughout space, into the realm of the cosmic forces, whose play and correlations, with their connection with spiritual laws, she professed the ability to scrutinize; and, anon, assuming a prophetic character, it enabled her to prognosticate coming events with an accuracy which proves her right to the title by which she is best known in literature. Among “mediums,” or agents for the objective display of their powers by the denizens of the Other World, she takes high place, the phenomena occurring in her presence having been of a most striking kind. And, in fact, this latter is a circumstance to be kept well in mind, for her unmistakable mediumship, since it implies a psychic condition, the reverse of that demanded for the attainment of adeptship (*Siddha purusha*), warrants the closest scrutiny of her revelations of other-world order. The medium should never be depended upon like the developed adept, for his mind and conscience are enslaved by an outside controlling power; hence he is irresponsible, and may be, unconsciously, a deceiver. History affords numerous and terrible warnings against accepting “spectre testimony” and the evidence of mediums against an accused person. The foulest wrongs have been done to the innocent through this agency, and the most puerile nonsense taught and treasured up as Divine revelations through hysterio-epileptics who have founded religious sects. But as the consideration of this subject would take us away from that now in hand, let us resume our account of the suffering, amiable, and wonderful being known as the Seeress of Prevorst.\*

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\* The materials for this article are mainly drawn from an excellent translation of this work, published at London in the year 1845, by Miss Catherine Crowe, author of “The Night Side of Nature.”

From the biographical memoir compiled by her medical director, Dr. Justinus Kerner, Chief Physician of Weinsberg, the following facts are derived. The eminent character of this pious and learned man warrants the most perfect confidence in his narrative. "He is," says his translator, "well known in Germany as an exceedingly sensible, amiable, and religious man." That he was not credulous is seen in the fact that "however ultimately convinced, he seems long to have doubted; whilst he freely admits the impossibility of absolute conviction on the part of those who have never had any ocular testimony that such appearances are permitted." There are not wanting pseudo-critics who, finding it impossible to successfully attack his veracity, resort to the clap-trap device of impugning his sagacity: a method so transparently weak as to deceive no one who has any experience whatever in such investigations, yet one that is persisted in, like that of pelting an orator with stones when his arguments prove unanswerable!

Margaret Hauffe, the Seeress, was born in the year 1801, in the village of Prevorst, a small hamlet in the mountain district of Wirtemberg, Germany. Like the Scottish Highlanders, these hillsmen are somewhat subject to nervous derangements in their younger days, which sometimes take the form of a nervous epidemic. At a village called Neuhuette, all the children of the neighbourhood have been known to suffer with a simultaneous outbreak of this sort, and to fall into convulsive shudderings accompanied by rhythmic swayings of the body, which last for an hour or two. The power of discovering springs of water by means of the divining-rod is also common among these mountaineers. Sometimes the cattle at pasture will be suddenly seized with an inexplicable excitement, increasing even to temporary madness; and when the atmosphere is in a condition to provoke this phenomenon, not only are the children attacked with their nervous epidemic, but even the furniture and domestic utensils in the houses move about, knock together, and fly from you if you put out a hand to touch them. D'Assier, in noticing these wonders, attributes them to a vegetable electricity developed in these mountains, whose initial action may possibly be due to ordinary electricity. Dr. Kerner observed that at such times his patient, Margaret Hauffe, displayed an unusual exaltation of the nervous sensations. It was, doubtless, the country of all others most likely to produce such a sensitive and seeress as she. From the earliest age she disclosed a faculty of presentiment, principally in the form of prophetic dreams. If her father had lost any object she would discover it in a dream and point out where it could be found. As a child, if she held a hazel-wood rod in her hands and walked over the ground, the rod would become mysteriously agitated whenever she was passing over a bed of mineral or a spring of water. Even without the rod, she would be affected sometimes with nervous shudderings when passing such spots, and she had a horror of graveyards, because the aura of the corpses buried there affected her most powerfully. What terrified her parents more than anything was that as a child she saw spectres coming and going amidst the living, out of doors as



well as in houses, churches, and elsewhere. She saw them as if confined to certain rooms and they would tell her—for she was what the Hindus call a *Rākshasa-gana* (ghost-seer)—where they had buried treasure or hidden papers that they wished their heirs to possess, or where the corpse of some victim of theirs had been stealthily interred, without religious ceremonies, and beg her to take steps to procure decent sepulture and priestly offices for them, so that they themselves might obtain the rest until then denied them. She would sometimes describe spectres that none but herself could see, and her visions were ascribed to an unhealthy childish fancy, but long afterward other clairvoyants who had never heard of Margaret's descriptions would sometimes see the identical phantoms. A case of this kind occurred in the Castle of Lowenstein. They were to her so real as to excite no terror, even the first she ever saw; to all intents and purposes they were living beings. All investigators of modern spiritualistic phenomena can say the same as to the appearance of the "materialized spirits"—phantoms clothed temporarily with a form composed of solidified ether. If a stranger had, for example, looked into the door of the room where, every evening for several weeks, I was investigating the "Eddy materialisations," he would never have been able to distinguish any difference as to external appearance between the solidified phantoms and the living spectators.

She was a young woman of high spiritual aspirations, and as she grew in age this habit of thought grew upon her. For marriage she had no predilection yet, at the solicitation of her parents and connections, she engaged herself to Mr. Hauffe, a good man, who proved a kind and sympathizing husband. Her marriage took her to Kûrnbach to reside, and her biographer thinks the change from her high mountain home, whose bracing and electrical air made her grow up a healthy, rosy-cheeked maiden, to a low and gloomy situation, surrounded by mountains, wrought a total change in her constitution. She became afflicted with spasms and her health and strength gave way. For a sensitive, angelic nature like hers, refined to a degree and thirsting after the inner life, it was torture to be forced to externalise her consciousness, and share the ignoble details of domestic duty with the human clods about her—persons whose highest aspiration was to roast, spin or dress better than their neighbours. The struggle was too much at last, and she took to her bed and—could then pass into her interior state and soar to empyrean heights. Then followed seven years of magnetic life, with rare and only apparent intervals. During the sixth and last the dear old Doctor Kerner had her in charge, and to this fact is the world indebted for the charming biographical and medical memoir under notice. One night, at the outset of this period, she saw the phantom of her grandmother in her room, silently looking at her, and three days after the news of that lady's death reached her. Medicines failing to restore her health, recourse was had to mesmeric passes, which for a time did her good. A peasant's wife seems to have had an aura, or psychic sphere, most antipathetic to her, as by simply laying her hand

upon Madame. Hauffe's head, the latter was thrown into terrible convulsions. Her child, too, being fed with some milk which this woman insisted upon administering herself, was seized with spasms, and from that time was affected by periodical convulsions of the limbs until its death, at the age of six months. The poet may amuse himself with his descriptions of affected fine ladies who

“ Die of a rose, in aromatic pain”

—but the nervous sensibilities of psychics of Madame Hauffe's class are so exquisite that they suffer indescribable agony in the presence of persons who emit a coarse animal aura from their bodies. We talk of martyrs who perish in torture at the stake, or upon the rack, but the daily martyrdom of some mediums and somnambules by the antipathetic exhalations from visitors, houses, furniture, and public conveyances, if slower, is no less intense. There are persons, says Prof. Denton\* who “are like walking cess-pools, poisoning everywhere the spiritual atmosphere; while others, like roses, diffuse a delicious fragrance around them.” For years the Seeress of Prevorst had to endure the malicious innuendos of the ignorant human animals who could not imagine any one possessing nerves more keen than their own whip-cord-like filaments, but materialistic science is at this moment collecting, in the great hospitals of France and other countries, a mass of results of experimental observations upon hysteriacs and epileptics which, when collated, will thoroughly vindicate her memory and that of Dr. Kerner. Not only to physical auras was the Seeress hyper-sensitive, she was equally affected by brain, or thought, waves, and would be thrown into a profound trance, with or without convulsive crises by taunts, gibes, and even ill-natured feelings shown towards her. Once, there was a dancing party in the house, and one of the merry-makers, coming to her room, found her at prayers, whereupon she laughed at her. This rude break in her religious meditations caused such a nervous shock that she “became as cold and stiff as a corpse.” For a long time no respiration was perceptible; at length, there was a rattling in her throat. Baths and other remedies were applied, and she revived, but only to continued suffering. I should judge from this account that she was “out of the body” when the unwelcome visitor's sudden entrance recalled her with a shock that prostrated her physically, and might have killed her. It is most dangerous to thus break in upon a psychic who is in the state of the “projected Double,” that is, out of the body: I have seen such persons under similar circumstances most violently affected, and by placing my hand over the heart have found it beating like a trip-hammer. The Burmans have retained this tradition at least from their Tibetan forefathers. Nothing will induce them to awaken a person even from natural sleep. They believe that in sleep the life, or self, leaves the body in the form of a “butterfly-spirit” (*leyp-bya*) to wander about, and that if the sleeper be suddenly recalled to outer consciousness, the thread between the

\* *The Soul of Things*, ii., 20.

leyp-bya and its physical house may be snapped, and both will then die.

By degrees, as Madame, Hauffe took less and less food her vitality began to recuperate itself by absorbing the nerve-aura of those around her. The members of her own family were most preyed upon, and some became so exhausted in the process that they would feel like fainting if they remained in the room for any great length of time. *She had become a living vampire.* It is not so generally known as it should be that this process of mutual exchange of auras occurs whenever two persons approach each other nearer than to the distance of two cubits. The Atharva Veda warns us not to come nearer than that to certain sick persons, as we are liable to absorb the germs of their diseases. Children should never upon any account be allowed to sleep with the aged, nor strong adults with weak ones. As the water in a full tank drains into an empty one, when connected by a proper channel, so does strength drain away from the healthy to the debilitated.

About the time we speak of the phenomena of mediumship occurred in Madame Hauffe's presence, and thenceforward continued intermittently to the close of her life. Articles whose near neighborhood to her—through their auras—was injurious, "were removed by an unseen hand; such objects,—a silver spoon, for example—would be perceptibly conveyed from her hand to a more convenient distance, and laid upon a plate; not thrown, for the things passed slowly through the air, as lifted by invisible agency." Glasses and bottles would be taken from the table and laid upon the floor, and also papers in her father's study; and sometimes they were flung after him. Strange noises were heard—as knockings on the walls and on barrels in the cellars, throwing of gravel and stones, rolling of balls, and even sometimes a musical sound like that of a triangle. The spectres became visible, now and then, to others as well as herself. Dr. Kerner saw such an apparition. The lighted candlestick would be seen moving about with no one touching it. There would be the loud trampling of footsteps on the stairs and in the rooms and passages; let them secure a door as tightly as possible, even by tying it with cords,—it would be found open in the morning; and though they ran immediately to the place when they heard the door opened and slammed to, they could see nobody. So it was when they would run to see who was dashing the billets of wood about, or smashing the plates on the floor, or kindling a crackling fire in the oven: they could see nobody, nor was anything injured or out of place; all was *maya*. A certain spectre—"a short figure, with a dark cowl and an old-looking wrinkled face"—who said he was a murderer and earth-bound—haunted and annoyed her with incessant importunities to pray for him. His appearance was always preceded by knockings on the walls, noises in the air, and other sounds, which were heard by "twenty credible witnesses." He would approach and terrify her even in the fields. Two instances are given when, being thus approached, she rather flew than ran towards home; "so that those with her could not follow, nor could they see her

feet touch the ground." A curious feature of her psychic relation with this phantom seems to have escaped Dr. Kerner's notice, viz., its identity with that between a "psychologized" mesmeric subject and his mesmeriser. "She once asked him [the phantom] if he could hear other people speak as well as her." He answered, "*I hear them through you.* When you hear others, you think what they speak, and I read your thoughts." Exactly similar is the case with the subject and mesmeriser—what the latter hears, smells, tastes, or feels, the other does by reflex sympathetic action upon his nervous system. But if he so chooses, the mesmeriser can prevent this transmission of sensations by simply willing it so with sufficient mental intensity. It has been averred numberless times that mediumship can be broken up by a determined exercise of the will and resistance to the influence of the obsessing *pisâcha*, or 'control'—to use the cant spiritualistic term. Cases of the kind are noticeable in Madame Hauffe's history. Her father's house formed part of an old cathedral, and this was haunted by spectres, among them that of a knight, of about fifty years of age, and an angry countenance. "Go with me," said—or rather *breathed*, as she described it—the spectre, "thou canst loosen my bonds." "I will *not* go with thee," she replied, springing into the bed where her sister and the maid-servant lay. They could see nothing, but the maid going to the bed that Madame H. had left, and covering herself up, the bed-clothes were forcibly pulled from her by an unseen hand. They were then left to sleep quietly. On the following night, the haunting ghost returned, and breathed forth to her. "If thou goest not with me, I will fling thee out of the window." She said—"In the name of Jesus, do it;" whereon the form disappeared, but presently returned, saying—"I will cast thee into the deep cellar." She made the same answer; whereon it again vanished, but returned a third time, threatening to stab her; but, on her saying, "Thou hast not the power to do it," it disappeared, and returned no more for three nights. Had she been less courageous and firm she would have been the helpless medium—otherwise, victim—of this phantom, and probably been used by a succession of as bad, and ultimately worse, ones until they had killed her. This one too was a murderer—a fratricide—and wished her to go with him, unearth some writings and coins that he had buried, and give them to those concerned. Thereupon, he said, he should have rest. But she cured him of his earth-binding in another way: she prayed fervently with him after the Christian formulas for seven consecutive nights, aroused his latent spiritual potentialities, made him detach his thoughts from the hidden papers and money and turn them upon higher things, and the end was, we are told, that he at last disappeared for good and all. It was an impromptu *Shraddha* ceremony, as a Hindu would say, and so it was, and we may pause a moment to point to the fact that whatever efficacy there may be in any *Shraddha*, it will be largely, if not quite altogether, due to the relation it bears to the lingering consciousness of the *prêta*, or soul, in the first trans-sepulchral state. Hindus must be freed by Hindu mantrams, Mohammedans by the prayers of their sect,

Christians by those of theirs, and so on. The prayer acts dynamically by arousing latent mental energy in the surviving phantom, which breaks the bonds of restraint and permits it to pass through the penitential Shadow Land to the next evolutionary stage. Hence the phantom responds only to its own familiar evocational formularies. Unless—the priest or whoever else performs the ceremony have learnt the secret of CONTROLLING the elementaries and elementals, and forcing them to do his bidding.

A second child being born to her while in a highly abnormal psychical condition, the infant, especially during the first week of his life, always slept in the attitude she assumed in her magnetic sleep—namely, with arms and feet crossed. He was also endowed with his mother's unhappy gift of ghost-seeing: he was a congenital Rákshásas-gani. Mediumship, second-sight, and other psychic developments appear to be hereditary: Kate Fox's boy baby wrote mediumistically while in the cradle, the mother of the Eddy brothers was a clairvoyant and ghost-seer, Home's mother was the same, and most mediums, I think, say their state is hereditary. The people about Madame Hauffe at this second lying-in, finding that no medical treatment seemed likely to stop her spasms and convulsions, which wearied and disgusted them, became convinced that she was bewitched. They called in an exorcist-doctor, who gave her "a green powder," which she instinctively revolted at taking, but "*they forced her.*" She was thrown into a crisis of St. Vitus's dance! lay long in stupors; anon spoke in an unnaturally shrill voice, high German—the language of polite society and not used among her peasant-class—and "a strange language, which she also wrote, and which she called her inner tongue. When she spoke this language, she was in a half-waking state; and when she wished to speak in the ordinary manner, *she made some magnetic passes* on herself." With the powder the man sent her an amulet of black-lead (plumbago), which hung to a triple thread. He compelled them to send him a message about her every Friday—to keep up the mesmeric current between them; and although he was at a distance of seven hours from her, she could tell in her sleep what he was thinking about her. "He threatens," she said, "that if I do not invite him to come himself, he will stick needles into certain plants in his cellar, whereby I shall become more subject to him, and suffer more anxiety and uneasiness." In her sleep she did write to him, and he came. He had a coarse, repulsive aspect "with bright, bull-like eyes"—the eyes of a strong, coarse mesmeriser, in short. She begged her friends to prevent his taking hold of her hand, but he did it in spite of them, whereupon the hand "became bent and contracted in the most frightful manner," and could not be relaxed until she had dipped it in running water, and washed it in warm wine. The amulet seems to have been possessed by an evil influence, for it "would occasionally, of its own accord, untouched by any one, run about her head, breast, and bed covering, like a living thing, so that they had to pick it up from the floor and restore it to her." This was seen by many witnesses. Dr. Kerner opened and examined it when he took charge of the

case, and found it to contain assafoetida, sabina, cyanus, two stramonium seeds, a small magnet, and a piece of paper, on which was written a pious sentence." One can reasonably judge from the composition of this talisman, or *táviz*, wherein its magical efficacy was contained. Assafoetida, in medicine, is used as an antispasmodic, sabina as a stimulant (I am not clear upon this point, having no Pharmacopœia to refer to: the plant belongs to the Juniper family), cyanus is a narcotic poison, and stramonium the same, and a virulent one. Recent experiments in the French hospitals prove that the aura of certain plants, their extracts and compounds, will powerfully affect hysterical-epileptics, even from a distance, and when contained in bottles; and an investigation into the composition of sorcerers' talismans in Africa, Asia, Europe, and among the Red Indian tribes of America, also, if I remember aright, shows that the most powerful narcotics and other nerve-stimulants are commonly used for the purpose. According to the analyses of André Laguna and Cardan the 'Witch-Salves' with which sorceresses were wont to anoint their bodies to bring on their horrid ecstasies were composed of hemlock, hyosciamus, night-shade, and mandragora. In this present instance may it not be that the vegetable substances were intended to powerfully excite the seeress' nerves, while the enchaining of her will by that of the sorcerer was to be effected by the mesmeric potency he infused into the paper, augmented by the action of the magnet, and kept up by the weekly intercourse between himself and his intended victim? Upon so super-sensitive an organism as hers it would be easy to operate 'magically,' provided that her spiritual forces did not powerfully revolt against his influence.

Madame Hauffe now came under Dr. Kerner's care, and he made a most serious mistake at the very commencement. Being a total disbeliever in her spiritual insight, and thinking that she was but a shamming or at best a hallucinated hysteric, he refused to allow any remedies prescribed by her for herself when in the clairvoyant state, to be tried. He prescribed the regular course of medical treatment, and made a nice mess of the case. She grew worse and worse, her periods of trance-life were increased instead of being, as he had expected, diminished, and when he sternly told her that she must give up her vagaries, she was so strongly and unfavorably affected that she was brought to death's door. The Doctor found that "the very smallest doses of medicine always produced in her effects the reverse" of what he had expected, and she exhibited the most alarming symptoms. His conversion to the occult, hence the only sensible theory of her case was gradually forced upon him by experience, but only after having inflicted upon her a world of misery by his stubborn professional sciolism. In his and others' ignorance of auric laws, her sick-bed was allowed to be approached by all sorts of people, the mixture of whose mesmeric auras acted most powerfully and unpleasantly upon her; she "was brought into so unusual and abnormal a condition, that she could no longer exist by her own nervous energy, but only by that borrowed from other people." Tyros in mesmerism should beware of having more than one or

two persons within a distance of five yards from their subject, and these should be sympathetic with both the latter and themselves. A member of our Bombay Branch who is an extremely sensitive mesmeric subject, was so powerfully entranced one evening by the "cross magnetisms," or commingling auras of the three or four score members present, that I could only save him from powerful spasmodic convulsions by taking him into the open air and employing the full force of my somewhat trained will-power upon him. How pathetic is the description of the seeress's sufferings as related by her biographer! "It was affecting, he says, to see with what earnestness, when she was asleep, she sought the means of her own cure; and the physician might blush to see how much more efficacious means she prescribed for herself, than he and his pharmacopœia could furnish." When, at last, Dr. Kerner's common sense could listen to the impulses of his kind heart, and he determined to let the dying woman have her own will as to her treatment, the first thing she prescribed was that she should be given, at seven o'clock the next evening, seven mesmeric passes. And great was his and her (waking) astonishment to find that after getting the seven passes "she could sit up in bed on the following morning, and felt stronger than she had done during the whole of my medical attendance." For twenty-seven days, her own sleep-waking directions were strictly attended to, all others being laid aside; and "although restoration to health was no longer possible,"—thanks to the stupid ignorance and prejudice shown throughout her suffering life—"this unfortunate lady was as much relieved as the nature of her case rendered practicable. But the shock she received, from the death of her father, entirely counteracted this beneficial influence, and, for the future, all that remained to her was the life of a sylph"—a non-human existence, like that of an elemental spirit. During this incorporeal life, she gave out many revelations respecting the inner-life of man, the existence of spheres of spiritual existence (*Indra, or Brahma, lokas*), the evolutionary phases of nature, etc. Her discourses are strongly tinged with the hues of her religious belief, yet we see distinctly that in her highest psychic flights she gained clear perceptions of occult truth. The world is a loser because no short-hand writer sat by to report her utterances *verbatim*.

Mention has been already made of her sensitiveness to the auras of persons and things, and of her involuntarily playing the vampire upon her visitors, especially her relatives. She drew strength from them, it appears, principally through their eyes and the points of their fingers. Every mesmerist knows, and Baron von Reichenbach's odic experiments prove, that these are the chief poles of auric radiation. She also "drew nourishment from the air, and even in the coldest weather, could not live without an open window." How much of man's life is drawn from the *akâsa* only occultists know. The yogi gradually trains his body to depend less and less upon food for its nutrition and more and more upon the diffused cosmic life-principle. He ultimately reaches a stage where a few grains of rice once in many days will keep him alive; and when plunged

into samadhi, or perfect trance, a limit of his potential bodily vitality without recourse to food or drink can scarcely be fixed. The Lahore *sannyassi* was buried by Maharajah Ranjit Singh for six weeks and afterward resuscitated, while there are stories current of yogis who are still in a samadhi which has lasted through centuries. When Dr. Tanner, the American physiological experimenter, was making his celebrated forty days' fast, he used to spend hours every day in the open air, and inhaled the breezes at his open window while indoors; averring that he drew sustenance from the atmosphere. There are Jaina women in Bombay Presidency who make annually a religious fast of six weeks, thereby acquiring, as they believe, great merit—which, I am told, they actually sell sometimes for hard cash, to lazier Jaina devotees!

Our seeress "was sensible of the spiritual essences (the auras) of all things, of which we have no perception; especially of metals, plants, men, and animals. All imponderable matters, and even the different colours of the prism, produced on her sensible effects. She was susceptible of electric influences, of which we are not conscious; and, what is almost incredible, she had a preternatural feeling, or consciousness, of human writings". Poor, honest Doctor Kerner wrote his book too early by about forty years to enjoy the confidence of scientists. If he had but waited until now French academicians would have vindicated him! Professor Buchanan did not announce his discovery of Psychometry, the scientific process for detecting the auras of minerals, manuscripts, etc., until later. In a poetical apostrophe to Daguerre, by the late American philanthropist and poet, Rev. John Pierpont, delivered in 1850, at the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Yale University, he says to Daguerre, comparing him with Buchanan:

" His science measures and reveals the soul.  
 Thy subjects must be present—his may be  
 Sunk in the depths of the mysterious sea;  
 Their bodies may have mouldered into dust,  
 Their spirits long have mingled with the just  
 Made perfect; yet if one has left behind  
 A written page, whereon the living mind  
 Has been poured out, through pencil, paint, or pen,  
 That written page shall summon back again  
 The writer's spirit."

It was not until 1845 that Reichenbach made public his discovery that the auras of every thing in nature, from the star and planet to the herb of the field and mineral crystal under ground, emits a "spiritual essence" that can be detected and classified by a nervous sensitive. Yet, on her bed of sickness this German clear-seeress—unlettered, humble, deriving her facts from her own experience only—revealed the amazing truth to the incredulous ears of rustics and the but half-believing ones of a physician who, until then, had had no suspicion of it whatever. When she was speaking under the inspiration of her *Buddhi*, or higher intelligence, "from her eyes there shone a really spiritual light, of which every one who saw her became immediately sensible; and, whilst in this state, she was more a spirit than a being of mortal mould." The brow of the yogi who has attained to a certain



stage of *dhyāna*, or interior development, is said to shine, and the unerring instinct of the painters of all ages has depicted the spiritual halo—the *joti*—about the heads of saintly and divine personages. The auric radiation of the Mahatma is described in Hindu scriptures as of the gold-tinged silvery hue of the stamen of the lotus-flower, while that of his antipodes, the sorcerer (*mantriki*) is said to be dark like coal-smoke: hence the name *Black Magic*. There are more people among our acquaintance who are able to see these human auras than we would suspect; many more who, without seeing, can smell or feel them. The fear of being thought weak-minded too often prevents such “natural psychometers” from describing their perceptions and sensations, but it is to be hoped that, at least among members of our Society, greater attention will be given to a nervous endowment from the exercise of which facts of the highest importance to science may be obtained. The seeress would often see herself as out of the body, and the body enveloping her inner self, as a thin gauze about a statue. She said, “It often appears to me that I am out of my body, and then I hover over it, and think of it; but this is not a pleasant feeling, because I recognize my body.” How true this is to nature those know who have had the like experience. He uses the term ‘nerve spirit’ to designate the *psuché* of Plato, and ‘soul’ as the equivalent for *nous*, the spirit, or *atma*: “if my soul were bound more closely to my nerve-spirit, then would this be in closer union with my nerves; but the bonds of my nerve-spirit are becoming daily weaker.” Dr. Kerner adds that it appeared “as if her nerve-spirit was so loosely connected with her nerves, that, on the slightest movement, it set itself free; whence she saw herself out of her body, or double; and her body had lost all feeling of weight.” The words “loosely connected” are most appropriate, and if people would but realize that a genuine “materialising medium” is perhaps in this very condition of easy separability of body and Double, as the result of abnormal psychic conditions influenced from outside by other beings, invisible to the common eye, much of the mystery of “Materialisations” might be dispelled. The familiar stories of lycanthropical transformations,—made possible by reason of the plastic nature of the projected Double—prepare us to comprehend how the medium’s own Double may assume a great variety of appearances of other persons successively during an evening’s seance. In his *Calendar of Weinsberg*, George Widemann relates a story of a former governor of the castle who, having murdered his servant, was throughout the rest of his life haunted by a “dark spirit,” which would assume the form of an animal; at a place called Klingartach there were phantoms which assumed the forms of a frog, an owl, a cat, a horse, etc., and the judicial annals of Europe contain so many examples of persons convicted upon good evidence of exercising this power of phantasmic transformation, that one is compelled to accept it as a serious problem of psychology that requires investigation. If any answer that this is an exploded superstition, they may be told that it is at least as old as the earliest records of the human race; that it is believed upon phenomenal evidence; and that if the French

physicists, headed by Charcot, do not instantly stop their investigations at La Salpêtrière, at Rochefort, and at Bicêtre, they will end in making this 'superstition' a canon of psychical science, and vindicate the memories of the hecatombs of poor victims to mediæval scientific stupidity and ecclesiastical bigotry.

The conditions of Madame Hauffe's nervous system, viewed physiologically, were extremely curious. Miss Crowe has, unfortunately, omitted from her translation the details of many experiments "made with great caution" by Dr. Kerner, which proved her extreme susceptibility to the auras of metals, stones, plants, &c. Coloured stones produced much more effect upon Madame H. than those which were colourless. Kerner calls this 'remarkable,' but it was perhaps due to the aura of the metallic oxides from which coloured stones derive their hues. Ennemoser mentions a woman who was always excited by the sight of the ruby, but calmed by looking at crystal. Madame Hauffe could be awakened from her somnambulic state by bringing glass or crystal into contact with her; if allowed to lie long on the pit of her stomach, they produced catalepsy. Sand would similarly affect her, and she detected both in it and its compound, glass, a peculiar odour which was agreeable to her; but if she sat upon a sand-stone bench or a heap of sand, she would become cataleptic. Water, held in her hand, made her immediately become weak; if she took any fluid by day she felt giddy, but after sunset, this would not occur. In her sleep-waking state, if very lucid, she could not only see the aura infused into a glass of water by Dr. Kerner's mesmeric passes, but *even tell him the exact number of passes he had made.* This is very interesting to all students of mesmerism. There is another way of proving the actual impartation of a new quality to plain water by mesmerisation: if a good subject be caused to pass the palm of her hand over a number of glasses of water standing upon a table, of which one only has been mesmerised, the hand will be forcibly attracted downward to the glass whose water has been mesmerised, as soft iron is attracted to the magnet. This experiment can be tried as easily in the dark as in the light. If placed in a bath while in the somnambulic state, Madame Hauffe's body would be found so abnormally buoyant that the trunk and limbs would emerge from the water, though her attendants might use every means to keep it under: her body floated like a cork. Its magnetic polarity had been reversed in the ecstasis. Religious mental exaltation—quite irrespective of the devotee's sectarian belief—is often accompanied with this polaric metamorphosis; the body of the yogi, fakir, monk, nun, bhikshu, mobed, sheikh, or shaman rising from the ground, and hanging in mid air as light as a bubble or a thistle-down. In spiritualistic mediums this is known as "levitation." It is one of the nuts that Nemesis has laid by for the Academicians to crack at their earliest convenience.

It has been remarked above that, while in her most exalted condition, the seeress revealed many secrets of nature. As I have already occupied enough space on this occasion, that portion of the subject may be reserved for a future number. H. S. OLCOTT.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

## CHAPTER IX.

*The Wheel of Karma.*

YEARS have followed years since the vow was taken in the subterranean temple before the book of Karma, but its shadow is yet upon me. There are events in our lives over which time seeks in vain to draw the veil of oblivion. The effort of my life has but drawn blood from my heart. They say the blood of the heart washes the wings of the soul, and makes them grow strong enough to soar to the empyrean of heaven in some future birth. But I dread to trust to the future, which is but the offspring of the present. I sought knowledge with all the passionate yearning of my heart, but too rashly I grasped her rod of power, and rushed on frantically to a destiny which nature in her own gentle way would have spread over a larger expanse of life. With all the power of my soul I snatched at the fruit of destiny before it was ripe, and my tree of life has but exuded blood. But time is a healer as well as an avenger. It will all be clear some day. To me was given the choice of taking my destiny into my own hands, or of leaving nature to work in her own way. I made the manlier and the nobler choice, and I must not complain if the iron be hard. I will fulfil my destiny. Maybe, the orderly unfoldment of my life will render thinner the darkness in which the wheels of destiny work. They call it Karma in the East. The sages say no one can read and comprehend the Book of Karma, unless he is free from Karma himself—unless each individual thought, act and aspiration vibrate in unison with the All and not self. But it is not for me to explain. I only record. Rays of light will shoot from the nave of Time's wheel.

The ashes of three years have mingled in the funeral pyre of the past, and I, united in bonds of matrimony to Grace Stanley, am living in Simla, the summer capital of India. A strange change has come over the girl to whom I have given the name of my wife, ever since our formal marriage.

The melancholy sweetness of her former self has completely left her, and has given place to an amount of brilliant intellectual activity, calculated to excite the envy of any social queen who has ever reigned in a Parisian *salon*. Her will has gained an amount of power which has often made mine tremble before it, and I have observed that no man or woman who has come within its influence has escaped subjugation. With me she has always been a loyal and true-hearted friend, while she has ruled me with a mother's authority over her unfledged child but without the appearance of so doing. The absolute perfection with which she plays the *rôle* of the accomplished woman of the world, ever ready to detect the peculiarities of individual characters and turn them to some purpose, at first surprised and bewildered me. But constant familiarity with this new development of her character invested it in my mind with an irresistible charm. Oh, how constantly have I struggled with myself to brush aside the worldly part of her character, and preserve inviolate the mystic calm of my soul, but the nameless influence of her

presence nothing has been able to withstand. An over-bearing attraction seemed to drag my soul into the life of the world, which I burn to leave behind, and in which I have looked upon myself as a temporary exile by the edicts of Karma. But I own at times flashes of regret have passed over my mental sky that my land of exile could not be my permanent house, and Grace Stanley my mortal bride, and I have heard with painful awe the inner voice in notes of thunder, warning me in the words of the Sanskrit poet, that he alone is resolute whose equanimity remains unchanged in the presence of causes of perturbation. Many times have I meditated refuge in flight, but the strength of my higher nature has prevailed against the baseness of the lower and has kept me nailed to the post of duty. Wistfully have I looked forward to the day of deliverance, but as my suffering has increased, so has the cloud hidden from me even a Pisgah sight of the Canaan of rest. Grace has systematically crushed all attempts to lay before her the inner workings of my soul. The delicate, modest girl of yore has become to me the hardest of taskmasters. Whenever the least shadow of worldly thought darkens my conversations with her, she gives me nothing but hard philosophy, which I know but too well, but which no longer brings me strength and consolation. As my sufferings have gained in intensity, my soul-communings with the Master have become more and more infrequent, and now they have altogether ceased. I find myself alone in the midst of an unsympathetic and materially-minded world, struggling against difficulties beyond description and but hardly comprehensible.

Grace Stanley who, to some extent, owes her life to me and my Master, seems to be actuated by a malicious desire to work my ruin; while she has never ceased her endeavours to impress me with the loftiest truths of our philosophy, she yet, by the thousand nameless devices of the artful woman of the world, has taught me to enslave my soul. But is she to blame? Strange as it may appear, she has never for a single moment given the slightest response to me by a look, a word or a smile. She does not even know that I, who, with ascetic severity, explained to her the nature of our union, am ever tempted to prove false to the vows I have taken and the pledges I have given.

True, before the marriage knot was tied, I had many times felt embarrassed by the warmth of Grace's affection, but not a vestige of it remained in her when she comprehended the situation, and yet consented to be a wedded maid. Can it be that her whole heart is set upon my humiliation? No, such baseness is unthinkable by the side of the noble purity of her nature, which, however she may strive to disguise it, always shines out brightly.

Often have I thought with painful and rapturous trembling that I detected a tenderness in Grace's voice, but it has always been a dream and not reality.

With painful relief I have found Grace to be a uniformly hard, unbending task-mistress. The conflict of my dual life has produced nothing but suffering, which will soon attain the stagnation of despair.

But this was a positive cruelty on the part of Grace. She knew

but too well that for me to be in a ball-room was to suffer positive martyrdom. I had said so to her time after time. But she only laughed at me and would have her way. It was a case of selfishness. Why should I be condemned to endure the sensual exhalation of the ball-room—I who have by a mysterious vow separated myself from the life of the world? But all my pleading was to no purpose. She entered my study one morning, and with a child-like laugh said:—

“Mr. St. Clair”—it was thus that she usually addressed me—“I have come to consult you about the three balls I intend giving before the season is out. What time shall we fix for them? You know how the season is over-crowded. We must make all arrangements in good time, for I am determined my balls must be the greatest success of the season. We must make it so that when you retire into the forest, as you are constantly threatening to do, I shall not be left quite lonely in the world. The character of Penelope does not suit me at all. Besides, why should I subvert the order of nature by turning spring into winter? There will be plenty of time to philosophize when one gets old. It seems to me a crime against nature that we should not experience any phase of life that comes to us unsolicited. It is my *Karma*, as you would say, that I should be a frivolous woman of the world, as it is your *Karma* to be a great sage.”

“Ah, if you launch into metaphysics, I dare say I can show the fallacy in your argument. You do yourself an injustice when you refuse to consider the law of Karma in its true light, and expound in its stead a doctrine which is scarcely distinguishable from fatalism. All that you now are—physically, morally, intellectually and spiritually—is the result of your Karma. To follow the law of Karma properly, you must allow these four elements in your nature to work together harmoniously. If the dictates of your higher nature point out a course which would give a check to the riotous license of your desires for a life of keen sensations, it is wiser to follow the higher dictates, as that is the only way by which the greatest happiness can be secured. The immediate pleasures that the senses bring are summer flowers of the human mind—they bloom but to fade.”

“Let me interrupt you for a moment,” broke in Grace. “If the attainment of happiness is the motive for leading the higher life, what right have you to impose your experience upon another human being? How do you know I do not derive as much happiness from the frivolities of life as you do from philosophy? Have you any standard for the measurement of happiness?”

“In the first place I must tell you that I do not seek to impose my opinions upon anybody—this you know very well from your past experience. Can you tell me one single instance in these three years of our united life in which I have in any respect tried to control your thought or action?”

“On the contrary, to say the truth, I think you have given me too much indulgence. I have many times wished you had not been so indulgent and kind, and you have made me quite a spoilt child who plagues your life in return for your goodness.”

The peculiarly fascinating and child-like way in which this was said washed away from my mind any desire I might ever have had to exercise my marital right over Grace.

"But to continue," I added, "I look upon my feelings and opinions as so many natural forces governed by their own inherent law. They are bound to do their own appropriate work as heat is bound to warm. The workings of our thoughts and emotions resemble the combination of chemical elements. Suitable conditions being present, oxygen must combine with hydrogen. But there are substances which will not combine, do what you may; there is no affinity between them. Water will not combine with oil. But there is no harm done by it. It is a duty we owe to our own being that we should express our sincere convictions whenever there is a call to do so. But it is not for us to determine what consequences would result from such expression; it will do its legitimate work, and it would be mere folly to allow our personal pleasure to be involved in the consequences."

"But what is your standard for the measurement of happiness? You have not answered that question yet."

"Well, as for the standard of hedonic measurement, you must remember that happiness is nothing but the unimpeded activity of all the tendencies of our nature—the realization of all the possibilities that lie within us. Consequently, you will see that the true measure of happiness depends upon two factors—the number of faculties which find unimpeded activity and the duration of that activity. Now, to apply this measure to your case. The keen sensations in which you seek happiness do not last long; and at the same time they give outlet to a very few of the faculties of your nature. When you grow old or become an invalid, the faculties which will then cry out for activity will find additional impediment from the work in which your faculties are now employed."

"Why is it then," asked Grace, with a kind of melancholy sauciness which I have never seen on any other face, "that I do not see things as you do? Why is it that I sacrifice the soul to the sense, as you have often said?"

"Because," I replied, "you do not exercise your will to tear you away from the life of sense and put you upon the path that leads to the realization of the soul."

I spoke with a kind of brutal emphasis which made me feel as if I was dyeing my hand in blood. Whenever I have spoken against the worldliness of Grace, I have always had that feeling which has oftentimes prevented me from giving that emphatic expression to my convictions that naturally belonged to them.

"Now tell me," said Grace, with a gentle toss of her eloquent head, "why is it I do not exercise my will in the way you want me to? Surely that must be due to some cause, which is beyond my control—some higher necessity which overbears all the power of my will—some divinity that shapes my end."

"That is fatalism," I rejoined; "to say that you have not the free exercise of your will, is to contradict your own mental experience. Do you ever feel that you are not free to act as you choose? What matters it if that freedom of will is derived from a higher

necessity? A philosopher may tell you that the book I hold in my hand does not exist—and in a sense it really does not—but does that alter your mental experience? Necessity is the substance which assumes the form of free-will in us—just as your own mind has assumed the form of the book.”

I felt quite elated with the victory I had obtained over Grace. My rejoicing was the greater on account of the feeling that I had rescued myself from the strange influence which she exercised over me. I breathed freely. My heart seemed to revel in a sense of freedom. A weight was lifted from my soul. For a few moments silence reigned supreme; during which the conviction grew stronger in my mind that I was free again. In fact the sense of freedom was so complete that I thought there was no longer any need for the perpetual guard I kept over myself. I felt I could be more friendly with Grace than I had been. Grace was to me nothing but the cunningest pattern of excelling nature—she seemed to be a part of nature, the great book I had to study and the great goddess I had to obey. As herself she was nothing. I was out of the charmed maze, in which, with heavy heart and bleeding feet, I had been wandering. I began to think of Grace as she was when she first floated into the orbit of my life, like a beautiful star from the far beyond, the silent void of the world. I thought of the mysterious links by which her life was tied to mine. I knew I had a duty to perform by her. It was almost with pride that I thought that a young and beautiful soul was entrusted to me for training. I was vexed that I ever felt this task irksome or other than a great happiness with which Nature rewarded me for the readiness with which I sought to do my duty. It was a privilege that I had such a duty to perform. I was sure my duty would be well performed in the end. These reflections rapidly passed through my mind and put me in very good humour with myself. I looked at Grace. She sat at the other side of the table, playing with a curiously carved paper-knife. Her long slender neck was slightly arched, and her eyes rested upon the object of her playful attention. I thought the roses on her face looked a shade paler and wistfully desired the power to restore to them their natural bloom. But perhaps it was as well as it was. It seemed as if the pallor was caused by the awakening spirit within, whom my words had reached. I patiently waited for the result. Gently raising her head, like the large-eyed gazelle when she hears a sound not far off, she spoke. Her voice seemed not to break the silence, but only to awaken ripples on its breast.

“Hugh,” she said, “I was thinking whethr I have not been wicked in my love of worldliness. I find it is all vain. It is all a mere question of habit. Do you think if I were to retire from the world I should get that peace of mind which you say is the highest inheritance of man?”

For the first time that day Grace called me by my baptismal name. The sound seemed strange on her lips, and it went through me like a gentle tremor. I sat mute, watching its circulation while

she was speaking. My attention was called back by the question she asked, although I had but feebly grasped its meaning.

"Yes, the peace of mind I speak of is the highest inheritance of man," I said, expecting a repetition of the question in a new form for a proper reply.

"But do you think," Grace went on, "that I shall get it if I renounce the world to-day?"

"I cannot tell—probably you will not. Your present frame of mind may only be a visitor that tarrieth but for a day. Our impulses, however good and noble, have to be hospitably entertained, but not adopted into the family without thought. Great mischiefs have arisen from the unintelligent carrying out of impulses in themselves noble and praiseworthy. It would be highly unadvisable to act upon your present hasty impulse, for it may bring on a reaction accompanied with disastrous consequences."

As I said this I leaned back in my chair with growing satisfaction at the effect I was producing. Her spirit will not be long asleep, I thought, but everything must be gentle and natural; violent measures never do much good. The growth of the soul must be like the growth of the flower. It must bend before it can bloom. I must say this consideration added to the cheerfulness of mind which I was enjoying. Was it due to my weakness in not being able to face the possibility of having to put Grace under a severe training similar to my own? Accustomed as I was to constant self-examination, I could not answer this question at once, moreover there was no necessity for it; Grace's soul was so much purer than mine that she would never be in need of such training as I had undergone. Not to encourage a habit of idle speculation, I dismissed the thought, but I watched it as it floated like a light cloud over my mental sky.

"Well," said Grace, after a moment's silent reflection, "if you think I had better not as yet adopt the higher life as you call it, then what am I to do? The life of the world you condemn as detrimental to spiritual progress, and the only other life I can adopt you consider inadvisable. You know I am your pupil, and I think it is but right that you should advise me. Tell me what I am to do?"

"There is no advice that I can give which has not been given ages ago. What more can I say than what was uttered on the shores of Galilee during the Hebrew incarnation? Be in the world and yet not of the world. Do your work in life, but detach egotism from it. Knowing your true self to be eternal, feel that what seems to be the actor and enjoyer is not the true self. This feeling will strengthen and grow, and will ultimately push away from you the false life of the world."

"Now to apply your theory to practice. You see how I am placed. Here I am in Simla society, everywhere kindly received and treated with consideration. In accepting the kindness and consideration of people, I give them an implied pledge that I shall regulate my conduct in the way that they expect. If I now slink away from Simla at the end of the season, without fulfilling the pledges that have been implied by my conduct, I shall be guilty of



deception. You know very well it was not with me that the plan for coming to Simla originated. Nor was it I who sought the society in which we now find ourselves."

I listened carefully, as Grace went on in her gentle impressive way, and was rather pleased at being able to foresee the point she was going to make.

"That is quite true," I struck in with some emphasis. "Our coming to Simla was entirely against your will, and you consented to it only at my repeated requests. And the society we have dropped into is entirely due to the notes of introduction I brought. Whatever blame there be in the matter, undoubtedly falls to my share. I know that, and I have been perpetually trying to see how this rough hewn block is going to shape itself."

It was here that Grace had me entirely at her mercy. Shortly after our marriage I sought an interview with the Master, and he advised me to pass a few seasons at Simla. Of course I readily accepted the Master's advice, and he gave me some notes of introduction to an American millionaire, who had made his acquaintance while travelling in Cashmere, and, as I learned afterwards from Mr. Rider himself, whose life he had saved during a landslip in Ladak. It was through Mr. Rider's kindness that we were introduced to what people usually call the best society in Simla.

"It is not a question of blame or praise," Grace rejoined. "One must look facts in the face in order to come to a right decision upon them. I spoke merely descriptively and not to find fault with you. The only thing I wanted you to see is, that to preserve social honesty we must give these balls. But I must be honest with you, and frankly admit that the giving of balls is not a painful duty to me. I like it myself very much. It is no use denying the fact. I am by nature a frivolous woman of the world and must take time to reform. I am rich, young and pretty—I know it, and you know it too, although you may harmonize it with the future when I shall be old and ugly."

Grace's last statement nearly staggered me. For the first time that morning she made determined attempts to lead the conversation to a discussion of her personality. When, earlier in the conversation, the first attempt was made in this direction I was struck by it for the moment, but I was determined not to encourage it, and it quickly passed out of my mind. But the repetition of it was noteworthy. At other times I should have tried to examine this straw and discover the direction of the wind. But as it was I felt secure in the detachment of all the personal interest in Grace that had been growing within me. Grace's remark had evidently made me inattentive to her conversation. She noticed it and stopped, and thus put an end to the train of reflection upon which my mind was starting.

"You must not think," Grace went on, with a haughty toss of her head, "that I am vain enough to be deceived by the flattery and admiration which a woman in my position naturally attracts. My pleasure and enjoyment arises from quite a different source. It is to me intensely interesting to study the workings of the human mind. I am a philosopher in my way, although you do

not appreciate me because I do not belong to the weeping fraternity. Life is a vast field for the acquisition of experience, and I think it would be positively a crime to convert myself into an ascetic in my youth, and lose the opportunity of gaining the experience which the world alone can offer. If I can wisely regulate my mind I shall gain more by my present mode of life than by any other. Besides, all the possibilities of nature must be realized. Even you would blame me if I became a *Yogini* (female Indian ascetic) at once. There would be no practical justice in that."

I did not want Grace to imagine that the higher life involved a sacrifice of all the æsthetic faculties in our nature. So I fell in with her mood and said :—

*Kivutyapásyá bharanoni yauvani  
Dhritam tvoyá bardhaka sovi balkalam  
Vada pradoshe splenta chandra táraká  
Bibhavari yady arunay kalpâte ?\**

I stopped and looked at Grace. She seemed uncertain whether to be pleased or displeased. Not wishing even the lightest cloud upon the fair morning sky, I continued :—

"I hope you understand this. It would be a pity if you forgot Sanskrit altogether."

"I may have forgotten Sanskrit," Grace replied, "but understand the verses you have quoted. Kálidása has always been a great favourite with me. I thank you very much for the neat quotation and the compliment it contains. I see stern philosophy does not kill out all the poetical element of our nature. I am glad of that, it gives me courage."

I was pleased beyond measure at the success of my stratagem, which I did not impair by any injudicious fault-finding with her plans about the balls upon which she had set her heart. Feeling convinced that I was beyond her influence, I looked upon the whole thing as a part of the duty I had undertaken, and it was not my fault if the performance of it should be occasionally pleasant. Fortified by these considerations, I heartily entered into Grace's plans and several times won her thanks and admiration by my practical wisdom.

Grace left me with a very pleasant smile indeed. But it was one of those smiles that leave an after taste. While filling my pipe I was perplexed by the suspicion that Grace thought my firmness was only on the surface, and that it covered under a great weakness, especially where she was concerned. I tried to dismiss it from my mind, arguing with myself that it was of no consequence what Grace thought of me. I had my duty to do, and was not concerned with anything beyond its performance. My pipe was filled, and in the absence of matches I took from the table a piece of paper to light my pipe. On the touch of fire, writing began to appear upon the blank sheet of paper. I saw at once it had been written upon with invisible ink, and tried to save it from

\* How is it that having renounced ornaments in youth, thou hast put on garments of bark of trees becoming only in old age? Say how it would be if at dusk the moon and star-blossomed night were to be replaced by the dawn.—*Kumara Sambhava.*

the fire. But despite my best endeavours, a part of it was destroyed before I could put out the flames. With comparative ease I deciphered the following:—

“For the sake of all that has been in the past, which is hidden from St. Clair, for the sake of him to whom you are bound by the eternal chain of love and unity of being, this is to request you to meet me alone at the foot of the hill which lies to the east of Jakko, by the side of the little stream to-morrow at 2 o'clock.—RALPH RAVENSHAWE.”

Every word of it burned into my brain more deeply than the fire had burned the paper. Heaven, earth and hell blended into one another in shapeless confusion. My whole being became a chaos of nameless feeling and sensation. I thought of Ralph Ravenshawe. After the first wave of suffering had swept over me, gasping and faint I tried to collect the wreck of thought and feeling into some coherence and order. I looked at the writing again and again, incapable of grasping its meaning. I shrank from what stood staring me in the face with the triumphant malignity of a devil from the nethermost pit. Grace! oh Grace! I could not think it. Ralph Ravenshawe! false friend and deep-dyed villain! I sat motionless, without thought or feeling, in the coils of a huge boa constrictor of nameless passion and suffering. The words I read were graven on my mind beyond the power of man to erase. I seized the bit of paper and folded and refolded it. Then, as if by a sudden impulse, I put it into my pocket and rushed out of my room for fear of going mad. M. M. C.

## Reviews.

### MONISTIC PSYCHOLOGY.

Following is a brief summary of a series of valuable papers by Dr. Du Prel that have appeared in the German magazine “The Sphynx.”

The object of the writer is to present in a connected form the arguments and facts which go to prove the existence of the soul in man.

In his first section on “The organizing Principle” he shows that all human construction and invention are but more or less concrete expressions of the principles on which the human being is constituted.

“If we see that the functions of the heart cannot be better explained than by a comparison of this organ with a pump, and in like manner the ear may be compared to a piano, the lungs to an organ, the eye to an optical apparatus; if we find that the Grecian temple and the Gothic dome exemplify the same principles of form as the human body; and finally that the hypotheses of the scientists as well as the artistic compositions of the poets all rest on the principle of the least expenditure of energy—then we have a strong evidential basis for the two following propositions:

(1) The principle of form underlying our organism is identical with that underlying our mechanics.

(2) This common principle of form is again identical with the unknown one in the human mind.”

“Thus,” the author says, “a foundation is laid for a monistic psychology”.

The nature and mind of man, he says, are derived from a common third

source. This source has the faculty of both organising and thinking. Neither the mechanical theory of the materialists, nor the modern theory of evolution offer so complete an explanation as to preclude any question of the existence of an inner organising principle in man. There is nothing to show that the adaptation of the organism to its environment is other than an extension of the principle above laid down, that man reflects his own structure in his works. The action of heredity in its influence on forms confirms this view.

The facts of somnambulism go to show that we are the concrete expression of a transcendental original subject. This we infer from the fact that the somnambule can, as it were, see into his own organism and prescribe remedies for his bodily ailments. This would not be possible unless the transcendental self was acquainted with some standard of perfect health, and thus we go on to infer the presence of an organising principle. Thus, if from the analogy with which we started, it is to be inferred that the organising principle in us is identical with the unknown principle that influences our thought, the facts of somnambulism further lead to the conclusion that this principle is also identical in organisation. "In both cases however, the unknown is only unknown in a relative sense, it is unknown to the earthly manifested form but not to the transcendental subject."

Against this view it is objected that the thinking soul is at the same time the life principle of the body. But we find that the somnambule is not only able to see his own interior organisation, but to examine it critically and to point out how far it departs from the normal state, hence we infer that the organising principle governs not only thought but organisation also.

"If the organising principle is of a transcendental nature, if it precedes our earthly manifested form and the body is only its concrete expression, it must also survive the death of the body. The product, the body, is dissolved at death; but the producer, the organising principle, the individual power, remains."

"Thus from the existence of an organising principle follows not only pre-existence but also immortality."

The question now arises, how is it that a transcendental existence so exactly conforms to earthly conditions?

According to Darwin the organic form is the product of external relations; according to transcendental philosophy it is the product of an inner formative principle. These two propositions can be reconciled if we refer the conformity to environment, not to earthly consequences alone, but to the organising principle itself, which, in each incarnation, makes use of previously acquired results. If this be so, the transcendental subject must be capable of development.

Man as we find him can only be explained on the hypothesis that there is behind him an existence, either completely or partially formed, possessing the capacity of adaptation to environment as the result of previous existences. This transcendental subject is capable of modification for good or for evil by the circumstances of each earthly existence.

According to the materialists, the soul is a function of the body; but this is not so, for in reality it is the body that is a function of the soul. The pantheistic view that the individual form and the individual mind belong to the phenomenal world does not explain how it was that the world-substance came to be split up into such different and opposing forms. The Christian mystics are again mistaken in calling the body the prison of the soul, for the former is rather the work and correspondence of the latter.

In the second chapter, on the psychology of Aristotle, Du Prel shows that in the works of the ancient philosopher, body and mind constitute a unity. Aristotle does not confine the functions of the soul to the mental region alone but connects it also with the form, nourishment and growth of the body, and hence admits the presence of soul in animals and plants; a tenet warmly defended by Fechner in modern times.

Our author shows that physiology does not contradict the conclusions of Aristotle, for it demonstrates that not only the voluntary but also the involuntary motions of the body are governed by the nervous system, and the only difference between the nerves is that the thinking function is carried on through the cerebral nervous system and the life functions through the ganglionic. The seat of consciousness is in the brain, and we are unconscious of the life functions because the ganglionic system is only indirectly connected with the brain, but there is no reason for assuming that there are two principal sources of organic change in the body, on the contrary both systems must be the product of a single organising principle. If the two nervous systems are totally distinct, we cannot explain the fact that there are some people who are able to exercise conscious control over the involuntary system, as for instance by increasing the rapidity of the pulse.

According to Aristotle the soul is to the body as form is to matter, and thus the two form a complete unity. The great mistake of the dualists is that they make no distinction between soul and consciousness, whereas the true statement of the case is that the soul is not consciousness, but consciousness is an attribute of the soul.

If we separate consciousness as a directing force and the actual cause of the functions manifested through it, we should have to ascribe involuntary actions to some other cause. Moreover the highest mental action would demand the clearest consciousness, but this is not the case, for the workings of the genius are the workings of the unknown through him and he is but the instrument. We think, as a rule, with consciousness, but not through consciousness. The prime cause of thought is in the unknown. Mind and nature do not therefore stand to one another in a causal relation, but are co-ordinates, and derive their common origin from a third—a transcendental subject.

If the soul does not lose its power of organising at the death of the body, it cannot die when the body dies. If there is a necessary relation between the soul and the body, so that the body is merely the outward manifestation of the soul, the soul must have some quality answering to form, and must be in some sense material. Aristotle does not shirk this issue, but attributes materiality to the soul. This was also the view of the stoics and the epicureans.

The idea of the existence of the astral body was not however originated by Aristotle, it was taught before his time by Pythagoras, who had learned it from the Egyptians, who themselves owed it to India.

The same idea occurs also in the writings of Paul, especially in the well known passage in the epistle to the Corinthians. In later times we find the doctrine was held by most of the fathers of the Christian church and by all the mystics of the middle ages. Paracelsus especially sets forth the existence of the astral body very plainly in his works. In later times the younger Fichte was perhaps the foremost defender of this theory. We find indeed a remarkable consensus of opinion on the part of philosophers, physicians, theologians and mystics as to the existence of the astral body, its survival after the death of the physical body, and hence its separate existence apart from the physical body; and this opinion is confirmed by the popular traditions of all peoples in all ages.

From the fact that persons who have had limbs amputated still go on thinking that the limb is whole, that animals begin to use organs when young, that have not yet grown into existence, as for instance young goats butt before their horns have grown; also from the fact that persons born with deformed limbs do not *feel* the existence of this deformity, and also, as is shown by the case of the Seeress of Prevorst, somnambules, when they see persons who have lost a limb, see the whole man as if with no limb missing, the author deduces a further presumption in favour of the existence of the astral body.

With regard to the "Double" our author says that its appearance is conceivable.

I. In life, (a) as an involuntary separation of the astral from the physical body, (b) as a voluntary separation—the *mayavi rupa*. (c) as separation resulting from the exertion of the will of another. (II) While dying. (III) After death, (a) as a voluntary appearance of the astral body—ghosts. (b) as an appearance brought about by outside influence—materialisations, necromancy.

The phenomena of the Double fall into two categories; first, when a man sees his own Double, and secondly when the Double is seen by another.

Several authorities both ancient and modern are quoted by the writer and the following are some of the instances he gives of these appearances:

While Lord Byron was at Patras, in Greece, ill with fever, his double was twice seen in London by Peel when walking down St. James's Street.

A young student went to visit a German clergyman named Horst. As he was well known to the family he was merely told—in answer to his enquiry—that Horst was in his study. The young man went upstairs to the study and at that very moment several of the inmates of the house saw Horst in the garden adjoining the house. Some one went upstairs to tell the young man that Horst was in the garden, and both saw the latter sitting at his desk in the clothes he generally wore in the garden. At the same moment Horst was heard calling them to come to him in the garden. They went down and found him working in the garden.

Professor Perty says that a Miss Sophie, a friend of Madame N. and her daughter, was one day sitting on the sofa with the mother, listening to the daughter who was playing the piano. Sophie leant back and closed her eyes to enjoy the music, and then the lady saw Sophie go and stand—in her astral body—by the piano, while at the same time she also saw her on the sofa. On another occasion the same young lady appeared to her friend, when they were some considerable distance apart. This time Sophie was lying on her bed with a bad headache, but had a strong desire to see her friend and it seemed to her that she visited the latter in dream.

Another instance is that of one Peter Muller, a farmer, who used often to be seen by his wife and servants, when in reality far away, when his mind was concentrated on something he wanted to have done at the place where he appeared.

A certain physician is also mentioned who used to appear sometimes to his patients when he had made a special appointment with them but had been prevented from keeping his engagement.

Instances might be multiplied without number, and if the relations of observed facts by credible witnesses are worth anything at all, the existence of the Double is amply proved. The great point that Du Prel

makes is that all these appearances—when not due to outside influence—are due to the workings of the mind of the individual who appears.

He thus concludes that the soul not only exists but moreover rules the body, the latter being only its manifestation. This he shows to be the case, as will be seen from the above, both by theoretical considerations as well as by practical examples, and thus, while establishing the unity of soul and body, he makes a first step towards proving that this unity is capable of infinite extension and higher development beyond the realms of the seen, under conditions that we can as yet but imperfectly comprehend owing to the limits of ordinary consciousness.

#### A FALLEN IDOL\*.

SOME five or six years ago a lady in London told me a story of an idol from India, which had brought ruin and disgrace, in some instances culminating in death, upon every hapless possessor. To her certain knowledge three successive owners of this unlucky emblem of divinity had come to utter grief. Such was the simple earnestness of the narrator that I felt as if I was standing on a glass stool and holding the poles of a powerful galvanic battery whilst she recounted disasters compared with which the trials of Job would sink into insignificance. After a sleepless night I sent off a little image, which had occupied a conspicuous place in my collection of curios, to a maiden aunt with a *penchant* for missionary societies, who had made a will in my favour. Now, after the lapse of years I find that this story has reincarnated as a novel, and owes its rebirth to Mr. Anstey.

The idol and the (?) saint in whose honour it was set up are introduced to the reader in a Prologue, which forms a complete story in itself. A 'Jina,' 'Arhat' or 'Tirthankar' had long been expected by the Jains, a sect of Buddhist schismatics. The Guru of the sect discovered the tirthankar to have incarnated in a village in Mysore, its fleshly envelope being the body of a lad whose 'superior force of will and ingenuity procured him the leadership in all mischievous enterprises.' It was passing strange, but 'there could be no possible mistake on that point, for the body bore every one of the mystic signs and marks which denoted his high mission. Accordingly, the youth, having had greatness thrust upon him, was trained for his high calling, and became in due course a yogi. Chalanka, for such was the mystic name conferred on the holy man, acquired power over the forces of nature, though 'his miracles, to the end of his days, resembled the more ill-natured kind of practical joke.'

Years passed by: the mystic dismissed his disciples, whom he had inspired with fear rather than love, and retired to a hermitage in the rocks to pass his life in self-centred contemplation. Not long after this event, to the surprise of the faithful Jains, his body was found one morning stiff and swollen at the foot of a precipice. Then arose the question of canonization—whether an image should be set up in his honour in the little Jain temple of the village, in company with the tirthankars who had gone before. Was he really and truly a Jina? Was such love of approbation and irascibility of temper as he had displayed consistent with arhatship? Had he enriched the faith with any new revelation? The Guru decided these questions in the affirmative, and the image was prepared and set up in a niche of its own in the little Jain temple. The old priest Acharya Chick 'could not consider his latest deity an acquisition.....he was too old to relish having a new object of veneration thrust upon him.' He gave it the smallest offerings, the least tempting fruits and the more faded flowers. The

\* A novel by F. Anstey. I Vol. Smith Elder and Co. London, 1886.

morning following the installation of his new object of worship, Acharya Chick was sitting in the temple porch in meditation, when he was interrupted by an unexpected visit from his rival, Ram Chunga, of the large Brahman temple near by. The great Brahman had on sundry occasions made offers to the ministrant of the Jain temple to purchase an image of Siva which was enshrined in the sanctuary of the tirthankars. Now, he demanded that the God should be given up to him without payment, and when the Jain mildly remonstrated, poured into his ear a story about the defunct ascetic—'a story of stolen joys, of detection, hideous punishment and fierce despair'; and how a dancing girl of the Brahman temple had shared his fate. The Jain remaining, obdurate, the Brahman devoted him to the anger of the gods, and departed. The story goes on to relate how Acharya Chick found all the offerings and all the adornments of all his little circle of gods removed and piled up before the effigy of Chalanka; and, on the following day, all the gods were found to have been thrown down from their niches and defaced (had their noses and ears cut off). Finally, by the importunities of his flock the Jain was forced to promise the idol of Siva to his enemy, who arranged a mighty procession to conduct it *with tom-tom and tamasha* to its new home. At sunset the *rath*, or idol-car, arrived, containing the image of the great Brahma, who had come to escort his partner in the Hindoo Trimurti to his new home. Siva was placed by his side, and the curtains were drawn around them whilst the Brahman held forth to the crowd. On drawing back the drapery, it was found that the two idols were broken and scattered in fragments about the car, whilst the ugly little tirthankar occupied the seat of honour! The Brahman was discomfited. The Jains bore their new god in triumph to the shrine, where he remained honoured and worshipped until Tippoo Sahib 'took it into his ill-regulated head to force the Mussulman faith indiscriminately upon all his subjects,' when the temples were destroyed and the idols buried.

Not feeling myself sufficiently versed in the mysteries of temple interiors and temple life to trust to my own judgment in such matters, and at the same time being desirous of doing justice to the talents and erudition of the author, I submitted the Prologue for criticism to a venerable Brahman, whose impenetrability of countenance and dignity of carriage proclaimed him to be a man of superior wisdom in all matters connected with the gods.

"Your white-faced Aryan writer, he remarked in measured tones, on returning me the book, may be wise in his own conceit, but he knows nothing about the gods. Why should he write a book at all, if not to sing their praises? What reason can he have for making this wretched little image of sectarian insignificance destroy the effigy of great Brahma? Besides this Saheb-logue of the West displays crass ignorance in every line he writes. To begin with, he calls a worthy Brahman Ram Chunga, an uncouth combination of syllables, by which none of the 'twice born' ever was or ever could be named. Again, any child in our country, ere he cuts his second teeth, knows that Brahma had no avatars, and was never represented as a man-lion with a superabundance of arms and a figure across his knees. Know that it was the god Vishnu, who incarnated as the Nara-Sinha\* to punish the wickedness of the giant Hirunya Kasipu. It is told in the Agni Purana how Bijaya, the door-keeper of Paradise, obtained a boon from Brahma that neither gods nor men, nor other created things then existing, should have power to slay him, by day or night, in heaven or on earth: how he took birth

\* From the Sanskrit *Nara*, a man, *Sinha*, a lion.



as the *daitya* Hirunya Kasipu, openly defied the god Vishnu, and became a source of terror to the three worlds : how his son Prahlada rebuked him, for which he was cast into the fire, dashed against the rocks, thrown fettered into the sea, trampled on by elephants, and subjected to a thousand other tortures from which he miraculously escaped, attributing his deliverance to the omniscience, omnipresence and omnipotence of the god Vishnu ; upon which his father, the demon-man, struck one of the crystal pillars with his sabre, and scoffingly ordered the god to come out, if he were present : how Vishnu came out in the form of a Nara-Sinha, preceded by a stifling vapour, laid the demon king upon his knee, and tore out his entrails, without violating the boon of Brahma ; for the time was twilight, neither day nor night, the avatar was a type which had never up to that time appeared, and the king was neither in heaven nor on earth, but between the two, on the knees of the avenger of the sanctity of the gods. Your author does not even know the literature of his own country ; for your pundit-poet Edwin Arnold in his hymn to Vishnu sings :

“ When thou thy giant foe didst seize and rend,  
Fierce, fearful, long and sharp were fang and nail ;  
Thou who the lion and the man didst blend,  
Lord of the universe ! Hail, Narsingh, hail ! ”

“ Then, again, this young man who presumes to write about the gods describes a pot-bellied image of Siva ! In the first place, he is not represented by an image, but by a lingham, the emblem of power ; and in the second place, the only god with a large abdomen, of all the thirty-three crores of the Hindoo Pantheon, is the god Ganesh. But for this mistake some allowance must be made on the score of his nationality, for we are told that in England the Belly-god receives much worship, and that a special caste called the Alder-men, under their caste-leader, the May-or, sacrifice to him hecatombs of sacred oxen, and of the earth-supporting turtle. Furthermore, every idol has to be constructed according to mathematical proportions and measurements, which are given in a special book upon the subject. If the rules are not accurately followed in every detail, the idol is liable to be taken possession of by some powerful evil spirit, could point out to you a lac of the most gross errors which this impious youth has committed. Let him take warning, and not arouse the just resentment of the gods. But I must take leave, as I have a ceremony to perform.” With that my venerable friend departed. The arguments of this worthy man are unanswerable, but I am inclined to think that he was somewhat severe in his strictures, and allowed a spice of national prejudice to tincture his remarks. From the point of view of a western novel-reader, a *grande liaison sérieuse* between a yogi and a temple nautch-girl is unique ; though in the ancient books of the East it is by no means uncommon—as for example, the Vikramaditya—in which a dancing-girl made a wager with king Vikram that she would bring to the palace, within a year, a yogi who was half buried in the jungle, with grass and mosses growing over him, and won her bet by pretending to be a nymph from heaven. The scenes in the temple and the dialogues between the rival priests make very pretty reading for any one who is not too deeply versed in Oriental lore. For our pleasure in reading novels of this kind it is perhaps fortunate that we are not all Brahmans—or Buddhists, for that matter,—for the Buddha condemned fiction altogether.

The story itself deals with the god's adventures in London. The luckless image had been filched from its native land in the Gorgeous East by a reckless soldier, who paid the debt of his sacrilege and temerity in a watery grave. It came into the possession of a dealer in

*bric-à-brac*, and, after bringing upon him a few minor disasters in the way of losses, breakages, burglaries and fires, was purchased by the heroine, a young lady described by one of her admirers as 'so fair, with eyes like stars, and a soul snowy pure.' She is extremely bright and sprightly, which is somewhat unusual in the 'good girl' of the story-book. As might be expected of so very loveable a girl, Sybil Elsworth had a lover; in fact she had several, but she only loved one, a young artist just rising into eminence through his talents and the patronage of Mrs. Staniland, the young lady's aunt, who had a mania for unearthing geniuses. So Miss Sybil sent her idol as a present to her own true love, Ronald Campion, who was never to part with it on any consideration.

Now, as ill luck would have it, this outward semblance of a god in dingy, mottled alabaster and dull red lacquer, was haunted by something very like a devil—by the restless shade of the hapless Yogi, who came to an untimely end under circumstances by no means creditable. This invisible personality, being anything but pleased at not receiving the *Puja* the simple Jains had paid him in the days of his greatness, vented his spleen upon the artist and his friends in a series of phenomena, most disastrous in their consequences. Mrs. Staniland's favourite pug was killed, letters miscarried, the lovers were estranged, the artist's pictures were spoiled, and many other very terrible things happened. At last, through the kind offices of a young German Swede, with the patronymic Axel Nebelsen, the lovers were relieved of their somewhat too personal god.

The author gives a clever thumb-nail sketch of a certain class of London Society, which is neither the *beau monde* nor Bohemia, but lies somewhere on the borderland between the two. All his characters are living flesh and blood, and not the mere ink-and-paper people so often introduced to us in fiction. About the hero and heroine there is not much to be said. They are lovers, and very good lovers, too. Mrs. Staniland is a worldly old lady, with a 'purplish mauve *aura*, and a good heart. She loves to patronise and play the philanthropist, and has no desire to hide the light of her virtues under a bushel. Mr. Babcock, who plays an important part as Ronald Campion's rival for the hand of the fair Sybil, is perhaps the most telling character. He, too, is an artist, not very successful as a painter, but well received everywhere on account of his wealth and his conversational talent, which is generally exercised at the expense of his friends. He sums his ideas about Theosophy in a very few words "..... you only learn a lot of secrets you mayn't turn to any account. And what's the end of it all? Being 'absorbed into Buddha'—which, as far as I can make out, won't make any difference to old Buddha, and would be the end of *me*. Not that Nebelson hasn't powers of some kind. I've seen that fellow do things with cigarettes that were quite astounding in their way, and he produced a succession of raps out of old Lady Timberlake's head the other evening that I wouldn't have believed unless I'd heard them. As for bell sounds, when he's in form he'll tinkle all over with 'em, and they say he actually materialised a strawberry the other day, when they were half-a-crown a piece. Only where's the sense of materialising *one* strawberry? These chaps ain't practical." This would-be adept Herr Nebelsen, is quite a new character, and plays a conspicuous part in the drama. His 'greenness' in matters occult is well brought out; for when asked how to exorcise an elementary he quotes Cromwell Varley's advice to spiritualists, who are troubled by spooks—'two ounces of nitre, put them in a plate with one ounce vitriol—it will drive him away most likely. Also in the great scene at the end, where the idol is destroyed, he tries to work wonders by following the letter of *Isis Unveiled* (the very

words he uses will be found in vol. ii, p. 507.) "The sacred tetragram of all the mystics," says he, "see; at each angle I write one letter of the mirific name—the four Buddhas who came and have passed away." Now the veriest neophyte in occultism knows that the mirific name cannot be put into letters—cannot even be communicated,—and that when such passages occur in Kabbalistic, Rosicrucian and Alchemical works, they are to be taken figuratively, and can only be understood by those who have crossed the threshold and gained possession of the key to the mysteries. From this it might be inferred that Mr. Babcock's insinuation, that the lightning which destroyed the image might have been attracted by the metal palette-knife, would be nearer the truth than the assertion of the aspirant to chelaship: 'I did those;' unless, indeed, some friendly power responded to his earnest prayer and wielded in his behalf the forces of the elemental plane. The scene in question makes a good *dénouement*, and the various emotions of the little party in the next room are well brought out. Perhaps the magical part of the exorcism, or rather the dissolution of the elemental and his effigy, would have been all the more effective if a little more colouring had been given to it. Herr Nebelsen, with his book-knowledge of occultism, would hardly have omitted incense and certain other properties generally described as necessary adjuncts to ceremonial magic. Another effective scene is that in which the guileless Swede endeavours to convince a frivolous drawing-room party of the truth of the eternal verities by means of a few phenomena, in the performance of which he has but partial success; for a drawing-room chair is ripped up but the long lost doll of the lady who desires its restoration is *not* found: also a cigarette which was burnt in a candle, does *not* reappear at the command of the young neophyte. The conclusion, where he gets a note, as he believes, from his Guru, but in reality written and thrown by Mr. Babcock, saying in Greek characters: "Do not a dam-fool be," is a capital stroke of humour. Under the circumstances, it is not improbable that, if the advice had come from a Guru, it would have been in a similar strain.

The story hangs upon the manifestations of Tirthankar's ghost. In the construction and arrangement of these phenomena the author has displayed great discretion and has adapted himself to all sorts and conditions of readers. The thorough-going sceptic will say "Ah! he shows up all that theosophical and spiritualistic humbug." The half believer will say "There may be something in it after all;" and the full blown believer will be able to take it in the light in which he should take it. The author has got a very good idea of the general principles upon which such things are worked—the nature of the elemental and its connection with the idol, its manner of effecting its object by throwing a *Maya*, or illusion, on its victim, and making him do one thing whilst he thinks that he is doing another: also as to its final dissolution and reabsorption into cosmic matter. There is always a possibility of explaining the occurrences by natural causes, which has been found to be generally the case with occult phenomena, and is likely to be a stumbling-block to 'researchers' for some time to come. There is one, however, of Mr. Anstey's which cannot thus be explained away. The artist smears some red paint across the idol's eyes and *défilés* it to resent the insult. He becomes colour-blind, and only regains his natural vision after removing the stain from the image and owning his belief in its power.

"A Fallen Idol" is more or less a skit on Theosophy. But the strokes are so playful and so free from spite that no one will enjoy reading it

more than the theosophists, themselves : most of them are striving to get beyond their personalities, and for a man to be able to laugh at a joke against himself is certainly a step in that direction. Indeed, many of the points will be missed by those readers who are totally unacquainted with the literature of the subject. It will probably be a greater success than "Vice-Versâ:" for the plot of that novel was so utterly impossible as to make it laughable as a screaming farce; but the present work is endowed with such a close semblance of reality, and such a fine vein of humour that it is worthy of a higher place in the realm of fiction. The book bears evidence of thorough and careful workmanship, and the dialogue is always sprightly. Mr. Anstey's 'Fallen Idol' is likely to be set on high in Europe for some time to come. It has already passed beyond its first edition, and may have fifty.

N. C.

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#### THE PATH.

IN the June and July numbers of this magazine Mr. Bjerregaard continues his valuable notes on Sufism. These numbers also contain further instalments from "A Hindu Chela's Diary," descriptive of the writer's visit to Benares, and in which he says that all the temples in that holy city were originally intended to serve as a permanent record of the occult doctrine. In the same way the whole land of Egypt is said, both in its territorial divisions and the position and symbology of its buildings and monuments, to be a great book of initiation. In an article on the "Polarity of the Human Body," Mr. Quetil says: "The human body represents three horse-shoe magnets, two of them having the neutral point at the summit of the head and the third in an inverted position to that of the two first ones. The axis of the most important divides us laterally from right to left, the other from the forepart to the back part of the body. The first horse-shoe magnet has its neutral point at the summit of the head, and its extremities or poles at the right hand and the left hand; the right hand being the positive, and the left hand the negative pole. The second horse-shoe magnet has also its neutral point at the summit of the head, and the extremities or poles of its two branches are the right and the left foot; the right foot being positive and the left foot negative. The third horse-shoe magnet has its neutral point at the perineum, and the extremities of its branches are the forehead and the occiput; the forehead being positive and the occiput negative." "Living the Higher Life" is a practical and valuable article, especially intended to warn Theosophists against forcing themselves unprepared into asceticism.

The July number also contains continuations of papers on the Hermetic Philosophy and the Kabbala.

Mr. Judge has been, thus far, giving us an interesting magazine, beautifully printed on superior paper, and at a cheap price.

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#### THE VICHARA SÂGARA.\*

THE Vichâra Sâgara, or Ocean of Thought, is an admirable and indeed, exhaustive treatise, in Hindustani, on the main problems of Vedanta philosophy, by the well-known Sâdhu Nischaladas, a pupil of the celebrated Mahatma Dâdu. All knowledge begins with thought; but right knowledge follows from right thought; which Shree Shankarâchârya defines to be none other than the inquiry into life, its beginning, and end.

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\* Edited by Sherief Sâlep Mahomed, of Bombay; with notes, critical and explanatory, by Pandita Shree Pitambaraji.

The Vichâra Sâgara is an ocean of thought in this sense of the word. The book opens with the usual description of the four requisites of a composition. The subject, the relation, the reader, and the object. The qualities which make one a fit reader or student of the Vedanta include the whole of the preliminary stages of Râja Yoga, beginning with Viveka, Vairâgya, and ending with Mumukshutâ. The book then conceives three different kinds of students, varying in the degree of their preparation, natural as well as acquired, for appreciating the truths of an abstruse yet rational and sublime philosophy like the Vedanta; and end) with having made each of them Jivanmukta (absolved even while livings by various arguments, pro and con, suited to the requirements of each. This is carried out by a beautiful allegory, in which Tatvadrishi (Intuition), Adristi (Scepticism), and Tarkadrishi (Free-thinking)—the three sons of king Shubha Santati (Holy Sanskâra), attain to *moksha*, under proper instruction, the last having advised his father also, of the truths of the highest aim. There are many Sanskrit works on the philosophy of the Vedanta, all based on the Upanishads and the Sutras of Vyâs as explained by Shankara, which it is difficult for many reasons to go through in any short period of time. The present volume, inasmuch as it embodies in itself all the principal things contained in these works, is really a blessing to those who do not know Sanskrit. Nay, it does more. On certain knotty points the work displays such lucidity and accuracy of thought that it is almost difficult to deny that even in classical writers the like of it is not easy to find. We might mention it here for the benefit of those who wish to study this rare book that it has been translated into English by some gentleman in Delhi.

THE Vedanta deals with the phenomena of matter and life, and declares, quite in accordance with modern science, that the ultimate nature of the former cannot be comprehended. It cannot be said to *exist* in the sense in which God—the great knower of all—*exists*; nor can it be said *not to exist* in the sense in which the “horns of a hare” *do not exist*. Hence its nature is *sat* as well as *asat*, *i. e.*, *anirvachaniya*, or indescribable. But the Vedanta further maintains that nothing exists but in and of Brahma (the supreme *sat*) devoid of all properties or conditions, and that the *indescribable* creation is but a mere shadow in reality. This, the main forte of the Vedanta, is attacked by all descriptions of opponents, as a position extremely untenable and therefore easily vulnerable. If everything is Brahma, and Brahma, is without conditions, where stands the hypothetical shadow of the world? How, again, can *Avidyâ*, or ignorance, the material cause of this shadow, co-exist with its opposite, *Vidyâ*, or *dnyana*, the hypothetical attribute of Brahma? And how, lastly, from the analogy of a rope conceived in darkness to be a snake, could the world be falsely attributed to Brahma, unless it be granted against the hypothesis that; like the snake, it also had been directly seen in *reality*, at some previous moment? These are the logical difficulties—exoteric, of course—besetting a clear comprehension of the Vedantic theory. We may assure our readers without indulging in any quotations, which would necessarily lengthen this short notice, that the Vichâra Sâgara will furnish a clear and concise solution of all these doubts. It is always necessary that a thing should be clear in theory before its practice can fairly begin.

We may draw attention to one more point which is defined with equal clearness in the volume under review. What are the marks of a true *dnyani* (enlightened one)? Is he able to free himself from the law of *Prârabdha*? These are doubts which darken the mental vision of many

an inquirer into the secrets of the higher sciences. Let him who wishes to realise the characteristics of a true *Guru* turn to the *Vichâra Sâgara*, and he will find therein a clear and logical statement of the way in which an enlightened sage can be distinguished from the rest of the world.

Besides these and many similar points of note there is not a single creed, not any single school of philosophy, which has not its proper place assigned to it in the attempt at general reconciliation put forth in this volume. With this brief analysis of the book and its contents, it will be seen that it is justly inscribed with the couplet:—

तावदुर्जन्ति शास्त्राणि जम्बुका विपिनेयथा ।  
नगर्जति महाशक्ति यवद्वेदान्त केशरी॥

*i. e.* The *Shastras* (the different cults and creeds) howl on, like jackals in a forest, only so long as the mighty lion of the *Vedanta* has not sent forth his thundering roar.

To the book is appended a small but very valuable treatise, styled the *Vrittiratnâvali*, by the well-known Pandita Pitambaradâsaji of Bombay, whose notes, critical and explanatory, on the body of the book under notice are most valuable. The *Vritbiratnavali* is an abridgement of the *Vrithiprobhâkara* of Nischaldas, the author of the *Vichâra Sâgara*, which appears to be based mostly on the text of the *Vedanta Paribhâsha*. This is a rather technical and abstruse work, setting forth the nature of knowledge, and of the instruments of knowledge, beginning with Perception, in accordance with the principles of the *Vedanta*, as opposed to those of the *Nyaya* and other minor philosophies. A study of this or any similar work is most essential to a clear comprehension of all the facts of the sublime *Vedanta*.

M. N. D.

## Literary and Personal Notes.

WE hear from Germany that it is proposed to reorganise the remains of the original Rosicrucian Brotherhood of the Middle Ages (not to be confounded with the Masonic Rosicrucians) and to form them into a secret mystical society, having the following objects:—

The object of the *Rosicrucian Society* is to heal all diseases of the mind and those of the body; to cure not only individual men, but humanity as a whole, of ignorance and its consequent evils, such as superstition, morbid desires, fear and doubt, animosity and passions, and thereby to prevent and cure all the causes that produce bodily diseases; for the body itself is a product of the mind, all diseases, whether inherited or acquired, are originally caused by certain mental states, and by restoring the mental equilibrium we may cure the causes that produce suffering. To restore the health of the body, the health of the mind should be restored. To infuse the mind of the morally or physically sick with a strong faith in the law of eternal justice; with confidence in the wisdom and power of the *Supreme*; with hope based upon knowledge; and with a strong will, acting in accordance with the will of "God," will be more useful, than to infuse his body with drugs, which frequently do harm, and very often accomplish nothing more than to suppress the manifestations of external effects of internal causes, while the causes themselves are left to remain and to accumulate strength according to the law of *Karma*, whose action,

if merely suspended, will manifest itself still more powerfully on some future occasion.

The ROSICRUCIAN SOCIETY is, therefore, properly speaking a *medical society*, although not in the ordinary acceptation of that term.\* It is intended to be composed of members, who are "physicians for the soul," and the ideal Rosicrucian is a person, who is a "physician" as well as a "priest"; a king in the realm of the mind, who knows all the laws and conditions that exist in his kingdom, and who rules by the power of the universal spirit, acting through him. If to his knowledge of the mind is added a knowledge of the details in regard to the anatomy, physiology, etc., of the body, and an understanding of the relations that exist between that body and external nature, his usefulness will be correspondingly increased.

Such a priest, king and physician was THEOPHRASTUS PARACELSUS, the reorganizer of the ancient Rosicrucian Society. His system of medicine was a Universal system, intended for the mind as well as for the body; his principal remedy was an *Universal Panacea*, a spiritual "tincture" composed of faith, hope and good will, which, if wisely employed, "tinctured" the source of all life with that which gives life, purifying the mind and restoring the body to health.

It will be admitted, that to accomplish this great object, a great deal of knowledge will be required. Those who desire to assist nature in the development of man should know the constitution of man; the organizations of his higher principles as well as that of his lower ones, and the relations in which these organizations stand to each other and to external nature, to the Universal Mind, and to the source of all life. The second object of Rosicrucian Society, therefore, is to acquire knowledge in all the departments of nature, as well as in that realm which is called "Spirit;" but as the highest, or divine principle in man, the spirit can only be known by studying it in its manifestations. As the highest manifestation of form of which we know is man, consequently man must be their principal study; and as the divine *Atma*, which we desire to study can, by a seeker after the truth, be found nowhere nearer than in his own soul, consequently the aim of the true Rosicrucian is to prepare the conditions by which this divine principle may come to self-consciousness, and attain self-knowledge within his own soul.

The third object of Rosicrucians is to practice the truth, and to employ their powers and gifts for such purposes as will be the most useful; and as the most useful is that which confers the greatest benefits upon the greatest number, consequently their principal efforts are directed to ameliorate the condition of humanity as a whole.

We have received the above first part of the Society's exposition of its philosophy—identical with the Wisdom-Religion—and it appears to us that it is destined to do a great and important work in the spiritual amelioration of mankind. As those who read the article on the Rosicrucians in the April number of this magazine, will remember, there is in Europe a large collection of documents formerly belonging to the old Rosicrucians. These have lain hidden for a long time, and it is now proposed to draw on this storehouse of ancient wisdom for the good of the world. Need we say, we could wish only triumphant success to a Society formed by legitimate heirs to the wisdom of Theophrastus. If this be such an one, it must be built upon the sure foundation of the Divine Science, and we hail with gladness this resurrection of the Rosy Cross, and rejoice in the prospect that its beams are once more to shine over land and sea.

\* "Medicine," originates from *medeor*, to heal.

## BEQUESTS.

By direction of the Council, we call the special attention of any of our brothers who may be disposed to leave property to the Society by will, to the form of Bequest at the end of the Rules for 1885-6. As the Theosophical Society is not chartered, any bequest not made in accordance with this form will be rendered null and void. Through non-compliance with this recommendation, the Society has recently sustained a loss of nearly eight thousand pounds; that sum having been left it by a friend in Scotland, whose legacy was disallowed on appeal to law, because the Society was not incorporated. The President, Henry Steel Olcott, and, after him, his successor in office, is the legally elected Trustee of the Society.

The Convention of 1885-6 adopted the following form,—to which we give place at the particular request of the Council:—

“I, A. B., give (or devise and bequeath as the case may be) my house and garden (or other property as the case may be), as hereunder fully described, unto C. D., the present President and Trustee of the Theosophical Society, for the purpose of the same being properly and faithfully used and applied by him, and by his successors in office, duly appointed according to the Rules of the Society for the time being in force,—for the sole and exclusive use of such Society.”

WE have to regretfully note the death of two valued members of the Society—Professor J. Smith, President of the Royal Society of N. S. W. and long Professor of Experimental Physics in Sydney University; and Lloyd P. Smith, Esq., for very many years Librarian of the Franklin Library, Philadelphia, U. S. A. Mr. Smith was a ripe scholar and one of the best read Americans of the day. A few months ago he printed in *The American*, a local paper, a highly complimentary review of Colonel Olcott's *Buddhist Catechism*.

OUR learned and versatile colleague, Mr. P. Sreenevasa Row, the annotator of *Light on the Path*, will contribute to Vol. VIII of the *Theosophist* a charming Oriental romance. It will appear continuously until completed. The erudite author will embody in this work a mass of facts relating to Aryan philosophy, Ethics, Mythology, Fable, Magic, Thought-transference, etc; the whole true in literary form and color to the spirit of Eastern thought and Aryan aspiration. In the October number will appear articles by Mme. Blavatsky, Col. Olcott, Miss Cook, Mr. Narasimmiah, and others.

UNDER the auspices of Babu Norendro Nath Sen and others, a Vegetarian Society is shortly to be established in Calcutta. The promoters are anxious to secure the co-operation of all interested in this movement throughout India.

## Correspondence.

B. M. S.—We cannot answer anonymous letters.

A. S.—Unavoidably put over until next month.



SUPPLEMENT TO

# THE THEOSOPHIST.

SEPTEMBER 1886.

AMERICA.

The following new Branches of the Theosophical Society have been formed in the United States:—

THE MALDEN BRANCH THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—Malden, Mass. *President*, Sylvester Baxter. *Secretary*, Frank S. Collins.

THE LOS ANGELES THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—Los Angeles, California. *President*, Charles W. Bush. *Secretary*, John R. Meister.

THE GOLDEN GATE LODGE OF THEOSOPHY—San Francisco, California. *President*, Martha Bangle, *pro. tem.* *Secretary*, Isaac B. Rumford.

THE BOSTON THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—Boston, Mass. *President*, Charles R. Kendall. *Secretary*, Susan E. Gay.

THE CINCINNATI THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—Cincinnati, Ohio. *President*, Robert Hosea. *Secretary*, Dr. E. Y. Howard.

THE GITA BRANCH THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—Aldrich, Alabama. *President*, W. F. Aldrich. *Secretary*, Charles Turner.

THE OCCIDENT THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—New York, N. Y. Names not yet reported.

THE KEYSTONE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—Philadelphia, Pa. Names not yet reported.

BANGALORE.

During Col. Olcott's recent visit to this place, he founded two Branches of the Theosophical Society, with officers as under:—

THE BANGALORE CANTONMENT THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—*President*, P. Sadasiva Moodelliar; *Vice-President*, M. Chengiah Chetty; T. C. Mahasamy Pillé; *Secretary*, A. C. Singaravelu Moodelliar; *Asst. Secretary*, T. C. Viraragavalu Pillé; *Treasurer*, A. Maigandadava Moodelliar; *Librarian*, Jaganatha Chettiar; *Councillors*, V. S. Velu Moodelliar; A. R. Chelvaraya Moodelliar; T. V. Arnachellam Pillé; V. S. Vidialinga Moodelliar; A. P. Murugasa Moodelliar.

THE BANGALORE CITY THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY—*President*, E. C. Shunmogavelu Pillay; *Vice-President*, K. Ramachendra Rao; *Secretary*, C. Moorogasa Moodelliar; *Assistant Secretary*, P. Srinjeevee Naidu; *Librarian*, K. Sreenivasa Iyengar; *Councillors*, C. Audinarainsawmy Naidu, Kristnappa, Sadasiva Pillay, Ramanjooloo Naidu, Kristnasawmy Moodelliar.

Colonel Olcott's visit to Bangalore was a marked success throughout. He delivered five lectures (a report of the last of which we copy from the *Bangalore Spectator*) to crowded audiences, by whom he was most enthusiastically received. Our Bangalore brothers are actively working and have raised funds for a Library, and organised a series of weekly lectures on Theosophical subjects.

“The subject of Colonel Olcott's fifth and last public lecture was the most familiar of all subjects to Hindus—to wit—*Karma*. This may be freely translated as the moral law of cause and effect to which every being is subject. The lecture was delivered in the City Theatre to an audience that filled every seat and standing-place. These large gatherings prove but too conclu-

sively that Theosophy has taken a very deep hold upon the Hindu mind; and it is no small compliment to the American lecturer that he is never forced to speak to any audience that does not fill the building, and that he satisfies even the most intelligent and best educated Brahmins. The chair on the evening of Thursday the 29th July 1886 was occupied by M. R. Ry. R. Vijiandra Rao Avergal, Chief Secretary to the Dewan of Mysore, and the duties of the honorary post were performed in a highly dignified and satisfactory manner. In introducing the speaker of the evening, the Chairman said that the names of the Theosophical Society, Madame Blavatsky, and Col. Olcott were household words from one end of India to the other, and held in high respect among Hindus. The eloquence and sincerity of Col. Olcott, he observed, had aroused in the national mind and heart an interest in their ancestral Philosophy that was a very remarkable phenomenon of our times. The learned Chairman further said that the subject of "Karma" was perhaps more talked of in Indian households than any other; every one knew something about it, and for a Western gentleman to lecture upon it might seem to some like "*Bringing Coals to Newcastle.*" But he was afraid that the popular ideas about *Karma* were very superficial and misleading. The rules of spiritual development are all laid down in "Patanjali's" Sutras, and any one can learn how to extinguish bad "Karma" and obtain "Mukti." But he said, it was one thing to read "Patanjali" with the eyes, and quite another to read him with the discernment of the spirit; one thing to quote Patanjali's aphorisms, and quite another to practise and illustrate them. He could promise without any fear that the audience would hear from their friend, the Lecturer, an exposition of "Karma" that would be both lucid and instructive.

Colonel Olcott then came forward amid loud applause and deafening cheers, and proceeded with his discourse. He disclaimed very emphatically all pretence of being a teacher; he was but a student, and a very humble one; but he had as strong a yearning as any one could have to learn what the Aryan books could teach. The theory of "Karma" was the expression of a desire of the philosophical instinct to account for the phenomena of human experience. It was the revolt of common sense against superstition and materialistic scepticism. It was the analysis of the problem of the origin of Evil, and the remedy for injustice. It fitted on to and crowned all our modern scientific progress. Within the lives of persons in this audience it would, he thought, be generally accepted by the best thinkers throughout Christendom. "Karma" was the theory of cosmic equilibrium. It acted upon the spiritual, moral and intellectual planes no less than upon the physical. It was totally different from "Kismet" and "Predestination," the fatalistic dogmas of Mahomedanism and Calvinism. The speaker had found great confusion among Hindu reasoners as to *Karma* and *Kismet*, the two being almost confounded. This was a misfortune, for *Karma* if understood, affords the most intense stimulus to the moral and spiritual natures. "Karma" was divisible into three parts, viz., *Sanchita*, *Prarabdha* and *Kriomana*: which may be interpreted as (a) the whole body of potential "Karma" accumulated behind a being; (b) that fractional portion of it which can find an outlet in any given birth; and (c) the fresh additions we make to it daily and hourly, by thought, word and deed. If men were living but a single life on earth, and had been thrust into it by an irresistible body of "Karma" magically or supernaturally collected in some super-terrestrial previous existence, then we should have to call his earthly history the outworking of "Kismet" or Fate. But Hindu Philosophy does not teach this; that is the Mahomedan idea. Hinduism, he said, teaches "Karma" to be a constantly acting law and energy, expending and augmenting itself alternately, until the being has run the round of the planetary cycles, and reached the supreme condition of absolute spirit. Colonel Olcott defined the different views of the "Adwaita" and other Hindu philosophers respecting "Karma" and God, and closed with a feeling expression of gratitude for the great kindness that had been shown him by the entire Hindu community of Bangalore, which was drowned in a thunder of applause.

The learned Chairman in a few graceful words conveyed to the Lecturer the warmest thanks of the audience, and on their behalf wished the Colonel God-speed, and a long life for the prosecution of his benevolent work; (universal and long continued applause). The meeting then dissolved."

## • VELLORE.

The following gentlemen have been elected office-bearers in this Branch:—  
*President*, Ramanujulu Nayudu Garoo; *Vice-President*, V. Subharamiah;  
*Secretary*, G. Subbuswamy Aiyar; *Assistant Secretary*, P. R. Krishnasami  
 Aiyar.

## SILIGURI.

The first anniversary of this Branch was celebrated on the 8th August, the chair being taken by Babu Dina Bandhu Voumic. After a short address by the President and the report of the Secretary, Pundit Kesub Chandra Vidyaratna of the Berhampur T. S., delivered an excellent address, which produced a most favourable impression on all who heard it.

## GYANANKUR.

The second anniversary of this Branch was celebrated on the 2nd August. Pundit Kesub Chandra Vidyaratna, of the Berhampur T. S., was present. After expounding the Bhagavat Gita for an hour, the learned Pundit then delivered a lecture on the aims and objects of the Theosophical Society. According to the report read by the Secretary, meetings were held almost every week. A Sunday School has been opened for giving moral instruction to the young. The officers were re-elected as under:—

*President*, Raj Krishna Mookerji; *Vice-President*, Ankhoi Chandra Mookerji; *Secretary*, Raj Narain Bose.

## NOAHKHOLLY.

A new Branch of the Theosophical Society has been organised at this place with officers as follows:—

*President*, Chandra Bhukshan Chakravarty; *Vice-President*, Chandra Kumar Guha; *Secretary*, Jogendra Nath Chakravarty; *Assistant Secretary and Treasurer*, Bosanta Kumar Mithra.

## CEYLON.

## THE BUDDHIST DEFENCE COMMITTEE PROCEEDINGS.

*Rules and Bye-Laws.*

The body now permanently formed shall be known as the Buddhist Defence Committee.

Its objects are as follow:—

(a) To defend by lawful means the Buddhist religion from attacks by its opponents, and Buddhists from persecution or injury on account of their religion.

(b) To promote the interests of Buddhism in all parts of the world, in co-operation with all favourably disposed Governments, Societies, and individuals.

(c) To serve as a channel of communication between Sinhalese Buddhists and the Colonial and Imperial authorities.

Membership in the Committee shall be exclusively confined to persons openly professing the Buddhist religion.

It shall not be controlled by considerations of caste or sect.

It shall represent in its membership the different parts of the Island.

Services of all members shall be rendered gratuitously.

The term of service of officers shall be for one year, but may be extended by consent of a majority of the Committee at the annual meeting.

Annually, on the Sunday next following after the Full Moon day of Wesak, an election shall be held by the Committee in the town of Colombo, and ballots shall be cast for officers for the ensuing year.

The officers shall be a Chairman, Vice-Chairman, Secretary, Assistant Secretary, Treasurer, and Legal Adviser. Absent members may vote by proxy.

Official communications of importance on behalf of the Committee shall be signed by the Chairman and countersigned by the Secretary; and the latter shall invariably preserve copies of the same in a suitable book of record. Should a proposed communication be deemed of sufficient moment, a special meeting of the whole Committee shall be called for its consideration.

All notices of meetings shall be given by the Secretary in writing, and with the consent of the Chairman.

Seven members shall constitute a quorum for the despatch of business.

All questions before the Committee shall be decided by a majority vote.

The Committee has power to alter and amend these Rules and Bye-Laws at any meeting; provided that previous two weeks' notice has been given to each member.

A letter from His Excellency the Governor was read, in which he expresses his willingness to receive the address from the Committee either at Kandy or, on his return, at Colombo.

The Committee decided to present the address on His Excellency's return to Colombo.

It was proposed by Mr. Richard deSilva and seconded by Mr. H. Don David that certain Kandyan chiefs be requested to become members of this Committee.

In reply to a question why Buddhist priests should not be taken into the Committee, the Chairman explained that they are bound to render assistance to a movement of this sort.

The High Priest said that this Committee can always expect his co-operation and assistance.

Read a letter from a Buddhist priest requesting the Committee's interference in obtaining the permission of the Government to occupy a cave in a crown land.

Resolved that the priest be informed that the Committee's interference is not needed as the Government makes no prohibition in a matter of this sort.

Resolved that absent members be provided with printed copies of Rules.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and the High Priest brought the meeting to a close.

#### GENERAL BUDDHISTIC NEWS.

On the evening of the 14th instant a meeting of the leading men of the neighbourhood was held at the house of Mr. U. D. S. Goonesekera, of Colombo, to arrange for the establishment of a Buddhist Sunday School at or near Borella. It was decided that a building should be erected for that purpose, and Mr. Goonesekera kindly presented a piece of land in a suitable position as a site. A subscription was set on foot to defray the cost of the building, and it was resolved that a portion of the cash collected at the meeting should be at once expended in the purchase of benches, so that a temporary Sunday School might be commenced at once in a house near at hand which one of the gentlemen present promised to secure for that purpose. It was decided that a public meeting of Buddhist parents be called on the 24th instant, and that the school be commenced on the 25th.

The Sunday Schools at Kotahena and Barber Street (Colombo) were formally opened by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater on the 18th July in the presence of a large crowd of natives and burghers. Fifty-five children attended at Kotahena and fifty-eight at Barber Street, and it is confidently hoped that these numbers will be largely increased in a few weeks' time. Many Buddhist parents who were present earnestly expressed their satisfaction at the establishment of the Schools, and their gratitude to the Theosophical Society for providing them.

A meeting was held at Kalutara on the 18th instant, at which several members of the Head-Quarter's Staff of the Colombo Theosophical Society were present. A local Society was formed to work for the revival of Buddhism in the district under the direction of the Colombo T. S., and fifty-six members were enrolled. This Local Society undertakes to build and endow a Buddhist school at Kalutara on condition that the Colombo T. S. will take over the school and endowment, and act as its Board of Managers. This the Colombo Society consents to do. A subscription of Rs. 50 for the Buddhist National Fund was also collected at the meeting.