

# OUT OF THE SILENCE.



6<sup>d</sup>

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Descent (A Poem) (cont :) ... ..	187
Tale of a Pike ... ..	196
Philosophy of Life ... ..	199
Tau and Circle (cont :) ... ..	202
Through Life's Chromospheres ... ..	205
The Lonely Tree ... ..	209
Reincarnation and Kindred Subjects ... ..	212
Letters to the Editor ... ..	215
Notes ... ..	218
Books received... ..	220
Flower Visions. Study II. ... ..	222

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VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 5.

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“ The night has a thousand eyes,  
And the day but one,  
Yet the light of the whole world dies,  
With the setting sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes,  
And the heart but one,  
Yet the light of a whole life dies,  
When love is done.”

F. W. BOURDILLON.

## The Descent.

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PROLOGUE *(continued.)*

The Angels listened, rapt : “ Alas, alas !  
And now ? How came the change about ? ” they plead.

“ As now in Freedom’s atmosphere ye soar,  
Inbreathing joy, the gift of God to you,  
How would it be if ye should steal the fire  
Of Love and then deny the Giver ? This  
In very wantonness of bliss, the cause  
Why, in their Paradise—for such it was—  
That men of old, by reason of free will,  
Their hearts’ desires to seize, the fire stole  
Of procreative power—the sacred gift  
God shares with man to render him divine,  
And form in His own image pure the babe  
As seedling ground for God. But serpent Sense  
Insidious crept to Paradise, exalting  
The baser self, that rising from below—  
Through stone and plant and animal to man,  
Has no life in itself ; is but the husk  
Wherein the kernel of true life abides.  
This Self crept into woman’s heart to tempt  
To lust her spouse, the man, to squander free  
His freedom ; casting thus a cloud athwart

The brightness of their golden day of love,  
 Till nevermore could they look in God's Face  
 Without a sense of shame, alas ! At length  
 They fell by slow degrees to hate His Name !  
 Divorcing wide their wills apart from His ;  
 Till darkness inexpressible came o'er  
 The world ; the children having blotted out  
 Their God—in Whom they lived and moved—from sight.  
 Their imaged self they set up in His place,  
 And worshipped, until demons they became,  
 As black as blackened night of sin in which  
 They dwelt ; lit by the lurid glare of lust  
 Which they thought light ; forgetful that the fire  
 Of God, through this inversion of its use  
 Their evil had become, destroying them.  
 Its power falling on their seed corrupt  
 Brought forth corruption. Swords of living God  
 These men became, filling the land with blood,  
 The soil with crimes of horror saturate ;  
 Till foul and creeping things came forth to life  
 Inspiring terror, for their sting was death.  
 Animals grew fierce, waging war with man.  
 Earth's lovely plants, in part, some poison drew ;  
 While weeds, symbolical, o'erchoked their growth.  
 As reptile scorpions sting themselves to death,  
 Mankind were killing fast their life in God,  
 The angel seed corrupting day by day,  
 Until the spark of God that dwells in each  
 Came back to Him as forth it went, while wraith  
 Of memory—that could not die—the souls  
 Which sinful deeds had built to spirit shape  
 While in the flesh—went wand'ring restlessly,  
 Seeking to rise, to find the angel lost.  
 Or brooding o'er the world of being—fresh  
 If haply they an empty form might find  
 To reinhabit—since no peace they knew.”

The angels listening veiled their faces pure ;  
 Fond pity filled their breasts, and some alarms.  
 “ Perchance it thus shall be with us,” they cried.

“ It need not be, Beloved, the test I give  
 I give to all, through which they overcome.  
 It is Freewill. Ye shall be free, as now  
 Ye freely go, but still are free to stay.



Ye shall be free to choose the good from ill  
 As they of whom I have been telling you  
 Else no saints were ye. In this blest sphere  
 The lesson of resistance is not learnt.  
 But there—with sin alluring flesh to tempt  
 Your senses, ye your angelhood can mar—  
 The germ of God within, the sacred seed,  
 That never from the womb of flesh it rise  
 Your souls to bless. Or ye can discipline  
 Your wills for conquest; and renounce for aye  
 All that might tempt you from the law of right—  
 As did I. And in the fight, my spirit  
 Shall avail your slightest call; to render  
 Aid and strength to you, that ye may o'ercome.  
 None need be lost, for e'en in darkest hell  
 One thought of Me in yearning will suffice!  
 For heaven, hell, the Universe throughout  
 Are mine; and I am there. Men knew this well  
 Of old, e'en when they feigned forgetfulness  
 Their impious oaths proclaimed God's Holy name  
 Lay hidden at the core of being sure.  
 Was heart or passion stirred, at once in speech  
 The word upon their tongue that formed was—God,  
 Still God! The talisman with which to bless  
 Or curse. No man can from my presence fly.  
 'Tis thus I safeguard e'en the very worst;  
 Although they know it not.

“ Yet some there were

Whose recollection of their home above,  
 As yours, Belovéd, will perchance remain—  
 Would strive with men to curb the wickedness  
 Which defamed their God. Such they strove to kill.  
 In ripened hour *I* went, to seek and save  
 And bring them home to God with power supreme.  
 But not through human sense could I be born  
 Into the race defiled. As fire of God  
 All pure, in virgin's womb I was conceived,  
 And dwelt, until an infant shape I bore  
 That made me Son of Man, who came to find  
 The lost; to fight foul sense and all its brood  
 Of passions hateful. At the world's midnight—  
 When all was black, and madness reigned supreme;  
 God's throne on earth a rank hypocrisy

Of swelling Selfdom and corrupted good  
 That boasted piety ; while putrid death—  
 Which whited sepulchres but ill concealed—  
 Now made the world a charnel house of sin.  
 'Twas then I did descend . . . .”

“ To save the world ! ”

The Angels whispered, breathlessly, with awe—  
 Adoring, “ How couldst *Thou* thus leave Thy home ? ”  
 “ Do I not love you ? ” said the dear Lord Christ.  
 “ ’Twas such as ye—that had incarnate been  
 In man, and had been lost, to rescue you  
 And such as you, Beloved, and teach the truth  
 So long obliterated from men’s hearts—  
 I left the universe of bliss, and swept  
 The darkened floor of that lost world to find.  
 I broke the spell of blindness which had cast  
 The light of God from out sad darkened eyes.  
 And though they slew my flesh, they could not slay  
 The love, the life, the power of God I shed  
 Upon their world in Holy Spirit pure  
 Pervading all. For in that darkest night  
 I snapped the chain self binding them to hell.  
 My spirit ever brooding o’er them dwells ;  
 Striving with them all as fond mothers strive  
 With waywardness in children whom they love.  
 On earth I wept o’er them, when in the flesh  
 I lived and suffered with them ; knowing all  
 The anguish of their lot—self-forged, alas !  
 Which only by forsaking could they fly.  
 I pleaded with them unto me to come  
 And I would give them Life abundantly,  
 With rest, and peace, and joy for evermore.  
 But they would not ! Alas, they would not come !  
 They slew my power to save them—while in flesh  
 I strove with them—by crucifying me  
 Upon the cross. Yet I forgave them all.  
 They knew not what they did nor who I was.  
 As children groping in the night, they saw—  
 But in the dark. Their light was darkness sore ;  
 “ Great darkness,” as the prophets had foretold,  
 Now covered them ; and only by the doom  
 Of suffering through which I came to teach  
 And shelter them, could they now learn the truth.

It is no function of the will of God  
 To wantonly afflict, as men suppose,  
 And so blaspheme the love divine that guides.  
 Now see ye how Freewill in man himself  
 Is harbinger of destiny for weal  
 Or woe—save that in woe love still awaits  
 The hour of his return.

'Twas thus I taught

For their behoof, the story of the son—  
 The prodigal, who left his parents' home,  
 As ye are doing now, to sojourn long  
 In countries strange and far; his substance  
 There to waste; living for himself alone,  
 The dregs to reach until he dwelt with swine  
 In sore disgust; there—found himself again,  
 Thinking of his Father and of his home  
 Which he had left; the love he had abused.  
 The Spirit stirring swift to quickening  
 Within his soul, he soon became new born  
 To life afresh, through penitence and love—  
 The Father's love—that opened wide fond arms  
 To welcome him; while angels—with his own  
 In heaven—awaiting him, rejoiced with joy  
 Unspeakable, that he who had been lost  
 Was found again; the son once dead now lived!"

"May it not be, dear Lord, with us the same,  
 We—who would be thy saints, and would not die?"

The Angels cried, a-trembling as they heard  
 The words of gracious warning fall from Christ.

"Shall we be powerless to stem the fate  
 That may o'ertake us in the flesh opaque?"

"I can prevision and protect your state."

So spake Lord Christ, to comfort and sustain.

"As thoughts of love in some pure hearts on earth,  
 Who have preserved their angelhood unseen,  
 Ye shall descend to be enwombed in flesh,  
 Your spirits as the seeds of God shall be;  
 Your angel forms remaining in their place  
 Among the mansions of the blest above  
 Awaiting your return, yet tending you:  
 Beholding—glad—the face of God alway.  
 As infants in a mother's loving arms  
 Ye'll be at first; still visioning your home—

At times with ecstasies—so chaste and pure,  
 So sinless, unashamed and innocent,  
 That when on earth I sought to teach my friends  
 Of heaven and heavenly men, I took a child  
 And set it in their midst, and bade them be  
 As little children ; simple in their hearts  
 And true—if they God's kingdom hoped to win.

“ Yet note what happens—well : As forms the flesh  
 Around your spirits, and the world creeps in,  
 The recollection fades—as does a dream—  
 Of heaven and your home in God above.  
 For with rough breath of earthly atmosphere  
 There comes some taint of flesh-wrought sin to quench  
 The light of heaven around the soul ; till ye  
 Are born afresh—through quickening of the seed  
 Of God in you—to spirit breathing life.

“ For each one born of woman is two-fold.  
 Midway stands the soul 'twixt earth and heaven.  
 Without—the world allures the senses strong,  
 To live by sense alone ; and use the mind  
 (God's avenue of thought, by which the spirit  
 Can feel its way to Him from soul within)  
 And use the mind as door to shut out God.  
 Forgetful that the very breath they breathe  
 Is God's—still God's, Supreme and Infinite.  
 As well might child deny the parent womb  
 That bore it when on earth, and loudly say  
 'Twas self begotten, as thus to deny  
 The power of God in man who owes God all.  
 Some, feeling this, have turned aside from sense  
 And lived in spirit only ; forgetful  
 Of their mission ; forgetful to infuse  
 The life of the within to the without :  
 Till sense is sacred, felt and known to be  
 As prayer, which is the God within that seeks  
 Expression ; thus communing with his own,  
 Though not as now, when face to face we speak  
 In confidence and love that knows no cloud.

“ My Presence shall go with you to the end ;  
 And though ye see me not with eyes of flesh—  
 Such visionings are rare—ye'll surely feel  
 And know the love I bear you and the race  
 Who would deny me, and their reason use



To prove my non-existence ; or would make  
 Of me one as themselves—ay, so I was  
 In my descent ; for felt I not the throes  
 Of fierce temptation, knowing I was God—  
 Who could of stones make bread when hunger hurt.  
 And claim the world as mine from mountain top  
 To pinnacle of temple, did I choose  
 To minister to sense and self in flesh—  
 Which limited my Godhood when on earth,  
 That I might suffer with mine own, and know  
 The pains that tortured them. How else could I  
 Deliver them ? or break the spell that bound  
 Their souls imprisoned in the hell of sense  
 That was destroying them ?

“ But ye shall know

And bear with you the recollection sweet  
 Of this your home, as many more have done  
 Who felt me in their hearts, and strove to live  
 The Way, the Truth, the Life I did on earth.  
 Winning the weak and lost through sympathy,  
 Feigning no austere sanctity of face,  
 But smiling in the eyes of God who smiles  
 Response on all true joys. Joy he creates  
 To be enjoyed in Him ; e'en from the flower  
 That speaks of Him, and tells men this from out  
 Its grassy firmament, to points of light  
 That stud the vast expanse of blue divine  
 Where God has writ his Holy Name with power  
 And omniscience ; proclaiming silently  
 His boundless universe—how Infinite.”

“ In spite of this men have denied Thee, Lord !  
 The lost, alas ! O tell us of their fate ;  
 Those who will not own Thy power or Thy love.”

“ I fain would draw a veil o'er horror's scourge  
 Of sin ; and all the woes that men have whirled  
 In vanity unthinking, o'er themselves ;  
 Crowding a Hades with their restless shades  
 That ever seek life's former scenes to gain ;  
 And often re-inhabit empty souls  
 That have not stirred the seed of God to birth.  
 Lost spirits fill these sepulchres of men,  
 Driving to lust or murder, greed or sense  
 The living structures they thus occupy,

Until re-incarnation forms the theme  
 Of many minds, unable to account  
 For recollections in the mem'ry stored  
 Which come to them through these, of times gone by  
 When—as some figure of renown—they trace  
 Some scenes through which they've passed, and then affirm  
 That they have lived before. Their angel forms  
 In heaven, grieving sore that thus they think,  
 Not knowing they're possessed by demon souls  
 Who live again in them past scenes of yore  
 In thoughts their minds reflect.

“ I when on earth  
 Oft told them this and drove the demons out.  
 For man is his own devil, and creates  
 The fiends that torture him, by letting in  
 The wand'ring restless hords. Once these I drove  
 Into some swine which ran down hill to death.  
 I bade men mark how man might rid himself  
 Of one ; but if the void thus left—unfilled—  
 Were Godless, seven others then might come  
 To make his end more woeful than the first.”

“ Still, for the lost—the demons—what of them ?  
 That once were angels—such may we become.”

“ Whose angels still await them !” said the Lord.  
 “ As day and night rule in the earth below,  
 Where time and space by limits are defined,  
 Where night gives place to day and day to night,  
 Their Psalmist caught the hint of this who wrote :  
 ‘ A thousand years is as a watch of night.’  
 The Golden Age gave place to Silver eve  
 Of moonlight, and bronzed darkness to black night.  
 But after night comes dawn, and then the morn  
 Shall break again to golden day once more !  
 And flood the world with goodness void of sin.  
 As seasons mark the year, sweet spring and summer  
 Give place to autumn ripe and winter chill,  
 So shall the dark long winter's night of woe  
 Give place once more to heaven's summering.  
 For this I went to them in their deep need,  
 Lest blighted by chill blasts of wickedness,  
 Freezing them to despair, they had been lost  
 For aye. Every pure angel soul that goes  
 To take on flesh and wrestle with man's wrongs,

Redeems the race, and draws it nearer dawn  
 Of that new day for which I bade them pray :—  
 ‘Thy kingdom come ; Thy will be done on earth  
 As now in heaven.’ ”

“ Lord, now let us go ;  
 That time we fain would hasten for all flesh.”

“ Yes, my Belovéd, ye shall go right soon.  
 As infants—see I you—in arms of love  
 On mothers’ breasts who cherish you with joy  
 And love ; whose tenderness shall sow in you  
 The knowledge of your God, till ye shall lip  
 His Name in hymn and song, and learn to love  
 His will. One in a palace shall be born ;  
 The other in a home so poor—that faith  
 Wrought day by day in parents’ hearts alone  
 Shall feed thee. Haply ye may meet below  
 And know it not ! For nothing is so hid  
 In heart of God as is the state ye hold.  
 And ye—if you should meet in the opaque,  
 Will scarce discern that ye are two-in-one ;  
 Though each shall for the other seek and pray  
 And hunger. Yet the blessed memory  
 Of your loves shall make you true and tender  
 To those who while on earth supply the place—  
 The one and only love of each one’s soul.  
 Thus shall ye help to purify the race,  
 Bringing it ever nearer to the morn  
 That heralds in the bright and golden day  
 Of glory, when the “ Sun of righteousness  
 Shall rise, with healing in His wings ” for all.

“ Throughout your pilgrimage I shall be still  
 Your heart’s firm strength in life, your hope in death,  
 Your crown of faith, your rock in every woe ;  
 Until released from the opaque again—  
 With all the gathered wisdom of the wise,  
 I hail you—Welcome ! Having overcome :  
 Well done, my good and faithful ones, well done ;  
 I crown you saints, and bid you enter joy—  
 The everlasting joy—God’s Marriage Feast.”

## The Tale of a Pike.

---

BY ALTIORA PETO.

THE knowledge having become general that I was much interested in Psychometrical experiments, a gentleman very courteously gave me access to his private collection of curios. So one morning I took from the wall a ponderous pike, and sitting down, note-book in hand, with its cold steel reposing upon my cheek, it unfolded this history of its past.

It showed me a dark vaulted recess in a Baronial Hall. There were instruments of warfare stacked against the massive stone wall. Hurry, excitement, confusion, pervaded the place. I heard the hoarse shouting of men, the tramping of horses, and the clattering of arms in the court-yard. Armour-clad men rushed into that recess, and seizing the various weapons, hastily disappeared. This particular pike was carried away by such a tall, burly fellow, that the paved floor echoed under him as he strode hurriedly forth.

Next I saw a battlefield, and outside a camp this same man in steel coverlet and cap acted as sentinel. His pike quivered with suppressed excitement. He held it suspended ready to attack. He stood tense—grim—watchful, scarce daring to breathe; and as he thus stood pictured before me, the word *Sedgemoor* seemed to ring in my ears.

Then I looked upon a regiment of foot-soldiers marching upon a country road. The early grey morn was chill and cold, the air alive with Biblical texts and blasphemous oaths.

Anon I saw a battle being fought, my ears dinned with the clashing of steel. My attention was specially directed towards two soldiers who tossed and struck their pikes in deadly conflict. One of them received a sharp neck wound, but was too excited to heed it. But my chief concern was for my first acquaintance, that burly soldier who, though a valiant fighter, I for some unknown reason regarded as an honest, God-fearing fellow. Oh! His opponent's pike pierced his eye! He uttered a cry, staggered, thought a rapid prayer or two that God would protect the widow and orphan, and fell back a corpse, his pike beside him.

Soldiers on horseback rode fast and furiously over the dying and dead. Turning my eyes from that sickly scene of blood and carnage up to the sky, I saw that it was high and blue, flecked with white and gold-tipped clouds. And all around the trees and hedges were a fresh

and tender green, which vaguely suggested to me that I had looked upon a battle which was fought in late spring or early summer.

I looked again upon that same battle-field, but it was deserted, save for the dead. But after a while I noticed a wounded soldier stiffly treading his way over the prostrate forms, till he stopped at last beside the soldier whose death I had witnessed, and exchanged his own broken pike for the more formidable looking one of his fallen comrade. I watched this poor, hunted, fugitive soldier, creeping faint and hungry through a wood. He sought the trees for fruit, and raked the grass with his pike for roots. I saw squirrels springing from bough to bough among the leafy trees, and the soldier trying to knock one down, but the nimble little creatures evaded him, and the pike crashed noisily against the tree, startling the soldier and causing him to look affrightedly around.

Next I looked upon a farmhouse, a low, red-roofed building, and saw some cows in a shed, and at the far end the fugitive asleep beneath a heap of straw. Presently he sat up to receive from a servant wench's hands a bowl of new milk, and a loaf of coarse, brownish bread. Then the girl knelt down and applied some salve or balsam to his bleeding feet. They consulted together, then the girl disappeared with the pike from the shed, and I watched her mount a ladder-like staircase, enter a dark room in which apples were stored, and conceal the pike behind a large press. Afterwards I saw her taking food up into some dark closet, and though I could not see the fugitive, I felt he was secreted there.

I looked upon another scene. The farmhouse appeared to be dismantled. No cows were in the shed, or poultry about the farmyard, and I vaguely connected their disappearance with soldiers in the neighbourhood, but whose presence was felt rather than seen, and though I saw folk at work about the homestead, my interest was centred solely upon the girl whose Samaritan-like act in befriending the fugitive, appeared to have brought an indefinable misfortune upon her surroundings, for the very air seemed charged with woe.

A soldier in brown cloth uniform, with high buff boots, carrying pistol and sword, came so quickly upon the girl that she almost fainted with fright. Other men followed, and with their long pikes pried and poked into every nook and corner. I followed them upstairs into the store-room, saw them move the press, and take the pike from its place of concealment. Then I looked upon the farmhouse garden and noticed several pikes resting against an apple tree, whose fruit glinted greenly upon the boughs. The soldiers were still searching the premises, and through the farmhouse door I saw the officer talking and heard the girl weeping.

The fugitive was not within the house, I felt convinced of that, though I could give no reason for my statement, unless it was the hurried glimpse I caught of a corn-field—that I wondered vaguely if he were secreted in the upstanding corn, though when I looked a second time upon the field, I could not perceive the slightest indication of its having been disturbed or trampled upon.

These vivid scenes were succeeded by a protracted spell of darkness, and afterwards I saw a busy town rampant with martial ardour, and heard the roaring of forge fires and bellows, the hammering of steel, and saw farriers and armourers at work amidst a tumultuous din of soldiers and horses. I also saw soldiers with their heads bowed against their pike staffs listening to the deliverance of a prayer.

I was cognisant of another battle, yet did not witness it, and was specially interested in a youthful soldier carrying a pike. His hair was auburn, his cheeks hollow, flushed and hectic, and he was marching with other foot-soldiers in the direction of London. His weapon, however, seemed much too heavy for him to bear, for he fainted by the wayside. His comrades stopped and raised him up. It was of little use; he was too weak to proceed further; he was dying. The pike dropped from his hand, and he fell dead upon the road.

Next I looked upon piles of pike staffs stacked against the ivied corner of an ancient church, then into a long gallery hung with armour and life-size portraits of ladies and gentlemen of the Stuart period. Then came another protracted spell of stillness and darkness, followed by a sense of resuscitation from a heap of rusty armour and old arms, and I looked upon the stage of a theatre and heard blank verse delivered in rolling, resonant tones, at the same time being bewildered with noisy confusion about supers, call boys, prompters, stage managers, Phelps, Atkinson, *Miss Atkinson*, which finally resolved itself into the rehearsal of a Shakespearian production of bygone days. This striking picture was succeeded by a perplexing bustle, the tapping of an auctioneer's hammer, and I looked into a sale room, where a sale was proceeding, for I saw piles of old armour and theatrical properties being sold by auction. Next I beheld the weapon resting in its old place upon the wall of the room in which I sat, indicating dumbly its desire to add

## FINIS

to the history of its life.

P.S.—The name of Miss Atkinson being unfamiliar to the historian of the pike, *The Referee* was appealed to for verification of her identity. The reply is subjoined:—

“Miss Atkinson was for some years a leading actress with Samuel Phelps at Sadlers Well. She made her first London appearance at that theatre as the Queen in “Hamlet,” September 26th, 1853.”—*The Referee*, May 3rd, 1903.

## The Philosophy of Life.

---

WHAT is Life? This is a question easy to ask, but as it presents itself in its various aspects we do not find the answer so very easy to grasp. This query embraces the whole domain of physical nature, and not only this, but it leads us to a consideration of Spiritual Powers and Existencies. Thus, if we would understand our subject in the truest sense, we shall have to consider the question of "Involution" and "Evolution," as they operate and manifest in all nature. Were we to propound our query to certain physical scientists, their answer would be, "The Blood is the Life"; others more of a psychical tendency would say, "The Breath is the Life"; but we contend that neither would be right. We are willing to admit that the Blood and Breath are essential to certain manifestations of form, yet they are not Life, but results coming from a somewhat more interior, which has been "involved" into material conditions.

What is the Trinity which makes all things manifest? I answer: Form, Colour, Vibration. That which is formless is not seen. Everything has colour or it would be invisible. While form is the result of vibration, colour is the register of vibration which produced such form. But we can only consider these as the effects of a more interior cause which ever operates to the end, that by its manifestations it may be revealed and recognised. That to which I here give the general term "cause," appeals to me as being the one Life Impulse, which operates and vibrates in all conditions of matter, and unto which I beg to give the term Divine Wisdom or the Universal Spirit.

Now, in order that I may better define my subject, I beg to make the following propositions, viz. :—

1. I believe that every atom of matter has its Spiritual Counterpart, this spiritual part operating on the material to raise it to grander and more sublime conditions of form, thus to manifest the Divine Wisdom.

2. I believe that matter is eternal, for we know that we cannot destroy it, but can only change its form or condition, though we may, by a knowledge of chemistry, liquify solids and render liquids aeriform and invisible. Yet "Nature's Fervent Heat" will arouse the "Loves of the Atoms," and by their cohering, Form will be given back to them from invisibility.

3. I believe that I in myself represent all the elements of Nature, visible or invisible, thus:—An atom, so to speak, of the Infinite Nature has by its Involved force of Love, drawn to itself, from the whole domain of matter, the elements which constitute my form. Even so does mind, from the impulse of the same “love force,” absorb to itself from the “Infinite Wisdom” that which builds up the Ego, for all thoughts are thoughts of God. Hence am I, the little man or *Microcosm*, allied to, and a part of, the Grand Man or *Macrocosm*, for *He has made me from Himself*.

How stupendous the question: Whence came I? What a revelation awaits the mind that can pierce this depth. And how as one seeks to grasp the truth does nature seem in all her works as though ever in mighty travail, for she has sought to cap the climax and give birth to Man—Man, weaker than a bruised reed, yet more enduring than the hills: Man, the puny victim of doubt and often despair, yet with a mind lasting as eternity; and when the Divine Wisdom operated to actuate the first atom, God said in that hour, “Let us make man.” But He also said, “In our Image,” therefore it was necessary that the “word” or impulse of the Spirit should actuate all conditions of matter, to gradually uplift or ennoble it in form, and from this we assume that man is the natural outgrowth of all those forms and conditions which have preceded him. Hence, standing at the head of creation, truly may we say that man embodies all the Divine processes in himself.

*Why here?* Let us assume for a moment that man had not existed, what matter how grand Nature’s mighty works if there were no creature Divinely endowed with a power capable of comprehending and profiting by it? Surely in that case the labour of the Mighty Architect would have been in vain. Herein we see the necessity for human existence, for it is to the end that God may be “Manifest in the flesh.” It is for this that man must know sorrow and joy, comfort and pain, pleasure and disappointment; he must be exalted and debased, else how shall he know the heights and depths of the Infinite Love and Nature, or how shall the latent powers of the soul be called into action and our hopes and desires be manifest? Is it not a fact that every experience of Life is absolutely necessary to our Spiritual unfoldment, whatever its nature? Yes; Life’s experiences build up the Ego and make us what we are. The earth is our school; Dame Nature is the mistress, and what though she administers the birch, ’tis but that we have erred, and she must needs call us to rectitude and duty. Therefore, let us not repine, for ’tis best so. She judges unerringly, and her laws, founded by a loving Father, are immutable.

*What is Life?* Can we suppose for a moment that Death ends



the all of our Being, that after all our philosophizing, our grand imaginings, our lofty desires and aspirations, we are to pass from sight and be no more? This cannot be. The Divine endeavour would have been in vain. Let us consider the nature of this so-called Death (monster). Is he the demon dark or kindly angel? Does he come with icy grasp, or to clasp us in the embrace of a kindly affection? Let us see. We know that our bodies are but matter, and and that all material bodies are subject to the laws of change. Hence they have their young-day, mature age, and the period of decay, which must come sooner or later. To man this means much of pain, decrepitude, and physical misery; so that he would be weary of such life. But 'tis now that the Father, in His love and mercy, sends the kindly angel, Death, to touch the weary eyes of the wandering child and say, "Thy Father hath need of thee. Sleep, weary one, and wake to that Glory for which thou hast longed and toiled through life."

*Whence came I?* I answer: From the depths of Infinite Existence, for God evolved me from Himself.

*Why here?* That the Divine Image may be mirrored in my soul, and its beauty be manifest in my Life, for God wills it.

*Whither bound?* Back to that "Nirvana" for which my Spirit has so often longed and yearned amidst the travail of earth. Back to that state where my soul will vibrate in more perfect harmony with the mighty soul through the endless ages.

"Magna est veritas, et prevalebit."

FINIS.

"To the Unknown Writer—Thanks."

C. B.

## INSPIRATION.

Into the Silence gently steal,  
 Nor let one whisper rend the sacred air.  
 Listen! Thy spirit soon shall feel  
 An influence breathe o'er it unaware.  
 Soon Inspiration shall upon  
 Thy listening and expectant ear descend.  
 And thou shalt wiser speak anon,  
 If to the voice within thou dost attend.  
 Into the Silence glide, nor be afraid  
 The hours to pass in solitude.  
 Know that 'tis only when thy soul hath prayed  
 In secret it may taste of good.

R. DIMSDALE STOCKER.

## The Tau and Circle.

By "LIGHT."

(Continued from page 179.)

85.

ANOTHER vital Truth is signified by the symbol of the Tau and Circle. In this figure, the Circle surmounts the Tau, being attached to it at the centre of the horizontal bar, at the point where it rests upon the top of the vertical bar.

86. This is a representation of the *Immanence and Conjunction of the Hierarchies of Elohim above, and with the Adamic Race, and, through their Mediumship, with the Earth, and all the Microcosms that fill and inhabit it.* For the Disciple of the Cross and the Serpent will be taught how it is that the Adamic Race were the Mediums between Jehovah-Elohim and the inferior Microcosms; this being one of the fundamental and vital Principles of the Universe. No Microcosm lives by itself; all Microcosms are living Units of One Whole.

87. By reason of this eternally sustained conjunction and correlation of the Adamic Race with Elohim, and with the vast Spiritual Hierarchies under the dominion and authority of Elohim, which Powers and Principalities hold command of the forces and Elements of the Universe, and of all the vital principles of Life, Generation, Force, Motion, and Matter in the Universe, the Adamic Race were endowed with all the Powers, Functions, Energy and Wisdom that are in force and activity in the vast Cosmic Organization of the Universe.

88. In the same manner as every Ray of Light is charged with the same forces and essences that are contained in the Centre of Solar Light; so every member of the Adamic Race, according to his degree of development in the Order of the Square and Circle, became a living Dynamo, or Receiver and Transmitter of the Force and Element of the Universe.

89. And by virtue of the correlation and conjunction of the Adamic Race with the Spiritual Hierarchies of Elohim (who were the Mediums of Jehovah), the Adamic Race, and by their Mediumship all the Microcosms in and upon the Earth, were sustained eternally in Perfect Equilibrium with one another, with the Universe, and with the Centre, Jehovah.

90. In the same manner as all metals of the same affinities are sustained in perpendicularity, contrary to the law of gravitation, by the force of a magnet, and receive and transmit the force of the magnet

themselves, which enables them to sustain other similar bodies by the magnetism communicated from the magnet, so the Adamic Race received from Elohim the Auric Force that contains all the Forces and elements of the Universe, and transmitted it, in currents of Auric Force, from their own beings to all the Microcosms on the earth and to the Earth itself.

91. The example of the Magnet is no mere simile. The Circle represents the Magnet of the Universe, and the Force that sustains the Universe is derived originally from Jehovah, the Central Magnet, and is communicated in innumerable Circles of intermediary magnets, until it reaches the Human Magnets, and through them penetrates to the centre of the Earth, sustaining the Earth, and being the Source of all Vitality, Life, and Force in the Earth, and in all Microcosms.

92. The reader will probably already have divined that those two Phenomena of the Bible, the "*Shekinah*" of the Old Testament, and the "*Paraclete*" of the New Testament, are, in reality, the same thing as that which is represented by the Circle surmounting the Tau; namely, the Immanence and Conjunction of Elohim—the vast Spiritual Hierarchies—over and with the Children of God, or the True Israel of Jehovah.

93. The Truth of this vital and momentous subject will be more fully elucidated when the writer is able to publish his book on the "*Cosmogony of the Universe.*" The question of the relations that now exist between the Paraclete and Mankind, is one so momentous and significant, that the reader is implored not to put it on one side as one that can await a more convenient season.

94. The above brief statement must suffice for the present in the elucidation of the two Symbols of the Square and Circle, and the Tau and Circle, representing, as we have shown, the relation of the Four-fold Nature of Man to the Universe, and to Jehovah, the Centre of the Universe.

95. As has been already stated, this has been but the briefest and most cursory treatment of so wide and deep a subject. It will hereafter be shown that these Signs have many variations of signification, applying to the many different phases and aspects in which the Truth of the Universe presents itself to the Human Mind.

96. They treat of the Microcosm, and particularly of the Human Microcosm, in its relation to the cosmic Universe, and to the innumerable correlations of the units of the Universe (classified under the various Scientific and Religious formulæ) both with themselves and with the Centre.

97. In these two symbols are represented and included every Truth that is found in every department of human Thought, and they

unite in one Fundamental Truth all those Scientific and Religious Facts and Verities which, in these days, are viewed too generally as antagonistic and contradictory.

98. The full knowledge of the Wisdom of Jehovah, conveyed in the right understanding of these Symbols, will afford to the Disciple the complete elucidation and exposition of the whole Science and Philosophy of the Universe.

99. It will give the Solution to every Problem, the Answer to every Question, the Key to every Enigma, that confronts the student of Science and Religion, and that has taxed the skill, the patience, the erudition, and the ingenuity of the world's most learned and persevering students and philosophers.

100. Yet so simple and so plain is the interpretation of the Symbols, affording the key that unlocks all the Mysteries of Life and Being, that their comprehension and acceptance are as easily attained, yea, even more easily attained, by the simple and unsophisticated, than by the world's "wise and prudent."

*(To be continued.)*

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TELLING TIME BY FLOWERS.—The phenomenon of certain species of flowers opening and closing at particular hours has been utilised by an Ohio landscape gardener to add a unique decoration to the grounds of John D. Rockefeller's country seat at Tarrytown. It consists of a flower-bed which can be used as a clock. The bed is circular and divided into twelve parts. Each part contains a figure composed of a flower which opens or closes at the corresponding hour. Thus the 2 o'clock space is occupied by a II made of hawkweed, which closes at 2 p.m. precisely. The hands are stationary of course, and are composed of the common yellow dandelion, which opens at 5-30 a.m. and closes at 8-30 p.m., and point to arrangements of flowers representing these figures. Among the flowers used are the snow thistle, which opens at 5 a.m. and begins to close at 11, but does not fully close until noon; the yellow goat's beard, which opens at 4 a.m. and closes at 4 p.m.; the blue chicory, which opens at 4 a.m. and closes at noon; the morning glory, poppy, waterlily, pimpernel, and marigold, opening at 5, 7, 8, and 9 a.m. respectively; the Star of Bethlehem, which closes at 11; the passion flower, which closes at noon; the beauty of night, which opens at 5 p.m.; white lychnis, opening at 6, and the blue convolvulus at 2 a.m.

## Through Life's Chromospheres.

BY WILLIAM HEALD.

(Continued from page 172.)

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IT was early in September, '99. The sinking sun was still shining from a clear sky upon the beautiful English Lake—Windermere. A small gondola steamer was making good headway from Bowness to Ambleside.

A young girl with a merry laughing face, clear cut and refined in every feature, beautiful blue eyes, and a firm elastic step moved quickly to and fro from stem to stern of the steamer.

"My dear Zoe, are you preparing for a long walking tour? or are you doing your best to tire yourself before we reach Ambleside, that you may have reasonable excuse to get off to bed, without dinner, immediately on our arrival?"

The young girl stopped at once before a lady who, with a book resting on her lap, and a sweet amused expression on her face, was seated on a deck chair that was so placed that the rays of the sinking sun fell full upon her face.

"No, Stetta, dear. As a matter of fact, I do not know what I have been walking like that for. I seemed to be thinking, thinking, and noting nothing else that I was doing." Then a mischievous look spread over her face as she added, "but may I not also ask you, Stetta, if you are getting all the sun's rays direct on your face to give you colour, or are you looking into the Sun to see if you can analyse some of its rays to find the Colours you seem lately to have been so interested in, when we have been picking the flowers away there in lovely Grasmere?"

"Come here, Zoe, I want to have just a quiet little talk with you."

The young girl readily took a chair beside her elder friend, and, affectionately taking her companion's hand in hers, she said, saucily, "Well, Stetta, dear, what is the lecture now?"

"It is neither lecture, nor homily, dear, I wish to give you, but I do want to tell you something I have heard that has given me great joy and has caused me to want to look into the Light. That, I believe, is the reason why I have been unconsciously gazing into the sun. You saw that I got a letter from Geneva this morning. It had been somewhat delayed owing to our recent erratic movements. This letter was in answer to the Flowers I sent, as you are already aware, to our mutual friend, Sphaera."

"Oh, what does he say?" interrupted Zoe.

"My dear, that is just what I was going to tell you."

To an interested listener the letter of which the reader already has an idea was read, and its contents warmly discussed.

"I feel, Zoe, after this letter, that I can speak of our terrible sorrow with a lighter heart, as all my feelings, and yours too dear, are confirmed by the deductions of what I am beginning to feel is a true, though somewhat uncanny Science."

"Far be it from me, Stetta, to suggest a doubt at the present time, remembering how much you have suffered, but is it not just possible that you put your thoughts and feelings into the flowers sent, and that their influences being so strong about them they were perceived by the sensitive,—in this case our mutual friend?"

"This, dear, is quite possible, and had it been anyone else than Sphaera I should have been of the same opinion as yourself, I am quite sure that my Thoughts and Feelings were conveyed by influencing spheres through the flowers to our mutual friend, but, as you must have noted, Zoe, he has told me more than I ever thought, or felt, and as he has been so accurate in gauging the influences which gave to him my own thought and feeling, I feel the greater confidence in the other information he sends. Somehow, I feel that Will Sphaera will, by his remarkable science, solve the problem of the disappearance of Claude, and I even feel that he will yet bring back my loved one to me alive and innocent."

The beautiful, reposeful face of the speaker shone with an inward glory that radiated in flashes of magnificent aura, which were perceived by the sensitive companion who sat looking into her face with an unconcealed look of wonderment.

"Stetta, darling," exclaimed Zoe, "I am sure you are right. Your face was transfigured and I SAW Claude's face looking lovingly over your shoulder. I am confident that he is alive somewhere, and equally certain that he is innocent of any wrong doing. Of course, some of the facts of the trouble I have not been told, but I know enough to understand what a relief it must be for any assurance in this direction to reach you from, or through the unseen, even though the poor instrumentality of myself and Sphaera may be utilised to give it. Yes, Stetta, I am positively certain from what I have just seen for a moment only, that you will be quite justified in encouraging the belief you have just expressed."

"Thank you so much, Zoe dear, you have cheered me and certainly strengthened my convictions. God ever bless and keep you, my dear child."

"Do you know, Stetta, I think I see my reason for walking so

much, your comment on which brought us together at an opportune moment, and I believe certain vibrations were being set in motion at the time which ultimated themselves in the apparently aimless walk, but only to make the greater manifestation and give me the vibrations of Light which enabled me to see the vision I have just described. I got also another impression, which at first I felt I must not tell you, but that feeling has now left me and I feel drawn to say it for some reason, and I believe the reason is a vital one, it is, Will Sphaera has also SEEN Claude, and that he has hesitated to tell you in the letter, fearing that you might think Claude dead. He has seen Claude in Vision as I did."

Zoe stopped as she noted a rather terrified look overspread the face of her sweet companion.

"Pray do not be alarmed, Stetta, dear, at the suggestion," continued the younger lady, "Because one is seen in vision it does not follow that that one is what is called 'dead.' Do you not remember Will's sermon on "Where is the Czar of Russia?" It was a strange title, but in the sermon were we not told that man is 'NOW a Spirit being, not will be when the physical body is left. At the time he is in the body he is a real Spirit Entity, and can function NOW as all spirits can. Even without it being necessary to 'die' he can in spirit be seen as such and can give encouragement and consolation to those to whom the Lord may permit him to go; and this, WITHOUT DYING.' This, Stetta, I take it, explains what I have seen and what I feel Will Sphaera has seen also."

"Your words cheer me, Zoe, and carry further conviction to my mind, and I will trust and not be afraid. What you have said about Will is rather strange, though, dear, as I seem to feel in perusing his letter that he had seen more than he cared to tell me in writing, but as we may expect to see him at Grasmere in the course of a few days we will get him to tell us everything. But here we are, at Ambleside, and there is the carriage waiting for us."

Both ladies rose from their chairs just as the steamer glided gently to the side. After leaving the boat, and as they walked along the little landing stage to the entrance where the carriage waited to convey them to Grasmere, a gentleman, foreign in appearance, walked to Miss Stetta Iris and, raising his hat said:

"Pardon me madam, but I have been requested to place a packet of important papers in your hands. The name, address, and writing on the cover will at once cause you to conclude that, although an entire stranger, I am addressing the lady for whom the package is intended. Your friend has passed on, and I would advise you to read the contents quietly and in privacy before you mention anything about

my mission. You may say that I addressed you in mistake, if explanation be necessary, but, in any case, let me say, the contents have something to do with Claude Solern."

With these words, quickly spoken, the stranger turned, left the landing stage and almost mysteriously disappeared.

The interruption was so comparatively brief, and Zoe had merely looked upon the stranger as an acquaintance of her friend, that when Stetta entered the carriage no remark was made about him.

As the open carriage drove along the beautiful road which leads from Ambleside to Grasmere Stetta tried not to seem concerned, though her heart was beating quickly and a kind of nervous fear was taking quiet, but firm hold upon her.

Zoe watched the face of her friend, and thought she saw a troubled look about the eyes, which Stetta kept rather averted. This was so unusual that she remarked, "Now Stetta, dear, do leave the sun's rays alone and look upon my sunny face. My face will not tire your eyes half so much as old Sol will."

Stetta looked seriously at her young friend and as seriously remarked, "Zoe, something has happened, please do not question me now, I will tell you all I can when the proper time comes. Candidly, dear, I feel afraid."

The carriage drew up at the entrance of a plain, unpretentious mansion on the hill side, which, from the front, commanded a view of Lake Windermere, right away from Ambleside, on beyond Belle Isle.

Stetta and Zoe proceeded to their separate rooms to dress for dinner as it wanted little more than half-an-hour to the dinner hour in question.

Stetta, on reaching her room, calmly placed the mysterious package on the table, remarking to herself, "I feel there is something unpleasant in the contents, and a perusal now might upset the arrangements of the house, and unnecessarily disturb others who will be awaiting me in the dining room. No, I will wait patiently until dinner is ended and I can get away for the night. Then, and then only"—this was said firmly, as she felt her hand drawn towards the package—will I read the contents." With surprising firmness, considering the proverbial curiosity of women, Stetta took up the package again, walked to a small table on one side of the room, unlocked and opened a drawer, placed therein the package, closed and locked the drawer and recrossing the room, rang the bell for her maid.

*(To be continued.)*



## The Lonely Tree.

BY FRANCES E. FLACK, B.A.

A TREE lived all alone on the side of a mountain. Many years before a mother bird had flown that way with some seeds for her little ones in the pretty nest down below in the valley. And as she was flying she dropped one seed on the mountain side. Just there a tiny worm had been hard at work turning over the ground, and the seed tumbled into this nice soft place, where its Mother Earth wrapped it for a long time in a bed of soft brown mould. The little seed had two nurses, for the beautiful sun stooped down and kissed it and fed it as it lay there, whilst the raindrops bathed it and brought it fresh nourishment.

Day by day it grew bigger, until at last it stretched its little brown coat so much that with a big crack it tore, and out came a wee, white head. The sunbeams called to it, "Come up, and play with us," and the raindrops, too, said "Come along, we will help you." So it pushed its way little by little out of its brown earth-bed, and could at last look all round and see for itself what was going on. But its nurses did not leave it alone, for they taught it how to put out some baby green leaves, and they still fed it every day, so that it grew always stronger and bigger.

But very often came the wind, saying to it, "Will you have a tug of war with me?" "Yes," answered the little tree, "we will see who is the stronger." Then it pushed its root down very firmly into the ground, spreading it out in all directions, and told the little branches to bend down when the wind came, but the trunk must stand steady. Tug! the wind was trying very hard to pull the tree out of the ground. "Push hard," said the tree to its root, which in its obedience grew stronger. Sometimes the wind was only in play and the branches enjoyed the fun, but often it was angry, so that it broke off the little twigs, and even the big boughs which had taken so long to grow.

This made the tree very sorrowful for a while, but it would not stay to fret over it, only tried to have strong new branches ready by the time the wind came again. But in the fight between them the wind would almost always push against the tree on one side, so that by degrees it bent right over, and grew very much out of shape. The tree had no one to speak to, for it was the only tree on all the mountain side. There was no one to be pleased when it put on its new dress in the springtime, or to be sorry when the frost killed the baby leaves.

So it did not know that it was quite deformed and mis-shapen,

until one day it heard two of the mountain sheep, as they passed it in their search for grass, begin to talk. "This is a stupid tree," said one to the other. "If you walk this side of it the branches come down so low they almost knock your nose; then if it rains, and you happen to be walking the other side, there are no branches at all, so there is no shelter, and it is just the same if the sun is hot. You would think that since it is the only tree on the mountain it might at least be a proper shape."

As it listened, the heart of the tree grew very sad within it, and the next time the wind came it cried out, "O, wind, why have you made me grow so ugly that even the animals laugh at me? You are cruel, O wind." But the wind only roared angrily, and breaking off two of the biggest branches, said, "Now, you will be more ugly still; you have no business to be here at all. This is my mountain, and never before has a tree dared to grow here."

Then, in its unhappiness, the poor tree drooped its deformed head, and longed for the wind to kill it quickly. The kindly sun saw and pitied the lonely tree in its sorrow, and sent down warm little sunbeams to comfort it. "We are bringing you a new green coat," they whispered, "and you will look so pretty when you are dressed again." "Look pretty!" thought the tree; "the sunbeams are only joking." But the merry raindrops came pattering down. "How nice your new coat is beginning to look," they said. "We are helping you to put it on quickly."

And the tree began to believe them. Perhaps it was not so ugly after all. So it shook its new green leaves, and made haste to unpack the little wee buds that were folded up so neatly in their brown parcels. Its heart was still very sore, however, for the sheep had said that it was no good. It was not much to look pretty sometimes if it could do nothing to help anyone.

As the tree was still full of thoughts like these, two little brown birds flew by. "Stop! Stop!" said one to the other. "Here is just the right place for our nest, for look, those crooked branches will shelter it beautifully; we could not have found a better tree." "Yes," answered the other bird, "it will do beautifully; let us begin to build at once." To and fro flew the busy little pair, bringing first some twigs from the heap which lay under the tree, then pieces of straw and grass, and tiny bits of wool from the backs of the mountain sheep. At last the nest was finished, and in it the mother bird laid three pretty speckled eggs, over which she watched with great care, while the father bird sang his sweetest songs in the branches close by. And in his song the bird told how they both loved the tree for giving them shelter, so that they might bring up their little ones in safety.

The tree listened to the bird, and the sorrow began to die out of its heart, as its leaves sent up their quivering song of thanksgiving that after all there was some work for them to do. But greater comfort still was to be given it. For one very hot day there came up the mountain path a poor, tired woman, with a very white-faced baby lying in her arms. She was saying to herself, "Oh! my poor little baby—the cruel sun is killing it—there is no shade anywhere on the mountain. What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do? I cannot go much farther, for I am so tired." Then, suddenly, as she came round the corner, she saw the tree standing all alone close to the path. Her eyes filled with gladness, and she cried aloud in her joy as she just managed to creep under the overhanging branches with her baby, whose face she tenderly fanned with leaves from the tree. After a long time the baby opened his eyes, and his mother held him close to her as she thanked the great Father that the shade of the drooping branches had saved her baby's life.

Now, at last, the heart of the tree was filled with a great joy, for it saw that for a good purpose had its arms been made crooked and bent, and it had not the beauty of other trees. And evermore, though lonely, it was very glad.

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PAUL SCALIGER, in his commentary on the prophecies concerning the papal succession, quotes another passage from Joachim abbé de Flore, which is indeed very remarkable if we compare it with the events that happened in the first half of the 16th Century through the preaching of Luther. It was as follows (P. 1 *De oneribus sexti temporis*) "A time will come when the Teutonic power will tread under its feet the Roman Church in the countries of the Occident. For just as Antiochus, of evil memory, brought the history of the Jews to its end, so will a son of perdition, by exciting the fury of the Germans, bring an end to the authority of the Church. And no other people will cause the Roman Church such sorrow as the German people its vassal. From the North of Germany an epidemic of heresy will spread, which will attack, at a time appointed by God, not only the reprobate, but the very elect. The hurricane will arise in Saxony; Magdebourg and Islèbe, worthy daughters of such a mother, will breathe pestilence in the face of the Lord." Was it possible, asks the commentator, to more clearly predict Luther, a Saxon born at Islèbe. And he adds, this prophecy is not recent and invented after the event, but dates from 1178; and the proof is that it is printed in a copy of Joachim's prophecies in our possession, which was published at Venice by Lazaro Suardi in 1516. And Luther did not begin to disseminate his preposterous doctrines until 1517.—Migné *Encyclopedie Theologique* (*Dictionnaire des Miracles*) vol. 25, p. 695.

## Reincarnation and Kindred Subjects.

BY G. COLE.

(Continued from page 157.)

NOW, we hope we are in a position to set right at last, as it appears to us, a great error promulgated by the writer and also theosophists generally, namely, that the astral plane has nothing in it suitable to develop the powers of the soul, that the astral body "does not relate us to a progressive world," that, in fact, it does not correlate the consciousness to reality, or to principles, but merely to a dream memory, a mere semblance to the earthly life.

Now, in this life, the power of thought is for the most part cogitative, but it produces subjective states of the mind known as ideas, or mental images, and if we wish to embody our ideas in objective concrete form, we must use the body and parts of it, mainly our hands, and also any other tool we can make to alter the condition of objects around us so that they shall take the form of our ideas.

But the astral life is essentially a magical plane, that is, a plane on which the power of thought is not merely cogitative, but also dynamic; the substances of the physical plane, with the exception of nerve tissues, are for the most part too inert to respond to thought force, but on the astral plane the substances of this plane are extremely sensitive to thought force. We think that Theosophists will admit this fact.

When a human being, then, ceases to function through the senses of the body, and as at death he is released from direct relationship to the physical plane, he finds himself in the astral plane, and he carries with him there his world of ideas, such as it is, and moreover the *capacity* at the root of his being to create new ideas or alter old ones. In the physical world principles inhere in the mind and also in the substances we investigate, and the junction of the two sets of principles constitutes our science or knowledge.

In the astral world also, principles of the mind supervene, and as in this plane the mind cogitates on phenomena and elicits their principles in harmony with its own mental laws or principles, so in the astral plane, as the testimony of every spirit will tell you, the mind cogitates on the phenomena of the astral plane and deduces the principles of these phenomena in harmony with its own mental laws. So that in the astral plane the mind has all the advantages of a relation to a material world quite as much as in the physical plane. Every spirit message will tell you this, and you will look in vain to

find the contrary maintained by anyone from the spirit world.

We know of no instance more striking of a very clever man being hoodwinked by a theory than that of Mr. Massey, when, with his wide knowledge of psychic phenomena, he can say we have no evidence, and not the slightest reason, to suppose that another sphere of external relation is provided on the astral plane. On the contrary, there is no evidence that we know of that has ever come from the spirit world which shows that the human being, on entrance to the astral plane, has a consciousness exclusively shut down to a mere memory or dream of his past life.

Now we come to the additional factor thou wilt meet when thou enterest the astral plane, and it is this, namely, that the subjective mental world of ideas thou wilt carry with thee to the astral world will by the sensitiveness of astral substances to thought force be reflected in every particular as a sphere of the objective world around thee there.

It is just here that the Theosophists make the blunder that Mr. Massey echoes in his paper. That because of the sensitiveness of astral substances to the acting thought force, and their power of shaping themselves so as to picture in every detail the states of the mind, that our friends imagine the mind in the astral world is not related to an external world, and that the consciousness in the astral body is a mere dream. An external world in the astral plane is as great a reality as it is in this; that is, an inhabitant of that plane is as much in contact with phenomena, or vibrating forces impinging on his astral senses, as an inhabitant of the physical plane is. In this world, external objects, as they are called, are more or less in fixed or rigid relation to each other, and though vibrating by their forces on the senses, by that means make us aware of their presence. On the astral plane you have etheric or akasic atoms in loose or elastic relation to each other, but they are acted on powerfully by the dominating force of thought of every thinking entity.

In the physical world the constants are in the rigidity or fixity of objects relative to each other; in the astral the constants are in the states of the minds of the inhabitants. In this world value is placed not only on the mental state, but on external phenomena, as they are more or less fixedly related to each other; but in the astral plane all value is in the mental states alone.

On the physical plane the advantages in the shape of a discipline rises from the strain this resistance or rigidity offers the mind. But the disadvantages are many—

1. There is the delusion that things have value in themselves, and hence the insane rush for the spoil on earth. This blinds the soul cruelly to its real interests.

2. The delusion that the physical body and the wants of the external life are more important than the mind,—the delusions of the flesh.

3. Excessive riches and excessive poverty put every soul suffering from these at terrible disadvantages to rise and progress.

4. Ignorance of the real character and motives of our neighbours.

The trials of the physical life are excellent within moderation, but under the present capitalistic condition of industry, the chances of anything like proper development of the higher nature are ruined. Our opinion is that the conditions of life on the physical plane under the present regime of civilisation, are in most ways utterly unadapted for soul development. On the astral plane the great disadvantage is that the training of individuals on the physical plane tends to create great fixity in people's ideas, and inasmuch as these ideas are reflected by the environments, the spirit is liable to grow careless and spend a long time in ruminating over its past life. Moreover, these unfortunate beings aggregate on the principle that birds of a feather flock together and confirm each other in evil and erroneous habits of thought.

Once, however, a spirit is made to realise the true situation, namely, that improvements in mental states are followed (1) by change in his appearance. We mean that of the astral body, and that the substances of the astral life create for him as concrete objective realities the elements of an environment truly delightful and harmonious; (2) and secondly, that the law of affinity which dragged him down to the hell of evil and ignorant companions, is equally capable of exalting him also to the heaven of good and wise companions, that indeed the whole character of the astral world is calculated to facilitate the progress of the soul. When once a man realises this truth, his life in the astral world is far more favourable for improvement than on the physical plane.

Summing up this part of our reply, our view is that the physical plane offers, when not violated by social iniquities, an advantage in the earlier development of the soul by offering resistance in external things which the astral plane does not supply. This is in accordance with the natural order of development, but on the contrary the astral world, except where fixity of ideas has become too deeply rooted, offers every facility to growth of the power of the mind, because of the exercise it gives, not merely to its cogitative, but also to its dynamic powers.

We have no hesitation in saying that the position of Theosophists is wholly at variance with truth in this matter, and that their theory of reincarnation gets no support from the nature and constitution of the astral plane.

*(To be continued.)*

## Letters to the Editor.

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JEHOVAH.

MADAM,—

"Light," in his article on the "Square and Circle," states in the July number, pp. 40 and 41, pars. 39 and 48, Jehovah was "The Supreme Centre of the Universe," "The Central Microcosm, and the Father of all Microcosms." Will "Light" oblige by explaining in the next issue whether the Jehovah defined as above by him, is identical with the Jehovah of the ancient Jews, and referred to in the Old Testament; or whether the Jewish Jehovah was altogether a different Being? If so, can "Light" further oblige by explaining the attributes and status of the Jewish Jehovah?—Obediently yours,

ENQUIRER.

London, 5th October, 1903.

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PSYCHOMETRY.

DEAR MADAM,—

In Psychometrising a small idol, I came in contact with the following terrible scene, and I should esteem it a favour could any historical students "place" the catastrophe in the world's history, or enlighten me as to the *raison d'etre* of my witnessing so pitiable an incident, which was as vivid in its moving reality as any present-day event.

I saw on the borders of a large city a high funereal pyre, from which smoke and flames ascended. By its lurid glow I could see men, robed in Chinese costume, working like maddened ghouls to feed the huge fire with the quivering forms of men and women, and I realised they were offering living human sacrifices to appease the wrath of the avenging Gods, which was advancing upon their city in the form of a devastating fire.

I looked into another quarter of the city and saw women huddled together in terror. Some of them were already dead, others were dying. Many had children in their arms, and were distractedly offering prayers and oblations to small idols, whilst mothers with infants at their breasts pressed the life out of them in their helpless, hopeless agony. The fire fast overwhelmed the city. The men no longer stayed by the pyre, but fled terror-stricken, treading and trampling one another down in their blind, impotent haste. The city appeared convulsed; there was a great subterranean upheaval; I saw a world of fire, followed by a chaos of darkness, and then I looked upon vast plains of sand.

ALTIORA PETO,

## VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY.

DEAR MADAM,

In the May number of *Anubis*, p. 426, Mr. John B. Shipley writes in category (*c*) of "Seekers of a Cosmic Philosophy which shall complete the partial and imperfect sectarian teaching of the churches, and reconcile with itself all forms of truth, &c."

May I point out to Mr. Shipley, and to such "seekers," that they can find the object of their search by a careful and conscientious study of the Vedānta Philosophy, especially as expounded by the Hindu sage, Sri Ramakrishna, and his disciple the Swāmi Vivekānanda, whose printed teachings may be obtained through any bookseller.

Such students need have no fear of—to further quote Mr. Shipley—"falling into category (*b*) and binding the thought of the future in the swaddling clothes of a bygone world." On the contrary, these teachings are instinct with life—the life of *to-day*, and they contain what, in some form or other, all the world is seeking—the pearl of great price.

E. A. WYMAN.

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 SYMBOLS.

Dr. Berridge's pertinent remarks in his note at the close of par. 61 of my articles on the "Symbols, &c.," have only come to my hand this day, and, as I live across the Atlantic, on an out-of-the-way little island in the West Indies, I fear that delay will accompany my reply. But I thank Dr. Berridge for the two queries he has propounded, and, with the kindness of *Anubis*, I will endeavour to reply to the first in the brief compass of this note. At the same time, I believe that Dr. Berridge will have already perceived that his queries have been answered in the succeeding sequence of articles of this series. I must also say that the whole statement contained in these articles is, at the best, only an *ex parte* statement, and therefore very incomplete. It contains assertions and conclusions, and states facts without the *data* and discussion necessary for their demonstration and elucidation. I labour therefore under a double disadvantage; the one being that a serial publication of an article that cannot be digested until read *in extenso*, is productive often of misconstruction and premature conclusions in the readers' minds. The other is, that this serial article only purports to be an introduction to a more copious and comprehensive work, which I hope to publish in a few months' time. Dr. Berridge questions my statement concerning the word "*mustertion*," or "Mystery," quoting Liddell and Scott's definition of the word, and of its deriva-



tion. The word is derived from the verb "*mues*," "*to initiate into the mysteries.*" Now, "*to initiate into*" means *to reveal the significations of*, and the word only implies *ignorance* of the uninitiated, and not the *secresy* of the mysteries. But this ignorance is due to the intellectual, physical, and spiritual *unfitness* of the uninitiated to receive the potent truths and spiritual illuminations contained in the mysteries. Yet again does the term not imply "*secresy*" in the sense that is given to the term by the priests and hierophants of the many cults and religions that profess to be the only and divinely appointed custodians of the Mysteries (see "*The Perfect Way*," Lect. v, par. 22, and Lect. vii., par. 41). And, in consequence of this "*unfitness*," and the supreme greatness and potency that belonged to the Mysteries, it was, and is, necessary that their unfoldment should be graduated in the form of degrees of attainment, and of intellectual, physical and spiritual development; which attainment and development were only arrived at after long and painful periods of discipline and temptations (symbolized by the "*Cross*"). Yet again, in no other sense were the Mysteries "*secret*," or debarred from the whole of mankind, nor counted as the special privilege of a class. But, in the course of time, the idea of the term "*musterion*" degenerated, owing to the degeneracy and corruption that fell upon the hierarchies of the Sacred Mysteries, which degeneracy was partially removed at certain periods of human history, only to fall back into its grossest state of worldly corruption in the long intervals between these revivals—such intervals as have continued until now, since the death of the Apostles of Christ, the Great Hierophant, and, in the Orient, of the Lord Gautama. And in these intervals of degeneracy the meaning of the term "*musterion*" came to be such as is generally accepted by philologists, and as quoted by Dr. Berridge from Liddell and Scott. In the Greek and Roman Ages the period of degeneracy had reached its lowest point, and the Mysteries were withdrawn from the world, not because they were "*secret*," but because the world was too corrupt for them to be placed in jeopardy among the conflicting religions and philosophic factions. Among the Jews the case was even worse, for the Mysteries were, by the priests of the Temple, completely perverted, and all semblance of the Sacred Wisdom was obliterated by their "*traditions*" and "*commandments of men.*" When Jesus Christ, the Great Hierophant, was incarnated, and appeared as the Messiah of the new dispensation, He came as a rebuke and a scourge upon the false and corrupt religious communities of His day. The priests and hierophants of the perverted and anti-Mosaic Church had so completely corrupted the Sacred Scriptures by their own interpretations and mutilations, and created a system of rites, ceremonies and doctrines that were the antithesis of

all that can be called sacred and divine, that the priests very naturally sought to slay the Master, who exposed the counterfeit, and propagated the True Mysteries. And Jesus truly made it manifest that the Priests, &c., of the Jewish Church had gained a certain sanctified and mysterious *kudos*, which they worked for all they were worth, for selfish purposes, much as the Christian Church has done since the death of the Apostles, during the corrupt times of "Anti-Christ," from which the world is now slowly awakening. Small wonder that Jesus said :—"Ye shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them who are entering to go in." And it is easily to be understood how, later, the Judaizing factions, which gained an entry into the Ekklesia of the Apostles, during the first three centuries A.D., "leavened" the whole Church into corruption, and finally, in the time of the so-called "Gnostic" dispute, or "heresy," they succeeded in eliminating from the history and teaching of Jesus and the Apostles, all that opposed or contradicted the vast scheme of ecclesiastical World-Power, which culminated in the Papacy. I have to thank Dr. Berridge for his most helpful articles of late, in which he has foretold, by re-writing earlier predictions, the near advent of the Master who will open the next bi-Millennial dispensation, and whose coming will culminate in all that he has said, in the Restoration of the Sacred Mysteries, as they were taught and proclaimed in the West, by Enoch, Moses, Solomon, Esdras, and Jesus; and in the East, by the succession of Buddhas, to the last of the Buddhas, Gautama. I fear I have exceeded my limits, and can only trust that "Anubis" will include this lengthy note in her excellent journal at the first opportunity. The second question I must ask Dr. Berridge kindly to let stand over until I can reply to it in the full manner which it demands. I will only say that I am convinced he will be satisfied with the explanation I shall give, and to assure him that my own views entirely coincide with his, and those of "Scientists" and "Occultists," that the "Sun evolves the earth, and all the Planets of the Solar System." But I will prove to him that my title of the Earth, as the "Mother of the Cosmic Universe," is not contradictory to this truth. This is a large subject, and impossible for me to handle at the "fag-end" of this note,

"LIGHT."

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## Notes.

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Meetings for discussion are held every Wednesday evening at 8, Inverness Place, Bayswater, at 8-15. All interested in the subject are welcome. A class for practical instruction in Astrology is also being formed.

ASTROLOGY AND  
HIGHER THOUGHT.

We are asked to give in the pages of this magazine the birth-date of the late Swami Vivekananda. He is said to have passed away at the age of VIVEKANANDA (about) thirty-nine. With regard to the lack of accurate information on this subject, Mrs. E. A. Wyman writes:—  
 “A lady pupil of the Swami Vivekananda once asked him his age. He declined to give it, for, as a ‘Sanyasin,’ that is, one who has made ‘Sanyasa’ or renunciation of all worldly things, it would have been contrary to the spirit of the vow he had taken had he gratified her curiosity, and so given undue prominence to the physical form through which he was manifesting. Even as Jesus, the Christ, replied to his interlocutors: ‘Before Abraham was, I am!’ so must a Sanyasin ever assert the predominance of the Spirit, and relegate the physical body to the background.”

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A club has been founded for the purpose of circulating magazines of a psychic and ethical nature, and for the interchange of ideas by means of a THOUGHT EXCHANGE. Correspondence Debating Society. All particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. W. Tudor Pole, 20, Henleaze Gardens, Bristol.

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A Ramakrishna Library is being founded by some earnest Hindu students at Orissa. Free gifts of suitable books would be much appreciated, VEDANTA. and may be sent to KRISHNA CHANDRA GUPTI, Ravenshaw Collegiate School, Cuttack, Orissa, India.

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The Series of Flower Studies now running through this magazine is being issued simultaneously in book form, with appropriate floral designs. FORTHCOMING Studies I and II, bound together, will be ready during this month. Price 1/- in paper, 2/6 cloth bound.—“The Message of the Sun,” by Rev. Holden E. Sampson, is now in the press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Welby. The book is an introduction to the main principles of the “Cross and Serpent,” and will be issued in a cheap form. Further particulars later. Arrangements have been made for the publication in book form of “The Descent,” now running through these pages.

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We regret that the name of Mr. Brian McGuire was used in an article in the October number without his consent. The name being a *nom de plume* only, and chosen on Chromoscopy principles, was peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the story, and its use was entirely due to a misunderstanding.

## Books Received.

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CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF WORKS ON THE OCCULT SCIENCES, by F. Leigh Gardner. The first volume of the series, comprising a list of ROSICRUCIAN BOOKS, is now ready, price 5/- nett, post free; to be obtained from the Author, 14, Marlborough Road, Gunnersbury, London, W. The book has an interesting introduction by Dr. Wynn Westcott, giving a brief *resume* of Rosicrucianism. This is followed by an exhaustive list of books on the subject in question, arranged so as to fully indicate the nature of their contents. The work is invaluable for students.

CONCERNING HUMAN CARNIVORISM, by Todd Ferrier (paper 1/-, cloth 1/6) is the latest contribution to the extensive vegetarian literature issued by the Order of the Golden Age, Paignton, Devon.

PREDESTINATION, its Truths and Errors examined, by P. Davidson, price 6d., from Mr. Walsh, 85, Cardigan Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MAN AS HE IS AND AS HE WILL BE, by Miss Louie Stacey, 7d. post free, from the Higher Thought Centre, 10, Cheniston Gardens, Kensington, London, W.

SATISFYING LOVE OR WHAT LOVE REALLY IS, by Louie Stacey, price 1/-, Higher Thought Centre. The first chapter deals with "What Love is." "Appetites of any kind cannot be called Love in its true sense. Affection sometimes resembles love, but that it does not last is proof that it is not the thing we think it." We are next told "How to get it," and the book closes with a Self Treatment for daily use.

THE NEW THOUGHT SIMPLIFIED, by Henry Wood, 88 cents post free from Lee and Shepard, Boston, U.S.A.

This author is already widely known as one of the most popular exponents of the New Thought. Readers of "Ideal Suggestion" and "Studies in the Thought World" will welcome another book from the same pen. Some of the special features of this work are a section dealing with the relations of the New Thought to Hygiene, the Church, Christian Science, etc., and an appendix consisting of "Mental and Spiritual Gymnastic Exercises."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL EVANGEL, by Dr. Basile Agapon, Athens; edited and translated by Dr. P. Davidson; price 3/6 from John Walsh, 85, Cardigan Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The book deals with the revelation of the Deity, the re-birth and destiny of the soul. It is beautifully illustrated, and the subject is handled in a unique manner. It shows deep thought throughout, and throws light on many scriptural truths. The gist of the book is the Christ awaiting resurrection in each soul when it will become a "King and Priest unto God and reign on earth."

THE MORNING OF THE NEW AGE, by the same author, 2/6, explains what is a Messiah, what are the signs of his coming, and relates many remarkable prophecies relating to the advent of the expected King. It is intensely interesting and most useful to the Occult student.

## 'BREATHINGS OF THE ANGEL'S LOVE.'

Dr. George Wyld writes as follows in regard to the little book with the above title, recently noticed in 'LIGHT':—

I think that the 'Breathings of the Angel's Love and Stories of Angel Life,' by James MacBeth, merit a fuller notice than it has received; for the philosophy which the book contains is important and significant, and the 'Stories of Angel Life' are of that childlike simplicity which inherits the kingdom of heaven; while at the same time they conceal, as it were, the depths of a true Christo-Theosophy.

'The Brooklet' is a gem and is worth quoting. It is in the form of 'a dialogue between the natural and the spiritual souls in man':—

*The Natural Soul:*

'The warbling bowers beside thee,  
The laughing flowers that hide thee,  
With soft accord they chide thee,  
Sweet brooklet, stay.'

*The Spiritual Soul:*

'I taste of the fragrant flowers,  
I respond to the warbling bowers,  
And sweetly they charm the hours  
Of my winding way.

'But ceaseless still in quest  
Of that everlasting rest  
In my parent's boundless breast,  
I hasten away.'

*The Natural Soul:*

'Knowest thou that dread abyss?  
Is it a scene of bliss?  
Ah! rather cling to this,  
Sweet brooklet, stay!'

*The Spiritual Soul:*

'O, who shall fitly tell  
What wonders there may dwell?  
That world of mystery well  
Might strike dismay!

'But I know 'tis my parent's breast,  
There hid I must needs be blest;  
And with joy to that promised rest  
I hasten away!'

I know of few verses in Tennyson or Shelley which seem to give a more tender echo from the spirit land; and when we know that they were given *automatically* through the hand of a lady who never herself consciously composed a verse of true poetry, they are deeply significant.

## Flower Visions : Flora Clairvoyance.

BY WILLIAM HEALD.

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### STUDY II. HOW TO FLOWER GAZE.

“ Little flower, if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is.”—*Tennyson.*

OUR first Study, to slightly alter an Emersonian thought, has taught us that the foundations of flowers are not in matter, but in spirit.

Let me state at the very onset of these studies, that the student is not expected to be a botanist, nor yet will technical botany appear in any form in the studies themselves. The studies are intended to appeal to every reader, and, therefore, few specially named flowers will be mentioned. The *Colours of Flowers* will be the all-important element, and this will give the opportunity to those in all parts of the world to utilise the flowers they find to hand. So-called “weeds” must under no circumstance be ignored, if such should have the *Colours* in the petals of the flowers which are being described and recommended for contemplation.

Speaking of “weeds” reminds me of a beautiful passage I once read by an anonymous writer:— “What right have you, O passer-by-the way, to call any flower a weed? Do you know its merits, its virtues, its healing qualities? Because a thing is common, shall you despise it? If so, you might despise the sunshine for the same reason.” From this it will be understood by the reader that I shall ask the student to take the flowers that are to hand. Even the leaves will serve the purpose of Flower-Gazing if they have the colours required.

It is necessary for me to say a little respecting the correspondence of flowers to things spiritual. Leaves are for healing, we have been told. The reason is, that leaves correspond to intelligence, and as disease is more or less the result of ignorance, a rightly directed intelligence will operate for the healing of the nations—the people.” The predominating principle of intelligence is truth, and thus it is that leaves correspond to truth and thus to intelligence. The predominating principle of fruit is good, or use, and thus fruit corresponds to Goodness or Use in Act. Wisdom has the mutual play of truth and goodness, and flowers correspond to wisdom. Hence flowers may teach us Theosophy, wisdom concerning God; also Anthroposophy, or wisdom concerning Man. Is not this the meaning of the words quoted from Tennyson at the head of this study?

“ I should know what God and man is.”

Those in the spirit world who have attained to this wisdom have about their palaces trees the leaves of which are like silver (truth) and the fruits like gold (good). The colours of the flowers, arranged in beds, appear like Rainbows—corresponding to the Heat (love) Rays, the Light (truth) Rays, the Actinic (knowledge, analytical) Rays.

Grasp these suggestions firmly and it will then be understood that the main purpose of Flower Gazing must be to obtain Knowledge, Truth and Wisdom from those who are able and willing to impart them. Of course, God Himself is the giver of every good and perfect gift, but even He uses instruments to impart these gifts to others. According to the state of your receptivity to that extent can you receive. The possibilities of reception may be multiplied and the capacity of reception increased by means of a state of Affirmation—There are no Impossibilities—and by expecting great things from the Great Giver of all good.

The flower is beautiful and is living because it is beautiful and living from the Spirit world. Gaze upon it then as a living thing and get, through its life, to the life of which it is in correspondence, and the avenues from the Spirit World to your mind and life will be opened and you will see things ineffable. If it be a mere curiosity gaze that is fixed upon the flower with a doubt as to the sanity of the proceedings there will be no result. This would not be Flower Gazing, as I wish my readers to understand it. Those who can contemplate the flowers un-cut, attached to their source of life, are likely to get the best results. Nevertheless, capital results can be obtained from cut flowers, if the idea of Life in the Colours be retained. Always have a definite purpose in the mind whenever you decide to Flower Gaze. In choosing the flowers to serve your purpose see that the predominating colour of the flower, or flowers harmonises with the fixed intention of your mind.

A few general rules will be given in this study that will be of incalculable value to the would-be Flower Gazer, and will prepare the mind for the detailed analysis which will be given of the colours and their specific correspondence in subsequent studies.

In this study I will divide the Colours into Six. This number means processes of Formation, steps of Development, and advance towards realisation. I will mention the Red Rays, the Golden Rays, the Green Rays, the White Light, the Blue Rays and the Violet Rays.

In a general way we have practically all that is necessary here, and until something can be done in Flower Gazing on the broad lines of this study, I advise the student to make no more ambitious attempt.

#### FIRST PRINCIPLES OF FLORA CLAIRVOYANCE.

##### ILLUSTRATION I.

Suppose the feelings, the emotions, are deeply disturbed, and

some help or encouragement be desired from the real, but oft-times unseen, helpers, and Flowers be the means you wish to employ, it will be advisable to keep the Colours with a predominating Red Ray. White may at all times be included ; also Lighter Greens.

For instance, three Red Roses, one small spray of Lilies of the Valley and Five Light Green Leaves.

Place this posse of flowers in a pink vase, or in an ordinary tumbler to be surrounded with crinkled tissue paper or of silk the Colour desired, and in this case it must be some shade of Red.

Place in the centre of a low table, upon which is no Cover. This must be placed at a distance that the gazer may be seated comfortably and yet be able to look right into the flowers from above. A low stool would be even better than a too high table. The strongest light in the room must be allowed to fall directly upon the top of the flowers and the gazer must be so seated that the body does not in any way intercept the light.

The eyes must be fixed to the centre of the flowers, and not be allowed to wander, and the whole nature must be in a state of Affirmation. Please remember Affirmation is better than Concentration. Look to See, Seek to Find and have no thought, nor worry as to possible failure.

I will proceed to describe three possible results. (a) The eyes, within Seven minutes, will see the formation of a circular ring of light round the flowers and about an inch to two inches away from and above the flowers. Gaze steadily and Affirmatively and the space between the flowers and the ring of light will gradually fill in with a Sphere of Colour that may, or may not, spread above the flowers to form a disc on which WORDS may subsequently appear, or actual scenes be presented, the reading of which will give but little difficulty.

N.B.—If the circular form is thus predominant, it is an indication that the trouble will be assuaged by the help of those who are present, and whether you see words, scenes, or nothing but the Sphere of Colour, you may have the assurance that you are being protected, and that whatever the heart worry or anxiety, it will soon be ended to your satisfaction.

Suppose, for instance, it is a mother anxious about an absent child. Should such an appearance come to her as above described, she may gratefully put her anxiety on one side, for "all is well with the child."

(b) On gazing Affirmatively at the flowers, the outline of the light that forms above them may be altogether angular, and the Sphere of Colour filling up the angles may be blue in shade. Letters may even be formed by the angles—I have seen complete sentences—or a series of small outlined scenes may be presented in the different angles. Even if letters and scenes do not appear, if the Sphere of Colour be as described and the gazer be again the mother, the message given is that there is some cause for anxiety, and that a few careful inquiries and a letter of strong, forceful advice are necessary at the time.

(c) Should the light become dim, the Red of the flowers turn to Brown, the White become dull Grey, and the Light Green leaves become muggy in appearance and the flowers themselves become indistinct, and gradually the whole disappear into blankness, causing



the person to start suddenly as if from a troubled sleep, then there is danger in the situation contemplated, and prompt action or extreme care is essential.

Were such an appearance to come again to the mother of our illustrations, it would mean that the child of her heart is at the time in great danger, or he has met with an accident, and probably a fatal termination has been the result.

Let me say, such a scene will not be permitted to appear unless some Divine purpose has to be served in its presentation. I have seen it, and this is my reason for mentioning the fact.

#### ILLUSTRATION II.

Suppose in this instance that a matter involving the activity of the mind be the chief consideration; an important business or legal transaction be on the carpet, and the mind is disturbed in its contemplation of possible results. The flowers chosen must have the Blue Rays predominant. Flowers giving somewhat of the Golden Rays may take a secondary position.

Take a homely bunch of flowers made up of seven or eight Corn-flowers and four Buttercups, or King cups. Follow instructions as given in first illustration and note carefully results.

N.B.—You will perceive a more critical attitude of mind when contemplating the Blue Rays than when experimenting with the Red Rays. The reason of this will appear in these studies.

(a) The Primary and BEST form to be seen now will be Angular, as in the other illustration the Best Form was stated to be Circular.

When the outline of the light is seen to be Angular and the Sphere between the flowers and the outlines gets richer and richer in Blueness to such an extent that it appears to be LIVING—something like the light of the Rings of Saturn seen to advantage through a powerful telescope—it will be a splendid sign and full of encouragement for the gazer. The business venture will be a success. The Legal Affair will be settled to the gazer's advantage. Letters and scenes may in a few instances be presented to the gazer, and when such is the case the interpretation will be easy to follow on the lines that will be given in many ways during the course of these studies.

(b) On gazing at the flowers a circular outline appears, and the Sphere between the Centre—the flowers—and the circumference—the circular outline mentioned—gets a dull purple in colour, with Dark Red flashes, the gazer is being informed that envy, jealousy and strong passions are playing their pernicious parts, and it will be necessary to TRUST NONE involved. Only the Personal Intuitions and Clear Perceptions are to be relied upon at the time.

If these be not at all active, then the advice is, "drop the matter and leave it until a more propitious time."

#### ILLUSTRATION III.

We will picture that an invention, a question of Patent Rights or the effort to secure reserved Rights to something of an Original Nature be the subject of contemplation. Take a fair sized bunch of Violets with varying shades from the White Violet to the intensest Violet Shade. Follow instructions above. The principal form here

will be *spiral*. Some most delightful spheres are at times presented to the gazer in the spiral form.

The introduction of anything Original to a dull uninterested world needs some worming into human affections, human thought, and thus it is that almost all the Colour Rays will appear from time to time and deductions have to be made accordingly.

(a) The form is Spiral, and the Sphere of Colour is a rich Violet with a warm tint of crimson and pinky fringes with flashes of brilliant blue playing about the flowers themselves. This demonstrates that sooner or later the project contemplated, whatever its form, will take the world by storm in its striking originality. Let me here state that what is called Originality is in reality the presentation of a revelation from the Divine through prepared instrumentality at the time of the World's need. Investigation honestly carried out does not only strengthen the knowledge of the investigator, it opens the portals of the mind to the world of causes, and it increases the soul's capacity, rendering it more capable to receive illumination from the light of the sun of that world. Whether recognised or not, whether acknowledged or not, this is the simple fact of the situation. If recognised as from the World of Causes and acknowledged as from the Divine because of its great use then there is distinct advancement of the Soul-Nature and further revelation is certain to follow, but, if taken selfishly, it will bring its reward on the material plane, because of its own vitality, but its use is limited and there will be positive retrogression on the part of the discoverer. The instrument serves its purpose and is not again used. Verily, it has its reward.

(b) The outlines are like forked lightning, and the spheres between the flowers and the outlines is a dull, dark violet verging into a dark, indigo blue; the flowers take upon themselves the same dark blue shade, eventually disappearing into a kind of blue-blackness, and the gazer's mind gets bewildered. This says plainly, "what is contemplated is wrong, radically wrong, it can bring nothing but disaster to you, it will upset your mental balance, for the sake of self and for all who may be involved *leave the matter alone*, or God help you."

In the above study the student has abundant illustration to make further investigation deeply interesting and of some practical value.

Let the broad lines laid down in this study be carefully followed throughout, and see to it that the *affirmative spirit* is brought always to bear upon the investigations, and it will be found that Flora Clairvoyance will prove one of the most interesting and helpful forms of Psychic Investigation that has ever been presented to the world. Without the principles of Chromoscopy it would have been impossible for me to present this series of studies to the reader.

Chromoscopy principles are the foundations of these studies and of all the studies which follow. Master thoroughly and well the information given, make *affirmative* investigations, and until you can get, at the least, some approach to the results specified. do not venture further. Take as your rule, 'Flora Clairvoyance' laws are intellectual facts and are to be investigated, and, for the benefit of the investigator, *are to be observed*."

END OF STUDY II.



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