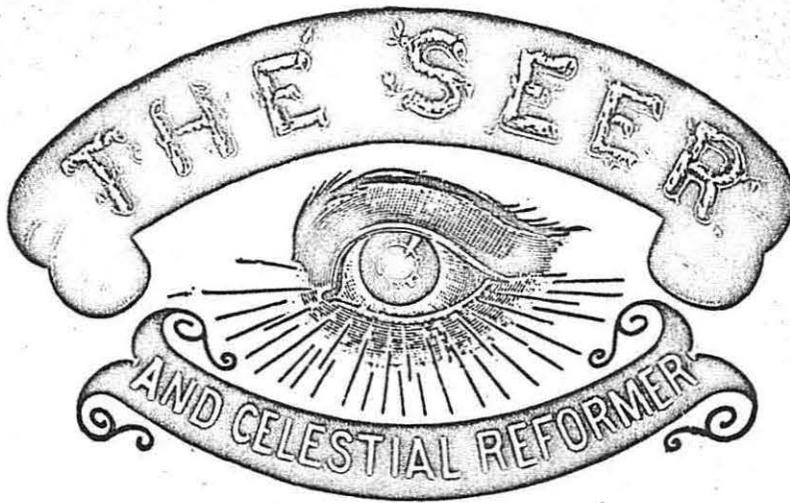


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THE SEER
AND CELESTIAL REFORMER.
AUGUST, 1884.

We wish to apologize to our readers on account of several inaccuracies having crept into our first issue owing to unavoidable delay necessitating too much hurry at the last moment. We shall strive to be more careful in future.

We also earnestly entreat our readers to do all they can so as to augment the number of subscribers. The outlay is not much, please do what you can in this respect.

We are pleased to state that we have received several encouraging letters from men of learning, as well as from ordinary readers.

**THE ETERNITY AND UNIVERSALITY
OF IDEAS.**
CHAPTER II.

SIMILAR IDEAS MET WITH IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES
AND HOW ACCOUNTED FOR.

It has caused considerable perplexity among literary men upon their meeting with evidences proving, beyond a doubt, that the very same ideas abounding in the so-called civilised countries of the west ruled and regulated the mind and morals of mighty monarchies long before the birth of what is called authentic history.

The only solution authors appear capable of offering by way of accounting for this seeming anomaly is, that we moderns have borrowed from our ancestors, and that their ideas have come down to us in some peculiar way, and by some mysterious process.

But is this the only solution that human ingenuity may be capable of offering? Our inquisitive propensities, at least, are scarcely satisfied, as we consider there are other reasons far more satisfactory, although neither reason may be sufficiently conclusive so as to lay claim to an absolute certainty. Nevertheless, it is incumbent upon rational beings to take the strongest proofs as their guide in all matters where absolute proof may not be possible of attainment. We will, therefore, try this matter as best we can at the bar of reason, and do so as impartially as may be possible for us to do under the circumstances.

It very often happens that an inventor who may have successfully brought out some new design, and who, when about congratulating himself upon his good fortune and brilliant prospects, suddenly, and to his amazement, finds a paragraph in a newspaper some morning making the announcement that a Mr. So-and-so has just brought before the public the same thing, with the exception of minor differences in matters of detail. And yet both men lived far apart, nor had they ever exchanged thoughts by letter or by conversation. Of course, our literary men have got a very convenient way of disposing of such an incident: it is all contained in one word, "*Coincidence.*" This word sounds well, there is a degree of smartness about it, and more than all, it is a very fashionable term. But what does it explain? Nothing! Absolutely nothing beyond this: that you are told that one case did happen at or near the same time as the other, and this we knew before. So we go away with the satisfaction of knowing that we have had the very best elucidation our teachers were capable of giving, and the gist of all is couched in a very pleasant word, which word contains nothing bearing the remotest semblance to an explanation. Again, an English gentleman, and one residing in England, happens to have his mind imbued

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with conceptions relating to nature and her grand laws, conceptions very unlike those he was intended to imbibe by his careful teachers. And, it so happens, that those very ideas are identical with views entertained and taught by Eastern sages, such as may be found in the most ancient records of the Eastern world. This again has to be disposed of by that ever-ready explanation, "*Coincidence.*"

Again, there is no nation or people, however remotely removed from the grand centres of civilisation, but who believe in some being, whom they call upon and adore as their god. And we fancy that it would be a difficult matter to find throughout the dark domains of heathendom any evidence pointing out that any people or tribe ever lived who upheld the no-god theory. In order to find such specimens of perverted instinct, we must visit christian countries. It is in the heart of civilisation that such a monstrous theory finds its most successful advocates. Has this grand idea been borrowed? Or must we again be satisfied with the word so ready at hand and already quoted? The mind of man recognising this great fact, viz., the being of God, cannot avoid entertaining certain views respecting his character. These views find modes of expression in different ways, nevertheless, and notwithstanding the diversity of modes of worship, there is in the main features a striking resemblance. Hence it is said that we may find certain features in the Christian religion, so far as its ritual goes, which bears a striking resemblance to the most ancient religions of the East, and this has led some to conclude that Christianity is but the re-appearance of an old idea under a new garb. We are not here to defend *all* we find endorsed and held as sacred within the pale of the Christian Church. And furthermore we are prepared to admit that it is possible that the said Church may have drawn upon the East for a great amount of her ritual. But so long as this Church claims the said ritual merely as an outward expression of thoughts and feelings, based upon truths not capable of being otherwise expressed, and so long as her symbolisms be the real reflections of what is *true*, then we say that the Christian symbolisms and Christian ritual are but the expression of ideas, and these ideas are truths, and as before shewn none of these need to be borrowed, since ideas are eternal and also universal. Thus it is possible for nations having no connection with each other to have the same ideas. For truth is not an article capable of being bottled up by any one people, and to be eventually disposed of like some article of commerce.

It is said that because Jesus Christ taught similar truths to those taught by Buddha, who lived about 500

years before Jesus, that therefore he borrowed from Buddha. For suppose that Buddha and Jesus were equal to each other in every respect, and that Buddha came to raise the fallen and to seek the lost, Jesus came also to seek and to save the lost. Their mission was therefore alike, consequently, we may very naturally look for a similarity in their teachings. Our conclusions then are these: there is one Absolute, All-prevailing Being, and this being we call God, or good; that there is no crevice in the universe where He is not. And such being the case, we naturally look for uniformity in His plans. Humanity are as one in this case, and the whole race looked at from a spiritual standpoint converges to one focus, and this focus centres in the divine. Hence God is the birth-right of the *whole race*. And what are thus joined together, let not anyone strive to sunder. The ideas of the past may very consistently be the ideas of the present. The ideas of the East may be the ideas of the West; as each may draw their water from the same fountain, for although the wells may be far apart and numerous, there is but one fountain. There are on this earth springs of water that have natural outlets from which do flow the cooling stream perennially, there are other wells where labour has to be employed, and sinkings made in order to find the true spring. It is even so with reference to ideas. There are persons so constituted as to become the natural outlet, as it were, for truths immortal to bubble into objective existence. Such persons find no difficulty in writing or in speaking, and those we call *INSPIRED*. Such were those great bards of ancient times, through whom the greater portions of our bible came. We admit the truth of this. But did the current of inspiration cease with bible times? We think not; man is yet the same, nature is the same, for the sun, the moon, and all the starry host do still give forth their light. The same sun that shone on Abraham's tent when that trio of angelic messengers visited him, shines now. Nor have we any proofs extant that any of the orbs of heaven which shone at night upon the gentle Son of God, when He was a sojourner and sufferer here on earth, have ceased to shine. The proof is on the other hand, for other orbs have come to view since then. It is true the sun did veil his face whilst Jesus suffered on the tree, but he has shone again, and still continues to shine. Then why should some presume to say that there is now no inspiration? Thank God this celestial spring is not under the control of any selfish company of men, who might, to use a very common term, stop the heavenly "tap." We fear that there are a number now upon this earth who would prevent us coming to our God, unless we chose to conform to their prescrip-

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tions. But inspiration still goes on the same, and evidences of such are found in each department of this common life. The inventor, the sculptor, the painter, the poet, the composer of harmonious music, each and all, have drawn from this great fount. The man of letters knows full well what it is to feel at times the thrill of inspiration, at which period his very pen seems charged with light and life. And when those living words are issued from the press, they find a welcome warm within ten thousand hearts. For that which comes from the spirit will reach the spirit. Thus it is that useful and light-imparting books are made, and the press itself becomes a mighty power in sending these abroad. And it is by such a process that those of us who may not possess those same faculties to the same extent, become, at second-hand, the privileged possessors of those precious truths, and thus it is that new ideas are added to those already ours.

[To be continued.]

THE SILENT REFORMATION.

WE wish to make our subject plain, and to point out that the noisiest mode of working for the public good is not the most efficient, nor is such necessary. For it is not needful that we should be always appealing to the dull and stupid senses of our fellow man in order to render him better and holier. We appeal to the thoughtful reader by asking him a question to the following effect: Can you really attribute the morality of your present life, and the purity of your desires, to any of those noisy agencies now so much in vogue? Or rather, is it not a fact, that when you are alone taking a walk at eventide, like One of old, within the field or on the public way, that then it is that the most delightful thoughts, and the most enrapturing visions come to you unsought and unsolicited? How oft is it that when alone new resolutions are made? Are we not when in such a position disposed at times to self-arraign our life before the bar of conscience? Can you not call to mind some one great thought which came to you just at the right time, like some angel of mercy, and which has since proved your guiding star through all the windings of a chequered life? You may, at this time, perhaps, find it hard to say distinctly as to whence or how that thought came at the first. But your recollections carry you back so far as to furnish you with a kind of negative information; you know this much, that this thought came not to you amid a flourish of trumpets, or to the clang of martial music.

To make our subject still more plain, we will make use of a very familiar illustration. A good and pious mother has a disobedient son, who is no longer under her control, but spends his time in haunts of vice, far

from that humble home where he first saw the light. The mother thinks about her son, her thoughts become intense. They formulate themselves into an earnest prayer, a prayer to Him who hears our every sigh. This mother weeps and prays, and prays and weeps in silence on her knees before the All-seeing eye. The subject of her prayers is one. It is this, that God would change his heart. At last, and perchance when years have rolled away, those prayers have found an entrance, where? Into the ear of God. Is it only now that the Infinite has heard? How is it that He could be deaf so long? Yes, verily, from the first that prayer was heard. But He works all things after the order of His WILL. His will is law, His laws are uniform, and are not affected by capricious modifications. The Divine works in and through the human. The human to obtain his purposes takes hold of God, "For He worketh within us both to will and to do." Hence the poor mother in praying for her son gains her point proportionate to that amount of spirit power she may possess, and in all cases results are thus proportionate. This son at length relents, reforms, and comes to live the life, that ideal of his mother's soul, and for which she prayed so long. Our thoughts are entities, and are viewed as such upon the other side. Evil and corrupt thoughts are poisonous plants within the spacious garden of our God, from which deleterious exhalations are emitted, and by which our spiritual atmosphere becomes impregnated, and our inner nature, partaking of the same, becomes assimilated to our pernicious surroundings. It is not the very words and gestures of the public man that does the mighty deed, but his real and dominant thoughts, and most intense desires. It is the inner man that speaks the loudest. Thousands of persons fancy, that in order to be of service to their race, they must of necessity appear within a pulpit, on some public platform, or otherwise in print. I do not find fault with such laudable desires, when such spring from motives high and pure; but by way of consolation to the millions who must never see publicity, we would say, in the first place, THINK. And in the next place think what is RIGHT, PURE, AND GOOD, and in so doing you will come eventually to act what you think, and your very thoughts, yes, those silent thoughts, the thought of that poor sufferer upon his bed of pain will be doing its part towards purifying the spiritual atmosphere.

Every holy thought we think is a precious seed, this seed is tended and fostered by angelic hands. This seed will ultimately become a plant, this plant will ultimately blossom and bear fruit, its delicious fragrance will contribute towards disinfecting the spiritual

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atmosphere of those poisonous vapours. Good thoughts impinge themselves upon the spiritual atmosphere, and will live for ever. Good thoughts are health-giving, and tend to life; bad and impure thoughts are poisonous, and tend to death. Let us keep a watch over our thoughts, for these are the grand agents which will ultimately renovate this moral world; and doing so, who can say how much this will contribute towards bettering the physical.

In our next we shall offer a few remarks upon the exercise of the human will in the curing of diseases.

SKETCHES OF GREAT MUSICIANS.

No. I.

HANDEL (CONTINUED.)

HAVING touched briefly upon this great master's genius, and the influence of his mighty work upon the musical world, I shall now give a short outline of his life.

Georg Friedrich was born at Halle, February 23rd, 1685, his father was a surgeon, and intended to educate his son Georg to the legal profession, but Handel was a born musician, and was scarcely out of the nursery before he began the practice of his art. For a time his father bore with his fancy, but seeing that it was fast developing itself into a passion, he positively forbade him to practice music of any kind, saying, "he would have no more such jingling." This, my readers may imagine, was a sore trouble to Handel; in all other matters he was an obedient son, but he could not exist without his music, and he chafed against the cruel law that separated him from it. However, by means of a friend he obtained possession of an old clavischord, which was a keyed instrument, the wires of which were so muffled by a damper of cloth that the tones they produced were scarcely audible. This little instrument was much used in the cells of monasteries, when studious monks or nuns wished to practise without disturbing the community. This was the instrument that Handel succeeded in carrying to the garret—as many of them are small enough to carry under the arm.

Thus the great master began his practice, and while his unsuspecting parent was profoundly ignorant, Georg poured out his soul in strains of harmony. An unexpected incident, however, disclosed his secret. His father was summoned to the court of Sächs-Weissenfels, where his grandson Georg Christian Handel held the appointment as valet-de-chambre to the Duke, who was a patron of the art. Handel had doubtless heard of the beautiful music at Weissenfels, and being determined to share the journey, and finding his father would not listen to his persuasions to allow

him to accompany him, he boldly followed the coach running and walking to its first stop. His father was extremely angry at this proceeding, but his kind heart was moved by the entreaties of his little one, and the tired feet found rest at last in the coach; but this was the fatal blow to the old surgeon's scheme. Handel was not born to be a lawyer. On the arrival at the castle, the child made friends immediately with the duke's "kapelle meister," who took him on the Sunday to the organ, and after service lifted him upon the stool and permitted him to play upon the great organ. The duke hearing the playing asked who it was, and was so struck with the style, that he summoned his father, and after discoursing eloquently upon the son's genius presented him with a considerable sum of money, requesting him to put him under the first musician of his town. The father yielded to the prince's persuasion thus far, that he would not oppose his son's natural gifts, at the same time he intended him for the law. On their arrival home he kept his word with the duke by placing Georg under Friedrich Wilhelm Zachan, a young organist of great skill, who taught him to play upon the organ, harpsichord, violin, hautboy, also in the art of counterpoint and fugue.

His father was more than satisfied with his advancement in Latin, in fact, Handel was an excellent linguist and a scholar, hence he was pleasing his father by qualifying himself for the law, and pursuing his own course at the same time. His command over the organ and harpsichord astonished all who heard him, while his zeal for composition was so intense that at the age of nine he was able to produce at the end of every week something new in the form of a cantata or a sonata for the organ.

I stated at the outset that I believed that this great master's works were generally, if not always, composed under the influence of inspiration. I just digress a little from my narrative to ask how could a child of nine compose a piece which it would be difficult, if not impossible (in some cases), for me to play, had it been other than inspiration? W.A.M.

[To be continued.]

NOTICE.

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