

ओं

THE THEOSOPHIST.

VOL. XV. NO. 4. JANUARY, 1894.

सत्यात् नास्ति परो धर्मः ।

THERE IS NO RELIGION HIGHER THAN TRUTH.

[*Family motto of the Maharajahs of Benares.*]

OLD DIARY LEAVES.*

CHAPTER XXII.

THE early story of the Theosophical Society is almost told. Little remains for me but to complete my first series of reminiscences, with some sketches of our social life in New York, up to the time of our embarkation for India. Should I undertake a second series, it would cover our voyage out, our life at Bombay, our early travels in India—so vividly idealised in H. P. B.'s "Caves and Jungles of Hindustan,"—our Simla adventures and vicissitudes, the foundation of *The Theosophist*, and our varying activities, down to the removal of Head-quarters to Adyar. This, however, is a matter for later consideration.

From the close of 1876 to that of 1878, the Theosophical Society as a body was comparatively inactive. Its few public appearances have been described above, and the signs of its growing influence are found in the increase of the Founders' home and foreign correspondence, their controversial articles in the press, the establishment of Branch Societies at London and Corfu, and the opening up of relations with sympathizers in India and Ceylon.

* I shall be under great obligations to any friend who wishes well to this historical sketch, if he (or she) will give or lend me for reference any interesting documents, or any letters written them during the years 1875, 6, 7 and 8, by either H. P. B. or myself, about phenomena, the occult laws which produce them, or events in the history of the T. S., or any newspapers or cuttings from the same relating to the same subjects. Loans of this kind will be carefully returned, and I shall be glad to refund, if desired, any expense for postage incurred by the senders. Reminiscences of occult things shown by H. P. B., if described to me by the eye-witnesses, will be specially valued. I may not live to get out a second Edition of my book, and wish to make the first as interesting and trustworthy as possible. One ought not, at the age of sixty-one, to trust too much to one's own memory, although mine seems not to fail me as yet. Friendly Editors will oblige very much by giving currency to this request.

H. S. O.

The influential Spiritualists who joined us at first had all withdrawn; our meetings in a hired room—the Mott Memorial Hall, in Madison Avenue, New York—were discontinued, the fees formerly exacted upon entrance of members were abolished, and the Society's maintenance devolved entirely upon us two. Yet the idea was never more vigorous, nor the movement more full of vitality, than when it was divested of its external corporateness, and its spirit was compressed into our brains, hearts and souls. Our Head-quarters' life was ideal throughout those closing years. United in devotion to a common cause, in daily intercourse with our Masters, absorbed in altruistic thoughts, dreams and deeds, we two existed in that roaring metropolis as untouched by its selfish rivalries and ignoble ambitions as though we occupied a cabin by the seaside, or a cave in the primeval forest. I am not exaggerating when I say that a more unworldly tone would not be found in any other home in New York. The social distinctions of our visitors were left outside our threshold; and rich or poor, Christian, Jew or Infidel, learned or unlearned, our visitors received the same hearty welcome and patient attention to their questions upon religious and other subjects. H. P. B. was born so great an aristocrat as to be at ease in the highest society, and so thorough a democratic altruist as to give cordial hospitality to the humblest caller.

One of the best read of our guests in Greek philosophy was a working house-painter, and I well remember how gladly H. P. B. and I signed his application-form as his sponsors and welcomed him into membership. Without a single exception those who published accounts of their visits to "The Lamasery"—as we humorously called our humble suite of rooms—declared that their experience had been novel and out of the usual course. Most of them wrote about H. P. B. in terms of exaggerated praise or wonder. In appearance there was not a shade of the ascetic about her: she neither meditated in seclusion, practised austerities in regimen, denied herself to the frivolous and worldly-minded, nor selected her company. Her door was open to all, even to those whom she knew meant to write about her with pens over which she could have no control. Often they lampooned her, but if the articles were witty, she used to enjoy them with me to the fullest extent.

Among our constant visitors was Mr. Curtis, one of the cleverest reporters on the New York press, and later, a member of our Society. He made yards of good 'copy' out of the Lamasery, sometimes sober, sometimes farcical, but always bright and smart. He led us into a nice trap one evening: taking us off to a circus where, he said, two Egyptian jugglers were exhibiting certain marvels that might be ascribed to a knowledge of sorcery, but which, at any rate, he wished us to see and pronounce upon as experts in the uncanny. We listened to the voice of the syren and went. The show proved to be common-place and the Egyptians *bonâ-fide* Frenchmen, with whom we had a long talk in

the Manager's Office between 'acts'. They had not even seen an Egyptian magician of the real sort described by Mr. Lane in his well-known work. On leaving the place I condoled with Curtis on the barrenness of his experiment, but he sent us into fits of laughter by replying that, on the contrary, he now had a free hand and could supply all needed facts to make a sensational article. He did. The next day's *World* contained an account headed "Theosophs at the Circus", in which our stale talk with the two Frenchmen was converted into a highly mystical interview, accompanied by no end of weird phenomena of spectral apparitions, *apports* and disappearances; the whole description proving, if not the reporter's veracity, at least, his fertile fancy. Another time he brought us a paper giving an account of the night-walking of the ghost of a defunct night-watchman, along the wharves of a certain district on the east side of the city, and begged us to go and see the phantom: the police, he said, were all agog, and the inspector of that district had made all preparations to have it seized that night. Forgetting our circus experience, again we accepted. It was a rather bleak starlit night, and we sat for hours well wrapped, on a pile of lumber, by the river side, beguiling the time with smoking and chaff with a score of newspaper reporters detailed to describe the events of the night. But "Old Shep" did not manifest his disreputable *eidólon* that time, and in due course we returned to our Lamasery vexed at the waste of a whole evening. The next day's papers, to our ineffable disgust, paraded us as a couple of crack-brained persons who had expected the impossible, and half conveying the idea that we had kept "Old Shep" away to cheat the reporters of their lawful prey! We even got into the illustrated papers, and I have preserved in our Scrap Book a picture representing us two, and the worshipful company of reporters as "Members of the Theosophical Society watching for Old Shep's ghost." Fortunately, the portraits of H. P. B. and myself looked no more like us than like the Man in the Moon.

One evening Curtis was present when the Countess Paschkoff was relating an adventure she had with H. P. B. in the Libanus, she speaking in French and I translating into English. The tale was so weird and interesting that he asked permission to print it, and this being granted, it duly appeared in his paper. As it exemplifies the theory of the latency in the A'kâs'a of pictures of human events and the power of calling them out which may be attained, I will quote a portion of it in this place, leaving the responsibility for the facts with the fair narrator:—

"The Countess Paschkoff spoke again, and again Colonel Olcott translated for the reporter. * * * * I was once travelling between Baalbec and the river Orontes, and in the desert I saw a caravan. It was Mme. Blavatsky's. We camped together. There was a great monument standing there near the village of El Marsum. It was between the Libanus and the Anti Libanus. On the monument were inscriptions that no one could ever read. Mme. Blavatsky could do strange things with the spirits, as

I knew, and I asked her to find out what the monument was. We waited until night. She drew a circle and we went in it. We built a fire and put much incense on it. Then she said many spells. Then we put on more incense. Then she pointed with her wand at the monument and we saw a great ball of white flame on it. There was a sycamore tree near by; we saw many little flames on it. The jackals came and howled in the darkness a little way off. We put on more incense. Then Mme. Blavatsky commanded the spirit to appear of the person to whom the monument was reared. Soon a cloud of vapour arose and obscured the little moonlight there was. We put on more incense. The cloud took the indistinct shape of an old man with a beard, and a voice came, as it seemed, from a great distance, through the image. He said the monument was once the altar of a temple that had long disappeared. It was reared to a god that had long since gone to another world. "Who are you?" asked Mme. Blavatsky. "I am Hiero, one of the priests of the temple", said the voice. Then Mme. Blavatsky ordered him to show us the place as it was when the temple stood. He bowed, and for one instant we had a glimpse of the temple and of a vast city filling the plain as far as the eye could reach. Then it was gone, and the image faded away.**

About the end of 1877, or beginning of 1878, we were visited by the Hon. John L. O'Sullivan, an American diplomat and an ardent Spiritualist, who was passing through New York on his way from London to San Francisco. He was kindly received by H. P. B. and stoutly defended his beliefs against her attacks. Some instructive phenomena were done for him, which he subsequently described in the *Spiritualist* for February 8, 1878, in the following terms:—

"She had been toying with an oriental chaplet, in a lacquer cup or bowl, the aromatic wooden beads of which, strung together, were of about the size of a large marble, and copiously carved all round. A gentleman present took the chaplet in his hands, admired the beads, and asked if she would not give him one of them. 'Oh, I hardly like to break it,' she observed. But she took it presently, and resumed her playing with it in the lacquer bowl. My eyes were fixed upon them, under the full blaze of a large lamp just above her table. It soon became manifest that they were growing in number under her fingers as she handled them, till the bowl became nearly full. She presently lifted out of it the chaplet, leaving a considerable number of loose beads, of which she said he might take what he wanted. I have ever since regretted that I had not the presence of mind, or the venturesomeness, to ask for some for myself. I am sure she would have given them freely, for she is all kindness, as well as, apparently, a woman of all knowledge. My presumption about the beads thus created under our eyes was that they were 'apports,' brought in by spirits, in compliance with her wish or will. I believe (though not quite certain) that her ideas, and Olcott's is that these phenomena are produced in some way by a great brother 'adept' in Thibet—the same one from whose old spinnet I was made to hear in the air overhead (as I have before mentioned, and as many other friends had done before) the faint but clear tinkling music which I was told came, borne on a current of 'astral fluid,' from Thibet; to which home of her heart Madame Blavatsky said she was going back (never again to leave it), after she should

* N. Y. World of 21st April 1878, article entitled "Ghost Stories Galore."

have completed her mission, task and business, which was chiefly that of publishing her book.

"Another case of fabrication of material objects out of apparently nothing. Coming in late one afternoon to her little parlour, where she usually spent seventeen hours out of the twenty-four at her writing-table, I found Colonel Olcott with her, occupied in correcting her earlier proof-sheets. I had by this time become somewhat intimate with her and Olcott, for both of whom I shall always retain a strong attachment as well as profound respect. He told me how there had taken place that afternoon one of those '*little incidents*' (as he calls them) which were constant occurrence there. There had been a group of visitors, and an animated discussion on the comparative civilisation of the ancient Orient and the modern West.

"The subject came up of the tissues fabricated in the one and the other. Madame Blavatsky is an enthusiast on the Orient side of this dispute. She suddenly put her hand to her neck and drew forth from her ample bosom (from beneath the old dressing-gown, which is the only garb in which I have seen her), a handkerchief of silk crape, with a striped border, very like what is called '*carton crape*', and asked whether occidental looms produced anything superior to that. They assured me (and I have ample warrant for believing them) that it had not been there before that moment. It was in smooth, fresh folds, and the conversation had arisen accidentally. I admired it, recognised in time the peculiar sickly sweet and pungent odour which attends all those '*apports*' from Far Cathay (including the beads above mentioned), and observed the peculiar signature on one edge of the handkerchief, which I had seen on various objects, and which I was told was the name (in pre-Sanskrit characters) of a great brother '*Adept*' in Thibet to whom, by the way, she says she is very far inferior. When we were afterwards summoned to their very simple repast (to which had been added a hospitable bottle of wine for me, though they never touch it), she remarked to Olcott: '*Give me that handkerchief*'. He gave it to her, out of the sheet of letter-paper in which he had carefully folded it in its smooth unruffled condition. She at once made a careless twist of it and tied it round her neck. When we returned from the dining-room to her warmer snuggerly of a parlour, she took it off and threw it on the table by her side. I remarked, '*You treat it in a very uncereemonious fashion. Will you give that one to me?*' — '*Oh certainly if you would like to have it*'; and she tossed it over to me. I smoothed out its creases as well as I could, again wrapped it in a sheet of paper, and put it in my breast pocket. Later on, as I was taking my departure, and we were all on foot, she said, '*Oh, just give me that handkerchief for a moment*.' Of course I obeyed. She turned her back to me for an instant or two, and then, turning again to me, she held out two handkerchiefs, one in each hand, saying: '*Take which ever you please; I thought that perhaps you might prefer this one (handing me the new one) since you have seen it come*.' Of course I did so, and after travelling about fifteen miles by rail that night, I gave it to the lady best entitled to receive a favour thus conferred upon me by another lady, which latter lady, by the way, claims to be a septuagenarian, though looking only about forty. When I left America, a few days afterwards, the handkerchief had not yet melted away, nor wafted back to Thibet, on a '*current of astral fluid*.' I should add that the second handkerchief was a perfect fac-simile of the first, down

to every detail of the name in ancient oriental characters ; which, by the way, was evidently written or painted in some black pigment or ink, not stamped mechanically."

My recollection of the handkerchief incident differs slightly from Mr. O'Sullivan's narrative. The original specimen was made out of nothing—to use the faulty common expression, for something never was nor could be made out of nothing, theologists to the contrary notwithstanding—during a conversation between H. P. B. and our friend Monsieur Herrisse of the Haytian Legation. He had said that a relative of his had brought back from China some fine crape handkerchiefs which Western looms had not yet equalled. She thereupon produced a handkerchief of the same description and asked M. Herrisse if that was what he meant, to which he assented. I took possession of it, and, at the interview with Mr. O'Sullivan, mentioned the incident and showed him the article, whereupon he asked H. P. B. to give it him. She did so, and when I humorously said he had no right to give away my property without my consent, she said I was not to mind, as she would give me another. At that moment we were called to dinner and were moving towards the door, when she bade Mr. O'Sullivan lend her the handkerchief for a moment. Standing as we were together, she turned her back for an instant, wheeled back again with a duplicate handkerchief in each hand, one of which she gave Mr. O'Sullivan, the other myself. Returning from the dining-room and resuming our former seats, she felt a cold draft from the partly opened window behind her chair and asked me for something to put on her neck. I gave her my magic handkerchief, which she loosely put about her neck and went on talking. Observing that the ends were not long enough to be properly twisted, I got a pin and wanted her to let me fasten them ; but she exclaimed, "Bother you and your pins: here take back your handkerchief!" at the same time jerking it from her neck and throwing it at me. At the same instant we saw a second copy of the original still about her neck, and O'Sullivan starting forward and reaching out his hand, said—"That one—please give me that one, for I saw it formed under my own eyes!" She good-naturedly gave it him, and the one he had was restored to her and the conversation proceeded. The original one made in Harrisse's presence I have still in my possession, the second one my sister has.

I have thought it worth while to tell this story and others still to come, to show the nature of proofs she constantly afforded us of her wonder-working power in those early New York days, before there were missionaries encamped across her path, and it was worth their while to invent, purchase, or honestly come by evidence or enlist witnesses to cast doubt upon her personal character. If nothing else had subsequently been given me, those early phenomena would have fixed forever my belief in her possession of certain of the *Siddhis*, and made me very wary about discrediting her teachings on the psycho-dynamical laws behind them. It was not at long intervals, but frequently, that her

friends and other visitors had this cumulative evidence that the psychically-endowed child of Sarotow had grown into the mysterious woman of 1875, without losing one of the supernormal faculties of her youth, but, on the contrary, had expanded and infinitely strengthened and augmented them. These incidents gave to her *salon* a fascinating attractiveness that was offered by no other in New York. What wonder, then, that whenever she would admit visitors, her writing-room—our only drawing-room—was thronged by the brightest, wittiest and pleasantest persons of the Metropolis! Authors, painters, sculptors, journalists, musicians, men of the learned professions, women of note in public walks of life, archæologists, philologists, college-professors, theologians, were included in the number of her callers, and the talk was never dull or unprofitable. Her personality, not the Theosophical Society, was the magnet of attraction, and she revelled in the excitement of the *entourage*. So miscellaneous was it, such a mixture of music, metaphysics, physics, Orientalism and local gossip, that I cannot give a better idea of it than by saying it was like the contents of *Isis Unveiled*, than which no literary product is a greater conglomerate. I must attempt a description of a specimen evening at the Lamasery before finishing my work.

H. S. OLCOTT.

THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE.*

IN reviewing for the *Theosophist* this long-looked for work of Mr. Fawcett's, I propose to do so mainly from the standpoint of the Hindu Student of Philosophy and Metaphysic, to whom this book should be specially welcome, and whose intellectual and spiritual development will be greatly furthered by its careful study and assimilation. To those who had the pleasure of hearing the author's very able lectures in Madras, some two years ago, no further recommendation of his ability and mastery of his subject will be needed. But for the benefit of those who did not enjoy that advantage, it may be remarked that this work embodies the results of some seven years of most careful study and thought by one who has a special genius for Philosophy and Metaphysic; while, on the other hand, his intimate acquaintance with several branches of modern scientific research, ensures his competency in this important direction, and also serves as a safeguard against that abstract verbalism which is the law of so many writers on these subjects.

The present work is a handsome 8vo. of some 450 pages, got up in first-rate style, on good paper, in exceedingly clear and legible type. It is divided into two nearly equal parts, of which the first consists of a most able and lucid critical review of the great landmarks in the history

* By E. D. Fawcett, published by Edward Arnold, Publisher to the India Office, 37, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W. C. Price 14/- net 10/6.

of modern philosophy. This part of the work possesses an unusual value for the student, particularly for the Hindu student, who aims at *understanding* something of philosophical problems and not merely at scraping through his examinations. For the main questions and issues involved in the progress and advance of philosophic thought are most clearly brought to the front, examined and discussed with unusual critical acumen and point, so that the attentive reader cannot fail to get a much clearer insight into the real position and importance, in the evolution of philosophy, of the writers discussed than he would get by the study of any of the usual text-books.

Another point of peculiar value to the Indian student is the careful discussion and detailed criticism of Mill, Bain and Herbert Spencer—especially the last—as also the thorough, candid and complete analysis and refutation of all the current forms of Materialism, which the reader will find in chapters 1 and 2 of Part II.

I pass rather rapidly over this first part of Mr. Fawcett's book—though, in my opinion, its value is very great indeed to every student,—because any detailed discussion of the issues raised would far exceed the space available. But it must be noted that it presents a large amount of original thought, while many new and exceedingly interesting points are raised and discussed in new lights. This is especially the case in the chapters treating of the Mill, Bain, and Spencer schools in England, and the post-Kantian philosophy of Germany. In particular, I know of no work in which the treatment of Hegel is at once so lucid, clear and pointed; and the treatment of Hegel is, as every student of philosophy knows, a crucial test of the acumen, knowledge and mastery of his subject possessed by any writer upon philosophy.

But the reader must be anxious to get on to Mr. Fawcett's own original advance in philosophical thought, which constitutes the second part of his work. So I will only note further that the literary style of the whole book is exceedingly good, and while it avoids all looseness, carelessness or inaccuracy, it is exceedingly readable and quite free from the learned aridity of so many other writers.

In dealing with the second part—the purely original portion—of this work, I do not propose to enter upon any exhaustive account either of the author's methods or the results at which he arrives; still less do I intend to critically examine either. For the former the student is referred to the work itself, while the latter must be left to await the result of future discussion, and to the test of wear and tear in conflict with other systems and differing points of view.

Of his method, indeed, I propose to say nothing beyond indicating that it lies in the direct line of development of the best philosophical thought of Germany. Of results, I shall endeavour to point out a few of the most important, and to indicate their bearing upon the spiritual and intellectual life of India.

As already remarked, the first two chapters of this part are of profound importance to the Hindu student, coming under the influence of Western materialistic thought in science and philosophy. For these chapters deal a deadly blow at materialism. They contain in an exceedingly terse and accurate form a most able statement and refutation of the various current schools of materialistic *psychology, on the basis of their own premises*, demonstrating them one and all to be alike *self-contradictory*. And this is done, without any metaphysical assumption or premiss-begging, without any shirking of issues or understatement of the opponent's case. On the contrary, it would be very difficult to find anywhere a more precise, accurate and telling statement of the essential points of the various materialistic philosophies of psychology, or a more forcible statement of the very cream and essence of the best arguments and evidence in their favour. To all students and young thinkers, the study of these 30 pages will be invaluable; for the refutation of materialism which they contain must always remain valid, whatever the fate of Mr. Fawcett's own metaphysical advance may be, since their refutation depends *entirely* upon their own premises and the implications contained in their own fundamental assumptions and hypotheses.

Having thus cleared the ground by disposing once and for all of the various theories which make the "states of consciousness," which comprise *all we know*, mere functions, appendages, or "obverse aspects," of an unknown or unknowable X, called "force," "matter in motion," &c., we are next brought face to face with the central problem at once of philosophy and of psychology. Is there (in the individual) a subject distinct from states of consciousness?"

Starting from the bare statement of immediate fact, *viz.*, "states of consciousness appear," a proposition *universally* admitted, since its very denial would itself be the "appearance of a state of consciousness," we are led step by step to the conclusion that, "states of consciousness appear as content and revelation of an *individual* subject."

The steps in the argument—after a short historical survey—are very briefly as follows. Mr Fawcett shows:—

(1). That, in antagonism to Hume's doctrine of a mere flux of states of consciousness, the very flux of our sensations implies and pre-supposes a subject knowing them, and that apart from such a subject there *could* be no "flux" of sensations at all.

(2). That apart from a subject, there could be *no order of sensations in space*, and this whether "space" itself is *derivative* or not.

(3). Without a subject, there could be no *Memory*, and no expectation.

(4). No subject, no *introspection*.

(5). Without a subject, there could be no explicit *I-reference*.

Most of these arguments will no doubt be familiar to all students; and Mr. Fawcett's special merit lies in the fact that he has drawn to a focus the objections and answers to them which have been advanced, completely refuted them, and thoroughly established in a brief but

telling form the entire validity of the arguments proving the existence of a subject distinct from states of consciousness.

Three corollaries are further established :—

(a). The subject is *spiritual, i. e.*, of the same *essential* nature as consciousness itself. So that the states of consciousness which it knows *are* its own self-revelation to itself, and not “attributes,” if this word “attribute” is held to imply a substance alien in nature to the subject itself.

(b). The subject is “*real*” only in its result.

(c). The subject is *individual as arising in experience*.

We are next confronted with a problem which has taxed the genius of philosophers to the utmost: the problem of External Perception: Whence the perceptions of a world? Why, seeing that these perceptions are necessarily only states of our own subjects, do we come to have them *in the order and fashion that they arise?*

Into the details of these chapters, including that upon the Individual Subject as Mind, space prevents my entering now. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Fawcett's solution seems to me far more satisfactory, both to the philosophic mind and to *common sense*, than *any* other met with in a long and extensive course of study. In essence his solution is a revised and elaborated monadology, and in this aspect it seems to me to formulate in precise manner the *basic* conception of the universe which underlies all H. P. Blavatsky's teachings as well as those of the highest and noblest schools of occultism or Gupta Vidyâ.

But as this doctrine of a monadology has an important bearing upon Hindu religious conceptions, it seems desirable to give here a very brief and imperfect sketch, in outline at least, of Mr. Fawcett's view. It must, however, be remembered that in so doing it will be practically impossible to go into the more subtle metaphysical aspects of the conception, for which the student must turn to the book itself, where they are discussed at some length. Having established (1) the existence of the individual subject, (2) that this subject as established is essentially *spiritual, i. e.*, of the same nature as consciousness, the author goes on to prove the transcendent validity of the category of causality. In other words, he shows that instead of the one universal subject of the German schools, we are forced by the course of our demonstration to admit the existence of a multiplicity of individual subjects. We are next shown that these results point directly to a monadology as the scheme upon which the universe is built up. A monad may be defined as a “unitary individual centre of consciousness, actual or potential.” Hence, clearly, the individual subjects already established are *monads*—in a certain phase of self-revelation and unfoldment. But there is more; to quote Mr. Fawcett: “The transcendent use of causality (the validity of which has already been proved) steers us to the activity beyond consciousness (*i. e.*, proves the existence of *other* individual subjects besides my own); a

further application of it *differentiates* this into *activities*, and these activities must, as we saw, be spiritual. A further application still shows that these latter are, again, reducible to individuated monads which are ever changing their relations. This view is requisite to *account for* the work-a-day appearances of integration and disintegration of objects, the parts of which may be drawn from, or scattered to all quarters of space. It is further requisite to account for changes in objects stable as to mass—*isolable, hence individuated*, 'parts' or 'forces,' metaphysically re-readable as *spiritual*, being in both cases inferred."

On these lines "ether-vortices", "atoms", "molecules", "forces", "ether-waves", and so on, of physical science become transformed, the atoms, &c., into monads and their aggregates, the forces into the *spiritual activities* of those monads. And thus we are enabled to re-think intelligibly and coherently the entire sum of results accumulated by science. To illustrate what is meant, we may quote the example given by the author:—

"I am lying back, let us suppose in the stalls at the opera, listening to the grand strains of the 'ride to the abyss' in Berlioz' *Faust*. What are the conditions of my reception of this mass of association-fraught, auditory sensation? According to physiology, they are physically a succession of atmospheric blows, which, setting a beautiful mechanism quivering in my ear, propagate nervous motions thence into the auditory centres. Then, adds physiology, supervenes a new fact, sensations of sounds of various tone, timbre, &c."

The proximate metaphysical re-reading of this series of physical changes on the lines of a monadology is generally as follows:—

"What for physics are atmospheric condensations and rarefactions, have an extra-experimental reference to the relations of monads. Not having yet established a universal subject*—the metaconscious I prefer to term it—I stumble on a difficulty in dealing with these 'relations.' Suffice it, however, to anticipate a little, and regard these monads as grounded in, and connected by this subject, for which they objectively hang together, while regarded by themselves they are *discrete*, self-contained centres. For each monad viewed separately there are simply changes of states which vary, rise and fall, and in this mutation exhaust their import—all we confront is a self-contained subjective activity, doubtless unilluminated by (self)-consciousness. But of monads viewed together—as upheld in the universal subject—free interactions must be posited. It is just such an interplay we reach to in the case of the problem under survey. Each monad projects new states which a moment before were latent, and these states well up from the depths of its own nature, co-operating with stimulus from without. For each the mere having of the states is the sole concern, but in the mere having of them it effects its contiguous neighbours, and these their neighbours, and so on. Finally, this mediation of change flashes into the monads of the auditory centres. What now ensues? Well, it has been shown by various writers that our sensations of sound are a complex, the aspects of which answer to what physically is a variety of combined nervous shocks in ganglia. All

* Which, however, the author does in a subsequent chapter.

then is clear. My subject *duplicates in itself the isolated states of the ganglionic monads themselves*. When I hear the harmony my subject mirrors or reproduces for itself certain *especially intense* states, of which these ganglia, metaphysically considered, now in part *consist.....* A curious corollary must be emphasised. Though my subject projects its states as a *whole*, and so does not have to 'unify' them, it, nevertheless, undoubtedly effects a synthesis if we look at the affairs from the standpoint of the discrete monads. A variety of states separately present in separate monads are mirrored as united in the glassy essence of my subject."

"Along, then, the whole chain from brain to instruments we have subjective states coming and going incessantly in ceaseless unrest."

From Mr. Fawcett's standpoint, the mechanical universe of science is thus transformed into the interplay of *spiritual* activities arising from the depths of the metaconscious—the universal subject—as *states* of individuated monads in all stages of unfoldment, those monads *being* actually the metaconscious itself in revelation. The mechanical view of the universe is thus entirely superseded, giving place to an essentially spiritual interpretation of experience. The so-called "mechanical laws" discovered and displayed by science are seen on closer examination to be only the objective aspect, the *appearance* presented to us by what are in reality the purely *spiritual* activities of the monadic host. The broad general uniformities of co-existence and sequence, which constitute these laws, are the outcome of the similarity in phase of unfoldment characterizing the sum of monads in that particular phase.

The working out in detail of this view, the re-interpretation in detail of the various departments of science in this light, is obviously a gigantic task. But it is clearly a possible one; and more, it promises to be the only one which will lead us ultimately to a thoroughly *consistent* and logical view of the whole range of experience.

The passage just quoted indicates the general drift of Mr. Fawcett's views, but a few more details may be acceptable.

In the first place, then, it is clear that there must be almost infinitely various grades of monads, differing in grade of consciousness, that is, in the degree and kind of unfoldment or realisation of their potentialities. In a subsequent chapter, the author gives a preliminary classification of the leading stages in this monadic unfoldment, so far as our present range of experience affords data upon which to reach such conclusions. These leading levels of subjectivity, he arranges as follows:—

1. The metaconscious: as *prius* of the world-order.
2. The a-conscious (*e. g.*, atom or sub-atomic monad).
3. Sub-conscious (amœba or worm).
4. The conscious (mouse or ape).
5. The self-conscious (*e. g.*, man, as reflective).
6. The intuitively conscious.
7. The fully conscious.
8. The supra-conscious.

"A subject completely realising stage 5 would represent the discursive, rationalizing intellect running into its negative, a transition which must inevitably in the course of the race-progress declare itself. A subject in stage 6 might either possess the higher clairvoyant dream-consciousness met with in some religious enthusiasts, &c., (the lower dream consciousness is obviously a mere echo of the waking consciousness) in which case the *inner spontaneity* of the subject might reveal itself *with no extra-subjective reference at all*, or enjoy ecstatic intuitive seizure of the states of other monads subjects, with a full extra-subjective reference. Thus, were astronomy the theme, the subject would *intuite and understand* at a flash the whole of the phenomena in all their richness and complexity; were it geology, the story of the rock shelves would lie before it as this page lies before the reader.....A subject completely realising level 1 would be fully illuminated, gathering in reality in *one blaze* of gorgeous splendour, but still a definitely discrete individual among individuals.....lastly, level 8 stands for the fusion of these developed subjects as Deity."

But let us turn aside, for a moment, from the direct course of the author's exposition, to note the bearing of this Monadology upon Hindu religious conceptions.

The keynote of Hindu religious thought, struck in the venerable hymns of the Rig-Veda, and elaborated in the Puranic mythologies, has always seemed to me to be the thought that all nature, the entire universe, is throughout instinct with life and consciousness. Nothing is devoid of life, nothing destitute of consciousness. From the tiniest atom to the mightiest sun, every-where life and consciousness. This is the conception of nature which our modern materialists stigmatise as "animism"; but to me it has always seemed to be the only *true* one, as it certainly is the only one which can be called thoroughly and entirely *spiritual*.

Now it is to exactly this conception of nature, of the Universe, that Mr. Fawcett's Monadology directly leads. All the gods and devas of which Hinduism tells us so much, from highest to lowest, here find a place. They are the personified stages of monadic unfoldment as represented in the 33 crores of devas, while the great gods may well stand for *individual* monads bearing sway, as conscious powers, over whole realms and aspects of nature. It is true that such a conception has its dangers. It may readily degenerate into blind, ignorant superstition—as indeed has happened historically. But because of this danger shall we fear to face the *truth*? Because in this dark age of materialism, well-styled Kali Yuga, but few of us can grasp and realise the spiritual grandeur of such a conception in its purity; because we can no longer commune with and feel the presence and action of this consciousness and life which pervades the All; because in our hands the rhythmic mantrams which assisted in this intercourse have lost their efficacy; because of all this, shall we shut our eyes to the truth

which all nature, all experience proclaim? No; and it is just because the work now under review supplies many a corrective for the dangers of a too eager imagination, while at the same time giving a sure and safe philosophical basis for a spiritual conception of the universe, that I regard its study as of such great importance for the Hindu mind.

But to return to our account of the work itself.

After discussing the individual subject as External Perception, which gives rise to the sketch of Monadology already described, and then the Individual Subject as Mind, the author proceeds to show—as already hinted—that the monads, which become when more fully unfolded, the Individual subjects, are suspended and ever immanent in the Meta-conscious, or Universal Subject. This chapter involves some of the subtlest problems in metaphysical statement, which cannot be discussed here, though the keen metaphysical intellect of my Hindu brothers will find, I doubt not, much delight in their study. It contains also the classification of levels of subjectivity already quoted, and leads us up to the Problem of Pessimism. This is most ably treated, both as exposition of the pessimist argument and as clearly showing that the only possible answer to it must be found in the persistence of the *individual subject*, throughout all changes and phases of evolution.

The following chapter deals with the persistence of the individual and establishes the doctrine of Palingenesis or Re-birth as a philosophical necessity, and as a direct deduction from the premises already established. Over these two and the concluding chapter of the book, I must pass very briefly. They are of very great importance to the student of philosophy as well as to every Theosophist, and on several points I should be disposed, myself, to modify some of the author's conclusions not a little in matters of detail, where he seems to me not to have given sufficient weight to certain of the factors whose influence he himself admits. But in such a work as this there must of necessity be room for much divergence of view as to the correct solution of detailed questions; and this seems to me to add rather than detract from the its value as a whole.

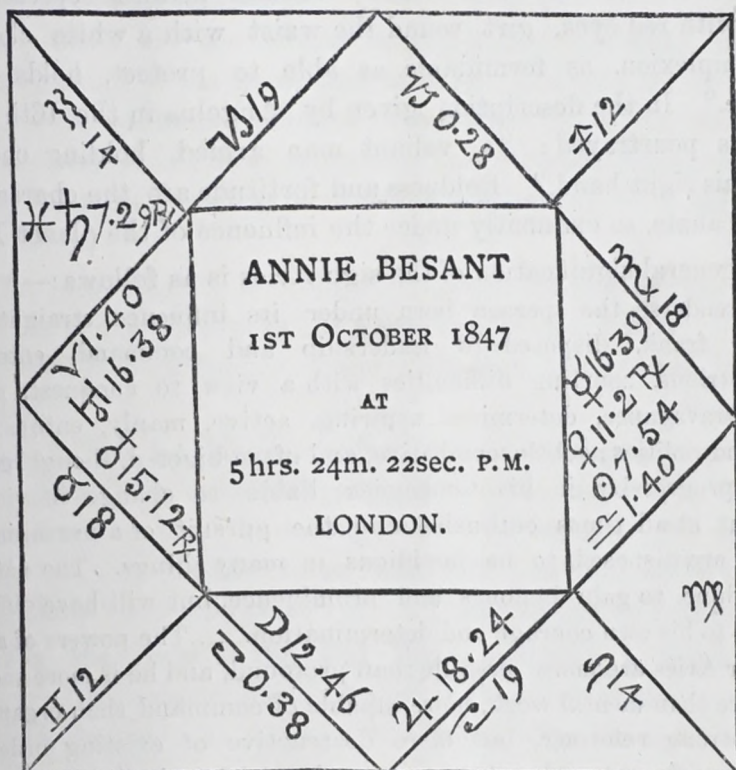
What its influence upon current thought will be, it is impossible to foresee. It should be very great indeed; for seldom has so thorough, candid and original a work issued from the press. And so in conclusion let me most strongly urge its perusal and careful study upon all who are interested in those weightiest and most important problems which have always occupied the mind of man: Whence, and whither? What are we? What is the world? Why, and to what end have we come into being? Why do we suffer? What have we to hope for?

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

THE HOROSCOPE OF ANNIE BESANT.

THE subject of this delineation was born on the 1st of October, 1847, at 5h. 24m. P. M. "within the sound of Bow bells." The Right Ascension of the meridian of London at that time was 18h. 2m. 45s., which corresponds to the sign Capricornus $0^{\circ} 38'$. The sign Aries $1^{\circ} 40'$ was rising when the birth took place.

The following is the figure of the heavens for the moment of birth.



The general signification of the 2nd degree of Aries is given as follows:—

"A man, standing, armed with sword and spear; richly dressed in scarlet and purple, with jewelled clasps and helmet of fine brass or gold—apparently prepared for battle and confident of victory. It denotes a proud, warlike nature, with much self-reliance and confidence in his own powers. One who will have few friends and will be very independent in his way of living; at all times willing to assert his opinions and to evidence his powers. A nature somewhat fond of display."

This, while touching some of the leading elements of our subject's character, nevertheless needs ample modification in some particulars, evident to those who have the honour of her friendship. The required adjustment is evident as soon as we turn to a more critical and detailed view of the horoscope itself.

In the "Celestial Mirror" of Johannes Angelus, translated originally from the Greek, and having its origin in Egypt, a very different symbol is given for the 2nd degree of Aries. It is as follows:—

"In the second degree of Aries there ascends a man having a head like a dog, stretching out his right hand towards the skies, and holding a staff in his left hand."

It is the figure of the Egyptian *Anubis*, "the Awakener." He it was who called forth the souls of the dead and led them to the Hall of Justice where they were weighed.

The general signification of the first decanate of Aries, to which this degree belongs, is "firmness of character, contempt for obstacles, dignity"; characteristics which enter very fully into the complex of Annie Besant's nature. The decanate is variously represented by the astrologers of the East and West. Varāha Mihira represents it by "a man with red eyes, girt round the waist with a white cloth; of a black complexion, as formidable as able to protect, holds a raised battle-axe." In the description given by Angelus in the 16th century, it is thus portrayed: "a valiant man armed, holding out a falchion in his right hand." Boldness and fortitude are the characteristics of this decanate, so eminently under the influence of the planet Mars.

The general signification of the sign Aries is as follows:—

"It renders the person born under its influence straightforward, ingenious, frank, disposed to leadership and command, enterprising and industrious, courting difficulties with a view to conquest, generous even to extravagance, determined, aspiring, active, manly, enthusiastic in religion and politics; subtle, combative, and often bigoted, though, generally speaking, progressive in his tendencies; liable to change in views and objects, but at all times enthusiastic in the pursuit of a prevailing idea. The tastes are disposed to be fastidious in many things. The native will desire to shine, to gain honours and prominence, but will have difficulties, equal only to his own courage and determination.....The powers of a person born under Aries are more versatile than profound, and he is more successful in executive than mental work, more capable of command than organization. Often a strong reformer, but more destructive of existing orders than constructive of new ones. The temper is quick, vivacious, fretful and capricious. Eloquence of a declamatory and sometimes of a more violent kind, is given by this sign. 'Where there is much smoke the fire burns long'; but here it is all flame, and the anger of the Aries man is a thing of the hour only. Quick to anger, but soon pacified, the native does not bear long resentment. He gains by marriage, but will have difficulties in monetary affairs through a female; may be a legal suit. In business matters generally he will be successful. He is likely to be an only child, or to become such by the death of a younger brother or sister. In early life he will have difficulties in connection with his profession or business affairs; disputes in the family, and if the Sun be below the earth he will lose his father early. Journeys will be caused by family matters or by reason of disputes and enmities. He will be disposed to ballooning or climbing of high mountains.....In the married state there will be strife, and danger of divorce or separation. The sign gives few or no children, but should any live they will rise to good position and receive honours. The native is likely to marry early, and there will be disaffection and inconstancy as a consequence.

"The maladies to which Aries predisposes are intestinal disorders, inflammation, cholera, accidents to the head and eyes.

"The native will travel by sea and will probably make discoveries and become noted for his explorations.

"The profession will be of a creditable and elevated kind, but will afford many difficulties and will be subject to changes and reversals. Some strife in connection with the occupation is shown, and jealousy consequent upon the office held by the native is almost certain.....Friends will cause success in the profession, and if the Sun be above the earth, the native will rise to eminence through his supporters. Friends will be numerous and steadfast, but feminine influence must be carefully watched, or treachery will cause trouble. There will be many enemies and many causes for jealousy and strife, but such will not last long."

Such, in brief, are the effects of the sign Aries, when ruling the horoscope by being in the Ascendant at birth; and we venture to think that, making the necessary changes in deference to the sex, this general delineation,—written several years ago and without reference to any individual, but merely as a type of the Aries person,—fits the present case very fairly.

But the individuality is brought out when we consider more closely the affections of the planets in the horoscope of the native. And first we may consider the influence of the planets in the several Houses of the horoscope.

Uranus in the 1st House confers extreme independence of mind upon the native. It gives eccentricity, love of the marvellous, desire for strange sights, curious knowledge, &c. It renders the individual romantic, wayward, disposed to self-assertion, and liable to be estranged from the family circle and relatives. A cosmopolitan by nature.

Mars on the cusp of the 2nd House indicates a liberal nature, inclining to extravagance, hardly knowing the value of money except as an immediate means to an end in view. Money slips through the fingers. Such position of Mars indicates large earnings, but little likelihood of a reserve fund. The native lives close to the income.

The Moon in the 4th House denotes many changes of residence, an unsettled life; much intercourse with the people of the native town; popularity, with a reversal at the end of life; voyages, especially in the latter half of the life; close sympathy for the mother; inheritance.

Jupiter on the cusp of the 5th House gives advantageous speculations; temperate pleasures; dutiful children to whom honours will come.

The Sun, Venus and Mercury, forming a satellitum in the 7th house, indicate many open enemies, public disputes, legal affairs which will cause much trouble; complications in partnerships, contracts and business relations; troubles in the married life.

Saturn in the 12th House denotes troubles through relatives; secret enemies among women; some privations in early life, and dangers through water, and large quadrupeds.

To be more particular we should need to take into account all the various affections of these planets; their aspects to one another, their dignity or otherwise in the horoscope, the signs they occupy, &c.

Thus Mars, in the 2nd House, although retrograde, is extremely well aspected by the Moon and Jupiter, and free from affliction, showing great earning capacity, but inability to amass wealth.

The remarkable features in the present horoscope are the presence of no less than six of the eight planets in cardinal signs, and the presence of cardinal signs on the angles of the figure. The latter circumstance confers upon the subject a reputation which will outlast life; a fame which will be widespread in proportion to the concurrence of other significations in the horoscope. And in this case we find the circumstance amply confirmed by the singular feature first mentioned. The majority of the planets being in cardinal signs denotes activity, aptitude, business capacity of the foremost order, nimbleness, ambition, perseverance. It gives a tendency to reforms and active administrations; makes the native fond of politics, foremost in his village, town, or even country, in social affairs and matters relating to the government of the people. It gives great executive ability; the power to overcome obstacles and to cut out a line of life for oneself; courting responsibility, active in the pursuit of one's objects, capable of command and leadership; yet often impetuous, forcing one's own way regardless of existing law and order; quick to anger but soon pacified; eager in intellect, acute in perception, apprehensive; fond of debate.

The cardinal signs produce the most active workers of the world, the best business men and the most useful persons in the executive departments of social life.

Three planets are in aerial signs and three in watery signs, hence the native lives equally in the mental and emotional aspects of her nature. The physical and purely spiritual are subordinate.

If enquiry be made as to the astrological cause of Annie Besant's oratorical powers, it will be seen that Mercury is in Libra, a "sign of voice" as we technically term it, and Venus, the ruler of the 2nd House (governing language), is conjoined to Mercury, which confers singular eloquence and poesy of expression.

We may now glance at a few of the events of life and show their corresponding astrological indications. At 5 years of age, Annie Besant lost her father. The premature death of the parent is shown by the affliction of Sun by Uranus, and the Moon in the 4th House, afflicted by Uranus, Sun, Venus, and Mercury. At the 5th day after birth the Sun had reached the exact square aspect of the Moon, and Uranus by oblique ascension had come to the ascending horizon, by taking a degree of meridian passage for every year of life. The Moon by direction was opposed to Saturn in the 12th House (the house of affliction).

At 20 years and 2 months of age marriage took place. The radical significations are by no means good, but, on the contrary, although the Sun applies to the conjunction of Venus, yet that planet is retrograde and afflicted by the Moon, Jupiter and Uranus. The

latter planet when afflicting the Sun in a female, or the Moon in a male nativity, always brings about separation by the death of the partner, or legal suit. It is a terrible planet for bringing about estrangements, and it is powerful in this nativity. At the time of marriage the Sun had reached the parallel declination of Saturn, an evil portent, and one of a lasting nature. But the Moon was in Pisces in good aspect to Mars, Jupiter and Mercury, and so the marriage took place. The signs of an early marriage in the nativity are: Mars in good aspect to Moon and Jupiter, and unafflicted; the Sun going to a conjunction with Venus, ruler of the 7th House (that of marriage), and in the 7th. The planet Venus in the sign Libra will describe the marriage partner in this case, according to the rules of the art, as a man of "full vital temperament, florid complexion and blue eyes."

Two children were born from this marriage; Digby, the son, when the Moon was opposed to the place of the Sun at birth, at 21 years and 3 months of the mother's age; and Mabel, the daughter, when the Moon was in opposition to the place of the Sun by progressive direction, at 22 years 10 months of age. These children, born under such conditions, were destined to bring trouble into the mother's life, unconscious agents though they were. From the 21st to the 26th years of life, Venus, being retrograde, was progressing over the opposition of the Ascendant, in the 2nd degree of Libra. At the time of her mother's death, the Ascendant in Annie Besant's horoscope was directed to a semi-square aspect of the Moon. Other evil influences were also in play at that period of her life.

During the period at which the famous Knowlton Pamphlet Case was in process, the Moon was progressing from the 4th to the 14th degree of the sign Leo, meeting at the outset an evil aspect of the Sun and Mars in Scorpio and Taurus respectively, the Sun being close to an opposition of Mars on the 29th and 30th days after the birth, corresponding to the same years of life. In May 1889, when Annie Besant joined the Theosophical Society, the Sun was about to form a trine (fortunate) aspect of Jupiter, and Venus had progressed to a conjunction with the Sun's place at birth; Mercury being on the cusp of the 9th House (religion) and in sextile (good) aspect to Venus' place at birth. The Moon had reached a conjunction with the mid-heaven, placing her reputation at this time very much in the hands of the public (represented by the Moon). It is stated to produce "changes, attended with honour or the reverse, according to the solar influences in force at the time (in this case they were good, as we have seen); the period is restless and unsettled. It gives benefits and honours from females." From the present year (1893) till the close of the century, a series of evil primary directions are formed in the horoscope, and it is to be hoped that the effects signified thereby—severe illness, loss of friends, changes in life, severed links, home troubles and losses,—will lose some of their keen edge when working out their destined purpose in a life already charged with so much sorrow and hardship.

Annie Besant will live to her 60th year, but will not reach her 60th birthday, for in March 1907, the Sun, in the 8th House, meets the square aspect of Saturn by direction, and the Moon reaches an equal degree of the sign Virgo, thus forming an evil aspect to both the Sun and Saturn from the 6th House. The three most evil houses, 6th, 8th, and 12th, conspire to the same effect; and in March, 1907, Saturn will be transiting the place it held at birth. The Full Moon at the end of February 1907 will fall in the same fatal degree of the opposite sign, Virgo, and in the 6th House, on the place of the Moon by direction. The lungs and abdominal viscera will both be affected. The voice which has been uplifted in the cause of so many suffering fellow-creatures will not have the power to plead its own, even if it would. The Annie Besant of our sketch will pass away, but the memory of a noble soul will remain in the hearts of the people, and, as we have said, her name will endure.

It may be asked if there are similar signs of sympathy between this horoscope and that of H. P. Blavatsky, as were seen to exist in the case of Col. Olcott. To this we can answer, yes. If reference be made to the horoscope of H. P. B., it will be seen that the Ascendant is in close conjunction with the Moon in the present case and near to the place of Jupiter; while at the same time the Sun in the latter is on the place of the Moon in H. P. B.'s horoscope, a sure sign of sympathy between persons who are destined to meet one another. There are other indications of minor nature, but the Ascendant and the Luminaries are chiefly considered, and when in conjunction or good aspect are productive of the closest friendship between those concerned.

SEPHARIAL.

*Note:—*As a curious coincidence it is to be noticed that H. P. Blavatsky sailed for India in the 47th year of her age, and occupied herself with the formation of Theosophical centres in various parts of the Peninsula; and now in the 47th year of Annie Besant's age, we find her lately arrived in India and actively engaged in the same work.

H. P. Blavatsky died in her 60th year of life, and the same year in the case of Annie Besant has already been indicated as fatal.—S.

VIOLETS AT THE NECK AND THREE BARS.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL EPISODE.

I AM not what is ordinarily called a sceptic, nor do I aspire to the ranks of the devotees of modern psychology. I am perfectly willing to admit that there may be forces, or intelligences, among us of which we know nothing, but at present I am content to move with the crowd, possibly because I find it easier to do so. Only once in my life have events outside the run of ordinary experience befallen me, and these, if they have failed to awaken an ardent investigating spirit in me, have at least shown me the possibilities lying outside our bodily senses. The facts connected with the case of *Regina v. Prescott*, which I am now for

the first time making public, form a psychological incident as interesting as anything I have yet come across. Believing that the interests of psychology may be furthered—as a friend suggested—I have turned storyteller for the nonce and now record the facts in the strange episode of which fate made me one of the principal actors. I shall attempt no explanation of the strange occurrences—this I must leave to the Spiritualists and Theosophists, who make these matters their special study.

The case of *Regina v. Prescott* was, as cases of this nature go, a very ordinary one. A young man was committed on a charge of poisoning; appearances were absolutely against him; circumstantial evidence was cumulative, but by a series of circumstances, he was ultimately proved innocent, and his supposed victim was shown to have met his death accidentally. A common enough case this, outside as well as inside novels; but the incidents which enabled me to establish the innocence of the accused lay entirely outside the reach of either counsel, solicitor or detective. The facts of the case were these.

William Prescott Murchison was a banker residing at St. Helliers, in the County of Southwester, England. On the 15th June, 1889, he died suddenly through poisoning. At the time of his death, his family consisted of himself and his nephew Hartley Prescott. The latter was the son of the banker's only brother who had died, leaving young Hartley to the care of his uncle—William Prescott, who, on succeeding to a fortune had taken the name of Murchison, by which he had been known for some ten years before his untimely death. Young Hartley Prescott and his uncle had never—to use a common phrase—hit it off well. The young man was impetuous and apt to be impatient, but frank and sincere to a degree; the elder was oppressively pompous and arbitrary; in fact, an overbearing man. For all that he had a sincere affection for his nephew, and his magisterial airs were often assumed for the benefit of the young man, with a view of impressing him with a proper respect for the house of Mynors, Garrett, Murchison and Co., in which young Hartley was one day to be a partner. There had never been any serious quarrel between uncle and nephew until within a few months of the former's death, when Hartley engaged himself to a Miss Kathleen Clarence, without, to quote his uncle's own words, seeking from him that advice and counsel which his maturer judgment rendered invaluable. Kathleen was a charming girl in every way. She had seen a good deal of the world, and having lost her mother at an early age, had learned to think and act for herself. Murchison, however, was strongly opposed to the engagement for various reasons. He had plans of his own regarding his nephew's future, and the fact that Clarence *père* was an artist, seemed to him quite sufficient in itself to render an alliance between the two families impossible. From which, it will be seen, that Mr. Murchison had old-fashioned notions,—to put a polite veneer on a worse phrase.

There had been more than one sharp quarrel between the old gentleman and his nephew on the subject of the latter's attachment, the elder, in a not very delicate manner, urging the younger to break off

the engagement ; the latter stubbornly refusing to do so. Matters ultimately came to a crisis one summer evening as the two were sitting over their after-dinner coffee. Things had gone wrong at the bank and Murchison was unusually testy. On his way home, a well-meaning friend had congratulated him on his nephew's engagement to "that charming Miss Clarence," and this, as may be supposed, had not improved his temper. During dinner, while the servants were present, he had kept his rising anger in check, but as soon as the two were alone, he opened his batteries on his nephew. Words ran high between the two men, and Murchison flatly demanded from his nephew an instant breaking-off of the engagement, winding up a long paternal peroration with that distinct allusion to pecuniary matters which is usually embodied in the phrase—cutting one off with a shilling. The out-come of the matter was an open rupture in the Murchison household. Hartley rising from his chair and bringing his fist down on the table, vowed he would no longer remain in a house where his betrothed was insulted. He then left the room, Murchison calling after him that the sooner he went to that wretched artist's the better.

Uncle and nephew never met again, for on the morning of the next day but one, Murchison was dead. Two days later a coroner's jury brought in a finding that William Prescott Murchison had met his death through a dose of strychnine, and a verdict of wilful murder was recorded against his nephew, Hartley Prescott. The Magistrates had confirmed the verdict of the Coroner's jury and Hartley was duly committed to take his trial at the forthcoming Assizes.

Mr. Clarence and his heart-broken daughter had been indefatigable in their efforts on behalf of the prisoner, but so far, as we have seen, without success. Both of course were firmly convinced of his innocence, but unfortunately facts were against them, or at least apparently so. Acting on the advice of a mutual friend, they had engaged me to defend Hartley Prescott.

My interviews with the prisoner, had strongly prejudiced me in his favour, while the strength of character and charming disposition of his *fiancée*, had quite won my heart. It was after an interview with the latter and her father, that, overcome, in spite of my long training, with the poor girl's nobly-borne grief, I had pledged myself to do my very best to save her lover. Even, Drayson, my solicitor, who was not usually given to any display of feeling, seemed touched.

It wanted three days to Prescott's trial, as one evening I sat late over the papers bearing on the case. I had not fulfilled my anticipations ; in fact, I had been quite unsuccessful. Drayson had not been able to give me definite help, nor had his agents in their turn furnished anything to disperse the heavy clouds hanging over the prisoner's head. My facts were particularly stubborn, and sift and reàrrange them as I might, I could not break down the formidable evidence arrayed against Prescott. Let me now detail the facts that I had to contest.

As the reader will remember, Murchison and his nephew parted in anger on the evening of June 13th. Murchison died on the morning of June 15th. The chief witness as to the incidents attending his death was Joseph Symmonds, the butler. Symmonds was an old retainer and thoroughly reliable. His story was to the following effect. On the evening in question he had heard his master and his nephew speaking in angry tones in the dining-room, and he had remarked to the house-keeper that he feared Master and Mr. Hartley were having words about something;—the “something” being Miss Clarence. It was well-known in the household how matters stood in this respect. Afterwards he had heard the dining-room door banged to and had seen Hartley going quickly upstairs. Shortly afterwards the latter came down again, took his hat and went out. He did not return to the house till about 11-30 p. m. Murchison himself had retired about half-past ten. The following day being Sunday, the banker remained at home. Young Hartley left the house early and did not return till late. As it afterwards appeared he had spent the day with the Clarences. Symmonds met him as he was going out, and, as an old and privileged servant, expressed the hope that the difference of opinion between Hartley and his uncle would soon pass over. Hartley replied in angry tones, that as far as he was concerned, he would put up no longer with his uncle’s interference, and added some words to the effect that when old men got as arrogant as Murchison, it was time they retired from the scenes. Hartley had also spoken very bitterly of his uncle to the Clarences, so bitterly in fact that they had remonstrated with him, but apparently, as they admitted, without affecting his attitude. The young man left their home about 9 in the evening, saying that he felt tired.

Early the next morning, Symmonds had come to his room to ask him about some Bromide of Potassium powders, which Mr. Murchison was in the habit of taking for headaches, to which he was occasionally subject. Symmonds who knew about the powders had gone to a box which he knew was kept on the mantel shelf of the library and which usually contained the powders. Finding the box empty and not wishing to disturb his master again, he had gone to Hartley to ask him if he knew where there were any more powders. Hartley impatiently replied that he didn’t know where the old man kept his wretched powders, but after a minute said that he thought he could find some. He led the way to Murchison’s study. Arrived there, he opened the drawer of the large ink-stand and pointed to several small gray packets inside, telling Symmonds to take one. Symmonds recognised the packets as similar to those he had seen in his master’s possession, containing Bromide, and took the packet lying on the top. It was Murchison’s custom to take the powders in coffee, and as he usually took that beverage the first thing in the morning, he often prescribed himself a powder then, if he was not feeling well. Symmonds accordingly waited till the coffee was ready and then took it up. Murchison poured

the powder into the cup, and drank the mixture with fatal result. Hartley had left the house immediately after showing the butler where the powders were.

Charles Smythe, Chemist's assistant at St. Helliers, deposed that on Saturday evening about 9.30, the prisoner Hartley had come to his employer's shop and asked for some strychnine, saying he required it to poison an old dog with. Smythe knowing him well had given him the poison, cautioning him to be careful. It was a small quantity, and he had wrapped it in a piece of thick white paper, and gummed on the usual poison label. He had noticed that Hartley seemed restless, but had not thought of it in particular. The prisoner stated that he had bought the powder for the purpose of poisoning a dog, which he had had for a long time. The animal was very old. His reason for killing his old favourite was that he had made up his mind after the last quarrel with his uncle to leave the house permanently, and he did not wish to leave the animal, which was in bad way, to the tender mercies of the servants. Seeing the animal as he passed out, he had bethought him of buying the poison that evening. He had put the packet in his pocket, but on reaching home, finding that the paper had got torn slightly, he had emptied the powder into another piece of paper which he had taken from his pocket. He had then placed it in his pocket-book. As to how the powder had got among his uncle's bromide powders, he was absolutely ignorant.

Now, there were several facts which proved very unfortunate for poor Hartley. Firstly, his pocket-book could not be found at all; secondly, the packet taken out of the ink-stand drawer by Symmonds was in all respects similar to those containing Bromide, and Hartley was unable to say what the paper was like that he had used when he transferred the powder; and thirdly, it was Hartley himself who had indicated the powders. Then of course there were Hartley's violent words against his uncle. The absence of the pocket-book was indeed an unfortunate incident, but Hartley protested that he had it with him on Saturday and had placed the powder in it. He supposed he had lost the book on Sunday. The pocket-book in question was a plain leather one with a table of postage rates and some other information stamped on the inside.

Advertisements for the missing book brought no result and things began to look very black indeed.

Such in brief was the case that I had before me that July evening, and it was one, which, I felt, unless I had fresh evidence, I should have the greatest difficulty in meeting. The presence of the poison in drawer in a wrapper similar to those of the innocent powders, the absence of the pocket-book and Hartley's violent expressions against his uncle, certainly pointed to the conclusion that in his hot anger he had bought the poison meaning to place it in his uncle's way. It was a mad act, and suspicion must necessarily fall on him, but anger is often uncalculating, and Hartley's disposition was impetuous to the last degree. And yet I could not bring myself to believe it; I could not realise that Kath-

leen Clarence—a discerning, right-minded girl, would ever have listened to the suit of one who had the potentiality of a murderer in him. And she believed in him now, when all others believed him guilty! I felt that there was something here which had not been explained, some incident, trifling it might be, which would, if brought to light, dispel the cloud hanging over poor Hartley's head.

Tired out and thoroughly dissatisfied, I left my desk and threw myself into my arm-chair—that tried and trusted friend in whose company I had solved many a problem! Were we to be beaten at last? Was there no answer? Were the facts really as they appeared? I thought again of Kathleen Clarence and her firm, unshaken belief in her lover's innocence, and I wished with all my soul that I could tell her I had saved him.

Suddenly I experienced a feeling entirely strange to me. It was indescribable. Perhaps it is what some people call the feeling of a "presence," when you can see nothing. I felt as if some one was looking at me, trying to attract my attention, and yet I could see nothing. I rose, walked across the room and opened the door of the adjoining bedroom. I looked in; there was no one there. I retraced my steps, when to my astonishment—I might almost say terror—I saw a figure seated in the chair I had just quitted but a moment before!

My door was locked, according to my usual custom, when working late at night, and there could not possibly have been any entry made from the bedroom. I had heard, of course, of ghosts, but my visitor did not seem to belong to this mournful class; for the occupant of my arm-chair was a child, and formed a prettier picture than my old bachelor apartments had perhaps ever seen. Surely the old arm chair must have felt pleased with its new company! A little girl of some ten or eleven years, with wavy-brown hair falling in disorder round her, her pretty little face flushed with excitement (nothing ghost-like here!), and her bright eyes opened wide with the expectancy of a child who has a secret to tell. She was wrapped in a simple night-dress, and a shawl was thrown over her shoulders; below the robe two bare feet peeped out.

I felt it incumbent on me to speak. "Little girl," I said, "isn't it time you were in bed?" It was a foolish remark perhaps, but at the time I could think of nothing better. The contrast between this fairy child's presence and my gloomy thoughts of the previous few minutes fairly staggered me for the moment.

I had thought it probable that my visitor might disappear when addressed, after the manner of ghosts; but she did not. She moved her little head restlessly on the cushioned chair and opened her lips: "Don't you know, I've something to tell you?"

"Indeed!" I replied, "and what may that be?"

"Oh, don't you know,"—with the least inflection of childish scorn—"Hartley never did that. It's all a mistake and I've come to tell you?"

To say that I was surprised, would be to very much minimise my actual state of mind. I feebly gasped "the deuce you have!" and waited.

"Yes," my visitor continued, "I've come to tell you what you wanted to know."

And then a slight frown contracted the fair young brow and she continued—"But it seems awful nonsense and I don't think you will understand at all. I am sure I don't, but I think it will all come right. Let me write it down, that's the best thing."

I seized a piece of paper, a pencil and a book. She took them and slowly, with childish effort, wrote for a minute or two.

"There," she said when she had finished, "that's it. To-morrow, I think you will find out all about it, only you must please remember what I have written, though it *does* seem nonsense. But I am sure it will help you. And now I am going to bed, for I am so tired and I think somebody is calling me too."

She rose from the chair, and in an instant flitted across the room to my bedroom. For a second the lamp shone on the little white-robed figure, with the golden-brown hair, standing out against the darkness of the inner room,—and then the child suddenly vanished!

I seized a light, rushed into my bed-room, searched everywhere—and found nothing! There was no one! My outer door was locked. The child had actually gone!

"Well," I thought, "this is a queer sort of experience!"

Then I suddenly remembered the writing. "Had that too disappeared?" No, there was the paper. I seized it. On it was written in a childish hand the following extraordinary sentence:

"Violets at the Neck and Three Bars."

"Well," I exclaimed, "Belshazzar's writing on the wall is nothing to this! But what on earth does it mean? What has it to do with poor Hartley's case?" I repeated the sentence several times. It sounded like one of those idiotic compilations which one occasionally wakes up in the morning, repeating solemnly and continuing to do so, till the utter want of meaning of the composition dawns on the fully-awakened mind.

"And my charming young visitant who had come and gone with so little ceremony, who, or rather, *what* was she? An astral body, as the Theosophists call it, or a spirit, or what?" I was not dreaming; it was no hallucination; for there was the writing before me. I was utterly over-
come; in no way could I account for the incident.

At last, thoroughly tired out, I carefully locked the mysterious paper in my desk and sought my bed.

Next morning, I was inclined to regard the whole matter as a dream. "Perhaps I had fallen asleep in my chair; or I might have had a species of vision." I went to my desk, quite expecting to find no paper; but my mysterious message was there, precisely as I had put it the night before!

During breakfast, I revolved the matter in my mind, but could find no possible explanation of my *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin*. "Violets at the neck," seemed certainly to suggest a woman; but then any number of women wore violets in their dresses; and where could I find my particular one, if one there were?" The "three bars," I could make nothing of.

After breakfast, feeling distinctly tired and worried, I prescribed for myself a morning walk. I set out in the direction of Notting Hill and finally came out in High Street. Here I hesitated between turning to the right and going towards Shepherd's Bush, or turning to the left towards Kensington Gardens. In the former case, I would, I thought, look in on a friend of mine—a shrewd old lawyer, some time retired, and ask his opinion on my case; in the latter, I meant to walk through the Gardens to the other side. I had just decided in favour of Shepherd's Bush, when my eye caught sight of a flower-girl on the opposite side of the road. She had with her a large basket full of bunches of violets.

Smiling, as I thought of my last night's experience, I determined to buy a bunch in honour of my little visitor. I crossed the road and asked for a bunch of the sweet flowers, tending the girl a shilling, the smallest coin I had on me. While she was collecting my change—as it seemed from various parts of her clothing—I looked idly into the window of a bookseller's shop outside which the girl had stationed herself. I was not paying much attention to the window display, my mind being occupied; when in an instant my whole attention was roused and I uttered a loud exclamation of surprise. The flower-girl who had tended me my change, evidently regarded me with suspicion, for she moved on, casting uneasy glances behind her. Probably she took me for a lunatic. Indeed, I think my appearance must have been strange, for in that shop-window was a book bearing the title "Violets at the Neck and Three Bars"!

So my sentence was after all nothing but the title of a book! My first feeling was one of intense disappointment, almost disgust. The affair seemed to be taking a ridiculous aspect. But my curiosity soon overcame other feelings. I entered the shop and asked to look at the book. It was a fair representative of that vapid, modern fiction, in which authors seek to atone for the defects of what is between the covers, by placing a startling and mysterious title on the outside. Judging from the exclamation marks scattered freely throughout its pages, the book was a veritable "Shocker". I glanced through its pages, and was about to leave the shop, without buying the book, when a shadow fell across the page and I heard a pleasant voice addressing a question to the shopman.

I looked up. The voice belonged to a fair haired, bright-faced young lady, with a quick alert look about her, that suggested short-hand and type-writing. She had on what is called a tailor-made jacket, of a light shade, and, as I noticed with amusement, a bunch of violets pinned at her

throat. I looked at her and at the violets, and then I noticed a peculiarity about the flowers. They were not pinned to the jacket, but seemed to be fastened through the back of a heavy gold brooch, for the stalks projected below. I was struck with this curious idea, for the brooch seemed to combine the functions of a flower-holder as well. I thought of the coincidence of the violets and what an association they had in my mind this morning. Any other day, I thought, I should not have noticed them. Here are plenty of violets, I mused, but what about the "bars"? Then in an instant my whole attention was roused, and I had an assured but inexplicable feeling that something was about to happen. The brooch pinned on that young lady's jacket,—I had just noticed it as she turned my way—was formed of *three heavy gold bars*! I trembled with suppressed excitement! Here seemed a veritable answer to my Delphic saying. The young lady was leaving the shop having completed her purchases. Like the poor flower-girl, she seemed uneasy. I certainly had been gazing very hard at her.

"Madam," I gasped, "could I—would you allow me to speak to you?"

She turned sharply round and looked at me. "I have not the pleasure of knowing you, sir," she said, coldly, and waited. This was distinctly discouraging. I cast about in my mind for something to say in defence of my conduct, and found I had absolutely no fixed idea of how to express what was beginning to glimmer in my mind. Here was a position for a barrister!

I had an inspiration, and took the bull by the horns. "Excuse me, Madam, but are you acquainted with Mr. Murchison, the Banker, who lives at St. Helliers?"

She started and looked at me. I felt that somehow I was on the right track, and that I had found some one who would unriddle the mystery of Murchison's death.

There was no time to be lost, and I turned to the shopman, who knew me by reputation. "Mr. Fuller," I said, "you know me and can guarantee to this young lady that I am a man of position and respectability." The shopman bowed, and turning to the young lady, on whose face amazement was plainly written, said, "Certainly, Madam, Mr. Norman is well known to me and indeed to the public. You have probably heard his name too."

To cut a long story short, in a few minutes, Miss Marriott (as I subsequently ascertained) and I were closeted in a private room, at the back of the shop. Yes, she knew Mr. Murchison. He had been very kind to her and she was deeply shocked to hear of his death. She had not heard of it before having only just returned from the country.

Before questioning her further, I thought it best to tell her all I knew. I unfolded the sad story of the death of Murchison and the terrible suspicion that attached to his nephew. Finally, as it were,

throwing myself on her compassion, I recounted my strange experience of the previous night, showing how I had by some fatality, been led to meet and speak to her that morning ; begging her, if she knew anything, to tell it me without reserve.

For some minutes after I ceased speaking she remained silent, her head bowed in her hands, as if in deep thought. I waited with an anxiety, it is impossible to describe. Suppose after all she could tell me nothing ! Suppose the whole thing was simply a coincidence and nothing more ! After a minute she lifted her head. Her face was white, and she was deeply affected.

Her first remarks seemed characteristic of her disposition. "I have always thought," she said, in a voice full of deep feeling, "that there were higher influences either inside or outside ourselves, of which we know but little and which often strangely affect our lives. Mr. Norman, I cannot explain your experience, but I can tell you, it has probably saved Mr. Hartley Prescott's life. Yes, I can relate to you what I believe will clear up everything. It is really a very simple matter, and now I have thought it out everything seems quite clear.

"Mr. Murchison, you said, died on Monday, June 15th. I saw him alive at his house on the previous day. You will think it curious that I have not been mentioned in connection with the sad events that have transpired, but when I think over things, it seems evident that no one but the poor man himself knew that I had been there. It was a Sunday, and I suppose most of the servants were out. I had several times come to see Mr. Murchison who was very kind to me. My father had been a clerk in his employ, and when he died, I was about fifteen years old. Mr. Murchison had helped me in several ways, and on that day I had called to see him about an offer which I had received to act as typewriter to a friend of his.

"I reached his house about half-past twelve, having come down by the morning train from town. I generally came to see him on Sunday, as he was usually at home. It was my custom to come in at the side-gate by the conservatory which adjoins his study, and if I saw him in the study, I would come in direct to him. I preferred doing this as I was very sensitive about the servants. It was foolish of me, but I was afraid they would think I was begging.

"On this particular morning, Mr. Murchison was writing in his study. I knocked at the conservatory door and came into the study that way. He received me very kindly as usual. He was to give me a letter to his friend as a sort of introduction, and I waited while he finished some letters he was writing. He was perhaps about ten minutes over this and then he asked me to open his pocket-book which was lying at the back of his table near me, and see if there were any stamps in it. I lifted up and opened the book and found some stamps. As I raised the book, a little packet, like those that Seidlitz powders are put up in, fell

out. Mr. Murchison saw this, and I remember his saying 'Ah, one of my Bromide *pick-me-ups*. I hope you will never want them, my dear.' I gave him the stamps and he also took the packet saying, as he put it into a drawer,—I think it was in his inkstand—'I may as well put that there with the others.' I took the stamped letters to the post for him, as he said he was going for a walk in the country and would not pass the office. I think it was about a quarter-past one when I left the house and I never saw the poor man again."

Such was Miss Marriott's simple story, told with an air of truth that no one could doubt. It was all perfectly clear. Hartley had left his pocket-book by accident on the writing-table. Murchison had mistaken it for his, and the poison for one of his bromide powders. He had placed the powder with the others and Symmonds had unwittingly given it to him; and so he had met his death.

Hartley had, it seemed, on that Sunday morning written a letter in the library. He had just finished and stamped it, when hearing his uncle's voice and not wishing to meet him after the quarrel, he had left the house hurriedly through the conservatory. Why this had not been mentioned by him I never could gather, but I imagined the poor fellow feared to make his case still worse; and certainly, taking a circumstantial evidence into consideration, the fact that he had been in the rooms that morning with the pocket-book, which had subsequently disappeared, would have told against him.

The pocket-book was found some months afterwards in some long grass near a stile leading to a pathway through the woods,—a favourite walk of the late banker where he must have gone on that last day of his life. Without doubt, it had fallen from his pocket and he had not had the time to notice the loss. His own pocket book and his nephew's were very similar, and it is quite possible he found his own at home on his return and forgot the strange one he had been carrying about. At all events, Josiah Higgins, labourer, received a handsome reward for the weather-stained, but perfectly recognisable pocket-book of Hartley Prescott that he brought home one day.

One of the happiest evenings of my life was the one I spent at the Clarences at a small family gathering in honour of Hartley.

I had never related to any one but Miss Marriott the strange experience which had enabled me to prove the innocence of young Hartley, and I had asked her to say nothing, for I had a strong impression that an explanation would furnish itself. Beyond the fact that "chance" had aided me somewhat, the Clarences and Hartley himself knew nothing.

When I entered the drawing-room that evening, it was empty or I thought so. The room was but dimly lighted and I fancied myself alone. A slight rustle startled me, and I peered into a somewhat dim corner of the room. There fast asleep in a cosy arm-chair was my fairy visitor of that memorable July evening. A servant

entered with a lamp remarking that Mr. Clarence would be down in a minute. She withdrew. "Now or never was my time," I thought. "Was that child real?" I bent over and kissed the pretty sleeping face. The child awoke. She *was* real. It was no ghost this. No sudden disappearance this time.

A shade of anger, but not a trace of fear crossed that youthful face. She raised herself, threw back the wavy brown hair, I remembered so well, and looking at me, just as she did that other evening—remarked, "I don't think a *real* gentleman would kiss a lady when she was asleep"!

Miss Clarence entered at this moment and I hastened to greet her. My first question must have startled her. "Do you," I said, "ever practise Mesmerism?" "What a strange question!" she replied, "what ever made you think of it? Well, sometimes, I try a little on Sybil, when she is not feeling well. It seems to do her good. But I think I must stop it as a few weeks ago she went into a sort of trance and I couldn't get her back for a long time. I remember that was the night before you telegraphed to us, about Hartley's innocence. Do you ever practise Mesmerism yourself, Mr. Norman?"

"No," said a small voice from the corner, "but he kisses ladies when they are asleep."!

I could no longer doubt. Miss Clarence's mesmeric experiment was simultaneous with my interview with her little sister. She had, it seems, looked into the child's bed-room about eleven that evening and finding her awake and restless, soothed her with a few magnetic passes. The child had passed into a deep mesmeric slumber, from which she had for some time vainly tried to rouse her. While soothing the child her thoughts had been, as usual, with her lover, and she had uttered a passionate prayer that his innocence might be proved, coupling my name with the utterance. The child of course was unconscious of all that had happened and of the important part she had played in establishing the innocence of her sister's lover.

As I have said, I am not a psychical investigator, or even a Theosophist, so I do not consider myself called upon for a detailed explanation of the, to me, extraordinary occurrence which established Hartley Prescott's innocence. To me, it has been permitted to see and I have believed. I am satisfied of the existence of a transcendental consciousness in man which seems to open up boundless possibilities. Were I a less busy man, perhaps I also might be persuaded to be a Theosophist.

As I bring this narration to a conclusion, I glance at a handsomely-bound cabinet on my writing table,—a token of affectionate regard from the Clarences—which contains some keepsakes of this strange episode. Some withered violets, a heavy gold brooch, a portrait of a charming little girl, and a shilling "Shocker" which I have never read and never mean to, though it bears on its cover the strange title "Violets at the Neck and Three Bars."

THE ESOTERIC SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TEN AVATARS.

(Concluded from page 191.)

RA'MA.

NOW that Káma-Manas has been churned out of the waters of Káma, we have yet to see the relationship between Kâma-Manas and Buddhi-Manas and the manner in which the former is destroyed. Here, though at first there is no clear line of demarcation between India and Lanka, which represent the seat of the Higher and Lower Manas, yet the waters begin to separate them. Buddhi principle is carried off by Rávana, and then Ráma, the hunter, constructs a bridge by which a channel of communication may be set up between the two. The Lower Manas or the fort of Ahankára has now differentiated itself into four chief characters, Rávana, Kumbhakarna, Vibhishana and S'úrpanakhá. Satva is the latest accretion at this stage to Rajas and Tamas. Rajas is represented by Rávana who flies to his kingdom along with Síta—the Buddhi principle. Tamas has its two aspects, A'varana and Vikshepa S'aktis, which are the centripetal and centrifugal forces respectively. The former is symbolized by Kumbhakarna sleeping in the centre, and the latter by S'úrpanakhá, who first goes out and being disfigured by Lakshmana when she fell in love with Ráma, acquaints her brother Rávana with the existence of Síta whom Rávana carried off to his kingdom. When Síta is in the kingdom of Ahankára, a commotion is set afloat amongst the brothers. Vibhishana—the Satva—becomes disaffected with them, and it is his daughter who is placed to watch over Síta. In the conflict all but Satva and its suite remain to tell the tale in the camp of the Lower Manas.

Then about the region of the Higher Manas. Out of Das'aratha—who has his body of ten organs under his control, unlike Rávana who has the ten organs on his head, arose Ráma, the hunter, with his three brothers, who stand for time, space and consciousness.*

KRISHNA.

This is also a subject that has to be explained at great length; and I shall throw out some hints only as to what this incarnation was intended to imply. The Ego has thrown off all its environments of Rajas and Tamas, and is pure Satva itself. Hence it has become fit to associate with Ráma, now Krishna. The Hunter has now *attracted* unto himself the Satvic ego, and therefore in this case assumes the name Krishna. That which had the property of exciting fear, *viz.*, Vibhishana, associated as it then was with its brothers, sister and kindred, now utterly throws off such shackles and *gains* its seat with Paramátma, the spirit; and hence the name Arjuna which comes from a root meaning to gain.

Our readers may remember that there are two chapters in that remarkable book "Light on the Path" devoted to a conflict of the ego with its passions. In the first chapter the Ego has to fight first with its

* We are unable to follow our author, but print his statement as it stands—Ed.

terrestrial passions and desires. In it, it has to fight with them itself. But when this conquest is over, there comes another battle for it on a higher plane, since nature cannot ever be passive; "it is only for a while that nature can be still." In this stage the warrior will always be with the Ego, if only the latter does not forget him, but has him ever in his mind. "Look for the warrior and he will fight in thee. Take his orders for battle and obey him, not as if he were thy general, but only thyself."* If a person were to read this precious little work critically, it would disclose to him two facts. One is that the battle described in the Rámáyana is no other than that described in the first chapter of "Light on the Path," where the Ego has to fight with the passions itself; whereas the second chapter of the same work will disclose to him the battle of Arjuna with Duryodhana, Arjuna having before him in his chariot Krishna ever ready to guide him and having only to take his orders for battle. Therefore the contest described in Mahábhárata is that which occurs on a higher plane between the Ego and its opponents headed by Duryodhana, the author of *evil war*.

BUDDHA.

In the previous stage Buddhi-Mánas having been passed, we now come to the stage of Buddhi. The title given to this incarnation is quite significant, connected as it is with the sixth principle, Buddhi. The story is too well known to be reiterated here. But I shall have to remark that in this incarnation of Vishnu no warfare takes place and all things go on very smoothly. Without any bloodshed he wrought a great influence on the people by working in a very mysterious manner. Many people were converted over to his side, and he is now considered as the author of a great religion, which numbers amongst its ranks more than a third of the population of the whole globe. The way in which he wrought this miracle is as mysterious as Buddhi, the 6th principle, which he symbolises. Almost the whole of humanity is now quite oblivious of the existence of this principle. Buddha came in amongst Hindus to root out the abuses arising from the dire extent to which the Hindu ceremonials, such as Yagnas, &c., were carried, and to preach high ethics. There is another secret work which, it is said, he wrought in this incarnation of his. It was the cleansing of the Adept Fraternity, so that it might be an unadulterated source of spiritual knowledge to humanity, during the whole of this Kaliyuga, which is the blackest of the Yugas, after which Kalki will incarnate as the tenth of the Avatárs to resume the work.

About this incarnation of his, one version gives out, as his mission, the preaching of atheistical doctrines. Once give a place to Buddha in the niche of the ten Avatárs, and nothing is more irrational than to suppose that he came on earth to preach heretical doctrines. Why should God assume this hypocrisy and unfair dealing? It will

* "Light on the Path."

be answered,—to beguile the reproachers of Vedas and sinful men from the Hindu fold. I do not know if even amongst us men the end will justify the means. To defend this course of conduct they will quote the cases of nectar being withheld from Asuras by Vishnu in his Matsya Avatâr, and such like. In those cases he withheld things from some, because, if given, they would entail much disaster in the world; but here there is a positive propagation of wrong doctrines attributed to him.

KALKI.

This last incarnation of Vishnu takes place at the end of Kaliyuga and forms the subject of the contents of Kalki Purâna. This is the crowning point of all, like the seventh Principle. As this Purâna is being translated by the Kumbakonam Branch T. S., I shall reserve my remarks for the present.

CONCLUSION.

In the foregoing statements of mine I have given some hints only and yet this article has increased considerably in bulk. As I mean to devote separate articles to the incarnations of Râma, Krishna and Kalki, I have left out many points which I should otherwise not have omitted. Though I have not dealt with all the hints that can be given, this general one may be taken into consideration. The Universal Spirit has as its body the macrocosm, while man—who is but a miniature of the former, has also spirit and body. The ten Avatârs symbolise the successive progresses of both. And in doing so a body of humanity called a Root Race, &c., flourishing for stated periods, also progresses. The earth too has its progress. Apply the law of the correspondence of the progress obtaining in man and cosmos to all things and it will solve the riddle. Therefore it is for each student to work out the details of the whole in their several bearings.

That ten is the complete number has also been proved by the number of Avatârs. Though the septenary classification is the key for the solution of all, yet unless the primeval triune manifestation is also understood, no complete and satisfactory view can be had of the whole.

K. NARAINSAWMY IYER.

SPIRITUALITY.

IT is not strange, perhaps, that the highest should be that which is least often met, and most often misunderstood. Physical strength and prowess are known and understood of the people, and the successful athlete is the hero of the multitude among Western nations; everyone can understand the physical superiority of the man who can run a little faster, jump a little higher, walk a little longer than his fellows, and a triumph which appeals to the senses is the most widely appreciated of all triumphs. The intellectual athlete appeals to a smaller class, and the more transcendent his achievement, the more limited will be the number of those who are able to estimate it at its true value. But still the world applauds the man of great talent, and

places him high among its honoured ones, for the race has advanced to a point at which intellect is highly developed in some, and is also widely spread as regards its lower manifestations, so that very many can, to some extent, appreciate splendour of an intellectual type.

But when spiritual splendour is in question, few indeed are they who can see its beauty or even perceive it at all as splendour. For in most spirit is latent, not active, and only those in whom it is emergent can recognise its presence as such in others. Its fruits are visible on the lower planes of life, and some of these are attractive and are recognised as admirable by all, but others are unattractive, even repellent, to men and women immersed in worldly concerns and responsive to worldly interests and ambitions. They resent the serenity with which the spiritual man meets the pains and the pleasures that excite their own fears and hopes; they suspect the genuineness of his dispassion, the reality of his indifference; his silence, his love of solitude, his placidity, his quiet acceptance of things as they come, his willingness to adapt himself to circumstances, the light esteem in which he holds the prizes that men strive for, his equal-mindedness in success and failure—these characteristics act as irritants on ordinary mortals, and they not unnaturally condemn as cold-heartedness, as absence of “proper feeling”, an irresponsiveness which is to them only explicable on these grounds. There is another aspect, also, of the spiritual man that arouses their suspicion, almost their contempt. While he is so “stolid” with regard to all the natural ambitions and objects of life, he is singularly susceptible and responsive to appeals of a different kind; his sympathy awakes at the touch of human sorrow, his heart answers to any human cry; impassive as he is to pains and pleasures for himself, he is swiftly touched by all that affects others, he is like a harp-string that vibrates to every breath that sweeps across it, and he is therefore swiftly dubbed a sentimentalist, an emotionalist, by those who feel little for others and much for themselves. And if he is ever rash enough to permit a glimpse to be caught of his true life—a life sedulously guarded from the observation of the world and open only to others who are like-minded with himself—and if he be seen to be thrilling and vibrating under impulses that cannot be sensed on either the physical or the intellectual planes, then the scorn of the practical man, of the man of the world, breaks out unchecked, and no words are too contemptuous for the dreamer, the ecstatic. The qualities of the spirit which work out as virtues in the external world are those by which alone the spiritual man can attract sympathy and approval from the great majority of men and women, and these very virtues even are not those that arouse strong enthusiasm, though they may inspire devoted affection. The fierce conflicts of the world, in which tremendous energy is poured out on the mental and physical planes, and the heroes of which win enthusiastic applause, are not fields on which spiritual energy is spent, and the conflicts of the spiritual plane are out of the sight of men; hence the spiritual sage shews here gentleness rather than vigour and quiet

endurance rather than active aggressiveness. The type of his virtues as well as the very qualities that I have spoken of as irritants to ordinary mortals, may be found in the description given of the characteristics of spiritual wisdom by S'rî Krishna, in Bhagavad Gîtâ, XIII. :

"7. Humility, straightforwardness, harmlessness, patience, sincerity, worship of the A'chârya (the Guru, or spiritual teacher), purity, firmness, self-restraint,

"8. Disgust for objects of sense, and also absence of egoism, contemplation of the illusory nature of birth, death, decay, sickness, pain,

"9. Unadhesiveness, non-selfidentification with children, wife, and home, constancy and even-mindedness among desired and undesired events,

"10. Devotion by union with me as non-separate, and not with another, worship in a chosen spot, non-enjoyment of the company of men,

"11. Constant knowledge of Adhyâtmâ, contemplation of the object of the knowledge of the essence of things—such, verily, is declared to be knowledge ; ignorance is the opposite thereof."

It may be freely admitted that the type thus sketched is not one which would do the most effective kind of service in the bustle of political life or in the struggles for immediate social reforms. Nor indeed is the man of pure intellect, immersed in problems of thought, the most useful agent in such fields. They belong to the practical men, men of energy, boldness and skill, who work for immediate objects, fight for immediate ends, seek immediate results. But the man of pure intellect is thinking out the problems of the morrow, and is laying down the principles on which the schemes of to-morrow will be founded. His work is as necessary to society as that of the practical man, and he is not to be denounced as an idle and useless dreamer, because he is out of sight in his study, while others are at work in the streets. So in a yet deeper sense is the spiritual man not to be regarded as useless, because he is little efficient in "practical" work ; for he is toiling ceaselessly on the spiritual plane, bending all his energies towards the affecting of the deepest springs of action, and is often pulling the strings of the active puppets, whose physical and mental energy arouses so much admiration in the crowd.

A striking characteristic of the spiritual man is the love of meditation and of solitude mentioned in the s'lokas quoted above. As we may read in the Kathopanishad : "The self-existent pierced the senses outward ; hence man looks outward, not within himself. The wise, seeking immortality, looks towards the self with reverted sight." And truly the man of the world looks ever outward, observing, noting, recording facts, feeling a vivid interest in all that surrounds him, eager to see, to experience, to accumulate facts ; full of energy, that energy is always flowing outwards, and he is ever active, alert, busy, in ceaseless movement. But the spiritual man has his attention turned inwards, fixed ever on the Real, not the transitory, and he loves solitude, because in solitude he

can patiently look inward, and in the stillness and freedom from external interruptions may contemplate the true self. When duty calls, he will freely turn his attention outwards ; but released, he springs back at once to his true life, and he will not willingly waste in diffused and objectless activity the strength he needs for effective spiritual work. For man's power is limited, and according to its distribution will be the nature of his progress ; if it is continually directed outwards and is frittered away on small and trivial matters, there is so much the less available for the evolution of the spiritual life ; the hours wasted in idle talk, which leaves no one the better or the wiser, might have been spent in fruitful meditation ; and the strength used for a dozen things, as well left undone, might have been directed into a single channel of concentrated and effective effort that would have carried the traveller far along his road. And this strong and persistent energy is necessary for spiritual progress, as it is necessary for success in every path in life, for every achievement worth the doing. " The soul cannot be obtained by a man without strength, nor by carelessness," and those who only seek it casually and intermittently must remain long bound on the wheel of births and deaths. If science demands from her votaries years of study ere a competent knowledge can be gained, shall the highest science, the science of the spirit, be obtained without effort, without self-sacrifice ? Even the earnest, intellectual student refuses to waste his time in mere trivialities, in mere amusements ; shall not the spiritual student be equally in earnest, and consecrate to the direct pursuit of the sacred science every moment that he can rightfully appropriate as his own ?

It is not meant that such a student should " appropriate as his own " time that he can devote to the help and the service of others, for service is of the very essence of spiritual life, and a man might as wisely try to breathe without air as to lead the spiritual life without love manifested in service to others. Such service should be fully, freely, gladly, ungrudgingly rendered, but such strenuous and helpful work has nothing in common with the idle frittering away of energy spoken of above. The opening of a sluice which lets the fertilising water pour forth into well-made channels is a very different thing from the leaving of a number of small holes through which the water drips away ceaselessly, keeping the tank ever half empty. Modern life is full of these small holes, and time runs away through them, leaving no record of useful work performed, and energy is drained away through them that might have turned the wheels of life to some real purpose.

It may be objected that such a life of strenuous and sustained effort is one which few could lead, and that the strain of such tension would lead to the snapping of the cord. Granted. And that is why the spiritual man is so rarely met with. No one is called to such life until the inner force within him drives him into it, and until the external world has lost its power to charm and to allure. For while the soul desires the contact with the external sphere, the thirst for life that drew it to incarnation is still **unslaked**, and it can blamelessly drink of earth's

waters and find its pleasure amid the thousand forms around it of innocent and graceful joy. As long as desires rise in the heart for the delights of physical and intellectual existence, so long has the time not yet come for the breaking of the ties that bind to earth. Earth's use will be over when all men seek the spiritual life; at present millions love the fair and gracious earth, and delight in the varied joys and beauties poured out on every side by the liberal hand of nature. Why then should not all these bountiful gifts be innocently used, and the soul learn all the lessons that it has come into incarnation to secure? Weariness of all these things is the sign that the lessons have been learned, as the entire cessation of the cravings of the appetite shews that sufficient food has been eaten. Then has come the time for other lessons, and the man who still rejoices in physical and intellectual delights should no more try to force his enjoyments on the man who seeks spiritual things, or treat with contempt or anger his still withdrawal from the whirl of external life, than the spiritual man should try to drag the man of the world into his inner sphere, or endeavour to force him into an atmosphere too rarefied for his breathing. Wisely did the Hindûs of old graduate human life, and allot youth to study, early and mature manhood to the household, and only after these stages had been passed (save in exceptional cases) was opened the door to the forest, to the hermit and the ascetic life. Over-hasty entrance into the "circle of the ascetics" too often brings re-action, for no forced growths are healthy, and the bud roughly torn open will not expand into the perfect blossom. Nature works smoothly and without violence, and man must unfold, stage after stage, if he is to reach his full and unforced stature.

But let those who feel within themselves the first faint throbbings of the spiritual life yield to the gracious influence, and open all the windows of the lower nature that those gentle vibrations may steal out unchecked, and gradually attune to harmony with themselves the stronger vibrations of the outer life. Let such give themselves a chance by taking ever and again some quiet hour, when Nature is still and all around is calm, and withdrawing the mind from the senses, and then tranquillising the mind so that it is calm and clear "as a mountain lake," let them placidly listen for the voice within, low whispering of melodies that sound not in the grosser air of earth. At first there will be silence, but in that silence there is purifying force, and after awhile a far-off murmuring of exquisite harmony that later shall swell into the full diapason of the spirit. But of that inner life no written nor spoken words may tell, and for its training no voice of earth is needed. Once the inner ear is opened, the aspirant has become a disciple, the search is over, he stands in the luminous presence of Mahes'vara, he has found his Lord.

ANNIE BESANT.

THE DOCTRINE OF MA'YA'.

THE writer in the *Theosophist* for November, who attacks S'ankara's *Máyí-váda*, bases his arguments on two considerations. He thinks first, that the theory is philosophically untenable, and secondly, that the scriptures "nowhere" teach the doctrine. From these premises he jumps to the conclusion that the *Vis'ishthádvaita* theory is the only philosophy worthy of the name, and that it is borne out by the teachings of the scriptures. His arguments are far from being conclusive or convincing, and I think it my duty, in the advancement of truth and impartial investigation, to explain fully the position of S'ankara to the enlightened readers of the *Theosophist*.

Before entering on the subject before us, I would beg leave to recall the reader's attention to a very important though trite remark. Any one who desires to pursue philosophic speculations with any accuracy and depth, must take care to guard himself against anthropomorphic-bias, as I would call it. Philosophy deals with abstract concepts, and, if with ordinary human instincts we continue to materialize and limit them, we can never learn philosophy to any advantage. For example, when we talk of *Brahman* or the Absolute, as a *something* which has *Máyá* added on to it, for purposes of creation; or as the cause of *Máyá* and all experience in general; or as that with which the *Muktas* become united; we lose sight of the very first principle of the *Advaita*, nay of all critical philosophy in general. The writer in the *Theosophist* says, "This system allows *Parabrahman* to be the only existing reality, the universe with all its diversity of forms, being a mere shadow, etc."; and adds further, "The *Advaitís* in their analysis of the universe arrive at two factors, both of which are indescribable and incomprehensible, and involve all kinds of contrasts and impossibilities." Now this language is, in my humble opinion, the result of materializing or anthropomorphizing the abstract concepts, *Brahman* and *Máyá*; and indeed, if these two were really two separate *things*, by themselves, this philosophy must merit all, and even more than, what the writer has to say against it. The fact however is this. *Brahman* is only a name for expressing the totality in *esse* of every possible nameable existence; it is of necessity, therefore, indescribable, illimitable. It is the All. Failing to grasp this idea, the writer is led into saying "some extremists among them are total deniers of everything; they deny the existence of the universe, deny themselves, and sometimes even the very philosophy which they so vehemently defend as true." No doubt all distinctions, all limits, all conditions, are delusive; nature never set them; and the *Advaitís* in denying everything deny these limits, the *a priori* forms of experience given by the perceiving subject, as Kant would put it; as also of the objective thing-in-itself—the Kantian material of experience—which Hegel has shown to be none other than the subject over again, as seen at the moment of supreme self-realization. But I for one fail to see how this denial of everything must, of necessity, lead to denial of the Absolute, as the writer under notice would

have it! The denier can never deny himself, and as the subject, without conditions, is the Unconditioned Absolute, the Absolute is not at all denied in the denial of everything.

And in this connection it will be convenient to deal with the writer's misconception of the *Moksha* theory of this philosophy. *Moksha* literally means release, liberation, and this would imply a something from which another thing frees itself. Be it noted, however, that the word most in vogue in strict *Advaita* parlance is *Kaivalya*—absolute oneness. The very nature of Being, is bliss, joy, light; that it is not realized as such is the point to be explained, and is the well-known question of the origin of evil, the origin of experience, the doctrine of *Máyá*. We shall presently come to that, but this explanation taken with the previous one that the Absolute is not No-thing, must cover the remarks of the writer that “this *Moksha* is a kind of self-destruction,” and that this philosophy is a “form of Nihilism.”

And now for the chief point at issue—the doctrine of *Máyá*. The chief aim of philosophy has been to explain the possibility of experience, the nature of the antithesis of subject and object. There are those who, like Descartes, at once bring in the *Deus ex machiná* to explain the phenomena of existence; but this, as also the mechanical theory of positive science, has given no satisfaction to deeper thinkers. That there is an intelligent principle in nature which is the very being of things, is generally admitted by all who are not at the other extreme of materialism. The *Advaita* holds that this principle is the totality of all that is, and is itself characterless and indescribable. But for it, no existence, no knowledge, were possible. This is the position of absolute Idealism. The materialistic position is plain enough. The Idealism of Berkeley reduces all objects of objective experience to subjective *ideas*, and Kant improves upon this self-destructive theory by showing that objective experience is made up of certain *forms* given *a priori* by the subject, which is all we can know, and that the *material* of experience,—the “thing-in-itself”—is ever incomprehensible. Hegel reduced this dualism of Kant to unity by carrying his explanation of experience to its logical consequences. If experience is made up of the *a priori* forms of the subject, the “thing-in-itself” must be no less, and ultimately the subject must realize itself in all things. This is the highest possible limit of knowledge, and indeed it is difficult, nay impossible, to conceive of any other. The subject—the All—is by nature self-luminous, self-cognizant, and continues to fulfil its native action of self-cognition in endless time. For this purpose the Absolute, by its very nature, posits a relative as against itself, and continues thus to pass from stage to stage, till self-realization is complete. Just as day implies night, circle implies circumference, or hot implies cold, necessarily and invariably, without the one annihilating the other, so does the absolute imply the relative. I say—without annihilating, for, we are not talking of physical objects, but of mere concepts, the very possibility of whose demonstration to the mind depends upon recognition of their opposites. A, in order to be clear to my mind, must

imply its opposite, both together however cannot be O, but something indescribable, the Absolute. The *Advaitis* describe the natural action of the Absolute partitioning itself off into parts which return into itself at the moment of self-realization, by the apt word—*Máyá*—illusion. The object is indeed illusion, for, it is but the subject cognizing itself. What even is ordinary perception? An object is presented to the subject, and the subject sees only its own *forms* in the name and form of the object, nay, even in its extension and position. Thus in all perception the subject only sees itself, and the real substance, if any, always evades its grasp. There is thus some sort of self-realization in all acts of perception, but it is complete only when the supposed noumenon also becomes the subject,—a form of it. Every point of the universe is full of *Brahman*, the Absolute, which has the relative along with it by implication, till self-realization removes the Absolute beyond the range of speech. This germ of the relative which calls forth experience of all and every description, at any and every time and place, as it were from nothing, is the *Máyá* of absolute Idealism, the *Advaita* of S'ankara. The last word of the *Advaita* on all such speculations is worthy of being laid to heart by all critics of this philosophy. "There is no involution, nor evolution; there is none in bondage, none in pupilage; there is no liberation, no desire of liberation, no bond;—this is the absolute truth." It is impossible to find a more rational or more philosophical explanation of experience than the theory of *Máyá* developed by S'ankara.

The mention of the names of Berkeley, Kant, Hegel and Descartes, in this connection, puts me in mind of a remark of the writer whom I am criticising. He says, "Some Theosophists who are acquainted with the philosophical systems of the West, think that they have solved the questionwhen they have paraphrased (the *Advaita*) into the more philosophical language of the West." It has perhaps never occurred to the writer that a conclusion arrived at by two or more independent lines of thought is more likely to be near the truth, than another drawn from the inner consciousness of a single man. Nor has he been able to propose what better method could be adopted, on explaining to English-knowing Hindus who do not understand the theories of their own teachers, than that of "paraphrasing" Sanskrit into the nearest possible English terms. And this sometimes affords a diversity of stand-point which may prove conclusive to more minds than one.

In concluding this argument it is proper to add that the aim and object of philosophy ought never to be lost sight of, especially when we are considering the relative merits of one or more schemes of belief. Philosophy must explain the possibility of experience, and should in the next place show that method of conduct which should conduce to the greatest well-being of the whole and its parts. In other words, though every philosophy must, so far as cosmogony and ontology are concerned, remain largely speculative, ethics must supply the surest practical test of its intrinsic value. The *A'dvaita* theory, in my opinion, supplies

a standard of morality which can never be approached by any philosophy whatever, and other considerations being equal, this one consideration alone ought to be decisive in its favour as a philosophy. Happiness, in one form or another, is the aim of all moral science. It is of the essence of happiness that there should be unity, oneness; for duality and discord is the real origin of all evil. It may indeed be laid down as the very first maxim of happiness: less of self, more of bliss. This altruism is the very essence of pure love, the highest form of happiness. Now I ask whether there is any moral standard, besides that of the *Advaita*—from Utilitarianism in the West to *Bhakti* and *Karma* in the East, which is based upon this altruistic standard of selfless universal love?

I have thus tried to show, as briefly as can be, within the space of a Magazine article, the superiority of the *Advaita* both as a system of philosophy, and as a philosophy of practical morals, over all other modes of thought. The doctrine of *Máyá* is the most consistent and logical outcome of this philosophy. It was indeed S'ankara who first introduced this teaching, in explicit methodical form, in India, though he had derived ample inspiration from Gaudapáda and Vyása, and above all from the time-honoured Upanishads, whose real and direct meaning it was reserved for him and him alone to understand and explain. I am supported in this view by no less a scholar than Dr. Thebault of the Benares College, who, in the introduction to his translation of S'ankara's *Bhāshya* on the *Brahma Sūtras*, says that though Rámānuja may appear to distort less the sense of the *Sūtras*, it is to S'ankara that the credit of explaining the true meaning and doctrine of the Upanishads must unreservedly be given. And that learned Orientalist goes so far as to hazard an hypothesis that the *Brahma Sūtras*, by themselves, may, in all probability, represent a philosophy more in accord with the later teachings of Rámānuja than with the real *Upanishad-Advaita* of S'ankara. This will show that the system of S'ankara, even granting that it is not in accord with the *Sūtras*, cannot be prevented from being the only clear, coherent, and faithful rendering of the Upanishads. And this brings us to the S'āstric part of our writer's argument.

Let us at the beginning take a brief survey of the Upanishads. They teach (1) that the one eternal *Brahman* is the All, and that there is nothing like limits or conditions anywhere; (2) that all distinction is *avidyā*, the distinctionless All being *vidyā*; (3) that the universe is of it. There are a variety of texts bearing on all these points, and S'ankara has only arranged them in a system formulating a logical, coherent philosophy of the Upanishads. It does not matter whether a particular word like *Máyá* is found in the premises or not, it is enough if the conclusion is fully warranted by them. On the contrary there is not a line in the Upanishads to substantiate, without torturing the sense of words, the theory of the *Viśiṣṭhādvaitis* that the universe is made up of *chit*, *achit* and *Iśvara*, each entirely separate from the other, and *Iśvara* pervading all, though ever apart.

The following few out of many texts may here be discussed with advantage :—

- (१) यस्मिन्सर्वाणि भूतानि आत्मैवाभूद्विजानतः ।
तत्र को मोहः कः शोक एकत्वमनुपश्यतः ॥ इशोप० ॥ ७ ॥
- (२) अविज्ञातं विजानतां विज्ञातमविजानताम् ॥ केनोप० ॥ २-३ ॥
- (३) मनसैवेदमाप्तव्यं नेहनानास्ति किञ्चन ॥ कठोप० ॥ २-११ ॥
- (४) अशब्दमस्पर्शमरूपमव्ययम् ॥ कठोप० ॥ १-३-१९ ॥
- (५) अधश्चोर्ध्वं च प्रसृतं ब्रह्मैवेदं विश्वमिदं वरिष्ठम् ॥ मुंडकोप० ॥ २-२-१२ ॥
- (६) परे ऽव्यये सर्व एकी भवन्ति ॥ मुंडकोप० ॥ ३-२-७ ॥
- (७) सर्वं खल्विदं ब्रह्म ॥ छान्द० ॥ ३-१४-१ ॥
- (८) तत्त्वमसि ॥ छान्द० ॥ ६-८-७ ॥
- (९) यो वै भूमा तत्सुखं नाल्पे सुखमस्ति भूमैव सुखं भूमा त्वेष विजिज्ञासितव्यः ॥
छान्द० ॥ ७-२३-१ ॥
- (१०) यत्र वा अस्य सर्वमात्मैवाभूत्तत्केन कं जिघ्रेत् केन कं पश्येत् केन कं शृणु-
यात् ॥ बृहदा० ॥ ४-४-१४ ॥

(1). When all beings become self to the knower, where can there be delusion or sorrow in that realization of oneness through and through (*Is'a*).

(2). It is not realized by those who know it, it is realized by those who do not know it (*Kena*).

(3). This indeed must be conceived by the mind alone, in this there is no variety or separateness (*Katha*).

(4). It is inexpressible, intangible, without form, and without parts (*Katha*).

(5). The wide expanse above and below is *Brahman*, the whole of this mighty universe is *Brahman* (*Mundaka*).

(6). All becomes one in the Supreme, without parts (*Mundaka*).

(7). All this is indeed *Brahman* (*Chhândogya*).

(8). Thou art That (do).

(9). He who is the All is blissful, there is no bliss in the conditioned, for, that is bliss which is the Unconditioned Absolute;—try to realize the Absolute (*Brihadâraṇyaka*).

(10). Where all is self who can smell what, with what? who can see whom, with what? who can hear whom, with what? etc. (do).

Of these passages (5) and (7) explicitly say in so many words that all is *Brahman*, which (4) describes as inexpressible, intangible, and without parts. (9) clearly describes the Unconditioned Absolute as the All, and the realization thereof as the only state of real bliss. (6) says that in this Supreme Unconditioned Absolute, all becomes one; and (3)

further says that the Absolute is a pure concept to be realized by the mind alone, for it is without variety or parts. (2) puts it that those who profess to know it, have never known it, for, those who are yet bound by the distinction of knower and known (subject and object), are not fit to realize the All. (8) is addressed by a father to his son after explaining to him the nature of the Absolute. He says, "O my soul, you are that Absolute, you are the All." (1) and (10) amplify the meaning of this oneness of all beings by saying that the knower being the All is above pleasure and pain, nay indeed, who can then cognize whom, with what?; for, in the All, the triple condition of experience, subject, object and instrument, can be nowhere. Moreover it is worthy of note that the *Chhândogya* and other Upanishads describe *Moksha* by the illustration of rivers merging into the ocean, or of salt dissolving itself in the water out of which it came. They also speak of knowing all from knowing one, and illustrate this position by the instance of clay and the pots made of clay. That these remarks amply bear out the three positions with which we started, goes without saying.

Now I will take my friend the writer of the article under notice through his favourite *Bhagavad-gîtâ*, and show that the same sentiments are repeated there, though in another form.

- (१) य एनं वेत्ति हन्तारं यश्चैनं मन्यते हतम् ॥
उभौ तौ न विजानीतो नायं हन्ति न हन्यते ॥२-१९॥
- (२) अव्यक्तो ऽयमचिन्त्यो ऽयमविकार्यो ऽयमुच्यते ॥२-२५॥
- (३) लभन्ते ब्रह्मनिर्वाणमृषयः क्षीणकल्मषाः ।
छिन्न द्वैधा यतात्मानः सर्वभूत हितेरताः ॥५-२५॥
- (४) सर्वभूतस्थमात्मानं सर्वभूतानिचात्मानि ॥६-२९॥
- (५) योमां पश्यति सर्वत्र सर्वं च मयि पश्यति ॥६-३०॥
- (६) ज्ञानीत्वात्मैव मे मतम् ॥७-१८॥
- (७) अवजानन्ति मां मूढामानुषीं तनुमाश्रितम् ॥९-११॥
- (८) यदाभूतपृथग्भावमेकस्थमनु पश्यति ।
तत एव च विस्तारं ब्रह्म संपद्यते तदा ॥१३-३०॥
- (९) वासुदेवः सर्वमिति स महात्मा सुदुर्लभः ॥७-१९॥
- (१०) अनादिमत् परंब्रह्म न सत्तन्नासदुच्यते ॥१३-१२॥
- (११) अविक्तं च भूतेषु विभक्तमिव व स्थितम् ॥१३-१६॥
- (१२) सर्वभूतेषु येनैकं भावमव्यय मीक्षते ।
अविभक्तं विभक्तेषु तज्ज्ञानं विद्धि सात्त्विकम् ॥१८-२०॥
- (१३) ब्रह्मभूतः प्रसन्नात्मानशोचति न काङ्क्षति ॥१८-५३॥
- (१४) सर्वधर्मान् परित्यज्य मामेकं शरणं ब्रज ॥१८-६६॥

(1). He who knows him to be the killer or the killed, knows nothing, for He neither kills, nor is killed (II. 19).

- (2). He is imperceptible, unthinkable, changeless (II. 25).
- (3). *Rishis* raised to purity by self-control, obtain, having done away with all duality, that *Nirvána* which is *Brahman* (V. 35).
- (4). The self in all, and all in the self (VI. 29).
- (5). He who sees me in All, and All in me (VI. 30).
- (6). The knower is no doubt my self (VII. 18).
- (7). Fools disrespect me by investing me with a human body (IX. 11).
- (8). When he is able to reduce the separateness of being to unity, in perception, then indeed his mind attains the necessary expansion and he becomes *Brahman* (XIII. 30).
- (9). That great soul is indeed rare who realizes that all is *Vásudeva* (VII. 19).
- (10). *Brahman* is entirely without beginning, it is neither *sat* nor *asat* (XIII. 12).
- (11). It is without parts, though it appears as if with parts, in the universe of being (XIII. 16).
- (12). Know that knowledge to be of *Satva* whereby in the variety of beings is realized oneness without parts, nay, complete non-separateness in the separate (XVIII. 20).
- (13). The enlightened having become *Brahman*, does not lament, does not desire (XVIII. 53).
- (14). Leave all conditions aside, and come to me, the One (XVIII. 66).

It is worthy of note that (10) defines *Brahman* as neither *sat* nor *asat*, that is to say, beyond expression, and therefore thinkable by the mind only in the abstract. (7) emphasizes the idea by a caution against anthropomorphizing the concepts of higher metaphysics. In (2) *Brahman* is further described as unthinkable, that is to say, not fit to become an object of thought to any subject without it, and therefore ever unchangeable, which is expressed in another form in (1). (4) and (5) distinctly define *Brahman* as the All, and (11) finishes all doubt on the point by saying that it has no parts, though it appears *as if* it had. (12) appropriately defines the knowledge that leads to realization of *Brahman* as that state of the mind, which is free from all duality, and is full of the sense of oneness. (9) plainly puts it that he alone is a *Máhátma*—a real *Mukta*—who has realized all as *Vásudeva*—the speaker, *S'ri Krishna*, who is the All, being ever *Mukta*; and (6) emphasizes the idea by clearly stating that he who has realized the All is myself (*i. e.*, *Brahman*). (8) and (13) call him *Mukta* who has become *Brahman*, and (3) also defines *Nirvána* as *Brahman*. It cannot be the *Nirvána* in or of *Brahman*, for, one of the means of realizing this *Nirvána* is said, in that very quotation, to be *the doing away with all duality*. (14) which is said by *S'ri Krishna* to be the sense and substance of the *Gítá*, and which unfortunately is a bone of contention among all the different sects and creeds of India, enjoins the seeker after truth to

rise above all conditions, and betake himself to the speaker who is the One, the All—Unconditioned and Absolute. I am perfectly conscious of the numerous ways in which different interpreters have tortured every word of the *Gítá* to suit their pet theories, but I would remind the reader to bear this in mind that the *Gítá*—the second of the three *Prasthānas*—must admit of no interpretation which has not the sanction of the Upanishads; and I would ask him to bear with me on the assurance that I shall stand by these explanations if occasion requires.

Now let us look into the *Brahma Sūtras*—the third *Prasthāna*. The first four *Sūtras*, not to speak of many others besides, which speak of *Brahman*, set forth clearly the nature of *Brahman*. They are—

- (1). अथातो ब्रह्म जिज्ञासा (Hence inquiry about *Brahman*).
- (2). जन्माद्यस्य यतः (From which are the birth, etc., of this).
- (3). शास्त्र योनित्वात् (Being borne out by the *S'āstras*).
- (4). तत्तु समन्वयात् (It again by concord).

This plainly means that that *Brahman* which is the subject of inquiry is the source and sustenance of all; and that it is borne out as such by the *S'āstras* from a consideration of their various parts one with the other. By *S'āstras* are meant their Upanishads, and we have seen how these, with one voice, declare that *Brahman*, one, formless, and without parts, is the All. We shall see later on in what manner the Upanishads make this *Brahman* the source and sustenance of the universe, though we have already seen on other grounds that the doctrine of *Māyá* is the only rational solution of the problem.

One very curious circumstance may meanwhile be noted in connection with the *Sūtras*. The *Sūtras* use the word *Brahman* more than half-a-dozen times, but the word *I's'vara* has not been seen to occur in them even once. Indeed at one place the word *Pati*—Lord—is present, but only to disprove the idea conveyed by that name (पत्युरसामञ्जस्यात् = on account of the Lord being irrelevant). The significance of this is obvious. The word *Brahman* comes from a root which means “to grow”; and the word means that which grows, expands itself, is so large as to comprehend everything, the Unconditioned All. Those who are familiar with the doctrine of *Rāmānuja*, which our friend the writer under notice advocates, know that the followers of that teacher regard the Supreme Being as all-pervading, and yet apart by himself, and that therefore failing to offend consistency, in calling him *Brahman*, give him the name of *I's'vara*. It may be observed that there is not a single line in the Upanishads or the *Sūtras* to support this their idea of *I's'vara*. Moreover the Upanishads always speak of *Brahman* in the neuter gender, whereas the *Rāmānujas* must and do speak of their *I's'vara* in the masculine. The system of the *Pāñcharātras*, which is largely acceptable to the *Rāmānujas*, is discussed and dismissed by S'ankara in the 2nd chapter of the 2nd Book of the *Sūtras*. One cannot understand how the upholders of such doctrines

can call themselves orthodox, and make bold to stamp S'ankara and his philosophy as heresy and Buddhism. Every new sect claims truth and scripture as its own, and loudly proclaims all other views of life as mere heresy and mistake. In this age of the decline of Sanskrit learning several modern *Samājas* stand on their rights in behalf of orthodox Hinduism, and it will be no wonder if, in time, even the Salvation Army read the "War-cry" in the teachings of the ancient *Upanishads*.

It is plain so far, then, that the *Upanishads*, the *Bhagavad-gītā*, and the *Sūtras* fully set forth the *Advaita*-doctrine of the unity of the cosmos in the most unmistakeable terms. If, again, we turn to the general religious literature of this country, we shall find that the one idea which pervades and even holds sway over it, is that of the *Upanishad* doctrine of the All. All the ancient *Smritis* and *Purānas*, nay even works on *Tāntrika* rites, always conclude with exhortations to realise the *Advaita* as the All, the highest truth and bliss. These works are admittedly placed before the time of S'ankara, and yet it is notorious they echo, with one voice, the principal *Upanishad* doctrine of the All. The oldest *Smritikāra*, Manu, says :—

अनेन क्रमयोगेन परिव्रजति योद्विजः ।

सविधूयेह पाप्मानं परब्रह्माधिगच्छति ॥ ६-८९ ॥

which *Kullūka Bhatta* explains "That twice-born who in this order of *Yoga* retires from the world, becomes *Brahman*, being free from all evil."

And the *Bhāgavata*, which deservedly enjoys the first place among the *Purānas*, devotes the last *Skanda* but one to the unfolding of the *Advaita-vāda*, as the only means of real liberation. It says :—

नयस्यस्वः परइति वित्तेष्वात्मनिवाभिदा ।

सर्वभूतसमः शान्तः सैव भागवतोत्तमः ॥ ११-२-९२ ॥

"He is the best of *Bhāgavatas* who knows no distinction of self and non-self in ordinary possessions, as in *ātman*, and is equal to all, and ever peaceful."

Thus it is obvious that the whole tenor of the religion of India tends towards the *Advaita*, even bows down to it, and is governed by it. It is useless to oppose this with the feeble cry of a strange doctrine supported by all sorts of distorted interpretations of Vedic texts. How would the *Viśiṣṭhādvaitī* explain, for example, the texts from the *Upanishads* quoted before? He would in many cases resort to the metaphorical sense of words, leaving the principal sense aside, for no better reason than that of suiting the texts in question to his theory!

Having thus shown that the central idea of the philosophy of the *Upanishads*, nay of the whole religious literature of India, is the idea of the absolute unity of all, without distinction, and without parts, and that supreme bliss consists in self-realization, the realization of the absolute unity of subject and object, we shall easily be in a position to appreciate at its right value the *Māyāvāda* in its scriptural bearing on

this idea. This deductive universal having been obtained, the rest is only a question of its application to particulars; and no explanation of experience could be admissible, which cuts at this fundamental truth. We have had occasion to discuss the relative merits of the theological, material, and idealistic explanations of experience, on rational grounds, and declare ourselves in favour of the last, *viz.*, the *Máyávāda*. Here we have only to see if the scriptures countenance it; and the rule of deduction just laid down ought to hold where we only consider all the possible consequences of a thesis, the unfolding and explaining whereof has been the main object of any work.

Experience of the world of subject and object is possible in one of three ways, always taking intelligence as the prime fact of existence. (1) The world is created by some Supreme Intelligence out of certain materials. (2) The Supreme Intelligence evolves from himself the variety of experience; and this in two ways: he materially converts himself or a part of himself into the forms of experience; or (3) that intelligence by its very nature posits something fictitious as against itself, and gives rise to experience, till the moment of self-realization. The first is called *Arambha-vāda*—the argument from design; the second is called *Parináma-vāda*—the theory of evolution; the third is called *Vivarta-vāda*—the theory of *Máyá*. Now let us see which of these three accords with the Upanishads and with cognate-literature. The writer under notice would have us believe that the Upanishads do not corroborate the doctrine of *Máyá*, nay, do not even use the word *Máyá* in the sense assigned to that word by S'ankara. It is a foregone conclusion that the Upanishads, if they have been proved to teach absolute idealism, are bound to stand by the *Máyá-vāda*. We might, however, make ourselves sure that they do not teach something else which may compel us to seek for another explanation of the texts, which, at first sight, plainly set forth the theory of absolute Idealism.

Let us try to find anything, a single word or line, in which the Upanishads corroborate the first hypothesis, which, in a slightly-modified form, is the doctrine of the *Rámánujas*, which the writer under notice, accepts for his guide. I, for one, fail to find even the least indication of this anthropomorphic theory of creation in the Upanishads. Though there may be a text or two speaking of an *antaryāmin* just in the manner of the *Viśiṣṭhādvaitīs*, the overwhelming preponderance of texts to the contrary, and the utter absence of texts opposed to texts speaking of the absolute oneness of all, compel us to interpret those one or two texts more in the metaphorical than the literal sense. Such evidence cannot, of course, make out a case in favour of *Rámánuja*.

The second theory—the *Parináma-vāda*—does indeed find some support in several texts of the Upanishads. The *Mundaka* and the *Bṛihadā-ranyaka* illustrate the process of evolution by the example of the spider and the web it spins out of itself; also by the example of fire and the sparks that flow from it. The *Taittirīya* evolves *ākāśa* and the other *tattvas* from *Atman*. This may no doubt lead one to explain evolution as

the transformation of the All into the variety of experience. And this transformation may be regarded as spontaneous. But this explanation is open to more objections than one. In the first place, the central idea of *Brahman* without distinction, without parts, without form, without desire, and above all without change, will be violated by this theory and the whole philosophy of the Upanishads will have to be constructed over again. In the second place, the Upanishads will have made the distinction of विद्या and अविद्या to no purpose. And thirdly, the spontaneity of *Brahman* will leave no place for real liberation, as such, unless at the end of every *Yuga* or *Kalpa*. On the other hand, these very texts are explainable, in the most rational manner by the *Advaita-vāda* which maintains that *Brahman* is both the material as well as the instrumental cause (of course for purposes of experience) of the world, of which the spider and its web, as also the sparks and fire, are apt illustrations. S'ankara has all these arguments before his mind when he is explaining the *Sūtras* quoted by our friend the writer under notice :—

आत्मकृतेः परिणामात् ॥१-४-२६॥

उपसंहारदर्शनान्नेति चेन्नक्षीरवद्वि ॥२-१-२४॥

In explaining these two *Sūtras* of Vyāsa, S'ankara accepts the *Parināma-vāda* as found in some texts of the Upanishads, and under the second of these two declares that *Parināma* also to be spontaneous, like that of milk into curds. But Vyāsa himself proceeds to throw that theory overboard in the very next *Sūtra* (कृत्स्नप्रसक्तिर्निरवयवत्वशब्दकोपेवा ॥२-१-२६॥) under which S'ankara, in perfect accord with the very words, says that the whole of *Brahman* would, according to this theory, transform itself into the variety of experience, and entire chaos would result from the absence of a governing intelligence; and that if it be said that *Brahman* is with parts, and may so transform only a part of himself, the texts of the Upanishads declaring it to be without parts, would go for nothing. Thus showing the untenableness of the *Parināma* theory S'ankara puts forth his *Vivarta* or *Māyā-vāda* under the *Sūtra* तदनन्यत्वमारम्भणशब्दादिभ्यः ॥ २-१-१४ ॥ The word is not apart from It, that is to say, *Brahman* sees itself as an imaginary second till the moment of self-realization. In fact, thought implies being, and thought and being can never be separate. Let us now see how S'ankara is led to this view. In the Upanishads themselves an important distinction has been made between *Vidyā* and *Avidyā*, identifying the latter with ignorance, relativity, bondage, in fact, the cause of experience. And it is noteworthy that S'ankara hardly ever uses the word *Māyā* in his comments on the *Brahma Sūtras*. He invariably describes the root of experience as अविद्या, ignorance of the truth; and technically explains it by अध्यास, the taking a thing for what it is not. This is the explanation he has given under the *Sūtra* जन्माद्यस्ययतः—which,

though not giving the remotest hint as to how it is the cause of the universe, the writer under notice has tried to press into the service of his philosophy. But even the word *Máyá* is not absent from the Upanishads. The *Bṛihadáramyaka*, at the end of the fifth *Bráhmaṇa*, describes the process of evolution, and says इन्द्रोमायाभिः पुरुरूप ईयते “the ever-effulgent becomes many through *Máyá*.” That this *Máyá* is the fictitious variety of subject and object, subsisting in absolute unity, is, in fact, the mere giving of a name to something implied by the very position of the Absolute, is borne out, among others, by that famous text of the *Chhándogya* which says वाचांरभणं विकारो नामधेयं मृत्तिकेत्येव सत्यम्: “Earth alone is the Truth, the variety of forms only a play of words; and indeed all forms in the Absolute are mere play of words.” In this manner the *Chhándogya* teaches the way to the knowledge of all from the knowledge of the plain implication that forms being *Máyá*, the absolute is the truth, ever one and unchangeable. The doctrine of *Avidyá* or *Máyá* thus shadowed forth in the Upanishads is fully discussed by S’ankara under the *Sútra* यथाच तक्षोभयथा ॥२-३-४०॥, which says that the same *A’tmá* manifests itself as the variety of experience, just as the same man appears as a carpenter or any other character, on occasion.

Even the *Bhagavad-gítá* nowhere makes mention of the theory of creation, nor of evolution. It uses the word माया in दैवी ह्येषा गुणमयी मम माया दुरत्य या “This *Máyá* of mine consisting of the *gunas* is intransgressible”—and generally countenances the theory of illusion, whose germ found in the Upanishads and is subsequently developed by S’ankara. The *Gítá* is emphatic on the doing away with all duality before becoming *Brahman*, and tends clearly to the theory of *Máyá*. Even the *Smritis* and *Puránas* echo the same sentiment, times out of number, before S’ankara. Let us quote once again from the *Bhágavata*, XIth *Skandha* of which is devoted entirely to the discussion of evolution expressly through *Máyá*—

भयंद्वितीयाभिनिवेशतः स्या-

दशादपेतस्य विपर्ययो ऽस्मृतिः।

तन्मायया ऽतो बुध आभजेत

भक्त्यैक येशं गुरुदैवतात्मा ॥११॥

“Fear comes of attachment to duality, to one who, being removed from the lord, is overpowered, through his *Máyá*, with false imaginations and forgetfulness (of self). It therefore behoves the wise, one with the lord, to devote themselves to absolute devotion.”

It thus appears that the *Máyá-váda*, which is the most necessary complement of the theory of absolute Idealism, is fully sanctioned, like that theory, by the whole religious literature of India from the Upanishads downward.

But above all it must be well known to all philosophically inclined persons that the Highest Truth is that which by its universality is not

only unopposed to any truth whatever, but is, on the other hand, the necessary form of all other truths. The philosophy of the *Advaita* is that expression of the highest possible truth which makes of all other truths but so many stages towards the realization of its absolute position, and thus does not contradict any of them. The *Advaita* does not care to refute any theory, for, the very opposition of different schools tends, of itself, to that uniformity of thought which leads to the position of the *Advaita*. Gaudapâda has amply discussed this point in the 4th Chapter of his *Kârikâs*.

Thus, on all hands, the *Advaita* with its *Mâyâ-vâda* is proved to be the only theory in accord with reason, and the only system representing the real philosophy of the Upanishads.

MANILAL N. DVIVEDI.

Reviews.

OUR MAGAZINES.

Lucifer.—The November number of our London contemporary has a long list of articles between the "Watch-Tower" at the beginning, and the "Riddle of the Universe" at the end of its table of contents. The more notable articles are "Theosophy historically considered," by Dr. Buck; "Ibsen's works in the Light of Theosophy;" and "Conviction and Dogmatism," by Annie Besant.

Lotus Bleu.—The October number keeps up the standard of excellence always noticeable in our French journal. The opening pages are devoted to questions and answers. The question "Would it not be interesting to discuss the two-fold question raised by M. Leon de Rosny (*a*) on the existence of Mahâtmas, (*b*) on the existence of an esoteric teaching of Buddha?" calls forth two long and very interesting replies. Guymiot contributes some valuable reflections on the qualifications necessary for the occultist,

We sincerely hope that the sound, scholarly and high-toned nature of the *Lotus Bleu* will influence Parisian thought, especially in those circles where unwary practitioners are dabbling in sorcery.

Journal of the Mahâbodhi Society.—Numbers 6 and 7 of Vol. II. are mostly occupied with accounts of Bro. Dharmapâla at the World's Fair, and reprints.

REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS AT THEOSOPHICAL CONGRESS.

The American Section is to be congratulated on this permanent memorial of an important event in Theosophical history—the representation of the Society at the Parliament of Religions.

The Report consists of some 200 pages of closely written matter, mostly made up of the papers read by our Theosophists. Through the courtesy of the American Section each Branch of the Society in India and many individual members have received copies, and these will doubtless be read with the attention that they deserve.

LECTURES ON ASTROLOGY.*

These lectures were delivered by Bro. Old before the Mylapur Literary Society, Madras, to very large audiences; and their publication in book-form will no doubt be welcomed not only locally, but in the Astrological world generally.

The lectures are divided under four heads:—"Records of the Past," dealing with the history of Astrology in the East and West; "Astrology in relation to Man," treating of the significance of planetary influence; "Astrology as a Science," with a useful list of fulfilled predictions; and lastly the "Horoscope of the Empress of India." The prediction concerning the *terminus vitæ* of our "Most Gracious Sovereign Lady" agreeing with that recently published in the *Path* and said to have been found in the famous *Bhima Kavi*.

THE SCIENCE OF ALCHEMY.†

This is a small pamphlet of some 22 pages treating of Alchemy from its spiritual and material aspects. In the opening pages we find a short historical sketch with a useful list of the more famous alchemists. A comparison of the modern-day and alchemical theories concerning the "Doctrine of the Elements" follows, and the pamphlet closes with some remarks on the Higher Alchemy, which is stated to be identical with religion.

The price asked for the pamphlet seems very excessive.

Theosophy in all Lands.

EUROPE.

LONDON, November 1893.

My news this month is somewhat scanty. Of the Countess Wachtmeister and Mrs. Besant you know more than we do! For the rest, influenza has been with us again, and nearly all the members of the Head-quarters' staff have been down with it—though fortunately not all at once.

The Scandinavian Sub-Section T. S. is now *un fait accompli*; and new Lodges seem to be springing up in every direction. Our Swedish brethren are greatly to be congratulated on their energy and its successful results.

The Dutch Lodge reports good work. At their Head-quarters two meetings per week are now held; and a large room holding a hundred people has been contrived by throwing two rooms into one. A syllabus has also been started for the Thursday meetings of the Lodge, which synchronise with our own Blavatsky Lodge meetings.

A new centre of work has recently been started at Cardiff, under the management of our Brother John Morgan, who conducts a class which meets fortnightly to study Mrs. Besant's Manual, "Re-incarnation." Mr. Morgan greatly hopes that this may eventually lead to the formation of a Lodge, as the class already numbers more than half a dozen members.

Our new activity—the Lotus Circle—promises well. Already fifteen children are enrolled and attend every Sunday, together with a good many

* By W. R. Old, F. T. S. Madras, Theosophist Office, Adyar. Price As. 8.

† By "*Sapere Aude*," Fra. R. R. et A. C. Theosophical Pub. Houses, London, New York and Madras. Price one shilling.

adults—bigger children. Miss Kislingbury, and Bros. Faulding and James Pryse have contributed greatly to the success of the new venture by their story-telling gifts. Some well-known tale which can be read theosophically is taken, and then practically applied. Music, too, has a great share in interesting the little ones; and Miss Stabler, Miss Bright, Miss Hargrove, and our Librarian help much in this department.

* * * * *

I will begin with a bit of ghostly gossip which was crowded out of my last: a story—generally headed “Royal Ghosts”—has lately been going the round of the daily papers. One account, sent to the *Daily Graphic* by a resident at Hampton Court Palace, the scene of the ghostly visitations, gives an account which certainly looks fairly authentic; many of the servants about the place having been disturbed and frightened by these “Royal ghosts,” and visitors to the Palace having—*apropos* of nothing they had heard, or expected to hear—“noticed extraordinary noises in a particular room,” &c., &c. All part and parcel of “The new witchcraft,” as that doughty champion of raw materialism, Dr. Ernest Hart, would call it. I may add that “the *Graphic’s* informant is positive that no practical joker is the author of these disturbances, as has been suggested in some quarters”—thus saith the *Weekly Sun*, at least.

Mr. James Mew is publishing a series of very interesting papers on “The Black Art,” in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. He treats of Paracelsus at some length in his third article, and evidently is at a loss to account for much that must historically be accepted of the great Theophrastus; accordingly he adopts a light and bantering tone, as one who should say—“this is entertaining, but by no means important.” Yet on Mr. Mew’s own showing “the learned and clear-headed Erasmus,” as he calls him, writes as follows to Paracelsus:—

“I had great confidence in you, seeing that you recalled my friend Frobenius from the lower regions; and yet I could not but wonder how, having only once seen me, you were able so distinctly to diagnose my maladies. That your judgments are true, I declare, not from any skill in medicine, but from my own miserable experience.”

Mr. Mew also “wonders how”; more especially since he shows Erasmus concluding his letter to Paracelsus “by adjuring him, if he knows aught in the nature of a remedy on this side death, to avoid all enigmas, and explain it to him, with somewhat less than his customary conciseness at once.” Yet it never seems to occur to these learned gentlemen that Paracelsus, and other such philosophers, *did* speak in parables and deal in enigmas, and that with a specific purpose, and that there was much more method in their seeming madness than their degenerate modern successors are willing to admit.

A recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* contained a very thoughtful review of Mr. Myers’ lately published “Science and a Future Life.” The book I have not seen, but the attitude of the reviewer strikes a very distinct note of progress, as will be admitted from the following; he is speaking more particularly of Mr. Myers’ “well-attested facts,” and says:—

“And now, what are these well-attested facts to which, if we would be saved, we must give credence? To the vulgar they are but ‘spooks,’ dimly associated with table-turning and black magic. To the man of a thoughtful cast they must convey, if true, the most solemn and vital lessons of his whole life. If a man in normal health—or even on his death-bed—can project without warning or premeditation of any kind a hallucination of his own image upon the senses

of a distant friend, and if such a phenomenon can be reproduced and proved, we are brought up short against a rigid fact not to be shirked. Either we may say with Elihu Thomson, of America, or with Lombroso in Italy, that thought is a form of vibrating energy, like light, heat, and what we call electricity, which finds response in a distant mind to the impulses of its own undulation through space; or we may be driven by further and more complicated phenomena to reject this simple physical explanation, and to fall back upon verbiage of meaningless abstractions, where Maxwell withers and Keely is more and more; or, better still, frankly to admit our own ignorance, as Mr. Myers does, pending the discovery of more perfect data."

The whole of the above is, to the thoughtful reader, pregnant with suggestions and hints as to the exact point at present reached by popular opinion—here represented by the press—on these matters. Observe how "spooks," as a succinct explanation of the phenomena, are now relegated to the "vulgar"; yet that term covered the attitude of the vast majority not so very long ago. But where Lodge and Myers do not—as yet—tread our reviewer fears to venture, and consequently rejects as "meaningless abstractions" explanations which he probably has not given himself the trouble of trying to understand. They have not received the hall-mark of modern science.

But we must not complain overmuch, things are drifting our way, slowly and surely. In a lately published book of "Cambridge Sermons," there is one by Archdeacon Wilson, which strikes me as marking an extraordinary advance, even within the sacred precincts of the Church of England. The particular sermon to which I allude is called "The Gospel of the Sons of God," and in it the Archdeacon tells us that St. Paul regarded every created thing as "an expression of God." "*All*," he says, "is an expression of that unknown spiritual force behind all things which we call God"; and therein he but echoes the esoteric teachings. But our Churchman adventures yet further, and continues thus:—

"In the rest of creation that force is still unself-conscious, but in us it has begun to be self-conscious.....If you ask yourself what was the philosophical centre of Christ's teaching, you will, I think, answer, 'It is that men have a right to call God their Father.' And therefore it is always possible to rouse men to the sense of this sonship; to wake the God in the man; to regenerate; to raise from any depth.... We are like princes in disguise, who have lost all trace of their noble birth, living in slums instead of a palace, and He comes to tell us what we truly are. The manifestation of the divine in man varies indeed over a wide range; *it is more conscious in some than in others; but it is there in all*.....How powerful that thought is I cannot express. It seems to me the root of all effort, and quite literally the one hope of society."

Exactly; we Theosophists are of the same mind; and Mrs. Besant and many others have given utterance to precisely the same ideas, only clothed in somewhat different language. For we give them a rational basis by means of the twin-doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation. Verily, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump"!

Professor Oliver Lodge's paper, read before the recent Chicago Congress, seems to have been most interesting, to judge from the lengthy account given in *Light*. As a scientist he would, naturally, be attentively listened to where the same ideas uttered by Theosophists would gain no hearing but (metaphorical) contemptuous sniffs. The title of the paper is exceedingly lengthy, being "On the difficulty of making crucial experiments as to the source of the extra or unusual intelligence manifested in Trance-Speech, Automatic Writing, and other states of apparent mental activity."

Dr. Lodge's position is a sufficiently advanced one, in that he takes "telepathy" as a well-attested fact, and in this paper occupies himself a good deal in discussing the experiments necessary for establishing the existence of independent intelligence. He then goes on to the question as to whether it is "possible to become aware of events before they have occurred," and answers that if it is so possible, our "metaphysical notions of time" would be vitally affected; but that it would not have an immediate bearing on the existence in the universe of intelligences other than our own. The Professor is indeed himself a bright example of a man of science who fearlessly carries out Lord Kelvin's dictum—which he quotes in his paper—that "science is bound by the everlasting law of honour to face fearless every problem that can be presented to it."

A. L. C.

INDIA.

The great event of the month has naturally been the visit of Annie Besant to Southern India. Accompanied by Countess Wachtmeister and Colonel Olcott, she has visited the various places already detailed in the published programme.

From newspaper and other accounts that have been received, it is evident that Annie Besant's tour in the South has been a great success. Everywhere the greatest enthusiasm has prevailed. Below are given a few extracts from the Press, as space does not permit of a detailed account of the tour.

"The most notable event of the week in Madura, in the view of many probably the most notable event of the year, in the city, was the visit of Mrs. Besant. This gifted lady has, within the short space of two days, stirred up thought and created an impression in the minds of the Hindus to an extent which other able persons have not succeeded in doing in a decade. Mrs. Besant's fame as a lecturer had preceded her to Madura, and from the very first night of the lecture it was evident that the Native College Hall, the largest in the city, was hardly sufficient for one-half the number of men who crowded to hear her.

* * * * *

"Her powers as an orator are of the very highest order. Her voice is clear and resonant and rings through the Hall from end to end. Her sex, instead of being an impediment to her voice, serves in her case, only to rid it of the harshness inseparable from that of a man's voice and to add an indescribable charm to the delivery of her speech. Her language is simple as a child's, and words flow from her mouth as in a continuous stream without any break. Her ideas are admirably arranged, and the ease with which each idea follows as a necessary sequence from the preceding one and leads on to the next, looks as if the lecturer were giving a practical demonstration of the methods of reasoning and investigation given in books on Logic. Nor are Mrs. Besant's lectures mere argumentative discourses, mere pieces of reasoning. She stirs the heart as well as appeals to the understanding. There is an amount of pathos and passion in her deliverances which appeals straight to the heart and strikes a chord of deep sympathy. With the simplest language she moves an audience far more than the highest flowers of rhetorical language can possibly do. In the ease and fluency of her speech, in her sustained delivery from the beginning to the end of a lecture, without the aid of a single note or memorandum, her lectures may remind one of the great speech of Lord Palmerston on the Don Pacifico question which made even his opponents 'proud of the man who delivered it.' In the simplicity of her language, the clearness of her ideas

and the convincing logicity of her argument, her speeches may remind one of the greatest efforts of Mr. Gladstone."—*Madura Mail*.

The following is from the *Hindu*:—

"Mrs. Annie Besant and party reached Kumbakonam on Tuesday the 28th ultimo. They were welcomed on the platform by Dewan Bahadur Ragoonatha Row and other gentlemen of the town. The same day at 5 p. m. the Town Hall of Kumbakonam was full to suffocation. Mrs. Annie Besant entered the Hall, and at once the whole audience stood up and gave her a cordial welcome. Dewan Bahadur Ragoonatha Row proposed Colonel Olcott to the chair. He said that after having been absent from Kumbakonam for some years, as in the case of parents or elders bringing some presents or sweetmeats to their children, he had brought to the people of Kumbakonam the richest presents that he could ever bring them, namely, the two gems of ladies, one on his right and the other on his left. He said that he had brought them, Mrs. Annie Besant, the most eloquent and impressive lecturer, and Countess of Wachtmeister, a Swedish lady,—a lady who was working for Theosophy heart and soul, who had made the bold resolve of remaining in India at some important centre and pushing on the cause of Theosophy therein to the best of her abilities."

An "Interview with Mrs. Besant," published in the *Madras Mail*, contains the following:—

"In reply to other minor questions from me, Mrs. Besant said that she had been immensely pleased with the reception accorded to her in Southern India. After visiting Coimbatore, Bangalore, Hyderabad and Rajamundry, she said she will reach Madras just in time for the Theosophical Convention (commencing the 27th instant), at which she will deliver a series of lectures. After the Convention she hopes to go back to England for four months, and then to Australia and again visit India this time next year, and in all probability be present at the next year's Convention. Mrs. Besant said that Madame Blavatsky was her teacher only when she was *living*, and that she does not teach her or commune with her now in any form. She admitted that she does not profess to show any phenomena to the public. In India as elsewhere her work was entirely speaking work. She said that *Lucifer* was her journal, and that it is devoted to Theosophy, science, philosophy, and that she wished it to circulate more largely in India."

The *Madras Mail* published the following accounts of the Hyderabad visit:—

"Mrs Annie Besant, accompanied by the Countess Wachtmeister and Colonel Olcott, arrived at Hyderabad on Monday evening, and were received on arrival by Mr. Dirabji Dossabhai, Commissioner of Customs, Hyderabad, Mr. Kavashaw Edulji, Pleader, Secunderabad, and a large gathering of the native community. The Theosophists were then ushered into the Waiting Room, where Mr. Kavashaw Edulji read an address of welcome to Mrs. Besant and her companions to Hyderabad. Mrs. Besant replied at some length. The visitors were then garlanded and drove away to the Bashir Bagh Palace, where they remain during their short stay in Hyderabad as the guests of Sir Asman Jah Bahadur, K. C. I. E.

* * * * *

"Mrs. Annie Besant can almost say that 'she came, she saw, she conquered,' so far as Hyderabad is concerned, as from the Resident and General commanding downwards to the school-boy, all have been attracted by her. Though we may not all agree with the dogmas she advances, all are agreed that she is a delightful lecturer; from start to finish she holds her large audiences spell-bound. It is a treat to listen to her ringing voice and clear language, and to feel, as we cannot help feeling whilst sitting under her, some of her own earnestness and enthusiasm. Apparently language never fails her. She has a splendid memory and never uses

any notes, but goes on uninterruptedly for over an hour at a time, and even then her audience appear eager to hear more. I will not mar your pleasures at Madras by reviewing her lectures here as it would spoil the treat in store for you when she visits your city. Mrs. Besant lectured at the Bashir Bagh Theatre on Monday evening on 'Theosophy *versus* Modern Science'; on Wednesday evening she went over to Secunderabad and lectured in the Bai Perozebai Hall, on 'Death and Life after Death'; this evening she lectured again at the Bashir Bagh Theatre on the subject of 'Has Man a Soul?' On each occasion the audience has been so great that there was not even standing room, many having to satisfy themselves by standing within earshot of the lecturer outside the building. On both occasions of Mrs. Besant lecturing at the Bashir Bagh Theatre her large audiences have been most enthusiastic, but at Secunderabad last evening enthusiasm developed into excitement, more especially so when the lecturer had concluded her discourse, the gods in the back seats became quite uproarious."

The following programme of Mrs. Besant's northern tour has been finally adopted :—

Calcutta (arrive) Jan. 10th; Berhampore 16th; Bankipore 20th; Benares 22nd; Allahabad 27th; Agra Feb. 4th; Muttra 7th; Delhi 9th; Meerut 11th; Hardwar 14th; Umballa 17th; Ludhiana 19th; Jallunder 21st; 22nd Kapurthala; Amritsar 23rd; Lahore 24th; Moradabad 26th; Bareilly 20th; Lucknow March 2nd; Cawnpore 5th; Nagpur 9th; Poona 13th; Bombay 15th; Surat 21st; sail for England March 24th.

CUTTINGS AND COMMENTS.

"Thoughts, like the pollen of flowers, leave one brain and fasten to another."

The newspapers report the presence in Delhi of a remarkable fortune-teller whose powers are exciting much wonder. The *Oracle of Delhi*. The Joshi has taken quarters in Chandni Chauk, and there receives his clients at the fixed rate of one rupee for every question. It is said that in this way he is making some Rs. 40 per diem. It appears that there are no restrictions put upon the nature of the questions he should be asked; but he is open to all comers, and frequently anticipates the nature of the question he is to answer. The past and the future seem like an open book to him and he unveils both with equal facility. The Joshi is visited by both Europeans and Hindus. It is reported that a well-known Hindu, resident in Delhi, went to him for the purpose of testing his powers; and on being admitted to the Joshi's presence, the latter remarked, "I know what you have come to ask: you wish me to tell you the date and hour of your birth," and forthwith the astonished gentleman was supplied with the full particulars of his birth even to the exact hour.

It is not proposed that these feats are performed by means of astrology only, and though it is customary to designate any exponent of the art by the term "Joshi" (astrologer), yet such persons very often supplement their science with the free use of one or more psychic faculties. The case deserves special investigation.

The following interesting narration was contributed
A Magician by Madame Blavatsky to the columns of the *Banner*
Detective. of *Light*, March 16, 1878 :—

"While at Cawnpore, en route to Benares, the holy city, a lady, my travelling companion, was robbed of the entire contents of a small trunk. Jewelry, dresses, and even her note-book containing a diary which she had been carefully compiling for over three months had mysteriously disappeared, without the lock of the valise having been disturbed. Several hours, perhaps a night and a day, had passed since the robbery, as we had started at daybreak to explore some neighbouring ruins, yet freshly allied with the Nana Sahib's reprisals on the English. My companion's first thought was to call upon the local police—mine for the help of some native 'gosain' (a holy man supposed to be informed of every thing), or at least a 'Jadugar' or conjuror. But the ideas of civilisation prevailed, and a whole week was wasted in fruitless visits to the 'Chabutara' (police house) and interviews with the 'Kotwal'—its chief. In despair, my expedient was at last resorted to, and a gosain procured. We occupied a small bungalow at the extreme end of one of the suburbs, on the right bank of the Ganges, and from the verandah a full view of the river was had, which at that place was very narrow.

"Our experiment was made in that verandah in the presence of the family of the landlord—a half-caste Portuguese from the south—my friend and myself and two freshly imported Frenchmen, who laughed outrageously at our superstition. Time, three o' clock in the afternoon. The heat was suffocating, but notwithstanding, the holy man, a coffee-coloured, living skeleton, demanded that the motion of the punkah (hanging fan worked by a cord) should be stopped. He gave no reason, but it was because the agitation of the air interferes with all delicate magnetic experiments. We had all heard of the 'rolling-pot' as an agency for the detection of theft in India, a common iron pot being made under the influence of a Hindu conjuror, to roll of its own impulse, without any hand touching it, to the very spot where the stolen goods are concealed. The gosain proceeded otherwise. He first of all demanded some article that had been latest in contact with the contents of the valise; a pair of gloves was handed him. He pressed them between his thin palms and rolling them over and over again; then dropped them on the floor and proceeded to turn himself slowly around, with arms outstretched and fingers expanded as though he were seeking the direction in which the property lay. Suddenly he stopped with a jerk, sank gradually to the floor and remained motionless, sitting cross-legged and with his hands still outstretched in the same direction, as though plunged in a cataleptic trance. This lasted for over an hour, which in that suffocating atmosphere, was to us one long torture. Suddenly the landlord sprang from his seat to the balustrade, and began intently looking towards the river, in which direction our eyes also turned. Coming from whence, or how, we could not tell; but out there over the water, and near its surface, was a dark object approaching. What it was we could not make out, but the mass seemed impelled by some interior force to revolve, at first slow, but then faster and faster as it drew near. It was as though supported on an invisible pavement, and its course was in a direct line as the bee flies. It reached the bank, disappeared again among the high vegetation, and anon rebounding with force as it leaped over the low garden wall, flew rather than

rolled on the verandah and dropped with a heavy thud under the extended palms of the gosain. A violent convulsive tremor shook the frame of the old man, as with a deep sigh he opened his half-closed eyes. All were astounded, but the Frenchmen stared at the bundle with an expression of idiotic terror in their eyes. Rising from the ground the holy man opened the tarred canvas envelope, and within were found all the stolen articles down to the least thing. Without a word or waiting for thanks, he salaamed low to the company and disappeared through the doorway before we recovered from our surprise. We had to run after him a long way before we could press upon him a dozen rupees, which blessings he received in his wooden bowl."

In the October number of this journal we published
Hindu some correspondence upon the lunar Eclipse of Nov.
Astronomy. 26th, 1890, the magnitude of which eclipse was given
as '005 of the Moon's diameter, by the Nautical Almanack. To this statement the Hindu astronomers took exception, stating that "there was no eclipse of the Moon at all" on that date. The following editorial footnote was added:—

Our learned correspondents certainly show by their own methods that not a hair-line of the Earth's shadow fell upon the Moon's disc on the given date, but that, on the contrary, there was a minus increment.

The Editor of *Light* seems to have taken umbrage at this very innocent statement of fact, and falls into the foolish idea that we are supporting Hindu methods as against those of the Greenwich astronomers. In the issue for Oct. 28th, 1893, *Light* makes the remark that "It is a strange weakness on the part of some that they can believe in nothing that emanates from the West." This remark is wholly uncalled for, and mainly directed against a man of straw which the Editor has woven from our simple comments. Intelligent readers will observe that the point in dispute between Hindu and European astronomers is not whether the latter use their formulæ correctly, but whether a certain element therein is not liable to correction. The history of astronomy during the past 100 years only, is sufficient to suggest the *possibility* of such a conclusion, and if, in the interests of science, we lend our pages to those who are competent to discuss the subject, certainly we do not come to a conclusion one way or the other at the very outset of the argument. Readers will observe that we do not say the Greenwich astronomers are wrong in this particular, but simply that, "by *their own methods*" the Hindu astronomers show a different result. Of course *Light* is open to prove their methods to be wrong, and that would, perhaps, have been more to the purpose than the comment to which we have referred. What is offered by *Light* in way of protest is this: "Seeing that the calculation (made according to the formula) only gave a five-hundredth part of the moon's diameter as that which was to be covered by the shadow, any way it was a very small one. The attack should have been made on more important eclipses, and it would be interesting to know how far they have gone wrong—not,

we think, for some generations." In the first place no "attack" was either intended or made in our pages, and further, we do not agree that the Hindu astronomers did wrongly to take a small eclipse as an example in order to illustrate their own corrections. Where the question is one of quantity, and that a small one, plus '005 and minus '0004 make all the difference between fact and theory. The exact measure of the shadow in a large eclipse would not admit of an equal test. The question now is, whether there was any portion of the Earth's shadow upon the moon at the time stated or whether there was none—an Eclipse or no Eclipse. Surely, this is a matter for scientific enquiry and not for useless insinuations.

It is reported on good authority that H. I. H. the Sultan of Turkey has bought from M. Barbiman, a French gentleman, for a very large price, two epistles which the highest Moslem authorities ascribe to the Prophet himself. It is further stated—the *Madras Mail* tells us—that "this new discovery will revolutionise the whole Mohammedan world." How grand it would be if it should prove that the Yoga doctrine of the Sufis, or, in other words, Theosophy, should be henceforth pronounced orthodox throughout Islam!

The following somewhat confused account of an alleged appearance of H. P. Blavatsky in a *séance-room* is contributed to the *Harbinger of Light* of November 1st. The contributor is one "upon whose veracity and accuracy" the Editor of the *Harbinger* "can implicitly rely", which makes the record all the more amusing for Theosophists. Do "veracity and accuracy" cover possible self-deception? We think not:—

"On Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 10, I was one of nine persons composing a circle which met in Collins Street for the purpose of assisting in the development of a writing medium. I was discussing the subject of re-incarnation with two ladies on the other side of the table, who are opposed to it, when a lady seated next to me, who is not a professional medium, went off all of a sudden into a condition of semi-trance, and became clairvoyant. She said: 'There is a very stout lady, with large prominent eyes, leaning on your left shoulder. I do not like her. She uses strong language, and she smokes. Don't let her come near me.' I asked, 'Does she look like an English-woman or a foreigner?' 'She is foreign, I think.' I inquired 'Is she French, Spanish, or Italian?' To each of these interrogatories a negative reply was given. 'She puts on some furs,' said the lady. 'Is she Russian?' 'Yes, yes, yes.' 'Is it Mme. Blavatsky?' The reply was a still more emphatic 'Yes.' The lady then went off into a deep trance, and was taken possession of by the spirit, who brought her hand down on the table vehemently, and said: '—it, I will speak. I don't like to hear women quibbling over a subject they don't understand.' I said, 'Have you altered your opinion about the spirits who speak to us being mere shells or spooks?' 'I am here, and speaking to you,' she replied, in a very positive and peremptory tone, 'and that is a sufficient answer to your question. I am very often with

you.' 'Have you ever met with any Mahâtmas in the spirit-world?' 'I have spoken to some great and noble spirits here,' was the evasive reply. What followed is unimportant; but it may be mentioned that the lady on coming out of trance complained of a very uncomfortable feeling, as if her frame had been suddenly expanded into one of large bulk, and was quite unconscious of what had taken place."

The "Buddhist" and the Bishop. The *Theosophist* hates intolerance, and the following example furnished by the Bishop of Colombo certainly merits strong condemnation.

Mr. Buultjens, the hard-working Editor of the *Buddhist*, and who, it will remembered, was educated under Christian guidance and took high honours in his collegiate course, publishes a letter from the Rt. Rev. R. S. Copleston, Lord Bishop of Colombo, in reply to a courteous letter asking the Bishop to accept ten copies of the *Buddhist* containing the *Satipatthâna Sutta*. The Bishop wrote in his book on Buddhism that he had not met with with any explanation of the Suttas, and it was naturally supposed that the offer would be acceptable to his Lordship. The Bishop writes thanking Mr. Buultjens for his courtesy, and states that "under other circumstances than these which unhappily attach to the publication" which was sent to him, he "would have gratefully acknowledged his obligation." His Lordship then passes on to more characteristic expressions.

"The copies of the *Buddhist* which you send contain language about Christianity, as a single glance shows me, which make it impossible for me to accept them, or to allow them to remain in my house." And again, "Your own career, as one who has apostatised from Christianity, makes it impossible for me to cultivate with you, in this field of discussion, those relations which I could better adopt towards one who had always been a Buddhist."

Sainted rosewater! Yet, as the Editor of the *Buddhist* rightly remarks, "The Bishop has no qualms of conscience to receive from Government Rs. 20,000 per annum of Buddhist public money—but to accept copies of the *Buddhist* is against his Lordship's finely strung moral principles." The Bishop prefers to write upon Buddhism in ignorance of its scriptures, rather than risk the contamination of a second glance at the journal of the heretics. We are newly informed by the Bishop's letter that there is a virtue in the born Buddhist which cannot accrue to a convert by conviction. Truth is "a two-edged sword" and cuts both ways; yet it is reported that the convert to Christianity is much cultivated by his Lordship!

There is no reason at all why Theosophists in America should not learn both the meaning and correct pronunciation of Sanskrit words which enter into the vocabulary of the Esoteric Philosophy. Nor, for that matter, need there be any weak excuses for mistakes that are pointed out, as is the case, we regret to say, with the author of the "Ocean of Theosophy," which work abounds

*Out of the
frying-pan,
&c.*

in technical errors of the kind mentioned, some of which were pointed out by Col. Olcott in his review of the book. Mr. Judge offers an explanation of his mistakes in the November number of the *Path* in the following words :—

“Col. Olcott points out truly—though not as a Sanskrit scholar—that the word *devachan* is not Sanskrit as stated in the book. That is quite true, as that word, though including *deva* and *chan*, two Sanskrit words, is not, as a whole, found in Sanskrit dictionaries. There can hardly be any doubt of its derivation from that language, though used by Buddhists. There is a word very like it in Sanskrit, *devacchana* ; and another, *devayanah*, ‘the way of the Gods,’ occurs in the Mundaka Upanishad. Another error kindly pointed out is a misprint of *Brahmarandhra* for *Brahmanda* on p. 125, which readers will please correct : it is a misprint only, and I did not mistake the one for the other. The saying is common in which ‘this Brahmanda’ means the period of universal evolution or even a particular one.—[W. Q. J.]”

This explanation is doubly unfortunate as showing not only a reluctance to acknowledge error where it is evident, but also as landing the author in further etymological blunders in the attempt to explain away what are in truth but technical errors and harmless enough in themselves.

We may point out that *Devachan* is much in dispute. Sarat Chandra Das of the Buddhist Text Society says, “The word ‘Devachan’ is purely Tibetan. Its Sanskrit equivalent is *Sukhâvati*.” He derives it from two roots, *bde*, “happiness, bliss,” and *chan*, “that which has.” [The *b* in *bde* is not pronounced.] In Buddhist Sanskrit works “*Sukhâvati nâmo bhoga bhumih*” is certainly spoken of as the celestial sphere or locality over which Amitâbha Buddha presides, and it is only a part of Svarga. Assuredly the combination of the Sanskrit *deva* and *chan* does not result in the Devachan of Theosophy, and it is regrettable that the error was perpetuated in the “Glossary.” *Devayâna* is nothing like Devachan except in the word *deva*, but on this supposition of likeness between words one might go to absurd lengths. *Brahmandam* is in no sense used to express “a period of universal evolution,” for it is the “egg, covering, or sphere” of Brahma, within which all evolution takes place, and the saying in which it is used for a period of evolution, if common, can only be so among those ignorant of its meaning. As the old Chinese philosopher said, “The swan is white without daily painting itself,” and so, in this case, the errors had been better corrected than explained.

Under the heading, “Will not the Hindus yet take more interest in their own religion?” the Editor of the *Indian Religious India*. *Mirror* writes a commentary of some merit upon the lesson drawn from the presence in India of Annie Besant, who has declared her religious belief to be that embodied in Hinduism. Christianity sent hundreds of delegates to the Parliament of Religions, but the few representatives of Hinduism

impressed the large assemblies more than those of any other creed. Even Dr. Pentecost, we are told, fell flat, and his suggestion that the Hindu "bladders required to be pricked" ended in his own discomfiture. Yet the reception given to Hinduism may not unfairly be set down to several causes outside of its relative merits; among others, to its novelty, both in the matter of its representation by Hindu gentlemen, and in itself. Moreover, we think that undue importance is attached to the fact of Mrs. Besant's adherence to Hinduism—if, indeed, it be a fact at all—since her Theosophical writings contain much that is not orthodox Hinduism, and a fair amount of contrary teaching. Still, the merits of the article are beyond dispute, for the need of original Sanskrit study and religious research becomes daily more imperative in the face of missionary enterprise, social changes, and the importation of an immature and ill-digested materialism from the West. A religion complete enough to escape a name may be worn without attracting attention, as the daylight which reveals everything and itself remains unnoticed. Names, distinctions, limitations, imperfections, these follow in natural sequence. Beware of names!

M. H. K. writes : " Some ten years ago a certain Indian Initiate,—
to whom saláms!—showed me a number of queer
An advance things: one was what he called a gold-magnet, it
of Science. was apparently a more or less polished piece of wood,
about 18 inches long, and half an inch in diameter.

Some gold dust being mixed with some sand in a saucer, I was allowed to stir it about with the 'magnet': with the result that the gold dust was attracted by, and stuck to, the end of the 'magnet,' as do steel filings to an ordinary magnet. On a second occasion I was allowed to try the 'magnet' on some sand suspected to contain fine gold which I brought with me, with an equally good effect. He told me that modern science was more likely to find out the preparation of the gold magnet in a short time, than the preparation of any of the other things he had shown me. I had forgotten all about the gold magnet, when, a short time ago, my attention was attracted by a magazine account of some experiments recently made by Prof. Liversedge of Sydney with fungi. It seems that the Professor has discovered that certain sorts of fungi, for instance, the mould that grows on Banana skins, if put into a solution of gold, or into liquid containing fine *laminae* of gold in suspension, by slow degrees attracts to itself all the gold from the solution or liquid. This looks as if the Professor has found a pointer to the preparation of my friend's gold-magnet."

The same correspondent says : " There is another phase of
A'ves'a S'aktí, that H. S. O. in his 'Old Diary
More Leaves' does not refer to. I heard of it from Java,
A'ves'a S'akti. I think, (perhaps Sumatra?) where it is said to be
variously known under the names of *Badanbadalshan*,
Badansarráfshan, or *Badarákshah* (meaning *body changing*). It is the

exchanging of bodies by two individuals *by mutual consent for permanent use*. I have read somewhere an English story based upon this process ; the hero (an elderly man) was in prison condemned to death on a certain date, but he had reasons for not dying at that date, so with the view of making some arrangement to avert or prevent it, he made several nocturnal expeditions in his 'thought-body,' which he knew how to project. On one of these he met with the 'thought-body' of a young man who had made up his mind to commit suicide ; an arrangement was come to by the prisoner persuading the would-be suicide that it would answer the latter's purpose to die by the hand of the executioner, quite as well as by his own, and, according to the story, the exchange was effected to the more or less satisfaction of both parties. It would be of interest to learn the Sanskrit name of this phase and its classification, as it will be seen that it differs from both the phases mentioned by H. S. O., from the fact that the exchange (or as the case may be, occupation) is strictly temporary in them ; while in this, it is to all intents and purposes a permanent one. It perhaps explains how certain adepts and initiates came to die (apparently) suddenly, without either wounds or illnesses, and how very soon thereafter other individuals turned up possessing the very ideas, phrases, and mental characteristics of such dead Initiate. How would an individual stand after affecting such a change, in respect to Astrology and Karma ? In respect of astrology, I fear the question is of a pretty similar nature with the celebrated one of the Baital to the King (in the 'Baital Pachiri.') The father married the widow's daughter, his son (by a former wife) married the widow, in due time a son was born of one marriage, and a daughter of the other. What relation were the children with each other ? (!)"
