

Æ U Ω

There is this city of Brahman—the body—and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in it that small ether. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of the Self, here in the world, and whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it.—*Chandogya-Upanishad*.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.—*Jesus of Nazareth*.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1887.

No. 1.

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THE SECOND YEAR.

The first number of this magazine naturally appealed to the future, to show whether there was any need for its existence, any field ripe already unto the harvest. The beginning of the second volume may be claimed to mark the turning point of THE PATH, in its upward spiral from the regions of experiment, to the plane of assured and growing success; and while the Editor tenders his hearty thanks to the friends who have loyally served it with pen and purse, he deems it proper to express his conviction

that a mighty, if unseen power, has been behind it from the first, and will continue to aid it. In no other way can its phenomenal success be accounted for. Starting without money or regular contributors, treating of matters not widely known, and too little understood; entering a field entirely new, and appealing, as was feared, to a comparatively small class, it has steadily grown in favor from the very first number; none of the ordinary means of pushing it into notice have been resorted to, and not ten dollars spent in advertising; yet new names are added to its list almost daily, and of the hundreds of its old subscribers only three have withdrawn. In this country its regular circulation extends from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate, and from the Green Mountains to the Crescent City; it reaches through England, France, Germany, Italy and Russia; it is read alike beneath the North Star in Sweden, and under the Southern Cross in New Zealand; it is a welcome guest on the immemorial shores of India, and has received the cordial approval of the heads of the Theosophical Society in Adyar. It would be impossible not to feel gratification at such results, even were it an ordinary money-making enterprise; how much more when it is remembered that it is devoted, not to any selfish end, but to the spread of that idea of universal Brotherhood which aims to benefit all, from highest to lowest.

THE PATH will continue its policy of independent devotion to the Cause of Theosophy, without professing to be the organ either of the Society or of any Branch; it is loyal to the great Founders of the Society, but does not concern itself with dissensions or differences of individual opinion. The work it has on hand, and the end it keeps in view, are too absorbing, and too lofty, to leave it the time or inclination to take part in side issues; yet its columns are open to all Theosophists who may desire to express their views on matters of real importance to the cause in which all should be interested. New features will be added, as the need seems to arise; the first will probably be a department devoted to answers to correspondents. A large and constantly increasing number of letters of inquiry are received, and the present editorial staff finds it impossible to answer each separately; besides which, many of them naturally relate to the same or similar matters. By thus printing general replies, not only will the inquirers be answered, but others may have their unspoken questions replied to, or a similar line of thought will be suggested, or other views be elicited, to the mutual advantage of writers and readers.

In this joyous season of returning Spring, THE PATH wishes all its readers a "Happy New Year," in the fullest and best sense of the term—a progress in the knowledge of the great and vital truths of Theosophy, a truer realization of The Self, a profounder conviction of Universal Brotherhood.

HERALDS FROM THE UNSEEN.

(Concluded.)

"Yet mark it well, man cannot compel the God. The self cannot be gained by the Veda, nor by the understanding, nor by much learning. He whom the Self chooses, by him alone the Self can be gained. The Self chooses him as His own."¹ How then would you attract the Shining One? You must first strive to raise your own vibrations. Tension does this, the tension of lofty thought, benevolent feelings, the living spirit of holy books, communion with high minds, any and every elevating practice, the mind fixed on the True. And look you, this is no matter where you may dissect from the outset; you must have Faith. If you institute the conditions, the event follows; such is the economy of the occult world. What is Faith but the institution of conditions? "He cannot be reached by speech, by mind or by the eye: He cannot be apprehended except by him who says, '*He is.*'" You must bear some relation to Spirit, or its eterne vibrations cannot raise you. Knowledge attained, you will find it submitting triumphantly to every test. Calm is the essence of Faith because a similitude of vibration with Truth (in its living record) is only possible when you are no longer at the mercy of astral currents. Then "regard most earnestly your own heart."² The soul is there; all may feel its heat, some hear its musical tones as it expands. Sink your thoughts down to that heat: the Spirit (Buddhi) enters by the head and your final object is to bind heart and head together in an abiding consciousness of Unity. The Bhagavad-Gita tells us plainly that when the mind roams man "should subdue it, bring it back, and place it within his own breast;" not, as you see, in the brain. Now by "mind" the intellect is not meant, but manas, the collective thoughts and desires upon which Reason, (or Buddhi) may act as guide or control. You will find that you can think from the heart, just as all strong emotions,—such as fear, love, suspense,—take their rise in the heart and spread wave-like over the chest, and have no similarity to the flash of an idea in the brain. In the ordinary man the brain is only the focus for the thoughts streaming in through the solar plexus and many are lost, just as millions of seeds in nature are lost. So the Upanishad echoes the warning:—"The mind must be restrained in the heart till it comes to an end;—that is knowledge, that is liberty; all the rest are extensions of the ties." When we are able to think from the centre we shall realise what is now difficult to believe—that our present intellection is not the highest avenue of knowledge.

¹ Vedanta.

² *Light on the Path.*

"When a man is delivered from his mind, that is the highest point."¹ We sink our thoughts then into the flowing Light as men sink nets into the sea—withdrawn, they are full to breaking.

A distinguished confrere, speaking of this subject in the October *Theosophist*, says that the right "Word" must be known, when we may sink it down to the heart where it becomes a living power: he adds that *Om* is used for this purpose in India and *Jao* in Europe. These are good words as we all know, and represent high vibrations. The Upanishad says plainly:—"Om is the sound-endowed body of him:" and again; "The syllable Om is what is called the Word and its end is the silent, the soundless, fearless, * * * immovable, certain Brahman. We are told by the authors of Man that "in incantations, sound is so modulated as to produce the same state of the body as that which invariably accompanies the generation of any desired psychic or spiritual force." Nor is it difficult to find the rationale of this use of sound when we consider that there exists in the Akasa a latent and eternal power called Yajna, which is supposed to form a bridge between mortals and spirits, or gods, like the ladder in Jacob's dream. "Isis" states that it can be called into play by the lost Word receiving impulse through will-power. This sound is the Vach, or dormant "Word" of the sacred Mantras, evoked by those who know their proper intonation. Krishna says that as Adhiyajna (Lord of Yajna) he is present in this body. Reflect deeply on this. He who can fret the sensitive akasic chords with heat-compelling tones may see this stupendous electric force burst outward from its hidden lair and rend for him the veil of Isis. So indeed he mounts to the Gods.

When Hartmann adds, however, that attempts to carry on this practice without first obtaining a "Word" just suited to our condition from an Adept are dangerous, he tends to frighten away those who would try to find the "Lord of all worlds" for themselves, as if an Adept were needed when "Ishwar resideth in the breast of every mortal being."² An Adept can impart an impulse, stimulate our vibrations momentarily; he cannot strain his powers to raise us to an artificial status and hold us there. Knowledge is Being; you *cannot* know more than you are. You have within you the eternal motor,—Thought. Apply it through the universal vehicle,—Will. I do not say that such external impetus as Adepts can give is not a great advantage, *provided it is in your Karma*. Otherwise it is useless except to teach you a lesson through premature failure, and The Brothers, foreseeing the end, will if left to Themselves deal more wisely with the man of desires than he with himself. Anyone may follow Krishna's behest and "raise himself by himself." Students should give serious attention to the point

¹ Upanishad.

² Bhavagad-Gita.

that mere automatic processes have as such no place in the higher science of the Wisdom-Religion. Astral perception confuses and retards; it is but a period of synchronous vibration with that sphere; "ye cannot *serve* two masters," though all service ended you may become astral serpent and spiritual dove in one. Yogees in India who pronounce Om for years with fixed thought often make no apparent progress; its full application is beyond their ken; it would seem beyond Hartmann's also. For the article in question somewhat belittles the practice of Charity, Devotion and the like, whereas all precedence comes to naught in the final test, (and I consider nothing short of that,) if these sacred principles do not constitute the integral make up of the heart. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass." I repeat, men have fallen into a way of considering such injunctions as mere adornment, whereas they are structural necessities, truths as demonstrable as any mathematical equation. How shall I think as a god if I have not the large outlook of a god? I would not willingly behold any differentiation in the universe which is not visible from the standpoint of the polar star! The sum of Karma consists of all deeds referable to the self; the deeds done for self increase the sense of self, while spiritual life consists in the absence of self. Thus the fundamental necessity of spiritual growth is that all be done for all. Whatever tends to raise the vibration is of value, your intuitions must direct you to a wise admixture. Persevere; "to the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are swift." In some quiet moment you will feel a touch upon the heart as if a spent bullet had lodged there, or a soft stir, as a nestling dove. Later, sounds will ensue, sounds like singing sands, or piping winds, or the surge of golden bells chiming adown far coasts. Sometimes a fine aerial music attends the august vibrations, as heralds announce the King. *For when the sound arises, the Light is near.* Then control the mind, whose centrifugal tendency is immense; it is a Ulysses who must be tied to the mast when these syren voices echo, lest it lose itself in the sea of sense. Attend only to those ideas to which the sounds give rise in the heart. Other wonders accrue, fields of color, flashing sights and psychic sense unfolding, but to describe these is to leave the student at the mercy of a vivid imagination. I can only state that something is born again under the potency of the *Word*, and this *Word* is a fixed rate of high vibration.

You have now a clue; try. On the doors and walls of the temple the word "*Try*" is written. The entrance found, use this key. "The mouth of the true Brahman is covered with a golden lid, open that, O Sun, that we may go to the true One, Who pervades all. He Who is that person in the sun I am He."

"After having left behind the body, the organs of sense and the objects of sense, (as no longer belonging to us) and having siezed the bow whose stick is fortitude and whose string is asceticism, (the true kind) having stricken down with the arrow consisting of freedom from egotism the first guardian of the door of Brahman, having killed that guardian, he crosses by means of the boat Om to the other side of the ether within the heart, and when the ether is revealed, (as Brahman) he enters slowly, as a miner seeking minerals enters a mine, into the hall of Brahman. After that let him by means of the doctrine of his teacher, (trying his intuitive way and not that of another) break through the first shrine of Brahman, (consisting of the four nets of food, breath, mind and knowledge) till he reaches the last shrine of Brahman. Thenceforth pure, clean, tranquil, breathless, endless, imperishable, firm, unborn and independent, he stands in his own greatness, and having seen the Self standing in His own greatness, he looks at the wheel of the world, (therefore he may still be in the world,) as one who having alighted from a chariot looks on its revolving wheel."¹

Take up the analogy. Get to the wondrous centre and ask of the latent Light, and "all shall be changed." Then Brothers, give, give what you receive. Cast all your treasures to all the winds of morning; the closing pinions of the night will bring them back transformed. *Fear nothing!* Bend the inner ear and you shall hear that royal Watch who calls across the Darkness, "All's well! All's well!"

Ishwar, Lord of the Light! Make me to be a channel through which Thou flowest. Teach me to know Thy voice in other hearts as well as in mine own, and inform us with Thine effulgence through the generating cycles—Om!

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

"SEEK OUT THE WAY."

I.

With hopes and fears I sought for years
The small old path of yore,
Fain had I found the mystic sound
Which opens Brahman's door.
Fain had I heard "the golden bird,"
Or shared their lot, who soon,
In that deep peace where all things cease
Behold "the crystal moon."

II.

At last one said, "None but the dead
May find that wond'rous way;
The dead who die to Maya's lie
And wake to Truth's broad day.
In vain ye seek with Thought's wide sweep,
In vain, with magic art,
The utmost bounds of the world's rounds;
The way lies through the heart."

F. T. S.

A PERPLEXED INQUIRER.

To the Editor of THE PATH :

Having read an article in the February number of the *Theosophist* by our learned and esteemed brother, Mr. Subba Row, which puzzles me very much, I would fain try and draw the attention of that gentleman to my perplexed state of mind: begging him to explain what seems to many like inconsistencies and contradictions. This is the more important, as we now have Hindus in the West who are teaching the Vedanta and other Indian philosophies, giving them out as the true *esoteric* teachings, and the disciples of these gentlemen are hailing with delight and triumph an article coinciding with the (*exoteric*) philosophy of the Vedanta, which they are learning, though as shown in "*Five Years of Theosophy*," by Mr. Subba Row himself, the Vedantins teach five *Koshas* synthesized by *Atma*. (See "Vedantin Classification," p. 185, *Septenary Principle in Hindu Systems*.)

Mr. Subba Row in his "Notes on the Bhagavad Gita," p. 301, says: "Now as regards the number of principles and their relation between themselves, this sevenfold classification, which I do not mean to adopt, seems to me to be a very unscientific and misleading one." In "*Five Years of Theosophy*" I find an article by Mr. Subba Row in which he upholds the septenary division of principles in man in this wise (see p. 161): "Now these seven *entities*, which in their totality constitute man, are as follows. I shall enumerate them in the order adopted in the 'Fragments' as far as the two orders (the Brahmanical and the Tibetan) *coincide*." Again, p. 185, he tells us that "the knowledge of *the occult powers of Nature* possessed by the inhabitants of the lost Atlantis was learned by the ancient adepts of India, and was appended by them to the esoteric doctrine taught by the residents of the sacred island." Again, p. 160, "Now according to the adepts of ancient Aryavarta, *seven principles* are evolved out of these *three* primary entities. Algebra teaches us that the number of *combinations* of *n* things taken *one* at a time, *two* at a time, three at a time, and so forth, $=2^n-1$, etc. Applying this formula to the present case, the number of entities evolved from different combinations of these three primary causes amounts to $2^3-1=8-1=7$." Will Mr. Subba Row kindly explain what there is in these, his former statements, which is so "*very unscientific and misleading*?"

Particularly in the following passage he shows the important part which the number *seven* plays not only in the Microcosm, but in the Macrocosm, viz.: "I may mention in this connection that our philosophers have associated seven *occult* powers with the seven principles or entities

above mentioned. The seven occult powers in the microcosm correspond with, or are the counterparts of, the occult powers in the macrocosm. The mental and spiritual consciousness of the individual becomes the general consciousness of *Brahman* when the barrier of individuality is wholly removed, and when the seven powers in the microcosm are placed *en rapport* with the seven powers in the macrocosm."

In pondering over these apparent contradictions the only rational conclusion that I can arrive at is that though Mr. Subba Row accepts the septenary classification as being the esoteric and true one, relating as it does to Nature in all its different phases, he finds that for purposes of practical teaching it is preferable for untutored minds to give the condensed fourfold classification as specified in page 161, "*Five Years of Theosophy*," reserving the septenary division for the more advanced students? This is the only way in which I can account for the discrepancies in the teachings, and I find also that he himself says on page 301 (*February Theosophist*) "and so, for all *practical purposes*—for the purpose of explaining the doctrines of religious philosophy—I have found it *far more convenient* to adhere to the fourfold classification than to adopt the septenary one and multiply principles in a manner more likely to introduce confusion than to throw light upon the subject."

Mr. Subba Row in his article on a Personal and Impersonal God in "*Five Years of Theosophy*" gives us again proof of the number seven being the leading factor in all principles of cosmogony. Thus on page 200 we read: "To the liberated spiritual monad of man or the Dhyān Chohans, every thing that is material in every condition of matter is an object of perception. Further *Pragna* or the capacity of perception exists in *seven* different aspects corresponding to the *seven conditions of matter*." Again he says the *Arhat* doctrine "postulates the existence of cosmic matter in an undifferentiated condition throughout the infinite expanse of space. Space and time are but its aspects, and *Purusha* the *seventh* principle of the universe, has its latent life in this ocean of cosmic matter."

In the article entitled "The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac" by Mr. Subba Row (again in "*Five Years of Theosophy*") he tells us that there are *six* primary forces in nature and that these six forces are in their unity represented by the "*Astral Light*" which unifies them as the *seventh* as explained in foot note, "the Astral Light in its unity is the 7th. Hence the the seven principles diffused in every unity or the 6 and one—two triangles and a crown" (p. 111).

The esoteric teachings of the Theosophical Society have it seems to me been based on this septenary division from the first, and the various writings of Mme. Blavatsky are teeming with it, and one might easily fill a whole book with all the quotations on this subject as given in Theosophical litera-

ture. Apart from this we have only to look ourselves into nature and see the correspondences which can be derived therefrom:—our planetary system with the number *seven*, the *seven* colors of the *rainbow*, the seven days of the week or periods of creation even to the snow which falling on the ground shows invariably a 6 and a 7 pointed star.

As we have been taught to attach so much importance to this septenary division both in the Macrocosm as well as the Microcosm, Mr. Subba Row's plain statement that he does not mean to adopt in future the seven-fold classification in man, compels me to ask him in all humility to explain why he intends making a so radical change, upsetting all his former teachings and theories. Is it as I suggest, that he divides his teachings into two classes, one for the outside world, and one for the students of occultism?

COUNTESS CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER, F. T. S.

STUDIES IN THE NUMERIC POWERS.

IN THE PATH of January, 1887, page 316, under the head of the very interesting "*Tea Table Talk*," by "Julius," reference is made to certain significant numeric renderings given by "a secret sanscrit book called the Diary of the Pandavas." In a foot-note by the editor suggestion is made concerning the numbers cited (18x360), with the remark that: "If the product of 18x360 be added, the sum is 18." This product is found to be 6480; which 6, 4, 8, 0, added as suggested, give, first, 18 (the sixth multiple of three) and second, 9, (the third multiple of three); thus: 6, 4, 8, 0, = 18 = 9. In view of this opening of a wonderful theme, I am prompted to offer THE PATH some extended numeric formulas and combinations which, so far as I am aware, have never before been made public, and yet have such a bearing upon occult science, that I incline to think they will be interesting to some of its readers.

Many years ago, in course of reflection and studies regarding the fundamental laws of creative order in our human origin, development, and final destiny, I was led to represent what I saw to be the necessary primary law in being, (the occult of theosophy, I apprehend), by reflex appearances in "the things that are seen" by our natural vision.

Amongst these illustrative types of interior realities I employed the elementary geometric forms, *point*, *direct line*, and *deflected line*; the last of which, as true arc, produces the circle when carried to its ultimate; this circle representing the triune order of *movement*, the point in the line, the line in the curve, and the curve in the circle.

. . . Passing thence to the digital scale of units rooted in potential base at zero

(o) as the static involution of numeric power, and ultimating in the compound term ten (10), as the full numeric scale or series evolved, I saw the principles, first: of static being or involution, (o)—second: of active *appearing* or evolution, (1-9), and third: of fulfilled and composing power (10); and this was seen to be a unitary principle in creative order, variously manifest by varying forms; but having its fundamental law as (1st), God, the Creator, in essential being; (2d), God creating by the instrumentality of His natural Humanity; and, (3d), God in Created fullness by the *conscious* unity of His natural Humanity with His Essential Divinity; wherein the fullness and order of creative power culminate and rest in immortal vigor.

Triunity being, then, the regulative law of the Creative Series as (1st), Simple Unity; (2d), Diversity; (3d), Compound Unity, and coming to analyze and classify the secondary term of this numeric series (1-9) accordingly, it was seen that the full series would stand thus:

I.	II.	III.
o	1, 2, 3: 4, 5, 6: 7, 8, 9:	10.

Hence the developing group (1, 2, 3:) would stand to its kindred groups 4, 5, 6: and 7, 8, 9: as cipher stands to developing series (II) and developed form (III) and a further solution of the groups of the diversified term (II) by the same alkahestic touchstone, would find the primates 1, 4, 7: standing in the same character and order to their respective groups; while the mediant 2, 5, 8: and the ultimates 3, 6, 9: are found allied with the same consistency, to their proper groups.

The geometric elements, rendered as symbols of creative order, are held to typify, first, Creator, *involving* creature-form; (.) second, Creative movement in conscious creaturely selfhood, or subjective form; (—) third: Creative movement to re-form creaturely consciousness in unitary spirit—in self-deflection, or bending to the universal in Humanity; (—), fourth; full Creative achievement in the unitary consciousness perpetually actualized in circularity or associate wholeness—organic alliance in Universal Brotherhood truly experienced; and, *through that experience*, conscious unity of Man with his Source: (O).

The numeric scale is held to be formed, either consciously or unconsciously, consistently with these motary forms of geometric elements rendered as typifying creative system.

Having thus read and formulated this simple scale of numeric power, as impressively symbolic of *Creator*, *Creating*, and *Created*, it occurred to me to make a test of the consistency of the whole conception, including the minor groupings. I had known that if any given number were multiplied by three or the multiples of three, 6 and 9, and the product thereof were added together until a single unit was produced, that unit would

invariably be three (3), or six (6), or nine (9) as its second or third multiple. And I believed that the esoteric principle implied in this full analysis and synthesis, as a consistent reflex of the Divine and Human in creation, would display corresponding orderly results to the same process carried through all of the terms of the developing scale, 1—9. So I proceeded to multiply and add sums quite extensively in the same manner; taking the sums as multiplicands at random.

To illustrate: let the given sum as multiplicand be 10,841, multiplying successively by the first, second, and third terms of the three groups, and adding together the figures of the products till the result is expressed by a single unit, either simple or compound.

First, I repeat the groups:

1, 2, 3: 4, 5, 6: 7, 8, 9:

Second, the process; multiplicand being 10,841.

10,841 1 ——— 10,841=14=5.	10,841 4 ——— 43,364=20=2.	10,841 7 ——— 75,887=35=8.
10,841 2 ——— 21,682=19=10=4.	10,841 5 ——— 54,205=16=7.	10,841 8 ——— 86,728=31=4.
10,841 3 ——— 32,523=15=6.	10,841 6 ——— 65,046=21=3.	10,841 9 ——— 97,569=36=9.

It is here seen that the results are not less orderly, or consistent, from operations by the first terms of the groups, (1, 4, 7) and the second (2, 5, 8:) than by the third, (3, 6, 9:). But it will be noticed that, in the above illustrative instances, the consistency is shown in this: 'the resultant terms derived from multipliers 1, 4, 7: as first terms of the three groups, are successively 5, 2, 8:; *these being the middle terms of the three groups in irregular order.* So, in the second line of operations, with the middle terms 2, 5, 8: as multipliers, the resultant figures are 1, 7, 4:; *these being the first terms of the three groups, in irregular order*; here reversing the order of the previous products: this giving the lowest (1) as the first resultant term, the highest (7) as the next, and the mediant (4) as the third.

The 3 and its multiples 6 and 9 as multipliers, operated as before known, give ultimate terms in the above operations, of 3 and its multiples 6 and 9, *but in the irregular order of 6, 3, 9.*

Any given sum, worked by the same process, will show equally remarkable consistency, though with a liability to constant variations in such

consistency, in results. Such variations are manifestly as consistent and orderly as are the varying chords in a musical composition, and in their rhythmic flow seem not less impressive.

If this scale of digital numeric symbols was projected from an understanding of the human significance of the geometric *line*, *curve* and *circle*, as motary elements, as I am led to believe, it would follow that the figures themselves were designed to be clearly typical of human character, or motive power, during the processes of human development from Man's Vitalizing Source to his final magisterial reign in perfect Lordship. It further follows that they may be consistently read according to such a rule of occult science.

In such case, the first series in developing scale, *as a whole*, (1, 2, 3 :) would stand for the *in-forming* process in creatureship; before distinctive human selfhood is realized; the second series (4, 5, 6 :) would represent the *de-forming* process as to creaturely state; which is a process that distinctly fixes in the conscious will and power of creaturely selfhood: the third series (7, 8, 9 :) would represent the *re-forming* process, by which, when fully matured, the final composite fulness is experienced; which realizes unity of man with God, with Humanity at large, and with all corporeal existence—universal unity.

There is always a certain interest in external appearances by visible things; and it is thought that these numeric formulas and operations may not come amiss, even if not seen to point distinctly to the divine and human realities of which they are shadows as seen by deeper vision. To those who are more or less seers by this deeper vision, they will, I hope, betoken the constancy of divine love, wisdom, and power in creation, and the positive order of the divine working there, whatever seeming contrariety and discordance may appear on the surface. The one power of Life that works unseen in the Unitary Humanity, giving form and force to all visible individual and associate powers inspired thereby, is as constant and true as is the occult in mathematics constant and true and available to human experience. And it can no more be diverted from its true power and purpose regarding that Humanity by the mistakes and painful blunders we make, during our human unripeness, under the working of our *quasi* freedom, than can the immutable² in mathematic laws be nullified or perverted by our unqualified and mistaken renderings.

The power of that Life resides in the great Racial Humanity in all fulness; and all that comes to us outwardly as conscious experience in truest *being*, *knowing*, and *doing*, comes through a hearty devotion to that Life, on our part, *where it struggles to fulfil its designs*; making an immutable law of Human Brotherhood which we may violate at our cost, but can never controvert to the peril of Divine purpose.

Sub-natural vision sees these digital numeric forms as the unschooled savage sees : Super-natural vision sees them rationally as scientific powers : Supreme-natural vision sees them sophially—by the rule of Wisdom in the immutable order of Creative Triunity.

Concord, N. H.

WM. H. KIMBALL.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO PRIMARY CONCEPTS.

“The world for us,” is our *idea* of the world, nothing more, nothing less. “God for us,” is our idea of God ; likewise each individual is an embodiment of his idea of himself.

There is also a world of ideas, the aggregate of which constitutes the Ideal world.

No one imagines that this present existence is the Ideal world, but all admit that it is at best, a *striving toward it*.

These propositions may be taken tentatively and it will thus be seen, if they are found true, that our ideals are the patterns after which our lives are formed.

If there is a world of ideas of which the ideal, or perfect man, forms a part, the ideas which we entertain may have a great deal to do in facilitating our progress toward the realization of our highest possibilities. In other words, if our ideas conform to the cosmic or Divine ideal we shall become “Co-workers with God” toward that ideal. If it be true that “There is a Power that shapes our ends rough hew them as we may” instead of “kicking against the pricks” we should follow the line of least resistance, and instead of rebellious children, wounded and bruised continually by the sharp rocks of daily experience, we shall become willing and obedient, and thus, in facilitating our own upward progress, we shall be enabled to help others in innumerable ways toward the same end.

It therefore makes a great deal of difference how we look at things. Our belief or idea of anything, does not alter the thing itself, though this might seem to be the case. One may imagine the moon to be a big cheese, or the sun a ball of fire consuming millions of tons of coal per second, or God to be a huge half-human monster, but that such belief could make these things other than they are, no one but the imbecile or the insane will imagine.

Since the advent of Theosophy in these later times, many words and ideas have been imported from the East, and the result has often been to add to our former bewilderment, rather than to make more clear the duties

and the possibilities of man. Even when these words and ideas have been translated into English they have been but partly successful in removing our obscurity.

It is for this reason that the whole Theosophic movement has been often designated as an attempt to supplant Christianity by Buddhism; and though this has been again and again denied, in the absence of clear concepts not of theosophy but of the existence of things, (which concepts have been long lost to the Western world), this denial has not changed opinion or enlightened individuals. Thus do additional reasons appear why our primary concepts should be clear, rational, and therefore true, as far as we go.

While therefore it is true that many of our ideas come from these Eastern sources, it is equally true that they may be clothed in western garb, and thus become comprehensible to western minds. One may by great labor learn to read Sanskrit, Hindostanee, or German, but there are few aliens who are ever able to think in any language save their mother tongue. Our forms of thought, *i. e.*, our ideas, will still be clothed in the nursery garb wherein we were cradled.

The first object of every earnest seeker should be *to find himself*. This he cannot do all at once. Most of us would be objects of pity if we could, and we might turn with loathing and despair from the reality, divested of all conventional or imaginary accessories. If we would enter in and possess the land of promise, we must drive out the giants, not all at once, but "*little by little*," as we drive out the giants, and subdue the wilderness, we must cultivate the soil and so *enter into the land*, TO POSSESS IT. Man lives at once in two worlds, the outer, physical, natural world, and the inner or spiritual. If we take man as he is, and nature as we find it, we shall find a two-fold division running through both, and we shall ultimately find, that DUALITY is everywhere the basic condition in the manifestation of all things.

If we examine the world about us, as to its real character, and describe it in the language of science we find, Matter, Force and Motion. Matter is that which occupies space and resists motion. Force is that which produces motion in matter. Matter is indestructible, it changes form and combination. Force is indestructible and finally matter and force are inseparable, indissoluble. This leads to the concept of the persistence of motion. If we conceive of atoms or molecules we must think of them as never for an instant at rest. A motionless atom therefore is unthinkable, as soon as it ceases to move, it ceases to be. Now this moving physical panorama we call the phenomenal world, its essence is motion, and motion implies change.

Matter, both mass and molecule, is continually appearing and dis-

appearing and whenever, wherever and howsoever it appears, force accompanies it.

Now suppose we call the line of its appearance and final disappearance the boundary of the phenomenal or the Ether, and think of this ether as the ocean in which both matter and force dissolve and motion ceases, or, that the ether is potentially both matter and force, latent, unmanifested. When therefore an appearance, or manifestation occurs, even of a single atom, matter, force and motion represent it, and the substratum in which it appears, commonly called space, is the all surrounding, all pervading ocean of ether.

Science calls this Ether "Luminiferous." This is the Astral Light, and yet this luminosity is not light as we think of it. The difference between luminosity and light, is similar to that between magnetism and electricity. Light is luminosity plus polarity, and polarity implies duality, hence motion, hence phenomena, transition, change.

The center of man is consciousness: The avenues through which this center of consciousness comes in contact with the external world of phenomena are the senses. If the essence of phenomena is change, so is change the essence of the senses. Sensory and motor impressions are simply changes apprehended or appreciated by the nerves, the result of which is transmitted to consciousness. A nerve channel therefore, incapable of change, is incapable of either sensory or motor impressions, and hence is out of communication with the center, consciousness, or in other words, that part of the body is "paralysed." The realm of consciousness heretofore in communication with that realm is latent, but is not paralysed. The brain is the seat or center of consciousness, but it is not the office of the brain to manifest consciousness, that is the office of the body, and particularly of the muscular system by bodily motion, and facial expression. There are bodily conditions in which consciousness remains, yet the individual is unable to manifest it. The brain is therefore the house in which consciousness dwells, in which it is *usually*, but not necessarily confined. The delicate surface of the gray matter of the brain is the canvas on which is exhibited to the indwelling consciousness, the panorama of events occurring in the outer world of phenomena. Here we find the origin, the basis, and the conditions of thought, of all intellectual processes whatsoever. In health these moving pictures are geometrical in form, and mathematical as to number, rythm, and movement. The action of the heart conforms to, or again determines this rythm. Mental emotions change the action of the heart; disturbance of the heart's action gives rise to emotion, *i.e.*, there is a close sympathy between heart and brain, and hence between the functions of each. The mistake in modern physiology is in supposing that the brain originates consciousness, whereas it only is related to its

manifestation. It would be far more correct to say that consciousness originates the brain. It is quite probable that all sensations and functions other than the purely organic, originate from the single sense of feeling, and consciousness as related to the phenomenal world is a development of feeling, viz. : experience.

It may thus be seen what is the nature of the phenomenal universe, and of man's being as related thereto, viz. : change, transition, the past is dead, the future is not, the present is an *instant of change*, and our consciousness of it, is a consciousness of change, and that only, what it is *in itself*, we do not know. This is what our Eastern Brothers call *MAYA*, a moving panorama of illusions, which generally lead to delusion.

All this is related to the physical world, but one side of the nature of man, but one-half of the world itself. Oken says of the sun, that "it shines *by virtue of its standing in the midst.*" The sun of the Microcosm is consciousness. If we call the light of consciousness luminosity, then are the sensory and motor impulses passing too and fro along the nerves polarized light, qualitation, analysis, the vibrations of which break on the shore of consciousness, to be merged in its mysterious deeps. Sensations precipitated, deprived of motion are experienced and the recorded result is consciousness. As already remarked this is consciousness related to one side of existence. The other half of the problem is the Noumenal. All existence is an equation; duality and manifestation are synonymous terms. Consciousness is the lamp which stands in the midst between the two worlds, the phenomenal and the noumenal, in the place of the sign of equality.

J. D. BUCK.

(*To be continued.*)

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

III.

CONTENT AND SATISFACTION.

The ideas these words represent lie at opposite poles of the circle. The former should stand for the philosophic calm, the minor peace, the comparative equability of Soul which the disciple has attained, while the latter implies the stagnation of Will, the death of aspiration and of all true progress.

When the first impetuous burst of feeling is over and time with her slowly disenchanting hand has begun to blur the outlines of the first vivid creation of thought, the knowledge gained seems to be the only possession left—the knowledge that there is a Path to tread and that no thought is

worth thinking, and no word worth uttering that has not for its aim the one supreme object—the finding and the treading of this path that leads to deliverance from conditioned existence. But it is one thing to be possessed of this merely intellectual knowledge, and another to have the Will, the Courage and the Strength to find and to tread the path.

After much uncertain questioning and many anxious thoughts about the path, remembering always that “it is not found by devotion alone, by religious contemplation alone, by ardent progress, by self sacrificing labour, by studious observations of life, that none alone can take the disciple more than one step onwards, and that all steps are necessary to make up the ladder,” a clue may yet be obtained from the lines in the Bhagavat-Gita, so beautifully rendered by Mr. Edwin Arnold

Some few there be
By meditation find the Soul in self
Self-schooled, and some by long philosophy
And holy life reach thither ; Some by works :
Some never so attaining hear of light
From other lips and seize and cleave to it
Worshipping ; yea ! and those—to teaching true
Overpass Death !

Aye ! “The aids to noble life are all within”—the path indeed lies there, in other words there are as many pathways to perfection as there are individual Souls.

There is no doubt a saturation point for Energy as there is for Truth in the individual—it may come in the form of lethargic weariness, or it may come in the form of satisfaction. To the old man, weary of life, the rest of death is sweet, but even though he may seem to have earned repose, such feeling still appertains to the quality of “Tamas,” and should be resisted at any cost. The feeling of satisfaction is far more insidious—indeed it is the limit to any further possible advance placed by the man’s own deepest sub-conscious self. Around us are to be seen men in all stages of moral growth who have attained to this satisfaction. Though the mere gratification of the senses and the social amenities of civilized countries may become to the majority of the votaries of pleasure a dull meaningless treadmill, we yet see some to whom such life affords true satisfaction. They have reached their goal. And if we turn to the Religious world who does not know one or two of the many happy Souls who have attained the complete rest of satisfaction? Burning questions do not exist for them—they deem that they have solved the insolvable—They too have reached their goal. Nor does this sphere of objective life in which we dwell alone exemplify the working of this law of nature. The realm of the Deva-lokas, could we penetrate to those serene heights of being, would show us Souls who had attained to their Saintly rest,

who had reached their supreme satisfaction—rest and satisfaction however that must along with all conditioned existence come to an end some time. But to the god in the Deva-loka as to the worldly epicure, the satisfaction he has reached is the evidence of the limit of advance—the advance made in the different cases being merely one of degree. Each has shown an incapacity for further endurance, whether of suffering or of joy, though in most cases it must be suffering, and their progress has therefore come to an end. But man has within him the potentiality of Godhead, not the Deva (god) in his realms of bliss, but the absolute unity with the divine Spirit of Life of which nature is a manifestation—the Being where all individuality is merged in one—the one ever-permanent state of Nirvana—the Peace of God that passeth all understanding.

When after long years of incessant goading, the goad within ceases to act, a minor peace is attained. It is a matter of wonder to the disciple, who cannot understand why it should be so—he has had no hand in the slackening of the torture cords—he only knows that the strain is withdrawn, and that in the quietude his thought can range undisturbed. But with the removal of the pain, he seems to feel as if his search were less intense, and then follows the inexplicable paradox of the actual invocation of pain by one part of his nature, while the other part of him regards with fear and dismay any recurrence of it. Nevertheless this tranquility of content continues. It goes without saying that this state includes the perfect content in all outward conditions. It may not have reached the transcendent light, where fear of any earthly catastrophe as well as desire for any earthly gain are alike non-existent. The disciple still remains a creature of habit, and imagination can easily conjure up situations where the equanimity would be entirely overthrown. But at least fresh desire for earthly objects has as a rule ceased to operate. All earthly life indeed stands before his mind in its true colour, as possessing value only so far as giving opportunity of recognizing its utter valuelessness, and of stretching forward to those things which have permanence and value, and the one all-absorbing desire that remains, is that when the burden of earthly existence has again to be taken up, the progress gained in the last life may not be lost; that in the words of Plato we may so pass through the waters of Lethe as not to defile our souls with absolute oblivion.

In one of the early numbers of the *Theosophist* the aspirants for chelaship are warned against too soon undertaking a life for which they are not yet fitted, and all are advised to master first their most apparent weaknesses—their most besetting sins—The mastering of such, and the continuing to be the master, until relapse is constitutionally impossible (though this may imply a period which one life may not cover) would indeed seem to be for most the necessary entrance to the Path. While by this exercise of self re-

strait the aspirant is acquiring the necessary Will, Strength and Courage for the treading of the Path when found, "new hands and new feet are being born within him" with which to scale the heights that lie beyond. The search for perfection may well find its simile in the scaling of some seemingly inaccessible peak. After journeying for long years through the dim forest on the plain, and falling into many a slough of despond, with torn garments and with bleeding feet the climber has at last emerged. The forest lies below him and he sees the dim plain stretching to the horizon, but it is only the first plateau of the mountain he has scaled, and straight in front of him rises a seemingly perpendicular face of rock. Yet up this face of rock he has to go, for there can be no turning back when it is realized that what he has undertaken is the one thing worth doing.

But while insisting on the necessity of the gradual strengthening of the character by victory over all the faults of which the disciple is conscious, the common mistake of the religious must not here be made, and the conquering of any one sin or of all sins be mistaken for the goal, instead of a mere preparation for the treading of the path. Indeed—given a sufficiently ardent desire for the ultimate goal—all sins and weaknesses that stand between the disciple and the object of his desire will by that very fire of desire be annihilated in a flash of thought. One of the most important means of keeping alive and intensifying this desire is by keeping the goal constantly in view. And as it must have been by the failure of all earthly things to satisfy the heaven-born longings of the aspirant that first set his face towards the path, so the bringing back before the mind's eye the past experience of futile longings and disillusionings will best serve as impetus for the next transport of Heavenward flight.

What a man sets his whole heart on that he will undoubtedly attain sooner or later. The man whose desires do not rise above the gratification of his physical senses gets what he desires and that, as a rule, quickly. He whose life is concentrated in the emotional nature will in time achieve his "*summum bonum*" in the union of love he has dreamt of with another soul. He to whom the acquirement of knowledge is the one thing needful, must attain what he desires, and that in exact ratio with his energetic search for it, while the philanthropist whose aim is to do good to others—whether on the material or the moral plane, and who feels impelled to the so-called sacrifice of self in some definite course of action—though this lies far apart from the "killing out of all sense of separateness" which constitutes the true "self-sacrifice"—will doubtless also achieve his reward though in some less obvious way. But

"Narrow

"The heart that loves, the brain that contemplates,

"The life that wears, the spirit that creates

"*One* object and *one* form and builds thereby
 "A sepulchre for its eternity."

We who recognizes the finger of Maya in all these things, and whose search is for that intuitive Wisdom in which they are all embraced, but which transcends them all, does it not behoove us to lift our minds more and more continuously to the Supreme? and to free our thoughts more and more from all limitations? for as it was the inability to fix the soul in worship on the attributeless Deity (though he had freed himself from *all* personal desires) that prevented the devotee from straightway attaining Nirvana, and instead landed him in the heavens of the Devaloka, where the conditions of bliss he had pictured to his mind as the Supreme were his inevitable reward, so should we even now begin to free our minds from all limited conceptions, and strain more and more towards the infinite.

I cannot better conclude than by quoting the last few lines in Farîdud-dîn Attâr's description of the seven stages in the road leading to union with the Divine Essence.

"Last stage of all is the Valley of Annihilation of Self: of complete Poverty.¹—the seventh and supreme degree which no human words can describe. There is the great ocean of Divine Love. The world present and the world to come are but as figures reflected in it—And as it rises and falls how can they remain? He who plunges in that sea and is lost in it finds perfect peace."

PILGRIM.

PARAGELSUS.

I.

It is a noteworthy fact in Occultism that the great Masters who in the body have worked among men have been members of the healing craft, the noblest of all the learned professions. It is the noblest, because in its true character it combines the functions of both priest and physician; healer of the soul as well as of the body. Such will be the master minds of the nobler civilization which will some day dawn upon the world; the spiritual chiefs of a people will also guard the health of their bodies as well as of their souls. Hermes, we are told, was a great physician and the head of a grand brotherhood of Adepts. Both Jesus of Nazareth and John the Baptist were members of the Essene fraternity, an order of therapists. Apollonius of Tyana served his novitiate in the temple of Hippocrates and became a healer of men. In the middle ages and the beginning of modern times in Europe we find the Brotherhood of the Rosicrucians, devoted to the attainment and application of medical, as well as spiritual knowl-

¹ This is the common term among the Muslim Mystics for the highest degree of the contemplative life.

edge. Even in primitive society, among wild tribes like the red Indians we find their sacred orders composed of "medicine men," and there is good reason to believe that some of these possess valuable occult powers. To these spiritual and therapeutic esoteric brotherhoods, found throughout history, may probably be traced all the progress made by mankind, material as well as intellectual and spiritual. Through their knowledge of the secret forces of nature there have come into the world at large those beginnings of mechanical and chemical science which lay at the base of those physical achievements that constitute the power and pride of our present material civilization—little mindful of its indebtedness though the latter be. Why is it that these two great functions are combined in the Master Teachers of mankind—the care of the body as well as of the soul? Is it not to lead man, by slow degrees, up to the condition of bodily perfection that shall characterize the glorious "Coming Race"?—a race combining the godly and the human in the attributes described in *Through the Gates of Gold*, which tells us: "The animal in man, elevated, is a thing unimaginable in its great powers of service and of strength." Thus shall we see realized a divine race with powers over Nature beside which the potency of the intricate mechanical devices of the present age, attained at the cost of the enslavement and degradation of toiling millions, shall be more puny than are the crude implements of cave-dwelling man in comparison with those of which our age so arrogantly boasts.

Paracelsus, there is high authority for saying, was really one of the greatest Masters ever known upon the earth. In rank he may be compared with Hermes Thrice-Master. Although he was the father of modern chemistry, his name has not yet ceased to be a by-word among men, for his revolutionary methods in medicine naturally gained him the hostility of the doctors and druggists of his day, whose pretensions he ruthlessly overturned. Being the "regulars," they naturally had the ear of the public and their denunciations have therefore colored history so that, although science is now beginning to recognize its debt to him, he is still widely regarded as having been a noisy impostor.

The world is therefore much indebted to Dr. Hartmann's admirable book.¹ It is particularly appropriate that a physician should write the best popular account of the great master of medicine. Dr. Hartmann has done his work with thorough sympathy and has made it his most important contribution to Occult literature, good though his previous work has been. It is notable how great Adepts who have worked visibly among men have made their

¹ The Life of Philippus Theophrastus, Bombast of Hohenheim, known by the name of the Paracelsus; and the Substance of his Teachings concerning Cosmology, Anthropology, Pneumatology, Magic and Sorcery, Medicine, Alchemy and Astrology, Philosophy and Theosophy, extracted and translated from his rare and extensive works and from some unpublished manuscripts. By Franz Hartmann, M. D., author of "Magic," etc. London: George Redway, 1887.

appearance at the turning-point of a cycle. Apollonius and Jesus came when the Roman Empire was at the height of its glory and approaching its fall. Paracelsus appeared at the dawn of the modern era which is coming into bloom to-day, and his teachings laid the foundations for our present physical science. How great these teachings were may be seen in the substance of his writings as given by Dr. Hartmann. The date of his birth is significant; 1493, the year after the discovery of America by Columbus. We see him, a greater Columbus, standing on the threshold of the new world—not only the enlargement of the known domain of the globe, the opening up of vast continents to the dominant race, but of the expansion of wealth, of the intellect, of religion. He was the contemporary of Luther, but, though the radical reform effected by the father of Protestantism was one of the main features of the change in the cycle, Paracelsus stood on a plane too high to take part in sectarian quarrels, and said: "Among all sects there is none which possesses intellectually the true religion. We must read the Bible more with our hearts than with our brains, until at some time the true religion will come into the world."

Concerning the Adeptship of Paracelsus Dr. Hartmann remarks: "An old tradition says—and those who are supposed to know confirm the tale—that his astral body having already during physical existence become self-conscious and independent of the physical form, he is now a living Adept, residing with other Adepts of the same Order in a certain place in Asia, from whence he still—invisibly, but nevertheless effectually—influences the minds of his followers, appearing to them occasionally even in visible and tangible shape." It is considered by some students to be still more likely that, at this period, He who was once known as Paracelsus is in a body whose astral meets with others in Asia. The present being an important period in the world's history, it has been hinted that a great Teacher may be expected to appear among men. The multitude, however, will hardly be likely to fall down and worship Him when he comes; indeed, his treatment at their hands would probably be something quite different. Comparatively few would be likely to recognize Him, for only spirit can perceive spirit.

There is a passage in Dr. Hartmann's work concerning the physical appearance of Paracelsus which calls for some comment. The fact that he was beardless gave rise to a tradition that he was emasculated in his infancy. This could not have been. The requirements of Adeptship necessitate a body complete in all its parts. Paracelsus was one of the Rosicrucians, and there are reasons why he could not have been a member of that fraternity, had he been thus physically defective. It is more likely that his beardlessness had another significance. It is said that the physical characteristics of the great teachers have been those of a race superior to that among which they

worked. Gautama Buddha, for instance, established the religion for the greater part of the Mongolian race, but not only was he an Aryan ; according to tradition he was light haired, and of blonde complexion, and Abbé Huc so describes the beautiful presentation of him in the magnificent temporary sculptures in the great Festival of the Flowers annually given at the lamassery of Kunbum in Thibet. The personal appearance of Jesus of Nazareth is unknown to the world, but there is reason for believing that he was not of a Jewish type and was wholly unlike the conventional representations. To those who have read Bulwer's *Coming Race* possibly a hint of the reason for the beardlessness of Paracelsus may occur.

Dr. Hartmann calls attention to the short and concise manner in which Paracelsus expressed his thoughts. This quality of his writings will be perceived in the extracts given, which are translated into admirable English. There is no ground for the charge that he was inflated and boastful in his style. He simply spoke with self-confidence, like all men who speak with authority. Apollonius said, when asked how the wise man should speak concerning that which he knew : "He should speak like the law-giver. For the law-giver must present to the multitude in the form of commandments that which he knows to be true." It was thus that Paracelsus taught. As Dr. Hartmann well says : "It is a daily occurring fact, that he who exposes and denounces the faults of others appears to the superficial observer as boasting of his own superiority, although no such motive may prompt him."

It is highly unlikely that the charges of drunkenness brought against Paracelsus had any foundation. He had a host of bitter enemies, and the making of such charges by them without warrant would be very natural. Ground for this accusation has been supposed to be found in a letter to some students at Zürich, in which he addressed them as *Comibones optimi*. But it seems most likely that this referred to fellowship in drinking the "wine" of wisdom, particularly since the letter is a very serious and pathetic one. As Arnold remarks in his "History of Churches and Hermetics": "A man who is a glutton and a drunkard could not have been in possession of such divine gifts."

That Paracelsus obtained his great knowledge not by study of books is evident from the fact that he read very little. For ten years he did not read a book, and his disciples testify that he dictated his works to them without memoranda or manuscripts. His spiritual precepts are of the most exalted character, and agree thoroughly with what has recently been given out from Eastern sources. He asks : "What is a Philosophy that is not supported by spiritual revelation?" Concerning prayer, or a strong aspiration for that which is good, he said : "It is necessary that we should seek and knock, and thereby ask the Omnipotent Power within ourselves, and

remind it of its promises and keep it awake, and if we do this in the proper form and with a pure and sincere heart, we shall receive that for which we ask, and find that which we seek, and the doors of the Eternal that have been closed before us will be opened, and what was hidden before our sight will come to light. The next point is Faith : not a mere belief in something that may or may not be true, but a faith that is based upon knowledge, an unwavering confidence, a faith that may move mountains and throw them into the ocean, and to which everything is possible, as Christ has Himself testified. The third point is imagination. If this power is properly kindled in our soul, we will have no difficulty to make it harmonize with our faith. A person who is sunk into deep thought, and, so to say, drowned in his own soul, is like one who has lost his senses, and the world looks upon him as a fool. But in the consciousness of the Supreme he is wise, and he is, so to say, the confidential friend of God, knowing a great deal more of God's mysteries than all those that receive their superficial learning through the avenues of the senses ; because he can reach God through his soul, Christ through faith, and attract the Holy Ghost through an exalted imagination. In this way we may grow to be like the Apostles, and to fear neither death nor prison, neither suffering nor torture, neither fatigue nor hunger, nor anything else."

The preceding very important passage illustrates the profound thought of Paracelsus. The nature of mystic development is very clearly outlined. The relation is evident between the sentence about a person "drowned in his own soul," and the end of Rule 16, First series, in *Light on the Path* : "And that power which the disciple shall covet is that which shall make him appear as nothing in the eyes of men." The closing chapter in *Through the Gates of Gold* is devoted particularly to this subject, as may be seen in the words concerning the man who has once really won the victory : "Those burning sensations which seemed to him to be the only proofs of his existence are his no longer. How, then, can he know that he lives? He knows it only by argument. And in time he does not care to argue about it. For him there is then peace ; and he will find in that peace the power he has coveted. Then he will know what is that faith which can remove mountains."

The wide wanderings of most occult students are a significant fact. Pythagoras journeyed to Egypt and to India. Apollonius also went thither, and spent nearly all his life in journeying over the world. Nearly all well-known students of Occultism of to-day have traveled extensively. Madam Blavatsky, for instance, has made repeated visits to nearly all quarters of the earth, and has had many strange adventures. Paracelsus was also a great traveler ; he journeyed far in the East and was taken prisoner by the Tartars. It is said that he even went as far as India, and it is not unlikely that he

may have visited the Masters in Thibet. Of the reason for his roamings he said : " He who wants to study the book of Nature must wander with his feet over its leaves. Books are studied by looking at the letters which they contain ; Nature is studied by examining the contents of her treasure-vaults in every country. Every part of the world represents a page in the book of Nature, and all the pages together form the book that contains her great revelations." This is an application of the injunction, "Learn from sensation and observe it."

A deep scientific perception is manifest in the works of Paracelsus, and he evidently saw far into the future. Dr. Hartmann points out that his doctrine bears a great resemblance to that of Darwin and Haeckel. The quality of mind which we call modern, but which may better be termed universal, since it is evident in the words of the greatest men of all ages, was inherent in Paracelsus. The following prophetic passage from his "Occult Philosophy" is a witness to his thoroughly enlightened spirit: "True science can accomplish a great deal ; the Eternal Wisdom of the existence of all things is without a time, without a beginning, and without an end. Things that are considered now to be impossible, will be accomplished ; that which is unexpected will in future prove to be true, and that which is looked upon as superstition in one century, will be the basis for the approved science of the next."

This is now being found true by modern science concerning the teachings of Paracelsus. For instance, it is acknowledged that the germ theory of disease, generally supposed to be one of the original discoveries of recent medical investigators, was promulgated by Paracelsus himself, while Jæger, the eminent German scientist, finds his own discoveries agreeing with the theories of Paracelsus, and he pronounces certain medical proceedings recommended by the latter, which have been held to be based upon the crudest superstitions, to be really in accordance with the highest scientific teachings concerning molecular action.

S. B.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

If the title of this sacred Hindu poem were paraphrased, it would read :

The Holy Song of God Himself, who, at the beginning of Kali-Yuga or the dark age, descended upon earth to aid and instruct Man.

GITA means song, and BHAGAVAD is one of the names of Krishna. Krishna was a Avatar. According to the views of the Brahmins, we are now in Kali-Yuga, which began about the time of Krishna's appearance. He is said to have descended in order to start among men those moral and philosophical ideas which were necessary to be known during the revolution

of the Age, at the end of which—after a brief period of darkness—a better Age will begin.

The composition of this poem is attributed to Vyasa, and as he is also said to have given the Vedas to men, a discussion about dates would not be profitable and can well stand over until some other occasion.

The Bhagavad-Gita is a portion of the Mahabharata, the great epic of India. The Mahabharata is so called because it contains the general history of the house of Bharat, and the prefix *Maha* signifies *great*. Its more definite object, however, is to give an account of the wars of the Kooros and Pandoss, two great branches of the family. And that portion included in our poem is the sublime philosophical and metaphysical dialogue held by Krishna with Arjuna, on the eve of a battle between the two aspirants for dominion.

The scene of the battle is laid on the plain called “Kuru-Kshetra,” a strip of land near Delhi, between the Indus, the Ganges and the Himalayan mountains. Many European translators and commentators, being ignorant of the psychological system of the Hindus—which really unlies every word of this poem—have regarded this plain and the battle as just those two things and no more; some have gone so far as to give the commercial products of the country at the supposed period, so that readers might be able, forsooth, in that way to know the motives that prompted the two princes to enter into a bloody internicine conflict. No doubt such a conflict did take place, for man is continually imitating the higher spiritual planes; and a great sage could easily adopt a human event in order to erect a noble philosophical system upon such an allegorical foundation. In one aspect history gives us merely the small or great occurrences of man’s progress, but in another, any one great historical epoch will give us a picture of the evolution in man, in the mass, of any corresponding faculty of the Individual Soul. So we see, here and there, western minds wondering why such a highly tuned metaphysical discussion should be “disfigured by a warfare of savages.” Such is the materializing influence of western culture that it is hardly able to admit any higher meaning in a portion of the poem which confessedly it has not yet come to fully understand.

Before the Upanishads can be properly rendered, the Indian psychological system must be understood; and even when its existence is admitted, the English speaking person will meet the great difficulty arising from an absence of words in that language which correspond to the ideas so frequently found in the Sanscrit. Thus we have to wait until a new set of words have been born to express the new ideas not yet existing in the civilization of the West.

The location of the plain on which this battle was fought, is important as well as are also the very rivers and mountains by which it is bounded.

And equally as needful to be understood, or at least guessed at, are the names of the respective princes. The very place in the Mahabharata in which this episode is inserted has a deep significance, and we cannot afford to ignore anything whatever that is connected with the events. If we merely imagine that Vyasa or Krishna took the Sacred Plain of Kuru-Kshetra and the great battle, as simply accessories to his discourse, which we can easily discard, the whole force of the dialogue will be lost.

Although the Bhagavad-Gita is a small work, there have been written upon it, among the Hindus, more commentaries than those upon the Revelation of St. John among the Christians.

I do not intend to go into those commentaries because on the one hand I am not a Sanscrit scholar, and on the other it would not tend to great profit. Many of them are fanciful; some unwarrantable, and those that are of value can be consulted by any one anxious to pursue that line of inquiry. What I propose here to myself and to all who may read these papers is, to study the Bhagavad-Gita by the light of that spiritual lamp—be it small or great—which the Supreme Soul will feed and increase within us if we attend to its behests and diligently inquire after it. Such at least is the promise by Krishna in the Bhagavad-Gita—the song Celestial.

WILLIAM BREHON.

(To be continued.)

ON THE SOUL OF MAN.

JACOB BOEHME'S REPLY TO THE SIXTEENTH QUESTION PROPOUNDED TO HIM BY DR. BALTHASAR WALTER, IN A. D. 1620.

TO THE SIXTEENTH QUESTION :

How is the soul kept in union, both in the Adamicall and Regenerate Body ?

1. We have mentioned before, that there are three principles which are all three in the soul, already beforehand, and are in one another as one thing ! and you must understand that the strife in the soul beginneth before in the seed, while it lyeth hidden in both sexes ; when also the *Turba* stirreth up itself before, in that it driveth the essence of the seed to a false desire and imagination.

2. Although the spirit tameth the body, yet at the same time it imagineth, and that the *Turba* causeth in the seed, and no man can well deny but that many times this imagination is offensive to him, and where there is a right spirit it wisheth it anathematised. And you must know that the spirit of the soul sticketh thus in a miserable strait, and cannot be loosed until the *Turba* taketh the body.

3. Now there is never any union between the outward and the Regenerate man ; the outward man would always devour the Regenerate man for they are in one another, but each hath its own Principle so that the outward cannot overmaster the inward, if the spirit do but continue in strife.

4. They may very well depend on one another, for all three set forth God's works of wonder, if they continue in due order each keeping its own Principle.

5. For the soul hath the government of the fire, and it is the cause of the life of all three ; and the spirit hath the government of the Light, in which the noble heavenly Image consisteth with the Divine Body ; and the outward spirit hath the government of the earthly life, this should seek and manifest the wonders, and the Inward spirit should give it understanding to do that, and the soul should manifest the abyss (viz., the Highest Secret) to the outward spirit.

6. The soul is the Pearl, and the spirit of the soul is the finder of the Pearl, and the earthly spirit is the seeker, the earthly body is the mystery wherein the secret of greatest abstruseness is couched : for the Diety hath manifested itself in the earthliness, viz. : in a comprehensible essence ; and therefore now three seekers belong thereto.

7. But you must not suppose that we are an enemy to the outward life, for it is most profitable to us, as to the wonders of God ; there is nothing more profitable to the whole man than to stand still in his three-fold life, and not go back at all with the outward into the inward, but with the inward into the outward.

8. For the outward is a beast, and belongeth not to the inward, but its wonders which it hath brought forth out of the inward, and which it hath displayed in the comprehensible essence, they belong in their figure (not in their essence) to the inward : the inward spirit must receive these (which are God's works of wonder), for they shall be the joy of it forever.

9. And thus we say that the soul may be kept very well in the New Man, if the spirit of its Tincture do but hinder its longing and imagination ; and although the outward spirit be Bestial, yet the inward understanding (spirit) is able to keep in and tame the outward, for it is Lord over it. But he that suffereth the Bestial spirit to be Lord, he is a beast, and hath also a bestial image in the inward figure, in the Tincture.

10. And he that letteth the fire spirit, viz. : the *Turba*, be Lord, he is an essential devil in the inward image ; therefore here it is necessary, that the outward spirit pour water into the fire, that it may hold that strong spirit captive, and that seeing it will not be God's image, it may remain a beast in the inward image.

11. Now if we consider ourselves in the union, the outward spirit is very profitable to us, for many souls would perish if the bestial spirit were not present ; for it beholdeth the fire spirit captive, and setteth before the fire

spirit earthly bestial labor and joy, wherein it may busy itself until it be able by the Wonders in the imagination, to discover somewhat of its noble image that it may seek itself again.

12. My beloved children, who are born in God, I tell it you : it was not for nothing that God breathed the outward spirit (*viz.*: the outward Life) into Adam's nostrils. for great danger did attend this Image.

13. God knew how it went with Lucifer, and also what the great Eternal Magic could do ; yet Adam might have been a devil, but the outward glass hindered that, for where water is, it quencheth the fire.

14. Also many a soul by its wickedness would become a devil in a moment, if the outward life did not hinder it, so that the soul cannot wholly inflame itself.

15. How many are there that are so full of poison and evil, that they do murder and commit villany ; but this their fire hath water, or else they were past remedy. As ye see in gall which is a fiery poison, but it is mingled with water, and so the violence of the fire is allayed.

16. Thus it is also with the inward essence ; the spirit of this world hath wound itself into the abyss of the soul, and in its source hath killing water, wherewith it often bedeweth the soul when it would spit fire.

17. Moreover the outward spirit could not have life without this fire, seeing it hath fire in all creatures, but this fire is only the wrath of the inward fire.

18. The inward fire consumeth earth and stones, also the body and blood, yea, even the noble Image, if it be inflamed in the will ; but then the water is a medicine for it, which pulleth down its aspiring force whereby it laboreth to get above the meekness of God as Lucifer did.

TEA TABLE TALK.

In view of its continuous interest in minor occult subjects, the Tea Table has become within the past few months an energetic centre of thought in this respect. Many experiences, queries and speculations flow into its circle, and I propose to give out from time to time such as may be useful in clearing up the doubts of others. Standing in this little vortex of contemporaneous thought I have noted and verified the discovery that there is a tide in ideas. What one asks, others are soon asking ; when I sum up the total of the month's fractional tendencies in my department, I find the same idea prevalent in the outside world of literature, of gossip, and of action. The following incidents are valuable as illustrative of the fact that the general public is beginning to explain its hitherto inexplicable experiences by the clues of Theosophy, and that the movement steadily gains ground with the thinking portion of the community.

1. A gentleman who for many years has investigated Spiritistic phenomena under some of its most remarkable aspects, tells this incident. "Living in Boston, I have for several years had occasion to make frequent visits to New York. In each city I had a friend of strong mediumistic powers, which were never exercised except in private, and for the gratification of their friends. They both frequently favored me with sittings and while in a state of trance were both separately possessed by an old friend of mine who had been dead for some time and whom neither had ever known. He would sit and converse with me, using their bodies as naturally as if they were his own. In New York, my friend would in that state (*i. e.*, in the medium's body,) go out with me and lunch at a restaurant, talking and joking quite as he used to when alive, and in a manner wholly different from that of the medium, eating also a very hearty meal, although the medium was an exceptionally abstemious man. After spending two or three hours together, we would return to the house of the medium, who would come to himself, oblivious of where he had been, unaware that he had eaten anything, and simply feeling as if he had been in a deep sleep. But I also held interviews with my deceased friend in Boston through the medium there, and the strangest fact about the whole thing was, that whenever in New York I endeavored to remind him of anything that had happened in the course of a Boston interview, he remembered nothing whatever of the occurrence, or even that he had ever had any communication with me in Boston. Similarly, in talking with him in Boston, whenever our New York intercourse was alluded to, he would be equally ignorant concerning that. Otherwise his identity seemed undoubted, for in both cases he manifested all the personal traits by which I had known him in life, and minute reminiscences of our old intercourse were recalled which could not have been known to either of my mediumistic friends. But the fact that neither the New York nor the Boston manifestations of him knew anything at all about each other, so to speak, finally led me to suspect that what I was communicating with was not the true personality of my friend, but what Theosophy teaches to be the "false ego," or the Kama Loca residuum of his earthly experiences, incapable of accumulating or imparting further knowledge, and temporarily galvanized into life, while the higher principles were turned away from earth life towards the Devachanic state."

In regard to the above the idea further suggests itself to me that the mediums may have gotten into the astral current of the departed personality, to which the thought of his friend might at first (even unconsciously) direct them. In the Life of Madame Blavatsky, we find her sister telling us how it was at times the custom of that lady to receive communications of more than ordinary power, by putting herself en rapport with the currents of strong personalities still existing after death in the Astral Light. This was before

Madame Blavatsky had forever abandoned all mediumistic exercises. A medium thoroughly absorbed in a strong astral current, such as follows in the wake of departed personalities, and whose subsidence is in inverse ratio with their activity when in life, could readily accompany his magnetizer anywhere, and continue to act in accordance with its influence.

2. Another correspondent says: "Some years ago I met with an experience which goes to prove the fact stated in Esoteric Buddhism, page 167, that 'an abnormal death will lead to abnormal consequences.' A brother of mine was killed in our war of 1861. We knew nothing whatever about it, beyond the fact that he was killed on a certain day. About eight years after, I was conversing with a spiritualistic medium when (speaking after the manner of spiritualists) my brother 'controlled' her; I asked if he would give me any particulars concerning his death and he answered; 'Now what I am going to tell you will impress you very strangely, but I am not dead at all.' Very much startled I inquired what he meant, but as usual in those 'manifestations' no answer was given. He was gone; I never heard from him again. Afterward I often questioned what it meant, and now in the Wisdom-Religion, I find the answer."

In connection with this incident it is to be remembered that we are told that the victims of sudden death, bound for their due life period within the earth sphere, are frequently unaware that they are "dead."

3. Still another person says: "Living much among the Welsh I have been regaled from childhood with astonishing ghost stories, which I regarded as absurd superstitions. Theosophy and the Astral Light explain them. One such story staggered my incredulity at the time, for two of my sisters were the witnesses. When living in Cincinnati they saw one night the figure of an aged man in old-fashioned clothes, knee breeches and buckles—their description of him agreeing precisely. On inquiry we found that a carpenter answering to their description had lived in that house years before and had been suddenly killed by a fall from the scaffolding of a church near by.

"Still another sister is remarkably sensitive to odic currents. Though not an invalid, she is very nervous, 'notional'—and has an abnormally heightened sense of smell. Until I studied Theosophy I could never understand her notions. One night when in a small western town where she had only been a short time, she had a strange nervous spell. She was not ill, nor had she any trouble on her mind, yet she sobbed and moaned, declaring repeatedly, with great emphasis that she *knew* some one in the town was in terrible trouble. In the morning we learned that a girl whose very existence was unknown to her, had committed suicide under particularly harrowing circumstances."

Apobos of the life period, I believe that 100 years is the period assigned to each life time in our cycle. According to Indian astrology, this

100 year period is distributed in a certain proportion between the reign of the 9 Grihas (or astrological planets). Saturn's reign extends over about seven and one-half years of our life time and these form its most miserable part. They might come at any stage of our life, or even when we were in the womb, according to the "house" in which, and the "ascendant star" under which we were born. It is said that these trials press less hard upon us if during their continuance we are charitable and unselfish. Saturn is said to be thereby pacified. If a person dies at the age of 60, astrologers regard the remaining 40 years (or rather their due Karmic results) as having been included in the nine months passed in the womb. When a child dies, say at the age of two years, 98 years are considered to have been included, as to results, in the period of gestation. Stories are told to illustrate the way in which the blackest period asserts its Saturnian influence upon us, and while astrologers attribute this period to fatality, the occultist either considers it a Dweller of the Threshold or a series of trials for testing the higher nature and enabling us to utilize apparent calamities as a means of doing good to ourselves and to others. An astrologer once told a king that he could undergo this black period in condensed form, within $7\frac{1}{2}$ months, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ days in a particular way, or even $7\frac{1}{2}$ gharis. (One ghari equals 24 minutes.) In the latter case he would have to plunge himself for three hours in the gutters running in the palace garden. The monarch, in sceptical anger, ordered the astrologer imprisoned. But he had thought within his heart that if the astrologer had spoken truly, he had rather undergo those trials in the shortest period. The Law took him at his unspoken word. The hour came, although he forgot it. He was looking at the distant horizon before his palace when he saw a great cloud of dust arise and heard amid an uproar, cries that a neighboring Prince had invaded the country with a conquering army, putting all who resisted to the sword, and was marching on the capital to secure the King himself. The King forgot valor, prudence and the astrologer's word. He plunged into the sewers of his own garden for refuge, and held his breath in suffering for full three hours. At nightfall he got out and inquired of his own coachman, "Brother, what is the news?" The man replied to the seeming stranger that the only news was the mysterious disappearance of the King. Then only did the monarch recall the prediction of his astrologer, and hastening to the palace, had him released.

We find here the awesome fact well set forth that the Law takes no heed of motives, ignorance or situations, and that thought is action on its own plane, a motor which sets all the great forces in motion. Nor do we know what unseen tendencies in ourselves may sprout up in sudden circumstances. We should treat our idle thoughts as the farmers do Canada thistles—there's a five-dollar fine for every one allowed to go to seed!

JULIUS.

The altar on which the sacrifice is offered is Man, O, Gautāma; its fuel is speech itself, the smoke the breath, the light the tongue, the coals the eye, the sparks the ear.—*Chandogya-Upanishad*.

OM.



I know that great Spirit of sunlike lustre beyond the darkness.
A man who knows him truly passes over death ; there is no other
path to go.

Grasping without hands, hasting without feet, he sees without
eyes, he hears without ears. He knows what can be known, but
no one knows him ; they call him the first, the Great Person.—
Svetasvatara-Upanishad.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

MAY, 1887.

No. 2.

*The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or
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accountable.

REINGARNATION.

A WESTERN STUDY OF THE SUBJECT.

Although commonly rejected throughout Europe and America, rein-
carnation is unreservedly accepted by the majority of mankind at the
present day, as in all the past centuries. From the dawn of history it has
prevailed among the largest part of humanity with an unshaken intensity of
conviction. Over all the mightiest Eastern nations it has held permanent
sway. The ancient civilization of Egypt, whose grandeur cannot be over-
estimated, was built upon this as a fundamental truth, and taught it as a
precious secret to Pythagoras, Aristotle, Plato, Plotinus and Ovid, who
scattered it through their nations. It is the keynote of Plato's philosophy,
being stated or implied very frequently in his dialogues. "Soul is older

than body," he says. "Souls are continually born over again from Hades into this life." In his view all knowledge is reminiscence. To search and learn is simply to revive the images of what the soul saw in its pre-existent state in the world of realities. The swarming millions of India also have made this thought the foundation of their enormous achievements in government, architecture, philosophy and poetry. It was a cardinal element in the religion of the Persian Magi. Alexander the Great gazed in amazement on the self-immolation by fire to which it inspired the Gymnosophists. Cæsar found its tenets propagated among the Gauls. The circle of metempsychosis was an essential principle of the Druid faith and as such was impressed upon our forefathers the Celts, the Gauls and the Britons. It is claimed that the people held this doctrine so vitally that they wept around the new born infant and smiled upon death—for the beginning and end of an earthly life were to them the imprisonment and release of a soul, which must undergo repeated probations to remove its earthly impurities for final ascent into a succession of higher spheres. The Bardic triads of the Welsh are replete with this thought, and a Welsh antiquary insists that an ancient emigration from Wales to India conveyed it to the Brahmins. In the old civilizations of Peru and Mexico it prevailed universally. In the mysteries of Greece, Rome and Britain the ceremonial rites enacted this great truth with peculiar impressiveness for initiates. The Jews generally adopted it from the Babylonian captivity. John the Baptist was a second Elias. Jesus was commonly thought to be a reappearance of John the Baptist or of one of the old prophets. The Talmud, the Kabbala and the writings of Philo are full of the same teaching. Some of the late Rabbins assert many entertaining things concerning the repeated births of the most noted persons of their nation. This idea played an important part in the thought of Origen and several other leaders among the early Church Fathers. It was a main portion of the creed of the Gnostics and Manichæans. In the middle ages the sects of the Cathari, the Bogomiles and many scholastics advocated it. It has cropped out spontaneously in many Western theologians. The elder English Divines do not hesitate to inculcate pre-existence in their sermons. The Roman Catholic Purgatory seems to be a makeshift improvised to take its place.

Men of profoundly metaphysical genius like Scotus, Kant, Leibnitz, Lessing, Schopenhauer, Schlegel and the younger Fichte have upheld reincarnation. Scientists like Flammarion have earnestly believed it. Theological leaders like Julius Müller, Dorner, H. Ernesti Ruckert and Edward Beecher have maintained it. In exalted intuitional natures like Boehme and Swedenborg its hold is apparent. Most of the mystics bathe in it. Of course the long line of Platonists from Socrates down to Emerson have no doubt of it. Even amid the predominance of materialistic influences in

Christendom it has a considerable following. Traces of it are found among the aborigines of North and South America and in many barbaric tribes. At this time it reigns without any sign of decrepitude over the Burman, Chinese, Japanese, Tartar, Thibetan, and East Indian nations, including at least 750,000,000 of mankind and nearly two-thirds of the race. Throughout the East it is the great central thought. It is no mere superstition of the ignorant masses. It is the chief principle of Hindu metaphysics,—the basis of all their inspired books. Such a hoary philosophy, upheld by the venerable authority of ages, ruling from the beginning of time the bulk of the world's thought, is certainly worthy of the profoundest respect and study.

But the Western fondness for democracy does not hold in the domain of thought. The fact that the majority of the race has agreed upon reincarnation is no argument for it to an Occidental thinker. The conceit of modern progress has no more respect for ancient ideas than for the forgotten civilizations of old, even though in many essentials they anticipated or outstripped all that we boast of. Therefore we propose to treat this subject mainly from a Western standpoint, showing,

I. Some reasons which may assure us of the truth of reincarnation.

II. The most interesting poetical expressions of this idea in our own tongue.

I.—WESTERN EVIDENCES OF REINCARNATION.

The old Saxon chronicler, Bede, records that at a banquet given by King Edwin of Northumbria to his nobles, a discussion arose as to how they should receive the Christian missionary Paulinus who had just arrived from the continent. Some urged the sufficiency of their own Druid and Norse religions and advised the death of the invading heretic. Others were in favor of hearing his message. At length the King asked the opinion of his oldest counsellor. The sage arose and said "O King and Lords. You all did remark the swallow which entered this festal hall to escape the chilling winds without, fluttering near the fire for a few moments and then vanishing through the opposite window. Such is the life of man, whence it came and whither it goes none can tell. Therefore if this new religion brings light upon so great a mystery, it must be diviner than ours and should be welcomed." The old man's advice was adopted.

We are in the position of those old ancestors of ours. The religion of the churches, called Christianity, is to many earnest souls a dry husk. The germinant kernal of truth as it came from the founder of Christianity, when it is discovered under all its barren wrappings is indeed sufficient to feed us with the bread of life. It answers all the practical needs of most people even with the husks. But it leaves some vital questions unanswered which impel us to desire something more than Jesus taught—not for mere curiosity

but as food for larger growth. The divine law which promises to fill every vacuum, and to gratify at last every aspiration has not left us without means of grasping a portion of these grander truths, by independent methods.

The commonest idea of the soul throughout Christendom seems to be that it is created specially for birth on this world and after its lifetime here it goes to a permanent spiritual realm of infinite continuance. This is a very comfortable belief derived from the appearances of things, and those holding it may very properly say "My view agrees with the phenomena and if you think differently the burden of proof rests upon you." We accept the this responsibility. But a careful observer knows that the true explanation of facts as a rule is very different from the appearance. Ptolemy thought he could account for all the heavenly motions on his geocentric theory and his teachings were at once received by his cotemporaries. But the painful studies of Copernicus and Galileo had to wait a century before they were accepted, although they introduced an astronomy of immeasurably nobler scale. Is it not a relic of the old confidence in appearances to consider the orbits of human souls as limited to our little view of them?

There are six arguments for Reincarnation which seem conclusive.

1. That the idea of *immortality* demands it.
2. That *analogy* makes it the most probable.
3. That *science* confirms it.
4. That the *nature of the soul* requires it.
5. That it *explains* many *mysterious experiences*.
6. That it alone *solves* the problem of *injustice* and *misery* which

broods over our world.

1. Immortality demands it.

Only the positivists and some allied schools of thought, comprising a very small proportion of Christendom doubt the immortality of the soul. But a conscious existence after death has no better proof than a pre-natal existence. It is an old declaration that what begins in time must end in time. We have no right to say that the soul is eternal on one side of its earthly period without being so on the other. Far more rational is the view of certain scientists who, believing that the soul originates with this life, also declare that it ends with this life. That is the logical outcome of their premise. If the soul sprang into existence specially for this life, why should it continue afterward? It is precisely as probable from all the grounds of reason that death is the conclusion of the soul as that birth is the beginning of it. On the contrary all the indications of immortality point as unfailingly to an eternity preceding this existence: the love of prolonged life, the analogy of nature, the prevailing belief of the most spiritual minds, the permanence of the ego principle, the inconceivability of annihilation or of creation from nothing, the promise of an extension of the present career, the injustice of any other thought.

All the probabilities upon which the assurance of the soul's immortality rests, confirm the idea that it has an eternal existence in the past as well as in the future. What the origin of the soul may have been does not affect this subject, further than that it antedates the present life. Whether it be a spark from God himself, or a divine emanation, or a cluster of independent energies, its eternal destiny compels the inference that it is uncreated and indestructible. Moreover, it is unthinkable that from an infinite history it enters this world for its first physical experience and then shoots off to an endless spiritual existence. The deduction is rather that it assumed many forms before it appeared as we now see it and is bound to pass through many coming lives before it will be rounded into the full orb of perfection and reach its ultimate goal.

2. The argument from analogy is especially strong.

The universal spectacle of incarnated life indicates that this is the eternal scheme everywhere, the variety of souls finding in the variety of circumstances an everlasting series of adventures in appropriate forms. For many centuries in the literature of nations a standard simile of the soul surviving its earthly decay has been drawn from the transformation of the caterpillar into the butterfly. This world is the grub state. The body is the chrysalis of the soul. But the caterpillar came from a former life, in the egg. The violent energy of the present condition argues a previous stage leading up to it. It is contended with great force of analogy that death is but another and higher birth. This life is a groping embryo plane implying a more exalted one. Mysterious intimations reach us from a diviner sphere,

"Like hints and echoes of the world
To spirits folded in the womb."

But the same indications argue that birth is the death of an earlier existence. Even the embryo life necessitates a preparatory one preceding it. So complete a structure must have a foundation. So swift a momentum must have travelled far. As Emerson observes "We wake and find ourselves on a stair. There are other stairs below us which we seem to have ascended; there are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight."

The grand order of creation is everywhere proclaiming, as the universal word, "change". Nothing is destroyed but all is passing from one existence to another. Not an atom but is shifting in lively procession from its present condition to a different form, running a ceaseless cycle through mineral, vegetable and animal existence, though never losing its individuality, however diverse its apparent alterations. Not a creature but is constantly progressing to something else. The tadpole becomes a fish, the fish a frog, and some of the frogs have turned to birds.

"There is a spirit in all things that live
Which hints at patient change from kind to kind
And yet no words its mystic sense can give
Strange as a dream of radiance to the blind."

Evolution has remoulded the thought of Christendom, expanding our conception of physiology, astronomy and history. The more it is studied the more universal is found its application. It seems to be the secret of God's working. Now that we know the evolution of the body, it is time that we learned the evolution of the soul. The biologist shows that each of us physically before birth runs through all the phases of animal life—polyp, fish, reptile, dog, ape and man—as a brief synopsis of how the ages have prepared our tenements. The preponderance of special animal traits in us is due, he says to the emphasis of those particular stages of our physical growth. So in infancy does the soul move through an unconscious series of existences, recapitulating its long line of descent, until it is fastened in maturity. And why is it not true that our soul traits are the relics of former activities?

3. Furthermore, the idea that the soul is specially created for introduction into this world is antagonistic to all the principles of science. All nature proceeds on the strictest economical methods. Nothing is either lost or added. There is no creation or destruction. Whatever appears to spring suddenly into existence is derived from sufficient cause—although as unseen as the vapor currents which feed the clouds.

Physiologists contend that the wondrous human organism could not have grown up out of mere matter but implies a pre-existent spiritual idea which grouped around itself the organic conditions of physical existence and constrained the material elements to follow its plan. This dynamic agent—or the soul—must have existed independent of the body before the receptacle was prepared. The German scientists Müller and Stahle, have especially illustrated in physiology this idea of a pre-existent soul monad.

The common resurrection idea makes immortality an arbitrary stroke of God at the end of the earthly drama. But science allows no such exceptional miracle. It recognizes rather the universality of resurrection throughout all nature. We have no experience whatever of the resurrection taught by theologians; but we constantly see new appearances of souls in fresh bodies. These cannot have darted into their first existence as we behold them. From the hidden regions of some previous existence they must have come.

4. A much more weighty and penetrative argument is that the nature of the soul requires reincarnation. The conscious soul cannot feel itself to have had any beginning any more than it can conceive of annihilation. The sense of persistence overwhelms all the interruptions of forgetfulness and sleep, and all the obstacles of matter. This incessant self-assurance suggests the idea of the soul being independent of the changing body, its temporary prison. Then follows the conception that as the soul has once appeared in human form so it may reappear in many others. The eternity

of the soul past and present leads directly to an everlasting succession of births and deaths, disembodiments and reëmbodiments.

The identity of the soul surely does not consist in a remembrance of all its past. We are always forgetting ourselves and waking again to recognition. But the sense of individuality bridges all the gaps. In the same way it seems as if our present existence were a somnambulant condition into which we have drowsed from our earlier life, oblivious of most of that former activity, and from which we may after a while be roused into wakefulness.

The study of infancy shows that the mental furniture with which we begin this life presupposes a former experience. The moral character of children, especially the existence of evil in them long before it could have been implanted by the present existence has forced many acute observers to assume that the human spirit had made choice of evil in a pre-natal sphere.

The unsatisfied physical inclinations of a soul are indestructible and require a series of physical existences to work themselves out. And the irrepressible eagerness for *all the range of experience* necessitates a course of reincarnations which shall accomplish that result.

5. Reincarnation explains many curious experiences. Most of us have known the touches of feeling and thought that seem to be reminders of forgotten things. Sometimes as dim dreams of old scenes, sometimes as vivid lightning flashes in the darkness recalling distant occurrences, sometimes with unutterable depth of meaning. It appears as if Nature's opiate which ushered us into this arena had been so diluted that it did not quite efface the old memories, and reason struggles to decipher the vestiges of a former state. Almost everyone has felt the sense of great age. Thinking of some unwonted subject often an impression seizes us that somewhere, long ago, we have had these reflections before. Learning a fact, meeting a face for the first time, we are puzzled with an obscure assurance that it is familiar. Travelling newly in strange places we are sometimes haunted with a consciousness of having been there before. Music is specially apt to guide us into mystic depths where we are startled with the flashing reminiscences of unspeakable verities which we have felt or seen ages since. Efforts of thought reveal the half-obliterated inscriptions on the tablets of memory, passing before the vision in a weird procession. Everyone has some such experiences. Most of them are blurred and obscure. But some are so remarkably distinct that those who undergo them are convinced that their sensations are actual recollections of events and places in former lives. It is even possible for certain persons to trace quite fully and clearly a part of their by-gone history prior to this life.

Sir Walter Scott was so impressed by these experiences that they led him to a belief in pre-existence. He writes (in "Guy Mannering"),

"How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill defined consciousness, that neither the scene nor the speakers nor the subject are entirely new ; nay feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place." Bulwer Lytton describes it as "that strange kind of inner and spiritual memory which often recalls to us places and persons we have never seen before and which Platonists would resolve to be the unquenched and struggling consciousness of a former life." Explicit occurrences of this class are found in the narratives of Hawthorne, Coleridge, DeQuincy and many other writers. A striking instance appears in a little memoir of the late Wm. Hone, the Parodist, upon whom the experience made such a profound effect that it roused him from thirty years of materialistic atheism to a conviction of the soul's independence of matter. Being called in business to a house in a part of London entirely new to him, he kept noticing that he had never been that way before. "I was shown" he says, "into a room to wait. On looking around, to my astonishment everything appeared perfectly familiar to me : I seemed to *recognize* every object. I said to myself, what is this ? I was never here before and yet I have seen all this, and if so there is a very peculiar knot in the shutter." He opened the shutter and there was the knot.

A writer of reputation mentions the following instance : A friend's child of four years was observed by her elder sister to be talking to herself about matters of which she could not be supposed to know anything. "Why, Winnie," exclaimed the elder sister, Louisa, "What do you know about that ? All that happened before you were born !" "I would have you know, Louisa, that I grew old in heaven before I was born !" Similar anecdotes might be produced in great number.

Objectors ascribe these enigmas to a jumble of associations producing a blurred vision like the drunkard's experience of seeing double, a discordant remembrance, snatches of forgotten dreams—or to the double structure of the brain. In one of the lobes, they say, the thought flashes a moment in advance of the other and the second half of the thinking machine regards the first impression as a memory of something long distant. But this explanation is unsatisfactory as it fails to account for the wonderful vividness of some of these impressions in well balanced minds, or the long trains of thought which come independent of any companions, or the prophetic glimpses which anticipate actual occurrences. Far more credible is it that each soul is a palimpsest inscribed again and again with one story upon another and whenever the all-wise Author is ready to write a grander page on us He washes off the old ink and pens his latest word. But some of us can trace here and there letters of the former manuscript not yet effaced.

6. The strongest support of this theory is its happy solution of the

problem of moral inequality and injustice and evil which otherwise overwhelms us as we survey the world. The seeming chaos is marvellously set in order by the idea of soul-wandering. Many a sublime intellect has been so oppressed with the topsy-turviness of things here as to cry out "There is no God. All is blind chance." An exclusive view of the miseries of mankind, the prosperity of wickedness, the struggles of the deserving, the oppression of the masses, or on the other hand, the talents and successes and happiness of the fortunate few, compels one to call the world a sham without any moral law to regulate it. But that consideration yields to a majestic satisfaction when one is assured that the present life is only one of a grand series in which every individual is gradually going the round of infinite experience for a glorious outcome,—that the hedging ills of to-day are a consequence of what we did yesterday and a step toward the great things of to-morrow. Thus the tangled snarls of earthly phenomena are straitened out as a vast and beautiful scheme, and the total experience of humanity forms a magnificent tapestry of perfect poetic justice.

The crucial test of any hypothesis is whether it meets all the facts better than any other theory. No other view so admirably accounts for the diversity or conditions on earth, and refutes the charge of a favoritism on the part of Providence. Hierocles said, and many a philosopher before and since has agreed with him, "Without the doctrine of metempsychosis it is not possible to justify the ways of God." Some of the theologians have found the idea of pre-existence necessary to a reasonable explanation of the world, although it is considered foreign to the Bible. Over thirty years ago Dr. Edward Beecher published "The Conflict of Ages," in which the main argument is this thought. He demonstrates that the facts of sin and depravity compel the acceptance of this doctrine to exonerate God from the charge of maliciousness. His book caused a lively controversy and was soon followed by "The Concord of the Ages" in which he answers the objections and strengthens his position. The same truth is taught by Dr. Julius Müller, a German theologian of prodigious influence among the clergy. Another prominent leader of theological thought, Dr. Dorner, sustains it.

But, it is asked, why do we not remember something definitely of our previous lives, if we have really been through them?

It has been shown that there are traces of recollection. The reason of no universal conviction from this ground is that the change into the present career was so violent and so radical as to scatter all the details and leave only the net spiritual result. As Plotinus said "Body is the true river of Lethe; for souls plunged into it forget all." The real soul life is so distinct from the material plane that we have difficulty in recalling many experiences of this life—especially when an abrupt departure from old associations severs the connecting links. Who retains all of his childhood's life? And

has anyone a memory of that most wonderful epoch—infancy? Our present forgetfulness is no disproof of the actuality of past lives. Every night we lose all knowledge of what has gone before, but daily we awaken to a recollection of the whole series of days and nights. So in one life we may forget or dream and in another recover the whole thread of experience from the beginning—or the substance of it. In the cases of decrepit old age we often see the spirits of strong men divested of all memory of their life's experience and returning to a second infancy—in a foretaste of their entrance upon the next existence.

We conclude, therefore, that Reincarnation is necessitated by immortality, that analogy teaches it, that science upholds it, that the nature of the soul needs it, that many strange sensations support it, and that it alone grandly solves the problem of life. The fullness of its meaning is majestic beyond appreciation, for it shows that every soul from the lowest animal to the highest archangel belongs to the infinite family of God and is eternal in its conscious essence, perishing only in its temporary disguises; that every act of every creature is followed by infallible reactions which constitute a perfect law of retribution; and that these souls are intricately interlaced with mutual relationships. The bewildering maze thus becomes a divine harmony. No individual stands alone, but trails with him the unfinished sequels of an ancestral career, and is so bound up with his race that each is responsible for all and all for each. No one can be wholly saved until all are redeemed. Every suffering we endure apparently for faults not our own assumes a holy light and a sublime dignity. This thought removes the littleness of petty selfish affairs and confirms in us the vastest hopes for mankind.

In this connection the following extracts from distinguished writers are specially interesting :—

Schopenhauer, the German Philosopher, writes (in "The World as Will and Idea"): "The fresh existence is paid for by the old age and death of a worn out existence which has perished, but which contained the indestructible seeds out of which this new existence has arisen. They are one being."

The doctrine of metempsychosis springs from the earliest and noblest ages of the human race and has always been spread abroad in the earth as the belief of the great majority of mankind—as the teaching of all religions excepting that of the Jews and the two which have proceeded from it. The belief in this truth presents itself as the natural conviction of man wherever he reflects at all in an unprejudiced manner; where it is not found it must have been displaced by positive religious doctrine from another source. It is obvious to everyone who hears of it for the first time. See how earnestly Lessing defends it (in the last seven paragraphs of his 'Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts').

Lichtenberg also says: 'I cannot get rid of the thought that I died before I was born!' Even the skeptical Hume says in his radical essay on immortality: 'The metempsychosis is therefore the only system of this kind that philosophy can hearken to.'

What resists this belief is Judaism and its two descendants (Christianity and Mohammedanism) because they teach the creation of man out of nothing. Yet how difficult it has been to link the conception of future immortality to this is shown by the fact that most of the old heretics believed in reincarnation—Simonites, Manicheans, Basilidians, Valentinians, Marcionists and Gnostics. Tertullian and Justinian inform us that "even the Jews themselves have in part fallen into it."

From a letter written by that curious genius William Blake (the artist) to his friend John Flaxman (the sculptor); (see Scoones' English Letters, p. 361):

"In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old which I wrote and painted in ages of eternity before my mortal life; and these works are the delight and study of archangels.

"You, O dear Flaxman, are a sublime archangel, my friend and companion from eternity. I look back into the regions of reminiscence and behold our ancient days before this earth appeared and its vegetative mortality to my mortal vegetated eyes. I see our houses of eternity which can never be separated, though our mortal vehicles should stand at the remotest corners of heaven from each other."

The novelist Bulwer thus expresses his opinion of this truth: "Eternity may be but an endless series of those migrations which men call deaths, abandonments of home after home, even to fairer scenes and loftier heights. Age after age the spirit may shift its tent, fated not to rest in the dull Elysian of the heathen, but carrying with it evermore its two elements, activity and desire."

One of Emerson's earliest essays ("THE METHOD OF NATURE") contains this paragraph: "We cannot describe the natural history of the soul, but we know that it is divine. I cannot tell if these wonderful qualities which house to-day in this mortal frame, shall ever re-assemble in equal activity in a similar frame, or whether they have before had a natural history like that of this body you see before you; but this one thing I know, that these qualities did not now begin to exist, can not be sick with my sickness nor buried in my grave; but that they circulate through the Universe: before the world was, they were. Nothing can bar them out, or shut them in, but they penetrate the ocean and land, space and time, form and essence, and hold the key to universal nature."

Edgar A. Poe writes (in "EUREKA"): "We walk about, amid the destinies of our world existence, accompanied by dim, but ever present memories of a Destiny more vast—very distant in the by-gone time and infinitely awful.

"We live out a youth peculiarly haunted by such dreams, yet never mistaking them for dreams. As *memories* we know them. During our youth the distinctness is too clear to deceive us even for a moment. But the doubt of manhood dispels these feelings as illusions."

The second portion of our study will be—Reincarnation in the Light of our own Poets.

E. D. WALKER.

THE DOCTRINE OF INNATE IDEAS.

[A PROBLEM OF WESTERN METAPHYSICS SOLVED IN THE LIGHT OF THE ESOTERIC DOCTRINE.]

The controversy as to whether our ideas of causation, substance, time and space are innate and referable to the original constitution of the mind or complex notions acquired from our experience of sensations, is one that cannot fail to be of interest to the student of occultism. The Intuitionist school headed by Kant regard these ideas as existing in the mind independently of experience, as a necessary condition of our subjectivity; the Sensationalists—who include in their number some of the most eminent psychologists of the day—as due to our sensations and traceable to the operation of the Laws of Association. Mr. Herbert Spencer occupies a middle position between these contending parties. According to him they are the expression of the racial experience in the mental heredity of the individual. Take as an illustration our idea of space. According to the Intuitionists it is innate—a condition of our perception of objects; in contradistinction to this view it is held by others that "space in the abstract is merely the community or similarity of extended bodies and of the intervals between them commonly called empty space"¹ our conception of space is contingent on our perception of objects; these latter again on our sensations, and the fact of our inability to perceive objects which do not occupy some position in relation to one another, produces so powerful an association between these two ideas, that we are unable to think of any object without the accompanying notion of its location *somewhere*. Hence the idea of space. The Spencerian Evolutionist, however, while admitting the justice of the Sensationalist contention with regard to the primary development of the idea, recognises in the phenomenon as present in the mind of the infant, an ancestral legacy bequeathed in the vehicle of heredity, an heirloom representing the experience of the countless organisms that con-

¹ Dr. Alex Bain, *Logic*, Part I, p. 11.

stituted the evolutionary ascent up to civilized man. As, however, it is impossible to conceive of the heredity of a *form of thought* and in addition this explanation is purely materialistic, I shall not have occasion to regard it in the course of these brief remarks.

It is clear then that we can look for no decisive answer to Western psychology. To quote the forcible remarks of Buckle on European metaphysics:¹ "Whoever will take pains to estimate the present condition of mental philosophy must admit, that, notwithstanding the influence it has always exercised over some of the most powerful minds, and through them over society at large, there is, nevertheless, no other study which has been so zealously prosecuted, so long continued and yet remains *so barren of results*. * * * * * Men of eminent abilities, and of the greatest integrity of purpose have in every civilized country, for many centuries, been engaged in metaphysical inquiries; and yet at the present moment their systems, so far from approximating towards truth, are diverging from each other with a velocity which seems to be accelerated by the progress of knowledge." The too confident advocacy of them by their respective supporters as the truth, and nothing but the truth, he adds, has, "thrown the study of the mind into a confusion *only to be compared to that in which the study of religion has been thrown by the controversies of the theologians*." It would be difficult to frame a more severe indictment than this drawn up by so impartial and justly renowned a critic. It merely shows, that the physical intellect alone is absolutely inadequate to embrace the vast domain of Psychology or to formulate the more remote laws of being. *Eastern* psychologists—the masters of occult science—are therefore right in asserting that to form a true conception of the nature and potentialities of mind, it is necessary to develop faculties which enable the inquirer to rise altogether above the plane of our present consciousness. The contradictions and barrenness of the European "science" of mind are too palpable to escape remark even from the most unobservant critic. At the present day instead of being merely the accessory support to, Physiology has become the *basis* of, Psychology. The revival of mysticism, however, justifies us in questioning the durability of this tendency to subordinate the mental to the physical. Impermanency of influence is not the least noticable feature of Western metaphysical speculation—a fact which has unquestionably caused the study of psychology and philosophical subjects generally to be now regarded by the majority of persons with positive aversion. The Truth has long proved a Will o' the Wisp to the Pure Reason. When intellectual giants like Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Mill and Bain only succeed in evolving mutually-exclusive and contradictory systems, it is evident that the physical intelligence must eventually resign its

¹ H. T. Buckle, "Hist. of Civilisation in England," Vol. I, p. 168-6.

place to INTUITION in the search after Abstract Knowledge. But we are digressing.

The solution proposed of the long-standing problem before us is based on the philosophy of our Revered Teachers. It concedes a portion of truth to the speculations both of the Associationalists and Sensationalists. While it relegates the *primary* acquisition of such ideas to Sensation it declares them to be *innate in the mind of the human infant*. The Esoteric Doctrine shows the differentiation of individualities—*i. e.* the capacity of mind to exist as an entity apart from brain on the dissolution of its material substratum—taking place in the higher animal kingdom. It is admitted that animals acquire their notions of time, space, etc.,—where present—from sensation, as described by the Associationalists. On the other hand owing to the *impress* of these ideas in the soul¹ in its upward evolutionary journey, they are undoubtedly, as claimed by the Intuitionists, innate in the human “subject”—the *generalized experience of former objective existences rising once again into consciousness*. If this contention is true we have here a solution in the light of the Esoteric Doctrine of one of the most stoutly debated of metaphysical problems.

E. D. FAWCETT.

PARACELSUS.

II.

It is a notable fact that the life of Paracelsus formed the theme for the first important work of one of the greatest of modern poets, Robert Browning, in whom the mystical tendency forms one of the strongest characteristics of his thought. *Paracelsus* is a wonderful composition; almost marvelous when it is considered that it was written when the poet was but 28 years old. It exhibits a noble maturity of intellect; in the exalted spirituality of its thought it has never been surpassed by any of the poet's subsequent works. It shows that Browning had a true appreciation of the greatness of the Master. In his note he says that he has taken very trifling liberties with his subject and that “the reader may slip the foregoing scenes between the leaves of any memoir of Paracelsus he pleases, by way of commentary.” Browning must have studied the writings of Paracelsus closely, and with his inner vision, for throughout the poem there runs a deep vein of occultism. Although he has followed the historical accounts of the Master, and therefore depicts some blemishes upon his character which could hardly have existed in reality, it seems not unlikely that a mind of the lofty spiritual quality of Browning's may, in its aspiration for true knowledge of his

¹ The higher portion of the 5th principle (*Manas*) which united with the *Buddhi* constitutes the “Transcendental Subject” of Kant and du Prel, the *Monad*. This Higher Self—the *individuality* as opposed to its innumerable *faint reflects* in physical incarnation—passes from birth to birth and like a bee amidst flowers, only absorbs into its essence the loftiest experiences—the honey—of each terrestrial life; consequently it will be apparent that the decision of the question “How much of our present personality will be immortal?” rests wholly with ourselves.

theme, have been impressed by that of Paracelsus himself, or of the one formerly known by that name.

The poem has the form of a drama in five acts. The first act has its scene at Würzburg, where Paracelsus is studying under Tritheim, in 1512, a youth of 19 years. With him is Festus, his boyhood's friend, older than he, and Michal, the betrothed of Festus. The three are together in a garden, and Paracelsus is about to enter upon his long wanderings through the world. To these two he confides the secret of his aspirations. Festus, who has a conservative nature, endeavors to dissuade him from his enterprise, and to pursue knowledge in the ordinary channels. Paracelsus then tells something of the extraordinary nature which has distinguished him from his fellowmen. He says :

"From childhood I have been possessed
By a fire—by a true fire, or faint or fierce,
As from without some master, so it seemed,
Repressed or urged its current : this but ill
Expresses what I would convey—but rather
I will believe an angel ruled me thus,
Than that my soul's own workings, own high nature,
So become manifest. I knew not then
What whispered in the evening, and spoke out
At midnight. If some mortal, born too soon,
Were laid away in some great trance—the ages
Coming and going all the while—till dawned
His true time's advent, and could then record
The words they spoke who kept watch by his bed,—
Then I might tell more of the breath so light
Upon my eyelids, and the fingers warm
Among my hair. Youth is confused : yet never
So dull was I but, when that spirit passed,
I turned to him, scarce consciously, as turns
A water-snake when fairies cross his sleep."

These words characterize the born Adept and show that the poet really apprehended the nature of the memories of past existences.

Paracelsus confesses how the impulse was ever with him to devote himself to the good of mankind and do some great work in its behalf. In his youth, as he sat under Tritheim's teachings, he felt somehow that a mighty power was brooding, taking shape within him, and this lasted till one night, as he sat revolving it more and more, a still voice from without spoke to him, and then it was that he first discovered his aim's extent,

"Which sought to comprehend the works of God,
And God himself, and all God's intercourse
With the human mind."

The voice continued :

"There is a way—
'Tis hard for flesh to tread therein, imbued
With frailty—hopeless, if indulgence first

Have ripened inborn germs of sin to strength :
 Wilt thou adventure for my sake and man's,
 Apart from all reward ?' And last it breathed—
 'Be happy my good soldier ; I am by thee,
 Be sure, even to the end !'—I answered not,
 Knowing Him. As He spoke, I was endued
 With comprehension and a steadfast will ;
 And when He ceased, my brow was sealed His own.
 If there took place no special change in me,
 How comes it all things wore a different hue
 Thenceforward ?—pregnant with vast consequence—
 Teeming with grand results—loaded with fate ;
 So that when quailing at the mighty range
 Of secret truths which yearn for birth, I haste
 To contemplate undazzled some one truth,
 Its bearings and effects alone—at once
 What was a speck expands into a star,
 Asking a life to pass exploring thus,
 Till I near craze."

This voice is that which speaks to all true Mystics. It is the higher Self that speaks ; the voice of the Warrior, spoken of in *Light on the Path*, "He is thyself, yet infinitely wiser and stronger than thyself." It may also be the voice of a Master, as well. For, at the stage where the bonds of the personality are loosened, the sense of separateness has disappeared, and the higher Self of one is that of all. In this passage, the poet gives beautiful utterance to the fact of the spiritual rebirth, the moment when the lower consciousness becomes united with the higher.

Again, in the following words, the fact of reincarnation is expressed :

"At times I almost dream
 I too have spent a life the sages' way,
 And tread once more familiar paths. Perchance
 I perished in an arrogant self-reliance
 An age ago ; and in that act, a prayer
 For one more chance went up so earnest, so
 Instinct with better light let in by Death,
 That life was blotted out—not so completely
 But scattered wrecks enough of it remain,
 Dim memories ; as now, when seems once more
 The goal in sight again."

This feeling of the truth of reincarnation finds utterance throughout Browning's work. It would be difficult to account for the greatness of a person like Paracelsus except under the theory of pre-existence.

"The dim star that burns within," and the reason for its dimness, is gloriously expressed in the following words :

"Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
 From outward things, whate'er you may believe :
 There is an inmost center in us all,
 Where truth abides in fulness ; and around

Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
 This perfect clear perception – which is truth ;
 A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
 Blinds it, and makes all error : and ‘*to know*’
 Rather consists in opening out a way
 Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
 Than in effecting entry for a light
 Supposed to be without. Watch narrowly
 The demonstration of a truth, its birth,
 And you trace back the effluence to its spring
 And source within us, where broods radiance vast,
 To be elicited ray by ray, as chance
 Shall favor.”

This passage, which is pure mysticism, is too long to quote entire, but the reader will find that it continues in the same exalted strain, showing how the unveiling of the soul, the higher self, may, through various means, be accomplished by what seems chance, or, as it says in *Through the Gates of Gold*, man may “tear the veil that hides him from the eternal at any point where it is easiest for him to do so ; the most often this point will be where he least expects to find it.” The poet has seen clearly, with Paracelsus himself, how it is that matter bars in the spirit, and he asks :

“ May not truth be lodged alike in all,
 The lowest as the highest ? some slight film
 The interposing bar which binds it up,
 And makes the idiot, just as makes the sage
 Some film removed, the happy outlet whence
 Truth issues proudly ? See this soul of ours !
 How it strives weakly in the child, is loosed
 In manhood, clogged by sickness, back compelled
 By age and waste, set free at last by death :
 Why is it, flesh enthalls it or enthrones ?
 What is this flesh we have to penetrate ?
 O not alone when life flows still do truth
 And power emerge, but also when strange chance
 Ruffles its current ; in unused conjuncture,
 When sickness breaks the body—hunger, watching,
 Excess or languor,—oftenest death’s approach—
 Peril, deep joy, or woe.”

It was to give clearer hints for this setting free of the soul that *Through the Gates of Gold* was written. In the second act Browning shows us Paracelsus in Constantinople in the year 1521, where history tells that he was at that time, having spent something like seven years in the Orient, “among the Tartars,” a term that permits a wide range for his whereabouts. The Master was accordingly then 28 years old. He is said to have received the “Philosopher’s stone,” in reality the Great Jewel or Master Stone, described in the beautiful story called “Papyrus,”—printed in the March PAITH—from a German Adept, Solomon Trismosinus. Browning, however, lays the scene at

"the House of the Greek conjuror." This act, though very beautiful, is of slight value historically, as it was designed to carry out the motive of the poem that Paracelsus failed by seeking to attain his end through knowledge alone, leaving love out of account. In this regard Browning failed to grasp the full greatness of the Master, for Paracelsus could not have held his exalted position in the Rosicrucian brotherhood without being inspired by the most unbounded love for humanity.

To carry out this idea of the necessity of both knowledge and love, Browning introduces an Italian poet, Aprile, who has sought to attain the same end as Paracelsus through love alone. Aprile dies in the arms of Paracelsus and thus teaches him the lesson of love. This passage may be taken as symbolic of the union of the distinctive traits of the individuals and the assimilation of their essences by him who has arrived at the stage of killing out the sense of separateness. This is shown in the words addressed by Paracelsus to Aprile:

"Are we not halves of one dissevered world,
Whom this strange chance unites once more? Part? never!
Till thou, the lover, know; and I, the knower,
Love—until both are saved."

In this act are the following glorious words spoken by the dying Aprile:

"God is the PERFECT POET,
Who in creation acts his own conceptions.
Shall man refuse to be ought less than God?
Man's weakness is his glory— for the strength
Which raises him to heaven and near God's self,
Came spite of it: God's strength his glory is,
For thence came with our weakness sympathy
Which brought God down to earth, a man like us."

We will pass over the next two acts as comparatively unimportant to our purpose. In the last act we find Paracelsus, in the year 1541, at the age of 48, dying at Salzburg, alone with his faithful friend Festus. He tells Festus of the sensations of his dying moments in a passage in which occur inspired words, depicting the soul in the state of Eternity, where time and space are as nought. He tells Festus "You are here to be instructed. I will tell God's message," and he describes his experiences on the threshold of the Eternal as containing his entire past life:

"If I select
Some special epoch from the crowd, 'tis but
To will and straight the rest dissolve away,
And only that particular state is present,
With all its long-forgotten circumstance,
Distinct and vivid as at first—myself
A careless looker-on, and nothing more!
Indifferent and amused, but nothing more!
And this is death: I understand it all.
New being waits me; new perceptions must
Be born in me before I plunge therein;

Which last is Death's affair, and while I speak,
 Minute by minute he is filling me
 With power; and while my foot is on the threshold
 Of boundless life—the doors unopened yet,
 All preparations not complete within—
 I turn new knowledge upon old events,
 And the effect is—But I must not tell;
 It is not lawful."

What follows may be taken, perhaps, in a sense, for a mystic initiation. Mustering superhuman strength Paracelsus stands upon his couch, dons his scarlet cloak lined with fur, puts his chain around his neck, his signet ring is on his finger, and last he takes his good sword, his trusty Azoth, in his grasp for the last time, and says :

"This couch shall be my throne : I bid these walls
 Be consecrate ; this wretched cell become
 A shrine ; for here God speaks to men through me :"

Then he tells the story of his birth to power, and of the wisdom he has attained. He tells how

"I stood at first where all aspire at last
 To stand : the secret of the world was mine.
 I knew, I felt, (perception unexpressed,
 Uncomprehended by our narrow thought,
 But somehow felt and known in every shift
 And change in the spirit,—nay, in every pore
 Of the body, even,)—what God is, what we are,
 What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy
 In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,
 From whom all being emanates, all power
 Proceeds ; in whom is life forevermore,
 Yet whom existence in its lowest form
 Includes."

It is a long address, and so full of the most spiritual thought that it seems a pity space will not allow it to be quoted entire. There is one passage which corresponds very closely to a passage in Hartmann's work, from one of Paracelsus's writings, describing the union in man of the attributes of this sphere of life which had, here and there

"Been scattered o'er the visible world before,
 Asking to be combined—dim fragments meant
 To be united in some wondrous whole—
 Imperfect qualities throughout creation,
 Suggesting some one creature yet to make—
 Some point where all those scattered rays should meet
 Convergent in the faculties of man."

This point of convergence is spoken of in *Through the Gates of Gold* as "that primeval place which is the only throne of God,—that place whence forms of life emerge and to which they return. That place is the central point of existence, where there is a permanent spot of life as there is in the midst of the heart of man."

Again we see the same subject treated in the closing part of the *Gates of Gold*, the mighty results to be attained through the subjugation of the animal nature in man to the godly nature, looked forward to by Paracelsus, as Browning makes him speak, with prophetic vision, in the following words :

“ But when full roused, each giant limb awake,
Each sinew strung, the great heart pulsing fast,
He shall start up, and stand on his own earth,
And so begin his long triumphant march,
And date his being thence,—thus wholly roused,
What he achieves shall be set down to him !
When all the race is perfected alike
As Man, that is : all tended to mankind,
And, man produced, all has its end thus far ;
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God.”

And it is given significantly, as a trait of completed man, that such

“ Outgrow all
The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good ; while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.
Such men are even now upon the earth,
Serene amid the half-formed creatures round,
Who should be saved by them and joined with them.”

These words of Paracelsus are almost the last in the poem :

“ As yet men cannot do without contempt—
’Tis for their good, and therefore fit awhile
That they reject the weak, and scorn the false,
Rather than praise the strong and true, in me.
But after, they will know me !
If I stoop into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time ; I press God’s lamp
Close to my breast—its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day !

We believe that the time is not far distant when he will be understood, will be known, and shall emerge. S. B.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO PRIMARY CONCEPTS.

(Continued from April number.)

In our former article we had arrived at the fact of consciousness, as the representative of the noumenal in existence. Consciousness is also the alembic in which the experiences of the outer life are precipitated. It may justly then, be called the *central sun* of individual existence. Consciousness is not the one life, nor is it spirit, though it partakes of both, for life is diffused and participated in by plants and animals, in which may also be dis-

cerned the dawn, or germs of consciousness. But as the life of man on the physical side has its root in matter, so the life of man on the noumenal side has its root in spirit. Matter and spirit are thus the two extremes of cosmic substance. We may say crudely, that spirit precipitated, consolidated, is matter, while the intermediate condition is the ether. Oken has shown that self-consciousness belongs only to man. An animal is conscious of hunger or lust, and follows blindly the all absorbing passion, but no animal is self-conscious, that is : conscious of self, as a whole. A very common mistake is made in reading accounts of creation recorded in ancient scripture, in regarding it (creation) as a process once for all completed, when the fact is that the process of creation is forever repeated, and the process is for ever the same, and we can observe it now as "at the dawn of creation : " "eternity," applying to a limitless past, as to an endless future. Another fatal mistake may here be pointed out, though not in its natural order, and that is the vagueness of our concepts of the idea "God." Our ideas of God can have but two sources, viz: external nature and internal nature of man, there are no other sources from which the God-idea can be derived. From the one—nature at large—our ideas of an underlying force holding the stellar orbs in place and moving them in cyclic order, adjusting and adapting all things great and small are purely Pantheistic. From the other—the inner nature of man—endowed with intelligence, love, and aspiration, our ideas are purely anthropomorphic, and these two views of the ONE, the BOUNDLESS, are not, as commonly supposed, antagonistic, but perfectly consistent, as will presently appear, for the idea is not only fortified by scripture, but no other concept can for a moment be entertained when this is once comprehended, for it illuminates alike the soul of man and the sacred page.

Mr. J. Ralston Skinner, a most able Caballist, thus translates the first utterance of the books of Moses : "*In (or out of) His own essence as a womb, God, in the manifestation of two opposites in force, created the two heavens, i. e., the upper, or light, and the lower or dark ; signifying the equivalents of heat and cold, day and night, expansion and contraction, summer and winter ; in short, the all embracing cosmic relations.*"¹

The meaning of this and its exceeding value will not at once appear to one who has not carefully considered its bearings. It is well known that the word here translated as God is *Elohim*, and that it is plural, and while this fact has been ignored in the current version, the real idea has at the same time been lost sight of. The idea of One Power operating in a two-fold way or by opposites, will be found to be not only a key to the text, but to cosmic unfoldment. Our primary concepts must agree with the constitution and existence of things, or they are worthless, and but little investigation is required to show us that this idea of polarity or

1 "The Ancient of Days" by J. Ralston Skinner, p. 39.

DUALITY,

lies at the foundation of all created things, and when it is once clearly apprehended it furnishes a key to creative energy. The following table will illustrate this antithesis, though it is approximate and by no means exhaustive, but if found true in principle it may assist to more exact and comprehensive concepts.

TRUTH.					
Science.	Natural, by Evolution.	Nature.	God	Philosophy.	
		Matter.....	Mind		
		Phenomenal.	Noumenal		
		Physics.....	Metaphysics		
		Divinity	Unity		
Politics.		Natural, by Evolution.	Objective ...	Subjective	Religion.
			Mind.....	Spirit	
			Reason.....	Intuition	
			Motion.....	Rest	
			Shape.....	Form	
	Time.....		Eternity		
	Darkness.....		Light		
	Negative....		Positive		
	Real.....		Ideal		
	Human....		Divine		
Satan.....	Elohim				
Male.....	Female				
KNOWLEDGE.					

Let it be borne in mind that our present purpose is not to build up a system or elaborate a theory, but to suggest concepts which are fundamental in the nature of things, and which therefore must be included in all systems of thought that undertake to grasp existence. This duality of existence is so intimately blended in our every day experience as to be practically overlooked. Moreover, owing to the materialistic tendency of the age, it is the custom to express spirit in terms of matter, and so to ignore practically one-half of existence. It may readily be seen that volumes might be written to illustrate this antithesis of nature, or the duality of existence.

Now it must be borne in mind that all living organisms spring from a germ, and that in the preparation or vivification of this germ, male and female elements or agencies are employed. Here then are the conditions in which to observe the processes of creation, and these conditions are by no means past finding out.

A vivified organic call contains potentially the complete organism, and by its study we learn not only the process in any given case, but *nature's plan*.

Every germ is therefore a *Center of Life*. In the vivification of the germ or cell, both male and female elements are employed. All activities whether in germ, or completed organism, consist in currents or movement to, and from the center, *i. e.*, outflowing and inflowing, or "circulation," and development is *always a living equation*, of which *evolution is one-half* and *involution the other half*, in strict accordance with the basic condition of duality. We hear a great deal nowadays of the "polarity of the human body." A magnet is a body whether of iron or "flesh" in which there is an orderly or systematic arrangement of the polarity of its atoms, molecules, or cells, and this polar arrangement may be according to a single system, or a series of systems, the lower subordinate to the higher, as in animals or man. Crystallization and organization depend on this systematic polar arrangement. Every cell of a living body (as of a magnetic bar of steel the atoms) is a polarized cell, for to say that it "lives" is to say that it is dual, *i. e.*, polarized.¹

A hint in this direction is all that time and space will at present allow, yet the philosophical continuity of concepts must be apparent, and the more the idea is followed out and unfolded, the more apparent will the truth and universality of these concepts become.

All this is best comprised and comprehended in the language of symbolism. Let us imagine in space or in the Ether a "geometrical point," (say where two rays of light cross or intersect). This geometrical point is "position without dimension," *i. e.*, an "ideal point." Now let this "ideal" point become "real," that is let it "*appear*" as the light, the water, and the dry land "*appear*" as recorded in the sacred text.

Coincident with this appearance, at this point is the birth of matter and force from the bosom of ether or the womb of cosmos; movement of the atom is the result. It "whirls in space" viz., in the ether, it has an "atmosphere" of its own, is a world in itself, a miniature world, and its new relations to the surrounding ether assigns it a "circumference," it is polarized, evolves and involves, *i. e.*, has centre and circumference the moment it *realizes* existence. This is the "centre that is everywhere and the circumference that is nowhere." This centre of "cosmic dust" is at first "without form and void." The spirit of all things is at its center, as it floats in the ocean of ether; its primary or cosmic form is a globule, and its first evolution is an emanation from its centre, but as it is polarized this emanation occurs in opposite directions. If in one direction only, it would form a radius, but in opposite directions it forms an equator or diameter line. Matter, space, time and motion are thereby for it determined. It is definitely related to itself and its surroundings. These relations are, for diameter I ; for circumference $3,14159+$ or π . It will be seen that these

¹ See Herbert Spencer's "Physical Synthesis" Part 5—Psychology.

are the facts and the true relations as we find them, and it matters not whether these emanations from the bosom of the ether occur singly, or in groups of myriads, or sufficient to form a planet, the principle is the same. If each atom so emanating associates with fellows this association must be by virtue of inherent similarity, attraction, or consonant rhythm. These basic principles may be conveniently studied in the process of crystallization, and are exemplified in every snowflake formed from a drop of water, as in the unfolding of every germ, leaf, or flower. We now see that there is a *world* of meaning in the Smaragdine Tablet to which we have previously referred ; only those ridicule it who are too stupid to understand, or too conceited to "consider the lilies," and who will therefore never behold them arrayed in all their glory.

J. D. BUCK.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME TEACHINGS OF A GERMAN MYSTIC.

I.

DREAMS AND THE INNER LIFE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNNING.¹]

The first spiritual evidences to which a certain student was referred were the phenomena of dreams. Here the reader will be as astonished as was that student, for he cannot comprehend how such common manifestations can serve as foundation for the greatest of teachings, the doctrine of Immortality. But just in this respect we must admire the loving care of the primeval Creative Power, inasmuch as it has laid its first proof so close at hand, thereby blessing us with an unceasing call to enter into its school and learn its lessons.

Dreams, it will be said, are illusions ; therefore they are no proof of the truth of any doctrine. Dreams are illusions ; this cannot be gainsaid. But they nevertheless present pictures whose existence can be denied by no one, therefore they form a more substantial substructure than the ordinary inferences put together with doctrinal correctness, with which the head is filled, but which leave the emotions unaffected.

Dreams have no value for the ordinary scholar because they are without objectivity ; or, in common speech, because the object of the dream does not come into contact with the senses. For instance, when a person appears to us in a dream that person knows nothing about it, and from

¹ These selections are translated from a work of Kernning's called "Paths to the Immortal" (*Wege zur Unsterblichkeit*). Kernning's works, giving practical hints for the attainment of the ends which are the aim of all true Theosophists, were written thirty years ago and more, and show that the spirit of the Rosicrucians, though the world has heard little of its activity in the land where the brotherhood was most prominent in the middle ages, is to-day by no means dead.

this it is concluded that evidences resting upon such a phenomenon are inadmissible. But, since the spirit sees all things in its own light, in pictures of its own creation, this objection loses its force, for it is just in this way that the independence of spiritual activity is shown, in that it has the power to create everything out of itself.

I do not know whether I express myself plainly enough here, or whether subterfuges may not yet be made to attack this first degree in the process of recognition of a life in the spirit. I maintain that the case is as clear as the sun. Therefore we will leave each one to think for himself which view is the better founded, and content ourselves with challenging those who declare the creations of our dreams to be nothing, to name a similar power which works and creates with such ease and vividness and which, as in the case of our dreams, comprehends within itself everything belonging to life.

The phenomena of dreams have, to be sure, no positive lesson for the ordinary uses of life, since they are not expressions of our free will. They come and go without our consent, and no one can say, I will now dream this or that. We are limited in this respect, and we must submit to whatever occurrences within us that the aroused powers may be pleased to permit. This fact, however, does not diminish the peculiar value of the phenomenon ; on the contrary, it shows us that there exists a power beyond us which does not trouble itself about our apparent will.

The functions of the inner life are unceasingly active ; they need no rest, no relaxation. When the man, at his own pleasure, can establish an equilibrium with these functions, enabling himself to see, hear and feel their manifestations whenever he may choose to perceive them, then those manifestations become our own possessions, giving us that which we demand, and then for the first time attaining truth and significance in our estimation.

Dreams and voluntary seership are the two poles of spiritual activity, and upon these are founded the teachings of immortality held by all religions.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

IV.

As said Solomon the wise, "there is no new thing under the sun." Our thoughts are but the thoughts of preceding ages. That this must be so will be apparent when one considers the Eternity behind. All possibilities of nature must have been realized and all thoughts thought in the—to us—dim past. And while the wheel of evolution still turns this must be so. At the apex of the orbit in each revolution, a few of the greatest souled ones have attained emancipation, a few have been able to lift the latch of the Golden Gate. But the remainder of the candidates in nature's school who have failed at the final test have again to begin the weary round, along

with those evolving from lower conditions, with only so much light to guide them through the labyrinth of life as may have been enshrined in the traditions or religions evolved during the previous efflorescence of Humanity. How are they to regain the thoughts of the past and obtain some true interpretation of the mystery of life? All thoughts indeed are writ in the Akasa from which the Prophets and Poets of all ages have drawn their inspiration, and in proportion to a man's striving to get below the mere surface of things, will be the degree in which he succeeds in making part of that inheritance of the ages his own possession.

The scholar too would seem to have a part to play. What worthier object can be his than that of rendering intelligible in the speech of his epoch, the thoughts and ideas enshrined in the dead languages of the great thinking races of the past? The scholars of to-day, those who have drunk deep at the wells of Sanscrit and Greek learning, have indeed a heavy responsibility upon their shoulders. Were it not a worthier aim of life to make common property the thoughts and ideas of the sublime ancients than to wrap themselves as so many do—though there are one or two notable and glorious exceptions—in the self-gratulation of exclusive culture and stagnate in the memory of past achievement?

Those too who are animated by the Theosophic spirit, and who feel the supreme desirability of the path they are striving to tread, are bound to find words more or less appropriate to carry to the world a conviction of this supreme desirability, words which may convey some idea of the animating life within which is quite as much an embodiment of the scientific spirit of the seeker after truth, and the single-eyed determination of the man of the world to achieve his object, as of any devotional or religious feeling. Religion—in Christian countries at least—has been made far too much a thing of sentiment, it has its use no doubt in prompting to the initial effort, but when the path is chosen it would seem that singleheartedness of aim and firm determination were the dominant qualities required.

The thought that prompted the present paper was expressed in a foot note written by a friend in that mystical work of the middle ages "*Theologia Germanica*." The text expresses the thought that all that is, is well pleasing and good in God's eyes, while the foot note by citing one out of the many instances of earthly action so diametrically opposed to what the most optimistic could consider as pleasing to God, commands as the necessary corollary to the text its converse proposition.

Search as deeply as we may into Nature's life, and obtain though we may some intuition of the love which may be regarded as "creation's final law," that law in its working throughout all objective existence must still appear to us as unutterably hideous. The cosmos exists indeed for those who have extended enough vision, in other words the faith to see it, its

picture may be seen in the depths of the soul, that very throne of God, but to us who tread the pathways of the world, who are daily brought in contact with the social evils of this generation, the crime, the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, how can such existence appear to us other than a chaos? Is it not a veritable Hell on Earth? But is there no "best Philosophy" such as Shelley speaks of

"Whose taste
"Makes this cold common Hell—our life—a doom
"As glorious as a fiery martyrdom?"

The reproach of being unpractical is often made against those who are deeply imbued with the philosophic spirit—they may not have the ready panacea for the cure of existing evils demanded by the philanthropist, whose partial remedy he is so apt to consider as such, and to apply with ill-considered action—but they who look deep down see the real remedy, though their words may fall as vain sounds on the ears of the world.

The forces too that have long been set in motion are not lightly to be diverted from the goal towards which they have been hastening, and that goal is for us beginning to loom but too clearly in view. That child born of man's deep seated sense of justice (perverted though it may be) out of the dam, dire poverty, the shrieking red-clad socialist stalks among us, and following the inevitable law of retribution, over the people who have fallen deepest in the slough of materialism, and have been most dominated by the lusts of the flesh, is beginning to tremble the moan of the coming storm, while in their most populous cities the cries rise loudest. It may be too late now entirely to ward off the storm, but surely its fury might be mitigated were we even now to read the lesson aright.

To a people whose upper classes are pandered to by nameless lusts, and whose lower classes breed like beasts of the field, without recognizing, as the beasts do, a non-breeding season, to this adulterous and lascivious generation were it not a worthy aim to show by word and deed that *it is* possible to dissociate love from lust, and that the loftiest emotion of which Humanity is capable has no necessary connection with the sexual bond? But what advance can be made till society recognizes that instead of offering a premium on marriage, they rather are worthy of admiration who can guard inviolate the sacred seed, under the influence of an aim the worldling knows not of—the aim of transferring the life-force from the material into the spiritual plane, with whatever results may accrue from this transformation of energy, of transcendental powers, or sweeter far the realization of the Platonic dream of union with our other half, the finding that within ourselves lay the twin soul which has been the object of our life-long search, in other words that in the microcosm, man, as in the macrocosm, God, are contained both the male and the female elements of existence.

What a contrast to this age of materiality to read of that old time

when to prevent the depopulation of the country, it was necessary to enjoin each true-hearted Brahman to marry and beget one child before devoting himself to the main object of existence which should be to-day as it was then, the practise of Yoga.

But besides helping to counteract the dominant evil of our time another reason can be given for the practise of celibacy, though this lies more on the interior plane, and is therefore more a subject of speculation. For it is a satisfaction to think that by refusing further to swell the already overteeming populations, the ranks of the unborn are lessened to a smaller degree, that a few more souls continue to enjoy the rosy dreams of Heaven.

But though the general acceptance of a less gross form of life would greatly tend towards the amelioration of human existence, to expect it from this generation would seem like putting the effect before the cause, for what is there to impel towards any curbing of the passions while Ignorance holds almost undivided sway? All evils under which Humanity groans may indeed be ascribed to that baleful influence, and it is useless to lop off one of the hydra heads of the monster, while she is capable of replacing it by a still more hideous growth. Andromeda truly pictures Humanity to-day, but where is the redeemer Perseus to be looked for save under the shining garb of the occult wisdom? The worldly knowledge with its glittering train of physical sciences and mechanical inventions can never set Humanity free, it but weaves round its votaries still more deluding webs of darkness. But we may hope that Reason will once more "shed her beams of dawn" over the dim world, and that true faith will once more shine in the hearts of men, for when the knowledge has filtered in that this life is but one of an endless chain of similar existences, will not the futility of gratifying every whim of the senses, which must so often before have been gratified give place to the desire for freedom from such dominance, and to the yearning for some more lasting bliss? and when it is realized that our present thoughts and acts are the factors that determine our future lives and that the pain (or joy) of the present is the retribution of the past, will not a goad be fixed in the hearts of many to drive them on the right way? and finally, when it is dimly perceived that the soul in past existences has experienced all heights and depths of earthly things—has realized all the sweets of wealth, of honor, of power, of love—that the bitter has been very bitter indeed and that the sweetest of the sweet has failed to give permanent satisfaction, will there not spring up in the soul a deep distaste for this loathsome life, a firm intent to pierce the veil of Maya that hides from us the celestial region?

This piercing of the veil, or to adopt a simile which will carry us a little further, this scaling of the mountain is conceived of in very different ways. To some it seems as the culmination of one gigantic effort, to others as the result of infinitely slow progress. It is now pictured as "the killing of the

deadly serpent of self for which Supreme moment is needed a strength such as no hero of the battle field needs." Elsewhere it is described as the steadfast toil of the will "till efforts end in ease and thought has passed from thinking," as the gradual centreing of all thought in the eternal thought till all earth-born desires and fears die out through sheer lack of the nourishment whereby they may be kept alive. The truth may lie in the union of these two apparently contradictory modes of thought, or it may be that as the different natures of men impel them to different lines of action, the pathways are really different though conducting to the same goal, or it may be suggested that the desperate effort referred to above, the supreme moment when the strength of the hero is needed, may be symbolised in the action of one of the mountain climbers, who has strayed from the true mountain side, into some rocky cul-de-sac, up some misleading pinnacle. A desperate leap will doubtless be required of him to reach the true breast of the mountain again. But he who has started on the ascent with a true guide will not mistake the rocky pinnacle for the snow-clad summit. His progress will be fast or slow as the strength and will within him shall decide. Therefore to the aspirant should it ever seem like the steady ascent of the mountain for which are demanded all his combined energies of courage, prudence and steadfastness. And as the summit is approached, all dread anticipation of what the future may bring as well as the fever of personal desire and earthly passion will be left behind like the mist of the valley. Hope and Fear alike will disappear in the purity of that serene air.

And the love which could no longer identify itself with any one object of desire, or find any resting place on earth will have been gradually purged from all taint of animal passion, and will daily become more Godlike in its diffusion, until personal likes and dislikes melt away before its intensity of worship of the one supreme Perfection. All appearances of difference will then be blotted out—friends and enemies, kinsmen and aliens, yea, good and evil men—all will appear alike—for God only will be seen in all, and the bliss of Yoga will be attained.

PILGRIM.

TEA TABLE TALK.

The Tea Table witnessed a strange discussion last week, between Didymus and Quickly. I have not hitherto alluded to the latter, who is a man of remarkable will power, to which his psychic development and training have not a little contributed. He sat chatting with the ladies on this occasion, when Didymus, walking in, remarked to him:—"Ah! old man, I've just come from your office."

"You mean at noon, when you left me to go to the Stewart sale with Miss Polly."

"Oh! but I changed my mind," said she.

"Of course! Why mention it?" said I, and got that rare thing from a woman, a natural (as well as expressive) look.

"So," continued Didymus to Quickly, "I went back to your den. It was just 3:20 by Old Trinity as I entered."

"Well! I've been there since 2 o'clock," said Quickly.

"You weren't though, for I stood at your door looking straight in, and I'll swear you were not there."

"My dear boy, I sat down to my desk at 3 P. M. noting that I had just $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour to spare, and never rose till 3:40 when I came up here."

"But I say, how could I be mistaken? I passed your clerks in the outer office and went right to your den. It's small, rather bare, no nooks, no closets, bright sunlight streaming in. There was your chair standing empty. I looked all over the place; a cat couldn't have hidden there."

Quickly was silent. His color changed slightly. The two men eyed each other; then Quickly diverted the conversation. With all due modesty, I may say I have the quickness of a Gordon setter on an occult trail, and as the laws of the Tea Table provide that all such experiences, once broached, must be held as common property among this little band of earnest seekers, I called the meeting to order and Quickly to account.

"Well,"—said he, slowly, "Didymus bade me farewell for the day at noon, as he was going to the sale. At 3:10 P. M. I was reading some very private letters,—in fact—they related to high themes in occultism. As I read, I suddenly thought of Didymus, and the strange idea flashed through my head that he might perhaps return and see the letters in my hands. In my then frame of mind,—for I am a queer chap that way sometimes,—I had a positive throb of horror lest he might come in and see them, and I mentally went over a little farce of dropping them out of sight."

"You needn't have done that, old man," said Didymus.

"I know it," rejoined the other with his shrewd nod, "but the whole thing passed through me as I tell you. The letters related to matters which went to the very roots of my life, and it seemed as if I couldn't stand their being seen just at first."

A sympathetic movement ran like a wave through the group and showed that Quickly was understood by all.

"I was in a direct line from my door," resumed he. "It was 10 feet off, and the light very bright. At 3:25 I finished reading them, and had seen no one. I wrote a letter, finished it at 3:40 and came straight up here. I can swear I never left my room from 3 to 3:40 P. M."

"And if the lives of those dearest to me depended on it, I would have sworn that you were not there. I stood in front of your chair at 3:20 for several moments; your clerks saw me come and go."

Of course this strange occurrence was discussed at more length, but the facts remained the same. Can we explain them? I think so. We know that Adepts possess the power of becoming invisible at will, and that one of the methods employed consists in mesmerizing the lookers on, so that they do not perceive him who so wills it. All that is required is the institution of a certain vibration through a strong *self-conscious* will. This Quickly has not. But reading those letters relating to the higher self had so raised his vibrations and intensified his psychic perception, that when the inner self raised a note of alarm at the approach of Didymus, and the idea of discovery was conveyed to the normal consciousness of Quickly, the will to remain unseen

was so intense that unknown to his mind, his soul emitted or employed that vibration necessary to set up such an akasic disturbance as would perturb the sight of a looker on. This sight depended upon the transmission of certain vibrations to the optic nerve, and these were wanting. Many such incidents happen to those whose psychic senses are gradually unfolding, and when well attested, as in this case, are useful hints to fellow students.

The widow remarked with a sigh that it would be dreadful if such powers were general among men. Hereupon the Professor innocently asked why.

"My dear Sir! To be able to make themselves invisible? Fancy how they would impose upon their poor wives then!"

I quickly put in the trite:—"Set a thief," but it was no use. Madame had the laugh on us there. I turned it however by suggesting that Theosophy might improve all that.

"What? By keeping us shut up like eastern women?"

"Things are better there than you ladies can believe. Among the orthodox Brahmins of India for instance, the marriage and betrothal bonds are very strong. There is said to be an actual transfer of Karma between husband and wife. He takes upon himself half the effects of all her bad Karma, incurred from the day of her betrothal until her death or excommunication, that is, until the tie between them is duly severed. Betrothal is very sacred among Hindus, and they hold this Karmic transfer to be a reality, because the contract is a solemn and purely religious ceremony, at which all the Gods, Rishis and the Law Itself are invoked as witnesses of the agreement. From the fourth year of age children are brought up in this belief, and for months before the betrothal as for years thereafter, they are constantly reminded of this principle of transfer, and that it has been one of the chief reasons for marriage. If the girl does a wrong thing or thinks a wrong thought, she naturally remembers her contract and in most cases, through piety, unselfishness or instinctive affection, she repents or refrains. Similarly, any good thought entertained by the youth, as well as the merit of pilgrimages and religious observances, being divided with his wife, invariably brings her to his mind, and so strengthens the occult bond by faith."

The ladies liked this idea, and the Professor added that it was "a self respecting sort of institution, whereby man and woman stood by their own, which was really quite up to Anglo-Saxon moral principles!" A chorus arose of "If you can't stand by your own, by whom can you stand?"

Ah! my friends, that's true enough, but like most truths, somewhat neglected. We Anglo-Saxons are not so staunch as we believe ourselves to be often because we do not study or grasp the detailed workings of occult Law. There are many theosophists, for instance, who announce their adherence to a doctrine, or a truth, and who are at the same time pleased to state that they "take no stock" in the Founders of the Society, or in certain Adepts, because they do thus and so, or are this and that. I have no more quarrel with these members than with a barometer. It registers the heaviness of the surrounding atmosphere and at times jumps with celerity from change to change; from its nature it can do no other. But man can change his nature at will, and I claim that if they would give their impartial attention to the principles of Law, (Karmic, cyclic or moral,) they would perceive that they state impossibilities. Let us put personality out of the question, for how are we to escape the bonds of individuality if we hug and expound it, and make it a basis for our actions and judgment of others? A given human quantity, call it X, undertakes to bring certain truths before the entire western world. The task is attended with difficulty, with labor, with opposition from all established orders: in the train of these things come ridicule, anger, opprobrium. Multiply these impediments a million fold. Which of us cares to face even the jeers of two continents? We need not add in such comparative trifles as expenditure of life-force, feeling, time, money, without return or reward, although these are paramount

considerations with the average man. X—the group so-called—has been moved to this herculean endeavor by humanitarian impulse, but you need not grant this much to the argument. Were all done from other motives the result would be the same, viz: the subsequent participants become one with the movers. The persons who accept any of the doctrine, eat of the fruit of X's labor and nourish their minds or lives with some part of X's vitality. "A life for a life," is written in this bond, and an inflexible chain is thus forged. Inversely X is obliged to share a part of the bad Karma of such society or persons as have been benefitted by their labor. It is under the operation of past good Karma that X has earned the right to aid humanity. Can a man drink of a stream and claim independence of its source? Can he live in a valley watered by it without pocketing the value of its diamonds when he sells his land or crops? The vast current of theosophy has rolled in upon us from the Orient, guided by a few courageous hands. The whole West feels its forceful flow in varied degrees, from theosophists who accept all, to M. D.s and L.L. D.s who find themselves fortifying and widening their systems to compete with it. The etherial medium quivers with its energy; its thoughts rush in upon the minds of men in unexpected ways and places.

We live along the current like men who allow it to turn mill wheels, grind grain, water cattle and expedite commerce,—in a word—we get salvation, life force and many minor interests from it, and still have repudiation and impatience for the source. We do not go free; I thank God we do not. Karma attends! Karma, the great Law-giver, holds the scales. Each person who has received the teaching, or in whose life the leaven works, even unseen, inasmuch as he accepts that life or that teaching, is rivetted to X by a tie as indissoluble as the justice of God—which is not that of man—can make it. Struggle as he will, X has fathered a part of him. We cannot separate any of the persons of this group; we do not escape the debt by any denial of it, but are like thieves taken with the plunder in our pockets: it must be paid now, by a recognition of it, or later under the scourges of that Power which saith,—“I will repay.” That a man is unconscious of the debt matters nothing to the Law; he has taken, he must give; perhaps it was his duty to have known. Others vainly say,—“I did not ask that benefit.” They did, or it could not have reached them: some part of them asked. The law of attraction is that of supply and demand; it regulates the universe in detail and in entirety.

It is not necessary to admire the persons grouped under the sign X. It is necessary not to condemn or lapidate them. If they have done less noble deeds in private capacities, be sure their full weight is borne by them alone, unless we rush in with our strictures, when we at once share them. If I fix my thought on the fault of another, an electric stream flows between that diseased moral part and myself, and draws elementals along it to torment me into a similar plague. Although in impartiality I make this appeal to your self interest, I am obliged to place my own loyalty above doubt by recording my faith in the noble integrity of Adepts and Founders. Faith is a boon that not every man is blessed with, but it is fraternal confidence in you all which leads me to hope that we may cease—as a society and as individuals—to bite the hands that supplied us. May we confine our thoughts to universals, our loves and hates to principles, not men. May we consider only that which stands within all facts and beings,—Spirit. In that holy name let us differ in peace and goodwill; let us stand staunchly by our own against the world!

JULIUS.

One moment in eternity is of as great consequence as another moment, for eternity changes not, neither is one part better than another part.—Zoroaster.

OM.

Æ U Ω

That which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed, is superior and of another nature from the visible universe: it is invisible and eternal. He who is thus called invisible and incorruptible, is even he who is called the Supreme Abode; which men having once obtained, they never more return to earth; that is my mansion.—*Bagavad-Gita*.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1887.

No. 3.

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LETTERS ON THE TRUE.

I.

MY COMRADES :—

A renowned occultist said recently ; “ Do not write like the Peripatetics, but put your soul into it.” The wisdom of this advice becomes at once apparent. We may not all attain those brave pinnacles in the distance, but the first hard steps lie close at hand, to be taken by every earnest man. He takes them more or less in the dark. Now our struggle is for Union ; not merely to be in Union, but to be that Union itself. This idea should attend us from the outset, for ideas create men. So in considering the subject of Truth, and how to become It, I find myself confronted with my individual experience, and my conception of its value soon enlarges as I

find it repeating itself in many another life. It would seem that I might thus come to you, a friend to friends, speaking plainly of such hidden essences as I may find in diurnal things. I do not offer a universal panacea. I point out that which is for me The Way. Yet I say also with Ulysses : "I am a part of all that I have met," and to those sharers of my larger nature I manifest that which I have found. You are very present with me, oh, my Comrades ! Distance cannot shut you from me. Maya cannot hide you. As we breast the tide of this Dark Age, I seem to feel your hearts beating time with mine. I meet one, and he becomes identical with me ; then perhaps another and still another, until merged in the pulsation of a single Hope, we are but so many throbs in the Great Heart of All. I salute you out there in the Unknown, and may we one day come together with the large homeric joy of fellow warriors ! Now you know in what spirit I address you.

Would to God Truth were more believed in ! I say this amid frequent surprise. Yet it is a mimic Truth by which we live. This puppet virtue emasculates. It cozens our judgment, disowns our intuitions and divides our motives. We drift to and fro with the material scum of Being. When do we come face to face, speaking entire thoughts ? We look each at the other's mask, and Truth is dumb. Shy as schoolboys we are before the tricky illusion of form. As friends commune best in the twilight, so we shrink back within the veiled recesses of the mind, and if we speak our conviction, it is in parable. Who has a true relation in life ? Between the closest lovers there arises this impalpable wall of fictitious personality. We do not break through it. The heart pants for the True, but it cannot reveal its necessities to those whose thirst is slaked at shallower streams. If we dared be what we are with one another, we might get down to bed rock, and begin to understand somewhat of this great mine called Life, and the lay of its ore veins, and where a man may blast through to everlasting riches. You will say to me ; "Shall I disclose the sacred core of my soul to be gapped at and appraised as the thing for which I have paid just so much blood and so many tears ?" *Never !* I know well that even those who under ties of birth and law have a right to confidence, do not always know of its existence. You sit among them in the twilight, gazing towards the horizon, striving to catch the first divine harmonies of the on-coming night, and when they say to you, "Of what are you thinking ?" you answer ;—"I wondered if to-morrow will bring good harvest weather." For you have tried it and found no scale to measure, no bottom to the box. It is a common need that I specify. We are delivered up at the bar of custom, impressed under arbitrary standards, bidden accept the verdict of self impanelled citizens for the swift mandate of our own soul. She mocks at this usurped authority. We have too long allowed others to bind us in

the names of the great Verities, and now we discover beneath those august mantles, plastic little gods of civic creation. It is a tale as old as the world.

It lies within our power to change this in some degree at least. He who would have true relations, must himself be true. Let him distrust names, and sift facts. Give nothing the right to pass you unchallenged. The most trifling opinion must give the eternal countersign before I admit it within my lines. I receive no idea until I have tested it by all the laws known to me, whether natural or supra-natural. For if I give out some false thought to another, I poison his spring. I have a corsican feud with that lying word—"Independence." I would raze it from the memory of men. There is no such thing. The True repudiates it. Exact Science protests her ignorance of this fabled monster. Even on the physical plane, each man, himself a glowing sphere in action, throws off and inhales by every pore, particles of matter, of mind stuff, of cell stuff, of all that goes to the making of the mere flesh and blood man. Case him up in plaster of paris with but the necessary orifices for organic functions, and see how long he will live. Put him into solitary confinement and mark what becomes of his "independent" brain. We interchange bodies with one another and recruit them even from the dead. Reject me; put the Atlantic between us, and I will send a shaft to your heart in the shape of my thought. I have seen proud men chafe at a comrade's suggestions, and accept unconsciously the alms of a thousand stranger minds. We have a tremendous lien upon one another. All Humanity impinges upon every man, at every instant, on every plane. Where among the worlds do you find Independence? Is your constitution larger than that of Orion? Shall continuity be displaced, that you may stretch yourself? Accept the reign of Law; and instead of Independence write "*Interdependence*," on the lintel of the heart. I do not say this procedure is always painless. Truth is a goddess who demands a human sacrifice. For my part, give me facts, though they crush me. Something finer will spring up from the remains.

Being true friends we shall find them. Here in this perplexed world if hearts could get together, and together—untinted by sense—go out through one another's real experience, much might be found out. Such friends love truly because each in the other sees the true self reflected. They do not hold silence but reveal hidden thoughts, and by mutual comparison, which is greater and surer, eliminate error, realize the True in all things and "keep each other awake in Him." They hold intercourse also, at times which they do not recollect, as we do with all higher souls who love us, and who certainly exist, though not now known to our mortal eye and memory, and who drink perhaps often with us the little ambrosia that we are able to reach. For this infrequent boon doubtless all people languish, knowing not what it is that they desire, and thus many a soul goes through life seek-

ing it for years, and often, too often, concludes that it is a search for Utopia, because the rough experience of long seasons proves apparently that "friends such as we desire are dreams and fables."¹ It need not be so, if you will not have it so. Be wholly true and you must find within your circle at least one heart equal to yours, with whom you can establish this priceless interchange. Seek one another; break up the ice and get out into free air. The man of the world and the deifier of the practical, will alike bear witness that in such union is strength indeed, no matter to what issue. It can be maintained where lives have a mutual lodestar. Yet be on your guard against the intellectual tramp, who is ever ready to refresh himself in your inner domain and gape at your wonders. The curious and the idle have no right of way through my mind.

The awakening soul demands a plain and vital relation. She cries to all her environments: "Hereafter I am bound by no arrogant claims. Does your word reverberate in me? I follow! Does your thought attract mine? Take it! I will give you all that is yours in me; I will not give you one jot more. Hope not to mould me within given limits. I shape myself only to the True. I will no longer be merely virtuous. I am Virtue!" Such is the language of the soul, to whom her own Being is sufficient fact, who offers no explanations, no excuses, but faces the interlocutor boldly, and answers: "Thus have I done. Am I or am I not free?" When the eternal comparison is established, however, she bears herself humbly before it, so long as she has not herself become that Eternal in very fact. She knows that there is but one place in the universe whereon a man may make a square stand, and he does so with the Law to back him. That place is his Duty. The equation of the Past has brought him there. All these paltry concerns, this material pressure are outcomes of the energies of that Astral Medium which is at once his flux and his teacher. He and others about him are making these things themselves. He must learn why and how; for this lesson there is no better place than that wherein his soul first rouses from her stupor.

I spoke of Virtue. What is that? Emerson once told us: "Virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things." That commanding Nature, which is the True, stands above the adherent virtue. Growth and decay advance through retrogression, the fermenting and cathartic processes, these are Nature's. She gives, not opiates, but astringents. To sin, which is to go off at a tangent from the True; to suffer, which is discordant vibration; to return when a latent attraction, developed through pain, sets out towards the sphere of harmonious action; all this is natural. To lose a thousand vintages through the evolution of finer forces, to make here a rose and there a desert, these, with many transmuting and conserving powers, Nature

¹ Emerson.

offers as analogies to the student of the True and forbids him to condemn any of them. Sometimes convention establishes this natural order, simply because it is too massive to be overlooked, as when well-bred people select only topics of general interest to all. Then the crowd follow, not because it is true, but because it is convention. This cold acceptance freezes up the vitality of the germ. Let a man agree with his own soul that he will not lie because he galvanizes non-being into Being; that he will not steal because he goes behind the law which gives him all that is his own and will demand restitution at compound interest for the very word of which he may have deprived another. Let him not covet aught because his true manhood depends on his balance of power, his control of desire. Let him demand of himself the *Why*, of every impulse. Let him seek out the basic reason of his thoughts and actions, and assuring himself of his hidden motive, kill or exalt that as it may deserve. This is vital. What I say here of man applies once and for all to woman also. I am considering that fontal essence in which is no sex, no condition, no division—the True. If the whole tendency be to that, the greatest secrets in occultism can be known. Loyalty must be a sum, not a fraction. Take Truth alone for your headlight, thereby the world may see your course, and children and jejune idlers be warned from its track. I do not say you should rise up and cast off the outer life all at once. That is your protection; you will need it for some time to come. But I say that you should look sleeplessly for the true kernel of these external things. Our advance must even be made with discrimination, often in befriending silence. Remember that under the present social constitution, as long as Theosophy seems to unfit men for their private capacities and obligations, so long will the world condemn it as lacking in moral and in common sense. Its exponents may not deal violently with established relations. You are to work out, not to jump out. If we love the True, we shall fulfil every personal claim, every formal pledge incurred by our position in life, at no matter what cost, rather than allow a false deduction to be drawn which shall implicate the good faith of our moral philosophy. Those to whom we are due alone can free us. An Adept wrote recently: “To find masters, you must be unclaimed by man or woman.” Unfulfilled duties are ropes which drag us back. Men are eager to serve this cause; let them bear the result of their actions for its honor until the high law sets them free. Only an overwhelming certainty of a divine mission, of a certified call to Adeptship and the service of Humanity at large frees us from these present considerations by removing us to a higher plane, wherein we stand justified. While I live among men I wear the garment appointed to their assembly. Hours befall when I am called to quit this communion for that of the gods! Then I only know the laws of the soul and emerge from these platitudes of this lower world.

We cannot too deeply inhale the knowledge that Truth is not a surface growth. How often I have seen the clue overlooked by seekers ; how often seen the messenger refused ! Perhaps the tenor of his speech was too foreign, or too unassuming ; or time was lost in questioning his methods, or the student flung away in fancied independence, forgetting that men do not own their own minds, but are debtors to the great currents of Thought. These flow through us like a river ; the individual mind is but one of a million ripples, yet the force gathers momentum from ripple to ripple and all are the river. Only a large nature can receive a gift with grace and integrity ; it has no fear of belittling itself by acceptance, for it knows that in the True we only receive in due proportion to our gifts, and that it must speedily bestow this bounty elsewhere. You do not hesitate to accept the services of a bank clerk because he is paid for them. Do you suppose that equity is confined to men, and that the Eternal gives us no retainer ? Dismiss this commercial weighing and counting ; give and take as the winds do ! If an archangel stood within a body whose exterior did not announce that divine prompter, men of average standing would reject him while searching for him. "I faint with the desire to find those who will unselfishly accept me and work for the rest. I give myself in all things for your benefit and would be glad if by my death or by my loss you could reach enlightenment. I would transfer, could I do so, all my experience to your soul and give it away to you. For what ? For nothing at all save your acceptance. You know very well we can do no more than offer these goods. We set up the wooden image before the eyes of men and not one taking the sword cuts it in two, to find the jewels within. Then we sadly go on again."¹ That is the language of spiritual power and self confidence ignores it daily. If Jesus and Buddha walked the earth to-day without followers or protestations, how many men who clamor for the mysteries would recognize Them by an innate perception of Their qualities ? I marvel that others suppose the Great Spirits of all ages to have passed onward to realms of bliss, without a second thought for the belated brotherhood behind. By the inexorable laws of Their perfected natures, some must have returned, in renunciation and bondage, to live and humbly teach and cheer reluctant men.

Do not take any man at his surface valuation or yours, but look to the spirit within his words. This discernment of spirits is a great power ; it can be cultivated. Close your eyes, summon up the man before your thought and try to *feel his total effect* as it impresses itself on your passive mind. Then regard him impersonally as a problem solved, not forgetting that a foolish man may at times become the mouthpiece of unseen powers. Our perception is often tested thus ; be vigilant, lest unawares you reject the fruit of life. But you wish to pluck it for yourself without the aid of any

¹ Letter from a friend.

man? Friend! Such fruit never grew. *The One Itself can only realize through the many.* Are you higher than that?

Others again fall into the besetting error of students who are tempted at the outset to elaborate a system. The wish to set our intellectual acquisitions in order is natural enough, but as on our present plane we can only attain to partial conceptions, we may harden them into a finality, become insensibly attached to them as being our very own, and reject all that does not accord with them. Must the universal march up and toe my chalk line? Eschew mental habit; it is a great encruster. Submit the outer and inner man to the solvent of will. Heed the indications of Nature. Observe the bird as it folds its wings and drops down the air to the predetermined spot. Consider the lightning, when from the lurid sheeted flow it forges a bolt and darts it to the mark. Every bullet that scores must first be liquid lead. Fix your motive, then make your thought fluidic and free. We are much conjured in the name of consistency. In heaven's name then, let us be consistent, but to the Truth itself, through all its varied manifestations. Each man need care only for what he is this moment, and pass on easily with life to the next. There are times when we rise into an instant perception of Truth through the total nature of the soul. Then I feel myself great, by reason of this power, yet infinitely small, in that I do not hourly contain it. The laws governing this tidal wave form part of my inner consciousness, just as many of my forces are out yonder in the infinite correlations of cosmic energy. A full perception of them enables a man to hold up hand and lure, and the hawks swoop down. When a comrade displays this touchstone of the soul we know one another without any words. Many men of positive nature think that they also have fallen heir to this power because they test and are confident. They stand fast in reality by the lower knowledge of the delusive self, and can no more apprehend this internal aurora which throbs and gleams through the expanded man than a child discriminates between Northern Lights and the glare of distant conflagrations. The reason for this, as for all mistakes, inheres deeply in the elemental nature of man, and suggestions can be given whereby he may first recognize and then if he be a strong man—conquer it. To this end let us unite our efforts, for you know it is through sharing this faulty nature that I have been led to an earnest contemplation of possible remedies.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO PRIMARY CONCEPTS.

(Concluded.)

As a man thinketh, so he is.—*Christian Scripture.*

All that we are, is the result of what we have thought.—*Buddhist Scripture.*



Man contains within himself the fountains of wisdom, and the keys of knowledge. He who looks outside of himself for wisdom will search in vain. The unfoldment of *understanding*, this is true wisdom. Man is ignorant, not because wisdom inhabits a deep well, but because man's understanding is so shallow. The grandest truths of nature lie open all around us; the veil of Isis is but another name for the blindness of man. "As above, so below, as on earth, so in heaven." The same law which rounds a drop of water and crystallizes a snow-flake, forms a planet and builds a mountain. There is law, and rythm, and melody, and exact proportion, in all created things. Exact geometry determines the form of all things. Every atom of matter in the universe is set to music. The parts of every complex body, whether of man or mountain are related to the whole by exact ratios, definite multiples. The proportion of every element in a compound is definitely fixed. So are the conditions for the development of every seed or germ, from monad to man. If you alter these conditions, nature gives no response, she is *silent*, and she *wails*. What to her are "time and space"? Hers is the eternal! the everlasting! the boundless! She never argues, never wrangles, never complains. The Caballa Denudata has been at last translated into English. Yet where are the ancient secrets "*laid bare*." We shall search for them in vain. He who knew these secrets in the olden time sometimes *hid* them in books, but *revealed* them there, *never*! There are three that bear witness, the instructive tongue, the listening ear, and the faithful breast. The instructive tongue could only babble to the gaping crowd, hence it is silent. Ears have they but they hear not, was said of them of old time. In the faithful breast the demons of pride, lust, and mammon have long ceased to bear witness. Silence reigns in heaven. There was never one who *led the life*, who did not at last come to *know the doctrine*.



We have already shown that the nature of the phenomenal universe and the bodily senses are the same. Each exists by virtue of change, motion, unrest, transition, that is their *essence*. Therefore *they are, because they are not*! You can neither detain nor repeat them. Even our thoughts are of the same nature, you cannot detain, or control them. They come and go, and come again, yet never twice the same, something is added,

something wanting. Sum up our sensations as pleasure and pain, the two poles of feeling, each necessary to the other, each the exact complement of the other. How vainly do we strive to retain the pleasure and get rid of the pain. He who never suffers, never enjoys; he who is incapable of suffering is incapable of enjoyment. He who has suffered shall surely enjoy, measure for measure, for such is the law of life.


The first great division under the conception of the duality of all things is, on the one side, the phenomenal, the outer, visible changing universe; on the other the noumenal, the opposite; and the reason why this side of being is so little known, and so seldom even recognized, is that we live so largely in the things of sense and time, and this fact will presently make apparent the reason why we know nothing of any previous incarnation. If we recognize the duality of existence and discover that life is an equation, death becomes the great cancellation of the excess on the side of time. We have already shown that individual self-consciousness is the centre in man. The sphere of consciousness is the monad that incarnates, the nucleolus of the cell. This conscious monad stands in the center between the phenomenal and the noumenal. This is the Life of which the poet speaks,



"Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
"From morn till eve on the horizon's verge."

The language of symbolism is very expressive in this direction, and may embody in a picture the size of a halfpenny the whole science of man. Cross the palm of the hand with two pins, and he who knows how to read and unfold will give you the whole of Caballa,  Connect the upper and the lower points thus  and you have a double triangle, or a double mountain,

literally, Mt. Sinai¹, or Mountain of Light. Next take the cell from which man's organism springs.  with its cell wall, cell contents, nucleus (and contents), nucleolus (and contents), and let the apices of the triangles meet at the border of the nucleolus, thus,  Now let the lower triangle represent the three lower principles of man, those related to the phenomenal world, and the upper triangle represent the three principles related to, or drawn from the noumenal world, and let us suppose the above diagram to represent the conditions at birth, at the dawn of consciousness. We have already shown that the development of all germs is a two-fold process, from "vivification" to "birth," and from birth to death, viz: the shape and physical life *evolves*, while the essential or typical form and spiritual life *involve*s, thus maintaining the equation or equilibrium. In the above diagram

¹ See J. Ralston Skinner's Notes on Caballa.

the nucleolus represents the central sphere. Let the dawning of consciousness be represented by the interlacing of the triangles, thus,  The lower triangle still represents the phenomenal world, the things of time and sense, the upper triangle the noumenal; and as by evolution the lower triangle advances upward, so by involution the upper triangle advances downward, while the central space, formed by coalescence of the two, represents consciousness.

Now suppose this coalescence, approximation or interlacing continues, thus,  till we have at last a complete geometrical figure,  our familiar double triangle, or six-pointed star. This would involve an exact equation, evolution equal to involution, with progressive expansion of the central area of consciousness.

Our geometry fortifies our proposition still further, for if we fold each of the points of the triangles toward the center we shall form a complete hexagon, the six sides and six angles thereof representing the angles and sides of the two original triangles, thus making our symbolism complete. *The realm of consciousness has absorbed both the phenomenal, and the noumenal*, and the perfect or Divine Man stands revealed, and thus, and thus only, can man be made in the image of God. A spark of the Infinite expanding in self-consciousness till *at one* with the *All*, "as above, so below, to accomplish the purpose of *one thing*" viz.: the Anthropomorphic God, the Godlike man. Now suppose we represent the lower triangular space as dark, and the upper as light, the coalescence would then be mixed in the central area.

How then can this central space, consciousness, be illuminated? By conscience, the "voice of God" within the soul, and the result of this illumination is *righteousness*. But suppose this process of illumination—grand expansion—goes on naturally until the seventh year in the life of the child, and that from that time worldliness sets in, and the "dark world" gains the ascendancy and holds it throughout life. Consciousness *i. e.*, experience, pertains almost wholly to the lower triangle, the spiritual life (noumenal) is lost sight of, ignored, and at last ridiculed and denied. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Suppose that two substances naturally unite in equal proportions to form a chemical compound, and that for one pound of the one substance we place in the crucible one hundred of the other, what is the result? If there be *conditions for combining at all*, we shall find in the crucible when emptied, exactly *two pounds* of the compound, and the balance "REFUSE." How many such incarnations would it take to make man master of two worlds, twice born, a son of light. Is it any wonder we have lost our birthright, and forgotten our *last incarnation*? How many of the

men and women of the world have any consciousness of spiritual existence? How many declare with pride that they are materialists, *i. e.*, outcasts disinherited by their own act? How many will be born into the next world like the weak sickly wailing waifs that are born into this, who after one feeble gasp sink back into the great unknown from whence they came. How many have discerned the Gates of Gold? "He that would lose his life for *My* sake, shall surely find it."

These are but primary concepts, true or false according to him who reads. It is not enough to suppress the appetites and passions, we must "press forward to the mark of our high calling." We are not to despise or to destroy, but to transmute, and to aspire. If we but listen in silence, "sink down into the abyss" there is one who is ever ready to exalt us. Our ears have been so long accustomed to the blash and clangor of time, that we hear not the voice of the silence, or if we hear we are afraid. According to the desires of the heart, and the *servency* thereof shall be the fruition. Strong passions, strong appetites, indicate strength of life, and if the *desire* but once seize hold of righteousness *to possess it*, and if we *persist* and are *determined*, and refuse to let it go, coy and shy as a bride at first, it will at length come like a heavenly guest to rest in our bosom.

J. D. Buck.

THE LAKE AND THE POOL.

In the midst of the great pine forests, which opened as if to reveal their secret, lay a vast lake. The frozen winds from the North beat upon it, and lashed its waves upon the Southern shore. The sun shone on it and great rifts of weeds with fallen trees floated upon it.

By its side stood two men; one old, bent with age, with long grey locks. He pointed with his hand over the stormy surface whilst the clouds hung closely down, and the long flight of wild birds that were passing over seemed in haste to escape. Listening to him was a young man, lame and slight of build, but giving intensest heed to what the old man said:

"Drain the waters of this lake, to clear away these waves and make firm land—that is your task."

"But," replied the young man, "I am single handed and the lake is vast. Each of its waves is as tall as I am. How shall I chase back its waters?"

The old man said nothing, but led him into the forests again and they passed between the bare pine stems, with here and there a sharp, jagged, broken branch jutting out, till they came to where the rocks sprang out of

the earth and trees were fewer. Amongst them, reflecting in its sullen surface the scattered branches of the pine trees above, was a pool of water but a few yards across. Its surface was undisturbed and it looked black with depth.

"This task is yours," said the old man. "Empty this pool of its waters. No other task I give you."

He went on through the sparse pine trees till the darker woods received him and hid him.

The young man remained there, thinking. Then with a stone for a weight, and as long a plummet line as he could make, he tried to sound the pool. And sometimes he thought he had found the bottom; but it was only the weight resting on a ledge of rock. So when all his line was exhausted he gave up the attempt and set to work.

He hewed trees down and made levers and pries, and detached great masses of rock. Day and night he laboured, making a channel for the water to flow away by, and soon he made a passage and led a great current away from the pool.

But the still black surface hardly sank. Harder and harder he laboured till he led almost a river from the head of the pool flowing to the sloping lands of the south. And now the surface of the pool had receded more deeply below the rocks around it; and down by it, where he was at work, the sky looked small and dark. Still the water was not gone and the river kept flowing and flowing.

As he was working here he heard the old man's voice calling to him from above, and the words were: "Cast in your plummet line now again and see how deep the pool is."

So he cast in long lengths of line one after another, but reached not the bottom; therefore he sent answer back: "I cannot tell how deep the pool is; but deeper it seems to me than when I first began."

"Arise from your labour and come with me," the old man shouted into the depths.

Together they journeyed through the bare pine stems with the sharp broken branches jutting out, and the brown soil beneath their feet, till they came to where the forest opened to reveal its secrets.

And there, shone on by the sun, while a flight of wild birds circled round and round, lay a vast open plain hollowing towards the centre and here and there confused with masses of rift and blackened tree-trunks. But down the sides the grass had already begun to grow, and the deer of the forest found there the richest pasture land. Then the old man, turning, said: "You have fulfilled your task. Henceforth dwell in peace and make the land before you habitable and fair."

The young man, who was a young man no longer, looked forward over

the expanse with joy. Then turning back to the old man he said : "But what completion is there to my labours whereto you set me? for the waters of the pool are as deep as ever !" Then the old man made answer :

"When you trembled to attempt to conquer the waves of the lake, I took you to the pool in the wood and bade you subdue it, you did not hesitate to attempt that. But know that in reality the pool and the lake are one and the same ; for there is an underground channel that connects them and by lowering the waters of the pool you have emptied the lake."

Then the other asked him, "But how deep is the pool?"

"It is deeper than can ever be fathomed," answered the old man, "and you will sooner drain away all the waters of the earth than reach the bottom of it."

Therewith he went away and disappeared for the last time beneath the dark green of the waving pine-tree boughs, leaving the other to enter upon the fulfillment of his labours.

So thou who wishest to conquer the world, but fearest the greatness of the task and hast no means, learn that if thou conquerest thyself, thou wilt find (though in what way it will be, thou knowest not now) that thou hast achieved. And when thou hast achieved, the dark pool that is thyself, will still stretch unfathomably, endlessly down.

C. H. HINTON.

NOTES ON THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

To the student of occultism few more absorbing subjects present themselves than that of the Astral Light ; and when one considers its strange sights and sounds, the mysterious creatures by whom it is inhabited, the enormous and incalculable influence it exerts on our lives and destinies, it is not surprising that information should eagerly be sought from the explorers of so fascinating a region. One of the most indefatigable of these inquirers was the late Abbé Constant—better known, perhaps, under the non de plume of "Eliphas Lévi." As his works, however, are not translated, there are many would-be readers to whom they are not accessible ; and it is in the belief that, to such, a brief compendium of his more important remarks would be not unwelcome, the following Notes made by a theosophist in the course of his own studies are offered.

If they should seem lacking in symmetry, or even entire continuity, it must be borne in mind that they are only what they profess to be—"Notes"; or, more correctly speaking, verbatim extracts from the various volumes in

which this subject is treated of, often in connection with other, though kindred topics ; they may fairly claim to be faithful and accurate translations—as any one may verify—but they make no pretense to literary finish ; they are simply the words of the author, without alteration or comment ; for this reason quotation marks are unnecessary, all that follows this paragraph being translation pure and simple.

The primordial light vehicle of all ideas, is the Mother of all forms, and transmits them from emanation to emanation, diminished or altered only by the density of the surroundings ; the forms of objects, being modifications of this light, remain in the light where they are reflected back ; thus the Astral Light, or the terrestrial fluid termed the Grand Magical Agent, is saturated with images or reflections of all kinds, which the soul can evoke and submit to what the Cabalists call its “lucidity.”

These images are always before us, and are only temporarily obscured by the more obtrusive impressions of reality during our waking hours, or by the pre-occupation of our thoughts, which render our imagination inattentive to the shifting panorama of the Astral Light ; when we are asleep, they present themselves to us of their own accord and thus dreams are produced ; dreams which are vague and incoherent, unless some dominant wish remains active during our sleep and gives, although unknown to us, a direction to the dream, which thus becomes a vision.

The Astral Light acts directly upon the nerves, which are its conductors in the physical economy, and which convey it to the brain ; thus a somnambulist can see by the nerves, without needing material light ; the astral fluid containing latent light, just as science recognizes latent heat.

The empire of the Will over the Astral Light, which is the physical soul of the four elements, is symbolized in Magic by the Pentagram ; by means of this we can compel spirits to appear in visions, either when awake or asleep, by bringing before our lucidity their reflection which exists in the Astral Light, if they have lived, or the reflection of their spiritual nature, if they have never lived ; this explains all visions, and demonstrates, especially, why those who see the dead see them always either as they were when alive, or as they are while yet in the grave, and never as they are in that state of existence which escapes the perception of our present organization.

When the Magician has attained perfect lucidity, he can direct at will the magnetic vibrations in the whole mass of the Astral Light ; by means of these vibrations he can influence the nervous systems of persons, quicken or retard the currents of life, soothe or trouble, cure or make ill—in a word, kill or raise from the dead. The lucid will is able to act upon the mass of the Astral Light, and, in concert with other wills which it thus absorbs and utilizes, compels immense and irresistible currents. It should also be noted that the Astral Light can render itself denser or rarer, accord-

ing as the currents accumulate or scatter it, at given centres ; when it lacks sufficient energy to nourish life, there result diseases which terminate with fatal suddenness, and are the despair of physicians.

The Astral Light is the omnipresent tempter, symbolized by the serpent of Genesis ; this subtle agent, ever active, ever abounding in power, flowing with seductive dreams and pleasing images ; this force blind in itself, and swayed by the wills of others either for good or evil ; this circulating medium, ever vivified with unquenchable life, that causes vertigo to the rash spectator ; this material spirit, this fiery body, this impalpable and all-pervading ether, this enormous seduction of Nature—how shall we define its entirety, how qualify its actions ? Indifferent, so to speak, in its nature, it lends itself alike to good or evil—it diffuses light and brings darkness ; it is a serpent, but also an aureole ; it is fire, but it may either be that which belongs to the torments of Hell, or that which carries up the incense offered to Heaven.

To be its master, we must, like the woman of the Bible, trample its head under our feet.

To vanquish the serpent, that is to dominate the circle of the Astral Light, we must be able to place ourselves outside of its currents ; in other words, to insulate ourselves. This torrent of universal life is also pictured in religious dogmas as the expiatory fire of Hell. It is the instrument of Initiation, the monster to be subdued, the enemy to be vanquished ; it produces the larvæ and phantoms that respond to the evocations and conjurations of Black Magic ; in it are preserved those forms whose fortuitous and fantastic assemblage people our nightmares with such abominable monsters. To allow ourselves to be swept away by this raging flood is to fall into abysses of madness more frightful than death, to drive away the darkness of this chaos and compel it to give perfect forms to our ideas, is to create, to have triumphed over Hell. The Astral Light directs the instincts of animals, and combats the intelligences of man, which it tends to pervert by the splendour of its reflections and the falsity of its images ; this fatal and unavoidable tendency guides and renders still more injurious, the Elementals and Elementaries ; whose restless desires seek sympathy in our weakness, and tempt us not so much in order to cause our destruction, as for their own benefit. The Book of Conscience, which according to the christian dogmas is to be made manifest at the Last Judgment, is nothing more or less than the Astral Light, in which are preserved the impressions of all our words, that is to say of all our deeds and of all forms.

Those who renounce the empire of reason, and allow their will to wander after the reflections of the Astral Light are subject to alternations of madness and melancholy, which lead them to imagine these wonders to be the result of possessions of a demon ; and there is no doubt that by means

of these reflections evil spirits are able to influence impure souls and make them their docile instruments, and cause them to torment the organisms in which they dwell. It is, therefore, extremely dangerous to trifle with the mysteries of Magic, and above all supremely rash to practice its rites from curiosity, and by such experiments to tempt the higher powers; and the inquisitive who, not being Adepts, meddle with evocations or occult magnetism, are like children playing on a barrel of gunpowder—sooner or later they will be the victims of a terrible explosion. To insulate ourselves from the Astral Light, it does not suffice merely to envelope ourselves in a mantle of wool, as did Appolonius of Tyana; above and beyond all, the heart and spirit must be absolutely calm, freed from the dominion of the passions, and assured of perseverance in action by an inflexible will; and these acts of will must be ceaselessly repeated, for only by persistence in such acts does the will become strong. There are certain intoxicating substances which, by heightening the nervous susceptibility, augment the power of the representations of the Astral Light and consequently increase its seductions; by means of these, also, when used in a contrary direction, spirits can be terrified or subdued.

In order to command the Astral Light, it is necessary to understand its double vibration, and the balance of forces known as magic equilibrium.

This equilibrium, regarded in its primal cause, is the will of God: in man, it is liberty; in matter, it is mathematical equilibrium. Equilibrium produces stability and duration. Liberty brings forth the immortality of man, and the will of God formulates the laws of eternal right. Equilibrium in ideas is wisdom; in forces it is power; equilibrium is rigorous, if the law is kept, it exists; if it be violated, though ever so little, it does not exist. It is for this reason that nothing is useless, or wasted, every word, every motion, is for or against equilibrium, for or against Truth; for equilibrium represents Truth, which is composed of contraries which are reconciled, or at least equilibrated. Almighty power is the most absolute Liberty; but absolute Liberty cannot exist without perfect equilibrium; magic equilibrium is therefore one of the first conditions of success in the operations of science; and we must seek it even in occult chemistry by learning to combine contraries without neutralizing them. By magic equilibrium is explained the great and ancient mystery of the existence and relative necessity of Evil; this relative necessity, in Black Magic, furnishes a measure of the power of demons, or evil spirits, to whom the virtues practised on earth impart more fury, and apparently more power.

B. N. ACLE, F. T. S.

(To be continued.)

SOME TEACHINGS OF A GERMAN MYSTIC.

II.

THE TRUE DESTINY OF MAN.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNING.]

There are two poles at the extremes of man's nature.¹ Man can live in the most perfect light, in complete certainty, and wholly according to the law of the spirit. It is also possible for him to make darkness his element, and to pass his earthly existence in complete obscurity. At each of these two poles he is, in a certain sense, perfect, forming there a complete unity in himself. Now when a person, either through impulse from within, or in consequence of some unusual chance, is violently taken out of the darkness into the light, it is inevitable that his entire nature should be thrown out of gear, as it were. In consequence, spiritual as well as physical conditions are brought about which the average psychologist can only account for by classifying them as maladies of some kind. If we could accompany the physicians into their sick-chambers we should be brought face to face with cases originating solely in such transitions, and which are not to be relieved except by bringing about an equilibrium between soul and body.

All that is violent causes an extreme agitation, and therefore such consequences attend the violent transition from night to the light of truth. There are, however, many childlike and gentle souls whom we know in ordinary life, and who possess only a calm faith, but if they are observed closely they will be found to perceive and value their higher life in its entire comprehensiveness. Everything in nature has its correspondence, and therefore we should not be frightened on encountering unusual phenomena.

Man has strayed from the Path and must retrace his steps in order to go aright.² That which he has amassed while upon the wrong road has united itself with his being, and may not be so easily expelled or rendered inactive.³ Spiritual functions are uninterruptedly operative; they create and construct words, ideas, forms and figures which, as we see in dreams, torment, love, and follow us against our wills. If we withdraw from our

1 "In man, taken individually or as a whole, there clearly exists a double constitution. Two great tides of emotion sweep through his nature, two great forces guide his life; the one makes him an animal, and the other makes him a god."—*Through the Gates of Gold*.

2 "Turn round, and instead of standing against the forces, join them; become one with nature, and go easily upon her path. Do not resist or resent the circumstances of life any more than the plants resent the rain and the wind. Then suddenly, to your own amazement, you find you have time and to spare, to use in the great battle which it is inevitable every man must fight, that in himself, that which leads to his own conquest."—*Gates of Gold*.

3 The Karma of the individual. To retrace one's steps is to live in the eternal; to become one with nature, and lift one's self "out of the region in which Karma operates."

outer life a part of its influence upon us, it can easily come to pass that the powers ever existing behind that influence may cause us to behold pictures and to hear words which lead us astray and, for a time, bring us into conflict with ourselves.¹ Whoever does not lose courage because of this trial, and steadfastly pursues his higher aim, will gain the mastery of these hostile powers and at last hear words of life and behold heavenly visions.

The path to the Life leads through labyrinths. Blessed be he who finds a thread laid by a loving hand to lead him more certainly to the exit; he advances with calm step, and in his loving trust in the thread that he follows he thereby gains the victory over all adversity.

A star of heaven guides us out of the darkness if our inner eye is awakened to life. Whoever may behold this star, let him follow it confidently² and not permit himself to be led astray by the theories of the day which ascribe such phenomena simply to the state of the blood, and often even to the weather. Man possesses within himself an infallible guide which conducts him safely through all mist, and it can be banished only by himself.

Reference to the Greek mythology affords us a significant example of how all the various powers of Nature interpenetrate and work in each other. We see, as with our eyes, how God excludes no creature from His heaven, if it takes the pains, in some degree, to seek and recognize Him. Attention is called to the three primeval powers of the universe, each of which exists independently only in the mind of the student, but in Nature these powers are never wholly separated from each other. The Earth (or matter) is a primeval and eternal power; Life likewise is; so also is God, who, as generator, stands over all things, containing them and reigning over them. Though our body may pass away, the divine element, which never separates itself either from life or from matter, will unite itself with other materials in order to lead us to eternal life.³

Matter, life and divinity, or, according to our conception, the power of mind, are essential to the perfected life. We may see how natural this union is, and we have therefore nothing more to do than to live according to the highest law, and subordinate thereto, body and soul (life) in the most complete agreement. Then we are in heaven, and we continually

1 The activity of elementals. Their appearance generates fear, the Dweller on the Threshold. The effort to lift one's self above the plane of Karma concentrates karmic action.

2 "Look for the warrior, and let him fight in thee."—*Light on the Path*.

3 This passage is particularly significant. The Western Mystics, in their writings, have been reticent concerning the great teaching of reincarnation, probably because misconceptions concerning it so easily arise among the uninitiated. Kernning, however, frequently gives marked hints, and to whomsoever hath ears to hear, nothing could be plainer than these words referring to the conscious reincarnation of those who have united the lower self with their higher.

draw from the other two primeval powers new nourishment to maintain an eternal existence.¹

Man must possess himself wholly ; this is the end of all teaching. Not alone in the heart or in the head ; but throughout the entire body man must learn to perceive and recognize.² Otherwise he mutilates himself and becomes worthless for a perfected life.

Herein lies the mistake of persons who ascribe more holiness to one part of the body than to another part, though their daily experience teaches them that no member is without use and that each must necessarily exist in order to fulfill the intention of the Creator.³

Seek to receive that which thou hast and consider where thy life most plainly manifests itself ; there thou art nearest to God. But be not partisan with thy functions, and hold to the conviction that perfection must possess all powers.⁴

In the deepest tones of music the higher tones are contained. Therefore descend into the lowest chambers of the body and bear in mind that Christ also descended into hell in order to arouse all souls and powers into life.

Rest not until thou hast in all parts formed in thyself a lense through which thou canst look into eternity. Do not be led astray when the world takes only thy head into account and endeavors to fill it with all possible facts until it threatens to set up for itself and to secede from thy emotions. Remain steadfast and contain thyself wholly ; else thou art like to one crucified, whose bones have been broken on the cross, and therefore may not be taken down.⁵

Trust to time and rule the moment ! This lesson appears in these teachings very plainly ; for years are demanded before man attains the ripeness which enables him to discover the kernel of his life and to use it as his guide.

Many will say that this teaching is not practical, because it demands retirement from the world, and even from business callings. Whoever, while in the world and attending to the demands of his calling, can gain

1 Artificial reincarnation. "This state is possible to man while yet he lives in the physical ; for men have attained it while living."—*Gates of Gold*. "He can learn also to hold within him the glory of that highest self, and yet to retain life upon this planet so long as it shall last, if need be."—*Idyll of the White Lotus*.

2 "While his eyes and hands and feet are thus fulfilling their tasks, new eyes and hands and feet are being born within him."—*Gates of Gold*.

3 "Courage to search the recesses of one's own nature without fear and without shame."—*Gates of Gold*.

4 "The chief point of importance is to explore no more persistently on one line than another ; else the result must be deformity."—*Gates of Gold*.

5 "Forget no inch of your garden ground, no smallest plant that grows in it ; make no foolish pretence nor fond mistake in the fancy that you are ready to forget it, and so subject it to the frightful consequences of half-measures."—*Gates of Gold*. The garden is the personality ; the plants are the attributes that compose it, and whose potentialities must be developed.

his inner life, has no necessity for going into retirement ; he who, however, in spite of his desire and his efforts, remains in darkness, must withdraw from the obstacles standing in his way, if he will not renounce the future and his own self.

But it is well for us that there are but few earthly circumstances that have a disturbing effect upon the development of our new life, and therefore we will stand by our calling with strict attention to duty,¹ giving our fellow men an example of fidelity and love, and regarding all that we do as done in God.

The conditions of life where our ambition, our acuteness—or rather slyness—are called into play, are those which are most difficult to unite with a striving towards spiritual truth, because they usually command the entire attention of the man, making idols of his personal traits, in the presence of which he stands in a glamour and to which alone he pays his devotions.

Those forms of business which can be carried on with earnest industry, with calm deliberation and thought, are not only not hindering in their effect, but often beneficial, because they counteract any violent revolutions of our nature, and draw all things into the silent way of our patience.

Therefore let no one lose heart because of any given example, but after his own way seek the good that is offered in these teachings. The inner and the outer life are always in the most exact accord with each other. A tender body will never long for the club of Hercules ; neither will a giant ever desire to sport with violets, but with great tree-trunks and mighty cliffs. So it is in the realm of mind ; ideas adjust themselves according to their possessor, and their representations change on their transference to another individual.

This is the aim of all life : Seek the spirit within thee ; then thou art sure. But seek thine own spirit ; not that of another. Herein lies a fundamental error of mankind ; ever shaping their course according to other persons, and never paying sufficient attention to themselves. The spirit of another will never be mine ; it can do no more than light the way to my temple for me. But no more than I can take the arm of another, set it in the place of my own, and use it, may the power of the spirit be enclosed in other forms. Glasses may with water be tuned into harmony ; but pour the water into other glasses and then thou hast no harmony and, indeed, none of the former tones remaining. All that thou desirest must come forth from thyself ; if thou canst not accomplish this, then thou must learn it ; cut loose from all that belongs not to thee ; seek thine own Self, never the Self of another.² Then only is it possible to attain the certainty of knowledge.

1 "He neglects no duty or office however homely or however difficult."—*Gates of Gold*.

2 "Listen to the song of life." Look for it, and listen to it, first in your own heart."—*Light on the Path*.

Harmony of tones, and mathematical forms, rest upon infallible principles and therefore cannot deceive us ; even so clear must the harmony of life manifest itself unto thee. This harmony also is founded upon inalterable laws, and contains infallibility within itself.¹

Infallibility is our aim ; all men strive for infallibility, from the laborer in the field up to the highest scientist; each seeks to know his task completely.

Many succeed in accomplishing it ; many others but partially ; it is in nature, however, to endeavor. Well, then seek infallibility there where Life itself is concerned, where the prize is imperishable and in ever renewed beauty becomes thine own !

Exchange not thy life for the shimmer thereof ! What wouldst thou say of a mathematician who only took pleasure in the peculiar geometrical figures, and troubled not himself about their inherent necessity and their truth ? Wouldst thou not call such an one a fool ? Is it not even like folly to revel in the phenomena of life, but not to seek the laws governing those phenomena, finding in these laws the true and highest joy ?

Where we behold eternal Truth, there we shall thank God who has given us the faculty wherewith we may recognize it. It is not truth which should rejoice us, but the gift that enables us to receive it, by which we may lift ourselves to the eternal law, and through that to immortality.

God is the eternal Truth. He has given us of His light that we may depart out of the darkness and live in His glory.

God is everywhere, Truth is everywhere, and man is created to the knowledge of God and the recognition of Truth. Let us believe these principles and unite ourselves with the Everlasting and All-Powerful, that we may flourish under their protection and enter in upon immortality.²

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

V.

THE TWO PATHWAYS.

In man's attempt to pierce the dark mists of ignorance that surround him, in his search after the perfect life, two ideas alternately dominate his horizon—two pathways seem alternately to invite his footsteps. These may roughly be designated as the Scientific and the Religious.

¹ "Learn from it the lesson of harmony."—*Light on the Path*.

² These notes show clearly the agreement of the teachings recently given out with those of earlier mystics, who may seem to be on a different line, but who receive their light from the identical source. Whoever may desire to learn is advised to consider these notes earnestly in the works from which they are quoted, together with their contexts, as well as the above teachings. The one will help an understanding of the other, and throw light on meanings that have been obscure. Consider and reflect thereupon earnestly and repeatedly. If this injunction be followed, some degree of illumination concerning their interior meanings will surely result.

When full consideration is given to the stupendousness of the undertaking, to the almost inconceivable heights at which we aim ; when it is realized that we aspire to reach the ranks of the Dhyān Chohans, the rulers of our Planetary System ; to become, in fact, part of that diffused Divine consciousness in which is upheld the life of the World, does it not seem reasonable to conclude that all knowledge and all power must have been realized and beneficently practised by such an one in his upward course—that the conquering of the desires of the outer senses must have been accompanied by the development of the inner senses, through whose agency the whole elemental kingdom must have been cognised and conquered, and the hearts and minds of men read as in an open book ?

But when the disciple realizes that all earthly power, honor, dominion, has long been put aside by him as valueless—that the one word which has dominated his being is love, and that the failure to realize any perfect union on earth has created and intensified the desire to plunge and to be lost in the Nirvanic ocean of Divinity, will not the attainment of powers and the development of inner senses appear to him as mere circumlocution and surplusage ? Why not make for his goal at once ? The bondage of material life being but the impulse to act, liberation consists in destroying this impulse, not by suppression, but by the knowledge that the ego is independent of it. This knowledge is attained through faith, but the faith that leads up to it is liable to die if not fed by obedience to the will of God—"If thou wouldst enter the life, keep the commandments"—the commandments set in the various Scriptures of Humanity—then in long-suffering patience work out the term of imprisonment in flesh.

"Ruling the flesh

"By mind, governing mind with ordered Will ;

"Subduing Will by knowledge, making this

"Serve the firm Spirit, and the Spirit cling

"As Soul to the eternal changeless Soul,"

till the "dark" and "passionate" qualities of Nature have melted away, and the serenity of "Satwa" alone remains. And the soul, which has centred itself more and more on the Supreme Soul, will find its earthly ties gradually dissolve, until the last one disappears, and it naturally gravitates to its eternal home.

This is a lovely picture, and there are many to whom such a pathway—the pathway of Religion—must have inconceivable attractions ; but let us pause and consider well whether it is one which we in this Kali Yūg are yet fitted to follow to the exclusion of all others.

If we were such complete masters of the physical nature as to be absolutely fearless under any conceivable circumstances, and if our hearts were filled with such an all-embracing love for Humanity that at no moment

would we hesitate to lay down our lives for it, we might, perhaps, consider ourselves worthy of passing through the final gateway of contemplative devotion. Doubtless there are few men, worthy of the name, who have not risen, in moments of exaltation, to the thought that even the physical well-being—let alone the eternal salvation!—of suffering Humanity would be cheaply purchased by his death. It needs not to turn for an example to the Cross of Calvary, though that is regarded by Christians who fail to realize the inner meaning of their own faith as something uniquely transcendental in its self-sacrifice. Heroism is not so far to seek, and History can point to many a martyr who has braved as painful and ignominious a death without the stupendous motive for the sacrifice, such as might well goad any high-souled man to make it. But it is another thing to live constantly in the devoted frame of mind referred to, from merely rising to it in moments of exaltation.

Doubtless, also, there are men who, by the judicious use of right emotion, can, at times, so nerve themselves that fear shall seem an unknown word; but who is able to live in constant disregard of consequences, even on the physical plane with which we are tolerably well acquainted? So long as the horrors of the unknown psychic plane transcend anything we can conceive of on the physical, or while the realms of darkness contain one thought of terror for our imaginations, how can we consider ourselves worthy of the final crown of being? For is it not Perfection that we aim at? And where a trace of fear is present, or where love in its plenitude is absent, how can we expect to be within measurable distance of our goal? Four lines from one of Matthew Arnold's poems, many of which seem to breathe a subtle, though possibly unintentional aroma of occult thought, may here partially help to express the idea intended:

“And he who flagged not in the earthly strife
“From strength to strength advancing—only he,
“His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
“Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.”

Though it must be remembered that fear is an attribute of the physical only, there is an interblending of the elements of our nature, and it stands to reason that the unknown sights and sounds of the plane just beyond that of which the physical is cognisant are capable of striking a far deeper terror, as well as of fascinating with a more subtle power.

And is it not logical to suppose that, as the disciple has gradually realized the unsatisfying nature of all earthly things—has learned to put aside its temptations, and to rise occasionally to a standpoint where its fears cannot assail him, so he must start on his journey of discovery in the unknown psychic world—armed always with the firm will and the lofty aspirations, towards the Spirit—till he has learned also that its attractions

cannot detain him, and that he has the power within him to dominate its terrors?

Until, therefore, we can stand as master in our house of life, and until the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" has possessed our Being, we must not imagine that we can discard the Scientific pathway before we have really begun to tread it. Indeed, the desire to tread the Religious path alone may, in some cases, have a partially selfish origin not altogether unallied to the slothful quality of "Tamas."

When it is realized, too, that work for Humanity "all up the line" is the prevailing rule, that the Divine and Semi-divine beings whom we know under the name of Mahatmas and Adepts are unremitting in their arduous work for the race, it will become apparent that the breaking down of the walls of our personality, and the merging of our individual being in the universal Divine Being, is a very far-off goal, which not all of them even have yet reached.

The attitude of mind of all students of Occultism towards the great mass of Humanity, must, as stated in Zanoni, be one either of pity or of scorn—as a fact, it seems to fluctuate between these two. The feeling of scorn, indeed, easily rises in the breast when contemplating the petty aims and prejudiced views of even the noblest and worthiest specimens of the race we have known; and when to a naturally proud disposition is added the conviction that the objects of desire striven for by the mass of men are below contempt, the feeling of scorn often seems to carry all before it; and when it is felt that through pain and suffering heights of thought have been scaled, and that contemporaries, and even those who were once looked up to as teachers, have been left below, it often seems as if the only refuge from the lonesome isolation were to be found in a scornful pride. But surely, pity is the truer feeling, and it must be with relief that the disciple turns to the softer memories of past years, when the mere glance of a passer in the street carried home a tale of untold endurance and uncomplaining suffering, or when a modulation of voice opened the flood-gates of emotion, and the deep pathos of the fate of this suffering Humanity seemed to bind all together in community of being. It is in such moments as these, when it is realized that the supremest bliss would be obtained by the utter abandonment of "self" for the Great Cause, that the two pathways really merge in one, and it is felt that the "great renunciation" must be the final outcome alike of the love of God and of the service of Man.

It would seem, then, that our efforts to identify ourselves with the great whole must not be confined to yearnings after the ineffable Perfection; but must also take the form of work, on whatever plane it may be, for a more or less recognisedly concrete Humanity. It is very difficult to know what special form this work should take. While fully accepting the ideas ex-

pressed in Number II. of this series, as to the futility of attempting to exert paramount influence on the thoughts of others, Ignorance must yet be recognised as the prime curse of mankind ; the attempts at diffusion of the true philosophic thought must, therefore, ever stand in the first place ; and doubtless, along with the increased effort to enlighten Humanity, there will arise in the heart of the worker a greater love for and identification with Humanity which must lead to a more or less partial breaking down of the partition walls of his individuality.

If we turn from the evolution of the individual to the evolution of the race as a whole, the analogous thoughts which occur are, that while the veil of obscurity must ever hide the future, and while it must remain impossible for us to know whether our special efforts in this or in that direction are destined to be successful, it may broadly be stated that—at least in this Western civilization of ours—individualism seems to have reached its zenith, and that the problems for the race to work out in the future will probably lie in the altruistic effort to supplant individualism by schemes which will more or less recognise the underlying Brotherhood of Humanity. The societies of to-day that call themselves Socialistic put forward plans that may be utterly inchoate and unworkable—and some of their members certainly appear to hold opinions as to the rights of revolution and violence which are alike hateful and fearsome to all true lovers of order—but those who think their work lies in this direction will doubtless feel impelled to try and discover the truth that underlies all these manifestations, with the view of guiding, if possible, the forces towards a peaceful issue.

The development of the inner senses is also one of the many pathways that must be pursued for the attainment of the real knowledge and power whereby we may potently help this suffering humanity, and give our aid to the few strong hands who hold back the powers of darkness “from obtaining complete victory.” When by the unfoldment of the inner perceptions, we have reached the platform whence earthly life is seen as from a height, the physical nature will have become a mighty tool in our hands to be used in the service of man. What vistas of work for the race will then unfold to our view ! Of those who can grasp this idea by strong imaginative power, some will, no doubt, feel urged to force the development, though such forcing must doubtless be attended with danger. That it can be forced is a fact known to many students of occultism, and he who is in earnest will doubtless find a more or less competent instructor. To step consciously into situations where previous experience will be unavailing and where dangers are known to exist certainly requires courage, but how is greater strength to be gained or courage to be acquired save by undertaking the task and facing the danger ? Nothing should be done rashly, and every step should be taken with due caution, but the path will have to be trod

some day, and if only a little courage and a little strength are already possessed, this would seem to be a means of increasing our store of them. A sudden stoppage of the heart by an access of sheer terror, or a death in life dragged on to the grave through the delirium of madness, are awful possibilities to contemplate, but even were the investigator by some rash attempt to make utter wreck of himself in conflict with one of the elemental forces of nature, it should always be remembered that it would only be of his present earth-life that the wreck would be made, and that when his time came to appear again on the earthly scene, he would doubtless come back endowed with greater powers than if he had not made the attempt at all.

The separation throughout this paper of the two pathways, the Scientific and the Religious, has been made, it must be remembered, for purposes of contrast. Such division is purely arbitrary. Man's nature is indeed complex, but it is a unity in complexity; similarly, the path, though multi-form, is one. But it is more especially in carrying out such investigations or developments as those just dwelt on that the supreme necessity of the qualities known as the devotional or religious is apparent. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that the searcher who starts with a mere scientific interest, and in his own strength only, runs the greatest possible danger, while he is certain of success whose animating motive is the all-embracing love of Humanity, or the still intenser worship of the Supreme Perfection. If the old self regains its dominance, the disciple may well tremble, for in such moments the "Dweller of the Threshold" has a secret ally in the man's inner stronghold; but while the love and the faith continue to be his guiding impulses failure is impossible, for when "Self" is cast aside, what is there to fear for? and when God dwells in the heart, then is strength made perfect.

PILGRIM.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Recently the newspapers were full of a curious case of "dual existence," which occurred in Norristown, Pa. A gentleman had come to that town some three months previous to the event under discussion and entered into business there. He was a staid, quiet, responsible man and soon won the respect and regard of his fellow townsmen. He had taken board with a family in the place, and one night in March, three months after his arrival, he awoke them in a state of terrible agitation, demanding to know where he was, and how he came to be under that roof with perfect strangers. His friends en-

deavoured to calm him, and called him by the name under which they knew him, but this only increased his alarm. He said he knew none of them, nor yet the house or town, that he was one Mr. Ansel Bourne, of Providence, named his relatives, and insisted that his nephew, Andrew Harris, should be sent for at once. This was done, and the recognition between the gentlemen was instantaneous. A hundred advertisements for the missing Mr. Bourne had been inserted in the papers, but he had escaped recognition by reason of some tonsorial changes in his beard. From the moment he left home until he "woke up" in Norristown, his whole life was an entire blank to him, and yet investigation showed it to have passed so blamelessly as to place him above suspicion. After recovering his normal consciousness he was much unnerved and broken down for some days.

Singularly enough, there had appeared in the *Forum* of that month, an article by Dr. Hammond on similar cases of dual consciousness. These are known to occur, but it is quite rare to find one of such an extended period, and so complete as the case above cited, where a man planned and carried out a conservative and novel business, under another name and character, so to say. Dr. Hammond states that these cases are attributed to the separate actions of the lobes of the brain. It would be difficult to prove however that any such consciousness as the new one exhibited in its completeness by Mr. Bourne, could have entered in the left lobe of his brain, where it had never been experienced by him in his present life. It may indeed be possible where such subjects constantly exhibit this reversion of state, and pass from habits of moral living to those of violence or ferocity. But in the case of Mr. Bourne, for the time being a new personality, with new business habits, opinions, customs and a name, sought a home and an occupation congenial to itself, in the body of a man who was happy and contented, as well as respected, in previous surroundings of his own, to which he returned and was welcomed when the strange experience was past.

For such states, a far more plausible theory than that of the modern physiologist, is offered by occultism. When our astral man leaves the body, whether consciously or unconsciously, it may become the home of an elementary with a strong desire for a return to earth life, especially if our principles are loosely put together, and if we have incautiously left the body of our own will.

Latterly a friend related a strange experience to the Tea Table. He had been brought up among the Welsh, and was a firm disbeliever in the "supernaturalism" so rife among that people, until occultism explained to him so many of the strange occurrences and sights he had hitherto defied. From childhood he had been used to see "strange things moving about like fishes in the sea," to hear strange sounds and see distant places or objects, though his sturdy attitude of negation, and his attributing them to optical or nervous defects, had of late years somewhat lessened the number of these phenomena. One day recently, he had been reading of some psychometric experiments, and fell to thinking of some place to which he desired to go. Closing his eyes, he thought strongly of this place, determined to see, if possible, a person who

was there. All at once an indescribable lightness seemed to pervade his whole person. He thought—"I can go there!" and rising, was half across the room in a moment, when turning his head, he beheld himself seated in the chair he had left. At this a nameless horror seized him, a dreadful fear; he rushed back into his body,—how, he knew not—overcome with terror at his own involuntary act.

This fact of his undue alarm and its possible cause excited some discussion around the Tea Table. Finally it was agreed to write to an eminent occultist on the subject. His reply will interest all students of this important branch of occultism.

"Why did he have a horror when he nearly succeeded in getting away from his body; in being for a moment free? That is an important question. Its solution may be found in many ways. I will mention one. If the place, or person, he wished to go to was one to which he ought not then to have gone, or if his motive in desiring to go there was not pure, then a horror might result that drove him back. Motive is highly important, and must be examined and tested countless times. The meaning of the word *motive* must not here be limited to what is called bad or improper motive. I will just as willingly examine into bad as into good motives, and no matter how lurid the light on them, I will still examine them impartially. If one has a bad motive, then the results are his own Karma, and not that of any other, except those who willingly take it on themselves.

"In the above case, indifference of motive is just as much to be guarded against as any other sort. For in leaving the body without motive, we leave it under the impressions of Tamoguna (Darkness) and when set free we are very likely to be caught in a whirl which is far from pleasant. Horror may then result. I do not say it always will result. But great forces are not to be set in motion with impunity. We must be able to put down and control an equal opposition, and good motive alone affords us this balance of power by setting the Law on our side. The highest possible motive must be laid at the bottom, or else we will meet trouble which only power can overcome.

"Yet again, if even with a bad motive he had attempted to go to a place where a similar motive existed, then no horror would have come. For it is not necessarily a horror-producing thing to leave the body. Only lately I know of a friend who went out of his body a distance of 10,000 miles and had no horror. In that case he desired to see a friend on a common purpose which had in view the amelioration of this dark age; and again, who left his body and saw the surrounding sweeps of wood and vale, and had no horror in either case. Similarity of motive creates an electric or magnetic current along which we may possibly proceed in safety provided it is not crossed by a still stronger current.

"This inquirer lays much stress upon the fact that he was 'rushing back' to his body of his own accord. That does not prove that he was not pushed back. When the saturated solution in a glass is disturbed, *itself, by its own volition*, crystallizes, but it had first to have the predisposing cause in the shape of the blow on the glass. So although he 'rushed back,' it was be-

cause of the push he received from something he cannot describe nor understand.

"An illustration will show the dangers. Take the case of one who determines to leave the body merely to go to another who is admired by him, or whom he desires to see. This other, however, is protected by high motives and great purity. The first is mixed in motive in waking life, which as soon as the disengaged state comes on is changed into a mere will or curiosity to see the second, combined perhaps with more or less selfish purpose, or perhaps a sensuous feeling or worldly intent. The elementals and other guardians of the second protect that soul, and hurl vague horrors at the first, who, if he is not a skilled black magician is—

a. Either merely pushed back into the body, or :

b. Is assailed with fears that prevent him from finding or entering his body, and that may be occupied by an elementary, good, bad or indifferent, and his friends say he waked up suddenly insane.

"Motive is then the main point for this and every inquirer to study. If he is sure of his motives, and that they are neither indifferent, curious, selfish, nor imprudent, and he trusts in the Unity of the Supreme Soul, he cannot be in much danger."

It will be obvious that a powerful elementary might depose a personality of weak or mediumistic tendencies at a moment when the Karma of such a person permitted it, under the unconscious withdrawal of the astral man or his lethargy during sleep, and be in turn at some future moment compelled to give up its stolen habitation by the expiration of the Karmic debt of the real and exiled man, who could then return. If we will only study the strange events constantly transpiring around us, and even those called normal, in so far as to ask ourselves why they should be so more than any others, we may learn much of the constitution of life and of Man, who shapes it.

JULIUS.

LITERARY AND THEOSOPHICAL NOTES.

PRAYER BOOK OF THE ARYANS.—This is a small pamphlet published in India by R. C. Bary, at Lahore,¹ as an attempt to give to the world in English garb, the prayerful utterance of the ancient Aryans. The arrangement of the Vedic Mantras observed is in accordance with the ideas of the late Dayanand Saraswati, Swami. The perusal of this pamphlet will convince any candid man that the ancient Aryans were not ignorant of true science nor devoid of the highest religious feeling. The verses translated are the *Sandhya* and *Gayatree*, and the original Sanscrit text is also printed. This pamphlet can be had of the publisher, and we presume the price is not over 50 cents, as it is not advertized.

THE VEDAS, in English.² Ruttan Chand Bary, proprietor of the "Arya" Magazine, at Lahore, India, has begun a translation, with a commentary, of

¹ R. C. Bary, Managing Proprietor "Arya" Magazine, Said Mitha Bazaar, Lahore, India,

² Price per copy, each number, 2 shillings English.

the Vedas into English in the 46th number of his Magazine. He begins with the *Rig Veda Sanhita*, going as far as Arinvaka 1, Sukta 3 and Varga 6, that is in all thirty verses. Mr. Bary's purpose is to bring out the translation of the Rig, the Yagur, the Artharva and the Sama, Vedas, following the commentaries of the Rishis of the pre-Mahabharat period and as much of present scientific light as possible. Single handed the work is beyond his means, as he says in his introduction, and he appeals to his fellow countrymen and all lovers of truth for assistance in getting on with his mighty task. We wish him all success, and hope the day will come when we shall see the Vedas properly annotated by some Indian pundits who shall combine a knowledge of Western science, methods and idiom with a deep insight into the real meaning of the Vedas.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.—The very beautiful edition of this book gotten out by a devoted Theosophist, met a ready sale, and the work is now in the hands of hundreds of students in this country. Some copies went to Europe, as none of the editions sold there were as well done. It is a book which might be called a test because those who take to it naturally always have some spiritual insight or leaning. This work has just been translated into French and published by Mr. F. Krishna Gaboriau.

SOLAR BIOLOGY.—"A scientific method of delineating character, diagnosing disease, etc., from date of birth," by Hiram E. Butler (1887). Esoteric Publishing Co., Boston. Illustrated. This is a book of 290 pages, with an appendix of nearly as much more giving the positions of the moon and planets from 1820 to 1900. This work is the author's idea of what true astrology is as related to character and the method of cultivating and strengthening the same. Before going to press we have not had sufficient time to master the work, and so cannot give it an extended notice; but we know that the author is sincere and has tried to lay before his readers what he believes to be true.

BAGAVAD-GITA.—A new translation of this poem, sacred in the eyes of millions in India, and highly respected by many Europeans and Americans, will be issued in Boston in a few months. It will be well printed and it is thought at a price that will make it easily obtained by all students. There is great need for such an edition.

A WOMAN IN THE CASE.—By Elliott Coues, M.D., etc., Washington, Brentano's (1887). This is an address delivered at the Annual Commencement of the National Medical College, in the Congregational Church of Washington, March 16, 1887, and has probably stirred up the Faculty of that College more than anything else that has happened to them during the last ten years. It is a plea for Theosophy and for the advancement of woman, and is written in a clear and sparkling manner. The charter of that College prohibits religious discussion, but as all the proceedings had been opened by prayers to the Christian gods, Dr. Coues took advantage of the opening to utter some wholesome truths. The Faculty refused to print any of the addresses, so Dr. Coues got out his address on his own account.

THE LOTUS—A NEW THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE—has been brought out at Paris, by Mr. F. Krishna Gaboriau, “under the inspiration of Mme. Blavatsky.” It is full of interesting matter, and promises to be another strong warrior for the great Theosophical cause.

THE KRISHNA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, of Philadelphia, was organized on the 21st of last month. Carl F. Redwitz is President, E. H. Sanborn, Secretary, and Swaim Stewart, Treasurer. It has begun a theosophical library and promises to do good work in the future.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, of April 24th, has two long contributions by Indian missionaries, which state that Theosophy is dead in India, and that only a few native theosophists remain, who sadly think they have been duped. It is contrary to our usual custom to notice such things, but as there are 105 Branches of the Society in India—one of them being in the very city (Lucknow) from which the letter emanates—we are constrained to say that our respected contemporary is aiding in spreading a very thin illusion in the place of a well known matter of fact. Another fact is that instead of Theosophy being dead in India, it is the cause of Christian mission which has come to a stand-still so far as converts are concerned, while the money is yet received in large sums from Europe and America; and this statement we make after having been on the ground and knowing whereof we speak. The slanderous letter from Lucknow concludes by encouraging the faithful to continue contributions for foreign missions.

EXISTENCE OF MAHATMAS.

We have received many inquiries, growing out of the conversation on the above subject between Edwin Arnold and the High Priest of Ceylon, and therefore we select the following one, which well represents the rest, together with the answer to it :

To JULIUS :—

Edwin Arnold, in “India Revisited,” relates a conversation which took place in Ceylon between himself and one of the celebrated Buddhist pundits, or teachers of the Island, in which the pundit replies to Arnold’s question—“Are there any Mahatmas or men of exalted wisdom and goodness positively known to you to be in existence?”—substantially as follows : “No. You may look for them in India, you may seek them in Thibet or in China, or in Ceylon, but you will not find them, as no such men exist.”

In view of the teachings of the Theosophical Society, I cannot account for the reply of the Buddhist. Will you please enlighten me?

C. F. B.

DEAR SIR :—

In reply to your inquiry concerning the answer made to Edwin Arnold, I would say :

1st. That I do not attempt to square the Universal Truths of Theosophy by the opinions of any persons whomsoever. Either a man finds sufficient evidence of them within himself and sown broadcast through the world, or he does not. In either case he need have no concern about persons.

2d. The reply is not quite as you state it "substantially." You have not seen through it; why should Arnold have done so, then? Read it again, and remember that the Beings there spoken of are not considered "men" in the East. It also appears that Arnold does not give his question just as it was put.

3d. We have no evidence that (a) Arnold correctly reported the reply, or (b) that he correctly understood it. This last is vital. It is difficult for the Western mind to understand or accept the attitude of the East in this regard. The Hindu is backed by centuries of silence and religious mystery. Occult laws, not to be here detailed, render it inadvisable for chela, initiate or believer to talk much with general outsiders upon such subjects. To put it briefly and crudely, they would engender inimical forces uselessly.

Again, the Hindu and Buddhist alike look upon these subjects with profound veneration, and upon the foreigner with profound suspicion. He has seen his holiest beliefs idly dissected and jestingly profaned—from his point of view. He then feels that he has "cast down his pearls" and brought dishonour upon them. Hence it is his habit to make an evasive or double-edged reply; sometimes it is a denial, but couched in a *significant* tone. In nine cases out of ten he finds the querist is only actuated by surface curiosity and accepts his answer without perceiving its disguised meaning. Then he rejoices that he has not desecrated his faith or bared his soul. But the earnest inquirer either catches the hidden spirit of the answer, or persists; that man gets satisfaction. He who is not ripe for the truth would not profit by it if it were told him, but would go away and gibe at so much as he did get.

Observe that Arnold did not persist, but accepted the answer. Did he take much interest in it? Would you have been put off so briefly in his place?

In conclusion, if you will test the fact yourself, you will find that you can make such an answer on almost any subject; and few will be the persons who take the trouble to get at your real meaning; appearances satisfy most men. Finding this, you, too, will test both. "JULIUS."

But as the Buddhist priest has not himself written on this matter, it is well to hear all witnesses. In an article in the *Revue Belge*, by the Comte Goblet D'Alviella, and quoted in *The Theosophist* for March, 1885, (vol. 6, p. 137), the Count says:

"Those Arhats or Arahats (venerable men) are found in Tibet, and Col. Olcott says that what little of real Buddhism he knows he has learned from one of them. He also says that the *High Priest Sumangala told him* that only the adepts of the secret science (*Iddividhannana*) know the true nature of *Nirvana*."

Now as it appears from Arnold's own report neither he nor Sumangala could know this science, it must follow that only those called Mahatmas (great souls) can know the science referred to by the priest in the above quotation. Furthermore, in all parts of India Mahatmas are admitted to exist; so much so that the word has passed into common use.

Only when men shall roll up the sky like a hide, will there be an end of misery, unless God has first been known.—*Svetasvatara-Upanishad*.

OM.

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Brahman is that which now flashes forth like lightning, and now vanishes again. The feet on which this Upanishad stands are penance, restraint and sacrifice; the Vedas are all its limbs, the True is its abode. He who knows this Upanishad and has shaken off all evil, stands in the endless unconquerable world of heaven.—*Talavakara-Upanishad.*

There is no religion higher than the Truth.—*Motto of the Maharajahs of Benares, and of the Theosophical Society.*

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

JULY, 1887.

No. 4.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

LETTERS ON THE TRUE.

II.

MY COMRADES :—

The elemental nature of man has long engaged my thoughts, for so soon as I look within myself I am confronted with a mystery. Others admit the same experience. There is in me a morass, or a mountain, or a cold water dash which appalls me, it seems so icy and dead. In it none of my friends do walk; all is frozen and silent. Yet I seem to like the place, for there I can stand alone, alone, alone. When a boy I had often to cross that cold tract, and then I did not want to meet any boys. I wished to go

alone, not with despair, but with a grim and terrible pleasure. I could weep and enjoy with another, and drink in their words and their souls, and the next week that cold arctic death came between us. It does so still. What think you, comrades, is that? But the stars still shine overhead, and on the margin flit the shapes of my loved, and I know that I shall either go back to them or meet them on the further side. It is not grim nor ghastly at all but is certainly unseen by the crowd. This mystery rose before me often and surprised me. It knew so much that it wanted to tell me. Soon I found that all my energies were but the play of correlated powers upon the margin of that strange spot. Where did all my life force come from, if not from that? What else had saved my ideals from the degradation of our material mechanical life? Over there in the centre, mist-enfolded, is the tented Self, the watchful god. Only a great tide of love, impersonal, unselfish, divine, can dissolve the lower self and flood us over that arctic desolation. Such love is the aloe flower, and blooms but once a century. Here, on the near side of the mystery, the side nearest the outer man, embedded in his heart, is the lurker, the elemental self.

When first we discover a trace of the soul within ourselves, there is a pause of great joy, of deep peace. This passes. The Soul, or Self, is dual, semi-material, and the material or outer covering is known as the elemental self, the Bhutatma of the Upanishads. As you know, Bhuts or Bhoots are elementals or spirits of a certain lower order. It is this lower self—"human soul"—which feels the effects of past Karma weighing it downwards to each fresh descent into matter, or reincarnation. These effects, in the shape of latent impulses, accompany the higher principles into Devachan, where the spiritual energies work themselves out in time. Those karmic tendencies then germinate in their turn, and impel the soul to their necessary sphere of action,—the earth life—to which it again descends, carrying with it as its germ, the true Self or Buddhi, which may develop so far as to unite with Atma, or Divine Spirit.

Now our bodies, and all the "false I" powers, up to the individual soul, are partial forms in common with the energetic centres in the astral light, while the individual soul is total, and according to the power and purity of the form which it inhabits, "waits upon the gods." All true things must be total, and all totalities exist at once, each in all, and hence the power of the soul to exhibit Truth; hence those sudden gleams from the half awakened soul of which the occultist becomes aware as his consciousness locates nearer and nearer the centre; he draws ever closer to the blaze of Light, until his recognition of it becomes enduring because it is now himself. In the earlier stages this perception is physical as well as mental and cannot be likened to any other sensation. There is a flash, a thrill, a surge, sometimes a *fragrant sound*, and a True thought is born into the world of the lower man.

It thus follows that only such forms as are total, reveal entire Truth, and those that partake of lower nature, or are partial, receive but a limited view of Truth. These partial forms participate in each other, and exist partially in those that are total. Such partial forms are the energetic centres in the astral light, are elementals, such are our astral bodies, and hence the affinity subsisting between all, so that it is only when our consciousness is located in part in the astral body that we perceive things pertaining to the astral plane. The elemental self is a partial form, existing partially in the true Self, with which it can only be really incorporated when entirely purified from all material dross, when it is no more itself, but that other Self, even as the Spirit enters Nirvana. This gross, or false self, is great in its way; it must be known and conquered. Of it the Upanishad says that when "overcome by bright and dark fruits of action he enters on a good or bad birth," he dwells in the body and "thus his immortal Self is like a drop of water on a lotus leaf, and he himself is overcome by the qualities of nature. Then because he is thus overcome, he becomes bewildered, . . . and he sees not the Creator, the holy Lord, abiding within himself. Carried along by the waves of the qualities, darkened in his imaginations, unstable, fickle, crippled, full of desires, vacillating, he enters into belief, believing 'I am he,' 'this is mine,' he binds his Self by his self as a bird by a net." We are told that if this elemental self be attached to sound, touch, outer objects—in a word, to desire and sensation—"it will not then remember the highest place." When the student thinks that he loves, hates, acts or rejects at will, he is only the manifestor or machine, the motor is the elemental Self. It must have sensation, must enjoy through the senses or organs, or it would be extinguished in the higher principles. For this enjoyment it has sought the earth world again. So it casts up clouds and fumes of illusion whereby the man is incited to action, and when he denies it one mode of satisfaction, it inoculates him with a craving for some other. When he forsakes the temptations of the outer life, it assails him with those of the mind or heart, suggests a system to ossify him, a specialty to limit him, emotions to absorb him, evokes a tumult to drown the "still, small voice." Pride, dogmatism, independence, desire, hope and fear, these and many other qualities are its aids under mock titles. It disturbs the true proportions of all things. It cozens and juggles him beyond belief. Instead of relying upon the great All as himself, developing that faith and standing fixed by the Law, the man increases his confidence in his personal abilities, opens his mind to the thousand cries of self-assertion and puts his trust in this "will o' the wisp" nature which strives to beguile him from firm ground. This self of death and ashes tells him every hour that he, the man he now knows as himself, is a being of judgment and power. The contrary is true; the first advance to the True must be humbly made, under the fixed belief which later becomes

knowledge, that the man as he now appears to himself is to be wholly distrusted and self-examined step by step. As the physical atoms are all renewed in each seven years' course, so a man has many mental deaths and births in one incarnation, and if he makes steady resistance to the undermining principle of Reversion to Type, carefully testing the essence of motives and thoughts, the very well-spring of deeds, he soon finds that one higher state of consciousness is succeeded by another and still others, in each of which transient conditions he temporarily and illusively lives, until he takes the last stronghold of the lower self and beholding its dissolution, crosses with a supreme effort to where the watchful god awaits him.

As the man has advanced on the animal, driving it from every subterfuge, lopping off its hydra heads and searing them with the fire of spiritual wisdom, and stands calm and firm in the equipoise achieved by the strength of his attraction for the True, then it is that the enemy makes a sudden halt upon the psychic plane, and summons to its service the grim battalions of the deadliest warfare ever known to the human race. The Dweller of the Threshold stands revealed, a congeries of materialistic essences expressed from the man's entire past, a bestial apanage of his lower self, and this lusty huntsman, whose quarry is the soul, shouts a view-halloo to all the nameless devils of its pack and gives and takes no quarter. The conquest of the body, the dispersal of worldly interests are child's play to this struggle, where the enemy itself is still a sharer in the divine, *and is not to be killed but subdued*. All the powers of Maya, all the startling vividness of universal illusion are at its disposal. It has for allies the hosts of earth and water, air and fire, terrible apparitions, horrid thoughts incarnate in malodorous flesh and reeking with desire, creatures dragged from the polluted depths of animal existence, sounds hideous and inconceivable, sensations that cast a frigid horror over the palsied mind. The man battles with misty evils that elude the very grasp of thought, he cannot even answer for his own courage, for the foe is within, it is himself, yet not himself, and its surest weapons are forged in the fires of his own heart. Thence too comes his strength, but his perception of that is obscured in this hour. The last stand of gross Matter, the last barricade before Spirit, is here, and over it the conqueror passes to the frontiers of his kingdom. Hereafter, spiritual warfare is appointed him, the ache and turmoil of the flesh are left behind. The pen refuses to deal with this first great contest, the thought falls back from it, and he who faces its issue is a madman indeed, unless he wears the magic amulet.

It should be ever borne in mind that this self of myriad deceptions is the ruler of the astral or psychic plane. Hence that plane is a play-ground of elemental forces most dangerous and entangling to man. Great intellects, pure hearts are bewitched there. Persons of natural psychic powers are easily stayed in this *cul de sac*, this "no thoroughfare," especially when those

powers are inherited from past lives and have no simultaneous growth with soul in this. They dazzle and blind their possessor. Evil has its greatest momentum on the astral plane. If a man lingers too long he becomes as much intoxicated as is the worldly man with material life, for these too are only senses of a more dazzling order, matter volitalized and more deadly. Its very language, dealing as it does with subtle gradations of color, light, odor and sound, is easily misinterpreted by those who have not obtained the total perception of the illuminated Self. Some think that they have acquired this illumination and steep themselves in psychic enjoyment and action. It is the fickle light of the astral world which floods and bewilders the elemental self. This plane is a necessary experience, a passing trial, not a goal. Only Adepts can fathom its mazes as they look down upon them from above and correctly interpret their bearings. Students must observe and try to control them without acting from them or depending upon them.

So comrades, I say again, procure the magic amulet. It is pure motive. Motive is the polarity of the soul. A polarized ray of light is one so modified by the position of its medium that it is incapable of reflecting or refracting itself in any but one direction. Its polarity depends upon the parallel direction of every molecule of ether constituting the vehicle of the ray. Divergence in one affects the whole. Are you so fixed down in those unfathomed deeps of yours? Do you know to what medium you respond and its position in the Celestial? He who claims to be sure of his motive, he, more than any other, is under the sway of the great magician. How can he be wholly sure when he does not so much as know fully the constitution of the mere outer man? Dares he aver to what the action of his immense and forgotten past has polarized his soul? Can he answer for the essential Motive at its centre when he comes face to face with the mystery at last? The highest keep constant watch over motive. The wise student feeds and increases it. Few indeed have the warrant to "put it to the touch, to win or lose it all." That warrant is only found at the core of the life, written in the blood of the heart. He who can give up all for All, even to his own salvation, he may confront the elemental self. There is nowhere any safety for him unless his hope is anchored in the unmanifest, his present trust in Karma. If the soul has been deflected, future unselfish motive can in time restore its integrity, whereas to loose the ungoverned soul now is to fall a victim to its lower tendency. Rely on Karma, It is divine. We cannot escape It; we may become It.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

THE POETRY OF REINGARNATION IN WESTERN LITERATURE.

The poets are the seers of the race. Their best work comes from the intuitional heights where they dwell, conveying truths beyond reason, not understood even by themselves but merely transmitted through them. They are the few tall pines towering above the common forest to that extraordinary exaltation where they catch the earliest and latest sunbeams which prolong their day far beyond the limits below, and penetrating into the rare upper currents whose whisperings seldom descend to the crowd.

However diverse the forms of their expression, the heart of it is thoroughly harmonious. They are always prophets voicing a divine message received in the mount, and in these modern days they are almost the only prophets we have. Therefore it is not a mere pleasantry to collect their testimony upon an unusual theme. When it is found that, though working independently, they are in deep accord upon Reincarnation, the inevitable conclusion is that their common inspiration means something—namely that their gospel is worth receiving.

It may be objected that these poems are merely dreamy effusions along the same line of lunacy, with no real attachment to the solid foundations upon which all wholesome poetry is based; that they are kinks in the intellects of genius displaying the weakness of men otherwise strong. But so universal a feeling cannot be disposed of in that way, especially when it is found to contribute to the solution of life's mystery. All the poets believe in immortality though unaided reason and observation cannot demonstrate it. Some inexperienced people deride the fact that nearly all poetry centres upon the theme of Love—the most illogical and airy of sentiments. But the deepest sense of the world is nourished by the certainty of these "vague" truths. So the presence of Reincarnation in the creed of the poets may give us courage to confide in our own impressions, for "all men are poets at heart." What they have dared publish we may venture to believe and will find a source of strength.

It is well known that the idea of reincarnation abounds in Oriental poetry. But as our purpose is to demonstrate the prevalence of the same thought among our own poets, most of whom are wholly independent of Eastern influence, we shall confine our attention to the spontaneous utterances of American and European poets. We shall find that the great majority of the highest Occidental poets lean toward this thought, and many of them unhesitatingly avow it.

Our study will extend through four parts.

- I. American Poets.
- II. English Poets.
- III. Continental Poets.
- IV. Platonic Poets.

If any readers are familiar with other poetic expressions of reincarnation we would be obliged to them if they will kindly communicate the information to us.

E. D. WALKER.

REINCARNATION IN AMERICAN POETRY.

PART I.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

While sauntering through the crowded street
Some half-remembered face I meet,
Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, hath smiled before.
Lost in a gay and festal throng
I tremble at some tender song
Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.
In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessing of a priestly prayer,
When the whole scene which greets mine
eyes
In some strange mode I recognize.
As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.
At sunset as I calmly stand
A stranger on an alien strand
Familiar as my childhood's home

Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.
A ship sails toward me o'er the bay
And what she comes to do and say
I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.
O swift, instructive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge : not as dreams
For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft with lightning certainty
Pierce through the dark oblivious brain
To make old thoughts and memories plain:
Thoughts which perchance must travel back
Across the wild bewildering track
Of countless aeons ; memories far
High reaching as yon pallid star.
Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering
grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

A MYSTERY.

The river hemmed with leaving trees
Wound through the meadows green,
A low blue line of mountain showed
The open pines between.
One sharp tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang,
I saw the river of my dreams
The mountain that I sang.
No clue of memory led me on
But well the ways I knew,
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine.
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.
A presence strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide,
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.
Was it a dim-remembered dream
Or glimpse through aeons old ?
The secret which the mountains kept
The river never told.

J. G. WHITTIER.

FROM "THE METEMPSYCHOSIS OF THE PINE.

As when the haze of some wan moonlight makes
Familiar fields a land of mystery,
Where, chill and strange, a ghostly presence wakes
 In flower or bush or tree,

Another life, the life of day o'erwhelms
The past from present consciousness takes hue
As we remember vast and cloudy realms
 Our feet have wandered through :

So, oft, some moonlight of the mind makes dumb
The stir of outer thought : wide open seems
The gate where through strange sympathies have come
 The secret of our dreams :

The source of fine impressions, shooting deep
Below the falling plummet of the sense
Which strike beyond all Time and backward sweep
 Through all intelligence.

We touch the lower life of beast and clod
And the long process of the ages see
From blind old Chaos, ere the breath of God
 Moved it to harmony.

All outward vision yields to that within
Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key ;
We only feel that we have ever been
 And evermore shall be.

And thus I know by memories unfurled
In rarer moods and many a subtle sign,
That at one time and somewhere in the world
 I was a towering pine.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE POET IN THE EAST.

The poet came to the land of the East
When spring was in the air,
The East was dressed for a wedding feast
 So young she seemed and fair
And the poet knew the land of the East
 His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams
Familiar visions that mocked his quest
 Beside the western streams
Or gleamed in the gold of the clouds unrolled
 In the sunset's dying beams.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I know my own creation was divine.
Strewn on the breezy continents I see
The veined shells and burnished scales which once
Enclosed my being—husks that I had.
I brood on all the shapes I must attain
Before I reach the perfect, which is God.
For I am of the mountains and the sea
The deserts and the caverns in the earth
The catacombs and fragments of old worlds.

I was a spirit on the mountain tops,
A perfume in the valleys, a nomadic wind
Roaming the universe, a tireless voice.
I was ere Romulus and Remus were ;
I was ere Nineveh and Babylon.
I was and am and evermore shall be
Progressing, never reaching to the end.

A hundred years I trembled in the grass
The delicate trefoil that muffled warm
A slope on Ida ; for a hundred years
Moved in the purple gyre of those dark flowers
The Grecian woman strew upon the dead.
Under the earth in fragrant glooms I dwelt,
Then in the veins and sinews of a pine
On a lone isle, where from the Cyclades
A mighty wind like a leviathan
Ploughed through the brine and from those solitudes
Sent silence frightened.

A century was as a single day.
What is a day to an immortal soul ?
A breath, no more. And yet I hold one hour
Beyond all price,—that hour when from the sky
A bird, I circled nearer to the earth
Nearer and nearer till I brushed my wings
Against the pointed chestnuts, where a stream
Leapt headlong down a precipice ; and there
Gathering wild flowers in the cool ravine
Wandered a woman more divinely shaped
Than any of the creatures of the air.
I charmed her thought. I sang and gave her dreams,
Then nestled in her bosom. There I slept
From morn to noon, while in her eyes a thought
Grew sweet and sweeter, deepening like the dawn.
One autumn night I gave a quick low cry
As infants do : we weep when we are born,
Not when we die : and thus came I here
To walk the earth and wear the form of man,
To suffer bravely as becomes my state,
One step, one grade, one cycle nearer God.

T. B. ALDRICH.

ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Thou and I in spirit land
 One thousand years ago,
 Watched the waves beat on the strand :
 Ceaseless ebb and flow,
 Vowed to love and ever love,
 One thousand years ago.

Thou and I in greenwood shade
 Nine hundred years ago
 Heard the wild dove in the glade
 Murmuring soft and low,
 Vowed to love for evermore
 Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star
 Eight hundred years ago
 Saw strange forms of light afar
 In wildest beauty glow.
 All things change, but love endures
 Now as long ago.

Thou and I in Norman halls
 Seven hundred years ago
 Heard the warden on the walls
 Loud his trumpets blow,
 "Ton amors sera tojors"
 Seven hundred years ago.

Thou and I in Germany,
 Six hundred years ago.
 Then I bound the red cross on
 True love I must go,
 But we part to meet again
 In the endless flow."

Thou and I in Syrian plains
 Five hundred years ago
 Felt the wild fire in our veins
 To a fever glow.

All things die, but love lives on
 Now as long ago.

Thou and I in shadow land
 Four hundred years ago
 Saw strange flowers bloom on the strand :
 Heard strange breezes blow.
 In the ideal love is real
 This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy
 Three hundred years ago
 Lived in faith and deed for God,
 Felt the faggots glow,
 Ever new and ever true
 Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas
 Two hundred years ago
 Felt the perfumed even-breeze
 Spoke in Spanish by the trees
 Had no care or woe.
 Life went dreamily in song
 Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I mid Northern snows
 One hundred years ago
 Led an iron silent life
 And were glad to flow
 Onward into changing death,
 One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday
 Met in fashion's show.
 Love, did you remember me,
 Love of long ago?
 Yes: we kept the fond oath sworn
 One thousand years ago.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE FINAL THOUGHT.

What is the grandest thought
 Toward which the soul has wrought?
 Has it the spirit form,
 And the power of a storm?
 Comes it of prophesy
 (That borrows light of uncreated fires)
 Or of transmitted strains of memory
 Sent down through countless sires?

Which way are my feet set?
 Through infinite changes yet
 Shall I go on,
 Nearer and nearer drawn
 To thee,
 God of eternity?
 How shall the Human grow,
 By changes fine and slow,
 To thy perfection from the life dawn sought?
 What is the highest thought?

Ah ! these dim memories,
Of when thy voice spake lovingly to me,
Under the Eden trees,
Saying: "Lord of all creation thou shalt be."
How they haunt me and elude—
How they hover, how they brood,
On the horizon, fading yet dying not !
What is the final thought ?

What if I once did dwell
In the lowest dust germ-cell,
A faint fore-hint of life called forth of God,
Waxing and struggling on,
Through the long flickering dawn,
The awful while His feet earth's bosom
What if He shaped me so, [trod ?
And caused my life to blow
Into the full soul-flower in Eden-air ?
Lo ! now I am not good,
And I stand in solitude,
Calling to Him (and yet he answers not):
What is the final thought ?

What myriads of years up from the germ !
What countless ages back from man to
worm !

And yet from man to God, O ! help me now !
A cold despair is beading on my brow !
I may see Him, and seeing know him not !
What is the highest thought ?

So comes, at last,
The answer from the Vast. . . .
Not so, there is a rush of wings—
Earth feels the presence of invisible things,
Closer and closer drawn
In rosy mists of dawn !
One dies to conquer Death
And to burst the awful tomb—
Lo, with his dying breath,
He blows love into bloom !
Love ! Faith is born of it !
Death is the scorn of it !
It fills the earth and thrills the heavens
And God is love, [above,
And life is love, and, though we heed it not,
Love is the final thought.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

FROM "A POEM READ AT BROWN UNIVERSITY."

But, what a mystery this erring mind ?
It wakes within a frame of various powers
A stranger in a new and wondrous world.
It brings an instinct from some other sphere,
For its fine senses are familiar all
And with the unconscious habit of a dream
It calls and they obey. The priceless sight
Springs to its curious organ, and the ear
Learns strangely to detect the articulate air
In its unseen divisions, and the tongue
Gets its miraculous lesson with the rest,
And in the midst of an obedient throng
Of well trained ministers, the mind goes forth
To search the secrets of its new found home.

N. P. WILLIS.

To the above may be added the following which have already been printed in *THE PATH*: "Rain in Summer," by H. W. Longfellow ; "The Twilight," by J. R. Lowell ; "Facing Westward from California's Shore," and parts of "Leaves of Grass," by Walt Whitman.

EVIDENCE AND IMPOSSIBILITY.

[THE LOGIC OF A PRIORI NEGATION AND THE RELATIONS OF THE SUBJECTIVE TO THE OBJECTIVE IN THE ESTIMATION OF EVIDENCE.]

It is a not uncommon fact of experience that evidence of apparently great intrinsic weight is rejected on the ground of the improbability or impossibility of the occurrence it attests. As this question as to the reliability of evidence has been re-opened of late years by the imposing body of testimony presented in favour of super-normal phenomena—lifted entirely above the range of ordinary scientific experience—it may not be amiss to consider in as brief a manner as possible, the logical basis of the *à priori dismissal* of such facts as “impossible,” as also to shadow forth the relations of the Subjective and the Objective in the formation of our beliefs and convictions.

According to J. S. Mill, whose words I quote at some length¹, as admirably illustrative of the *true* scientific attitude towards attestations of abnormal occurrences in general—an attitude unfortunately rarely adopted by our materialistic present-day philosophers “the positive evidence produced in support of an assertion which is nevertheless rejected on the score of impossibility or improbability is never such as to amount to full proof. It is always grounded on some approximate generalisation. The fact may have been asserted by a hundred witnesses ; but there are many exceptions to the universality of the generalisation that what a hundred witnesses affirm is true.” . . . The evidence then in the affirmative being never more than an approximate generalisation all will depend on what the evidence in the negative is. If that also rests on an approximate generalisation it is a case for the comparison of probabilities. . . . If, however, an alleged fact be in contradiction, not to any number of approximate generalisations, but to a completed generalisation, grounded on a rigorous induction, it is said to be impossible and is to be disbelieved totally.”

All this is eminently scientific—common sense formulated in an elaborate terminology.

Whatever is asserted counter to a complete induction is necessarily false. But clearly to be complete the induction must first embrace all the phenomena. And if facts not amenable to inclusion in it, are brought forward sup-

1 “System of Logic.” People’s Edition, p. 408.

2 A very questionable statement. The exceptions are extremely rare. There undoubtedly have been cases—as in the celebrated Crystal Palace Fire incident when a vast crowd mistook a fluttering flag for a struggling chimpanzee—when multitudes have been subject to misapprehension, but in all these the error arose from an illusory interpretation only of something really objective. The evidence for the generality of psychic phenomena stands on wholly different grounds—in fact the actuality of the attested facts usually depends on one question—are all the witnesses conspiring to lie ? The contrary admitted, the attested facts must also be.

ported on credible testimony, are we to declare the induction incomplete and admit the facts or exclude them by asserting its present comprehensive character? Must we not reject the induction in the face of the attested facts? Have we in any way the right to call it already complete? To this Mr. Mill answers:—

“I answer we have that right whenever the scientific canons of induction give it to us; that is whenever the induction *can* be complete. We have it, for example, in a case of causation in which there has been an *experimentum crucis*. If an antecedent A, superadded to a set of antecedents in all other respects unaltered, is followed by an effect B which did not exist before, A is in that instance at least, the cause of B, or an indispensable part of its cause; and if A be tried again, with many totally different sets of antecedents and B still follows, then it is the whole cause. If these observations or experiments have been repeated so often as to exclude all supposition of error in the observer, a law of nature is established; and so long as this law is received as such, the assertion that on any particular occasion A took place and yet B did not follow, *without any counteracting cause*, must be disbelieved.”

These remarks of Mill utterly overthrow the position of the pseudo-scientific sceptics who impugn the validity of all abnormal facts on the ground of their being “opposed to the Laws of Nature.”

Equally in the case of the phenomena of spiritualism as in that of miracle-evidence, the position of the ultra-‘rationalistic’ school is only tenable when the assertion is put forward that the laws of nature—*i. e.* the observed sequence of certain antecedents or sets of antecedents by certain consequents—were temporarily suspended for a special purpose. But every Theosophist, philosophical Spiritualist, in discussing the phenomenal aspect of his belief, admits the presence of “*some counteracting cause*” and with this admission before him it becomes not only arbitrary, but *unscientific*, for the sceptic to deny on purely *à priori* grounds phenomena attested by so many observers of repute and sagacity. This I think is apparent even from the standpoint of so rigid a thinker as Mill. Arm chair Negation is on his declaration clearly shown to be little better than an arrogation of omniscience. It is a reversion to the old scholastic fallacy—before the days of Bacon and the foundation of science on observation and generalisation upon facts—of attempting to settle all philosophical questions on the starveling régime of Deductive Logic. No justification can be offered for such an exhibition of prejudice, unless—and in this lies the real point at issue in the theoretical handling of the question—the existence of any unknown laws of nature and that of beings competent to manipulate them or living men consciously or unconsciously furnishing the conditions requisite for their manifestation is denied *in toto*. The former plea is one which not even the boldest sceptic

would care to urge ; the progress and future prospects of science being *based on the supposition that next to nothing has been yet ascertained of the secrets this magnificent Universe holds in store for posterity.*

The denial of the latter assertion is simply worthless for the reason that in this case Scientists while on the one hand professing their unalterable devotion to the laws of Induction, deliberately give the lie to their protestations by refusing for the most part even to entertain such a possibility, much less to examine the evidence on the validity of which they proceed so presumptuously to dogmatize. Consult Dr. Bain's Logic Part II. This eminent psychologist while admitting in his discussion of the value of Hypotheses, "that it would seem irrational to affirm that we already know all existing causes, and *permissio*n must be given to assume, if need be, an entirely new agent" (p. 131) and also that 'natural agencies can never be suspended ; they may be *counteracted by opposite agencies*'" (p. 81), has the temerity to remark (p. 149) that all evidence to the effect that a table rose to the ceiling of a room without physical contact is to be totally disbelieved ! What ! This—the commonest experience of spiritualism, a phenomenon *millions* of investigators could if necessary vouch for—is to be dismissed with a sneer by the 'scientific' reasoner ! And for what reason ? Because it conflicts with a complete Induction—the Law of Gravity. We will not stop to consider whether Polarity is not the true explanation of the phenomena of 'gravitation.' We have merely to remember Mr. Mill's remarks and the admissions of Dr. Bain himself. Why postulate a suspension of the law of gravity with a '*counteracting cause*' in view. The duty of the Scientists is clear, viz., to investigate and inform us of the nature of this cause, not to sit still in their arm-chairs and attack the veracity or sanity of countless painstaking observers. The foolish statement above commented upon is about as 'scientific,' as would be the assertion that when A lifts a stone from the ground, there is a suspension of law ; the necessary explanation clearly being that a new cause has intervened producing a new effect. Prof. Huxley has assured us that the possibilities of Nature are infinite ; brags that outside of pure mathematics it is imprudent to make use of the term "impossible." In all such cases, as the one above, where the evidence in favor of a super-normal fact is exceedingly strong, our object should be to accept the attestations of the witnesses and *then search for the unknown "counteracting cause."* Was not the existence of the planet Neptune first ascertained in this manner ? Is it not the scientific Method of Residues—one of the triumphs of Inductive Logic—which Sceptics of the stamp of Professor Bain are deliberately ignoring in the compilation of such sophistries as the specimen "on exhibit" above ?

To what absurd lengths, however, some writers, claiming a community of common-sense with their fellow-men, can proceed is to be seen in the

following quotation from the well-known materialist, Dr. Ludwig Büchner¹: "There can be no doubt that all pretended cases of clairvoyance rest upon fraud or illusion. Clairvoyance, that is a perception of external objects without the use of the senses is an impossibility. . . . No one can read an opaque sealed letter, extend his vision to America, see with closed eyes what passes around him, look into the future or guess the thoughts of others. These truths rest upon the natural laws, which are irrefutable, and admit, like other natural laws, of no exception. All that we know, we know by the medium of our senses. There exist no super-sensual and super-natural things and capacities; and they never can exist, as the external conformity of the laws of nature would thereby be suspended. As little as a stone can ever fall in any other direction than towards the centre of the earth, so little can a man see without using his eyes. Cases so repugnant to the laws of nature have never been acknowledged by rational unprejudiced individuals. Ghosts and spirits have hitherto only been seen by children or ignorant and superstitious individuals. All that has been narrated of the visits of departed spirits is sheer nonsense."

And this is "Science!" This the boasted freedom of Inductive research—*à priori* negation and a fatuous bigoted scepticism. The last few observations just quoted in the present intellectual and social status of the witnesses for these unpalatable psychic phenomena are simply folly, empty vapourings of a distorted mind. To-day it is Science that plays the bigot and inquisitor. Better the deposed idols of orthodoxy than the dead-sea fruits of Materialistic blindness! In the words of a celebrated physiologist "The morality which flows from scientific materialism may be comprehended within these few words, 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die.' All noble thoughts are vain dreams, the effusions of automata with two arms running about on two legs, which, being finally decomposed into chemical atoms, combine themselves anew, resembling the dance of lunatics in a mad-house."²

The question of the relation of the subjective to the objective in our estimation of evidence is one of very great interest. We must premise our remarks by saying that there is no intention here of discussing that feeble and contemptible receptivity known as credulity, which practically converts the person exhibiting it into a species of intellectual dust-bin into which rumours of all kinds drift pell mell. "Rubbish shot here" is not the mental signboards the erection of which we advocate. But students of history and believers in the theory of cycles are compelled to admit that the progress of beliefs and opinions is one in which objective evidence as such plays a rela-

¹ "Force and matter," p. 152. (Engl. Edit. Trübner & Co.)—A more *dogmatic* work than which, though based professedly on inductive principles, we may search in vain among the Patristic literature to find.

² Prof. Rudolph Wagner quoted by Büchner "Force and Matter," p. 255.

tively unimportant part—that in short it is the mental pre-dispositions of humanity at large which determine the intrinsic force of external facts considered in their relation to contemporary thought.

This feature of intellectual development is one fully verified by all historical data and indeed a corollary of the theory of cycles. For instance the widespread diffusion of materialistic views at the present day may seem to a superficial observer to be due to the fuller evidence as to the connection of mind and brain possessed by our modern physiologists and physicists. But we find on closer inspection that the arguments of Materialism from Democritus and Lucretius to Büchner, have practically remained the same in their *objective* entirety—it is the *subjective* disposition of men in general to assimilate such interpretations of nature, that determines their present cogency. Experience shows us that the objective in all similar cases, only acquires evidential force, when the subjective corresponding to it in the human mind is in the ascendant. Take the problem of Miracle-evidence. Here again it is exceedingly questionable whether the rationalistic contentions against the reality of the gospel phenomena have in any way increased in weight *per se* through the centuries. Even Strauss admitted that he had only re-stated the arguments which were always at the service of the pioneers of liberal thought. What then has determined the rebellion against Orthodoxy, but the growth of a *subjective* tendency to reject all such accounts on *à priori* grounds—the influence of a changed intellectual environment. Given Miracle-Evidence = X, and the original Subjective Receptivity = Y, the rejection of the former has been due not to an intrinsic diminution in the evidential force of X *per se*, but by a decline in the extent of the latter factor to perhaps $\frac{Y}{2}$ or $\frac{Y}{4}$, exemplified in the use of the term a “*growing antecedent improbability*.” Theosophists, however, who adopt the philosophical plan of admitting the ‘miracle’-evidence but at the same time of declining to base upon such a foundation the supernatural inferences grouped under the head of orthodox christianity, are thus shown to be occupying a position impregnable to the assaults of Theologian and Scientist alike. Again it was nothing but the *preparedness* of public opinion which resulted in the favourable debut of the Darwinian theory of evolution. The startling assumptions, geological, palaeontological and other difficulties, and lavish display of hypotheses, which characterized this celebrated speculation at its outset, would have assuredly involved its rejection, but for the *subjective receptivity* of the scientific world in general. The subjective pre-disposition to receive such a view being already present, the objective correspondencies in nature must—despite of apparent checks and obstacles—be *made* to dovetail with the theory. It did not rest on its *objective* evidences “not on its experimental demonstration” as Tyndall himself admits (Belfast Address) but “in its general harmony with the method of nature as hitherto known.”

This is therefore a distinct case in which *mental conditions* absolutely determine the cogency of *objective data*. As a convincing illustration of the correctness of this contention, we need only turn to the consideration of the relations of physical science and spiritualism. If objective evidence *per se* was competent to enforce conviction, the acceptance of psychic phenomena as established facts would have now been a thing of the past. It is beyond question that the body of witnesses in favour of these phenomena greatly exceeds in number that on which the assertions of any distinct branch of science rests. These witnesses include some of the most liberal scientists, and literary men, thinkers of the greatest perspicacity and acuteness,—inquirers rescued from the talons of Materialism, as well as former Agnostics, Positivists and Sectarians.

Where in ordinary scientific investigation we have usually only the *dictum* of the individual experimenter to accept "on faith"; in accounts of psychic occurrences we are almost invariably presented with the collective testimony of numerous observers. How comes it about that Tyndall in his Belfast Address can pay a deserved compliment to that luminary of the Evolution-School, Mr. A. R. Wallace, and in the same materialistic effusion stigmatise spiritualism as "degrading" thus indirectly impugning the powers of observation of the scientist whom he has just eulogized?¹ Darwin quotes or repeats the same author over 50 times in his "Descent of Man;" but it is consistent for those who pin their faith to that work, to avail themselves in this way of the evidence of Mr. Wallace where it suits their purpose and to reject or ignore it wholly where it does not. Science, we have been told by one of its most eminent representatives, is bound to face every problem presented to it. Whether it does so, the treatment experienced by honest inquirers like Crookes, Zollner, Hare and others at the hands of their purblind fellow scientist may be left to show. Well; we have had the Popes of theology, we must now bear, as well as we may, the Popes and Inquisition of science.

Objective facts, therefore, present themselves differently to different minds. The Christian idea of "Faith" is not without its substratum of truth. And in questions such as those of Spiritualism and Theosophy, we maintain that wanting the *subjective receptivity of the individual mind objective*

¹ The subjective deficiency resulting in this extraordinary inconsistency is curiously exemplified in the following extract from a letter quoted in Crooke's "Phenomena of Spiritualism" (p. 82). It confirms our position as to the intrinsic force of evidence.

"Any *intellectual* reply to your facts I cannot see. Yet it is a curious fact that even I with all my tendency and desire to believe spiritualistically, and with all my faith in your power of observing and your thorough truthfulness, feel as if I wanted to see for myself; and it is quite painful to me to think how much more proof I want. Painful, I say, because I see that *it is not reason which convinces a man*, unless a fact is repeated so frequently that the impression becomes a habit of mind." . . . In other words the writer, though a liberal critic and *even anxious* to assimilate the facts, could not because his KARMA had not endowed him with that *Subjective Receptivity* which alone stamps objective evidence with a lasting cogency.

evidence is valueless. Facts by themselves however well supported by incontrovertible testimony make no appeal to the intellect, if some recess is not already prepared for their reception. And is not this Receptivity innate in many, if not in the majority of our brother-theosophists? Ought we not to regard our *capacity* to accept the teachings of the Masters as *a glorious Karmic Heritage*—the outcome of some vague spiritual aspirations in a former existence—a ray from a distant past lighting up the Cimmerian gloom of the materialistic world in which we live? Such at least would seem to be the teaching of the Secret Doctrine.

E. D. FAWCETT.

REINCARNATIONS OF MAHATMAS.

A few words about what are called the “artificial” reincarnations of Mahatmas may be of service in clearing up some quite general misapprehensions on the subject. Of course it is hardly possible for us, under our present circumstances, to gain an understanding of the conditions governing these reincarnations, but some idea of the general principle involved may be of material aid to us in our studies. Perhaps *continuous* reincarnations might be the better term, since the word “artificial” is apt to convey the impression of something unnatural, whereas they must be quite as much within the order of Nature as those of ordinary humanity. But they are distinguished from the latter by the fact that the course of physical existence is uninterrupted; that when one garment of flesh has served its purpose it is cast aside and another is straightway assumed, until the Mission of the Great Soul is accomplished; whereas with ordinary humanity there is a long subjective existence in the Devachanic state intervening between the periods of physical life.

But a consideration of the lives of the great teachers of the world will bring us to the conclusion that the reincarnated Mahatma does not at once demonstrate that he is what is called an Adept; that is, a person gifted with extraordinary attributes and with powers over the forces of nature. It is necessary that the new personality should be developed; that it should be aroused to a consciousness of the Great Soul which animates it. The personality is that collection of attributes and experiences amassed during a single life in the physical. Through the right use made of these experiences, this personality, the Inner Self, raises itself to a recognition of the Higher Self and thereby unites its consciousness with that of the latter. This union once brought about, the higher consciousness is never lost.

This exalted state attained, the entity,—that which constitutes the feeling of individuality—never departs from it. But each time the rein-

carnation takes place the process has to be repeated for the outer personality. This, at first sight, will be apt to be regarded as an affliction, constituting a continuous series of struggles appalling in their long array, particularly when we are told in *The Idyll of the White Lotus* that to attain the union with the Highest Self may mean to "retain life upon this planet so long as it may last." Many might at once be inclined to doubt whether a boon were involved in such a prospect.

On reflection, however, it will be seen that the real state of the case is quite the contrary. The struggle can occur but once for each personality. The Higher Self, "the proud, indifferent god who sits in the sanctuary," remains undisturbed all the while, viewing the whole series of incarnations calmly and unmoved, and unaffected by anything that may happen. It is a process of educating a long series of various personalities into a consciousness of the Eternal, and each, on attainment, becomes one with the Higher Self, sharing with all who have gone before, the lofty standpoint from which the work is thenceforth carried on. Thus each personality of a Mahatma, until its spiritual rebirth is accomplished, may have to endure to a greater or less degree, according to circumstances, that which we call sin and suffering, and all this sin and suffering is essential to its work in the world. So it must have been with the personalities of all the great Masters who have had their work to do in the world.

The Mahatma, however, can neither sin nor suffer, whatever the personality may do, for he well knows that there is no final distinction between good and evil, between pleasure and pain, and that each and all work alike to the same end. The nature of any particular personality of a series varies, of course, according to the work on earth for which it is the chosen instrument, and so the period of the spiritual rebirth—or the recognition of, and union with, the Higher Self—may come at various points, sooner or later, in the earthly career. There may be, and perhaps generally is, an intuitive perception of one's true Self in early childhood, as Browning has so beautifully depicted in his *Paracelsus*, in the passage beginning :

"From childhood I have been possessed
By a fire—by a true fire, or faint or fierce,
As from without some master, so it seemed,
Repressed or urged its current."

The final consummation may come to pass either in youth, in early manhood, or in full maturity. When this time comes, one then recognizes that all sin and suffering have been mere illusion ; that they were but means to a given end.

This may throw some light on what are called the shortcomings of persons who may be far advanced in mystical development ; shortcomings which the world cannot comprehend as consistent with their connection

with grand spiritual teachings. The fact, however, affords no pretext to any person for self-excuse of their own shortcomings ; a point in which lies a great danger. By thus endeavoring to excuse themselves, and seeking a pretext for selfish indulgences, they commit the profanation of attempting to exalt the finite consciousness of their lower Self, to the place of the infinite consciousness of the Higher Self, which alone can rightly judge in such contingencies.

While the personality of the incarnated Master is a human being, with all the attributes which make any other human being, its constitution is naturally of a finer order, so as to make it an instrument adapted to the work for which it has been brought into the world. Much may be learned in this respect from the following extract from a letter from a Master concerning the reincarnations of Buddha :

“As in the legend of the miraculous conception, which came into the Christian religion from the Eastern source, the Buddha spirit overshadows the mother, and so prepares a pure and perfect home for its incarnated self. The mother must be virgin in soul and thought.”

The difference between the reincarnations of Mahatmas and those of ordinary humanity is, after all probably only one of degree. The same experiences must be passed through by each and all. The great end must finally be attained by the latter “even though it take billions of centuries,” as Kernning, the German mystic, powerfully puts it. And, with the former, it must be the consummation also of billions of centuries. Time, however, is one of the illusions of the physical.

The process and course of the reincarnations of an individuality may be symbolized by a string of beads, each new personality being the formation of a new bead and adding it to the series. Each bead *seems* to have an individual consciousness which, however, in reality is the consciousness of the whole. The circumstances of the physical life are what obscure the knowledge of this fact, a knowledge which is attained by clearing away the clouds that dim the light which is always there. On reaching this state, the consciousness becomes transferred from that of the single bead to that of the whole, but its continuity is not thereby interrupted, any more than an interruption is necessitated by becoming familiar with all the rooms in a house after leaving some particular room in which one's infancy has been spent, or by passing out of the house into the open air. The knowledge of the greater includes that of the less ; the less is by no means lost,—it has been indispensable, but after its lesson has been learned its relative importance is diminished. It would be well for us to strive to bear in mind that all our past personalities really exist to-day as much as they ever did, and that they now are as much ourselves as is this particular present personality which we call ourselves.

The following passage in *Through the Gates of Gold* is a powerful and glorious picture of the state which consummates the union with the Highest Self and which transcend pleasure and pain, sin and suffering: "In that inmost sanctuary all is to be found: God and his creatures, the fiends who prey on them, those among men who have been loved, those who have been hated. Difference between them exists no longer. Then the soul of man laughs in its fearlessness, and goes forth into the world in which its actions are needed, and causes these actions to take place without apprehension, alarm, fear, regret or joy."

S. B.

SOME POETRY OF THE SUFIS.

DEAR PATH: I send you a little fragment from the Sufi poetry, and hope you will find it acceptable.

Rome, Italy.

K. H.

A PARABLE OF JELLALEDDIN.

At the Belovèd's door a timid knock was heard ;
And a voice came from within, sweeter than morning bird,
Softer than silver drops that from plashing fountains fall,
"Who is there?"—And the stillness stirred
For a moment and that was all.

And the lover who stood without, eager and full of fear,
Answered the silver Voice,—“It is I, who am waiting here ;
Open then, my Belovèd, open thy door to me !”
But he heard the response ring clear
“This house will not hold Me and Thee !”

And the door remained fast shut, and the lover went away
Far into the desert's depths, to wait and fast and pray :
To dwell in the tents of Sorrow and drink of the cup of Grief :
And Solitude taught him each day,
And Silence brought him relief.

And after a year he returned, and knocked at the close-shut door,
And he heard the Belovèd's Voice as it answered him once more,
“Who is there ?” And soft as the dew, or the velvety roseleaf's fall,
And low as when angels adore,
He said—“'Tis Thyself that doth call !”

And his heart stood still with fear, and his eager eyes were dim ;—
Then through the silent night rang the sound of a marriage hymn ;
And the bolts and bars flew back, and the door was open wide,
And fair on the threshold's rim
Stood his Belovèd, his Bride !

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

VI.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

When sickened with the petty aims of the world around--when wearied and despairing in the quest of the ideal brotherhood, it is refreshing to recognise a kinship of spirit even across the gulf of centuries--to feel that the brotherhood of love we seek for is no vain dream, and that when we are worthy to enter its ranks, comrades such as Sydney will be there to welcome us.

On reading over the life of this paragon of the Elizabethan period, though his actual achievement seems at first sight scarcely to warrant the renown he won, the aroma of his character which so captivated his contemporaries, is still felt to be the truest criterion by which to judge the man.

But the chief lesson to be learned by students of occultism from the life of Sidney is that in proportion as passion rises to intensity is its power to act as the true alchahest in the transmutation of the baser metals of our nature into the pure gold of the heart.

For the mass of men who stagnate through life without one intense passion to fire their nature, the formula of Eliphas Levi--modified as follows would indeed seem to be appropriate--though of course referring to the ultimate destiny, not to the result of any one earth-life. "The spiritual passion towards good and the spiritual passion towards evil are the two poles of the world of souls : between these two poles vegetate and die without remembrance the useless portion of mankind."

To see that Sidney was made in a more fiery mould, it needs but to read his "Astrophel and Stella." Though the complete purging of his nature and the conquest of self is only made apparent in the concluding sonnets, the passionate outbursts of his love, and the fiery path he had to tread are manifest throughout the poem, and naturally form a bond of union--all the closer when the culmination of the desire has been identical--with those who have had analogous experience.

It is perhaps difficult at first to realize how the love of an actual living woman should have the same purging and purifying effect as a similar love idealised, but nature is not to be bound by rules of our making in her methods of drawing different souls towards perfection. Both may be taken as illustrations of the fact that, whether emotion starts from a pleasurable or a painful source, on reaching a high enough degree of intensity, it enters the region where pleasure and pain are merged in one, and then it is that it becomes the solvent of the man's lower nature.

It must indeed have been a fiery ordeal that Sidney passed through, for

the earthly love by its intensity so to burn itself clean out of the heart, and leave only the lofty aspirations expressed in the following sonnet, which truly seem to formulate the very sum and substance of Theosophic thought.

“Thou blind man’s mark, thou fool’s self chosen snare,
 Fond fancies’ scum, and dregs of scattered thought;
 Band of all evils; cradle of causeless care;
 Thou web of will whose end is never wrought!
 Desire, Desire! I have too dearly bought
 With price of mangled mind thy worthless ware;
 Too long, too long, asleep thou hast me brought,
 Who shouldst my mind to higher things prepare.
 But yet in vain thou hast my ruin sought;
 In vain thou mad’st me to vain things aspire;
 In vain thou kindlest all thy smoky fire:
 For virtue hath this better lesson taught—
 Within myself to seek my only hire,
 Desiring naught but how to kill desire.”

PILGRIM.

“SHALL WE KNOW OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN?”

When that system of philosophy which is now known as the Esoteric Doctrine was first given to the world, it was stated that, in the state of “Spiritual Bliss” or Devachan,—which was entered by the soul which had passed through the “World of Desire,” or Káma Loka, after separation from the body—the soul was not alone but was surrounded by those friends who had been loved on earth, and that these friends were as peaceful and happy as the soul in whose company they were.

Some time afterwards the questions were submitted to the authorities in occult matters, the ninth of which, asking for further information as to the intercourse with beloved Souls, was especially directed to ascertain whether those friends who accompanied the enjoyer of “Spiritual Bliss” appeared as they were when he died, supposing that he died first, or as they were when they died themselves.

It is notable that, of the ten questions asked, only this ninth and another also dealing with the same condition of “Spiritual Bliss” were left unanswered, while most of the others were answered fully, not to say voluminously; so that the question we are considering received no further elucidation from the occult authorities, and consequently, still remains open.

Our best chance of arriving at approximately correct conclusions in questions of this sort is by examining them in the light of the analogy

afforded by those states of consciousness which are accessible to us while experiencing incarnated existence.

If we examine the various conditions of consciousness grouped under the name of sleep, we may obtain a partial insight into the conditions of after-death experience, and we may gain at least a clue to the solution of the question at issue.

In the ordinary course of events, before reaching the state of deep sleep we pass through an intermediate stage of dreaming, in which we review the events of the day, many of our day's wishes and desires working themselves out and obtaining their fulfilment, and very often faces, which during the day have made a vivid impression on us, reappear in our dreams, acting as we have seen them act and manifesting the various mental and moral qualities which we believe them to possess ; in short, in appearance, action, speech and thought very much as we know them in waking life, sometimes as they are, sometimes as they have been formerly, and sometimes in several characters of varying age and growth in a single dream.

It would be very interesting to know what relation the image of a person appearing in a dream has to the mental state, at the time, of the person dreamed of, if it has any such relation, and what effect various personalities have on each others' dreams while these dreams are in progress ; at present, however, we will do no more than indicate such a line of inquiry, suggesting as a clue the modern discoveries in telepathy.

It is sufficient for our purpose that in the state of dreaming the images of our friends are present to us, similar in appearance and in mental qualities to what they were when the state of dreaming began.

The next condition is that of dreamless sleep, some of the higher stages of which have been indicated in a very able article published in the first number of this magazine. Only two characteristics of this state need be noticed, the second higher than the first ; one is that it is a state of peaceful calm in which neither the body and physical surroundings, nor the dream-life with its surroundings are present to the consciousness, and the other, that it is the day of the intuitional faculties, the moral and ethical nature, in which the soul becomes vividly conscious of moral law.

To what degree the moral environment of the soul, in this condition of dreamless sleep, is influenced by the moral nature of other individualities, especially those of superior development, is also a very interesting inquiry, but at present we must be content with considering dreamless sleep as a condition of peaceful rest and consciousness of moral law, in which the soul is not conscious of the class of objects manifested in waking and dream life, and in which, consequently, friends could not be present to the consciousness in any form at all similar to our waking or dream experience of them.

These two states will give us a clue to the experiences after death in

the "World of Desire" or Kama Loka, and in the state of "Spiritual Bliss" or Devachan. As in dreaming our desires obtain the gratification which was denied them in waking life, so that we often hear of sufferers from thirst dreaming of cooling streams, so we are told that in Kama Loka the lower desires we have accumulated during life must work themselves off before Devachan is reached.

From this we are led to infer that in Kama Loka our friends or at least those of them who have been associated with such desires, may be present to our consciousness in form, speech, and thought as we have known them in life.

In Devachan, however, if our analogy be true, nothing resembling the ordinary appearance of such friends, indeed nothing at all belonging to the class of objects which are cognised by the senses, nothing but what is soundless and invisible can be present to the consciousness.

If, however, it be true that the moral nature of others has an influence on our intuitional consciousness in dreamless sleep, it is also probably true that the moral nature of others, especially of our friends, as being those with whom our moral nature is most in harmony, will influence our consciousness in the Devachanic condition, and will do so, of course, quite irrespective of the question whether they are alive or dead, supposing it be possible to reach the Devachanic state in so short a time as the survival of friends would imply.

But our friends, if present at all, will not be present to us in any visible form, they will make themselves felt as a moral influence, strong in proportion to their purity and affinity to us.

We will conclude with a quotation from Sankaracharya which gives a very suggestive hint as to the entities really concerned in both waking and dream life :

"In dream where there is no substantial reality, one enters a world of enjoyment by the power of *manas*. So it is in the waking life, without any difference, all this is the manifestation of *manas*."

Dublin, Ireland.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

SOME THEOSOPHICAL STATISTICS.

Inasmuch as some interested persons have seen fit to publish in denominational papers, statements that the Theosophical Society has gone to pieces in India, and that those few who still remain in it are either weak dupes or else persons of obscure life and no influence, the following may be of interest.

In 1879 the two great pioneers of this movement, Mme. H. P.

Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott, landed at Bombay in India, with no followers and but few adherents. They were met by a very small gathering composed of some Brahmins, Parsees and others, who had joined the society by correspondence, while it was only in its infancy. It may be interesting to know that the Diplomas of these gentlemen were engrossed and sent to them by the Editor of this magazine who was drawing up all the Diplomas that were being then issued. These men entered the pioneer ranks because some of them had received intimations through their own teachers that this was a movement having power behind it, and the others having intuitions that way.

In a short time interest arose, and when *The Theosophist* was started it had an immediate recognition. Branch societies were started as follows :

In the year 1880, eight in Ceylon, and one in Bombay.

In 1881, seven in the following towns :

Allahabad, Bareilly, Berhampore, Bhavnagar, Muddehpoorah.

In 1882, 26 divided among these towns :

Adoni	Calcutta	Kishnaghur	Sholapore
Arrah	Cawnpore	Lucknow	Simla
Bankipore	Dharjeeling	Madras	
Baroda	Guntoor	Meerut	
Bellary	Gya	Nellore	
Bhagulpore	Hyderabad	Palghat	
Bhaunagar	Jamalpore	Poona	
Bolaram	Jeypore	Secunderabad	

In 1883, 37 as follows in :

Aligarh	Combaconum	Howrah	Narail
Bankura	Cuddalore	Jessore	Negapatam
Bara Banki	Dacca	Jubbulpore	Ootacamund
Beauleah	Delhi	Kapurthala	Pondicherry
Bhowanipore	Dumraon	Karwar	Rae Bareli
Burdwan	Durbhanga	Kurnool	Searsole
Chakdighi	Fyzabad	Madura	Srivilliputtur
Chingleput	Ghazipore	Mayaveram	Tanjore
Chinsurah	Gooty	Midnapore	Trevandrum
Coimbatore	Gorakhpur	Moradabad	Trichinopoly

In 1884, in Arcot, Chittoor, Dindigul, Tiruppatur, Periya-Kulam, Saidpur, Vellore, Vizianagram.

In 1885, 12 in :

Anantapur	Dakshineswar	Nagpur	Siliguri
Arni	Fatehgarh	Paramakudi	
Benares	Hoshangabad	Rangoon	
Cocanada	Karur	Seoni-Chappara	

In 1886, in Bangalore, Cuddapah, Noakhali, Orai.

All of the foregoing are in India. Ceylon has 8 branches, in these towns:

Bentota, Colombo (2), Galle, Kandy, Matara, Panadure, Welitara, and have among their number some of the best known men of that historic Island.

The officers and members of the Indian Societies include well known Hindus, who are officials in many instances under the English and native governments, others being lawyers and merchants, who, if they have not the honor of the acquaintance of the English and American missionaries, possess the respect and confidence of the community and the government. In Baroda the secretary is a judge; at Beauleah he is the head master of a school; in Berhampore a government executive engineer is in charge of the Branch; at Bhaunagar, the president is His Highness Prince Harisingji Rupsinghji; at Burdwan, the secretary is a professor in the Maharajah's college; at Hyderabad the president is a pensioned English official, and the members include government servants of the Nizam; at Madras we find the eminent pleader T. Subba Row, and Judge Srinivasa Row; at Poona the president is Judge, Khan Bahadur Navroji Dorabji Khandallavalla; at Secunderabad nearly all the best young Hindus and Parsees are members—they, however, do not know the missionaries since their caste is not low enough.

The reason why English and American missionaries are found writing in our papers about the death of the movement there, is, that they mix only with uninterested Englishmen and very low caste Hindus and these latter necessarily know but little of the Theosophical Society being too much engaged in tilling the soil or in acting as servants in missionaries' houses to have the time to enter Branches. They are in precisely the position of the millions of poor working people in America whose spare time is spent in resting from labor. The missionaries *do not* mix with the better class Hindus. This we know by actual experience. How then can they pretend to report correctly. It would therefore seem wise for them to enquire at the proper quarter when seeking information to send to denominational papers here, and not to depend solely on imaginations which have a proneness for clothing fictions in fair words.

Our readers should also know that through the Theosophical Society many Sanscrit schools have been started all over India, devoted to arousing interest in ancient religious books. Several papers in various languages have come on the field. Sunday schools of Buddhism are carried on in Ceylon; a theosophical paper called *Saddarsanah Sindaresah* is published there, and altogether the interest and activity in the Society's work have increased in all directions. The Ceylon work is so important that there is a separate headquarters there.

Since the foundation of the Society but four charters have lapsed, and in January, 1887, there were in existence all over the world 132 Branches. The distribution of these Branches, is as follows :

In India :—In Bengal, 21 ; in Behar, 8 ; N. W. P., Oudh, and Punjab, 21 ; Cent. Prov., 4 ; Bombay, 6 ; Kathiawar, 2 ; Madras Pres, 38.

In Burmah there are 3 ; in Ceylon, 8 ; in England, 1 ; Scotland, 1 ; Ireland, 1 ; France, 1 ; Germany, 1 ; in America, 13 ; Greece, 1 ; Holland, 1 ; Russia, 1 ; West Indies, 2 ; Africa, 1 ; Australia, 1.

The king of Burmah at one time requested Col. Olcott to go over there.

The Branch in Greece has been long established and includes men of influence. The American Branches are in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Malden, Rochester, Cincinnati, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Los Angeles and St. Louis.

We have not published the foregoing in order to arouse controversy with papers printed in the interest of any sect, but solely to put theosophists and inquirers in America in possession of the actual facts. A faithful picture of what we have ourselves seen in India would show a wider interest than we have been able in small space to outline, and we therefore feel increased confidence that the work begun in New York in 1875 is not yet near its close.

On June 1st a large convention of pundits, princes and instructors assembled at Hardwar, India, to discuss plans for revival of Sanscrit and Aryan literature. Col. Olcott was present by invitation to give his views.

CINCINNATI. At a recent meeting of this Branch, Bro. J. Ralston Skinner ** read a valuable paper on *Cycles of Time*. On this subject Bro. Skinner is an authority. The Branch is active and prospering.

ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY. The library of this Branch is increasing. It now contains 221 books, and recently Mrs. M. L. Ritler donated to it 21 volumes.

ST. LOUIS. THE PRANAVA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY has just been formed here, with Bros. Throckmorton and Thos. M. Johnson as prime movers. Fuller particulars will appear in August.

LITERARY NOTES.

THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD.—The authorship of *Through the Gates of Gold* is now announced. It proceeds, as many have surmised, from the same source as *Light on the Path* and *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, "M. C." being the initials of Miss Mabel Collins, a gifted English writer widely known in London, the writer of various popular novels before her attention was

occupied by Theosophical work, and a member of a literary family of eminence. The knowledge of the fact that she is the author of these works is likely to make something of a stir in London literary circles. A new edition of *Through the Gates of Gold* is forthcoming with the author's name on the title-page and with these words preceding the prologue :

"Once, as I sat alone writing, a mysterious Visitor entered my study, unannounced, and stood beside me. I forgot to ask who he was or why he entered so unceremoniously, for he began to tell me of the Gates of Gold. He spoke from knowledge ; and from the fire of his speech I caught faith. I have written down his words ; but alas, I cannot hope that the fire shall burn as brightly in my writing as in his speech.
M. C."

THE YOGA WAY, a new theosophical work, is announced by the Eastern Publishing Company. As the writer has had exceptional advantages for witnessing the wondrous and touching sympathy of the Esoteric Teachers with the sorrows and troubles of humanity, and has been favored with opportunities for studying psychic phenomena not common to students, the announcement of this new book on occultism will be welcomed by all students and readers of such literature in this country.

The work is in course of publication and orders can be addressed to the Eastern Publishing Company, P. O. Box 784, New York.

"UNITED."—¹This is a Theosophical novel by Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the author of *Occult World*, *Karma*, &c. It shows considerable skill in vivid descriptions. There will always be found a great difficulty by writers who attempt "theosophical romances," inasmuch as *Theosophy* is incongruous with *romance*, for if the latter be anything it is untrue, while *Theosophy* should have no other tendency than toward truth. Hence it will be found for yet a long time, that the best theosophical romancers are such writers as Anstey who make a travesty of the thing as he did in "A Fallen Idol." Not being trammelled by adherence to a principle Anstey gave much theosophical truth under a garment of ridicule.

United is devoted to bringing the reader face to face with the possibility of a "life-transfer" from one human being to another. It differs from *Karma* in omitting all phenomena except such as are connected with clairvoyance, in discussing another side of Occultism, and in appealing more to the sentimental side of our nature.

The idea of "life-transfer" is not new, however, as it was exemplified in "Ghostland" which appeared some years ago anonymously and which ought to be read by those who are studying this subject.

THE STAFF OF ADAM AND THE SHEM-HAMMEPHORASH, is a paper read by Bro. S. C. Gould viii. 2, F. T. S., before Massachusetts College, Boston, at Convocation S. R. of June 2, 1887. This staff was "given by the Holy and Blessed God, to the first man in Paradise," and descended to Joseph. It was put away with the special treasures of Pharaoh. The pamphlet will repay perusal. Address S. C. Gould, Manchester, N. H.

¹ George Redway, Convent Garden, London.

TEA TABLE TALK.

June, the witch, with her roses and daisies, and the freed Dryads calling from forests and mountain streams, set the Tea Table to languishing, when presto! its thoughts wandered far afield; its familiar spirits fled! These rare companions scattered, what can their deserted historian do between the city's brazen walls, other than con the reminders sent floating back along their friendly wake?

Even Quickly, the grim, the saturnine, has been beguiled by summer. He writes: "I am doing fairly well with the trout, thanks, old man; but I've had a queerish, nervous shock. Serves me right, too. Jolting along in one of those beastly Wagner cars, I saw great hollows in the banks, where land slides had taken place. I got to thinking of them intently; wished hard to examine them; found *myself* out on the bank at such a place. Suddenly the "limited" came along in the contrary direction from the train my astral self had left. It roared down on me: I got startled and confused. Although it could not strike me, it yet struck me full and square;—*I felt the headlight hurled against my head!* Jupiter! It sent me plunging back into my body (on my own train) with a nervous tremor and jar from which I haven't yet recovered. See the dangers of leaving the body for puerile purposes, before you are fully poised and self-centred. True, I was out before I was aware, but an occultist should always be aware of all things. I knew well that no catapult could injure or even disperse those fine molecules, or do aught more than pass through them. Yet so strong are the illusions of matter, that I lost my presence of mind in the uproar. Even mystics commit folly! Let me tell you, Julius; it's been a lesson to me."

It does not seem that this lesson of my comrade's requires any further comment from me.

The widow—bless her capricious heart! has also bethought her of the Tea Table. In a hand of the latest fashion, she writes a few lines airy as thistle-down, or as *omelette soufflée*.

"I've had an experience. Fancy! *me!!* But I have. I was talking to the dear old Professor," (*faute de mieux madame?*) "and I saw a man standing off to one side of us. His arms were folded, head bent; he was looking at me intently: awfully interesting looking man; slender, pale, grave, with those deep dark eyes don't you know? I shot a look up at him, that might ask why he stared so at poor me; (no compliments, S. V. P.) would you believe it? He wasn't there! Not there at all! It made me feel awfully funny, I can tell you; sick, you know. But I got out my salts, and the dear old Professor rambled on so delightfully, (should you say now, that he was over 60?) that I forgot all about it, when presently, there was the man again, and when I looked up again he wasn't. Don't you call that horrid? the worst of it was that some twenty minutes later when I'd quite forgotten him, there he stood again. I wasn't going to look up and be taken in once more, even by the shadow of a man. But I just had to, and there he was, really there in the flesh this time, folded arms, eyes, look and all, just as I had seen his image

half an hour before, and this time he was actually introduced to me while I longed to pinch him to see if he was real. But I guess he is; awfully fascinating too. Write me at once whether I saw him beforehand in the astral light, or whether it was he in his astral body. No; don't write; *wire*."

In the astral light, belle dame, though if he hadn't turned up in propria personam to be properly introduced, I might have thought he was a chela, sent to look you over. Chelas have been so sent in the astral body, as several of our theosophists know. Sometimes the chela's body (astral) is used for this purpose; sometimes the chela is but partly conscious of his mission: like a faithful mirror he reflects back what he has seen.

Do you ask why teachers should not come, or look across themselves? Does a General run about hither and thither? or does he "say to one man—'Go,' and he goeth; and to another,—'Come!' and he cometh?" Do we use a derrick when a crow bar will answer? Nature has her law of economy, nor are these higher forces to be squandered. Yet let nothing that you may hear or see, excite surprise. That you are able to see or hear anything on the planes above the material, is due to "synchronous vibration."

"The Real is substance (that which substands) in its condition of spirit. The phenomenal is Substance in its condition of densification. *It is made manifest through motion*. There is no arbitrary line of separation between them; only a transitional difference." Now the moment that an outer sensation (outer as contrasted with the other) of wonder or of fear, shoots through you, the inner vibration is modified, your motion is out of accord with that by which the Real is for the moment made manifest, you see and hear no more, and the precious opportunity is lost. Be calm and observe all: afterwards test all. There are two things to be remembered, two watchwords to sink deep into the fibres of the heart. 1. Nothing can harm the pure soul. 2. "Perfect love casteth out fear." If you love the whole, what place remains for fear? you have then fulfilled the injunction of Krishna and your soul "participates in the souls of all creatures." If you hate or fear aught, you are separated in somewhat from the Universal soul; you cannot advance one step beyond that limitation.

The mother is not without her tribute to occultism. "You will be interested, dear Julius, in knowing that of late I have puzzled much over some occult points—as the method of the soul's entrance into the body. At once I thought me that I had been reading a book and left off just where it began to explain that point. I went to my travelling book-case to get that book and after looking them all over, it came to me that I had no such book after all. The strange part is that this happens whenever I am studying out some such problem, and each time I am deluded so that I do not recall the previous deceptions, until after I have searched well for that book."

Dear lady! In other climes and in a brighter age she doubtless had such books; many of us had. All can recover their golden contents if we purely desire, earnestly strive. Eliphas Levi said that he had books "in Dreamland" which were well known to him and which he often read there. He even drew from them illustrations which are reproduced in his works without explanatory text, much to the bewilderment of students. A lady wrote to the PATH some

weeks back, that she distinctly remembered an article which she had read in it with great interest, but on seeking the article to show to a friend, she was confounded to find nothing of the kind in the magazine. She gave the subject, which was one upon which no article has been published. All our friends have individual experiences, some like these, some differing. They are recollections, and as we are all trying to get back our past, these glimpses must encourage us. As to the entrance of the soul into the body, the mother should see in the Upanishads some teaching upon that point: reflect also upon these lines in the Bagavad Gita. "All things which have life are generated from the bread which they eat. Bread is generated from rain; rain from divine worship, and divine worship from good works."

A friend across the sea sends us the following: "A rather interesting quotation from Herodotus, may be suitable for your Tea Table, in juxtaposition with an extract from Baron von Reichenbach's Researches in Animal Magnetism. Herodotus writes: Euterpe chap. 44.

"From my great desire to obtain information on this subject, I made a voyage to Tyre, in Phœnicia, where is a temple of Hercules held in great veneration. Among the various offerings which enriched and adorned it, I saw two pillars; the one was of the purest gold, *the other of emerald, which in the night diffused an extraordinary splendor.* This temple, as they affirmed, has been standing ever since the first building of the city, a period of 2,300 years.'

"Reichenbach writes, p. 57. 'A large rock crystal, 8 inches thick, was placed in a room and the darkness was rendered complete; the *sensitive* at once discovered the place where the crystal stood, and gave in all the experiments the same account of its light. She described the light as somewhat of the form of a tulip, extending upwards about 5 inches. The color she described as blue, passing above into a perfect white, while a few scattered threads or stripes of red light, ascended into the white. The flame was in motion, undulating and scintillating, and cast around it an illumination extending over a circle of more than 6½ feet in diameter.'"

Thanks, Brother, for bridging the distance with this fresh and ever needed reminder that we shall look to the diurnal for the correspondences of the Eternal, manifest in the small as in the great.

JULIUS.

The wise man, the preacher, who wishes to expound this Sutra, must absolutely renounce falsehood, pride, calumny, and envy. He should never speak a disparaging word of anybody; never engage in a dispute on religious belief; never say to such as are guilty of shortcomings: "You will not obtain superior knowledge."--*Saddharma-Pundarika.*

OM.

ॐ

Brahman, the first cause, swells by means of meditation; hence is produced matter; from matter mind, breath and intellect, the seven worlds, and from the works performed by men in the world, the eternal effects, rewards and punishments of works.—*Mundaka-Upanishad*.

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities;
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.—*Emerson*.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

AUGUST, 1887.

No. 5.

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Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

LETTERS ON THE TRUE.

III.

MY COMRADES :—

As we turn our thoughts in upon ourselves, we find the good on top ; the bad is below. We must set the blaze of self-examination to the task and drag out the lurker within. We think we have abandoned ambition and comfort, but we have only given up those of the lower plane, the mere reflection of the great ambitions and joys of a larger life. The rays of Truth burn up the covers we had placed upon those seeds, and then the real seeds begin to sprout and cause new troubles. Do not ignore this ; it

has cost others many years and tears of blood to self-learn it. Men have been deceived as to their motives up to high passages of the Way.

Indolence is a great deceiver. We trust to the sufficiency of "our Divine Spirit," and so hope to reach the goal easily with the natural evolution of the race. We forget that the kingdom must be taken by violence. It is by no means sure that we shall make the connection with spirit in this life journey. Thousands may and do fail to make it. Your divine spirit is only yours in so far as it is that of all others equally; not yours but *ours*, making us one. The Bagavad-Gita destroys the idea that if there be in us this higher self, it will, even if we are indolent, triumph over the necessity for effort, and lead us to find beatitude in common with the whole stream of man. "The man of doubtful mind enjoys neither this world nor the other (the Deva world) nor finds beatitude." Sometime then during the period of choice for the race this self must be discovered, purified and set free. The period is long—but it ends. The unprogressed soul falls back; it may die, for only the spiritual monad is incorruptible. On the soul itself depends this spiritual polarity; each personality heightens or lessens it by the greater or smaller impetus given by him to the life of the lower self. Its luxurious growth throttles the true self as mistletoe devitalizes the live-oak. "Bitten by the world, like one bitten by a great serpent; darkened with passion, like the night; changing its dress in a moment like an actor; fair in appearance, like a painted wall:" thus the Upanishad warns us against the elemental self.

These warnings are not meant to discourage, but to strengthen. The Way is narrow, but it is there. So narrow it is, and so often lost amid the bustling highways of life, that many who have wandered far afield still think their feet are set upon it. There is oftentimes much to discourage us in the attitude of our nearest friends. They are on far shores, and when we arrive they speak of the small potatoe patch they tend and see nothing in our talk of what is over the sea, and of the grander interests beyond the little place they stand on. This is a blow dealt the inner man and hurts inside. Life is all up in arms against us. A letter sent me by one of my comrades goes clearly and nobly to the root of this matter:

"Dear Jasper: I gave your letter to a distressed soul: she returned thanks saying it was a cooling draught to one athirst. The thanks of course are yours.

"Now this lady says it was refreshment to the weary, that letter True, or she would not say it. But it was not so to me nor to you. It all seems so well understood to be so. We needed it not. But she illustrates a certain state of progress. She is not yet where we are, but which is happier? She is happier, but poorer in hope. We are not all too happy, but are rich in hope, knowing the prize at the end of time, and not deterred by the

clouds, the storms, the miasms and dreadful beasts of prey that line the road. Let us then at the very outset wash out of our souls all desire for reward, all hope that we may attain. For so long as we thus hope and desire we shall be separated from the Self. If in the Self all things *are*, then we cannot wish to be something which we can only compass by excluding something else. Standing where we are, let us purify ourselves to be all things.

"So being beyond this lady so grateful, we find that everything we meet on this illusory plane of existence is a lure that in one way or another has power to draw us out of our path. That is the point we are at, and we may call it the point where lures of Maya have omnipresent power. Therefore we must beware of the illusions of matter.

"Before we got to this stage we knew the fateful lure, the dazzling mirror of the elemental self, here and there in well defined places and intrenched as it was, so to say, in strongly marked defences. Those we assaulted; and that was what it desired, for it did think that it then had no need to exercise the enchantment which is hard because so subtle, and so distributed here and there that we find no citadels to take, no battallions in array. But now our dearest friends are in league with this beautiful, deceitful Maya.¹ How strongly do I realize the dejection of Arjuna as he let his bow drop from his hand and sat down on his chariot in despair. But he had a sure spot to rest upon. He used his own. He had Krishna near, and he might fight on.

"So in passing along past those stages where the grateful lady and others are, we may perhaps have found one spot we may call our own and possess no other qualification for the task. That spot is enough. It is our belief in the Self, in Masters: it is the little flame of intuition we have allowed to burn, that we have fostered with care.

"Then come these dreadful lures. They are in fact but mere carcasses, shells of monsters from past existences, offering themselves that we may give them life to terrify us as soon as we have entered them either by fear or love. No matter which way we enter, whether by attachment to them or by repugnant horror, it is all one: they are in one case vivified by a lover; in the other by a slave who would be free but cannot.

"Here it is the lure of enjoyment of natural pleasures, growing out of life's physical basis; there it is self-praise, anger, vanity, what not? Even these beautiful hills and river they mock one, for they live on untrammelled. Perhaps they do not speak to us because they know the superiority of silence. They laugh with each other at us in the night, amused at the wild struggles of this petty man who would pull the sky down. Ach! God of Heaven! And all the sucklings of Theosophy wish that some great, well diplomaed adept would come and open the secret box; but they do not

Maya, i. e., "illusion."

imagine that other students have stepped on the spikes that defend the entrance to the way that leads to the gate of the Path. But we will not blame them, nor yet wish for the things—the special lots—that some of them have abstracted, because now that we know the dreadful power that despair and doubt and violated conscience have, we prefer to prepare wisely and carefully and not rush in like fools where angels do not pass uninvited.

“But, Companion, I remind you of the power of the lure. This Path passes along under a sky and in a clime where every weed grows a yard in the night. It has no discrimination. Thus even after weeks or months of devotion, or years of work, we are surprised at small seeds of vanity or any other thing which would be easily conquered in other years of inattentive life, but which seem now to arise as if helped by some damnable intelligence. This great power of self-illusion is strong enough to create a roaring torrent or a mountain of ice between us and our Masters. Z.....”

The Path lies not in extremes but midway, like that Sun whose centre is everywhere, like that Eternal Liberty which Boehme says is the middlemost and within all things. We must pin ourselves down to a rigid appreciation of the mathematical workings of Law and trace their connection with our own constitution. It would seem well to take all the suggestions we can get, but I have known travellers on western prairies who preferred to go a day's journey out of their road, rather than make inquiry of a passer by. If the law of Continuity remains unbroken, as it must if it exists at all, and from its very nature cannot be suspended, then there must be personalities far more progressed than ourselves, somewhere along the vast chain stretching from man to the Deity. I have heard comrades repel the idea that any “Master” could aid them. The western mind detests that word; American boys will not even say “schoolmaster.” And yet it is only an equivalent for Teacher, and how glorious are the teachings.

If a man's magnetic sphere be confused, however, he cannot feel the attraction of higher spheres; he does not believe in their existence. If they do not exist to his hope or his intuition, for him they are not, nor will he feel their benefit even indirectly until he shall have evolved enough spiritual energy to enable him to assimilate the currents which unceasingly flow from them to raise the powers of the race. Let every man have his mind within his own power and resolve firmly to believe. Our own is everywhere if we will only take it! We do not justly value the gifts of Truth given us without personal attestation. We clamor for persons and authorities; we have a sense of injury which cries to the echo; “if Truth be true she will sign her name.” Not always: for how then can the perceptions of men be tested in the absence of genuine relations? How can those students be discovered who do not depend upon a revenue stamp to recognize a genuine article? If a man receives a gem, does he growl because the jeweller's case came

not with it? What lustre can a name add to Truth? We should need no guarantee beyond the spirit of the words; the words themselves are often traps. Nothing avails us at last but the touch-stone of our own souls; it is deeply concealed in the heart, far beyond the elemental nature. It is not mind, judgment, reason: it is the fire which tests and welds.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

THE POETRY OF REINCARNATION IN WESTERN LITERATURE.

PART II.

BRITISH POETRY.

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY."

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

A REMEMBRANCE.

Methinks I can remember when, a shade
All soft and flowery was my couch, and I
A little naked child, with fair white flesh
And wings all gold bedropt, and o'er my head
Bright fruits were hanging and tall balmy shrines
Shed odorous gums around me, and I lay
Sleeping and waking in that wondrous air

Which seemed infused with glory, and each breeze
Bore as it wandered by, sweet melodies ;
But whence, I knew not. One delight was there
Whether of feeling or of sight or touch
I know not now—which is not in this earth,
Something all-glorious and all beautiful,
Of which our language speaketh not, and which
Flies from the eager grasping of my thought
As doth the shade of a forgotten dream.
All knowledge had I, but I cared not then
To search into my soul and draw it thence.
The blessed creatures that around me played
I knew them all, and where their resting was,
And all their hidden symmetry I knew,
And how the form is linked into the soul,
I knew it all, but thought not on it then
I was so happy.

And once upon a time
I saw an army of bright beaming shapes
Fair faced and rosy cinctured and gold winged
Approach upon the air. They came to me
And from a crystal chalice silver brimmed
Put sparkling potion to my lips and stood
All around me, in the many blooming shades,
Shedding into the centre where I lay
A mingling of soft light, and then they sang
Songs of the land they dwelt in ; and the last
Lingereth even till now upon mine ear.

Holy and blest
Be the calm of thy rest
For thy chamber of sleep
Shall be dark and deep
They shall dig thee a tomb
In the dark deep womb
In the warm dark womb.

Spread ye, spread the dewy mist around him
Spread ye, spread till the thick dark night surround him,
Till the dark long night has bound him
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first cloud is beaming and bright
The next cloud is mellowed in light
The third cloud is dim to sight
And it stretches away into gloomy night.
Twine ye, twine, the mystic threads around him
Twine ye, twine, till the fast firm fate surround him
Till the firm cold fate hath bound him
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.

The first thread is beaming and bright
 The next thread is mellowed in light
 The third thread is dim to sight,
 And it stretches away into a gloamy night.
 Sing ye, sing, the fairy songs around him
 Sing ye, sing, till the dull warm sleep surround him
 Till the warm damp sleep hath bound him
 Which bindeth all before their birth
 Down upon the nether earth.
 The first dream is beaming and bright
 The next dream is mellowed in light
 The third dream is dim to sight
 And it stretches away into gloomy night.
 Then dimness passed upon me and that song
 Was sounding o'er me when I woke
 To be a pilgrim on the nether earth.

DEAN ALFORD, 1850.

FROM "CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE SOUL."

Eternity—thou pleasing, dreadful thought
 Through what variety of untried being
 Through what new scenes and dangers must we pass?
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me
 But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

RETURNING DREAMS.

As in that world of Dream whose mystic shades
 Are cast by still more mystic substances,
 We oftimes have an unreflecting sense
 A silent consciousness, of some things past
 So clear that we can wholly comprehend
 Others of which they are a part, and even
 Continue them in action, though no stress
 Of after memory can recognize
 That we have had experience of those things
 Or sleeping or awake :

Thus in the dream,
 Our universal Dream, of Mortal Life,
 The incidents of an anterior dream,
 Or it may be, Existence, noiselessly intrude
 Into the daily flow of earthly things,
 Instincts of good—immediate sympathies
 Places come at by chance, that claim at once
 An old acquaintance—single random looks
 That bare a stranger's bosom to our eyes ;
 We *know* these things are so, we ask not why
 But act and follow as the Dream goes on.

R. M. MILNES, (Lord Houghton).

FROM "THE MYSTIC."

Who dreams not life more tearful than the hours
 Since first into this world he wept his way
 Earthward, may be called of God, man's soul
 In patriarchal periods, comet-like
 Ranges, perchance, all spheres successive, and in each
 With nobler powers endowed and senses new
 Set season bideth.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

FROM "DE PROFUNDIS."

BIRTH.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep.
 Where all that was to be, in all that was,
 Whirled for a million aeons thro' the vast
 Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
 Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
 Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
 And every phase of ever heightening life,
 And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,

Thou comest.

A. TENNYSON.

Tennyson also writes :—

For how should I for certain hold
 Because my memory is so cold,
 That I *first* was in human mould?

It may be that no life is found
 Which only to one engine bound
 Falls off, but cycles always round.

But, if I lapsed from nobler place,
 Some legend of a fallen race
 Alone might hint of my disgrace.

Or, if through lower lives I came—
 Tho' all experience past became
 Consolidate in mind and frame—

I might forget my weaker lot ;
 For is not our first year forgot ?
 The haunts of memory echo not.

Some draughts of Lethe doth await
 As old mythologies relate
 The slipping through from state to state

Moreover, something is or seems,
 That touches me with mystic gleams,
 Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here ;
 Of something done, I know not where ;
 Such as no language may declare.

In Shelley's poems the ideas of pre-existence and many lives may frequently be met expressly or implied. The title over one of his songs of unrest "The World's Wanderer" evidently alludes to himself, as do the lines in it

"Like the world's rejected guest."

The song of the spirits in "Prometheus Unbound" pictures vividly the human soul's descent into the gloom of the material world :

To the deep, to the deep,
 Down, down !
 Through the shade of sleep
 Through the cloudy strife
 Of Death and of Life

Through the veil and the bar
 Of things which seem and are
 Even to the steps of the remotest throne,
 Down, down !

While the sound whirls around
Down, down !
As the fawn draws the hound
As the lightning the vapour
As a weak moth, the taper ;
Death, despair ; love, sorrow ;
Time both ; to-day, to-morrow ;
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone
Down, down !

In the depth of the deep
Down, down !
Like the veiled lightning asleep
Like the spark nursed in embers,
The last look Love remembers,
Like a diamond which shines
On the dark wealth of mines
A spell is treasured but for thee alone,
Down, down !

THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And, looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of his bright face
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound ;
Or had the black art to dispense

A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this flashy dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh, how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train ;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees.
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk and staggers in the way
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Edmund W. Gosse treats the idea of Wordsworth's "Intimations" in a way directly opposite to the older poet, in these verses :

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Thou hast the colors of the Spring
The gold of king cups triumphing
The blue of wood-bells wild,
But winter thoughts thy spirit fill
And thou art wandering from us still
Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed
Thou dear and much desired guest
That home is near at hand.
Long lost in high mysterious lands
Close by our door thy spirit stands
In journey well nigh past.

Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch
New fancies bubbling there,

To feel one common light, and lose
The flood of strange ethereal hues
Too dire for us to share !

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
This creature human for my sake
Since I am nought but clay ;
An angel is too fine a thing
To sit behind my chair and sing
And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless
The air of rapt unconsciousness
Past with the fading hours ;
I joy in every childish sign
That proves the stranger less divine
And much more meekly ours.

FROM "A RECORD."

None sees the slow and upward sweep
 By which the soul from life-depths deep
 Ascends,—unless, mayhap when free
 With each new death we backward see
 The long perspective of our race
 Our multitudinous past lives trace.

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE PATH has already shown Browning's expression of Reincarnation contained in Paracelsus. In his poem "One Word More" occur these lines also :

I shall never, in the years remaining
 Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues
 This of verse alone one life allows me
 Other heights in other lives, God willing.

Similar glimpses of this thought occur in Byron, Pope, Coleridge, Swinburne and others, but it is difficult to select a continuous and complete wording of it in them.

E. D. WALKER.

NOTES ON THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

FROM ELIPHAS LÉVI'S WORKS.

(Continued.)

That which is true in cause, is real in effect ; that which is not realized does not exist. The realization of speech is the Word, properly so called ; a thought is realized in becoming a word—realized by signs, by sounds, by figures. This is the first degree of realization. Then it impresses itself upon the Astral Light by these signs or words, it influences other minds by repeating itself in them, refracts itself in traversing the imaginations of others, assumes therein new forms and proportions, and finally transmutes itself into actions and modifies society and the world. This is the last degree of realization. Those who are born in a world which is modified by an idea, bear the imprint of it, and it is thus that the word is made flesh.

The Astral Light, figured in ancient symbology by the serpent biting its tail, represents in turn, folly and prudence, time and eternity, the Tempter and the Redeemer ; thus this Light, being the vehicle of life, serves as an auxiliary alike to good or evil, assumes the fiery shape of Satan as well as the form of the Holy Spirit. It is the universal weapon in the wars of the Angels, feeds the fires of Hell, and furnishes the lightning of Saint Michael. It may be likened to a horse that has the attributes of the chameleon, and reflects always the armor of its rider.

The law of *realization* produces what may be called *magnetic respiration*; which impregnates objects and places, and communicates to them an influence corresponding to our dominant wishes. In a word, the universal agent, the latent Astral Light, tends ever to equilibrium; it fills every void, and aspires ever to repletion. For this reason vice is contagious, just as are certain physical maladies, and so it works powerfully for the proselytism of either vice or virtue. For this reason, also, *relics*, be they either of saints or of great criminals, may produce marvellous effects either of sudden conversion or perversion. The soul breathes just as the body does; it draws in that which it esteems happiness, and gives out the ideas which result from its inmost sensations. So diseased souls have a bad breath, and vitiate the moral atmosphere; that is to say, they mingle impure reflections with the Astral Light which penetrates them, and thus establish deleterious currents.

We are often astonished, when in society, at being assailed by evil thoughts and suggestions that we would not have imagined possible, and we are not aware that we owe them solely to the presence of some morbid neighbor; this fact is of great importance, since it relates to the manifestation of conscience—one of the most terrible and incontestable secrets of the magic art.

This magnetic respiration throws about the soul a halo, of which it is the centre, and surrounds it with the reflection of its own actions, which make for it a heaven or a hell.

No actions are isolated, and none can be hidden; everything that we really wish, that is to say, everything that we confirm by our acts, remains in the Astral Light, in which its reflections are preserved; these reflections again influence our thoughts, by mingling with our lucidity, and thus a man becomes, and continues to be, the author of his destiny.

The Astral Light, combining with ethereal fluids, forms the astral phantom of which Paracelsus speaks in his philosophy of intuition. This astral body, being freed at death, attracts to itself, and preserves for a long time, by the sympathy of likeness, the reflections of the past life; if a powerfully sympathetic will draws it into the proper current, it manifests itself in the form of an apparition.

The Astral Light, transmuted into human light at the moment of conception, is the primary envelope of the soul. This fluidic body, like the mass of the Astral Light, has two contrary movements, attractive on the right hand, and repulsive on the left; or reciprocal, as in the case of the two sexes; this produces in us the strife of contending emotions, and contributes to the terrors of conscience; thus are produced in us sometimes temptations, sometimes subtle or unexpected graces.

This is the explanation of the traditional dogma of the two attendant

Angels who help us or oppose us ; these two movements of the Astral Light may be represented by a Balance, in which are weighed our resolutions.

The Astral body is not always of the same sex as the material body ; that is to say, these two forces, swaying, so to speak, from right to left, often seem to contradict the visible organization ; thus are produced the striking errors of the human passions, and thus may be explained, although without in the least justifying them, the amorous peculiarities of an Anacreon or a Sappho.

There are persons who cannot be offended with impunity, and one who does them an injury may begin to die from that very moment ; there are some men whose influence is felt at once, and whose mere glance may change the direction of the current of our life.

The basilisk who killed by his look, is not a fable, but a magic allegory. As a rule, it is injurious to the health to have enemies, and it is not possible, with impunity, to brave the reprobation of anyone ; before opposing ourselves to a force or a current, we should be sure that the person or the current is not stronger than we are ; otherwise, we shall be overwhelmed or even annihilated. Many sudden deaths are attributable to no other cause than this. The dramatic deaths of Nadab and Abihu, of Ananias and Sapphira, were caused by the electric currents of the faith that they outraged.

The intense reprobation that was aroused by the massacre of St. Bartholemew was the sole cause of the horrible malady and death of Charles IX ; and Henry IV, if he had not been sustained by the enormous popularity which he owed to his personal magnetism, or the sympathetic power of his astral life, could scarcely have survived his conversion, and would have perished beneath the contempt of the Protestants, combined with the distrust and hatred of the Catholics.

Unpopularity may be a proof of integrity and courage, but it is never a proof of political wisdom. Outrages to public opinion are fatal to statesmen ; and it is possible to recall the premature and violent death of more than one illustrious man, of which it is not fitting to speak here. These verdicts of public opinion may be very unjust, but they are none the less causes of failure, or even sentences of death. On the other hand, injuries done to a single human being may, and unless reparation is made, must, cause the destruction of a community or of a whole nation. This is what is meant by "the cry of blood"—for at the bottom of every injustice, lies the germ of a homicide.

It is because of these terrible laws of solidarity, that christianity insists so strenuously upon the forgiveness of injuries, and the necessity of reconciliation. He who dies without forgiving his enemy, hurls himself into eternity armed with a dagger, and devotes himself to the horrors of eternal murder.

B. N. ACLE, F. T. S.

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE.

[READ AT A MEETING OF THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, N. Y., MAY 31, 1887.]

The triangle holds its place as a symbol in the mathematics of ideal proportions. As a symbol in ethics it at once suggests the idea of mathematical exactness and method in connection with spiritual problems. A true spiritualism is able to demonstrate its position in the exactness of the law of pure mathematics. A spiritualism that fails in this, fails in the only method known to finite comprehension as exact, and leads to the inference, that a law can express more than the law giver. The law of mathematics holds our highest concept of absolute Truth. The law is universal, and in its unfolding gives us the highest possible relation. Music, art, poetry, all that we know of the ennobling and beautifying expressions of the soul, manifest themselves in numbers. The truth of music is in measure; the truth of art is in proportion; the truth of poetry is in ratio. Science has never revealed anything but a broader application of the law of number. Chemistry is combination or addition. Botany is analysis or subtraction. In astronomy we strike the true because the incomprehensible—we deal with the unknown quantity. The true basis of reasoning is from cause to effect. To correctly measure the force of a stream we will go to its source. When the source is unknown, it becomes the unknown quantity of our calculation, and through the application of it as an unknown quantity, we approximate to a true knowledge of it. In dealing with the greatest of all problems—that of existence—mathematical principles have been ignored. I know it is objected that mathematics are too cold for religion. "We want the warmth of sentiment and emotion in spiritual things." The warmth of sentiment and emotion, unsupported by the truth of mathematics, is the song without music, poetry without rhythm, and art without harmony. It abides where music, poetry and art have not yet become the language of the soul. As compared to the warmth derived from a mathematical basis, it is the flash of light reflected from a mirror as distinguished from the direct glow of a sunbeam; one scorches and dazzles, the other warms; one blinds the vision, the other is a "lamp to the feet," revealing the way. A change in the multiplication table to suit the fancy of every one who had a problem to solve, would make a chaos of all calculation—without an exact basis in ethics this is our condition in spiritual things. One man's revelation is not another's; and each holds his opinion, or sentiment, as truth. One man's opinions or any set of men's opinions cannot alter the truth as discovered

in mathematics. Here and here only, can we determine the problem of life in the terms of law. Here we reach a solution that brings us to the recognition of brotherhood in spiritual things, as we are a recognized brotherhood in mathematics. The axioms of truth have no more to be changed in dealing with the realities of life, than in dealing with its grosser calculations. A universal brotherhood finds its realization in the universal recognition of a Deity that appeals to all in the harmony of an everywhere manifested law.

Starting with the triangle as the unit of all subjective operations our conception of it is based upon our knowledge of the objective unit; we proceed from a knowledge of the part to a concept of the whole—or unknown unit. To do this we transmute the objective to the subjective and raise the power of the numeral to infinity. When thus raised to the power of the infinite unit the triangle is our symbol for truth. As a symbol for the whole of truth, it holds the key to all science, to all wisdom, and its study leads with certain steps to and through that door wherein the mystery of life ceases to be a problem, and becomes revelation. An understanding of the triangle depends upon the analysis of the objective unit, the arithmetic definition of which is “a single thing.” The first idea we get from this single thing is wholeness; nothing can be added to it nor subtracted from it without impairing its unity as a single thing. Second: Its unity involves the idea that it can be separated, that it consists of parts. Third: These parts hold certain unchanging relationship to each other, then as related to its wholeness it has unity, as related to its separableness it has diversity, and as related to its unchangeableness it has identity; unity, diversity and identity, are the essential qualities of every “single thing,” or every unit, and the equilateral triangle is the symbol that manifests these three qualities in unity. The figure 3 does not do it as we lose in it the idea of three related parts. Three separate 1’s will not do it, as the idea of unity is lost. We combine the three 1’s to express the unity and diversity, and when combined we have the idea of identity, and the triangle is the symbol of the subjective unit. Each side of the triangle is the figure 1, and this manifests unity in its wholeness, diversity in its two ends and identity in its central point which is changeless for every figure 1. Thus the figure 1 manifests the triangle in the symbol and the first deduction we make is: *the unit is a trinity*. The triangle is a unit, each part of the triangle is a unit, hence, it follows that *every part manifests the whole*. Seen in motion the triangle measures the arc of the pendulum, these successive arcs make the circle and the circle marks Infinity—or the pendulum swing that marks eternity in space and time, and so annihilates space and time. This idea of the unit in connection with motion and form gives the idea of motionless and formless as manifested truth. Form and motion involve change, the unit cannot change. The magnetic needle in its perfect poise illustrates what I mean,

and shows : the motion of the unit in, positive or centrifugal, in negative or centripetal, and poise. *Perfect poise is changeless.* The absolute is always the center, a change in the center belongs to finite perception and not to Infinite Truth. The unknown quantity of Infinite Poise will always be the unknown quantity, but as the part manifests the whole we shall always have a measure of understanding proportioned to our discernment. As we do not hold the center, we do not hold both the positive and negative, and so we manifest a minus quantity in all our thinking. The *symbol cannot change.* Its action in truth is *Energy in Poise.* Delsarte makes a clear exposition of this principle. Perfect expression in music is vibrating harmony, and then music is soundless. The human form is the prophecy of the principle in limbs—or positive, head—negative and torso—poise, the hand manifests it in fingers, palm and thumb, the thumb indicates the line of physical balance, and falls when the balance is lost.

Blood, bone, and breath, circulation, secretion and respiration: all functional activity shows us the symbol. We have it in the planet as water—centrifugal, earth—centripetal, and air—poise, or manifested as liquid—solid and gas. It expresses the law of chemical affinity and the organic cell. Light, electricity and magnetism are its etherealized exponents. Of the three primary colors, blue is the life or centrifugal ray, yellow is the illuminating or centripetal ray, and red is the warm or poised ray. The ideal of these rays is blue for life or will, yellow for wisdom, and red for love, which brings us to the Divine Father principle, the Divine Mother principle, and the Divine Child as the Divine Trinity of manifested truth, or the circle of manifested Dicty. The nearer man approaches a form that manifests *Energy in Poise*, the nearer he is to taking his place in the line of the triangle. In expression, voice is centrifugal or going out, gesture is poised or within, and the word is centered or coming back, and this is the order manifested in the child. We reach true expression in proportion as the energy of going out is at one with the energy of coming back : in other words when the impulse of the creature in aspiration is one with the Creator in inspiration, man finds himself a part of the line of the triangle, a part of the word that “in the beginning was God.” To express the truth of the triangle, is to manifest the supreme energy of the universe, and that means the bringing of the line of life in ourselves into the line of truth in ourselves. This is the true work of existence. Love measures the poise, *and we know when we have attained it.* There is no room for finding fault, for recrimination or judgment of our neighbor, the battle is with the self.

LYDIA BELL.

THEOSOPHICAL FICTION.

The brief review of Mr. Sinnett's novel, "United" printed in the last number of *THE PATH*, seems to call for some modification, lest in the minds of some readers a misapprehension may arise, and views concerning the purpose and effect of Theosophical fiction, probably not intended by the reviewer, be encouraged. The word "romance" is so elastic in its definition that it can be made to cover meanings which may or may not be condemned when considered from a theosophical standpoint. If, for instance, romance be taken to cover imaginative writings which are the result of pure invention, or fancy, having no parallels in fact, then most assuredly such writings are untrue, and without value as theosophical works. If, however, romance be employed as a term for works of fiction, it should be borne in mind that what is pure fiction may be the purest truth. It is not necessary for a work to be a record of fact—that is, of events which have actually happened—in order to be true. That which may happen, that which is in accord with either physical or spiritual law, is just as much entitled to be considered as truth as is a literal statement of facts which have occurred, or a statement of the laws under which they may occur. This may be seen by considering that a person endowed with psychic perception may behold an event years in the future and may relate what he has seen. His story is as absolutely true as if it were a narration of that which has already happened. Truth to nature is the great consideration to be borne in mind; it makes no difference about the manner in which facts are stated, or the mode of their combination in a narrative, so long as it is possible for such things to happen. That which has never yet been may occur at any moment.

Whoever has followed the course of fiction during the past few years will see that the growing interest in theosophical teachings has had a great effect thereupon. There appears to be nothing more certain than that fiction will be one of the most powerful methods of imparting Theosophical truths, and of awakening an interest in the secret doctrine among the multitudes. In fact, correctly written fiction embodying Theosophical truths is of even more value for the purposes of teaching than a mere abstract statement of those truths, for it lends them vitality and brings them into the domain of reality for us by showing ~~them~~ in their relations to human life. And knowledge is only attainable through the experience gained in the physical; through the lessons of sensation. All progress is made only in this way.

No Theosophist would dispute the great value of allegory in conveying a conception of the truth, and allegory is but a form of fiction. Admirable instances are the two beautiful stories printed in *THE PATH*, "Papyrus,"

and Mr. Hinton's "The Lake and the Pool." Then there is that priceless work, "The Idyll of the White Lotus," which, while it is allegory, may quite possibly be a record of things that have happened. But whether it be fact or fiction makes no difference in its value.

Again, it should not be forgotten that the characters of the novelist attain an actual existence on another plane, both in the minds of the writers and of the readers. Shakspeare's Hamlet, for instance, is a more real character to the world than the historical Prince of Denmark, if he ever existed, and the same may be said of all his other characters. There is a powerful story by an anonymous author, called "A Strange Temptation," published in Macmillan's magazine something like eighteen months ago and reprinted by Littell's in this country. It illustrates this truth; the characters of an author becoming alive on an elemental plane, and, though purely a work of the imagination, it nevertheless makes a most impressive use of certain Theosophical teachings and conveys a great lesson. It is worthy of the attention of any Theosophist.

The Theosophical student will also find himself repaid by observing, in various novels having to do with occult subjects, from Bulwer's down to Anstey's, how various writers' minds are impressed by occult facts, and even in the lightest he will be apt to find that the author has to a great extent, though unintentionally, been true to occult law.

Mr. Sinnett's fiction is of especial value as that of a sincere student of Theosophy, who has endeavored to embody some of the great facts of occultism in a popular form. The writer knows of several instances of persons who, by a reading of "Karma," have been led to take a deep interest in Theosophy. "United" is artistically a decided advance over "Karma." Mr. Sinnett appears to be acquiring a better literary style; the involved sentences, with their tangled qualifications, so painfully characteristic of his first book, "The Occult World," have yielded to a plainer diction, and the generally straightforward simplicity of "United" is commendable.

It is probably a hasty generalization to speak of the main purpose of "United" being to depict the reality of the process of life transference. This is but an episode, important though it be in its bearing upon the story. The leading idea of the work is to represent the important truth of the Higher Self, and it makes this great Theosophical teaching, in its rudimentary aspect, clearer to the mind of the average reader than it has been before. The following eloquent passage gives a glorious picture of the state of higher consciousness, when the soul is released from the conflicting distractions of the physical senses :

"In losing consciousness of her physical surroundings, as Mrs. Malcolm leaned back, her eyes fixed and her whole soul concentrated on

the face of the beautiful spirit, she never for a moment seemed to lose consciousness of *her* ; but by degrees—or rather without noticing the degrees, and yet not suddenly—she seemed to float into a state of beatitude in which she and the spirit were together in an intimacy which blended them almost into one being. Side by side with her, in a union closer than the closest earthly embrace, and with thrilling emotion of ecstasy—keener and more intense even than the strong love of her waking consciousness—she seemed to pass away into regions of infinite distance and splendor, and, without putting her ideas into the slow concatenation of words and phrases, to drink in a sense of the larger existence to which she was thus introduced, and of the relative insignificance of the faintly remembered joys and pain of the physical state of life so left behind. As her thoughts turned to one or the other of the stronger interests of her earthly life, these seemed vitalized before her. As she thought of her brother, he was there beside her, and seemed to be welcoming her to the new realm she was exploring, as if he already belonged to it—and as she thought of Marston, she suddenly found herself face to face with him, recognizing him instantly as the friend she had known so long, but as a glorified presentation of himself, with all the old weariness of existence and the stains of sorrow washed out of his nature, and a look of supreme happiness in his wide-open eyes—a glowing consciousness of Edith's presence which, filling his whole existence with rapture as it did, yet left him able none the less joyously to greet her and share with her the sense of love for the object of their double devotion. There was no perception of hurry in the progress of all this ; on the contrary, a sense of long, calm durability in their delight, and the panorama of a new nature round them was not neglected, but surveyed as it were by all three with the feeling that they were now in final security as regards their companionship, and in a position to take interest in minor things at leisure. Some impression, too, of her earlier life on earth came back to her, and the corresponding vibrations of emotion were taken up in their turn—always in tune, as it were, to the dominant note of her new condition—her close identity with Edith. She did not measure time as it passed ; but the pain that had gnawed at her heart all that morning died quite away, as though it had never been felt, and her soul was refreshed, so that the recollection that there had once been a kind of sadness somehow associated in her emotions with Edith was almost difficult to recover, when the spirit which was Edith, and yet seemed almost a part of herself, came at last to be emphasized again before her sight as a being external to herself. Not losing sight of her but gradually taking in as well the impressions of the scene then around her, she was aware again of the library at Kinseyle Court."

The expansion of the individuality beyond the personal limits, and at the same time the retention of identity that comes upon release from the bonds of the physical personality, is here beautifully depicted. This passage finely accords with that in the closing scene of Browning's "Paracelsus" where the great Adept describes the impressions received as his soul is released from the thrall of the body.

Theosophical students should beware of the feeling that it is a degradation of sacred truths to couple them with a work of fiction. This feeling is a survival of the Puritanical fallacy that pleasure is "sinful." All pleas-

ure forms a part of our means of instruction, and we must learn its lesson. We must realize that there is "a joy within pleasure." A true picture of life, either real or potential, which is found in a work of fiction, makes such reading one of the best sources of learning.

But we must also in our reading, beware of making our minds what Mr. Fawcett in a recent article in *THE PATH* so aptly terms an "intellectual dust-bin." We must read discriminatingly and test all in the crucible of our reason, rejecting all that does not appeal to us as vitally true, whether it be the array of speculative articles found within the covers of a theosophical magazine, or the lighter literature wherein we may find our amusement.

That which we seek, we shall find. If we look for it, we shall find Theosophy in all things, and at all times, even in the most common facts of daily experience. Let us remember that nothing sacred can be degraded by making it a part of the most humble and seemingly trivial portions of life. On the contrary, the latter thereby become illuminated with meaning and exalted to their true purposes of instructing us in the real significance of life.

S. B.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

VII.

THE HIGHER CARELESSNESS.

When the mental vision has been searching with troubled and anxious gaze for some sure clue to the heavenward path, or when it has recoiled in horror before the picture of an effete civilization breaking up, and anarchy and violence taking the place of order, it is an intense relief to realize that there is an inner stronghold where the worn warrior may retire to, that there is a sure harbour where the storm tossed bark may find rest. And this harbour is ever at hand, this stronghold may be entered any moment. It requires but the conviction of its paramount necessity, it requires but the surrender—absolute and unconditional—of the man's lower nature to the other pole of his Being, and lo! he has attained a peace and a strength that the crumbling of the world in ruins at his feet could not shake. To be able to live in this state permanently is to have attained the condition of the Yogi or the Saint, but to have experienced it even for one moment teaches that it is the first step on the true spiritual path, which the mental vision might grope for through eternity without finding.

For one whose imagination can conjure up scenes of that human earthquake, a social revolution, where the impossibility of gauging the forces or of foreseeing the developments, adds so awfully to the horror of

the situation. Surely strength and courage must be the paramount qualities required, courage to keep the heart from fainting at the dread anticipation, and strength to keep the brain from reeling in the conflict.

But if the man has so fixed his soul on the Supreme soul, has so surrendered his will to the divine Will, has so identified himself with the Deity, that he feels he is but a tool in the omnipotent hand, the divine carelessness will have entered into him, and that will give him strength. There will be no looking forward with dread anticipation, for he cares not what happens to him—the duty that lies at his hand he will do with a clear brain and a steadfast will, caring not for the result though it may be danger and death—but what matters that? the flesh may quail at the final parting, but the man who has identified himself with the spirit within, which has inhabited many a house of flesh, has raised himself above mortal fears.

It is only in moments of supreme concentration and by intense imaginative power that we who toil on on lower levels can occasionally get a glimpse of this serene condition, which as far as words can describe it would seem to be portrayed in the second part of *Light on the Path* (Rule 8). “You can stand upright now, firm as a rock amid the turmoil, obeying the warrior who is thy self and thy king. Unconcerned in the battle save to do his bidding, having no longer any care as to the result of the battle—for one thing only is important—that the warrior shall win; and you know he is incapable of defeat, standing thus, cool and awakened, use the hearing you have acquired by pain and by the destruction of pain, &c.”

Even these who are still bound by the desires of action may occasionally reach in imagination the exalted serenity of this state of being, and such contemplation must doubtless help in freeing from the bondage of desire. Philanthropic work for Humanity will no longer seem an object for action, for the devotee will have become conscious that the Supreme Power that acts by him, is also guiding by invisible hands the whole course of human affairs, and the well-meant remedial actions of purblind men will, under the new illumination of the eternal light, appear to him in their true character as the ineffectual gropings of captives in a cavern. And the very fact of his no longer desiring to garner the fruit of his actions will cause his actions to be all the more far reaching in their results. The will becomes omnipotent when dissociated from human desire, for it is then part of the divine will.

His attitude towards Humanity will also find a parallel in his attitude towards Divinity, for the passionate adoration will have been left behind, and will have given place to the carelessness of the divine serenity.

The conquering of all earthly desires must be a work of ages, and

many lessons will doubtless still remain to be learned by him who has attained to this state. It is written that the aspirant must always look forward with awe, and always be prepared for the battle, but in the vast scale of Being, great distance is lost in the infinite beyond, and from our present standpoint this higher carelessness would indeed seem to be the ultimate state realizable by man while still he bears the body, for what other is it than a foretaste while in the body of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding"?

PILGRIM.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

—GENESIS iv, 9.

Many students, in their search for light, find divers problems presented to them for solution; questions so puzzling from the contradictory aspects which they present, that the true course is difficult of attainment for those who seek Right Living.

One of these questions, Is it our duty to interfere if we see a wrong being done? arises.

The question of duty is one that can be decided fully only by each individual himself. No code of laws or table of rules unchanging and inflexible will be given, under which all must act, or find duty.

We are so ignorant or so newly acquainted with a portion of the Divine Will that generally we are poorly fitted to declare decisively what is wrong, or evil.

Each man is the law unto himself—the law as to right and wrong, good and evil. No other individual may violate the law of that man, any more than any other law, without producing the inevitable result, the penalty of an inflected law.

I dare not declare that any one thing or course is evil in *another*. For me it may be evil. I am not wise enough to know what it is for another. Only the Supreme knows, for He only can read the heart, the mind, the soul of each. "Thou shalt not judge," saith the sacred writing.

My duty is clear in many places, but in the performing of it I may neither act as a judge or hold animosity, anger, or disgust.

Were a man to abuse an animal, surely I must interfere to prevent suffering to the helpless, dumb and weak, for so we are enjoined. This done, my duty lies in helping my brother, for he knew not what he did.

My aim is to find Wisdom, and my duty, to do away with ignorance wherever it is encountered. His act was caused by ignorance. Were a man to abuse wife or child through unwise use of wine or drug truly it is my duty to prevent suffering or sorrow for either wife or child, and also to

prevent greater misery—perhaps murder. They are human beings, my fellows. This done, my duty lies toward the man, not in condemnation, but seeking the cause that makes him unwise, strive to alleviate—if not free him from it. He also is my brother.

If men steal, lie, cheat, betray the innocent or are betrayed by the knowing, my duty lies in preventing for others, if I may, sorrow and anguish, pain and want, misery, suicide or bloodshed, which may be, for *others*, the result of these acts.

My duty lies in preventing effects such as these from love for and a desire to help all men, not because men's actions seem to me wrong or their courses evil. I know not the causes of their actions, nor all the reasons why they are permitted. How then may I say this or that man is evil, this or that thing is wrong? The *effects* may to *me* seem evil, inasmuch as such appears to be the result for others. Here my duty is to prevent evil to other mortals in the way that seems most wise.

“Finally this is better that one do

His own task as he may even though he fail,

Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.”

—*Song Celestial (Bhagavat-Gita).*

He who seeks “the small old path” has many duties to perform. His duty to mankind, his family—nature—himself and his creator, but duty here means something very different from that which is conveyed by the time and lip-worn word, *Duty*. Our comprehension of the term is generally based upon society's or man's selfish interpretation. It is quite generally thought that duty means the performance of a series of acts which *others* think *I* ought to perform, whereas, it more truly means the performance of actions by me which *I know* are good for *others*, or the wisest at the moment.

It would be quite dangerous for me to take upon myself the duty of another, either because he told me it was good, or that it was duty. It would be dangerous for him and me if I assumed that which he felt it was good to do, for that is his duty, and cannot be mine. That which is given him to do I cannot do for him. That which is given me to do no living thing can do for me. If I attempt to do another's duty then I assume that which belongs not to me, was not given me. I am a thief, taking that which does not belong to me. My brother consenting thereto becomes an idler, fails to comprehend the lesson, shifts the responsibility, and between us we accomplish nothing.

We are instructed to do good. That is duty. In doing good all that we do is covered, that for which we are here is being accomplished and that is—duty. We are enjoined to do good *where it is safe*. Not safe for ourselves, but safe for the objects toward which our duty points. Often we behold beings suffering great wrong. Our emotions prompt us to rush

forward and in some way prevent the continuance of it. Still the wise man knows it is not safe. Were he to do so his efforts would only arouse the antagonism and passions of superior numbers, whose unrestrained and ungoverned wills would culminate in the perpetration of greater wrongs upon the one who already suffers. It is safe to do good, or my duty, after I find how to do it in the way that will not create evil, harm others or beget greater evils.

For him who seeks the upward way there is no duty—for nothing is a duty. He has learned that the word conveys an erroneous meaning when applied to the doings of the Seeker. It implies the performance of that which savors of a task, or a certain required or demanded act necessary before progress is made or other deeds be performed. Of duty, there is none such as this.

He learns to do good and that which appears the wisest at the time, forgetting self so fully that he only knows his doing good to others—forgetting self so far that he forgets to think whether he is doing his duty or not—entering Nirvana to this extent that he does not remember that he is doing his duty. That *for him* is duty.

“Resist not evil,” saith one of the Wise. He who said this knew full well his duty, and desired to convey to us knowledge. That he did not mean men to sit idly by while ignorance let slip the dogs of pain, anguish, suffering, want and murder, is surely true. That he did not mean men to kneel in puerile simulation of holiness by the roadside, while their fellow men suffer torture, wrong or abuse, is still more true. That he did not intend a man to sit silently a looker-on while that which is called evil worked its will upon others when by the lifting of a finger, perhaps, its intentions might be thwarted and annulled—is truth itself. These all would be neglect of a portion of the whole duty of man. He who taught that men should “resist not evil” desired them only to forget themselves. Men think that all things which are disagreeable to them, are evil. By resistance he meant complaint, anger and objection to or against the inevitable, disagreeable or sorrowful things of life, that come to self, and he *did not* mean man to go forth in the guise of a martyr, hugging these same penalties to his bosom while he proclaims himself thereby the possessor of the magic *pass word*; (which he will never own and which is never uttered in that way) *I have Suffered*.

If men revile, persecute or wrong one, why resist? Perhaps it is evil, but so long as it affects one's-self only, it is no great matter. If want, sorrow or pain come to one why resist or cry out? In the resistance or war against them we create greater evils. Coming to one's-self, they should have little weight, while at the same time they carry invaluable lessons in their hands. Rightly studied they cause one to forget himself in the desire to assist others when similarly placed, and the Lotus of duty—or love for man—to bloom

out of the Nile mire of life. Resist not evil, for it is inseparable from life. It is our duty to live, and accept uncomplainingly, all of life. Resist not evil, but rather learn of it all the good which in reality it only veils.

Seek in it, as well as in the gleaming good, for *the Mystery*, and there will come forth from both the self-same form upon whose forehead is written "Duty," which being interpreted, meaneth efforts for the good of all *other* men, and over whose heart is written : "I am my brother's keeper."

AMERICAN MYSTIC.

CHRISTIANITY—THEOSOPHY.

THEOS : *Ingenerate Creative Father or Life-giving Power.*

THEOGONY : *Generative, Creative Maternity or Life-bearing Process from the Father.*

THEOSOPHY : *Generated Body in divine Human Form—Embodied Wisdom of the Father.*

All positive Science, of whatever form or degree, must both analyze and synthesize its subject or theme, before it can vindicate its power as embodied science.

We may say of science itself, accordingly, that, according to strict creative law, it is a *one*, (science) in three-fold order—as *thesis*, *analysis*, and *synthesis*. And this triunity of sciential nature is realized by the human understanding according to the various planes of man's mental constitution, which is itself a triune power apportioned to the threefold providence of Creative Wisdom. This providence gives us :

Firstly : a *Subordinate-Natural Sphere* in the Corporeal realm of creation, primarily related to sensuous experience.

Secondly : a *Superior-Natural Sphere* in the reflective or ideal realm, mediately related to moral and rational experience ; and :

Thirdly : *Supreme-Natural Sphere*, in the vital realities of eternal Life and Law that are intrinsically one with the human soul as the central verities of all divine intuitions, revelations, and fulfilling powers.

So, the human intellect comes to be fortified in understanding and power according to its attainments in the degrees of Sub-Natural, Super-Natural, and Supreme-Natural degrees of science.

In the first it mainly memorizes observed things and facts.

In the second it analyzes and synthesizes things, facts and ideas immediately related thereto.

In the third it comes to be opened to the contemplation of the necessary laws of Creative Being, thence systematically traces the operation of those laws in the varied processes of forming and filling the creaturely vessel

as a spiritual subject fitted to creative designs ; and finally comprehends the full law and testimony of that end itself, as God's true creation achieved in divine Sonship humanly realized.

Such is a briefest possible outline of the service of the Christian Revelation, as I understand it, to the human intellect. And the powers of life in man unfold and work by the same order of creative degrees ; so that from right *being*, through true *knowing*, in divinest *doing*, creation becomes livingly consummated in the human form in conscious oneness with the Divine and thus endowed with all the powers of supreme mastery or lordship.

And I understand that the process to this *end* is vitally set forth in the Christian Revelation as a crucial travail in creation towards full creative glorification and ascension to the majesty there inherent. And I further understand that the reign of worldliness in the creaturly subject must give place to the rule of the spirit (aspiration for holiness or wholeness in life) ere man can escape from the practice of penance and self-abnegation, and become born into the *consummating degree* of ascension *towards* the Highest. After this birth into the spirit of righteousness (the love of right for its own sake) there is no more achievement through repentance or penitence and *forcible* putting away of besetting evils ; yet there is a liability to fall and bruising until evolution in this spirit shall have wrought its perfect ends. But the old process of repentance and forgiveness cannot be available here, because if the spirit or heart is right there can be no repentance.

If one in love with cleanliness fell into a pool of filth he would not indulge self-accusing or repentant moods. He would rather pity his misfortune and make it a stimulus for greater care as to missteps in future. And inasmuch as evolution is a law of development in every degree of human experience, this consummating degree under the sway of Holy Spirit must involve a long process of growth ere it becomes matured, just as the fruitional degree of growth in the corn is "first the blade, then the ear, then the corn fully ripe in the ear."

This ripening degree in the human form is not effected by the economy of the previous degree—the experience of repentance and forgiveness as conscious motors of life—but by the scourgings of afflictions and pains and purgatorial fires, designed to "destroy the adversary." Remedial agencies are ample providences to creative designs in all the various conditions of human growth and final gathering in divine fulness by the great Husbandman of Creation, just as an earthly husbandman first prepares the soil and plants the seed, then laboriously cultivates, and at last reaps and gathers the ripened fruits into useful stores—all different processes to one end.

So, while I see in the revelation of Jesus Christ the full light of the *End*, I also see the glory of the Father as requisite primary Life, and thence the clear methods of the creative operations in his natural humanity, before crea-

turely fruition and "rest" in His Divine Natural Humanity can be realized.

Seeing all this, I want to emphasize the manifest truth that Christianity, seen by the light of creative law that it surely displays, and not by the fallacious and unstable flashes of its professed votaries throughout Christendom during the many toilsome centuries of development of the rank stock, is not a limitary or exclusive system, but is as broad and catholic as is any possible conception of Human Brotherhood.

Its seizure and exposition of special instrumentalities and truths, is only in order that the sublime truth of the *inherent unity* of mankind in creative source, and the *seeming* adherent diversity and contrariety of man in process of creative development, may be surely authenticated as *being* and *seeming* made one in full creative composure at last ; and this not for Judaistic stock and its special fruit alone, but for all humankind. For "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free ; but Christ all and in all."

Now, although I have never seen my way to a connection of myself with any of the *various* churches in Christendom—which appear to me to be only crude fragments or broken parts of the great Unitary Humanity, and hence not truly representing that Humanity—I have yet remained a firm votary of the truth actually revealed by the Christian Gospel—the truth of "God in the Christ reconciling the whole world unto himself." So, from the true Christian attitude one may be grounded in all the breadth of universal human brotherhood ; and not only that, may come to comprehend the exact law of Creator, Creating and Created. One may come here, not only to a scientific perception of the truths of creative order, but to a practical knowledge of the methods of organizing those truths in human affairs—to qualify human character, order human thought and activities—and thus intelligently coöperating with creative purpose, gradually abolishing unbelief and evil and settling into the harmony of final order and good will towards all men.

One can have no true, satisfactory knowledge of a man from seeing him in his common nature as a human person ; for here is where men meet in communal or chaotic indifference. A man must be known in his special nature—in his manifest power of *doing*—in his productive activity organically embodied—to be vitally known and rated in value. Art-genius in man is of no account to *human fellowship* until that genius becomes sampled in an embodying form that duly reveals it. Then the artist will be known and greeted according to the character of his achievement, at least by such as are duly cultured in his sphere of genius. So, the Creative Genius cannot be known by the dim vision of Theistic faith—by any conception of God's mere *being* as Creator. And as our common humanity stands to Him as embodying instrumentality stands to the artist, that humanity must be divinely fashioned

to sample the infinite love, wisdom and power, ere Creation's Artist can be known and truly worshipped, God's creative power being amply sampled in His Divine Natural Humanity personally embodied—this being the Light and Life of the Christian Revelation—He should be known and worshipped by this revealed Light. He cannot be known, *as Creator*, by physical and spiritual conditions short of this revealed *Life in human form*. All degrees of our human development in historic experience, are only so many steps in the forming and qualifying processes of Creative Wisdom, towards His sublime purpose in creation. Hence to rate Christianity by the human conditions or states manifested by professed votaries during the era of Christian development, is equivalent to rating the growing ear of grain by its enveloping husk, rather than by the matured "first-fruit" given in the planting.

The grand oratorial chord of UNIVERSAL HUMAN BROTHERHOOD, struck with such force and held with such tenacity by *Theosophy*, is simply the resonant thrill of Creative Wisdom as it livingly plays to fulfil its purpose in the *actual* unity of Humanity—the associate order of Man in organic brotherhood on the earth. And only this aim is the worthy endeavor of man under whatever banner he marches. In Christian Science the End is clear from the Beginning, and *vice-versa*.

Let us not indulge strife and contention over formal differences, but unite all our forces, under whatever name, in the furtherance of God's ultimate purpose in the Divine Natural Humanity.

If we are Theosophists, intelligently surveying the whole field by Theistic Wisdom, we shall see that God's life as *Creative Theos* must eternally *Be*: thence it must operate through *Theogonal or generative processes*, involving creaturely spirit in natural man as the requisite instrumentality. Thence we must see that true *Theosophic* embodiment—the organic form and activity of *Theos-Wisdom* in the Natural Humanity—must become the fulfilling reality. So, under other terms, as (1) Creative Theos, (2) Creative Theogony, (3) Creative Theosophy in organic form Theistically qualified, is seen just what the truly informed Christian beholds in the Christian Revelation as a science, (1) of Creative Being, (2) of Creative operations in natural man, (3) of Creative End in Divine Natural man, with harmony and order organically realized in all human affairs. Thus it is seen that from the attitude of *true* Christian Science the ampler aspects of Theosophy will be relished with most vital zest. And going on to work "in the unity of the spirit and diversity of operations," *formal* unity will ultimately be realized through the perfect, scientific adjustment of all institutions in constant human service.

TEA TABLE TALK.

There is always more or less discussion of Reincarnation. The student knows it as the corner stone of occultism; he is therefore not surprised to find in it the first and most formidable barrier to the Western mind. Its acceptance is the entering wedge of the whole philosophy. We may say of it what a witty Frenchwoman said of the fabled saint who had walked every step of twenty miles with his severed head under his arm. "Faith! It was only the first step that cost him anything!"

This first step, to be thoroughly made, must be in a measure instinctive. The mind must find the truth within itself, and see in it a lucid explanation of its own manifold tendencies and experiences: it must recognize a great past from which it draws varied recollections. Sue relates a tale of a small Boston playmate who felt this after the dim instinctive manner of a child. He was a five year old of the quaint species known as "old-fashioned" and his mother reminded him of the senior rights of an eight year old brother. He replied. "But I'm older. You forget, mamma, that I was five years old when I was born."

The Tea Table has a valued friend whose teachings and remarks are always pertinent to its discussions. Z.....tells us: "The Leaders of the world are always trying to help us. May we pass the clouds and see them ever. We must be patient. All obstructions are of our own making. All our power is in the storage of the past. That store we all must have; who feels it near is he who has in this life directed his thoughts to the proper channel. That others do not feel it is because they have lived but blindly. That we do not feel and see it more is because we have not yet directed all our mental energies to it. This great root of Karmic energy can be drawn upon by directing the fire of our minds in the right direction."

The truly instinctive glimpse is well portrayed in a charming anecdote told me lately of a young child quite removed from all occult interests or surroundings, yet having parents of unusual culture. He was at play and counted his game thus: "Ten, twenty, and so you go to one hundred. Then you get through and begin all over. Mamma! That's the way people do. They go on and on till they come to the end, and then they begin over again. I hope I'll have you for a Mamma again, the next time I begin."

Most cavilers and inquiries begin by saying: "Is it possible for you to prove Reincarnation?" The proofs are weighty and scientific, but for my part I answer boldly: "No; nor do I want to prove it to you. Find it for yourself. No argument can make you assimilate the doctrine. You cannot line a thing from the outside. I can of course stick foreign ideas in a brain, as I would raisins in a pudding, but they will never mix, no matter to what heat I subject them, and I have higher business in life."

I do not believe in argument. It only serves to fix and define human limitations. Even with a pure intent, we may harm the man whom we overpersuade to accept our idea intellectually. He works with it for a time;

a crisis comes in which it fails him because he does not find it in his nature : then he throws it out and is doubly set against the truth because he thinks he has tried it. Our good influence is also impaired with his faith. This is why it is better to confine ourselves to answering direct queries : the questioner is sure to have some root of the matter in his make up of the moment. As the Bagavad-Gita says ; "The wise man seeketh that which is homogeneous to his own nature." He looks within himself for proofs and traces of truths, and follows those shown him by this guidance. And again : "Another's faith beareth fear." Consider that these actualities are not mere intellectual counters, but are that by which we really live. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." These truths are the words, the *Logoi* of the Higher Self, by whose energy it quickens and creates our real life, as the Eternal by his *Logoi* creates the worlds.

The most beneficial way to reach the centre of another is to mentally address yourself to his subconscious mind with firm, steady thought. There it is received, and filters down into the active part of his mind : he then welcomes it complacently as his very own, and absorbs it and lives from it without any of the friction or opposition of individualities. If your thought be untrue, selfish or of mixed motive, then it will have far more difficulty in reaching him ; will not indeed, unless he be strangely unprotected.

Pretty Polly gives me a good example of the working of the sub-conscious-mind. It is tinged with the sentiment of her age, but *quoi donc ?* we were all young once, though at the time we didn't know it. Polly had asked the student, in his absence, to whistle a favorite tune of hers at 10:15 P. M. of a certain Tuesday. She says : "When the evening came I was thinking very intently about one of my studies and forgot everything else. Suddenly I got the idea that my eight day clock, wound and set on Sundays only, was incorrect. This bothered me so that I looked at it, still reciting my lesson, and seeing it was 10:8 I called to my Father for the railroad time. He gave it as 10:11. (Note that there is four minutes difference in time, between our place and New York, where the student then was.) I set my clock and two watches, all the time reciting. At 11 P. M. closing my books for the night, I thought with sudden compunction that I had entirely forgotten the student, the tune, the appointed hour. Then I saw that part of me had remembered and taken note of the time."

Were we not so preoccupied with the surface business of life, we would oftener get the gist of such admonitions. Didymus writes : "Here are two little incidents in my daily experience illustrative of the need of trusting one's intuition. The other morning, coming out of a store with my mind full of the matter which had taken me there, I saw a street car coming on my accustomed line. I walked to the curb, when I felt something say : 'Don't take this car, wait for the next.' I stopped involuntarily, then reasoned that this was nonsense, and why should I wait, and so stepped aboard. Immersed in my newspaper, I paid no further attention to the car's course until it stopped, when I found that it was one of a class that switched off from the main line, and I had lost half a mile by disobeying my orders.

"The other incident was a dream. I thought I was in a Library, looking for some book which I couldn't find. Finally I asked the attendant : he said, 'why, it's on that shelf.' I replied that I could not find it there, when he walked over to the spot with me, and took down the desired volume right before my eyes. Next morning I was in the office of the Clerk of the court, preparing some injunction papers. I asked the clerk for a certain paper on file, and he asked me if the date agreed with the Court papers for 1884, suggesting that I compare it with the books on a certain rack. I looked as directed, then told him I could not see 1884. He came over saying, 'Here it is' and pointed to a book lying apart on a shelf, right before my eyes too, when my dream flashed across my mind."

Quickly one night dreamed that he went out into an adjoining street and saw that several houses had been altered with new stoops and cherry doors. Next day he went there, but found no alteration. A month after, they were all altered as he dreamed, with new stoops and cherry doors. There was a blue door he used to see in the astral light, when awake, about which the Tea Table chaffed him. Now he writes exultant : "The blue door I told you I saw turns out to be a piece of second-sight. The door across the street that I see every morning and evening, has been so altered. I believe I saw the picture just when the owner had determined to paint it over in a few months to come. His thought and determination made a strong picture which I got and thus saw the thing occur. Most men make up their minds nearly every day in general what they will do weeks ahead and thus the ether is full of such pictures at all times. Those pictures of things so well founded that they must soon eventuate, are seen by us."

What of all these trifles? This : the inner man grows and learns to look about him as the child first gazes on the world. "While his eyes and hands and feet are thus fulfilling their tasks, new eyes and hands and feet are being born within him. For his passionate and unceasing desire is to go that way on which the subtle organs only can guide him." So these "trifles light as air" are encouragement (much needed by all) and "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ" to those who rightly read them. I quote them that you may be reminded to note and be strengthened by those of your own experience. Otherwise many lessons are lost. Our material immersion often costs us dear. We are typified by King Vala in a Sanscrit drama. He invited all his tributary chiefs to honor his birthday, gambled with them, and lost in the excitement of the game, he staked his whole empire and forfeited it. He honestly left his Kingdom and while travelling in the forest at night with his wife Damayanti, covered her when asleep with half his clothes and taking the other half, disappeared. She awoke in grief and questioned every bird as to the whereabouts of her Lord. He had become a cook and chariotteer for his own father-in-law, a neighboring prince, and only after seven and a half years of indescribable trials were over, did he regain wife and Kingdom. So man, with blind eagerness plays the gross, earthly game, loses his own Kingdom, is even parted from the spiritual partner to which he is truly wedded, and she, the soul, asks vainly of each flying intuition where her

Lord, the entire man who shall bring her to realize the Power in the flesh, has gone. He is forced to serve in the very house of that marriage wherein he and his soul should rule as one. It is not for want of warning, of suggestions and revelations. Look for these. Yet rely not upon them, but rather on that "unceasing and passionate desire" for the Light of the world which is within you.

JULIUS.

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA.—The KRISHNA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, which was organized May 21, is now in shape for active work. Two new members have been added and although the membership is still small there is all the interest and activity of a much larger body. Meetings are held every Sunday evening and will be continued through the summer. Just now Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism" is under discussion.

There is a strong undercurrent of Theosophic thought in the city and every now and then it makes itself manifest. The friends of the movement are increasing in numbers although not rapidly, yet with pleasing assurance of permanence. Many are interested who are not desirous of making public avowal of the fact, but when the traditional conservatism shall have been overcome there will undoubtedly be a strong and numerous membership here.

CALIFORNIA.—The Branches on the Pacific Slope are active. *Light on the Path* is being carefully studied and distributed. New centers of theosophy may soon be organized here.

CHICAGO.—The Branch here has taken a vacation during the hot weather. Many of the members, however, are to be met and recently had an interesting gathering.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN *The Hour* of July there is a very well written short article asking "Where are the Theosophists?" It is evidently from the pen of one accustomed to writing for the press. It takes the ground that the report of the Psychical Research Society on Mme. Blavatsky did no damage to the movement, and says that the doctrines put forward by theosophists are elevating and inspiring in the extreme.

THOUGHTS OF HEALING.—This is a little brochure by a New York Theosophist, Miss Lydia Bell, who has given great attention to the study of the "Mind Cure," of which the text treats.

THE HIDDEN WAY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.—By J. C. Street, A. B. N. (*Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1887.*) Of this pretentious volume it may be said that whatever in it is new, is not true, and whatever is true, is not new; scattered through its six hundred pages, are wholesale thefts from the Vedas, Paracelsus, *Isis*, THE PATH, and other authorities; which are not less intrinsically valuable, because the compiler, doubtless led away by enthusiastic admiration, omits the formality of using quotation marks to acknowledge

the obligation that ordinary mortals are wont to recognize under similar circumstances. Injected among these, and with absolute irrelevancy, appears the new matter—presumably the efforts of the compiler—in the shape of explosive absurdities, such as one expects to hear in Methodist Camp Meetings.

The book would be beneath serious criticism, were it not for the fact that it bears the imprint of a leading publishing house; and in view of the increasing interest in occult matters, might thereby mislead people into the belief that it was worth reading, especially as the claim is made that it is inspired by great adepts both living and dead, who have condescended to relent and give out these six hundred pages, with certain restrictions which prevent their going into any detail or explanation beyond those given by the unfortunate or unprogressed authors from whose writings they have either allowed or directed their humble disciple, Mr. Street, to steal.

The introduction is magnificently pretentious. It says that Mr. Street is writing by no rushlight, but under Divine inspiration, and then proceeds to use a well turned paragraph which we had the fortune to write for the opening article of the first number of *THE PATH* a year and a half ago; we were not then conscious of being inspired by Mr. Street's guides. On page 364 he has as his own a passage taken bodily from the *Mundaka Upanishad*, 1st mun, 1 Kh., 3 v. On page 365, while converting matter from v. i, pp 36 of *THE PATH* to his own use, by way of variation he attributes to Pythagoras that which the *Upanishad* states. On page 394 he has abstracts from pages 52 and 53 of *PATH* from an article on *Primary Concepts*, written by Dr. Buck. He then takes up Reincarnation, and on pages 413, 414, inserts much of the article written for *PATH* by Madame. Blavatsky (Vol. 1, pages 232, 233) as also extracts from *Isis Unveiled*. This is all his guides know on the subject.

The remarks on Sacred Symbols consist of a deliberate steal from an article which appeared in *THE PATH*, Vol. 1, upon *Theosophical Symbolism*, inserted entire, and in which this inspired (*sic.*) compiler stops short at the very place where the author of that article stops. He then adds a dash from Hargrave Jennings and others, uniting these abstractions by some nonsensical remarks from his own easy going brain.

It is always pleasant to find some point on which one can agree with an opponent; and at first we were disposed to admit the compiler's assertion that a charge of plagiarism might justly be brought against him; but as we understand the word, it means the assimilation of the thought or ideas of another, rather than that wholesale and unaltered appropriation of paragraphs or pages, either verbatim or with unimportant changes, which is usually designated by an Anglo-Saxon word of one syllable and much less euphonious sound.

Having said this, we feel that our duty is done: and we are content to leave the book to sink to that place to which its merits may entitle it.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—*Emerson.*

OM.

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As the one fire, after it has entered the world, though one, becomes different according to what it burns, thus the One Self within all things, becomes different according to whatever it enters, but it exists apart.

There is one Eternal Thinker thinking non-eternal thoughts; He, though one, fulfils the desires of many. The wise, who perceive Him within their self, to them belong eternal life, eternal peace.—*Upanishads.*

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

No. 6.

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Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

LETTERS ON THE TRUE.

IV.

MY COMRADES :—

That the way to the Immortal lies through the heart of man, is evident to him who observes that in it arise all those feelings which drive him into thought and action and constitute the sum of his life. A primary study of the office and nature of the heart then suggests itself to the wise student, for it is far easier to sink back into the eternal than to dive. The diver must needs have power to retain breath against the rush caused by diving, while to sink back gives time to get and keep breath.

As to the office of the heart of man—by heart I mean that physiolog-

ical organ which is also the psychological seat of the various emotions and desires whose total we call "mind." "I have changed my mind," is really to say I have changed my desire. The Hindu philosopher calls it "Manas; the heart; the internal organ of perception which receives the external impression of the senses and transmits them through the consciousness (Ahankara) and the intellect (Buddhi) to the soul, and is the seat of the passions."¹ The seat of the astral soul being in the heart, that spark causes the systole and diastole of the heart by its own vibration in unison with the whole body of Astral Light. We can thus conceive of the heart as "pumping up" such light along the nervous system (just as it does the blood through the circulatory system) whence it is transmitted in rhythmic shocks to the brain, and reflected by the gray matter there to its mysterious inhabitant, Consciousness. If the heart's action be disturbed by passion or emotion, the rhythm of such shocks is altered. These passions and emotions have a two-fold source. They may take their rise in outside astral currents proceeding from other lives: they stream into the heart, which—if it accepts the insidious suggestions—passes them along as we have seen, and the man carries them out to pleasure himself unless he controls them by his will. Or such thoughts may proceed from the Universal Mind in original purity, and be misconceived by the elemental self of man. The heart may be either (or both) an organ of action or an organ of perception. As the former, it hurries man along the bustling highways of action and fatally commits him to a return to life. As the latter, it perceives the influx of emotions and classes each as a petition of the body which the calm judge within refuses to entertain. Hence we have the saying, "Keep a steady heart," and hence the repeated injunctions of Vedic literature. It is the object of this letter to examine into the methods of such control, but a word as to the nature of soul is first in order.

Brief statements are necessarily incomplete, but it suffices our present purpose to say that the soul has also two offices. Its higher part communicates with the Divine Spirit: the lower elemental part collects the essential experiences of earth life and transfers them to that higher self. Here is a most important link, because these selections determined the tenor of experience, its spirituality or materiality. These selections again, are governed by the heart, or feeder of the elemental self, and it has in turn the option of choice between the pure or the impure, being, however, like all other parts of man, controllable by his supreme will. As we have seen, the heart must take note of all transmissions from without, but if it remains equilibrated, neither recoiling in horror nor eagerly attracting the material, and "free from the pairs of opposites,"² they are not recorded upon the brain with

¹ Sankhya, Karika, Thomson's trans.

² Bagavad-Gita: Ch. 2.

sufficient vividness to ~~become~~ deeds. In other words, the consciousness does not refer them to self and the man is not moved to action. The intellect has another choice: it may discover the *true nature* within all thoughts, and return them, thus raised to their highest power, to strengthen the heart. It thus becomes apparent that we must secure the entire co-operation of the heart in order to train the lower nature to submit to the diviner will of man. We must control and regenerate the mind.

The universal mind is the first production of nature, by which, I mean the eternal nature, the material (so to say and in a sublimated sense) essence of Diety. Evidently the first issuing outward or manifestation of the Unknown, was a Thought. Mind is the link between soul and body; it is a subtle form of matter, and is the vehicle of the soul, whether in an individual or a universal sense. Even a mode of motion, such as mind, is "matter" as compared with spirit. Mind serving to transmit the outward to the inward, may also convey the internal to the external. It may look forward or back. Be it remembered that spirituality is not what we understand by the words "virtue" or "goodness." It is the power of perceiving formless, spiritual essences. It may be used for good or evil purposes. The heart may be preoccupied with the eternal or the transitory in either (or both) outward and inward, for selfish or unselfish ends. Hence the initial importance of purifying the natural. Within the beast is that luminelle of the World-Soul, the Archæus¹ which is the medium between God and man, and it may be alchemized² to be the Christ or Chrestos which is the mediator "for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world."³ Thus along the whole line, at every station and in every part, we have the power of choice, we may depart or return. While man is unconscious of his possible destiny, Karma governs automatically. When he becomes integrally conscious of it and the "moment of choice" is reached, he may turn the faculties of every organ either way. The responsibility of that Knowledge is then upon him and all his actions have a centupled power.⁴ We must not forget that no part of his body or constitution stand by itself alone, but reacting and interacting forms a compact whole.

When the student examines his heart, he first discovers that he does not at all know it; he is not what he appears to himself to be. Perhaps he recovers from some grief which he thought would end his life or his interest in life; or he has longed apparently to end physical suffering by death and finds he has lived on because the real inner man had still the will to live, and finds the intermissions of pain as sweet as by-gone joys.

¹ *Isis*. Vol. 2, page 35.

² *Isis*. Vol. 2, page 12. Note.—"Ether is both pure and impure fire. ** The difference is purely alchemical."

³ Christian Bible.

⁴ *Light on the Path*. Page 32.

Some withered part of his nature puts forth new buds, or the deadened senses resume the simplicity of youth and with the dying Falstaff he "babbles o' green fields."

"Festus, strange secrets are let out by Death,
Who blabs so oft the follies of this world :
And I am Death's familiar, as you know.
I helped a man to die, some few weeks since,
Warped even from his go-cart to one end—
The living on Prince's smiles, reflected from
A mighty herd of favorites. No mean trick
He left untried ; and truly well nigh wormed
All traces of God's finger out of him.
Then died, grown old ; and just an hour before—
Having lain long with blank and soulless eyes—
He sate up suddenly, and with natural voice
Said, that in spite of thick air and closed doors
God told him it was June ; and he knew well
Without such telling, harebells grew in June ;
And all that kings could ever give or take
Would not be precious as those blooms to him."¹

Perhaps sudden revulsions from the path of evil or pleasure have surprised him ; or at the wizard touch of realization, the lover, the miser, the votary, the worshipper in him kneel no more but pursue the nimble chameleon desire to some remoter shrine. Behold the profound wisdom of Truth, which places the ultimate forever beyond his reach !

Seeing then that he can predicate nothing of himself, the student confines himself to an observation of the feelings welling up from those unfathomed deeps. It is here that I am fain to meet him with a few suggestions, for as I watch that tidal ebb and flow within my breast I see that I tasted so much of the gross sweetness of life in other lives that I know most of it now by reason of its being in me.

It appears insufficient to restrain passion or to check action so that they are pent up within us and wait over for their chance in another life. Under the law of attraction those accumulated forces will draw themselves forcibly together within the dreaming soul and driving outward, propel it back to earth and form. So Behmen tells us that the magnet or essential desire of nature compresses itself into a substance to become a plant and in this compression of the desire becomes a feeling or working, whence comes the growing and smell of the plant, and he goes on to remind us that if it were not for such an outgoing and working of the trinity in the eternal unity, the unity were but a stillness, and there would be no nature, no color, shape or figure, nor any world at all. This is the pattern by which all things proceed.

Neither is it wise to rush on in deliberate expenditure. While the

¹ "Paracelsus," by R. Browning.

burnt out nature may leave us in sight of the spiritual, we may stand there too exhausted to put forward the immense effort required to pass through.¹ It is not needful to plunge again into the mud of sensation to know it. Nor yet should we ignore those parts of us which produce such experience, but admit them and test them. We should not willingly rush back into desires of the past, but accept all situations and study them, the heart fixed on the True. Then they do not sweep us off into delirious action, but we convert them into true action. Every man may misinterpret or pervert a true ray; he may reflect or deflect. The particular disposition of each man determines the direction, the mode of expression which he may give to any impulse instilled into his mind; this disposition is regulated by the preponderance and proportions of the "three qualities" in his nature. I shall hope to show that all impulse is based upon the True. We must then carefully watch those indices of old fires which are now only banked, and try to turn their powers, by inwardly knowing them, into our service. The discovery and right use of the true essence of Being—this is the whole secret.

The case standing thus, we ask ourselves what is the strongest motor of man. Is it not Desire? When I look out over life I see this strange potency dissimulating yet forcing its underground current along in defiance of laws and civilizations, asserting itself now and then in colossal upheaval, sacrificing health, wealth, fame, honor, love, and life for the intoxicating passion of the hour. I see also, in the arc of life, how the first fierce color of Desire, burning higher, blends here and there to purer hues in the solvent of the one light, and nerves men to sublime self sacrifice. Then I understand that the cohesion of life is in the True, and that this force, properly understood, must be the clue to man's whole nature. Back of its multiform expressions I find one meaning—desire to be. In lovers, in the poet, in the hero's leap to the deed, in the sensualist's longing to be born anew to joy, even in dumb brutes this vigorous stir of force means to expand one's finest essences for a new result on some one of many planes, and the truth of the eternal creative impulse, shines through the low act, as the fire soul through the opal's cloudy heart. Even in passion, tho' I find six drops of poison to the seventh, in that last drop hides the sublime counterpart. It is fed by some experience. Do not the intense sympathies for others feed and express it? I find that the desire of things is the love of them; this is the "desire which produces will, and it is will which develops force,"² and the latter generates matter,³ or an object having form.⁴ As the Diety first feels desire "to beget His heart or son," so man follows the divine example, and by transubstantiation, begets a new heart or nature, and a new inner form.

¹ See "Gates of Gold."

² The magnetic force: the soul force.

³ Which is that force condensed.

⁴ *Iris*, Vol. 2, page 320.

Taking up the fact that man may misunderstand his own heart, I remind you that there are in nature, three great forces.

1st.—The creative. It corresponds to "Love in man." It is "Brahma, the universal expansive force in nature;" the Creator.

2d.—The preservative. It is Maya, the formative power of illusion or ideation; this stands for Vishnu, the preserver, and takes the form of Vanity in man.

3d.—The destructive force. Siva the destroyer; in nature the great separator which annihilating forms or illusions, brings us back to the recombinations of love and closes the circle. This force is Anger in man, and these three, Love, Vanity, Anger, are the three great gates of life and death.

As the author of "Primary Concepts" has most admirably shown us, all things are dual or polar. The other pole of love is lust; of illusion, falsehood; of anger, justice. Duality is the condition of manifestation: without it the deity must remain forever unseen. There is nothing finally and eternally "good" save the mysterious unit. Neither good nor evil is inherent in manifestations, forms or powers, but depend upon the uses to which these emanations are put. The moment departure from Deity takes place the free-will of Being becomes apparent; two paths present themselves for choice—duality and division. Duality is the harmonious inter-action of two opposites in force. Duality in action is a trinity in unity, composed of two forces and the resultant; this is the condition of life. Division is the discordant, or disconnected working of two forces, whereby one overpowers the other, acts for a time in sterile isolation and then ceases to exist in that shape or form. This is the condition of change or death. Without intercorrelation, without attraction and repulsion, we are without the attributes of life. As the life of the material universe can thus be traced to magnetism or desire, so all our personal desires have a common aim: sensation, or the realization of life. This is also the law of the Deity!

Tracing special desires back to their causes, I find each to be rooted in the True. Ambition is a perverted love of excellence. Falsehood is a misshapen desire to create. Fame is a restricted thirst for the immortal, and so on with all the originally pure thoughts of the universal mind, which have been appropriated and misconstrued by the elementary nature of man. Division has occurred through man's forcible adaptation of a true principle to personal and selfish ends. He ate the fruit of the tree of knowledge on that day when he first conceived good and evil to be single separate modes of progression, instead of counterbalancing powers working together for the same end and confined to the expression of harmony. He will regain his lost Eden on that day when he can look at every desire

in the broad, quiet light of this question : How can I give desire such vent as shall conduce to the benefit of other men? The great watchword of the True is this ; in last analysis all things are Divine !

To instance such a mode of dealing with any master passion, we will take up love, itself the basis of all desire. Continuity is said to be the law of laws in the world of effect. Love—the ethical expression of continuity—holds an identical position in the world of cause. Gravitation, polarity, attraction, cyclic necessity : hope, faith, aspiration ; the sum of each and all of these is love. By this force, raised to its highest power, Masters become. Their great attainment consists in this—that they embody the law of love.

It would seem then that we should recognize the existence of this huge force of passion within us, so that we may drag it out on our mental and spiritual planes and clutch it so tight that we are master. This is not done by pretending to ourselves that such and such a propensity does not exist. All things must exist in each one of us, and we must understand them all as a figure of the real. For example—the contest of the sexes. Why do women lure men? Why do men rush after them? And do not women act with those who seek them just as nature does with us? She shows a part, and then retreats behind the bars. Then again she comes out and sometimes throws herself into our arms : this latter not so often. Although men and women differ much, either is to the other the mysterious undiscovered, to be conquered and known. Especially does this attraction come out when we have started upon the path, unless where a person is wholly devoid of it by nature, having burnt it out in other lives. What then are we to do? To yield is a mistake ; it is the high spring of the impulse that we must understand, and then stand master of the lower form. This is the method spoken of in the Gita as burning it out in the fire of spiritual wisdom, for being bent upon finding the True, we naturally discard these false disguises. This same fight and self examination is to be carried on with the other traits, such as anger, vanity and so on, not referring it to self, but as sharing in the processes of nature, and for the sake of all those who are deluded by their own perversions of the True.

The heart sends out its impulses in circular and magnetic waves of feeling which surge through the man until they reach the coarse outer shell which renders them into the gross terms of matter. That does not suffice the inner man, much less the soul, for what they clamor for so loudly in that throb of fire and blood is the large sensation of those rich fields beyond the Gates of Gold. If we could catch that vibration before it reached the outer body, we should find that the inner man gave it a finer meaning, and if we will drop back within ourselves, we may by introspection come to understand somewhat of this higher language. We can

arrest the ripples of feeling further and further within ourselves if we will to do it, and work off their impulse by the expenditure of higher energies which reacting, feed the soul itself. When we are attacked by an adversary, the universal mind says "separation"; the individual heart translates "anger." When a current of invincible attraction reaches us, the body shouts "passion," but the pure heart whispers "divine love," and gives a thought or act of brotherhood to all. Ah, my comrades, have not we and desire come together to learn this deathless lesson—that joy enduring is not in matter and that even its most tender love can not long contain the strange, the universal heart of man? We must then re-adjust our comprehension to its real meanings. This great victory can be won by supreme effort, and we are preparing ourselves for it by the daily efforts we do make. We may look to the natural laws of energy and growth for further help, and these will form the subject of another letter.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

THE POETRY OF REINGARNATION IN WESTERN LITERATURE.

PART III.

CONTINENTAL POETRY.

Ever since the time of Virgil, whose sixth Eneid contains a sublime version of Reincarnation, and of Ovid, whose metamorphoses beautifully present the old philosophies of metempsychosis, this theme has attracted many European poets beside those of England. While the Latin poets obtained their inspiration from the East, through Pythagoras and Plato, the Northern singers seem to express it spontaneously, unless it came to them with the Teutonic migration from the Aryan cradle of the race, and shifted its form with all their people's wanderings so that it has lost all traces of connection with its Indian source. The old Norse legends teem with many guises of soul-journeying. In sublime and lovely stories, ballads and epics, these heroic vikings and their kindred perpetuated their belief that the human individuality travels through a great series of embodiments which physically reveal the spiritual character. The Icelandic Sagas also delight in these fables of transmigration and still fire the heart of Scandinavia and Denmark. It permeated the Welsh triads, oldest of all

European poetry, and among the early Saxons this thought animated their Druid ceremonies and their noblest literature. The scriptures of those magnificent races whom Tacitus found in the German forests, whose intrepid manliness conquered the mistress of the world, and from whom are descended the modern ruling race, were inspired with this same doctrine. The treasures of these ancient writings are buried away from our sight, but a suggestion of their grandeur is found in the heroic qualities of the nations who were bred upon it. The following selections are representative of the chief branches of Continental European. Boyesen, although an American citizen, is really a modernized Norwegian. Goethe stands for the Teutonic race, and Schiller keeps him good company though it is difficult to quote distinct evidence from the latter. Victor Hugo and Beranger speaks for France, and Campanella represents Italy.

TRANSMIGRATION.

My spirit wrestles in anguish
 With fancies that will not depart
 A wraith who borrowed my sunbeam
 Has hidden himself in my heart.
 The press of this ancient being
 Compels me forever to do
 The phantom deeds of a phantom
 Who lived long ages ago.
 The thoughts that I feel seem hoary
 With weight of centuries bent,
 My prestine creative gladness
 In happier climes was spent.
 My happiest words sound wierdly
 With laughter bathed in dread,

A hollow ghost of laughter
 That is loathe to rise from the dead.
 My tear has its fount in dead ages
 And choked with their rust is my sigh,
 The haunting voice of a spectre
 Will ne'er from my bosom die.
 Perchance in the distant cycles
 My soul from Nirvana's frost
 Will gather its scattered life beams
 Rekindling the soul that I lost.
 And then I may rise from my graveyard,
 And freed at last, may try
 The life of a nobler being
 In the soul that shall then be I.

H. H. BOYSEN.

THE SONG OF THE EARTH SPIRITS.

IN GOETHE'S "FAUST."

The soul of man
 Is like the water
 From heaven it cometh
 To heaven it mounteth
 And thence at once
 It must back to earth
 Forever changing.

From Victor Hugo's poem :

"TO THE INVISIBLE ONE."

(A CELLE QUI EST VOILÉE.)

I am the drift of a thousand tides
The captive of destiny.
The weight of all darkness upon me abides
But cannot bury me.

My spirit endures like a rocky isle
Amid the ocean of fate,
The thunderstorm is my domicile,
The hurricane is my mate.

I am the fugitive who far
From home has taken flight;
Along with the owl and evening star
I moan the song of night.

Art thou not too, like unto me
A torch to light earth's gloom,
A soul, therefore a mystery,
A wanderer bound to roam.

Seek for me in the sea bird's home,
Descend to my release,
Thy depths of cavernous shadows dumb
Illumine, thou angel of peace!

As night brings forth the rosy morn
Perhaps 'tis heaven's law
That from thy mystic smile is born
A glory I ne'er saw.

In this dark world where now I stay
I scarce can see myself;
Thy radiant soul shine on my way;
Duty's my guiding elf.

With loving tones and beckoning hand
Thou say'st "Beyond the night
I catch a glimpse upon the strand
Of thy mansion gleaming bright."

Before I came upon this earth
I know I lived in gladness
For ages as an angel. Birth
Has caused my present sadness.

My soul was once a heavenly dove
Thou who all power retains,
Let fall a pinion from above
Upon this bird's remains!

Yes, 'tis my dire misfortune now
 To hang between two ties
 To hold within my furrowed brow
 The earth's clay, and the skies.

Alas the pain of being man
 Of dreaming o'er my fall
 Of finding heaven within my span,
 Yet being but a pall;

Of toiling like a galley slave,
 Of carrying the load
 Of human burdens, while I rave
 To fly unto my God;

Of trailing garments black with rust
 I, son of heaven above!
 Of being only graveyard dust
 E'en though my name is—Love.

THE TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

(LA METEMPSYCOSE.)

- In philosophic mood, last night, as I was idly lying,
 That souls may transmigrate, methought there could be no denying ;
 So, just to know to what I owe propensities so strong,
 I drew my soul into a chat—the gossip lasted long.
- “A votive offering,” she observed, “well might I claim for thee,
 For thou in being had'st remained a cypher but for me.
 Yet not a virgin soul was I when first in thee enshrined.”
 Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.
- “Yes,” she continued, “yes, of old—I recollect it now—
 In humble Ivy was I wreathed round many a joyous brow.
 More subtle next the essence was that I essayed to warm—
 A bird's, that could salute the skies, a little bird's my form ;
 Where thickets made a pleasant shade, where Shepherdesses strolled,
 I fluttered round, hopped on the ground, my simple lay I trolled,
 My pinious grew, while still I flew, in freedom on the wind.”
 Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.
- “Médor my name, I next became a dog of wondrous tact,
 The guardian of a poor blind man, his sole support in fact.
 A trick of holding in my mouth a wooden bowl I knew,
 I led my master through the streets, and begged his living too.
 Devoted to the poor, to please the wealthy was my care,
 Gleaning as sustenance for one what others well could spare.
 Thus good I did, since to kind deeds so many I inclined.”
 Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.
- “Next, to breathe life into her charms, in a young girl I dwelt ;
 There in soft prison softly housed, what happiness I felt !

Till to my hiding place a swarm of cupids entrance gained,
 And after pillaging it well, in garrison remained.
 Like old campaigners there the rogues all sorts of mischief did,
 And, night and day, while still I lay in a little corner hid,
 How oft I saw the house on fire I scarce can call to mind."
 Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.

"Some light on thy propensities may now upon thee break,
 But prithee, hark ! one more remark, I still," says she, "would make.
 'Tis this—that having dared one day with heaven to make too free,
 God, for my punishment resolved to shut me up in thee ;
 And, what with sitting up at night, with work and woman's art,
 Tears and despair—for I forbear, some secrets to impart,—
 A poet is a very hell for souls thereto consigned."
 Ah, I suspected, little soul, thus much that I should find.

BERANGER.

A SONNET ON CAUCASUS.

I fear that by my death the human race
 Would gain no vantage. Thus I do not die.
 So wide is this vast cage of misery
 That flight and change lead to no happier place.
 Shifting our pains, we risk a sorrier case :
 All worlds, like ours, are sunk in agony :
 Go where we will, we feel ; and this my cry
 I may forget like many an old disgrace.
 Who knows what doom is mine ? The Omnipotent
 Keeps silence ; nay, I know not whether strife
 Or peace was with me in some earlier life.
 Philip in a worse prison we hath pent
 These three days past—but not without God's will,
 Stay we as God decrees : God doth no ill.

T. CAMPANELLA.

GOSPELS AND UPANISHADS.

"The principle which gives life, undying and eternally beneficent, is perceived by him who desires perception."

As the clouds are dispelled by the rising sun, so do many things become clear before the growing light of spiritual knowledge. A great initial difficulty is to discern between the lawful and the unlawful, to find the precise boundary between the selfish and the unselfish. Many things which are amongst the lawful, nevertheless seem to be also amongst the selfish ; even the first move, the initial devotion to spiritual studies has been stigmatised as selfish, and therefore tainting all that follows. Doubtless it is a difficult task to choose between the sweet and bitter fruit on the tree of knowledge, but still some light may be thrown on the choice.

Let us go back to what is logically, though not perhaps chronologically, the first step in religious consciousness. Religion began, says one of the most discerning students of christianity, when the first man obeyed the deeper law in his heart, which prompted him to restrain his tendency to selfishness and sensuality, to subordinate them to his higher nature, to sacrifice the ephemeral to the durable. The recognition of the earliest whisper of religious consciousness, he considers the characteristic of Israel; and Israel's mission and place in world history is, in his view, the assertion of this intuition. Israel, he says, felt the moral law more vividly, and obeyed it more faithfully than other nations, and Israel's testimony on the subject is among the most precious of the world's possessions. These views are clear and intelligible, and if we examine the record of Israel's religious consciousness, they will appear of great weight.¹

The essence of Religion is antithesis—opposition between two great forces, powers, or qualities; the quality of the terms of the antithesis gives us a clue to the phase of religious consciousness.

Israel's antithesis was between the "law of the eternal" and the "way of sinners." Further examination shows that the second term meant for Israel the various phases of selfishness and sensuality, of the instincts of self-preservation and reproduction. Opposed to these Israel felt another force, the "law of the Eternal." If an adherence to this Law, and a consequent change of the tendency of life, followed its recognition, Israel experienced as the result a feeling of completeness, strength and happiness. He found that after introducing this new factor into his consciousness he was able to "rejoice and shout for joy." But the recognition of the "Eternal which makes for Righteousness," whose earliest manifestation is the voice of conscience, is not merely the introduction of a new factor, it is a complete alteration of the event of life, of the purpose of existence. Formerly the life was lived for pleasure, for the gratification of egotism, for the satisfaction of desire. Now it is lived for the "Lord," for Holiness, for the Eternal that makes for Righteousness.

This is the teaching of the first Covenant to Israel; the second adds to it, and makes it clearer. Its beginning is of course the same, an intuition of the Law of the Eternal, a sense of Righteousness.

The result of developing and using this sense, of rendering perfect obedience to the "Law of the Eternal," is a feeling of happiness, of invigoration, of renewed life. A complete and persistent adherence to this

¹ For all that, in the opinion of the students of the True Law, it was not from a vivid feeling and strict obeying of the moral law that Israel holds such a place in Western religious thought, but because the progenitors of the Jews were Adepts possessing high powers, who by prostituting those to selfish ends, fell from their high estate, while at the same time they retained many high traditions regarding both the moral law and occult wisdom. David and Solomon are examples of some of the greatest of those Adepts falling like stars from heaven.—[Ed.]

law discloses several facts of great importance. The first is, that at any moment there are two different lives possible for any person—the life in the “world,” and the life in the “kingdom of heaven.” The first is the life which is based on the satisfaction of the lower worldly and sensual desires ; the second is lived through the development of the higher nature—that part of us which is in touch with the “Eternal.” It is a notable fact, or rather an essential characteristic, in the first of these two lives, that the term “satisfaction of desire” is really incorrect, for the essence of “desire” is the impossibility of satisfying it, the fact that just as the object desired, and eagerly pursued, appears within reach, just as the hand is stretched out to seize it, it suddenly starts away again to an infinite distance. Examples of this truth might be multiplied indefinitely ; for example, who has ever known of a rich man come to the conclusion that he had gathered enough wealth, and that it was undesirable to add to it? This fact has been poetically expressed in several forms ; its brighter aspect has been symbolised as a child gathering flowers, who always sees farther on a bloom more beautiful than those within his reach ; its dark side is the story of the Dead Sea fruit, outwardly beautiful and tempting, with glossy skin, golden and red, but when tasted turning to ashes in the mouth. The recognition of the insatiate nature of desire leads to a complete abandonment of the life in the “world,” and an entire devotion to the life in the “Eternal,” this change of poles being described as a “death unto sin, and a new birth unto Righteousness.” The two chief elements of the life in the “world” which must be annihilated before the life in the “Kingdom” can take its place, are enjoyment of the body, and the existence of the egotism,—the centre of the forces which make up the lower nature.

When this is done and perfect adherence to the law of the “Eternal” is substituted, another fact is discovered. This is the possibility of gradual assimilation to this law, until absolute identification with it takes place. When this identification is complete, the conditions of the “Eternal’s” own existence are shared with the added life ; a feeling of power, of freedom from death and dissolution, of permanence and eternalness is experienced. This is “inheriting the Kingdom,” and “drinking the Water of Life.” The new Life is found to be independent of the condition of time, of past, present and future ; no temporal considerations apply to it, no such thing as death is possible: this is the true doctrine of the “immortality of the soul” or rather of “the reality of Eternal life.” A modern philosopher perceived this clearly when he wrote—“To truth, justice, love, the attribute of the Soul, the idea of immutability is essentially associated.” Jesus living in these moral sentiments, heedless of sensual fortunes, heeding only the manifestation of these, never made the separation of the idea of duration from the essence of these attributes, nor uttered a syllable concerning the duration

of the soul. In the flowing of love, in the adoration of humility, there is no question of continuance. The soul is true to itself, and the man in whom it is shed abroad cannot wander from the present, which is infinite, to a future which would be finite. "These facts of religion, the sense of Righteousness, and the life in the Eternal, are as verifiable as that fire burns and that water is wet. It should not be supposed that this is intended to convey the idea that they are easy and simple matters; far from it, they are the most difficult things possible. The world's materialism, the prevailing religious ideas, the neglect of your intuition, the dominance of desires, all these complicate the nevertheless absolutely verifiable problem. Just as a polar ice-field, far from all fuel, complicates the problem of demonstrating that fire is hot, or the sandy Arabian desert, makes it no easier to prove that water is wet. Difficulties which are certain to occur have been stated many times, and need not be repeated. The answer, therefore, to the problem of the precise extent of selfishness is that everything which belongs to the temporary, illusory life—the life in the "world" is selfishness, while everything which belongs to my true life, the life in the Eternal, is unselfish, is my eternal birthright, and imperative to be done.

The case may be also stated thus, all things tend to fulfil the law of their nature. The plant tends to produce leaves, branches and fruit; if prevented it droops, withers and dies. The soul seeks stability, strength, peace; not finding these it fails to fulfil its law, suffering and sorrow are the inevitable result. All actions that do not help me to fulfil the law of my nature are wrong; such are all things selfish and sensual; from them never arise peace and happiness, nor ever can. But everything which tends to the fulfilment of the perfect law is my unalienable right and necessity; as light and water are the indispensables of the plant. Such is the answer that the religion of the gospels gives to our problem, if we interpret it on the lines of one of its most enlightened advocates. Yet in spite of this intuitional grasp of christianity—the outcome of the religious semitic mind—or perhaps on account of this very sympathy with it, this same critic shows an almost entire inability to master the expression of Aryan religious feeling. Alluding to the theory of the author of "*La science des religions*" that christianity is only cloudy Aryan metaphysics, he says "such speculations take away the breath of the mere man of letters." Burnouf conceives the object of Aryan faith to be that idea of the Absolute which the semitic mind could never grasp; a conception, or rather a non-conception resembling the "Unknowable" of Herbert Spencer. But what appears to me the true Aryan faith teaches something quite different from Herbert Spencer's "Unknowable Absolute". It was hardly the doctrine of the Absolute Schopenhauer spoke of, when he said, "it has been my solace in life, it will be my solace in death." It is hardly devotion to the Un-

knowable that makes the Hindu eat religiously, live religiously and die religiously. Such emotion for the Abstract Vast is hardly within the power of the mere mortal. It seems to me that the true Aryan faith is the doctrine of the Atma or Highest Self. The Self stands apart, silent, unmoving, eternally at rest. It is reflected in the phenomenal world, as the sun is reflected in a stream. When the Highest Self is reflected in that bundle of objectivities called a body the illusion of the egotism or delusive self is created, which causes the expressions "I" and "mine" to be attributed to the body. The various changes and disturbances in the bundle of objectivities cause perturbation of the illusory self as the wind blowing on the stream causes disturbance of the image of the sun. The true Self, like the sun, remains unmoved and changeless.

The idea of self-hood is applied to the egotism by Illusion. I have seen an illusionary identification of interest in an external object cause as lively emotion as physical pain: for example, I have seen a person suffer as keenly when a china vase fell and was broken, as if the accident had happened to a part of the body. The Illusion produces a pseudo-sensation of the injury to the vase, just as if it were penetrated by real sensory nerves. Exactly similar is the illusion by which interest is involved in the body or the egotism. They have not the property of self-hood, any more than the vase. Whenever sleep overtakes us, both body and personality cease to exist as far as our consciousness is concerned. Shall we then make a god of this twelve hours' potentate? who only requires the approach of night to banish him from existence. The essential quality of self-hood which our consciousness demands is absolute and inviolable permanence. Whatever once really exists can never cease to exist. Our Highest Self, our Atma, we perceive within us, or rather, perception takes place, what is called perception being the first undefined motions of essential Being struggling to assert itself. The gradual perception of the fact that the illusory personality is not the true Self, the slow realisation of the true Self, the consequent detachment of interest from the personality, the transfer of interest to the Highest Self. These form some of the first steps of the Aryan doctrine. But before perception can take place, before the true Self can dawn on the mind, all evil desires must cease. "He who has not first turned away from his wickedness, who is not tranquil with passions subdued, he can never obtain the Self."¹ Thus we found that the faith of the gospels teaches that the evil passions must be overcome before the life in the eternal can be reached. For the Self in the Eternal, and the life of the Highest Self in Eternal life. Another truth in the Aryan doctrine, involved in the very term Highest Self, is thus expressed: "There is one eternal thinker, thinking non-eternal thoughts, who though one fulfils the desires of many,

the wise who perceive him in their self, to them belongs peace and not to others." This recognition of the Ancient in the Self is thus expressed by Jesus—"I and the Father are one." The gradual recognition that the Highest Self is really your self, the realiest part of you, is the Aryan way of expressing the semitic idea of *becoming* the Eternal. It is really becoming gradually aware of the fact that you have been the Eternal all the while and had forgotten it. The "one who fulfils the desires of many", is the self, and this statement of the fact that this self is my self, your self and every one else's self, is semitically expressed thus, "love your neighbors as yourself." This unity of self in many apparently different selfs is the metaphysical basis of the doctrine of universal Brotherhood. Progress begins with an intuitive perception, in the gospel of the inferiority of the law of the "world" and of the majesty of the law of the Eternal, in the Upanishads of the non-essential nature of the egotism, and of the divine pre-eminence of the Highest Self. Without this initial intuition it is difficult to understand how progress could take place. To minds of one type it will take the semitic, to minds of another it will take the Aryan form. Recent teaching has declared "within you is the light of the world—the only light that can be shed upon the path. Seek out the way by making the profound obeisance of the soul to the dim star that burns within. Steadily as you watch and worship, its light will grow stronger, then you may know that you have found the beginning of the way, and when you have found the end its light will suddenly become the infinite light." This initial perception leads to a resolute destruction of the lower nature; when this is completed the Highest Self will be clearly perceived. It was the instinctive struggle of the nature to establish the true relation between the Highest Self and the egotism which led to the primary intuition. Let those who desire to possess this intuition, but do not yet possess it, take courage, for the aspiration is the sure precursor of perception, as the dawn is of the day. First comes this desire, or rather, aspiration towards spiritual life, then comes intuitional perception of the Highest Self. The Eternal which is struggling, as it were, to free itself from the bonds of matter, gradually frees itself till at last it is entirely liberated and starts away an infinite distance from matter, across an impassable gulf, and then comes perception of the fact that it was not really the Highest Self at all which was enthralled. A few of the teachings of the Aryan doctrine concerning the Highest Self may help us here. "The self, the Ancient is unborn eternal, everlasting; he is not killed though the body is killed. If the killer thinks he kills, if the killed thinks he is killed, they do not understand. The knower, the self, is not born; it dies not. When all desires that dwell in the heart cease, then the mortal becomes immortal and obtains the Highest. The wise man who by means of meditation or his self, recognises the Ancient—(who is difficult to be

seen, who has entered into the dark, who dwells in the abyss)—as God he indeed leaves pleasure and pain far behind; he rejoices because he has obtained a cause for rejoicing. The sun does not shine there, nor the moon, nor the stars; when He shines, everything shines after Him." Having conquered the desires of the egotism, having overcome the illusion of the body, "stand aside in the battle and look for the warrior. Obey him as though he were thy self, and his spoken words were the utterance of thy secret desires. He is thy self, yet thy art but finite, and liable to error. He is eternal and sure. He is eternal truth. When once he has entered thee and become thy warrior, he will never utterly desert thee, and at the day of the great peace he will become one with thee."

"Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet,
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;
Stronger than woe is will: that which was good
Doth pass to better—Best."

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

PAPYRUS.

The Tale-teller, shading his gentle eyes from the evening sun, paused a moment while he listened to the soft strains of the music as it floated out from the open Temple. The joyous crowd swept by unheeding, except for one or two who dropped out of the current and were left stranded among those who had gathered at his feet. Presently he came back from the realm of harmony whither he had drifted, and as the world-light once more stole over his face he told the tale of:

"THREE WHO SOUGHT OUT THE WAY."

Word had gone forth over all lands "that all who sought earnestly and in the true manner should find the way to the mysterious Temple of the Veiled Goddess."

Three kings of the land, moved by the power of the words, determined that they also would become students and reach the goal.

Intu, the Illustrious, making ready for the search, deemed nothing else could be more potent in his quest than the seal of his kingdom. Thereupon he bound on his forehead the Great Seal, a hawk.

Kour, the Magnificent, making ready for the way thought nothing could be more powerful in his searching than the seal of his kingdom. Making ready he bound upon his breast the Great Seal, a golden heart.

Kadmon, the Sorrowful—a king only by sufferance, for his kingdom consisted only of that which the others did not value—Kadmon deemed it wise also, inasmuch as they would all journey together, to take his seal;

which was the two others in union ; but furthermore, he blindfolded his eyes.

The Three passing onward encountered many strange and unfamiliar things, for the road was new, and no wayfarer could know more than one step onward, which was the one he was then taking. Upon each side, and frequently in front, barring the way, were curious objects, sometimes pleasant and agreeable, but more often quite the reverse. The foliage of the trees was new and strange, while the fruits were perplexing in their incongruity. At times the same fruits grew on different sorts of trees, while at others the same sort of trees bore entirely dissimilar fruits. The path which they were pursuing was quite the opposite of an ordinary one, for before them it was visible but one step, while it stretched far into the distance behind them. Intu, however, had already made all plain to himself by a process of reasoning entirely his own. It was, that these things being the direct opposite of all in his own country which he ruled, therefore they could only be caused by some one different from himself—a superior being, that being must be the Goddess—therefore they were upon the right path, at least he was.

Kour thought these things delightful, they were so strange, so new. In fact they were phenomenal and he loved phenomena. They gave him such queer sensations, and anything which did that or made him feel other than when in his own land—must be caused by the Goddess—oh yes, they were on the right path, at least he was. As for Kadmon he seeing none of these things, could only judge by that which he remembered of his own country. Each of the others told him of their existence in their own way. This was confusing. He determined, therefore, to walk onward as if he were in his own land, but to press steadily on. They were thus, in reality treading three separate paths, and in their several ways they passed many persons who had stopped to rest—to eat or sleep—or because the way was dark and difficult ; some because they were too poor, others because they were ill, footsore or blind. Intu lost some time, for he stopped to argue with many on the peculiarities of the way and the logical reasonableness of it, but he had no time to pause for aught else.

Kour felt for the wayfarers, he was sorry for and loved them. If they would only feel as he did they could go on easily, but he had no time to stop to make them feel that way.

Both Intu and he had all such people in their own lands. There was no time to waste on natural things. It was the supernatural in a metaphysical or soul-stirring way they sought.

And Kadmon, the Sorrowful, paused. In his land these were to be found also. He too realized the reasonableness of the way. He too loved it and was exalted by it. He too felt for and loved the other wayfarers.

He did more—he sorrowed for them. What mattered it if he did not find the temple immediately, he was young, the others growing old and blind, they were sorrowful and weary. So he stopped and gave his thoughts and help to the ill, cheering the weary, helping the poor, and blindfolded as he was, led the blind over the step he had just passed. So interested did he become in these labors he forgot he was himself seeking the Goddess.

It was but a little distance farther on that they caught up with Intu, which was not surprising as he had reached the end of his path. It had ended at a stone wall. As he could not scale the wall, he sat down to reason “why an ordinary stone wall should obstruct such an extraordinary path?” Being a very perplexing intellectual problem—there he remained. A little farther and Kour was passed. He had encountered a radiant maiden, partially veiled, who told him wonderous tales of strange happenings. Her manner was very mysterious, and he felt she was the Goddess. Taking her hand in his and leaning his head upon her bosom, he was so happy that he knew she was the Goddess and there he remained to dream.

And Kadmon, tarrying with the sorrowful and weary, felt the bandage slip from his eyes, as the light from the rising sun streaming in red and gold over the path fell upon and glorified the ragged wayfarers. In the brilliance over their heads he read the words: “This way lies the path to the Temple” while a soft voice breathed into his soul: “By the way of Intu alone, the path is not found. By that of Kour alone, it is not gained. Both wisely used in unison are guides while on the road. By something, which is greater than either, only, is the Temple reached. Work on!”

And the sorrowful, taking in his own, the hands of the weary and weak, passed on.

RAMESES.

NOTES ON THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

FROM ELIPHAS LÉVI'S WORKS.

(Continued.)

To be able to command this agent, is to be the depository of the power of God Himself: all effective Magic, all real power, is there: and all books of true science have no other aim than to demonstrate this. In order to command this great magical agent two things are necessary—to *concentrate*, and to *project*. On one of the arms of the Androgyne of Henri Khunrath, is inscribed “COAGULA:” on the other, “SOLVE,”—to concentrate, and to expand, are the two master words of Nature: but how can we “concentrate,” or “expand,” the Astral Light, the soul of the world? concentration

may be effected by isolation, and expansion by the magic chain. But he who has prejudices or fears, who is passionate, or a slave of his passions, can never concentrate nor coagulate the Astral Light. All true Adepts have been self-centred, sober, and chaste even unto death : and the reason of this is, that in order to be master of a force, it must not be permitted to have dominion over us.

To form "the magic chain," is to establish a magnetic current, which becomes powerful in proportion to its length. Enthusiasm is contagious, because it is only produced by settled faith : and faith begets faith ; to believe, is to will with reason ; to will with reason is to will with a power. I do not say infinite, but indefinite.

All enthusiasm propagated in a society by means of regular practices and communications, creates a magnetic current, and conserves and augments itself by means of this current. The tendency of this current is to carry away and exalt, often beyond measure, persons of a weak or impressionable nature, those of nervous organisms, and temperaments predisposed to hysteria or hallucination : such persons become powerful media of communication of the magic force, and facilitate the transmission of the Astral currents : To oppose the manifestations of such currents, therefore, is, as it were, to fight against fate. When the young Pharisee, Saul, threw himself with all the fanaticism of a head-strong sectary, against the overwhelming spread of Christianity, he placed himself, without knowing it, at the mercy of that power he thought to combat : accordingly, he was thunder-struck by a terrible magnetic flash, which was rendered more instantaneously effective, no doubt, by the combined action of a cerebral congestion and a burning sun.

There are some sects of enthusiasts at whom we may laugh—while at a distance—but in whose ranks we enlist, in spite of ourselves, as soon as we come within the sphere of their influence. These magnetic circles and magnetic chains sometimes establish themselves automatically, and influence, in accordance with fatal laws, those who expose themselves to their action : every one of us is perforce drawn into such a circle of relations, which constitutes his world, and to whose influence he must submit.

Great cycles make great men, and vice versa : there are no "misunderstood geniuses : " there are "eccentric" men, and the word is so admirably descriptive, that it seems that it might have been invented by an Adept. The eccentric man of genius is he who seeks to establish a circle for himself by combatting the forces of central attraction and the established currents : his fate is either to be crushed in the struggle, or to succeed.

The man of genius is he who discovers a real law, and consequently possesses an invincible power of action and direction : he may possibly die in the accomplishment of his work, but what he wills comes to pass in spite

of his death, and often even because of it, for death is a veritable assumption : "If I be lifted up" said the greatest of Initiates," "I will draw all men unto me."

The law of magnetic currents is the law of the movement of the Astral Light : this movement is always double and propagates itself in contrary directions. A great action always opens the way for a great re-action, and the secret of consummate success lies solely in the ability to foresee reactions. To oppose one's self to a current that is beginning to run its circle, is to court destruction : to oppose a current that has run through its circle, is to take lead of the reflex currents : the great man is he who appears at the right moment, and can decipher the meaning of the new movement.

The various phenomena which have lately excited so much interest in Europe and America, the rapping tables, and fluidic manifestations, are merely magnetic currents which are beginning to form spontaneously ; and are, in fact, the solicitations of Nature, inviting us, for the good of Humanity, to form again the great sympathetic and religious chain : for the stagnation of the Astral Light means the annihilation of the human race : and even the stagnation of this agent is from time to time manifested, by terrifying symptoms of decomposition and death : Cholera Morbus, for example, and the diseases of the grape, and the potatoe, have no other cause than this. All the mysterious movements of tables are attributable to this universal magic agent ; which seeks a chain of enthusiasms, in order to form new currents : it is a force blind in itself, but which may be directed by the will of man : and it is influenced by prevailing opinions : this universal fluid, if we may so call it, being the common medium of all nervous organisms, and the vehicle of all sensitive vibrations, establishes between persons of an impressionable nature, an actual physical solidarity, and transmits, from one to another, the impressions of imagination and thought.

The movement of an inert body, determined by the undulations of the universal agent, obeys the dominant impression, and reproduces in its revelations sometimes the lucidity of the most marvellous visions, sometimes the oddity and deception of the most incoherent dreams.

Thus, the extravagances of the ecstasies of St. Medard, the phenomena of raps in furniture, of musical instruments playing apparently of their own accord, are all illusions produced by the same cause.

The exaggerations which are induced by that fascination which is a peculiar intoxication, caused by the congestion of the Astral Light, the oscillation impressed on inert matter by the subtle and universal agent of movement and of life is all that there is at the bottom of much that is so apparently marvellous, as one can easily convince himself, by producing them, at will, by following the directions laid down in the "*Dogma and Ritual.*"

B. N. ACLE, F. T. S.

"THE WORD."

I have read with great interest the excellent article entitled "Heralds from the Unseen" in the April number of *THE PATH*, and which expresses my own views perhaps more completely than I expressed them in an article to the *Theosophist*, to which reference is made, and which seems to have given rise to some misconception. It is, however, stated in my paper on "Occultism in Germany," that a beginner may obtain a certain *Word* by a "Master" to practice, which would just suit his condition, and Mr. Niemand asks: "Why should an Adept be needed when Ishwar resideth in the breast of every mortal being." It is perfectly true that Ishwar resides in every human heart; but not everyone is able to hear distinctly what he says, or to recognize his presence there. In my opinion the practical "Word" serves the especial purpose to bind and control one's thoughts and to raise the vibrations within, so as to bring them into harmony with that Light which one desires to enter so that we may recognize the Ishwar within ourselves. Mr. Niemand says: "Whatever tends to raise the vibration is of value. Your intuitions must direct you to a wise admixture." Supposing, however, that your own intuitions are not sufficiently strong to be unmistakably understood by you, or—in other words—that you are not yet enough spiritually advanced to understand the voice of the Ishwar within; would it not be useful to obtain instructions, such as exactly suit your condition from some Adept, or through the instrumentality of some one through whom the Ishwar can speak comprehensibly to your lower self? Surely an Adept cannot do the thinking or growing for another person; but he may guide a person either by the silent influence of his thoughts or by giving him verbal or written instructions. He may thus aid the disciple, so that the latter may find his own *Master* within himself, which is the only Master that anyone is entitled to worship, because it is each one's own Higher Self.

In that article "Occultism in Germany" it is stated that the exercise of charity, or the promulgation of doctrines, etc., are not sufficient for practical progress, and Mr. Niemand thinks that by making this statement virtue has been somewhat belittled. If so, the *Bagavad-Gita* might be construed as belittling it likewise; for it belittles those works which—although being considered good—are the outcome of *Rajo-Guna*.¹ There are millions of people who perform acts of charity from some motive or other, or who attempt to teach others things of which they know little themselves, and

¹ There is no real difference between the author and Jasper Niemand. *Bagavad-Gita* allows that "works" must be performed, but always insists on Charity and Devotion. This Devotion is to be directed toward the One Life, and until all acts are performed with that in the mind, there will be constant rebirths.—[Ed.]

who nevertheless—or perhaps on account of their motives—make very little progress in the knowledge of self. One of the main points besides the practice of universal charity without any selfish interest, seems to be not only the control of the passions, but also to obtain perfect mastery over one's own *thoughts*. The practice of the "Word" seems to be the most efficient method to learn how to control one's thoughts, as it forces the latter to remain concentrated upon that word. The reason why many "Yogees" practice the pronunciation of OM often for years without any apparent progress, may be due to the cause that they pronounce it with their lips and not with their hearts. In such a case this practice will be as useless as the repetition of a litany, while the mind is wandering without restraint wherever it pleases. It can furthermore not be immaterial what Word or object a person selects to rest his thoughts upon, as every word corresponds to a certain idea, and the mind should rest upon the highest conception which it is able to grasp; nor can we grasp anything which is not within ourself, and before we can grasp it fully and comprehend it intellectually, we must first be able to feel it within ourselves. The great mistake which our "psychical researchers" make, is that they attempt to hunt in externals for things which they can only find within themselves, and that they seek to understand intellectually things which they do not feel, or which—if they feel them—they reject and call "hallucinations."

It seems, moreover, that besides the above mentioned use of the "Word" if practiced properly, there is an occult power connected with this practice by which some spiritual forces may be set in motion, which will tend to awaken the spiritual consciousness. This power has already been referred to in Mr. Niemand's article.

Spiritual life surely consists in giving up the idea of self; and even for that purpose the practice of the Word seems to me highly useful, because he who practices it properly, does not think of himself, but of a condition which is superior to self. What else can the practice of the Word be, but a fervent prayer, spoken by the soul, with a full concentration of mind; a prayer which is at the same time a command, by which the king within assumes mastery over the animal forces? What else can it be but a simultaneous exercise of thought and Will, such as is said to take place in the bosom of Brahm at the beginning of each Manvantara? If God in his own essence said at the beginning: "Let there be Light;" and it was Light, why could not the God in Man repeat the process, and say within his own heart, firmly and full of devotion. "Let there be Light," and is it not possible that it might then become light within; provided the words are properly pronounced, not with the lips, but with the thought and the Will.

It may be that a person can get along well enough without receiving

any instruction or help from Adepts, provided he is without such aid able to find the "Lord of all worlds," and there are also others who, when they heard of the Adepts, have begun to seek only for them, instead of seeking for the Master within, but there are also those who desire the truth for its own sake and do not possess sufficient wisdom to find it unaided ; and to those the Adepts may give their aid, perhaps invisibly and unconsciously to the former, provided they deserve it by seriously desiring to give up their own selves. Such at least seems to have been the prevalent belief even in the most ancient times, and all the forms of initiation as well as modern church-institutions and educational arrangements are based upon the supposition that those who know a great deal can inform those who know less, and benefit them thereby. This truth is too self-evident to need any explanation.

I am glad that Mr. Niemand has called attention to this question, as it shows that in speaking about occult matters it is necessary to be very explicit to avoid being misunderstood.

FRANZ HARTMANN, M.D.

LITERARY NOTES.

LUCIFER: A NEW THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINE.—Madame H. P. Blavatsky, who is now in London, has started the above periodical which is to appear monthly.¹ It is edited by the Sphinx of the 19th century associated with Mabel Collins, the gifted author of *Light on the Path* and *Through the Gates of Gold*.

Many persons have recoiled from the name because of its unpleasant appropriation by Milton for the use of Satan. But history shows that with the early Christian it was a name of promise—that of The Light Bearer. As the editors announce, "The Light Bearer is at war with no man."

To bring to light is its great function. Some disclosures will be painful, for it will uncover many carefully concealed fester-spots of our present civilization, and reveal, as by a microscope, the nature and source of many corruptions in the social fabric. Yet also it will expound truth, truth that students of occultism desire to know,—but not all.

Madame Blavatsky for many years has braved the tongue of scandal and the finger of scorn, as well as the distant mutterings of actual physical persecution, while pushing forward the Cause of Universal Brotherhood, and she will hardly stop now at the beginning of actual warfare. Twelve years of the Theosophical Society life have almost closed, bringing nearer the

² London : George Red way ; price one shilling monthly.

moment when the once indifferent enemy raises his head and begins to think that this obscure annoyance has become something that needs crushing. And so, choosing the advance position in London, where the Psychical Researchers cheered their Hodgson to the echo when he reported H. P. Blavatsky a fraud, she flings into their faces this new challenge labelled with a name that has been long associated with Satan. By her audacity she will amaze the self-styled scientists of this age, and by her genius she will lash them as they retreat in defeat. In adapting this only-apparently inappropriate name, she hopes to shock some lethargic Christians and Theosophists who dislike to call a spade a spade; after their benumbed senses are shocked they may get power to see a little light.

We extend to LUCIFER a welcome, with the hope that the name may be raised from its degradation through the efforts of such gifted theosophists as our two sisters.

The first number will appear September 15th, and will contain, among other things, notes on *Light on the Path* by the author, papers by Madame Blavatsky and others.

"THE DUCHESS EMILIA."—When scientific subjects are made the texts for novels, the implication is that interest in them has become diffused through social ranks. Similarly as to Theosophical and kindred topics, "Mr. Isaacs" and "A Fallen Idol" are paradoxically proof that Occultism has passed beyond the region of careless amusement and entered that of serious inquiry. "The Duchess Emilia" is a novel, but a novel embodying the esoteric doctrine of Re-incarnation. The soul of a dissolute Italian noblewoman enters the body of a new-born babe in America; and the fixed purpose of the adult man, prompted by hazy reminiscences of its past and stimulated by conscience and by hope, is to attain enlightenment and effect expiation. All is depicted with vigor and beauty. We know few things more touchingly pathetic than the aged Cardinal, still struggling to crush out the deathless love of his youth, and vainly seeking through austerities and prayers the peace which can only come—as at last it does—when the evil of that love is purged away and the purified spirits are made one in bliss and hope. Intelligence repudiates the theology, but sentiment revels in the pathos, and taste delights in the literary quality, of this new offering of Romance to Occultism. Ticknor & Co., Boston; price, 50 cts.

BAGAVAD-GITA.—A theosophist, now in Prussia, is translating this sacred poem into the German language. The date of its appearance is not fixed. When this edition and the translation now being made by Mohini M. Chatterji, are published, we shall have two notable additions to theosophical literature.

ATHEISM PHILOSOPHICALLY REFUTED, (*Geo. Robertson & Co., Melbourne, Australia*) is a pamphlet by Hugh Junor Brown, which attempts the task indicated by its title, through the aid the author has received from spiritualism and reason.

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED, by Hugh Junor Brown, is a tribute to the influence and benefit of spiritualism in Australia. It is published (1887) by the author, at Melbourne.

AMONG THE ROSICRUCIANS.—By a Student of Occultism. (*Occult Publishing Co., Boston.*) This little book bears the name of Franz Hartmann on its cover and the impress of that writer's style in every line. Of that style not much can be said; it is as we already know it; never graceful, often mechanical; often also didactic and verbose. It has, however, its happy moments when it rises into surprising clearness and force, and such moments are precisely those in which the most valuable instruction or suggestion is conveyed. Its defects are trifling compared with the vital excellence of the matter itself. Dr. Hartmann is that rare being—a born occultist. He has an alert mind of high intuitive order. He has the signal merit of being almost the only modern writer who gives available hints for the practical development of students. His later work, inclusive of the present volume, has a surprising occult property—amounting almost to a “*Mantram*” or charm,—of rising the reader's vibrations. Much of a man and his inner experience cling to his writing, and works upon us in unseen ways, and persons not infrequently have remarkable dreams after reading Hartmann. It is not impossible that this effect is intentionally conveyed by him, for the secret is not unknown.

A variety of theosophical and occult themes are crowded into these two hundred pages, all knit together under pretext of a dream visit to a Rosicrucian Monastery. Or was it only a dream? Perhaps the author will tell us more later. Meanwhile the student cannot do better than study this suggestive book, which puts many vaguely known truths in easy, conversational form.

J. N.

SWEDENBORG, THE BUDDHIST.—By Philangi Dasa,¹(1887). This book proposes to show that the higher Swedenborgianism is Thibetan in its origin, and that Swedenborg was a Buddhist. It is cast in the form of conversations or discussions between various persons, in the course of which the comparisons are brought out. Whether the author is a Hindu or not we do not know, but the style shows many traces of Shakesperian study, and many terms and modes of expression are used that were only known in that poet's time. It is an interesting and valuable book.

¹ Carl Casso & Co., Box 257, Santa Cruz, Cal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GATES OF GOLD; LIGHT ON THE PATH; IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

LONDON, July 17, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATH:

SIR:—I should be very glad if you would allow me to inform your readers that the Preface which I have added to the new edition of "The Gates of Gold" I propose to add also to "The Idyll of the White Lotus" and "Light on the Path," as soon as there is any opportunity for me to do so. I believe a new edition of "Light on the Path" will soon appear, to which I shall make this addition. The explanation I now make seems to me to be necessary, as some of your readers are under the mistaken impression that I intended this preface to constitute a kind of separate claim for "The Gates of Gold." This is not so. That book and the "Idyll of the White Lotus," were written in the same manner. As to "Light on the Path" that is a collection of axioms which I found written on the walls of a certain place to which I obtained admittance, and I made notes of them as I saw them. But I see no feasible method of making such explanations to the public, and therefore at present I propose to place this preface before each of the books.

Very truly yours,

MABEL COLLINS.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Since last writing, other anecdotes of children have been sent us. One friend writes: "In our city is a child of five years, well known to me. Since she could speak she has constantly told her mother that she was some forty years old, and is always telling what she used to do before she came to her present mother."

Still another: "An only daughter of a friend of mine at two years of age was constantly saying in her play; 'My other little sister in heaven does this, or does that.'" Also I heard lately of a young girl who was born a very sad and peculiar child. She frequently refers to the fact that it is all very probable that her present parents and relatives *are* her father, mother and aunts, but adds; "I have another mother somewhere, but I don't know where she is now."

Speaking of pictures of future events in the astral light, when with the Tea Table recently, Quickly gave an excellent reply to some rather nervous queries from the ladies regarding such "omens" as visions of death scenes or funerals passing by. Said he: "They are, of course, compounded; there are other elements in them than those of thought. But the causes must already exist, for if I died now, my relatives have a fair, general idea of the kind of funeral I should have," (shudders from the ladies,) "and so the whole scene might easily be pictured and suddenly seen by a person in a tense nervous condition. Then again, in most cases, a train of similar

causes will always produce similar effects or pictures. The soul, having an enormous power of induction, can begin with a known cause; its effect becomes another cause. Unthinking men acting blindly, will always be moved in known and easily premised ways: thus all the elements can be calculated in an instant and a long distant event be seen. It appears in some cases to be an extension of the power of cause calculation possessed by many. There are various methods in life which show that all this can be done. See the doctrine of least squares, and others."

Curious event lately. A friend received a postal card from a lady customer in Wisconsin, calling attention to the fact that her order for goods had not been filled. He read it carefully, and as he supposed, took it to the shipping office for attention. Next morning in his mail was what he took for a duplicate card from the same lady. He read it and thought, "she has written twice so as to make sure." But in the office he found no previous one, and the clerk said he had brought in none the day before. It was a case of seeing the card one day ahead, and, as he says, "it was rather confusing, as I am ready to swear I had one the day before. Still on examining the real one, it was too perfectly like the first to be in fact a duplicate. She would hardly be likely to make such a fac-simile."

An earnest student of the Bible reminds me of the following in support of Reincarnation. Daniel and John are both told that they shall come again to the world in its latter days. Jesus tells John he shall tarry in this life or within its sphere, until he (Jesus) comes. Jesus also recognizes the law of Karma in the scene with the blind man. "Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was born blind?" There is a recognition of evolutionary law in these other words of the Gospel. "Jesus said: even of these stones God is able to raise up children unto Abraham." So the one primeval substance (Mulaprakriti) by degrees develops and advances through inorganic and organic stages, up to the dawn of self consciousness in men or to the diviner man, to God. It is the old story of Pyrrha and Deucalion producing men out of stones and populating the world under the direction of Themis (wisdom). Solomon says: "Being good, I came into a body undefiled." A very pregnant fact is that stated by able Kabbalists, that in Genesis the word *nephesch*—soul—is only so translated when applied to man; the translators have taken it upon themselves to alter it to "living creatures" and otherwise, the moment it is applied, as it is, to beasts. The early church, determined to force doctrines of its own, has much to answer for in the "*authenticated*" translation of scriptures. There is the parable of leaven (spirit) taken by the woman, (divine sophia or wisdom; the female principle) and hidden in three measures of meal (the body, astral fluidic body and the soul) until the whole is leavened, which a well known author points out as another theosophical teaching from the words of Jesus. It is easy to multiply such instances, for as has been shown over and over, all the leading points of Christian belief, as well as most of the teachings of Jesus have been attributed to Buddha, Osiris, Zoroaster, Mithras, and many others. In the Asoka rock sculptures, (Hindustan, 500 B. C. or more) are found representations de-

clared by English and other travellers to show the birth in the manger, the mother and child, the inspired Christ teaching the people and so on. History gives us the crucifixion of Mithras, Horus and Crishna in the arms of a virgin mother; the ascension of Heracles. St. Augustine sums up the fact that all creeds are at their base, one and the same, in the following words: "For the thing itself which is now called the Christian religion really was known to the ancients, nor was wanting at any time from the beginning of the human race, until the time that Christ came in the flesh, from whence the true religion which had previously existed, began to be called 'Christian,' and this in our day is the Christian religion, not as having been wanting in former times, but as having in later times received this name." (Op. Vol. 1, Page 12.) And St. Paul: "The gospel which ye have heard and which was preached to every creature under heaven, whereof I, Paul, am made minister." This is said to have been written (Col. 1. 3.) at a time when outside of Jerusalem, a small Romish congregation comprised almost all the gospel converts of the historical apostles.

Inquirers have asked us here and there, if we do not think the "Christian religion" as taught by its Founder, and in its esoteric sense, better suited to our nation and to the people. That sex which is all tenderness (or *almost* all!) furnishes other members who assure us that in this form of religion there is more to touch the heart. I answer: more to touch *your* heart, perhaps, but for *the heart* you cannot speak. Hearts are as we make them, and each heart is all too little known to its possessor. The heart rejoices in strong emotions, in striking the note of life over and over under a keen desire to feel in matter. The thinker asks himself how far he is wise in deliberately consigning himself to a form of belief *because* it makes him feel; *because* it stimulates emotion; *because* it appeals to ignorance in the mass, the people being very ignorant of true things. That is very much like the method pursued in some fashionable schools with drawing, music and the like, where the children are not taught from first principles, but how to make a little show quickly, under the plea that if they show any talent, they may learn on scientific principles later. Result—either the pupil cannot be dragged from the rut of habit, or has to unlearn everything before learning aright. A tendency towards any religion in its true, inner form is a noble one, sure to bear fair fruit. It is a fact that we can only really live that which we feel. But how if we can feel what we will, if we have the capability for grander conceptions; if we have an inner eye framed to look straight at the sun and to eschew reflections? Some friends around the Tea Table bring a charge of coldness against the Eastern teachings. It is not a just charge; it is they who are cold to its splendor. They warm to know things, and to such expositions of the Divine in matter as come within their conceptions and national modes of thought. They do not ask whether these concepts are thorough ones; They "feel them," that is enough. Such students have taken the first step; a near and a safe step. The great danger is that they will remain there; that they will not grow beyond that form. The great power of religions over the human heart arises from their appeal to its prime weak-

ness—the attachment to know forms. The selfish desire to maintain the present personality, the inner worship of the “I,” the lower self, has awakened and fixed that weakness. Form is the medium in which the soul advances through matter until it has learned the larger method and rises by “ascension of state.” To gain the adherence of man, religions limit him to an especial form of thought, and while in great measure protecting and elevating him, they become fetters if he does not grow up to them and cast their leading strings aside in favor of the direct teaching of Deity to all souls. “We are wiser than we know. If we will not interfere with our thought, but will act entirely, or see how the thing stands in God, we know the particular thing and every thing and every man.” Oliver Cromwell once said: “A man never rises so high as when he knows not whether he is going.” One versed in holy mysteries said recently when consulted about an aspirant for chelaship: “having the right *motive* he is all right. His *views* are of no use to him. * * He had better be ready to alter them as he passes on,” and then went on to say that those views being with all of us the result of mere worldly experience or the teachings of others, it was first necessary to realize that we knew nothing, and had been taught only falsehoods.

Every truth, and the one truth, may be differently given by different minds. If I wish to win over a Teuton, a Frenchman, a Briton, I do not—and I am a man of the world and know my world—I do not use the same style of address to each. One wrote me not so long ago: “Julius; beware of words, they are traps. Look to the truth beneath that form.”

One class of students is represented by a woman from whose locked note book I take the following: “I have been deceived by the world and by my own heart too long. I must have the *exact truth*, if it kill me!” Companions like these may take the gates by storm, and advance, as they say in the old manuscripts, “drums beating, colors flying, matches light at both ends, bullet in the mouth.” It was truly said by Mahomet: “Paradise is under the shadow of swords.” And hear Emerson again: “The terror of reforms is that we must cast away our virtues, or what we have always esteemed as such, into the same pit that has consumed our grosser vices.”

Those words from that locked book are a clue to much. “*The exact Truth.*” No appeal to my emotions, to that heart which has so often betrayed me, but a sure basis on which I may stand firm. When we need truth utterly, with the hungry reach of the soul, we stand where we are sick and weary of those religions which told us of the soul, of truth and hope, in thrilling tones, and bidding us bow at the shrine of a creed, told us no more. We turn to the Wisdom-Religion which alone came to us with proofs of these actualities and their powers in nature. If we made one step outside the regions of emotion, not a religion, not a science met us with a helping hand but this one. The superiority of the Orient consists in this: she has reduced truth to a science by which man may apprehend, not her proportions, but her illimitable reach; a science whereby the Way may be shortened for man. Lest this far reaching system appear to set a boundary or a trap for his free

thought even in the remote distance, she hastens to add that the soul is boundless and that it is all. She has taken those loving words, which moved man briefly and left him free to forget them, and showed him why love and faith were vital to him, and made them part of his being by fixed laws. If the terms of truth seem frigid to us, it must be because we are too well used to the temporary heat of emotional fires which require constant stoking, so that we know nothing of the vivifying beat of the living light on the fainting soul. Perhaps we are dazzled at the vast prospect and scurry back into our accustomed forms as prairie dogs into their holes at the sudden up shooting of the sun. Or are we wilfully blind to the love at the heart of it, deaf to the declaration: "The magnetism of pure love is the originator of every created thing?" We might paraphrase scripture by exclaiming: Greater love hath no God than this, that He pour out His life to make gods! What other religion has revealed a Deity so transcendent, humanity so divine? What other has put the Ultimate before us in conceivable terms? What other occupied for centuries in framing a science, a way to assist men, has broken the silence of ages, the seals of the mysteries, or thrown open the solemn portals to those who dare rightly aspire? What other, casting aside the safeguard of parable, has plainly declared the meaning of all parable, or revealed the full Light where later systems obscurely hinted at partial rays? What do we know of the esoteric teaching of any religion or mysticism save what the Orient has recently taught us? What other comes forward with teachers, gives out truth with perfect disinterestedness, and inspires writers of both sexes, of all ages and nations to declare systematized, scientific, active love to a mechanical age? What are tender words, and fair appeals to our ethical sense of beauty, or even the almighty power of gush, compared to that love which is shown by daily care for the interests of mankind? What if mere words sound foreign and cold; the facts attest that only love transcendent can beget such devotion, and that without the firm assurance of "exact truth" based upon a system of love outblazing all systems, could these teachings have endured throughout all time.

Let each one believe what he can, until he resolves that he *will* find and cling to truth in its fullness, but let no one deny to the Wisdom-Religion the supreme glory of having worked for Humanity with the steadfast devotion of ages, until the hour arose for the second command: "Let there be Light." This light it has given us; let us be just in return.

"Justice being preserved, will preserve; being destroyed, will destroy. Take heed lest justice, being overthrown, overthrow thee and us all." (Manu.)

Well, friends, I don't know what more I can say. In my part of the country there's plenty of crossroads running in all directions, but when farmers mean to go quick and sure, they just strike out for the pike. JULIUS.

If a man understands the Self, saying "I am He," what could he wish or desire that he should pine after the body.—*Upanishad.*

OM.

ॐ

That pure, great light which is radiant; that great glory; that verily which the god's worship; that by means of which the sun shines forth—that eternal divine being is perceived by devotees. The real and the unreal have both the same real entity as their basis. The being who is the inner Self, is not seen, being placed in the heart. Meditating on him, a wise man remains placid.—

Sanatsugatiya.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. 7.

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Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

THE POETRY OF REINCARNATION IN WESTERN LITERATURE.

PART IV.

PLATONIC POETS.

The largest inspiration of all Western thought is nourished by the Academe. Not only idealism but the provinces of philosophy and literature hostile to Plato are really indebted to him. The noble loftiness, the ethereal subtlety, the poetic beauty of that teaching has captivated most of the fine

intellects of mediæval and modern times and it is impossible to trace the invisible course of exalted thought which has radiated from this greatest Greek, the king of a nation of philosophers.

Adopting Emerson's words "Out of Plato come all things that are still written and debated among men of thought. Great havoc makes he among our originalities. We have reached the mountain from which all these drift boulders were detached. The Bible of the learned for twenty-two centuries, every brisk young man who says fine things to each reluctant generation is some reader of Plato translating into the vernacular his good things * * * How many great men nature is incessantly sending up out of the night to be *his men*—Platonists! the Alexandrians, a constellation of genius; the Elizabethans, not less; Sir Thomas More, Henry More, John Hales, John Smith, Lord Bacon, Jeremy, Taylor, Ralph Cudworth, Sydenham, Thomas Taylor. Calvinism is in his Phædro. Christianity is in it. Mahometanism draws all its philosophy, in its hand book of morals, the Akhlak-y-Jalaly, from him. Mysticism finds in Plato all its texts." We know not how much of the world's later poetry is due to the suggestion and nurture of the poet-philosopher. But in closing our studies of the poetry of Reincarnation it may be of interest to group together the avowed Platonic poets.

Most illustrious of all the English disciples of this master, in the brilliant coterie of "Cambridge Platonists," was Dr. Henry More whom Dr. Johnson esteemed "one of our greatest divines and philosophers and no mean poet." Hobbes said of him that if his "own philosophy was not true he knew none that he should sooner adopt than Henry More's of Cambridge;" and Hoadley styles him "one of the first men of this or any other country." Coleridge wrote that his philosophical works "contained more enlarged and elevated views of the christian dispensation than I have met with in any other single volume; for More had both the philosophical and poetic genius supported by immense erudition." He was a devout student of Plato. In the heat of rebellion he was spared by the fanatics. They pardoned his refusal to take their covenant and left him to continue the philosophic occupations which had rendered him famous as a loveable and absorbed scholar. He wove together in many poems a quaint texture of Gothic fancy and Greek thought. His "Psychozoia" or "Life of the Soul," from which the following verses are taken is a long Platonic poem tracing the course of the soul through ancient existences down into the earthly realm. Campbell said of this work that it "is like a curious grotto whose labyrinths we might explore for its strange and mystic associations." Dr. More was an intimate friend of Addison and long a correspondent of Descartes.

From Henry More's "Philosophical Poems" (Psychozoia).

I would sing the pre-existancy
 Of human souls and live once o'er again
 By recollection and quick memory
 All that is passed since first we all began.
 But all too shallow be my wits to scan
 So deep a point and mind too dull to climb
 So dark a matter. But thou more than man
 Aread, thou sacred soul of Plotin dear
 Tell me what mortals are. Tell what of old they were.

A spark or ray of divinity
 Clouded with earthly fogs, and clad in clay
 A precious drop sunk from eternity
 Spilt on the ground, or rather slunk away.
 For then we fell when we 'gan first t'essay
 By stealth of our own selves something to been
 Uncentering ourselves from our one great stay
 Which rupture we new liberty did ween
 And from that prank right jolly wits ourselves did deem.

Show fitly how the pre-existing soul
 Enacts and enters bodies here below
 And then entire unhurt can leave this moul
 In which by sense and motion they may know
 Better than we what things transacted be
 Upon the earth, and when they best may show
 Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasmey
 Moulding their airy arc to gross consistency.

Milton imbibed from his college friend Henry More an early fondness for the study of Plato, whose philosophy nourished most of the fine spirits of that day and he expresses the Greek sage's opinion of the soul in his *Comus* :

The soul grows clotted by oblivion
 Imbodies and embrutes till she quite lose
 The divine property of her first being ;
 Such as those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres
 Lingering and setting by a new made grave
 As loth to leave the body that it loved.

Milton's Platonic proclivities are also shown in his poem "On the Death of a Fair Infant:"

Wert thou that just maid, who once before
 Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
 And came'st again to visit us once more ?
 Or were thou that sweet smiling youth ?
 Or any other of that heavenly brood
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good ?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
 Who having clad thyself in human weed,
 To earth from thy prefixed seat did'st post,
 And after short abode fly back with speed
 As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed.
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world and unto heaven aspire.

In the old library of poetry known as Dodsley's Collection, is a Miltonic poem by an anonymous Platonist which is very interesting and as it is difficult of access we quote the best part of it :

PRE-EXISTENCE.

IN IMITATION OF MILTON.

Now had'st' archangel trumpet, raised sublime
 Above the walls of heaven, begun to sound ;
 All æther took the blast and fell beneath
 Shook with celestial noise ; th' almighty host
 Hot with pursuit, and reeking with the blood
 Of guilty cherubs smeared in sulphurous dust,
 Pause at the known command of sounding gold.
 At first they close the wide Tartarian gates,
 Th' impenetrable folds on brazen hinge
 Roll creaking horrible ; the din beneath
 O'ercomes the war of flames, and deafens hell.
 Then through the solid gloom with nimble wing
 They cut their shining traces up to light ;
 Returned upon the edge of heavenly day
 Where thinnest beams play round the vast obscure
 And with eternal gleam drives back the night.
 They find the troops less stubborn, less involved
 In crime and ruin, barr'd the realms of peace,
 Yet uncondemned to baleful beats of woe,
 Doubtful and suppliant ; all the plumes of light
 Mould from their shuddering wings, and sickly fear
 Shades every face with horror ; conscious guilt
 Rolls in the livid eye-ball, and each breast
 Shakes with the dread of future doom unknown.
 'Tis here the wide circumference of heaven
 Opens in two vast gates, that inward turn
 Voluminous, on jasper columns hung
 By geometry divine ; they ever glow
 With living sculptures, they arise by turns
 To imboss the shining leaves, by turns they set
 To give succeeding argument their place ;
 In holy hieroglyphics on they move,
 The gaze of journeying angels, as they pass
 Oft looking back, and held in deep surprise.
 Here stood the troops distinct ; the cherub guard

Unbarred the splendid gates, and in they roll
Harmonious ; for a vocal spirit sits
Within each hinge, and as they onward drive,
In just divisions breaks the numerous jars
With symphony melodious, such as spheres
Involved in tenfold wreaths are said to sound.

Out flows a blaze of glory : for on high
Towering advanced the moving throne of God.
Above the throne, th' ideas heavenly bright
Of past, of present, and of coming time,
Fixed their immoved abode, and there present
An endless landscape of created things
To sight celestial, where angelic eyes
Are lost in prospect ; for the shiny range
Boundless and various in its bosom bears
Millions of full proportioned worlds, beheld
With steadfast eyes, till more arise to view,
And further inward scenes start up unknown.

A vocal thunder rolled the voice of God
Servants of God ! and virtues great in arms
We approve your faithful works, and you return
Blessed from the dire pursuits of rebel foes ;
Resolved, obdurate, they have tried the force
Of this right hand, and known almighty power ;
Transfixed with lightning down they sunk and fell
Into the fiery gulf and deep they plunge
Below the burning waves, to hide their heads.

For you, ye guilty throng that lately joined
In this sedition, since seduced from good,
And caught in trains of guile, by sprites malign
Superior in their order ; you accept,
Trembling, my heavenly clemency and grace.
When the long era once has filled its orb,
You shall emerge to light and humbly here
Again shall bow before his favoring throne,
If your own virtue second my decree :
But all must have their races first below.
See, where below in chaos wondrous deep
A speck of light dawns forth, and thence throughout
The shades, in many a wreath, my forming power
There swiftly turns the burning eddy round,
Absorbing all crude matter near its brink ;
Which next, with subtle motions, takes the form
I please to stamp, the seed of embryo worlds
All now in embryo, but ere long shall rise
Variously scattered in this vast expanse,
Involved in winding orbs, until the brims
Of outward circles brush the heavenly gates.
The middle point a globe of curling fire
Shall hold, which round it sheds its genial heat ;

Where'er I kindle life the motion grows.
In all the endless orbs, from this machine;
And infinite vicissitudes that roll
About the restless center ; for I rear
In those meanders turned, a dusty ball,
Deformed all o'er with woods, whose shaggy tops
Inclose eternal mists, and deadly damps
Hover within their boughs, to cloak the light ;
Impervious scenes of horror, till reformed
To fields and grassy dells and flowery meads
By your continual pains. Here Silence sits
In folds of wreathy mantling sunk obscure,
And in dark fumes bending his drowsy head ;
An urn he holds, from whence a lake proceeds
Wide, flowing gently, smooth and Lethe named ;
Hither compelled, each soul must drink long draughts
Of those forgetful streams, till forms within
And all the great ideas fade and die :
For if vast thought should play about a mind
Inclosed in flesh, and dragging cumbrous life,
Fluttering and beating in the mournful cage,
It soon would break its gates and wing away :
'Tis therefore my decree, the soul return
Naked from off this beach, and perfect blank
To visit the new world ; and wait to feel
Itself in crude consistence closely shut,
The dreadful monument of just revenge ;
Immured by heaven's own hand, and placed erect
On fleeting matter all imprisoned round
With walls of clay ; the etherial mould shall bear
The chain of members, deafened with an ear,
Blinded by eyes, and trammelled by hands,
Here anger, vast ambition and disdain,
And all the haughty movements rise and fall,
As storms of neighboring atoms tear the soul,
And hope and love and all the calmer turns
Of easy hours, in their gay gilded shapes,
With sudden run, skim o'er deluded minds,
As matter leads the dance ; but one desire
Unsatisfied, shall mar ten thousand joys.

The rank of beings, that shall first advance
Drink deep of human life ; and long shall stay
On this great scene of cares. From all the rest
That longer for the destined body wait,
Less penance I expect, and short abode
In those pale dreamy kingdoms will content ;
Each has his lamentable lot and all
On different rocks abide the pains of life.

The pensive spirit takes the lonely grove ;
Nightly he visits all the sylvan scenes,

Where far remote, a melancholy moon
Raising her head, serene and shorn of beams,
Throws here and there her glimmerings through the trees.
The sage shall haunt this solitary ground
And view the dismal landscape limned within
In horrid shades, mixed with imperfect light.
Here Judgment, blinded by delusive sense,
Contracted through the cranny of an eye,
Shoots up faint languid beams to that dark seat,
Wherein the soul, bereaved of native fire,
Sets intricate, in misty clouds obscured.

Hence far removed, a different being race
In cities full and frequent take their seat,
Where honour's crushed, and gratitude oppressed
With swelling hopes of gain, that raise within
A tempest, and driven onward by success,
Can find no bounds. For creatures of a day
Stretch their wide cares to ages ; full increase
Starves their penurious soul, while empty sound
Fills the ambitious ; *that* shall ever shrink,
Pining with endless cares, while *this* shall swell
To tympany enormous. Bright in arms
Here shines the hero, out he fiercely leads
A martial throng, his instruments of rage,
To fill the world with death, and thin mankind.
There savage nature in one common lies
And feels its share of hunger, care and pain,
Cheated by flying prey ; and now they tear
Their panting flesh ; and deeply, darkly quaff
Of human woe, even when they rudely sip
The flowing stream, or draw the savory pulp
Of nature's freshest viands ; fragrant fruits
Enjoyed with trembling, and in danger sought.

But where the appointed limits of a law
Fences the general safety of the world,
No greater quiet reigns ; the blended loads
Of punishment and crime deform the world,
And give no rest to man ; with pangs and throes
He enters on the stage ; prophetic tears
And infant cries prelude his future woes ;
And all is one continual scene of gulf
Till the sad sable curtain falls in death.

Then the gay glories of the living world
Shall cast their empty varnish and retire
Out of his feeble views ; the shapeless root
Of wild imagination dance and play
Before his eyes obscure ; till all in death
Shall vanish, and the prisoner enlarged,
Regains the flaming borders of the sky.

He ended. Peals of thunder rend the heavens,

And chaos, from the bottom turned, resounds.
 The mighty clangor ; all the heavenly host
 Approve the high decree, and loud they sing
 Eternal justice ; while the guilty troops,
 Sad with their doom, but sad without despair,
 Fall fluttering down to Lethe's lake and there
 For penance, and the destined body wait.

Shelley's Platonic leanings are well known. The favorite Greek conceit of pre-existence in many earlier lives may frequently be found in other poems besides the "Prometheus Unbound" quoted in part II of our series.

The last stanza of "The Cloud," is Shelly's Platonic symbol of human life :

I am the daughter of earth and water
 And the nursling of the sky
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph
 And out of the caverns of rain
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

Another poem entitled "A Fragment," certainly refers to pre-existence:

Ye gentle visitants of calm thought
 Moods like the memories of happier earth
 Which come arrayed in thoughts of little worth
 Like stars in clouds by weak winds enwrought.

Coleridge has embodied his Platonic view of pre-existence in this sonnet, "Composed on a homeward journey ; the author having received intelligence of the birth of a son":

Oft o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll
 Which makes the present (while the flash doth last)
 Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,
 Mixed with such feelings as perplex the soul
 Self questioned in her sleep ; and some have said
 We lived, ere yet this robe of flesh we wore.
 O my sweet baby ! when I reach my door
 If heavy looks should tell me thou art dead
 (As sometimes through excess of hope, I fear)
 I think that I should struggle to believe
 Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere
 Sentenced for some more venial crime to grieve ;
 Did'st scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick reprieve,
 While we wept idly o'er the little bier.

In Emerson, the Plato of the nineteenth century, the whole feeling of the Greek seems reflected in its most glorious development. Many of his poems clearly suggest the influence of his Greek teacher, as his "Threnody" upon the death of his young son, and "The Sphinx" in which these two stanzas appear:

To vision profounder
 Man's spirit must dive ;
 His aye-rolling orb
 At no goal wilt arrive ;
 The heavens that now draw him
 With sweetness untold
 Once found for new heavens
 He spurneth the old.

Eterne alteration
 Now follows, now flies
 And under pain, pleasure,—
 Under pleasure, pain lies.
 Love works at the centre,
 Heart-heaving away ;
 Forth speed the strong pulses
 To the borders of day.

Many of the church hymns glow with the enthusiasm of Platonic pre-existence, and are fondly sung by Christians without any thought that, while their idea is of Biblical origin, it has been nourished and perpetuated by the Greek sage, and directly implies reincarnation. For instance :

"I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home."

"Heaven is my fatherland, heaven is my home."

Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe, the friend of Bishop Ken and of Dr. Isaac Watts, has left this allusion to pre-existence in

A HYMN ON HEAVEN.

Ye starry mansions, hail ! my native skies
 Here in my happy, pre-existent state
 (A spotless mind) I led the life of Gods,
 • But passing, I salute you, and advance
 To yonder brighter realms, allowed access,
 Hail, splendid city of the almighty king
 Celestial salem, situate above, &c.

E. D. WALKER.

NATURE'S SCHOLAR.

There was once an old Scholar who counted his friends by scores in his youth, and had now mislaid or lost them. Early in life he had wandered away from men and things to seek the Truth, and journeyed very far in his search, coming at last to an inheritance of little land and much learning, left him by an antiquarian ancestor. Deep down in quiet country dales he lived upon dreams and moldy books, well loved by all about him, for he never knew the current rates of wage or purchase, nor yet when maids hung gossiping over hedges, and dinner burned in the oven. The simple folk of the country side had their own way with him whom they called "the poor dear soul" and cherished as their own backbone, never letting any man out of their own township serve or despoil him, so much they felt they owed him. Some went so far in gratitude as to say he was not near so old

as he looked, for if his hair *was* grey, there were firm, bright eyes and sturdy calves to give age the lie and maintain it. Moreover, the time a band passed through the village, he had been espied by Molly through the door chink, striding up and down, whistling as loud as any boy and cutting the air with his cane in a style far beyond the drum-major. It was the kitchen verdict that he must have been "shocking bad" in his youth; his dinner was done to a turn that night and the maids had new ribbands in their caps and arch provocation on their faces.

Be his age what it might, day after day the Scholar read and wrote, or slowly paced his rustic walks, now amid rose blooms, now upon the sere rustle of leaves or crunch of snow, but always with a faithful old hound to heel on his right, whose head hung low like the master's. Nothing breathed on that homestead that did not seem to have greater right there than the Scholar: the very toads and lizards sat and swelled for pride of ownership in mossy nooks on his walk, and busy winter birds stood still at his approach, and pecked briskly at the brown boughs won by sun from ice, knowing well that not even creeping things had ever seen cause to turn aside for him. One hoary spider had indeed been seen to think the Scholar would learn more if he took some notice of creatures, but everyone knows that since Bruce introduced a spider to history, the tribe has been hypercritical of the insufficient methods of man. It is certain that the Scholar considered himself a mere sojourner there where he was master, and meant to return to anxious friends when he could carry the Truth to them. But the great tomes of his legacy were many and wise; still he lingered, still he sought, while Time went tiptoe past him.

One morning, as he wrote, a caprice of the Spring wind burst open the study casement. A gush of wild-wood fragrance and the shrill lilt of a girl's voice in song flooded into the room together. Some subtle quality of the voice made him throw down his pen and glance at a picture on his table. From beneath its coating of dust a merry brown eye laughed out at him and a round shoulder gleamed whitely. Taking up this picture, he polished it remorsefully with his worn coat cuff, muttering like one asleep: "Poor Kate! I have kept her waiting long. I cannot give myself to happiness or woman, until I find the Truth."

Straightway upon this came a miracle! His door swung open. There upon his threshold, young and rosy, lap and hair full of blossoms, face full of dimples, stood Kate herself. As the man's eye went from the picture to the woman, the man's heart leaped up hot and strong. He dropped the painted thing and caught the living beauty in his arms. "My Kate! you have waited for me!" Small chance has Truth with her own at times, when velvety cheek is so near and the springtide is yet young!

What said the beauty? She laughed again, and kissed him with the

careless, cruel, kindness of youth to age. "Yes, we waited and rang till we were tired, so I came on to explore. Awfully nice of you to know me!"

"But Kate"—he stammered.

"Harriet. I'm not named for Mamma," she rattled on. "Mamma's out there with Papa and the children."

"Children?" gasped the Scholar.

"Yes. Ten, besides me. Don't you hear them?"

Surely he heard them. Ten! they sounded like legions. The mere pursuit of truth is at once a recompense and a protection! Yet even a votary is vulnerable when a young girl goes on to say: "Let me call them, you'll sprain yourself, rushing about so. I shook your nerves; see how your hand trembles."

No wonder, poor Scholar. In that moment he looked double his age, for he—long unacquainted with mirrors—saw for the first time his stooping shoulders, his crows-feet and wrinkles, reflected in her blithe indifference, her attention wandering from him to his surroundings. His dead youth rose up with power, and stared him in the face; then fell away from his heart in ashes.

That heart was staunch though, as are the hearts of those who seek the Truth, so by the time his guests stepped beneath his roof, he stood ready to welcome them with gentle courtesy—his Kate, grown portly, but fresh and good-humored still, and secretly flattered to see, (as she did with the tail of her eye) her portrait so cleanly kept when all else was so dusty, and hoping her husband would not remark it. Her husband, (who would not have cared if he had, she having tapped his single vein of sentiment and run it dry,) a grave, cautious Scientist: a friend of his, a Speculator, attracted by unlikeness, whose sharp glance bestowed a hypothetical value wherever it fell: these and other friends had hunted the Scholar up to renew old ties in his country home, seeing which, the very cockles of his heart warmed to them. Soon milk was foaming into pails; sounds of beating and churning and frothing arose. Maids scurried in all directions. Slugs disturbed on young green things, and cackling hens in angry session on the barn floor, alike averred that never had such an evil day befallen poultry yard and kitchen garden. "Humph" snarled old Peter: "me airly salad he should not have, an' me meanin' to sell it in market the Saturday, but for his bein' the boss, dang him!" To which Cook replied with much feeling that "Lord knows, I ain't never before seen the poor, dear gentleman ask for his own." Peter glared at her. "Woman! That's just what I am objectin' to. It's the first time makes the *precydent*. He's got the *precydent* on us now," with which mysterious omen hanging over her, Cook retired to her pans and sauces.

The day passed all too quickly, and when the hour for departure came

round, the Scholar was so reluctant to part with his friends that he bethought him of making a gift to every one, that some portion of himself might go with them. Gathering them about him, he begged that each would tell him what they had liked best in his home, adding—the wily old Scholar!—that then these things might serve to remind him of friends, and perhaps smile at him in their absence. They were very worldly wise people, however, coming from the city beyond the hills, that city whose knowing lights outwinked the stars, whose mists denied a right of way to the sun himself. So perhaps they saw through his cunning, for all hung back until he said to the Artist: ‘Come Sir; you have praised my homestead much. What will you crown with your final approbation ‘e’re you leave me?’”

The Artist could but smile back into the genial face bending towards him. “Why, Sir, the fairest thing you own is one that in itself contains the true rules of all Art. It is as blue as the heavens, and like them, a living lesson in gradation of color, and its form displays the perfect ‘line of beauty.’”

The Scholar’s gaze sought the dark cabinets on his walls, each rich with its own freight, but the Scientist spoke up with decision. “On the contrary, the finest thing our friend possesses is colorless, formless; its beauty is its utility: its protean energy is a fountain of Power.”

“Learning and Art are all very good,” chirruped the speculator, flecking off his eyeglass. “But if ever you chance to be hard up, let me choose what possession of yours shall be put upon the market, and you shall pocket its attractions—less commission—in more cash than anything else I see is likely to bring you.”

A swift cloud of deprecation passed over the company, as when a breeze ruffles a grainfield and there is a stir, a rustle and a withdrawal from the rude intruder. The Scholar’s cheek even reddened slightly, seeing which, the Poet hastened to staunch the wound, as is the royal prerogative of poets. “Sir,” said he, “you have here an instrument of wonderful sweetness. It tunes ear and brain alike to the sweetest harmonies, and though I must leave it, I take its music with me, captured in my latest song, and all the world shall sing it.”

He was a famous Poet, so the rest hastened to agree with him. “As for me,” said a youth, gazing ardently at Harriet; “what I admired most was an image of the loveliest woman God ever made; what I envy most seemed to hold her in its arms, and these were one thing.”

“And I,” said a reproachful youth whom she had jilted, “I liked the one thing that cannot be trampled upon, nor does it change and grow out of knowledge, like the fickle world around us.”

“Fancy! Now for my part the jolliest thing here is always changing, never the same. It’s a racer! No women for me!” So spoke the Dandy

whom Harriet secretly loved. Stung, she turned away to hide her palpitating bosom, but flung a dart behind her, as girls will. "Diamonds," cried she, "give me our host's ancestral diamonds. Larger ones I never saw. Brilliants! Glorious! such quantities. My heart is set on having just such stones."

Her lovers stroked their callow chins and thought of their salaries, but before the puzzled Scholar could ask for an explanation, her mother took his hand, saying plaintively, "My good friend, next to yourself, what I value most is none of these things they name, but just something in your dairy which makes yours the sweetest cream and butter I ever tasted. How my poor children ever grow up on city fare, a merciful heaven only knows."

Everyone laughed at this touching idea, for just then the "poor children" rushed up with a loud rumble, as of thunder, and precipitated themselves upon the Scholar. The one at the rear, who still had some breath remaining, shouted out; "We never saw such a splendid stream. Don't we wish we had it at home." Their host was about to confess that he had never noticed it, when his voice was drowned in a general exclamation from all the grown people in one breath: "That was what I meant too; it is the stream yonder!"

The astonished Scholar turned to look at his choicest possession, now rosy under the setting sun. Its cascade swept down in a serpentine curve, while part of the water writhed backward from the lip of the fall, making a spiral within a spiral in strange double movement; an ebb and a flow. Below the outpour of life-giving water, six eddies swirled away, each in its own circle, but interlinked by a current that emptied itself in a larger whirlpool further down. The little wind that rises out of the east at night-fall in the spring, struck coldly across this boiling vortex, condensing its foam into a silvery mist that gathered, rose, took on a graceful wraithlike shape, and floated away, a freed thing to the free ether. The Scholar drew himself up in sudden excitement and wonder, then these words burst from him in a torrent strangely unlike the calm evenness of his accustomed speech. "At last! At last I have found the secret. See"—and he pointed to the cascade—"there is the movement that creates life; it circles through the eddies and out of the whirlpool evolves the new-born life itself, the immortal that seeks the skies. Rejoice with me!"

The tears ran down his cheek, but his voice rang like a bugle and his form had a majesty they could not understand. They fell back a few paces. Their mirth was extinguished, their manners constrained. Like guilty hearts they made hasty farewells, avoiding his eye: their thanks fell crisp and cool on the air, like frost. While still their footsteps pressed his land, drowsy birds in the hedges saw them put heads close together in the shadows and whisper furtively, "Mad! He is mad. What will people say? We

will never come again." The branches, closing behind them with a shudder, shed a soft rain of blossoms to obliterate their presence ; then twining closer, shut the Scholar forever away from the world and its friends.

Lost in an ecstasy, he stood by the hurrying waters. A Voice called to him from somewhere ; a Voice of airy mystery ; a soundless but almighty Voice, so that he trembled as he answered, " Lord, here am I."

" Seest thou not, oh, Seeker," said the Voice, " that though Truth wears different garb to different men, it is but the livery of their own minds ; beneath it is the One Truth that mirrors forth all the rest, changeless and resplendent under as many names as there are men ? It is to be found in all things in Nature, even as the water is in all things : men pursue its splendor blindfold through the worlds, to find it shining beside their own door."

" And thou, who art thou ? " asked the Scholar.

" I am that Spirit which moves above the face of the waters. With Truth I dwell in her supreme abode. Seek me there."

An awful thrill, half fear, half joy ran through the hearer's breast, for these last words resounded from the depths of his heart. Then he knew the supreme abode of Truth and worshipping in it, he became Nature's Scholar, and she made him young again with that youth which men call Immortality.

J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK, F. T. S.

ASTRAL INTOXIGATION.

There is such a thing as being intoxicated in the course of an unwise pursuit of what we erroneously imagine is spirituality. In the Christian Bible it is very wisely directed to " prove all " and to hold only to that which is good ; this advice is just as important to the student of occultism who thinks that he has separated himself from those " inferior " people engaged either in following a dogma or in tipping tables for messages from deceased relatives—or enemies—as it is to spiritists who believe in the " summerland " and " returning spirits."

The placid surface of the sea of spirit is the only mirror in which can be caught undisturbed the reflections of spiritual things. When a student starts upon the path and begins to see spots of light flash out now and then, or balls of golden fire roll past him, it does not mean that he is beginning to see the real Self—pure spirit. A moment of deepest peace or wonderful

revealings given to the student, is *not* the awful moment when one is about to see his spiritual guide, much less his own soul. Nor are psychical splashes of blue flame, nor visions of things that afterwards come to pass, nor sights of small sections of the astral light with its wonderful photographs of past or future, nor the sudden ringing of distant fairy-like bells, any proof that you are cultivating spirituality. These things, and still more curious things, will occur when you have passed a little distance on the way, but they are only the mere outposts of a new land which is itself wholly material, and only one remove from the plane of gross physical consciousness.

The liability to be carried off and intoxicated by these phenomena is to be guarded against. We should watch, note and discriminate in all these cases ; place them down for future reference, to be related to some law, or for comparison with other circumstances of a like sort. The power that Nature has of deluding us is endless, and if we stop at these matters she will let us go no further. It is not that any person or power in nature has declared that if we do so and so we must stop, but when one is carried off by what Böhme calls "God's wonders," the result is an intoxication that produces confusion of the intellect. Were one, for instance, to regard every picture seen in the astral light as a spiritual experience, he might truly after a while brook no contradiction upon the subject, but that would be merely because he was drunk with this kind of wine. While he proceeded with his indulgence and neglected his true progress, which is always dependent upon his purity of motive and conquest of his known or ascertainable defects, nature went on accumulating the store of illusory appearances with which he satiated himself.

It is certain that any student who devotes himself to these astral happenings will see them increase. But were our whole life devoted to and rewarded by an enormous succession of phenomena, it is also equally certain that the casting off of the body would be the end of all that sort of experience, without our having added really anything to our stock of true knowledge.

The astral plane, which is the same as that of our psychic senses, is as full of strange sights and sounds as an untrodden South American forest, and has to be well understood before the student can stay there long without danger. While we can overcome the dangers of a forest by the use of human inventions, whose entire object is the physical destruction of the noxious things encountered there, we have no such aids when treading the astral labyrinth. We may be physically brave and say that no fear can enter into us, but no untrained or merely curious seeker is able to say just what effect will result to his outer senses from the attack or influence encountered by the psychical senses.

And the person who revolves selfishly around himself as a center is in greater danger of delusion than any one else, for **he has not the assistance** that comes from being united in thought with all other sincere seekers. One may stand in a dark house where none of the objects can **be distinguished** and quite plainly see all that is illuminated outside ; in the **same** way we can see from out of the blackness of our own house—our hearts—the objects now and then illuminated outside by the astral light ; but we gain nothing. We must first dispel the *inner* darkness before trying to see into the darkness without ; we must *know ourselves* before knowing things extraneous to ourselves.

This is not the road that seems easiest to students. Most of them find it far pleasanter and as they think faster, work, to look on all these outside allurements, and to cultivate all psychic senses, to the exclusion of real spiritual work.

The true road is plain and easy to find, it is so easy that very many would-be students miss it because they cannot believe it to be so simple.

“The way lies through the heart” ;
Ask there and wander not ;
Knock loud, nor hesitate
Because at first the sounds
Reverberating, seem to mock thee.
Nor, when the door swings wide,
Revealing shadows black as night,
Must thou recoil.
Within, the Master’s messengers
Have waited patiently :
That Master is Thyself !

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

VIII.

What is known in the present day under the name of Theosophy, as has repeatedly been stated, is the primary truth which all the religions of the world alike have enshrined—it may be regarded as the kernel of which the religions have been the husks, and it would seem that in the development of this idea, and in the comparison of the objects aimed at by the various religions and by Theosophy, that we shall best realize the stupendous scope and importance of this divine hidden wisdom.

While some of the religions may have been more transparent husks than others through which the kernel of the wisdom of the ages might be dimly visioned, in other words, while some may contain vague hints of

the wider horizon and the more transcendent heights of being, it may generally be stated without making invidious distinctions that the religions of the world as a rule have concerned themselves almost exclusively with the present earth life and the life lying immediately beyond. It is with the rewards and punishments of this state in the immediate future, and with the moral or virtuous thoughts and actions of the present life, which are supposed to be the means of meriting the former and of avoiding the latter, that the priesthoods and the teachers of religion have principally dealt. Indeed, so engrossed in the pursuit of worldly objects have the priesthoods of some religions become that the wider horizon has been completely lost by them.

While the quality of spirituality is but feebly developed in mankind, while the occupations and aims of this present earth life continue to absorb so very much the greater part of the energy of men, and while the intellectual development of those who have some dim perception of a higher state has still to achieve its period of blossom, the different religions adopted by the various races of men will continue to supply the required needs. But there are a few in each country who have risen above the prevailing level—the forerunners we take it of the mighty coming race, and their numbers are being daily added to—men of thought and feeling who through pain and inward struggle have emancipated themselves from the deadly bonds of superstition, and who have at the same time been too great hearted to fall into the still deadlier grip of the opposing faction that usurps the name of science, and that parades its little aims under the denial of all that is most sacred in humanity—men who by intense imaginative power have grasped and realized all that this life has to give, and have been forced to put it by as failing to satisfy their highest aspirations. For such men the Theosophic advent has been a true Eirenicon. No longer bounded by the dimly imaged heaven which superstitious ignorance stretched into eternity, all life now lies before the impartial student of nature in logical order. The law of absolute justice under the name of Karma, which follows with impartial reward or retribution every act, every word and every thought, is now recognized alike as satisfying the moral conscience of the religious man, and as extending over the whole horizon of man's nature the inevitable sequence of cause and effect which the scientists have shown to exist in the material world; while in marked contrast alike to the agnostic acceptance of annihilation, and to the diabolic theory of the arbitrary awardment of eternal bliss or eternal misery to the poor struggling mortals, who after a short life time of 70 or 80 years are surely unlikely to be deserving of either, the picture is completed by the steady progress and evolution of the soul through the continually repeated vicissitudes of earthly life—alternated and relieved by the blissful dreams of heaven where the infinite variety of

human character will through æons of time reap in subtle distinction that which is the due of each.

The objects of the Theosophical Society may be stated as twofold. Firstly to act as a counter movement alike to the decaying but still lingering superstitions, and still more to the rampant and growing materialism of the present day, and the best way to attain this first object is surely to give to the world such a system of thought as may help to explain the mysteries of life. Such a system as will at once satisfy man's logical requirements, his moral feeling of fitness, and his highest spiritual aspirations. And where will such a system be found as in the doctrines Theosophy teaches? The second and main object to which the first leads up, is to act as a guide to the pathway of deliverance by which man may escape from the alternating miseries of birth and death, and attain the one permanent state of Being. This is the great—the divine—secret—to be bound no longer in conditioned existence—to merge the manhood in the Godhead! To catch a glimpse of one of the thousand states of ecstatic being that lie in infinite gradation between us and that stupendous goal would blind us with excess of light. Surely then the only figure before the mind when whispering in worshiping awe of that ineffable state of being should be the kneeling angel with head bent low, and wings crossed before the face.

While a large and increasing number are likely to be influenced by the teachings of Theosophy towards more tolerant and wider views of life, the number of those who will feel impelled to attempt the great undertaking will not probably in this age of darkness be relatively large. But indeed it is not a matter of choice, the destiny of each guides unerringly in the path he is bound to tread, the good within drives and will drive in ways that we know not of. The deep depression or the cutting sorrow of former years may pass away, the torture may take a more subtle form, but while the wings are yet too weak to soar for long in the heavenly air, the detachment from earthly things is bound to bear its first fruits of pain, and the heart will still remain steadily crushed between the upper and the nether millstones. When the aimlessness of this life has made itself felt, to the exclusion of all other thought, to escape from its desolating curse must seem the one object worthy of accomplishment. The converging lines of Karma must doubtless have led those who feel impelled to scale the transcendent heights, compared with which the most soaring ambition of earthly life sinks into nothingness, but in weak-kneed moments to be thrust on such a path of greatness is felt to be a pathetic destiny, a forlorn hope, truly forlorn if the present life alone is regarded, but it is a forlorn hope that *has* to be led.

To realize with vivid distinctness the inanity of all earthly bliss, and yet to catch no refreshing glimpse of the beatific vision; to taste no strengthening sip of the heavenly Amrit, this is indeed a desolateness

without any parallel in worldly life, it is the "indescribable vacuum" of the heart, so well pictured in an article in the June *Theosophist* entitled "Divine Heartache." But as the writer there goes on to describe in words which recall St. John of the Cross's "Obscure Night of the Soul" the apparent contraction of the heart is caused by the divine fire which is driving out its rheum and filthy moisture, and is but a prelude to the ultimate expansion. St. Thomas à Kempis, also dwells on the trouble of mind the disciple must learn to bear, and points out that "to be in a state of great devotion and sweetness" is not advantageous "for it is not by these things that a true lover of virtue is known, nor doth the spiritual progress and perfection of a man consist in these things."

It is written, "He that hath put aside woman hath put aside the world" and this would seem to be the best illustration of that final detachment which is the prelude to the first step on the path to higher things. The different earthly desires from that of mere animal comfort up to the most ideal love, have all got characteristics that blend into each other, but earthly desire at every turn has to be fought and conquered, or put in other words it is a continual raising of the object of desire, either through the failure of realization or through the satiety that comes of realization. It may have required the experience of many incarnations to weed out of the heart the desire for wealth, for title, for power, for consideration among men, at each death of the body a step may have been gained, and the object of desire raised a degree in nobility, until its culmination is reached in the desire for the ideal union, the true marriage of the soul, to which the bodily union is but a subsidiary supplement. The intensity of a fruitless passion if kept undegraded by any acceptance of a lower love, if steadily nursed through a whole life-time as the one thing worthy of achievement, may have alchemical force enough to transmute this love into what it already resembles, the still loftier and purer love of the Universal Soul. "Woman" may have been "put aside" and the ideal union as a tangible reality in this life despaired of—in moments of enthusiasm the earthly love may appear totally eclipsed by the heavenly—but while lungs fit to breathe the heavenly ether are still undeveloped, descents have to be made to the lower air, the old hopes of love rise again in the breast though more faintly, and the old torture is gone through again.

But if the ultimate goal is steadily kept before the mind's eye, each pang that has been endured should have given added strength. The goad that drives each man to higher things is deep seated in his being, and must remain so through life until it ceases to be a goad at all by the conquest of the special desire against which it was directed, and if only we bear in mind that it is a matter of small moment whether or not we attain our earthly desires, and that the one thing important is to follow loyally what at the

time seems to us highest and worthiest—though that highest and worthiest ideal is ever moving upwards—periods of peace and satisfaction are bound to come at last, and we may repeat with Sidney

“Leave me, O Love, that reachest but to dust ;

“And thou my mind aspire to higher things ;

“Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;

“Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.

* * * * *

“Then farewell World ! thy uttermost I see

“Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me !”

PILGRIM.

SOME TEACHINGS OF A GERMAN MYSTIC.

III.

THE CAPTAIN'S DOUBLE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNNING.]

A certain Captain von Hårdteck, of the sixth regiment of the line, at P * * rch * had a remarkable experience. His parents sent him to the military academy, although he had shown no special inclination for an army career. Nevertheless he adapted himself very well to his calling. He was diligent, was scrupulously attentive to his duties, and on entering active service he was particularly favored, so that his promotion was hastened. He soon became a captain, and then for the first time he began to reflect upon the conditions of his profession. “It is difficult,” he once said to himself, “to unite the true man with the soldier, inasmuch as the latter, too severely bound to forms, very easily loses himself in them and holds them for the essential. But even when the forms are strict, the heart must be yielding and humane if one is not to oppose himself to the first law of human nature.”

Amid such reflections, and with the most scrupulous attention to his duties, he had passed three years as captain, when he began to feel a strange sensation internally and upon his head.

“What is that?” he thought ; “are my broodings injuring my health or confusing my understanding?” He examined himself closely, but found nothing that could cause concern. One evening when alone in his room he seemed to feel a presence at his side. He looked, but that which he thought to see turned backwards as he turned. He looked straight forward again and behold, at his side there stood a figure which, with some

exertion, by turning only his eyes and not his head, he recognized as the image of himself!

He could not repress an involuntary shudder and he fled from the chamber to rid himself of his strange companion. Outside the house, he saw the figure no more but he continually seemed to feel its presence. "What shall come of this?" he thought; "I am not a Sunday child that sees ghosts!"

The next day, at the same hour, the apparition came again, but this time much plainer than before. When he sat down, it sat beside him; when he paced the room it accompanied him; and when he stood still it stood still also.

"This is no illusion!" he cried, "for I am conscious of everything else. What shall I do? In whom confide? nobody will believe me; they would even ridicule me. I must keep my own counsel and, though the case is a strange one, can do nothing more than meet it with manly courage."

Captain von Hårdteck had long been betrothed to Fräulein von Blum but could not obtain permission to marry. He had sent a third petition to the ministry of war and was daily looking for an answer. Three days afterwards the colonel of his regiment came to him at dress parade and congratulated him on his speedy marriage. "The permission of the King," said he, "has arrived! in an hour, at the furthest, you will receive it and all the hindrances that stood in your way will be removed."

In his strange situation this news did not cause him such joy as it formerly would have done, for it was his duty to inform his betrothed of his peculiar condition, and he was doubtful how it would be received. "Heretofore," he thought, "my happiness has been delayed by earthly circumstances; and now heaven, or at least a spiritual being, comes in my way." With faint heart he set out to see his beloved one. What he feared, happened; she was horrified to learn of his ghostly companion and begged for time to reflect and consult her parents. Hårdteck parted from her in sorrow and said, "My heart loves sincerely and were you in my place I would not hesitate; I will not complain, however, but will hope that your heart will conquer fear."

He passed two anxious days in uncertainty. On the third he received from the father of his beloved a letter which said that under the circumstances the proposed marriage could not take place. He was sorry to give an honorable man such an answer, but his love for his daughter compelled him to; he would count upon the uprightness of the captain and hoped their friendly relations would not be broken off.

Hårdteck read the letter with silent resignation and said at last: "It is not my destiny to be happy; I must bear this loss, heavy though it be."

The King's permission and the intended marriage were generally known and everybody wondered that the affair should come to an end at the moment of fulfillment. The officers of the regiment took it as an insult to their comrade and demanded satisfaction of the young lady's father. The colonel himself summoned the captain and questioned him about the matter. Hårdteck declared that he alone was to blame; something had happened to him which he could not disclose. The colonel begged him to give him some kind of a reason in order to pacify the other officers. After a struggle with himself the captain confessed that for some time a ghost had been at his side and refused to leave him. The young lady, when informed of this extraordinary circumstance, could not master her fear and therefore the engagement had been broken off.

The colonel gazed in astonishment. "Ghost? nonsense!" he exclaimed. "That is a notion which you have hatched out in your lonesome life, and it will disappear of itself as soon as you have a wife. The young lady is a fool and her head will have to be set right."

Hårdteck defended her and begged the colonel to attempt nothing that might offend or compromise her. The colonel consented at last, but said, "You must be helped. Ask the doctor for advice; perhaps he knows some way to banish your unbidden companion."

The captain, although he felt convinced that medical skill would avail nothing in this case, followed the colonel's advice and spent half a year in trying useless medicines. Then he refused further physical remedies and declared that he regarded his condition as fated; he would have to bear it until it changed of itself.

The colonel said, "Well, do as you wish; but I will make one more attempt myself. When I lived in the capital" he continued, "I once met a man who, without the least boastfulness and in all seriousness stated that he had attained the gift of knowing all things; he therefore asked all those who found that human wisdom would not avail in unusual matters to turn to him for the advice or help which he could give. I will write to him, and if his words were not mere nothings perhaps he can help us."

He wrote the same day. Shortly he received this answer:

"The condition of your friend, which you have described, is a peculiar one. It originates in a too great conscientiousness, in that the captain doubts that the better nature of man can be joined to the life of a soldier. In consequence of this conflict two beings have been developed within him; one a soldier and the other an ordinary human being; these two would like to become one, but the indecision of the person prevents them. Greet your friend in my name and tell him he should befriend himself more with his ghostly companion and endeavor to become one with him in order that the latter may become absorbed in and make a completed man of him.

Then he will see that true human worth excludes no calling and confines itself to no garb, but manifests itself where the inner life releases itself from the external and gives to the latter the laws of thought and action. If your friend takes the contents of this letter to heart and carries them into practice, it will be well for him from time to time to give me news of how it stands with him, so that in case he should go astray I can set him right again."

This letter made a great impression upon the captain and he exclaimed: "He speaks of an inner life! Is not the apparition which has come to me perhaps the beginning of that? I will follow his advice and see what comes of it."

Hårdteck kept his promise. The figure which for a long time had kept at his side at last changed its position and appeared before him, turned itself around with the circle of his thoughts and gradually began to think and to speak within him.

"Man is a wondrous creature" he said to himself; "spiritual and divine is his nature when his inner life awakens; but dead without this, however much of acquired theories he may have taken up. I perceive that now I am on the way to truth, and my first duty is to thank my friend and the teacher whom I found through him."

THEOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

The strong tendency of the present age towards an interest in Theosophy and Occultism is manifest in the marked attention given to such subjects in contemporary literature, and also in the way in which the writers' minds often appear to be unconsciously influenced by the thoughts in this direction that are "in the air." The prevalence of theosophical thought are evident in the fiction of the day, as in writing of a philosophical character. That readers of *THE PATH* may be enabled to refer to certain of these articles, it is proposed to chronicle briefly from time to time such as would be likely to interest them. In the cases of some of those mentioned herewith, we cannot give the exact date of their publication, but reference to the tables of contents of the various periodicals will enable those who have access to public or private libraries to turn to them with little trouble.

Various essays by George Frederic Parsons on sociological aspects of modern civilization, among them "The Decline of Duty," and "The

Growth of Materialism," in several numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1886-7. These articles are notable as showing the practical application of theosophical teachings to a consideration of the ordinary affairs of life, and evince careful study on a high plane of thought. It seems, however, as if the author did not always take a sufficient number of factors into account in order to arrive at correct conclusions, there being often counterbalancing elements which might justify a less gloomy view of the course of our civilization, although the shadows are as black as he depicts them. Mr. Parsons is a prominent New York journalist and a member of the Theosophical Society.

"The Peckster Professorship," a brilliant short story by J. P. Quincy; *Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1886. This story is founded on thought-transference and kindred phenomena, and has a sequel in the *Atlantic* for June, 1887, called "A Crucial Test." Mr. Quincy's attitude is that of one who, by careful investigation, has been firmly convinced of the scientific justification of a belief in the actuality of the order of phenomena known as "occult." They contain some keen satire on the attitude of the great body of scientific men towards such subjects. The rebuke of Harvard University for its course in this respect is particularly significant, coming as it does from a grandson of Josiah Quincy, ~~one~~ of the most eminent presidents of Harvard.

In the same number of the *Atlantic* as the former of these, we believe, is a story called "The Blindman's World," by E. W. Bellamy, being an imaginary account of an astronomer whose astral body was conveyed to the planet Mars through continued thought about that member of our solar system. There he found that the operation of the memories of the inhabitants was mainly into the future, and this idea is most beautifully worked up. The title of the story refers to the designation of our own world by the Martian inhabitants on account of their deficiency in this respect.

"The Strange Story of Pragtna," by Harvard B. Rooke (Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston); *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1886. A plausibly written burlesque of tales of Indian magic, pretending to be an account of a Yogi who was buried when Alexander the Great invaded India and resurrected a few years ago.

In the "Contributors' Club" of the same magazine for February of this year is an article called "Anima Mundi," in which the writer imagines that if we could form an idea of the aspect of the Soul of the World, it would be found to be composed of the features of all who had ever lived upon it, as a composite photograph is formed by the features of various persons.

"The Soul of the Far East," by Perceval Lowell; *Atlantic Monthly*,

September, 1887—This is the first of a series of papers devoted to a careful psychical study of the Japanese, Coreans and Chinese. The author is a young Bostonian who spent some time in the Orient and is an exceptionally graceful writer. This paper is devoted to "Personality" and will repay reading by all students of Oriental thought.

"Hypnotic Moralization," by Rev. William Wilberforce Newton. *Harper's Monthly*, August, 1887. A brief paper, setting forth the idea, suggested by recent experiments, of hypnotizing men and women of evil disposition, or vicious and depraved children, and implanting a tendency and will towards good in them. The article appears to have been caused by the reading of an essay by F. W. H. Myers, of the London Psychical Research Society, in the Fortnightly Review for November, 1885.

"Through what Historical Channels did Buddhism influence Early Christianity?" by General J. G. R. Furlong. *The Open Court*, Aug. 18, Sept. 1, 1887. A scholarly essay showing careful research and giving in concise form the evidences on the subject, affording strong proof of the influence of Buddhism in the shaping of the Christian religion.

"Mental Healing and Christian Science," by Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D. *The Century*, July, 1887. Dr. Buckley shows up the extravagances and absurd pretensions of many of the followers of the variously named methods for the mental treatment of disease which, nevertheless, with all one-sidedness and erratic theories, have a remarkable germ of truth at the basis. Dr. Buckley, who had an article on the same general subject about a year ago in *The Century*, is too dogmatic and "evangelical" to write scientifically.

TEA TABLE TALK.

The following curious experience is one among the many coming under our notice, and is a fair specimen of the numerous psychic states—all of them most unsatisfactory and unreliable—which arise to puzzle the advancing student of occultism.

DEAR JULIUS:—

Some strange things are happening. They flit like swallows through my sky, with just that accentuated dip and dart, so that I may be sure they *were* there. To find words—form for the formless—this is not easy, but I try. I may be sitting down, whether listening to music, working, reading, idling in the dusk: or I am lying down, in night or daytime, alone or in company. Suddenly I fall into a subjective state, and events take place, clear and complete. I am then living these events, yet not I, not this body, but the *Thinker* in me is there engaged as witness to some transaction in some other physical

body. The event drops down before me like an opened scroll and is as suddenly rolled up again as if the soul started out of a dream. I am left with a peculiar bewilderment, as if dropped from the clouds and *plantée là*. Whether the psychic event be long or short, the real time occupied by it cannot be more than a brief flash, for when such occur in company I find that I have excited no remark. Naturally this very fact startles me, for I have been so long and so far away! Here is one such event.

I am in the library: my family converses about me. All at once, there is a tent. A general sits at a table with maps before him, over which he bends. An officer, booted and spurred, stands before him. "*I am in this officer as the Thinker in his brain, yet an independent witness of the scene.*" I hear the conversation, which when the scene has passed I perfectly remember, but do not understand, owing to military terms. The officer understands it, and "*I*" seem also to do so at the moment, but when it has gone only the words remain, and are to me (the normal "*me*") meaningless, relating to the tactics of war. The general questions; the officer replies. The general is a Prince or Sovereign as well. I do not see his face, as it bends over the maps, nor am I anxious to do so, for I am his officer, I know him very well. Nor do I see the officer, but *I feel him*; his body is moulded about me and I feel the shape of his limbs, all peculiar in their graceful modeling: they are rather short, arms less so in proportion than the legs. The chest very broad and firm. He has dark clustering curls of hair; as I listen it tickles the ear and distracts my attention. He doesn't seem to mind, but I wish he would rub that ear and put an end to the tickling. I call his hair dark because I feel a heavy dark shadow about his head.

The officer and I have been acting: he relates what he has done. Platoons, squadrons have been moved, military movements are technically described; accoutrements, rations, all the detail of military life *en grand*. As he speaks, I see it all in his brain, and as he tells of one battle in which he commanded, and how he rode over the field afterward, and describes the victory and the loss, I see the harrowing scene (especially one hideous group) so clearly that for days after it floats before my eyes. We were much moved and saddened by it, and I am also aware that the General must by no means learn this. Suddenly it strikes me—"Why! I don't understand this talk; it's about trigonometry,"—and all's gone, and there am I, in the midst of my conversing family, open-mouthed and a puzzle in my eyes. At such times though intensely absorbed in the scene, I am always quite awake.

Again. In a dwelling of a kind I have never seen, the walls covered with rich draperies, partly open and showing the night sky. I am in company with a number of philosophers clad in flowing robes, discussing "theorems," whatever they are. (Meant to look it up but haven't time now.) I "come to," with all the terms in my mind and yet oddly enough, I have not understood their language, but have seen the panorama of their talk in the brain of the philosopher I inhabit. There are many such scenes, but in all I figure as the Thinker, acting out a part of great interest in entire good faith, until "*I*" become conscious of some strangeness and contrast it with myself, when presto! it is gone and I am ridiculous. It is as real to me as anything I do, until the finale, which occurs when this present personality obtrudes. Now this question arises; am I remembering the events of my past life in other bodies—"getting back the past"—or not? V.

No, I do not think that the writer is getting back that vast past. For in that development of memory the soul is concerned, and its recollections would confine themselves to the results of past states, to the essence of experience and the like. The soul is engaged in evolution and the causes of evolution, to which the outcome of a life contributes, and not its scenes *per se*. It is knowledge we get back; not a few among billions of passing events, but their

aggregate. In the case of a very high adept this would of course be different; such beings can see back over their whole course. An ordinary man might get back the idea of some single event of overwhelming importance in his past if that event related to his higher life, to his spiritual activities. He would then remember its effect, but scarcely such details as above given, for the soul takes no notes of matter and surrounding objects to it purely mechanical. The inquirer, suddenly passive, saw scenes in the Astral Light, and identified herself with them, and this light was in her brain. It is not well to cultivate such a habit, depending as it does upon perfect passivity, when elementals can show what scene they please: it is even best to look out for such moments and break them up. To see consciously, by an effort of will, is a very different matter. Even so, not much is gained by the unlearned seer. What I perceive as a flashing orb, may be to A, a sound; to B, a perfume; to C, a color; and so on. They correlate and are manifest to each psychic present according to his higher or lower vibration. Sound is probably the highest and taste the lowest. He who has mastered vibration alone understands; he is an Adept.

Another inquirer writes: "I want to tell you of a little experience I had last week. I would call it a dream, but it is unlike any dream I ever had. It was in the night of course, and I thought that I—the real I—was standing by the bedside, looking down at my sleeping form. The whole room was light, yet it did not seem like sunlight; it came from no particular point, it cast no shadows; it seemed to be diffused from, or to pervade, all things equally: it was not colored, like sunlight or gaslight; it seemed white, or silvery. Everything was clearly visible; the furniture, the mosquito bar, the brushes on the toilet-table. The form on the bed I recognized distinctly. It was lying as usual, on the right side, the right arm curved under the pillow, my favorite attitude. I seemed to see it even more clearly, more distinctly than the ordinary reflection in the mirror, for whereas there one only has the reflection of a plane surface, here I saw it as a solid, just as I do other people and could also observe the breathing. This did not last more than, perhaps, thirty seconds, but long enough for me to see the body distinctly, to observe and comment upon the fact that the face had an expression of weariness, to note the light as before remarked and some objects in the room. Then all faded away, and afterwards—tho' how long, of course I don't know—I awoke and it was day. Was this a dream, or did I remember that much of the excursion of my "Astral," and was the light I saw the Astral Light? C."

This inquirer was answered. "I believe that what you saw was the remembrance of what really happened. Your astral self got out—as it always does—and looked back at the body. It is more than quite likely that all that you saw occurred when you were returning to the body, and that is why it was short. We remember distinctly only that which is nearest to us. I think you went out when you fell asleep and then on coming back to wakefulness you kept a recollection of the last few seconds. You do not really forget what you saw and thought while away. It sinks into your upper, or sub-conscious, or super-conscious mind, from which it will all percolate into the thoughts of your waking state. To remember what happens during sleep, is to be a conscious seer. So we only get these useless glimpses of our returning to the body.

We go away in deep dreamless sleep to other spheres and states, where

we get ideas and so forth, and the way back is through many different states, all having their denizens and obstructions. Besides that, there are two ways to ascend and descend : the direct and indirect. So, much is lost and mixed up on those two roads. Now I talk of actualities and not sentimentally.

We must be patient, because it takes time to find out how to walk, and much time is spent in getting hold of clues. A great deal depends on purity of thought and motive, and breadth of view."

In fact, when we know *how* to walk, the thing is done : Knowledge and the act come together. Observe the method of the mother. She restrains the child while it is too young and feeble to sustain its own weight : where this is neglected the child goes misshapen through life. She does not confuse it with explanation and example. She waits upon its natural instincts and gently fosters these in their due time. She guides it around the obstacles it must learn to avoid ; she does not remove them all, even at the expense of a few tumbles. Oh, my friends? think of the memory of our mothers, and tell me, would you have teacher, guide or brother to be less tender and less wise than they, with the newly born into real life ?

JULIUS.

NOTICE TO INQUIRERS.

Within the mind and heart of every thoughtful individual there exists some vital question unanswered. Some subject is uppermost, and asserts itself obtrusively with greater persistency because he is obliged to deal with it without a visible prospect of a solution of the problem. As the center in a circle so is every individual with regard to his environment. At times it seems impossible for him to pass beyond the circle owing to one unanswered question. In obeying the command to do good we learn that by the interchange of different thoughts, these questions are often solved, sometimes by an unintentional word or phrase, which opens up a new view and starts one thinking in another direction, or in other ways. This interchange of question and answer is not only valuable to the questioner but also for the questioned, and brings both into a closer union of mutual interest. In consequence of this view we express a wish that all who desire will ask their questions, to which an answer will be given. Perhaps not just such an answer as they look for, but it will be a sincere one from the standpoint of the questioned. The answers will be from one who seeks "the small old path"—a student like other mortals, and will be given as such, and not as autocratic or infallible. It is not intended to limit in any way, and all will be responded to, be they Jew, Gentile, Theosophist, Spiritualist, Pagan or Christian. Where permissible a certain portion will be published in THE PATH. The remainder will be answered by letter direct. All communications should be addressed, with return postage, to ZADOK, P. O. Box 2659, N. Y.

LITERARY NOTES.

JAPANESE LITERATURE.—We have received from Messrs. Z. Sawai and Matsuyama M., from Japan, the "Letters of Kenjiu Kasawara" to Prof. Max Müller, printed in English at Osaka, at the Bukkyo-Sho-ri-Yaku-Shuppan-Sha. Kasawara was a young Japanese Buddhist who studied at Oxford, and afterwards died prematurely on his return home. From the same source we get "*The Temperance*," a unique magazine in Japanese characters, devoted to temperance, started by students in the Buddhist college at Kioto, Japan, known as the Futsukioco of the Western Honganji, Kioto. These young men are anxious to spread Buddhism and have requested us to publish their wish. They would also like short articles upon teetotalism which they will publish in English and Japanese in the magazine. Address them as above.

LUCIFER.—The first number of the new Theosophical magazine has an attractive table of contents. The two gifted editors both contribute important articles. Madame Blavatsky tells why the magazine is called "Lucifer", while Mable Collins begins a serial story called "The Blossom and the Fruit; a Tale of Love and Magic." All readers of that beautiful story, "The Idyll of the White Lotus," will follow the development of this novel with eager interest. We learn that it is written in the same way as was that work and also "Through the Gates of Gold," as related in the new preface to the latter, and that it is full of occultism to a remarkable degree. Coming from such a source it must be founded on true occult laws, and not the invented occultism that forms the basis of so many books dealing with the subject. The series of comments on "*Light on the Path*" by the author, are of the greatest importance, being the first authoritative one of the various commentaries occasioned by that noble work. Other articles are: "The History of a Planet," "Notes by an Unpopular Philosopher," "Karma," by Archibald Keightley, and something about Count Tolstoi as "A True Theosophist." Attention is asked to the advertisement of *Lucifer* on our cover, as it was taken from "*Science*," a leading scientific paper in this country.

Dr. Franz Hartmann is an indefatigable literary worker. He has now nearly finished his third book for the year, and has, besides, written a number of articles on Theosophical subjects. The book in question is called *Jehoshua the Prophet of Nazareth*, and treats of the life and times of the founder of the Christian religion, besides devoting considerable attention to the aspects of the Christian churches of to-day. Dr. Hartmann's important work, *The Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians*, illustrated with beautiful colored plates, is in the hands of the publishers and will soon appear. Dr. Hartmann had nearly finished a translation of the *Bhagavat-Gita* into German, when he learned that there was already an excellent metrical translation by Boxberger, and abandoned the undertaking. It is to be hoped that German Theosophists will do their best to circulate Boxberger's work.

THE KABBALAH UNVEILED.—Mr. S. L. Macgregor Mathers has translated under the above title, *The Kabbalah Denudata*. It contains, from the Zohar, the Book of Concealed Mystery and the Greater and Lesser Assembly. Comments by the translator are added, put in small type so that the reader cannot mistake them for the text. It is a valuable book because a translation of the *Kabbalah Denudata* has been for a long time needed, and these books have lain buried, for most readers, in the Latin tongue. Mr. Mathers has added an explanatory introduction which will be found very useful, but we cannot say that the comments add a great deal to the text.

In his remarks respecting the pronunciation of the name of Jehovah, he lays too much stress upon the mere sound of the word, in which the right pronunciation does not consist; its pronunciation is not in *sound*, but in the very thing that Mr. Mathers refers to, that is, "*in becoming*," so it is misleading to speak of "20 different mystic pronunciations of the Word." This translation ought to be in the hands of every earnest student, and in each Branch library. For sale by Occult Publishing Co., Boston. 1 vol., demy, 8vo., \$3.00.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

IN INDIA.

The interest in India continues unabated. New branches are being constantly formed. In May Col. H. S. Olcott was enthusiastically received at Bulandshahr, and entertained by Sir Namah Faiz Alikhan Bahadur, K. C. S. I. Before leaving there he formed a Branch called "The Baran T. S.," Baran being the old Hindu name of the town.

On the same occasion, Thakur—or Baron—Ganesh Singh started a Purity Alliance for boys.

At Anantapur the Branch celebrated the Queen's Jubilee by hoisting its flag and distributing alms of rice and money to 200 poor people, followed by a theosophical gathering which ended, as the report says, "with the distribution of sweetmeats, almonds, sandal, pan supari and flowers."

In June Col. Olcott had carried his tour as far north as Lahore, where another new Branch was formed. The depth of interest is indicated by the fact that H. H., the Maharajah of Kashmir, placed his vast Lahore palace at the president's disposal, and the municipal authorities attended to the household arrangements. Posters were all over the city in English, Urdu, Hindi, and Gurmukhi announcing the theosophical programme.

At Hardwar the Prime Minister invited Col. Olcott to an important convention, where resolutions were passed thanking the Theosophical Society for its great services during the past ten years in the cause of truth and religion.

The Buddhist catechism has been translated into Japanese. It is probable that a formal invitation will soon be extended to theosophical leaders to visit Japan.

The high priest of Ceylon, Rev. H. Sumangala, also has written a letter to Col. Olcott adverting to the esteem he holds for our representative there, to whom he says he gave letters of introduction to the Buddhist chiefs at Ratnapura. As Mr. Leadbeater is a believer in Mahatmas, it may seem strange to the readers of Mr. Arnold's book that the high priest was so unusually attentive to a theosophist.

The theosophists of Bellary in India have founded an association for the moral and spiritual advancement of the people, and have also started another Sanscrit school.

Branch societies were started since last report at Monghyr, Behar Provinces, and at Rajmahal in Bengal.

We notice that our old friend Bezonji Aderji, a Parsee lawyer, has become president of the Society at Secunderabad, Deccan.

IN AMERICA.

THE CHICAGO THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY is about beginning its Fall work. During the vacation there were several informal meetings which proved of great interest. This Branch pays attention to both the scientific and psychical sides of Theosophy.

THE RAMAYANA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY of Chicago, has been organized with Brother W. P. Phelon as president and a good roll of members, several of whom have had considerable experience in "spiritualism," and who think they have found in the theories in vogue in the T. S., the right keys for many problems that have puzzled inquirers. The name taken is a good one; it is a celebrated Sanscrit name and calls before the mind an era of vast spiritual and material knowledge. We hope to see ere long many more active Branches in Chicago.

MOHINI M. CHATTERJI, of Calcutta, who has been visiting theosophical friends here for some months, sailed for India last month from Boston.

IN ST. LOUIS, where the *Pranava T. S.* was instituted not long ago, an old secret Branch has resolved to make itself public. Its name is the *Arjuna Theosophical Society*. Bro. Page, who organized the old *Pioneer* Branch which dissolved recently, has been and still is president of the *Arjuna*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KIOTO, JAPAN, July 30th, 1887.

MR. WILLIAM Q. JUDGE :

GENTLEMAN :—I am very glad to receive your epistle, answering to us : I have taken a great pleasure to read in it, that the story we read in the *Russian News*, is in part true ; and I am much interested of your earnest efforts of spreading the pure truth of Buddhism. In Japan, there are the twelve sects, or schools of Buddhism, and their principles are shortly explained in the small book, “A Short History of the Twelve Japanese Buddhist Sects” which I presently send to you.

All the people of this country are the Buddhist believers ; but, unhappy to tell, many of them are merely nominal ; and the doctrines of the Mahayana school are generally recognised and respected. There are a great many teachers and monks, with few nuns, of our religion, and the temples and monasteries in this land, are numerous and splendid ; some of them being really huge and grand ; the photographs, which you will find enclosed along with the book, show you some of them.

I have a willingness to tell you and your associates about the principles of Buddhism, as recognised in this country, but as I at present find myself busy, I will write to you about that subject, after some days. Some missionaries from France, England, the United States, and Russia, are endeavoring to Christianise this country but for present their followers are few, and the influence of their religion is very weak upon our society.

Our young Buddhistic men, particularly those of the Shin Shin sect, exhibit a strong spirit to propagate the truth of the great law over the face of the world, and they are making preparation in learning English and other languages.

I have translated your letter, and inserted to some of our news, and I believe that it has made an interesting impression on our Buddhists. We are very desirous to make correspondence respecting to our religion with your associates and other people, so, I want you would kindly publish our wish.

I am translating an essay, titled “A Brief Sketch of the General View of Buddhism in Japan,” and I suppose, this would be apt to make the foreign people know of the chief and central principles and dogmas of Buddhism in Japan.

Sir, excuse me of the defective manner in writing. I am, indeed, a baby in English language.

I am, Sir, your humble friend,

Address :—

MATSUYAMA M.

MATSUYAMA M.,

Futsukioco of the Western Honganji (a Buddhist college), Kioto, Japan.

As a person having seen one in a dream, recognizes him afterwards ; so does one who has achieved proper concentration of mind perceive the Self.

OM.

Æ U Ω

And he who, remembering me at the moment of death, quits the body and comes forth, enters my nature; there is no doubt about that. Or, again, whatever nature he thinks on when he abandons the body at last, to that only does he go, O son of Kunti! having been always conformed to that nature. Therefore think on me at all times and fight.—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

As is the outer, so is the inner; as is the small, so is the great; there is but one law; and He that worketh is One. Nothing is small, nothing is great, in the Divine Economy.—*Hermetic Philosophy*.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 8.

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THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

(Continued from April number.)

In the few introductory lines with which I took up this subject, it was stated that not being a Sanscrit scholar I did not intend to go into the commentaries upon the poem in that language. The great mass of those commentaries have looked at the dialogue from various standpoints. Many later Hindu students have not gone beyond the explanations made by San-karacharya, and nearly all refuse to do more than transliterate the names of the different personages referred to in the first chapter.

But there is the highest authority for reading this poem between the lines. The Vedas themselves say, that what we see of them, is only "the

disclosed Veda," and that one should strive to get above this *disclosed* word. It is here clearly implied that the undisclosed Vedas must be hidden or contained in that which is apparent to the outer senses. Did we not have this privilege, then surely will we be reduced to obtaining true knowledge solely from the facts of experience as suffered by the mortal frame, and fall into the gross error of the materialists, who claim that mind is only an effect produced by the physical brain-molecules coming into motion. We would also have to follow the canonical rule, that conscience is a safe guide only when it is regulated by an external law such as the law of the church, or of the Brahmanical caste. But we very well know that within the material, apparent—or disclosed—man, exists the *real* one who is undisclosed. This valuable privilege of looking for the inner sense, while not straining after impossible meanings in the text, is permitted to all sincere students of any holy scriptures, Christian or Pagan. And in the poem itself, Krishna declares that He will feed the lamp of spiritual wisdom so that the real meaning of his words may be known; so too the Upanishads uphold the existence of a faculty together with the right to use it, whereby one can plainly discern the real, or undisclosed, meaning of holy books. Indeed, there is a school of occultists who hold, as we think with reason, that this power may be so developed by devoted persons, that even upon hearing the words of a holy book read in a totally unfamiliar language, the true meaning and drift of the strange sentences become instantly known.¹ The Christian commentators all allow that in studying their Bible, the spirit must be attended to and not the letter. This *spirit* is that *undisclosed* Veda which must be looked for between the lines.

Nor should the Western student of the poem be deterred from any attempt to get at the real meaning, by the attitude of the Brahmins, who hold that only Brahmins can be told this real meaning, and, because Krishna did not make it plain, it may not be made plain now to Sudras, or low caste people. Were this view to prevail, then the whole Western body of theosophists would be excluded from using this important book, inasmuch as all persons not Hindus are necessarily of Sudra caste. Krishna did not make such an exclusion, which is only priestcraft. He was himself of shepherd caste and not a Brahmin; and he says that any one who listens to his words will receive great benefit. The sole limitation made by him is that one in which he declares that these things must not be taught to those who do not want to listen, which is just the same direction as that given by Jesus of Nazareth when he said, "cast not your pearls before swine."

¹ We have in mind an incident where a person of some slight development in this direction, heard read several verses from the Vedas in Sanscrit—with which he had no acquaintance—and instantly told what the verses were about —B.

But as our minds work very much upon suggestion or clues, and might in the absence of any hints as to where those clues are placed, be liable to altogether overlook the point, we must bear in mind the existence among the Aryans of a psychological system that gives substance and impulse to utterances declared by many Orientalists to be folly unworthy of attention from a man of the nineteenth century civilization. Nor need we be repulsed from our task because of a small acquaintance with that Aryan psychology. The moment we are aware of its existence in the poem, our inner self is ready to help the outer man to grasp after it, and in the noble pursuit of these great philosophical and moral truths, which is only our eternal endeavor to realize them as a part of our being, we can patiently wait for a perfect knowledge of the anatomy and functions of the inner man.

Western Sanscritists have translated many important words into the very lowest of their real meanings, being drawn away from the true by the incomplete Western psychological and spiritual knowledge, or have mixed them up hopelessly. Such words as *Karma* and *Dharma* are not understood. *Dharma* means *Law*, and is generally turned into *duty*, or said to refer merely to some rule depending upon human convention, whereas it means an inherent property of the faculties or of the whole man, or even of anything in the cosmos. Thus it is said that it is the duty, or *Dharma*, of fire to burn. It always will burn and thus do its whole duty, having no consciousness, while man alone has the power to retard his "journey to the heart of the Sun," by refusing to perform his properly appointed and plainly evident *Dharma*. So again, when we read in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, that those who depart this life, "in the bright half of the moon, in the six months of the sun's Northern course" will go to eternal salvation, while others "who depart in the gloomy night of the moon's dark season while the sun is in the Southern half of his path," ascend for a time to the moon's region, to be reborn on this earth, our Orientalists tell us this is sheer folly, and we are unable to contradict them. But if we know that the Aryans, with a comprehensive knowledge of the vast and never inharmonious correspondence reigning throughout the macrocosm, in speaking thus meant to admit that the human being may be or not in a state of development in strict conformity to the bright or dark moon, the verse becomes clear. The materialistic critic will take the verse in the fourth chapter which says that, "he who eats of the ambrosia left from a sacrifice passes into the supreme spirit," and ask us how the eating of the remnants of a burnt offering can confer salvation. When, however, we know that Man is the altar and the sacrifice, and that this *ambrosia* is the *perfection of spiritual cultivation* which he eats or incorporates into his being, the Aryan is vindicated and we are saved from despair.

A strange similarity on one point may be noticed between our poem

and the old Hebrew record. The Jews were prepared by certain experiences to enter into the promised land, but were unable to do so until they had engaged in mighty conflicts with Hivites, Jebuzites, Perizites, and Amalakites. Here we find that the very opening verse signalizes a war. The old, blind king Dhritarashtra asks his prime minister to tell him what these opposing forces of Pandos and Kooros have been doing assembled as they are resolved upon war. So too the Jews assembled upon the borders of the promised land, resolved on conflict, and sustained in their resolve by the declarations of their God who had brought them out of the darkness of Egypt, carried on the fight. Egypt was the place where they had, in mystic language, obtained corporification, and stands for ante-natal states, for unformed chaotic periods in the beginning of evolution, for the gestation in the womb. We are on the eve of a gigantic combat, we are to rush into the midst of "a conflict of savages." If this opening verse is understood as it was meant, we are given the key to a magnificent system, and shall not fall into the error of asserting that the unity of the poem is destroyed.

Dhritarashtra is blind, because the body, as such, is blind in every way.

Some one has said—Goethe I think—that the old pagan religions taught men to look up, to aspire continually toward the greatness which was really his to achieve, and thus led him to regard himself as but little less, potentially, than a God; while the attitude of man under the Christian system is one of humility, of bowed head and lowered eyes, in the presence of his God. In approaching the "jealous God" of the Mosaic dispensation, it is not permissible to assume an erect position. This change of attitude becomes necessary as soon as we postulate a Deity who is outside and beyond us. And yet it is not due to the Christian scriptures in themselves, but solely to the wrong interpretation given them by priests and churches, and easily believed by a weak humanity that needs a support beyond itself on which to lean.

The Aryans, holding that man in his essence *is God*, naturally looked up to Him and referred everything to Him. They therefore attributed to the material of the body no power of sight or feeling. And so Dhritarashtra, who is *material existence*, in which thirst for its renewal inheres, is blind.

The eye cannot see nor the ear hear, of themselves. In the Upanishads the pupil is asked: "What is the sight of the eye, and the hearing of the ear?" replying, that these powers reside solely with inner organs of the soul, using the material body as the means for experiencing the phenomena of material life. Without the presence of this indwelling, informing, hearing and seeing power—or being—this collection of particles now deified as *body* is dead or blind.

These philosophers were not behind our nineteenth century. Boscovitch, the Italian, Faraday, Fiske and other moderns, have concluded that

we cannot even see or know the *matter* of which these bodies and the different substances about us are made up, and that the ultimate resolution is not into atoms finely divided, but into "points of dynamic force"; and therefore, we cannot know a piece of iron, we only know the *phenomena* it produces. This position is an ancient Aryan one, with another added—that the real perceiver of those phenomena is the *Self*.

It is only by an acceptance of this philosophy, that we will ever comprehend the facts of nature which our science is so laboriously noting and classifying. But that science ignores a large mass of phenomena well known to spiritualists here and to ascetics in Asia, because the actual existence of the Self as the final support of every phase of consciousness is denied. "The disappearance of the ascetic is a possibility." But the West denies it, while it is doubtful if even spiritists will admit that any living man can cause that phenomena known as "form" to disappear. They are, however, willing to grant that a "materialized spirit form" may disappear, or that some mediums are living who have disappeared while sitting in a chair, either as an actual dissipation of molecules or by being covered as with a veil¹

In those instances the thing happened without knowledge or effort on the part of the medium, who was a passive agent. But the Eastern ascetic possessing the power of disappearing, is a person who has meditated upon the real basis of what we know as "form," with the doctrine ever in view, as stated by Boscovitch and Faraday, that these phenomena are not realities, *per se*, and adding that all must be referred to the Self. And so we find Patanjali in his compilation of Yoga aphorisms stating the matter. In his twenty-first aphorism Book III, he says that the ascetic being aware that form, as such, is nothing, can cause himself to disappear.² It is not difficult to explain this as a species of hypnotism or psychologizing performed by the ascetic. But such sort of explaining is only the modern method of getting out of a difficulty by stating it over again in new terms. Not until it is admitted that the Self eternally persists and is always unmodified, will any real knowledge be acquired by us respecting these matters. In this Patanjali is very clear in his seventeenth Aphorism, Book IV., where he says: "The modifications of the mental state are always known, because the presiding spirit is not modified."

We must admit the blindness of Dhritarashtra, as body, and that our consciousness and ability to know anything whatever of the modifications going on in the organism, are due to the "presiding spirit."

¹ For an instance see Olcott's "*People from the ether world*," respecting a female medium.—W. B.

² The Aphorism reads: "By performing Sanyama—restraint (or meditation)—about form, its power of being apprehended (by the seer's eye) being checked, and luminousness, the property of the organ of sight, having no connection with its object (that is the form), the result is the disappearance of the ascetic."—W. B.

So this old, blind rajah is that part of man, which, containing the principle of thirst for existence, holds material life. The Ganges bounding his plain on one side typifies the sacred stream of spiritual life incarnated here.

At first it flows down unperceived by us, through the spiritual spheres, coming at last into what we call matter, where it manifests itself—but yet remains unseen, until at last it flows into the sea—or death—to be drawn up again by the sun—or the Karma of reincarnation. The plain is sacred because it is the “temple of the Holy Ghost.” Kuru-Kshetra should then read: “The body which is acquired by Karma.” So the King does not ask what this body itself has been doing, but what have the followers of material existence, that is the entire host of lower elements in man by which he is attached to physical life, and the followers of Pandu, that is the entire set of spiritual faculties, been doing on this sacred plain.

It follows then that the enumeration of generals and commanders gone into by the prime minister in reply to the king, must be a catalogue of all the lower and higher faculties in man, containing also, in the names adopted, clues to powers of our being only at present dimly guessed at in the West or included in such vague terms as Brain and Mind. We find these generals given their appropriate places upon either side, and see also that they have assigned to them various distinctive weapons, which in many cases are flourished or exhibited in the preliminary movements, so that our attention may be drawn to them.

WILLIAM BREHON.

(To be continued.)

REINGARNATION.

Is it my doom, though many myriad years
 And many a rhythmic life and death to rise
 To the rich calm of the nirvana skies
 That swallows this mortality of tears?
 On hopes, despairs, remorse, passions, fears,
 Shall I then close my long-enduring eyes,
 Nor severed selfhoods fondly recognize
 Throughout their multitudinous careers?
 Shall I with joy feel that unending rest
 Melt my full being in its drowsy tide,
 Never again to sin, or weep, or plod?
 Or will I shriek, with memory-maddened breast,
 “O give me back that human love which died
 Before I sought identity with God!”

A. E. LANCASTER.

MEDIUMSHIP.

There is no more misunderstood or misapplied word than "Medium." Having been appropriated by the Spiritist, it is as a natural result, to-day supposed to mean just what he makes it mean.

Men take a word, saddle it with a meaning, ride it rough shod on a full gallop over and into every thing until other men shrink in terror from it; or else he stands and curses it for a vile and useless thing. Those who have given the word its present meaning, ascribing all things to the work of disembodied spirits, have made the Medium what he is, and taking to their bosoms the Frankenstein whom they have raised—hug him close, whether he be angel or devil. So long as the Medium gives forth the utterances of "*Spirits*" it matters not at all whether they are the words of divine truth, pure lies, or the thoughts of the Medium; without the slightest true effort to discover the source, all is accepted and claimed for Spirits. This and some other modes of proceeding have discouraged many intelligent students from researches touching Mediumship, and caused all men, outside of a limited number, to distrust or fear the name.

Nevertheless Mediumship does exist, no matter how much it may be reviled or we be prejudiced against it. But Mediumship does not consist wholly in reality of so called communications from dead men, or the alleged materialization of Spirit forms through whose veins the red blood of Nature courses, and whose breaths frequently bear a suspicious odor of onions. While there is not one of the phases of Spiritism which is not founded upon a truth, yet these demonstrations almost generally are the results of unscrupulous persons seeking gain or self. A Medium gaining a little knowledge of some unfamiliar occult law, takes it for granted that all is learned, calls it a spirit, and immediately applies it to his own purposes. Finding he can go only a certain length with it, instead of seeking further knowledge, he strains and improvises upon it, to gain his ends or the gold he covets. We do not say they are not Mediums for they are. All the charlatans and pretenders who cling to the skirts of Spiritism also. They are Mediums for the lower passions and elementals. The error of Spiritists lies in the fact that they ascribe *all* things to Spirits. Clairaudience, Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Hypnotism, etc., are all claimed as the work of a Spirit or Control.

All men are Mediums or Sensitives, and to what extent they little know. We do not claim that all men are Mediums for Spirits of dead men, or that they are all instruments for the most exalted Intelligences, but they are Mediums for Elementals—the embodied, the disembodied, for those who never have or may never be embodied—for all that the Astral holds, and sometimes for that which is beyond the Astral. They are Mediums for

their own Inner and Higher selves or those of other men, and frequently failing to recognize them, they call them "Spirits."

The Psychometrist is a Medium or Sensitive, but he is such for the manifestation of the souls of things. The Hypnotic also, but he is for the manifestation of his own and the latent powers of other mortals. The Clairvoyant sees that which is recorded on the Astral.

The Clairaudient may hear the voices of Spirits, he may quite as easily hear the thought, but unspoken words, of other living men, the voices of forces or that of his own unrecognized Inner or Higher Self.

Upon the Astral Light all things are recorded; the knowledge of ages, the acts of all time, the forms of all who have died and all who live, the thoughts of all who have ever existed or do exist are photographed upon it. It has been and is being daily admitted more freely by wise men, that there are other forces and powers in Nature of which we, largely, have little knowledge. The souls of animate and inanimate things, the lights, colors and auras of non-luminous bodies, the powers of and forces exerted by immovable or quiescent things, and the effects of all these upon the human organism, are realized only to a slight extent by the enlightened and unprejudiced scientist, and fully known only to the *true* occult student.

Thought passes to and fro from man to man. At a higher level it does the same from higher intelligences to man, and all in a sphere beyond the material. Men, from different causes, rising to different levels above their ordinary outer selves, come into the Astral where all is spread out before them. They see and read only that for which they are fitted, and comprehend only that for which they are prepared. Through conscious or unconscious exaltation they rise into or come in contact with some current of thought or unspoken word which enters their brains by divers roads. Comprehended partly perhaps, but being entirely foreign to their normal personal manner of thinking—knowing they have heard a voice—it is ascribed to a Spirit, although in fact it may be the thought of a living man they hear, feel, see or are repeating. All men who by effort, training, or super-sensitive personality, lift themselves consciously or are lifted unconsciously above the material, and secure the wisdom knowledge and inspiration of other planes, are mediumistic.

Every student who has sought the Occult and attained his object has been a Medium, from Buddha, Pythagoras, Zoroaster, Apollonius, Plato, Jesus, Boehme, down to those of later times or of to day.

The Adept as well as the Chela, the Initiate as well as the Neophyte, the Master as well as the Student. The Chela is but the Medium for his own latent possibilities—his Master and Nature's laws. The Neophyte likewise, for all by a striving for a high ideal, seek to place themselves upon a plane where Occult laws may make themselves visible or intelligible through

their agency, and the silent voices of the Great Unseen become audible, be they individualized or diffused through all space as forces are. All things speak and convey a meaning, nothing is silent—all things speak from the monad, through all nature, forces, spheres, and space to the Omniscient silence—the ever living Word, the voice of the All Wise, and all men hear or feel some of these in some way and are Mediums for them.

Forces there are which wait but the will or desire of souls to spring into a certain degree of human intelligence, and make themselves heard to and through the one who has brought them into Material life.

Man's body is but a Medium. If it be not for his own Inner and Higher Self; then it is for those of other men; for we express the thoughts and acts of others quite as often as our own.

There has never been a wise or good word spoken, a note of true music sounded, a line of true poetry penned, a harmonious blending of color painted that was not the result of Mediumship. There never was an occult law explained, a divine mystery revealed through man, chela, student, Adept or Master, that was not the result of Mediumship.

The Master is higher than the chela who is his Medium. There is something higher than the Master, and he is Its Medium; looked at in its true light Mediumship is one of the wonders of the Creator. He who possesses most of this gift, realizing what it is and knowing how to wisely use it may feel himself supremely blest. The Mystic and true Theosophist realizing what a Medium really is, may well hesitate before he joins with those who cast aside divine wisdom because it has come through an instrument declared in horror by some to be Mediumistic.

ALBERTUS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MEANING OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

[A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MALDEN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.]

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

If the question were asked, what one literary work best represents the spiritual and intellectual problems of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the majority of educated and thoughtful men would, I think, answer, Goethe's Faust. As the Divina Commedia represents the whole intellectual, social and moral movement of Dante's time, so Goethe's poem may be said to include the whole spirit of modern life, in all its phases.

And just as in the Divine Comedy we can read in the literal sense an account of the author's travels through the various circles of material

regions of punishment, purification, and reward ; while there can be read also a consistent political meaning, the symbols considered as referring to the contests then raging in Italy, where Pope, Emperor, and civic republics, contended for their various interests ; while deeper and truer than either, lies the spiritual sense, most precious of all, and as living as ever, when the literal and the political interpretations have become a matter of the past ; so in Faust, every one who reads it may draw from it the meaning that it has for his special need, the answer for his special question ; and the deepest thinker, the most spiritual interpreter of it will be the least likely to claim that he has fully comprehended its possibilities, or penetrated to its innermost sense.

And the inner meaning of both these is the same ; it is the same question which underlies all the great Bibles of Humanity ; how shall man, the imperfect, become perfect ? Each age has to meet this problem, each states the solution in its own form ; many are the answers, but very few, only one in an age, comes to be accepted as the voice of that age ; and the inner sense of these is very nearly the same, though the external forms may be far different.

In what I may have to say as to the answer which "Faust" gives to the universal problem, I am much indebted to the very thoughtful and instructive work of Mr. D. J. Snider, "Goethe's Faust, a Commentary." To the theosophist, especially, this book is a perfect treasury of interpretations of inner meanings in Goethe's poem.

The action of "Faust" was tersely characterized by Goethe himself, in conversation with Eckerman, as "From heaven through earth to hell, and back to heaven." Faust himself, the hero, is the representative man, the type of humanity in its contest with the obstacles and temptations within and without, which beset his path. In the development of the Faust legend, what may be fairly so called, though the name of Faust is not always found in it, can be seen in three forms ; the medieval, the protestant, and the modern.

In the medieval, which we first find about the fifth or sixth century of our era, the hero is known by the name of Theophilus ; he renounces the faith, denies its power, uses magic arts, sells himself to Satan, but is at last, by special interposition of the Virgin, turned from his fate, and dies penitent and devout. This is the medieval form of the legend ; a contest between the church and the devil, in which the church wins ; the eternal womanly is the saving element here, but in the form of the Virgin Mary ; any lower feminine element, if present at all, is only as an ally of the satanic power.

The Protestant Faust, the Faust of German legends, is in a certain sense a popular hero ; he defies everything in his ambition for knowledge and power ; he does not generally use his compact with Satan for malicious

purpose. He must fall, the ideas of divine government demand it ; but he commands our admiration as he goes down ; he falls under the divine stroke, but "impavidum ferient ruinæ."

The problem of our day demands that Faust should question everything, defy precedents and tradition, try every power of the human soul for pain and joy ; and yet not perish like the Protestant Faust, not surrender in blind faith to the church, like the medieval. This is the problem that the poem we are considering is to solve.

The poem is emphatically the work of Goethe's whole life ; begun very early, finished in his very last years, it illustrates every period of his literary style, and yet it is an organic whole, every part in living relation to the rest. A short dedication, written twenty-four years after the poet began the work, and in which he recalls the memories of the earlier days, is followed by the Prologue on the Stage, in which the manager, the actor, and the poet set forth their various ideals of a play. Gain is the object of the manager, applause that of the actor, while the poet speaks from that higher standpoint above personal motive. One word of his I think we will find gives a clue to the right interpretation of individual references in Goethe's works. The object of the poet is "to call the individual to the universal consecration." A scene, a character, may have been drawn from some event in Goethe's experience, from some person of his acquaintance ; but in the work it stands not merely for the individual ; we must understand it as having the universal consecration.

Then comes the Prologue in Heaven ; one of the grandest scenes in literature ; the song of the archangels defies translation ; a hint of its grandeur may be obtained in our language, but hardly more.

RAPHAEL.

The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round ;
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say ;
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful Night's intense profound :
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled !

. MICHAEL.

And rival storms abroad are surging
 From sea to land, from land to sea ;
 A chain of deepest action forging
 Round all, in wrathful energy.
 There flames a desolation, blazing
 Before the Thunder's crashing way ;
 Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
 The gentle movement of Thy Day.

THE THREE.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
 From these the angels draw their power,
 And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
 Are bright as in Creation's hour.¹

This scene is in form much like the first chapter of the book of Job ; the celestial hierarchy is assembled, the angels chant their grand calm hymn ; they seem wholly absorbed in the contemplative state, perceiving nothing of the discussion which occupies the rest of the scene. Their state seems to be one of Devachanic bliss, a strong contrast to man's earthly career of struggle, summed up by the words with which the Lord characterizes it

"Es irrt der Mensch, so lang 'er strebt"
 "Man must err, as long as he strives."

Mephistopheles, who later in the poem describes himself as "the spirit that always denies," presents himself among the sons of God ; every word speaks a satirical, mocking dissatisfaction and disgust with all the wonders of the universe ; especially strong is his contempt for man, the wretched insect, who strives to be a god, and with such absurd results.

Heaven being represented somewhat in the guise of a medieval court, Mephistopheles takes his proper place in it as the jester, the court fool ; considering him as such, the good-natured tolerance which the Lord shows for his half subservient, half insolent familiarity, becomes comprehensible to us. In the clear vision of infinite wisdom, what can the spirit of denial be but a mocking buffoon. As the Lord says to him :

"Ich habe deines Gleichen nie gehasst.
 Von allen Geistern, die verneinen,
 Ist mir der Schalk am wenigsten zur Last."
 "The like of thee have never moved my hate.
 Of all the denying spirits,
 The waggish knave is the least burdensome."

And after Mephistopheles has wagered that Faust's strivings will end in his falling completely from the right way, the Lord tells him :

"A good man through obscurest aspiration,
 Has still an instinct of the one true way."

¹ Taylor's Translation.

The heavens close, and Mephistopheles is left alone, a characteristic sneer from him ending the scene.

“ I like to see the Old Man, now and then,
And take care not to break with him entirely ;
It's really very kind in such a noble lord,
To talk so sociably with a poor devil.”

Now we can see that though the framework of the prologue much resembles that of Job, there is this difference ; in the older poem Job is the true worshiper of Jehovah, and Satan's wager is that he serves only for reward ; take away his prosperity, and he will cease to worship God. Mephistopheles on the other hand mocks at the blind struggles of Faust to reach truth, and wagers that they will end in disappointment and disgust, and finally lead him to the spirit of pure denial. The form of the problem has somewhat changed in 3,000 years, and the form of its solution must be somewhat different.

The scene is now transferred to earth, and Faust is introduced, and in the very first lines we see the conflict going on in him between the aspiration, the inner conviction that there is a higher, truer knowledge, a genuine wisdom ; and the spirit of negation which finds only disappointment in every effort to attain this lofty truth.

Through the first act this conflict continues in Faust's soul ; the contest is as yet internal, and we hear it in the form of his soliloquy. He has studied the four faculties, and now finds that the truth is no more within his grasp than before ; he has much learning, but it does not give him the truth. Now he turns to magic ; what the ordinary learning of the schools cannot give him, he will seek from the great spirits of nature ; and by the sheer force of his aspiration he brings before him the two spirits, the nature spirit and the earth spirit, but he cannot hold them, and when for the moment he speaks to the earth spirit as to an equal, he is crushed by the contemptuous reply.

“Thou'rt like the Spirit which thou comprehendest, not me !”

The spirit disappears, and Faust, overwhelmed, exclaims :

“Not thee !

Whom then ?

I, image of the Godhead !

Not even like thee !”

A knock at his door from his Famulus, answers his question.

This stinging repulse brings Faust down lower than before. In the moment that he thinks himself the equal of the mighty spirit, he is told he can comprehend nothing higher than the dull routine of a scholastic pedant. Intellectual denial has again conquered aspiration. The world can give

him nothing, but at this moment his eye falls upon a vial on the shelf ; another possibility opens to him : what he despairs of life giving him, death may give, and he raises the poison to his lips. At this moment, from without, the Easter songs reach his ear : he hesitates, and as the angelic song rises higher and higher, the glass falls from his hand ; he will live.

Faust has been defeated in his three attempts to reach the truth ; through study, through magic, and through death. But if the mind cannot reach truth, it can be used for sensuous gratification, and in the next scene we see Faust in the company outside the city gate. The Easter festival, which in its spiritual sense held Faust back from suicide, now appears in the bright spring-time, bringing out from the winter seclusion every form of life. The procession from the city, apprentices, servants, students, maidens, citizens, soldiers, all brought out by the warm sun to enjoy the pleasure of awakening spring and sense, is true to the life, even of to-day. The ease with which the spiritual aspiration passes into the lower emotion is shown by this Easter festival culminating in the Song under the Linden, whose sensuous excess is prophetic of the results of Faust's new tendency.

Faust himself almost involuntarily invokes the elementary spirits, to bring him, if they can do so, to a new and brighter life : and almost immediately the black poodle is seen running about near them. The negative evil half of Faust's nature has taken objective form ; no longer is the conflict to be internal only ; and as the desire for animal happiness has created the external form, the animal shape is the most fitting for it to assume. Faust intuitively perceives something unusual in the dog, but Wagner, like so many of the commentators of Faust, sees a "poodle and nothing more;" he is a type of those who positively refuse to see anything but the external husk, and have no patience with those who desire to discern an inner meaning. In the next scene, Faust has gone home, taking with him the poodle, who lies quietly down beside the stove.

Aspiration is again in the ascendant in Faust, and he now meditates and comments on the first words of the gospel of John ; but as the sentence "In the beginning was the Word" inspires him to lofty thoughts, the dog becomes restless and uneasy, and disturbs Faust by barking and howling. This reminds us of what the occultists teach is a general law ; that whenever the higher part of our nature aspires and strives to the divine, the lower part of one's self stirs to fiercer opposition.

Apprehending at last that something more than a mere animal is concerned, Faust evokes by spells of increasing power, the inner form from out the beast. First the Seal of Solomon, the interlaced triangles, as a spell for elemental spirits ; and we may note his incidental remark that these forms are only powerful when used by one who knows the true nature of the elements. Stronger spells are needed, and at last are efficacious, and Meph-

istopheles appears as a travelling scholastic ; a solution, as Faust says, that makes him laugh.

After a little conversation, in which Mephistopheles states clearly enough his character, and is treated rather contemptuously by Faust, he asks for leave to depart, and explains that he must go out by the same way he came in, but is barred by the pentagram, the five pointed star, traced on the threshold, which, imperfect in one point, let him come in, but will not let him go out. The law of Karma is recalled to us by this necessity of evil going out as it came in ; for we know that every wrong action must pay its penalty in its own kind, before we can get clear of it.

In the next scene, Faust again is visited by Mephistopheles, now in his characteristic costume, which he will wear through most of the drama ; the feather, sword, and dress of the man of the world. His bargain is soon made : when he can satisfy Faust through the senses, then he wins him forever : he is at Faust's bidding day and night till then, but when once Faust says to the moment, "delay, thou art so fair," then the wager is won. A profitable bargain for the devil, it would seem, and it is reckless enough in Faust to make such a bargain ; but after all, would it not be the same, bargain or no ? When aspiration is satisfied with sense, what is there more ? it is all over with the man, and he is lost at any rate. We need not fear for Faust, for even as he makes the agreement, his contempt is great for all that Mephistopheles can offer :

"Was willst du, armer Teufel, geben?"

"You poor devil, what can you give?"

A short scene follows in which Mephistopheles, disguised in Faust's professorial robes, has an interview with a boy just come to college, and asking advice and instruction. In the advice and instruction that Mephistopheles gives him is concentrated about as much of bad advice and sensual suggestion as could be condensed in few lines ; and yet we must note that here, as indeed throughout the whole of the drama, Mephistopheles uses hardly a single direct falsehood. The incarnation of evil and denial, he shows a vast knowledge, an equanimity that rarely is disturbed, and a directness of assertion that does not need to use any literal misstatement. In a later scene, when Faust fiercely denounces him and accuses him of bringing evil on Margaret, Mephistopheles is able calmly to point out that he has only clearly stated the thoughts and fulfilled the wishes which Faust himself had, but was ashamed to acknowledge.

But now Mephistopheles is to show Faust the world, and this world is naturally a world suited to Mephistopheles' purpose, a world with its institutions and society, but all perverted. Self is the object in all ; the sensual gratification of self. But Faust must pass through all this : as we are told in *Light on the Path*,

"All steps are necessary to make up the ladder. The vices of men become steps in the ladder, one by one as they are surmounted."

Now we are to see man guided by the spirit of denial, in his relations to the world. The first scene, Auerbach's cellar, shows us the repulsive result when the ordinary needs of life, eating and drinking, become the object of life. We may consider it as representing the state of those in whom the three lower principles of the occult classification have the highest place in the consciousness. This scene causes only disgust to Faust, and we next have "The Witches' Kitchen," a strange scene, a riddle to commentators, which is perhaps rightly interpreted by Mr. Snider as representing the perverted relation of the sexes; a view which we may broaden a little and consider as representing the supremacy of the fourth (Kama Rupa) principle. Here Mephistopheles seeks to captivate Faust by passion, but he only partially succeeds; instead of mere lust, Faust finds a higher ideal, his admiration for the beauty of form redeems his passion from the animal character it would otherwise have, and it leaves him still unsatisfied, aspiring for something higher.

So far, he has dealt with a perverted Mephistophelean world; but now he is himself, under the guidance of Mephistopheles, to pervert the hitherto calm and quiet world of Margaret. The story of Margaret, though naturally an episode in Faust's progress, is yet in one sense a complete story in itself, and appeals strongly to our emotions. To many it is *the* Faust story, being so much simpler and easier of comprehension than the "world bible" of the whole great drama that it has readily adapted itself to scenic and musical representation. And Gretchen's story is in many respects the same as Faust's, but simpler and less complicated intellectually. There is not in her case the intellectual denial of truth; her mind is naturally more intuitional, and her fall is through her affection for Faust; but misguided by this, the consequences are indeed terrible for her; she sins against the two great institutions which are her safeguard, the family and the church; and her fall will bring about the destruction of her mother, her brother and her child; when she turns in terror at the approaching shame and pain, and prays to the Virgin in an appeal of wonderful force and pathos, there is no answer. Then the terrible scene in the church, when she kneels among the multitude, and the Dies Iræ of the choir alternates with the accusing voice of the "Evil Spirit" her conscience, whispering in her ear; neither of them sparing her or offering her any forgiveness. It is the inexorable law of Karma! she has sinned, she must suffer the penalty. The church cannot remove an ounce weight from her suffering in this life; afterwards, it promises nothing, but reserves judgment.

Faust has now left her, and we see him in another of the relations to the perverted world, in which Mephistopheles has placed him; the Brocken

scene, which under the form of a midnight gathering of witches to do honor to their master, represents a type of society in which selfishness is supreme. Multitudes flock to the gathering, with similiar aim, but there is no sympathy; the selfish object may be wealth, sensuality, fame, or anything else; and there is no crime that they are not ready to commit, if necessary for their object; no one will lend a helping hand to another. In many cases, the love of evil has become a passion for evil for its own sake, and we may see here an image of the man in whom the higher principles are drawn down to the service of the lower self; whose fate will be far worse than that of those who live in the lower nature without development of the higher.

Mephistopheles is perfectly at home here, but not Faust; he but half enters into it, and at the point when the wild carnival is at its highest, there rises before him a vision of Margaret, sad, pale, and with a slender blood-red mark about her neck. Instantly he realizes what has been the result to her, in his absence, of their love. It is the turning point in his career; hitherto he has followed Mephistopheles' lead, and even urged him faster on; and now that that lead has brought Margaret into misery, crime, and under sentence of death, Mephistopheles only says "she is not the first." If Faust were to follow the devilish advice and leave her to her fate, it is hard to see how he can ever escape from the downward path he has so far followed. But he does not leave her to her fate; his love for her now shows itself no longer the passion that demands its gratification; it becomes the unselfish desire to save her from the results of his acts. Mephistopheles, hitherto his willing guide, now is his unwilling assistant, and he turns back to save Margaret.

But her redemption must be different from his, as the motives of her fall were different; not undermined by doubt, but falling through her affection, punishment and salvation must correspond. In prison, she acknowledges the justice of her fate; crazed with suffering, she does not at first recognize Faust, who comes to release her; then when she does know him, and he urges her to escape with him, she refuses. Half confusedly she goes over all the story of the first meeting and all that followed; she cannot go with him, and as she sees Mephistopheles at the door, urging haste before the daylight comes, she shudders; Faust in desperation attempts to carry her away by force, but though the vision of her coming execution rises before her, she turns from him, saying, "Judgment of God, I have given myself over to Thee." Her only possible salvation is here; acceptance of the result of her actions, refusal to escape even with the one she loves; yet her last words before she falls, lifeless, are apprehensive for his fate; and as her spirit passes away, we hear from above, fainter and fainter, her voice lovingly calling his name.

Mephistopheles coldly exclaims "She is judged;" but a voice from

above replies "She is saved!" and we all feel that her total sinking of all personal hope or fear in the unselfish love for another, has redeemed her. Faust's nature, however, needs a much longer experience and trial; the evil spirit must go out of him by the way it came in. The episode of Gretchen is ended, as far as Faust's earthly career is concerned: but we may note the half reminiscence, half prophecy of her words in the last scene: "We shall meet again, but not at the dance," which recall to us the Linden song at the beginning of the drama, and point to the final scene of the second part, which is yet far before us.

F. S. COLLINS.

GAIN AND ABEL.

"The first step is Sacrifice; the next, Renunciation."

"*Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it!" cries he, elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered, bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? which God-inspired doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful afflictions even till thou become contrite and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain; thou hadst need of them; *the Self in thee needed to be annihilated.*'"¹

The Bibles, poetry, tradition, concur in this verdict. When life has been exalted above mere animalism, a time comes when the Self in thee needs to be annihilated.

Other sacrifices may be difficult; this renunciation is supremely difficult. To destroy what surrounds us is comparatively easy; to rise in the air and destroy the ground we stood on, not so easy, and yet this is what must be done.

Vices may be abandoned—virtues even may be acquired—for selfish reasons; but to banish once and forever, all selfish motives, all personal objects, to work resolutely for universal ends—this can never be done selfishly.

Can we give a reason for following the good, the beautiful, the true? None, but that we find them good, beautiful, true.

To work in this pure disinterestedness and unselfishness is what is necessary.

The Self in thee needs to be annihilated.

¹ Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, Book II, Chap. IX.

Up to this point of progress, the individual has worked.

After this sacrifice, there is no longer an individual ; there is only God, working through what were the powers of the individual.

The cup that separated the water from the ocean has been annihilated. Now, there is only the ocean.

After the sacrifice, it is perceived that only an unreality, a bond, was offered up ; but till the sacrifice is consummated, what is to be sacrificed is seen as Self.

This sacrifice of Self is made after the illusory nature of the life of the senses is perceived ; after it is seen that within the sensuous world there is a spiritual world, of which the sensuous world is a husk.

This perception, the Orientals call—"overcoming the illusions of the Ten."

When the inner world is perceived, these physical senses and organs are superseded by five inner senses, and five inner organs of sense.

This truth is told again and again in the Hebrew Bible. Moses, (the Soul) led the Twelve Tribes (senses, organs, desire, egotism) from bondage in Egypt (sense-life). During the probation in the desert, these Twelve were superseded by Twelve Tribes who had never known bondage, (astral senses, etc.).

But the individual having gone so far, was to cease from individual life.

Moses saw the Land of Promise from afar, but himself entered not in. He died, and another entered in.

The Self was annihilated ; there was no longer Man, but God only. Those who have read the *Idyll of the Lotus* have learned the same lesson.

Sensa—the soul—triumphs over Agmahd and the Ten. But Sensa himself perished by the hands of Agmahd and the Ten.

It is the darkest fact in human life, but an inexorable fact, that there is no redemption without sacrifice ; the Self needs to be annihilated ; and the Christians have rightly made the sacrifice on Calvary the central picture of their religion ; Christ had to sacrifice himself before he could ascend to his Father.

This is the meaning of Cain and Abel.

To the Soul (Adam) resting in calm unity, was added Personal desire (Eve). Eve is the type of personal life in its essential character, as recipient of alternate emotions of pleasure and pain, sweet and bitter, good and evil. For Eve tastes the fruit of knowledge of good and evil.

Now, two paths lie open—continued personality through many lives, or redemption through self-sacrifice : Cain is the first ; Abel the second.

Cain offers no real sacrifice, and ever after, having chosen egotism and

1 Eye, ear, nose, etc., and tongue, hands, feet, etc.

isolated life, he bears the brand of fear, for fear ever follows strife. The brand remains till Cain learns the "perfect love that casts out fear."

Abel offers the true sacrifice—the whole animal nature. But soul has served Self too long. Before the soul has regained its divinity, the bonds of individuality must be broken by sacrifice. At last the sacrifice is consummated. Abel lies bleeding on the ground, but the liberated soul re-enters Eden, passing the flaming swords of the Cherubim, and advances triumphant to the Tree of Life. There is no longer man, but God only. For this is offered the prayer of the Eastern Saint—

"The dew is on the Lotus ;—Rise, Great Sun !
And lift my leaf, and mix me with the wave !
Om mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes !
The dew-drops slips into the shining sea !"

Dublin, Ireland.

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

PERSONALITIES.

Step aside, O toiling brother, into a convenient by-way, and for a moment let the surging crowd pass by. Do not tremble like a child for fear that you may be hopelessly left behind, for you will be forced back all too soon, though if you really pause, and truly ponder, you will never again be so completely identified with the pursuits of the crowd, though you will still be a part of it. Ask of your soul : "What are these personalities that make up the mighty human tide so widely rushing past—this rushing tide replenished at every instant by birth, depleted at every instant by death, yet flowing on forever?" How read you this journey from the cradle to the grave?

Think of the countless myriads whose weary, toiling, bleeding feet have worn deep the channels of this river of time. Listen to the complaints of the weary, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the despairing. Watch with pity the ashen faces as they hear the sound of the cataract ahead, over which they know they must plunge alone into unknown depths. Many are resigned in the presence of fate, for there is true courage at the heart of humanity, but how few are joyous except through ignorance and forgetfulness, and these are the frightened ones in the presence of the inevitable.

Listen to the loud acclaims, when in the rushing stream one is for a moment borne aloft on the crest of a wave, and watch the envy, and even malice of those who are inevitably drawn into the hollow of the wave, as they also struggle to reach the crest. Alas ! the waves of Wealth, and Fame,

and Power ; Alas ! the bubbling foam of Love. The night cometh, and the stream is still ; yet even in the arms of the Brother of Death the echoes of these mighty waves chant their requiem.

Listen a little deeper, O brother of my soul, and hear the sound of many voices : " What shall I eat ? What shall I drink ? and wherewithal shall I be clothed ? " and then Alas ! " O whither do I tend ? "

And still the surging tide rolls on. A friend is passing yonder ; hail him, and beckon him to thy side. He answers : " I cannot wait ; I have not time. " Alas ! what hath he else but Time, and the foam of the maddening billows ?

Turn now to thy companion, he who bade thee turn aside. Canst thou stop to consider, " Is he short, or tall, or fat, or lean, or black, or white, or man, or woman ? " " Are his garments soiled, or clean ? " " Comes he from the East, or from the West ? " " Hath he letters of introduction ? " " On whose authority ' did he bid thee halt ? " " Did he speak in conventional language, and with the proper accent ? " " Has his raiment the odor of the sea, or the breath of the mountain, or the fragrance of the flowery vale ? "

Be sure it is not thy awakened soul that thus inquires, tis only the voices of the stream yonder, and when thou turnest to look for thy companion, lo ! he is gone, and thou art alone, alone with thy soul, and with the echoes of the stream. Fear chills thy blood, and every separate hair stands on end, and as thou rushest back into the surging stream, even thy boon companions are terrified at thy staring eyes, and thy death-like face.

Hast thou seen a ghost ? yea verily, the ghost of ghosts, the *Dweller of the Threshold*, and yet thou mightest have found a friend, a teacher, a brother. Rush back into the stream. O ! terrified, thou that fleest from thy shadow, and plunge beneath its festering waves, yet even as its murky waters overwhelm thee, thy muscles creep and fear tugs at thy heartstrings.

Drain deep the cup, mount high the wave,
Tramp down the weak, envy the brave !
Bear high the bowl with dance and song,
Laugh at thy fears, shout loud and long.
" O wine of Life ! O vintage rare !
Pressed by sore feet in deep despair. "

Slowly the pendulum of time
Swings to and fro, with measured chime,
The Dweller e'er on Bacchus waits,
And jealous guards the golden gates.
O ! wine of wisdom ! soul distilled,
Won from the silence, Life fulfilled.

Vain are the things of time and sense,
Who follows these finds recompense,

Yet he who turns from these and waits,
The glimmer of the golden gates
Will bless the hand what e'er it be
That tenders chart, or offers key.

Came not the Christ in humble mien ?
Poor and despised, the Nazarene,
And humble fishermen chose He
Beside the sea of Galilee.
Left not Lord Buddha throne and power
To meditate at midnight hour ?

What matters it what hand bestows
The balm of healing for our woes ?
For God is God, and Truth is Truth,
Ripe age is but immortal youth.
Let personalities alone,
Go through the gates ! and reach the throne.

How many are turned aside by personalities ? How many look to the garb of the messenger, forgetting the message, and yet is not the message plain ? At one time the message comes from a manger, at another it descends from a throne. Yet is the message ever the same. Nature and time regard not personalities, but swallow up all alike, yet do nature and time and destiny teach ever the same great lesson, and he who would learn of these must both forego and forget personalities, his own and those of others. Personalities are but the fleeting waves on the river of time, caused by the friction of the winds of fortune ; they are thy weakness and not thy strength. Thy strength is in thy soul, and thy soul's strength is in the calm, and not in storm revealed.

Inquire not who or what the messenger, but study well the message that comes to thy soul, and bears thee ban or blessing according as thou receivest it, and while thou waitest with lamps untrimmed the Bridegroom passes by.

What matters it to thee what infirmities the messenger may bear, except as thou mayest help him so to bear them that truth may run a freer race ? Is it not enough for thee that truth hath given him her signet ring ? Judge then of this, and if he falter in his speech or loiter by the way, take up the theme in clearer tones and speak it from thy soul to all thy kind.

Wilt thou withhold thy blessing from the hand that bears the gift, and covet while rejecting the very gift it bears ? If thou art so at cross purposes with thyself how canst thou be *at one* with truth ?

Truth is many-sided, speaks every language, is clothed in every garb, yet is she ever still the same, *One*, and unchangeable, now and forever. And if she is no respecter of persons, canst thou be more select than she ?

Alas ! thou canst not find her thus, but error rather, and self-deceived rush down the stream of Time, and when thy personalities fall off then shalt thou realize that thou didst refuse the banquet of the gods by scorning thus their messenger. Search out, and know and love and serve the truth, *for truth's own sake*. Follow it through all disguises with scent more sure and keen than hound in search of game. Refuse it not, though it reach thee from a dunghill, welcome it as though straight from God's own throne, and thus shall it ne'er escape thee, and neither love nor hate nor fear shall mar thy harvests, and truth shall honor thee, as thou hast welcomed her.

Beware of false authority, for neither pope nor priest nor book can of itself contain it all, and yet despise them not, for so thou'lt miss the truth. The sole authority for truth is *truth's own self* and if thy soul is but akin to her, thy quickened soul will recognise her every garb, by ties more strong than blood, by kinship everlasting, and as the waters mingle with the sea, so flows thy soul into the bosom of the deeps whence springs afresh in thee the everlasting Life which is the vital breath of Truth.

HARIJ.

THE PATH OF ACTION.

The Mohammedan teacher directs his disciples to tread carefully the razor's edge between the good and the bad ; only a hair line divides the false from the true. In this the Asiatic took an excellent illustration, for the "hair line" is the small stroke *alif*, which, placed in a word, may alter the sense from the true to the false.

In chapter four of the Bhagavad-Gita, entitled, "Jnana-Yog," or the book of the Religion of Knowledge, the blessed Krishna instructs Arjuna upon the nature of action, saying : "Renunciation of and devotion through works, are both means of final emancipation ; but of these two, devotion through works is more highly esteemed (by Him) than the renunciation of them"; and, "the nature of action, of forbidden action, and of inaction must be well learned. The Path of Action is obscure and difficult to discern."

In ordinary humdrum life these words of Krishna are true enough, but their force is strangely felt in the mind of the devoted student of Theosophy, and especially if he happens to be a member of the Theosophical Society.

That body of investigators has now passed its probationary period, so that, as a whole, it is an accepted chela of the Blessed Masters who gave the impulse that brought it into being. Every member of it, therefore, stands to the whole Society as every fibre in the body of any single chela

does to the whole man. Thus now, more than ever before, does each member of the Society feel disturbing influences ; and the Path of Action becomes more and more likely to be obscured.

Always existing or coming into existence in our ranks, have been centres of emotional disturbance. Those who expect that these perturbations ought now to cease and grow less likely to recur, will find themselves mistaken. The increase of interest that is being taken in the Society's work, and the larger number of earnest students who are with us than at any previous period, constitute elements of agitation. Each new member is another nature added, and every one acts after his own nature. Thus the chances for being discomposed are sure to increase ; and it is better thus, for peace with stagnation partakes of the nature of what is called in the Bhagavad-Gita, *Tamagunam*, or, of the quality of darkness. This quality of darkness, than which there is nothing worse, is the chief component of indifference, and indifference leads only to extinction.

Still another element in this equation that every earnest Theosophist has to solve, and which in itself contains the potency of manifold commotions, is a law, hard to define, yet inexorable in its action. For its clearer comprehension we may say that it is shown in nature by the rising of the sun. In the night when the moon's rays flooded the scene, every object was covered with a romantic light, and when that luminary went down, it left everything in a partial obscurity wherein many doubtful characters could conceal their identity or even masquerade for that which they were not. But on the sun's arising all objects stand out in their true colors ; the rugged bark of the oak has lost the softening cover of partial day ; the rank weeds can no longer be imagined as the malwa flowers. The powerful hand of the God of day has unveiled the character of all.

It must not be supposed that a record has been kept by any officials, from which are to be taken and published the characters of our members. There is no need of that ; circumstances taking place in natural order, or apparently from eccentric motion, will cause us all, whether we will or not, to stand forth for what we are.

Every one of us will have to stop and learn in the cave outside of the Hall of Learning, before we can enter there. Very true that cave, with all its dark shadows and agitating influences, is an illusion, but it is one that very few will fail to create, for hard indeed to be overcome are the illusions of matter. In that shall we discover the nature of action and inaction ; there we will come to admit that although the quality of action partakes of the nature of badness, yet it is nearer to the quality of truth than is that which we have called darkness, quietude, indifference. Out of the turmoil and the strife of an apparently untamed life may arise one who is a warrior for Truth. A thousand errors of judgment made by an earnest student,

who with a pure and high motive strives to push on the Cause, are better than the outward goodness of those who are judges of their fellows. All these errors made in a good cause, while sowing good seed, will be atoned by the motive.

We must not then be judges of any man. We cannot assume to say who shall or shall not be allowed to enter and to work in the Theosophical Society. The Masters who founded it, wish us to offer its influence and its light to all regardless of what we may ourselves think ; we are to sow the seed, and when it falls on stony ground no blame attaches to the sower.

Nor is our Society for good and respectable people only. Now, as much as when Jesus of Nazareth spoke, is it true that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth, than over ninety-nine just men who need no repentance.

Remembering then, that the Path of Action is obscure and difficult to be discerned, let us beware of the illusions of matter.

HADJII ERINN.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS.

The notice published last month, that questions might be asked, addressed to "Zadok," has elicited several queries, from which we select the following. Hereafter "Zadok" will continue his answers, but they will be given through the PATH's columns, except where their private nature may call for personal correspondence.

From C.

1st. Is celibacy necessary to the highest spiritual life and attainment. Is this your idea of true occultism ?

Answer—By no single way is the highest spiritual life attained. The highest Adept and the true occult student, have at some time been wedded to woman. The highest attainment is never reached until a man has passed through this experience. Under certain conditions and at a certain time celibacy is a great aid, but if the student is wedded then it is his *duty* to continue in that condition, and instead of proving a barrier it will be an assistance to his progress if he rightly comprehends its significance. All the lessons which are taught the true occult student are given in daily life and through nature's laws. The celibate loses some of these lessons—lessons which he must inevitably learn—because he violates a great law of nature.

The result of celibacy is that the student works by intellect alone. It is necessary for true occult work that the heart be used also. One of the greater of the "mysteries" can never be learned by the celibate, for he never stands as hand in hand with God a controller of a creative force.

2d.—Is a purely vegetable diet indispensable to a high and serene spiritual life ?

Answer.—One might eat grass, grain and turnips, a million years, but that *of itself* would not produce a high or serene spiritual life. All these things are aids, not necessities.

If the physical condition is such that animal food can be dispensed with, or without disturbing other people or neglecting the labor given, then it is wise to do away with it. The physical is thereby purified, making it less gross, material and animal like. But "one man's meat is another's poison." ~~Use that which seems the wisest~~ to you. "It is not that which goeth into the mouth but that which cometh ~~out that defileth a man.~~" The right thought, the proper motive, the true Will have more to do with true Occultism than any exterior acts or practices. Fraternally, ZADOK.

From T.

1st.—Am I the result of a series of existences or a series of co-existences ?

Answer.—That which is known as you is the result of one continuous existence of an entity. Your present body and your soul (or the personality) are the results of a series of existences. Your Karma is a result of co-existence. The individuality, or spirit, is the cause of the soul and personality, or what is called "you". You are the manifestation of an entity and are the result of many appearances of that entity upon this stage of action in various personalities.

2d.—May one walk for any distance along the Path without being able to see into the Astral Light, or without recognizing anything extraordinary ?

Answer.—One may journey an entire life time on "The Path" and not see into the Astral Light *consciously*. All men see into it, for all who dream are looking there, the body being asleep and not receptive.

One may journey a long distance and not see, for all do not work in the same manner. Some may hear "ages before they see," or may feel a long time before either seeing or hearing. The tool most efficient at a certain period is the one used.

We may journey the entire way without recognizing anything extraordinary or encountering phenomena. The most extraordinary things are found in the most ordinary, and are overlooked because of their seeming familiarity. When the understanding is directed to the natural, one finds the supra-natural or supra-human things.

All questions are vital so long as they remain unsolved but all will be answered. It requires patience in ourselves, for many times the answers do not come until years after the question has been propounded. If I can be of further use to you please consider me at your service.

ZADOK.

From J. V.

"There are two ways to ~~ascend~~ and descend, the direct and indirect."
Tea Table, Oct. PATH. 1st. What ~~are these~~ ways?

Answer—The thistle down is blown ~~hither and~~ thither with every breath of wind : The arrow speeds straight to the mark ~~from the~~ powerful bow.

The indirect way is that of the thistle down; the Astral going out ~~when~~ the body is asleep, does so in a diffused condition—a passive state—with no adequate force to control it or master unseen forces. It floats at the mercy of every current in the Astral, gleaning here and there as a butterfly but taking the good and bad indiscriminately. It may reach high spheres, but is more likely to remain in those nearest to the physical. This way is traveled by all when asleep, and there dreams are made. It is the passive state where desire is the ruler, and is sometimes traveled in the waking conscious state, but is uncontrollable and unreliable.

The direct way is that of the arrow from the bow. The Astral speeds directly to the sphere which holds the knowledge it is to receive. It does so in obedience to an irresistible force—the Will: Will in accordance with divine law. It is concrete going and returning in obedience to this force, bringing little with it from intermediate spheres other than that for which it is seeking. This occurs in dreamless slumber and the knowledge acquired is not communicated in a dream. This way is travelled in the conscious state for it is the way of the student of the Occult. Unless the man's thought and motive are pure, he is incapable of using the true will, and his Astral goes where other will's or forces drive it. It pauses when other forces interfere—learns from the place it happens to be in, and brings back a horrible jumble sometimes.

2d. Where do these ways lead?

One way leads to Theosophia—Illumination—when travelled awake or asleep.

The other to consideration of self—ordinary living with its erroneous conceptions—as an Occult way, to love of phenomena and spiritism.

They lead to spheres within the astral, for the astral body passes not beyond astral limits. Only when the soul is freed from the astral and material bodies does it pass to higher spheres. These ways also lead to planets, stars and other worlds, for all these may be within the astral of this globe.

ZADOK.

AUTHORITY.

We have received the following from California :

In the July PATH is an article entitled—"Shall We Know Our Friends in Heaven?" I would like to ask if the Swedish Seer Swedenborg, has not answered that question to the satisfaction of theosophists. If he is accepted as an authority I should think his answer complete and satisfactory.

Yours,

E. W. F.

Inasmuch as theosophists are of all shades of belief, and as Swedenborg was of one sort in regard to the matter referred to, his answer cannot be satisfactory to all theosophists, nor can it be authoritative. The Society, as such, has no authorities. It was founded with the object of breaking down that reliance upon "authority" which has been the bane of man for ages, and it would be strange now if we could admit *authority* for theosophists. It is true that sometimes the impression has been conveyed by individuals, that the final arbiters in matters of belief are the Mahatmas, but at no time has any Mahatma given out such an idea. We are engaged in trying to develop a truer appreciation of the Light of Life which is hidden in every man, and so the "final authority" is the man himself.

It makes very little difference whether Swedenborg or Mr. Chas. Johnston is right as to the question of meeting our friends in heaven; their beliefs will not alter the fact whatever it may turn out to be; but even if it is not a matter of the highest importance, we cannot even in that permit any "theosophical authority."

Each of us is the master of his own destiny; each one can read Swedenborg or Luther as to these matters; but from all such thinkers it can be gathered that the ancient Bhagavad-Gita is true where it says, that "whatever nature a man thinks on when he abandons the body at last, to that only does he go, having been always conformed to that nature," and such is the doctrine of Swedenborg.

THEOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

"ASTRAL PERCEPTION." *The Platonist*, September, 1887. An exceptionally thoughtful and valuable paper, the author of which is vouched for as a born seer and occultist. We hope to recognize other thoughts from his pen. He concludes: "Strictly in accord with the teaching of modern science is the statement in 'Through the Gates of Gold' that the separation which exists between individuals, between worlds, between the different poles of the universe and of life, the mental and physical phantasy called space, is a nightmare of the human imagination. To break through these illusions and

realize the unity of all things is the task of the mystic. One who is thrall'd by the concerns of this life, hungers for the love of fellow beings and dreads their hatred, still cares for wealth and honor, still lusts for physical life and separate existence, had better not intrude upon that other field of illusion, the astral world. Astral perception is not a thing in itself to be desired; it should come in the normal course of development. Nothing is gained by turning from one set of illusions to pursue another; and so of all pursuits phenomena-seeking is most to be deprecated. The knowledge comes only to those who strive to realize unity. He who, beginning upon the lowest plane of life by self-renunciation and devotion to the interests of others, realizes this truth upon each successive plane, attains Nirvana. He who seeks knowledge with any other motive than the unselfish desire to benefit all living creatures is drifting upon the sea of rebirths unpiloted and starless."

"THROUGH WHAT HISTORICAL CHANNELS DID BUDDHISM INFLUENCE EARLY CHRISTIANITY?" *Open Court*, Sept. 15, 1887. Third and concluding part of Gen. Forlong's essay. In this is shown the extreme activity of Buddhist missionary work in the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era, Buddhism having been the "first and perhaps the greatest of missionary faiths." Theirs was the propaganda which would naturally start such sects as the Therapeuts of 200. and the Essenes of 150, B. C., the Baptizers of the Euphrates and the Jordan, culminating in Johanites and Manicheans of Ctesiphon." They had ample time, between say, 300 B. C. and 150 A. C., to fulfill their Gospel mandate that, "all must preach what the master taught—that whoso hides his faith shall be struck with blindness." Thus diligent Sramans had long sought every lone pass in wild mountains or river gorges, where they knew armies or travelers must pass and rest, in order, 'to compass their proselytes,' and the wider to disseminate their faith in all lands. They urged on king and peasant, the robber and murderer, that the world was but a passing show in which they should try to assuage the miseries of their fellows; that they should ponder less upon their gods and more on a gospel of duty, and though this had little immediate effect, and on some never had any, yet it commended itself to good men, and lightened the burdens of the weary."

"THE OCCULT SCIENCES IN THE TEMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPT." By Georgia Louise Leonard. *Open Court*, September 29, October, 1887. A paper read at the "Fortnightly Conversation" in Washington. Its point of view is thoroughly sympathetic with the subject, and its conclusions are reached by an evidently thorough consideration. The shortcomings of modern scholars in Egyptology, who lack comprehension of the fundamental principles of Occultism, are exposed, "Honest and faithful, then, as these scholars may be," says the author, "It is not singular that they have failed to comprehend the full significance of ideas veiled in obscure or mystical language, and have stigmatized many a precious Egyptian scroll as childish and absurd. And yet—those who will may discover in them priceless gems of truth half hid 'midst the clumsy modern renderings of a speech long dead." The author effectively rebukes the sneers of some of our self-sufficient modern scientists with the following significant words from Lord Bacon's "Novum Organum": "We have but an imperfect knowledge of the discoveries in arts and sciences made public in different ages and countries, and still less of what has been done by particular persons and transacted in private;" and Bacon further says: "As to those who set up for teachers of the sciences, when they drop their character, and at intervals speak their sentiments, they complain of the subtlety of nature, the concealment of truth, the obscurity of things, the entanglement of causes, and the imperfections of the human understanding; thus rather choosing to accuse the common state of men and things, than make confession of themselves."

TEA TABLE TALK.

Glancing through the various magazines of last month I was reminded once more, with the ever renewed commingling of sadness and hope, of the blindness of man to the occult truths pressing upon him from all sides, so near is the eternal. That man, who is each one of us, sees now, and now is **opaque to all these** influences: did he but follow out the corollaries of his thought, and loving its **Truth**, bind heart and brain together in action and farther search, how immensely we **should all gain**; how our wealth would pile up; it is my firm faith that mankind **needs** every man, needs his life, his quota of truth, needs the core of him. Such a **need** on the part of our fellows must cheer us on.

We continually hold in hand clues to the immortal; we **doubt**, we neglect the instinct and ourselves; we lie fallow overlong. Susanna Wesley wrote to a son: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."¹ Here is a thoroughly theosophical statement, yet she would probably have denied theosophy, and the logical inference of her statement, which seems to be that man must find within his enlarged self, the ideal, the final Court of Appeal. No finer instance can be found of the wondrous justice of the law of compensation, than the fact that finished worldly natures sometimes deduce the real and higher teachings of life from their experience, and see further into the depths of Being than do certain spiritual natures. These teachings are assuredly spiritual, and if those who reach them by way of intensely material life, at times bear better witness to their fullness, they undoubtedly image that Perfection which contains the material essence within Its own. It is this triune completion which raises perfected man higher than the radiant, untempted angel, and reminds anew not to neglect, but to develop and lift this part of our natures to that strict impartiality and immovability which in the typical man of the world acts as the reflector of a diviner justice, and rewards him with the immunities of an unrestrained outlook. Sharers of all things, we must have partaken of all before we can attain. A case in point may be seen in Lawrence Oliphant's "Life of Adventure." He takes us everywhere; through revolutionary episodes, courts, mutinies, diplomacy, sport, politics, insurrections, ballrooms, convents and even to Adam's Peak, Ceylon, (where lives the much talked of Rev. Sumangala) of which he gives a most interesting account. Having delivered this voluminous experience, he compresses into an *Envoi* the "Moral of it all," which is, that the world appears to him as a gigantic lunatic asylum, and his "thirst to find something that was not a sham or a contradiction in terms, increased. And the question occurred to me whether there might not be latent forces in nature, by the application of which this profound moral malady might be reached. To the existence of such forces we have the testimony of the ages. It was by the invocation of these that Christ founded the religion of which the popular theology has become a travesty, and it appeared to me that it could only be by a reinvocation of these same forces * * * that a restoration of that religion to its pristine purity could be hoped for." He is evidently the man of his thought; he determines to shed this gay coating of unreality, and to enter that chrysalis region "miscalled mystic," wherein he believes these forces, and the hope of his race, to lie. This result is the more interesting because it is the "moss from a rolling stone," of which he speaks; the outcome of a life of adventure, undertaken for pleasure and profit, which meet the messengers of Truth. The whole book, so well worth reading, intensifies this moral; he appears a brilliant synthesis of the possibilities of our time: he

¹ Susanna Wesley. Famous Women Series.

epitomises and accentuates the turning point of the race, and compels an instant recognition of the gallant, soldierly manner in which he takes leave of the reader to follow up his convictions. We perceive that after exploring the actual, we are met with a divine paradox; we must consume the Real to find the True—which is the Ideal.

This paragraph in a magazine struck me. "Men are more like than unlike one another: let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity. Neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely, tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests."¹ The admission is timely. How many of us, assenting to it with our intellects, will go away and live on a contrary basis? Scientists may probe matter and declare what they will; it is the heart (not alone the mere physical heart) and not the brain, directs the life. Why else do we ignore such perceptions in practice when, if they be true, it is so much to our interest to carry them out? It is because we do not feel them; the heart is attached to personality: it is not convinced of an identity of interest. When heart and brain agree, we can feel as brothers, and contribute our ideas to one another, as we turn streams into a dam, heedless what becomes of them, so they mingle to a general utility. Life deepens and broadens the instant we keep well abreast with our most instinctive moments!

Another writer has apparently failed to do this. Speaking of bird life, he remarks: "What I am about to describe I suppose to be nothing more than an accidental and unaccountable idiosyncrasy of the particular bird in question. Such freaks of temperament are more or less familiar to all bird naturalists, and may be taken as extreme developments of that individuality which seems to be the birthright of every living creature, no matter how humble."² It is a "birthright" yet its development is "accidental"! It is one of the external merits of Theosophy that it teaches one to speak and to think with exactitude. What a pity that this fact of marked individuality in lower species of life, does not point out the possession of a soul germ, a step in the evolution of conscious free will to this close natural observer!

In the same magazine, another contributor muses aloud: "I often wish that every one made use of a sort of mind cure which some persons have found invaluable. Nature has a wondrous power of ministry to a mind diseased, and through avenues of sense can reach, and touch, and heal the soul. * * * There are seasons of real and very special trouble, when nature may give a sore and wounded spirit a comfort all her own. *

* Sometimes it is difficult to keep from believing that the earth has voices, 'mystic, wonderful,' whose weird message continually tries to get itself delivered to our ear."

Why set yourself this "difficult" task, friend? Nature is always plucking us by the sleeve, giving us here a nudge and there a thrust: many an olive branch she holds out to us. Perpetually she tries to break through those cobwebs we spin around us! fetters so aerial yet so elastic that her efforts rebound. The free nature asserts itself against a chain, but cobwebs are a terrible, because an impalpable, unsuspected confinement. It is the little common-place things that most often shut us away from the surging splendor of real life. Little tenacities, petty arguments, small aims, paltry conventions, narrow ideas, trifling but sugared deceptions; a whole host of rubbish that no one really cares for beyond habit; the "little foxes that spoil the vines;" terrible frittering of energies.

The individual suffers from an immense sadness at these things, but nature never wearies. Have you never tried to sink down to her heart; to enter her thought? Never leaned against a tree and felt something like a current drawing you inward; close, and closer still? That is our loquacious nurse telling of the identity of the world soul in both: the ancients would say

¹ Harpers, for Sep. Easy Chair.

² *Atlantic Monthly* for Sep., Woodland Intimates.

a prisoned Dryad called on you for freedom. This too is true: the captive soul ever calls. Symbology represents the eternal, evolving current of life by a tree. Then the far stars, why do they too draw us? The circling waves that lull us; do they know that we have somewhat to learn in the land of dreams. When the human current of a crowded thoroughfare sets against you, have you never felt a fierce joy in dividing and breasting its tide; never felt the magnetic waves leaping so along your sides and speculated on their uses and powers? Whence comes it that amid the rush of the huge, mad city, we find a pure silence, like the small stillness in the whirlwind's centre. Is it not because the Now is the Eternal? I have nearly tried and won "the great adventure" in long rides through the spicy solitudes of resinous forests, so at one with my horse at every nerve, and with the west wind at every pore, so blent with nature, that I seemed to drop out of sight with the sun. Or prone among flowering grasses, half hidden in a gorgeous autumnal showering, not knowing which poured forth in song; the bird in the hedge, or the bird in my heart. Or in the August heats, watching between drowsy lids, the harvest falling blade by blade and falling ripely with it—into what? sleep, or change? Not so long ago I walked in an orchard where every impulse set springward; where an evasive green mist, like a hope of summer, escaped the eye, to clothe the pungent earth a few paces further on. The bluebird sang over submerged marshes: young cattle tried their strength; the droning hum of awakening life swelled softly on. I thought how near the Kingdoms really stood to one another after all, since a thought could unite them, picturing to myself that if the animal were endowed for an instant with a perception of the thought in the man before it; if a master power were there to set up one cyclonic vibration, overpassing time, how from the beast might leap the man, as from the man, the god! So the typical man of the fields and the complete man of the world have a point in common; each is in union with the highest consciousness of his circle and gets his strength from that assimilation. It is only a larger limitation on either part, however, but could they find one common heartbeat, what riches they might exchange. A man longs for the real fellowship of his kind, so set aloof in fancied sequestration; then not getting that, he falls to dreaming on a sunny stone wall, and entering into the feeling of nature, almost becomes one with the all.

"To walk, deep wrapped, along a heavenly height,
O'er seeing all that man but undersees.
To loiter down deep valleys of delight
And feel the beating of the hearts of trees;
And think the thoughts the lilies think in white,
By greenwood pools."

Under the influence of these natural forces we see that man too has a boundless nature, that it pauses here and there; puts forth blossoms; makes now a mountain, now a butterfly; there sets desolation and there a harvest; discovers, rends, obliterates, reforms, and passes lustily along to its goal. True companionship enables him to compare, use, purify and unify all experience. We may not realize universal Brotherhood, but realizing its practical value, we can try to come nearer it in our own lives. The way to find a good friend is to be one. I have endeavored to show that we have often more fellow thinkers than the present obscurity makes visible. We are in a transition period; in a half light near the close of a cycle. A great multitude is really starting out to travel our road, and by watching for any incipient feelers they may throw out, we may do a great deal of good. It will probably be by way of encouragement, rather than by criticism; as comrades rather than as instructors, and to avoid collision, "keep to the *Right* as the *Law* directs."

JULIUS.

The Leader of the world, whose store of merit has been praised, has no equal in the triple world. O supreme of men, let us soon become like thee!

OM.

ॐ

This universe existed only in the first divine idea yet unexpanded, as if involved in darkness, imperceptible, undefinable, undiscoverable by reason, and undisclosed by revelation, as if it were wholly immersed in sleep:

Then the sole self-existing power, himself undiscerned, but making this world discernible, appeared with undiminished glory, expanding His idea, or dispelling the gloom.—*Laws of Manu*.

What is here (visible in the world), the same is there (invisible in Brahma), and what is there, the same is here. He who sees any difference here, between Brahman and the world, goes from death to death.—*Katha-Upanishad*.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 9.

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Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

THE good is one thing, the pleasant another: these two having different objects, chain a man. It is well with him who clings to the good: he who chooses the pleasant, misses his end.—*Katha-Upanishad*.

LET Truth be your very self, O King of Kings! On Truth all the worlds rest. Truth is said to be their main principle. Immortality depends on Truth: Truth is the solemn vow of the good.—*Sanatsujatiya*.

THE nature of all things near and dear to us, O King, is such that we must leave them, divide ourselves from them, separate ourselves from them. Pass not away O King, with longing in thy heart. Sad is the death of him who longs, unworthy is the death of him who longs.—*Maha-Sudassana Sutta*.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

(Continued from November number.)

Salutation to Krishna! the Lord of Devotion, the God of Religion, the never failing help of those who trust in him.

We now have discovered that the poem is not disfigured by this account of a conflict that begins in the first chapter; to be then dropped while the two great actors retire to their chariot for a discussion. This description of forces, and the first effect on Arjuna of his survey, show us that we are now to learn from Krishna, what is the duty of man in his warfare with all the forces and tendencies of his nature. Instead of the conflict being a blemish to the poem, it is a necessary and valuable portion. We see that the fight is to be fought by every human being, whether he lives in India, or not, for it is raging on the sacred plain of our body. Each one of us, then, is Arjuna.

In the Sanscrit, the first chapter is called "Arjun-Vishad," which in English means, "The despair and despondency of Arjuna." Some have called it "The Survey of Army"; but while truly an Army is surveyed, that is not the essential meaning intended. It is the result of the survey we are to consider; and that result upon Arjuna, who is the person most interested—the one who is the chief questioner and beneficiary throughout the whole action of the poem—is despondency.

The cause of this despondency is to be inquired into.

Arjuna, in the flush of determination, and before any analysis of either the consequences to himself or to others who might become involved, entered the conflict, after having chosen Krishna as his charioteer. The forces are drawn up in line of battle, and he rides out to survey them. At once he sees ranged against him, relatives of every class, in their turn preparing to destroy others, their relatives, friends and acquaintances as well as Arjuna's, who are enlisted on his side. Turning to Krishna, he says that he cannot engage in such a war, that he perceives only evil omens, and that even if the opposers, being ignorant, may be willing to fight with such dreadful consequences in view, he cannot do so, but must give up the battle 'ere it is begun. Thereupon:

"Arjuna, whose heart was troubled with grief, let fall his bow and arrows, and sat down on the bench of his chariot."

Every student of Occultism, Theosophy or true religion,—all being the one thing—will go through Arjuna's experiences. Attracted by the beauty or other seductive quality, for him, of this study, he enters upon the prosecution of it, and soon discovers that he arouses two sets of forces.

One of them consists of all his friends and relations who do not view life as he does, who are wedded to the "established order," and think him a fool for devoting any attention to anything else, while the general mass of his acquaintances and those whom he meets in the world, instinctively array themselves against one who is thus starting upon a crusade that begins with his own follies and faults, but must end in a condemnation of theirs, if only by the force of example. The other opponents are far more difficult to meet, because they have their camp and base of action upon the Astral and other hidden planes; they are all his lower tendencies and faculties, that up to this time have been in the sole service of material life. By the mere force of moral gravity, they fly to the other side, where they assist his living friends and relatives in their struggle against him. They have more efficiency in producing despondency than anything else. In the poem, it is referred to in the words addressed by Arjuna to Krishna:

"I am not able to stand; for my understanding, as it were turneth round, and I behold inauspicious omens on all sides."

All of us are brought to this study by our own request made to our Higher Self, who is Krishna. Arjuna requested Krishna to be his charioteer, and to drive him forth between the two armies. It does not matter whether he now is consciously aware of having made the request, nor whether it was made as a specific act, in this life or in many another precedent one; *it was made and it is to be answered at the right time.* Some of us have asked this many times before, in ancient births of ours in other bodies and other lands; others are making the request now; but it is more than likely in the case of those who are spurred on to intense effort and longing to know the truth, and to strive for unity with God, that they have put up the petition ages since. So now Krishna, the charioteer of this body with its horses—the mind—drives us forth so that we may stand with our Higher Self and all the tendencies connected with it on one side, and all the lower (but not all necessarily evil) principles on the other. The student may, perhaps, with ease face the crowd of friends and relatives, having probably gone through that experience in other lives and is now proof against it, but he is not proof against the first dark shadow of despair and ill result that falls upon him. Every elemental that he has vivified by evil thinking now casts upon him the thought,

"After all, it is no use; I cannot win; If I did, the gain would be nothing; I can see no great or lasting result to be attained, for all, all, is impermanent."

This dreadful feeling is sure in each case to supervene, and we might as well be prepared for it. We cannot always live on the enthusiasm of heavenly joys. The rosy hue of dawn does not reach round the world; it chases darkness. Let us be prepared for it, not only at the first stage, but

all along in our progress to the Holy seat ; for it comes at each pause ; at that slight pause when we are about to begin another breath, to take another step, to pass into another condition.

And here it is wise, turning to the 18th, and last, chapter of the poem, to read the words of the Immortal Master of life :

“From a confidence in thy own self-sufficiency thy mayest think that thou wilt not fight. Such is a fallacious determination, *for the principles of thy nature will compel thee.* Being confined to actions by the duties of thy natural calling, *thou wilt involuntarily do that from necessity*, which thou wantest through ignorance to avoid.”

In this, Krishna uses the very argument advanced by Arjuna against the fight, as one in its favor. In the chapter we are considering, Arjuna repeats the Old Brahmanical injunction against those who break up the “eternal institutions of caste and tribe,” for, as he says, the penalty annexed is a sojourn in hell, since, when the caste and tribe are destroyed, the ancestors being deprived of the rites of funeral-cakes and libations of water,¹ fall from heaven, and the whole tribe is thus lost. But Krishna shows, as above, that each man is naturally, by his bodily tendencies, compelled to do the acts of some particular calling, and that body with its tendencies are merely the manifestation of what the inner man is, as the result of all his former thoughts up to that incarnation. So he is forced by nature’s law—which is his own—to be born just where he must have the experience that is needed. And Arjuna, being a warrior, is compelled to fight, whether he will or no.

In another chapter, the institution of caste is more particularly referred to, and there we will have occasion to go into that subject with more detail.

As stated in the last paper, the substratum, or support, for the whole Cosmos, is the presiding spirit, and all the various changes in life, whether of a material nature or solely in mental states, are cognizable because the presiding spirit within is not modifiable. Were it otherwise, then we would have no memory, for with each passing event, we, becoming merged in it,

¹ This reference by Arjuna is to the immemorial custom of the son, or descendants, offering to the departed, at stated times, funeral-cakes and water, called “Shradda and Pinda”—one of the so-called superstitions of the Hindus.

It has always been a grave question with me, whether the boasted “freedom from superstition,” of Western 19th century civilization is an unmixed good, or any evidence of real progress. All such ancient forms have been swept away, and with them nearly every vestige of true religious feeling, leaving only an unquenchable thirst for money and power. In the present ignorance of the true reason at the bottom of these forms, the assertion is made that they mean nothing whatever. But in the Catholic church it is continued, and to some extent believed in, as is shown in their masses for the dead ; surely these masses would not be offered if supposed to have no effect on the state of those for whom they are offered.

Although greatly corrupted and debased, it is in this church alone that these old practices are preserved. *Shradda and Pinda* are now neglected, because the inner constitution of man, and the constitution of the Macrocosm, are not understood in such a way as to make the ceremony of the slightest use.—W. B.

could not remember anything, that is, we would see no changes. There must therefore be something eternally persisting, which is the witness and perceiver of every passing change, itself unchangeable. All objects, and all states of what western philosophers call Mind, are modifications, for in order to be seen or known by us, there must be some change, either partial or total, from a precedent state. The perceiver of these changes is the inner man—Arjuna-Krishna.

This leads us to the conviction that there must be a universal presiding spirit, the producer as well as the spectator, of all this collection of animate and inanimate things. The philosophy taught by Krishna, holds, that at first this spirit—so called, however, by me only for the purpose of the discussion—remained in a state of quiet with no objects, because as yet there was no modification. But, resolving to create, or rather to emanate the universe, It formed a picture of what should be, and this at once was a modification willingly brought about in the hitherto wholly unmodified spirit; thereupon the Divine Idea was gradually expanded, coming forth into objectivity, while the essence of the presiding spirit remained unmodified, and became the perceiver of its own expanded idea. Its modifications are visible (and invisible) nature. Its essence then differentiates itself continually in various directions, becoming the immortal part of each man—the Krishna who talks to Arjuna. Coming like a spark from the central fire, it partakes of that nature, that is, the quality of being unmodifiable, and assumes to itself—as a cover, so to speak—the human body¹ and thus, being in essence unmodified, it has the capacity to perceive all the changes going on around the body.

This *Self* must be recognized as being within, pondered over, and as much as possible understood, if we are to gain any true knowledge.

We have thus quickly, and perhaps in an inadequate way, come down to a consideration of Arjuna as composed of all these generals and heroes enumerated in this chapter, and who are as we said, the various powers, passions and qualities included in the Western terms, "Brain and Mind."

Modern, physical, mental and psychological sciences, have as yet but scratched the surface of that which they are engaged in examining. Physical science confessedly is empiric, knowing but the very outposts of the laws of nature; and our psychology is in a worse state. The latter has less chance for arriving at the truth than physical science, because scientists are proceeding to a gradual demonstration of natural laws by careful examination of facts easily observable, but psychology is a something which demands the pursuit of another method than that of science, or those now observed.

It would avail nothing at present to specify the Aryan nomenclature

¹ It is also, of course, inherent in all nature.—W. B.

for all the sheaths—as they call them—that envelope the soul, because we as yet have not acquired the necessary ideas. Of what use is it to say that certain impressions reside in the *Anandamaya* sheath. But there is such an one, whether we call it by that name or by any other. We can, however, believe that the soul, in order to at last reach the objective plane where its experience is gained, places upon itself, one after the other, various sheaths, each having its peculiar property and function. The mere physical brain is thus seen to be only the material organ first used by the real percipient in receiving or conveying ideas and perceptions; and so with all the other organs, they are only the special seats for centralizing the power of the real man in order to experience the modifications of nature at that particular spot.

Who is the sufferer from this despondency?

It is our false personality, (as it has been called in Theosophical literature) as distinguished from Krishna—the higher self—which is oppressed by the immediate resistance offered by all the lower part of our nature, and by those persons with whom we are most closely connected, as soon as we begin to draw them away from all old habits, and to present a new style of thinking for their consideration.

For Arjuna, sinking down upon the seat of that chariot which is his body, fell back upon his own nature, and found therein the elements of search and courage, as well as those previous ones of gloom which arise first, being nearer the natural man. Reliance and pressure upon our own inner nature, in moments of darkness, are sure to be answered by the voice of Krishna, the inner guide.

The first consequences of the despondency

Are, to make us feel that the battle we have invited ought not to be carried on, and we then are almost overwhelmed with the desire to give it up. Some do give it up, to begin it again, in a succeeding life, while others like Arjuna, listen to the voice of Krishna, and bravely fight it out to the end.

“Thus, in the Upanishads, in the holy Bhagavad-Gita, in the science of the Supreme Spirit, in the Book of Devotion, in the colloquy between the Holy Krishna and Arjuna, stands the first chapter by name :

“THE DESPONDENCY OF ARJUNA.”

Salutation to the God of battles, to the charioteer, to him who disposes the forces aright, who leadeth us on to victory, with whom alone success is certain : that he may guide us to where the never-dying light shineth : Om !

WILLIAM BREHON.

(To be continued.)

SONGS OF THE UNSEEN.

I.

EFFLUX AND INFLUX.

When Brahma opes his golden door,
 What ambient shapes of Life and Light,
 What radiant tides of Being pour
 With song into the dazzled night !
 The winds that fashion worlds take flight,
 Glad heralds of the Sons of Might ;
 And dancing stars trip on before
 When Brahma opes his golden door.

When Brahm would close his gates supreme,
 With Life's vast ebb his halls are strown.
 Thunders, and powers, and forms that teem,
 Fear to be shut in space alone.
 Along the meteoric foam
 World after world comes shuddering home.
 The last pale hours slip swift between
 And Brahm hath closed his gates supreme.

II.

RECOLLECTION.

When from mysterious spheres outflows
 A Voice that calls my hidden name,
 The world's strong ties like bubbles break
 Against its ancient claim.
*" Have I forgot thee ? Never !
 No Age our bond can sever.
 I love thee now, as I have ever,
 And ever shall, forever ! "*

In vain my heart seeks earthly homes,
 In vain my thought declares me free.
 Those mighty tones sweep o'er my soul,
 And they are one with me.
*" Can'st thou forget me ? Never !
 What power the bond can sever ?
 Then love me now, as thou hast ever,
 And ever shalt, forever. "*

ENVOI.

When Brahma opes his golden door
 Within the soul, rich visions soar :
 But desolation reigns, I ween,
 When Brahm hath closed that gate Supreme.

J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MEANING OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

[A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MALDEN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.]

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

In passing to the second part of Faust, we find quite a change in the character of the poem ; the interest in the strictly personal career of Faust lessens, the limitations of space and time become more vague and indistinct ; we pass from what Mephistopheles called the lesser to the greater world. Activity in the state, in humanity in general, characterizes the second part ; we have gone through the contest in Faust's own mind, then in the family, and in the limited civic relations shown in the Gretchen episode ; Faust has turned from his care for pure self to something higher, and we shall see this broaden out still more now. The first part was all within a short space of time, and the scene was all in or near a German city of some medieval period. Now we find medieval emperors and their courts, Helen and Menelaus, and hints at men of the present century, mingled, orderly enough with regard to their poetic and inner significance, but without any regard for chronology. In its main lines, the plot, if so we may call it, of this part, follows the medieval Faust legend ; the making of gold, the bringing of Helen, the winning a battle, and the contest with the devil at death ; these four are here reproduced, but with a much higher and broader significance. The making of gold, the material gold, is transformed into a myth of industry, the development of wealth by modern progress, its value when guided by the ideal, beneficent to all ; but when wealth is sought for itself, destructive to self and all. The bringing of Helen, the "teufelin" from Mephistopheles' own home, is transformed into a representation of the love of the beautiful and of culture, as a necessary stage in man's progress.

The winning of a battle for the emperor is transformed into a study of true and false governments ; and the last scene is changed from the devil's triumphantly claiming his bargain, to the final victory of unselfish endeavor. Through all these the line of Faust's development follows, not always in clear sight, but always moving forward.

The introduction to the second part shows Faust, asleep, among the forms and spirits of bright, natural, elemental life. These are to wipe away from his brain the remembrance of the past, that he may awake afresh to a new career. We may see in this much resemblance to the subjective state between two incarnations, when the sorrowful remembrances of the past fade out, and the man begins his new career with refreshed

energy. Faust so awakens, looking round at the bright landscape with delight. In his soliloquy, we will do well to notice these lines, showing his changed mental attitude.

“Life’s pulses now with fresher force awaken
To greet the mild ethereal twilight o’er me ;
This night, thou, Earth ! hast also stood unshaken
And now thou breathest new-refreshed before me,
And now beginnest, all thy gladness granting,
A vigorous resolution to restore me,
To seek that highest life for which I’m panting.
The world unfolded lies in twilight glimmer,
A thousand voices in the grove are chanting ;
Vale in, vale out, the misty streaks grow dimmer ;
The deeps with heavenly light are penetrated ;
The boughs, refreshed, lift up their leafy shimmer
From gulfs of air where sleepily they waited ;
Color on color from the background cleareth,
Where flower and leaf with trembling pearls are freighted :
And all around a Paradise appeareth.

Look up ! The mountain summits, grand, supernal,
Herald, e’en now, the solemn hour that neareth ;
They earliest enjoy the light eternal
That later sinks, till here below we find it.
Now to the Alpine meadows, sloping vernal,
A newer beam descends ere we divined it,
And step by step unto the base hath bounded ;
The sun comes forth ! Alas, already blinded,
I turn away, with eyesight pierced and wounded !

’Tis thus, when, unto yearning hope’s endeavor,
Its highest wish on sweet attainment grounded,
The portals of fulfilment widely sever ;
But if there burst from those eternal spaces
A flood of flame, we stand confounded ever ;
For life’s pure torch we sought the shining traces,
And seas of fire—and what a fire !—surprise us.
Is ’t Love ? Is ’t Hate ? that burningly embraces,
And that with pain and joy alternate tries us ?
So that, our glances once more earthward throwing,
We seek in youthful drapery to disguise us.

Behind me, therefore, let the sun be glowing !
The cataract, between the crags deep-riven,
I thus behold with rapture ever-growing.
From plunge to plunge in thousand streams ’tis given,
And yet a thousand, to the valleys shaded,
While foam and spray in air are whirled and driven.
Yet how superb, across the tumult braided,
The painted rainbow’s changeful life is bending,
Now clearly drawn, dissolving now and faded,

And evermore the showers of dew descending !
Of human striving there's no symbol fuller :
Consider, and 'tis easy comprehending—
Life is not light, but the refracted color.

No longer is it a contradiction between the aspiration to gaze directly at truth, and the denial of the possibility of truth ; he realizes that truth is, but also realizes that before he can gaze directly upon it, he must learn to see its reflection in every part of the manifold life around him.

We need not dwell on the next act, the *Mythus of Industry*, but merely note that, through Faust's suggestions of utilizing the resources of nature, represented under the form of treasures hidden in the earth, the Emperor's court is enriched, and every one feels himself a wealthy man. And now Faust is to furnish amusements before the Emperor, and the scene of Paris and Helen is to be shown. That is to say, the new wealth demands artistic display, but cannot create the beautiful in art : it can only demand it in exchange for money. Faust, by the aid of Mephistopheles, is to furnish it, and to do so must descend to the "Mothers" "throned in venerable solitude," in the void and desolation. Mephistopheles declares that it is nothing, where they dwell : Faust logically concluding that what Mephistopheles, himself the spirit of negation, pronounces nothing, must be distinctly something ; just as in mathematics, the product of two minus quantities is a plus quantity ; and he exclaims "In thy nothing I hope to find the All." And indeed, that which seems to the purely earthly mind to be no existence at all, to be pure annihilation, may be to a higher spiritual insight, the perfection of being. Faust succeeds in abstracting himself from all space and time ; and from the realm of pure form brings back Helen, the impersonation of Greek classic beauty ; but when he exhibits her to the court, he is himself so charmed with her, though a mere shadow, that he tries to seize her, to keep her for himself from Paris, also a shade, who appears with her. The consequence is that both the forms instantly vanish, and Faust falls senseless.

Faust now fully believes in the truth as revealed in beauty ; the old negation of the intellect is gone as far as that is concerned ; but, as he has so often seen, aspiration alone will not give him the truth, and we next find him in the old German University, which he left so long before : no longer he denies the possibility of attaining truth ; he sees where it is, in the form of the beautiful ; but he must rise gradually to it, his soul must gradually grow up to it, through the same steps by which it was developed : as Helen is the perfect flower of classic culture and beauty, Faust must pass through the various forms through which the Greek *mythus* arose.

Passing over a number of scenes of the drama, for want of time, we come to the Classic Walpurgis Night, where we trace the development of

the Greek idea. First, on the Pharsalian Field, we have a gallery of strange forms, which well illustrate how the divine in man, in his upward progress, gradually overpowers the animal. In this gallery of mythical forms, we first meet a group of three oriental forms: the griffon, half bird and half lion; a colossal ant; and the Arimaspeans, a one eyed race. Next a group of sphinxes, Egyptian forms, in which though the animal predominates, the human is more conspicuous than in the last group. Third, the sirens, Greek forms, in which humanity becomes more preponderant.

Another series begins with the water nymphs, pure children of nature, who beckon Faust on, and charm him by their beauty, but cannot delay him in his pursuit of Helen, the perfection of beauty. Next Chiron, the centaur, the human strongly predominating the animal; useful as a guide and to carry Faust, but not high enough to bring him directly to Helen, or indeed to appreciate the passion for her: he carries Faust to Manto the prophetess, an impersonation of the Ideal as Chiron is of the Practical. He is incessantly in motion, but she gives her character in the line "I wait and time around me wheels"; she can help Faust to find Helen, for when Chiron half sarcastically tells her this is Faust's longing, she replies:

"Him I love that longs for the Impossible."

A saying of Goethe's which comes quite appositely here "To live in the Idea, means to treat the Impossible as if it were possible," may be compared with the eleventh rule in *Light on the Path*, "Desire only that which is unattainable." Through Manto's abode Faust passes to Helen's and we see him no more at present.

In the next act Helen herself appears; not a mere shade, but a living woman; and as in the first part we saw Margaret's fall and redemption, as an episode in Faust's career, though in itself independent, so also the Helena poem may be viewed as independent in itself, or as a part of the Faust drama. We may consider her as she first appears the ideal of beauty, the sensuous beauty of the Greek race; and as Faust to win her must pass through a long experience, so she, to be fitted for Faust, must have her nature changed from this to something higher.

Troy has fallen, and Menelaus has brought back to Greece his recaptured wife; his ship has reached the Spartan shore, and he sends Helena, accompanied by a troop of attendants, captive Trojan women, before him to his palace to have all preparations made for a sacrifice to the gods, as soon as he shall arrive. The Trojan women, who always speak as chorus, represent the purely sensual element; as Mephistopheles represented the negative side of Faust's character, to overcome which is the work of the whole drama, so this chorus represents the lower side of Helena's character, and it is only because she has the capacity for something higher, that she can become, if she can endure the experiences before her, worthy to be the

wife of Faust. The chorus praises her beauty, but she feels that that has been the cause of all the misery that has come upon her, and through her upon her kindred and nation. The chorus has but little sorrow over the past, if only they can enjoy the bright sunshine, and the sensual happiness of the present ; but her heart is full of remorse for the past and apprehension for the future ; her world-wide fame gives her no satisfaction. As she enters the palace, in which she passed her happy childhood, she now knows not whether she returns as wife and mistress, or as sacrificial victim ; and at the family hearth she sees, cowering, a hideous form ; she turns to enter the bridal chamber and the form springs up against her, a veritable Dweller of the Threshold ; a violent storm of abuse rages between this monster, Phorkyas, and the chorus of Trojan women. The latter symbolically represent the charm of sensual pleasure, the former its evil result ; both, though dramatically distinct from Helena, are really parts of her own nature, but she is higher than the sensual longing, and will prove higher than the sharp remorse, which, in the form of Phorkyas, now brings before her with stinging clearness, her many sins and their terrible results ; crushed by the weight of these, she sinks to the ground, but rises again, willing to bear the appointed doom, not disputing the justice of her condemnation. Phorkyas is conquered ; now she has but to obey, and is ready to aid. Helen's strength of character has now made her fit for Faust, to whom Phorkyas conducts her and the chorus, passing at once from classic Greece to medieval times. We cannot follow all of this but can note that we may consider the whole of the third act as representing Faust, the universal man, gathering to himself the highest possible culture, impersonated in Helena ; he makes her wholly his own, his wife. Is not this the highest attainable for man ? No, we shall see later that it is not. Helen leaves Faust at the end of this act, returning to Persephone in Hades. She disappears from out Faust's career, but her influence remains forever. The chorus refuses to follow her to the underworld, preferring the pleasures of sunny day, the only pleasure they can comprehend ; though with the certainty that it must soon end, and they disappear into the elements to cease to exist as individuals. Panthalis only, the leader of the chorus, turns from them, and descends to Hades, faithful to the queen ; faithful service and unselfish devotion gain for her the immortality which her fellows lose. For the descent to Hades is only the passing out of the Faust consciousness, not from existence ; the subjective Devachanic consciousness may be, as we know, far stronger than the consciousness of the objective world which we too often look at as the only real one.

Faust has won the highest culture, but instead of crowning his career it will be a curse to him if he stops here. Unless he turn and use all he has acquired for an unselfish end, he will yet lose his forfeit to Mephis-

topheles. As in the tale of the gem,¹ "he who tells not of his gem, and shares it not with all men, must lose it," it is "the stone no man could keep unless he gave it away."

"The true and the Beautiful must now be employed in the service of the Good."

But as we read in the notes to *Light on the Path*: "It is impossible to help others till you have obtained some certainty of your own."

The fourth act shows the outworking of Faust on the world around him; he has formed the plan to reclaim from the sea a new land, and to fill it with his own activity; his individual culture is to be for the benefit of all. To this end he joins the Emperor, now hard pressed by a revolt which threatens to overthrow State and Church. Faust gains the victory over the insurgents, saves the ancient established order, which now reorganizes with all the old abuses; but Faust is granted his strip of land, from which he proceeds to build up a new civilization; not by violent overthrow, but by gradual gain and progress.

In the fifth act we find him, a very old man, still unsatisfied; nowhere has he found the moment which was to fulfill his contract with Mephistopheles. Mephistopheles himself has lately been far less prominent; no longer Faust's guide, he is hardly more than his unwilling servant. True to his spirit of denial, he mocks at the tasks Faust sets to him, but more and more he fulfills his description of himself in the first act. "A part of that power which always wills the bad and always accomplishes the good."

At last, old and blind, comes upon Faust his last struggle, the contest with "Sorge," in this case anxiety for the future, the state after death. Faust is not overcome. "Let a man stand fast here and look about: what need he to sweep into eternity? To the strong man this world is not dumb. Thy might, O Sorge, I shall not recognize." Faster he pushes on his work of providing a happy home for untold generations, and in the enthusiasm of his vision of future ages, pronounces this distant view, the supreme moment of bliss. The promise of Mephistopheles is now fulfilled in the letter: Faust's term on earth is ended—he falls lifeless. But only in the letter is the contract fulfilled: it is by no delight of the senses, by no selfish pleasure, even the highest, that Faust is satisfied. Pure unselfish happiness: he has identified the individual with the all, it is the true brotherhood of humanity, no temptation of Mephistopheles could have done this. Faust dies freed from every personal desire, not in the hope of a reward in the future life, any more than with an unsatisfied longing on earth.

In the first part, the chorus of angels at Easter sang a song of love, but it was met by the denial and unbelief of Faust. Now the same songs of love are sung, but the answer of denial comes from Mephistopheles. In the first

¹ Papyrus—The Gem. *THE PATH*, Vol. I., p. 359.

scene, Mephistopheles had not yet been evolved externally, but was still contained in Faust's soul ; the gradual process of evolving Mephistopheles from Faust and freeing the latter from his influence is the story of the whole poem, and now at last the spirits of love find Faust responsive to their invitation. He has fully purified himself from the spirit of denial, which is the same as the spirit of selfishness, of limitation. As the angels sing "Love leads only loving ones in," and "who unceasingly strives, him can we redeem," we see the vindication of the prophecy of the prologue :

"A good man, through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way."

And as, in the final scene, Faust's soul is borne upward, through sphere after sphere of spiritual glory, to the Queen of Heaven herself, we see again the spirit, "once called Gretchen," who long before called in despair on the Virgin to help her in her need, now again appealing, in almost the same words, but this time joyously asking for the privilege of welcoming the loved one yet dazzled by the new day.

As in Faust, so in Margaret, self is lost in pure devoted love, and at the word of the Mater Gloriosa she rises to higher spheres, there to draw him after her ; as the mystic chorus tells, the summing up of the whole wonderful drama, whose meaning every one must feel to the measure of his apprehension, but can hardly express in words.

Alles vergaengliche
Ist nur ein Gleichniss.
Das Unzulaengliche
Hier wird's Ereigniss.
Das Unbeschreibliche
Hier ist es gethan ;
Das Ewig-weibliche
Zieht uns heran.

All that's impermanent
Is but a likeness.
The Unattainable
Here findeth witness ;
The Indescribable,
Here is it done ;
The Ever-womanly
Leadeth us on.¹

F. S. COLLINS.

NOTES ON THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

FROM ELIPHAS LÉVI'S WORKS.

(*Concluded.*)

We have alluded, heretofore, to a substance diffused throughout Infinity : this unique substance is at once Heaven and Earth, that is to say, according to its degrees of polarization, subtile or fixed.

It is this substance that Hermes Trismegistus denominates the great Telesma ; when it produces brilliancy, it is called Light ; it is this substance that God created, first of all, when He said, "Let there be Light."

It is at once matter and motion, a fluid and a perpetual vibration ; and

¹ Translation from article "Poetical Occultism," in THE PATH. Vol. 1, p. 212.

the force that is inherent in it, and sets it in motion, is called Magnetism.

In Infinity, this unique substance is Ether or Etherial Light ; in the stars, which it magnetizes, it becomes the Astral Light; in organic beings, magnetic or fluidic light ; and in man, the astral body or the plastic medium.

The wills of all intelligent beings act directly upon this light, and through it, on all Nature, which is thus subjected to the modifications of intelligence.

This light is the universal mirror of all thought and all form ; it preserves the images of all that has been, the reflections of worlds that have passed away, and, by analogy, the prophecies of worlds that are yet to come. This light, which is called in Hebrew "Aour," is the liquid and living Gold of the Hermetic philosophy ; the positive principle is its sulphur, the negative its Mercury ; and these principles, when equilibrated, form its Salt. All matter, therefore, is impelled to motion by reason of its double magnetism, and tends, inevitably, to equilibrium ; the regularity and variety in this motion, result from different combinations of this equilibrium.

A fluid is matter in active motion, and constantly agitated by reason of the variation of its equilibrium ; a "solid," is the same matter in less active motion ; or in apparent repose, because it is more or less solidly equilibrated.

There is no solid that cannot be immediately reduced to powder, dissipated in smoke, and rendered invisible, if the equilibrium of its molecules should suddenly be entirely destroyed ; and there is no fluid that cannot be instantly rendered harder than the diamond, if its constituent molecules could be immediately equilibrated.

To direct these two magnetisms, therefore, is to destroy or create, to produce forms or to annihilate them—in a word, to exercise the omnipotence of nature.

Our plastic medium is a magnet that attracts or repels the Astral Light, by the compulsion of the will : it is a luminous body, that reproduces, with the greatest fidelity, the forms that correspond to ideas : it is the mirror of the imagination.

This plastic body is nourished by the Astral Light, precisely as the organic body is nourished by the products of the earth. During sleep, it absorbs the Astral Light, by immersion ; and in waking hours, by a kind of respiration, more or less slow.

In natural somnambulism, the plastic medium is surcharged with nutriment, which it does not perfectly assimilate : the will, although fettered by the torpor of sleep, strives to repel the medium ; and a reaction, which is to some extent mechanical, ensues, whereby the light of the medium is equilibrated, by means of the movement of the body ; this explains why it is dangerous to awaken somnambulists suddenly—for the surcharged medium might, in such cases instantly withdraw to the universal reservoir, and entirely abandon the organs which, at that time, are separated from the

soul, thus causing death. Hallucinations and visions, result from wounds inflicted on the plastic medium, causing local paralysis; sometimes it ceases to radiate, and substitutes images of its own, for the realities existing in the light, sometimes it radiates too powerfully, and condenses itself in some undesirable or fortuitous locality just as the blood settles in excrescences of the flesh: then the chimeras of the brain take form, and we appear to ourselves glorious or deformed, according to the ideal of our hopes or fears.

Hallucinations, being dreams of our waking hours, always presuppose a state analogous to somnambulism, and somnambulism may be regarded as sleep borrowing its phenomena from waking states; hallucination is the waking state, still swayed, in part, by the astral intoxication of sleep. Our fluidic bodies attract and repel one another, according to laws analogous to those of electricity; thus are produced instinctive sympathies and antipathies, which equilibrate each other: for this reason, hallucinations are often contagious; a circle of illusion is formed, and a whole multitude is easily carried away; this is the history of strange apparitions and popular prodigies; thus are explained the performances of the Mediums in America, and the folly of tableturning. Lunatics and idiots are more susceptible to magnetism than persons of sound mind—and the reason is apparent; it requires very little to completely turn the head of a man who has been drinking heavily, and disease is much more easily contracted, when all the organs are predisposed to submit to its impressions, and already manifest its symptoms. Fluidic maladies have their fatal crises; every abnormal tension of the nervous apparatus, leads to a contrary tension, in accordance with the inexorable law of equilibrium; exaggerated love changes to aversion, and all exalted hatred approximates closely to love. The reaction comes with the violence and the suddenness of the thunderbolt. Ignorance is dismayed or indignant—science accepts the inevitable in silence.

The vibrations of the voice modify the movement of the Astral Light, and are powerful factors of magnetism. Baron du Potet says, in his recent book on "Magic," that it is possible to kill by means of magnetism, just as it is by electricity; this revelation has nothing surprising for those who understand the analogies of Nature; it is certain that, by unduly dilating, or suddenly contracting, the plastic medium of a person, it can be separated from his body; cases have been known where one was thus killed, by being thrown into a paroxysm of anger, or overwhelming fear. Our plastic medium inhales and exhales the Astral Light, or the vital breath of the earth, just as our body breathes the terrestrial atmosphere; and as, in some localities, the air is impure, and unfit to be breathed, so certain phenomenal circumstances may render the Astral Light unwholesome and incapable of being assimilated; and as the air in some places is too stimulating for certain organizations, but exactly suited to others, so it is with the Astral Light.

B. N. ACLE, F. T. S.

SOME TEACHINGS OF A GERMAN MYSTIC.

IV.

A SAILOR AND HIS LOVE.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF J. KERNNING.]

Translated for THE PATH.

From Holland we have the following story: A mariner named Wipner had a sweetheart, and when, in the year 1760, he was pressed into the navy, he was obliged to leave her. At first he was like one stunned, and he heedlessly gave himself up to the ways of his rough associates. It soon, however, became evident that this would not assuage the anguish of his heart; on the contrary, in the midst of such rude diversions the picture of his loved one only came up the more vividly in the mirror of his memory.

His ship received orders to proceed to sea, sail round Cape Horn and cruise in the Pacific to discover new islands and routes of navigation. With the resignation of despair he saw the European coast fade away. "There is a shore where there is no parting; not until then shall I be happy," he sighed.

In this mood he lived for three years on ship-board without setting foot on shore. He was quiet in conduct and he attended to his duties with the greatest scrupulousness, so that he became a favorite with his superiors. He gave no thought to this; outside of his duties¹ his heart was possessed by but one feeling, the thought of his love and the hope soon to meet her in another world.

In the fourth year—it was the sixth of March—the ship lay at anchor. Wipner was sitting quietly at the bow; suddenly his eyes closed, but not in sleep, and he saw his sweetheart before him. He sprang to his feet and reached out his hand, but she had disappeared. He resumed his place, reflected over the apparition, and said to himself: "She is dead, and comes to tell me that she has entered the realm of love and happiness."

The following day the same experience was repeated, and now he ventured to speak to the apparition. His love seemed to beckon to him, but he could distinguish no words.

Things went this way for several months. Now, however, the vision appeared to him so perfectly that it was difficult for him not to take it for a living person; it also no longer vanished when he attempted to approach, but only withdrew to a certain distance.

At last, at the end of six months, during which the apparition visited

The law of spiritual development demands the strictest attention to all duties; the smallest as well as those which seem the greatest. See *Through the Gates of Gold*.

him daily, he heard her voice. She spoke to him about the joys of heaven, about the happiness of those who had loved each other, in that realm of bliss, and this filled his heart with such a longing for the other world that he would have cut short his days on earth had he not feared the sin. He even discussed this idea with her, but she counselled him against such a step as it would separate them for a long time. So he gradually became reconciled to his condition, and lived in the company of his love from the other world more happily than do many with their hearts' companions in this world.¹

His strange conduct puzzled his shipmates, and the officers feared his reason might have been affected. The captain said: "Perhaps he is troubled by ambition; I have known such cases before. I will make him a sergeant and that will bring him to his senses."

This decision was communicated to Wipner, together with instructions for his new post. He, however, unconditionally declined the honor. "I cannot be severe," he said, "and I would become responsible for too much; I now confide in the consideration of my superiors and endeavor to do their will as best I can."

Later the captain, on account of his trustworthiness, expressed a desire to take him into his personal service. Wipner did not straightway decline this offer, but he remarked that in such a capacity he feared he might lose favor, for during several hours daily he was accustomed to live alone with his thoughts, during which contact with all external things affected him unpleasantly.

The captain did not insist, but he gave orders to have Wipner closely watched, that the cause of his strange conduct might be ascertained. Pains were taken to gain his confidence, and a portion of his secret was learned. "He sees spirits," the captain was informed, "and he holds intercourse with them several hours each day." The captain laughed and said that if that was all, he might be left to follow his fancy.

Wipner's spirit-love foretold all things to him that concerned himself, and several times it was his fortune to be, if not the saviour, at least a great benefactor of the entire ship's company, by giving a timely warning of impending misfortune. One evening he told the steersman that a great storm would break the next day, and that if precautions were not taken the ship would be lost. The officer felt a little offended at being cautioned, but he asked a few questions, one of which was an inquiry as to when the storm would gather. "In the second hour after mid-day," was the answer.

"From what direction?"

"From the south. If you allow yourself to be influenced by pre-

¹ An instance of how the devachanic state may be experienced while living in the physical.

liminary gusts from the westward we shall be lost ; if we are prepared for what comes from the south nothing can harm us."

"Who has told you all this?" he asked.

"That is of no concern ; it is enough that I know it and feel it to be my duty to tell you."

"I will take the precautions called for," said the steersman, "and may God be with us!"

The captain was informed of this remarkable warning, and although he had no belief in such prophecies, he nevertheless gave orders to be prepared, since Wipner was a peculiar man. The next day, at one o'clock in the afternoon, the sky began to darken. At two, the storm came with such sudden violence, that at first they could not tell from which quarter the wind blew. It came from this direction and that, and the sea was torn by its fury so that the waves were given a whirling motion. All at once, however, the wind began to blow a gale from the southward, and had the steersman not given the ship its course beforehand in accordance with the anticipation of such a wind, the danger would have been extreme, as he himself confessed. The gale was weathered safely, and the captain declared that they were indebted to Wipner for much, if not for the very salvation of the ship.

One day Wipner said to one of the subordinate officers: "Tell the captain that day after to-morrow we shall have an exciting time. Three double-deckers will overhaul us, but courage and sagacity will save us. The first ship, if we offer no resistance but pretend that our crew is too small to fight, will board us ; we can thus capture that one and make the others uncertain in their attack. They will approach, but our guns will damage one of them so badly that the third ship will lose courage, take flight and leave us the other two as good prizes. Tell the captain that I have said this, and it will turn out as predicted."

"A wonderful fellow, that Wipner," said the captain on hearing this : "If all this turns out to be true I shall hardly know what to think of him ; we will make our preparations ; foresight is better than regret."

It all happened just as Wipner said. At ten o'clock of the second day three ships appeared, flying the Portuguese flag, that nation laying claim to that part of the ocean and regarding all craft belonging to other countries as fair game. The captain concealed the greater part of his ship's company below, fully armed, and kept but a few of the weak-looking men on deck. Since there appeared no sign of resistance, the first ship sailed swiftly up to the Dutchman, and grappled her and took prisoners the few men on deck. Then the armed crowd below came pouring up, took the enemy by surprise, and in a few minutes had captured them with their ship. The other ships saw the turn of the fight and were staggered with astonishment ; at

last they came up to the attack, but the Dutchman's cannon were so well aimed that one ship began to leak so badly it was obliged to desist from attack; the third took to flight and left the victors in possession of two well-manned and valuable double-deckers.

After this victory the captain called his ship's company together and said: "It would be wrong for me or any one of us, to claim the honor of this day; it belongs alone to our good comrade Wipner. He foretold the attack two days ago and at the same time outlined the plan of defence. To him we owe this victory over an enemy of more than double our strength. I shall announce his service to the government, that it may be fitly rewarded. But in immediate recognition of our debt I hereby make him shipmaster; in this post he is independent, his only duty being to provide for our needs, so that he can give free range to his desire to be of service to us."

"Hurrah for the captain! Hurrah for Wipner our shipmaster!" they all shouted.

It would be too much to attempt to describe all the experiences and prophecies of Wipner here; it is enough to say that he proved the ship's greatest benefactor, and the fortunate combats and the discoveries which it made upon its long voyage, were mainly owing to him. Fifteen years passed before the ship returned to Holland. Wipner secured an honorable discharge from the service and returned to his native village to pass the rest of his days. It was with sad heart that he recognized the scenes of his childhood, where he had parted from the girl he loved with no hope of seeing her again. He came to his old home. His father and mother were still living, and they could with difficulty comprehend how it was that their son whom they had long mourned as dead should return home. The affecting greeting over, the mother said: "Ah, how Else will rejoice when she hears the news; she has refused all suitors and always declared that only to you would she give her hand."

He looked at his mother astonished and said: "Else is dead and awaits me in Heaven; that I know."

"No," spoke his mother, "Else lives! I will send and let her know you are here."

"Wait a moment!" he interposed. "How can that be? For twelve years Else's spirit has been with me, and she tells me every day about the bliss of loving souls in the other life! How can it be possible that she still lives?"¹

¹ A common mistake for mystics and seers, mediums and clairvoyants. Crystallizations of thoughts into apparitional forms, as well as the vivid pictures often assumed by ideas, are over and over again taken to be realities. It is seldom that the ordinary, natural clairvoyant is in fact "behind the picture" so as to be able to see from what it really proceeds.

"It is even so," said the father ; she lives and has always been a good maid ; she was kind to her old parents and cared for them all their lives, and when they died, she buried them with filial devotion. She has often come to us to help us like a daughter, and to console us when age, and our mourning for you, made our burden too heavy."

Wipner could not make this clear to his mind for some time. At last he decided to see Else, unbeknown to her, before speaking with her. He soon found opportunity, and he noted with sorrow the difference between the original and his spirit-love. The former had grown older by fifteen years ; the latter, however, still preserved the looks of life's springtime, where all the magic of youth concentrates itself upon the cheeks to draw the heart of the lover closer to its own. He returned in sadness to his parents and said : "I hardly know what to do ; the fair image that came to me daily so far surpasses the real Else that I fear that, on meeting her, I should not show such love as her genuine worth deserves. A heavy trial is before me and I know not how I shall pass the ordeal."

In the evening he sat sadly by himself, thinking of his strange fate when there appeared before him his spirit-love as before. He gazed enraptured on the lovely sight and his heart seemed dissolved in bliss. Determining to remain true to her, he perceived the words : "Hesitate not to fulfil thy promise !" He attempted to speak, but the apparition had vanished.

"What shall I do?" he asked himself.

"Keep thy promise !" said an inner voice in reply.

"Then I shall obey," he spoke aloud ; "that which she says is infallible, and I may not disregard it."

The next day he sought Else, and after a long talk with her he offered his hand, married her, and hoped that the future would bring an explanation of the wonderful experience.

The story became known to many persons. Three years afterwards a stranger came to the village and asked Wipner about it. After hearing the full account, he said : "The Else who appeared to you is the image of your dear one which arose in your heart, and became manifest to you as a token of your love. Be true to it, for it is a witness to your restored inner life ; follow its guidance as before, and it will serve yourself and your wife as a defence against misfortune, and make ready eternal bliss for you in the other life."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS.

From C. H. V.

"Apollonius is said to have worn a mantle of wool to aid in insulating himself from the astral currents. Has wool in itself any such property as is seemingly ascribed to it? The question has this value, perhaps, whether the occult laws which govern the merely physical regulation of the toiler toward adept-ship, may not be of great value from a sanitary point of view and form, if properly understood, a useful medical creed."

Answer.—Wool in itself has no especial occult power. It is a non-absorbent to the exhalations of the human body; is lighter, cooler in hot and warmer in cold weather than any other fabric. The late discoveries of a German scientist prove it the best of all materials from a sanitary point of view. It is a conductor for electricity and other unseen forces. Apollonius, as well as other occult students, knew its value and uses. Being a student of nature's laws he was well aware of nature's requirements. Upon the knowledge gained by occult students touching the human body are founded all the schools of medicine. Bathing is essential, a woollen dress where permissible, as little animal food as possible, a sparing diet at best—a high ideal—an exalted motive and strong will, a total forgetting of self otherwise, and neither elementals or human beings will oppress one.

From J. C. V.

What is the true Will?

Is it a faculty of the soul?

How is it one with the Divine Will and how may we make our will at one with the Divine? Is it something which now we know not, or may we perceive its germ in our own Will, or is it an instinctive movement of the soul?

Answer.—The will as known to man is that force which he exerts for the accomplishment of his aims—he uses it blindly and ignorantly—and self is always the one for which he uses it. It is used as a brute force. As ordinarily used it has little tendency to lift the personality farther than the attainment of material results. It has for its source, the lower elements of the soul. The true will is a concentrated force working steadily yet gently, dominating both soul and person, having its source in the spirit and highest elements of the soul. It is never used for the gratification of self, is inspired by the highest of motives, is never interposed to violate a law, but works in harmony with the unseen as well as the seen. It is manifested through the human will for things visible.

(2.) It is more than a faculty of the soul, for it is the soul at work. The spirit is unmanifest except through the soul. The soul manifesting the spirit is the true will. The human will is the lowest form of this manifestation.

(3.) As the true will is the manifestation of the spirit through the soul, it must be at one with the divine, inasmuch as the spirit is the divine in man. It is the God in man, a portion of the all-pervading. Asserting itself through the soul, the true will is brought forth and in truth we say, "It is the will of God." We may make our finite wills at one with the divine by elevating our aim, using it for good or in the search for God, in striving to find how to use it in harmony with the laws of God. By proper use in the right direction the human will becomes purified, elevated, and being exerted only in conformity with our highest ideal, eventually becomes at one with the highest in man.

In our ordinary material state we know only the human will. Through the human will we reach the divine will. We become aware of the true will through the ordinary will just as we become aware of the soul through the body. It is not instinctive of the soul. The soul is father of the human will—the spirit is father of the true will.

From E. L. T.

"A great deal depends on purity of thought and motive," Oct. PATH, p. 220.

Please explain what should be the actuating motive in developing psychic capacities.

Answer.—The desire to find God, the desire to know one's self, our possibilities and capabilities, that we may be of true use to the world, these are the motives. The thought should be unselfish, undisturbed by material affairs—free from wonder seeking curiosity, concentrated, and in entire accord with the motive, the search for God.

Is Sinnett's explanation of the origin and extinction of "Intermediate Forms," accepted as being clear and satisfactory by the majority of students who are beginning the study of Buddhism?

Answer.—By the majority who are *beginning* yes—but not by those who are advanced.

Sinnett claims that Kama Loka is (like earth) a condition of unsatisfied longings, progressive idealization. It might be the "ne plus ultra" at the time of entrance, but how after a period of years?

Answer.—All these states may be entered into while in the body. The condition of unsatisfied longings does not cease except in Nirvana. Beyond a certain point the intellect is useless. Up to and at that point the intellect is increased in its powers. It is never decayed or paralyzed. It is useless because a better tool is used.

Do advanced students contemplate "Rupa Loka" and "Arupa Loka" as at present desirable conditions? If desirable then in what sense: absolutely or comparatively as regards earth life? Is Sinnett's statement of the entire satisfaction of the soul's longings, to be regarded as "Ex Cathedra," or is it only Sinnett's personal conception?

Answer.—All states and conditions above the ordinary material are desirable. In the absolute sense, any “conditioned” existence is undesirable. “Advanced students” try to be free from desires. “Rupaloka” means *place of form*; “Arupaloka,” *place of no form*. There are many Lokas.

His statements are his personal interpretation of the teachings he has received. Read Nov. PATH, p. 252.

Are we to understand that the “medium” who provokes a representation of phenomena from departed spirits is thereby riveting the chains by which the said “spirit” is held fast to low conditions?

Answer.—Yes—as you use those words—but I do not call them “spirits.”

Is Sinnett’s use of the word “spirituality” to be used as synonymous with our word conscientiousness?

Answer.—No.

Does he not rather use it in the sense of imaginative or intuitional capacity?

Answer.—No.

How do Buddhists regard this faculty as compared with conscientiousness, self-sacrifice and integrity?

Answer.—It is not a faculty. Conscientiousness, self-sacrifice, integrity, duty, are all portions of the whole, which is spirituality.

Do they not accord respect and honor to preponderance of intellect over purity of heart?

Answer.—No, they honor intellect when governed by purity of heart.

How can I cultivate thought reading. The impressions received are involuntary?

Answer.—By continual exercise of the power. By concentrated thought in obedience to the will. By purifying the thoughts as well as the body. But your aim must be higher than the mere acquirement of a wonder-working power, or you will fail. With all the power you possess concentrate your thought upon the object you desire, and receive that which is given by what is termed intuition.

ZADOK.

From M. E. C.

What steps must I take to open the heart so as to exercise the Will for governing the Astral body?

Answer.—There is but one way to open the heart. That is by living the life. It is a simple matter to govern the will, but this is not the true will. The governing of the Astral body is the smallest of the tasks of the true will. The will should be used to obtain wisdom, and when so used it will control the Astral body without effort. We should exert psychic powers

only to benefit others, never to free ourselves from the disagreeable. Let your aim be to find God ; your motive, to know yourself for the sake of Theo Sophia and humanity : your desire, to help humanity, and the true Will will be developed, the heart opened and you will not only control the Astral body but all in the Astral. You must seek beyond the Astral for powers, but it is not wise to desire the acquisition of powers. Let your aim be beyond that, and the powers will grow of themselves. If the strong-willed or sick depress you, seek to aid each in some way, forget that you are depressed, *forget your self*, and they will not affect you. The life of the Occult student is full of sorrow, anguish and depressing influences. These go to make him a student in the Occult. A portion of his training is to become aware of these only in so far as they affect others. As to their affecting his own personality, he does not know they exist. If you desire to help humanity, then you possess the true motive. If you use your will in this cause, wisdom, peace and all the powers will be given.

ZADOK.

From Mrs. M. J. G.

“What is the effect of hasheesh?”

Answer—I have had no personal experience of hasheesh. The experiences of others told me, tally in all respects with the descriptions in Confessions of a Hasheesh Eater, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, who is said to have died from its use. They are most painful at first, in all cases, and after brief pleasures, return again to horrors, while the habit is even more tenacious and ruinous than that of drink.

“Does it open the door of the occult?”

Answer—It does not in any sane sense. Horrible visions or pleasant scenes are encountered but without meaning. As in taking anesthetics, what is felt or seen is valueless and contains no real spiritual teaching, any more than nightmares or dreams, nor can you rely upon seeing even the astral world correctly. You see your own disordered fancy chiefly, and are then in fact, a lunatic in the astral world.

JULIUS.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

IN INDIA.

Col. Olcott has returned from his extended tour in the North. He reached Calcutta in July, and there met again the celebrated Pandit Jibbananda Vidyasagara, from whose hands he received, in 1883, the sacred Brahmanical thread. The Pandit presented him with 150 volumes of his sanscrit publications for the Headquarters Library. After that Col. Olcott went to

Darjiling, and for the third time beheld the sublime peaks of the Himalayas. At Barisal, being detained, he lectured on Theosophy at the request of all the leading men, to 1,000 people. An extraordinary phenomenon occurs here called the "Barisal Gun." It is a sharp report like that of a heavy gun, followed by six others. It remains unexplained. This ghostly salvo of artillery greeted the President at the close of his lecture.

He returned to Adyar in time to meet Bro. Fullerton, of the New York Society, before return of the latter to this city.

An invitation from Japan has been extended to Col. Olcott to go there to preach Theosophy, and, after the convention in December, he expects to start.

At Ceylon the work of the Society proceeds under the care of Mr. Leadbeater. At a recent public meeting, the famous Singhalese orator, Megutiwatte Gunananda, presided, and delivered a stirring address upon the good the Society has been doing there. Megutiwatte is high in the favor of High Priest, Rev. Sumangala, so that again we are made to smile on reading Mr. Arnold's account of the high priest's reply when asked about Mahatmas.

IN ENGLAND.

There is a new Lodge here called "The Blavatsky Lodge," intended for those who especially desire to study the phase of the subject which they think that famous woman represents.

MME. BLAVATSKY is now living in London, where she is editing "Lucifer" and finishing "The Secret Doctrine." While she desires privacy, she still is a centre of attraction for the thoughts and visits of many Theosophists and inquirers.

IN AMERICA.

NEW YORK.—THE ARYAN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY has had regular meetings as usual. It held its first open sitting this winter on Nov. 22d, at which Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard read a paper on the "Fifth Principle in Man," to a large audience.

NEW ZEALAND.—Brother E. T. Sturdy, of Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, informs us that there is some interest in Theosophy there and that a Branch may soon be formed. He has just returned from a visit to India, and stopped at New York on his way to the South Pacific via San Francisco.

LOS ANGELES.—The Branch here, though small, is active.

THE ABRIDGEMENTS OF DISCUSSIONS, which stopped at No. 3, will shortly be resumed; and No. 4 is now in the printer's hands. *The Arjuna T. S.*, of St. Louis, and the *Krishna T. S.*, of Philadelphia, have joined the *Aryan* in getting these under way again. All Theosophists and Branches are invited to send condensed expressions of views, or questions, upon Theosophical subjects, to the Secretary, care of THE PATH, and they will be inserted in forthcoming Abridgements.

THE PURANA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, of Santa Cruz, California, was organized October 19, 1887, under charter dated July 27, 1887, with Mrs. L. Underwood McCann as President; Dr. W. W. Gamble, Vice-President; Dr. W. Scott Hall, Secretary; and Dr. Jennie M. Morgan, Treasurer.

There are many enquirers here and considerable interest in occultism.

BROTHER ALEXANDER FULLERTON, of the *Aryan T. S.*, who went to India last summer, has just returned from the Head-Quarters at Adyar, Madras, where he met the President-Founder, and many Hindu Theosophists. In London he called on Madame Blavatsky, and met Mrs. Sinnett, Mr. Keightley, and other European Theosophists: and during his two visits to Bombay, he was entertained by Brother Tukaram Tatya, the President of the Society there, through whose efforts mainly, the Bombay Society has published several books, and keeps up, in that quaint city, a free Theosophical Dispensary.

Brother Fullerton reports several changes in the Head-Quarters building, which is a large white structure situated on a plot of land twenty-one acres in area, the property of the Society. The front hall and piazza have been recently enlarged and enclosed for Convention meetings. An annex of two rooms has also been erected, the first being devoted to the Sanscrit Library, and the second to several oil paintings of Sages.

The convention in December will be, it is expected, the largest ever held at Head-Quarters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Oct. 27th, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATH:

DEAR SIR:—In view of the recent able articles in "*Lucifer*" apropos of the early significations of that title, your readers may be interested in a couple of extracts touching upon the more occult phase of the subject, to which Madame Blavatsky merely adverts for the moment by saying: "Whether this can explain anything is left to the reader's sagacity."

In the writings of Eliphas Levi this further explanation is found:

"There is in Nature a force which never dies, and this force *perpetually transforms all beings in order to preserve them.*

"This force is the Reason, or the Word, of Nature.

"There exists also in man a force analogous to that of Nature, and this force is the Reason or the Word of man.

"The Word of man is the expression of his will, directed by his Reason.

"This Word is all powerful when it is reasonable, for it is then analogous to the Word of God himself.

"By his Word, man may become conqueror of life, and can triumph over death.

"The entire life of man is only the parturition or the miscarriage of his Word: Human beings who die without having understood and formulated the Word of Reason, died without eternal hope.

"The terrible and just force which perpetually destroys all these abortions, has been named Samaël by the Hebrews; Satan by the Orientals; and by the Latins, *Lucifer*."

Jacob Behmen, in his *Threefold Life of Man*, speaks of *Lucifer* in a chapter in which he declares in opening: "Our philosophers, in the schools of the third principle, of this world, do not understand; but the theosophers of the school of *Pentecost* understand it well."

"Consider the Center of the Earth, which God hath created by his Word even of the Center of the Deep Eternity, out of the Darkness, out of the Center of the desirous will, but not out of any *separate place*, but out of the space and depth, so far as the Word hath yielded itself unto the *Ether*; there hath the Centre been everywhere, and is so now, and remaineth so in Eternity for it hath been so from Eternity.

"And we understand by the Word (*Schuff*, which signifieth created) a separation of the essences, in the center, in the sour matrix: and therefore there is also such great diversity in the spirits, as there is great diversity in the will of the essences. * * And we give you highly to understand, the heavy fall of *Lucifer*; which was that he put his will back again into the matrix of the fire, in the Centre, and turned away from the will of the Eternal Mind, which tended only to the heart of God; * * and therefore he was thrust back also (into the darkness, into the anguishing mind) in the sinking down of death." (Elsewhere called the "coporeity of darkness," the weight sinking down below fire and cooling to matter.)

"But to satisfy the high enquiring mind, and to fill its apprehension concerning what moved *Lucifer* to this, we offer the matrix of the Genetrix to be considered; and there you find all the forms which can be found in the whole Nature.

"And as we have shown you already, concerning the seven forms of the *Center* of the Eternal Nature, where every form is a several well-spring of Nature; in like manner out of every form, out of every well-spring, go forth spirits.

"And the uppermost Principal Dominion proceedeth from the Head Source, which is a cause of the multiplicity therein, as the mind is a cause of the senses, (or various thoughts) and we entreat you to consider the matrix earnestly, wherein you shall quickly know the conceived Will of *Lucifer*, what it is in its original; how the creature hath imagined into the *matrix*, and suffered itself to be withheld there; and yet God created all Spirits in the Light.

"For we cannot know any otherwise than that *Lucifer* was created in the fourth form of the *matrix*; for there stand the anger and the love in opposition, and this is the strife and overcoming; where the *light overcometh* and holdeth the darkness captive. The fourth form is in the midst of the seven forms, and *may turn* itself to the three in the anger, or to the three in the Love of God, and is severally drawn and desired by each of the three."

By "anger" he says he means the "Fire life," and by "Love" the "Light life," of that original Substance which orientalists call the Astral Light, or Akasa. So this striving force, which "may turn" either way, shows us the contraries necessary to manifestation. Levi also says :

"When all was light, the light was nowhere : it filled the bosom of God, who was about to beget it.

"And when He said : Let there be Light ! He permitted night to repel the light, and the universe sprang from chaos.

"The negation of the angel,¹ who being born, refused to be enslaved, established the equilibrium of the World, and the movement of the spheres began "

It seems that the Editors of *Lucifer* have done well to name their magazine after this Principle militant, which institutes in matter that strife of contraries which we call "Life," and so ensures to all the opportunity of evolution and Real Being. Perhaps Mercury, the Separator, the St. Michael who conquered Lucifer, and whom Behmen calls "Noise, Sound, Mercurie," is not a stranger to the mystic significance of Om.

Yours Truly,

J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK, F. T. S.

TEA TABLE TALK.

Not so long ago a friend wrote me from a distance : "The atmosphere of this place is not favorable to occultism." He meant that the pleasures of material life abounded there and set up a bewildering confusion. The idea was a mistake, however, and one into which we all fall at the outset : it is natural then, but we outgrow it. This outward life, husk as it is, is still the sheath of the inward. It is a result in which the cause inheres : they are really one, but the outward dies and sloughs off. Occultism is not all learned in the meditation of the study, nor in the confines of asceticism. One way to knowledge lies through external life, its "happenings," its so called coincidences or chances. A writer apparently so remote from the occult as Draper is, still observes : "what we call chances are the workings of obscure laws; even of chances there is a law." As we watch daily occurrences, *free from personal desire, with our will awaiting the behest of the Perfect Law*, we see order in their groupings, see that they correlate, see a persistence in some which declares the existence of a governing energy, and marks them out as steps to be taken or lessons to be learned. These resemblances are not fortuitous; they concern our real nature. The laws from which they proceed are dictated by no power, human or divine : they are inherent necessities of Being, and to know them we study the nature of real Being, not only as it stands in the purity of the first cause, but as manifested in its results. The people about us, their ways, the difference between their

¹ Referring to a previous legend of Lucifer, the Light Bearer, given in the magazine so named.

ideals and their actions ; the unconscious effect of their words and lives and the discord or harmony between these ; the oscillation of mankind between heart and intellect and the realization of the sublime place of pause between them ; all this is prolific of true knowledge. What is the difference between politics, arts, religions, conventions, governments, frontiers and continents, but the difference between my mind and yours ? The mind of man has made them all ; they are subservient to it ; they mirror its varying attachments and ideals. They are all germinally contained in any one mind, and the supernal power of Om can evolve all from it.

Every atmosphere favors occultism ; for it must be in everything, this universal Truth we seek. God present in all things in the omnipresent Truth, must exist in ourselves. This primary instrument of search is always by us. In the locked book of an earnest student I was once allowed to read a dream which made this fact very vivid, and I am permitted to give it here, because it is of great practical wisdom to answer the queries of one student by the experience of another when possible : it brings them closer and makes the facts more real to the individual mind.

This is a dream of the night. It was in that chill dark hour before the dawning, and a Great Spirit stood by my side. Veiled was his face lest it blind me, but his voice surged through me as the west wind through the pines, or the long roll of ocean on the coast.

"Seekest thou still the mysterious Law ?" he questioned. And bowing my soul before him I answered. "Yea, Master ; I live for the Eternal only, but I find nor guide nor teacher, and barren is the way."

Then a warmth as of sympathy informed those divine accents, and He said : "Listen ! In the day that is breaking a golden clue will be sent thee. Between sunrise and sunset thine opportunity will greet thee. Seek it, and know the Law." So spake He and merged into the sunrise and the world bathed in rosy light. Then I hailed that day as glorious, and rose, and bathed myself in clear waters, and robed myself as for a King's coming and sat down to await the promised vision that should guide me to the Immortal. Noon came, and brought it not, and the day was half spent. Then a doubt lurked at my side and mocked me, and I feared that among common daily things and homely surroundings, the Wonder would never come to me, and I arose and went out among men, in the huge warring tumult of things. But the human stream ran high and I scarce kept my feet, so that I struggled with them for life and its issues ; my robes were torn and my serenity overthrown. While I battled a shadow fell upon me, and behold, it was the twilight hour ! Gone was the day ! Lost was my Hope ! Then darkness swallowed me up, and I was utterly forgotten therein, and dusky shapes preyed upon me till my soul cried aloud from the deeps. A far voice answered that cry and said : "Hast thou learned the mystery ?" Weeping I made answer : "Master ! It came not."

"Thou blind disciple !" said the Master, "Life is the mystery ; each day is in itself a clue and all days are one, and in each clue is the whole. While thou sittest awaiting the Wonder, it waits with thee, for thou art the Wonder.

Thy Being is the opportunity thou seekest, and it enshrines the Law by which it is. Understand it and thou needest not me; thou shalt learn of a greater than I, for Life is greater than any, it is all!"

The benignant voice thrilled down the departing shades and I saluted the new day, for the days and the nights are the rays of the Eternal.

This is a dream, yet not a dream. Understand, thou faithful heart and do homage to each sovereign day!"

One thing that shows me the enormous reach and persistence of occultism is seeing how its symbols have come down to this gross and unthinking age—for in a spiritual sense, the mass of men do little or no thinking. I do not by "spiritual sense," mean a religious or doctrinal or even an ethical sense. Some religions are spirit materialized. To think spiritually is to feel and to know the action of etherial forces; it is to quaff the water of life from the causal fountain.

See then how these signs and symbols crowd our walls, our advertisements, carpet our floors, and invade our churches, planting the flag of opposition, the symbol of symbols, in the gilded cross upon their steeples. The freight trains rolling by have the circle and the triangle, the cross with or without the rose, the magic cube upon them in varied combinations. Our playing cards ape the creative gods and tell their story. The maids in the kitchen interpret their dreams and their tea cups by occult rules. The farmer consults the moon and plants and sows by them. The aged toll gate woman in her folk's tales and her superstitions as she gossips with me, does it homage unawares.

Our forks, our goblets, our swords are occult signs. So too are our tastes and fancies. Why does the young girl wear this color and reject that? The flowers, her evanescent sisters, have the same reason. Why does one chord crash in upon the nerves and another set our hearts to thrilling like a bird's throat in June? Everywhere the leaven works. In all things the occult looks out with invisible cap on, smiling at our blindness. I am in all things—says the Universal Spirit in Bhagavad-Gita. When we are not learning this in one way, we are in another. Our being brought by ways of life to this place or that is but a change of lesson, a passage into a different class room. The most trivial event has its occult bearing: it is our business in life to seek it out.

Nothing is trifling: all is a clue: no time is lost unless I will it so; every hour, every change is a new opportunity.

Even as I write, I have an instance of the truth of our natural instincts.

A mother and her boy are near me, the latter a splendid, fearless, starry eyed child, still in his little kilt skirts and the baby down not worn off his four year old cheeks. He has moods of reflection: this is one of them; he is planted in front of his mother like a ruthless inquisitor: his baby accents I will not attempt to spell, but his grammar is a thing of beauty unadorned.

"Muvver, Say, Muvver. When you go to Devil, am you go by railroad cars?"

"Mercy! Where did you ever hear such things?"

"When I die, am I gone down big hole?"

"Yes."

"And go to God, doo n't we?"
 "Oh yes, Dear."
 "Does God be down the hole too?"
 "No, God is in heaven."
 "Did oo telled me a story when oo said God be-ed all round everywhere?"
 "You don't understand." (Aside to me: "I don't myself!") "Run away and play now."
 "What me go down old dark hole for when God ain't not there?"
 "It is n't *you* that is down the dark hole."
 "*I ain't me?*" (Gives his curls a puzzled toss and shows signs of gathering temper. Bun's temper is no small thing, so his mother capitulates and takes him on her lap.) "Don't you know that little thing inside of you that tells you when you've been a bad boy?"
 "Yes: *nasty* wittle sing."
 "Well, that's you. Your body goes down the hole, and that little thing goes straight up to God."
 "How do it get out of me? Does I throw it up?"
 Seeing signs of collapse in his Mother I interpolate: "It flies up like a bird out of a nest. You're the nest; your thinker inside of you is the bird."
 For this information I receive a beaming smile. The inquisitor then gives his victim another turn of the thumb screws.
 "Why did little bruvver died? Did oo *want* him down dark hole?"
 There is a pause; one of those little moments which make a coward of a man. Then a voice with a tremble in it answers: "My Darling; God gave your little brother to me and then he wanted him back, so he took him."
 "What do God want us all for, anyway? Has him taken Mollie?" (A very diminutive playmate, off on a visit. This is satisfactorily explained.)
 "I 'spose God ain't ready for her; her's too little for him to grab her. If oo goes to Devil by railroad cars, I'd ravver go to Devil."
 "Hush! You're too little to understand now, my Son, but you will some day."

"No. Don't believe we get to God by bein' put in dark hole; ain't *never* goin' to believe it: *NEVER*."

Bless his little heart, I don't believe he ever will think it! Why don't we teach these little ones that God is life, and that life, not death, is our opportunity to find him? Why not point out to them the joys, as well as the pains of the "nasty little thing" called conscience within them? The simple, beautiful Truth is at our hand. We may find much of it in the Christmas peal of bells, aye, in sermons whose preacher knows not the real, living meaning behind his words, or in December's voices of peace and good will, which overflowing stone walls and creeds, and hearts, and sorrows, and silent places where darkness broods and breeds, and discords deep as hell, and human pride as high as heaven, blend in that omnipotent harmony which is the whole. He who beholds the glory of the occult sees the glory of God, knows the worlds to be one, and himself one with them, in Eternal Unity. He realizes true love of all his fellow men to be the love of God and finds the ineffable "Peace which passeth all understanding."

May the New Year bring you, Brothers, to that Peace, and may you cross beyond the sea of darkness to the fearless shore.¹ JULIUS.

That word which all the Vedas record, which all penances proclaim, which men desire when they live as religious students, that word I tell thee briefly, it is

OM.

¹ Upanishads.

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The nature of action, of forbidden action and of inaction must be well learned. The path of action is obscure and difficult to discern.

Renunciation of and devotion through works, are both means of final emancipation. But of these two, devotion through works is more highly to be esteemed than the renunciation of them.—*Bhagavad-Gita, Chs. 4 & 5.*

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1888.

No. 10.

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RAYS FROM THE EAST.

(FRAGMENTS OF M.S.S., WRITTEN DOWN BY J.....)

The longings of no human heart are to be lightly set aside ; each one of them is a sub-tone in the great harmony of life ; each one is the cry of some brother who has often forgotten his language, but still feels his wants. In his heart burns, however feebly, the spark from the Divine ever seeking the way back to the centre from which it came.

True it is that a man may have been initiated, in his past lives, into many degrees of knowledge and power, who yet had not had certain experiences necessary before entering on the next degree ; and furthermore, that not one single degree can be lost to him, even though he may now appear before you, in a human garb not inviting, not puissant, not impetuous, nor in any sense free from faults.

* * * once wrote : "An abyss opens behind each step ; he cannot go back, and an irresistible impulse urges him forward."

That "abyss" is the "era of achievement," the passage from an "intermediate form" into a "new type." It is *not* mere absorption. Absorption goes on for periods anterior to it. During the absorption, and after saturation, the being goes on assimilating. Adjacent tissue—so to say—alters by either what your scientists call *infiltration*, or by what Patanjali calls *supply of natures*. There could not be, when the process is completed, any recession to the old type after the intermediate form has disappeared. But truly, just as in your material world, during vast shadowy periods, the vacated—almost—intermediate types floated about until the *habit* of nature had changed and they became useless, and many beings had again and again reoccupied these forms, so in each daily life, or moral life, the intermediate forms remain until *your* habit has totally altered. They then disappear forever. So it is an abyss, great, profound, wide, silent and tenantless.

In a sense it is like the closed valve in the circulation, which permits no blood to engorge the heart. And the impulse that urges forward, has its source in the great heart which urges on the astral light that makes our poor human hearts beat to and fro. And as the mere motion of the heart cannot be stopped at ease because it is the servant of the great heart, so the impulse cannot be resisted by him who has voluntarily gone into the vast circulation of the great Adam ; who, urged on by reverberating echoes from a *living* past, has started toward the goal. Often he knows not why he does so, and is perhaps unaware that the echoes have transformed themselves, by the subtle alchemy of nature, into unconscious leanings very often called "atavistic" (wrongly) by scientific men. So he knows them not as echoes.

Perhaps failure to carry out a chosen plan is part of a necessary step. Our failures to encompass a set end are our best teachers, provided we recognize the real work that inevitably is contained in the failure.

The very rush of the onset made by him who impetuously enters *the path*, has in itself the recoil, and a brave ship is required ; and not only a brave ship, but also the pilot called by the name "experience," and the captain who has sailed in many seas.

Each man keeps his own account—with his eyes closed ; but his hand writes down the correct sums, and the balance *has to be struck*.

The examiner of accounts is deaf, dumb and blind ; the entries are in relief, and he measures them by touch.

I charge you to give these words to those whom you know are waiting and anxious to hear or see any words of mine.

May we be guided towards the living Truth.

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THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

(Continued from December number.)

Salutation to the Prowess of Krishna ! May it be with us in the fight, strengthening our hearts that they faint not in the gloomy night that follows in the path of the day.

THE FIRST ABYSS.

The first chapter is ended. In one aspect, the Bhagavad-Gita is a personal book. It is for each man ; and it is in that way we have so far considered it. Some have called it obscure, and others a book which deals solely with the great principles of nature ; with only great questions of cosmogony ; with difficult and bewildering questions relating to the first cause ; and still others think it is contradictory and vague. But this first scene in the great colloquy is plain. It has the din of arms, the movement of battalions and the disposition of forces with their generals. No one need feel any hesitation now, for we are face to face with ourselves. The weak man, or he who does not care for Truth no matter where it leads, had better shut the book now. Unless he can go on reading the poem with the fixed intention of applying it to himself, it will do him no good whatever. He may say, however, that he will read it for what it may seem to contain, but if he reads to the end of time and does not fairly regard this first lecture, his knowledge gained further on will be no knowledge. It is indeed the book of the great mystery ; but that problem was never solved *for* any one ; it must be settled and solved *by* each one *for himself*. No doubt it was for this reason that Vyasa, to whom the poem is attributed, placed this conflict, in which the principal characters are Arjuna and Krishna, at the outset. It would have been easier to have made them sit down for a philosophical discourse beforehand in which reasons *pro* and *con* regarding any battle would be discussed, and then, after all that was done, to show us Arjuna, encouraged and equipped, entering upon the war sure of victory because he had spent much time in dispelling his doubts. But instead of doing this he pictures the impetuous Arjuna precipitating the battle before he had considered whom it was he had to fight.

It does not appear in the Bhagavad-Gita, that Krishna had induced Arjuna, as was the case, to make the war for the purpose of regaining his kingdom. While stirring him up to it Krishna had wisely refrained from telling that which Arjuna finds out on the first day, that he had to oppose all these friends, kinsmen and preceptors. It was a wise reticence. If we completely apprehended the enormous power of our passions and various tendencies, most of us would throw up the fight in advance ; for nothing would persuade us that any power within could withstand against such over-

whelming odds. For us then the incitement to fight is found, not so much in any conversation that we hold now with Krishna, but in the impulses which are carried across, again and again, from incarnation to incarnation.

We take up the gage over and over, life after life, in experience after experience, never completely defeated if we always look to Krishna—our Higher Self. And in the tale of Arjuna we find this also. For in a succeeding book called “Anugita,” is an account of the hero walking with Krishna through the Palace of Maya. The battle over, for the time, Arjuna tells his friend that he has really forgotten much that he had told him (in Bhagavad-Gita) and asks for a succinct repetition. This is given to him by the great warrior.

The palace of Maya is this body of illusion, built up around us by desire. In our last births we had all the advice given in this poem, and walking to-day through the palace, which sometimes seems so lovely, we now and then have reminiscences from the past : sometimes we stoutly take up the fight : but surely, if we have listened to the Guide aright we will compel ourselves at last to carry it out until finished.

In coming to the conclusion of this first chapter, we reach the *first abyss*. It is not the great abyss, albeit it may seem to us, in our experience, to be the greatest. We are now *vis-a-vis* with our own despair, and doubt his companion. Many a student of Theosophy has in our own sight reached this point—all true students do. Like a little child who first ventures from the parent's side, we are affrighted at what seems new to us, and dropping our weapons attempt to get away; but, in the pursuit of Theosophy it is not possible to go back,

Because the abyss is behind us.

There is in nature a law that operates in every department whether moral or physical, and which may now be called that of undulation and then that of inhibition; while at other times it reappears as vibration, and still again as attraction and repulsion, but all these changes are only apparent because at bottom it is the same. Among vegetables it causes the sap to flow up the tree in one way and will not permit it to return in the same direction. In our own blood circulation we find the blood propelled from the heart, and that nature has provided little valves which will not permit it to return to the heart by the way it came, but by the way provided. Medical and anatomical science are not quite sure what it is that causes the blood to pass these valves; whether it is pressure from behind communicated by the heart, or the pressure by atmosphere from without which gently squeezes, as it were, the blood upon its way. But the Occultist does not find himself limited by these empirical deductions. He goes at once to the centre and declares that the impulse *is* from the heart and that that organ receives its impulse from the great astral heart or the Akasa, which has been

said by all mystics to have a double motion, or alternate vibration—the systole and diastole of nature.

So in this sense the valve in the circulation represents the abyss behind us that we cannot repossess. We are in the great general circulation, and compelled whether we like it or not, to obey its forward impulse.

This place of dejection of Arjuna is also the same thing as is mentioned in "*Light on the Path*" as the silence after the storm. In tropical countries this silence is very apparent. After the storm has burst and passed, there is a quietness when the earth and the trees seem to have momentarily ceased making their familiar, manifold noises. They are obeying the general law and beginning the process of assimilation.

And in the astral world it is just the same. When one enters there for the first time, a great silence falls, during which the regulated soul is imbibing its surroundings and becoming accustomed to them. It says nothing but waits quietly until it has become in vibration precisely the same as the plane in which it is; when that is accomplished then it can speak properly, make itself understood, and likewise understand. But the unregulated soul flies to that plane of the astral world in a disturbed state, hurries to speak before it is able to do so intelligibly and as a consequence is not understood, while it increases its own confusion and makes it less likely that it will soon come to understand. In the Theosophical Society, as well as out of it, we can see the same thing. People are attracted to the astral plane; they hear of its wonders and astonishments and like a child with a new toy in sight they hurry to grasp it. They refuse to learn its philosophy because that seems dry and difficult. So they plunge in, and as Murdhna Joti said in a former article in this magazine, they then "swim in it and cut capers like a boy in a pool of water."

But for the earnest student and true disciple, the matter is serious. He has vowed to have the truth at whatever cost, willing to go wherever she leads—even if it be to death.

So Krishna, having got Arjuna to where the battle has really begun, where retreat is not possible, begins to tell his loved disciple and friend what is the philosophy that underlies it all and without which success cannot be compassed.

We should not fail to observe at this point, that when Arjuna threw down his bow and arrows, the flying of missiles had already begun. We cannot say that when the philosophical discourse began between these two the opposing forces declared a truce until the mighty heroes should give the signal, because there is nowhere any verse that would authorize it, and we also can read in the accompanying books that all the paraphernalia of war had been brought on to the field and that the enemy would not desist, no matter what Arjuna might do. Now there is a meaning here, which is also

a part of the great abyss the son of Pandu saw behind him, and which every one of us also sees.

We enter upon this great path of action in occultism mentally disposed towards final victory. This mental attitude instantly throws all the parts of our being into agitation, during which the tendencies which are by nature antipathetic to each other separate and range themselves upon opposite sides. This creates great distress, with oftentimes wandering of the mind, and adds additional terror to our dark despair. We may then sink down and declare that we will fly to a forest—or as they did once in Europe, to a monastery—so as to get away from what seems to be unfavorable ground for a conflict. But we have evoked a force in nature and set up a current and vibration which *will go on* no matter what we do. This is the meaning of the “flying of arrows” even when Arjuna sat down on the bench of his chariot.

At this point of our progress we should *examine our motive and desire*.

It has been said in some Theosophical writings of the present day, that a “spiritualized will” ought to be cultivated. As terms are of the highest importance we ought to be careful how we use them, for in the inner life they represent either genuine, regulated forces, or useless and abortive things that lead to nothing but confusion. This term “spiritualized will” leads to error, because in fact it has no existence. The mistake has grown out of the constant dwelling on “will” and “forces” needed for the production of phenomena, as something the disciple should strive to obtain—whether so confessed or not—while the real motive power is lost sight of. It is very essential that we should clearly understand this, for if we make the blunder of attributing to *will* or to any other faculty an action which it does not have, or of placing it in a plane to which it does not belong, we at once remove ourselves far from the real knowledge, since all action on this plane is by mind alone.

The old Hermetic statement is : “*Behind will stands desire*,” and it is true.

Will is a pure, colorless force which is moved into action by *desire*. If desire does not give a direction the will is motionless ; and just as desire indicates, so the will proceeds to execute.

But as there are countless wills of sentient beings constantly plying to and fro in our sphere, and must be at all times in some manner acting upon one another, the question arises, what is that sort of knowledge, which shows how to use the will so that the effect of counteracting wills may not be felt. That knowledge is lost among the generality of men and is only instinctive here and there in the world as a matter of Karmic result, giving us examples of men whose will seems to lead them on to success, as Jay Gould and others.

Furthermore, men of the world are not desiring to see results which shall be in accord with the general will of nature, because they are wanting this and that for their own benefit. Their desire, then, no matter how strong, is limited, or nullified : (1) by lack of knowledge of how to counteract other wills ; (2) by being in opposition to the general will of nature without the other power of being able to act strongly in opposition to that too.

So it follows—as we see in practice in life—*that men obtain only a portion of that which they desire.*

The question next arises : Can a man go against the general will of nature and escape destruction, and also be able to desire wickedly with knowledge, and accomplish, through will, what he wishes ?

Such a man can do all of these—except to escape destruction. That is sure to come, no matter at how remote a period.

He acquires extraordinary knowledge, enabling him to use powers for selfish purposes during immense periods of time, but at last the insidious effects of the opposition to the general true will makes itself felt and he is destroyed forever.

This fact is the origin of the destruction-of-worlds-myths, and of those myths of combats such as between Krishna and Ravana, the demon god, and between Durga and the demons.

For in other ages, as is to again occur in ages to come, these wickedly desiring people, having great knowledge, increase to an enormous extent and threaten the stability of the world. Then the adherents of the good law can no longer quietly work on humanity, but come out in force, and a fight ensues in which the black magicians are always destroyed, because the good Adepts possess not only equal knowledge with the bad ones, but have in addition the great assistance of the general will of nature which is not in control of the others, and so it is inevitable that the good should triumph always. This assistance is also the heritage of every true student, and may be invoked by the real disciple when he has arrived at and passed the first abyss.

“And when the Great King of Glory saw the Heavenly Treasure of the Wheel, he sprinkled it with water and said : ‘Roll onward, O my Lord, the Wheel ! O my Lord, go forth and overcome !’”

WILLIAM BREHON.

(*To be continued.*)

RAHULA'S INHERITANCE.

“ * * * The spirit promised me that I should dwell with the crooked moon in her eternal beauty.”

In that wonderful Age which our nurses call Once-upon-a-time, the Prince Rahula came into the Hall of Sages and demanded his birthright. The Wise Ones heard him in silence, and he seemed to be dismissed without an answer. On the following day he came again, with the same ill success ; so the third time and up to the seventh demand, being always unnoticed and even, as he thought, unseen. On the eighth day a messenger returning to the Council of Sages, found Rahula seated upon a plinth at the entrance to the temple.

“What doest thou there, my Lord ?” demanded the messenger.

“I have taken up my abode here, nor will I stir hence until the Wise Ones shall have heard me,” answered Rahula.

“But is it meet that thou shouldst sit here so lowly. Prince that thou art?”

“It is meet that a man do all things to obtain his birthright. For him there is nothing else, and great or small, honey or poison, mine shall be mine.”

The messenger bowed before him. “Thou art more than royal ; thou art wise,” he said. Then he hastened within, and when the Sages heard what he had seen they sent for Prince Rahula, who presently saluted them reverently and said: “I am come to claim mine own. I am the Prince Rahula and I am well known to you ; seven times already have I claimed it.”

“Yes, my Son,” answered the Elder ; “but it is customary to prove a man, that his determination may show him the true heir, so that no impostor shall receive the inheritance kept for him by the Sons of Wisdom. Only those who know their rights and wrest them from Fate by strong courage, are true Princes of the royal line. But there is still a sign and countersign to pass between us e’re we bestow thy birthright upon thee. Dost thou know them ?”

The young Prince smiled a smile that was rarely sweet, drew himself to his full height, and tossing back his mantle, displayed to the Sages a crimson heart, transfixed with a golden lance. The Sages rose and saluted the Emblem, and parting their robes, each showed such a heart beneath his own breast. Only in the centre of theirs was written the word *Humanity*, and the lances were of living light, and a musical throb that was in itself a perfume was the pulse of each heart.

“Thou knowest the sign indeed,” said the Elder to Rahula. “Take now the countersign. Remember that the wise and perfect heart pulsates for man alone. Thou hast demanded thy birthright in the name of the pierced heart : take it, and go in Peace.”

At his signal the messenger brought to Rahula a large and brilliant crystal. It was shaped like the crescent moon : one side of it was covered with hieroglyphs cut into the stone ; the other sparkled from innumerable facets like a field of hoar frost at sunrise. Rahula looked at it seriously. " A strange gift for a warrior," he said. " What is its use, my Lords ? What shall I do with it ? "

The Elder answered : " It is the birthright deposited with us at thy coming into the world and we can give thee no other. Its use is for thee to discover. We are but the guardians, not the interpreters. I have spoken. "

Vainly Rahula besought him, no other word was uttered ; the Sages had resumed their silence and at last, lit by the rays of the shining moon, Rahula left the temple and re-entered life. Long he considered the jewel ; of the characters he could make nothing. So he determined to hang the great crystal beneath the royal gateway, where all men might see it, and perchance its use might be discovered. This was done, and the life of the great city passed on beneath the mysterious crystal. Soon strange tales were told of it ; at night its wonderful brilliance shattered the darkness with a thousand rays, which were never so softly penetrating as when they lit the weary to his home, or pointed out his task ; which were never so blinding and sharp as when they shone into the face of sin and confessed it. These living rays seemed to single out certain men and passing before them, to light them to happiness and good fortune. It was found that such men had always sought after the light with single hearts, so that people began to desire to be well considered by the spirit of the gem, and to take its rays for guidance. Others still, looking for the solution of grave problems of labor and of want, found the answer in the hieroglyphs of the crystal moon, and translated them into many longing lives. Nor was this all. The gem reflected the heavens and their mysteries to those who looked down upon it from hard won heights, and cast also an illumination from those holy lands upon the wayfarers beneath who could not climb so far. It shed from its resplendent facets the life and warmth of the sun, and through the solemn marches of the nights it testified to the living Truth beyond the stars, and so renewed the religion of the people. All who appealed in faith to its hidden spirit were helped : the sick who struggled to touch it were made whole or given great patience and content. At the first touch of sunrise, at the last ray of sunset, seven musical notes rang from its flashing rim and turned to ineffable harmony the lives of all who heard them. Thus the light of a great peace fell over the city ; friend and foe alike came from afar to share it and the reign of Rahula blessed even his enemies.

The Prince thought long over the strange power of the crystal as the happy people passed and repassed beneath it. He thought it too diffused ;

he determined to concentrate and heighten it, and summoning his servants, bade them take down the crystal from the gateway and bring it into one of the great halls of the palace. When this was done, and the soft shining no longer lit those stony ways, the people murmured, so that the Prince went out and himself spoke with them :

"I have been long learning the use of my birthright," he said, "The crystal is too rare a thing to hang thus exposed to the elements, to the enterprise of my rivals, the greed of envious men and to all the chances of fate. I have built an altar in the palace hall ; the gem shall hang above it ; incense shall rise ; the gods will answer me from between the horns of my crystal moon, and send riches to me and to my kingdom. These I will myself dispense to you, and the jewel shall still bless you, but my foes shall be confounded."

All were silent a moment. Afterwards a woman in the crowd fell to weeping and cried out : "Do not this thing, my Lord ! Hide not the light of thy birthright from us. We love the gem, and that love is more to us than any riches."

"You shall still love it," replied Rahula "more, you shall worship it, for this crystal is the abode of a mighty spirit ; it is the signet of the Gods."

"To worship is not always to love," sobbed the woman, and the crowd complained loudly. But Rahula replied again : "The gem will make my reign renowned. It shall not be profaned by the dust and steam of the byways, by the fevered touch of the sick and the desecration of unhallowed eyes. In the shelter of a sacred place it shall shine for the good alone, and those who do homage to me and who are taught of my priests, these the crystal shall bless, and not my enemies ; yea, it shall still bless all my true people. I have said." Rahula disappeared and the crowd went away muttering.

A great change came over the city. Little by little, the old turmoil came back, the old discord and wrangling went on beneath the gateways. The memory of that soft shining died out of the fevered hearts, and soon only the aged and the little children remembered to mourn for the lost gem. But within the temple incense rolled, priests knelt consulting the oracles, wise men interpreted the hieroglyphs seeking riches and fame for Rahalu, while over all the white moon hung pale and shuddering in the perfumed breeze. A change came over it like the change in the city. The smoke of worship obscured the rays, then obstructed them ; then they ceased shining altogether and the face of the moon was veiled in mist. The temple music drowned the bell notes, and though it was stopped when this was discovered, those notes sounded no more, for the sunrise and sunset glow no longer flooded the crystal rim. The hieroglyphs told wonderful tales of fame and pomp and war, but all turned out ~~My~~ ^{ly}, and Rahula found that his priests

had read them backward, that only the people knew their language by instinct, as the language of their infancy. The glory and beauty of the great gem were gone; none but the priests would do it homage, and it hung, a dulled and impotent thing in the chill silence above the altar. Rahula felt a certain awe, a sense of coming disaster. He bade his servants take down the crystal, set cunning artificers to brighten and restore it, and then, ordering a great festival to be held, he had the stone replaced above the gateway, and waited for the joy and praises of the people.

Instead he heard jeers, flouting and anger. "Does he weary of his pleasure, that he flings it forth to us again?" cried some. Others said: "The stone has brought him ill fortune, and he would cast it over the city instead." Some pointed at it as an old superstition; some prostrated themselves in loud worship, but these were men of evil conscience who sought to propitiate the Prince for their own ends. Some indeed there were who tried to read words of comfort or peace in the gem, but the artificers of the Prince had altered the signs unknowingly and all the real meaning was defaced. While Rahula saw this, first with anger, then with deadly pain and grief, a black storm slowly rolled up, gathered, burst, and in an hundred lightnings the stone was shattered, its splintered fragments hurled down the tempest and lost. The people fled the city in terror, crying that the gods had punished them for reverencing a birthright other than their own, as was forbidden to man. When the storm was over, one pallid star looked out of the clouds upon a deserted palace, and a lonely Prince brooding over his lost birthright, questioning the mystery of that destruction.

Long he searched his heart in the solitude but it gave no answer that he understood; he too had forgotten a language. He rose with sudden recollection; he would go to the hall of Sages. Even as he thought this the Elder stood before him. The Prince shot a glance of hope into that calm face, a glance that changed to one of dismay as the Sage said gravely: "What hast thou done with thy birthright?"

"I? Nothing;" stammered Rahula. Mocking echoes multiplied the word. "Nothing! Nothing!" came back to him from all his empty halls like an accusation. He turned quickly upon the Elder:

"Answer me this," he said. "What is this gem, whose power and value are so great, and yet so small? What is it that is both everything and nothing?"

"It is Life. Life which bestowed upon the world is of priceless worth to thee and to all, and which for selfish ends is but an empty thing; Life which thou shalt lose if thou keepest it for thyself. Used as a means, Life is glorious in power and opportunity, fruitful in blessing. Used as an end, a thing sought and worshipped in itself, it is the scorn of mortals and the sport of gods. This was thy only birthright, and thou hast lost it."

"But I will find it again ; I will seek the world for the fragments," spoke Rahula. "They shall once more mirror heaven and once more shine upon the people." He went forth to search strongly, a weary search of centuries, for wherever mankind may dwell, there still wanders Rahula, seeking those broken fragments, seeking to restore their scattered meaning. Happy he, who having received Life whole from the gods, gives it back to them in unbroken integrity through the lives of all the people.

J. CAMPBELL VERPLANCK.

KEELEY'S "INTER-ETHERIC FORGE."

The following is a free translation from a French rendering of some important passages from the new book Mme. H. P. Blavatsky is now finishing in London, and entitled "*The Secret Doctrine*." Our translation has not been revised by the author, so that she must not be held accountable for any possible small errors that may have crept in through such double filtering ; but the general sense is in strict accord with her views expressed long ago to us, and we feel warranted in saying that any errors are only verbal and not substantive. It was not thought necessary, either, to give the long quotations respecting Keeley's claims, as these are well known in this country.

"Every student of occultism knows that *sound* is one of the most formidable of occult powers : one whose least exercise, by an occultist, is productive of results a hundred thousand fold greater than all the electricity that could be produced even by such a waterfall as Niagara. It is possible to produce a sound capable of lifting in air the Pyramid of Cheops ; or of bringing back to life, and inspiring with renewed vigor, one who is at the very point of death.

"For *sound* comprises the elements of a species of ozone whose production is beyond the powers of Chemistry, but appertains to those of Alchemy. This ozone can recall a man to life, provided that the Astral, or vital, body has not been irrevocably separated from the physical body, by the severance of the odic or magnetic tie which unites them. The Author ought to know something about this by personal experience, having been snatched from the jaws of death, on three separate occasions, thanks to this power.

"In the opinion of occultists, Mr. Keeley is on the threshold of one of the greatest secrets of the universe : a secret upon which depends the whole mystery of physical forces, as well as the esoteric meanings of *the egg of the world*. Occult philosophy regarding the manifested and the non manifested

Kosmos as forming a *unity*, it follows that the ideal conception of the first is symbolically expressed by this '*golden egg*,' which has two poles.

"It is the positive pole that exerts itself in the manifested world of matter ; while the negative pole loses itself in the absolute unknowable, the *Sat*.

"This, however, cannot be the doctrine of Mr. Keeley, since he believes in a personal God. However, his ideas about the etheric, material constitution of the universe bear a striking likeness to ours : in fact, they are almost identical.

"But Mr. Keeley's *inter-etheric* centre is not exactly the centre of *laya* of the Eastern Occultists. The former can be produced at will, as has been proved by the phenomena of the Astral bells :¹ but the *centre of laya* cannot be produced by *human* will.

"If we are unwilling to accept the explanation that Mr. Keeley gives us—one which, from the occultist point of view, is perfectly orthodox, except for some obscurities of language—what answer will official science make to *facts* which it is impossible to deny? Occult philosophy only discloses its sacred mysteries one at a time. It drops them, like precious pearls, from time to time, during the course of the centuries, and only at those epochs which are marked by the movement of the rising wave of Evolution which bears humanity slowly, silently, but surely towards the birth of the sixth race. For, once having passed out of the possession of their legitimate guardians, these mysteries cease to be occult : they fall into possession of the public, and run the risk of becoming in the hands of egoists—the Cains of the human race—curses, instead of the blessings that they formerly were.

"However, when men like Mr. Keeley are born, endowed with special mental and psychic powers, they are, as a general rule, aided by the guardians of the occult ; since if they were left to their own resources, they would advance but slowly, and would soon become martyrs of their discoveries, or victims of less scrupulous speculations. But they are never thus aided except upon the express condition that they shall never, whether consciously or unconsciously, become a new peril to the humanity of their century, one more danger to the poor, who are daily offered in holocausts to the very rich by those who are less so.

"Mr. Keeley, then, is what the Kabbalists term a '*magician born*.' Such as he is, however, he does not know, and never will know, the full extent of his powers. He will only be able to profit by such as he has discovered himself, in his own nature. And this for two reasons. Firstly, because he attributes to these powers a false origin which will prevent him from giving them full play ; and secondly, because he is incapable of communicating to others that which is an inherent capacity of his own nature.

¹ See "Occult World."

He will, therefore, be unable to transmit all of his secret for permanent application.

"It is not *rare* to find individuals endowed with a like faculty. If we do not hear them spoken of more frequently, it is because in almost all cases they live and die without suspecting that they are possessors of any abnormal powers. Such powers are considered abnormal to-day, only because they are as little known as was the circulation of the blood before the epoch of Harvey. The blood existed and acted in the same way that it does to-day, in the first man that was born of woman: just so there is in man a principle that is capable of directing and regulating the vibratory inter-etheric force. This principle exists, at least, in those whose 'inner self' is connected by direct descent with that group of *Dhyān-Chohans* called the 'first-born of the Ether.' From the psychic point of view, humanity is divided into different branches, each of which is attached to one of the groups of *Dhyān-Chohans* who 'in the Beginning' created the *psychic man*. Mr. Keeley, favored by such a connection, and being endowed, in addition, with a remarkable psychic temperament and an extraordinary mechanical genius, is capable of achieving the most marvellous results. That which he has just accomplished is in itself sufficient 'to demolish, with the hammer of science, the idols of science'—those idols whose feet are clay.

"There are limits which Mr. Keeley will be unable to pass: yet, without doubt, his name will go down to posterity for that which he shall have accomplished in the domain of *psycho-physical* inventions. He will be known as *the benefactor of the rich*. Whether *the poor* will have cause to bless this great man is quite another question. The miners, the engineers, the mechanics, the millions of unfortunate working men who gain with difficulty their daily bread by the work of their hands, will find themselves without occupation on the day that the 'vibratory etheric force' of Mr. Keeley shall have taken the place of steam engines and other means of locomotion. *But that day will not come!*

"The force that Mr. Keeley has just unwittingly discovered is none other than that terrible astral power known to the Atlanteans, and called by them *Mash-mah*. It is 'vril' of 'the Coming Race' of Bulwer's romance, and of the future races of humanity. The word '*vril*' may possibly be an invention of the writer of that story: but the force itself is not, for it is referred to in all of the secret books of India. It is this identical vibratory force which, directed against an army by means of a machine (*agni-rath*) stationed in a '*flying vessel*,' according to the instructions laid down in the *Ashtar Vidya*,¹ would reduce a hundred thousand men and elephants to cinders as easily as if they were wisps of straw. It is mentioned in the

¹ A Hindu book.—[Ed.]

'*Vishnu Purana*' under the symbol of the 'glance' of Kapila,—the Sage, who, by the glance of his eye, reduced the sixty thousand sons of King Sagara to a heap of ashes.

"And is it conceivable that it will be permitted to our generation to add this *Satanic* power to the choice collection of the toys of the children of Anarchy,—such as melinite, dynamite clocks, explosive oranges, 'bouquets of flowers,' and such like innocent trifles? Is it possible that the 'Elder Brothers' of the race should deliver, to the cupidity of our century, this destructive agent, which, in the hands of some modern Attila or of some Anarchist thirsting for blood, could in a few days reduce Europe to primitive chaos? Never! The discovery of Mr. Keeley comes a hundred thousand years before its proper time. It will never truly take its place in the cyclic evolution of humanity until the threatening tide of capitalistic monopoly shall have ebbed; which will take place when just claims shall have been listened to.

"When such a thing as unjustly paid labor exists only as a matter of history—when the cry of famine ceases to be heard in the world,—then only will the discovery of Mr. Keeley cease to be an anachronism, because then the poor will have more use for it than the rich."

In the foregoing we find additional interest upon reading in the *N. Y. Sun*, of December 15, 1887, an account of the last annual meeting of Mr. Keeley's company, at which his report upon his discovery was read. Among other things he said:

"After a succession of interesting but laborious experiments, he produced in March of 1885 what he termed a liberator, which could be operated in conjunction with the generator, and was a vast stride in advance of anything accomplished hitherto. Meanwhile phenomena had been unfolded to him, opening a new field of experiment, as the result of which he became possessed of a new and important discovery. Hereafter he shall not, he says, require the generator or liberator, and his operations will be conducted without either the vaporic or etheric forces, which heretofore played such an important part in his exhibitions. What name to give his new form of force he does not know, but the basis of it all, he says, is vibratory sympathy. It may be divided, too, into negative and sympathetic attraction, these two forms of force being the antithesis of each other. As to the practical outcome of his work, Mr. Keeley could make no promises.

"Among the work yet to be done is the construction of a sympathetic machine of a very delicate character. While this will be a perfect vibratory structure itself, its function is to complete the work of graduation or governing of the force, but as to what length of time it will take to complete the work he cannot say."

Evidently the end is not yet. By this report we see that even since Madame Blavatsky wrote her remarks, Mr. Keeley has been thrown off the track, has *given up*—or gone beyond—all that he had hitherto done, and now is engaged on "a new form" and a "sympathetic vibrator," which will take longer to complete than he cares to say; and when that is completed, there will be further steps necessary before practical results are seen.

THE APPEAL UNTO CÆSAR.

When Rome ruled the world, in her Cæsar was focussed all her power. A claimant for Justice, challenging judgment with the cry:—"I appeal unto Cæsar!" was answered: "Then Cæsar will hear you." He had taken refuge at the foot of the throne, and men spoke of an appeal unto Cæsar, as a supreme and final step. It evoked an irrevocable decision. Despite the lapse of time this appeal impresses the mind with unimpaired majesty because it is the type of a living truth. The appeal unto Cæsar has eternally place in the spiritual world.

When a man first feels within himself the strange throb of that power which tells of a higher life than that in which he is immersed; when it spurs him away from the material and beckons to him as from glimpses of the spiritual, he looks about him for information, for traces of a course to be pursued. He questions his fellows; he reads many books; he hearkens to teachers and authorities, both real and nominal. A huge mass of external information is sifted by him, and in the end he finds—confusion! His intellect may be fed for a while, but at last the support of the heart fails it; it is saturated, plethoric, atrophied. He turns then to Life itself. He questions the boasts and the despair, the revelry and the agony; he asks of Love, of Hope, of Fear, and Faith. He contemplates the ideals of all art and the untrammelled freedom of Nature, aiming perhaps nearer to the secret as he marks the inalterable round of seasons, and how winter draws itself together with bitter contraction to burst into the ferment, the vernal revel of spring. He snatches at the wings of dreams; he confronts the phalanx of great problems and the most shadowy suggestions alike; but he has not the clue to the labyrinth; he knows not that this eternal alternation is Life itself, and that he must look deeper still. The heart, unsupported by the intellect, now fails him also. He hears, perhaps, of the teachers of the East, or of the "Leaders of the world" from whom, "*when the wind is blowing*," comes the mystical fragrance which is the ambrosia of the soul.¹ But the wind is not then blowing (that is—his time has not come in the Law), and it is borne in upon him that he is but one of millions along the centuries who have given a momentary cry out of the press of existence, and have then returned contentedly to the "flesh pots of Egypt." He has yet to prove that he possesses, in some degree at least, the power of flight. So he receives no valid or enduring comfort from any of these directions; and meanwhile, all about him, the enticements of Life are plucking at his garments, the currents of the world are urging him to and fro. Here, many desist: he who perseveres listens next *within*. He

¹ Saddharma Pundarika.

hears vaguely, now this prompting and now that, in the multiform vacillations of the soul, itself bewildered by the long sojourn in matter; even the inner sanctuary, in which he most trusts, seems to betray his hope. Then if his soul be as yet weak, his thought fails, the spiritual vision fades into the mists, and he resumes the accustomed march of life, keeping "lock step," with his imprisoned companions like one awakening, heavy and unrefreshed, from the phantasmagoria of dreams. We lose sight of him in the struggling multitude; he has leapt from the wave only to fall back into the depths. But he who is strong, rendered stronger still as he gathers to himself the forces he has overcome, now discards all other powers, and takes his resolute stand upon his own nature. He declares that since he can conceive a higher Life, it must exist within his reach, and he wills with an indomitable will to attain it. How, he knows not, but he relies upon that inner prompting alone.

Then he makes the appeal unto Cæsar. By Cæsar he is never unheard.

In those shining spheres where dwell the glorious ones forever, all is peace and silence. A far sound travels up the star strewn cope. The stir of its approach touches the Gods with a tremor; they thrill to it, bending closer, for it has that charm which alone conjures them, the essential charm of humanity.¹ It is the voice of man, which selfless, is stronger than all the angels, and selfish, is weaker than the dumb plaint of the brute. Perhaps this is the first intelligence of the wanderer received in his Father's house. Perhaps they have heard it coming before, and Life has beaten it back. Nearer it comes and nearer, gaining force as it advances, from the sympathies of heaven's messengers and powers all leaping forth to increase and sustain it; it falls like a star into the sea of eternity which swells to meet it, and ripples spread and overflow, magical, musical and full of healing. Oh! with what exultant flight, with what a rush of glory the strong voice of humanity cleaves the interstellar space and opens up the way from Gods to men. Along that way, long retarded souls come flocking after, jubilant among the jewelled auroras. Celestial spheres flash responsively; the silver echoes waken, and God proclaims to God, with solemn triumph, that man once more has claimed his own! "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth."² For this hour the God has waited longer than souls can remember. The power of the divine self rests upon the rights of the man who has appealed to it. They are the two poles of a sphere, and the might of the higher can only be universally manifest, below as above, through complete union with the lower. This union ensures immortality to the human soul, and the splendor of distinct fruition to the

1 In the Hindu and Buddhist books we find this referred to as, the growing warm of Indra, or other Diety, who thus knows that his interposition below is needed; as, when Buddha's father wished to build a lotus pond: then Indra, in one night had it done.—J. N.

2 St. Luke xv, 10 and 7.

divine spirit. So when the Higher Self hears the appeal, it responds to the holiest of pledges. This appeal may have been made before in other ages, and the present cry may be the renewal of forgotten vows; or it may now be made for the first time in the first expansion of psychic evolution. For this no special rule can be given. In each life all previous lives repeat themselves, just as the law of reproductive thought or association operates at any cataclysm, so that all similar events may thus be seen. Each sleep brings up all former sleep, and an accident to-day would enable one sufficiently developed to see and feel all the accidents that had before come to the sufferer.¹ So it seems that there comes finally one incarnation which repeats with emphasis the sum total of all other lives, so that the man is hurried through the round of experience with furious rapidity. Such an incarnation ripens the period known as "the moment of choice." The actual advent of this period is denoted by the strength of the soul which encounters it: it must *know*, before it can decide. It is not a "moment" in the usual sense of the word, but a period of greater or lesser duration, and I believe it may even extend over several lives. It cannot be entered upon, until the appeal to Cæsar has been made.

This appeal is not really the initiative. The spark within, which we carry from the Father's house as a traveller takes with him the love tokens of his home; that exiled spark awakens. It does so because it has at last heard a messenger from the heavenly mansion, and it asserts its remembrance in answer, just as ties of blood assert themselves when estranged brothers meet suddenly in foreign lands, or as the bonds of humanity draw close, in automatic and inherent action, before a common danger. The divine spark knows, what the mind of man ignores, and what the soul forgets, that there is peril for its associates, even peril of eternal death. As from time to time the God remembers the wanderer, so its responsive longings break forth in muffled warning within the troubled breast of man. The Great one, waiting patiently through the ages, sends airy heralds, an impulse of power, a formless, soundless, vibratory message like a flaming light, down the mysterious thread which connects man and God as the moonbeam connects earth and sky. Up that wondrous way every aspiration of man must travel, and down it scintillate the responses of that enduring Love by which alone we live.

He who is strong now passes into a blank darkness, which no power can penetrate for him: from the vortex of pain he suddenly snatches his soul and places it upon the outer verge of peace. Then he must find his way into the heart of the silence.

He is answered, I said; but he does not always hear the answer. The

¹ A friend, sitting recently with an injured man, saw in the astral light an accident that had happened to him 25 years before.—J. N.

spiritual language is not understood by him. At first, the echoes of his own need are all that come back to him, fraught with a majesty and a pathos from the spheres they have touched, which often intoxicate him into a passion of self pity. He does not recognize that this added grandeur is the olive branch brought him from beyond the waste of waters; that it is a guarantee of the divine hearing. He does not know that its significance enters his heart, his eyes, his speech, and that in the added dignity of his mien, weary seekers feel blindly an assurance that the higher life exists. They feel, though too often unable to translate clearly, that another has called upon Cæsar and that the Supreme Power lives. He has touched it for a moment, though he knows it not, and all are heartened though none may discover it of himself or of the others.

A certain melancholy then floods the heart of the seeker. It is a sadness sweeter than the ringing clamor of worldly joys; its aftertaste is gracious and not fevered. It is "that which in the beginning is as poison, and in the end is as the water of life."¹ He continues to meditate and to search his soul; to look for truth apart from his conceptions of it; to distinguish the necessities of his lower nature from the intuitions of his higher nature (though both seemingly speak through the one voice,) and to send up aspirations to the God, who responds with a vivifying shower of new hopes. He feels them faintly. For as the ray of light speeds to his succor, it encounters the material darkness in which he lives. A small portion of it may pass through and invigorate his heart, but part is refracted by the things about him, reflected in the surface thoughts and customs of the world and reaches him distorted and falsified. Then too, the more powerful the ray, the more the darkness, receding before it, impacts itself about him, denser than ever, and the faults, the errors nearest his heart are driven home and hold riot there. So it often happens that when rescue is nearest it seems to the beleaguered one immeasurably remote, and that the response of Cæsar seems to condemn him in the mocking voices of despair and sin. Men fancy that the answer of the Divine Self must bring peace; it is not so at first. Jesus said: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."² There is much warfare yet; only through it do we enter into the peace. We have to wrestle with the power, as Jacob did with the angel, before it will wholly bless us. When it does so, it is for the sake of humanity and man must make his appeal for the same reason. This is the rite of sacrifice which the Gita speaks of as having been instituted from the beginning—this interchange with the Divine. Having consciously appealed, we have challenged the Supreme: we have placed ourselves within the grasp of the law and the compact must be kept. Nor can we advance until then. A master once wrote to one who asked to become his

¹ Bhagavad-Gita, Ch. 18.

² St. Math. ch. 10, v. 34.

disciple: "May the powers to which you have appealed *be permitted by still greater and much higher powers* to help you." He meant the Great One and the law.

I knew a seeker after Truth who was beaten back at every point. He lay prostrate in despair under the most awful weight that ever crushes the human soul. All his nature cried out for God. He felt a touch that rolled the stone away and looking upward, he beheld in the air above him a shape of light all calm and resplendent, whose aspect was a transfiguration of his own. More I know not, but this my brother who was lost has been found again.

There are many of you, my comrades, who stand in just this stead; you have called and you have been answered; but you have not heard. You will say to me: "How shall we hear, and how interpret the voice?" I cannot tell you this; there are as many ways as there are men. Each of you, and he only, is judge of himself; he and Cæsar. But I can assure you that every aspiration you feel, and the renewal of them, are messages from the God. His replies may take the shape of added sorrows and gathering storms, for all these are the means of your trial and your growth, and you have elected them yourself, sowing their seeds in other lives. Try then to look upon each as just the help which you now need. So long as you have an unselfish thought, you are not deserted; so long as you have faith, you have heard. This succor stands fast in the True: it can never be uprooted, severed or lessened. It is your inheritance, your right which no one can deny you but yourself. Even your ignorance can only obscure it. The true voice will speak to you of the sorrows of the world, of the grand futurity of mankind, of your diviner Self.

The hour of appeal is the pregnant moment. If you lose it now, how long may you not have to wait, powerless dreamers in the heavenly lands, tasting rich rewards which fail at last? Then you must return again from that world of effects to this one. Seek the world of cause instead. Causes are sovereign; they alone are eternal.

Amid the roar of the world, the stupendous rush of its fierce tides, the swoop of its hurricanes, the fell power of its lightnings which reveal only darkness to the seared soul; amid its miasmatic pettiness, amid its joys and its better hopes, cling still to that one thought which, like the sea gull, can well outride a thousand storms, the thought of that Humanity which shall merge into Divinity; the thought of the Self, the All. Strengthen it with all the love of your heart, all the sweetness of your nature, and send up a mighty cry to heaven. For when through the spirit, the man wills, when his soul soars to claim its right, then distant spheres are shaken and Being is apprehended. Appeal! Appeal unto Cæsar!

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS.

From Walter B.

1st.—Is it well to cultivate the intellect at the expense of the heart? Do we not pay too much attention to intellectual progress, and in so doing allow the Heart-Mind to wander where it may?

Answer.—It is not wise to cultivate either at the expense of the other. Each alone will end at the same place—The Threshold. Both are excellent means for the manifestation of that which is higher than either, when cultivated to their highest in unison. Both are useless after a certain point, except as tools for truth. Metaphysics, logic and emotion all end at a dead wall.

2d.—Do not the words and teachings of Jesus, taken in their esoteric sense, point one (the) way to the Theosophic Path?

Answer.—Taken in the sense he intended the people to take them, they lead to *the way*. Taken in the sense in which he desired his Disciples to receive them, they are teachings upon *the way*. Taken in their esoteric sense—as he knew them—they *are the way*. Were the wisdom of Egypt and India to-day blotted out from both the seen and unseen worlds—the true seeker would find in his teachings, *when rightly studied*, all the teachings of Isis and Buddha. As he received his instruction from Egypt, heired from India, it is more than probable that esoterically his teachings are identical with both.

ZADOK.

From F. F.

Will the Devachanic period form an interruption to work for humanity in the case of one devoted to this during earth life? Is Devachan then a rejuvenating, strengthening period necessary for us while in the bonds of flesh, and is the Elixir of Life the only escape from this egoistic period? May an answer be given to this?

Answer.—As the Devachanic period is a result of work for humanity—the true and pure devachanic state being only thus obtained—it should form no interruption to such work. It only does become such when the soul is selfish enough to prefer Devachan to a continuance of work for other men, and even then to a certain extent the soul continues its work. There is rest in Devachan, but not idleness. As this state is frequently entered and passed through while yet in the body, it should be an aid, not a hindrance, to true work. In truth it is a state of reward, but in that state no rewards are received. There is no state up to Nirvana that can be an obstacle to work for humanity for those who are devoted to that work. The Elixir of Life is the only means by which we can pass beyond both Devachan and the thoughts of it; the Magnum Opus is the only thing that entitles us to it.

ZADOK.

From M. E. S.

1st.—Are the Astral and the lowest plane of mental life synonymous terms?

Answer.—They are not. The impulses for all mental life originate beyond the Astral. The outer man with his mind interprets these as he conceives they should be. The lowest as well as the highest mental life may receive knowledge from the Astral, but it is not the Astral. All that all forms of mental life produce is indelibly impressed upon the Astral.

2d.—Is the “rising above the Astral” in effect rising above the stings and approbation of public opinion?

Answer.—For us, there is no public opinion. We know neither sting nor approbation. Rising above public opinion is merely rising above the material. Until men forget the material, they can not rise above self. Until they forget self, they can not rise above the Astral: All things that please as well as those that distress men are in and through the Astral. Rise above both.

ZADOK.

From M. J. G.

Whence come the visions seen just before dropping to sleep? They are uncontrollable—Sometimes unpleasant, and have increased since childhood, and since beginning the study of Occultism?

Answer.—When we enter that condition called sleep, we open wide the doors and windows of the body or this house we live in, and the soul goes forth as a bird freed from its cage. In partial unconsciousness or falling into sleep, the body has, to a great extent, ceased to act, but the brain is still sensitive or receptive to the pictures or impressions of the Astral. Of the lower principles the Astral is the last to cease action either in sleep or death. The brain is its instrument. In the partial somnolent condition, the pictures of the Astral are conveyed to the brain; through that the outer man realizes and beholds the visions. If he were fully asleep these visions would be dreams. Precisely, as dreams, they may be either pleasant or the reverse. Like dreams they are uncontrollable by the ordinary every day mortal. The Occultist being master of himself beholds only that which he desires, either in vision, or dream, or neither. As one makes himself more sensitive to impressions from the Astral when and after he begins the study of Occultism, visions and dreams will increase in frequency for a time.

ZADOK.

M. G. J., & Adelphi.—The questions will be answered in February PATH.

THEOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT AND LITERATURE.

"AT PINNEY'S RANCH." By Edward Bellamy. *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1887. A realistic and graphically told story with "mind reading," or "thought transference," for a motive. Mr. Bellamy is the author of the story called "The Blindman's World" in a recent number of the same magazine, alluded to in these pages in the October number. The author has a partiality for occult subjects and he uses his material well. The final words in this story read like a satire on some of our psychical research friends.

"THE SOUL OF THE FAR EAST." By Percival Lowell. *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1887. With this number Mr. Lowell closes his brilliantly written series, which has been devoted chiefly to Japan, with simply side-glances at China and Corea. Mr. Lowell has a more delicate perception and views his subject with more fairness and candor than most writers on that part of the world. We feel, however, that he has not avoided the common danger of reaching conclusions on the ground of generalizations too broadly drawn. These closing two chapters are devoted respectively to "religion" and "imagination." In their external aspects Mr. Lowell sees but slight difference between Buddhism and Christianity, but looking deeper he deems the radical difference to be that between personality. With his evident faculty of spiritual discernment, should Mr. Lowell look deeper yet he would find this fancied distinction merely an imagined illusion, and the teachings of these two aspects of the One Truth really identical. Let him consider what is meant by the words, "He that loseth his life shall save it," and he will discover that while the true individuality is not lost sight of in either religion, Christianity, at the basis, is no more a religion of personality than is Buddhism, from which it sprang. Here is a beautiful example of the author's descriptive powers: "Not uncommonly in the courtyard of a Japanese temple, in the solemn half-light of the somber ferns, there stands a large stone basin cut from a single block, and full to the brim with water. The trees, the basin, and a few stone lanterns—so called from their form and not their function, for they have votive pebbles where we should look for wicks—are the sole occupants of the place. Sheltered from the wind, withdrawn from sound, and only piously approached by man, this ante-chamber of the god seems the very abode of silence and rest. It might be Nirvana itself, human entrance to an immortality like the god's within, so peaceful, so pervasive, is its calm; and in its midst is the moss-covered monolith, holding in its embrace the little imprisoned pool of water. So still is the spot and so clear the liquid that you know the one only as the reflection of the other. Mirrored in its glassy surface appears everything around it. As you peer in, far down you see a tiny bit of sky, as deep as the blue is high above, across which slowly sail the passing clouds; then nearer stand the trees; arching over head as if bending to catch glimpses of themselves in that other world

below ; and then nearer yet—yourself. Emblem of the spirit of man is the little pool to Far Oriental eyes. Subtile as the soul is the incomprehensible water ; so responsive to light that it remains itself invisible ; so clear that it seems illusion ! Though portrayer so perfect of the forms about it, all we know of the thing itself is that it is. Through none of the five senses do we perceive it. Neither sight, nor hearing, nor taste, nor smell nor touch can tell us that it exists ; we feel it to be by the muscular sense alone, that blind and dumb analogy for the body of what consciousness is for the soul. Only when disturbed, troubled, does the water itself become visible, and then it is but the surface that we see. So to the Far Oriental this still little lake typifies the soul, the eventual purification of his own ; a something lost in reflection, self-effaced, only the *alter ego* of the outer world.”

“THE EFFECTS OF TOWN LIFE UPON THE HUMAN BODY.” By J. Milner Fothergill, M. D. *The National Review*, [England], October, 1887. Dr. Fothergill read this paper before the Anthropological section of the British Association for the advancement of science at its meeting in Manchester last summer. He brings strong evidence to show that town populations are steadily deteriorating and he finds the main cause to be the intemperate use of animal food. The premature development of the nervous system caused by the constant excitement of the town-dweller impairs his digestive organs, and the fact that meat is easily digested beguiles him into the belief that it is healthful. The sense of satiety which it produces, and the fact that it digests in the stomach without giving rise to dyspeptic sensations, have beguiled many “down a primrose path leading to destruction.” The flesh of animals is commonly known, says Dr. Fothergill, as the great source of gout-poison ; in other words, “uric acid.” Gout, Bright’s disease of the kidneys, and consumption, he traces very largely to this source. “The realization of the fact that the digestive faculties of town-dwellers lead them to adopt a dietary which is injurious in its after results, will cause them to correct it. Already, indeed, we see many blindly starting out on a new track in the spread of vegetarianism, along with the ‘Blue Ribbon.’ In this action they have not waited for physiology to pronounce an authoritative opinion ; but have acted on their own account, guided by some instinctive impulse. Modifications in our food customs are required for town-dwellers. They should have food which will nourish them and sustain them, without any bad after effects ; and which they can digest.”

A TRUE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY. An event which ought to mark the beginning of an era in the history of the Christian religion took place in Boston on the sixth of last November. It was a farewell meeting held in the Second Church in honor of the departure of the Rev. Arthur May Knapp for Japan as representative of the American Unitarian Association. For the first time an important leading Christian denomination thus officially recognizes the equality of another great prevailing religion. It is a great stride towards the realizations of the dream of Theosophy when all religions shall recognize that each and all are but vehicles for conveying the One Truth in the manner best fitted to the comprehensions of the people to whom they are

particularly addressed. Another instance of this growing solidarity of the world's great faiths in their attitude towards each other is the conclusion of the English bishop, recently announced, that Mahometanism appeared to be the most suitable religion to promote the civilization of Africa. These circumstances afford bright contrasts to the benighted attitude of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, bent on preaching damnation to the heathen. Here are some of the noble words spoken by Mr. Knapp, words which will find an echo in the heart of every true Theosophist :

"Here, at home, we have learned to respect differences of religious belief among each other. The sects of Christendom no longer revile one another as of old. We recognize the fact that each has its work to do,—an essential work,—its special idea to inculcate,—an idea necessary to supplement the thoughts of other sects,—its own food to furnish,—genuine food for those who like it and can assimilate it. We realize the fact, too, that no one sect can possibly convert the rest. No intelligent man now dreams that Christendom will ever become all Baptist or Methodist or Episcopalian or Unitarian. We have advanced beyond the day of toleration to that of respect for differing creeds, of respect for every creed that is genuine, that is really believed. There is amity between the sects of Christendom. But there is no real amity between the greater sects called the world's religions. Toward them, our attitude is still that of assumption, our spirit is still contemptuous, our language too often borders closely upon insult. We send not to confer with, but to convert them. The nation's office of envoy is an honored and honorable office ; and he who fills it is enjoined, above all things else, to observe the most scrupulous politeness and consideration toward those with whom he deals. But the name of Christian missionary, honored as it has been by many a devoted and dauntless soul, has become nearly synonymous with arrogance and assumption. It is one of the spoiled words of religion, its spoiling being of late rendered complete by the action of the very organization pledged to uphold and defend its sacredness. The action has been criticised as the virtual proclamation that doctrines scouted at here must yet be preached to the heathen. It is also a virtual proclamation that the spirit of amity and genuine respect which now holds between the sects of Christendom is not to be observed by Christendom, as a whole, toward the other great world sects. The missionary, in other words, must still be the messenger of arrogance, the bearer of a direct or implied affront to those to whom he is accredited,—an affront not only to their faith, but to their intelligence. Now, it is needless to say that the purpose of my errand to a people famed the world over for their charming manners and their exquisite politeness is not conceived in the spirit of assumption or of insult, but rather in the spirit of that genuine respect, sympathy, and consideration which lies at the foundation of politeness. I am not to say to the children of a civilization which, though different, is in many respects superior to ours, My religion—that is, the spirit of my civilization—is the absolute truth, while yours is utterly false ; and, if you do not embrace mine, you are doomed to everlasting perdition. I am not going to begin with an insult and end with a

threat. My errand, in a word, is not a theological mission ; it is a religious embassy. It is not a mission to heathen : it is an embassy to voice that faith in the light of which, both outwardly and at heart, it is to be guided by the spirit of courtesy, by an eager desire to enter into the consciousness of those with whom I deal, by an entire willingness to learn as well as to teach. But, as it is conference, not conversion, at which I aim, I propose to do that which I respect in others. I propose to stand upon my own feet, and to be to the end the representative of the religious ideas in which, thank God, my youth was nurtured, which have strengthened with years, and to which brains as well as heart are now thoroughly loyal. It is this which constitutes the uniqueness and the greatness of my opportunity,—an opportunity which I deem as golden as any given to any man in this century. For the first time, I believe, in its history, Christianity sends officially an ambassador to meet the men of other religions on the common ground of Theism, to deal with other faiths not in the spirit of assumption, but of perfect courtesy. It is this which gives me my golden opportunity. It is this, I must never forget, which lays upon me a heavy burden of responsibility."

TEA TABLE TALK.

An inquiry was lately made by a theosophist striving to live the life : "Can I help these ignorant elementals with mental instruction ? I tried it, but not successfully." As many will be interested in the reply, we give it here.

"In all cases where it (trouble or mental distress) is caused by elementals, you *cannot*. Elementals are not ignorant. They know just as much and just as little as you do. They merely mirror to you either your own mind, or that mental strata caused by the age, the race and the nation you may be in. Their action is invariably automatic and unconscious. They care not for what is called by you, 'mental instruction.' They hear you not.

"Do you know how they hear or what language they understand ? Not human speech, nor ordinary human thought clothed in mental speech. That is a dead letter to them altogether. They can only be communicated with through correlations of colors and sounds. But while you address yourself to them those thoughts assume life from elementals rushing in and attaching themselves to those thoughts.

"Do not then try to speak to them too much, because did you make them know they might demand of you some boon or privilege, or become attached to you, since in order to make them understand they must *know* you—and a photographic plate forgets not.

"Fear them not, nor recoil in horror or repulsion. The time of trial must be fulfilled. Job had to wait his period until all his troubles and diseases passed away. *Before* that time he could do naught.

"But we are not to idly sit and repine; we are to bear these trials, meanwhile drawing in new and good elementals so as to have, in western phrase, a capital on which to draw when the time of trial has fully passed away * * * * Lastly: know this law, written on the walls of the temple of learning:

"Having received, freely give: having once in thought devoted your life to the great stream of energy in which elementals and souls alike are carried—and which causes the pulse beat of our hearts—you can never claim it back again. *Seek then that mental devotion which strains to give.* For in the Law it is written that we must give away all, or we lose it; as you need mental help, so do others who are wandering in darkness seeking for light."

This divine Law, uttered by no man, by no Being however great, but Itself a part of the Divine Nature, is the Law of Love. It bids us give all that we have, and "to him who hath" this Love, more "shall be given."

"*Sacred Learning* having approached a Brahmin, said to him: 'I am thy precious gem; preserve me with care; deliver me not to a scorner; so preserved I shall be supremely strong. But communicate me, as to a vigilant depositary of thy gem, to that student whom thou shalt know to be pure, to have subdued his passions, to perform the duties of his order?'"

One who had won the right and the sacred duty of teacher, once said: "That law is immutably fixed which declares that he who has received spiritual benefit, no matter how little, must not willingly die, unless he has communicated that which he has received to at least one other person. And therein it is also stated that by *communicating* is meant, not merely verbal delivery, but patient care until that other person fully understands. Having once turned thy mind to the light of that True Sun, thou hath cast thyself upon that great stream of divine energy which flows to and from that Sun; and nevermore canst thou claim back for thyself that life; live then so that the duty may be well performed."

Sometimes persons catch a picture of a thought in the astral light, in advance of its utterance, for this light exists in the brain as well as elsewhere: often this picture becomes curiously mixed up in a dream. Among examples frequently sent the Tea Table, these are selected. X was at a meeting where some papers were to be read and discussed. H rose to read and said to X; "which shall I read first; the paper on insects, or the paper on a neophyte's trials?" C who was a listener, interrupted carelessly with: "The Neophyte's trials," and X chimed in with a,—“Yes, do! Then you'll have the medal.” H looked astonished, gazed at X ejaculated “Humph!” and then began to read, when the first sentence proved to be about a medal.

On another occasion, Quickly was presiding officer of a literary club, when Jones rose to read a paper whose contents and subject were unknown to all. As he rose, he said! “Mr. Chairman, have I the privilege of going on now with my paper?” Quickly answered in the affirmative, and then turning to the members who were not quite orderly, he said in playful misquotation: “‘Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend Jones your ears.’” Jones

began, and his first paragraph contained the quotation from Antony's speech over Cæsar.

A friend tells the Tea Table of a still more interesting case. The chief actor in it "is a man in the prime of life, of a naturally strong and healthy constitution, and was never in the least degree superstitious or apparently psychically sensitive. I doubt if he ever heard of Theosophy; certainly he has never read anything of theosophic literature or the like. He is in religious matters a member of one of the Protestant denominations, an active worker in Church and Sunday School, and by nature of broad views in all matters. One night this gentleman dreamed that it had been decreed by a power he could not resist that his daughter, whom he devotedly loves, must be given up; that she must die. The thought was terrible to him, and he appealed to the power (or rather the powers as he thought, though having in the dream no clear conception of what these powers were) to spare her life. They were inexorable. At last he asked that he might be allowed to give his own life to save hers. This offer was accepted, and he prepared for the last scene, which seemed to him to be of the character of a public execution. At the last moment he heard a voice saying that he had been tried, and the powers were satisfied that his offer to give his life for that of his child, was a generous one, so that his willingness would be accepted in place of the actual sacrifice and both should live. But the matter being a serious one, the voice declared it could not pass by so lightly, to be soon forgotten, and hence a portion of his strength must be taken away: he must lose his right arm. As he told the story afterward he said: "As long as I live I shall never forget the feeling with which I stretched out my right arm on the block; the feeling of proud, almost joyful satisfaction, that I could by this sacrifice save the life of my dear child?" When he awoke, the whole dream was so distinct in his mind that he told it all in detail to his wife: then rising and dressing, he went out immediately to give some directions about his business before breakfast. He had not gone more than two or three blocks when his feet slipped on the wet sidewalk; he threw his right arm quickly behind to break the fall, felt a severe jar and sharp pain, and when he rose, he found the arm was powerless. His family physician pronounced the injury to be a fracture of the shoulder blade, but on hearing the circumstances, said it was impossible to break the shoulder blade save by a direct blow, but an expert surgeon who was summoned confirmed the first opinion, though he too had never heard of such an indirect fracture. For six weeks the arm was held absolutely motionless and powerless. You see here are all the elements of authenticity, the dream being told to another person before there was any indication of its fulfillment; the close correspondence of the injury to the nature of the sacrifice demanded in the dream; and finally, the disablement being caused in a way which an eminent surgeon pronounces almost unprecedented in surgical experience.

The above narrative also shows how we are liable to get our most dominant thoughts of waking life, mixed up with that which we see or hear in dreams, and indicates how these, as well as the visions of clairvoyants and

seers, are affected by the personality and its brain reminiscences. Only an Adept can be sure of seeing into the "Astral Light" unhampered by his personality, because he alone knows how to control the vibrations of the brain and to—so to say—paralyze it for the time being. An extract from Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*, shows how much is bound up in this question of vibration, and many scientific hints are given as to cosmic principles, which if applied to the constitution of man, will amply repay the thoughtful student.

Paracelsus says that dreams and visions indicative of future events are caused by the "*Evestrum*," which comes into existence and grows with the body, remaining with it so long as a particle of the matter which composes it exists. He means the sidereal body, of which this "*Evestrum*" appears to be one of the powers, just as "*Srarames*" is another invisible power or attribute of the inner man, "which begins to be able to manifest itself at a time when the senses of the inner perception become developed. The *Evestrum* influences the sense of sight; *Srarames* the sense of hearing; the *Evestrum* causes dreams foreshadowing future events; *Srarames* communicates with man by causing voices to speak, music to sound, and so on.¹ In the *Theosophist* are several allusions to the sounds heard by the occult student, as well as in Patanjali. Sound is the peculiar property of the Ether and its advent naturally marks the vitalizing and awakening of the inner man. But in these instances as in dreams, we must be careful merely to note what we see or hear, without drawing rash conclusions or "forming associations" as Patanjali puts it. Nothing hinders growth like the intense desire to grow, which is another form of desire for self. I wish I could illuminate the following lines which I was so fortunate as to receive, (fortunate, because they are true and blessed lines,) and hang them where their radiance might meet the eye of all my comrades and friends.

"I want you to stop as much as possible any wish to progress. The intense desire to know and to become, and to reach the light, is different from the thought:—I am not progressing; I know nothing.—The latter is looking for results. The right position to take is the wish *to Be*. For then we know. *The wish to know is almost solely intellectual, and the desire to Be, is of the heart.* For instance, when you succeed in seeing a distant friend, that is not knowledge: that is the fact of *Being* in the condition or vibration that *is* that friend at the time. The translation of it into a mental reckoning or explanation, is what is called knowledge. To see an elemental on the astral plane, is for the time *to be*, in some part of our nature, in that state or condition. Of course there are vast fields of Being we cannot hope to reach yet. But while we strive to become divine and set our final hopes no lower than that supreme condition, we can wholly and entirely learn *to be* that plane which is presented to us now."

The whole value of these words is summed up in their final teaching. Fulfil all the duties, answer all the honest calls of the life you are now living; be true to all men and to the light you now have; then more will be given, and then only. This is the first step of "living the life."

JULIUS.

¹ See Hartman's Trans., p. 73.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.¹—This noble poem has been translated once more from the original Sanscrit into English. This time the translator is Mohini M. Chatterji, B. A., of Calcutta, who came to England in 1884 with Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and from there to Boston, Mass., where he stayed for several months with members of the Theosophical Society. While in Boston he made this translation. The book is well printed, on heavy paper, and has many notes referring to the Christian Scriptures. As Mr. Chatterji, for some reason of his own, has refrained from any exposition of the highly important doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, this translation has not for us the value which it would have under different circumstances, since there are now many renderings into English, beginning with that of Wilkins some 100 years ago. The poem itself needs no remark from us as one of our contributors is now making comments upon it from the standpoint of a Western student.

DR. FRANZ HARTMANN is writing a new theosophical novel at his residence in Germany. The plot is extremely interesting. It will probably be published in Boston, Mass., in a few months.

THE THEOSOPHIST has not been given up by H. P. Blavatsky, as some seemed to think from the withdrawal of her name from the cover. The impression has been corrected by a notice stating that all editorial responsibility is assumed by Col. Olcott for the present, and on the cover his name appears as conducting the Journal "*pro tem.*"

LUCIFER continues to be deeply instructive, and militant. The notes on *Light on the Path* are very valuable and all the articles by H. P. Blavatsky are full of occult suggestions. Her article on the Esoteric Character of the Gospels is full of information, and should be studied by all Western dabblers in Christian Mysticism before false ideas obtain firm lodgment.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

IN AMERICA.

THE EXOTERIC BRANCH SOCIETIES in the U. S. now number fifteen.

CHICAGO BRANCH T. S., held its annual meeting Dec. 2, inst., and re-elected all its officers of last year, adding a second Vice President. 24 members were added during the year, and 7 old members retired, 5 for the purpose of forming a new Branch. Meetings have increased in interest and harmony has prevailed. They believe that true progress lies only through true union. Open discussions on theosophical questions have been a means of growth. The Prest., Bro. Sexton, has been of great assistance as well as others. The Cor. Sec. is Mrs. M. L. Brainard.

¹ *Bhagavad-Gita; or the Lord's Lay*: (1887), Ticknor & Co., Boston, \$2.00.

The Hermetist, a small monthly, is published by members of the Ramayana T. S. of Chicago, and edited by Bro. W. P. Phelon.

BOSTON.—The Branch here has become very active recently. Interesting papers were lately read by new members. Bro. C. R. Kendall, who as President led the Branch to its present excellent condition, retired from that office, and Bro. J. Ransom Bridge has taken his place.

KRISHNA T. S. of Philadelphia.—In consequence of the absence of Bro. Redwitz, the affairs of the Branch are conducted by other members, one of whom has specially devoted to it a room on Walnut St., where the library is kept, and which members can use when they please. Bro. Redwitz has given several books.

THE ISHWARA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, of Minneapolis, Minn., has just been chartered. Dr. La Pierre is President. Fuller particulars will appear in February.

THE ARYAN T. S. OF N. Y., continues its activity. Meetings are held every week. The library is much in use. Recently a series of papers on Karma have been read and discussed. New members who are in earnest have joined. The library has received last month, two pamphlets from a friend, and Mrs. Chandos Leigh Hunt's book on mesmerism from Bro. Paul Militz. At the meeting December 27th, Bro. Stearns, of the Boston T. S., visited the Aryan and read an interesting and valuable paper.

NO. 4 OF THE ABRIDGEMENTS OF DISCUSSIONS has been printed and partially distributed. Its contents are interesting. A valuable note from an eminent physician, an F. T. S., is on hand for No. 5, treating of the pineal gland. Copies of No. 4 for distribution can be had by addressing Box 2659 enclosing stamps for postage.

IN INDIA.

By the time this issue of *THE PATH* is distributed the Annual Convention will have been held at Madras. It will be very large and interesting.

Among the new Indian members is Mr. A. V. Nursing Row, F. R. A. S., F. R. G. S., Director of the Vizagapatam Astronomical Observatory. We mention this merely as an offset to the repeated statements, emanating from India missionary headquarters, that the Society makes no headway among intelligent Hindus. The fact is that it makes headway among no other class there, for the unintelligent do not speak English.

We notice also that Hon. Dayaram Jethmal of the Legislative Council at Bombay, Dr. Ram Das Sen of Berhampore, a popular author, and the principal of the Madras Maharajah's college, all of whom died recently, were members of our Society.

At Bezwada, and at Ellore (Godavari District), in September, new Branches were organized by Col. Olcott.

On October 6th, a Branch was formed under the title of Masulipatam Theosophical Society.

IN JAPAN.

A charter has been granted to Mr. Kinzo Hirai and associates to form a Branch Society at Kiyoto.

IN AUSTRIA.

A strong Branch has been formed at Vienna, with Herr Friedrich Eckstein, as President, and Herr Dr. Graevell, as Secretary. Its rules permit only vegetarians as members. It will be extremely active.

A Theosophical Tract.

[ISSUED BY NEW YORK THEOSOPHISTS FOR DISTRIBUTION.]

No. 1.

AN EPITOME OF THEOSOPHY.

Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion, has existed from immemorial time. It offers us a theory of nature and of life which is founded upon knowledge acquired by the Sages of the past, more especially those of the East; and its higher students claim that this knowledge is not something imagined or inferred, but that it is seen and known by those who are willing to comply with the conditions. Some of its fundamental propositions are:

- 1.—That the spirit in man is the only real and permanent part of his being; the rest of his nature being variously compounded, and decay being incident to all composite things, everything in man but his spirit is impermanent.

Further, that the universe being one thing and not diverse, and everything within it being connected with the whole and with every other, of which upon the upper plane above referred to there is a perfect knowledge, no act or thought occurs without each portion of the great whole perceiving and noting it. Hence all are inseparably bound together by the tie of Brotherhood.

- 2.—That below the spirit and above the intellect is a plane of consciousness in which experiences are noted, commonly called man's "spiritual nature"; this is as susceptible of culture as his body or his intellect.
- 3.—That this spiritual culture is only attainable as the grosser interests, passions, and demands of the flesh are subordinated to the interests, aspirations, and needs of the higher nature; and that this is a matter of both system and established law.
- 4.—That men thus systematically trained attain to clear insight into the immaterial, spiritual world, their interior faculties apprehending Truth as immediately and readily as physical faculties grasp the things of sense, or mental faculties those of reason; and hence that their testimony to such Truth is as trustworthy as is that of scientists or philosophers to truth in their respective fields.
- 5.—That in the course of this spiritual training such men acquire perception of and control over various forces in Nature unknown to others,

and thus are able to perform works usually called "miraculous," though really but the result of larger knowledge of natural law.

- 6.—That their testimony as to super-sensuous truth, verified by their possession of such powers, challenges candid examination from every religious mind.

Turning now to the system expounded by these Sages, we find as its main points :—

- 1.—An account of cosmogony, the past and future of this earth and other planets, the evolution of life through mineral, vegetable, animal, and human forms.
- 2.—That the affairs of this world and its people are subject to cyclic laws, and that during any one cycle the rate or quality of progress appertaining to a different cycle is not possible.
- 3.—The existence of a universally diffused and highly ethereal medium, called the "Astral Light" or "Akasa," which is the repository of all past, present, and future events, and which records the effects of spiritual causes and of all acts and thoughts from the direction of either spirit or matter. It may be called the Book of the Recording Angel.
- 4.—The origin, history, development, and destiny of mankind.

Upon the subject of *Man* it teaches :—

- 1.—That each spirit is a manifestation of the One Spirit, and thus a part of all. It passes through a series of experiences in incarnation, and is destined to ultimate re-union with the Divine.
- 2.—That this incarnation is not single but repeated, each individuality becoming re-embodied during numerous existences in successive races and planets, and accumulating the experiences of each incarnation towards its perfection.
- 3.—That between adjacent incarnations, after grosser elements are first purged away, comes a period of comparative rest and refreshment, the spirit being therein prepared for its next advent into material life.
- 4.—That the nature of each incarnation depends upon the merit and demerit of the previous life or lives, upon the way in which the man has lived and *thought*; and that this law is inflexible and wholly just.
- 5.—That "Karma,"—a term signifying two things, the law of ethical causation, (Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap), and the balance or excess of merit or demerit in any individual, determines also the main experiences of joy and sorrow in each incarnation, so that what men call "luck" is in reality "desert,"—desert acquired in past existence.

- 6.—That the process of evolution up to re-union with the Divine contemplates successive elevations from rank to rank of power and usefulness, the most exalted beings still in the flesh being known as Sages, Rishis, Brothers, Masters, their great function being the preservation at all times, and, when cyclic laws permit, the extension, of spiritual knowledge and influence among humanity.
- 7.—That when union with the Divine is effected, all the events and experiences of each incarnation are known.

As to the *process* of spiritual development it teaches :—

- 1.—That the essence of the process lies in the securing of supremacy to the highest, the spiritual, element of man's nature.
- 2.—That this is attained along four lines, among others,—
 - (a.) The eradication of selfishness in all forms, and the cultivation of broad, generous sympathy in and effort for the good of others.
 - (b.) The cultivation of the inner, spiritual man by meditation, communion with the Divine, and exercise.
 - (c.) The control of fleshly appetites and desires, all lower, material interests being deliberately subordinated to the behests of the spirit.
 - (d.) The careful performance of every duty belonging to one's station in life, without desire for reward, leaving results to Divine law.
- 3.—That while the above is incumbent on and practicable by all religiously-disposed men, a yet higher plane of spiritual attainment is conditioned upon a specific course of training, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, by which the internal faculties are first aroused and then developed.
- 4.—That an extension of this process is reached in Adeptship, an exalted stage, attained by laborious self-discipline and hardship, protracted through possibly many incarnations, and with many degrees of initiation and preferment, beyond which are yet other stages ever approaching the Divine.

As to the *rationale* of spiritual development it asserts :—

- 1.—That the process is entirely *within* the individual himself, the motive, the effort, the result being distinctly personal.
- 2.—That, however personal and interior, this process is not unaided, being possible, in fact, only through close communion with the Supreme Source of all strength.

As to the *degree* of advancement in incarnations it holds :—

- 1.—That even a mere intellectual acquaintance with Theosophic truth has great value in fitting the individual for a step upwards in his next earth-life, as it gives an impulse in that direction.

- 2.—That still more is gained by a career of duty, piety, and beneficence.
- 3.—That a still greater advance is attained by the attentive and devoted use of the means to spiritual culture heretofore stated.

It may be added that Theosophy is the only system of religion and philosophy which gives satisfactory explanation of such problems as these :

- 1.—The object, use, and inhabitation of other planets than this earth.
- 2.—The geological cataclysms of earth ; the frequent absence of intermediate types in its fauna ; the occurrence of architectural and other relics of races now lost, and as to which ordinary science has nothing but vain conjecture ; the nature of extinct civilizations and the causes of their extinction ; the persistence of savagery and the unequal development of existing civilization ; the differences, physical and internal, between the various races of men ; the line of future development.
- 3.—The contrasts and unisons of the world's faiths, and the common foundation underlying them all.
- 4.—The existence of evil, of suffering, and of sorrow,—a hopeless puzzle to the mere philanthropist or theologian.
- 5.—The inequalities in social condition and privilege ; the sharp contrasts between wealth and poverty, intelligence and stupidity, culture and ignorance, virtue and vileness ; the appearance of men of genius in families destitute of it, as well as other facts in conflict with the law of heredity ; the frequent cases of unfitness of environment around individuals, so sore as to embitter disposition, hamper aspiration, and paralyse endeavor ; the violent antithesis between character and condition ; the occurrence of accident, misfortune, and untimely death ;—all of them problems solvable only by either the conventional theory of Divine caprice or the Theosophic doctrines of Karma and Re-incarnation.
- 6.—The possession by individuals of psychic powers,—clairvoyance, clair-audience, &c., as well as the phenomena of psychometry and statuvolism.
- 7.—The true nature of genuine phenomena in spiritualism, and the proper antidote to superstition and to exaggerated expectation.
- 8.—The failure of conventional religions to greatly extend their areas, reform abuses, re-organize society, expand the idea of brotherhood, abate discontent, diminish crime, and elevate humanity ; and an apparent inadequacy to realize in individual lives the ideal they professedly uphold.

The above is a sketch of the main features of Theosophy, the Wisdom-Religion. Its details are to be found in the rapidly-growing literature upon

the subject, catalogues of which may be had by enclosing a stamp to THE PATH, P. O. Box 2659, New York City, or to the Occult Publishing Co., 120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. There are three stages of interest :

1. —That of intellectual inquiry,—to be met by works in Public Libraries, etc.
2. —That of desire for personal culture,—to be met partly by the books prepared for that specific end, partly by the periodical Magazines expounding Theosophy. The three leading ones are *The Theosophist*, (Adyar, Madras, India ; subscription \$5) ; *Lucifer*—the Light-Bringer, (15 York St., Covent Garden, London, England ; subscription 12 shillings) ; *The Path*, (P. O. Box 2659, New York City ; subscription \$2).
3. —That of personal identification with the Theosophical Society, an association formed in 1875 with three aims,—to be the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood ; to promote the study of Aryan and other Eastern literatures, religions, and sciences ; to investigate unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man. Adhesion to the first only is a pre-requisite to membership, the others being optional. The Society represents no particular creed, is entirely unsectarian, and includes professors of all faiths, only exacting from each member that toleration of the beliefs of others which he desires them to exhibit towards his own.

Membership in the Theosophical Society may be either “at large” or in a local Branch. Applications for membership in a Branch should be addressed to the local President or Secretary ; those “at large” to any Branch President or to the General Secretary, Wm. Q. Judge, P.O. Box 2659, New York, and the latter should enclose \$2 for entrance fee and 50 cents for diploma, yearly dues being \$1. Information as to organization and other points may also be obtained from the latter address, return postage being enclosed.

Branches of the Society now exist in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, (Cal.), Santa Cruz, (Cal.), Rochester, (N. Y.), Minneapolis, (Minn.), Washington, (D. C.), Cincinnati, (O.), Boston, and Malden, (Mass.).

Copies of this circular for distribution may be had from the General Secretary, at the rate of \$1.00 per hundred.

“ It is better to do one's own duty, even though devoid of excellence, than to perform another's duty well.”

OM.



THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.

ॐ उ ऐ

I am the cause; I am the production and dissolution of the whole of nature. There is no superior to me, O conqueror of wealth! On me is all the Universe suspended as the bead-gems on a necklace.—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

Should one fly even after furnishing oneself with thousands upon thousands of wings, and even though one should have the velocity of thought, one would never reach the end of the Great Cause.—*Sanat-sujatiya, Ch. VI.*

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 11.

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THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

(Continued from January number.)

SECOND CHAPTER.

“And now, under the Lotus in the Heart, glows the lamp of the Soul. Protected by the gods who there stand guard, it sheds its soft rays in every direction.”

A mighty spirit moves through the pages of the Bhagavad-Gita. It has the seductive influence of beauty; yet, like strength, it fills one as with the sound of armies assembling or the roar of great waters; appealing alike to the warrior and the philosopher, it shows to the one the righteousness of lawful action, and to the other the calmness which results to him who has reached inaction through action. Schlegel, after studying the poem, pays tribute to it in these words: “By the Brahmins, reverence of masters is considered the most sacred of duties. Thee therefore, first, most holy prophet,

interpreter of the Deity, by whatever name thou wast called among mortals, the author of this poem, by whose oracles the mind is rapt with ineffable delight to doctrines lofty, eternal, and divine—thee first, I say, I hail, and shall always worship at thy feet.”

The second chapter begins to teach philosophy, but in such a way that Arjuna is led on gradually step by step to the end of the dialogue ; and yet the very first instructions from Krishna are so couched that the end and purpose of the scheme are seen at the beginning.

Although philosophy seems dry to most people, and especially to minds in the Western world who are surrounded by the rush of their new and quite undeveloped civilization, yet it must be taught and understood. It has become the fashion to some extent even in the Theosophical Society to scout careful study or practice and go in for the rapid methods inaugurated in America. In many places emotional goodness is declared to exceed in value the calmness that results from a broad philosophical foundation, and in others astral wonder seeking, or great strength of mind whether discriminative or not, is given the first rank. Strength without knowledge, and sympathetic tears without the ability to be calm,—in fine, faith without works—will not save us. And this is one of the lessons of the second chapter.

The greatest of the Ancients inculcated by both symbols and books the absolute necessity for the acquirement of philosophical knowledge, inasmuch as strength or special faculties are useless without it. Those Greeks and others who recorded some of the wisdom of the elder Egyptians well illustrated this. They said, “that in the symbols it was shown, as where Hermes is represented as an old and a young man, intending by this to signify that he who rightly inspects sacred matters ought to be both intelligent and strong, one of these without the other being imperfect. And for the same reason the symbol of the great Sphynx was established ; the beast signifying strength, and the man wisdom. For strength when destitute of the ruling aid of wisdom, is overcome by stupid astonishment confusing all things together ; and for the purpose of action the intellect is useless when it is deprived of strength.” So, whether our strength is that of sympathy or of astral vision, we will be confounded if philosophical knowledge be absent.

But, so as not to be misunderstood, I must answer the question that will be asked, “Do you then condemn sympathy and love, and preach a cold philosophy only?” By no means. Sympathy and emotion are as much parts of the great whole as knowledge, but inquiring students wish to know all that lies in the path. The office of sympathy, charity, and all other forms of goodness, so far as the effect on us is concerned, is to entitle us to help. By this exercise we inevitably attract to us those souls who have the

knowledge and are ready to help us to acquire it also. But while we ignore philosophy and do not try to attain to right discrimination, we must pass through many lives, many weary treadmills of life, until at last little by little we have been forced, without our will, into the possession of the proper seeds of mental action from which the crop of right discrimination may be gathered.

Arjuna asks Krishna:

"As I am of a disposition which is affected by compassion and the fear of doing wrong, my mind is bewildered. Tell me truly what may be best for me to do! I am thy disciple, wherefore instruct me in my duty, who am under thy tuition; for my understanding is confounded by the dictates of my duty, and I see nothing that may assuage the grief which drieth up my faculties, although I were to obtain a kingdom without a rival upon earth or dominion over the hosts of heaven."

Krishna, now the Guru—or spiritual teacher—of Arjuna, makes a reply which is not excelled anywhere in the poem; pointing out the permanence and eternal nature of the soul, the progress it has to make through reincarnation to perfection, the error of imagining that we really do anything ourselves, and showing how all duties must be performed by him who desires to reach salvation. The words used by the Blessed Lord in speaking of the soul cannot be added to by me. He says:

"The wise grieve not for dead or living. But never at any period did I, or thou, or these Kings of men, not exist, nor shall any of us at any time henceforward cease to exist. As the soul in the body undergoes the changes of childhood, prime, and age, so it obtains a new body hereafter; a sensible man is not troubled about that. But the contact of the elements, O son of Kunti! which bring cold and heat, pleasure and pain, which come and go and are temporary, these do thou endure, O Bharata!¹ For that man whom, being the same in pain and pleasure and ever constant, these elements do not afflict, is fitted for immortality. There is no existence for what does not exist, nor is there any non-existence for what exists. * * * Know this, that that by which all this universe is created is indestructible. No one can cause the destruction of this inexhaustible thing * * * He who believes that this spirit can kill, and he who thinks it can be killed, both of these are wrong in judgment. It is not born, nor dies at any time; it has no origin, nor will it ever have an origin. Unborn, changeless, eternal both as to future and past time, it is not slain when the body is killed. How can that man, O Son of Prithā! who knows that it is indestructible, constant, unborn, and inexhaustible, really cause the death of anybody or kill anybody himself? As a man abandons worn-out clothes and takes other new ones, so does the soul quit worn-out bodies and enter other new ones. Weapons cannot cleave it. Fire cannot burn it, nor can water wet it, nor wind dry it. It is constant, capable of going everywhere, firm, immovable, and eternal. It is said to be invisible, incomprehensible, immutable. Therefore, knowing it to be such, thou art not right to grieve for it."

1 In this verse—the 14th—Krishna calls Arjuna by two names; first—as son of Kunti (his mother), and second—as Bharata (descendant of the mighty Bharata). He is reminded of his earthly origin in the beginning when reference is made to the elements that produce bodily sensations; and at the end, when adjured to endure these changes, his attention is directed to a great and powerful, spiritual, paternal ancestor. All of this is significant.—B.

This is the same doctrine as is found in the Isavasaya-Upanishad :— *The Identity of all Spiritual Beings, and Resignation*. And by "Spiritual Beings" is meant all life above the inorganic, for Man is not admitted to be material. There is only one life, one consciousness. It masquerades under all the different forms of sentient beings, and those varying forms with their intelligences mirror a portion of the *One Life*, thus producing in each a false idea of egoism. A continuance of belief in that false ego produces a continuance of ignorance, thus delaying salvation. The beginning of the effort to dissipate this false belief is the beginning of *the Path*; the total dissipation of it is the perfection of Yoga, or union with God. The entry upon that Path *cannot be made until resignation is consummated*; for, as the Upanishad and the Bagavad-Gita say:

"All this; whatsoever moves on earth, is to be surrendered to the Lord—the Self. When thou hast surrendered all this; then thou mayest enjoy."

If this be true, then how necessary to consider philosophy so as to be able to cut off the false belief? And how useless to pursue occultism merely for your own benefit? You may know all about currents and polarities, about any and every phenomenon possible in the astral world, but with the death of your body it is lost, leaving to you only the amount of real Spiritual advance you happen to have made. But once resign and all is possible. This will not ruin your life nor destroy any proper ideals; poor and petty ideals had better be at once lost. It may seem that all ideals are gone, but that will be only the first effect of taking this step.

We must be ready to say at any moment under whatever circumstances, whether expected or unexpected: "It is just what I in fact desired." For only those ideals can be dissipated which rest upon a lower basis than the highest aim, or which are not in accord with Nature's (God's) law. And as our aim ought to be to reach the supreme condition and to help all other sentient beings to do so also, we must cultivate complete resignation to the Law, the expression and operation of which is seen in the circumstances of life and the ebb and flow of our inner being. All that can be gotten out of wealth, or beauty, or art, or pleasure, are merely pools of water found along our path as it wanders through the desert of life. If we are not seeking them their appearance gives us intense pleasure, and we are thus able to use them for our good and that of others just so long as the Law leaves them to us; but when that superior power removes them, we must say: "It is just what I in fact desired." Any other course is blindness. All the passing shows of life, whether fraught with disaster or full of fame and glory, are teachers; he who neglects them, neglects opportunities which seldom the gods repeat. And the only way to learn from them is through the heart's resignation; for when we become in heart completely poor, we at once are the treasurers and disbursers of enormous riches.

Krishna then insists on the scrupulous performance of natural duty.¹

And considering thine own duty as a Kshatriya, thou art not right to waver. For there is nothing better for a Kshatriya than lawful war."²

In order to see more clearly the occasion for his insistence upon performance of duty, we must remember that at the opening of the battle Arjuna "threw down his bow and arrows." This, in India, meant that he then resolved to desert the circumstances in which Karma had placed him and *to become an ascetic*, or, as has been frequently proposed by Western students, he wished to get away from a state of Society which offered apparent obstruction to spiritual culture. But Krishna refers him to his birth in the Kshatriya—or Warrior—caste, and to the natural duty of a Kshatriya, which is war. The natural caste of Arjuna might have been represented as that of Merchant, but wisely it was not, for this is the book of action, and only a warrior fitly typifies action;³ so his natural duty will stand for whatever be that of any man. We are not to shirk our Karma; by abhorring it we only make new Karma. Our only true course is to "let the motive for action be in the action itself, never in its reward; not to be incited to action by the hope of the result, nor yet indulge a propensity to inertness."⁴ This advice and the direction⁵ to see the one Spirit in all things and all things in *It* express the gist of the Bhagavad-Gita's teaching as to the proper attitude to be assumed by those striving after salvation.

In verse 40 Krishna alludes to this system as being one of initiation:

"In this no initiation is lost, nor are there any evil consequences, and even a little of this practice saves from great danger; there is no destruction of nor detriment to one's efforts."

Although not proclaimed in the newspapers nor advertised here and there through Secretaries, Delegates, and "Doors," this is the mother and the head of all systems of initiation. It is the progenitor of the mystic Rosicrucians, who have adopted the *lotus* and changed it into a *rose*,⁶ and all the other hundreds of initiating occult societies are merely faint and in-

1 Some students, as well as critics, have said that theosophy teaches a running away from family and from the world, and that neither knowledge nor salvation can be gained without a ridiculous asceticism which would upset the natural order. This is wrong. And when it is believed to be a fact—now asserted by me in confidence of support from all real theosophists—that the Blessed Masters who ordered the founding of our Society constantly read and inculcate the Bhagavad-Gita's philosophy, we perceive that such assertions against the Society's aims are incorrect.—B.

2 Verse 31.

3 My opinion is that the Kshatriya caste is the greatest. The Brahmins, it is true, have always had more veneration paid them as being spiritual teachers and thus representing the *head* of Brahma; but in some of the Aryan sacrifices there is an occasion when the Kshatriya ranks the Brahman. The latter are more the conservators of true Doctrine; but when the time comes for the "gods to descend in order to establish a new harmony on earth," they always begin with a warrior, Osiris who educated and solidified the Egyptians was a warrior, and the mysterious Melchisedek, who blessed Abraham, was Prophet, Priest, and King, that is—warrior. Then, too, the warrior caste could learn and speak the Vedas as well as engage in war, whereas the Brahman's only duty was that of a teacher and not fighter. The Kshatriya therefore stands in the position of mediator between the action of the body of Brahma and the calm inaction of Brahma's head.—B.

4 Verse 47. 5 Chapter 13.

6 The probability is, that the Rosicrucian "rose" was altered from the *lotus* because the latter flower was not understood in Europe, whereas the rose was; and the rose is the nearest to the lotus, taken all in all. In Japan the *lotus in the heart* is adhered to; they say that by directing attention to the heart, it is found to burst open into a lotus of eight petals, in each of which resides one power, while in the centre sits the lord of all.—B.

complete copies of this real one ; but, unlike those, *it* has never dissolved. It is secret, because, founded in nature and having only real Hierophants at the head, its privacy cannot be invaded without the real key. And that key, in each degree, is the *aspirant himself*. Until that aspirant has become in fact the sign and the key, he cannot enter the degree above him. As a whole then, and in each degree, it is self-protective.

Thus including all other systems, it is the most difficult of all ; but as at some time, in this life or in a succeeding age, we must perforce enter this *Lodge*, the attempt at entry might as well be made at once. Of this we will speak in our next.

WILLIAM BREHON.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SEERESS OF PREVORST.

Through the kindness of Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, the editor of *The Sphinx*, the excellent German magazine devoted to occult and psychical subjects, THE PATH is enabled to reproduce from that publication the beautiful drawing of the Seeress of Prevorst by Gabriel Max, the eminent German painter. This picture was given, with various other admirable illustrations, in connection with an article written by Baron du Prel in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Justinus Kerner, the biographer of the Seeress. This portrait is an ideal conception of the artist's, a "Fantasie-Bild," there having been only a silhouette profile-likeness extant, but as Gabriel Max is a painter of exceptional spiritual power, it seems not at all unlikely that he should, though unconsciously, have perceived the true likeness psychically. It corresponds very closely with the description of the Seeress given by Dr. Kerner, particularly in the penetrating and soulfully luminous eyes.

The very careful account written by Dr. Kerner made the Seeress of Prevorst one of the most famous of somnambulists, or sensitives, and Kerner's book, with its evidence, supported as it is by a mass of corroborative testimony from unimpeachable sources, is a veritable mine of information for all engaged in psychical research. It seems remarkable that more attention has not been given to it by the scientific investigators, for, however much it may have been scouted in the earlier days of this century by the chronic skeptics, it turns out that many of the phenomena described with such minutiae by Dr. Kerner tally exactly with those detailed in the accounts of the experiments made by Dr. Charcot and his staff at the Salpetriere in Paris, which are now accepted without question by the scientists. Therefore a great proportion of those phenomena being verified by subsequent experience, it is justifiable to assume the same correctness for the entire narrative. Indeed, so high

was the character of Dr. Kerner both as a physician and a poet that none of his contemporaries ventured to impeach his integrity, but the skeptics contented themselves with asserting that he must have been imposed upon ; their reasons given for so believing being, as usual in such cases, of so slender a character that, if raised as objections in any department of physical science, they would make the person using such argument ridiculous among his contemporaries.

Friederika Hauffe was born in the little mountain village of Prevorst, in the midst of the Black Forest, in the year 1801. Psychical sensitiveness, as is apt to be the case in such instances, was hereditary in her family, and some interesting incidents are told concerning her grandfather's experiences. As a child she had various remarkable happenings in the way of dreams and visions, but her nature was not a morbid one ; she seem to have her full share of the lightness and gaiety of girlhood. As she ripened into womanhood her inner life unfolded more and more, and she was afflicted with an illness which promoted her psychical development, but the injudicious treatment to which she was subjected through the ignorance of her family injured her health irretrievably. All sorts of experiments seem to have been tried with her, including magnetic treatment from various persons, not excepting two or three black magicians, and the mixture of influences from conflicting personalities had a most damaging result, in deranging her nervous system. When at last she was brought to Weinsberg and placed in the skillful hands of Dr. Kerner, recovery was hopeless, and the most that could be done was to ameliorate her sufferings and prolong her life for a few years.

She became a member of Dr. Kerner's household, and that excellent physician thus had exceptional opportunities for the study of her case, which he fully availed himself of, making each day in his notebooks, with German-like thoroughness, minute entries of all occurrences. Like many somnambulist patients, she often prescribed for herself while in the magnetic sleep. Before she came to Dr. Kerner's these instructions were occasionally heeded with good results, but to her ignorant friends many of the things prescribed seemed nonsensical, and were neglected : had they been heeded the results might have been very different. Among other things detailed directions were given for the construction of a certain curious magnetic machine, and drawings were made by her for the same. No attention was paid to this at the time, but several years afterwards, while she was with Dr. Kerner, the directions were repeated and the drawings were again made with great care : it was said through her that had this machine been made when first directed it would have cured her, but now it was too late to do more than relieve her suffering. The machine was made exactly according to directions, and the predicted result was accomplished. Its principle was that of the generation of a very gentle electric current by the use of certain herbs. To the casual

observer it seemed hardly possible that anything could have been really accomplished by the use of such slight means as a handful of herbs (camomile and St. Johnswort) in connection with a machine of wood, glass, and steel, with woolen cords. It is only recently that science has demonstrated that slight electrical currents are set in motion even by such inconsiderable materials, thereby confirming the assertion made by the Seeress in her magnetic state. She said that the electricity produced by the ordinary machine was too strong and intense to be of benefit; the gentle current generated by these vegetable substances was what was needed. Herein may lie a most valuable hint for medical science; and, indeed, it seems as if it were already tending in this direction. It might be worth while to construct a machine after the pattern given by her;—the designs are published in the German edition of Kerner's work, together with the highly interesting plates giving the wonderful inner language spoken and written by the Seeress, together with the drawings of the "life" and "sun" circles of deeply mystical significance, which alone are worthy of profound study by the earnest seeker.

This machine was called a "Nerve-tuner" (Nervenstimmer), and it seems likely that it might prove very effective in nervous diseases. The history of the Seeress shows that all vegetable and mineral substances have their peculiar occult properties, either beneficial or injurious. Her prescriptions included some things which would probably prove valuable additions to the *Materia Medica*. St. Johnswort appears to have strikingly sensitive properties, and laurel leaves were particularly effective when used in amulets. Great care was taken to provide that leaves and other substances should be used in certain numbers, according to the purpose intended. In fact, in all her directions, the number seemed to be a most important factor, whether it were the number of things used, the number of applications to be made, or the number of the hour of day, and so on.

All the phenomena, or nearly all, characteristic of occult manifestations, including modern Spiritism, took place with her, and their genuineness is substantiated by the testimony of many and thoroughly trustworthy witnesses. Many of the things related of her remind us of those told concerning Madame Blavatsky, only in the case of the Seeress they seem to have been done involuntarily. She was frequently levitated, articles were carried through the air in her neighborhood and at times brought into the room under circumstances which made it impossible that they should have appeared otherwise than through the solid walls, and "the astral bells" were also often sounded in her presence, their peculiar musical tones resembling those of a triangle, corresponding to the descriptions given by Mr. Sinnett and other friends of Madame Blavatsky. She also projected her astral body, which was seen in other and distant places, and she told what was going on at a distance under circumstances which gave the strongest proofs of the

accuracy of her vision. Her sensitive nature was much afflicted by *Kama Loca* entities, as we would call them, which came flocking around her, but she did much good by turning their attention away from their earthly attractions towards the Devachanic state.

The various degrees of her magnetic states correspond exactly with those described by Dr. Charcot and his staff to-day, and some interesting parallels might be instituted by thoughtful students of such matters. It is worthy of note that she insists strongly upon the septenary division, which agrees substantially with that given in recent occult teachings, while the various states of superphysical existence correspond closely with those described in Esoteric Buddhism and other modern Theosophical works.

As is apt to be the case in instances similar to hers, her statements concerning the mysteries beyond the physical life, when addressed more immediately to those around her, or brought out by their inquiries, were more or less colored by both her own personal ideas, or theirs, concerning religious or ethical matters, but the vein of truth might nevertheless be discerned running beneath that which was colored by prejudices of persons and localities. But at times her soul rose beyond these influences into more truly spiritual realms, and then great and divine truths seemed to find a profound utterance. It is in this aspect that the true occultist will find the life of the Seeress of Prevorst well worthy of serious study. It seems as if it were necessary that truth should be conveyed to us through an admixture with the unessential, if not the erroneous. As we learn the value of light by the shadows which seem to modify it, we likewise learn to recognize truth by its association with that which it illuminates and which is necessary for the understanding of its lessons.

B.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

He who loves the Whole, attracts all the units. He who hates one unit, repels the Whole, for in every unit the Whole is contained. One creature unloved has power to exclude me from the "Kingdom of Heaven," where I can only enter by being one with the Whole.

"Love" is not desire of possession, but a type of that universal interchange which gives and takes, takes and gives, in continual evolution and perpetuation of Harmony. It is the divine essence seeking perfect equilibrium in the human soul.

"*In his place I might do worse.*" To say this with my whole heart is truly to love my neighbor.

Resistance is better than indifference. Our opponent is nearer our centre than the friend who listens courteously and forgets. Opposition is a sign of life. Do not revile it : pass it by. A mightier than we shall conquer it : his name is Death.

A "wicked" man is one whom the Law puts to more severe tests than myself. When I see one who commits great wrongs, I hear in my heart that medieval cry : " Make way for the Justice of God ! " To be unjust is in itself the greatest punishment. When the Law passes judgment upon man, its justice is injustice avenging itself upon its creator.

As in politics the neutrals are the enemies of all, so those who are inactive in soul reject both "good" and evil, and fall into the gulf of oblivion.

Why do we pride ourselves upon our virtues ? They are sterile, or they would have generated somewhat higher than virtue. A virtue which cannot become the mother of all virtues, is an abortive Truth.

Pain is the effort of nature to restore its lost harmonies ; therefore pain is joy. Joy is the effort of nature to disturb the proportions of harmony by the exclusive appropriation of a selected note ; therefore joy is pain. These together are the second lesson of life. The first is sex, itself a permitted discord whereby true harmony is better conceived.

The devout mind may sink a plummet into the soul. It cannot sound those depths. But it can awaken and arouse them, and they will go through some heavenly motions which mind may understand and record.

True Will is an instinctive motion of soul towards spirit.

No Karma is "bad" Karma. What we call evil fortune is simply nature's effort at re-adjustment.

Falsehood has ever a larger following than Truth. But the followers of Falsehood represent numbers only, while those of Truth stand for unknown quantities.

High places are points of culmination. Princes can only be judged by the general applications of laws. The subtle alchemy of royalty transmutes the heart's essences from volatile to deadly.

If you wish to destroy Karmic effects, destroy the fixed consciousness of "yourself." Live in the universal life and you will only inherit the universal Karma. This is "good," for the Karma of the manifestation is to return to the manifestor.

When we *conceive* the highest ideal of the Deity, we consciously enter its Being. When we have *realized* this ideal, the Deity consciously enters our Being. The ultimate of Being is one.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

THE LESSONS OF KARMA.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

"Rough-hew them how we will."

The idea most usually attached to the word Karma is, a power, inherent in the nature of things,—by the action of which good deeds are rewarded with happiness, while evil deeds bring suffering and pain. According to this view, Karma becomes a sort of moral police, continually adjusting and correcting the errors and extravagances of the human race, and vigilantly providing that none shall trespass on the domain of another.

Karma has been described as an application of the Law of Action and Re-action to the mental forces, and its spirit has been summed up in the words: "Whatsoever a man soweth, the same shall he also reap." And all this is undoubtedly true; and these ideas, when displacing the belief that occurrences are merely accidental and fortuitous, are of the highest importance; but though true in itself, this idea falls far short of the whole truth; for when examined scientifically it is found to be aimless; the continual action of this compensatory law, its perpetual adjusting and correcting, is mere temporising, it goes nowhither. It is nothing more than the endless swingings to-and-fro of an isolated pendulum. The pendulum is merely mechanical, and, when detached is unnatural; for all nature has a purpose, and moves ever onward. Nature is organic; much more so is super-nature.

If the limited view of Karma be compared to a pendulum, its true action might be represented by a tree;¹ and its rewards and punishments may be compared to leaves, produced in spring only to fall in autumn and again produced the next spring, only again to fall. But the tree is better than it was a year ago; the pendulum merely does its work to undo it again; but not so the tree. It has added something to itself by every effort, it has assimilated to itself an enlarged territory won from the inorganic world.

The force within and behind the tree works forward, and for definite ends, and this fact makes the tree a fitting emblem of the law of Karma.

Observation of life teaches us that beyond the mere rewarding, or compensatory action of pain and pleasure, they have another use; this deeper use is for discipline—development. In the light of subsequent insight, events which at the time seemed quite insignificant and objectless appear in their true light as teachers, and the lesson which they have taught—and for which and no other the learner was ripe, becomes evident.

By what appears at the time mere chance, one may meet a certain person, or group of people; conversation on various subjects may take

¹ The symbol of the Tree is an ancient Aryan one. They said the Tree grew head downward, its roots above.—[Ed.]

place ; various views may be expressed, various feelings manifested ; the necessary nourishment which the learner's growth demands may be received quite unnoticed ; and years after, a sudden necessity or circumstance may reveal the purpose of that meeting, and may turn a beam of light on the grain of gold unconsciously received. This is true of all events, but chiefly of persons, the greatest of events.

Persons are the great teachers, the greatest revealers in the lesson of life ; we may learn through another what our single sight might never have perceived.

Amongst the lessons to be learned from persons, perhaps the most important are those to be drawn from Sex.

Nature has grouped all human beings into two great classes,—sexes ; each being complementary to the other, and this being true especially on the mental plane. Every peculiarity of each sex, each feature which differentiates it most notably from the other, is a further perfection of this complementary character, an additional attraction to bind the two sexes together in mutual harmony.

And when the highest perfection of this mutual harmony is attained, in complete good understanding and perfect sympathy, what lesson is learned?

The more perfect the sympathy—in its best sense, of sharing another's life, and penetrating it with filaments of love,—the more clearly this truth is apprehended :—that, far deeper than any difference between the sexes, lies a radical unity and identity ; though masquerading under very different appearances, the soul of man and the soul of woman are the same, the same in the laws which govern their life, in their nature, and in their divinity.

It would seem that Life, the great teacher, having brought the evolving souls to vivid individual consciousness, and despairing of ever teaching them sympathy, of ever illumining for them the inner spiritual nature of each other and revealing to them their identity, had organised this charade of the sexes, had invented these masks of man and woman, male and female.

Besides this perception of identity, there is another lesson taught, another object subserved, by the complementary nature of the sexes. A poor cramped egotist enters the arena of life ; all things seem to look bitterly upon him ; a cloak of perpetual misery seems thrown over him ; he seems tied and bound with iron bonds, so that in the presence of others he can never even be *himself* ; he feels frost-bitten and crushed, and he knows that if by some miracle he could drink a deep draught of elixir and burst his bonds, he could at last walk upright—a man among men.

He is an egotist, an unfortunate, not sufficiently developed to learn the grand lesson of sympathy, and this through no taint of evil, but because the stream of life is half congealed within him, awaiting some miracle, some

angel to stir the waters into life. By and by the miracle happens; the great teacher brings him face to face with another soul, qualified in all things to supplement his deficiencies. At once he feels an infusion of supernal power. In the presence of this elect one, he feels thrilled with warm waves of celestial vigour; a part of the infinite promise of life is realised, one of the prophecies of spirit is fulfilled in joy. At last the poor egotist can burst his bonds; he tastes the divine sweetness of sympathy with another soul; he learns that threads of gold bind soul to soul, that soul traverses soul with ethereal arteries conveying to each the life of the other in addition to its own. And he learns also one sublime lesson—the divinity of renunciation. Through giving he receives; through self-sacrifice he inherits his kingdom.

And the lesson by no means ends here, in sympathy with a single soul,—great and notable benefit though that be. Gaining such large good from one, he learns to credit others with the same excellence; his faith extends in an ever widening circle, till at last he embraces all humanity in holy bonds of love.

If harmony teaches great lessons, great also are the lessons to be learned from discord.

All strife produces pain; as great pain to the oppressor as to the oppressed,—perhaps greater. Seek to tyrannize over another, and not only does that other rise against you, but within you rises a truer self, and takes the part of the oppressed. My every tyranny against my brother is at once punished by this truer self, with a corresponding weight of fear.

At last I learn the lesson, that one cannot be harmed without the harm reacting on the other, on all; that the well-being of one is inseparable from the well-being of all. I throw down my arms, and make amends by generous dealing. At once my brother's attitude changes, from enemy he becomes friend. He has been waiting for this opportunity to acknowledge me as brother; and once again the great teacher teaches the lesson of sympathy. Henceforth my brother's life is a part of my life, and the power we command belongs to both.

And thus the most ordinary events, and even our own errors, are turned to benefits. A firm hand, a power that sits above us, and whose secret we cannot command, guides our evil to wider good, and turns our erring energies into right channels.

Every event in life teaches its lesson, consciously or unconsciously, to us. If we are dull learners it may have to be repeated twice or many times; if we aid the teaching by ready perception, it may be taught but once, and then we can pass on to grander problems and higher themes.

Since every event thus bears for us a secret and spiritual value, and we cannot guess beforehand the nature of that value, is it not futile in us offi-

ciously to take on ourselves the direction of the lessons, with a grand assumption of omniscience ; saying "To such a life I shall devote myself ; such and such things shall I perform ; and from such and such I shall abstain" ; like an unskilled pilot without chart or compass, steering in the dark to an unknown land.

Were it not better to drop this pretence of wisdom which we cannot make good ; boldly to face events as they meet us, and with good courage and resolution to dare and endure all things, so only that the golden lesson hidden in the events be not lost ?

It has been hinted that those who seek wisdom should abandon all their present occupations and live the life of a desert ascetic ; and some have even thought to draw down on themselves the gifts of divinity by a mere mechanical walking away from their duties ; but not thus is life's secret to be surprised, by turning the back on our appointed duties, and more important still on the lessons they contain for us.

The books on wisdom are written in cypher ; the true ascetic is he who, without abandoning his duties, renounces all selfish aims, and leaving behind his animal nature, takes refuge in the secret place of his soul.

Much more than this is allegorical, concealing a spiritual nature within it ; perhaps, amongst others, the saying that earth's greatest sages dwell on her loftiest mountains is an allegorical picture of the truth that the divinest souls are those who have raised themselves furthest from earthly things to the peaks of purity, forever embosomed in the serene azure of spirit ; for all things in the physical world have thus their inner vital meanings ; though doubtless, were we to search earth's loftiest summits we would come face to face with the stately forms of holy sages, for as the spiritual fact is complete so also must the earthly picture of it be complete.

Life, the great Teacher, has thus designed his lessons. For those whose sight is gross, the teaching is framed in physical pictures, in faces, in trees, in mountains, and in the broad bosom of earth ; but those whose sight is finer perceive within each of these a deeper and truer fact, for which alone these have their being.

These externals, forests and hills, the restless ocean, the everlasting stars, are ever eloquent sermons hymning the divinity of spirit. The life of the world says, with the *Erd-Geist* in *Faust*—

"Thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,

"And weave for God *the garment thou see'st him by.*"

The great teacher brings to us person after person, event after event ; from each, as we are able, we learn its lesson ; from each, as we are able, we wrest its secret, a value unknown and inscrutable until we are face to face with it.

Though at first the lesson may be bitter and unwelcome, we learn at last that what seemed bitter was in reality most sweet, and that what seemed hurtful

was pregnant with healing ; in our highest moods we are one with the teacher and perceive his ends ; in our moments of deepest insight, we perceive that the teacher is our true self ; and though we may writhe under subsequent sharp lessons, we are willing to endure ; certain that the suffering is for our ultimate benefit.

These considerations teach no indolent and idle acquiescence in the tide of events ; our duty and advantage is to throw ourselves on the side of the teacher and to check all perverse tendencies which else would thwart and neutralise the lesson. Let those who esteem this an easy task, try it conscientiously for a single day.

Since all events and persons have thus an interior and unapparent value, since all are intimately related to our development and lasting good, we infer that this truth holds for others also ; and we are thus able to perceive dimly the mighty power and beneficent directing energy which lies behind life, turning the good and evil of each to the welfare of all. Let us therefore cast ourselves on Truth and work out our divine destiny without fear ; this is the truest good for ourselves, and as surely is it the truest good for all others.

By working out our own divine destiny we gain the power of well doing, for he alone who has access to the heart of good can do good to his neighbor. Such laws as these teach us a noble carelessness of petty ends and events, and forbid forever all sordid taking thought for the morrow.

Perceiving the swing of these grand laws, we can boldly take in hand the game of life, with a heart for every fate. And so we find the first and last word of Karma to be discipline—development. But discipline to what end ? Is it for the great prizes of earthly life ? to glorify our three score years and ten ?

Far otherwise is the tendency of these mighty laws ; they lead not to wealth so often as to poverty, not to praise and fame so often as to contempt and obloquy, not so often to the throne as to the scaffold.

And thus,—unless we are bemocked by a lifelong illusion, unless we are the fools of a never-ending nightmare,—we have, in the sweep and tendency of these majestic laws, an intimation of our higher destiny and a sure certificate of our immortal good.

“Then first shalt thou know,
“That in the wild turmoil,
“Horsed on the Proteus,
“Thou ridest to power,
“And to endurance,”

CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

THE BEAN OF PYTHAGORAS

In a recent number of the *Theosophist* is a paragraph in reply to an enquirer as to "*why* Pythagoras banned the bean," which seems to me as far from correct as the explanations given by an Athenian skeptic who derisively said that "beans are the substance which contains the largest portion of that animated matter of which our souls are particles," and that the flowers of the bean put in a vessel and buried ninety days would deposit in the bottom of the vessel the head of a child; concluding, amid bursts of laughter, that Pythagoras himself has made the experiment.

Beans were anciently used in casting votes by balloting, the white beans for affirmative and the black ones negative. When Pythagoras said to his disciples, "Abstain from beans," he had no reference to them as an article of diet, for he ate them himself. What he did mean, and what his immediate followers already understood, was that they should abstain from the intrigues of politics as being antagonistic to a philosopher's pursuits.

It also couched a warning of the danger of criticising the popular government.

All the divine teachers have taught in symbols and inverted language, and time has proven the wisdom of this method.

He that had "eyes to see," or "ears to hear," saw and heard then, as now; and the poor little cursed bean is a symbol of the "letter that killeth."

If I have restored the bean to its deserved place of honor on our tables, I have done a good work for the oncoming rule of vegetarianism under which all true theosophists must come soon or late.

Perhaps it may be in place to say that *all* the supposed gastric difficulties the bean is reported to cause may be entirely overcome by boiling, both the green and the dry, in a weak solution of soda, for ten or fifteen minutes, before reboiling them in the usual manner.

The foregoing considerations arose in my mind because of the question frequently raised by vegetarian occultists—in embryo—that beans, having some unknown and peculiar property of retarding spiritual development, should be eschewed by those who are cultivating psychic powers. Nothing was certain in the matter, however, and the great fear of beans has seemed to have its foundation in a mystery that I hope I have solved.

I am quite sure too that, even if the bean has any retarding influence, it cannot act upon real spiritual progress, for that rests primarily upon right thought, speech, and action.

H. L. SUMNER, F. T. S.

THE WAY OF THE WIND.

It is one of the gratifying signs of the times, and a pleasing indicative straw to point the way of the wind, that we should find in the *Forum* of Dec., 1887, such an article as the one by Professor W. H. Parker, entitled "Arguments for the Unseen." Disclaiming both orthodoxy and advance thought as it were, this writer presents much evidence which might have fallen from the pen of an occultist—an occultist such as he himself would be if he realized the full inferences from his own statements. The Arguments are clearly, even limpidly, put, and the article must do much good in opening such minds as will only hear those ideas which they consider "safe," "sound," and acceptable to the community at large. What it is they wish to save, or fear to lose, unless it be the consistency of ignorance, prejudice, or limitation, and what could be more "sound" than Truth, we do not know and will not ask of those who would be "*plus royaliste que le roi*." We quote a few paragraphs of the article as its best recommendation to those who desire to think more, or to induce others to think more, in the direction of the Unseen.

"He sees not his fellow man, but only an outward manifestation of an unknown force, be that force vital or chemical or other. He who believes that man is made in the image of God, accepting our spiritual nature, realizes that every human assembly is an assembly of spirits unseen."

The above might refer either to the presence of the "astral men" or doubles, or even to the existence of that entity known to many occultists as the "Higher Self of the unseen world. It often implies, however, that the inhabitants of that world were in ready communication with the earth, and this implication favors an inference that we are surrounded by an invisible world."

"Without touching on the many debatable phenomena that come under the discussion of the old psychology and the new so-called psychical research, and without giving any credence to the claims of modern spiritism, we have the further fact that in life and health we are dealing with none but invisible beings. The materialist himself must acknowledge that the unknown quantity which constitutes personality amid all the change and degradation of bodily tissue, is beyond dissection, is deathless, and that some organizing force beyond his ken precedes and accompanies organism."

Compare the above with the statement in "Esoteric Buddhism" that the 3rd principle guides the 2nd, or Jiva, the life force, in its task of building up the body.

"Facts suggest that a great exaltation of senses * * may sometimes bring to sight or hearing, not phantasms, but realities never perceived in our ordinary life."

"Since, therefore, we know scarcely anything directly, our seeming direct knowledge of the outward world, and our seeming lack of such knowledge in regard to any spiritual world above it, are illusive."

"Men of science least of all, should shrug their shoulders at mention of the Unseen. In their own way they deal more with the hidden, the invisible, the vanished, or the future, than with the tangible."

"The great Unseen, for which we have intimations and reasons, is as real as the Seen, or more so. Enough that we know not the visible in itself, but only by some message it sends to us from afar, truly so when it seems nearest. There is no light, no color, as we apprehend these, outside of the mind. Let the vibrations cease, and everything vanishes; let the molecules cease to give forth resistant force, and nothing is tangible. Since, therefore, the physical world is so tremulous, shadowy, spiritual, it is no presumption against a hidden universe that it affects us as something dreamy and unsubstantial. Granting that matter is composed of atoms, still there is nothing solid except to our sensations. An eminent English mathematician has calculated that, in a piece of dense metal, the atoms must be as far apart as 100 men would be when distributed at equal distances from each other over the surface of England; that is, one to every 500 square miles. Surely no supramundane world could be much more at variance with all that we deem firm and substantial."

"Brown Sequard observed that certain cholera patients remained clear and active in mind when their blood was becoming black and clotted in the last stages of the disease; a fact inconsistent with the identity of mind and brain, since the latter depends on the blood for its activity."

"Analogy demands a destiny of boundless splendors and activities for those (mankind) who begin their career on so vast a material platform."

"Man is the first of a new series—the *spiritual*."

"If anything is temporal, it is the Seen; if anything is eternal, it is the Unseen."

All the above are theosophical teachings, and are, moreover, elaborated and accounted for by those teachings. In respect to the statements concerning the uncertainty of sense-evidence and the debt which we are under to Vibration, the following quotation from Hartmann's Experiments may interest the general reader. A metallic rod is suspended in a dark room: "Let the same be connected with some mechanical contrivance by which it can be made to vibrate and increase the vibrations gradually to a certain extent, and we will have the following result: * * * When the vibrations rise to the number of more than 32 per second * * * the drum of our ear then begins to vibrate in consonance with the rod, and we hear a sound of deep sonorous bass. As the vibrations increase, the sound increases in pitch and runs up through the musical scale to the

highest note, when, at 36,000 vibrations per second, all sound ceases and the rod becomes imperceptible to our senses. All through the long interval from 36,000 up to 18 millions of vibrations per second, we can neither hear nor see the rod ; but at this point it begins to affect our sense of feeling by emitting radiant heat. At a still higher rate the heat ceases, a dull red glow appears which becomes perceptible to our sight and runs up through all the colors of the solar spectrum ; through yellow, green, blue, purple, and violet, until at eight billions of vibrations all light disappears and the rod, as far as our senses are concerned, has ceased to exist, although its presence can still be proved by its exhibition of chemical action."

It is interesting to note that the above phenomena follow that order which occult science indicates as the creative order. Ether was first of the creative elements ; its special property is sound. Air next ; its special property is tangibility or affecting the sense of feeling. Fire third ; its property is color, and it affects the sense of sight. Water and earth are the most gross ; they affect the senses of taste and smell ; the rod in its normal condition would be cognizable by these, and perhaps also in still more heightened chemical action. Professor Parker also alludes to the well known fact that the optic nerve in ordinary men is blind to all colors below the red and above the violet. Professor Tyndall states this as follows, in his work on Light and Electricity. "The radiation composing the solar spectrum possesses a dimension much larger than that of which the eye can take cognisance. This spectrum is in reality composed of three distinct parts.

1st. Luminous rays, which, acting on the retina of the eye, constitute the spectrum of seven simple colors.

2d. Rays lying within the red ray, and which do not affect the vision, but the existence of which is scientifically demonstrated by their calorific power.

3d. Rays lying beyond the violet, equally invisible, but whose existence is not the less demonstrable by chemical tests. Thus the spectrum consists of three sorts of rays : Calorific, Luminous, and Chemical, the second of which only is directly appreciable by the organ of vision, the existence of others being ascertained by experimental observation involving an exercise of mind." He further states that the rays beyond the violet "manifest their action, not in heat or light, but in the operation of composition, decomposition, and allied phenomena," and that all these three orders of effects result from a variation in the vibrations of the Etherial Medium. Clairvoyants and seers under an excitation of the senses also see through ordinary matter, which Professor Parker has shown us in his Arguments is far less "dense" than is ordinarily supposed.

J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS.

From Adelphi.

A most perplexed individual is writing to you. I have been for three years endeavoring to study Theosophy. I have heard lectures, have read an immense amount of literature devoted to that cult, from the sages of old down to the Sinnetts, Olcotts, and Blavatskys of the present day. I have conned the Yoga Philosophy and I read *THE PATH*. Light on the Path aids me not, nor does Bhavagad-Gita, and why? Because I am yet without the first steps towards practice. (Surely Theosophy—like other sciences—must have *something* practical about it?) Guide me with your friendly hints. Imagine me alone in a room. How to commence? Show me the first step upon the practical ladder! All I have heard and read seemeth to me so elaborately unintelligible that I lay it aside and beg you to instruct me in my Theosophical A B C. Astral Light! Is it a figurative light, *i. e.* Revelation? or is it a light, as electricity—the Heavens—coal—gives light? If abstraction (into insensibility) is necessary, can you instruct me upon Hypnotism (self mesmerism.)? “A shining object” is advised to stare at! A mirrow is a shining object, for instance. But of what avail to stare at a mirror and see reflected ugliness!

Answer—You say that for three years you have been endeavoring to *study* Theosophy. Such being the case, you will meet with but little success. Divine Wisdom can not be a subject for *study*, but it may be an object of *search*. With the love for this same wisdom uppermost in our hearts, we ask you if it would not be wiser to lay aside the *study* of so called Theosophy and study yourself. Knowing yourself you know all men, the worlds seen and occult, and find Theo-Sophia. One cannot absorb Theosophy as a sponge does water, to be expelled at the slightest touch. Our conception of Theosophy is apt to be based upon the idea that it is an especial line of teaching—a larger, wider, and greater doctrine than others perhaps, but still a doctrine, and therefore limited. We must bear in mind that the true Theosophist belongs to no cult or sect, yet belongs to each and all; that he can find the true object of his search equally as well in the Hebrew bible as in the Yoga philosophy, in the New Testament equally as well as in the Bhagavad-Gita.

You say you have “conned the Yoga philosophy.” This is not enough; merely to “con” it is not to know it. It is in fact a most practical system (if you refer to that of Patanjali), and one that will meet all requirements you have in the way of difficulty; for it is one of the most difficult. It is not possible for you to judge its merits without practice: and it gives full directions. If for three years you study and practice it—aye for one year—you will find that you need no other. In these matters there is no child’s play nor the usual English and American method of mere book-learning,—we must absorb and work into the practice and the theory laid down, for they are not written merely for the *intellect*, but for the whole spiritual nature. There must be within the man something which he

already knows, that leaps up and out when he scans the books of wisdom ; a thing already existing, which only takes an added life or confirmation from books. True Theosophy has all that is practical, but many forget this ; there is no greater system of practise than that required by it.

Desire wisdom ; love all men ; do your duty ; forget yourself ; let each thought and act of your life have for its aim the finding of divine wisdom ; strive to apply that wisdom for the good of other men. If you search in every direction, Light must come to you. Let the place in which you now are be the lonely room you speak of, and seek to find in everything the meaning. Strive to know what they are, and by what governed or caused. This is the first step. Live your life with this ever before you. Purify your thought as well as your body. Reason all you can, feel all with your heart you may, and when intellect and heart fail you, seek for something higher. This is the A. B. C. ; it is enough for the present.

It is not Theosophy that is a science, but its application. It is not a "cult," for it covers and includes all.

The Astral Light is an actuality. It is not revelation, but a means through which that which causes revelation acts. Electricity, the heavens, all lower fires, are but the shadows of the Astral Light, just as the Astral Light is but the darkness of the Ineffable Light.

Abstraction into insensibility is not intended. If it had been so intended it would be unnecessary for us to be in these bodies. If you can forget yourself sufficiently—forget that you exist as a human body, you will not need to stare at a mirror ; but so long as you realize, when staring into a glass, whether you be pretty or ugly, you can not reach Celestial sensibility or terrestrial insensibility.

Hypnotism is the controlling of other personalities. Under this you would be but a puppet for the thought of another. Your outer self had better become a puppet for your own thought.

We seek to make the body alive, not to kill it.

ZADOK.

To Julius, From M. J. G.

My question was perverted in December PATH, and I don't know whether to be vexed or annoyed at it. I did *not* ask what the effect of hasheesh was ; in a theosophic book I saw it was said Anæsthetics opened the doors of the astral world, and made inquiry to that effect. What I wished to know was the explanation of the experience of finding myself, while walking down the village street, feeling as if I had walked interminably, or, as illustrated by Bayard Taylor, who, after taking hasheesh, thought that while walking only a block in the city he had walked for ages.

If you can explain my condition or its cause at the times I speak of—they occurred twice—last summer when I had the sensation, I should be glad.

Answer—We intended no perversion. The seeming drift of the first question was as to anæsthetics opening the doors of the astral world. That seemed more important than a single experience of any individual. Unless

we knew the state of your health last summer, occupation, kind of food, and many other matters not in our purview, we could not give the cause of, much less explain, your condition at the time you speak of. It seemed in December, as it does now, that it was highly important to strangle a possible error as to anæsthetics and the astral world. Hasheesh is a partial anæsthetic, and as it apparently caused Bayard Taylor's feeling, our previous reply applies quite fairly.

But where such an experience is not brought on by drugs or other substances, it may occur from various causes, nearly all of them having relation to some derangement or obstruction in the body. Certain movements or affections of the spleen bring it on, and at other times the brain may cause it; but in nearly all cases it is felt by means of the brain. The sensation is analogous to the dream-state in which time disappears, for we know that during the sounding of the crash of a breaking plate one can dream an experience of 20 years, with all their circumstances. In your case—whatever the physical predisposing cause—you had a waking dream interlaced with waking consciousness and connotation of objects. This double state enabled you to register the experience clearly; it gave you a glimpse of what is meant by Proclus when he says, "The period of the first soul is measured by the whole of time." It gave only a glimpse, because the sensation had relation to only *one* of many states composing the whole. We can refer you to many other sensations similarly partial, while at the same time very different from yours. As, for instance: feeling and hearing that the slightest sound—made even by a fly creeping on a paper—had the force and mighty energy of Niagara's roar. It also gives some meaning to the statement that "one day is as 1,000 years and 1,000 years as one day, to God."

Inasmuch as we do our best to answer, we are sorry that your "vexation and annoyance at the perversion" has apparently prevented you from seeing what we did mean in December. We thank you for addressing the questions and enabling us to obtain some ideas thereupon. JULIUS.

TEA TABLE TALK.

There is a curious old story to be found in one of the Brahmanic sacred books. It apparently refers to the trials of higher chelaship, and runs somewhat as follows.

"A young man of a very high and respectable family had an only sister. She became a widow; and then they both renounced the world, went to a Yogee in a distant place, and offered themselves as his pupils. The Yogee said that they were not yet ripe for chelaship; that they had yet much bad

Karma to exhaust, but that if they would return to their native town and live for a time (say ten months) in a particular manner, then he would accept them. They agreed, and accordingly set up a shed (*pandal*) in their own native town, where they were well known for high birth and good character. The shed was in a prominent place on the high road. It had no rooms at all, but only a small enclosure which barely afforded shelter from the sun. There they lived alone together, regardless of conventionalities, always cheerful and even merry. The world began to slander them as badly as possible, saying that the brother and sister were living as husband and wife. But the two pupils never defended themselves, though persecuted most miserably. Everyone spat upon them as immoral wretches and threw stones on them. Still these two did not stir from their place, but bore all patiently. They became the victims of even the poorest, who had before been assisted by them, and of the meanest and most wicked people of the country. The ten months passed. The pupils found that the world had no real charm at all. They had thus exhausted the necessary quantity of bad Karma and stood the trial. They were accordingly accepted by the Yogee."

This little tale serves as an allegory. It shows us how necessary it is, when first we desire to enter the path, to exhaust our bad Karma by patiently living it out, there where we find ourselves placed at the time. It demonstrates that we cannot proceed by a violent leap away from all the rest of this present life, but that we must work out from it in due sequence, and that even should we attempt to make such an abrupt bound, we are sure to be sent back. Whether by the chosen Teacher or by the Law matters but little : we are sent back, and our sudden action has added to previous Karma acquired by deeds wholly relating to self. We are also shown, on the page of this ancient book, that our effort to cast off the unreal life for the real places us in a very different position in the eyes of those about us, with whom we hitherto stood well. They regard us with suspicion; our carelessness of worldly opinion, our acceptance of solitude and poverty of spirit for the sake of the Truth and the search for the Truth, implies a reproach—though we intend none—to the lovers of the mere outward life, and they cast a slur upon us, whether in silence or openly. So we enter upon a career of trouble and isolation from the outset. It sometimes happens that through favorable circumstances, we are received by the world on the same outward footing, but inwardly a chill has fallen between us and it, even with dear friends. It is felt that we no longer belong to the same party, that we have announced an independent judgment, and a critical attitude at least towards all those fictions and tyrannies which the world has agreed to keep up, in the service of convenience, convention, custom, and false ideals. And while we should be careful to do no violence to our ties and duties, (whether of family or of station), to keep the civic and moral laws and to some extent even the social rules of the civilization in which we live, still when all this is done, the question frequently arises :—"what can I do to prove my faith?"

It is a question often addressed to us and passed from one theosophist to another : it is a most difficult question to answer, because the reply cannot be

made to fit all circumstances. But if we take large and high ground, perhaps we can find an answer applicable to every case, in some part at least. If we say that in the denial and uprooting of self the first active step upon the path is taken, then we have opened up a subject of immense possibilities. For it is not asceticism, nor mortification of the flesh, nor rude rough ways of life that we mean, but we refer to the inner attitude.

Most of us look upon the rainfall, or the failure of the crops, or an accident detrimental to our interests, in the light of their effect upon us. Yet these things have a greater bearing : they may conduce to universal ends. Here the first solution of our problem meets us ; we must try to live in the life of the whole ; try with reason when we can, and with faith where reason or perception fail us, to realize that all things from the fall of the leaf to the dreaded earthquake are conducted by universal law ; that this law is one of harmony ; that all is well with the universe as it steadily advances along the evolutionary track, and that all must therefore be well with each one of us, as parts of this progressive whole. Our higher interests, our *real* interests, are served by all these joys and trials alike, and if we make sufficient effort, we can remain above them in thought ; the inner attitude can be one of lofty and patient calm. The power of any and every circumstance to annoy or unbalance us on either hand is a given quantity : we ourselves are the variants, and our vibrations to and fro, scatter, disturb, and disseminate the molecules of the inner man quite as much as they ruffle and cloud that still surface of the soul whose high office it is to mirror the Spirit. Let us then strive to raise ourselves up, and to lift others up to that far, blazing star above the tempest, the star of Truth.

Very often we hamper ourselves by preconceived ideas to which we cling. These totally blind us to Truth. Since we do not presently know all things, we must be somewhere in error, and very likely we are most so at just that point where our hearts are most fixed. For attachment and hatred bind us equally to some idol of our own making. Many students who are trying to "live the life" ask why so many very good and pious men have not become occultists, have not even caught a glimpse of the real goal. It is principally because they have erred by "violence of direction," and have tried to live by the exercise of certain selected qualities alone. They have set a god on high whose worship has atrophied reason and narrowed faith. For mark that if you suggest to them that there may be a higher god than this, or a religion equally true, they are incredulous or indignant. They live upon and within forms ; they have stunted the perceptive faculties of the soul and paralysed its instructive desire for *Truth at all costs and all hazards*. This desire must lie at the root of the soul, for it was the desire to create and experience in matter which sent it forth from the Spirit to seek the manifestation of Truth in this life, and which now urges its return towards the Great Center of resplendent verities. Truth, whether manifest below or above, is the same, but the manifestation is different. We shut ourselves out from Truth when we repel any manifestation, or confine our belief to any one of her modes of working in matter. In the ultimate alone is she One. Blindness to these facts makes us take some such view as that of an esteemed contemporary, who

explained a doubt of the teachings of Theosophy because some "theosophical" acquaintance believed that his aged and invalid mother was obsessed by an elemental! The Widow tittered when she read this, and remarked that she now doubted the moons of Jupiter *because* she knew "an astronomer who had dyspeptic fits and was as cross as—as—"

"As the devil in a gale of wind;" suggested Didymus.

The Widow, who is nothing if not conventional, gave a small shriek at this. I noticed that she required much soothing—from Didymus, not from me; somehow I can't soothe "worth a cent." The plumes of the fair satirist sufficiently preened, she remarked:

"You men needn't talk. Haven't we heard that some Hindu pundit is so incensed that Eastern doctrines should be taught to the profane West, that he is going to tear the "Secret Doctrine" to tatters, *by showing that it don't agree with his view of Brahmanic teachings*, 'more power to it' if it don't?"

"I like the cheek of those Indian ducks;" murmured Didymus.

A chorus of "Absurd!" "Fancy!" "Don't be slangy!" arose. I put it down firmly.

"Ladies and Gentlemen; I do not defend either attitude. To the looker-on, they are simply delicious—as studies of human nature. They are pure hysteria. They are twinges of emotional insanity. Hysteria for hysteria, give me the female form of it. It is more likely, on the whole, to be all right at heart. In every true woman there is something nobly virile; every true man has a finer touch of his mother in him. But I beg you to observe that we must eschew the personal view, if we are to find out true facts. The idol-worshipper; the form-worshipper; the pedant; the emotional enthusiast who makes a god of the mere human heart; the religionist *pur et simple*, all these are confined to one view, and self is at the bottom of their creed. Even the atheist deifies self. Our instant need is to ascertain some modicum of Truth untinged by the personal view, and to go to work on that. Our friends may be all right at heart but, Lord! what twaddle their tongues do emit when they insist on our measuring Truth with their yardstick. Let us listen most to the Universal Voice: it speaks, not of or in us, but through us.

Show me a self-styled "conservative" man, and I will show you a man who lives among shadows, and in himself vainly strives to animate a shade. His friends have long gone away from the place where he still beholds their imaginary characters standing, lit (to his eyes) into seeming life by the dim light of the past. With these spectres he holds converse, and his friends try to answer him through the lifeless intermediaries; they try to meet him for a moment on the forgotten basis of the past, and are sometimes pleased to tickle their own self-esteem with the image of an impossible consistency. Just so the scholar, overweighted by his learning, thinks that the great, living, busy world is concerned with his denunciations of false quantities or scholastic dogma. To it these weighty facts are puppets moved by his self importance; it is mainly concerned with Life, not with creeds, and it soars onward, leaving him impotent and a little foolish, in the dust with his weapon of straw. If he is wise, he will not confront it with past issues. So conservatism is im-

possible so far as Life is concerned. Even Death is not consistent, but changes, dissolves, and rends with furious energy. "Consistency" is a man-made product; I find no analogy in nature. When I lie down to sleep, am I the same man who rose that morning? When I rise, where is he who lay there and dreamed? Just as physical science tells us that organic tissue is momentarily dying, changing, receiving, and transmitting, so the mind also changes at the contact of every new thought, the heart with each new emotion. Man is an ever new or renewed being, begotten of the old, and the "conservative" is left between the horns of this dilemma: either he has changed without being aware of it, (until some moral cataclysm reveals the standing of the real, inner man), or he is a dead man; dead in all spiritual sense while the physical machine has not yet run down. It behooves us to open our minds to the possibilities of Truth, for the cause of most ills is in the mind. It is the predetermination of our attitude that makes it serious and injurious. "I am a believer in predestination," "I am weak and defeated." I cannot believe so and so." There are the mental chimeras which work havoc with our lives. Above them all the Serene Self looks down, calm and unimpaired. May we take refuge there! May we realize that there alone is our true existence! May we embrace no lower ideal!

In these grim and frost bitten days I love to remember how the wandering Tea-Table had a little butterfly farm in a sunny bay window late last autumn. There amid the falling leaves, the patter and gurgle of rain on low eaves, or the solemn drip from the black pines on to the graves of June roses—there we watched some gauze-imprisoned worms, brave fellows in black velvet and gold vesture, working out the eternal miracle of Death-in-Life for the instruction of occultists in embryo. Even brighter skies, the pipe of winds and autumn banners flaring from the hills, could not tempt us out while the wonder was still in hand. The captives fed grossly on milkweed for a while, journeyed, hobnobbed, regarded the world, reached a period of fevered activity in which they knew nor pause nor rest, then found a secluded spot and concluded to remain there. Fierce was their anger at any fellow who drew near or disturbed them, savage on its own scale as the wrath of the lion, while they deposited their worldly store in the shape of a little white gluten, sparkling like saccharine crystals and exuded from the proboscis, upon the gauze roof. I invite all occultists to consider these analogies: the gluten, quintessence of the worm, formed a link between two worlds. When sufficient had been deposited to form a tiny spike-like projection, the worm ceased to work it with the head and moved slowly over it until it could insert the spike into a minute opening in the end of the body or tail. Giving due time to the gluten to harden and become fixed there, (whatever impregnating office it might fill we know not), after several essays the worms finally let themselves gradually down until they hung suspended in air from the spike of gluten, now hard as a gravel granule and firmly rooted in the tail. Vibration after vibration ran through every coil now in double series, one series from head to tail, another from tail to head: occultists will recognize this universal movement. The vibrations increased in rapidity during a period of twenty-

four hours, when at last a violent effort is visible and with body movement and quick head strokes combined the worm cracks open at the back, feverishly and rapidly "shuffles off this mortal coil" of black and gold, which falls to the ground, leaving a light green worm momentarily visible. Only momentarily; this renewed creature doubles itself up, joins head to tail, working the neck around the spike of gluten; the head falls off, the doubled up body is all fused together by the same vibratory movement, and in two minutes or less there hangs from the gauze an exquisite smooth green satin casket, which an exudation presently studs with gilt nails around its dome-shaped top, closing it, I know not how. The effort of these two minutes is really something terrible to witness, yet the work is accomplished with supreme ease after all, when we consider the marvelous consummation. This casket, erst the inner (second) body of the creature, is now in process of becoming a mere casement for the mysterious germ sleeping within. During two weeks it becomes more and more translucent, its fibre is gradually assimilated, and the bright wing markings and color dots of the third form are at last visible beneath the thin shell. Some fine morning towards noon (in some dozen observed) this shell cracks at the back, a winged, brilliant creature lets itself down from the shrivelling isinglass-like case, slowly unfolds, like a flower, and like the flower clasps the stem; for still it grasps the case. Not at once does it relinquish the abandoned habit, remember.¹ All earthly dross must be purified from the creature of the skies. So while he vibrates still more tremulously than ever before, waving and trying his wings, there is a drip, as of life blood, from his quivering body. This over, he rests, and we ask, why does he not fly? Hours after, he is seen to suddenly lift his head. The divine thought has touched him! With instant recollection and power he rises, makes an exultant dash for the blue regions, and soars in ever widening circles, lost to us, discovered anew to life. Never have I seen any thing more inspired than the electric swiftness of that instinct, coming so suddenly to all. We have placed them on the pines in resinous sunshine, or upon the flower; they will not stir until they hear the soundless admonition; they wait for the ripe moment of the Law: so they never falter in that strong flight. We have lost sight of them, but wide-eyed Science has seen that they presently return to the terrestrial fields, and, full of heaven's sweet essences, have birth in other lives.

This stage of their journey, this visible passage from the first to the third form by means of an essential coupling or link, is most beautiful and typical. Go into your gardens when the year swings round again; gather milkweeds and captives; net them in airy gauze, and nature will teach you how the soul emerges from husk after husk. She will teach you Reincarnation; she will show what a broad scope of change is necessary and appointed to all growth; she will demonstrate that resistance to this Law on any plane is retardation, while as yet only an incipient, encrusting habit; is Death eternal when the habit becomes fixed in the petrified soul.

JULIUS.

¹ See Jan. PATH, 1888, Page 290; on the relinquishment of intermediate forms.

LITERARY NOTES.

POSTHUMOUS HUMANITY:—*A study of Phantoms.* By A. d'Assier, translated and annotated by H. S. Olcott. This is a treatise on the existence, manifestations, and constitution of man's posthumous personality, of his "Double" appearing during life, and of a like "Double" in animals and vegetables. It defines a phantom as "a gaseous tissue offering a certain resistance," and considers magnetic fluid the generative cause of the principle producing it. Collateral topics naturally come up,—electric animals and plants, somnambules, seers, mediums, etc., all connected through magnetic origin, as well as lycanthropy, obsessions, incubi, and vampires. The author is an avowed positivist, and for that reason rejects both supernatural explanations and inadequate testimony, though once incautiously asserting as a "common fact," but without evidence, that electricity in the United States so abounds as to make bushes seem incandescent and door-knobs startle strangers with sparks! As to this, Col. Olcott remarks that he lived 47 years in the United States without encountering these phenomena. The book is not original or profound, few new facts are given, and the treatment is superficial. The explanation of spectres' photophobia (Page 90) is both imaginary and imperfect, nor does the translator puncture the error on this page that the phantom is seen only out of strong light; it is well known to the contrary: that of their production of noises resembling breakages (Page 94) is open to serious criticism; that of the decay of witchcraft (Page 212) is utterly flimsy and shows that M. d'Assier has not read Lecky,—as, indeed, does also his credulity as to lycanthropes, vampires, and incubi, though of the latter discussion Col. Olcott too modestly declines to translate the larger part. No explanation is given of the emphasized phenomenon of fine literary composition by illiterate mediums. The competency of the French mind to "talk around" and not grapple with a subject is continually illustrated.

Col. Olcott, however, adds frequent notes, amplifying or correcting the theories of the author from an Esoteric stand-point, and throwing on them the rich light of his scholarship and vast Oriental experience. After each note the reader contrasts author and annotator, and mourns that the latter had not written the text. Col. Olcott also furnishes an Appendix giving the opinions current in various sections of India upon Kama Loka, spectres, sorcery, and so on. This is a contribution to ethnological study, but has not, we think, much force as proving fact, inasmuch as the various tales and popular views collected must need much sifting as well as explanation by those versed in occultism. Many popular expressions of actual occult laws are, in fact, travesties upon the actualities that have given rise to the vulgar idea. We hope at another time to obtain and publish reasonable expositions respecting some of the things recorded in this Appendix. Pages 331-333 are most interesting. (*Redway, London, 1887; 7s. 6d.*)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CURE, by E. D. Babbitt M. D.,—a condensed, tabulated compendium of facts in Physiology, Chemistry, Pathology, Magnetism.

Light, and Color, based upon the principle that Nature is better than Art, and having as object the exposition of a natural and rational system of Therapeutics.

Welcome is due every scientific work that recalls men to the vital and vitalizing powers of Nature, and emancipates them from the evil of drugs, which, as Dr. Babbitt says, have caused more deaths than war. He finds these powers in sunlight and electricity, and applies them to the cure of disease through sun-baths and magnetic massage. We have always held that the curative agents of the future would be these powers, and it is no small confirmation of such belief to find it advocated in a treatise so competent, scientific, luminous, sensible, and practical. The *sensible* quality of the book is one of its greatest merits. A just, dispassionate, discriminating spirit everywhere appears notably in the treatment of Homœopathy, Mind Cure, and Faith Cure; and freedom from either the twaddle of the conventionalist or the fanaticism of the doctrinaire is shown in the remarks on the moral influence of nudity and in the exposition of Chromopathy and of sound spelling.

Dr. Babbitt distinctly recognizes the action of etherial forces. He finds the underlying principle of all force in spirit, and says that "spirit may be called the *primate* of all force." In a brief account of Statuolence, which he defines as "A method of bringing the more refined psychic ethers of the interior brain into predominance over the system, in the place of the grosser animal ethers which ordinarily rule," and in warnings against extravagance and one-sided theorists, he gives indications of a Theosophic training and of a temperateness which does not always accompany it.

The paper and type are exceptionally good, and the illustrations exceptionally bad. Anything worse than the portraits of Catherine II and Whitfield we have rarely encountered. The ghastly corpse of a young girl on page 29 seems to have no *raison d'être*,—unless, perhaps, to show what medicine may effect, and the alluring "Spirit of the Mountain" on page 58 has not even that. Some assertions need a little qualification. The Egyptian *sais* are by no means naked, and, though it is true that they outrun fast horses, it is equally true that they die in five years. The great strength of various savage nations has other explanations besides nudity. Gen. Pleasonton's famous experiments with blue glass have had important results, but some of his conclusions have, we believe, been discredited by later investigators. And Dr. Babbitt should not say "commence" when he means "begin." He is much opposed to tobacco.

THE FUTURE RULERS OF AMERICA, or Hermetic Tract No. 1, is by Bro. W. P. Phelon, President of Ramayana Branch T. S. It is entertaining and prophetic of what America holds for the future. (*Hermetic Pub. Co., Chicago.*)

"REINCARNATION: A STUDY OF FORGOTTEN TRUTH" is the title of a book by E. D. Walker shortly to be published in Boston. It will be a 12 mo. volume of about 350 pages, and a careful investigation of the subject from a western standpoint, enlarged and extended from the series of five papers

upon Reincarnation by that writer published in *THE PATH* last year. The work will contain chapters upon Western Evidences of Reincarnation ; Western Objections to Reincarnation ; Reincarnation in Western Literature, (Prose and Poetic) ; Reincarnation among the Ancients ; in the Bible ; in Early Christendom ; in The East to-day ; Esoteric Reincarnation ; Eastern Poetry of Reincarnation ; Transmigration through Animals ; Death, Heaven and Hell ; Karma ; and a Bibliography of Reincarnation.

THE POPULAR CRAZE—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, is a brochure by Ursula N. Goetefeld of Chicago (1887). Its object is to show that "Christian Science" is the nonsense of to-day but that it will be the sense of the future. We cannot agree with the extravagant claim on p 27. that the Redemption of man "will be through woman when she is allowed to lead and he follows her along the upward way." It is a strange fact—even in Christian history—that Redeemers and their great prophets were men. On p. 28 it is stated that "spiritual perception is the sixth sense which opens for man many closed doors." To this we cannot subscribe, because our school of occultism teaches, and proves, that the sixth sense is *not* spiritual, but only a higher (material) sense than we now possess. It also seems philosophically incorrect (at least from an occultist's standpoint) to say: "the human mind determines the kind and quality of our thought only so long as we are in ignorance," and so on. We would more gladly praise such books as these if it were not that the whole so-called psychological science of America looks like boy's play to one who has found the same ground passed over and given up by the Aryans long ago ; after having studied for ages to find the mind's ground and foundation, they record different conclusions from our psychologists, and we have a **greater respect** for the ancients in these matters than for speculations that have only just begun in a nation which as yet has not evolved the mere words needed for the proper expression of what is included by them in the term "mind."

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following letter has been sent to Madame Blavatsky from New York. It is not intended to reflect upon the East Indians as a body in any way ; but solely to show why the signers desire that the *Secret Doctrine* should not be held back because some Indian pundits are against it.—[Ed.]

NEW YORK, January 10, 1888.

MADAME H. P. BLAVATSKY,

RESPECTED CHIEF :—We have just heard that you have been asked to withdraw from publication the *Secret Doctrine*.

This extraordinary request emanates, we are told, from members of the Theosophical Society, who say that if the book is brought out it will be attacked or ridiculed by some East Indian pundits, and that it is not wise to antagonize these Indian gentlemen.

We most earnestly ask you not to pay heed to this desire, but to bring out the *Secret Doctrine* at the earliest possible day.

It is a work for which we, and hundreds of others all over the United States, have been waiting for some years, most of us standing firmly on the promise made by yourself that it was being prepared and would appear.

While the West has the highest regard for the East Indian philosophy, it is, at the same time, better able to grasp and understand works that are written by those acquainted with the West, with its language, with its usages and idiom, and with its history, and who are themselves westerns. As we well know that it is from the West the chief strength of the Theosophical Society is to come, although its knowledge and inspiration may and do reach us from the East, we are additionally anxious that you, who have devoted your life to this cause and have hitherto granted us the great boon found in *Isis Unveiled*, should not now stop almost at the very point of giving us the *Secret Doctrine*, but go on with it in order that we may see your pledge fulfilled and another important stone laid in the Theosophical edifice.

Further, we hasten to assure you that it makes but small difference—if any whatever—here in the vast and populous West what any one or many pundits in India say or threaten to say about the *Secret Doctrine*, since we believe that although a great inheritance has been placed before the East Indians by their ancestors they have not seized it, nor have they in these later days given it out to their fellow men living beyond the bounds of India, and since this apathy of theirs, combined with their avowed belief that all Western people, being low-caste men, cannot receive the Sacred Knowledge, has removed these pundits from the field of influence upon Western thought.

And lastly, knowing that the great wheel of time has turned itself once more so that the Powers above see that the hour has come when to all people, East and West alike, shall be given the true knowledge, be it Vedantic or otherwise, we believe that the Masters behind the Theosophical Society and whom you serve, desire that such books as the *Secret Doctrine* should be written.

We therefore earnestly entreat you not to be moved from your original purpose and plain pledge that, before passing away from our earthly sight, you would lay before us the *Secret Doctrine*.

Receive, Madame, the assurances of our high esteem and the pledge of our continued loyalty.

Signed :

WILLIAM Q. JUDGE,
J. CAMPBELL VER PLANCK,
SAMUEL HICKS CLAPP,
ALEXANDER FULLERTON,
EDSON D. HAMMOND,
ABNER DOUBLEDAY,
GEORGE W. WHEAT,
JNO. W. LOVELL,
GEORGE W. SALTER,
LYDIA BELL,

MRS. J. C. GRIFFIN,
ALEX. O. DRAGICSEVICS,
E. H. SANBORN,
E. M. TOZIER,
E. DAY MACPHERSON,
JNO. F. MILLER, M. D.,
WILLIAM M. GATES,
EMILY G. FLEMING,
E. B. GRAY, JR.,
HADJII ERINN, for himself and 26 others.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

IN AMERICA.

EPITOME OF THEOSOPHY.—This tract, which appeared in January PATH, has been printed separately as an offering to the cause by a New York Theosophist. It has been well received and widely circulated; the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, of January 15th, printed it entire.

CINCINNATI T. S. continues active work. In December a paper entitled "Proteus" was read. Some extracts from it will appear in the PATH.

ISHWARA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Minneapolis, Minn., has been duly organized. Dr. J. W. D. B. La Pierre is President; James Taylor, Vice-President; and Julia Lovering, Secretary.

ARYAN T. S., N. Y.—The weekly meetings are full of interest and well attended. The subject of Karma has been discussed, and Spiritual Culture taken up for consideration. The Library has increased in size and is much used.

IN INDIA.

HEADQUARTERS LIBRARY.—Over 300 volumes have been added to the Western Section since last December, and several hundred MSS. and printed matter to the Eastern Section.

In December the Admiral of the Chinese fleet while at Columbo received from the Columbo T. S. a copy of Col. Olcott's Buddhist Catechism, and in reply said he would endeavor to have it translated into Chinese for circulation in the Empire. The Buddhist Fancy Bazaar was held at the T. S. Headquarters in Columbo in December.

BOMBAY THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S FREE DISPENSARY.—In October, 1887, 886 patients were treated here, Hindus, Parsees, Mussalmans, and others.

PROPOSED CONVENTION IN EUROPE.—The new Vienna T. S. proposes to bring about a convention at Bayreuth during the Wagner Musical Festival in July, 1888. A vegetarian restaurant will be open there during the performances. Any desiring to attend can address Herr Friedrich Eckstein, Wien, V. (Austria) Siebenbrunnengasse, No. 15.

Several friends have generously contributed the means of reprinting the PATH for April, 1887, and any orders for it can shortly be filled.

Great is the fruit, great the advantage of earnest contemplation when set around with upright conduct.—*Maha-Parinibbana-Suttanta.*

OM.

Æ U Ω

Brahm is that which is Supreme and without corruption. They who are acquainted with day and night know that the day of Brahma is as a thousand revolutions of ages, and that his night extendeth for a thousand more. On the coming of that day all things proceed from invisibility to visibility ; so, on the approach of the Night of Brahma, they are all dissolved away in that which is called invisible. The universe, even, having existed, is again dissolved ; and now again, on the approach of Brahma's Day, by divine necessity it is reproduced. That which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed, is superior and of another nature ; it is invisible and eternal. He who is thus called invisible and incorruptible is even he who is called the Supreme Abode ; which men having once attained, they never more return to earth : that is my mansion. That Supreme Being is to be obtained by him who worshippeth no other Gods. In Him is included all nature ; by Him all things are spread abroad.—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

THE PATH.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1888.

No. 12.

The Theosophical Society, as such, is not responsible for any opinion or declaration in this magazine, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document.

Where any article, or statement, has the author's name attached, he alone is responsible, and for those which are unsigned, the Editor will be accountable.

TWO YEARS ON THE PATH.

Twenty-four months ago this Magazine was started. It was then the second periodical devoted solely to the Theosophical Society's aims, and the only one in the Western Hemisphere. Subsequently in France "*Le Lotus*" appeared; and later "*Lucifer*" in London, while the pioneer, "*The Theosophist*," continues at Madras, India.

It has never been claimed that these journals alone knew of and expounded Truth ; all that their conductors asserted for them was that they desired truth, and that they intended to remain devoted to the aims formulated by the Theosophical Society and to the Masters they believe are behind that body. There are many other magazines engaged in the search for

the ultimate respecting Nature and Man ; there are other Societies who try to reform the age, but none other, we believe, can point to the same measure of success or to the same literature devoted to the one end.

When THE PATH was launched we knew not—nor asked—how long it would float, nor to whom it would reach. No capitalists or companies offered their assistance, and none could then say how it was to obtain a circulation. The suggestion to start it came from minds greater than ours, and the derivation of its name is from the same source. Nor was there a staff of writers employed or promised. No articles were on hand waiting for insertion, and, besides all that, its founders had other matters of a material nature calling for attention and occupying time. The promise of its future lay alone in supreme faith.

Its course during these two years has been for its conductors full of encouragement and instruction ; letters from numerous subscribers testify that its readers have had some benefit also ; none have written a word of disapproval, and those few who have stopped taking it gave reasons other than dislike.

The object before our eyes when we agreed to carry on this project was to hold Truth as something for which no sacrifice could be too great, and to admit no dogma to be more binding than the motto of the Theosophical Society,—“There is no religion higher than Truth.”

In addition we intended to steadily draw all our articles and exposition toward the Light which comes from the East, not because we ourselves are of Eastern birth, but because the fathers of men living in the East ages ago went over the philosophical and scientific disputes that now engage the 19th century.

The only true Science must also be a religion, and that is The Wisdom Religion. A Religion which ignores patent facts and laws that govern our lives, our deaths, and our sad or happy hereafter, is no religion ; and so last March we wrote,—“The true religion is that one which will find the basic ideas common to all philosophies and religions.”

Western writers have been in the habit of pooh-poohing the idea that we could learn anything from Indian books, and such as Max Müller in no small degree supported the contention. But we believe in the cyclic theory, and it teaches us that in the ages man has been upon the earth he has evolved all systems of philosophy over and over again. The reason we turned to Indian books is that that land of all the rest has preserved its old knowledge both in books and monuments. We never for a moment intended to rely upon or be guided by superstitious ideas that prevailed in India as they do in Christendom, but even in those superstitions can be seen the corruptions of the truth. In the Vedas, in Patanjali's Yoga System, the Bhagavad-Gita, and hundreds of other works, can be found the highest

morality and the deepest knowledge. What need, then, to bother with crude beginnings of the same things put forth in Europe for the admiration of scholiasts and the confusion of the multitude?

American Spiritualism has recorded a mass of valuable facts with entirely baseless or inadequate explanations attached to them. These expositions, accepted by some millions of Americans, lead to error as we are taught. We find it denominated in the Aryan books as the worship of the Pretas, Bhutes, and Pisachas. Through many weary centuries the Aryans pursued that line of investigation to find at last the truth about the matter. What reason can we give for not examining their theories? They do not degrade our manhood, but rather raise its power and glory higher. Besides, we well know that *there is no separation of nations*. We of America were perhaps the very individuals who in those by-gone ages helped to elaborate that philosophy, and the men now living there were, maybe, the then inhabitants of bodies in this continent. It is Truth we want, and not the petty glorification of either America or India.

In the same way would we have used the literature and learning of ancient Egypt, had it been accessible. But that lies buried under wastes of sand, waiting for the time to come when it shall be useful and for the man to arrive *who knows*.

Our readers are nearly all students. Some are disciples. But few are not in earnest. All are sympathetic. They have helped us with appreciation, and assisted the progress of all by striving for the calmness which comes from *trying to exemplify* Brotherhood. Some perhaps disagree from us upon minor points, nearly all of them resolvable to a personal basis—that is, having their root in some divergence as to particular persons.

We wish not to hide or to fail to state our attitude. As one of the founders of the Theosophical Society and as an old friend of Madame H. P. Blavatsky and Col. H. S. Olcott, we adhere staunchly to the Society, which we firmly believe was ordered to be founded in 1875 by those beings who have since been variously designated as Adepts, Mahatmas, Masters, and Brothers. In 1875 we knew them by the name “Brothers”; and now, as then, we pin our faith upon Their knowledge, wisdom, power, and Justice. That much mud has been thrown at these ideals makes no difference to us; we have never allowed the insinuations and proofs of fraud or of delusion offered on all hands to alter our faith in Them and in the Supreme Law that carries us into existence, governing us there with mercy and giving peace when we submit completely to it.

The Society has had, like all sentient beings, its period of growth, and now we believe *it has become an entity* capable of feeling and having intelligence. Its body is composed of molecules, each one of which is a member of the Society; its mental power is derived from many quarters, and it has

a sensibility that is felt and shared by each one of us. For these reasons we think it a wise thing for a person to join this body, and a wiser yet to work heart and soul for it. And we would have no one misunderstand how we look upon H. P. Blavatsky. She is the greatest woman in this world in our opinion, and greater than any man now moving among men. Disputes and slanders about what she has said and done move us not, for we know by personal experience her real virtues and powers. Since 1875 she has stood as the champion and helper of every theosophist; each member of the Society has to thank her for the store of knowledge and spiritual help that has lifted so many of us from doubt to certainty of where and how Truth might be found; lovers of truth and seekers after occultism will know her worth only when she has passed from earth; had she had more help and less captious criticism from those who called themselves co-laborers, our Society would to-day be better and more able to inform its separate units while it resisted its foes. During all these years, upon her devoted head has concentrated the weighty Karma accumulated in every direction by the unthinking body of theosophists; and, whether they will believe it or not, the Society had died long ago, were it not for her. Next to the Brothers, then, we pin our faith on her: let none mistake our attitude.

Readers! the third year of THE PATH is upon us; Theosophists! the thirteenth year of our Society's formation has opened; let us go on with a firm faith in the mercy and supremacy of the Law to whose fiat we bow.

Let the desire of the pious be accomplished! OM!

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

(Continued from February number.)

In my last I said that a system of initiation is spoken of which is the mother of all others, and that all the rest are mere exoteric copies or perversions of the real. In order that the idea intended to be expressed may be made clear, it is to be stated that the system is not confined to India, but at the same time it is true that the Western world has up to this time been so deeply engaged in the pursuit of mere money and external enjoyment that no body of Hierophants has taken up its actual residence in Europe or America as yet. There is very little force in the objection that, if those Adepts have such powers as have been ascribed to them, they could very easily have a residence here and overcome all the influences of the place. If it were in the least necessary that they should be here, no doubt can there be that they would come. But as all of the work required to be done, all that could possibly be accomplished, is to be achieved by the Messengers

sent out into each country who, so to say, prepare the ground, with the assistance of the Adepts, for others who follow them, there would be a waste of energy if the Hierophants appeared in person. Nor are those Messengers dismayed by the critical attitude of those persons who, wanting a sign, continually deny that the help for the workers is afforded because the givers of it cannot be seen; and it can also be admitted that even the workers themselves are not continually in receipt of instruction or telegram showing how and where to work. They are men and women who possess a faith that carries them through a long course of effort without a glimpse of those who have sent them. Yet at the same time some of them now and then see very plain evidence of the fact that they are constantly assisted.

"That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession,
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers nor anything
that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reached at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on
every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down till we make
our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may
prove brethren and lovers as we are."

So all this preparation is similar to that of the primeval forest by the early settlers in America; it is as yet hardly a tilling of the soil, but rather a clearing off of trees and weeds. This is not because they are unable to do more, but because the weeds and trees are there requiring to be removed before the Elder Ones can usefully push on in person the further development.

"When the materials are all prepared and ready the architects shall appear."

All human beings are working through this system of initiation, and for that reason it includes all the exoteric societies. Very often the Masters in this have appeared in those when they saw an opportunity for sowing the seed, which, although for a time to be enclosed in the shell of formalism, was to be preserved for future use; just as the Egyptian mummy held in its hand for centuries the germ that blossomed and bore fruit in our day. And since man in all his struggles must be helped, they have assisted in political changes where a hope was held out for the rise of a beneficent era.¹ The great mass of men are not with their own knowledge engaged in the work of this powerful and impregnable *Lodge*, but they will knowingly engage

¹ It has been asserted by some Theosophical writer that these Adepts were concerned in the formation of the American Republic, and either were here in person or sent Messengers.—[B.]

therein some point in the course of their long evolution. And yet at every hour of each day these Masters are willing and anxious to meet those who are clear-eyed enough to see their true destiny, and noble-hearted so as to work for "the great orphan, Humanity."

Then, further, none of us, and especially those who have heard of the Path or of Occultism or of the Masters, can say with confidence that he is not already one who has passed through some initiations with knowledge of them. We may be already initiated into some higher degree than our present attainments would suggest, and are undergoing a new trial unknown to ourselves. It is better to consider that we are, being sure to eliminate all pride of that unknown advance we have made. Having so concluded, we know that this long life is in itself another initiation, wherein we succeed or fail just as we learn the lesson of life. Some, I know, will not hasten to adopt this view, for they desire the Law to work in the manner appointed by them; they wish to have a sign or a password or a parchment or some wonderful test profounded, to which they shall be ready to submit at a certain time and place. But this is not the manner of it, and all true students know that. Surely if the little circumstances of life are not understood, if they have yet power to light the torch of anger or blow up the smouldering fire of lust, no set time or tournament will be offered for you by the Masters of this *Lodge*. Those set times and larger tests *are* given and have in their place to be overcome, but they belong to the day when you have raised the arch of attainment all perfect but the keystone;—that is found or lost in the appointed trial.

Reaching to the actual door of this Lodge is the path that I spoke of in my last, and leading to that Path are many roads. We might as well attempt to enter the Path in this incarnation as to wait for succeeding lives.

There is great encouragement in Krishna's words to Arjuna in the second chapter: "In this system there is no destruction of or detriment to one's efforts; even a very small portion of this duty delivereth a man from great fear." This refers to the Law of Karma. Every point of progress gained is never in reality lost. Even did we die at a time when our lives were not stainless, the real level of our development would not be lowered, for upon reassuming a mortal body in some after life on this earth we take up the thread just where we dropped it. In a later chapter Krishna says that we "come in contact with the knowledge which belonged to us in our former body, and from that time we struggle more diligently toward perfection." Patanjali also says the same thing, and all the Aryan sacred books concur in the opinion.¹ The thoughts and aspirations of our life form a mass of force that operates instantly upon our acquirement of a body that furnishes the corresponding instrument, or upon our so altering our mental

¹ See Patanjali's Yoga Aphorisms, Book 2; and Vishnu Smriti, chap. xcvi, v. 11.

state as to give it opportunity for action. The objection that this would be a suspension of energy is not tenable, since such a thing is well known in the physical world, even if called by some other name. We are not obliged to rest on that objection, as it by no means follows that the energy is suspended ; it has its operation in other ways.

The encouragement given by Krishna leads us to consider what method is offered for entering upon the Path. We find it to be a right knowledge of the Spirit. This right knowledge is found in the second chapter.

As by all illuminated sages, the ultimate truth is first declared by the Blessed Lord as we have seen, and in the very chapter wherein Right Action is insisted upon as the way to liberation. He then, proceeding to explain himself further, points out errors common to humanity, and certain false views that prevailed in India then, as they do now.

VERSE 41:—In this system there is only one single object of a steady, constant nature, O Son of Kuru. Those who do not persevere, and whose principles are indefinite, have objects with many ramifications and without end.

. In the men thus described, desires for worldly or intellectual acquisitions prevail, and, desires being infinite, as also capable of producing endless modifications of desire, there is no concentration possible. This also has an application to the methods of our present scientific schools, which indulge in an eternal seeking for so-called facts before general principles are admitted. One single branch of investigation with them has endless ramifications that no human being could compass in a life-time, Then :—

Not disposed to meditation and perseverance is the intention of those who are devoted to enjoyments and dominion, and whose minds are seduced by that flowery sentence which is proclaimed by the unwise, who delight in texts from the Vedas, O son of Prithā, and say, "There is nothing else than that," being covetous-minded and considering heaven as the very highest good ; offering rebirth as the reward of actions, and enjoining many special ceremonies for the sake of obtaining pleasures and dominion, and preferring the transient enjoyment of heaven to eternal absorption.

This is better understood when some of the ideas held in India regarding sacrifices and ceremonies are known. In the Occident sacrifices have long gone out of use, as there appeared to be no reason for them. And yet it must seem strange to the reflective mind that christian nations should claim redemption through the Jews whose prophet enjoined sacrifices, and when Jesus himself said that not one jot or tittle of the law should pass away. In the place of the sacrifices of the East, the West has adopted a mere theory to be embraced, together with an uncertain moral code to be followed, with a result which is the same as that claimed by the Hindus—save only in one respect. That difference lies in the doctrine of Reincarnation. The christian looks for an eternal reward in heaven and knows nothing of reincarnation on earth, while the Hindu relies upon pleasure

to be had in heaven—called *Swarga*—and a continuation of it upon earth by reason of a fortunate rebirth. They have special ceremonies, certain sorts of sacrifices, penances, prayers, and actions, the result of which is a rebirth on earth in a royal family, or with great riches, or in any other sort of pleasant circumstances ; and also a sure admittance to heaven. Some ceremonies procure entrance into a delightful state after death which will last for incalculable periods of time.

Now no one of these sorts of procedure leads us to the ultimate, but all are causes of Karma and of delusion : therefore Krishna did not approve them to Arjuna. And his warning is useful to theosophists who are students or wish to become such. With them the false view warned against by Krishna has altered itself into a craving for phenomena, or to perform some action that shall bring them the favor of Mahatmas, or a morbid fear of making Karma, or else an equally accentuated desire to acquire good Karma. They should abandon those attitudes and carefully study the following verses, trying to incorporate their true meaning into their very being.

The subject of the three Vedas is the assemblage of the three qualities. O Arjuna ! be thou free from these three qualities, from the ordinary influence of the natural opposites, reposing on eternal truth, free from worldly anxieties, self-possessed. * * Let, then, the motive for action be in the action itself, never in its event. Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward. Let not thy life be spent in inaction. Depend upon concentration, perform thy duty, abandon all thought of the consequence, and make the event equal to thee, whether it terminate in good or evil ; for such an equanimity is called Yoga (union with God).

By far inferior to union with wisdom is action. Seek an asylum, then, in wisdom alone ; for the miserable and unhappy are so on account of the event of things. Men who are endued with true wisdom dismiss, by means of this concentration, alike successful and unsuccessful results. Study then to obtain this concentration of thy understanding, for such concentration is a precious art.

Wise men, who have abandoned all thought of the fruit which is produced from their actions, are freed from the chains of birth in this world, and go to the regions of eternal happiness.

When thy reason shall get the better of the gloomy weakness of thy heart, then shalt thou have obtained all knowledge which has been or is to be taught. When thy understanding, by study brought to maturity, shall be fixed immovably in contemplation, then shall it obtain true wisdom.

The first portion of this paper was designedly enlarged in order to precede the above. The last quoted verses contain the essence of what is called Karma-Yoga, or, as it might be translated, *concentration and contemplation while engaged in action*. It is difficult, just as it is difficult to enter upon the Path, and if we desire to tread that aright we must know what we should do as true travellers. Krishna seems to me to here settle the dispute as to whether faith or works will save us. Mere faith will not do it, because in every act of faith there is some action. And it would appear to be impossible to acquire true faith without at once turning it into that sort of

action which our faith shows us must be done, as it were, in evidence ; yet action, pure and simple, will not be a cause of liberation, inasmuch as action, or Karma, will produce new Karma. We must therefore seek for concentration in order that we may be able to do those actions which the All-Wise presents to us to be done, remaining the while unaffected. We have nothing to do with the results ; they will come of themselves, and are beyond us ; they are already done so far as we are concerned. But if we perform either an act of faith or an action of the body, hoping for any result—no matter what—, we become to that extent attached to the consequences, and thus bound by them. It matters not whether those consequences be good or bad. Many will think that it is well to have attachment to good consequences, since that has been the received opinion. But this is unwise, because the only reason for it is found in the idea that thereby one is somewhat better than some other persons who are enamoured of evil results and desire to see them come to pass. This idea produces separateness, and is opposed to that *identity* without the realization of which there can be no true knowledge. We should therefore be imitators of the Deity, who, while acting as he does in the manifestation of universes, is at the same time free from all consequences. To the extent that we do so we become the Deity himself, for, as we follow the dictates of the Lord who dwells in us, we resign every act upon the altar, leaving the consequences to Him.

The attitude to be assumed, then, is that of doing every act, small and great, trifling or important, because it is before us to do, and as a mere carrying out by us as instruments of the will of that Deity who is ourself. Nor should we stop to inquire whether the act is of any use to the Lord within,¹ as some ask. For, they say, of what possible benefit to Him can be the small hourly acts which, as soon as done, are forgotten ? It is not for us to inquire. The act that pleases that Lord is the act which is done as presented with no attachment to its result, while the act that is displeasing to Him is the one which we do, desiring some result therefrom.

This practice is the highest ; that which some day we must and will learn to perform. Other sorts are inculcated in other writings, but they are only steps to lead us at last to this. Therefore I said, Let us enter the Path as soon as we can.

WILLIAM BREHON.

EAST AND WEST.

When Shakespear wrote "Comparisons are odious," his rare art condensed into those three words a signal truth. Each person, plane, or thing has its own conditions of Being, which temporarily subserve universal condi-

¹ *Iskwar*, the particular manifestation of *Brahma* in each human being.—B.

tions, and any comparison can only establish the difference between them. This difference is ephemeral and deceptive. To examine it is wise. For in examining we learn something of the *modus operandi* of Nature. But to insist upon the difference, to dwell upon it, to "point a moral and adorn a tale" with it, is folly, since we accustom ourselves to regard it as a finality, whereas it is only a means. We invest this brief effect with the authority of a cause, losing sight of the fact that the terminus of differentiation is the higher Unity. These contrasts reveal only the workings of the Real Essence, while veiling that Reality itself.

Many theosophists—and others, for the matter of that—have contracted a habit of comparing the East with the West to the disadvantage of the former. A smaller number, while they also emphasize this contrast, reverse the decision, awarding the place of honor among nations to India. The merits of either civilization are often discussed with such heat that the amenities of all civilization are forgotten. Seeds of jealousy are thus sown, and the impartial observer finds his friend on the right exclaiming ;—"How is it possible for a sane man to compare a stagnant civilization like that of India with the affluent vigor of American life ;"—and his friend on the left retorting ;—"Every thinking man knows that the wealth of life consists in its results and not in its action ; in this view India stands first." The question is never solved as between these disputants, since it remains a matter of opinion. On that plane you cannot solve it at all. Its decision must depend upon your own conception of the evolutionary goal. If that goal is the efflorescence of material life, then indeed the East lies prostrate, and the West may flaunt it from her colossal throne. But if the end and aim of Law is the unfoldment of spiritual life ; if stars are swung on high and worlds are moved in space in order that the Divine-Human may run its course and attain perfection, then indeed the East has stood and stands nearer that goal than our present western race can well conceive. She alone has in later years borne Great Souls¹ and has reserved silent places for their habitation.

This only holds good in a given period of Time. The case is not so sharply put by Nature. The distinction "East and West" is not of her making ; it bears the stamp of man. Nature has evolved but one nation. Its name is Humanity. In this department as in all others she has planned interchange, co-operation, action and reaction. We see this exemplified in families. The children differ much, and the wise Mother, while fostering their affection on the ground of relationship, takes care to strengthen the bond by making the gifts of one child supply the deficiencies of the other. The boy is to protect his sister, and she to reciprocate with painstaking love. So in physical nature, members of a type interact, and each type has a rela-

¹ Mahatmas—Great Souls.

tionship and a meaning, whether hidden or evident, in the life of every other type. Isolation is not the intention of Nature. Where she has decreed the survival of the fittest, the occultist knows well that the inherent energy of souls provides this birthright for every soul that truly wills.

It is otherwise with man. He wrests and divides facts up to suit theories, and his distinctions are often arbitrary. When we consider the art of the potter, the weaver, the artizan in gold or other metals, of the painter, the decorator, the architect, we find that India has long surpassed us in all these things, consigning marvels of beauty to the dusky splendor of her temples and her tombs. The learning of her pundits is as profound as it is world-renowned. It is then chiefly in her social, industrial, and political institutions, in all the rivalry and competition which this ambitious age has agreed to call "Life," that India falls behind our western ideals. Are we then so happy in this fevered West of ours, and is happiness the chief aim of man or is it not? In China, where the statistics of the past year do not show as many murders among her teeming population as in the single State of New York during the same period; in Thibet, where crime is almost unknown; in Egypt, Japan, and India where real contentment feeds upon itself and upon little else, we are taught that man may be serene and that mind may control matter without our splendid appanage of Life at all. The thought will arise; which nation is the greater, she who must grasp all material possessions, or she who is content to Be? Western nations have breasted the roaring surf of action to be thrown back upon the sands exhausted, dying out at last with

"The Glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome,"

while those of the East arose far back of history and still survive. In India there are now specimens of the first races, as well as the present one to which we belong. She has not changed, but, like the bounteous earth, has given always to her ruling conqueror. Many successive waves of invasion have rolled over her, but she, instead of being altered, has herself changed the habits and beliefs of her conquerors. The present English invasion has not lasted long enough to show this effect. But it will be seen. Already fruits are appearing in the wonderful rise of investigation of Indian literature, and through this English channel a deep effect has been made upon English speaking people in their religious ideas. Nor has she been truly conquered, because from her greatest to her least institution she is always herself; her development has been from within, and she resists the imprint of all races but her own. All our so-called discoveries, I care not what, are replicas or variations; to the Orient belonged the first mould, and she took it from nature. Our inventors and innovators deny this in good faith. They are ignorant of the achievements of the East; her records are unread by them, her para-

bles and metaphors unsolved, her inscriptions undeciphered, and her scientific tabulation of obscure powers and forces of man and nature are strongly withheld by her own hand. Enough has been shown and "discovered" to prove this statement generally true, and modern learning, which already hails her as mother of all languages, will in course of time unveil the least details of her knowledge.

Such points I should not myself insist upon, because I do not deem them vital. As I said before, we are limited to a moment of Time. We are not yet overlooking the Past from the summits of Futurity and recognizing them as one. In this present moment the important question is not so much what we were or shall be, but what we are. *Now* is the pregnant instant, and the West possesses it, while the East waits and watches from afar. The cyclic impulse is now with us, and not with her. Guardian in chief of the secret doctrine, well-spring of all the great religions, she has now deposited in the West the precious seed gathered by her in remote harvests. The West gives the soil, and richer soil was never precipitated in the crucible of Time. Above and within our seething life, what protean energies have their ebb and flow! In their midst the seed first decays; then, touched by their glowing vigor, it leaps anew to life.

It has been said by men wise in the knowledge of the Eternal, that the end of nature is to provide fruition for the soul.¹ She does this through the mind, whose office as ministrant is to present pleasure upon pleasure, gift upon gift, experience upon experience to the monarch within; he accepts them one by one, tests and casts them away. When the material treasury is at last exhausted, the King finds that he, and not his officer, is the ruler, and that his real wealth lies within himself. Through this phase the West is now passing; our gorgeous tissue of life is woven for the enjoyment of the awakening soul. Already in more advanced individuals of the race, that soul has begun to discriminate, to turn from the outer to the inner life, and the tremendous activity and momentum of our civilization are urging on this crisis.

Those who have found the priceless pearl shining softly within their lives are bewildered at the sight. Telling the tale to other men they are pitied or derided, and they learn to work on in silence, striving to break through to this inner light, watching with longing eyes for some comrade who knows the way. It is here that the Eastern science meets them, teaching the application of this new knowledge, its unfoldment and its possibilities. She is like the nurse who helps the woman in travail, who cares for her new born babe. The hour comes when the nurse is not needed in that life but passes to others, just as the child in time outgrows the sweet fountains of his mother's breast, and his need of her is only a memory to

¹ See Patanjali, Page 164.

his manhood. She does not stand lower in his eyes for all that. Even so the universe is no longer needed by God, and in its turn passes away.

There is then, no cause for pride, for jealousy, or for any comparison whatsoever in this matter. Theosophists who believe in Re-incarnation can easily see that their particular country does not in reality belong specially to them, since they may have been Hindus in their last previous birth, and those spirits now inhabiting Hindu bodies were quite as likely, in *their* last incarnation, owners of European or American tenements of clay; and both, in long anterior times, may have trod the cities of ancient Egypt or Chaldea. It is quite as narrow for the Brahman to talk of his glorious Aryavarta as it is for the American or Englishman to claim for the West the first beginning of civilization, light, or progress. There is neither right nor priority. Truth is not enclosed within the boundaries of physical geography. It is not found within any boundaries at all; it is the Boundless. It is neither ours nor India's. It is not even Humanity's, but Humanity is Truth. Let us then become this Truth. To become it, we must leave idle distinctions aside. As children, we once lived in our toys. A noble boy yesterday showed me a drawer full of his most cherished playthings. He was keeping them, he said, so as to have a lot when he should be grown up, for he had noticed that his parents had now no toys to play with: he supposed they had broken all theirs in their childhood, and, while pitying them, he resolved not to be caught in that sad plight! How much we resemble this little fellow: we think we can never dispense with the baubles of the mind. When we slip away from all these involved ideas, these ingenious mechanisms, these traps which Nature sets to detain unripe souls from her secrets; when we stride out under the heavens resolved to Be, we find that Truth is not divided off into town lots, but is everywhere: it is not purchasable stock held by limited companies, but is to be had freely for the seeking. Since to seek it is to acknowledge that we have not found it yet, we must be presently in error upon some points, and most probably those to which our tastes or prejudices have most strongly attached themselves, because their ferment disturbs the nature and clouds that inner mirror which alone can reflect Truth, but to whose glass we so often hold up Error. We have forgotten that Truth which once we knew. It is ourselves; it is within us. Our elder brothers have reminded us of our common birthright; they have given a portion of it back to us. They do not ask us to adopt it, but to adapt it. They proclaim our right to revive this knowledge. We have snatched the blazing beacon from their hands, and we will pass it on. Perhaps, in our turn, we may restore it to the East. The tasks of future cycles are not ours. This present moment we may read. We may see that only in our narrow purview does any distinction exist between us; we may see that we are inextricably interlinked. Our interests and our future are one

and the same : our possessions we exchange ; shall we not exchange hearts ?

Though brothers, we play different parts in the universal scheme. Inheritors and future custodians, we cannot refuse to acknowledge the pioneers of Truth. If there be any reality in evolutionary law, this ancient race must have developed the rare blossoms of human perfection before our own. A mighty, though unseen, current of spiritual energy flows from them to us, and it is urged onward by higher spheres from which they receive it. Shall we cut ourselves off in thought from this sacred influx ? Shall we like spendthrifts, cast our inheritance away and stand beggared before the just demands of races yet to be ? Shall we not rather endeavor to fit ourselves to replenish that living tribute which Nature pays to the Eternal ? All that comes to us being already our own in the Law, shall we not receive this seed with grateful souls and make it bear a thousandfold in the fields of the West. Ah ! blot me out that word ! There is neither East nor West ; neither above nor below ; neither distinction nor difference. There is only the Whole ; we are part of its organic life, and there is none greater than we save *He who has no name.*

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

IDENTITY.

Centre of the Universe,

How great am I !

Without *Me* nothing was nor is ;

I cease ; then all must die !

Let this thought keep me strong and brave and good ;

Through *Me* these worlds move onward as they should.

Puppet of the Universe,

How weak am I !

O'er me the smallest thing holds sway ;

Lacking the least, I die !

Let this thought keep me in submissive mood

To serve with humble patience as I should.

E. J. H.

THE BRIDE OF POSSESSION.

We often see the term "Just Pride" used as though pride in any form were justifiable. Most persons nowadays are ready enough to condemn pride of blood and pride of wealth, though such condemnation is not often unmixed with envy, but the pride of an honorable name or of worthy achievement or of genius few think of condemning, and there is even a pride in poverty itself which is often its greatest burden and which stands squarely against all progress and all improvement. Yet are not all these things incidents of life, mere accessories of human nature, only fancied possessions, not real.

Let it be understood that pride *per se* is evil and that only, and that the indulgence of it in any form or for any reason is also evil and folly. Pride is the basis of all caste and caste legislation in State or in society. The meaning of it is that, because of this or that, I am better than my neighbor, and, being better than he, I cannot therefore associate with him on equal terms, and this it is, more than all else save only greed, that prevents the reign of Universal Brotherhood.

"What, then," says one, "do you deny that there are inequalities in life that one is wise and another foolish, one beautiful and another deformed and ugly, one strong and another weak?" Surely not; but he who is strong is weakened by pride; he who is beautiful is deformed by pride; and he who is wise is degraded by pride to the level of folly. Pride of wealth, blood, power, and place is by no means the only offence. Who has not seen the so-called educated dominate and trample upon the ignorant as ruthlessly as the strong can anywhere overcome the weak, or the rich oppress the poor?

Such are never educated in any true sense, though they have that base coinage which passes current in an age of mediocrity and is often mistaken for true gold, to be found at last but "fool's gold." How many people are brave and noble in adversity; how many good people have been spoiled by prosperity. And what are good and bad, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, but terms of comparison, mere temporary states, inns for the night, stations for a day in the journey of the soul!

The desire to better one's condition in life is natural enough, and is the key to all personal progress. To feel that one is designed for better things than he has yet achieved is an intuition of the soul, its choicest heritage, but all such achievements should be by honest endeavor, not by fraud. He who can simply grumble at Providence for having placed him below his deserts is not likely to better his condition. Thousands of poor persons who hate and envy others because they are rich would, if grown suddenly rich, be more proud and oppressive than any whom they now despise; and very few among these envious poor are willing to practice the economy and self-denial which are the cause of the wealth they envy; and yet they are fond of saying "we are as good as they," and will often repel kindness and offers of assistance with scorn, too proud to be pensioners, yet not too proud to be envious.

Pride doth indeed cover a multitude of sins. Pride is evil in any form, though it may and doubtless does serve to push the soul to better things, just as fear restrains it from worse things. When once it has been clearly perceived that nothing which can by any possibility be the subject of envy or pride is in any sense a true possession, then pride and envy must cease. Wealth, fame, and power,—these are but relative terms for temporary states, and envy is the false light by which they allure their pursuers, while pride is the miasm by which they silence the voice of the soul and lull it to lethargy

and decay. He who seeks real possessions, to have and to hold by the soul's franchise, envieth not and is never proud, for he well knows that the things that he prizes are the heritage of humanity. He cannot hold them or compass them, create or destroy them, though he can become a part of them through the serving of all, and thus partake of their nature. These are Truth, Justice, Love, and Understanding, not mere "abstract qualities," but the Jewels of the soul no less than the crown and glory of the Deity. These shine by their own light, and are to be loved and sought for themselves alone. We shall not envy, but rather honor, him who possesses them. Possessing them, we shall not be proud, but reverent, grateful, helpful, and so help on the reign of Universal Brotherhood, well knowing that every jewel we help to place in the crown of a brother will add lustre to our own. These are the true possessions, and they are divested of all pride and envy.

THE GREAT ORPHAN.¹

Woe stalks abroad in all the land,
Want and despair together stand,
God's image trampled in the dust!
How long, O Lord! and Thou art just?
How long! How long! O just and wise!
These empty hands, these hungry cries?

God's providence is always seen
Through man, in garb of Nazarine:
Man prays to God with up-turned eyes,
While at his feet his brother lies:
How long! How long, O Pharisee!
Ere brazen skies will answer thee.

All store of food, all wealth of gold,
Are given to man to have and hold;
To hold at peril, if he dare
Deprive his brother of his share,
Enough for all by measure just,
Who holdeth more but holds *in* trust.

The almoner of God is he
Whose hands are filled by destiny.
God's special providence to show
Through man, to man, to lighten woe.
Relief of needs through human deeds,
All Heaven waits; all Nature pleads.

Great suffering soul! Humanity!
Father divine! Humanity!
Mother divine! no more concealed,
Behold the mystery revealed!
These three in one, and one in three,
God all in all, Humanity!.

HARIJ.

¹ "Humanity is the Great Orphan."—*St. Martin*.

GIVE US ONE FACT.

Since last I wrote for *THE PATH*, the most distinct call I have heard from many students in the West is found in the cry: "Give us one fact!"

They have acquired the desire to know the truth, but have lingered still around the market places of earth and the halls of those scientific leaders of the blind who are the prophets of materialism. They say that some "scientific" men, while talking of Theosophy, have asked why the Masters have not "given us one fact on which we may begin and from which a conclusion might be reached;" and they—these students—most earnestly ask for that fact for themselves, even though they shall conceal it from the very men who have formulated the question.

Poor children. What are the facts ye desire? Is it some astounding thaumaturgical exhibitions that shall leave no room for doubt? If so, please say whether the feat is to be performed in the sight of thousands, or only in the presence of one postulant and his select circle? If the last, then ye are self-convinced of a desire to retain unto yourselves what belongeth to many. Or perhaps ye wish a statement of fact. But that would of course have to be supported by authority, and we, poor wanderers, have no force of authority in science or art; statements of facts coming from us would therefore be useless to you.

And I must tell you in confidence, as the messengers have before this been directed to do and have not failed therein, that an exhibition of thaumaturgical skill in the presence of a multitude would subvert the very ends the perfected men have in view. Suppose that some of those who know were now to appear in the busy hum of American life, where the total sum of objects appears, at this distance, to be the gain of wealth, and like the two young princes of Buddha's time were to rise in the air unaided and there emit sheets of fire alternately from their heads and feet, or were to rise again and float off to a distance in plain sight of all; would that fact demonstrate anything to you? Perhaps in the breasts of some aspiring students might spring up the desire to acquire the power to do likewise. But pause and tell me what would the many do to whom such things are myths? I will tell you. Some would admit the possibility of a genuine phenomenon, seeking ways and means to do it too, so that they might exhibit it for an admission price. Others, and including your scientific fact-seekers, would begin by denying its truth, by ascribing it to delusion, and by charging those who did it, no matter how really spiritual those were, with deliberate fraud and imposture, while a certain section would deny the very happening of the matter and falsify the eye-knowledge of hundreds.¹ Still others

¹ We can agree with the writer, as we have seen just as wonderful things done by H. P. Blavatsky and next day heard accusations of fraud against her and charges of credulity against those who had seen.—[Ed.]

would say "It is a God !" or—" It is a devil," with consequence to correspond. No, friends, the true teachers do not begin by laying the foundations for greater error and more fast-bound superstition than those we are trying to destroy.

Then I must tell you in all seriousness and truth that statements of the facts you really wish have been over and over again made in many places, books, and times. Not alone are they to be found in your new theosophical literature, but in that of older times. In every year for centuries past these facts have been given out,—even in English. They were told in the days of the German and English Alchemists, and by the Cabalists. But greed and wrong motive have ever formed the self-constructed barriers and obscurers.

The Alchemists of the pure school spoke of the gold they could make by means of their powders, and the salt, together with their mercury ; and the Cabalists said that by pronouncing Jehovah's name not only was the gold formed, but power obtained in all worlds. Very true these statements. Are they not statements of fact? Did they satisfy the mass of seekers? So far from that, the result was to lead them into error. Many patiently sought for the powder and the proper combination of the salt or sulphur and mercury, so that they might make worthless gold metal, which to-day is exchangeable and to-morrow is useless, and which never could give peace of mind or open the door of the future. Then others went by themselves and tried various modulations of sound in pronouncing the supposed name of their Mighty God, until they to-day have some two-score sorts. What purblind ignorance this, for God is God and has not changed with the rise and fall of empires or the disappearance of languages ; his name was once a different sound in ancient Egypt or India, in Lemuria, Atlantis or Copan. Where, then, are those many sounds of His Holy Name, or has that been altered?

" But where," ye say, " is the *fact* in the pronunciation of the name of God?." The answer is by asking " What and who is God? " He is the All ; the earth, the sky, the stars in it ; the heart of man ; the elemental and organic world ; the kingdoms of the universe ; the realm of sound and the formless void. Is not the pronunciation of that Name to consist therefore in *Becoming* all those kingdoms, realms, and power, focussing in yourself the entire essence of them, each and all *at once* ? Is this to be done by breathing forth " Jehovah " in one or many forms? You easily see it is not. And your minds will carry you on the next step to admit that before you can do this you must have passed through every one of those kingdoms, retaining perfect knowledge and memory of each, commander of each, before you can attempt the pronunciation of the whole. Is this a small task? Is it not the task Karma has set before you, compelling you

like children to repeat parts of the word in the varied experiences of repeated lives spent on earth, bringing you back to the lesson until it is well learned?

And so we are brought to ourselves. Our Aryan ancestors have made the declaration, repeated by thousands since, that each man is himself a little universe. Through him pass *all* the threads of energy that ramify to all the worlds, and where any one of those lines crosses him is the door to the kingdom to which that thread belongs. Listen to the Chandogya Upanishad: "There is this city of Brahman—the body—and in it the palace, the small lotus of the heart, and in it that small ether. Both heaven and earth are contained within it, both fire and air, both sun and moon, both lightning and stars; and whatever there is of the Self here in the world, and whatever has been or will be, all that is contained within it."

Vain it is to make search without. No knowledge will reach you from any where but this small lotus of the heart. Just now ye are binding it so that it cannot burst open. It is with the delusions of the mind ye bind it in a knot. That knot ye must break. Break loose from scholastic error, make of your minds a still and placid surface on which the Lord of the palace in the heart can reflect pictures of Truth, become as little children who are not hindered by preconceptions, and ye will have knowledge.

The only fact I have to offer you is—YOURSELVES.

NILAKANT.

TEA TABLE TALK.

It has been gratifying to the Aryan T. S. to know that its Abridgements of Discussions have proved useful to theosophists at large and that they are in great demand. It seems that the general thought is often impressed and answered through this means, which affords additional proof to my experience that the members of the theosophical body may, as a rule, be found to think in the same channel. A letter received by the General Secretary shows, among others, the above facts. "I write to say that about two weeks ago I *thought* a question about something I wanted to know, and afterwards decided that the motive was more one of curiosity than anything else, and as the information, I did not think, would be of any special "help" to me, I drove the thought out of my mind. Just at this time came the strong impression of writing to you, which I kept putting off until the feeling that I *must* became very burdensome, so I wrote, as you know. What was my surprise and gratification to find an answer to the thought in the printed "Abridgement of Discussions" (sent him with answer to his letter), "together with some other very interesting information."

The Tea Table opened its budget of experiences this month. *Place aux dames*; let the Widow speak first.

"Three funny things happened to me in one day last week :

1st. My dressmaker had a dress-goods pattern of mine for over a year. I concluded not to have it made up, and wrote her to send it to me. She received my letter the following day and wrote me thus : "Strangely enough, yesterday afternoon" (the time when I was writing), "I happened to open an old trunk, and there I came across your dress goods, which had been forgotten a year, and I said to Annie that I would send it to you, as it was about time."

2d. "I thought of a physician to whom I had written some time ago for information. He had sent me a full reply and the subject had been dropped. I debated whether I would open it up further, and decided not to do so for the present. The second day thereafter I received a letter from the gentleman, who said he had happened to come across my old letter in his drawer the day before and thought he would write me again on some points."

Notice that these persons both "happened" to do the very thing necessary to carry out the idea impressed, and that it is almost always the case in such matters. The third occurrence given by the lady is the following :

"I received a letter in an unknown hand from Rome, Italy. I exclaimed that I wondered from whom it came," (the dear delightful creatures never open it till conjecture is exhausted !), "and my sister said : 'Probably from Otis ; he always writes from the land's end.' 'He is in New York,' said I, and opened the letter. It proved to be from the merest acquaintance, with whom I had never corresponded, who, in a foreign land, had selected me to be the medium of a financial favor to certain projects of Otis, simply because he knew no other mutual acquaintance who resided in the same city with his (the traveller's) bankers. Besides this, I had had a talk with Otis about this gentleman on the same week in which he wrote, neither of us knowing where he was : I have forgotten the exact day."

Quickly had ordered a box for account books to use at his house, and another box had been ordered for use elsewhere, made by a different carpenter. Weeks passed and neither carpenter had finished. One day Quickly passed the head of the street where was the carpenter's shop in which he had ordered the box for his house, and hesitated, saying to me : "I'll go down and see if that box is done. No ! I'll wait till afternoon." He went to his office, where the clerk said : "The box you ordered for the office has come ; there it is."

"Where did it come from ?"

"From P ; they just sent it." It was the very box from the carpenter's shop he had five minutes before hesitated about. Apparently he had "struck the trail" of the person who must have just passed with the box on the way to deliver it.

The student wrote to B that a document which C had would soon be handed by C to him (the student) for B's use. The student and C live in the same place, but B is in a distant city. There was much delay about the arrival of the document. After several weeks' waiting, the student was on the way to his office and suddenly began to think, "Inasmuch as the paper is delayed so long, I will write B that I will send him a duplicate." Reaching

his office he sat down and took paper to write what he had thought of a few moments before, when a messenger entered and handed him the delayed document. Both he and C had evidently thought of it at the same time; he to supply its place, and C to send it at once.

"I can match your stories," said the Professor, "with two psychometric experiences of my own, which have occurred since I began to give some attention to psychometry with a view to understanding certain states of sensitive patients of mine. It is a curious fact, by the way, that all these occult experiences come to us when we turn our attention to such subjects for unselfish reasons, or when we simply begin to live a life in accordance with theosophical principles and open our minds to the reception of truth, regardless of all previous conceptions. The unseen appears ready to meet us more than half way, and I take it that the real secret of these opening experiences is bound up in the fact of synchronous vibration. Unconsciously to us, the mind, in controlling matter, controls and regulates the vibrations of our inner being, and when we have (by conjoined will and desire) put the mind into a receptive attitude, we vibrate naturally with unseen planes about us, and the inner senses begin to take advantage of the pause and open, at first slowly and faintly.

"Well—to proceed; I was on a railroad journey, and our fast train entered the coal regions unnoticed by me. It was the express, very rapid, and the constant motion and vibration produce a sort of disjunction of the body from the mind. I was sitting in a seat alone; my eyes were closed, and I felt as if I were looking down through the body from the head. I suddenly felt or seemed to see heaps of coal under the car, or veins of coal, and then men working in it. I opened my eyes and looked out in time to see that we were just passing a mine-opening, and were going through the coal regions. I then resumed my seat, when the experience was renewed, with different details. Another time on the limited, near Philadelphia, I had been seated with closed eyes in the same position as before, when I suddenly began to see water, as if under the car, disturbed or dashed. Opening my eyes I looked out and saw that the train was passing over a long water trough or chute, from which the express takes up water by means of a scoop or pipe in the tender."

Many such experiences occur in trains, which would seem to confirm the Professor's vibratory theory. The experience given by me in Vol. I of this magazine under the title of "Singing Silences" first attracted my attention in various railway journeys.

We began to press the mother for her contribution to our notes, when she laughed and said her "only happening was not a happening at all. I dreamed one night that I was alone and driving a double team in a sleigh, when I met a loaded haywagon at which the horses took fright and ran away with me. As I never sleigh, never drive alone, and as haywagons loaded are not generally abroad in deep snow, I laughed at the hocus-pocus on awakening. But very unexpectedly that morning, a neighbor sent her sleigh and double team for me with a request that I do her a service. I was driven off, and in a short while some part of the harness gave way. The driver got down to

mend it, and while he was at the side of the road a loaded haywagon came on us round a corner, the horses started and jumped and——the driver caught them by the heads, and that was the end of it all, as the children say.”

Quickly thought he could beat that dream : he generally does go us one better, and I don't know that any one envies him some of his occult adventures at least. He was living in New York, and had an acquaintance who was better known to the family of his uncle than to himself. He went to Washington and put up in a private house in R Street. On the second night he dreamed he was at home and was going in by the basement way in company with the above-named gentleman and his own deceased sister. As they were about entering, the gentleman put his hand on the overhanging stoop, which at once fell upon him, and he disappeared beneath it. Every one in the dream seemed to feel very badly about him. Next day Quickly made a note of the dream in his diary and dismissed it from his mind. Not writing home, he heard nothing about the gentleman, but when he returned to New York he learned that his acquaintance had had a severe fall which brought on an old trouble, and that he had died on the night of the dream. The Professor listened with the genuine “I-know-all-about-it” air, and remarked at the close that the dream was doubtless caused by the events of the man's life passing rapidly through his dying mind, and when he came to his relations with Quickly, that recollection vibrated in connection with Quickly and caused his dream, reaching him all the more rapidly because his physical nature was at the moment quiescent in sleep. I do not doubt myself that this suggestion is a correct clue to all *similar* occurrences.

JULIUS.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS.

To Zadok.

Suppose persons have reason to believe they have found the beginning of the Way, and then find they do not care to investigate the mysteries of Occultism ; that they are content to remain without knowledge on these subjects, though they found Truth through Theosophy, and that they are happy because they feel that whatever God orders in their lives must be right, whether it is pleasure or pain.

Suppose also that such persons, though having put themselves in a spiritually receptive condition, feel no weight of Karma, though willing to suffer to whatever extent is needed from it. Do you not think such persons may be deceiving themselves in thinking they are Theosophists, when they have lived many weeks in this condition ? Do you think it harder for women to attain spirituality than men ? and if so, still should they not strive all the more to obtain it ? I know we should not avoid anything merely because it is irksome or uninteresting.

Do not Theosophists allow themselves to feel happy if happiness comes to them without their desiring it ? Also why do Theosophists wish to avoid feeling pain or pleasure, if God orders the circumstances which produce them, after we have subjected our will to His ?

Please answer in your next issue of THE PATH. L.

Answer.—Men attach an erroneous meaning to Occultism. If one has found the beginning of *the Way* he has found some of the mysteries of Oc-

cultism, for none find *the Way* until they find something of the Unseen. It is impossible for one to put himself in a spiritually receptive condition without "*investigation*" of or being under the sway of Occultism or Occult conditions; and it is through these same conditions that he knows that pain and pleasure are one and all wise. Karma does not always manifest itself as suffering, by any means; it is quite as likely to produce joy as sorrow, and Karma is not always weighty. Such persons of whom you speak may be trying to become Theosophists, but are not Theosophists. A seeker for Divine wisdom seeks in all directions and refuses none.

2. It is as hard for man as for woman to enter the mysteries. Man works through the intellect, woman through the emotions or heart. Both are equally useless after a time, and of the two the heart is the better tool. But woman becomes engrossed or overwhelmed by her emotions, and passes no farther. The greatest Teachers have been those who have had most of the womanly in their natures. It is more difficult to master the body as a woman than as a man. This can be answered only partially in print.

3. The *True* Theosophist allows himself, or is *taught* to feel, both pain and pleasure, happiness and sorrow, for he knows them all to be wise. Men long for and desire; they fight for happiness and do not find it. We have given to us peace, which is far beyond happiness. Happiness is of this world and is a mockery of the True; yet as all other men we feel it, for we feel all things, for in all these things lie the lessons to be learned as men. I dare not speak for other men, but were I to wish to avoid either pleasure or pain, knowing them to be God's will, then would I utterly fail. Once having subjected *my* will—my human will—to His, then I avoid nothing that is His will.

ZADOK.

To Zadok.

1. Why, since the Deity chose of His own divine will to make the descent into matter, or—as some put it—by this process alone came to Him a realizing sense of His being, in the manifestation through and by matter, why should this be considered a "*fall*," or, indeed, *an evil at all*, since, being the work and choice of the Deity, it must necessarily have been both wisdom and goodness which dictated the "*descent*;" and, as Theosophy teaches the inner Light and indwelling Emanuel (God with us) to be ever present in all forms of life, wherein consists the evil of this divine descent, and why must this *experience* be necessarily associated with evil at all?

2. I met an F. T. S. the other day who believes he has arrived at "Saintship" and cannot therefore err. He cannot bear the slightest contradiction, believing that he has arrived at such a state of "enlightenment" that he is infallible, whereas we less gifted mortals feel that he often makes grave mistakes. Of course this assumption is untenable in this case, but are sainthood and consequent infallibility likely to result from the humdrum every-day life of an ordinary nineteenth century man?

Answer.—For the Deity there is no fall. He can not fall. In the so-called descent into matter, He must manifest *through* something. Never

does the Ineffable stand unveiled before mortal man. When the All Wise deemed it good to manifest Himself as individualities, He did so through the soul. After creating the human man with the soul that all things possess, "He breathed into his nostrils and man became a *living* soul," or the Deity manifested Himself through the soul in the man. Nothing below man is immortal. Man is not immortal; his soul is not immortal; but the breath of God, which is God's life or God himself, *is forever*. Man was to have lived as the angels, "for they also were made;" but, although by the grosser elements of matter or nature, by its lusts and desires, its seductive beauties and deceptive pleasures, realized most fully through the senses of the human body, the *soul* was drawn *down* instead of upward, into *ignorance of the true* instead of toward the wisdom of God, holding and binding thus the spirit in the meshes of the grossest part of nature, and so *fell*. God did not fall,—the spirit; nor did man as the human man; but the soul, being a free agent, did so, causing the spirit to be limited, and entailing pain and anguish upon the human man. Man with the Divine manifest in him was to know only the good, or wisdom; but, not content, he must eat of the *tree of the KNOWLEDGE* of good and evil, or the misapplication of the good, and *fell* into ignorance. There can be no greater evil than losing the wisdom of a God for the ignorance of a man. Herein consists the only evil of the *fall* after the descent into matter.

2. How do you know that he makes grave mistakes? I may not say that anyone errs or makes mistakes, other than my own self. Neither you or I may say another is saint or devil from our own standpoint of what makes either. Both you and I have been taught, however, that one who has arrived at the state of "Saintship" never lays claim to it or to "enlightenment."

Saintship and a certain measure of infallibility will result from humdrum every-day life in the nineteenth century, and in no other way, if rightly comprehended. Otherwise one would not be here at all, or would have lived in some other time, before time was. To become a saint one must know what sinners are and what sin is. The best way to arrive at this knowledge is through the nineteenth century or the time in which we live, through life and all it tells us. Believing that one cannot err and in one's infallibility is however not a characteristic of saintship. ZADOK.

From Walter B.

1. What would be the effect if a sleeper, whose astral is abroad, were suddenly or violently awakened?

Answer.—The question is too general to be answered categorically. The effects vary in each case, and in the greater number only a powerful seer or adept could tell what, if any, effect had been produced. Further,

several effects could be mentioned which would be incomprehensible to you unless you possessed actual experience in the matters referred to, for which no words of description exist as yet in the English language.

A person approaching to awaken a sleeper sends out the force of his thought at once long before he begins to awaken the person. That thought calls the attention of the sleeper's intelligence, and awakening has already begun before you have touched or spoken to him.

In general it is not well to suddenly awaken a sleeper. Yet thousands of cases are occurring daily where men in deep slumber are violently awakened with no bad results.

The matter inquired of, to be of profit, must be *experienced*, the sphere to which it relates not being one easily or usefully described.

2. Does the Astral body return in such case in time to avoid a calamity ; and, if not, would the material bodily organism continue to perform its functions in a manner similar to a person in a hypnotic state ?

Answer.—Partly answered in No. 1. Whenever the astral body is away it returns in time, in the greater number of cases. The material body is capable of performing many functions in an automatic way, so long as the real vital spark is not lost. As hypnotism is in its infancy both as to facts and terms, it is useless to compare anything to it: it would be better to refer to somnambulism for examples and comparison.

But in considering these questions you should be clear as to what you mean by "astral body," and as to whether it is a common fact that the generality of people have developed their potential astral body sufficiently for it to depart three inches from the material one. With most people, the astral body, when not closely interknit and working with the material body, is in a confused and nebulous state ; hence it must be not common that it departs to any distance.

JULIUS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KEELEY'S MOTOR.

LONDON, Jan. 16th, 1888.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PATH.

Dear Sir:—I notice in your issue of January a translation from the "*Lotus*" of an essay by Madame Blavatsky on the "Etheric Force" of Mr. Keeley; it may perhaps be interesting to your readers if I add something to the information contained in it.

It is curious to note, in contrast, the prophecy of Madame Blavatsky and the Report in the *N. Y. Sun* on Mr. Keeley's work; and it is especially curious when one knows, as I do by personal experience, that those lines were penned by Madame Blavatsky two years ago at Ostend and previously at Wurzburg, and at a time when every friend of Mr. Keeley was jubilant with the prospect of success.

At that time, owing to the interest of one of my friends in Mr. Keeley, I was very well-informed as to his progress, and I had a long conversation with Madame Blavatsky on the subject. She stated that the source of her information and her prophecies was her "Master,"—one of those "Elder Brethren" mentioned in her article, who guard the welfare of the human race. She then said that Mr. Keeley would never be allowed to bring to perfection the working of the force which he was investigating, and that he could never discover its final secrets; but that he would probably be able to prevent a commercial loss to his friends. She said, however, that this would be accomplished in a way different from what his friends expected. In his "Etheric Force" Mr. Keeley "had got upon the track of a most tremendous power in occultism, and he was a wonderful man to have done so much, unaided as he was;" but that it was not at all clear whether he would be able to utilize it. That *he would never be allowed*, even if it lay in his power, which she said was "impossible," to discover the final secret of this force, because in this case he would be able to destroy half the world in a moment of time.

She said that it was impossible for Mr. Keeley to make machines driven by "Etheric Force" into a commercial success, because the source of the force *lay in himself*, and, further, that this was the only thing which had enabled him to go as far as he had in his discoveries, provided he was a truthful man. Consequently she was very certain that such a machine would *never be available for the use of other people apart from Mr. Keeley*. That while everybody has this power in themselves in varying degree, they are unable to use it while untrained to liberate it; and that Mr. Keeley, a "*born Magician*," was trained in a former incarnation.

She again asseverated that, while Mr. Keeley had made a great name for himself in connection with "Etheric Force," he would also make a great success, but on a line entirely different from that which his friends expected.

I have written this to you because it seemed of interest that these remarks were made two years ago at a time when there was no idea of any different line for Mr. Keeley, as we see there is by the report of his Company's meeting. Further, the prescience contained in them is of interest, as being one more demonstration of the knowledge of those "Elder Brethren."

I remain, Sir, very truly yours,

CONSTANCE WACHTMEISTER.

THEOSOPHICAL ACTIVITIES.

IN AMERICA.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION of the Theosophical Branches in the U. S. is to be held in April next. It is not yet settled whether to have it in New York or further West. New York offers the use of the Aryan T. S. Hall, which is of the right size. It may be decided to hold it in Cincinnati, which presents the advantage of being nearer several Western Branches; and, besides, no Convention has yet been held there. Branch officers are requested to get ready to send a delegate if they can, and, in any case, a paper upon the subject of the movement, to be read at the meeting. Notice will be sent in due time by the General Secretary.

CHATTERJI.—Babu Mohini M. Chatterji has written a letter to Mr. A. P. Sinnett of London, contradicting the absurd rumor which has been going around that he intended to join the Catholic Church, and denying that he ever had such an intention. The report arose from the fact that Mr. Chatterji went to Italy for the purpose, among others, of seeing a manuscript work there in the possession of some Jesuit Fathers having a great resemblance to the Vedas.

THE GENERAL OUTLOOK in America is encouraging. Since the Convention in April, 1887, at New York, several new Branches have been formed in different parts of the country, and at present there are pending some more applications for Charters to organize others. There is also constant inquiry.

NEBRASKA is coming forward with two applications. One is to be named "*Nirvana*." As it is not yet formed, particulars cannot be given. In Omaha a new Branch is to organize this month under the name *Vedanta T. S.*

ARYAN T. S. OF NEW YORK.—Here there is a great deal of interest. The meetings each week are fully attended and constant study pursued. The library, which is much read, has been found of great value, as it supplies the wants of many members and proves that each Branch should endeavor to possess one. The *Epitome of Theosophy*, which appeared in January PATH and was contributed to the cause by one of the members, has had a wide circulation, 4,000 copies having been distributed; out of that number, 2,900 were purchased and circulated by theosophists.

BOSTON.—Our Athens has not yet forgotten Theosophy. Open meetings are held by the Branch there. Some of their members also visit the meetings in New York. Any theosophist who feels inclined can address to the President of the Branch, Mr. J. Ransom Bridge, an expression of views as to how the third of the declared objects of the Theosophical Society should be regarded and studied. That object is: "The investigation of unexplained laws of nature and the study of the psychical nature of man." The subject now engages their attention.

IN INDIA.

The report of the Convention of December, 1887, is at hand. A remarkable faculty for making errors in names and addresses in the American list is displayed, but considering race and philological differences, and the extremely inadequate staff at Col. Olcott's command, this is not to be wondered at. The Aryan secretary's address is given as in Chicago, and the Chicago secretary's is wrong as to street and number. Readers will find this all corrected when Head-quarters use the list recently sent from here, and in the list printed in this PATH. The lack of information about American T. S. affairs, shown in the report, is due to the fact that no American Branches responded to the General Secretary's request made last summer, for reports in time to forward to the Indian Convention. In this PATH we print a correct list of American Branches to date.

The Convention opened on December 27th, 1887, when the President delivered his address and the various reports were read. On the second day, among other things done, was the distribution of the "Visishtadwaita Catechism" and "The Golden Rules of Buddhism"—the Adyar Library issues of the season—to the delegates present. On the 3d day the usual public celebration of the Society's Anniversary took place. The Council Hall is in the shape of a T, 100 feet long and 26 wide one way, and 36 by 40 feet in the other. It was filled to over-crowding by guests. Raja Esvara Dass, of the Arcot Royal family, loaned the Arcot State Canopy for the platform. Several Indian noblemen and officials were present. Dewan Bahadur Raghunath Row, Minister to the Rajah of Indore, made a speech affirmative of his sustained interest and unshaken confidence in the Society, which he considered are of the most important movements of the day.

The second part of the celebration comprised a concert of ancient Aryan music, executed upon the *Sitar*, *Vina* and other Indian instruments. This

was enchanting. The Police Commissioner of Madras, Col. Weldon, who was present, said on leaving, "This, gentlemen, is a *real* Indian National Congress."

The President's report showed that we have 153 living Branches at the close of 1887. This did not include those recently formed in the U. S., information of which was then on the way out. There will soon be 160. He also reported that His Highness, the Maharajah of Durbungha, Bahadur, K. C. S. I., had telegraphed his willingness to donate 25,000 rupees to the Society, as he considered it a useful body. When this is added to the Permanent Fund, the Society will have 34,000 rupees invested. If invested at 4%, this would yield annually about 1,400 rupees, or one-fifth of the average expenses. A sufficient fund is needed, for, as the President justly said: "Ours is not an ascetic, but an executive, body, upon whose shoulders presses the burden of engineering one of the most important social movements of our times." What Col. Olcott expects to raise the Permanent Fund to is \$100,000, or, in Indian money, about three lakhs of rupees.

The Adyar Library is a grand feature of the Headquarters work. It now has:—in Sanscrit, 460 volumes, including MSS.; in other Indian languages, 263; Western Languages, including the classics and Hebrew, about 2,000. The Director and Pandit (or Professor) is the learned N. Bhashyacharya of Cuddapah, whose Vishishtadwaita Catechism we noticed above.

The report from Ceylon was very encouraging. A new branch there called "Sabaragamuwa" is very active, having opened two Sunday schools and built a headquarters, and they expect to open a day school soon. These, of course, are all Buddhistic. We fear "poor Ceylon," with her "balmy breezes" and "vile men," must soon be razed out of the Christian Hymn-Book. Buddhist schools for boys were also opened at Kalutara and Karagampitiya, and for infant boys and girls at Bambalapitiya, all being under the management of the Colombo Theosophical Society. At the latter's place weekly preaching is kept up to good audiences.

IRELAND.

THE DUBLIN LODGE, T. S., has decided to admit as *associates* persons who, while not wishing to become members, are willing to work for the objects the Society has in view. These associates have no voice or vote, but are allowed to use the books and documents of the Lodge.

AMERICAN BRANCHES: THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

PLACE.	NAME.	DATE OF CHARTER	PRESIDENT.	SECRETARY.	ADDRESS.
Boston.....	Boston Theosophical Soc'y	1886	J. Ransom Bridge.....	Herbert A. Richardson	P. O. Box 1868....
Chicago.....	Chicago T. S.....	1884	Stanley B. Sexton.....	Mrs. M. L. Brainerd..	861 W. Monroe Street.
Chicago.....	Ramayana.....	1887	Dr. W. P. Phelon.....	Mrs. A. M. Hatch....	629 Fulton Street....
Cincinnati ..	Cincinnati T. S.....	1886	Robert Hosea.....	Miss Annie Laws ...	100 Dayton Street....
Los Angeles..	Los Angeles T. S.....	1885	Dr. C. W. Bush.....	Miss L. A. Off.....	Collado St., Station F..
Malden.....	Malden T. S.....	1885	Sylvester Baxter.....	Frank S. Collins.....	97 Dexter Street.....
Minneapolis..	Ishwara.....	1887	Dr. J. W. de B. La Pierre	Mrs. Julia A. Lovering	225 S. Fifth Street....
New York....	Aryan.....	1883	William Q. Judge. . .	E. D. Hammond	P. O. Box 2659.....
New York....	Occident.....	1886	Private
Philadelphia.	Keystone.....	1886	Private.....
Philadelphia.	Krishna.....	1887	Carl F. Redwitz	Miss C. A. Howard ..	129 S. Fifteenth St...
Rochester ...	Rochester T. S.....		William B. Shelley....
St. Louis. ...	Arjuna.....	1882	Elliott B. Page.....	P. O. Box 659.....
St. Louis ...	Pranava.....	1887	Wm. Throckmorton..	Frank E. Dickie.....	900 Olive Street.....
San Francisco.	Golden Gate Lodge of the T. S.....	1885	Theo. G. E. Wolleb...	Mrs. M. Bangle.....	1278 10th av., E. Oak- land, Cal.....
Santa Cruz ...	Purana	1887	Mrs. L. U. McCann....	W. S. Hall, M. D....	P. O. Box 296.....
Washington..	Gnostic	1884	Dr. Elliott Coues.....	1726 N. Street, N. W..
Omaha.....	Vedanta.....	1888	Names not yet reported.		

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

HEADQUARTERS :—LONDON.

President: THE ——— OF ———.

Vice-Presidents: WM. Q. JUDGE (General Secretary of the American Theosophical Societies); MABEL COLLINS (Writer of "Light on the Path," &c.); REV. ———

Treasurer: THE COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER (Corresponding Secretary for the Western Theosophical Societies).

Secretary: RICHARD HARTE (Ex-President of the Aryan Theosophical Society of New York).

We copy the following from Prospectus just at hand.

This Society has been formed for the purpose of supplying those interested in Theosophy with literature of the subject in a readily accessible form, by reprinting articles of interest to theosophical students, thus bringing to light much valuable matter which is at present buried in rare works and old numbers of magazines. The Society, however, will not confine itself to reprinting such articles; it will also publish original works on Theosophy, chiefly of an elementary character. It proposes, in addition, to issue, from time to time, cheap reprints of rare or valuable old works that throw light on Theosophy. (Articles reprinted will be in the same size and type as "Lucifer.")

No entrance fee is charged; a payment of five shillings yearly, in advance, constituting membership.

For countries not in the Postal Union the yearly fee is seven shillings and sixpence.

The advantages offered to members consist in the receipt, post free, of all the Society's publications the selling price of which is below sixpence. Those publications of which the price is sixpence or more are supplied to members, if desired, at actual cost price and postage; but these advantages only apply to publications issued during the period covered by the member's subscription.

It has been found that many who wish to become members, owing to their position in their respective religious bodies, prefer not to have their names mentioned as belonging to a Society, one of whose objects is to forward the cause of free enquiry in philosophy, religion, and ethics. The "Theosophical Publication Society" has, in consequence, been made an almost entirely anonymous body. The names of the members are known only to

the officers of the Society, who are pledged to absolute silence ; it being left entirely to the option of the members themselves to declare, or not, their connection with the Society,—The President himself, and one of the Vice-Presidents, being among those who have chosen to remain anonymous.

The Society is now preparing, and will soon begin to issue, its reprints, all the earlier of which will be below the price of sixpence each.

Address all communications to

The Secretary, Theosophical Publication Society,

c/o GEORGE REDWAY,

15, York Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C.

Subscriptions can be remitted in postal money orders.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Theosophical Publication Society must not be confounded with the Theosophical Society, and in view of certain libellous statements which have been made and circulated, it may be useful to state briefly here a few facts about the latter Society and its founders.

The Theosophical Society was founded more than twelve years ago by Mme. Blavatsky and Col. Olcott. The former is a Russian lady belonging to an old and noble family ; the latter is a distinguished American officer. The Society has its headquarters in India ; and in that country, where its activity has hitherto been greatest, it has 150 branches. Branches of the Society have also been established in England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, France, Germany, Austria, Greece, Japan, and in the United States and South America.

The members of the Society are essentially a body of students, who join to the investigation of Nature an earnest desire to carry out in practice a purer system of ethics than that which prevails in society at large. Self-reliance, self-control, self-respect, willingness to draw knowledge from all sources, and a firm and heartfelt desire to be just and kind and forbearing towards others, are believed by Theosophists to be essentials to any progress in Theosophy.

LE LOTUS of a recent issue contained an excellent French rendering of H. P. Blavatsky's remarks on *Keeley's Inter-Etheric Force*, taken from her book. We translated it into English, but by some inadvertence failed to state that our translation was from *Le Lotus* ; we have great pleasure now in making the acknowledgment.

The Editor of the PATH desires to thank very warmly the Krishna T. S. of Philadelphia for so generously providing the means whereby the long-needed reprint of last April's PATH has been effected. Persons who have ordered but have not received copies will please communicate with the office.

The wise who knows the Self as bodiless within the bodies, as unchanging among changing things, as great and omnipresent, does never grieve.—*Katha-Upanishad.*

OM.