

ANNA KINGSFORD

HER LIFE, LETTERS, DIARY
AND WORK

BY HER COLLABORATOR
EDWARD MAITLAND

*ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS
AND FACSIMILES*

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I

THIRD EDITION

EDITED BY
SAMUEL HOPGOOD HART

“Behold, I send unto you prophets”
(MATT. xxiii. 34)

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Anna Kingsford

BZP (KINOSFOV) (2)



PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

“ All the materials for revising the theology of Christianity are in our hands, being divinely delivered from the original source in the Church Celestial.”—E. M.

“ Now is the axe laid to the root of the trees.”—MATT. iii. 10.

AFTER Anna Kingsford's withdrawal, Edward Maitland took up his abode at No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios, Thurloe Square, South Kensington,¹ where, for the remainder of his life—that is, of his active life—he lived alone, devoting his whole time and attention to the propagation of the New Gospel of Interpretation ; and, considering his advanced age, the amount of work he accomplished in the time is surprising ; for, during these few years—not more than eight years in all—in addition to writing the present Biography—a stupendous task in itself—which he then wrote, he edited *Dreams and Dream-Stories*,² and *Clothed with the Sun*,³ and he wrote *The Bible's Own Account of Itself*,⁴ *The New Gospel of Interpretation*,⁵ and *The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation*,⁶ and he gave numerous lectures, and wrote many articles and letters for periodicals and newspapers. The last-mentioned book was written by him as “ an epitome and instalment ” of the Biography, in case he should not live to complete that work ; for, such were the demands on his time and strength, that he sometimes feared he would not be able to complete it. In a letter written in 1892, to the late Rev. J. G. Ouseley, he said : “ I was fourteen hours at my writing table yesterday, not turning in till 4 a.m., and every day is a struggle to get through the necessary part of my work ” ; and in 1894, when I first met him, he was working “ more frequently than not for some twelve hours a day,”⁷ and

¹ See Vol. II. p. 405.

³ Published in 1889.

⁵ Published in 1892.

⁷ *The Vegetarian*, 8th December 1894.

² Published in 1888.

⁴ Published in 1891.

⁶ Published in 1894.

later, in the same year, he wrote to me of the "great pressure of [his] occupation, combined with indifferent health." The Biography was, however, at length completed. In July 1895 it was "in course of printing"; in December, following, it was "all printed"; and in January 1896 it was published;¹ and he regarded it—as well he might—as the crowning work of his life—his *magnum opus*—a work which, he was assured,² would "educate the world more than all else, by showing how the divine life can be led, and the faculties opened to divine truth, and that to get that truth, the divine life must be led":—for Anna Kingsford's life affords to the world—"a world sunk beyond all precedent in the depths of Materialism"—a demonstration anew of the Soul's reality and transcendency, and therein of the divine potentialities of humanity. The great value of the present Biography is that it was written by one who not only more than any other had intimate knowledge of Anna Kingsford, but by one who knew of her as much as it is possible for one human being to know of another, and who, in addition to such knowledge, was possessed of the ability, literary and other, necessary to enable him to do justice to his subject; and last but not least, it was written by one of *undoubted veracity*: and further, as his own life and work had been so connected with Anna Kingsford's that the life of either of them could not be written without and apart from the life of the other, so far as Edward Maitland is concerned, *The Life of Anna Kingsford* has the great additional value of being an Autobiography.³ Such were Edward Maitland's qualifications for the great task undertaken by him.

Writing of the Biography, he says: "This book is written neither for the exaltation of individuals nor for the satisfaction of mere curiosity, however legitimate; but as the necessary crown and completion of the life and work of which it is the record, and for the sake of those who may be qualified to appreciate and to benefit by it. It is written, therefore, in fulfil-

¹ The "Second Edition," which was issued during the same year, was a mere reimpression of the First Edition. In April 1896, Edward Maitland was "preparing a new Edition," but, owing to his breakdown in health a few months later, this was never completed, and I do not know what became of the MS.

² See Vol. II. p. 415.

³ See p. 34 *post*, and Vol. II. p. 364.

ment of a duty deemed paramount, and under the deepest sense of responsibility alike to the departed, the living, and those yet to come, and with scrupulous adherence to truth and accuracy even when seeming most to transcend credibility. Its object being, not to amuse or astonish, but to instruct and perpetuate, and this in respect of the profoundest and most momentous of subjects, the intrusion of any inferior element would be accounted a sacrilege. It is thus neither a romance nor an eulogium, but a *history*, and this of something more than of a person and a work, exceptional as these were, for it is the history also of a *soul*, and this a soul at once so luminous, so strong, and so slenderly veiled by its material environment as to be, in all its states and workings, accessible to observation; yet, nevertheless, a typical soul, and one the history of which may, in its broad outlines, serve as that of all souls; for as the soul is one, so also is its history one. Hence the peculiar significance of the life of Anna Kingsford."

On the 27th May 1895, he wrote to me that he was (at the request of the publisher) curtailing the Biography, "not by omitting anything historical and biographical, but by eliminating certain literary remains, such as Mrs Kingsford's 'Meditations on the Mysteries,' giving short samples only, and leaving the rest for publication in a separate book afterwards, with other writings of hers." And he added, "I am greatly curtailing in the same way also the account of our relations with the Theosophical Society, which I had related with much fulness, giving our letters and pamphlets in which we convicted them of having utterly mistaken the teaching they had received. For I thought it well that the world should see to what an extent that movement has been transformed from being subversive of all religion, into being, as it now is, a valuable aid to the restoration of true religion, and this through the revelation given to us. The book will lose nothing of its interest and value for the general reader by the changes I am making, but it is a good deal against my own liking."

A small part of the manuscript of *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, and also all or some of the above-mentioned letters and pamphlets, subsequently came into my possession, and from these I have been enabled to supply in the present Edition the matter, or some of the matter, referred to in the above-mentioned letter

as having been omitted from the former Edition. I refer in particular to the new matter to be found on pp. 140-146, 149-152, 153-154, 160-164, 175-181, 197-199, and 221-223 of Vol. II. of the present Edition. The importance of this new matter alone, and apart from Edward Maitland's desire (as above expressed) to have it included in the Biography, is my justification for increasing the size of what was already a large work—for, be it noted, nothing that was in the former Edition has been omitted from the present Edition.

It now remains for me to relate what I know of the closing years of my friend's life. For some time before I met Edward Maitland I had felt dissatisfied with and opposed to much of what I had been accustomed to hear taught in the Church of England—in which Church I had been brought up; dissatisfied with, because it failed to meet my highest aspirations, and opposed to, because I knew that much of what was taught was not true; the official exponents of religion had proved themselves to be "blind guides," and I knew that, so far as light and truth were concerned, the Nonconformist Churches were in no better condition, and I was not drawn to them. The claims of the Catholic Church I had not seriously considered. What I sought was a true doctrine, and my belief was that none of the Churches that called themselves "Christian," offered such; but I in no wise identified the "Christianity" of the Churches with the religion of Jesus Christ.

At the time to which I refer, I had recently read some theosophical writings which had greatly interested me. I had been drawn to the subject through an article on "Esoteric Buddhism" which I had read in the *Nineteenth Century*. I think it must have been a notice or review of, or must have contained some reference to, Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, for shortly after reading the article, I purchased that book, and also one or more of Mrs Besant's "Theosophical Manuals." The latter convinced me that there was something in Theosophy. The doctrine of Reincarnation, in particular, though new to me, did not seem strange, and I at once accepted it as true; and I felt that at last I was on the track that would lead me to the goal that I sought. In this state of mind I contemplated joining the Theosophical Society, and I spoke of my feelings to a friend, who advised me, before joining the Theosophical Society, to see

Edward Maitland, of whom, until then, I had not heard. She did not know him, but she knew a friend of his, and she promised to obtain from such friend the necessary introduction, and this introduction I, in due course, received.

I first met Edward Maitland on the 19th April 1894, when I called upon him at his Chambers at No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios. I shall never forget this visit and his kindness. I explained to him my position, and he told me of his and Anna Kingsford's work, and read—or rather recited—to me some of her Illuminations; for he knew them all by heart. In particular, I remember him reciting part of the Illumination "Concerning Inspiration and Prophecy," and part of the "Hymn to Iacchos," and (seeing perhaps a look of surprise) he told me of the *mystical sense* underlying the account in the Old Testament of the children of Israel in Egypt and their flight therefrom, and, in fact, underlying all sacred scripture. The interpretation was new to me, and I could not at once grasp the full meaning of it all, but I was not inclined to disbelieve or question what he said. I felt that I had found *a man who knew the truth*, and whose word alone was sufficient, and I had never before met such a man. He gave me a copy of *The New Gospel of Interpretation*, and advised me to read his and Anna Kingsford's books, and to join the Esoteric Christian Union. I lost no time in following the advice given to me, and in his and Anna Kingsford's writings I found that for which I had sought and which has ever since been my greatest treasure. Before I read *The Perfect Way*, I was a seeker after truth; but having read that book, I said *Nunc dimittis*. I owe to Edward Maitland a debt of gratitude that I can never repay; for it was *he* who put me in the "right way"; it was his and Anna Kingsford's writings that "brought me out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay; and set my feet upon the rock." It was his and Anna Kingsford's writings that brought me to the fountain of true wisdom. The teaching contained in the pages of *The Perfect Way* "put a new song in my mouth: even a thanksgiving unto God."

While this book confirmed me in my attitude towards the theology of the Churches, it also taught me what I did not before know, namely, that all that is true is spiritual; and that *all the dogmas of the Church are spiritual*, and that no dogma of the Church is real that is not spiritual; and that "*the Catholic*

Church has the whole of the truth in a parable" :¹ and it gave me great joy to learn this.

Had it not been for the corrupt priesthods who, by materialising mysteries which are purely spiritual, give to the people for food "ashes" (matter) as it were "bread" (spiritual food)—the "scorpion" instead of the "fish"—my "religious difficulties" would not have arisen. "The hill of Sion is a fair place," but the Psalmist was not wrong when, speaking of materialising priesthods, he said: "O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance, Thy Holy Temple have they defiled and made Jerusalem an heap of stones." Witness vivisection, and flesh-eating, and the doctrine of vicarious atonement, etc., and the Church's toleration and approval thereof!

When once the system represented by the New Gospel of Interpretation is duly apprehended, "it is as impossible for the mind to dissent from it, as from the demonstration of a proposition in geometry or mathematics. Without rejecting a single dogma of orthodoxy, it transforms every dogma into a self-evident and necessary proposition, obviously founded in the very nature of Being, to the utter abrogation of Mystery in that sacerdotal and traditional sense so emphatically denounced in the Apocalypse as 'Babylon the Great, mother of harlots and abominations of the earth.' For in such sense, Mystery means the suppression of the understanding in favour of authority as the criterion of truth; and the appeal of the new interpretation is, as the word interpretation implies, to the understanding."²

In the following September I joined the Esoteric Christian Union.

The publication of *The Life of Anna Kingsford* was, with a few exceptions, greeted by the Press with derision. *The Daily Chronicle* contained an article—purporting to be a review of the book—which, Edward Maitland said, "was not a review at all, but a falsification and perversion," and "also a blasphemy,

¹ See p. 201 *post*. Apart from the teaching of *The Perfect Way*, I should have rejected the dogmas of the Catholic Church as I had rejected the teaching of the official exponents of religion in the Protestant Churches, because I should have understood such dogmas only in the sense in which they are taught and insisted on by those in authority in that Church, namely, the literal and material sense, and in that sense I should have known them to be untrue.—S. H. H.

² Article, "Mr Maitland at Home," in *The Vegetarian*, 1894, pp. 585-6.

since to assail *a book containing a divine revelation* with ribaldry and vulgar invective is to blaspheme." This was not the first time that he had reason to complain of the treatment of his and Anna Kingsford's writings by the Press, of which, he said, "one half is inveterately sadducee, and the other half inveterately sacerdotal."¹ Among the exceptions were two very lengthy and excellent reviews, both written by the late Mr W. T. Stead, in *The Review of Reviews*² and *Borderland*³ respectively; and there was an appreciative notice, by Mr A. E. Waite, in *Light*.⁴ In the *Borderland* review, Mr Stead affirmed that Anna Kingsford's biography "is one of those which stand out by themselves alone and apart from all other biographies that ever were written." Madame Isabel de Steiger also, who is several times mentioned in the Biography, gave her "testimony." She said:⁵—

"I have just finished reading *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, by Mr Maitland. . . . I do not intend to write more than a few words, for I hope and expect that an abler pen than mine will do the "Life" full justice in a comprehensive review, but I should like to add a few words of "testimony." I felt as if reading a page of my own history while going through this very important and profoundly interesting work. I can, therefore, with some claim to do so, admire its strict truth and accuracy. The episodes come back to me as occurring just as they are written. It is, indeed, a plain and unvarnished narrative of one of the very remarkable lives of this age.

"When one thinks of all the memoirs one reads of all the able and distinguished women of the day, often edited by equally distinguished men, not one can be recalled that in the smallest degree approaches the importance of this life. . . . Of the nobility, extraordinary self-abnegation, patience, and the most beautiful and touching living

¹ See pp. 241, 242, 279 *post*, and Vol. II. pp. 15 and 49. The reception given by the Press to *The Life of Anna Kingsford* was, probably, such as might under the circumstances have been looked for. A considerable portion of *The Soul and How it Found Me* was incorporated in *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, and, in 1877, when that book was published, Edward Maitland says, it "was, by the myrmidons of the materialistic press throughout the length and breadth of the land, instantly seized upon and, with myself and fellow-worker assailed with the coarsest abuse, ridicule, and misrepresentation, in such fashion as wholly to obscure its true character, and prevent the public from recognising in it that for which above all other knowledge they craved, the knowledge, namely, of man's real nature and destiny. And foremost and coarsest in the attack was a periodical which claims to be of all English organs of literary criticism the most scholarly and impartial!" (Lecture on "Mystics and Materialists")—S. H. H.

² January 1896.

³ January 1896.

⁴ 7th March 1896.

⁵ *Light*, 8th February 1896.

memento of the truest, purest friendship shown in every page of Mr Maitland's own share in the work, one cannot say enough.

"The books they wrote must and will live when thousands of volumes of the pseudo-philosophy of the day, now ignorantly preferred, will have long died their deserved death. . . ."

In a letter, written in 1891, to his Publisher, Edward Maitland spoke of the great difficulty of making known to the public his and Anna Kingsford's writings. He said: "The difficulty thus far in getting at the tens of thousands of people who are longing for exactly what these books contain lies first in the absolute ignorance and disbelief of those who have the critical press in their hands. Not knowing the problems to be solved, the reviewers can't recognise the solutions, and being mere materialists (whether religious or not) they can't take in the facts of the case, namely, that these books represent an actual re-delivery of religious doctrine from its original source, made for the express object of saving religion, by interpreting it, and so carrying on the spiritual consciousness of the race to a new and higher stage of its evolution."

The whole work represented by Anna Kingsford's and Edward Maitland's books has been to such extent boycotted by both the Press and the Libraries, that it is an exceedingly uphill task to get them before the public, notwithstanding that they contain the solutions which the public are beyond all else longing for.

After the publication of the Biography, Edward Maitland's mental and physical decline were remarkably rapid.

In the latter part of 1896—I think it was in September—I went to The Studios to see him, when I was informed that he was ill in bed, having had "a stroke," and that he was not well enough to see anybody, and subsequent inquiries did not give me more information, except that, some weeks later, I learnt (from the housekeeper) that he had left London, and was staying with some friends in the country.

On arriving at the office, in the City, on the 22nd December, I received from Mrs C. G. Currie (a lady then unknown to me) the following letter:—

" 'THE WARDERS,' TONBRIDGE,
" 21st December 1896.

"DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of writing to you on behalf of Mr E. Maitland, who has made his home with us for the few remaining days of his life. Mr Maitland has been failing fast all this last year, both

bodily and mentally, and is now quite unable to answer any letters or even to reply to questions concerning his life-work. It is most sad that it should end thus, but I believe that his spirit has already left his body (although, of course, not yet entirely separated from it) so complete is his mental decay.

“If you would like to come down and see him at any time, we shall be most happy to offer you lunch. Believe me,—Yours very truly,
“C. G. CURRIE.”

By profession I am a solicitor, and, at the time when I received this letter, I held a position in the office of the firm of solicitors with whom I had served my articles. Had my work allowed it, I should at once have asked leave to have the day “off,” and taken the next train to Tonbridge, so as to lose no time in going to see my friend; but, having some pressing office-work to do on that day, I did not feel justified in making the request, and I determined to wait until the end of the day and then see if I could arrange to be away on the day following; but I did not have to wait, for, scarcely had I read Mrs Currie’s letter and determined to act in the manner above indicated, when the Senior Partner came into my room, saying: “Now, my dear boy, take a holiday to-morrow, if you like, it will do you good”—*a thing he had never before done*. I, of course, at once accepted his offer, but imagine my surprise, for I felt that (unknown to himself) he had acted under spirit guidance, and that it was *necessary* that I should see my friend before he died. It may, however, have been a case of telepathy. In either case, it was a remarkable incident.

On the day following (23rd December), accordingly, I went to “The Warders,” and there, for the last time, I saw Edward Maitland, and was satisfied that the true self—the spiritual soul—the *anima divina*—was then almost, if not quite withdrawn from the physical body. Conversation was impossible; for, though he suffered no pain, he could speak only with very great difficulty, and it was not easy to catch his words, and he was more or less physically helpless. I was not sure that he knew me—I do not think he did. It was lunch time. He was sitting by the fire in the dining-room, too helpless to feed himself. I tried to persuade him to eat some food; but to no purpose. He refused to eat anything, saying, “It’s no use feeding a dead man”—so certainly did he or some other through him think it necessary to make us who were present know what his real condition then

was. *He was then dead to all intents and purposes.* The *anima bruta* and the physical vitality remained, but his spiritual insight and his intelligence had gone. Psyche had fled. The true self whom we had known and loved had ceased to control and animate mind and body. I did not think that he could continue to live for many days.

Frequent letters from Mrs Currie kept me informed of my friend's condition, and they all gave much the same account. The following are extracts from some of them :—

“ 28th December 1896.

“ Our dear old friend still lingers, and seems a little better since the day you were here. . . . I do think that Mr Maitland's last wish and work—the preparing a new and cheaper edition of the *Life*—should not be allowed to fall through just because his higher self was withdrawn ere he had time to complete it. For when he came to us in June,¹ he distinctly told me that a new and cheaper edition would be forthcoming by Xmas.”²

“ 24th January 1897.

“ Mr Maitland still lingers, to our great surprise and relief. The doctor considers his vitality *wonderful*. He sleeps most part of the day and night now, and does not attempt to get up, and he really looks much better than he did that day you were here. His mind gets occasional lucid phases, but not often, neither do they last long.”

“ 11th April 1897.

“ Mr Maitland is naturally very much weaker than when you last saw him, and the mental decay is even more noticeable, yet there is no immediate cause for anxiety, and his life may even be prolonged for months yet. The doctor has been astonished at the tenacity of his hold on life—some of the relapses have been to all appearance fatal, and yet, by what has seemed hardly short of miraculous, he has rallied again. Most of the day is passed in sleep, and he rarely ever speaks now, even to answer a question.”

“ 17th April 1897.

“ Mr Maitland still continues much the same. . . . It really is difficult to realise that separation of spirit from body has not already taken place.”³

¹ Edward Maitland had not been at Col. Currie's during the whole of the time since June 1896.—S. H. H.

² See *ante*, p. vi. n. 1.

³ Enclosed with this letter was one, dated 14th April 1897, written by the late Rev. J. G. Ouseley to Mrs Currie, in which he said : “ I have been given a message under the most trustworthy condition from Swedenborg, through an Indian doctor, that he [Edward Maitland] is in the unseen already (two weeks ago that was) and has been met.”—S. H. H.

The following letter from Mrs Currie informed me of his complete withdrawal, which took place on Saturday, 2nd October 1897, at the end of his 73rd year :—

“ ‘THE WARDERS,’ TONBRIDGE,
“ Sunday.

“ DEAR MR HART,—Just a few hurried lines to let you know that our dear old friend passed on last night, at 10.15 P.M.”

“ About three weeks ago, he had a very bad relapse, from which he made another of his wonderful rallies, and he has been, comparatively speaking, better the last two weeks, so that the end was quite unexpected at the last. He was very sick yesterday afternoon, and his breathing became gradually laboured. About nine o'clock his extremities were getting cold. An hour later, he breathed his last quite quietly and painlessly, and I think those who knew and loved him should rejoice that his release has come at last.—Yours very sincerely,
C. G. CURRIE.”

The following letter from Col. Currie appeared in *Light* of 16th October 1897 :—

“ You are aware that our friend Edward Maitland has been living with us for the last year. His mind was rapidly going when he came to us, and he soon began to lose all power over his faculties and limbs, and has been bedridden from 1st January. Since then, he has very gradually grown weaker and weaker, his mind often wandering ; but, I am glad to say, he has suffered no pain. For the last six months his mind has been more passive, and only at intervals did he seem to recognise anybody. He has had periodical relapses from which he has recovered in a most remarkable way, but each attack has, of course, left him weaker. During Saturday, 2nd October, he was apparently as well as he had been for some time, but about 8.30 P.M. he showed signs of the approaching end by difficulty in breathing, and at 10.15 he breathed his last. The end was peaceful and without pain. His body was interred on Tuesday, 5th October, in the Tonbridge Cemetery, in a spot specially selected. The day was a glorious one, the sun shining brightly, and he was, as he might have expressed it, ‘ clothed with the sun.’ For many months he had not been able to make his speech sufficiently distinct to be understood, though he occasionally tried to utter a word or two.”

The following obituary notice, which appeared in *Humanity* of December 1897, is of interest :—

“ EDWARD MAITLAND

“ Since Edward Maitland's death a good deal has been written in the Press about his remarkable career as traveller, writer, and mystic ; very appreciative biographical notices, in particular, were published in the *Academy* and *Light* for 16th October, to which we would refer those of our readers who desire such information. In *Humanity* it

is with Edward Maitland the humanitarian that we are more specially concerned, and for this reason we print the following brief reminiscences written by one of his colleagues on the committee of the Humanitarian League:—

“ ‘When the League was about to be founded towards the close of 1890, Mr Maitland, as a distinguished anti-vivisectionist and food reformer, was one of the first persons whose co-operation was invited, and his response (unlike a good many of those received) was hearty and outspoken. “Should a League be formed,” he wrote, “such as that described, and under the auspices of the persons named, I shall be happy to be a member of it, for I think that the widespread publication of writings proposing a high and positive system of morality in the conduct of life, in all its aspects, is one of the greatest needs of the time.”

“ ‘In spite of his stipulation that a regular attendance at committees would be beyond his power, he was very frequently present on these occasions, and had a large share in the framing of the original Manifesto. To those who know him only or mainly as a mystic, it would probably have been a surprise to see how extremely critical he was—critical to the verge of fastidiousness—in discussing practical affairs; certainly there was no one on the committee who was more useful in bringing the cold light of reason to bear on the subjects under discussion than the author, or joint-author, of the extraordinary series of “revelations” which culminated in *The Life of Anna Kingsford*.

“ ‘At the first annual meeting of the League, in 1892, Mr Maitland, as chairman, gave an excellent summary of the League’s principles and purposes; and a year later he wrote the eloquent and powerful *Appeal to Hearts and Heads*, which was published [by the League] in the pamphlet (No. 6) on “Vivisection.” In this essay, as at first written, there was a section dealing with the religious mysticism with which Mr Maitland’s humanitarian views were connected; and it was the rather delicate task of the present writer, as one of the League’s publishing sub-committee, to invite the author to omit this passage from the pamphlet, in accordance with the invariable rule of the League to base its principles on nothing else than that broad instinct of humaneness in which all its members can be united. This result, thanks to Mr Maitland’s liberality and fairmindedness, was successfully attained.

“ ‘During these years Mr Maitland was engaged in writing his *magnum opus*, *The Life of Anna Kingsford*, and he would often discourse freely to friendly listeners on his spiritual experiences—to the astonishment, sometimes, of other fellow-travellers by railroad or omnibus. For my own part, though not personally disposed to accept the esoteric view of the phenomena in question, I never felt, when listening to him, the contradictory instinct which dogmatists usually excite in one; there was something in his narration so absolutely natural and genuine as to compel the respectful sympathy of those who heard it, whatever their personal belief. And his creed, whether true or not for other people, had undoubtedly the merit of being associated, in his case, with a most kindly and genial spirit.

“ ‘Mr Maitland several times took part in the public meetings of the League, as, for example, at the Humanitarian Conference in 1895,

when he made an extremely effective speech, afterwards circulated as a leaflet, on "Experimentation in Hospitals." His last appearance on the League's behalf was in March 1896, when he took the chair at Mr Leadbeater's lecture on the "Theosophical View of Rights," on which occasion those who had seen him hale and strong but a few weeks before were shocked at the change in his appearance. It seemed as if, with the completion of his life-work in the publication of the book on which he had so long been engaged, all strength of mind and body simultaneously forsook him; and though, owing to his marvellous constitution, he lingered on for eighteen months, it was but a death-in-life to which death came as a merciful release. Whatever difference of opinion there may be about other points in Edward Maitland's character, there can be no doubt of his thorough devotion, and great practical services, to the humanitarian cause."

Writing of him,¹ Madame Isabel de Steiger says:—

"My memory of him extends to the time when I had the privilege of forming one of the circles invited to the reading of *The Perfect Way* before it was published; and up to the last years of his life, I have never had occasion to diminish respect or affection for him as a high and lofty thinker and of a blameless life. Kind and courteous to all, I can never remember his being but one thing, an *excellent* man, to whom, indeed, the world is indebted, with his coadjutor, Anna Kingsford, for much of which it is, indeed, but very partially conscious at present."

The chief occupation of Edward Maitland's life was, in his own words, "the pursuit, regardless of consequences, of the highest truth for the highest ends." He accepted for his life's devotion "only the highest and most useful work discernible by him, and to do such work in the most perfect manner possible to him."² He was of those "who scale height after height, and pierce mists, veil by veil, heartened with each discovery."³

I once asked him if he should ever return to the earth, and he replied that his and Anna Kingsford's work here was not finished, and that at some future time they both would return for the purpose of continuing their work together. "So they two went until they came to Beth-lehem."⁴ "Going on their way, they went and wept: scattering their seed."

"Sun-treader, I believe in God, and truth, and love; . . . Live thou for ever, and be to all what thou hast been to me!"⁵

SAML. HOPGOOD HART.

CROYDON, July 1913.

¹ *Light*, 13th November 1897.

² *The Soul and How it Found Me*, p. 14.

³ Browning, *Sordello*.

¹ Ruth i. 19.

⁵ Browning, *Pauline*.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

OF all records which might have reached us across the gulfs of time, but have failed to do so, unquestionably the most precious would be those which contained in detail the history of the world's foremost Revelators and Saviours, showing the particulars of their characters, training, and careers in such wise as would render intelligible the manner in which, by heeding the divine call and living the divine life, they came to know the divine doctrine, and were able to minister to the world's redemption by supplying its supreme need—the need for a perfect system of thought and rule of life. In the presence of such records it would have been impossible to doubt the reality and accessibility of the world spiritual and celestial, of inspiration and revelation, or to have fallen into the disastrous misconceptions which in manifold cases have usurped the place of history, and, by ascribing to the Revelators the divinity which inspired them and their work, have ministered to the falsification and degradation of religion. It has been made the essential condition of the present record of a work which, whether by its derivation, its nature, or its destined results, is second to none of the kind in view, that it be so ordered as to preclude the possibility of the like or any other misconceptions.

The doctrine of the restoration of which this book is the record has already been for some time before the world, and found wide promulgation and high acceptance. But the work of the Revelator is of two kinds, being both doctrinal and experiential or evidential. And the world needs for its full conviction both classes of knowledge. It must have actual facts as well as abstract truth. This record of the former is, therefore, the necessary supplement and complement to the account already made public of the latter.

The fulness and frankness of this narrative necessarily exceed

those by which biographies are ordinarily characterised. As the history, not of a person only, but of a soul, and that a soul the work of whose latest earth-life was so ordered as to constitute it a demonstration such as has never before been vouchsafed to our planet, of the soul's nature, history, and powers, the rules whereby biographies are commonly regulated were wholly inapplicable and inadequate. To have observed them, as by having recourse to suppression or modification in respect of matters ordinarily deemed too intimate and delicate to be openly disclosed, would have been fatal to the purpose in view, and caused the chief life related to have been to such extent lived in vain, both as regards the liver of it and the world for whose sake it was lived.

The same justification is pleaded for the outspokenness of the narrative generally in regard to certain contemporaneous tendencies, schools, institutions, writings, and persons. Nothing would have been more pleasing to the writer than to exclude whatever might jar on individual susceptibilities. But the direction under which he has written allowed of no indulgence of his own preference in this respect. The judgments pronounced represent no merely human opinion. They were imparted from the spheres where all things mundane are fully known and infallibly estimated. And having been imparted for the general good, and not for the private information of their immediate recipients, the suppression of them, no matter how praiseworthy the motive, would have constituted an act of unfaithfulness both to the illuminating influences to whom they were due, and to the world for whose instruction and correction they were designed.

Conspicuous among the objects of these remarks is the well-known institution called the Theosophical Society and its promoters. The time will assuredly come when that movement will be accounted an important factor in the religious history of our age, and any light that can be thrown on its *origines* will be of no less value than would be such light on the *origines* of Christianity itself.

E. M.

LONDON, *Michaelmas*, 1895.



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ANNA KINGSFORD

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

ANNIE BONUS—to call the subject of this memoir by her baptismal and paternal names—was born at Stratford, in Essex, September 16, 5 P.M.,¹ 1846. Her father, John Bonus, was a prosperous merchant and shipowner in the city of London, where his ancestors had resided for several generations, being—as there are grounds for believing—descended from a great Italian family which enjoyed distinction in the Middle Ages for the variety and excellence of their gifts ; for one of them, also named John Bonus, was the architect of the Vatican ; another, the founder of Venice ; a third, a cardinal of the Church, a man of strong mystical tendencies ; and a fourth, a noted alchemist and occultist. Her mother, whose maiden name was Schröder, was of both Irish and German descent. From her father she derived, together with a great capacity for work, a constitution so fragile that on her birth she was wrapped up and laid aside for dead ; and from her mother a vitality which enabled her to endure, and a strength of will which enabled her to dominate, an amount of illness, weakness, and suffering surpassing anything conceivable, save by those who had intimate knowledge of her life. But from neither parent, nor any known ancestor, did she inherit the faculties, tendencies, or characteristics manifested by her. These were entirely her own, and—as it is a main purpose of this history to show—were due, not to physical, but to spiritual heredity, that of her own

¹ In a copy of *The Life of Anna Kingsford* which belonged to Edward Maitland, and which came into the possession of the late Rev. J. G. Ouseley, the letters " P.M." were altered in ink to " A.M." It was supposed that the alteration had been made by Edward Maitland.—S. H. H

former selves. The youngest of twelve children, and born long after her immediate predecessor, she was without nursery companionship, and her loneliness was further aggravated by her inability, through ill health, to take part, save occasionally, in the studies and pastimes of other children. Thus isolated, her chief delight as a child was to lose herself in the ample gardens with which her homes, originally at Stratford, and subsequently at Blackheath, were surrounded. Here she would associate with the flowers on even terms, holding converse with them as sentient beings, and putting into their petals tiny notes addressed to the fairies with whom her fancy tenanted them, and with whom, in virtue of her own fairy-like form, rich golden hair, and deep-set hazel eyes, by turns eager and dreamy, she might well claim affinity. Indeed, in these early days she used to declare that she was really one of them, of fairy and not of human lineage, and to cherish a secret persuasion that only by adoption was she the child of her parents, her true home being in fairy-land. It was with descriptions of the beautiful landscapes and palaces, which seemed to be clear in her recollection, that her first verses were chiefly occupied. She could even recall, she believed, her last interview with the queen of that lovely country, the prayers with which she had sought permission to visit the earth, and the solemn warnings she had received of the suffering and toil she would undergo by assuming a human body, which in her case, she was assured, would greatly exceed those ordinarily allotted to mortals. But she had persisted in coming, being impelled by an overpowering impression of some great and necessary work, on behalf both of herself and of others, which she alone could perform, to be accomplished by her. And her coming had not separated her from her fellow-fairies, for they were wont to visit her in dreams; and so real were they for her that, when taken for the first time to see a pantomime, the sight of the fairies in their airy costumes and floral abodes was the signal for her to declare aloud that they were her proper people, and she belonged to them, and to cry and struggle so vehemently to get to them that it was necessary to remove her from the theatre.

No less abnormal was her relations with her dolls. Their number was legion, and each was a personage in some drama, historical or imagined, being named and attired to suit the

character assigned it, she herself being the ready spokesman in the parts enacted by them, her faculty of improvisation being such that she was never at a loss. Whether her audience consisted of dolls or of living persons, it was equally her delight to sit and pour out in unbroken succession, and without pause, story after story, either remembered or invented at the moment, about fairies and princesses and knights and castles and dragons, and gods and goddesses, as if all mythology, fable, and romance were at her finger-ends. And to some extent they were so; for, having free run of her father's library, she had devoured various translations from the classics—notably the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid—and assimilated the contents of Lemprière and Froissart.

There was, however, this peculiarity about her excursions into literature of this kind, for which only long afterwards was she able to account—all that she read struck her as already familiar to her, so that she seemed to herself to be recovering old recollections rather than acquiring fresh knowledge.

The faculty of seership manifested itself at a very early age. Phantoms of the dead, and the states, physical, moral, and spiritual, of the living, were open to her view, and her previsions of impending death were always verified by the event. But she soon learnt the wisdom of keeping her own counsel in such matters; for not only did she suffer reproach as if accountable for the events she had foreseen, but such exhibitions of abnormal faculty entailed references to the family physician, with results at once disagreeable and injurious to her.

Her aptitudes for music, singing, drawing, and painting were such as to procure from her teachers earnest recommendations to a professional career. But the only result was a discontinuance of her lessons, through a fear lest she should be induced by her consciousness of ability to adopt the suggestion. But though these faculties were neglected, her native exquisiteness of touch and tone never left her, but remained to find manifestation in other directions.

Deprived of these outlets and repelled from association with the generality of folks by her sensitiveness to the incompatibility of their characters and ideals with her own, her great resource was writing. It was in verse chiefly that she at first sought at once relief from uncongenial associations and expression for the

ideas which crowded on her. And the quality of her poems, while still but a child, was such as to win for them admission into various magazines. Her first book was written at the age of thirteen. This was *Beatrice: a Tale of the Early Christians*. It was intended to be a magazine story in the *Churchman's Companion*. But the publisher, Mr Masters, thought it worthy to make a separate volume, and offered to bring it out in that form, and to give her a present for it, both of which proposals were accepted. "And I accordingly," she said, when recounting her early history to me but a week before her death, "received two guineas, for they knew I was but a child.¹ I afterwards wrote a quantity of poetry for the *Churchman's Companion*, which I do not consider as composed by myself, as it all came to me ready-made, and I had but to write it down." A small volume of her poems, *River-Reeds*, also published by Masters, had the same origin. Over and above their intrinsic merit, which is considerable, they are remarkable as unconscious imitations of various styles, especially of that of the "In Memoriam." The volume bears this touching dedication to the memory of her father,² who had been the first to recognise and believe in her, and to whom she was tenderly attached:—

"To you, our Father in Paradise, whom living, we did dearly love, your little daughter dedicates these."

The following is the last stanza of the poem, which explains the title:—

' Reeds in the river ! Reeds in the river !
 O deep in my heart like the reeds in the river,
 My thoughts grow in darkness, far down out of sight,
 And over my life passes shadow and light,
 Like sunshine and cloud on the breast of the stream ;
 But I sit by the banks of my river and dream,
 For day after day they grow silent and strong,
 The reeds of my Syrinx, the reeds of my song."

The following verses were found by me among her early papers, written in her own hand and bearing her signature. If not actually her own, the fact that they should have so powerfully attracted her as to be copied out by her indicates a consciousness of ideas and experiences altogether abnormal in one so young:—

¹ *Beatrice* was published in 1863.—S. H. H.

² *River-Reeds* was published in 1866, her father having died in 1865.—S. H. H.

THE PENITENCE OF LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE

Alas ! I cannot pray,—my heart within
 Burns with mad conflict, love, despair, and sin.
 Only escapes a silent cry
 From my soul's depth of agony,
 Like a little cloud rising out of the sea,
 Out of the restless surging sea,—
 " O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Alas ! I cannot weep,—I have no tears ;
 They are all dried up with the woes of years ;
 And only that one ceaseless cry
 Through my heart echoes silently,
 Like the evening bell sounding over the lea,
 Over the sunless, pathless lea,—
 " O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Alas ! I cannot sleep,—my restless brain,
 In fearful dreams, revives the past again ;
 And so I wake, and wearied lie
 Repeating still that voiceless cry,
 Entreating, O God, in the darkness with Thee,
 In the darkness alone with Thee,—
 ' O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

And so the morning finds me, and I rise
 With heavy, aching heart and burning eyes,
 Creep to my work with heavy feet,
 And still within my soul repeat,—
 Like a bird in a cage that pines to be free,
 Sits alone and pines to be free,—
 " O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Remember me ! I cannot pray nor weep,
 Night cannot bring me either rest or sleep,
 But evermore with wakeful eyes,
 My soul looks up to Thee and cries,
 " Be merciful, Lord, as Thou usedst to be ;
 Mercy belongeth unto Thee ;
 O Lord, remember, remember me ! "

Strong of will, independent of judgment, bent on the meanings of things as against their appearances, heedless of persons where principles were concerned, and keenly resenting injustice and oppression, Annie Bonus was scarcely likely to be a *persona grata* with the authorities of the fashionable school at Brighton to which it was her lot to be sent for what in those days was called " finishing her education." Bent as they were on effecting the lopping and trimming considered necessary to fit girls for conventional society, they naturally confounded the cravings of a

large and highly vitalised nature for expansion and unfoldment with the wilfulness of a rebel against all the proprieties, and accordingly regarded her as one whose example could not fail to be detrimental to others. Hence it came that, while her talents were recognised, her character was mistaken, with the result of enhancing and confirming that disposition to revolt against conventional limitations with which she seemed to herself to have been born. Her curiosity respecting religious subjects was an especial cause of offence; and some of her severest school-impositions were incurred through her persistence in demanding from the clergyman who superintended that portion of the school curriculum explanations of the rationale of the doctrines inculcated. She could not be made to comprehend why the desire to understand, so laudable in respect of other subjects, should in the case of religion be accounted an impertinence and even a profanity. The first prizes for English composition, however, always fell to her, notwithstanding the presence in them of passages so widely at variance with the ruling standard, as will be seen from the following extract from a school essay on Ambition, which is worthy of reproduction here if only as a curious presage of her life and work:—

“ But the earnest, high-seeking man is not satisfied with success, because success only inspires him with renewed ardour, confirms him in the confidence of his own powers, and reveals to him new fields for discovery or invention. He continues to work, not that he may promote his own glory, but that he may use to the glory of God the talents entrusted to his charge. The more such a man knows, the more he desires to know; not that he may be known—because this is Vanity—but to edify himself and to exalt God—for this is Greatness. The farther we climb up a mountain, the more we perceive of it; and that part which, when viewed from its base, appeared lost in clouds and mists, discovers itself clearly when we are half-way up, and we behold beyond it higher peaks still, of which, before, we saw nothing. Within the heart of the truly great is a still, persuasive voice saying continually, ‘ Higher! Higher!’ ”

“ For to be ambitious is not only to desire and hope for, but to aim at and to purpose. And day after day, year after year, the ambitious soul mounts higher and higher up that vast mountain whose top no mortal in this life has ever yet attained, and of which we shall never know whether there is any top; so huge and great is Wisdom; so unlimited and untried the human intellect. And even while man mounts and toils and struggles, higher and higher yet, there comes to him one day a bright angel, and carries him away to the Highest, Sublimest place of all, where all shall be known and understood—that is, God—and where at last there is peace.”

On quitting school she rejoined her family at St Leonards, whither they had removed from Blackheath, and devoted herself to writing. The chief products of this period were her *Flower-Stories* and some others of an historical character, some of which, after passing through various magazines, were in 1875 published by Messrs. Parker under the title of *Rosamunda the Princess*, others being included in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, which was published after her death. Many of them were the products of sleep, even to their minutest details, those especially which were thus originated being characterised by a mysticism at once subtle, exquisite, and tender, and clearly such as to indicate their derivation direct from the soul itself rather than from a faculty merely intellective. Her power of retention in respect of the products of her dreams was already at this early period remarkable ; but it was only in after-years that she learnt its true nature, significance, and value. The testimonies received by her of the power of these stories to affect others were many and striking. “ Before I knew you ”—wrote one lady to her—“ I took up your ‘ Flower-Stories ’ accidentally, and something sobbed in me so bitterly in response that I could not see to read for tears.” Men were no less affected by them. One—the editor of a periodical, who sought permission to reproduce one of them—wrote : “ These beautiful things sink into and find the inner life, as with the touch of Love itself.” And the notable kabalist and mystic—whose recognition, friendship, and ripe wisdom proved an invaluable support in the work done in her subsequent collaboration with myself—the venerable Baron Spedalieri—on reading them after her death, thus wrote concerning these products of a girl’s dreams :—

“ Words fail to express the feelings I was seized with when I began to peruse these magical writings. It seemed to me that she was speaking to me with her so melodious a voice. What a poetical and prophetic genius ! What a mastery of style ! What a richness of language ! How graphic and grasping ! How beautiful and touching ! My delight was unbounded and well-nigh unutterable when I tasted—as a glutton does with a dainty—and pondered over the thoughtful and suggestive clusters of flowers—flowers of Wisdom. May her heavenly soul be blessed for the good and comfort she affords to a poor and disenchanted heart ! ”

She did not regard these writings as representing the whole of her nature, but only its inner and central part, between which

and its outer and circumferential part she recognised not only a great interval as to space, but a great difference, amounting to positive disharmony, as to character; for, while in the former she found herself optimist, poet, and well-nigh prophet, in the latter she found herself pessimist, critic, and well-nigh cynic. She could understand that the very keenness of her perceptions of the ideal might minister to the bitterness of her disappointment with the actual, and dispose her to hold persons responsible for their failure to realise, or even to approach, her conceptions of a possible perfection; and also that her own defect of health and her lack of sympathetic appreciation might in some measure account for this tendency. But she was liable also to a feeling of positive antagonism, and even of resentment, amounting to a sense of being persecuted and hunted, which seemed to be inborn in her, so much was it a part of her nature, her inability to account for which ministered to the pessimistic views of existence which forced themselves on her, leading her to ascribe the disharmony thus manifested to a defect in the nature of existence itself. And the events were not few or far between which served to confirm the impression, either that the world was hopelessly evil or that she was the especial victim of a conspiracy to disgust her with it.

Among such events the following held a prominent place and long rankled in her recollections. She had offered to a publishing house of high repute a small volume containing the results of some illuminations on religious subjects which had highly delighted herself, and for which she anticipated a corresponding appreciation from others. After being retained for an excessive length of time, the MS. was returned to her, bearing evident marks of having been read and re-read, with a warm expression of admiration for its contents, and also of regret at the inability of the firm in question to undertake its publication consistently with regard to the feelings of its clients, whom it dared not offend. The commendation went far to compensate for any disappointment caused by the rejection. But shortly afterwards a book appeared, issued by the same firm, and bearing the name of a near relative of the firm, largely made up from her MS., as was made clear to a family conclave to whom she read out page after page of identical matter, proving beyond possibility of doubt the treacherous fraud which had been practised upon her,

and this by persons making high pretension to religion. Unhinged by the shock, she would listen to no proposition for seeking redress, but, in a passion of indignation, put this out of her power by forthwith destroying the MS., that the sight of it might not remind her of the suffering it had caused her. Life for her was always thus on the quick; and the necessity of acting in accordance, at all costs, was paramount.

The death of her father, which took place in 1865, was a profound grief to her; and while it made her her own mistress, so far as money was concerned—for she came at once into possession of an income of some £700,—it concurred with other circumstances to aggravate her pessimistic tendencies, leading her to seek in physical excitements relief from mental distresses. Recounting to me her history at this period, she frankly admitted her attraction by the doctrine which regards existence as an evil in itself, and every moment of pleasure as something gained in spite of it. At some of her doings in this frame of mind she looked back with amazement and even horror. “Why,” she exclaimed, pursuing her confessions, “between my leaving school and being married I was for a time passionately fond of hunting, and, when not disabled by illness, would spend the day in the saddle. I not only loved the wild excitement of the gallop and the chase, but I delighted to be in at the death. I seemed to find a savage joy in seeing the dogs fasten on the fox and tear it to pieces. It was as if the beast of prey in me alone bore sway, and my moral nature was completely in abeyance. But suddenly one day, while riding home after a ‘splendid run and finish,’ as it is called, something in me asked me how I should like to be served so myself, and set me to looking at the matter from the point of view of the hunted creature, making me vividly to realise its wild terror and breathless distress all the time it is being pursued, and the ghastly horror of its capture and death. It was even less, I believe, my sense of pity than of justice that rebuked and changed me. What right have I, I asked myself, thus to ill-treat a creature simply because it has a form which differs from my own? Rather, if I am the superior, do its weakness and helplessness entitle it to my pity and protection than justify me in seeking my own gratification at its expense. And as for its lower position on the ladder of evolution, if there be evolution in one thing there must in another—if in the

physical, then in the moral—so that for a man to act thus is to renounce his moral gains and abdicate his moral superiority. Of course that was the end of my hunting, and thenceforth I and my steed took our gallops by ourselves; for, however much I may like a thing, I never can bring myself to do it while feeling it to be wrong. In fact, such a feeling would prevent my liking it.”

An escapade into which she was led by her eagerness for something that might be called work consisted in an application to a local solicitor for a clerkship in his office. It was not pay that she wanted, she informed him, but occupation; and by what she knew of lawyer's writing, she thought hers would be suitable. He listened with mingled interest and amusement, and then, to her great delight, seated her at a desk and gave her some copying to do; but, as his next step was to call at her home and report the incident, her hopes in this direction were soon extinguished.

An attachment which sprang up between her and her cousin, Algernon Godfrey Kingsford, who held a post in the Civil Service, ultimately proved the solution of her difficulties. But the engagement was long and troublous, owing to the parental preference for a wealthy but elderly suitor who also presented himself. The marriage was consequently deferred until Annie became of age, and took place on the last day of 1867, the chief event of the interval having been a visit to Switzerland, with a party of which the bridegroom-elect was one. It was her first experience of mountain scenery, and the impression made on her sensitive and poetic nature was profound and lasting, unfolding in her the consciousness of potentialities hitherto unrevealed. She described the sensation of melancholy which exquisite scenery is apt to induce as amounting in her case to agony, and declared her conviction that it is really due to jealousy—jealousy of a beauty one longs to possess, and yet which is at once one's own and not one's own. She wanted so intensely, she said, to *be* all the beauty she saw, and to know that she was it. And her joy was unbounded when, in after-years, she found the mystery solved for her in a manner altogether harmonious to her feelings.

Her first introduction to “spiritualism” took place as told in the following narrative. She recounted the incident to me on

my first visit to her and her husband, but only in brief ; but having the good fortune subsequently to make the acquaintance of the lady who enacted the part of medium on the occasion, I sought and obtained from her a copy of the record in her diary. This was Miss F. J. Theobald, a lady well known and highly esteemed in spiritualistic circles. And her narrative is interesting, not only as showing the impression made by Annie Bonus upon others, but also for its correspondence with some of the most remarkable of her own later independent experiences :—

“ I was living at Hastings,” writes Miss Theobald, “ in November 1867, when one morning a stranger, who proved to be Miss Annie Bonus, called on me to request my signature to a petition for the protection of married women’s property. Of course I gladly gave it, and also undertook to procure others. I was much interested in my young visitor—I do not think she was more than nineteen—with her bright, intelligent face, and the gentle, deep-set eyes which, as I knew so well, indicated the presence of clairvoyant powers, either latent or developed. I remember what a pleasure it was to me to converse with one who took so deep an interest in all kinds of subjects. I longed to find out whether she knew anything of spiritualism, and in order to do so I took up a copy of *Human Nature*, a spiritualistic periodical, which contained articles both on that subject and on another of which we had been speaking—Dress Reform ; and I asked her to take and read the latter, but said nothing about spiritualism ; but, as I hoped, the device succeeded beautifully. For the next morning she came running up to me as I sat on the parade, and sitting down by me, inquired eagerly, ‘ What does this spiritualism mean ? Are you a spiritualist ? ’ ‘ Yes,’ I said ; ‘ we are all old spiritualists.’ ‘ But,’ she exclaimed, ‘ I do not believe in a future state ! ’ ‘ It is all the more necessary, then, for you to know what spiritualism is,’ I answered ; adding, ‘ But if you have no belief in a future life, how is it you take so much interest in trying as you do to better the condition of the world ? Is it worth the trouble if death ends all things ? ’ She replied that she considered it a duty to do one’s best for the future generations here, and then went on to tell me of her own singular experiences ; of the visions she had all her life had, and how the doctors had declared they were due to over-excitement of the brain ; and how she had, like many others, suffered much from physicians, and received good from none. And, in fact, at this very time she was but just recovering from a severe illness, during which all her lovely hair had been shaven off ! ‘ But,’ she said, ‘ I *know* it is no fancy. I am *sure* I see all these things ; and it is *not* caused by illness.’

“ It was during this winter that Annie Bonus—for I soon came to call her so, at her own desire—became Mrs Kingsford ; but until the time of her marriage she frequently called upon me. One day she came just as I had received a message from my father, who had recently passed on. I read it to her, and was surprised to see how deeply it interested her. She listened with breathless attention, and

when I had ceased reading, exclaimed, 'How beautiful! Do you think if you took pencil again you would have a few words for me?' I most gladly complied, for I saw that her doubts were softened, and that she was in a receptive state of mind. This, of course, gave right conditions; and presently a message came purporting to be from her father. He said how sorry he was to have brought her up in such erroneous ideas, and urged her to investigate spiritualism, as it would bring evidence of the future state, and of his power to come to her and help her. This message came to her with conviction. I believe she at once accepted it as genuine. Her visits to me, which were frequent, were obliged to be *sub rosa*, because her family were greatly opposed to her coming to see a spiritualist, fearing its effect upon one whose experiences had been so peculiar and even alarming.

"Our first formal séance together was on November 30, 1867. Besides ourselves there were present Mrs De Morgan (the wife of the professor), who came by appointment, and Captain F. and his daughter, who came in unexpectedly. After a general message of admonition to cultivate communication, the following was written through me, addressed to Miss Bonus:—'My child, resist the materialistic teachings you have learned. There *is* a future, for I—your father—*live*. Seek earnestly;' and after an interval it was added, 'Avoid undevelopment by prayer to God. No other form.'

"I received several very interesting letters from Mrs Kingsford when she was living her married life at Lichfield, and very much regret having destroyed them; for they told of most interesting visions, and of evident cases of trance-condition; but, unhappily, not being understood by those about her, they were mistaken for fits, and she was placed again and again under the doctor's hands, and, as before, made to suffer cruelly.

"On January 24, 1869, being on a visit to her mother, Mrs Kingsford and a friend of hers came and sat with me for writing, and Mrs Kingsford herself held the pencil. For some time the writing was confused and indistinct, as if of some unaccustomed hand. Then, in answer to the question whether the spirit trying to write was a relative of Mrs Kingsford's, it was written distinctly, 'Yes, long ago. Anne Boylin.' At this we laughed, and Mrs Kingsford told us that they had reason to believe that Anne Boleyn was an ancestor of theirs. On questioning the spirit as to her state, she wrote: 'God is very good to me, and I am learning.' She then desired that the room be darkened, writing, as a reason, 'Because light consumeth atmosphere which contains the necessary influence. For this reason perfect absence of fyre is meetest.' She then continued: 'Conceive of me this,—that I died for a customme.' Asked for explanation, she wrote the following in old French:—'Prejugée—c'est à vous que je parle. Prejugée,—mais j'étais coupable. Moi, seulement—comme toutes les femes gallantes. Je vous aime, parceque je vous vois. Comme moi, votre roy est loin de vous à present. Ayez soin, m'amour.'

"Then, after a pause, during which we expressed our dislike of what was written, the spirit continued:—'I died by sword. Il y en a qui souffre des choses plus terrible. Il y en a qui perrissent par des maux de cœur, plus dur que d'acier. J'aimais trop mon frère. C'est l'homme que est injuste, et non pas ce grand esprit qu'on

appelle Dieu.' No doubt by 'sword' she meant axe, but she was at a loss for English words, and took the first that answered to her idea. On being asked her purpose in coming, she wrote, 'Pour intérêt.' "

The impression made on Mrs Kingsford's mind by this experience was that, supposing the writer to be really Anne Boleyn, her object was to warn her in respect of certain characteristics which she recognised herself as possessing in common with the hapless queen, and through yielding to which she had come to grief. As will duly appear, this experience had a remarkable sequel, imparting to it a value beyond what could have been conceived.

Her frankness respecting herself was a very marked characteristic. Full of the ideas which possessed her respecting a work in store, she had made it a special condition of her marriage that it should not fetter her in respect of any career to which she might be prompted. And when, in after-years, she happened, while I was with them, to come upon a packet of the letters which had passed between herself and her future husband, she was so struck with the insistency with which she had written on this point that she exclaimed while reading them, "What a disagreeable person I must have been to have written to A. in this way! They are full of declarations that my chief reason for marrying was to be independent and free. I only wonder that he took me."

As he had far too high an estimate of her powers and regard to her wishes to wish to restrict her, everything promised favourably for her future so far as their mutual relations were concerned. But it was soon made clear that her marriage was to be a marriage in little more than the name. They went to Brighton for their wedding-trip, only for her to be seized on the following day with an attack of asthma of so violent a nature as to endanger her life, and compel her return, so soon as she could be removed, to her mother's to be nursed through it. And there she remained, suffering constantly and severely, until the birth of her only child. This was a daughter, to whom—in indulgence of some early English prepossessions—she gave the name of Eadith, adding also her own maiden name, for which she entertained a high regard. During this interval her husband determined, to the great satisfaction of herself and family, to

enter the ministry, graduating for that purpose at Lichfield ; and here, so soon as she was sufficiently recovered, they took up their abode for the time requisite.

The step proved to be of high importance for her future work ; for she accompanied him assiduously in his studies, proving herself an admirable student, laborious, intelligent, exact, and thorough, and, while of invaluable assistance to him, making herself complete master of Anglican theology. But misfortune again overtook her, and she returned once more to her mother's house to be nursed through a long, painful, and dangerous illness of an internal nature, due, it was believed, to an accident, and involving severe surgical treatment, from the effects of which she never entirely recovered ; for from that time, in addition to her constitutional liabilities, she was subject to acute accesses of neuralgia, nervous panics, and sudden losses of consciousness, which were the occasion of several dangerous falls.

None of these things, however, sufficed to impair her mental power, damp her ambition, or weaken either her sense of some great work to be done by her or her resolution to do it whenever it should be shown to her. Nor did they affect her faculty of spiritual receptivity. On the contrary, the character of this faculty seemed to be enhanced by being lifted to a more distinctly religious sphere, wherein glimpses were obtained of interpretations and correspondences hitherto unsuspected by her, one especial effect being to impress her with a keen aversion to the religious system in which she had been reared, for its hardness, coldness, and meagreness, and its utter unrelatedness to her own spiritual needs, intellectual or emotional.

She had already at this time a small circle of Catholic friends, through whom she obtained some knowledge of that communion, and she had learned to appreciate the atmosphere, at once devotional and artistic, that environed them, and its contrast with all that she knew of her own co-religionists. The attractive side of the conventual life had also been presented to her. But the determining cause was of an abnormal kind. It consisted in her receipt of nocturnal visitations, three in number, from an apparition purporting to be that of St Mary Magdalen, who announced herself as the patron of souls of her order, and bade her join the Roman communion as a step requisite for the work in store for her, the nature of which would in due time be communicated to



PORTRAIT OF ANNA KINGSFORD, ÆT. 23.

James Hyatt.

face p. 15, vol. 1.

her. This led to her seeking priestly counsel, when she was told that her experience, though of rare occurrence, was recognised by the Church as being orderly and regular, and as a mark of special grace and favour, and one not to be disregarded without incurring grave responsibility. Her private intimations were to the same purport, and no obstacle being raised, she at length took the step so strangely prompted, and on September 14, 1870, being the "Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross," was formally received under the names Mary Magdalen. Two years later, June 9, 1872, being the "Feast of the Sacred Heart," she was confirmed by Archbishop Manning, receiving the additional names of Maria Johanna. Of these, the former was chosen by the Archbishop, and the latter by herself, her reasons for the choice being her affection for her father and eldest brother, both of whom were named John, and her veneration for Joan of Arc, upon whom she was wont to look almost as a patron saint, as she told me on the occasion of an experience of an extraordinary character, to be related in its place, which occurred in 1877. In this way she came to bear the names of all the women mentioned in the Gospels as being by the Cross and at the Sepulchre. But this is not all that was strange and noteworthy about her names; for the time was to come when even her maiden and married names were to disclose themselves as invested with a profound significance. She described the apparition of the Magdalen as bearing a close resemblance to herself in feature, form, and colouring, so far as she could discern her through a veil which covered her head and shoulders. She had no theory at the time to account for the experience, but subsequent events pointed to conclusions of a very startling nature.

Thus was accomplished the second great step in what proved to be her education for the task which awaited her; for to her knowledge of Anglican theology she now added that of Catholic doctrine, by making of it as careful a study as of the former. It must be stated, however, in view of her subsequent unfoldments, that no question had as yet arisen for her as between the two presentments of Christianity, the ecclesiastical and the mystical. She accepted the Roman as against the Protestant, the Catholic as against the sectarian, the æsthetic and emotional as against the inartistic and formal; not the ecclesiastical and objective as against the spiritual and subjective. For of the

existence of the alternative presentation she had yet to become aware. Meanwhile she retained complete independence, both in mind and act, declining spiritual direction, and only as the impulse took her did she avail herself of the offices of the Church.

Her husband's first curacy was that of Atcham, near Shrewsbury, of which parish he subsequently, after sundry migrations, became vicar ; a picturesque and pleasant, but—as it proved for her—an insalubrious spot, lying low on the banks of the Severn, and liable to floods. Finding continuous residence there impracticable, and being impelled irresistibly to activities for which a country life afforded no scope, and resolute in her struggle against her physical disabilities, she undertook the risks and conduct of a London weekly magazine then seeking a purchaser, and accordingly became proprietor of *The Lady's Own Paper ; a Journal of Progress, Taste, and Art*, editing it herself, and dividing her time between London and her home. By this agency she sought to give expression to the ideas which crowded on her in regard to social reform, especially in matters directly affecting her own sex ; not, however, restricting the term to its personal aspect. For, while aiming immediately at the enlargement of the sphere assigned to women, she aimed rather at the promotion to what she conceived to be its due place in the control of society, of the principles of which woman is the especial representative, than at the promotion of women themselves. It was with a view to the former that she sought the latter. And she took delight in regarding the circumstance of her having been born under the influence of the constellation Libra, as an indication of the part she was to fulfil in restoring the due balance between the masculine and feminine principles of humanity. Once installed in her editorial chair, she soon obtained the recognition and aid of the foremost women of the day, the list of her contributors and sympathisers comprising the names of Emily Shirreff, Julia Wedgewood, Frances Power Cobbe, Sophia Jex Blake, Elizabeth Wolstenholme, Madam Bodichon, and others. The movement for the political enfranchisement of women—then in its early stage—found in her an ardent advocate, and many were her utterances, written and spoken, on its behalf, her appearances on the platform never failing to excite the utmost enthusiasm—as the journals of the day bear witness—by her charm of look and manner, her eloquence and logic, and, withal,

her intense feminineness. Never of her was it said that she "unsexed" herself on these occasions; but, on the contrary, she was recognised as a practical demonstration of a woman's ability to fulfil such functions without the smallest derogation of her womanhood, and that fact supplied the most potent of all arguments for her cause. Even members of Parliament resorted to her, not only for information and arguments, but for speeches, with which she readily supplied them, taking delight in attending the House to hear them delivered, but always regretting her inability to deliver them herself, she would have done it so much better!

The following extracts from *An Essay on the Admission of Women to the Parliamentary Franchise*, by Ninon Kingsford (Trübners, 1868), will serve to exhibit her position on this subject, and manner of dealing with it. Referring to the allegation that the majority of women themselves are indisposed to the franchise, she says:—

"And if it be so—which I very greatly doubt—why is it so? It is because men have narrowed the minds of women, by employing against them every species of tyranny that the law can be made to sanction or to wink at. If I take a bird out of a wood and cut its wings, what wonder that it cannot fly? And when, after a while, I let it go about the house, and it begins to understand that it cannot fly, what wonder that it ceases to attempt flying, and is content to hop about from room to room and from stair to stair? Well, my friends see the bird, and they say it is tame. It has lost the use of its wings, and so it goes on its legs, and is tolerably content. But one of my friends looking on—perhaps his name may be Mill—says, 'I think your pet would be happier if it could fly.'

"But it is not for the actual privilege of voting itself that I would so much plead, but for the benefit that the extension of the franchise to women would bring to the whole sex. It would give women a higher place in society; it would raise them in the estimation of men; it would lift them from the level of goods and chattels to the position they ought to occupy, of citizens and responsible beings. And to those men who cry out so loudly that women's inferior attainments and acquirements prove them inferior in capacity and intellect, I answer this: Who made them inferior, nature or custom, God or man? Who barred against women the doors of the colleges, the academies, the scientific societies, the associations, the institutions? Who deny to women every means of superior education and nobler training? Who push them back into the nursery and the kitchen, and tell them their 'duty' and their 'sphere' is there, and *there* only? Why, these men themselves, who, by and by, seeing that women grow up as they have trained them, stand up on platforms and say, 'See here: the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Are the women half so clever as we?'

“ Ah, my good sirs ! they must indeed be clever if they are to know, without being taught, what you take many long years to learn ! . . . ”

After contrasting the education afforded to the sexes respectively, and showing that, while everything is done to advance the boy, everything is done to repress the girl, she enlarges upon the aimlessness of a woman's life, her absolute want of anything to look forward to, saving only marriage. And—

“ This aim frustrated, her only design crossed, she is thrown on her own resources for her enjoyment ; and because these, through defective education, are shallow and superficial, . . . she stands, another Andromeda, bound to the rock on the sea-shore ; the ocean lies before her, the heavens are above her head, but she has no power either to float over the deep waters of the one or to rise into the pure bright ether of the other ; she stands, shackled by the chains of ignorance, a helpless prey to that terrible monster whose name is ‘ Ennui.’ But to the educated man, what heights, what depths, are accessible ! Like Perseus, he leaps from the edge of the high cliff into the higher fields of light over his head, or he floats and hovers over the clear, transparent face of the broad sea ; for he is provided with the wings of the Immortals, and to him nothing is impossible. But oh ! when will the world translate the allegory rightly, and act out its moral and its doctrine ? When will Perseus come to deliver the fair Andromeda, to loosen her fetters, and to set her free ? When, for her sake, will he slay the terrible monster who would devour her, combat for her against an army of priests and *soi-disant* lovers, and bear away his bride to be his spouse and queen on the far-off peaks of the Holy Hill ? ”

The tendency thus to express herself in terms derived from the Greek anthology is one of those characteristics which are worthy to be noted by the way as serving to confirm the solution ultimately afforded of the problem of her life and character ; namely, that it was not acquired but innate, being due to unconscious recollection of previous existences. Another undesigned testimony to the same solution is afforded by the variety of the names adopted by her. That of Ninon, which was affixed to this brochure, was used by her for a considerable period, having been given her by her eldest brother on account of a resemblance he found between her and the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, and adopted by her in preference both to her own name and the more feminine appellation of “ Nina ” used by her husband, as better according, by reason of its more masculine termination, with the active and energetic side of her character and career. The

tendency thus to multiply her names was an unconscious expression of her sense of the multiplicity of the personalities she came to recognise as subsisting in herself.

Though sympathising to the last in the movement for the enfranchisement of women, she did not long continue to take an active part in it. The reasons for her withdrawal were manifold. One was her conviction that women would more successfully achieve their desired emancipation by demonstrating their capacity for serious work than by merely clamouring for freedom and power. And another was her strong disapproval of the spirit in which the movement was coming to be worked. This was the spirit which manifested itself not only in hostility to men as men, but to women as the wives and mothers of men. The last thing contemplated by her was an aggravation of the existing divisions and antagonisms between the sexes. And, so far from accepting the doctrine of the superiority of spinsterhood over wifedom, she regarded it as an assertion of the superiority of non-experience over experience as a means of education. But that which most of all she reprobated in this connection was the disposition which led women to despise womanhood itself as an inferior condition, and accordingly to cultivate the masculine at the expense of the feminine side of their nature. Her aim was to exalt, not persons, but principles; not women, but womanhood. It was by magnifying their womanhood, and not by exchanging it for a factitious masculinity, that she would have her sex obtain its proper recognition.

Neither in the acquisition nor in the conduct of her magazine was she influenced by commercial ends. Her principles were everything, and her adherence to them proved fatal to the enterprise. It was not that those essentials of journalistic success, advertisements, were wanting. On the contrary, the supply was ample for such purpose. But, as proprietor, she insisted on editing her advertising as well as her literary columns, and rigidly excluded notices of any wares which failed to meet her approval. Preparations of meats, unhygienic articles of apparel, deleterious cosmetics—in fact, whatever involved death in the procuring or ministered to death in the using was banned and barred, regardless of monetary results. Her manager, alarmed at the prospect which he too surely foresaw, remonstrated earnestly but vainly. She was inflexible. And so it came that, after

a two years' trial and a loss of several hundred pounds, the incompatibility of the standard of journalistic morality which she proposed to herself with commercial success became too obvious to be disregarded, and the enterprise was abandoned. The experience gained, however, was regarded by her as more than compensating the outlay. It was another step in her education for whatever was before her. And her magazine had served at least one notable end, for in its columns had been sounded the first note of the crusade which has since been waged against the atrocities of the physiological laboratory. It was in the exercise of her functions as editor of *The Lady's Own Paper* that she became aware of the existence of vivisection. A paragraph on the subject elicited a sympathetic response from Miss Frances Power Cobbe ; and from that time forth the suppression of this "modern Inquisition" became the foremost aim of her life, as also of Miss Cobbe's. When she renounced her magazine she had already come to the determination to devote herself to the study of medicine, with a direct view to qualify herself for accomplishing the abolition of that which she regarded with a passionate horror as the foulest of practices, whether as regarded its nature or its principles. This and the question of diet were the two immediately impelling motives which determined her choice of a profession. Under her brother's tuition she had adopted the Pythagorean regimen of abstinence from flesh food, with such manifest advantage to herself, physically and mentally, as to lead her to see in it the only effectual means to the world's redemption, whether as regarded men themselves or the animals. Man, carnivorous and sustaining himself by slaughter and torture, was not for her man at all in any true sense of the term. Neither intellectually nor physically could he be at his best while thus nourished. These, then, were the four points of the charter for the establishment of which she now determined to obtain medical knowledge: purity of diet, compassion for the animals, the exaltation of womanhood, and mental and moral unfoldment through the purification of the organism.

There was one feature in her magazine which calls for more particular notice, partly as an illustration of her faculty of psychic insight and reflectiveness, and partly for its relation to her subsequent history. This was a story called *In my Lady's Chamber*, and purporting to be a "speculative romance touching a few

questions of the day." It was afterwards ¹ published separately as by "Colossa," a signature chosen in token of her own unusual stature, but singularly inappropriate in view of her total lack of the other characteristic — massiveness—implied by the term.

In my Lady's Chamber represented a striking contrast between two opposite kinds of life, that of her own high poetic and prophetic aspirations, and that of which she caught glimpses and suggestions from the Bohemian element in the world artistic and journalistic with which she came into unavoidable contact. The impartiality with which she vividly drew both of these opposite pictures was such as to leave it an open question which of the two, the saintly or the prodigal, engaged her own sympathies. And it was not until I had become familiarised with her peculiar gift in virtue of which she could take on, as it were, and make her own, and reflect exactly persons, scenes, and conditions of which she had no experience, that I was able to comprehend her power of describing what was so widely removed from her own personal knowledge or cherished ideals. But, as I came to learn by manifold experiences, it was enough that there be some contact or link, however slight, with persons, circumstances, and conditions, for them to become transferred in their entirety to her imagination, and there impressed with such vividness as to enable her to reproduce them in full detail, as if experiences of her own, as faithfully and almost as mechanically as a mirror reflects the objects presented to it.

The following is the incident to which the story in question gave rise. It was the spring of 1873. She had commenced to study medicine, and was living at her new home, near Pontesbury, in Shropshire, of which parish her husband had lately become one of the three rectors, when she received a letter, signed "Anna Wilkes," from a lady at a distance, a stranger to her, saying that she—the writer—had read with profound interest and admiration the story above mentioned, and, after reading it, had received from the Holy Spirit a message for her which was to be delivered in person. Would Mrs Kingsford receive her, and when? After a little hesitation the permission desired was accorded, and an appointment made. The rest shall be told in Mrs Kingsford's own words :—

¹ In 1874.

“ At the hour named I met her on the way while she was driving from the station, and was at once struck by her manner and appearance, and subsequently by her conversation, as much as I had been by her previous communication. She was tall, erect, distinguished-looking, with hair of iron-grey and strangely brilliant eyes. She told me that she had received a distinct message from the Holy Spirit, and had been so strongly impressed to come and deliver it to me in person that she could not refrain. Her message was to the effect that for five years to come I was to remain in retirement, continuing the studies in which I was engaged, whatever they might be, and the mode of life on which I had entered, suffering nothing and no one to draw me aside from them. And when these probationary and preparatory five years were passed, the Holy Spirit would drive me forth from my seclusion to teach and to preach, and that a great work would be given me to do. All this she uttered with a rapt and inspired expression, as though she had been some sibyl delivering an oracle. And when she had ended, seeing, no doubt, my look of surprise, she asked me if I thought her mad—a question to which I was at some loss to reply ; for I had encountered nothing of the kind before, and was disposed to share the impression which all ordinary and worldly folk have always had concerning those who profess to be prophets. Having delivered her message, my prophetess kissed me on both cheeks and departed. And on subsequently reflecting upon my own experiences in receiving communications in dream and vision, and beholding apparitions, and also upon the singular accordance between the purport of the message and my own impression from childhood upwards, my sense of its strangeness became greatly diminished.”

As will duly be recounted, this was not the only occasion on which this lady was employed as the bearer of a message to Mrs Kingsford from unseen sources, all the circumstances of the second occasion being within my own cognisance.

The story contained the following ballad, which is not only a good example of her facility for compositions of this kind, but prophetic of her own future work. She entitled it, “ The Light that never was on Sea or Land.” Here it may better be called—

SALEM'S SEA

“ Prick fast, fair knight ; the west is gray,
 The east is dark and eerie ;
 No hope for him who rides this way,
 If heart or spur be weary ! ”
 “ Fair Elle-maid, mine are spurs of steel ;
 My heart no peril jars,
 If only on my face I feel
 The holy light of stars ;
 If but athwart the gloom shall steal
 The steadfast light of stars ! ”

“ Ah, valiant sir ! round yonder heights
 The windy thunders revel ;
 The Forest of the Wandering Lights
 Lies black along the level.”

“ No mountain storms, pale elf, I fear,
 Nor lights upon the lea,
 If only breaks upon my ear
 The murmur of the sea ;
 If but across the wild I hear
 The Voice of Salem’s Sea.”

To dare the fearsome waste he flies
 Ere scarce the words are spoken ;
 Secure beneath his corselet lies
 His chosen lady’s token.
 The mystic forest o’er him throws
 The black colossal bars,
 But high above them slowly grows
 The glory of the stars ;
 He greets their silver smile and knows
 It is the light of stars.

Wild voices cry, strange faces glance
 From tufted glen and hollow ;
 Before him ghostly meteors dance,
 Behind him shadows follow !
 The boughs are live that touch his cheeks,
 The grass that sweeps his knee,
 The goblin bird of midnight shrieks
 From every gnarlèd tree ;
 But evermore sonorous speaks
 The Voice of Salem’s Sea !

Weird spectres round him wheel and dart,
 But he nor turns nor tarries,
 For still upon that knightly heart
 His lady’s gift he carries ;
 No phantom bred of reedy mires
 His eastward journey bars ;
 He trusts alone the holier fires
 Of Heaven’s eternal stars ;
 A sacred light his soul inspires
 From yonder burning stars !

“ I mind thee not, dim Wood,” he sings,
 “ Thou World of Lights pretended ;
 False fires, and tongues of vapid things
 That die like lamps expended !
 Vague babble of uncertain creeds,
 Vain faiths that flit and flee ;
 My heart one nobler warning heeds
 From yonder sounding sea ;
 No wandering voice my path impedes
 To that eternal sea !

" Evöe ! through the darkness burns
 A Light of Love supernal ;
 Die, feeble tongues ! my spirit yearns
 For harmonies eternal !
 Evöe ! from yon purple space,
 The storm no longer bars
 That glory from my lifted face
 That is the Light of Stars ;
 So mighty is my Lady's grace,
 So true the holy Stars ! "

The tale was prefaced and followed by some verses which, taken together with those already given, afford a striking token of her power of intense expression equally in the direction of melancholy, of tenderness, and of passion. For which reason, as well as for their intrinsic merit as poetry, they deserve a place in a biography designed especially to exhibit all the phases of a soul of rare capacity :—

A SONNET OF DEDICATION

This book is thine, my friend, and this thy song,
 My service follows aye where rests my heart ;
 Since heart and service then to thee belong,
 Take also this, which of myself is part.

A sorry gift, beneath thy lightest thought—
 Thy meanest thanks,—yet, worthless though it be,
 One value hath it still, that it was wrought,
 As is all else of mine, beloved, for thee !

My life hath no good thing that doth not take
 Its brightness from the love which is my sun ;
 For thee I sing or laugh, and for thy sake
 From day to day whate'er I do is done !

Yet, though this be, and still like morning's glow
 That one sweet thought turn all my grey to gold,
 Thou dost not know my heart, nor canst thou know
 As others do, to whom that heart is cold !

I am a dullard in thy presence, sweet,
 I have no power to think when thou art near,
 And from my trembling lips the words retreat,
 Abashed and coy, when thou art by to hear !

Would I be witty to deserve thy grace ?
 Would I be wise to win some praise from thee ?
 'Tis all in vain—I look but in thy face,
 And straightway love alone possesseth me !

Since, then, thy face my sight doth ever fill,
 Thy fault it is this book is writ so ill !

A SONG OF LEAVE-TAKING

It is ended ; the rapture is broken,
The moon of my passion is set ;
I knew the farewell must be spoken,
I knew we must learn to forget.

No more shall the darkness deceive us,
With dreams that are tender and fleet ;—
Alas that a waking so grievous
Should follow a slumber so sweet !

Must this be the end of our passion ?
Ah, love ! hold me once to your heart !
Kiss me once in the old tender fashion,
Mine now—and with sunrise we part.

We part ; ah ! the sweets that are ended,
Ah ! the joys that are faded and fled,
With the fume of the lamplight expended,
And the breath of the rose that is dead !

Yet, sweet, though our ways lie asunder,
WE HAVE LOVED, and your soul has been mine ;
Day may waken with tempest and thunder,
But the night that is past was divine.

Past ! past ! . . . Oh, my darling ! stoop nearer,
Read the light of old times in mine eyes ;
Never then were you fairer or dearer
Than now, in this moment of sighs !

Press close, let me see the love glitter
Once more in the face that was mine ;
For the gold has grown ashen, and bitter
The cup that was sweeter than wine !

Past, past ! So they languish and leave us
These passions that once were our breath,
And the perfumes of garlands is grievous,
And song dies,—and life is as death !

CHAPTER II

OUR FIRST ACQUAINTANCE

THERE appeared in the *Examiner*, in the summer of 1873, together with a notice of a tale of Mrs Kingsford's, one of a tale of mine, with which, on reading it, she found herself so much in sympathy that she wrote to me proposing an interchange of ideas. We were entirely unacquainted with each other at this time ; for although there was a connection between her husband's family and my own, I had never met either him or her. Her letter bore date, "Hinton Hall, Pontesbury, Salop, July 25, 1873," and was signed "Ninon Kingsford." It bade me address her as Mrs Algernon Kingsford, and was accompanied by a copy of her tale, *In my Lady's Chamber*. The book of mine which had attracted her notice was *By-and-By : an Historical Romance of the Future*. Judged by the light of our subsequent history and work, this was a notable coincidence ; for the book in question was a tale with a mystical import, representing an endeavour to think out the secret of the character of Jesus, with a view to the elucidation of the problem of Christianity, its hero's name being Christmas Carol. And its concluding sentence was, "May it be that by the life and death of Christmas Carol, more than one *Eastern Question* will be advanced towards its final solution." The coincidence consists in the circumstance that the result of the association thus initiated was precisely the solution in full of the greatest of all "Eastern Questions," the question of Christianity.

My response to her letter was a simple acquiescence. In a second letter, dated August 4, she described herself as "one of those strong-minded women who believe in Liberal politics and natural religion."

"I have been the editor," she said, "of a woman's paper, and have addressed public meetings from platforms. By adoption and profession I am a member of that most conservative of Churches, the

Roman Catholic, but by conviction I am rather a pantheist than anything else ; and my mode of life is that of a fruit-eater. In other words, I have a horror of flesh as food, and belong to the Vegetarian Society. At present I am studying medicine with the view of ultimately entering the profession,—not for the sake of practice, but for scientific purposes. I do not think you will glean many of my thoughts from the pages of the book I send you, for I have not dared to unfold much of my mind in that production, because—being connected with many societies and committees in London—I desired rather to feel my way among my coadjutors than rudely to wound their (too) sensitive natures. Much, you know, is permitted to men which to women is forbidden. For which reason I usually write under some assumed name. *Pardón*, as you read, the *many* shortcomings of the volume I send you, which you are pleased to dignify by the name of ‘work.’ Alas ! my ‘work,’ I fear me, would come under the ban of that pithy censure pronounced by the apologist of ‘rare Ben Jonson,’—‘Ben’s Plays are Works, but others’ Works are Plays.’

NINON JOHANNA KINGSFORD.”

The following letter bore date ten days later :—

“ I am glad that the opinion you have formed of my book is in so much favourable. You seem to be curious why I seek the study of medicine. I cannot better answer your question in this respect than by a quotation from your own work—words which, coinciding so singularly with my own conviction regarding the real basis of religion, first attracted me to you. They are these :—‘ The physical good of man must be the foundation of the moral. The grand mistake of the ancient world lay in its commencing at the wrong end. It inverted the pyramid. Placing religion first, it proceeded to morals, and then to physics. From the unknown they inferred the knowable.’¹

“ Now, I have already told you my peculiar ideas respecting diet. These ideas are, I am very well persuaded, the future creed of a nobler and gentler race. I laugh when I hear folks talk hopefully of the coming age, which will decide all the quarrels of the world by means of international arbitration ; and I have myself been scores of times invited to take part in ‘ Women’s Peace Conventions ’ and the like. These poor deluded creatures cannot see that universal peace is absolutely impossible to a carnivorous race ! If men feed like lions and tigers, they will, by the necessity of things, retain the nature of lions and tigers. By the way, will you permit me to notice a slight anomaly in your last book ? Objecting to the grant of the franchise to women, you say that they have no right to freedom because they cannot serve the country as *soldiers*. Elsewhere in the same volume you observe that the network of telegraphic wires covering the face of the globe could not have been preserved had not the people of your imaginary age *abolished war*. If, then, you suppose war to be abolished, where is the necessity for soldiers ? and in what consists the reason and justice of excluding women from freedom because they are useless as soldiers ?

“ To return to my former explanation regarding physics. I want

¹ It may be well to remark that maturer thought by no means confirmed for either of us this view as thus expressed.—E. M.

to establish my theory about diet, and a few others belonging to the same category. Several physicians are on the same track, and all things appear to me to indicate that the real salvation of the human race lies in a return to its ancient obedience to Nature. This primitive condition is depicted in the Hebrew allegory about the Garden of Eden. Man has no carnivorous teeth. The whole formation of his internal organs plainly presupposes his subsistence on fruits, grains, and vegetables. He has the rudiment of the third intestine peculiar to the vegetable-eating creatures, and his saliva-producing glands are those of the same race. But he has degenerated it by his habits in regard to diet, and debased himself. Nevertheless, his moral instincts are still against the habit he has adopted. For what little child, what gentle woman, or even what noble man likes to see a sentient creature, full of health and life, immolated by knife or cord? Much less who, save a butcher, would care to do the murder necessary (?) for a single civilised dinner? I would like to force everyone who feeds on flesh to slay his or her own prey. I would like to oblige the fine lady to go and cut the throat of the innocent lamb or the pretty rabbit she wants to eat for her dinner. If she really had the nature she imitates, that would be a pleasant task to her. But she has it not; because she is by nature a being of higher race than the tiger or vulture.

“ I could bring forward endless proofs of my theory, proofs collected by dint of long and careful observation. And I *know* that in proportion as man abandons the diet of flesh and blood, and observes that of fruit and grain, his spirit becomes purer, higher, and diviner. So true is it that the Body makes the Soul.”¹

A letter written a few days later contained an invitation to the Shropshire parsonage; but I was unable at that time to take advantage of it. She said in it:—

“ I send you a tiny volume of verses, published some years ago. Read them with mercy, for they were all written before I was seventeen, and many when I was but a child of ten or eleven. My very first published production was a poem (?) in a religious magazine, when I was but nine years old. I was so overjoyed at seeing my own lucubrations in print that I went into my own room and cried there for hours with sheer delight and anticipation of I know not what future glories. Alas, alas! how is the gold bedimmed and the laurel faded!

“ We both like your ‘ Pilgrim and the Shrine ’ immensely. A. (my husband) reads it aloud to me every evening while I sew, and we always have a discussion after the reading. I wish you could be present in spirit! I have not yet finished the book, but my admiration of it grows with every line I hear. You have given expression to the thousand and one thoughts that have led me to stand where I now am. Not a single idea, not a solitary reverie of Herbert’s is strange to me. I am familiar with every thought he entertains. The whole book is like a mirror to me.”

¹ This she subsequently recognised as true only in the limited sense that they act and react on each other, the soul being the real maker of the body, but able to make it only out of the materials supplied to it.—E. M.

The autumn brought a suspension of our correspondence. On its resumption I learnt that she had in the interval passed her preliminary examination at the Apothecary's Hall, and gone through a severe illness. Some remarks in her letter, though in accordance with the prevailing thought of the day, struck me as indicative of a no less unhealthy state of mind—an impression which was confirmed by the letter which succeeded, dated November 24, which ran thus :—

“ Some things in your ‘ Pilgrim ’ appear to me, if I may say it, a trifle too—poetic. For instance, your Herbert professes himself satisfied that ‘ God is Love.’ For myself, I see everywhere in the universe inflexible, unchangeable Law ; but Love I fail to see, unless the Law involves it in its course. I see everywhere prevailing the Rule of the Strong. In the depths of the sea, in the remote wilderness, in the open air of heaven, the swift and the powerful gain the battle of life. The dove is torn by the hawk, the fawn is murdered by the tiger, the tiny goldfish is victimised by some voracious cannibal of the waters. I see everywhere slaughter, suffering, and terror ; and I score one to the theologians. For throughout Nature Life is continued by means of Death. Is not the God who made all this just the very God who would delight in the death of an innocent victim ? Is not the God who voluntarily surrounds Himself with carnage and misery just the very God whom the sight of Calvary's Cross would please ? Some years ago I wrote these words in an essay for a magazine : ‘ True religion is the infelt sense of harmony with the universe ! ’ I find these words of mine absolutely repeated in an identical expression in your book. Flattering as it is to me to discover a thinker like yourself in accord with my definition, I must confess that I have lately moved from this standpoint of opinion. I do not find myself, when at my highest altitude of feeling, in harmony with the prevailing sentiment of Nature. If I were, I should not be a vegetarian. I should slay and eat, like the rest of my species. But, nevertheless, I know well that gentleness and horror of bloodshed characterise all noble and great dispositions, even though all these may not carry their ideas to a logical and practical issue as I do. How, then, reconcile this tenderness of soul with an admiration of Nature's dispensations ? Is not the morality of civilised man *alone* the morality of Nature ? Yet what a horrible inconsistency ! what a ludicrous anomaly ! For is not Nature the manifestation of God ? and how, then, is it possible for man, who is part of God, to be more moral than the whole of which he is a fraction ? How, in Christian phrase, can man be more just than his Maker ? ”

Her next letter, which bears date December 4, took for text the following passage in one that I had sent her in the interval :—

“ I suggest that—supposing the Supreme Cause to be intelligent and feeling in our sense—it is not unimaginable that He may totally disregard physical pain and death as of no consequence in themselves, and look solely to the evolution, through them, of the moral

nature. If the human conscience be the supremest result of the universe, and the sole end worth attaining, may it not be that such discipline as is inseparable from the idea of pain is essential to the production of that end ? ”

Her reply consisted mainly of a protest against the ascetic notion of inflicting or encouraging physical disease or pain as a means to grace. It was chiefly notable for a passage which reads like a foreshadowing of the doctrine finally restored by us, and was as follows :—

“ Once or twice I have fancied that the key to the secret of the universe might be found in the Transmigration theory of wise old Pythagoras. It has long been my serious and profound conviction that IF men have immortal spirits, so also have all living creatures. We cannot logically arrogate perpetuity of being to our own species. And it is just possible that the germ of the soul, existing, perhaps, rudimentarily in the lowest forms of vegetation, may gather strength to itself by passing upwards through numberless modes of being, until it culminates in man . . . and at length mounts into higher atmospheres, and departs to inhabit the ‘ many mansions ’ of the Father among the starry spheres. But this, of course, is the merest conjecture, avowedly set forth to account for the fact of earthly suffering among men and other living creatures. I confess that observation and science appear to me rather to indicate that men and animals alike are soulless ; that consciousness perishes with the body ; and that, in fact, the spirit is no separate existence, but merely the manifestation of the vital forces. . . . As your son has a taste for medical study, it would be interesting and useful to him to investigate the influences of diet upon the system, and the relation of the human digestive organs to food. This is one of the most important items of the ‘ sublime science.’ I mean to study it specially myself, and am going to Paris for this purpose next March. Women are admitted to the medical schools *there*. I am disappointed to think there is so small a chance of our meeting soon. I comfort myself with the knowledge, however, that we certainly shall meet *some time*.”

The obstacle to our meeting arose from the great age and infirmity of my mother, with whom I was living at Brighton, and the necessity of my almost constant attendance on her, I being the only member of the family free for the task. A tiny *carte de visite*, however, served to give me some idea of the outward aspect of my correspondent, and in the month of January an opportunity offered of our meeting in London. It was but for a short time, and during a single afternoon ; but it was sufficient to convince me of the unusual character of the personality with which I had come into contact ;—unusual not only for its originality, freshness, and force, but also for its manifoldness

and contradictions. Tall, slender, and graceful in form, fair and exquisite in complexion, bright and sunny in expression, the hair long and golden, of the "Mary Magdalen" hue, but the brows and lashes dark, and the eyes deep-set and hazel, and by turns dreamy and penetrating; the mouth rich, full, and exquisitely formed; the brow broad, prominent, and sharply cut; the nose delicate, slightly curved, and just sufficiently prominent to give character to the face; and the dress somewhat fantastic, as became her looks,—Anna Kingsford seemed at first more fairy than human, and more child than woman—for though really twenty-seven, she appeared scarcely seventeen—and made expressly to be caressed, petted, and indulged, and by no means to be taken seriously; and the last characters to be assigned her were those of wife and mother, sufferer and student, while the bare idea of her studying medicine, or even taking a journey by herself, as she was then doing, shocked one by its incongruity.

These impressions, however, were considerably modified when she spoke, so musical, rich, sympathetic, and natural were the tones of her voice. And when, as was presently the case—for there was no barrier of strangeness to be overcome, so ready had been the mutual recognition—she warmed to her favourite themes, her whole being radiant with a spiritual light which seemed to flow as from a luminous fountain within, her utterances were in turn those of a savant, a sage, and a child, each part suiting her as well as if it were her one and only character. Never had I seen anyone so completely and intensely alive, or comprising so many diverse and incompatible personalities.

On my remarking on the number of the natures which seemed to belong to her, and to correspond with the number of the names by which already she had called herself, whether in her letters or in her books, and expressing curiosity as to *which* of all these personalities she really was—we were sitting and conversing in a picture gallery at the time—she frankly admitted that she was as much puzzled to find an answer to the question as anyone else could be, for she seemed to herself to be so many different persons, and to have so many different aptitudes and tendencies, that it was most difficult for her to decide either about her nature or her work; and the result had been the disastrous one of inducing her to do a great many things indifferently instead of some one thing well. She had it in her equally to be artist,

poet, orator, musician, singer, scholar, savant, preacher, apostle, reformer, and prophet. "And now," she went on, "I am completing my education by studying medicine. Not that I believe it will really be complete even when I have my diploma; for the subject is limitless, and really leads to other subjects. For all things are related." She further told me that, though she had ceased to take an active part in the "Women's Rights" movement, she was none the less in sympathy with it, as founded in essential justice, and justice was the ruling principle of her nature. Could she only do something to restore the just balance of the sexes, she would not have been born under Libra for nothing. Justice as between men and women, human and animal,—these were her foremost aims. For all injustice was cruelty, and cruelty was, for her, the one unpardonable sin. It was their cruelty that more than anything else made her own kind hateful to her. For she was not a lover of humanity if by that word be meant men and women. Her love was all for principles, not for persons. To my suggestion, in reference to her remark about women's rights, that one reason for men objecting to change the condition of women might be that they liked them so much as they are, she replied—

"I do not admit their preference as entitled to any weight in the matter. They do not consider whether we like them as they are, but follow their own likings and fulfil their own nature as they will. And we claim the right to do the same. Let us fulfil our natures and be our own utmost, and then it will be time to see whether or not they like us. As it is, we are so artificial that they do not know what womanhood really is in its proper development; and not only are we shams, we are dwarfs, cripples, and deformities, compared with what we might and ought to be. Ah! and the men lose too, and in a twofold way. They lose by having inferior women for their mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters, and they lose by being stunted themselves. For one sex cannot be kept back without the other suffering."

"But your precise remedy, what is it exactly?" I asked.

"Equal rights and equal experiences."

"Considering that at present society requires of its women the innocence that comes of ignorance, and reserves for its men the virtue that comes of knowledge, would not your system bring about a complete subversion?"

“ Even so, it is as much a need of ours as of yours to seek perfection through suffering, which is what experience means.”

I found myself pledged at parting to visit the Shropshire parsonage at the earliest opportunity, and, besides improving my acquaintance with herself, make that of her husband, whom she warmly extolled, as well also of her little girl and four-footed pets, her guinea-pigs, who, it was easy to see, were a very important element in the family. In reviewing the situation I found myself conscious of a feeling that I had, somehow, contracted a responsibility of no ordinary kind towards her. For I foresaw that, while we should become great friends, there was that in her which rendered her peculiarly amenable to personal influences, notwithstanding her claim to independence of character. I felt, too, that thus far it was altogether uncertain how or to what extent her revolt against conventional ideas would find expression. Intensely feminine of aspect, fragile of frame, and delicate of constitution, she was evidently endowed with energy and talents sufficient to ensure conspicuous results. Of her possession of the other qualities essential to high achievement, patience, perseverance, discretion, and judgment, I was less confident. She struck me as one so liable to be possessed and mastered by her ideas, rather than to possess and master them, as to be in danger of losing sight of all collateral considerations.

CHAPTER III

SOME ACCOUNT OF MYSELF

THE latter part of the following month, February 1874, found me paying my promised visit to the Shropshire parsonage. But before giving an account of that event, it is indispensable to the purpose of this history that I give such account of myself as will render the sequel intelligible, by exhibiting it as an orderly unfolding of causes already in operation, and no sudden or capricious vicissitude. My position in regard to the history to be recounted is not that of the ordinary biographer, whose business it is to suppress himself as far as possible in favour of his subject. This relation is by its very nature at once a biography and an autobiography, and my position in regard to it is that of the witty Frenchman, who, when pressed to write his life, declined on the ground that he could not do so without writing the lives of other persons at the same time; but with the difference that I cannot write that other life which I have undertaken to write without in a large measure writing my own life also. And as it is essential to the purpose of this history that it be clearly understood what were the motives, aspirations, and mental standpoint of one who bore in it the part fulfilled by me, and as this is the place where such account may most fitly be rendered, I proceed to give it without further preface, confident that the last charge which can fairly be brought against me is that of egotism.¹

The consciousness from an early age of having a mission in life, avowed by my new friend, had been mine also. Brought

¹ The following autobiographical sketch varies little, if at all, from that contained in my little book, *The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation*. For, having found clear and concise expression there, it seems to me unnecessary to seek other expression here; that book claims expressly to be but an epitome and instalment of this one.—E. M.

up in the strictest of evangelical sects,¹ I had even as a lad began to be revolted by the creed in which I was reared, and had very early come to regard its tenets, especially of total depravity and vicarious atonement, as a libel nothing short of blasphemous against both God and man, and to feel that no greater boon could be bestowed on the world than its emancipation from the bondage of a belief so degrading and so destructive of any lofty ideal. I had felt strongly that only in such measure as I might be the means of its abolition would my life be a success and a satisfaction to myself. It even seemed to me that my own credit was involved in the matter, and that in disproving such beliefs I should be vindicating my own character. For if God were evil, as those doctrines made Him, I could by no possibility be good, since I must have my derivation from Him. And I knew that, however weak and unwise I might be, I was not evil.

Then, too, my life, like hers, had been one of much isolation and meditation. I had felt myself a stranger even with my closest intimates. For I was always conscious of a difference which separated me from them, and of a side to which they could not have access. I had graduated at Cambridge with the design of taking orders; but only to find that I could not do so conscientiously, and to feel that to commit myself to any conditions incompatible with absolute freedom of thought and expression would be a treachery against both myself and my kind;—for it was for no merely personal end that I wanted to discover the truth. I longed to get away from all my surroundings in order, first, to think myself out of all that I had been taught, and so to make my mind as a clean sheet whereon to receive true impressions and at first hand; and, next, to think myself into a condition and to a level wherein I could see all things—myself, nature, and God—face to face, with vision undimmed and undistorted by beliefs which, being inherited only and traditional, instead of the result of conviction honestly arrived at, were factitious and unreal; no living outcome of my own growth and observation, but a veritable strait-waistcoat, stifling life and restraining development. And so it had come that—as

¹ Edward Maitland was born on the 27th October 1824 at Ipswich. He was the son of the Rev. Charles David Maitland, Perpetual Curate of St James' Chapel, Brighton.—S. H. H.

related in my first novel, *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*,¹ which was essentially autobiographical—I had eagerly fallen in with a proposal to join an expedition to the then newly discovered placers of California, an enterprise which, besides promising to gratify the love for adventure, physical as well as mental, which was strong in me, would postpone if not solve the difficulty of my position. It possessed, moreover, the high recommendation of taking me to the world of the fresh, unsophisticated West, instead of to that East which had been made almost hateful to me by its association with the tenets by which existence had been poisoned for me.

So, setting my face towards the sunset, I became one of the band of “Forty-niners” in California, and remained abroad in the continents and isles of the Pacific, from America passing to Australia, until the intended year of my absence had grown into nearly ten years, and I had experienced well-nigh every vicissitude and extreme which might serve to heighten the consciousness, toughen the fibre, and try the soul of man.² But throughout all, the idea of a mission remained with me, gathering force and consistency, until it was made clear to me that not destruction merely, but construction, not the exposure of error, but the demonstration of truth, was comprised in it. For I saw that it was possible to reduce religion to a series of first principles, necessary truths, and self-evident propositions, and that only in such measure as it was thus reduced and discerned was it really true and really believed;—in short, that faith and knowledge are identical. To accept a religion on the ground that one had been born in it, and apart from its appeal to the mind and moral conscience, and thus to make it dependent upon the accident of birth and parentage, was to resemble the African savage who, for the same reason, worships Mumbo Jumbo. How, moreover—I asked myself—could a religion which was not in accord with first principles represent a God, who, to be God, must Himself be the first of, and must comprise, all principles; must account logically for all the facts of consciousness, be it unfolded as far

¹ This book was published in 1868 (*Light*, 1893, p. 103).—S. H. H.

² During this period Edward Maitland filled the posts of aide-de-camp to his relative, the then Governor-General of Australia, and of Commissioner of Crown Lands and Justice of the Peace of New South Wales (*Light*, 1893, p. 103).—S. H. H.

as it may? Granting that, as the poet says, "an honest man's the noblest work of God," it was for me no less true that "an honest God's the noblest work of man." And it was precisely such a being that I longed to elaborate out of, or discover in, my own consciousness, confident that the achievement meant the solution of all problems, the rectification of all difficulties, the satisfaction of all aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. Following such trains of thought, I arrived at the assurance that I had within my own consciousness both the truth itself and the verification of the truth, and that it remained only to find these.

Returning to England in 1857, and, after an interval, devoting myself to literature, all that I wrote, whether essay or fiction, represented the endeavour by probing the consciousness to the utmost in every direction to discover a central, radiant, and indefeasible point from which all things could be deduced, and on which, as a pivot, they must depend and revolve. I read largely, and went much among people, always in search of aid in my quest; but only with the result of finding that neither from books nor from persons could I even begin to get what I sought, but only from thought.

Meanwhile everything seemed ordered with a view to the end ultimately attained. For, so far from having left behind me for ever the vicissitudes, and struggles, and trials, and ordeals in which the wildernesses of the western and southern worlds had been so fruitful, I was found of them in the old world to which I had returned; and this in number, kind, and degree, such as to make it appear as if what I had borne before had been inflicted expressly for the purpose of enabling me to bear what was put upon me now. And it was only when I had learnt by experience that the very capacity for thought is enhanced by feeling no less than by thinking, that the "ministry of pain" found its explanation. For the feeling required of me proved to be that of the inner, not merely of the outer man, of the soul, not merely of the body; and the faculty, to be the intuition, and not merely the intellect. Hence I was made to learn by experience, long before the fact was formulated for me in words, that only "by the bruising of the outer, the inner is set free," and "man is alive only so far as he has felt."

Everything seemed contrived expressly in order to force me in this inward direction. Even in my literary work, nothing of

the "trade" element was permitted to intrude. I could not write except when writing to or from my own centre. Faculty itself was shut off if turned to any other purpose. Everything I wrote must minister to and represent a step in my own unfoldment.

I can confidently affirm that the only books which really helped me were, with scarcely an exception, those which I wrote myself. Of the exceptions the chief was Emerson. His essays had been my *vade mecum* in all my world-wide wanderings. And there were three sentences of his which, to use his own phrase, "found" me as no others had done. They were these: "The talent is the call;" "I the imperfect adore my own perfect;" and, "Beware when God lets loose a thinker on the earth." Like Emerson himself, I had yet to learn that man's own perfect is God, and self-culture is God-culture, provided the self be the inmost self. The two other books which most helped me were Bailey's *Festus* and Carlyle's *Hero-Worship*. And I owed something to Abraham Tucker's *Light of Nature*. By which it will be seen that my affinity was always for the prophets rather than the priests of literature; for the intuitionists rather than the externalists.

Gradually two leading ideas took definite form in my mind, which, however, proved to be but two aspects or applications of one and the same idea. And that idea proved to be the keynote of all that I was seeking after. For it finally solved the problems of existence, of religion, of the Bible, of Being itself. Hence the necessity of this reference to it.

This idea was that of a duality subsisting in every unity, such as I had nowhere read or heard of. I was, of course, aware that the theological doctrine of the Trinity involved a Duality. But not of a kind to find response in my mind. And being unable to assimilate it as it stood, I ignored it: putting it aside until it should present itself to me in an aspect in which it was intelligible. I felt, however vaguely, that the Duality I sought was in the Bible, though it had been missed by the official expositors of that book. And the conviction that it was in some way connected with my life-work was so strong that I constructed for the covers of my two first books a monogram symbolical of Genesis i. 27. And I looked to the unfoldment of what I felt to be the secret significance of that utterance for the explication of

all the mysteries the solution of which engrossed me. The thought did not seem to originate in any of my experiences, but rather to be part of my original stock of innate ideas, supposing that there are such ideas, and to derive confirmation and explanation from my experiences.

Those experiences were in this wise. It had been my privilege to have the friendship of several women of a type so noble that to know them was at once an education and a religion; women whose perfection of character had served more than anything else to make me believe in God, when all other grounds had failed. I could in no wise account for them on the hypothesis of a fortuitous concourse of unintelligent atoms. And not only did I find that the higher the type the more richly they were endowed with precisely the faculty of which I myself was conscious as distinguishing me from my fellows; I found also that I was unable to recognise any woman as of a high type as woman save in so far as she was possessed of it. I had failed to find any who possessed the knowledge I craved, and who were thereby able to help me in my thought. They helped me nevertheless, but it was by *being* what they were, rather than by *knowing* and *doing*, be they admirable as they might in these respects. I recognised in them that which supplemented and complemented my mental self in such wise as to suggest unbounded possibilities of results to accrue from the intimate association of two minds thus attuned to each other, and duly unfolded by thought and study. It needed, it seemed to me, but the reverberation and intensification of thought, induced by the apposition of two minds thus related, for the production of the divine child Truth in the very highest spheres of thought. So that the results would by no means be restricted to the mere sum of the associated capacities of the two minds themselves. And in view of such high possibilities I found myself appropriating and applying the ejaculation which Virgil puts into the mouth of Anna when urging the union of her sister Dido with Æneas—

“ Quæ surgere regna
Conjugio tali ! ”

and I felt with Tennyson that

“ They two together well might move the world.”

So boundless seemed to me the kingdoms of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty which would spring from such conjunction.

It goes without saying that such relationship was contemplated by me only as the accompaniment of a happy re-marriage. [For I had married in Australia¹ only to be widowed after a year's wedlock.] But such a prospect was so long withheld as to make me dubious of its realisation. Nevertheless, some inner voice was ever saying, "Wait ; wait. Everything comes to him who waits, provided only he do so in faith and patience, looking to the highest." But that I did wait, and accordingly kept myself free for what ultimately was assigned to me, was due far less to the expectation of finding that for which I waited, than to the vivid consciousness which I had of the bitterness that would come of finding it, only to be withheld from it through a previous disposal of myself in some other and incompatible quarter. This was an impression which served largely to keep my life as free as I desired my thought to be. But that the as yet undisclosed arbiters of my destiny deemed it insufficient as a deterrent, appeared from their reinforcement of it in a manner which effectually debarred me from marriage save on the condition, impossible to me, of a mercenary alliance. This was a reversal of fortune through a succession of losses so serious as to be the cause of reducing my means to the minimum compatible with existence at all in my own station, which soon afterwards happened. That there were yet further reasons for this imposition on me of the rule of poverty, arising out of the nature of the work required of me, was in due time made manifest, and also what those reasons were. They need not be specified here, excepting only this one. It made impossible the ascription to my destined colleague of mercenary motives for her association with me. In this I came to recognise a delicate providence for which I felt I could not be too thankful. In the meantime, even while smarting severely from this dispensation, and others yet more bitter which were heaped on me for no apparent cause or fault of my own that I could discern, the thought that most of all served to sustain me under what I felt would have utterly broken down in heart or head, or in both of these organs, any other person whatever of whom I had knowledge,—that thought

¹ At Sydney, New South Wales (*Light*, 16th October 1897).—S. H. H.

was the surmise or suspicion that all these things, hard to bear as they were, and undeserved as they seemed, might prove to be blessings in disguise, in ministering to the realisation of the controlling ambition of my life by educating me for it ; and that according to the manner in which I bore them might be the result.

There is yet one more personal disclosure essential to this part of my relation. It concerns my own mental standpoint at the time at which my narrative has arrived. Bent as I was on penetrating the secret of things at first hand, and by means of a thought absolutely free, I was never for a moment disposed to turn, as my so-called free-thinking contemporaries one and all had turned, a scornful back upon whatever related to or savoured of the current religion. Scripture and dogma were not for me necessarily either false or inscrutable because their official exponents had presented them in an aspect which outraged my reason and revolted my conscience. I felt bound—if only in justice to them and myself—at least to find out what they did mean before finally discarding them. And in this act of justice I was strangely sustained by a sense of the possibility that the truth, if any, contained in them was no other than that of which I was in search. This is to say, that in all my investigations I kept before me the idea that, if I could discern the actual nature of existence and the intended sense of the Bible and Christianity, independently of each other, they might prove on comparison to be identical ; in which case the latter would really represent a true revelation. Meanwhile, I found myself constrained to believe, as an axiomatic proposition, that the higher and nobler the conception I framed in my imagination of the nature of existence, and the more in accordance with my ideas of what, to be perfect, the constitution of the universe ought to be, the nearer I should come to the actual truth.

Similarly with religion. For a religion to be true, it must, I felt absolutely assured, be ideally perfect after the most perfect ideal that we can frame. This is to say, that not only must it be in itself such as to satisfy both head and heart, mind and moral conscience, spirit and soul ; it must also be perfectly simple, obviously reasonable, coherent, self-evident, founded in the nature of things, incapable—when once comprehended—of being conceived of as otherwise, absolutely equitable, eternally true,

and recognisable as being all these, invariable in operation, independent of all accidents of time, place, persons, and events, and comparable to the demonstration of a mathematical problem in that it needs no testimony or authority beyond those of the mind; and requiring for its efficacious observance nothing that is extraneous or inaccessible to the subject-individual, but within his ability to recognise and fulfil, provided only that he so will. It must also be such as to enable him by the observance of it to turn his existence to the highest possible account imaginable by him, be his imagination as developed as it may: and all this as independently of any being other than himself, as if he were the sole personal entity in the universe, and were himself the universe. That is to say, the means of man's perfectionment must inhere in his own system, and he must be competent of himself effectually to apply them. It is further necessary, because equitable, that he be allowed sufficient time and opportunity for the discovery, understanding, and application of such means.

Such are the terms and conditions of an ideally perfect religion, as I conceived of them. It is a definition which excludes well-nigh, if not quite, all the characteristics ordinarily regarded as appertaining to religion, and notably to that of Christendom. For in excluding everything extraneous to the actual subject-individual, and requiring religion to be self-evident and necessarily true, it excludes as superfluous and irrelevant, history, tradition, authority, revelation as ordinarily conceived of, ecclesiastical ordinance, priestly ministration, mediatorial function, vicarious satisfaction, and even the operation of Deity as subsisting without and apart from the man, all of which are essential elements in the accepted conception of religion. Nevertheless, profound as was my distrust of the faithfulness of the orthodox presentation, I could not reconcile myself to a renunciation of the originals on which that presentation was founded, until I had satisfied myself that I had fathomed their intended and real meaning.

I had, moreover, very early conceived personal affection for Jesus as a man, so strong as to serve as a deterrent both from abandoning the faith founded on him, and from accepting it as it is as worthy of him.

Such was my standpoint, intellectual and religious, at the period in question. The time came when it found full justifica-

tion, our results being such as to verify it in every one of its manifold aspects. And not this only. The doctrine which had so mysteriously evolved itself out of my consciousness to attain by slow degrees the position of a controlling influence in my life, the doctrine, namely, of a Duality subsisting in the Original Unity of Underived Being, and as inhering therefore in every unit of derived being, this doctrine proved to be the key to the mysteries both of Creation and of Redemption, as propounded in the Bible and manifested in the Christ; the key also to the nature of man, disclosing the facts both of his possession of divine potentialities as his birthright, and his endowment with the faculty whereby to discern and to realise them. And while it proved constructive in respect of Divine Truth, it proved destructive in respect of the falsification of that truth which had passed for orthodoxy, by disclosing the source, the motive, the method, and the agents of that falsification.

But these things were still in the future. At the time with which we are now concerned, I had commenced a book to represent the standpoint just described, *The Keys of the Creeds*. The first and initial draft of that book was written under the sympathetic eye of one of the order of noble women to which reference has been made, and owed much to the enhancement of faculty derived by me from such conjunction of minds. The second and final draft was written under like relationship with another member of the self-same order, even she who proved to be my destined collaborator in the work of which this book recounts the story, and to whom I must now return.

CHAPTER IV

MUTUAL RECOGNITION

THE welcome accorded to me by both husband and wife on my arrival at the parsonage was more than cordial; it was eager, as if they had been already impressed with a sense of results to follow from my visit no less desirable than important. And while I had no difficulty in recognising in him the "Algie" whose praises had been eloquently recited to me, a single glance at her sufficed to assure me that, as regarded externals, so far from overrating her on our previous meeting in London, I had scarcely done her justice. For the tall, slender figure, surmounted by a face, brow, and wealth of flowing golden hair, which a goddess might have envied, and the Something radiating from within of which her beauty seemed to be at once the expression and the veil, made of her, as she stood beside the hearth to receive me, a picture differing from and surpassing any I had before beheld, the youthfulness of her aspect being such as to render incredible the idea that the little girl of five who stood near her could call her "Mother." While more impossible and monstrous than ever seemed to me the career on which she was bent, with the hospital-ward, the dissecting-room, and the medical student for its accessories.

I was at once made free of her particular sanctum, wherein were gathered the tokens of her manifold activity. Everything that I saw there harmonised with the impression produced by herself. It was evidently not mere talent that she possessed. Talent is but cleverness, which shows itself in overcoming difficulties. It was genius—that divine faculty which knows no difficulties, for it means clear, direct vision. And hers was a genius at once exquisite and many-sided. Every product of it was as if her whole self had been put into it, and this a self which knew no limitations. But now all other pursuits had been laid

aside for science, and her work-table was covered with the insignia of her new engrossment.

Once assured of her auditor's sympathy and appreciation, her self-revelations were unrestrained. And it soon became clear to me that one at least of the functions I was expected to fulfil was that of interpreter ; she herself being both the propounder and the subject of the enigma to be solved, the Sphinx for whose benefit I was to enact the part of *Œdipus*. But, as the event proved, it was only when by her aid I had at length mastered the problem of the Sphinx that I was able to answer the riddle of herself. For the two were one, and belonged to the category of those long-lost but supreme knowledges for the recovery of which—as it proved—our association had been brought about.

She was enlarging one day on this frequent theme, having, as was her wont, her pet rodent, a guinea-pig, on her lap, as if in emulation of *Minerva* and her owl, when she abruptly interrupted her exposition and exclaimed—

“ You will think me very fond of talking about myself, and I suppose I am, as someone once said that I was one of those persons who would sooner talk against themselves than not talk of themselves. But I do not think it is from vanity in my case, though it is quite true that I find myself much the most interesting person I know. But it is because I am such a puzzle to myself, and I want to be explained. I want to know why I am so different from everybody else that I ever knew or read of, and especially how it is that I am so many and such different kinds of people, and which of them all I really am or ought to be. For the many *me's* in me are not even in agreement among themselves ; but some of them actually hate each other, and some are as bad as others are good. So that, when you say that I remind you of the ‘ passionate perfection ’ which the Poet-Laureate calls King Arthur, I would have you know that, though I may be passionate, I am anything but perfect ; and nothing would irritate me more than to be considered so, as I should be expected to pose accordingly, and I cannot pose. I am nothing if not spontaneous. The only ‘ passionate perfection ’ of which I am capable consists in being in love with certain ideals, and not at all in having realised them in myself. To see and to love an ideal is one thing ; to *be* it is another. That is the difference

between the Magdalen and the Christ. I do not suppose that, if I had realised my ideal in myself, I should find this world the hell that it is to me, or consent to remain in it unless, indeed, it were for the sake of doing something to redeem it, out of love for it. But there is just my difficulty. I do not love men and women. I dislike them too much to care to do them any good. They seem to be my natural enemies. It is not for them that I am taking up medicine and science, not to cure their ailments; but for the animals and for knowledge generally. I want to rescue the animals from cruelty and injustice, which are for me the worst, if not the only sins. And I can't love both the animals and those who systematically ill-treat them. Can I, Rufus dear?" she exclaimed to her guinea-pig, and kissing it tenderly, as if to make some amends for the wrongs endured by its fellows at human hands.

All her life she cherished a warm affection for those little creatures, and carried one with her wherever she went. It seemed to me that there was some spiritual need in herself which craved the exercise of the feelings thus evoked. For, remarkable as was the development of her nature in some directions, there were evidently others in which she was still in the child-stage. And that she was not unaware of the fact was evidenced by a remark she made to me a little later, when I had actually adopted her mode of diet. "I was reading your story, *By-and-By*," she told me, "and I was in such a rage with your heroine, Nannie, for her likeness to one of my selves, that I flung the book to the other end of the room. And then, after sitting and thinking for some time, I went and picked it up, and said to myself of the author, 'That man shall become a vegetarian!'"

Her self-revelations betrayed no mark of a design to impress her auditor. They were far too spontaneous for that. No confessor could have been more impersonal or impalpable for his penitent. Clearly it was not the man that she sought, but her own answering image in the mirror of his mind. On himself she bestowed no more heed than she would on her looking-glass. A self-seeker would have been mortified beyond measure by her superb indifference. And she owned that she never looked at people sufficiently to know them again, and was often giving offence thereby. These and many other traits were a frequent source of perplexity and subject of study to me, until at length

the solution came which made all clear by exhibiting them as survivals of tendencies encouraged in previous lives.

The following is another belonging to the same category. From a child she had felt like a hunted soul against whom every hand was turned, and that, do what she might, it would surely be construed to her disadvantage. Suspicion and distrust were ingrained in her, and nothing but her intense ambition for high achievement withheld her from seeking refuge either in a convent or in suicide. Of death she had no fear; for, somehow, it seemed familiar to her, and as if she were accustomed to it, and knew by experience that it was nothing to be afraid of. She had no theory to account for these peculiarities, having never been able to convince herself of the soul's reality and persistence, though intellectually attracted by the Pythagorean doctrine of pre-existence and transmigration.

Among the grounds of her pessimism was the fate which forbade her ever to remain long enough in any place to feel that she had a home. As if her own unrestfulness of spirit were insufficient to drive her forth, it was supplemented by her bodily liabilities. Comparing herself to the Io of Greek fable, she regarded her asthma as her gadfly, from which she was ever seeking to escape by change of place. I learnt that, in her excesses of suffering from this malady, she was forced sometimes to quit her home at daybreak, after keeping the household up all night, and drive to the nearest town in order to escape the suffocation induced by the proximity of foliage. Indeed, it was only in a large city that she was safe from it. And now that the medical authorities had seen fit to close their schools against women students, her design of seeking a diploma in London was frustrated. She could not go and live there without an occupation such as that would have been. So that in a few weeks she would be driven from home by her asthma, which always recurred with the spring, without a place to go to or work to occupy her; unless, indeed, she went abroad to some country where women were admitted to medical degrees. The nearest such country was France, and as a large city Paris would no doubt agree with her, but her husband would not consent to her going thither unprotected. He could not absent himself from his duties to accompany her. They had no relative or friend able to share the care of her with him in the event of its being possible for

him to absent himself for a part of the time. And they knew of no one in Paris to whom she could go. Could I tell them of some family residing there with whom she could make a home? Surely among my large acquaintance I knew of some suitable people? The matter was pressing, not only on account of the approach of the season when she would be compelled to fly the countryside, but also on account of the imminence of the academical year at the University of Paris, to miss the commencement of which would be to throw her back for another twelve months.

The ordinary obstacle to the separation involved in such a prospect, the husband's objection to part from his wife, was not, it appeared, operative in their case. Her frequent illnesses and enforced absences had served to wean him from the need of her constant companionship. He had relieved her of all household duties by taking them upon himself, and intimated his contentment with relations fraternal merely, declaring that he desired only that she be happy in her own way, and follow what career she preferred, as by the terms of their engagement, as well also as by her endowments and aspirations, he considered her entitled to do. Even their possession of a child was no obstacle, the result of all the mother's attempts to educate it herself having been to make it abundantly clear that it would be better for them both to commit her to the charge of a governess, owing to the incompatibility of their temperaments. This was a great additional disappointment to the mother, who had cherished high hopes of training her child after her own ideals. Recognising in all these crosses the hand of a destiny as yet inscrutable, she said to me tearfully, "You see I am not allowed to be as other women. I am compelled practically to be a wife without a husband, and a mother without a child, and to have a home in which I cannot dwell."

Thus the one difficulty in the way of her following the career indicated to her was the want of a suitable protector. And this was a difficulty the solution of which, until it came, seemed impossible, even with the best will of all concerned; a solution which, when it came, seemed the most impossible of all solutions; but which, after it had come, was for those who bore part in it the one inevitable, because the clearly destined, solution. But for the present there was nothing to be done but to

wait for it, hoping that the old adage, *Solvitur ambulando*, would find timely vindication. If only as an intellectual problem, the situation engaged my profound interest. But it was more than this. It enlisted my warm sympathies on behalf of the actors themselves in the strange drama in the process of unfoldment. And I could not but consider that, if indeed the gods had destined her for some high mission requiring for her freedom of action in combination with the aid and protection of a husband, in him they had provided one exceptionally qualified for the office.

Meanwhile her self-revelations continued, being—as already intimated—evidently prompted at least as much by the desire to obtain some explanation of the mystery of herself as to elicit answering confidences from me. And they became with each disclosure more and more striking, until it was impossible for me to withstand the conviction that she was possessed of a faculty which, while identical in kind with that of which I had been conscious in myself as distinguishing me from others, far transcended it in degree, enabling her to attain to full and direct perception of conclusions at which I had arrived only after long and laborious quest. It was as if, while I had to mount the ladder of my thought to reach the light of my own inmost and highest, myself taking the initiative, in her case the light descended upon her of its own accord, without effort or even desire on her part. And notwithstanding the difference of method, the results were the same. We saw truth alike.

It proved to be the same with our respective aims in life. As I was bent on the construction of a system of thought at once scientific, philosophic, moral, and religious, and recognisable by the understanding as indubitably true, by reason of its being founded in first principles, she was bent on the construction of a rule of life equally obvious and binding, and recognisable by the sentiments as alone according with them, its basis being that sense of perfect justice which springs from perfect sympathy.

By which it will be seen that, while it was her aim to establish a perfect practice, which might or might not consist with a perfect doctrine, it was my aim to establish a perfect doctrine which would inevitably issue in a perfect practice, by at once defining it and supplying an all-compelling motive for its observance.

These, as we at once recognised, were the two indispensable

halves of one perfect whole. But we had yet to learn the nature and sense of the compelling motive for its enforcement.

This was a deficiency which was ultimately supplied by the knowledges we were enabled to acquire of the constitution of the nature of existence and man's permanence as an individual. And that we were able to acquire such knowledges, and this in a manner, and degree, and with a certitude transcending all that at this time we could anticipate or imagine, proved to be due to our attitude in regard to one of the subjects which especially occupied us during my visit.

This was the subject of vivisection, of which I now heard for the first time. That savages, sorcerers, brigands, tyrants, religious fanatics, and corrupt priesthoods had always been wont to make torture their gain or their pastime I was well aware, and believed that evolution would sweep them and their practices away in its course. But the discovery now first made to me that identical barbarities are systematically perpetrated by the leaders of modern science on the pretext of benefiting humanity, in an age which claims to represent the summit of such evolution as has yet been accomplished ; and that, after all its boasts, the best that science can do for the world is to convert it into a hell and its population into fiends, by the deliberate renunciation of the distinctive sentiments of humanity,—this was a discovery which filled me with unspeakable horror and amazement, and effectually extinguished any particle of dilettanteism that might have lurked in my system, compelling me to regard as of the utmost urgency all, and more than all, that I had hitherto contemplated doing deliberately. Hitherto I had rejected Materialism on grounds intellectual only. It failed to account for the facts of consciousness, and even for consciousness itself. But now I was revolted by it on grounds moral also. For I saw that vivisection was no accident of it, but its logical and inevitable outcome. It meant the exclusive worship of the body, and that one's own body, at the cost of unspeakable torment to all others by the sacrifice of whom some advantage might possibly be derived for oneself, involving the systematic organisation of wholesale, protracted, uncompensatable torture, for ends purely selfish. Vivisection meant the demonisation of the race ; the reconstitution of human society on the ethics of hell ; the peopling of the earth with fiends instead of with beings really human.

It was the character of the mankind of the future that was at stake. Appalled at the sight of the abyss thus disclosed to me, I found my cherished love of the ideal indefinitely reinforced by the detestation now kindled in me for the actual, and under these two opposite, yet identical, influences I resolved to make the abolition of vivisection, and the system represented by it, thenceforth the leading aim of my life and work. And that I was able to do this without any abandonment of my previous standpoint, was because I recognised in vivisection but an extension to the plane of science of the tenet which had so inexpressibly revolted me on the plane of religion, that of vicarious atonement ; —the principle of seeking one's own salvation by the sacrifice of another, and that the innocent.

I had already been favourably disposed to give practical heed to the arguments put before me on behalf of the vegetarian regimen. But the further consideration that only as an abstainer from flesh-food could I with entire consistency contend against vivisection, was a potent factor in my decision. True, the distinction between death and torture was a broad one. But the statistics I now for the first time perused, of the slaughter-house and the cattle-traffic, showed beyond question that torture, and this prolonged and severe, is involved in the use of animals for food as well as for science. And over and above this was the instinctive perception of the probability that neither would they who had them killed, whether for food, for sport, or for clothing, be allowed the privilege of rescuing them from the hands of the physiologist ; nor would the animals be allowed to accept their deliverance at the hands of those who thus used them. They who would save others, we felt, must first make sacrifice in themselves. And in presence of the joy of working to effect such salvation, sacrifice would cease to be sacrifice.

We were both under the impression at this time that the world had but to be informed of the facts of the case as regards the practices of the physiological laboratories, to rise in overwhelming indignation against them. But we had to learn by bitter experience how inveterate is the world's prevailing selfishness ; how great its blindness to the real meaning of humanity ; how tremendous the power of falsehood, especially when uttered by a dominant caste resolutely bent on subordinating all other considerations to its own aggrandisement.

My adoption of my new friend's most cherished views served greatly to enhance and consolidate the sympathy already subsisting between us ; and she made no attempt to conceal her delight in having made a convert of one whom she believed to be both willing and able to take an active part in her proposed crusade. It was clear that even though, as she had said, she did not love men and women, she ardently loved that which men and women are either in the making or in the marring, in that her enthusiasm was for Humanity. But there was between us yet another point of contact and union, and one transcending even those already intimated, which proved to be the real cause for our being brought into relation with each other, and for the association to which we were destined. As a fourfold being, man consists of the physical, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual, of which the last is the inmost and highest. Only when this is attained does he reach and fulfil his true essential self. It is the heaven within in which all real marriages are made. That is no true union in which the spiritual centres of the parties to the contract do not coincide. It was the discovery that we were in perfect sympathy on this plane also that crowned the rising edifice. It was made in this wise.

The moment of contact between us was as critical for myself as for her ; with the difference that for me the crisis was intellectual. The book on which I was engaged—*The Keys of the Creeds*, already named—brought my thought up to the extreme limits of a thought merely intellectual, to transcend which it would be necessary to penetrate the barrier between the worlds of sense and of spirit, supposing the latter to have any existence. For I had reached the conclusion that the phenomenal world cannot disclose its own secret. To find this, man must seek in that substantial world which lies within himself, since all that is real is within the man. From which it followed that if there is no within, or if that within be inaccessible, either there is no reality, or man has no organon of knowledge and is by constitution agnostic. Thus the question for me was, first, Is there a Beyond as regards the sensible world ? and next, if there be, by what means—if any—is it accessible ? Now that I was doubly pledged against materialism, my grounds of objection being both intellectual and moral, these questions became of more importance to me than ever, being practical as well as theoretical.

My visit, which had lasted nearly a fortnight, was drawing to a close, and we were discussing the question of there being an inner and philosophical sense to Scripture and Dogma, which, if ascertained, would remove religion from its basis of authority and tradition, and establish it on the understanding. The question was prompted by the various Catholic symbols with which she had decorated her study, the chief of which was an image of the Virgin robed in sky-blue and holding a child in her bosom. Unable myself to accept the orthodox version of the legend, or to credit her with really accepting it, I suggested the possibility of its being a parable, the meaning of which, if only it could be discerned, might be altogether simple and obvious ; in fact, some necessary and self-evident truth founded in the nature of existence. She admitted that she certainly did not accept it in the ordinary physical sense, but rather supposed that it veiled some spiritual truth. We held some further conversation respecting the possible presence in Scripture of an inner sense such as my book suggested, and which the Church had withheld, and the nature of the faculty requisite for discerning it, and the probability that, if there were such a sense and faculty, it was from the standpoint of these, and not that of the intellect and sense-nature, that the Bible was written. And then, as if just recollecting something which had escaped her memory, and might have relation to the subject of our conversation, she rose and fetched a manuscript of her own writing, asking me to read it, and tell her frankly what I thought of it. Having read and re-read it, I inquired how and where she had got it, to which she replied by asking my opinion of it. I answered with emphasis, that if there were such a thing as divine revelation, I knew of nothing that came nearer to my ideal of what it ought to be. It was exactly what the world was perishing for want of—a reasonable faith. She then told me that it had come to her in sleep, but whence or how she did not know ; nor could she say whether she had seen it or heard it, but only that it had come suddenly into her mind without her having ever heard or thought of such teaching before. It was an exposition of the story of the Fall, exhibiting it as a parable having a significance purely spiritual, wholly reasonable, and of universal application, physical persons, things, and events described in it disappearing in favour of principles, processes, and states appertaining to the soul ; no

mere local history, therefore, but an eternal verity. The experience, she went on to tell me, was far from being exceptional ; she had received many things which had greatly struck and pleased her in the same way, and sometimes while in the waking state in a sort of day-dream.

This discovery of the sympathy subsisting between us on the spiritual plane was also the discovery of the mind which my own had so long craved as its supplement, complement, and indispensable mate. True, it was made under conditions widely varying from those under which I had contemplated it. For, while I was a free man, she was not a free woman. Nevertheless, my satisfaction was profound, and I trusted confidently to the Providence which had brought it about to contrive the means for accomplishing its due fruition. She, on her part, was no less gratified by my recognition of her faculty and its products. I was her first and only confidant in the matter, and it was with no small apprehension that she had imparted her secret to me ; for she knew that by any other of her acquaintance her revelations would have been stigmatised as folly and her faculty as insanity.

I took my leave, and returned home pledged in mind, heart, and soul, as well as in word, to minister to my utmost to the fulfilment of her nature as that of one whose capacity for high and useful endeavour transcended that of any character whom I had ever known, read of, or imagined ; yet, nevertheless, of one who, for lack of such ministration, was as surely destined to disaster and wreck as a ship set adrift on the ocean without rudder, compass, or helmsman. So strong was my sense of her need of assistance to enable her to possess and master her ideas instead of being possessed and mastered by them.

CHAPTER V

TO END OF 1875

A FEW weeks later brought me a letter from A. to tell me that the time had come for his wife to go to Paris, and as he could not possibly quit his duties to accompany her, he should take it as a great kindness if I would do so ; for, in default of my compliance, she would be forced to renounce her proposed career, and the disappointment would be more than she could bear, so entirely had she set her heart on it. He added that no one had ever seemed to understand her so well as I did, and the expedition would not occupy more than a few days, the purpose being the preliminary one of enrolment.

Happily my mother's state was such as to admit of my leaving her for the time proposed, and accordingly, in the month of April, we repaired to Paris, whence—after a few days' sojourn—we returned to England, my charge having become a regularly enrolled student of the University of Paris, and holding a permit from the Minister of Public Education accepting the examination already passed by her in London in lieu of the usual entrance examination at Paris. This left her free to study where she pleased until the commencement of the academic year in the following autumn, when it would be necessary to return to Paris for a residence of at least two months. As neither her husband nor I could expect to be able to be absent for such a period, and we had failed to find a suitable domicile where she would be independent of such guardianship, there was still serious cause for apprehension lest after all her project prove impracticable.

The toil and trouble requisite to accomplish so much had been so great as would inevitably have deterred anyone less fixed in intent from proceeding further with it. Not only was there an infinity of routine to be gone through to obtain the ministerial permit, but the conditions for the admission of women students

were still unsettled, and it was in the power of individual officials hostile to their admission to exclude them at will. These, however, one and all, relaxed their opposition when confronted by her, and yielded to the charm of her personality, becoming her devoted servitors, greatly to her amusement and satisfaction. She already spoke French with fluency and accuracy, a circumstance of no small weight with people so sensitive as the French on the score of their language. The courage, perseverance, and resourcefulness with which she faced and overcame obstacles which would have daunted anyone of weaker will or meaner purpose were altogether admirable; and it was clear that she was sustained no less by her high sense of the cause she had at heart than by confidence in her own powers.

Meanwhile I did not fail to be struck by the coincidence of such an arrangement as I had thus become a party to, with the situation I had assigned to the hero of my tale, *Higher Law*, which now bid fair to be in a high degree prophetic. For he also had been made the companion escort of the heroine on her voyage from Mexico to Europe, by the act of her own husband. This, however, proved to be one of numerous instances in which my novels, one and all, were prophetic of events to occur either to myself or in the general world, suggesting the idea that we may have in us some intelligent principle which knows in advance our future course, and can give us intimations thereof.

On returning to England she at once set to work on her subjects for the autumn term at Paris, dividing the time between her home and London. For, although the schools were closed against her sex, she could still obtain private tuition. The death of my mother, which took place in the summer of this year, set me free to leave Brighton and go into chambers in London, where I was in a position to be of service to my charge, and to follow the lines of study in which we were mutually interested. And so it came that, when the time arrived for her to return to Paris for the autumn term, there was no impediment to my resuming my office of escort, or remaining abroad so long as might be requisite. Her plan was still to find some suitable family with which to reside, and to have her little girl brought over by her governess. But as no feasible arrangement offered, and there was a prospect of her being able to return home by Christmas, the idea was abandoned for this occasion in favour of an *appartement* in the

Rue Jacob, a situation convenient for the schools, which I shared with her, any difficulty on the score of our relationship being obviated by the proprietress's ready assumption that we were uncle and niece, in view of which we saw no reason for according more precise information.

Here she settled down to prepare for her first *examen*, under the tuition of a professor highly commended by one of his pupils, an Englishwoman, Mrs L——, also a student of medicine, whose friendship proved of much service to her. I meanwhile occupied myself with the completion of my book, *The Keys of the Creeds*, already mentioned, in the progress of which she took a lively interest, as also did I in her work. In fact, the collaboration for the purpose of which it proved that our association had been brought about may be said to have had its commencement at this time, although at present it was purely educational and preparatory. For while she followed and aided the course of my studies in the sphere of religion, I followed hers in that of science, and this to the great advantage of both of us. Because, as she enabled me, by means of her more particular knowledge at once of science and of Catholic doctrine, to attain to a fulness of exposition otherwise beyond my power, I enabled her by dint of logical processes to detect the philosophical fallacies enunciated by her professor. For he, Dr De L——, who was a thorough-going materialist, was yet a man of great talent, and an adept in the elaboration of specious arguments, and his philosophy was of a character to foster that pessimistic element in her system which I was resolute to eradicate. Her ability to appreciate and make her own the arguments suggested by me, and her success in withstanding him, were such as to give me strong hope of achieving her complete emancipation from doctrines which I regarded not only as false, but as morbid; and he, on his part, was not a little surprised to find in his girlish-looking pupil something more than a match for himself in the profounder regions of philosophic thought.

Meanwhile my growing appreciation of her mental abilities was accompanied by a corresponding recognition of her physical disabilities; for it was soon made evident that, while on one plane of her nature she was the most independent of persons, on another she was the most dependent. And her accesses of weakness were accompanied by an intensity of suffering which far

exceeded any before witnessed by me, making life an ordeal which it required a marvellous fortitude to endure. Convinced as I was that she was called to a lofty mission, I wondered at the Providence which had assigned her an organism apparently so inadequate for its accomplishment.

One of the most alarming of her limitations was her liability to sudden seizures, epileptiform in character, involving total loss of consciousness and collapse of power. The first of these, which occurred soon after our arrival in Paris, served vividly to impress me with a sense of the anxious nature of the charge I had undertaken, and of her husband's wisdom in refusing his consent to her going unattended or living by herself, though he had not specified the exact reason. Desiring one day to make a microscopic examination of the blood, she had procured a drop by pricking her finger. Having completed her inspection, she handed the instrument to me, and then, in an instant, and without any premonitory symptom, while crossing the room, she dropped heavily on the floor totally insensible, and to all appearance dead, the heart's action having entirely ceased, while the lips were white with the whiteness of death. Only the strong faith that I had in her destined mission, and my consequent conviction of the moral impossibility of her dying then and thus, withheld me from believing her to be dead. My confidence was justified by the event. After a few minutes spent in restoring circulation by friction, she recovered consciousness and force, and, after a short spell of intense headache, lost all traces of the seizure. Such attacks were not infrequent, but I was unable to detect any diminution of faculty as arising from them. Meanwhile it was made very clear to me that among the offices required of me in relation to her were those of physician and nurse.

Another liability which made great demands on my time arose rather from the defective state of Parisian civilisation than from any weakness of her own. This was her liability to be rudely accosted and followed whenever she set foot unattended in the streets, and this notwithstanding the quietness of her dress, her concealment of her face and hair, and the rapidity of her pace. She could not go out alone without being forced to take refuge, indignant and terror-stricken, in some shop, or to hail a *fiacre*, and return home in a state of nervous trepidation, which incapaci-

tated her for work for the rest of the day. The only counsel her fellow-women students, to whom she appealed, could tender was, that she must learn to take such things as a matter of course and not to mind them. But as she was made of different stuff from them, and this did not accord either with her ideas or mine, we no sooner discovered the fact than I made a point of accompanying her wherever she went, taking a book to read while waiting in the street for her when at her lectures, in which manner I spent from first to last same hundreds of hours.

Notwithstanding the serious inroads made on her time and strength by all these liabilities, she worked to such excellent purpose as to pass her *examen* with the highest credit and rouse her professor's enthusiasm to the utmost pitch. A specialist himself of unapplied science, which he regarded as a far higher pursuit than medicine, he coveted her collaboration in his own line of work. "A man's brain with a woman's intuition, such as she possessed," he emphatically declared, "was exactly what science required, but had never found; and to devote a faculty such as hers to medicine would be to waste it. Anyone was good enough to be a doctor; and, for his part, he despised a vocation which consisted, as did that of medicine, in taking money from people for prescribing to them drugs which at best could but amuse them." Flattering as was such recognition from a man of his attainments, his exhortations fell on deaf ears. The last thing to be imparted to him was her real motive in studying medicine; and he had to be content with the diplomatic reply that it would be time enough to choose her line of work when she had obtained her degree. Meanwhile we did not fail to note the curious incoherency of his system, as indicated by his recognition of the need of the woman's intuition to supplement the man's intellect, as the condition of a perfect organon of knowledge. Clearly, it seemed to us, the man was not really a materialist, even though he believed himself to be one. For, whatever might be the nature of that faculty—and this we ourselves had yet to learn—no one would credit matter with the possession of it.

Her *examen* passed, her professor procured for her a ministerial permit in virtue of which she would be able to pursue her studies at home until the following autumn; and accordingly, after spending Christmas at the parsonage, we returned to London,

where she studied physiology at the school recently opened in Henrietta Street for women students of medicine, attended classes in botany at the Regent's Park School, and took private lessons in the other subjects required. It was in the course of this spring that she gave me the first indication of her possession of clairvoyant powers. She called upon me while suffering from an attack of incoercible sickness, which had lasted for several days, and, at my suggestion, took a few drops of chloroform on a lump of sugar. A few seconds afterwards she passed into the somnambulistic state, and, becoming lucid, exclaimed, "Oh, how curious! I can see all my inside, and what it is that is making me ill. Just below the stomach, between the pylorus and the duodenum, there is a small abscess filled with black matter, caused by some metallic substance which I have swallowed in my food, and which has lodged there." On the influence of the drug passing off—which it did very shortly—I told her what she had said, but only to find her quite unaware of it, and regarding the utterance as a delirious fancy. The event, however, proved the accuracy of her diagnosis; for in an unusually severe spasm which presently followed, a quantity of black matter was ejected as from a newly burst abscess, the seat of which seemed to her to be exactly where she had located it; and in the *ejecta* was a small piece of jagged metal, such as might have come out of some tinned vegetables of which she had partaken. And with this the attack ceased.

In the autumn she returned to Paris, together with her husband and child, and took up her residence with a family of Irish ladies, named Dawson, in the Rue Vaugirard, a situation convenient for the schools. Her history for the ensuing period will be best told in her letters to me. They well illustrate the girlish and vivacious side of her character, the contrast of which with her graver side was always a perplexity to those who knew her, but not the mystery of her complex nature. This was the side on which she delighted to be treated as a child and called by endearing diminutives. Not that the girl in her predominated to the exclusion of the boy. She was almost as much boy as girl, and her relations with her male intimates were best described by the word "chum" for their frankness and openness. These qualities altogether relieved the situation of elements which might otherwise have been embarrassing by placing all parties at ease:—

“ PARIS, *November 1, 1875.*

“ Mrs L. tells me *very bad* news about the women students’ dislike of poor me. I cannot go into details now, but she spoke to me about the matter very warmly, and said that the women had told her, one and all, that they were determined to oppose me on the ground that I was young, *beautiful* (*sic*, I assure you), and well-dressed, and they would not stand me. They are prepared to go any lengths, Mrs L. says, in their resistance. I don’t know what I shall do in the teeth of all this opposition. Her advice is: ‘Shun the women as much as possible, and do not attempt to consort with them. Go into no *pavillon* for dissecting where they are, choose a hospital where there are only men’; and if the men speak to me, she says they must not get any answer from me, even at the peril of rudeness on my part. She has quite terrified me. It appears that, after the day on which I went into the dissecting *pavillon* to see Mrs L., the students, both male and female, were greatly exercised about me, and have never forgotten the incident. The women resented my looks, and the men openly declared that if I came among them as a student they would make love to me. Mrs L. was greatly shocked, and determined to warn me if I came back to Paris. Otherwise, she says, she would have held her peace. Much more she told me, but I must reserve it for another letter. You may guess from the little I have recounted how vexed I am.”

It is fair to the women students at Paris to state that those in London had behaved very much in the same manner when she was working with them. Only, to the objections above made they added this one, that, having a husband, and sufficient to live upon, she had no business to enter into competition with them by following the profession of medicine. She did not, however, let their conduct to her affect her estimate of the capacities and rights of her sex, but only derived from it an additional argument for their emancipation, by ascribing it to the manner in which they had been dealt with by men, remarking that, “if we are mean and petty and spiteful, it is because we have been made so by the position which the men have forced upon us. Made slaves and toys, we cannot be expected to have the virtues of free and responsible beings.”

The following letter recounts her first experience as a hospital student:—

“ *November 9, 1875.*

“ I wish I could write in a happier strain. Things are not going well with me. My *chef* at the *Charité* strongly disapproves of women students, and took this means of showing it. About 100 men (no women except myself) went round the wards to-day, and when we were all assembled before him to have our names written down, he called and named all the students except me, and then closed the book. I stood forward upon this, and said quite quietly,

'Et moi aussi, monsieur.' He turned on me sharply, and cried, 'Vous! Vous n'êtes ni homme ni femme; je ne veux pas inscrire votre nom!' I stood silent in the midst of a dead silence. He turned his back, and one of the students instantly approached me, and said, speaking in English, 'Follow us, mademoiselle, wherever he leads us. He will call your name to-morrow.' I thanked him, and did all the wards bravely, and afterwards went into the theatre, and saw my first operation. It did not affect me in the least, even when the man shrieked, for I was fortified by the professor's animosity, and I saw his eye upon me. So I plucked up courage to look on coolly and intently all the time."

" November 24, 1875.

" Here is a pretty story for you. There is in one of our wards a little deaf and dumb boy about ten years old, suffering—poor child—for the sins of his parents, with abscess in the scapulo-humeral articulation. He is an intelligent child, and talks to the students on his fingers. Yesterday he complained in this manner of the bad smell arising from the wound in his shoulder, which is dressed with an ointment not too fragrant. I therefore conceived the idea of buying him a large bouquet of violets, and got him one last night at a flower-shop. This morning I arrived at the hospital very early, before G. (*the chef*) appeared, and gave my violets to the boy. He was greatly pleased, and hugged them close up to his breast. Then I went back to the *salle* to wait with the other students for G. After the 'call' was over we went our usual rounds with him. When we came to the bed where the deaf and dumb child was, there he sat up on his pillow with the violets in his hand, smiling. G. looked round, and asked rather sharply, 'Who gave him these violets?' I was dreadfully frightened, for I thought he was going to be angry about it. One of the students answered, 'C'est Madame Kingsford, monsieur.' 'So!' said G. 'She is a woman after all. Only a woman would have thought of doing such a thing as that. Not one of you, messieurs, would have brought flowers to a sick child in the wards.' Think of that! I have actually won him over by that simple little affair of a nosegay!

" But that is not all. *My* student was by my side when this happened. I took the occasion to carry out your advice,¹ and I said, 'You see, Monsieur C.' (the name of the man who had answered G.) 'gave me my proper rank. *You* call me mademoiselle.' He answered, 'He thinks you are married.' 'He thinks right,' said I. But he did not seem to understand me, for the next thing he said was, 'Are you not here with your father and mother?' 'No, monsieur,' said I; 'I am here with my husband and child.' He said nothing at all, and we went on our rounds. While we were in the second ward he touched me on the shoulder and said, 'Goodbye, madame; I am going.' He held out his hand, and I took it, and he went. It is a most unusual thing for a student to leave a ward in this way before the visit is over, and I really begin to think he is a

¹ She had written to consult me respecting this youth's attentions, which were evidently paid under the impression that she was unmarried.—E. M.

susceptible young man. However, it's done now, and I dare say he will be all right to-morrow.

“ I have been working hard all the week, and have made no end of notes. At Mrs L.'s, this afternoon, our professor astonished me. I had done all the fractures and luxations in six days, with drawings of each, and a *résumé* of the osseous tissue and Havers' canals. When the professor saw all these he was unmeasured in his praise. He said he had never seen such good work; it was excellent and most carefully resumed. 'When will you show me such work as this?' he asked Mrs L., showing her the notes. 'Here have I been teaching you incessantly for three years, and you have never done a single page to compare with one of these. In your hands a pencil is as useless as a piece of stick. Here are all the three hundred pages of Robin and Follin on the fractures of the femur and tibia condensed into half a dozen, and you have not made a single note, nor read half what she has in three times the time.' And so on; but I shall not quote any more, because it sounds egotistical, and would be useless. I tell you so much only to show the professor's regardlessness both of Mrs L.'s feelings and of mine. I am *extremely sorry*, because Mrs L. is a very good friend to me, and has helped me in many ways. But it is not in womanhood to sit by and hear another woman praised in such a manner and odious comparisons made. I hope she will be generous enough to forget and forgive all this. But it happens most unfortunately, for she had just before been telling me of an attempt Miss B. has been making to set the students against me, and how she (Mrs L.) had interfered and fought my battle, saying that I was the most earnest of the women students, and not 'wild' in my behaviour.

“ *Wednesday*.—I am just back from the hospital. *My* student was not there! When the call was made the *chef* stopped at his name, and no one answered. A friend of his came forward and said he was ill. The *chef* said no more, but scratched his name out. Do you think this can *possibly* be *my* fault? It seems ridiculous in such a little time. I only went to the hospital on the 9th, and now it is the 24th. But these French are so funny. . . . I have to be off at 7.30 every morning.”

“ *December 7, 1875.*

“ I have another adventure to relate to you about my hospital. You must know that G., my *chef*, has just invented a new apparatus for extension and counter-extension of the thigh in fractures of the femur, the object in view being the attainment of consolidation, without the shortening of the limb, which is invariably the result of this fracture with all the *appareils* yet constructed. Now, G.'s new arrangement is rigged up in one of the men's wards for the benefit of a patient who is suffering from the fracture in question, and it is the very first time the apparatus has been put together. When, in the course of our rounds yesterday, we came to this patient, G. examined the machine very carefully, and then, turning to the students, and addressing us all, he said in a loud voice, 'Is there anyone among you, messieurs, who is able to make me a drawing of this apparatus? I want to be able to reconstruct it at a future

time, and for that purpose I want a drawing of it, and of its adaptation to the limb.'

"Nobody answered; but one of the students came to me and said, 'We saw your notes the other day, and the drawings in them of the fractures. Since you draw so beautifully, tell G. you will do what he wants. None of us can.' I did not like to make the offer; but presently, as we passed on, three other students got round me, and one gave me a pencil and another a knife, and another a sheet of paper, and all pressed me to make the drawing. 'Do it while we are in the theatre,' they said. 'You won't care for the operation to-day; it's only a case of fistula. Come up here when everybody is out of the ward and make the drawing.'

"Well, they pressed me so earnestly, and I was so anxious to keep up G.'s good opinion of me, that I consented. So after the visit was over, and everybody had gone into the theatre, I came back into the ward, much to the amazement of the patients, and sat down in front of the apparatus and drew it. My drawing took me just an hour; and when it was finished I took it down to the little private door by which G. goes into the theatre. The operation was just over as I reached the place, and G. was in the act of washing his hands. Several of the students who knew what I had been doing made a rush, directly I opened the door, to see the drawing, and this disturbance attracted G.'s attention. He came up to me through the knot of students, and I handed him the sketch, saying, 'It is the new apparatus you wished to have drawn, monsieur.' He looked quite astonished and delighted. 'Comment, madame,' said he, 'c'est vous qui avez fait cela! Vous dessinez de ce façon la!' He held the drawing up to show it to the doctors and surgeons who were with him. 'If I were in your place,' said he heartily, 'I should go in for art, not for medicine. A young lady who can draw like this, all in an hour, without any help, to be a medical student!' Then he asked me if I had ever drawn any anatomical subjects. I said, 'Yes, the bones,' and so on. Would I make a few drawings for him? He had a curious fracture of the *péroné* he wanted sketched for a book he was writing. So I promised; but by this time I was red as a peony, for on operation days the hospital is thronged, and there were about two hundred students present, G. being a very celebrated operator and sub-dean of the *Faculté*. He then shook hands with me, and so did many of the surgeons with him, and I slipped out as soon as I could, feeling horribly bashful."

The accompanying are fascimiles of her note-books on pathology and botany, which were written throughout in blue ink and red, and for page after page, volume after volume, showed the same perfection of form and accuracy, neither mind nor hand nor eye ever faltering, nor any erasure, omission, or correction ever occurring, nor any fault in the French.

The foregoing letter closes the record for that year, but the following verses, which were among its products, seem to me worth preserving. They were written at Hastings while visiting

Methodes de }
Force

Les Suites manoeuvres de cette methode comprennent,
A. Contre-extension. B. Extension. C. Coaptation.

Quelques fois les lens contre-extendeurs sont confies à des aides, mais il vaut mieux les attacher à un point fixe, comme un crochet, un anneau scelle dans le bois ou le cuir dans les oscillations.

Pour l'extension on se sert d'ordinaire d'une bande de toile ou de glande ornée, afin d'éviter le glissement. On emploie 8 ou 10 aides, quand on s'en sert. La moufle est l'instrument le plus employé et le plus utile pour la réduction des luxations.



Luxation ou Dislocation

Une luxation faite comme pour la lux. en arrière, donne le même résultat.



La luxation du poignet, et surtout la lux. en arrière, a été longtemps confondue avec la fracture de l'extrémité inférieure du radius, mais la déformation est beaucoup plus considérable lorsqu'il s'agit d'une luxation, et les saillies anormales et présentent la forme connue des surfaces articulaires.

N'a pas de gravité, la réduction s'obtient facilement.

Pneumonie

Séoniacs



H. Niger.

Fruit polyépérme Séhiscant. Citales

pleinis

Hellebore Noir. Helleborus Niger (Xmas rose)

Tige souterraine verticale et traquée.

Souche noirâtre. Cette plante fleurit en

hiver (c'est la Rose de Noël. (racine.)

Stœnit. Aconitum Napellus (Monks hood.)

Calice et corolle irréguliers. La corolle est
 ripariée par 8 pétales; dont 2 ont un
 onglet allongé, et un limbe en coupe =
 char. L'extrémité souterraine de la tige
 est un tubercule napiforme. (rare)
 Les feuilles sont alternes et palmati-
 =seques. On en est de la racine.
Aconit Ferox Aconitum Ferox.
Aconitum Napiforme
Aconitum Vitalba (Trautvetter's Joy.)



A Napiforme.

her mother on the way to Paris, their inspiring idea being a remark of mine made under the following circumstances :—A succession of money losses had culminated in one so serious as gravely to compromise my independence, and I had written to her saying that it seemed as if the fates were adverse to our schemes of life and work, and were bent on forcing me either into writing or marrying for money, neither of which courses would comport with our cherished aspirations and anticipations. Poet as she was, and ever ready to translate ideas to their intensest plane, the remark suggested a situation which found expression in the following strain—

VALE !

Here, by the sea, which must part us, I stand,
 Looking the last of my love in your face,
 Feeling the touch of your hand on my hand,
 Only, alas ! for so little a space ;
 Hope on my lips, dear, but fear in my heart,
 Lest not for a time but for ever we part.

Sad that the sweetest of blessings on earth—
 Love and love's kiss—should be governed by gold ;
 Sad that a thing of so holy a birth,
 Like gross things and base, should be bought and sold !
 But gold is the master and measure of man,
 Leave to live must be bought first—love, if it can !

If it can !—to us is the leave denied,
 For the Fates are bitter against us, sweet ;
 I am bound by duty, and you by pride,
 And the way is darkened before our feet.
 There is none can comfort, for none must know,
 We kiss in the silence, and turn, and go !

I had thought (O fool !) that *this* love should last,
 Since no man forbade it, and you were free ;
 But its dead are dead, and its past is past—
 Let us bury them here in the winter sea !
 For the smiles must vanish, the tears remain,
 When Fate is cruel and prayers are vain.

So it was ever, and so it is still,
 For the gods are jealous of too much joy.
 And Time, the Destroyer, who works their will,
 Has broken our love like a broken toy ;
 Heedless and heartless, he sings as he flies,
 " Old loves must perish—new loves shall arise ! "

Ah ! is it thus ? Must the woman whose gold
 Buys you, buy also the love in your heart ?
 Is it all past like a tale that is told ?
 Will you forget me so soon as we part ?
 Kiss the strange lips, dear, and court the strange face,
 Losing old joys in the newer embrace.

I weep : I fain would be gay, if I could ;
 But my words are sad, for my love is true,
 And every throbbing pulse of my blood
 Is a heart that beats and that burns for you !
 No other will love you so much as I—
 Forgive me, forget me ; good-bye, good-bye !

Being curious to test the claims of phrenology, and its ability to interpret her to herself, she had paid a visit with me to the noted proficient in that science, Professor Fowler. As he knew nothing of her save by what he saw in the interview, and held no conversation with her by which to obtain an insight, the result struck us as a marvellous proof both of the reality of the science and of the professor's skill in it. The following is her own account of his report, to the fidelity of which I can bear witness :—

“ PROFESSOR FOWLER'S ACCOUNT OF MY CHARACTER

“ *March 1875.*

“ ‘ Yours,’ said he, ‘ is a mind of a very high type. Your nature is very intense. You are capable of very deep suffering and of very acute delight. But for this intensity of nature, I see no reason why you should not be a “ well ” woman.

“ ‘ Some people are vain ;—you have not a particle of vanity, but you are extremely proud. People who are vain are affected by what others think of them, and are uneasy if not spoken well of. *You* don't care a pin what people think of you, or how you offend their tastes. Sometimes you get flattered ; then you say, “ Very well, this person has discernment.” Sometimes you get blamed ; then you don't care ; you only pity that person for his ignorance, and despise him, perhaps.

“ ‘ It would be impossible for you to be a hypocrite. You are very frank and candid. There is no falseness in your nature. If you like a person you tell him so, and show that you are glad to see him ; but if you dislike anyone you are equally frank in your dislike, and never put a constraint on yourself to be polite. When you don't wish to see people you let them know it.

“ ‘ You have great powers of adaptation. This you owe partly to your pride. You can be equally at home with the lowest and the highest in the land. You are always ready to wait on yourself or to do the meanest services, because you do not think them mean. But you could take your place in a palace with a queen, and be as

queenly as she. You love being in authority. You like to give your orders, and see them obeyed. You like to bear rule. If you were placed in a position of responsibility, you would never shrink from your work ; but the greater the responsibility became, and the more onerous its burden, the greater the pride you would have in it. You would carry anything through which you once undertook, for your courage is great.

“ “ You are a most independent lady ; you care nothing for customs, fashions, or conventionalities. Nevertheless, although liberal in most things, in some you are conservative.

“ “ You are a child of Nature. You love Nature, and seek her everywhere. You love everything beautiful—beauty of person, beauty of scenery, beauty in art. You would have made a good artist. If you were to turn your attention to art, you would produce excellent drawings. Art attracts you much, but Nature more. You are not afraid of sights and sounds that would appal others. If there is a thunderstorm, you like to be out in it ; or if there were to be an earthquake, you would like to be in the midst of its horrors. You like the tremendous.

“ “ You have very great literary powers and capabilities. You ought to be a writer—your talents are so great in that direction. You have great descriptive powers, and in works of descriptive character you would excel ; your adjectives might have a tendency to become redundant, for you describe everything powerfully. You have great benevolence : it dominates all your character. You love animals, and cannot bear to be without pets. If you had a horse, you would make a friend of it.

“ “ If you were religious, you would be so in order to be good. Some people are religious for fear of hell or for desire of heaven, some because they have a feeling of reverence or adoration for God or their Saviour. These motives do not weigh with you. All you ask is, “ Can I make myself better or useful by means of religion ? ”

“ “ You have a fair appetite, but the organ of destructiveness is hardly large enough.

“ “ You are greedy of knowledge on all subjects. No matter what sort of knowledge comes to hand—you are not particular—you want to know everything. You make no reservations ; you are fond of learning. Your powers of observation are very great. You have the faculty of “ taking in ” a subject very rapidly and correctly. Suppose you were witnessing a demonstration in chemistry, for instance, or any similar experiment, you would not need to see it done or have it explained twice ; you would grasp it and understand it all at once. Perhaps you might not have the skill or dexterity to do it yourself, but you would thoroughly well comprehend it mentally. You have great powers of analysis.

“ “ You are a critic. Whatever esteem you may have for your friends, or whatever love, you are never blind to their faults. You are keenly sensible of anything that is weak, ludicrous, or bad in others, even in those you most love. Thus you are slow to give your friendship ; but when once it is given, it is not easily shaken. You are of a constant nature. If you had a husband, you would be slow to make him such ; but when once your love was won, it would be given wholly. But the difficulty would be *for you to find a mate.*

“ ‘ Naturally you are generous and free with your money. If ever economical, it is owing to circumstances, not to taste. You are orderly. But your order does not manifest itself in the usual way—as with regard to tidiness of dress and rooms; it shows itself in the arrangement of ideas.

“ ‘ You are no arithmetician. The simplest calculation of figures presents insuperable difficulties to you. You write, read, and understand foreign languages better than you can speak them. Your pen—even in your own tongue—serves you better than speech. You will write a book better than you will speak on the platform.

“ ‘ It is not enough for you to *be*, you always want to be *doing* as well. London is the place for you, and all great centres. You like to be here (pointing to the window); you like to observe men and manners. Wherever anything is being done or carried forward, there you like to be in the midst of it, taking part in it. Because you observe men and ideas so much, you have but little faculty for observing and remembering localities; but for all that you hear and read your memory is very good.

“ ‘ You have the patriotic sentiment. You are proud of your country and of your race. You are a child of love. You can't get on without love, and you have had it lavished on you. As a child, you must have had a kiss every fifteen minutes.

“ ‘ Justice has great weight with you. You resent injustice keenly, not for yourself individually, but for the aggregate. People may talk against you, and you care very little how unjust they are, but let them touch your friends, and you are roused at once. You always defend your friends, and are apt to value them too highly and to idealise them very much. There is nobody else like your friends—nobody to compare with them, in your opinion. You have combativeness, and are fond of argument. You have hope, and anticipate largely. You look on the bright side of things. You are cautious, too. If you are packing up to go away from home, you will take with you three times what you need, saying to yourself, “ I may have to stay away longer than I think.” You have wit. You don't try to be witty, but you can't help being so. You are fond of ornament. This is owing to your love of beauty and of art.’ ”

With the exception of two or three minor points, this diagnosis of her character and liabilities struck us both as a marvel of accuracy. And it was based solely upon what he could gather of her on a visit during which he was himself the sole speaker. He did not know even her name. But the effort exhausted him, for he failed as egregiously with me as he had succeeded with her; from which we inferred that his judgments were, at least, as much psychical as physical and cerebral.

CHAPTER VI

STUDENT LIFE

IN addition to the completion and publication of *The Keys of the Creeds*,¹ my work during the past year had comprised an examination, largely made at the British Museum, of the various religious systems of antiquity, with a view mainly to the determination of two points—(1) How far they possessed any common central dominating idea; and (2) How far such idea, if possessed by them, was related to man's consciousness of his own nature and needs. It seemed obvious to me that man *must* regard religion as having for its end the perfectionment of himself and his conditions, since only in such case could it have any concern for him. But how to reconcile such conception of the end of religion with the systems which made that end the exaltation of beings who, whether real or imaginary, were in no wise near himself, but were altogether removed from him in kind, as do all religions, which make religion consist in the worship of God or the gods as ordinarily conceived of?

From this inquiry into what actually were the subject and object of religion, I presently passed to the inquiry into what these *ought to be*, judged from the standpoint of pure reason. Doing which, it became evident to me that if designed—as it must necessarily be designed—for the benefit of man considered as a permanent being, religion must have for its subject and object man's permanent part, namely, that which is implied by the term "Soul." Posit the soul as the real and enduring principle in man, and therefore as the supreme subject and object of regard, and religion at once becomes intelligible and necessary as the culture of that principle, and so only. Wherefore that alone is religion in any true and worthy sense which consists in the culture of the soul. And whatever in religion fails to fulfil

¹ This book was published in 1875 (*Light*, 1893, p. 103).—S. H. H.

this definition is not really religion, but only superstition and folly.

As, with this clue to the meaning and intention of religion in itself, I pursued my analysis of the various systems of religion, steadfastly following the while my reformed mode of diet, I found myself, to my inexpressible delight, coming into possession of a strangely enhanced faculty of ideation, which manifested itself in a power of insight into problems which had hitherto baffled me. It was as if my mental surfaces had been cleansed and sensitised in such wise as to render them accessible to impressions and suggestions which formerly had been too subtle and refined to obtain recognition. And to such extent was the level of my thought and perception raised, that I was sanguine of developing a faculty capable of the sure discernment of all truth, even the highest, and even of finding for it expression so luminous as to enable the generality also to discern it, to the world's incalculable advantage. And conspicuous among the convictions which burst upon me as indefeasible verities, was the conviction that to this end the whole scene and *modus* of religion must be shifted and its process inverted, so that, instead of representing something extraneous to the individual, and done for him from without, it should become a process interior to him and be accomplished from within, having for its two terms purification and unfoldment in respect of that which, by virtue of his nature and constitution, he has and is in himself. It was thus that the vicarious principle, against which I had from the beginning instinctively revolted, came to disclose itself to me as demonstrably false and pernicious.

A. returned home for Christmas, taking their little girl to her grandmother at Hastings, and leaving his wife in Paris with the family with whom they had resided. But the winter was barely over when news came of a breakdown of health so serious as to necessitate an instant change of climate and mode of life, if the mischief were not to be confirmed. For the lungs were menaced. Finding himself unable to quit his duties so soon again, A. wrote to consult me, suggesting a trip to Italy as the most likely to be beneficial instead of a return home at that season, and asking if I could conveniently accompany her thither. He repeated his former remark that no one else seemed to understand her so

well, and added that it was the first condition of health with her that she be congenially companioned. I felt myself fortunate in being able to comply, and in little more than three weeks after starting I returned home, having shown her Turin, Milan, Verona, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa, and left her at her quarters in Paris thoroughly restored, and filled with ecstatic delight at the revelations of beauty and truth in Art, Nature, and Idea which had been opened to her view. For, once beneath the clear skies, and amid the manifold glories of Italy, freed from toil and anxiety, and instead of the depressing associations of her student-life, finding sympathetic response to every suggestion and impulse,—it seemed as if the moment had arrived for which her spirit had waited to descend upon her in fulness and illumine her whole being. And so it came that, as we explored palace and gallery and temple—and, notably, the Venetian San Marco, where the access culminated—every symbol and emblem wherein had been at once concealed and revealed mysteries too deep for vulgar apprehension, disclosed its meaning, enabling us to recognise the great mediæval adepts in architecture, sculpture, and painting as seers and prophets of the doctrine we were learning to discern as being the fundamental truth of which all religions are but veils. And this was no other than that Higher Pantheism which, while insisting on the substantial identity of God, the World, and Man, makes all Being essentially divine, and sees in the distinctions which pervade it differences only of condition. No longer doubtful for either of us was the significance of the expression “in the Spirit.” And yet, as the event proved, it was but a preliminary sprinkling of the fuller baptism we were to receive before the year was out, a dawn to be succeeded by full day. And not only were the previsions confirmed which led me to see in her and her faculty the destined supplement and complement of myself and my faculty, but it was made clear to me what precisely was the nature of the work we were to accomplish together. It was summed up in the word “Interpretation.”

The return to our respective abodes and occupations involved a descent from these altitudes. Moreover, the cares of the situation were manifold, and the matters many concerning which counsel was sought of me. Her letters to me at this juncture are not available for reproduction; for, owing to their many

family and other personal allusions, she reclaimed and destroyed them some years later. Some of my replies to them, however, were spared ; and as they will exhibit the difficulties of her position, and the manner in which they were met, more vividly than any formal narrative, I will act on the dictum that a person may be known as well by letters received as by letters sent, and accordingly give some extracts from them :—

“ As for your professor’s angry insistence on being allowed to vivisect at your lessons, you must be less of the mere pupil and more of the woman with him, and show that you can be angry too. He has no particle of authority over you, having been simply hired by yourself to give you instruction in certain subjects of which he has knowledge, and concerning which you desire to learn. Those subjects are purely scientific and physical, and do not properly involve any violation of morality, concerning which you have your own views, and do not intend to renounce them. Tell him plainly, with all dignity and firmness, that your objection is profound and fixed, and not to be abandoned at anyone’s dictation, being a matter of principle, involving at once morality, religion, and humanity ; and that, so far from its being a ‘ folie ’ on your part, as he says it is, it is a ‘ folie,’ and worse than that, on the part of those who degrade their humanity by having recourse to such methods ; and that, if he persists in worrying you about it, you will seek another instructor, or even renounce the study of medicine altogether. Of course, it would not be safe to let it be known that it is part of your fixed design to prove that a diploma can be obtained without having witnessed a vivisectional experiment ; for they might pass a rule making it obligatory.”

“ As for that troublesome acquaintance at the hospital, I fear, from what you tell me, there will be what the Americans call a ‘ difficulty ’ between him and his rival, unless you use great tact. How about saying frankly to him, ‘ Monsieur, you paid me compliments. I am here as a student, not as a woman. Unless you recognise me in that capacity only, we cannot be acquaintances, much less friends.’ It would only damage you were the two men to come to open conflict. Can they not be made to understand how unkind and distressing to you their conduct is ? ”

“ My objection to your story, *The Turquoise Ring*, is that it represents an immature stage in a woman’s development, and one that you yourself have outgrown. Your Ariel is all head and little heart, and sees ideas to the exclusion of persons, and exercises her will at the expense of her affections. Her dismissal for a whole year of the man she professes to love, and her refusal even to correspond with him, are things which no affectionate nature would do. Fancy yourself in such case ! Nothing so tends to the mental development and revelation of love as correspondence. The very absence of the bodily presence fosters the spiritual tie. The motive of the prohibition is the unworthy one of distrust, and represents a survival of what, I

hope, is a past phase in yourself. Your early work was better than your present, because then you believed. Faith is essential to love.

“It is a mistake, too, to make her array herself in jewels and finery to receive her lover after *such* a separation, as if *he* could have eyes for anything but herself. Plain white and a single flower on breast or in hair would be better, and nothing to remind him—a poor man—of her wealth.”

“I send you to-day’s *Times*, with a report of the debate on the Women’s Suffrage Bill, which will show you how much you are needed in that movement. For the debate shows why it does not advance. They are all on the wrong tack, supporters and opponents alike. The franchise is claimed in hostility, not sought in love. The women are demanding it as a means of defence and offence against men, instead of as a means of aiding and perfecting men’s work. They want a level platform with man expressly in order to fight him on equal terms. And, of course, the instinct of the majority—both of men and women—revolts against such a view.”

“You will have to conceal your indignation at the doings in the hospitals until you are safe through your course. Meanwhile make ample notes of them against the time when you are free to denounce vivisection not only for its cruelty to the animals, but for its brutalising influence on hospital practice. And do not fret about the attacks made on you by persons such as Mrs L. L., on the score of medicine being an ‘indelicate’ pursuit for a woman. It is not a bit more so than nursing, even from the point of view of the objectors, and no one has ever objected to women being nurses. The real ‘indelicate’ is on the part of those who find it indelicate. They are not the most ‘proper’ folk who have the keenest sense of impropriety.”

“I walked home in a snowstorm last night, from a big dinner-party in Belgrave Square, where the hostess, old Lady Combermere, insisted on my sitting next to her, in order, she loudly informed her guests, that she might keep me from spoiling her *entrées*, by scooping out all the vegetables and leaving only the meat! And great was her surprise to learn that the vegetables were already spoilt for me by the gravy. I went reluctantly, so greatly do I prefer the solitude of my chambers and my work to conventional society. But I came away sensible of having rather enjoyed the evening. For I met some interesting people, and that *rara avis*, one who was appreciative of *me*! The fun of the occasion consisted in the delivery by E. F., the Colonial Office man—of whom you have heard me speak—of a capital piece of mimicry of the speakers and speeches at the Dialectical Society on the night of my paper, at the reading of which you were present. He took us all off admirably. I had no idea how amusing we had been. He was most successful in reproducing the Scotch and Irish speakers.

“Among other notabilities present was old Mrs Greville, who is a great friend of Tennyson and of Irving, and is coaching the former’s play, ‘Queen Mary,’ which is to appear soon. She recited Tennyson’s ‘Grandmother’ exquisitely, and attacked me about ‘Jesus,’

wanting to know if I accepted His mediation, as she had 'heard that I was one of the intellects of the day, and she saw that I had a soul.' She was earnest to a degree, and would not be put off by my saying that all such doctrines have a spiritual meaning which differs for different minds, and that the popular way of regarding them is pretty sure to be not only false, but gross, idolatrous, and even blasphemous. She herself was a 'Universalist,' she said, and did I not believe that the benefits of Christ's death would be extended to all? To this I could safely say, as I did say, that I could not imagine the Deity as damning any portion of Himself. Whereupon she straightway shed tears, and declared that I must not say another word on the subject, as nothing could exceed the beauty of that remark. It expressed all she felt in a way she had never known it expressed before. Whether she would have been so pleased if she had detected in it the cloven hoof of Pantheism, I have my doubts.

"At another reception I was at lately Lord Houghton insisted on my reciting an epigram which I had written at the time of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, which he had seen in the *Spectator*, and was greatly tickled by. It was in reply to the allegation that such a diversion of ecclesiastical property for purposes of charity would be 'robbing God.'

"Here is the epigram, in case you don't know it:—

' From empty fane and idle priest
Their wealth to take away,
And use in works of charity,
Is robbing God, they say.

And yet the Good Book plainly says,
In words which none can mend,
That 'whoso giveth to the poor,
Unto the Lord doth lend.'

"Lord H. also recounted with huge glee a joke I had once perpetrated at a great public meeting at Brighton during the discussion of the School Board question, in reference to the 'religious difficulty.' It was soon after Bishop Temple had virtually recanted his famous essay on the 'Education of the World,' by withdrawing it from further circulation at the request of his brother bishops on his accession to their bench. Speaking in favour of an unsectarian and undogmatic education in our national schools, I said that we had a most fortunate augury for our cause in the recent action of the bench of bishops; for by insisting on Bishop Temple withdrawing his essay on the 'Education of the World,' they had clearly shown that in their opinion a bishop ought to have nothing to do with the education of the world. The joke took, and the whole meeting laughed till it cried, the Mayor, who presided, putting his face down on the table before him to conceal his tears, while the member for Brighton, James White, the most ponderous member in the House of Commons, stamped so that it seemed as if the platform would go through."

"I do not believe you are ill in the way De L—— imagines. But it may come to that if you allow the exciting causes to continue long enough. And the delay of six or seven more weeks of which you

speak is a very serious matter. On no account should you risk your life to pass any *examen* at any particular time, or even to get your degree at all.

“A medical diploma is not necessary to enable you to do good work in the world, and there is no doubt that it will be obtainable here before long. My fear is that you are just the last person to associate with sick folk, owing to your excessive sensibility to external influences, and that either you cannot hold out until your *examen*, or you will not do yourself justice at it if you do. . . . As for your professor’s notions on life and immortality, I would as soon take a dog’s—nay, sooner, if it could express them; for its instincts would not have been obscured and perverted by its reason.”

Her persistent refusal to allow her tutor to experiment on live animals at her lessons led at length to his withdrawal, compelling her to engage another; but not until she had attempted to dispense with private tuition by attending the official classes at the schools. But these had soon to be renounced. For although experimentation was not performed at them, at least during her term of attendance, the laboratories were in such close proximity to the lecture-rooms that the cries of the animals under torture were plainly audible, and were so distressing to her as to compel her to give up her attendance and again have recourse to private tuition.

Respecting her visits to the schools, she related the following incident in an article written some years later in a periodical called *The Heretic* :—

“Very shortly after my entry as a student at the Paris *Faculté*, and when as yet I was new to the horrors of the vivisectional method, I was one morning, while studying alone in the Natural History Museum, suddenly disturbed by a frightful burst of screams, of a character more distressing than words can convey, proceeding from some chamber on another side of the building. I called the porter in charge of the museum, and asked him what it meant. He replied with a grin, ‘It is only the dogs being vivisected in M. Béclard’s laboratory.’ I expressed my horror; and he retorted, scrutinising me with surprise and amusement—for he could never before have heard a student speak of vivisection in such terms—‘Que voulez-vous? C’est pour la science.’ Therewith he left me, and I sat down alone and listened. Much as I had heard and said, and even written, before that day about vivisection, I found myself then for the first time in its actual presence, and there swept over me a wave of such extreme mental anguish that my heart stood still under it. It was not sorrow, nor was it indignation merely, that I felt; it was nearer despair than these. It seemed as if suddenly all the laboratories of torture throughout Christendom stood open before me, with their manifold unutterable agonies exposed, and the awful future an atheistic science was everywhere making for the world

rose up and stared me in the face. And then and there, burying my face in my hands, with tears of agony I prayed for strength and courage to labour effectually for the abolition of so vile a wrong, and to do at least what one heart and one voice might to root this curse of torture from the land.

“Two ways lie before every man—the path of good and the path of evil—and man is free to choose between them. Men of science must choose, just as must traders, writers, or artists. Semblance of success may lure him who enters on the track of evil, but it is the glamour of a phantom decoy, and will sooner or later end in collapse ; for it was no evil principle that built the universe. A method which is morally wrong cannot be scientifically right. The test of conscience is the test of soundness.”

Meanwhile, despite her hard work and the distressful conditions under which it was performed, she did not fail to report to me from time to time such of her hospital experiences as were calculated to throw light on the practice and its consequences ; and these I turned to account in a letter which appeared in the *Examiner*, June 17, 1876, of which the following is a condensation. As the first-fruits of our collaboration, as well as because no less applicable to the present day than when it was written, it merits a place in this history :—

“THE DOCTORS AND THE VIVISECTION BILL

“The action just taken by the Medical Council in opposition to Legislative interference with the practice of vivisection—for to this does their remonstrance amount—makes it necessary that the public should be further enlightened on the subject.

“The whole case is comprised in the two following questions :—

“1. Is the practice conducive to the physical good of man ? and

“2. Is it legitimate for man to seek his own good by such means ?

“In regard to the first question, it may be urged that several medical men who have had the courage to break through professional reserve have declared that not a single discovery of value for the prevention of disease has been made by means of vivisection which could not have been made by careful anatomy of the dead subject, and the exercise of that quality of the mind which is known as sagacity.

“We have the testimony of the works of physiologists themselves that, owing to the abnormal condition induced in the animals operated on, the results are most uncertain and misleading. In M. Béclard’s work, which is the authorised handbook of the French schools, the descriptions of the most terrible experiments are constantly followed by a query implying the impossibility of attaching any value to any conclusions which might be drawn from them. The indications are numerous, and some of the more thoughtful students admit, that the practice is actually injurious to the mental perceptions, by leading the student to discard the mind in favour of the senses, as the real instrument of truth ; and that it is destructive to that faculty of sympathy by virtue of which alone the secrets of nature are to be

got at, and the art of healing, like any other art, becomes possible. The following report of an actual conversation held not long since between a foreign professor of physiology and one of his pupils will throw some light on the real nature of the practice, and on the character of at least some of those who pursue it. A question had arisen respecting the character of some organ, and the pupil had given an answer which the professor had pronounced to be wrong.

“ ‘ But I found it in the book you told me to study from—Béclard’s *Physiology*.’

“ ‘ Well, he knows nothing about it.’

“ ‘ But he got it by vivisection !’

“ ‘ Possibly. What says M. Robin ?’

“ The statement of this authority was given, and pronounced to be wrong also. ‘ He, too, got it by vivisection,’ said the pupil.

“ ‘ Very likely. What says your English Huxley ?’

“ Huxley is found to differ from the two others, and is pronounced to be wrong also, although, as the pupil urges, he got it by vivisection. Then stating his views, the teacher is met by the rejoinder—

“ ‘ Here are you four vivisectioners all holding different opinions, and you insist that I shall vivisection also !’

“ ‘ Certainly I do ; and the chances are that you will find something different from any of us. That is the way science gets on.’

“ A remonstrance against the practice as cruel and immoral elicited the declaration that sympathy is a weakness and morality an hallucination ; that one soon gets over the former by practice ; and that, as for the latter, a man’s business is to get on, and that the only obstacle to be considered by a rational being is the fear of what other men may do to him. This, and this only, is the sensible rule of conduct.

“ To get rid of the illusions which prevail on this question, it is essential to combat the notion that the practice of medicine is in itself an humanising one. Very many people think that doctors both choose their profession from humane motives, and that its practice makes them more humane. These notions no doubt derive support from the gentleness and suavity of the demeanour usually observed by doctors towards their private patients.

“ To doctors themselves, and to medical students, this notion is ridiculous in the extreme ; they would be the last to claim such superiority for themselves as a body, and it involves no attack on the profession to expose its fallacy. The chief object of professional men, in medicine as elsewhere, is professional advancement. And it is absurd to cite their profession, or the manners necessary to gain success in it, in proof of their superior humanity. It would be just as sensible to credit soldiers with being more patriotic and courageous than other people ; policemen with having more civic virtue ; or lawyers with being greater lovers of justice, on account of the nature of their vocations, as to credit doctors with being more humane on account of the nature of theirs. They neither choose medicine because they are more humane than other people, nor do they become so by the practice of it. They are average men, and like their fellows in all respects.

“ But if we wish to know what are the effects likely to be produced on them by the practice of vivisection, we must look to the countries

where it has been pursued without restraint either of law or of feeling. And in regard to this aspect of the question, I can assert that English students in foreign hospitals have expressed to me their astonishment and horror at finding the practice of vivisection virtually extended to the patients themselves, and the principle freely recognised that the chief function of the pauper patient is to enable the doctor to learn how to treat the paying patient. The following is an exact description of actual practice in some of these institutions. Accompanied by a large party of students, the professor of surgery approaches a bed where the case is that of a broken wrist.

“ ‘Just as I told you yesterday, gentlemen,’ he says to the class. ‘This particular fracture has the peculiarity of reproducing itself if not bandaged on being set. It was because I wished you to see the fact for yourselves that I left the limb unbandaged yesterday after I set it.’ In this case, the patient has had, for the sake of affording this paltry lesson, to undergo the pain of a second setting aggravated by twenty-four hours’ delay. Coming to the case of a man whose leg and arm have been broken by his being run over in rescuing a child, the surgeon contents himself with rubbing together the ends of the broken bones in order to hear the ‘crepitation,’ and passes to another bed. A number of students remain behind to practise for themselves; and each in his turn rubs together the ends of the broken bones, of arm and leg at once, while the cries of the victim resound through the ward. The only notice taken of this by the surgeon is to call out to the students from the bed where he is occupied, not an order to release the sufferer, but ‘Hold him down! hold him down!’ And when they rejoin him an admonition is given to the effect that they are never on any account to do things of that sort in their private practice, as it would ruin their chance with paying patients.

“ It is the same in the medical wards. On entering one devoted to diseases of the chest, the students are to be found regarding the patients simply as subjects for practice. They freely open their bed-dresses, and sound their chests, and run pins into them in various parts of their bodies, to test the sensibility of their nerves, and then walk off, leaving them to readjust themselves as they may. Nor is the example set them by their instructors any better. A woman is dying of consumption. She is in the last stage. Both lungs are destroyed, and the chest is filled with liquid. She has been almost insensible for several hours. If left alone she will die in comparative ease, without returning to consciousness. But this must not be. She must afford yet another lesson in return for the charity she has received, and as a penalty for being a pauper. Bending over her, the physician shouts at her to make her open her eyes. She tries in vain to obey him. Taking a pin from his coat, he thrusts it into the under surface of each lid. She utters a cry, and he withdraws the pin, saying, ‘You feel that, do you? Why don’t you open your eyes, then?’ He then pricks her hands and legs, each puncture eliciting a faint cry and effort at resistance. Then with the aid of a student he lifts her up in the bed; for she is dying, and is utterly unable to move herself. Putting his ear to her back, he shakes her violently with both hands, in order to hear the fluctuations of the liquid in the chest, an operation which has already been repeated daily for the

same purpose. At each shake the patient puts out her emaciated hands, and cries piteously in a feeble voice, ' Oh, sir ! oh, sir ! '

" The dietary is in keeping with the rest of the treatment. The staple is flesh nearly or wholly raw, which, in spite of the aversion manifested towards it by the patients, is forced upon them by violence. Where paupers are thus classed with animals as fitting subjects for painful experiment, and no regard is shown to the feelings of either, it is not surprising that the use of anæsthetics for the benefit of the patient is wholly rejected. Even the excruciating operation of cautery with a red-hot iron is performed without the alleviation of an anæsthetic. This operation was recently performed on a man's neck for aneurism. The case was hopeless, and the patient was put to the torture for the benefit of ' science ' far more than for his own ; his cries are described as most fearful ; half the back of his head was burned off, and he died six hours afterwards. These operations are performed in the wards in the midst of the other patients.

" The moral to be learnt from these examples can hardly be mistaken. They show that, whether medicine is or is not in itself a humanising profession, it certainly is not so in the hands of vivisectioning students and professors. They show also that medical charities ought not to be left without lay supervision ; and they suggest the fear that, unless the fast-growing practice of vivisection in this country be checked, we also may see our hospitals converted into institutions for the benefit of those who desire to learn how to treat the rich at the expense of the poor.

" With regard to the second question, Whether it is legitimate for man to seek his own good by such means ? I find it impossible to resist the conclusion that, even were it certain that mankind is benefited by the knowledge obtained by vivisection, the practice is indefensible on moral grounds, and that the moral loss entailed by it is beyond compensation.

" This is a part of the question which lies wholly beyond the province of the merely scientific specialist. The absorbing pursuit of knowledge, like that of anything else, is apt to blind the seeker to the existence of moral limits in his own department. The case before us is no exception. Precisely as a Nero recognises no moral limits to the pursuit of pleasure ; a Napoleon, to the pursuit of power ; a Thomassen, to the pursuit of gain ; so a Schiff, a Ferrier, or a Rutherford recognises no moral limits to the pursuit of physiological knowledge. The appeal in this case is from the specialist to the more evenly developed conscience of the community at large. It is for us as a people to declare that there are moral limits to every pursuit ; that there are means which no end can justify. In the axiom that the infliction of torture upon any innocent creature whatever for the benefit of others is absolutely unjustifiable, we have an indefeasible rule by which to decide the case in point. The plea that it is for our own good rather aggravates the offence. For it is then no other than the apotheosis of that worst of devils, the devil of selfishness, in his most detestable form, that of cruelty.

" The practice of vivisection involves the reversal of every principle by following which man develops those higher planes of consciousness which exalt him above the animals. It means the abandonment of

all our moral gains, and a return to the lowest rudiments of existence. If vivisection be right, then has the world existed and mankind striven and suffered in vain. If the sacrifice of others to self is to be the rule for ever, let us at once declare might to be right, and vivisect our women and children—any who are unable to protect themselves. But the history of man shows that this is not the method of nature. Man has risen out of the rudiments, and has learnt that not in the sacrifice of others to self, but in the sacrifice of self for others, and of one's own lower to one's own higher nature, consists the sole method of progression. What, it may be asked, should we think of a person who should consent to have an animal brought to his bedside and there tortured in order to minister to his own cure? We should say, and say truly, that he was not worth the saving. The same is true of humanity. Mankind is not worth the saving at the cost of the feelings which alone exalt mankind. To plead that the knowledge gained will be well applied, is to justify every swindling financier that ever plundered the confiding; it is to justify the author of the *Bremerhaven* explosion, or any knaves whose gains go to the support of their families. The recognition and application without reserve of the principle for which I am contending is essential to the discipline of man's life and the perfection of man's nature. The doctrine of the vivisectors is, that a thing ceases to be wrong if only the possible reward be great. For even they do not venture to deny that the principle is sound which forbids the infliction of torture upon the innocent for the benefit of others. But they have yet to learn that the greater the reward of the wrong-doing, the greater is man's moral victory when he withstands the temptation.

“ Pain is pain, and injustice is injustice, whoever the victim. The fact that the victims of vivisection are not of our own grade does not lessen the horror with which the practice is regarded by every man and woman whose sympathies extend beyond the narrow range of self and kind. For these the knowledge that throughout Christendom almost every physiological laboratory has been converted into a torture-chamber, in which multitudes of our highly organised, warm-blooded, acutely sensitive fellow-creatures are perpetually undergoing the most fearful tortures which scientific skill can devise, goes far to render life hideous and convert earth into a hell. When science came in with its loud promise of triumphs unbought by cruelty, and its proclamation of a bloodless crusade against pain and misery in whatever shape, it was welcomed as a much-needed, long-sought-for deliverer. The disappointment of those who trusted that of this junction of knowledge and sympathy would be born anew the world's redemption is more bitter than words can tell. The friends of science are reduced to the humiliating confession that it can only shift the seat of the suffering that is in the world, not lessen the sum; and that it can only shift it from the stronger to the weaker, and this on the condition of increasing its volume and intensity.

“ There is, however, too much reason to believe that not humanity, not a desire to diminish suffering, but a reckless competition for knowledge, lies at the bottom of this gigantic wrong. Dealing with facts merely physical, and appealing to faculties which are merely of the senses, science has fallen almost exclusively into the hands of a class of men whose faculties for perceiving the external aspects of

things have been developed at the expense of the higher qualities of the mind. Keeping their eyes ever focussed on phenomena, they have become incapable of seeing beyond phenomena to their relations and significance. And denying, as they for the most part do, that there is any meaning in the facts presented to us by the universe, or that we can see it if there be one, they have neglected the use of the higher imagination by which alone it is possible to understand facts, and have reduced science to a bare catalogue of isolated events. Making perception and acquisition everything, and reflection and sympathy nothing, they have forced science to minister to the production of an order of human carnivora eager to seize and devour any fact that comes in their way, no matter at what cost of blood and agony to others. It should be vain now for physiologists to appeal to their character and attainments, and declare that the attempt to restrain them by legislation is a superfluity and an affront. They have shown plainly that they are not to be trusted, and that the honour of humanity is not safe in their hands, inasmuch as they are wont to take cowardly advantage of the weak and helpless. The very eminence of some of them does but enhance the necessity for measures to counteract the evil of their practice and example. They have to learn that in the matter of morals the appeal is not to a physical standard, but to the consciences of men. The very attempt to obscure the question by comparing it with that of field sports shows the insincerity of the pretence to humanity. If legislation cannot deal with every brutal or careless act committed by the multitude of rudimentary intelligences existing among us, whose delight is in baiting, killing, or tormenting every wild animal that comes in their way, that is no reason why it should abstain from dealing with a well-defined, palpable, and accessible atrocity like vivisection. For science to plead the example of sport is to make the practice of the lowest the rule of the highest.

“ One word respecting the exemptions proposed in Lord Carnarvon’s Bill. Too plainly does the cloven foot of selfishness appear in the fact that, by the exemption from torture of domestic animals only, or of those for which we ourselves individually chance to care, we are still thinking of our own feelings rather than of those of the animals. This half-hearted way of redressing a wrong is utterly unworthy of us. Let England shake off the moral lethargy which has fallen upon her, and rise in full determination to cast out this hideous thing from her midst, as half a century ago she rose to cast out slavery, and by this one act she will do much both to gain her own approbation, and to restore her credit with the world as a nation that still has an ideal of perfection, and strives to realise it even at the risk of her own prejudice.—I am, Sir, etc.,

“ EDWARD MAITLAND.

“ OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,

“ *June 16, 1876.*”

The following is my rejoinder, also condensed, to the letters evoked by the foregoing in defence of this practice :—

“ I do not think that your correspondents, Dr Thomson and ‘ C.,’ are free from the liability of specialists to overlook the broad ethical

aspects of their own pursuits. Each of them employs in defence of vivisection arguments from which they would certainly recoil if applied to something so remote from their own avocation as, let us say, the Inquisition. The torturers and burners of men for the sake of souls were also no doubt 'a respectable body of men who followed an unselfish career with sincerity, humanity, and singleness of aim. They considered that 'the measures proposed to control heretic-burning would be a calamity to religion, and would inevitably give a shock to its progress that Christendom would in all probability never recover.' The lay mind, however, ventured on 'one of the most astounding assertions ever made in a public controversy,' and setting at naught 'the names of those eminent members of the ecclesiastical profession who were opposed to its view of the case,' maintained 'that the practice was not conducive to the good, physical or other, of man.' Here is Dr Thomson's argument in his own words; and what is it worth? Will he deny that the lay view of the case was the right one, and that the abolition of the practice which followed was a most happy thing for all parties, though carried against the judgment of 'the highest professional authorities'?

"The instance I have just given teaches us to distrust all hierarchies whatever, physiological as well as ecclesiastical. Even were they unanimous, they would not necessarily be infallible; and were they infallible, they would not necessarily be impeccable. With regard to vivisection as beneficial even in a physical point of view, there is, as Dr Thomson must be aware, no unanimity to which appeal can be made. The great historic names of Gall and Bell, and many recent names of distinction, may be quoted in proof of the open character of the question. And when it is considered how strong is the feeling of caste which induces members of a profession to combine against interference from without, and how ready are the majority to assent to the dictum of their leaders, it becomes evident that a single dissentient voice is apt to be worth more than a host of consenting ones.

"Even if there were no other reason to distrust the verdict of the majority of the medical profession in this question, the way in which the controversy has been conducted by the doctors is not one that is calculated to gain the confidence of the laity. Only those who are behind the scenes know the difficulties which have been thrown in the way of obtaining a fair statement of the case.

"The argument drawn from the prevalence of cruelty in sport is but an illustration of the desire of the vivisectionists to win a victory rather than to elucidate the truth or succour humanity. So far from reprobating and discouraging the cruelties of sport, they seek to legitimatise them by erecting them into a plea for the commission of cruelties infinitely greater. There is a certain confusion in the public mind on this point which I think I can remove. I shall not dwell upon the distinction, though it is an important one, that the endeavour of the sportsman is to kill his game as quickly and painlessly as possible, while in the case of the vivisector's victim the sufferings are protracted and enhanced to the utmost extent. The essential distinction consists in the fact that the sportsman acts solely

on his own account, and, if cruel, commits no one but himself by his practice. The physiologist, on the contrary, acts in the name of society at large, and so makes all who avail themselves of medical skill a party to his proceedings. The one is brutal on his own account, the other is brutal on my account. And I have a right to insist that the knowledge of which I am compelled to avail myself be not contaminated by barbarous practices, just as I have a right to refuse to subsist upon means obtained by vice or fraud. The sportsman, if cruel, is in the position of one who poisons his own private well-spring. The vivisector is in the position of one who poisons the well-spring to which the whole community resorts. Medical science is the common property of all. The constitution of modern life makes it impossible to avoid coming into contact with it in some form, even though one may wholly abjure the use of drugs. Hence, no one is justified in employing, in its pursuit, means which render it in the eyes of anyone unhallowed and accursed. There are evils from responsibility for which individuals may exempt themselves, even while unable to procure their abolition. The cruelties practised in the preparation of veal and of *pâté de foie gras*, for instance, are chargeable, only upon those who use those articles, and many abstain from them in order to escape the responsibility, and also to do what they can to abolish the abuse. But it is impossible to carry this principle of abstinence into medicine. Hence, the claim of doctors and physiologists to be the sole judges in the matter is utterly untenable, since the result and the responsibility cannot be confined to themselves or to a few.

“ The question is a moral as well as a physical one, and if we decline to acknowledge the infallibility of an exclusively religious caste in matters involving the public conscience, it cannot be expected that we shall acknowledge that of an exclusively scientific caste. It was in the teeth of the experts that we refused to make any compromise with the Inquisition or with slavery, and no amount of professional pleading shall induce us to make a compromise with vivisection. We feel that it is wrong, hopelessly, absolutely wrong, as we felt that they were wrong ; and we shall not rest until it be, like them, utterly abolished ; and, for my part, I am convinced that there are numbers of medical men who, when they shall have been sufficiently enlightened on the subject, will be most thankful to have their profession relieved of the dreadful reproach which now attaches to it on this account.

“ Your correspondent ‘ C.’ argues in favour of perpetuating the divorce now subsisting between knowledge and sympathy. He would have them exercised apart and alternately. As I read the world’s history, it is precisely of this divorce that all its evils have come. Male and female, qualities as well as persons, are meant to be wedded to the world’s end. Of their harmonious union springs every possible blessing. Their separation means agony, despair, and death. Sympathy without knowledge ends in tears, and knowledge without sympathy ends in blood. I seek their re-marriage. Vivisection means their everlasting estrangement.

“ EDWARD MAITLAND.

“ OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CLUB,

“ June 28, 1876.”

The effect produced by these letters was immense. They were reprinted by a number of societies and private persons, and distributed in tens of thousands, and procured me numerous letters of ardent thanks, one of which was from Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in which she pronounced it—

“ The most important strike on our side made for many a day, and one that will tell perhaps more than anything which could have been said ; since, by its exhibition of the treatment accorded by practitioners trained in the experimental school to the poor patients in the hospitals, it brought the demoralising effects of the practice home to all.”

The following are two of numerous letters to the same purport evoked by these articles :—

“ I read your letter to the *Examiner* on vivisection at my breakfast this morning, and feel that I cannot begin my day’s work without first dropping you a note to express my respect and gratitude. It is at once temperate and irresistible, and to be temperate on a subject that disturbs the human heart more than any other has ever troubled it is a hard task. Your letter is of more value to humanity than all the hospitals put together. If vivisection be recognised by law, nothing of humanity will be left but the empty name. The thing so shocks me that I have decided none of my sons shall enter the medical profession. For if any child of mine ever looked on vivisection, I could never look on him again.

“ I am a hard-worked lawyer in large practice, and have to do much more with facts than feelings ; but my deliberate conclusion is, that if vivisection is to prevail, the sooner the world is destroyed the better.”

“ MY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Have I to thank you for sending me the *Examiner* of yesterday ? If so, I *do* thank you most sincerely. The letter signed ‘ Edward Maitland ’ is the grandest thing of the kind I have ever read. It expresses precisely my own views on the subject, put in such a manner as I could never hope to express them. I have long felt, and this letter only confirms my conviction, that no terms are to be made with the vivisectors, but that we must go in for the whole thing.—Very sincerely yours,
D. W.”

It was with great regret that I withheld my colleague’s name ; but the publication of it would have made her position as an aspirant for a diploma untenable. In return for a copy of the paper, she wrote to me as follows :—

“ I have read your article in the *Examiner*, and am grateful to Heaven for giving me such a man for a friend. If I felt a passing pang of jealousy as I read it, it was a pardonable weakness, for had I not hoped to have done what you are doing ? However, when one truly desires a noble end one does not indulge selfish motives. My real desire is, that by some means this horrible stain on humanity

should be wiped away, what matter by whose hand? And if by the hand of a friend of mine, why, then, for that too I thank God. It would, perhaps, I think, do good to the cause and reputation of women physicians were it known that the most active assailant—and, as I believe, the first assailant—of vivisection was a woman student of medicine. But one must be careful that no ignoble desire for praise be mixed up with this wish. I have tried hard to be free from base things.

“ In the hospital yesterday—at the surgical consultation of *La Pitié*—there was a man with a broken *péroné*, who fell to my share.

“ ‘ Describe to me the accident which caused this,’ said I.

“ ‘ I slipped. My leg slid under me, and I fell.’

“ ‘ How came you to slip?’

“ ‘ The floor was swimming in blood, and I slipped on the blood.’

“ ‘ Blood!’ cried I. ‘ What blood?’

“ ‘ Madame, I am a slaughter-man by trade. I had just been killing, and all the slaughter-house was covered with blood.’

“ Oh, then, my heart was hardened. I looked in the man’s face. It was of the lowest type, deep beetle-brows, a wide, thick, coarse mouth, a red skin—‘ savage ’ was stamped on every line of it.

“ The world revolts me. My business is not here. All the earth is full of violence and cruel habitations. Elsewhere I shall find peace, and there will I go to wait for you, and for the few pure and merciful souls yet remaining here. I do not wish to save myself by bringing another child made after my likeness into this hell of iniquity” (a reference to certain medical advice recently received), “ to suffer as I have done, to be tortured slowly as I have been by the knowledge of the world’s ineffable wickedness and stupidity, and by my own impotence to interfere in the matter. What of life remains to me I will live in doing my utmost against every form of cruelty; but it would be cruelty in me to condemn another like myself to the fruitless strife. So at least it seems to me. More and more every day it appears to my mind that I am not of this world. Visions float about me in the night that seem to warn me of some unknown change perhaps awaiting me. I do not know; but my state of mind of late has been singularly clear and expectant. I fancy that there *is* a Future, and that I am meant to have some special work beyond this plane of existence, something for which I have been put to school here.”

Although sinking again into a low state of health, and on the eve of an important *examen*, she could not refrain from writing largely on the discussion raised by our *Examiner* articles. One of these communications has a perennial value, being as applicable now as then. It is a criticism on the memorial addressed by the medical profession to the Government praying for unrestricted liberty of experimentation, as against the Bill then before Parliament, which has since become law:—

“ I observe, first, that the doctors’ memorial urges, in its outset, that the number of persons engaged in vivisection is very insignificant ; yet they appear to feel the matter a very much wider business, to judge by the vigour of their protest, and speak afterwards as if *every* scientific man were personally to be affected by the Bill. The continual harping on the alleged cruelties of butchers and sportsmen is ridiculous, and their allegations are false. And to cite the practices—when cruel—of sportsmen and others as a plea for vivisection is absurd, because one cruelty does not justify another ; and certainly the minor cruelties of sportsmen cannot be held a justification of the great cruelties of physiologists.

“ The charge of exaggeration which the doctors lay upon us is *their* special sin. We have never exaggerated, for we have taken out of their own books, and from their own lips histories of barbarity which no lay imagination could have invented. But *they* exaggerate grossly in the inverse when they speak of laying penalties on a physiologist for ‘ scratching the tail of a tadpole under the microscope.’ Not that, but for administering to horses and dogs *hyper-æsthetics*, and for inflicting on them, when in this state of exalted sensitiveness, what is described by one of themselves, Claude Bernard, as the ‘ most atrocious suffering the mind of man can conceive ; ’—for laying bare and dissecting in this terrible condition the facial, spinal, and thoracic nerves, and burning the roots with red-hot irons and corrosive acids,—for such hellish devices as these are the physiologists justly arraigned.

“ The memorial speaks also of the Bill as an insulting restriction on the labours of scientific men. Yet that Bill—with far more indulgence to the doctors than I should like to see—permits vivisection for all purposes of physiological knowledge ! They are not content. What more do they want ?

“ Next, they speak sneeringly of ‘ sentiment.’ The outcry against vivisection is mere ‘ sentiment ’ ! Why, in God’s name, what is so great, so noble, as human sentiment ! What is religion, what is morality, but sentiment ? On what divine feeling are based the laws which bid men to respect the lives, the property, the feelings, of their fellow-men ? Sentiment is but another name for that moral feeling which alone has made man the best that he now is, and which alone can make him better and purer in the future.

“ Don’t go on fighting with Dr T. about the painfulness of cautery in particular cases. It is all a ruse on his part to get you off the real subject—vivisection. Of this I am convinced. It is an apple thrown to Atalanta to make her lose the race. I have myself seen this operation performed under very distressing circumstances. A young man of twenty, suffering from aneurism of the arteries, was burnt with hot irons many times in succession. No anæsthetic was administered ; the operation was performed in the open ward, and the cries of the poor fellow were heart-rending. He appealed to God and to all the saints with piteous energy. And he died a few days afterwards. Dr T. cannot pretend that in such cases, or in many others in which actual cautery is used—such as Pott’s disease of the spine, or in *ostéite*—when the iron is pierced through all the soft parts to the bone itself, no suffering is produced. The absurdity of the comparison he thinks fit to suggest between dissection and vivisection is so evident

that it is hardly necessary to point it out. A child would reply, 'One does not hurt, and the other does.' And it is just the morality of hurting for such purposes that we are discussing.

"I come now to the oyster, and must again accuse Dr T. of the wiliness which is so observable as characteristic of the advocates of vivisection. He knows well enough how ridiculous is the comparison between an invertebrated molluscous creature like the oyster and a highly organised animal such as the horse, the dog, or any other of the favourite subjects of professional vivisection. The nervous system of the oyster—as that of all its class—has by some physiologists been assimilated to the system of the organic nerves in invertebrated animals, and from this point of view it has been supposed that the oyster is devoid of the nervous system corresponding to that of the cerebro-spinal system in creatures possessing a spine. Others again have asserted that the two systems are alike represented by the chain of ganglions which are all the oyster has to show by way of nerves. This chain—so rudimentary that the animal possessing it has not even a head—consists of only three or four little ganglions united together in a circle; while the manner in which the functions of nutrition are carried on among the molluscs assimilates them so nearly to plants that in these days, when Mr Darwin has enlightened us so much about plant-movement, it might puzzle a physiologist to define the exact terms of separation between the oyster and the plant. But who would experience the least difficulty in distinguishing the horse or the dog from the most sensitive plant that ever astonished botanist?

"You may inform your opponents that, so far from your informant having failed to pass his examination, he—meaning she—has passed with the highest note, save one, attainable.

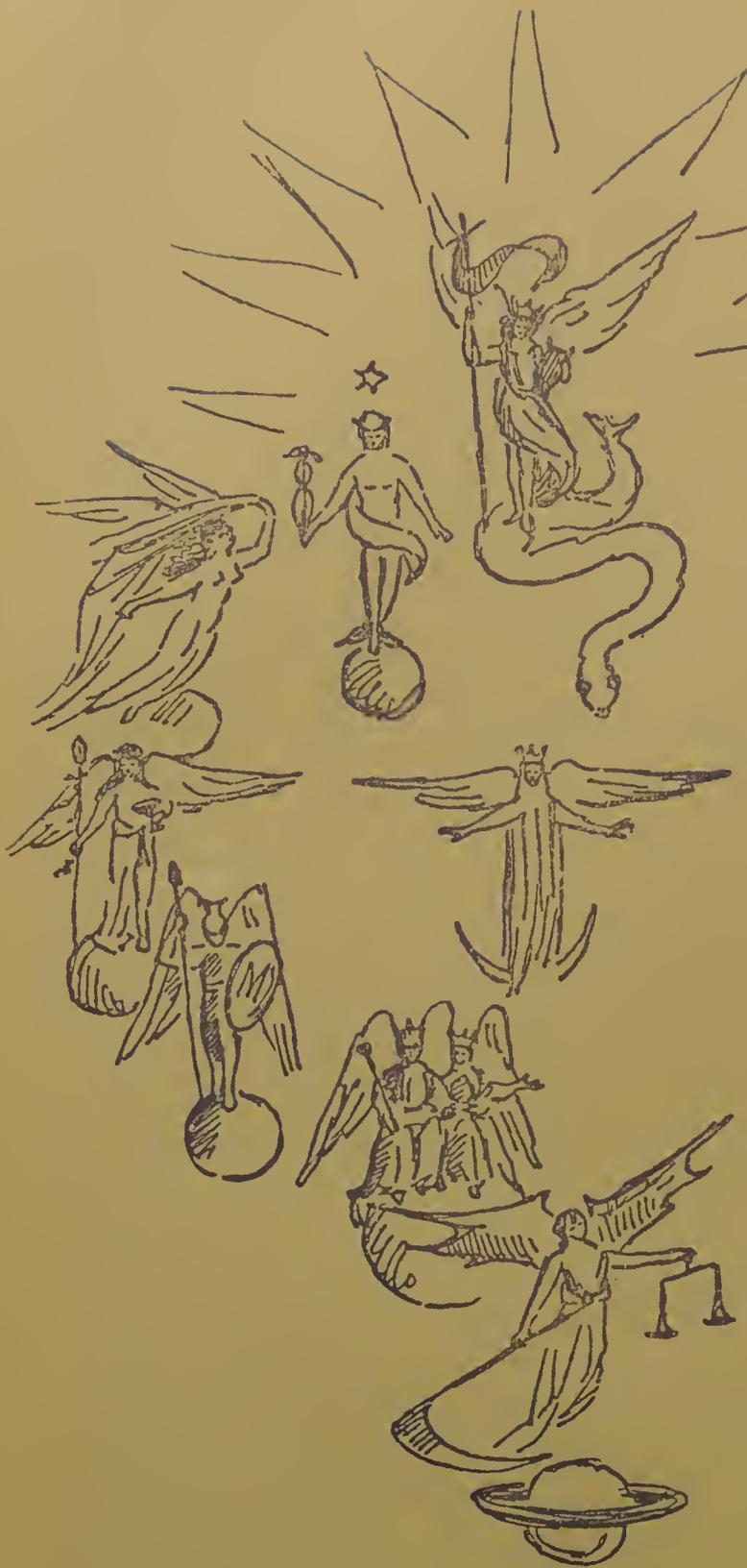
"About myself. I have not gone to Meudon for the proposed change and rest, as the exam. will take place too soon. I am very poorly, but a few degrees better than I was, I think. My malady has resolved itself entirely into three symptoms,—bleeding from the lungs, sickness, and weakness. No cough, no sweats, save such as are justified and accounted for by this hot weather; no expectoration of pus such as I have had. I have a painful suppuration of my finger, which I keep poulticed night and day, and I believe Nature is throwing off the internal complaint as much as she can by this external means."

This bad account was soon afterwards confirmed by a letter from A., who had just joined her, saying that she was "in an utterly bad state," and asking me to meet them and relieve him at Dieppe, whither they were to proceed immediately after the examination. This she duly passed, and with high credit; and her first free hours were occupied in writing an article on vivisection for the *Spectator*.

A month at the seaside, passed largely in open-air exercise on cliff and beach, with entire cessation of work, proved the best of physicians, and a few more weeks, divided between her home

and her mother's, brought her to the time when it was needful to return to Paris. This time she was to be accompanied by A., who was to remain with her for a prolonged period, his bishop having assented to his engaging a substitute during his absence, and an apartment, carefully selected and strongly recommended, was engaged for them. Being in her best health, and having her husband with her, everything promised well to external appearance. Nevertheless, it was with serious forebodings that I saw them off and returned to my chambers and my work in London. For something within me told me, with a distinctness and positiveness which startled me, that disaster was impending, and the arrangement would not be allowed to stand; for that we had reached a point in our preparation for the special work for which we had been associated at which a lengthened separation was out of the question and would not be permitted. And the ground of my alarm was the possibility that the means whereby our reunion would be brought about might involve an illness of the severest character. Nothing short of that, I knew, would compel her return or cause me to be summoned.

My forebodings were justified with a promptitude which took me by surprise. Four days after their departure word came from A. of their intention to return as soon as she was able to travel. Everything had gone persistently and violently wrong ever since their arrival in Paris. Their apartment had proved utterly uninhabitable—being cold, draughty, with smoky chimney and other intolerables; and a single night passed in it had induced an illness of such severity as to compel immediate removal to a first-class hotel; and the doctor called in—her own former professor, De L——, who, notwithstanding their rupture, had a sincere regard for her—had pronounced it impossible to say when, if ever, she would be able to resume work. It was accordingly decided to return to England at the earliest opportunity. And permission was sought and obtained for her to pursue her studies at home during the coming winter without detriment to her academic position, attendance at an English hospital being accepted as an equivalent for attendance for the same period at a French one. This was an especial favour granted in consideration of the circumstances by the Minister of Public Education, in compliance with a formal application on her behalf from the authorities of the University. She accord-



Apollon
 Hermes
 Aphrodite

Dionysus
 Iris

Ares
 Zeus & Hera

Chronos.

ingly returned home, and when sufficiently recovered to resume her studies, took up her abode with a relative at Chelsea, and obtained permission to attend the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, Bloomsbury.

By such compulsion of circumstances we were again brought within reach of each other, though still separated by a distance incompatible with close association. But, as the event proved, this was but a preliminary step to that end. What the remaining step was, how it was brought about, and what its results, will appear after the explanation first to be rendered of the allusion above made to the point reached in our preparation for our joint mission, and especially as regards myself. For, as proved to be the case, the manifestation of her peculiar gift was made dependent upon the development of a corresponding faculty on my part.

CHAPTER VII

SPIRITUAL UNFOLDMENTS

It will be remembered that my colleague, as I may now call her, had written to me about her prevision of some impending change of circumstance or of condition which would radically affect her life and work. Such a change had been gradually overtaking myself. It consisted in an enhancement of faculty, as remarkable as it was unanticipated, in virtue of which I found myself the master of problems which previously had baffled me, and able to discern outstretched before my mental eyes long and luminous vistas of thought reaching far away to the very centre of Being, and bridging the chasm between the real and the apparent in such wise as to disclose their essential identity, thus reducing all things to unity.

The process of enhancement was not confined to the intellectual nature only ; it comprised also the emotional, the affectional, the moral, and the spiritual. And under its influence I found myself impelled upwards by the dual force of attraction and repulsion—the attraction for the ideal shown me of a realisable perfection, the repulsion from the hideous actual which men have made of existence. It was as if, through the ardour of its upward striving, my thought had kindled into a flame of such intensity as to dissolve the barrier which divides the world of sense from the world of spirit, from thinker making me seer. For I found myself possessed of a new sense, and one of which, though I was aware of its existence, I had never deemed myself capable. Nor was I seer only ; I had become spiritually sensitive in respect of touch and hearing as well as of vision, and was in open conditions with a world which I had no difficulty in recognising as of celestial nature, so far did it transcend anything recognised in the contemporary spiritualism, so entirely did it realise my conception of the divine.

The first intimation of my possession of a new visual faculty was an apparition of my father, then some ten years dead. I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, and was in that state of perfect mental quiescence which lies between waking and sleeping, but is neither of them, wherein—as I came to learn by experience—the system is accessible to impressions which would otherwise escape recognition ; just as a pool of water, when its surface is at rest, receives and truly reflects images which the least motion dispels. It was thus no dream, as, in my original record of the experience, I had called it.

The room was in complete darkness, and so situate that no light from without could have illumined it. Yet it was a mass of light like a luminous cloud, stationed in the centre of the room, that first attracted my attention.

In another instant it assumed the form of my father, every feature being distinct, only no longer aged, but in the prime of life, and his aspect was that of one coming from a lofty sphere, so ineffably placid, refined, and spiritual was it. He returned my intent gaze with one as intent, and I at once saw that I could now without offence refer freely to the subject which in his lifetime had been an impossible one between us. This was the doctrine of vicarious atonement, which he held in its grossest and most physical sense, regarding it as being in that sense the very essence of Christianity and religion. Almost his latest words to me had been a reiteration of his belief in it. “ But for that blessed sacrifice,” he had said, “ what a wretch should I be now ! ” To which I had responded only, not wishing to distress him, that I thought he would find that God was better that he gave Him credit for being, and that in any case I did not see that we were bound to comprehend the reasons which induced God to forgive His repentant creatures, if the simple fact of their repentance failed to be an adequate reason.

Now, seeing by his aspect that he was free from the constitutional dyspepsia to which I had more than suspected his Calvinism to be due, I said boldly, speaking aloud, “ Well, father, what do you think of vicarious atonement now ? Do you still think me so wicked for rejecting it ? ”

It was as I surmised. There was not a trace of the anger such a remark would have aroused in his lifetime ; but, in its place, his face became radiant with the most angelic smile possible to

be imagined even upon his singularly benignant countenance—for which he had been called “the beauty of holiness.” It was a smile at once of unqualified assent and approbation, conveying more than any words could express, and impressing me with the conviction that he had thus manifested himself to me in order to signify his approval of the work on which I was engaged, the foremost motive of which was the destruction of what was his once favourite tenet. He evidently considered words unnecessary; for presently, without speaking, but still smiling in the same manner, he rose, or rather indrew himself, and disappeared from my view. Nor was I disappointed at his silence; for he was a man so singularly unready of speech that it seemed to be a corroboration of his identity. But, though withdrawn from view, his presence remained a while by me, not quitting me until he had given me to understand that he had been made aware of the work to which I had been called, and its supreme importance, which far exceeded my present power to estimate. But its accomplishment would require on my part an amount of faith, patience, labour, courage, and endurance such as it was rarely given to mortals to manifest.

By means of this newly developed faculty I found myself able to discern the interior personality of those about me, and this so much more clearly than the exterior as to render the latter the tenuous and shadowy and the former the substantial and real, to the complete inversion of the relations ordinarily regarded as subsisting between spirit and matter. The ability to do this was not without its distressing side. The perception of the interior selfhood of others involved that of their moral and spiritual states, with the result of showing that, while of none could it be said that they had so ordered their lives as to make of themselves the best that they had it in them to be—for in the best there were withholding influences, chiefly prejudices and foregone conclusions, which kept them back—those who had made of themselves well-nigh the worst that they had it in them to be were far from being the minority, the deteriorating causes in their cases being their systematic exaltation of the selfish and other lower instincts as the ruling influence of life. Indeed, as I passed along the streets, taking stock of the spiritual states of those whom I met, I felt as if visiting a hospital, a jail, or a lunatic asylum, so woefully diseased or deranged,

intellectually, morally, and spiritually, were the great majority of persons, seen with the spiritual eyes.

One experience which occurred to me while in this lucid state is worth recording, if only for its relation to an important application of our work. I had accepted the invitation of an acquaintance, whom I knew only as a fashionable physician, to meet a party of his men-friends at his house. The room was already thronged when I entered it. There was no one that I recognised, but I presently found myself suffering acutely with sensations of a kind quite new to me, and to analyse and account for which I for some time tried in vain. It was as if I were being pierced through and through with poisonous but invisible shafts—a St Sebastian being transfixed by impalpable arrows. Seeking to divert my attention from myself, I looked more particularly at my fellow-guests. They were evidently all men of intellect and culture, followers in no mean degree of literature and science, and to all outward appearance men with whom it would be both a pleasure and a profit to converse. But I had eyes open to other than the outward appearance, and the inner sense disclosed a different tale. In all whom I examined I read worldliness, unbelief, hardness of heart, and selfishness of the most determined and aggravated kind; a resolute repudiation of the ideal, and fixed bent towards whatever would make for personal advancement, no matter at what cost of principle and right. And entering as I had done into their atmosphere sensitive and unshielded, through being taken unawares, I had presented myself as a target, and received the whole concentrated force of their magnetic emanations. It had just occurred to me to liken my position to that of one who, being of a wholly diverse order, should suddenly find himself the centre of an assemblage of devils, when the problem was solved for me by my host coming up and offering to introduce me to one whose name I at once recognised as that of one of the most notorious and pitiless experimentalists of the day. I was in the midst of a gang of vivisectors, their sympathisers, abettors, and partisans, and it was their spiritual states which had so keenly affected me.

Another experience at this date, the reverse of distressing, was the following. I was walking one Sunday morning to Norwood, and pondering as I went the meaning of the tree in the ancient

symbolologies, being at the time in an extraordinarily intense state of accessibility to ideas. At the moment in question, while passing through Camberwell, it seemed to me that I was, in some way, on the point of seeing what I sought, and of so realising the idea of a tree as sensibly to discern its spiritual essence. Of the general propriety of the Tree as an emblem of universal nature I was well aware. For had it not, like everything else that has life, the dualism that consists of the inward substantial idea and the outward material phenomenon? And was it not also, like man, a compound being of two natures, planted on earth and aspiring towards heaven; and by virtue of the sustenance derived from the elements, living and growing, and proving its worth by its fruits? And was it not, moreover, the type whereafter consciousness ever develops itself, under whatever mode or form, whether mineral, vegetable, or animal, from the snow-crystal to the very tissues of the human body? Of all this I was aware; yet I felt that the ancients had some insight into the matter that I had not; and that where I could only surmise, they knew.

Various experiences had led me to suspect that there subsists between all living beings a bond of sympathy to which, if only the desire on one side reach a sufficient degree of intensity, the other side may be forced to respond by disclosing to view its animating idea. I say idea, because I was as yet wholly removed from the ascription of aught corresponding to personality in that which sustains existence. I ascribed a certain reality to that of which ideas are perceptions, but I had no notion of personality in the matter.

On the present occasion, after several attempts subjectively to realise the idea of a tree, and seeming each time to come nearer and nearer to what I wanted—though what precisely that was would be hard to say—I at length succeeded. For just as the process in my mind once more approached its climax, and I reached the very inmost recesses of my consciousness by a spasm, as it were, of intensity, I chanced to cast my eyes upon a tree of considerable dimensions, near which I was passing, when the tree itself seemed to respond to my desire by suddenly trembling and shivering throughout its whole structure; and opening from top to bottom, it disclosed, pervading its entire fabric—trunk, branches, and farthest twigs—a slender and delicate form, most

exquisitely traced, and vivid, luminous, and distinct as a flash of silvery lightning.

The apparition lasted but for an instant, and the tree closed up again, hiding what I had seen from my view ; but leaving the notion vividly impressed on my mind that the tree was actually instinct with a life or soul identical with what might be predicated of my own, on the hypothesis of the substantial identity of all things ; and that through the intensity of my sympathetic desire I had succeeded in bringing our respective essential selves into actual contact. After walking on a few steps meditating on the phenomenon, I returned to take another look at the tree, half fancying it might repeat the feat. But in vain. It differed nothing now from its fellows, and I was unable to repeat the spasm of intensification. The active part had been mine ; the tree had but responded under compulsion. How far the response was real I had no means of judging. What had occurred, however, was precisely what would naturally occur on the hypothesis that "the same incorruptible spirit is in all things," and that by virtue of its being spirit, and inherently living and sympathetic, the more rudimentary and inert modes of it should yield to the higher and more active. Might there not be between the soul of a tree and of man an interval far less than between the soul of man and that of some yet loftier intelligences, even while all were substantially identical ? My latest conclusion was, that as the eyes of the body behold the body and the things thereof, so the eyes of the soul behold the soul and the things thereof, and it was with the latter eyes that I had regarded this tree, with the result of seeing its soul.

The experience had for me a peculiar interest, owing to the sentiment I had always entertained towards trees. Having in years long past spent whole seasons in the giant forests of the coasts of the North Pacific, with no shelter but the trunk and shade of some gigantic tree, I had learnt to regard a tree as at once a home and a companion whom to quit was to regret, and to invest it with an individuality corresponding to my own. And now it seemed that the tree really was in its degree a person, and possessed of a soul so far identical in nature with my own that it could acknowledge my magnetic traction.

Such was the sense of power which accompanied this enhancement of faculty that when in the library of the British Museum,

so far from being oppressed and dismayed at the multiplicity of its tomes and the apparent folly of seeking to add to them what could be but as another drop to the ocean or star to the firmament, I found myself exulting in the conviction that, so far at least as things real and essential were concerned, I had it in me to write what would make them all to be superseded as no longer of value. Not that they were deficient in learning, or that I did not prize learning. Of that I recognised them as possessing an abundance, and of the kind indispensable to my work. Otherwise I had not troubled myself to explore them. But I sought in them in vain for the insight whereby to render their learning available, and it was precisely this that, it seemed to me, it was my mission to supply. They represented, one and all, so far as I was able to ascertain, what their writers thought or supposed, or what other men had said who did not know; and not what anyone *knew* by having the witness in himself. And it was being made certain to me that in one's own consciousness is the source and key to all truth.

Meanwhile my studies had begun to take form in a book having for its text and title *The Finding of Christ, the Completion of the Intuition, and the Restoration of the Ideal*. While engaged on it I noticed with wonder and delight a certain mysterious connection subsisting between it and myself, in virtue of which every step in its progress corresponded with a similar step in my own. For each successive withdrawal of the coverings of the central truth of which I was in search occurred simultaneously with a like withdrawal of something within myself which had served to conceal me from myself, so as to bring me nearer and nearer to what I recognised as my true and essential self; the result being the conviction of an identity subsisting between the object of my quest and myself the seeker, such that the finding of either would be the finding of the other, and the finding of one would be the finding of both, and also, that only in such measure as the one was found could the other be found. Pondering over the matter, it was made clear to me that the work before me was of such nature that only in so far as it was done *in* me could it be done *by* me.

This book I was allowed neither to complete nor yet to abandon. Through some compulsion, the source and reason of which I was at the time unable to discern, the writing of it was suspended;

but only—as the event proved—to be resumed, in another form, after the course of education, experience, and unfoldment necessary for its due accomplishment. This proved to be the course of which our joint book, *The Perfect Way*, was the issue. What I had written was the commencement of my preparation for the share I was destined to bear in *The Perfect Way*. It had put me on the track of which that book was the goal.

Finding myself withheld from continuing the work thus initiated, the value of which was purely spiritual, I conceived myself free to write something the value of which would be, in one respect at least, commercial, and serve to mitigate, if not to avert, the severity of the impending crisis in my affairs. But on making the attempt, I found, to my surprise, that, try how I would, work on any other plane than the spiritual was out of the question, being made so by a complete withdrawal of force, mental and physical, even to an exhaustion which prostrated me whenever I set about it ; while I no sooner allowed my mind to revert to its new groove than my force returned, and ideas luminous and abundant flowed in on me like a torrent. So, finding resistance useless, and captivated by the train of thought disclosed, I at length let myself go, supposing that the task thus indicated would soon be completed, and I should be allowed to resume the work laid aside. I say “allowed,” because it was evident to me that I was under some control, and this of a very high order, be it what it might. Of that I had as yet no conception. All I knew was, that it was in perfect accord with all that was best in myself, with my highest ideals of beauty, goodness, and truth, and that, so far from superseding my own powers or setting aside my own consciousness, it enhanced them, enabling me to write from an altitude and with a facility I could not otherwise have attained. The subject was at first the then impending Russo-Turkish war ; and the impulsion was to write a newspaper article calling public attention to the deeper, because the spiritual issues involved. The writing, however, presently grew to the dimensions of a pamphlet ; then of a small book ; but not until I had written a volume of over six hundred pages was I suffered to stay my hand. The sense of urgency was imperative. It was set up in type as it flowed from me, and the correction of the proofs went on concurrently with the writing

of the book. This occupied me about six weeks,¹ during the whole of which time I worked from fifteen to eighteen hours a day, and this without flagging at the time or subsequent reaction. Either I was miraculously sustained, it seemed to me, or else my Pythagorean regimen surpassed even the utmost that had been claimed for it.

Such was the method of the production of *England and Islam, or the Counsel of Caiaphas*, a book written, if ever book was, at white heat and under a veritable baptism of the Spirit as of fire. Not that it was unimpeachable either from a literary or from an exegetical point of view. For, as I found on perusing it when published, it was rather a collection of materials out of which a book should have been made than a book properly so called, being redundant in expression, defective in method, and in some instances showing an imperfect apprehension of the idea intended. It had the further fault of dealing too freely with persons, through the failure to distinguish between them and the principles or practices represented by them. But despite its shortcomings in such-like technical respects, it was a genuine prophecy, and contained prophetic utterances of the highest order, being identical in spirit with those of old. For its purpose was to arouse the country to a sense of the danger of the materialistic rule in both science and politics that was being pressed on it, as exemplified, on the one hand, by the practice and principles of vivisection, and on the other hand, by the endeavours, especially of Mr Gladstone, to ally it to Russia in the pending conflict. For, while the former represented the deliberate total repudiation of man's higher nature to the exclusive recognition of his lower, the latter represented the sacerdotal and material as distinguished from the prophetic and spiritual presentment of religion. Thus regarded, Mr Gladstone was the Caiaphas, who, by insisting on the sacrifice of Turkey for the benefit of Europe, was seeking once more to give effect to the principle according to which it was "good that one man die for the people." So vivid was the presentation to me of the true policy to be followed, and so difficult to conceive of others as blind to that which was so palpable to myself, as well-nigh to lead me into converting into a positive prediction a message intended as an admonition

¹ The last page of *England and Islam* bears date January 27, 1877.—S. H. H.

and instruction. I made the mistake, also, of putting my name to the book. Being a prophecy, and coming through one not recognised as a prophet, it ought to have been anonymous, and allowed to make its appeal irrespective of persons; since the world, seeing the instrument only, and not the source of the utterance, ever makes the limitations it ascribes to the former the measure of the latter. But this I perceived only when too late.

That is, humanly speaking. For the book proved to have yet another purpose than its apparent one. This was to disqualify me as its writer for a career which should be literary merely and social, in order that nothing should withhold me from entire devotion to the work to which I found myself called, and this was a purpose which was most effectually accomplished. For the result of its publication was to cut me off entirely from the ambitions and associations hitherto cherished by me, to the loss of my reputation as a literary man, and the rupture of my dearest friendships. Conjoined as were these calamities with a ruinous collapse of fortune, nothing, I verily believe, could have saved me from despair, and an utter breakdown mental and physical, but the exceeding joy which filled me through the consciousness of my new powers and knowledge, and the anticipation of a glorious work to be accomplished by me in a collaboration which of itself was a source of high delight. In view of these things all others seemed insignificant, and the world itself was well lost. And granted that the privations and ordeals were severe to intensity, they did but minister to the end in view, and were but such as had been endured by all candidates for high initiation in the sacred Mysteries of Existence, as told in the stories of the Odyssey, of the Exodus, of Job, and of all the world's Saviours—narratives of which new and unsuspected meanings now flashed upon me, illuminating the sacred pages which recount them with a light that was as life itself, infusing hope and strength and joy unspeakable.

I have stated that the writing of the *Keys of the Creeds* had brought me up to the dividing veil between the sensible and the spiritual. The writing of *England and Islam* witnessed my penetration of that veil and emergence into the Beyond. At the time of my commencement of that book, notwithstanding the mental opening of which I was conscious, I had no belief

in the reality of the phenomena called Spiritualistic. The little I had seen of them had failed to impress me, saving only by the fact of their frequent abortiveness. Conjurers never fail, spiritualism did fail; therefore it was not conjuring. I had got no further than this, saving only that I had been struck by the unanimity and positiveness with which, at every experience I had attended, it was declared that I had it in me to obtain the requisite proofs, and that some day I should obtain them. Meanwhile I was urged by so many friends of strong sense and sound judgment to keep an open mind on the question; and I recognised so fully the unphilosophical character of that attitude of mind, so conspicuous in the science of the day, which assumes that it knows the limits of possibility, and accordingly puts hypothesis above truth by rejecting prior to examination all facts which do not accord with its hypothesis, and even while calling itself experiential, denies on the strength of its own non-experience affirmations based upon experience, and considers it has effectually disposed of these,—that I set myself seriously to consider how existence must be constituted for such phenomena to be possible. Doing which I found that all that was necessary to this end was simply to reverse the materialistic hypothesis, and instead of deriving all things from an unconscious substratum, such as matter is assumed to be, and making consciousness accidental,—deriving them from consciousness itself, making this the original Being of which all things are modes, being individuated in vehicles of various grades of tenuity, some of them so tenuous as to elude the bodily senses. As I followed this track of thought all difficulties disappeared, and the experiences in question became not only possible but inevitable; and not these only, but the way was cleared for the solution of the great problem in view, the philosophical concept underlying the Christ-idea. For the recognition of the universality of consciousness, and therein of consciousness as the *condition* of Being, the negation of which is the negation of Being, proved to be the solution of this stupendous problem. For it made Christ intelligible as representing the full unfoldment of consciousness in its individuated state, to the realisation of the God-consciousness, while yet in the body.

Until I had arrived at this recognition of consciousness as the universal common denominator which made all things modes of

one and the same Being, I had found it impossible to complete the system of my thought. And I had been withheld from it by the conception of matter as the antithesis of consciousness, and as representing, therefore, non-consciousness; and this dualism was an insurmountable obstacle. My success in overcoming it was the subject of a coincidence so curious as to be well worth relating. I was indebted for the suggestion that, so far from matter representing non-consciousness, it is really a mode of consciousness, to one whom, for sundry characteristics, I had playfully dubbed John Baptist. Those characteristics consisted in his ascetic mode of life, especially in regard to diet, and his earnest inculcation of purity of habit as the means to physical regeneration. He had been the initiator of my colleague into the regimen of Pythagoras, and was thus also, mediately, my initiator therein. For he was her eldest brother, John Bonus. The above list, however, by no means exhausts the characteristics which led to my so styling him, and which were so marked that long before I had even heard of the doctrine of reincarnation I had said of him that, were John the Baptist to come back again, he would be just such a man. And now he had been my intellectual baptizer with the idea by the light of which I was enabled to discover the intellectual concept implied in the term "Christ"!

I was no sooner able to say to myself of phenomena such as those claimed for spiritualism, "Now I see how such things can be," than I obtained proof positive that they *are*; as if my arrival at this point in my mental unfoldment had been waited for expressly in order to afford me demonstration of the truth discerned; the experiences vouchsafed transcending in both kind and degree any of which I had heard or thought. And whereas before this I had imagined myself to be so inveterately sceptical as to have lost the very power of belief, I now found it so much a matter of course that such things should be as to make it appear as if I must have known it all along, but had somehow forgotten it. And so far from their being for me superhuman or supernatural, or involving a breach of law, they simply represented another and higher plane of the human and the natural, and the operation of the laws of that plane. Doing which they proved that the hypothesis which excluded and denied them was a false hypothesis due to defect of faculty, such defect being

not constitutional, but conditional only, and induced by a vicious habit of life and thought. Hence my recovery of faculty through my amended habit in these respects.

Although it was not only when I was writing that I found myself exercising the faculty of introvision or clairvoyance, I reckoned as among the means which ministered to the development of this faculty my recent adoption of a typewriter for my literary work; the effect of which was, by concealing from view the words written, to leave the mind free to follow the idea which was seeking expression, wholly unoccupied by aught else. For no sooner did I set to work with this instrument to set down the results of original thought than I found the perceptive point of my mind uplifted to a level clearly lying above and within the physical and sensible, yet without my losing touch of this, in such wise that I came into open relations with a distinct sphere of existence, and one which corresponded to that part of me thus detached and set free, which sphere was tenanted by beings who were at once spiritual and personal, and able to hold audible converse with me. I was at this time so ignorant of all that was meant by the term "Occultism" as not to know of the existence of a science so called. But I came to learn later that the state thus induced by the use of the typewriter was no other than that state of trance or ecstasy which constitutes the *Yoga* of the Hindoos, and consists in such abstraction of the mind from the outer and lower ranges of the consciousness as enables it to enter its inner and higher ranges; the result being the acquisition of the experiences and knowledges proper to such region, as if by means of a second set of senses appertaining to an interior and spiritual self, but identical in kind with those of the exterior and physical self.

The great factor in this achievement was, undoubtedly, enthusiasm. But this is not to say aught to the discredit of the method, or to the invalidation of its results. It is alleged that Mystics—the order to which I now found that I belonged—have conceived their system, not in that calm, philosophical frame of mind which alone is favourable to the discovery of truth, but in a spirit of excitement and enthusiasm of which the inevitable product is hallucination. This allegation, to which I had formerly lent a not unwilling ear, I now found to be not only contrary to fact, but to be intrinsically absurd, and these whether as applied

to the phenomena or to the philosophy of Mysticism. For enthusiasm is neither the Mystic's instrument of observation nor that of conclusion. It is simply the agency by means of which he is elevated to that region, interior and superior, of his own system where alone perfect serenity prevails and perception is unobstructed, where are the beginnings of the clues to all the objects of his search, and where his faculties are at their best by reason of their exemption from the limitations of the material organism. Attaining to this his full altitude, he no longer has need to reason and infer ; for he sees and knows, and the mind is content. As well refuse credit to the researches of the meteorologist on account of the upward impulses of the gas-inflated vehicle on which he gains the loftier strata of the atmosphere, or of the superior purity of the medium in which he operates, as to those of the Mystic on account of the enthusiasm by means of which his ascent is accomplished. For enthusiasm is simply his impelling force, without which he could never have quitted the outer, nether and apparent, and gained the inner, upper and real. Wherefore, even when his abstraction from the outer world attains the intensity of ecstasy, there is nought in his condition to invalidate his perceptions. Simply are his faculties heightened and perfected through the exclusion of all limiting or disturbing elements, and the consequent release of his consciousness from material trammel and bias. There is no really "invisible world." That which ecstasy does is to open the vision to a world imperceptible to the exterior senses ; that world of substance which, lying behind phenomena, necessarily requires for its cognition faculties which are not of the material but of the substantial man. And being this, ecstasy does but verify by actual vision the highest results of reason.

Thus, and much more to the same purport, did I subsequently write in the chief product of our collaboration, *The Perfect Way*,¹ upon the strength of the experiences of which at this time I began to be in receipt.

While recognising the identity of these experiences with those related of the Hebrew prophets, I was in no way occupied with any particular prophecies as having reference to our work or times. It was, therefore, with as much surprise as delight that I found

¹ Lecture IX., Part iii.

myself, when in these altitudes, distinctly and forcibly impressed by the conviction that the work allotted to us was in express fulfilment of prophecy. The time had come, I was assured, of which it had been declared that then "the great prince Michael, who standeth for the children of God's people," should inaugurate his mission of deliverance, bringing in the "end of the world" or prevailing order of things, and accomplishing the second advent of Christ. And in token of the mustering of the celestial hosts to this end, I was enabled to hear sounds as of the rushing by of mighty armies borne on invisible pinions; while the intimation was distinctly given that we were of those who had been appointed agents for the accomplishment of these vast events, having been, for reasons later to be disclosed to us, associated together and trained expressly for that purpose. This, and much more that was shown me at this time, while I treasured it carefully in my mind, I refrained from committing to writing, and even from communicating it to my colleague, knowing how incredible to myself it would have been if related to me by another. I recognised the wisdom of the intimations given me that she should be left to learn them, as I was learning them, by experience; and this in due time she came to do. And then we found that the course of our education was so ordered that, while to me was disclosed the whole scheme of existence as a vast edifice in broad outline, to her was shown the various details filling up the outline, and furnishing, so to speak, the chambers of the edifice, to the completion of the system, the coherence and symmetry of which, when thus finished, we both were able to recognise. Thus was our work one requiring for its due accomplishment the fullest exercise of the mind in both its modes, the analytical or critical, and the synthetical and constructive.

In regard to our transcendental experiences, it may be remarked that it would have been impossible to be more exacting than we were in our demands for crucial proofs. For myself, I had long since arrived at the conviction that, if ever I was to be convinced of the reality of such experiences, it would only be by their occurring in such kind and under such conditions as left not the smallest room for hesitation about accepting them; to which end they must occur when I was quite alone, confident of being in perfect health, physical and mental, and in possession of full consciousness, calm and collected; and they must make their

appeal to more senses than one, and to the mind as well as to the senses.

All these conditions were amply fulfilled, and this in course of a quest which was in no wise for phenomena, but purely for truth; and with such power and plenitude were they vouchsafed that to have doubted of the reality of the world spiritual to which they belonged would have been to leave ourselves without pretext for believing in the reality of the world physical; the evidences for the former being no less positive than for the latter. And never was our keenest scrutiny able to detect the semblance of a flaw in the proof. And whereas their commencement was concurrent with the two events, the opening of my mind to their possibility and the enforced return of my colleague to London under the circumstances already related, they constituted a confirmation of the intimation given me on her departure, that her return was ordained with an express view to our joint simultaneous initiation for the purposes of the task assigned us.

When at length this was made clear to us, and we learnt by manifold indisputable experience the full significance of the events in which we were participators, our feeling was that of triumph and joy. For we felt as explorers who, having ventured their all upon one particular issue, had at last discovered the object in quest of which they had long and arduously toiled and suffered, and on the finding of which all their hopes depended. And, ignorant as we then were of the achievements of predecessors in the same direction, we could have joined in chorus with the "Ancient Mariner," adapting it to our own case, and exclaimed that—

" We were the first that ever burst
Into that mystic sea ! "

The sources of our joy were not confined to ourselves, for they were twofold. There was the joy of achievement in being able to exclaim with Plutarch, when speaking for himself and his fellow-initiates in the sacred mysteries, " We know that we are immortal " ; and there was the joy of anticipation, the anticipation of the results of our achievement to the world. For we knew that it meant redemption on a scale never before accomplished.

This also we recognised, and with satisfaction—that, vast as

was the interval which separated our present from our past states, the passage had been effected so gradually and naturally as to make the change clearly the result, not of any abnormal or accidental cataclysm, involving a breach of continuity whether in processes physical or processes mental, but of a perfectly orderly unfoldment, every step of which was discernible as logically sequential, the issue being led up to in such wise as to render it legitimate, normal, and inevitable.

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CHAPTER VIII

THE CELESTIAL OPENED

THE first physical manifestation received by me consisted in my wrist being grasped by some invisible agency, while I was using my typewriter, and forcibly guided over the keys, the words being presented simultaneously to my mind, but only as they were being written. For the greater part of a page I sat and watched while this continued, freely yielding my hand to the influence. Not only was the grasp firm and strong, but the movement differed in character from my own, very much as does the fingering on an organ differ from that on a pianoforte. "This," I said to myself, "must be what is meant by being a medium." It was the first disclosure to me of the existence of unseen intelligences able to operate directly on the organism, and independently of the mind of the individual. Not that my consciousness was set aside. I was in full possession of that; I was fully aware of what was being written during the writing, but I did not originate it; I accompanied it only. The passage thus written was the first half of the address of England to Turkey at p. 185 of *England and Islam*. The purport was to indicate the spirit in which we should approach that people with a view to making common cause as representatives of the intuitional and prophetic spirit against Russia as the representative of the materialistic and sacerdotal spirit. The rest of that address was given in the ordinary manner, namely, by mental suggestion, the physical constraint being withdrawn as soon as the influence had convinced itself of my responsiveness, or me of its reality. For the experience was never repeated.

Soon after this, while sitting in my room one day and pondering the method of the production of matter and organism, being the while in a very interior state, I found myself gazing on a mass, resembling a thin grey cloud, of some tenuous material, which

revolved on its axis as if under impulsion of some immanent and central force, the immediate place of which was luminous. At the centre the movement was comparatively slow, but it quickened towards the circumference, and in proportion as it quickened the mass became more dense and opaque, until at the very edge it seemed to solidify and become converted into matter, through the rapidity of the motion among its particles. It was only long afterwards that I fully comprehended and recognised the value of this experience. This was when we were told that all things are made of the Divine Substance, which is the Divine Idea, and that matter is spirit made manifest by motion. Coagulating exteriorly, it becomes in the outermost matter. So that "by the gathering together," or coagulation, "of her waters, the dry land" — earth, body, matter — "appears," as said in Genesis i.

The experience I am about to relate was not only remarkable in itself, it was remarkable as striking what proved to be the keynote of all our subsequent work, the doctrine, namely, of the substantial identity of God and man. It had suddenly flashed on my mind as a necessary and self-evident truth, the contrary of which was absurd; and I seated myself at my writing-table to give it expression for my book [*England and Islam*]. The hour was past midnight, and all without was quiet, and my abstraction was unbroken and complete, and so profound that I wrote some four pages without, as it seemed to me, drawing breath; while the matter seemed to flow not merely from but through me, without conscious mental effort of my own. I *saw* so clearly that I had no need to *think*. In the course of the writing I became distinctly aware of a presence as of someone bending over me from behind, and actively engaged in blending with and reinforcing my mind. Being unwilling to risk an interruption to the flow of my thought, I resisted the impulse to look up and ascertain who or what it was. Of alarm at so unlooked-for a presence I had not a particle. Be it whom it might, the accord between us was as perfect as if it had been merely a projection of my own higher self. I had never heard of higher selves in those days, or of the possibility of such a phenomenon; but the idea of such an explanation occurred to me then and there. But this solution of the problem of my visitant's personality was presently dissipated by the event.

The passage I had been writing concluded with these words :—

“ The perfect man of any race is no other than the perfect expression in the flesh of all the essential characteristics of the soul of that race. Escaping the limitations of the individual man, such an one represents the soul of his people. Escaping the limitations of the individual people, he represents the soul of all peoples, or Humanity. Escaping the limitations of humanity, but still preserving its essential characteristics, he represents the soul of the system of which the earth is but an individual member. And, finally, after climbing many a further step of the infinite ladder of existence, and escaping the limitations of all systems whatever, he represents—nay, finds that he *is*—the soul of the universe, even God Himself, once ‘ manifested in the flesh,’ and now ‘ perfected through suffering,’ ‘ purified, sanctified, redeemed, justified, glorified,’ ‘ crowned with honour and glory,’ and ‘ seated for ever at the right hand of the Father,’ ‘ one with God,’ even God Himself.”

At this moment—my mind being so wholly preoccupied with the utterance, and all that I saw it involved, as to make me oblivious of all else—the presence I had felt bending over me darted itself into me just below the cerebral bulb at the back of my neck, the sensation being that of a slight tap, as of a finger-touch ; and then in a voice full, rich, firm, measured, and so strong that it resounded through the room, exclaimed, in a tone indicative of high satisfaction, “ At last I have found a man through whom I can speak ! ”

So powerful was the intonation that the tympana of my ears vibrated to the sound, palpably bulging outwards, showing that they had been struck on the inner side, and that the presence had actually projected itself into my larynx and spoken from within me, but without using my organs of speech. I was conscious of being in radiant health at the time, and was unable to detect any symptom of being otherwise. My thought, too, and observation were perfectly coherent and continuous, and I could discern no smallest pretext for distrust of the reality of the experience. And my delight and satisfaction, which were unbounded, found expression in the single utterance, “ Then the ancients were right, and the Gods ARE ! ” so resistless was the conviction that only by a divinised being could the wisdom and power be manifested of the presence of which I was conscious. The words, “ At last I have found a man,” were incompatible with the theory of its being an objectivation of my own particular

ego, and, moreover, they indicated the speaker as one high in authority over the race.

Nothing more passed on that occasion ; but a vivid impression was left with me that my visitant belonged to the order of spirits called " Planetaries." But as I had then no knowledge of such beings, I put aside the question of his identity for the solution which I trusted would come of further enlightenment. This came in due time, as will be seen, and with the result of confirming the impression given me at the time.

Meanwhile I found, by searching among the old Hermetists with whom, and the existence of the science of Occultism, I now for the first time became acquainted, and of whose writings there are many in the British Museum, that my experience was not unknown to them. For I came upon one account which described the entrance into a man of an overshadowing spirit exactly as it had occurred to me so far as concerned the nape of the neck as the point of entry, and the slightness of the sensation.

Of the scientific possibility of the experience, it required but a very small amount of thinking to convince me. For all that it was requisite to do was to reflect that there are no scientific grounds whatever for assigning limits to the tenuity of the substance which may serve as a vehicle for consciousness, intelligence, and force. And in this I was confirmed by finding that the Hermetists have always recognised matter as subsisting under two modes, the fixed, in which it is appreciable by the senses, and the volatile, in which it eludes the senses.

Some years later, when I had made some acquaintance with the Occultism of the Hindoos, I found that they recognise the existence of an order of spirits whom they call *Nirmâna-kâyas*. These are men who have, while in the earth-life, advanced so far in the elaboration of their inner principles as to be able after death to remain at will within hail of the earth, in order to influence and instruct persons who, while still in the body, are deserving and accessible, they themselves voluntarily postponing their ascent towards Nirvâna for that purpose.

The same voice accosted me again soon afterwards, but from without, as will be told in its place. It was in connection with a remarkable and prophetic dream received by my colleague [in November 1876] just after her return to London and her resumption of her studies, and while living in Chelsea. An account of

this dream was given in the book [*England and Islam*] on which I was then engaged, and it is also included in her book, *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, but without adequate interpretation. For this reason, and as a further example of the methods employed to promote our association and enlighten us as to its purpose, an inclusion of it here is necessary to the completeness of this narrative.

On bringing it to me on the morning of its occurrence, she exclaimed as she entered the room, "Oh, I have had such a terrific dream! It has quite shattered me. And I have brought it for you to try and find its meaning, if it has one. I wrote it down the moment I was able." Her appearance fully confirmed her statement. It alarmed me. This is the account:—

"I was visited last night by a dream of so strange and vivid a kind that I felt impelled to communicate it to you, not only to relieve my own mind of the oppression which the recollection of it causes me, but also to give you an opportunity of finding the meaning, which I am still far too much shaken and terrified to seek for myself.

"It seemed to me that you and I were two of a vast company of men and women, upon all of whom, with the exception of myself—for I was there voluntarily—sentence of death had been passed. I was sensible of the knowledge—how obtained I know not—that this terrible doom had been pronounced by the official agents of some new reign of terror. Certain I was that none of the party had really been guilty of any crime deserving of death; but that the penalty had been incurred through their connection with some regime, political, social, or religious, which was doomed to utter destruction. It became known among us that the sentence was about to be carried out on a colossal scale; but we remained in absolute ignorance as to the place and method of the intended execution. Thus far my dream gave me no intimation of the horrible scene which next burst on me,—a scene which strained to their utmost tension every sense of sight, hearing, and touch in a manner unprecedented in any dream I have previously had.

"It was night, dark and starless, and I found myself, together with the whole company of doomed men and women who knew that they were soon to die, but not how or where, in a railway train hurrying through the darkness to some unknown destination. I sat in a carriage quite at the rear end of the train, in a corner seat, and was leaning out of the open window, peering into the darkness, when, suddenly, a voice, which seemed to speak out of the air, said to me in a low, distinct, intense tone, the mere recollection of which makes me shudder,—'The sentence is being carried out even now. You are all of you lost. Ahead of the train is a frightful precipice of monstrous height, and at its base beats a fathomless sea. The railway ends only with the abyss. Over that will the train hurl itself into annihilation. THERE IS NO ONE ON THE ENGINE!'

"At this I sprang from my seat in horror, and looked round at the

faces of the persons in the carriage with me. No one of them had spoken, or had heard those awful words. The lamplight from the dome of the carriage flickered on the forms about me. I looked from one to the other, but saw no sign of alarm given by any of them. Then again the voice out of the air spoke to me,—‘There is but one way to be saved. You must leap out of the train!’

“In frantic haste I pushed open the carriage-door and stepped out on the footboard. The train was going at a terrific pace, swaying to and fro as with the passion of its speed; and the mighty wind of its passage beat my hair about my face and tore at my garments.

“Until this moment I had not thought of you, or even seemed conscious of your presence in the train. Holding tightly on to the rail by the carriage-door, I began to creep along the footboard towards the engine, hoping to find a chance of dropping safely down on the line. Hand over hand I passed along in this way from one carriage to another; and as I did so I saw by the light within each carriage that the passengers had no idea of the fate upon which they were being hurried. At length, in one of the compartments, I saw *you*. ‘Come out!’ I cried; ‘come out! Save yourself! In another minute we shall be dashed to pieces!’

“You rose instantly, wrenched open the door, and stood beside me outside on the footboard. The rapidity at which we were going was now more fearful than ever. The train rocked as it fled onwards. The wind shrieked as we were carried through it. ‘Leap down!’ I cried to you. ‘Save yourself! It is certain death to stay here. Before us is an abyss; and there is no one on the engine!’

“At this you turned your face full upon me with a look of intense earnestness, and said, ‘No, we will not leap down; we will stop the train.’

“With these words you left me, and crept along the footboard towards the front of the train. Full of half-angry anxiety at what seemed to me a quixotic act, I followed. In one of the carriages we passed I saw my mother and eldest brother, unconscious as the rest. Presently we reached the last carriage, and saw by the lurid light of the furnace that the voice had spoken truly, and that there was no one on the engine.

“You continued to move onwards. ‘Impossible! Impossible!’ I cried; ‘it cannot be done. Oh, pray, come away!’

“Then you knelt upon the footboard, and said, ‘You are right. It cannot be done in that way; but we can save the train. Help me to get these irons asunder.’

“The engine was connected with the train by two great iron hooks and staples. By a tremendous effort, in making which I almost lost my balance, we unhooked the irons and detached the train; when, with a mighty leap as of some mad supernatural monster, the engine sped on its way alone, shooting back as it went a great flaming trail of sparks, and was lost in the darkness. We stood together on the footboard, watching in silence the gradual slackening of the speed. When at length the train had come to a standstill, we cried to the passengers, ‘Saved! Saved!’ And then, amid the confusion of opening the doors and descending, and eager talking, my dream ended, leaving me shattered and palpitating with the horror of it.”

The meaning was not for a moment doubtful to me. The passengers were the world of to-day, and the regime which was hurrying them to destruction was the Materialism which is fast sapping the very life of humanity by the rejection of the ideal and spiritual, to the suppression of every principle and sentiment that redeems and ennobles man. This was the precipice towards which the world was unconsciously hurrying—the extinction of humanity—under the impulsion of blind force, which Materialism alone recognises. And it is the stupidity of the materialistic hypothesis that was implied by the absence of any intelligent control. “There is no one on the engine!” No directing mind in the universe. And to us it had been given to see the danger, and to avert it before the final crash came. But not by stopping the engine. Nothing can save blind force from dashing itself over the precipice and perishing in the void of its negations. They, indeed, whom it is dragging with it to perdition can be saved. But only by being detached from it. And this was the mission assigned to us, and for which we had been associated together. It was not to save ourselves merely, it was to save others, even the world at large, at whatever risk to ourselves.

She listened silent but acquiescent, and when I had finished my exposition, remarked, “To one the dreaming of dreams, and to another the interpretation thereof. But the same spirit.”

Meanwhile our feeling was that we were living in “Bible times,” which in reality had never ceased, nor ever do cease, except for those who are devoid of the spiritual consciousness, and for these those times never begin and have no existence. The revelation is perpetual, and the power to receive it is natural to man, requiring no miracle. That he fails to receive it is through defect, not of constitution, but of condition, being self-induced by his habits of life and thought.

It was in reference to this dream that I was spoken to aloud the second time by the voice which had spoken within me.

I had determined to include an account of this vision in the book on which I was then engaged, *England and Islam*. And I was alone in my rooms, reading the proofs of it, my mind being occupied solely with the letterpress, until I came to the remark ascribed to me in the vision, as made in reply to her entreaty that I would jump out with her to save ourselves, “No, we will not leap down; we will stop the train.”

At this moment the voice which shortly before had said to me, "At last I have found a man through whom I can speak!" addressed me again, saying in a pleased and encouraging tone, as if the speaker had been following me in my reading, and desired to remove any doubts I might have of the reality of our mission—"Yes! Yes! I have trusted all to you!" This time he spoke from without me, but apparently quite close by. And among the impressions which at the same instant were flashed into my mind, was the impression, amounting to a conviction, that whatever might be the part assigned to others in the work of the new illumination in progress, and the restoration thereby to the world of the one true doctrine of existence, the exposition of its innermost and highest sphere, the head cornerstone of the pyramid of the system which is to make the humanity of the future, had been committed to us alone. And now, writing nearly twenty years later, I can truly say that this conviction has never for a moment been weakened, but, on the contrary, has gathered confirmation and strength with every successive accession of experience and knowledge, and while cognisant of and fully appreciating all that has taken place in the unfoldment of the world's thought during the interval.

Among the things impressed most strongly on me in connection with the experience last related, was that, while the "You" comprised my colleague as well as myself, she, as a special instrument of the Gods, was a part, and that an essential part, of the trust with which I was charged.

Her enforced return to London was promptly followed by another experience, and one which served to disclose the essentially Christian character of our work, which hitherto had been an open question for us. For that upon which we were bent was, not the support of any existing presentation or system, but the actual truth respecting the nature of existence, and this at first hand and independently of any existing system whatever. And so entirely free were we from prepossessions that it was an open question for us whether the character of Jesus had any historical existence or was but a fictitious personification of a certain system of doctrine.

The experience in question was as follows:—It was night, and I was alone and locked in my chambers, and was writing at full speed, lest it should escape me, an exposition of the place and

office of woman under the coming regeneration. And I was conscious of an exaltation of faculty such as might conceivably be the result of an enhancement of my own mind by junction with another and superior mind. I was even conscious, though in a far less degree than before, of an invisible presence. But I was too much engrossed with my idea to pay heed to persons, be they whom they might, human or divine, as well as anxious to take advantage of such assistance. I had clearly and vividly in mind all that I desired to say for several pages on. Then, suddenly and completely, like the stoppage of a stream in its flow through a tube by the quick turning of a tap, the current of my thought ceased, leaving my mind an utter blank as to what I had meant to say, and totally unable to recall the least idea of it. So palpable was its withdrawal, that it seemed to me as if it must still be hovering somewhere near me, and I looked up and impatiently exclaimed aloud to it, "Where are you?" At length, after ransacking my mind in vain, I turned to other work, for I was perfectly fresh, and the desertion had been in no way due to exhaustion, physical or mental. On taking note of the time of the disappearance, I found it was 11.30 precisely.

The next morning failed to bring my thought back to me as I had hoped it would do; but it brought instead an unusually early visit from my colleague, who was—as I have said—staying at Chelsea. "Such a curious thing happened to me last night," she began, on entering the room, "and I want to tell you of it and see if you can explain it. I had finished my day's work, but though it was late I was not inclined to rest, for I was wakeful with a sense of irritation at the thought of what you are doing, and at my exclusion from any share in it. And I was feeling envious of your sex for the superior advantages you have over ours of doing great and useful work. As I sat by the fire thinking this, I suddenly found myself impelled to take a pencil and paper, and to write. I did so, and wrote with extreme rapidity, in a half-dreamy state, without any clear idea of what I was writing, but supposing it to be something expressive of my discontent. I had soon covered a page and a half of a large sheet with writing, different from my own, and it was quite unlike what was in my mind, as you will see."

On perusing the paper I found that it was a continuation of my missing thought, taken up at the point where it had left me,

but translated to a higher plane, the expression also being similarly elevated in accordance both with the theme and the writer, having the exquisiteness so characteristic of her genius. To my inquiry as to the hour of the occurrence, she at once replied, "Half-past eleven exactly ; for I was so struck by it that I took particular notice of the time."

What I had written was as follows :—

" Those of us who, being men, refuse to accord to women the same freedom of evolution for their consciousness which we claim for ourselves, do so in consequence of a total misconception of the nature and functions both of Humanity and of Existence at large. The notion that men and women can by any possibility do each other's work is utterly absurd. Whom God hath distinguished, none can confound. To do the same thing is not to do the same work ; inasmuch as the spirit is more than the fact, and the spirit of man and of woman is different. While for the production of perfect results it is necessary that they work harmoniously together, it is necessary also that they fulfil separate functions in regard to that work."

This was the point at which my thought had failed me, to be taken up by her at the same instant two miles away, without her knowing even that I contemplated treating that particular theme, as I had purposely reserved it until I should have completed the expression, hoping to give her a pleasant surprise, for it was one very near to her heart. This is her continuation of it. It will be seen that, besides complementing my thought, it responded remedially to her own mood :—

" In a true mission of redemption, in the proclamation of a gospel to save, it is the man who must preach ; it is the man who must stand forward among the people ; it is the man who, if need be, must die. But he is not alone. If his be the glory of the full noontide, his day has been ushered in by a goddess. Aurora has preceded Phoibos Apollo ; Mary has been before Christ. For, mark that he shall do his first and greatest work at her suggestion. To her shall ever belong the glory of the inauguration ; of her shall the gospel be born ; from her lips shall the Christ take the bidding for His first miracle ; from her shall His earliest inspiration be drawn. The people are athirst for the living wine, which shall be better, sweeter, purer, stronger, than any they have yet tasted. The festival lags, the joy slackens, for need of it. The Christ is in their midst, but He opens not His lips ; His heart is sealed, His hour is not yet come. Mark that the first inspiration falls on the woman by His side, on Mary the Mother of God ; she saith unto Him, ' They have no wine.' She has spoken ; the impulse is given to Divinity. His soul awakens ; His pulse quickens ; He utters the word that works the miracle. Hail, Mary, full of grace : Christ is thy gift to the

world! Without thee He could not have been; but for thine impulse He could have worked no mighty work. This shall be the history of all time; it shall be the sign of the Christ. Mary shall feel; Christ shall speak. Hers the glory of setting His heart in action; hers the thrill of emotion to which His power shall respond. But for her He shall be powerless; but for her He shall be dumb; but for her He shall have no strength to smite, no hand to help. It is the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. The Christ, the true Prophet, is her Child, her gift to the world. 'Woman, behold thy Son!' "

Such was the first intimation, and the manner thereof, given us of the truth subsequently revealed in plenitude,—the presence in Scripture of a mystical sense concealed within the apparent sense, as a kernel in its shell, which, and not the literal sense, is the intended sense. As was later shown us in regard to the story of the cursing of the fig-tree, that of the marriage in Cana was a parable having a spiritual import; and the character of Jesus was cleared from the reproaches based on the literal sense.

This experience was a further demonstration to us of the reality and accessibility not merely of the world spiritual, but of the world celestial also. For the only explanation which would account for it was, that it was due to some spiritual being, extraneous to ourselves, who, after prompting me up to a certain point, had passed to her and inspired her with her part of the utterance. Nor could we credit any source short of the Church invisible with an interpretation so noble of the Scriptures of the Church visible.

Nevertheless, while ascribing it to an extraneous source, the results so closely resembled memory that even at this early stage of our initiation, and while still without the smallest conception of such an explanation being possible, I found myself speculating as to whether the *modus* might not consist in the uplifting of the perceptive point of the mind to some interior region of one's own system where the knowledges already were which were thus obtained,—the function of the overshadowing influence being not to impart fresh knowledge, but to enable one to reach knowledge already possessed, or at least so to enhance faculty as to enable one to discern truths previously unrecognised.

The following is an account of an experience which seemed to me to belong to the former of these two categories, the impression being—as I wrote at the time—irresistible that either I had been present at the event concerned, or that it had been

reproduced and impressed on my consciousness by some one who had been present, and was transferring his memory to me. Though the former only of these two hypotheses was at all conceivable, as I did not see how the memory of one individual could be transferred to another.

Being seated at my writing-table, and meditating on the Gospel narrative, with a strange sense of being separated by only a narrow interval from a full knowledge of all that it implied, I found myself impelled to seek the precise idea intended to be conveyed by the story of the woman taken in adultery. No account that I had read of it had satisfied me, least of all that which was proposed in the *Ecce Homo* of Professor Seeley, a book then recent and enjoying a repute which filled me with a strong feeling of personal resentment. For his account, especially of the feelings excited in Jesus by the sight of the accused woman, revolted me by its ascription to Him of a sense of impropriety at once monkish and conventional, and of a limitation of charity altogether incompatible with the abounding sympathy which was the essence of his nature. It made Him that most odious of characters, a *prude*.

As I meditated, and in following my idea I passed into a state which, though highly interior, was not sufficiently interior for my purpose—for I wanted, so to speak, to *see* my idea—a voice, audible only to the inner hearing, yet quite distinct, said to me, “You have it within you. Seek for it.” Thus encouraged, I made a further effort at concentration, when—to my utter surprise, for I had no expectation or conception of such a thing—the whole scene of the incident appeared palpably before me, like a living picture in a *camera obscura*, so natural, minute, and distinct as to leave nothing to be desired, and, at the same time, utterly unlike any pictorial representation I had ever seen of it. Close before me, on my right hand, stood the Temple, with Jesus seated on a stone ledge in the porch, while ranged before Him was a crowd of persons in the costumes of the country and the time; each costume showing the grade or calling of its wearer. Standing together in a group in front of Him were the disciples, and immediately beside them were the accusers, who were readily recognisable by their ample robes and sanctimonious demeanour; and quite close to Him, between Him and them, stood the accused woman. As I approached the scene, moving meteor-like through

the air, He was in the act of lifting Himself up from stooping to write on the ground, and I had a perfect view of His face. He was of middle age, but, to my surprise, the type was that of a Murillo rather than a Raffaele, and the lower portion of the face was covered with a short, dark beard. The expression was worn and anxious, and somewhat weary. The skin was rough as from exposure to the weather. The eyes were deep-set and lustrous, and remarkable for the tenderness of their gaze. One of the apostles, whom I at once recognised by his comparative youthfulness as John, though his back was towards me as I approached, was in the act of bending forwards to read the words just traced in the dust on the pavement; and, as if drawn to him by some potent attraction, I at once passed unhesitatingly into him as he bent forward, and tried to read the words through his eyes. Their exact purport escaped me; but the impression I obtained was that they were unimportant in themselves, having been written merely to enable Jesus to collect and calm Himself. For He was filled with a mighty indignation, which was directed, not against the accused woman, but against the by-standing representatives of the conventional orthodoxies, the chief priests and Pharisees, her sanctimonious and hypocritical accusers,—those moral vivisectors through whose pitilessness the shrinking woman stood there exposed to the public gaze, while her fault was so brutally blurted out in her presence for all to hear; for her attitude showed her ready to sink with shame into the ground, and afraid to look either her accusers or her Judge in the face. He, her Judge, also has heard it, and knows that they who utter it are themselves a thousandfold greater sinners than she, inasmuch as that which she has yielded through exigency either of passion or of compassion, has with them been a cold-blooded habit engendered of ingrained impurity.

In contrast with them she stands out in His eyes an angel of innocence; and an overwhelming indignation takes possession of Him, so that He will not at once trust Himself to speak. His impulse is to drive them forth with blows and reproaches from His presence, as once already He has driven the barterers from the Temple. And so, to keep His wrath from exploding, He stoops down and scribbles on the ground,—no matter what, anything to keep Himself within bounds. In the exercise His spirit calms. Indignation, He reflects, is too noble a thing to be

expended upon insensates such as they, and exhortation would be vain. He will try sarcasm. So He raises Himself up, and looks at them, very quietly, and even assentingly. Yes, they are quite right; the law must be vindicated, and so flagrant a sin severely punished. But, of course, only the guiltless is entitled to inflict punishment on the guilty. Therefore He says, "He of you who is blameless in respect of this sin, let him first cast a stone at her." And having said this, He stoops down again to write, this time to hide His smiles at their confusion, the sight of which would but have incensed and hardened them. What! no rush for ammunition wherewith to pound to death this only too human specimen of humanity! What can be the meaning of the general move among these self-appointed censors of morals? "They which heard Him, being convicted of their own consciences, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last." No wonder they crucified Him when they got their chance. And no wonder that most of the ancient authorities omit all mention of the incident. Even of His immediate biographers only he records it who is styled "the Beloved," and whose name, office, and character indicate him as the representative especially of the love-principle in humanity.

Such were the impressions made on me by this vision while it lasted, and written down at the time. And so strong in me was the feeling that I could similarly recall the whole history of Jesus, that I mentally addressed to the presences which I felt, though I could not see, around me an inquiry whether I should then and there begin the attempt. The reply, similarly given, was a decided negative so far as that present time was concerned, but accompanied by an intimation that our future work would comprise something of the kind; a prediction which, as will be found, was duly fulfilled.

The *modus operandi* of this experience continued long to perplex me, and only ceased to do so when the time came for us to recognise as positive facts the doctrines, first, of Reincarnation and the soul's ability to recover, while in the body, the memory of things learnt and experiences undergone in previous lives, and to communicate of them to its owner; and, secondly, of the survival of an indefinite period of the images of events occurring on the earth, in the astral light, or memory of the planet, called the *anima mundi*, which images can be evoked and beheld.

The expression which I had used, "too human specimen of humanity," was an adaptation of the expression, "inhuman specimen of humanity," which had recently been applied by Mr Gladstone to the Turkish power, as I conceived very unjustly and unwisely. Unjustly, because there was little to choose on the score of inhumanity between Turkey and Russia, on which latter side Mr Gladstone ranged himself; and unwisely, because his own political position made him the last person who ought to launch insulting epithets at a friendly power.

The attraction which the Apostle John had for me presently found this further expression. I was reading chapter x. of the Book of Revelation, being the while in a deeply introspective mood, but perfectly calm and critical withal, when, on coming to the verse describing the "little book" which was so sweet in the taste and so bitter in the digestion, a strange tremor came over me, such as I had never before experienced, accompanied by the feeling that I had, somehow, a strong personal interest in the utterance. And then, while engaged in analysing the sensation and wondering to what it was due, a whole chorus of several voices, audible to the inner hearing, exclaimed in accents of jubilation, "Yes! Yes! You wrote that, and it refers to your present work!" Fearing it might be but an echo of some idea latent in my own system, and being unaware of the nature of the personalities which thus addressed me, I refrained from attaching any value to the statement. But the impression remained with me that at heart it was in the spirit of John that I was to work, and that the perfection and success of the work would be according to the measure in which I did so.

The health of my colleague was again causing us much anxiety, and medical advice was accordingly sought. Besides the propinquity of the river, the distance from her hospital-work told against her, and her domestic conditions were the reverse of hygienic and otherwise uncongenial, especially as regarded the preparation of her food. November was hardly over when I received a letter from A. saying, "I have just had a letter from Nina. What a terrible account she gives of herself! . . . Will you write and tell me exactly what the doctor said about her? She tells me he had a long talk with you after seeing her."

"Active mischief at the apex of the left lung; complete renunciation of study; and a winter in the Engadine." Such

were the diagnosis and advice of one of the most esteemed physicians in Mayfair. To act on the advice would involve setting her back for a whole year in her university course, and in other respects was impracticable. She herself believed that the conditions of her life at Chelsea were chiefly to blame, and she determined, therefore, to make a change so soon as a more eligible home could be found, and at least to struggle on until Christmas, when she would go home for a while.

Meanwhile experiences crowded on us, a full account of which is neither practicable nor necessary. The most striking and important were those which occurred to myself. They came, not in response to any attempt to obtain phenomenal manifestations, or any desire therefor, but purely in the course of the intense direction of my mind towards the spiritual and essential in respect of truth ; and, though eagerly welcomed when they came, were altogether unsought for and unexpected. One of the most striking was as follows. It had been impressed upon me to describe the type of woman whom a character such as that of Jesus might be expected to have had for mother. In this view I wrote, using my typewriter :—

“ It must be a woman whose ‘ virginity ’ consists in the total subordination in her of the physical to the moral and spiritual nature ; one absolutely unselfish, in that it never occurs to her to have a wish of her own but what was based on the welfare of her husband and children ; one, in fact, such as some of us have known among our English wives and mothers ;—women who have been so perfect in all the relations of their lives that they never seemed to want anything on their own account, but, in that boundless love of which woman is the special representative on earth, subordinate themselves without effort to the good of those about them, until, by sinking themselves far below the man in respect of the things of the flesh, they rise as far above him in respect of those of the spirit. Who better than I, who am doubly the son of such an one, should know how to describe them ? ”

I said “ doubly,” because I had in my mind two women, who stood out for me from all others I had ever known. One was my own mother, and the other one whom I had been wont to regard as my spiritual mother for the influence she had exercised over the moulding of my own character. It was from her that I had drawn the heroines of my two novels, the “ Mary ” in *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*, and the “ Margaret ” in *Higher Law*, my design being to exhibit what I conceived to be a perfect type

of womanhood under the opposite conditions, in the one, of a happy, and in the other of an unhappy, marriage. She was Mary Margaret Woolley, wife of the first Principal of the University of Sydney, at which place she was living at the time of which I am writing; and came later to be a most dear and valued friend of my colleague. During the writing of the passage above cited my mother's image appeared unmistakably before me. Not, as the event proved, her mental image merely, but her actual spiritual self. For at the moment of my completing the sentence, and almost before I had time to recognise that I was not alone, her well-remembered tones struck on my ears in the most unmistakable manner, and in a voice that anyone might have heard, calling me by the endearing diminutive she had ever used for me, and exclaiming, "O Eddie! Eddie! We have found each other at last!" No use was made of my organs for this utterance. She spoke from without, standing close by me on the right. But the next instant she flung herself upon me in an all-pervading embrace in which we seemed to mingle together into one, and gave way to a violent burst of joyous sobbing and crying, causing the tears to stream from my eyes. Profoundly affected as I was, my intellectual faculties were even more on the alert than my emotional feelings. And I was occupied in examining intently a phenomenon so strange as that of a person discharging tears and sobs without being himself a party to them. On her part it was an immense and unrestrained burst of gladsome weeping. It was daytime, and I could not see her so distinctly as I otherwise should have done, and as I had seen my father, or the other presence by which she was accompanied, but I was aware of there being two, herself and what was impressed on me as being an attendant guardian spirit. The time came when we learnt that such a return of the true soul is possible, but occurs only on very solemn occasions, and that one of the proofs that it is indeed the true soul and not the mere phantom is the power to speak aloud to the outward hearing.

Such an experience, vouchsafed on such an occasion, seemed to me to imply high sanction for my rejection of the physical meaning ordinarily attached to the story of the Nativity. The actual significance of that story, and the scientific definition of the doctrine symbolised in it, were reserved for future disclosure, being given in plenitude when the time came. There

was one other occasion when I was addressed aloud by my mother's voice, which I will relate in its place.

I come to an experience the solemnity and importance of which cannot be overestimated, whether as regards its own nature or as regards its bearing on our work. At the time of its occurrence I had never heard of it as a fact coming within human cognition ; nor, although several times alluded to in the Bible, had the accounts of it ever found a response in my own consciousness. Hence when it came it was entirely without anticipation or previous knowledge even of its possibility. The experience in question, and the manner of its coming, were these :—

I had observed that when I was following an idea inwards in search of its primary meaning, and to that end concentrated my mind upon a point lying within and beyond the apparent concept, I saw a whole vista of related ideas stretching far away as if towards their source, in what I could only suppose to be the Divine Mind ; and I seemed at the same time to reach a more interior region of my own consciousness ; so that, supposing man's system to consist of a series of concentric spheres, each fresh effort to focus my mind upon a more recondite aspect of the idea under analysis was accompanied and marked by a corresponding advance of the perceptive point of the mind itself towards my own central sphere and radiant point. And I was prompted to try to ascertain the extent to which it was possible thus to concentrate myself interiorly, and what would be the effect of reaching the mind's ultimate focus. I was absolutely without knowledge or expectation when I yielded to the impulse to make the attempt. I simply experimented on a faculty of which I found myself newly possessed, with the view of discovering the range of its capacity, being seated at my writing-table the while in order to record the results as they came, and resolved to retain my hold on my outer and circumferential consciousness, no matter how far towards my inner and central consciousness I might go. For I knew not whether I should be able to regain the former if I once quitted my hold of it, or to recollect the facts of the experience. At length I achieved my object, though only by a strong effort, the tension occasioned by the endeavour to keep both extremes of the consciousness in view at once being very great.

Once well started on my quest, I found myself traversing a succession of spheres or belts of a medium, the tenuity and luminance of which increased at every stage of my progress, just as I had observed in the vision above described, of the revolving cloud ; the impression produced being that of mounting a vast ladder stretching from the circumference towards the centre of a system, which was at once my own system, the solar system, and the universal system, the three systems being at once diverse and identical. My progress in this ascent was clearly dependent upon my ability to concentrate the rays of my consciousness into a focus. For, while to relax the effort was to recede outwards, to intensify it was to advance inwards. The process was like that of travelling by will power from the orbit of Saturn to the Sun—taking Saturn as representing the seventh and outermost sphere of the spiritual kosmos, and the Sun its central and radiant point—with the intermediate orbits for stepping-stones and stages, I trying the while to keep both extremes in view. Presently, by a supreme, and what I felt must be a final, effort—for the tension was becoming too much for me, unless I let go my hold of the outer—I succeeded in polarising the whole of the convergent rays of my consciousness into the desired focus. And at the same instant, as if through the sudden ignition of the rays thus fused into a unity, I found myself confronted with a glory of unspeakable whiteness and brightness, and of a lustre so intense as well-nigh to beat me back. At the same instant, too, there came to me, as by a sudden recollection, the sense of being already familiar with the phenomenon, as also with its whole import, as if in virtue of having experienced it in some former and forgotten state of being. I knew it to be the “ Great White Throne ” of the seer of the Apocalypse. But though feeling that I had no need to explore further, I resolved to make assurance doubly sure by piercing, if I could, the almost blinding lustre, and seeing what it enshrined. With a great effort I succeeded, and the glance revealed to me that which I had felt must be there. This was the dual form of the Son, the Word, the Logos, the Adonai, the “ Sitter on the Throne,” the first formulation of Divinity, the unmanifest made manifest, the unformulate formulate, the unindividuate individuate, God as the Lord, proving by His duality that God is Substance as well as Force, Love as well as Will, feminine as well as masculine, Mother as well as Father.

Overjoyed at having this supreme problem solved in accordance with my highest aspirations, my one thought was to return and proclaim the glad news. But I had no sooner set myself to write down the things thus seen and remembered, than I found myself constrained to maintain regarding them the strictest silence, and this even as regarded my fellow-worker; and all that I was permitted to say at that time was, that under a sudden burst of illumination I had become absolutely aware of the truth of the doctrine of the Duality in Unity of Deity to which that in Humanity corresponds, both alike being twain in one. On seeking the reason for the reticence thus imposed on me, I learned that the stage in our work had not yet come when it could be given to the world, either with safety to myself or with advantage to others; and it was necessary that my colleague receive no intimation in advance of any experiences which were to be given to her—of which this experience was one—in order that her mind might be wholly free from bias or expectation. Only so would our testimony have its due value as that of two independent witnesses.

The promise was duly fulfilled, as will appear when we come to that part of our narrative. And it was from our joint experiences that the account given of the vision of Adonai in Lecture IX. of *The Perfect Way* was written. Meanwhile I lost no time in examining the various accounts given in the Bible of the same experience, and was not a little struck by the relation in Exod. xxiv. 9–11, in which it is stated, as if in token of the extraordinary power of the spiritual battery with which Moses had surrounded himself, that no less than seventy of his initiates were able to receive the vision without magnetic reinforcement by the imposition of their master's hands. Pursuing my researches, I found that the same vision has always been a recognised experience of mystics in all times and places, and that for them also the form beheld was dual, the only reason why this is not specified in the translations of the Bible being that, apparently unknown to the translators, the names for God themselves imply the duality expressly declared in Gen. i, 26, 27.

From the time of my receiving this vision there was a new meaning for me in what is probably the grandest verse in all Scripture, if not in all literature, that in Rev. xx. 11, in which the seer says, "And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away; and

there was found no place for them." It was not that there was any disappearance of creation by reason of its change of place ; but that the perceptive point of the mind of the seer himself had transcended the sphere of the manifest, and penetrated to that of the unmanifest, where creation is not. He was in the *within* of space, the *arché* or "fourth dimension," whence returning outwards and downwards he would find creation where he had left it, as I did.

There was another point of identity which I recognised as subsisting between my own experiences and those of the mystics generally. This was the suspension of the ordinary respiration during the ecstasy or trance state and the substitution for it of an internal respiration, as if by the breathing of a distinct personality within and other than the physical organism. This condition would continue for an hour or even longer, according to the period of abstraction and the degree of its intensity. Not that the inner personality in question was that of some being other than and foreign to myself. Rather was it—as I found myself concluding—my own inner and substantial, as distinguished from my outer and phenomenal self ; that which Aristotle calls the *entelecheia* ; the self which, when finally perfected, constitutes the "Christ within" of St Paul ; being the spiritual and substantial individuality engendered within the physical and phenomenal personality, and representing, therefore, the rebirth of the man on a plane transcending the material.

There were also seasons, and these not unfrequent, during this period of my initiation, when I found myself in a condition of the real nature of which I seemed to find an explanation only when I came upon the writings of the foremost of all the great Neoplatonic school of mystics, Plotinus. This was a condition in which the enhancement of power, physical and mental, was so extraordinary, as to make it seem that it was only necessary to will or to speak to work some great miracle, whether of healing or of destroying. It was not in the least as if one were possessed and filled by something other than one's proper self ; but as if that self, instead of but partially animating the organism, had descended into it in plenitude, completely suffusing it with the spirit, to the indefinite enhancement of every faculty, one effect of which was to suggest the idea that the spiritual part of man does not, as a rule, reside within the man, except to a very limited

extent, but hovers over him, descending into him in varying measure according to circumstances. Such were my experiences of the state which I supposed to be that described by Plotinus, as "being united with his God," meaning that portion of the Deity which is allotted to any particular individual, the microcosmic God within, as distinguished from the macrocosmic God without.

But, as I learnt by careful observation, close as such union may be, it involves no suppression of the self, or loss of individuality. The mere external personality, indeed, may suffer effacement, but the substantial and permanent individuality, the true self, becomes by such union indefinitely enhanced and reinforced, whether the union occur by means either of descent from above, or of ascent from below, the latter being the condition in which the individual expands into the universal without loss of individuality.

Of such kind were the experiences which, when the time came for us to receive the long-lost gnosis which underlay the world's sacred scriptures and religions, enabled us to recognise it as indefeasibly true, and founded in the nature of being. It interpreted us to ourselves, by finding response in ourselves. Among its utterances was the following:—

"As God is at the heart of the outer world, so also is God at the heart of the world within thee.

"When the God within thee shall be wholly united to the God without, then shalt thou be one with the Most High.

"Thy will shall be God's will, and the Son shall be as the Father."

With like alacrity we recognised the erroneousness of that view of Nirvâna, which identifies it with the mergence of the individual in the universal to the loss of his individuality, when we were told that instead of all re-becoming one, the one becomes many, the end of evolution being not the absorption of the individual in God, but the individuation of God. The only absorption that takes place is that of the externality of the individual in the divine in himself, by means of the indrawing of the circumference into the centre, of the nether into the upper, to the divinisation of the whole system.¹

¹ In *England and Islam*, Edward Maitland says: "The aspiration of the Buddhist is *not* towards extinction. Man seeks for some assurance that he is not merely a product or function of Nature, and partaker of her

On one occasion, during a period when my consciousness was thus largely indrawn to my centre, it was given to me to see gamboling around me a group of spirits, diminutive and grotesque, being compounded of a variety of animal forms, assumed apparently without regard to congruity, the heads by no means matching the bodies. These, I was led to suppose, were some of the physical consciousnesses or "spirits" of my system, which were taking advantage of my indrawal to detach themselves, and indulge in objective manifestation.

evanescence, but has in him an immortal principle whereby he may claim relationship, if not identity, with the eternal source of all secondary existence. To be 'one' or at one 'with God' is the goal of the aspirations of the souls of all men; and their various religions represent but the various methods whereby men seek to attain the assurance of that union. Attaining conviction of the essential identity of the spirit of which humanity is the sensible expression, with the animating spirit of the universe, the soul of man is content" (p. 23). "The 'Nirvâna' preached by Buddha was no more annihilation than was the 'heaven' of Christ. Man could no more return to 'nothing' in India than he could spring from 'nothing' there or elsewhere. Buddhism was purest Pantheism, even as Christianity was purest Pantheism. And both alike taught that only by the sacrifice of the lower and outer self, through the total renunciation of the régime of selfishness and blood, on every plane of the consciousness and in every sphere of activity, can man attain at once the consciousness of his true self and of the identity of that self with God" (pp. 476-7). "Buddha was a worshipper of existence. He recognised the ideal as the only true real, and God as the spiritual force-centre of all that exists. It was because the Oriental orthodoxies, flesh-fed and gross, were, like all others, unable to conceive of spirit apart from matter, of the ideal apart from the phenomenal, that they represented the spiritual perfection of Buddha as annihilation, interpreting *no thing* to signify *nothing*, even as certain other orthodox bunglers have done. His final absorption into God was no other than was signified by the Christian 'heaven,' when, the phenomenal done with, the perfected individual soul should return and become re-incorporated with the universal Parent Soul, even as a son returns from his world-experiences to his father's house, with his consciousness heightened and his character perfected by the things which he has suffered, not to lose his individuality, but by retaining it to contribute to the higher satisfaction of that of the whole" (pp. 593-4).—S. H. H.

CHAPTER IX

A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

SADLY low as was the condition of my colleague's health when the time came for me to take her home for Christmas, a few days' experience of the dry bracing airs of the Shropshire uplands wrought so great an improvement as to enable me to return to London on New Year's Day, full of renewed hope on her account. For myself the change of scene had brought no abatement of the high degree of spiritual vitalisation which had of late been almost constant with me. The illumination was continuous, and my sense of the contrast between the actual and the ideal keen to intensity. Among the notes I made during this interval was the following, describing the aspect at Christmas time of a certain village, which struck me as singularly illustrative of our condition as a people:—

“ In the towns I had, of course, been accustomed to see the festival of the nativity of the Divine Life that had been born into the world celebrated by the public exhibition in the provision shops of the usual hecatombs of animal corpses stripped of their skins. But this fair village among the peaceful hills far surpassed in sacrificial enthusiasm any homage which a town could render to the gory Moloch of our national orthodoxies. For some days before Christmas the population had been engaged in the annual killing of their pigs, a process which for that whole period had involved the incessant piercing of the skies by the agonised screams of the innocents thus massacred in advance.

“ The slaughter was finished by Christmas Eve, and the village sent out its carollers over the country round to sing hallelujahs about the ‘ Lord of Life,’ and ‘ It was the joy of One,’ and ‘ How beautiful upon the mountains,’ and the next morning saw them flocking to the village church to do further homage to the Genius of the day by reciting services to the key-note of ‘ Peace on earth, and good will towards men!’ A thin fleece of new-fallen snow covered the ground, as if sent expressly to signify that Nature, even if she had not condoned the violence done to her in the persons of her porcine offspring, was anxious at least for that sacred day to efface all evidence of the deed. But the attempt was unsuccessful.

For in the gutters between the whitened footway and road the blood ran in streams, while every here and there a large ensanguined patch of snow indicated the place of a standing pool of blood. The decorations of the church, and the vigour of the devotions of the congregation, whose responses were fairly roared out, served to aggravate the incongruity of the whole, and to remind one that that rough little village was but an epitome and résumé of all Christendom, inasmuch as it was precisely the combination of lip-service and blood-service, which ever constitute for a priest-constructed orthodoxy the realisation of perfection. And I wondered whether the Laureate could have had such a scene in his mind when he made his Harold ask of one who had turned renegade—

‘ What dost thou here,
Trampling thy mother’s bosom into blood ? ’ ”

On my journey back to London I had the compartment to myself ; and being in a condition of intense accessibility to ideas, I commenced writing them down for my book [*England and Islam*]. The purport of one passage was to impress on the country the necessity, at whatever cost, of enabling Turkey to withstand Russia, and of arming herself to take active part in the coming conflict. It was a fervid invocation, impelled by an overwhelming sense of the immensity of the issues involved, the first words of which were : “ Arm, then, O England ; arm as to fight for all that thou holdest dearest in time and in eternity. Give without stint of thy sons and of thy daughters, those to receive, these to heal, the wounds of thy salvation.” At this moment, not having in my mind any thought of my own son, a brilliant shaft of light, like a luminous arrow, seemed to me to dart through the carriage window into my brain, bearing on its barb a perfectly distinct image of my son, wearing a military uniform, and in a prostrate attitude. As he was not in any military service, nor had any prospect of entering such a service, the apparition gave me the greatest alarm, as portending some personal disaster in connection with the impending war. As soon as I had recovered my composure I took note of the time of the occurrence. It was three p.m., and the day Monday. I made no mention of the incident beyond writing to my colleague, telling her to ask me when next we met what had happened to me at that precise time. And four days later I went to join my son at Brighton, where he was studying medicine at the Sussex County Hospital. It was the day of his coming of age, and we had not met for several weeks. His first words after our greet-

ing were: "I want to go to Turkey." "I know you do," I replied sadly; adding, "In what capacity?" "As a soldier," he said. "I know you do," I said again. "How do you know it?" he asked; "I only knew it myself on Monday." "I knew it," I replied, "at three o'clock on Monday afternoon." On which he exclaimed, "That is the very time I thought of it. For I took particular notice."

In a measure this was a relief to me. For it suggested that the vision might have been due merely to some bond of sympathy subsisting between us, in virtue of which his thought had been transmitted to my mind; so that it was not necessarily an intimation from transcendental sources of impending disaster. The gloomy anticipation, however, continued to oppress me; and it was under this apprehension that I wrote, a few days later, when back again in London, a passage in strong denunciation of the policy on which Count Bismarck was then insisting, as likely to cause the loss which had been suggested to me. I had scarcely completed the utterance when my mother's voice again addressed me, coming as from one standing by my side, and saying aloud in a reassuring tone, "*Charlie shall be my care!*" As she had been almost mother, as well as grandmother, to him from infancy, her continued guardianship over him from the other side—supposing such a thing possible—was not unnatural. And the event has served to confirm the idea in view of the remarkable manner in which he has been preserved through many dangers since undergone in military service. For he followed his bent so far as to combine both professions by entering the Indian medical service. But supposing the experience to have been intended as an intimation of loss to me, it has had this much of fulfilment—that he has been virtually lost to my bodily sight, our fates having been so ordered as to keep us apart ever since, saving only for very brief meetings at very long intervals; some compulsion not of our own contrivance or desire always causing separation, so that in one sense he was virtually dead to me.

About the middle of January my colleague found herself sufficiently restored to return to her work in London, where she presently found herself greeted with the following verses by a young poet of some note, George Barlow, with whom she had a slight acquaintance. I reproduce them, as showing the

nature of the anticipations already formed of her by a mind open to ideas :

TO A. K.

“ Thou hast to show the world that woman’s power
Is manifold ; that she with ample heart
Can in the toil that strengthens man take part,
Yet quit not Love’s serene sequestered bower ;
That she can traverse all the realm of Art,
And gather therein many a regal flower ;
Mix with the troubled labours of the mart,
Yet stoop not from her ancient throne one hour.

Thou has to show the world that woman’s soul
Becomes not manlike, but her own the more,
The more she seeks its individual goal ;
That only when the mind’s fair power is whole,
Developed, rounded, can Love’s blossom pour
Its scent forth, crowned with sacred self-control.”

January 19, 1877.

She resumed her quarters in Chelsea only to find her previous discomfort aggravated to a degree which made further stay there impossible. For, in addition to increasingly uncongenial mundane conditions, there were now ranged against her influences apparently submundane, to judge by their behaviour, whose persecution seemed expressly designed to drive her from the place. For they gave her no peace by day or by night, making themselves palpable both to sight and touch in a manner altogether intolerable ; and this not only to herself, but to her little companion, Rufus. So that as it occupied its wonted place on her table or her lap, where it was usually perfectly placid and content, it would start, and bristle, and shiver with fright. What to do she knew not. There was no friend or other relation available, and she dared not trust herself among utter strangers or to mere hirelings. Already she was on the point of breaking down again. And I saw no way to help her.

Such was the situation when she received—forwarded from home—a letter from a lady who said that, though ignorant as to where she (Mrs Kingsford) was, or what she was doing, she had been spiritually impressed to write to her and say, that if she was in need—as she was led to suppose—of a home in London, there was one in every way suitable at the house in which the writer was then staying, and she would be glad to see her

there if she would call, and, in fact, was actually expecting her. This letter was signed "Anna Wilkes," and its writer was no other than the "prophetess" of the visitation received by Mrs Kingsford three years before, who had meanwhile entirely lost sight of her, but had again been commissioned on her behalf. The call proposed was made with results as satisfactory as the intervention was remarkable. And Mrs Kingsford found herself the guest of one who, besides being a vegetarian and a spiritualist, was in every way qualified to be—as she became—a valued and a devoted friend, as all who remember Letitia Going as a charming young Irish widow can testify; and our friend "the prophetess" proved to be a person in every way worthy both of the mission entrusted to her, as well as of our personal regard, being a devout woman, of high intelligence, and full of good works.

Such was the manner in which we were once more brought into the near propinquity needful for our work. For my colleague's new home was in Jermyn Street, and but a few minutes' walk from my chambers. The event proved to be the means of accomplishing another indispensable step in our joint-education, our initiation into the mysteries of "Spiritualism." For although we were already in receipt of experiences which come under the category so-called, those experiences altogether transcended the level of the ordinary—by reason of our having alighted, so to speak, on the mountain tops in the outset—and it was necessary to the completeness of our knowledge that we descend and make exploration of the valleys.

It was not, however, with manifestations merely physical that we were called to make acquaintance. The circle of which we now became members consisted of pure feeders, serious seekers, and earnest workers. And the influences attracted were of too refined an order for phenomena of that class, and the results were personal, intellectual, and affectional, rather than physical. But whatever their kind, they were, one and all, such as to afford no room for questioning their genuineness, even though submitted to the severest scrutiny, being invariably such as could by no possibility be simulated or referred to reflex mental action, conscious or unconscious. The following is one example:—

While sitting one evening for manifestations in a fairly-lighted room, and having my hands on the table a little way apart, there

came a succession of minute tapplings between my hands, nothing being discernible which could have caused them ; and on my inquiring who it was that tapped, the name was given of my wife, who had died twenty years before in Australia, and whose name was known to no one present beside myself. It was *Esther*. Completely taken by surprise—for the length of the interval had prevented me from anticipating a communication from that quarter—I exclaimed, “ Have you, then, been about me all these years unsuspected by me ? ”

“ I have been much with Mary,” was the reply, meaning by “ Mary ” my colleague, that being, as we came now for the first time to learn, her spiritual or “ initiation ” name, given her by our illuminators as the representative of the soul, the Biblical symbol for which is Mary, which name also occurs twice among her own names. The above reply suggested to me an explanation of a phenomenon which had greatly perplexed me, but of which I had made no mention. This consisted in the apparent transformation on that very morning of Mary into the complete likeness of my wife, though the resemblance between them was but slight. She herself was unconscious of this change of aspect, and I wondered how the likeness could come and go. I now ascribed it to a momentary transfiguration, caused by the apparition of my wife forming itself over her, and enveloping her as with a veil in such wise as to render herself visible to me. To my remaining questions, which were put mentally, the replies were perfectly accordant, and indicated full knowledge of my history and feelings. To one question thus put I received for answer, “ Trust the love that has always been with you.”

On our meeting next day, Mary—as from henceforth I propose to call my colleague, though I myself never called her by that name—told me that a curious thing had happened in the night which had caused her some perplexity, as she was not aware of anything to account for it. While asleep a voice had said to her, “ Tell him not to ask me about money matters. It lowers me.” At this she awoke, and, sitting up, asked aloud who it was that had spoken, when it was answered in a faint voice, “ Esther.” Not knowing of any existing reason for the injunction, she took it as anticipatory of the future. And her surprise and satisfaction were great on hearing from me that the question which had elicited the reply, “ Trust the love that has

always been with you," did indeed involve a reference to money matters. For it bore upon a trust instituted by my wife's father, then recently deceased, in which our son's interests were largely involved, and the conduct of which was then causing me considerable anxiety, the matter being in Chancery.

The book [*England and Islam*], the writing of which was made the occasion of the momentous change which had occurred in my life and thought, and which was the foundation of all our subsequent work, was not permitted to be published without the accompaniment of events as distressing from one aspect as they were gratifying from another. The former were as follows:—

My eldest surviving brother was, besides being a clergyman, a man so different temperamentally from myself as to make it difficult for me to recognise any real relationship as subsisting between us. It was a relationship of the flesh, and of that only. We happened to have the same earth-parents. And his attitude in regard to my writings was invariably one of disdain, his intellectual and critical faculties, which were of a high order, having been developed at the expense of their proper supplement and complement, the intuitional and synthetical faculties. Nothing, however, had ever occurred to cause any rupture between us, a result due partly to the restraint I put on myself, and partly to the infrequency of our intercourse. He was in total ignorance of my recent developments and experiences, and it was a question with me how far it would be judicious to acquaint him with them. On my proposing to myself one evening to call on him—chiefly for the reason that we had not met for some time, and it would probably be long before another opportunity offered—I found myself strongly dissuaded from carrying out my intention, and advised to keep aloof from him altogether. It was, however, only when too late that I recognised the wisdom of the monition. For I made my call in disregard of it, intending to compromise by keeping silence respecting the matters uppermost in my mind. In the course of our conversation, however, I let fall some remarks which, to one so unfamiliar as he was with the lines of thought and experience that were habitual to me, were undoubtedly calculated by the mere fact of their strangeness to excite his doubts as to my complete sanity. At least, I thought that I detected signs of such doubt in his mind, which somewhat nettled me, and led me to express myself

ness guardedly, perhaps, than I should have done had I any anticipation of overt action on his part ; one of the grounds of my irritation being a homily to which I was treated on the valuable de-spiritualising properties of certain well-known medicaments. The following day brought me further confirmation of my surmise in the shape of a letter urging me to submit my book to some literary friend before going into print. Somewhat resentful at the assumption involved in the advice, and mindful of sundry unappreciative criticisms from the same quarter on my previous books, I replied—not wholly without a malicious intent—expressing a wonder as to what would have been the fate of the book of Revelation had its writer submitted his work to a literary friend. Having dispatched this rejoinder, I dismissed the matter from my mind, making no mention of it to anyone. Nor had I the smallest suspicion that any action would be taken respecting it.

In the evening I resumed my sittings with Mary and her hostess, when I had the delight of receiving fresh evidences of tender and intelligent interest from the same dear spirit already named. And I was also rejoiced to note a manifest advance both in power of perception and in decision of character, such as to show a progressive unfoldment as occurring in the life beyond. Among other things she said, referring to our son, “ Make Charlie lead a better life. If he only had the courage to live as you do, I should have power over him.” This was clearly a recognition of the sensitising effect of the vegetarian regimen. The youth himself was far from being an unfavourable specimen of the young men of the period. On my asking whether I should give him this message, it was replied, “ Not yet. Say nothing to any one.” And presently the communication closed abruptly with these words, given with evident strong perturbation, “ I will come to Mary alone.” The hour was between nine and ten.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, I was surprised by a visit from Mary, who said hurriedly, and immediately took her departure—

“ I have something very extraordinary to tell you, but cannot stay now, as Mrs Going is waiting for me to go towards the city. Be in for me in an hour's time.”

She returned in about the time named, breathless with haste and excitement, and threw down on my table an open letter,

marked "private and confidential," telling me to read it. I did so, and found it was addressed to my publisher by the relative above indicated, urging the suppression of my book at all hazards and on any available pretext, on the ground of its author's undoubted insanity. The language was of the most peremptory description, and betrayed a desire to keep me in the dark and unsuspecting until I could be taken care of.

Of course I regretted the inadvertency which had thus resulted in throwing my relative into a state of panic, but I recognised a deeper source than the conduct of either of us as the true cause. I had been warned that hostile spiritual influences would endeavour to hinder the work, and that it would need caution to counteract them. About the letter and her possession of it, Mary gave me the following explanation, which I give in her own words:—

"You remember how our sitting was closed yesterday evening by Esther saying she would come to me alone. Well, in the night I dreamt that a lady, dressed in a dark costume, and with a veil over her face, came to see me in my room. She sat opposite to me by the fire, and, when she lifted her veil, I was struck by the resemblance to myself. She seemed greatly agitated, and said with much emotion and earnestness—speaking, as I understood, of you—'He has been so imprudent. For God's sake go instantly to Tinsley's. I will go before you.' 'What is the matter?' I asked; 'what has he to dread?' 'His relatives,' she replied, specifying two of them. 'They will stop his book, and plot against him to take him away. He has been so imprudent.' And this she repeated several times, concluding with again imploring me to lose no time in seeing Tinsley, and saying that she would prepare the way for me.

"When I got up I was in considerable perplexity what to do. I had learnt to believe in my dreams; and Esther's distress was so evident, and her injunction so positive, that it seemed a duty to comply. But what was I to say to Mr Tinsley? I had no reason that I could give for going to him, except one that would have made him think me out of my mind. While I was hesitating, Mrs Going said she had some business in the city on which she wanted my advice, and asked me to drive thither with her. The invitation came so opportunely that I took it as intended to settle the matter, as we should pass his place. So I just called

on you to make sure you would be in on my return, and then went on my way, still wholly at a loss what to say when I got there. However, my faith is tolerably strong after all we have seen of late, and Esther had said she would prepare the way, so I went boldly in and asked for Mr Tinsley. To my dismay he was engaged; and my friend was waiting! But, as it turned out, it was the very fact of his being engaged that made the result possible. It was the impossibility of discussing the letter before a third person that enabled me to bring it away. For soon being informed of my call he came out of his office, accompanied by his visitor, and on seeing me said eagerly, 'Oh, you are just the person I want to see. You know Mr Maitland.' "[I had introduced her to him for a literary purpose.] "'Can you tell me,' he continued, looking exceedingly serious, 'what to do about this letter?' and he placed that from your brother in my hands. I was in a state of great agitation, everything in the matter being so extraordinary; and not least of all that Mr Tinsley should not have thought a moment of my having any reason for going to him, and should trust a comparative stranger with such a letter; though I see now that he was bound to consult some one, and that some one who knew you, and who was likely lately to have seen you. As he was still engaged, and my friend was waiting, and I wanted to think what to do, I asked him to let me take the letter with me, and promised to return with it as soon as possible. So I made my excuses to Mrs Going and came back here straight. And now what is to be done? The tone of that letter shows that there is real danger."

I sent her back desiring her to tell Tinsley that his correspondent, who was violently prejudiced against spiritualism, had taken for serious a joke I had played on him; and as for the rest, she and plenty of others could vouch for my sanity. She went accordingly, and on returning told me that Tinsley's manner had struck her as that of a person who was acting under some influence of which he was unaware, but which he was unable to resist. For he had expressed surprise at himself for trusting her, saying that he could not help it; and adding as by way of apology for himself, that he was bound to consult somebody likely to know, before acting on a letter from a complete stranger. And as she was a student of medicine, and specially qualified to judge, he would take her opinion about me sooner than another's;

and as she was herself an author and a clergyman's wife, he would take her opinion also about the book. Had she read it? and was there in it anything that struck her as open to objection for any reason? He was at length reassured on all points, and so the matter terminated. On my showing her, for the first time, a portrait of my wife, she at once recognised it, and exclaimed, "It was she who came to me in my dream last night."

It may be of some psychological interest to state that the writer of the letter was wholly unmoved by the recital of this history, the one fact which impressed him being what he chose to consider the "unpardonable breach of confidence committed by the publisher." That the breach thus made between us remained unhealed, was a lasting grief to me; but I had to content myself with the reflection that as it was not of my making, so it could not be of my repairing. For it depended upon his own spiritual state, and only by means of his unfoldment in such wise as to be able to recognise my work, could we be brought again into relations with each other. It was his "Karma," I was assured on appealing to my spiritual overseers, when the time came for that doctrine to be expounded to us. And it might require many more lives for him to work out of it. Meanwhile I was to consider that, having accepted a commission to do Christ-work, I must accept the conditions declared by Christ as essential to it, as by renouncing all earthly relations which would interfere with it. The contact with the hard, cold, dry intellectualism which characterised him could only prejudicially affect the fervid intuitionism indispensable to me and my work, and it was for the sake of the latter that the separation had been permitted.

After an interval of sixteen years we met again, with every disposition on my part for a reconciliation. But it proved hopeless. The stupendous work of which I had been one of the instruments; the high recognition it had found far and wide as meeting the world's supreme need; the life of high aspiration and earnest endeavour indispensable to it—all were ignored, and only disdain and contempt were accorded us. And this not for any fault ascertained or supposed in the work itself. Of that he had not read a word. But for the intrinsic absurdity he found in the very idea of a "New Gospel of Interpretation," which he forthwith proceeded to blaspheme by vehemently de-

announcing it as "rubbish," and this before his wife and daughter ! Restraining speech, I sorrowfully withdrew from what to me was now a house of Cain and Caiaphas, wondering how many earth-ives of bitter experience would be requisite to soften a heart so hardened.

I have already spoken of the book which was the immediate cause of this strange history, its genesis, its nature, and its defects. It remains only to add that it was published without further hindrance, and though regarded by the Press and by the generality of persons as the product of a disordered mind, was by the comparatively few who knew enough to be able to believe welcomed with an enthusiasm which led to my receipt of letters of fervid congratulations and thanks from persons altogether unknown to me ; while from the far Antipodes there came a notice of it, published in the Melbourne *Harbinger of Light*, couched in the following terms :—

"From the author of the *Pilgrim and the Shvive* and *Higher Law* much might be expected ; but these, and indeed all the other works of this remarkably original writer, are far excelled in the volume before us, the product of a pen in some directions without a fellow in contemporary literature. The vigorous style, lucid, and captivating, the fiery intensity of feeling, the loftiness and power of idea, proclaim the voice that of a prophet and a seer. It is a revelation of momentous meaning, magnificently unconscious, and weirdly suggestive."

The following exquisite little apologue was spelt out for us by rapping on the table :—

"A blind man once lost himself in a forest. An angel took pity on him, and led him into an open place. As he went he received his sight. Then he saw the angel, and said to him, 'Brother, what doest thou here ? Suffer me to go before thee, for I am thine elder.' So the man went first, taking the lead. But the angel spread his wings and returned to heaven. And darkness fell again upon him to whom sight had been given."

It was only by degrees, as our spiritual education advanced, that we came to discern its full significance, and to recognise in it an eternal verity applicable alike to the individual, the collective, and the universal—a parable at once Biblical and manifold.

The first instructions received by us respecting the "tinctures" of the soul were similarly given. The presiding influences claimed to be our "genii," and called themselves A. and

Z.¹ On our asking for an explanation, the following colloquy took place :—

“ ‘ A. is the letter of the heart, and Z. is the letter of the brain.’

“ ‘ What do you mean by that ? ’

“ ‘ A. is the heart inverted ; Z. is the convolutions of the brain.’

“ ‘ Who are you who speak ? ’

“ ‘ I am the guardian of Mary. My colour is the red of the prism.’

“ ‘ What is the colour of my guardian ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ Yours is blue, and that is the reason why you two, blending, make the royal purple.’ ”

There proved in due time to be much more in this communication than we then had any conception of. That these really were our respective “ tinctures ” appeared by the unanimous testimony of various clairvoyants, no less than by our own consciousness of our distinguishing characteristics. But the value of the fact lay in its mystic significance in relation to our work ; for it was an indispensable condition of our association. The work was one, we were given to understand, which required for its due accomplishment the co-operation of all the “ Seven Spirits of God.” No work could be a perfect work were any of these wanting to it ; but every “ week ” of the divine creation must have its “ seven days.” The seven rays of the prism are the mystical correspondences of these Seven Spirits. And hence the selection of persons whose “ tinctures,” in virtue of their representing the two extremes of the spectrum, and being thus complementary opposites to each other, included and comprised all the intervening rays. This explanation suggested an occult reason for the selection of purple as the imperial colour.

On exchanging the practice of communicating by means of raps for that of writing through the planchette, our very first experience was a demonstration to us of the independence of the results of anything in our own minds. Mary and I sat alone, and for a long time the instrument remained motionless. At length it wrote with evident difficulty, “ This planchette is unmagnetised ” ; which was quite true, for it was a new one. On

¹ There were not two genii calling themselves “ A.” and “ Z.” respectively. Anna Kingsford’s genius (or guardian), whose name was Salathiel, called himself A. Z. But this letter-symbol A.Z. represented also Edward Maitland’s genius, because Anna Kingsford’s genius was one with Edward Maitland’s genius, so that the two genii spoke of themselves “ sometimes as *I*, sometimes as *We* ” (see p. 187 *post*).—S. H. H.

aving passes made over it, and being breathed upon, it wrote with ease.

We spent the latter part of February at the parsonage. While here several things were written for us through the planchette, among which was the following :—

“ We are going to help the spirits of the animals to find some way of coming to her whom you call Mary. Wait for it.”

This was a promise and prospect which greatly delighted her, as implying the immortality of the souls of animals as well as of men ; and also as a recognition of her affection for them, and her efforts on their behalf.

Soon after our return to London, while sitting at the planchette, instead of moving evenly and smoothly over the paper, as was its wont when writing, it commenced to tilt and rock in a singular manner, through some cause we were unable to guess. And instead of writing, it travelled all over the paper, making unmeaning marks. Not caring for this, we broke off the sitting. (On resuming after a brief interval the writing came as usual, and in reference to what had just occurred, said—

“ Do not wonder. It is the spirit of a dog trying to write ; the first that has ever tried.”

We were talking over this message, still maintaining contact with the instrument, when it wrote further—

“ He says he not a dog ; but we know he is ;” thus making the animal express itself in child fashion.

Here I made a remark to the effect that it may be in that world, as it so often is in this, that people are not aware to how low a grade they really belong ; when my remark was assented to by the instrument writing, “ Just so.”

It was during the visit home just mentioned that Mary received the dream published in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the heading of “ The Enchanted Woman.” The attendant circumstances showed that it had been carefully arranged and prepared for by our superintending influences ; for, as stated in the note to it, it was preceded the night before by her being awoke by a bright light, and seeing a hand holding out to her a glass of foaming ale, while a voice said to her emphatically, “ You must not drink this.” The occurrence of the following night made the object of the prohibition, which was duly heeded, apparent.

It was to prevent the obscuration of her faculty by the unaccustomed beverage which A. was wont to press upon her, in view of the experience intended to be given her. This consisted in a series of dramatic tableaux of extraordinary vividness, exhibiting the process of man's fall from a state of perfection in doctrine and practice once attained, through the materialisation of things spiritual by the priesthoods. As in the Bible, the soul and its intuition were represented by a woman, and it was through the degradation of these, under the infernal influences implied in the term sorcery, that the fallen priesthoods had substituted for the pure and lovely truth originally divinely revealed to man, the ghastly doctrines and practices which have passed for orthodoxy. The record of this vision was very long, occupying six pages of close print; but Mary had been so deeply impressed by it, even while not at first comprehending its import, that she could not be induced to come down to breakfast until it was all written out.

A vision which gave us peculiar pleasure, alike for its exquisite playfulness and the quaintness of its humour, as well as its intimation of the purpose and nature of our association, was one that had been received [in London] on the eve of our recent excursion to Shropshire.¹ Although included in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the heading of "The Wonderful Spectacles," it is repeated here for the sake of the interpretation which was withheld there. I give it as written out in a letter to me.

"I was walking alone on the seashore. The day was singularly clear and sunny. Inland lay the most beautiful landscape ever seen; and far off were ranges of tall hills, the highest peaks of which were white with glistening snow. Along the sands towards me came a man accoutred as a postman. He gave me a letter. It was from you. It was this:

"'I have got hold of the rarest and most precious book extant. It was written before the world began. The text is easy enough to read; but the notes, which are very copious and numerous, are in such very minute and obscure characters, that I cannot make them out. I want you to get for me the spectacles which Swedenborg used to wear; not the smaller pair—those he gave to Hans Christian Andersen—but the large pair, and these seem to have got mislaid. I think they are Spinoza's make—you know he was an optical-glass maker by profession, and the best we have ever had. See if you can get them for me.'

¹ In *Dreams and Dream-Stories* it is dated January 31, 1877.—S. H. H.

“ When I looked up after reading this letter, I saw the postman hastening away across the sands, and I called out to him, ‘ Stop ! how am I to send the answer ? Won’t you wait for me ? ’ He looked round, stopped, and came back to me.

“ ‘ I have the answer here,’ he said, tapping his letter-bag, ‘ and I shall deliver it immediately.’

“ ‘ How can you have the answer when I have not written it ? ’ said I. ‘ You are making a mistake.’

“ ‘ No,’ said he. ‘ In the city from which I come the replies are all written at the office and sent out with the letters themselves. Your reply is in my bag.’

“ ‘ Let me see it,’ I said. He took another letter out and gave it to me. I opened it, and read in my own handwriting this answer addressed to you :

“ ‘ The spectacles you want can be bought in London. But you will not be able to use them at once, for they have not been worn for many years, and they want cleaning sadly. This you will not be able to do yourself in London, because it is too dark there to see, and because your fingers are not small enough to clean them properly. Bring them here to me, and I will do it for you.’

“ I gave this letter back to the postman. He smiled and nodded at me ; and I saw then to my astonishment that he wore a camel’s-hair tunic round his waist. I had been on the point of calling him *Hermes*. But I now saw that it was John the Baptist ; and in my fright at having spoken with so great a saint I woke.”

The full significance of this vision was beyond us at the time. Her first concern after receiving it was to verify the statement about Spinoza, of whose history she was totally ignorant. Nor, though familiar with the classic aspect of *Hermes*, as the “ Messenger of the Gods,” was she in the least aware of the important part assigned to him as the supreme name in the spiritual science of our planet, so that she was quite at a loss to account for the impulse thus to designate the letter-carrier. The impulse, nevertheless, was justified by the facts of the case. For, as we learnt by a fuller acquaintance with that divinity, it is his wont to assume an aspect characteristic of his mission ; and *Hermes* has from time immemorial been, in the sacred science of the West, the symbol for the Understanding, especially in relation to divine things. In that science the sea—*Maria*—has always been the symbol for the Soul. And the tall, far-off hills, with their peaks glistening with snow, are the pure shining heights of spiritual attainment, the Soul’s goal. Spinoza represented the utmost extent to which the mind can reach unassisted by revelation. He carried philosophy to the verge of religion. Swedenborg and Andersen were, in their respective lives, the two most notable modern representatives of the intuition. And

by the spectacles was implied that faculty which, by its combination of the intellect of Spinoza with the intuition of Swedenborg and Andersen, was destined to find in her such transcendent manifestation.

And the Baptist ; how account for his presence in the allegory, and the combination of Christian with " Pagan " ideas ? The full explanation was long in coming ; but when at length vouchsafed, was absolutely and in the highest degree satisfactory. The revelation of the Christ-idea in interpretation of the Christ—our special task—could be made only through the process whereby Christ Himself is found—the process, that is, whereby Christ becomes Christ ; this is to say, that the faculty by means of which man has the apprehension of divine things—namely, the understanding—must first undergo the purification implied in the baptism which is of John. To say that he who becomes a Christ must be baptized of John, is to say that the first and most essential step to man's realisation of his due divinity is purification of body and mind. Only they who are thus purified can " see "—that is, can realise—God. Wherefore the first visit of the Angel of the Understanding, whose name Hermes signifies both Rock and Interpreter, must be made in the guise of John the purifier. So far, moreover, from the term " Pagan " rightly denoting the principle called Hermes, Hermes is no other than the Holy Ghost operating as the second of his own Elohim, or Seven Spirits of God, who under his title of the Spirit of Understanding pervades the Bible from beginning to end, being the presiding divinity of the second day of creation, the rock on which Christ declares that He will build His Church, and the angel with the golden rod who measures the holy city in the Apocalypse.

While thus a vision of instruction and a prophecy and an augury of success, this experience denoted also and explained the necessity for our association ; for it insisted on the combination of her finer and more microscopic faculty with such faculty as was mine as indispensable to the completeness of our work.

Another relapse into ill-health was brought about by the following incident :—On attempting to enter the *post-mortem* room of her hospital, in pursuance of the permission duly accorded, she found herself rudely pushed back, with an insolent

remark, and the door violently slammed upon her, by one of the medical staff in attendance, who took this way of notifying his objection to "medical women." Completely unhinged and knocked off her balance by the shock of such an affront, her system was rendered liable to incursions from the very lowest stratum of the spiritual world; so that as she sat alone in her room in the evening, brooding over the wrong, and unable to turn her mind to her work, she became aware of a presence passing slowly before her, which she described as the figure of a man, apparently a foreigner, wearing a morning robe, and having a countenance which, while handsome and highly intellectual, was obviously evil. His eyes, which were deep set, were fixed intently on her, almost paralysing her by the power of their gaze. She gathered strength, however, to summon aid, and the figure departed, leaving her in great terror; so that rather than be left alone, she resolved to give up the attempt to study that evening, and to accompany her hostess to a circle before which a noted "trance-medium" was to exhibit his faculty. Even here, though greatly interested in the performance, she was not free from molestation by the phantom; for it presented itself to her again, and so distressfully affected her as to compel her to withdraw to another room in charge of some of the party. One of these was also a sensitive; and on the apparition again presenting itself, this lady also saw it, and described it exactly as Mary had done, agreeing with her that it somewhat resembled the first Napoleon, and adding her impression that it was the spirit of some historical character noted for the strength of his will and the badness of his life, having been a poisoner and a sorcerer, and who was now endeavouring for his own evil purposes to obsess some good sensitive, such as he would know Mary to be. Another member of the party also claimed to be able to discern the figure, but less distinctly. On the following days we sat for writing in the hope of obtaining explanations and instructions; for Mary was all the time like one who had been poisoned. A week passed without any communication, and then it was written:

"Our chain has been broken by Cæsar Borgia. We can do nothing against him. He has passed. We have seen nothing of him for days. He has poisoned her; he poisons us. Use carbonate of soda. We are building walls."

None of us had thought of the personality thus named, nor were we able at this time to identify the influences who thus wrote ; for we did not accept the spiritualistic hypothesis which regarded them as being necessarily the souls of the departed, but inclined to the belief—which subsequently proved to be correct—that they were not “souls” at all, but of the order called elemental, who, though non-moral, are intelligent, and are good or bad according to the spiritual states of the persons to whom they attach themselves, or who employ them, being as intelligent instruments in their hands. It was by their means, we came to learn, that our “Genii” wrote for us ; for the genii are of celestial nature, and do not enter the plane of the material and astral. The idea of the “walls” was one that had often occurred to me, but in other terms ; for Mary’s sensitiveness and impressibility were such as to suggest to me the idea that a skin was wanting, for want of which to cover them the nerves protruded to the very surface, rendering her extraordinarily and distressingly sensitive to extraneous impressions. The suddenness and force with which sharp sounds struck her, seemed to betoken the absence of the intervening medium by which most persons are shielded from such effects and warned in advance. That this peculiarity was not confined to her physical system, but had its counterpart in the spiritual, and found recognition in the corresponding world, was presently shown in a manner altogether unanticipated ; for, in reply to a request for a prescription for her affected lung, we received the following, only her hand and mine being in contact with the instrument :—

“ Get one of the terebenthine oils. Pour a little in the hollow of the hand every night before going to bed, and anoint the upper half of the body. Sprinkle some also on the pillow, so as to inhale it while sleeping.”

The word terebenthine being illegible, we asked for a repetition, when the writing continued :

“ Terebenthine oils, such as balsam of Peru, or oil of cassia, or one of the essential oils of cloves, or bergamot, or flower of orange, or the aromatic oil of thyme, or balsam of Mexico, or copaiba.

“ There is a disease known to medical men in which the patient bleeds for want of the necessary dermous protection. This disease is *purpura hæmorrhagica*. There is a spiritual disease as rare, in which the spirit bleeds for want of proper covering. The pain is very great, since the smallest spiritual or mental trouble or anxiety

causes a bruise, a sore, a wound, an extravasation of blood. The spirit in her is unclothed ; it is, as it were, naked."

Never was diagnosis more accurate, whether of a physical or of a spiritual state. It represented exactly the conditions of her existence, and the nature of the precautions by which it was necessary to guard her in order to prevent existence being altogether intolerable to her. Encased in so fragile and sensitive a frame, and possessed, nevertheless, of so energetic and vehement a spirit, she herself recognised the appropriateness of the simile which, to her amusement, I used for her—it was the favourite weapon of the anarchists of that period—"Nitro-glycerine in a glass bottle."

But to whom were we indebted for this remarkable diagnosis and sensible advice? We were never told positively, but we were in the course of a series of experiences which left no doubt on our minds that it was a certain eminent practitioner, lately deceased, who was concerned in them. Those experiences were the following:—

"On calling one day in Jermyn Street, I found her just returned from her hospital, and engaged in deciphering a message she had just received through the planchette. She was, moreover, greatly exercised about the following incident which had occurred at the hospital:—An idiot child, by whose bedside she was standing with a group of doctors and students, and whose case presented some very curious features, kept uneasily putting its hand to the back of its head. And as they were wondering why it did this, a voice, coming from one of the group, suddenly remarked—

" ' It is locating the seat in the bulb. '

"At this everyone looked at her, when, to her surprise and confusion, she became aware that the remark had emanated from herself, having been uttered unconsciously, and without any corresponding idea in her mind. How she reached home she knew not, so perplexed was she about the matter; but she had no sooner entered her study than she found herself impelled to write the sentence which I found her endeavouring to read, and which bore all the signs of having been written, as she described it, with extraordinary speed and force. It ran thus:

" ' Be prepared. This placarding is destined to set the country on fire. There will be protests from many of the profession in the public journals charging you with publishing libels. A great storm is about to burst. You are warned. ' "

Then followed a signature, which at first we took for C. W. S.

"The import of this was plain to us. We were then preparing to carry out an idea which had come to Mary, of placarding the streets with pictorial illustrations, taken from the books of the physiologists, of the horrors perpetrated in their laboratories. Of the healthiness

of the general sentiment we had no doubt ; the only difficulty was to convince the public of the facts, the very horribleness of which was pleaded as an argument against their being possible, so little had the world learnt by the lesson of the Inquisition ! We agreed that the message just received was valuable at least as a caution, pointing to the wisdom of allowing the suggestion to be carried out by one of the anti-vivisection societies, without implicating individuals ; and we then set to work to unravel the mystery of the signature. So, placing our hands on the instrument, we requested the writer to repeat the initials. This he at once did, writing them in such a way as to indicate that what we had taken for a C was but an accidental flourish from the last letter. This letter, after several repetitions, clearly appeared to be an F. I then asked if it was one of our genii, when the word ' No ' was written. ' Is it quite a new spirit ? ' ' Yes.' Then came six or seven times, in quick succession, the letters W. F., when, remembering the opposition to vivisection shown by the great surgeon, lately dead, who bore those initials, I inquired—

“ ‘ Is it the spirit of Sir William Fergusson ? ’ in answer to which the word ' Yes ' was written rapidly and plainly. The writing, we were afterwards assured by one who was familiar with his hand, bore a strong resemblance to that of Sir William, but we did not find an opportunity of making the comparison for ourselves. Neither did it strike us as a matter of much consequence, as it is scarcely possible with such an instrument to preserve the ordinary characteristics of a handwriting. And, moreover, as we subsequently learned, there are certain grades of spirits who are adepts in the simulation of handwriting, so that identity of style does not of itself prove identity of personality. In the present case, however, everything concurred to convince us that it was in very reality Sir William Fergusson himself who had diagnosed and prescribed for Mary, and had spoken through her at the hospital, his object on which occasion was to essay his power, and prepare her for what was to follow. On his next visit he wrote :

“ ‘ She must see Gladstone. I must leave ways and means to you. Only it is necessary to see him.’

“ On our inquiring why he still concerned himself in the matter, he wrote :

“ ‘ It will help me to help with this subject.’ He then moved the planchette to a separate part of the paper so as to have a clear space, and wrote :

“ ‘ I have something very grave and solemn to tell you. It is this : That we must rise by doing some good work ; and this is mine. If I refused it, I should be lowered. I left undone much that I might have done on earth in this respect.’

“ On March 7th he came again, charged us to ‘ strive for total abolition,’ and insisted on Mr Gladstone being seen. He evidently considered the sufferings of British animals, the degradation of British science, and the extinction of British humanity, to be matters which ought to be near the hearts of true British statesmen ; and he had carried with him to the other world an unabated confidence both in the universality of Mr Gladstone’s sympathies, and the omnipotency of his advocacy.

“ So great was his urgency on this point, that I at length seriously turned the matter over in my mind ; and bethinking me of some mutual acquaintance who might serve as mediator, I asked mentally whether I should seek an introduction at the hands of the friend I was thinking of, who was the late Lady Egerton of Tatton. We frequently used tests of the kind, and always successfully. On this occasion the answer was—

“ ‘ Yes ; try and get an introduction in St James’s Square ’ (her residence).

“ ‘ Shall I mention this message of yours ? ’

“ ‘ Judge as you find her. I advise not. She may know his hours. I am tired. I have not quite recovered from my illness.’

“ ‘ What ! ’ we exclaimed together, ‘ do the effects of disease survive the body ? ’

“ To this for some moments there was no reply. Then a totally different hand wrote :

“ ‘ He has gone to rest.’ And having written so indistinctly that we were doubtful as to its meaning, the same hand re-wrote the message legibly. An attempt was made to procure the desired interview, but it came to nothing. I did not think fit to divulge the particulars.

“ On the 28th of the same month I was in the chair at a conference between two of the anti-vivisection societies, convened for the purpose of arranging for a public meeting ; when the selection of a fitting chairman proving difficult, I yielded to the prompting of a sudden impulse, and expressed to my neighbour, the Rev. Dr Lee, vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, a wish that the spirit of Sir William Fergusson could materialise itself, and take the chair for us. I had not mentioned this incident ; but on the same evening, when a few hours later we sat down to the planchette, he came and wrote :

“ ‘ I was at your conference this afternoon. For God’s sake do your utmost to put down vivisection. It is peopling our side with fiends. Of all the trees in the garden of death, this is the one which bears the deadliest fruit. In my heart I believe it is the last attempt of the powers of evil to abolish God. Pray let this letter of mine be published.—WM. FERGUSSON.’

“ In reply to our questions regarding this very unexpected communication, he added :

“ ‘ I cannot describe to you what takes place here. We have monsters among us loathsome to see. Oh, my friends, hell and devils are realities ; but the world mistakes their origin. They are not God-made, they are man-made. They are the conditions which men make for themselves hereafter by the evil tendencies they encourage in life. If you do not put this down, the holiest among you will have no heaven to come to. All will be one vast hell, and God will be blotted out for evermore.’

“ ‘ Will you help us,’ I asked, ‘ to make the best use of the time before Mary goes abroad ? ’

“ This was answered in a different hand, that of his ‘ guardian,’ saying—

“ ‘ He says yes, but can talk no more. He is tired.’

“ ‘ And will you influence Mr Gladstone as he wishes ? ’

“ ‘ I will try, but he has a very strong will.’

“ ‘ Are you also disembodied spirits ? ’

“ ‘ We are flames ; not souls.’

“ ‘ Do the spirits of the dead, then, have human forms, while you resemble tongues of fire ? ’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ How long do you stay by us ? ’

“ ‘ We follow you through all changes.’

“ ‘ Have we been incarnate before ? ’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ In animals ? ’

“ ‘ Yes ; and herbs and trees.’

“ ‘ And do evil-livers descend into tigers, wolves, and pigs ? ’

Here the spirit of Sir William Fergusson came back. He had evidently been listening to our conversation with his guardian. In answer to my last question, he wrote impatiently :

“ ‘ There are worse things than pigs. I have told you that devils are realities.’

“ We were three in number—our hostess, who took no part in the communications, also being present—and we all felt the troubled presence of Sir William Fergusson’s spirit very sensibly. An indescribable solemnity seemed to pervade the room while he was writing the messages above given. Mary, who was in a highly sensitive state, expressed her fear that she would receive a visit from him in person—so conscious was she of his spiritual presence—and she was half afraid to be left alone. The spirits themselves, of whom there seemed to be several present, noticed her illness, and one of them, evidently an inexperienced one, wrote hastily, and scarcely legibly :

“ ‘ We shall soon see Mary.’ Upon this another hand, which we thought to be that of the experienced and considerate surgeon who had been speaking with us, came to the planchette and wrote, evidently with the desire to soften the announcement so abruptly made :

“ ‘ Some of us think Mary would be more useful here than with you. They hope to see her soon.’

“ Her anticipations of a disturbed night proved true. After a short sleep she woke, and observed on the wall opposite the fire a shadow as of some one sitting in her arm-chair. On looking towards the chair, she found it occupied by the figure of an old man, whose face she instantly recognised as that of Sir William Fergusson. His picture was in the shop-windows, and she was familiar with it. He was looking thin and haggard, and seemed distressed ; for when he spoke, it was in a somewhat querulous tone. His conversation was all of vivisection, principally urging more active measures. One phrase which he used frequently struck her as very singular. He kept saying, ‘ Why don’t you do a little something ? I wish you would try to do a little something ; ’—a remark which, considering that she was doing all in her power, seemed to her to be uncalled for. Being much exhausted, she fell asleep, and slept for some time. But on waking, he was still there, though not quite so palpable. The fire had burnt down, and there was no shadow visible.

“ We pondered much the advisability of complying with Sir William’s request, and making his letter public. The circumstances were sure, we considered, not to gain sufficient credit to exert the influence desired ; and prejudiced as the public, in its ignorance

of the subject, was against anything connected with 'spiritualism,' we considered the advice to be of doubtful wisdom. At the same time a message from the dead, and from one of his eminence, and given under so much solemnity and with so much urgency, was a thing not lightly to be ignored. We resolved, therefore, to consult some one of larger experience in such matters, and were fortunate in finding one well qualified. The judgment of our adviser was that, in the first place, we should injure our cause by mixing it up at that critical moment of its appearance before Parliament with a story of the kind, unsupported by more than the bare statement of enthusiasts in the cause; and, in the second place, that Sir William himself would not have made the request, had he been at the time in a condition to judge calmly. 'Young spirits,' he said—meaning by the phrase young in the spirit-world—'are apt to be eager to raise themselves by doing some good work. They are allowed to have an insight into the nature of the existence on which they have just entered, which rouses their indignation against evil, and makes them enthusiastic for good. We must not suppose that the description given in the message respecting the "other side" fairly represents the condition of things there. He was evidently shown something that exists in consequence of practices prevailing here. But the notion that evil is so rampant as might be inferred from his account, is altogether inconsistent with all other testimony, as well as with the moral possibilities of the case. No doubt he had been allowed to have a glimpse into one of the "Hells" which men make for themselves by their deliberate hardening of their natures, and suppression of their intuitions of right; and in his horror and amazement he has magnified the proportions of the part he has seen.'

"We acted on this advice, but endeavoured to fulfil the injunction to 'do a little something' by working yet harder in the cause. Shortly afterwards we saw in the papers a memoir of Sir William stating that his favourite phrase, when about to make any unusual effort in any cause he had at heart, was that he should 'try to do a little something' in the matter. It was a colloquialism of his; and Mary was delighted to receive so strong a confirmation of the 'objective reality' of her apparition.

"The account thus given us of the after-condition of the torturers of their animal brethren, received the following confirmation from an independent source. I related our experiences to a clergyman whom I had always known, a man of large humanity, high intelligence, and no ordinary sobriety of judgment, a hard-working parish minister, and an old Etonian and King's Fellow, the late Rev. R. A. F. Barrett, rector of Stour Provost. And I learnt from him in return that he had himself conversed through a medium with a spirit purporting to be that of a deceased vivisector, who had declared that he was in horrible agony on account of his deeds in the flesh; but that so far from being able to repent, his only wish was to inflict fresh tortures, and to make others like himself. He hated coming, he said, to make this confession, but was compelled to do so. It was part of his punishment, and he could not refuse."

These incidents had the following sequel, after which the visits of Sir W. Fergusson to us ceased. On the afternoon of

August 17 I was walking in St James's Park, when I observed that I was accompanied by at least one phantasmal form, perhaps by two. Presently losing sight of them I sat down on a bench and busied myself in reading some proofs of my book. But on coming to the passage in which I stated my reasons for deferring the publication of Sir William Fergusson's message, it occurred to me to desire some token of his approbation; and I had no sooner done so than, as it seemed to me, the presence of which I had before been conscious suddenly flung itself upon me, just as my mother had done, and covered me with an embrace that suffused and enveloped my whole being. Its substance was sufficiently dense to obscure the objects before me, and to induce me to turn towards a man who occupied the other end of the seat to ascertain whether he also perceived it, though I knew that he could not do so unless he were similarly sensitive. The contact lasted sufficiently long to impress on my mind the conviction that my visitant was no other than Sir William Fergusson himself, together with these words, "You have done the best; Mr Hugo is with me. The idea of the placards was his. Prevented by death from carrying it out himself, he inspired Mary with it." This was the late rector of West Hackney, one of the most whole-hearted and acute-witted of the opponents of vivisection, whose recent loss we were deeply deploring.

In April we paid a brief visit to the parsonage, during which Mary had the following dream-vision. It is included in her *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the title of "The City of Blood." I reproduce it here on account of the sequel to it received by myself, which was not given there:—

"I dreamed that I was wandering along a narrow street of vast length, upon either hand of which was an unbroken line of high straight houses, with walls and doors resembling those of a prison. The atmosphere was dense and obscure, and the time seemed that of twilight. In the narrow line of sky visible far overhead between the two rows of house-roofs I could not discern sun, moon, or stars, or colour of any kind. All was gray, impenetrable and dim. Under foot, between the paving-stones of the street, grass was springing. Nowhere was the least sign of life: the place seemed utterly deserted. I stood alone in the midst of profound silence and desolation. Silence? No! As I listened, there came to my ears from all sides, dully at first and almost imperceptibly, a low creeping sound like subdued moaning; a sound that never ceased, and that was so native to the place, I had at first been unaware of it. But now I clearly gathered in the sound, and recognised its meaning as expressive of the

intensest physical suffering. Looking steadfastly towards one of the houses from which the most distinct of these heartrending sounds issued, I perceived a stream of blood slowly oozing out from beneath the door and trickling down into the street, staining the tufts of grass red here and there, as it wound its way towards me. I glanced up and saw that the glass in the closed and barred windows of the house was flecked and splashed with the same horrible dye.

“ ‘Some one is being murdered in this place!’ I cried, and flew towards the door. Then, for the first time, I perceived that the door had neither lock nor handle on the outside, but could be opened only from within. It had, indeed, the form and appearance of a door, but in every other respect it was solid and impassable as the walls themselves. In vain I searched for bell or knocker, or for some means of making entry into the house. I found only a scroll fastened with nails upon a cross-beam over the door, and upon it I read the words: ‘This is the Laboratory of a Vivisector.’ As I read, the wailing sound redoubled in intensity, and a noise as of struggling made itself audible within, as though some new victim had been added to the first. I beat madly against the door with my hands, and shrieked for help; but in vain. My dress was reddened with the blood upon the doorstep. In horror I looked down upon it, and turned and fled. As I passed along the street, the sounds around me grew and gathered volume, formulating themselves into distinct cries and bursts of frenzied sobbing. Upon the door of every house some scroll was attached, similar to that I had already seen. Upon one was inscribed: ‘Here is a husband murdering his wife’; upon another, ‘Here is a mother beating her child to death’; upon a third, ‘This is a slaughter-house.’

“ Every door was impassable; every window was barred; the idea of interference from without was futile. Vainly I lifted my voice and cried for aid. The street was desolate as a graveyard; the only thing that moved about me was the stealthy blood, that came creeping out from beneath the doors of these awful dwellings. Wild with horror I fled along the street, seeking some outlet, the cries and moans pursuing me as I ran. At length the street abruptly ended in a high dead wall, the top of which was not discernible; it seemed, indeed, to be limitless in height. Upon this wall was written in great black letters: ‘*There is no way out.*’

“ Overwhelmed with despair and anguish, I fell upon the stones of the street, repeating aloud: ‘*There is no way out.*’ ”

I was profoundly impressed by the relation of this dream, as well as apprehensive of its effect upon the dreamer, by reason of its tendency to confirm and aggravate her already strong tendency to pessimism; and I took it to be with a view to the correction of this tendency that the following sequel to it was very soon afterwards given to me, which occurred between waking and sleeping:—

‘ It seemed to me that at the moment when her despair had culminated, and while she was still lying prone on the stones, I joined her; and seeing with her the impossibility of rescue for others, or

escape for ourselves by any ordinary way, I pointed upwards and cried, ' We will ascend to heaven, and save ourselves first, and perchance afterwards we may save these poor wretches. Come, then, take fast hold of me, and together we will scale the heavens. There is no blood there ! '

" ' No blood there ! ' was the agonised response. ' Only look, and you will see that the very skies are encarnadined with the blood shed by priests in honour of the sanguinary deity there enthroned ! Oh, folly ! folly ! to think to escape the deluge of blood by quitting earth for heaven ! No, no, there is no hope. God and man are made in the same image. Both alike are carnivorous, and for both alike is blood the daintiest food. '

" So I looked, and seeing that what she said was true, was about to desist from my attempt, and settle down in blank despair ; but ere I had done so a luminous gleam from the gory panoply overhead flashed upon me. ' There must be light—it cannot be all blood—where that came from ! ' I cried ; and I cast another and more piercing glance at the sky. Then to my delight I saw that what we had taken for the substance of the firmament was not the heavens themselves, but a veil drawn over them ; and not only was its fabric thin, but there were rents in it, which even as I gazed became larger, and disclosed through their openings patches of clearest blue and gleams of purest white. ' See ! see ! ' I cried, ' the heavens are not really blood. What of blood we see above us has been placed there by man. We have but to insist on rising, and we shall force our way through and behold the whole sky beyond clear and pure, and find as we near the throne that God is no blood-loving monster, but the source of all justice and mercy. Come, let us ascend to where He sits enthroned, and there seek the means to rescue our poor mother-earth from this deluge of blood. '

" As I spoke we ascended into the air and passed the veil of blood, and found that as we passed it vanished, rolled up like a scroll, and was no more seen. And the vision departed, leaving us mounting higher and higher in the clear blue of the empyrean."

And the time came when we recognised it as an exquisite and prophetic allegory of the state to which the world has been reduced under a priest-constructed religion and a civilisation wholly materialistic, and of the way in which our own and all other redemptive work must be done, in that only they who have first ascended in themselves can—returning—enable others also to ascend and accomplish their needed salvation—a luminous commentary, it seemed to us, on Eph. iv. 8-10.

Whatever the method employed for our spiritual education, the results were invariably such as to indicate a high order of influences as their source and control. Not only could they read our thoughts, they knew better than we ourselves knew what we really sought and desired to express. Of this the two following experiences are instances :—

I was wishing that our invisible friends would call me by some typical appellation, such as they had given to Mary, but I had neither made mention of my wish, nor formed any idea of a fitting name. Yet at our next sitting they wrote, "This is to Caro, the Beloved, Philemon"—designations not a little gratifying to me, as showing their recognition of the predominance of the affectional side of my nature. Mary was delighted with the "Caro," and occasionally used it for me as a simple designation. That it was intended as my "initiation" name was shown by the fact that I was always called by it by our genii. The message which followed showed their superior knowledge of our aims. It was this :

"Finish your novel, which is the work to bring you in money. But it must have a new title—not the one you have now. Take *Usque ad Aras*, and work up to this idea. We are all ready to help."

On reading this aloud, Mrs Going, who was present, asked the meaning of the Latin phrase, whereupon, before I could tell her, it was written :

" ' To the very altars. We mean you to lay bare the secrets of the world's sacrificial system. '

" ' And you will show me how ? ' I asked.

" ' Yes. We can, and we will make it succeed. Before finishing, we want you to go and see S——; he may tell you of a fitting publisher. You must not go to T——. And there is one in London who will give you good terms. ' "

The "S" proved to be the name of the principal publisher of Swedenborg's writings, which struck us as significant in view of the nature of our work. In reply to my inquiry concerning the personality of the communicating influence, it was answered, "Your genius."

Not only was the fact that I had some considerable time before commenced the novel referred to, but the description now given of it, and the title proposed, expressed its leading idea with a clearness and fulness altogether beyond what I had yet attained. The task had, however, proved beyond my ability to accomplish to my satisfaction, the theme and conception containing possibilities to which I felt myself unable to do justice. But so far from being dissatisfied with my title, I was fascinated by it, both for its terseness and its suggestiveness, for what it concealed and what it implied. As there is now no prospect of my

needing it—seeing that for me to write a novel now, from my present standpoint, would seem to me to be fiddling while Rome is burning—I do not mind placing it at the service of some other writer, even at the risk of adding one more to the already large number of good titles wasted on inferior books. It was “Saint or Sinner?” the intention being to exhibit certain individuals as developing and exalting their *characters* at the cost of their *reputations*, through the inability of the generality to distinguish the real from the apparent, and the moral from the conventional, and their consequent crucifixion of the noblest and best for lack of the spiritual vision whereby to recognise them. By which will be seen how singularly appropriate were the title and description given me in writing by my newly discovered “genius.” It has been no small compensation to me in abandoning the project to know that the form only, and not the intention of my work, has been changed, as will be obvious to every percipient reader of the latter.

It should be added that Mary was so taken by the idea, that she made several attempts to induce me to carry it out; and to my plea that not only would no publisher undertake a book containing such a portraiture of a “sinner” as would be necessary to an artistic and literary success, but that I myself felt the task of drawing either saint or sinner satisfactorily to be beyond me for want of the necessary knowledge, she made the reply to me, enigmatical at the time, and only long afterwards made clear, that she was quite sure she could supply any deficiency of knowledge on my part in either direction.

Another experience received at this time struck me as a crucial proof of the continued existence, identity, and power to communicate of the dead, so utterly inexplicable did it seem on any other hypothesis. It was in this wise.

A widowed friend, unknown even by name to any of the circle present, had written to me from Italy, where she was studying painting, asking me to try and obtain from her late husband some advice about her work. Keeping the application secret, I took the first opportunity of preferring the request, which I did mentally, my own mind being a complete blank as to what, if anything, might come of it; for I had never thought of the spirit in question as likely to communicate with me, though I knew that his widow believed herself to hold relations with him.

The reply was so immediate as to produce the impression that he must have been aware of what was wanted, and perhaps had himself prompted his widow's application to me. The response was, moreover, accompanied by characteristics so marked as to indicate unmistakably his identity. The answer to his wife's question was as follows :—

“ Let her study the modulating of colour in the works of Titian, taking some one face and going over the same several times. Do this first, and then ask for more advice.”

The apparition of Sir William Fergusson occurred on the night of the Wednesday before Easter. We had arranged to leave town on the following evening, on a visit to Mary's mother at Hastings ; but our departure was delayed through an occurrence which, while in itself singular in the extreme, threw an unexpected light on an obscure part of the Bible, and on the spiritual significance of certain animal forms. When Mary next awoke after her final interview with the phantom of Sir William Fergusson, it was broad day. While thinking over the experiences of the night, she suddenly saw before her in waking vision a collection of dragons, scorpions, serpents, lobsters, and various creeping things, large and small ; while a voice said to her, “ Keep him from touching these ; if he touch the flesh of these, you must not suffer him to come near you.” Her first thought had been that the vision was in some way a continuation of her previous visitation, of which her mind was still full.

She told me of this vision in the course of the day, and drew for me some of the forms of the animals ; for so vivid had been her sight, that she had every detail perfectly impressed on her mind. But through some interruption to our conversation, she omitted to tell me of the prohibition. She had, moreover, no apprehension of any of the animals shown coming in my way, or of my eating of them should they do so.

In the afternoon, however, owing to the presence of a visitor who desired something different from the diet usual in the house, a lobster appeared on the table. At this she was somewhat dismayed, for it gave rise to the suggestion that her vision might be prophetic, and have an unanticipated significance. Even now she did not tell me of the positive prohibition, but imagined it was intended as a test ; and that *if* I partook, she was not to go on her journey with me. Consequently, after a general re-

mark from her, intended as a dissuasion against the eating of anything that had to be put to so cruel a death as is reputed of the lobster, I, regarding it as fish, and "cold-blooded," and, therefore, in the absence of a sufficiency of perfectly insensitive food, allowable, partook of it, but through some cause I could not define did no more than taste it. Shortly after this she rose and quitted the room, saying she should not be able to go that evening.

After venting her disappointment alone—for she had been eagerly looking forward to her holiday—she returned and said that she saw now that she had been wrong in not having told me the whole vision; but that she had mistaken the meaning of the words uttered, and that, as she now perceived, they were not a test, but a positive prohibition. And we then sat down to consult our genii through the planchette concerning the occurrence, deeming it likely that the vision had been of their sending.

We both, as usual, placed our hands on the instrument; but after waiting for some time, there was no response. I then withdrew my hand in order to reduce the amount of the light in the room, but sat down again without doing so on finding that the writing had begun. On replacing my hand, it ceased. I withdrew it, and it went on again. And so again the third time. Thereupon I withdrew it altogether. It then wrote:

“ ‘ Let him go. We can do nothing with him now.’ ”

“ ‘ For how long is this? Can we go to-morrow?’ we asked. To which it wrote:

“ ‘ If he purge himself to-night you may go; but he may ask nothing of us for seven days.’ ”

“ ‘ What is the meaning of this prohibition?’ ”

“ ‘ The spirits who hold intercourse with you belong to an order which can have no dealings with eaters of reptiles, whether of sea or land. For all things which move upon the belly are cursed for the sake of the evil one, whose seal is set on all serpents, dragons, and scorpions, such as we showed you.’ ”

In answer to further questioning they said—

“ ‘ If he take the purge you may go with him to-morrow.’ ”

I complied with their injunction, and the next morning we asked some further questions respecting this strange affair. Among other queries, we inquired whether they endorsed the

whole of the Levitical code, for we had recognised and found a passage corresponding to the above. To this they replied—

“ ‘ No, else you would have been destroyed already.’ ”

“ ‘ Is it right to eat flesh ? ’ was then asked ; to which it was replied :

“ ‘ We do not say it is right ; and, even, for you it would be unlawful to eat flesh.’ ”

To the question whether I might now put my hand on, an answer was given in the affirmative by rapping.

It was the morning of Good Friday. Placing my hand on the planchette, I begged the spirit to tell us the precise truth respecting the events for which the season was celebrated. What were the facts of the Crucifixion, Resurrection, and Ascension ? And we awaited in grave eagerness what we hoped might be authentic information respecting these great problems.

Presently the planchette moved under our pressure, which we made considerably greater than usual in order to obtain a lasting impression. It wrote three lines, and then stopped, signifying by a tap that the message was finished. Hastening to see what was written, we found it to be this :

“ We are not of a high order. We know no more than you. He who sent us has withdrawn.”

I was still “ unclean,” and the controlling spirit of the communication had departed on my approach, leaving the inferior spirits employed to perform the mechanical act of writing without further guidance ; for, as we subsequently learnt, the genii, being of the celestial order, do not themselves manifest on the physical plane, but employ the elementals for that purpose.¹ And these had not the knowledge we sought. When thus controlled the elementals would speak in the names of the genii, saying, “ We are your genii,” their own personality being set aside in favour of those whose instruments they were.

A question respecting the probability of the editor of a certain weekly paper publishing Sir William Fergusson’s letter—for we had not then come to a decision—elicited the following :—

“ We have but restricted power over the wills of men. Try your best. He wishes it.”

¹ The writing of the last message was totally unlike that of the previous ones. They had had nothing like it before (*The Soul and How it Found Me*, p. 208).—S. H. H.

The following questions were asked, and answers given, while at Hastings during my period of retirement, Mary sitting alone :—

“ ‘ Why must we hold in abhorrence creatures who go on their bellies, and crawl in sea or on land ? ’

“ ‘ They are the receptacles of unclean spirits.’

“ ‘ Please explain.’

“ ‘ These spirits cannot exist in the pure elements, save to engender mischief and trouble, such as blight, fever, storm, hurricane, and the like. Wherefore the Lord, for the sake of His creatures, has given up to them certain forms which they may inhabit, that they may be shut up in them, and that the world may be saved from the destruction they would otherwise bring on it.’

“ ‘ Then it must be wrong to kill these creatures, for they are thereby let loose to work mischief.’

“ ‘ Not so ; for they are evil beasts doing injury to all things about them. And, moreover, the vitality of the unclean spirit being given off to that of the animal energy of the beast he inhabits, perishes in great part with it ; so that by its death he is partly consumed, and returns to the elements by so much weaker than before. It is good, therefore, that all such evil beasts should be destroyed. Whoso cherishes them, cherishes evil spirits.’ ¹

“ ‘ Why, then, does not the “ Lord ” destroy these evil spirits ? ’

“ ‘ It is the nature of them to burn out and expend themselves.’

“ ‘ Of what animals in particular do you speak ? ’

“ ‘ The worst of these evil spirits dwell in serpents, in adders, in scorpions, and their kind. Others in creeping things. Others, less pernicious, in the races which rend and devour ; such as the lion, the jackal, and their kind. Others, yet less potent, in the swine and their kind. But these last are redeemable.’

“ ‘ What do you mean by redeemable ? ’

“ ‘ I mean that to kill such creatures is not a merit, but an offence.’

“ ‘ How do you divide the evil spirits ? and is their difference of degree or of kind ? ’

“ ‘ Of kind. The worst are poisonous spirits. Of such is the brood of Apollyon, the falsifier of all things. Others are selfish spirits. These are encased in horny exteriors, their only soft parts being internal ; such are lobsters and their kind. They are of the brood of Belial. Others are cruel spirits, as the tiger, the wolf, and the cat. These are the brood of Saturn, the father of priestcraft. They are redeemable hereafter. Others are impure spirits, eaters of dung and uncleanness ; such are swine, dogs, and the like. They are redeemable here. To slay them, save for crime’s sake, is unlawful. These are of the offspring of Balaam. Many among men are also under his dominion. Such are the most common. Others are foul spirits, against nature, cursed of God and detestable, suckers of blood, begotten of foulness. They are the brood of Beel Zebub.

¹ Edward Maitland says : “ We gathered from this reply that immortality is by no means a matter of course for all. That those who care to preserve their souls must tend and cultivate them : otherwise they shrink away and expire, though not until many opportunities have been afforded for repentance ” (*The Soul and How it Found Me*, p. 210).—S. H. H.

Such are lice and creeping things, to destroy which is a duty and a good work ; for they shall neither be redeemed here nor hereafter, but are vile as serpents and scorpions. Such as these abounded in ancient times, when the earth was full of monstrous reptiles, offspring of Abaddon and of Belial. But their forces are weakened, and their might decreased. Adonai reigns, and shall reign. Amen.' ”

The above was received on Easter morning. On the expiration of my prescribed term, they wrote :

“ We want to give Caro some advice. It is that he should not wear next his flesh garments of wool, but of linen. This is an ancient law—the law which we gave to the priests. Look in the Scriptures. It is because of cleanliness. Let him wear drawers next his thighs, therefore. We will permit the vest and the coverings for the feet, because of your infirmity, so that you wash them every third day in summer, and every sixth day in winter. But we prefer silk or linen. It is the law of cleanliness.”

The concession to my “ infirmity,” and with it the change of person, were made in instantaneous answer to the thought that passed through my mind as I followed the message, to the effect that I was afraid of taking cold by exchanging wool for linen.

In answer to my question, whether they had given these laws to the Hebrews, or whether the latter had inherited them from the Egyptians, they wrote :

“ The genii of all the nations had these laws.”

And to my question whether I had been right in asserting the interior identity of the ancient religions, they wrote :

“ It is truly so.”

In answer to a question respecting the meaning of their phrase, “ The Evil One,” and who were Beel Zebub, Abaddon, etc., they gave this enigmatical reply :

“ You are seeking to know the origin of evil. Know that this cannot be told you until Mary is ready for her mission. She must first die and be spiritually raised from the dead, then she shall know all things. But the time is not yet. In the meantime, seek the kingdom of God and the law of a perfect life. Follow the rules we give you both. They are of rigid necessity. And prepare for us a writing-table of cedar-wood. We will give you directions to-morrow. Buy the drawers first.”

I at once complied with their injunction respecting the linen clothing, but refrained from mentioning it. They showed their knowledge of my movements, however, by writing at our next sitting :

“ You have done well.”

Interpreting the previous message as a caution against pressing at present for information respecting the mysteries of the spiritual world, we forbore to seek further in that direction, leaving it to them to choose their own time for enlightening us.

They were as good as their word respecting the writing-table, giving us at two sittings minute directions for its construction, and showing Mary, moreover, in a waking vision, a pattern of it so distinctly, that she was enabled to make a perfect drawing from it. There was much that was symbolical about it, and their minuteness reminded us of the directions for the Hebrew tabernacle. It was to be in the form of a cross, and have in the centre a plate of metal or fireproof stone, able to bear an intense heat, which no one was to approach, "lest," they said, "we suffer by the contact." Of the need of such a caution for our own sakes we had already had notice, Mary having been once burnt on the hand while sitting at the planchette, no fire or lamp being near.¹ The table was to contain no bone or ivory or animal product, and no base metal. It was, moreover, to be provided with a pen, so as to make a permanent record.

From this, and their frequent reference to a "mission," we were led to believe that they entertained a serious desire to institute some order corresponding to the ancient mysteries, for the future continuous enlightenment of the world.

Of the importance they attached to the quality of our food, and the disposition of our sentiments, we had repeated proofs. To the question whether shrimps and prawns came under the same ban as reptiles (it was when we were about to cease from intercourse with them for a time), they wrote :

"When communicating with us do not eat either ; but now that you do not wish to hold intercourse with us, you may eat them, but not lobster." "Man's perfect diet," they subsequently said, "is grain, the juice of fruits, and the oil of nuts."

We had a planchette constructed after the pattern prescribed, but it proved cumbrous and otherwise defective in the use, and

¹ In *The Soul and How it Found Me*, Edward Maitland, referring to this incident, says : "Chancing one day to place her hand over the centre of the instrument immediately after the delivery of a message, 'Mary' received a somewhat severe burn which exhibited itself in the form of a large watery blister on the finger, accompanied by much pain, no light or fire being near at the time" (p. 162, and see p. 397 *post*).

was accordingly soon discarded. In an instruction received some years later from a source we had learnt to hold in supreme respect, we were informed that its contrivers were elementals of the order of the Salamanders or fire-spirits, who—being employed by our genii—had sought to use us for their own ends, but had been restrained by a higher power, and that only under such control is it lawful to have recourse to the elementals.

Among the intimations given to her for me at this time, was one to the effect that in order to qualify me fully for my part in the work assigned us, it was needful that I be “isolated from every interest and every tie that might attach me to the world.” As already indicated in this narrative, much had been done to bring about this result. As time went on, the process was enforced with a rigour so severe, as to make it obvious that only by the utter renunciation of all other associations and interests, and the unreserved acceptance of the conditions imposed, could the work required of me be accomplished, or life itself be rendered tolerable. No ordeal was spared, no mortification withheld, that might minister to the suppression of all incompatible tendencies. The one reward held out was the joy of achieving the world’s emancipation from the tyranny of false beliefs by replacing them with true ones. And the very enhancement of the consciousness resulting from the suffering endured proved an indispensable condition of the perception of truth.

In a dream received during this period, she found herself in a group of grey-headed men, who were discoursing together on many profound subjects. They talked long and earnestly, and as if for our especial benefit. Everything said struck her as most admirable, but she was unable to retain more than these fragments. To the question put by one of the elders, “What do you mean by Almighty God?” it was replied by another:

“God comprehends all things, but is no person in the sense in which we understand person. Divinity is the substance of all things. It throws off rings which become individuated as spirits.

“And in answer to another question it was said, ‘The Jews are undoubtedly right regarding the nature of Jesus. To conceive of God as incarnate, or having a son, in the way supposed among Christians, is a blasphemy against the Divine Essence.’

“We had previously received in writing the following reply to a question concerning the method of creation: ‘Divinity is diffused at first. It is individuated in forms, gradually becoming stronger, as nebulous light is concentrated in consolidated orbs.’”

The vision in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, called "The Counsel of Perfection," was received at this period. Mary was especially delighted with it, as affording high recognition and encouragement of her labours on behalf of the animals. And I accordingly reproduce it here, for the benefit especially of those who might otherwise fail to see it. It is, moreover, a complete answer to the allegation that the Gospels are silent on the subject of man's treatment of the animals.

"I dreamed that I was in a large room, and there were in it seven persons, all men, sitting at one long table; and each of them had before him a scroll, some having books also; and all were grey-headed and bent with age save one, and this was a youth of about twenty, without hair on his face. One of the aged men, who had his finger on a place in a book open before him, said—

" 'This spirit, who is of our order, writes in this book: "Be ye perfect, therefore, as your Father in heaven is perfect." How shall we understand this word "perfection"?' And another of the old men, looking up, answered, 'It must mean wisdom, for wisdom is the sum of perfection.' And another old man said, 'That cannot be; for no creature can be wise as God is wise. Where is he among us who could attain to such a state? That which is part only, cannot comprehend the whole. To bid a creature to be wise as God is wise would be mockery.'

"Then a fourth old man said, 'It must be Truth that is intended; for truth only is perfection.' But he who sat next the last speaker answered, 'Truth also is partial; for where is he among us who shall be able to see as God sees?'

"And the sixth said, 'It must surely be Justice; for this is the whole of righteousness.' And the old man who had spoken first, answered him, 'Not so; for Justice comprehends vengeance, and it is written that vengeance is the Lord's alone.'

"Then the young man stood up with an open book in his hand and said, 'I have here another record of one who likewise heard these words. Let us see whether his rendering of them can help us to the knowledge we seek.' And he found a place in the book and read aloud:

" 'Be ye merciful, even as your Father is merciful.'

"And all of them closed their books, and fixed their eyes upon me."

The time was approaching when she was to return to Paris for a lengthened stay, and it would have to be decided in which direction lay the balance of duty for myself. Whatever of hesitation there was about my accompanying her, was on my part; not that I was not prepared, and even eager, to sacrifice all personal considerations in the pursuit of the knowledges of which we were evidently on the track; but I was not prepared to sacrifice *her*, and I failed to see how the requisite association

could be contrived without exposing her to injurious misconstruction. It was a matter in which I had to do the thinking for both; for her aversion to the existing order of society was such as to render her indifferent to its opinion. "So long as a thing is not wrong in itself, by reason of its falsehood, injustice, or cruelty," she would say, "I do not care. For mere conventionalities I have no respect. And, besides, if my husband approves, no one is entitled to object. Who and what is the world that one should respect it?" And so forth. Considering, however, that it was in the world that her future life and work lay, and that only by keeping in touch with it could she hope to influence it for good, and being, moreover, exceedingly doubtful whether, when put to the test, her strength would equal her courage, I felt the difficulty to be great, and was accordingly much exercised in the matter.

Of course we did not fail to consult our invisible monitors. But they seemed unwilling to give positive directions. In answer to one question they said—

"We can do nothing for either of you if you separate." To another, "Our power over human will is restricted. For both your sakes it would be wiser not to part. But we can only counsel. You are free. You must be led by reason and consideration for others."

Still divided between conflicting duties, I pressed for something more definite. Her destination was Paris. On asking whether I should go there, they wrote, "Do you wish to know? . . . GO."

It so happened that during the writing of this message her little daughter entered the room—for we were at the parsonage at the time—and for the first time placed her hand on the planchette; and at this moment it quitted the line it was writing and travelled to another part of the paper, and then wrote, in a large and firm hand, the word "Go." Thinking this implied an objection to the child's presence, we dismissed her, and expressed to each other our surprise at their disliking contact with a purely-fed child such as she was. Hereupon they resumed their communication, and with unwonted vigour wrote:

"You misunderstand us entirely. The child gave us force and courage to say to you—Caro—the best for you spiritually—Go!

“ We said *spiritually*. If you go with our Seeress to Paris, we will send to you men who will spread before you stores which you and she only are able to sift—ore full of gold, oysters rich with pearls.” On asking further, they added, “ We have told you all that is needful for the present.”

Their determination to associate us together in their communications was evinced by their refusing to write for me with anyone else, save only to give such answers as, “ You are not to write to-day. Mary is not here.” On parting they said, “ We will give her messages for you.”

“ Can we communicate together by means of the planchette ? ” I asked, thinking that some system of spiritual telegraphy might be contrived.

“ No. But she will see us in visions far better than we can tell her in writing.”

“ Have you any final instructions ? ”

“ Only this. You are right in forecasting great tribulation.” (This she had done in a trance.)

“ For whom, and of what nature ? ”

“ It is Mary’s flight into the wilderness and persecution by Apollyon of which we speak.”

“ Can she escape it ? ”

“ Yes, if she gave up the mission for which she was born.”

“ What is that mission ? ”

“ You shall know in time.”

During this visit we received the following experience in direct clairvoyance without possibility of explanation by thought-reading :—

Shortly before leaving London, I had met at my club my particular friend, the Rev. John Winstanley Hull, who said that he wished for the advice of some good clairvoyant in a matter which was causing him anxiety, and asked if I could tell him of one. I promised to do my best, and proposed, by way of making a crucial test, that instead of telling me what he wanted, he should write it and enclose it in a sealed envelope in such a way as to render inspection impossible. This he accordingly did, and I put the packet in my pocket, which it never quitted until, soon after my arrival at the parsonage, we sat for some writing. Then, placing it on the table, I asked for a reply to its contents, neither of us having the smallest suspicion as to their nature ;

while I alone knew from whom it came. Presently the instrument wrote, "It is a question about which we must consult the guardian-genius of the lady concerned, and we must find him."

On my asking for more it was added, "No more information for J. Stanley Hull!" On my enclosing these replies, together with the packet still unopened, to the writer, he returned me the paper containing the question he had written. It ran thus: "Good spirits, will you kindly say what is wrong with my daughter, and what shall I do now; take her elsewhere, or leave her?—J. Stanley Hull."

Not only was I unaware that his daughter was ill, and had been sent from home for special medical treatment, but to make the test more complete he had altered his mode of signature. On my asking Mary for her explanation of the *modus* of this experience, she said that, although she was in no conscious way a party to the writing, she had by some means been made aware of the question and answer at the moment of the writing.

CHAPTER X

PERSECUTED OF APOLLYON

It was not yet, however, that I was to accompany her to Paris ; for it was arranged that she should take her daughter and governess and live with them in an apartment. She accordingly took up her abode in a small street in the Chaillot quarter, No. 26 Rue Boissière, about midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the palace of the Trocadero, then in course of erection, an elevated and healthy situation, her choice being influenced by the near propinquity of the family with whom she had formerly resided, and who had lately removed thither. The arrangement was one about which I had great misgivings, on account of its failure to provide her with the sympathetic surroundings so essential to her ; and it was, moreover, by no means in accord with the evident desire of our unseen friends. Nevertheless, for the reasons already given, I concurred in it, hoping that when the time came—as I had no doubt it soon would come—for our reunion, the means to that end would be of a gentler kind than on the previous occasion. A. accompanied her, and remained until she was settled in her apartment. But he had no sooner quitted her than she was overtaken by one of those attacks of depression in which her constitutional pessimism was wont to manifest itself, in which mood she wrote the following reply to a letter in which I had mentioned the projected marriage of some mutual friends, and the little prospect there was of any changes being made in the university system in England in time to enable her to obtain a degree at home :—

“ A. has gone, and I am all alone in Paris. Your letter is not one to cheer me. The news about the university is none of the brightest. And then, that engagement. Oh ! how *can* people think life a desirable thing ? How *can* they deliberately set about bringing into existence more people to share it ? And how *can* you write calmly about it ? I read that part of your letter with an absolute shudder, lest you, too, should seriously wish to find some

such woman as the imaginary 'she' you speak of; and of downright horror at the notion of any man who *knows* anything, and has *felt* anything, desiring to introduce a new sentient creature into hell. For this *is* hell, and nothing else. It is a terrible thing for the ignorant and thoughtless to do; but they who know should surely give thought to the capability to suffer, which they are about to bring into being, and refrain accordingly.

"I have just come from the hospital, where I have seen a man who for months has lived in horrible torture. Last time I saw him he was lying back on his pillows panting for breath, with great drops of sweat on his forehead, his whole body exhaling a fetid odour which sickened the bystanders. This morning he is dead—white, and still, and calm, and indifferent. I stood and looked at him. '*It is living,*' said I to myself, 'that is the only real disease. Why should we seek to prolong it? To be dead is to have triumphed over the fever, and to be convalescent. What fools we doctors are! Then I went upstairs into the women's ward. Among them was a new patient—a woman twenty-six years old. She had ankylose of the coxo-femoral articulation, arthrite of the knee, and was bed-ridden. When the *chef* turned down the bed-clothes—behold, she was eight months gone in pregnancy! 'What,' he cried, 'you suffer all this, and you are about to be a mother!' Miserable wretch! Could she not have learnt one lesson of forbearance and charity to the unborn from all her own sufferings. Incurably diseased at twenty-six, and she thinks life so fine a thing that she will bring into it another unfortunate to share it with her!

"'There is no way out!' These are the words I saw in my dream. They are burnt into my brain; I go all day repeating them. And there are moments when I feel like the hero of the old Hebrew poem,—'Cursed be the day in which I was born; and the night in which it was said, "a child is conceived!"'

"This morning I had a letter from Florence Marryat, enclosing a cheque and a copy of the February number of *London Society* containing my story. A. has the MS. of another for America to post in London."

These tales were of a comparatively frivolous order, and represented the revulsion to the other extreme of her nature necessary to the maintenance of its equilibrium, and were written far rather as a relief from spiritual over-tension than from motives of gain. It was her intention later to include them in a volume of her collected stories; but during her last illness she withdrew them from the list, not wishing to have her name permanently associated with anything of so exclusively worldly a character.

For the next few weeks but little communication passed between us; we were both absorbed in our respective work. Then came a letter, which I interpreted as signifying that our guiding influences were once more preparing to bring us together again; for it said:

“ I think that they who have the guardianship of you are, above all things, anxious to detach you from your present surroundings. I think they wish to place you in circumstances wholly different from those of your previous life, and to ‘ isolate ’ you, as they themselves said, from all worldly influences. In order to do this you will have to leave London, and certainly to withdraw yourself from your immediate family. . . .

“ A most extraordinary thing has just happened to me ! As I wrote that word ‘ family,’ I suddenly *saw*, with all the clearness of actual vision, the figure of Christ, with Mary Magdalen beside Him, going forth together over a plain towards Jerusalem, and in the far distance a group of persons, men and women, standing at the door of a cottage, shading their eyes with their hands, and looking after their departing forms. It must have been a vision of Christ leaving *His* family to go out and preach the gospel. I must go and rest a little. This sudden appearance has disturbed me. . . .

“ What I propose, then, is that you should join us so soon as you can after A. leaves me. For he is coming first. I am going to send away E.’s governess, and have her taught at a school close by, to which she will go for certain hours in the daytime. We three should constitute a pure household, and our work would be easy and peaceful. I cannot do real, worthy, and valuable work apart from you. I think your magnetism imparts a vigour to my brain which nothing else gives me.¹ And I earnestly believe that this proposition of mine is the actual end towards which we have long been being conducted. You *must* detach yourself from your present world. You *must* be one with me. It is not permitted us to serve both God and Mammon. The tongues of the world will die away and be hushed when the world knows our lives and sees our work—work which we cannot produce apart, and which it will be idle to attempt unless we are together. I write with the strong conviction that I speak the truth, and that you *must* and *ought* to hear it. I will ask Miss D. to write to you ; for I know she will take my view about the governess, and the school, and your being with us.

“ I have spent two hours with Miss D., and she does take my view ; so pray look upon the arrangement as a settled one. Ah, what happy communions we shall have, and how great the work we shall accomplish ! A. is sure to be pleased, for he himself mentioned it to me as a feasible plan, and said he was certain you and C. would never get on together—he with his student chums, and you with your serious work—in the same rooms.”

“ Why Mary Magdalen and her reappearance on the scene ? ” I asked myself, as I pondered this strange recital, and recalled the corresponding incident which had led to her joining the

¹ This is not to be taken as implying any mesmeric or kindred process. There was nothing of that kind between us, but only the flow of vital energy which always, consciously to both of us, seemed to set in from my system to hers when in propinquity, and which was almost as exhausting to me as invigorating to her.—E. M.

Roman communion. And then, as I continued to think, the words came to me: "You will know in time"; and before I could frame further questions, there were projected into my mind these words:

"Meanwhile, what she wrote was inspired, and must be heeded. You are to go to Paris, and live with her as John the Beloved would live with Mary Magdalen were the two to come back to tell the world what they knew about the Christ."

"And how is that?" I asked; but there was no response. Clearly I was to think it out for myself. And while endeavouring to do this, there recurred to me a passage I had written in the previous winter. It is on p. 428 of *England and Islam*, and is as follows:—

"Fancy a Paul redeeming a Magdalen by sheer dint of out-loving her! Fancy his exhibiting the divine tenderness and patience which could go on enduring and loving without stint, while the frantic hysterical woman was rent by one devil after another of the seven which possessed her! Tormented and fretful himself, the Alexander Pope of the Apostolate, save for his unfeigned enthusiasm—so far from the feverish hand of Paul soothing the excitement of those inflamed nervous centres—as we may conceive was done by the sympathetic magnetism of the touch of Jesus, it would have but aggravated the symptoms until, in place of peace and salvation, despair and madness had supervened. Paul might boast of being all things to all men. Christ could be all things to all men, and to all women also."

Seeking for the reason why such a train of thought was suggested to me, I found myself impressed with the conviction that it was for my own guidance, and was on no account to be communicated to her. She was to be frank with me in all things, but much that was given to me was for practice, and not for speech.

It was yet several weeks to the time suggested for my visit to Paris, and the period proved one of no less anxiety to me than of suffering to her. Thrice had she been warned of "severe illness in the spring or later"; and thrice had I been charged to be in readiness to join her when required. Thus, while the accomplishment of these predictions would involve misfortune and disaster, their failure would throw doubt on the trustworthiness of our overseers.

May was within ten days of its close when word came of an illness so severe, as to make it a question whether we should

ever meet again unless I started forthwith. The summons came at a moment when compliance would have involved what seemed a serious dereliction of duty in another direction. In my dilemma I bethought me of having recourse to clairvoyant aid. I was acquainted with two ladies, each of whom possessed the requisite faculty, and who also knew her, but they were unknown to each other. Each had a "control," that of the one I consulted first purporting to be the spirit of a brother of the medium, some time dead. In neither case did I give any hint as to the subject of the consultation. In the first instance it was said to me :

"Mary is exceedingly ill, but she is not to join us yet. You can help her by writing to her, and keeping up her spirits, and by stimulating hope and faith. Do not go until summoned by your Guardian. The crisis is passing."

In the other quarter the control professed to be the soul of a woman who was now one of an order of ministering spirits, and was then engaged in tending the souls of the victims of the war in the East, but had returned voluntarily in order to tend Mary in her illness. And she had, she declared, just left her sleeping soundly and doing well ; and as she could not herself stay away longer from the scene of war, she had left another spirit in charge, who would be of great use to her. Before going away the control represented in the strongest terms the necessity of paying the utmost regard to Mary's health, physical and spiritual, if she was to accomplish the purpose for which she was born, in respect either of her own soul or of her work ; and added, "Her time is by no means too long for what she has to do."

As these communications coincided both with each other and with my own feeling, I decided to postpone my departure, at least, until the next day. The morning brought news that the crisis had passed, and with it the need for urgency on my part.

The latter of the foregoing experiences had a remarkable termination. Declaring the necessity of her immediate return to the battlefield, "Terése"—to give the control the name used by her as that of her order—enabled the clairvoyante to see a number of the spirits of the newly slain, whom the latter described as ranged in rows, habited in white, and all weeping. On the departure of "Terése" the medium, being still in trance, was controlled by another spirit, evidently a male, who, making

her seize pencil and paper, wrote through her with vehement haste for my instruction :

“ ‘ Wake her instantly, or she will follow Terése to the war, when her ears will for days be full of the howlings of the newly dead, who cannot bear the sudden chill of the spiritual state, and her eyes will be full of figures, horrible, like raving maniacs. Open the window for air, and recall her instantly.’ The difficulty of recalling and waking her was considerable. For she was eager to go, and already could see, she declared, groups of the spirits of the slain, each one surrounded by ministering angels, and weeping bitterly.”

The information thus obtained proved correct in respect of Mary’s spiritual no less than of her physical state. Her depression had become extreme, sinking her to depths corresponding to the highest altitudes previously attained. And “ Apollyon, the falsifier of all things,” had fulfilled the prediction made to us, by discerning and seizing his opportunity. Seeing, as was her wont in such mood, but one side only of things, and the under and dark side, she no sooner was able to resume her pen than she wrote :

“ I long for a little rest and peace. The world has grown very bitter to me. I feel as if every one were dead !

“ Ah, what a life is before me !—a life of incessant struggle, reproach, and loneliness. I shall never be as other women, happy in their wifehood and motherhood. Never to my dying day shall I know the meaning of a home.

“ And behind me, as I look back on the road by which I have come, all is storm and darkness. I fought my way through my lonely, sad-hearted childhood ; I fought my way through my girlhood, misunderstood and mistrusted always ; and now, in my womanhood, I am fighting still. On every side of me are rebuke and suspicion, and bitter, abiding sorrow. Pain and suffering of body and of spirit have hung on my steps all the years of my life. I have had no respite.

“ Is there never to be peace ? Never to be a time of sunlight that shall make me glad of my being ? ”

This was the opportunity taken by the enemy to sow in her mind the seeds of distrust and doubt as to the reality of the world which had been opened to us, and the truth of the teachings thence received. Nor was he at a loss for an instrument through which to operate. This was a certain fellow-student whom, at the recommendation of the *chef* of her hospital, she had engaged as her professor. He proved to have attained considerable proficiency in occultism, but of the kind we have since learnt to recognise as “ Black Magic ” or sorcery. In common

with the votaries of this cult, he insisted that the soul—though it does indeed survive the body—does so but for a brief space, and then too dies, and the individual becomes extinct. And it was to this evanescent efflorescence of the physical organism that he ascribed all experiences of the kind received by us. Of course, in a system which comprised a doctrine of the soul such as this, the idea of God and of moral responsibility could have no place, and that of the world's redemption became the vainest of dreams, and life itself the ghastliest of riddles. True, there were demons, or rather nature-spirits, powerful but non-moral, but even these must yield to man, whose will—short-lived though he is—is the most potent thing in the universe. And it was the dominion over these that was the supreme object of man's desire and attainment.

With these teachings, backed as they were by large scientific knowledge, and a strongly magnetic presence, enforced with evident sincerity, and coming at a moment of collapse on all planes—physical, mental, and spiritual—Mary found herself powerless to cope. Her “walls” were down, and the enemy was free to make incursion. Nevertheless, the issue proved that “they who were on our side were more than they who were against us,” and she was enabled to come off victorious. This is her narrative, written to me, of the first encounter :

“ We must take care that we do not deceive ourselves, and fall into some snare at these times when our spiritual faculties are open to presences of which, in ordinary states, we are unaware. I suspect that in many cases vanity is made an occasion to mislead us. A circumstance which happened to me last night has somewhat instructed me as to the true source of those ‘immaculate conception’ theories we have been hearing about of late from a certain class of spiritualists.

“ The night was very hot ; I was but lightly covered, and the casement was open, the Venetian shutters only being closed. Thus lying, I had a very curious dream, or rather vision, beginning—as sometimes before—by the sound of a sweet voice saying, ‘Salve ! Salve Regina !’ It then seemed to me—mind, I was asleep all this time—that a number of spirits gathered about me, spirits with male faces, attractive and even fascinating to look at, caressing and flattering me. One in particular, whose appearance I perfectly remember, sat at my feet, and began a long discourse about the sanctity and holiness of a life apart from mankind, in which all ordinary intercourse with the other sex was impossible. I replied that such a life was not for me, and that I did not see any sanctity in it, to which came the answer that I might if I chose be among the most blessed of women, and in exchange for earthly love enjoy the higher delights

of equality and affinity with angels ; that it would be better than any love for one of my own kind, and would procure me all sorts of gifts. Thereupon the rest chimed in in the same strain, and I presently added, ' If such a thing be possible—if such loves can take place—does the woman so " blessed " have but one lover among you, or is she the property of as many as please ? ' ' We are free in our affinities,' said the spirit sitting at my feet ; ' you may have as many of us as you please for lovers.' Hereupon, as if with one accord, the whole troop of them assailed me with caresses and flatteries, throwing their arms about my feet and round my waist. At this I jumped up and cried out, ' Be off, all of you ! I believe all this nonsense about spiritual affinities is a mere temptation of Apollyon, who is your chief. I stick to natural human love, and faithfulness to one of my own kind—that is God-given and good—and I will have nothing to do with other beings. That which you suggest is a kind of new crime, strange and monstrous ' ; and I drove them from me, and woke up to find the room empty and quiet. It may have been only a dream ; but I distinctly felt on awaking the sense of a recent weight where I had been touched or pressed. I believe it was an attempt to get over me through any weak point in the way of vanity which they might find in me. Save us from conceit. I am sure this is a fatal loophole for witchcraft of the kind for which miserable women used to be broken on the wheel and burnt at the stake. Write to me at once. I am anxious to know what you think. There is no one else I can tell who would understand."

After a short interval the visitation was repeated. The spirit particularly mentioned before came alone, when the following colloquy was held in familiar French :

" ' Dost thou love me ? ' I asked, wanting to know his motives. He answered—

" ' No, I do not love thee ; but that does not mean that I shall not love thee hereafter. The time will come when I shall love thee, but it is not yet.'

" ' Then why comest thou hither if thou dost not love me ? ' "

" ' I have never yet loved anyone. I know not what love means.'

" He seemed to be a young man of about twenty, with a face that changed from one moment to another, and at one time looked so infantile that I cried out—

" ' How young thou art ! Thou art a boy—a child ! ' "

" ' Thou, too, art young,' he said ; ' but thou hast never yet had a young lover.'

" I am in a very singular state of mind ; for though quite well, steady application to work is impossible, all my thoughts being occupied with the face and form and tone of voice of my demon lover. I go about as one in a dream. I forget everything, and don't hear when people speak to me. I seem to be living in a kind of reverie which cannot take account of outward things. I do hope and trust I am not going to fall in love with my phantom. What a dreadful thing that would be ! It will do me good to have you with me, and will bring me back into a more natural frame of mind.

As it is, I have a conviction that though I can't see him, he is always with me. It is a strange condition to be in, but has no pathological aspect, for my pulse is steady, and my appetite good, and my sleep sound. . . . I don't believe my 'demon' is so bad as you make him out to be. He *could* not have been so beautiful and attractive had he been wholly evil. I look on him rather as an *undeveloped* creature, ignorant of the true nature of love and of all good. And he is such a child to look at, the expression and colouring of his face so thoroughly infantile. The more I examine my feeling towards him, the more I am convinced it is but one of compassion mingled with fascination. . . . I should like to know what my professor would say to it all, but I cannot on any account tell him. I am rather afraid he is too much interested in me already. The last time I saw him he quite startled me by asking, with an odd look, if I ever fancied I saw him in his absence. Of course I said 'No'; and even if I had seen him, I should not tell him so. But his question reminded me that he had more than once suddenly come into my mind without my knowing why."

I had written to her my conviction that whatever the agent of these visitations might be in itself, it was altogether evil for her, and for our work, and must be steadfastly repelled. It was only through the weakness of our wills that such things could have power to injure us; and as the influences which had directed us thus far were, by their own admission, powerless to help us while separated, the only plan was to look beyond them to the Source of all Power, and, meanwhile, to keep up her courage and resolution, and never forget the immensity of the interests at stake. And I promised to join her at the earliest possible moment, feeling that in the presence of a danger so real and insidious I should not be justified in hesitating longer.

The first week in July saw me in Paris, and determined to remain until A. could replace me, which would probably be in about a month; for I felt very strongly the danger of leaving alone and unshielded a sensitive who had developed such abnormal liabilities, and was actually associated with one who was evidently not only able, but eager, to turn them to his own ends, irrespective of the consequences to her—for the sight of her professor, whose acquaintance I made, served to confirm my worst apprehensions on her account. To an extraordinary power of concentration, both of mind and of will, he added a temperament so ardent as to be beyond his own control, while the peculiar and sinister fascination of his glance bespoke him a born sorcerer if ever there was one. It was at once obvious to me that only by dint of exceeding tact and caution would

some terrible catastrophe be avoided. And it was no less evident that he keenly resented my appearance on the scene, and that some way for his dismissal must be devised without giving him cause to suspect my hand in it. The first difficulty was to obtain the pupil's consent to part with her instructor. She had never found one so competent. His intellectual superiority over other men, and his very unlikeness to them, made him an object of interest to her ; and she was unable to realise the danger to herself and her aims which would arise from the establishment of his influence over her. The consciousness of her own strength of will served to give her a confidence in her power of resisting his fascination altogether delusive. She did not know that, as a sensitive of sensitives, her very will was at the mercy of one who knew how, without opposing it, to turn it in his own direction. Already had she begun to see and speak from his point of view, under the impression it was her own, and not knowing that she was but reflecting him. It was as if she had descended to a plane of consciousness in which all cognisance was lost of her higher experiences and perceptions ; hence I looked to the renewal of these as the best counteractive.

I was at this time engaged in writing the record of our experiences up to that date in *The Soul and How it Found Me*, and had completed the seven chapters which brought it down to that present time. One of my hopes in rejoining her was to obtain materials for an extension of the book, and to this end we resumed our sittings for writing. The failure of our first attempts showed that owing to the presence of some disturbing element our invisible friends were unable to approach us, and we had no difficulty in finding the cause in the new influence introduced into our spiritual atmosphere. By perseverance, however, we were brought into tune, and the necessary condition of harmony restored, the results being such as to surpass my most sanguine hopes, and this both as to method and to material ; for after a few slight communications in writing, mechanical means were entirely discarded in favour of direct perception and suggestion. The written messages were, however, noteworthy on more than one account.

We had placed on the table both our original instrument and the one made after the directions given by the elementals. On placing our hands on the former, and inquiring whether any

one was present, and which instrument was to be used, it was written :

“ Yes, but the new writing-table is reserved for the genii.”

The next message was as follows :—

“ Teach the doctrine of the Universal Soul and the Immortality of all creatures. Knowledge of this is what the world most needs, and this is the keynote of your joint mission. On this you must build ; it is the keystone of the arch. The perfect life is not attainable by man alone. The whole world must be redeemed under the new gospel you are to teach.”

She had sought to gain her tutor's adherence to our larger views of the nature of existence, and especially as regards man's relations to the animals. And one of her chief reasons for retaining him was the hope of enlisting in our anti-vivisection crusade one who had it in him to be a potent ally. Thus far, however, the notion of a man having any duties or obligations beyond the limits of his own immediate self or belongings, or any moral standard of conduct, was wholly strange to him, and had been suggested only to be repelled with disdain as a vain figment of the priests ; and similarly with the application of the terms “ beauty ” and “ ugliness ” to character and conduct. They were meaningless for him, except in relation to the bodily senses.

Mary had been expressing to me her disappointment at her failure to impress him, when the following message was written for us :—

“ This to our Sea of Bitterness, Mary, and to Caro. She has done well ; but she shall save him yet. We have named him ‘ Heart of Stone ’ ; but she may grave on it. If she do not, none ever will.”

The relation of the terms Mary, Sea and Bitterness, as we came to learn, is in this wise. The word “ Mary ” means both sea and bitterness, and is the mystical name for the soul, as representing the individuation of the “ Sea ” or Substance of Space, the lower mode of which—the astral ether—must be surmounted and transcended by the soul for her to attain her proper divine condition ; and the bitterness refers to the experiences to be undergone in the process. This astral sphere is the “ sea ” spoken of in the Apocalypse, as also in Shakespeare. “ There is no more sea of troubles ” for the perfected soul. The latter

part of the above message had a remarkable sequel, as will duly appear.

In the early morning of July 17 she received in sleep the vision recorded in *Clothed with the Sun* (I. xxx.), "Concerning Paul and the Disciples." It was wholly independent of any train of thought in our minds at the time, but accorded so closely with what I had been impelled to write in *England and Islam* as to prove the identity of the source of our inspirations.

July 21.—I was reading aloud some parts of my book, then in preparation, when, on coming to the passage describing my evocation of the soul of a tree, Mary was touched on the hand and told that further instructions on that subject would be given to us in the evening, when our experiences would enter on a new phase. When the time for the sitting came she was impelled to discard the planchette for a pencil which, though held by her, was not to be consciously directed by her; and at her desire I placed one of my hands on her head, the idea, doubtless, being to duplicate her forces by my own. Whether or not it had this effect, I am unable to say. It was the only occasion on which any physical action was used between us for this purpose, so that it may be presumed that the mental and spiritual bond between us was deemed sufficiently potent. It was always harmony of this kind that was insisted on, and "whatever ministered to affection." On the present occasion the usual phenomenon of a cool afflatus soon manifested itself, and the impulse to write became strong. But she resisted it on the ground that the words to be written had been simultaneously presented to her mind, and she wished, if possible, to be unaware of them. Her wish was gratified, so far at least as her external personality was concerned, for she had no sooner been compelled to commence writing than she fell into a profound coma, in which she was unconscious of everything external saving only my voice, to which she responded readily. In this manner was written Part I. of No. xix. in *Clothed with the Sun*, "Concerning the origin of Evil, and the Tree as the type of Creation."

At the conclusion the pencil fell from her hand, and she passed from coma into a deep sleep, in order to encourage which I transferred her to a sofa and lowered the light. After a little while she re-entered the lucid condition, and called to me to come and

hear about the wonderful things she was seeing. I was still writing them down from her dictation when she awoke and asked in surprise why I was writing in the dark; and she was incredulous on being told it was what she herself had just been saying. It was Part II. of the Illumination just cited. In neither instance had the utterance reached her outer consciousness. They contained what was new and even startling to both of us, especially the expressions "Materialisation of God," and "the nearest to God is a woman," and also the declaration of the possibility of the soul's final loss; but each one found its place as a necessary and self-evident truth in the system of thought gradually unfolded to us.

And here I may remark that on no occasion in all the years of the unfoldment did we find a defect of coherence or logic. True, there were utterances which, at the time of their reception, surpassed our power to comprehend them, generally because couched in a mystical terminology, but they never failed sooner or later to become clear; and we noted that it seemed as if sometimes points were purposely left obscure or half-stated expressly in order that we might exercise our minds on them before having them fully disclosed; and this, we learnt, was because in the school in which we were being educated it is not the memory, but the understanding that is paramount, this being the Rock on which the true Church is built.

It was, too, with no little satisfaction that I noted the complete accordance of the teaching given to me while working alone in the past year with that now coming in greater fulness through my colleague, showing it to be in very truth one and the self-same spirit that informed us both, and that such minute discrepancies as had occurred were but due to my own imperfect apprehension of what had been intended. Every fresh experience, moreover, served to enhance our recognition of the appositeness of the exquisite parable of "The Wonderful Spectacles," setting forth the microscopic character of her faculty, and the necessity of it to supplement and complement mine; for that which was now being done through her was to fill up in detail the various compartments of the vast framework which had been shown to me, in such wise as to make our respective functions correspond to those of the microscope and the telescope, or of the carpenter and the mason, the latter to build the

outer walls of the edifice of the system of our thought, and the former to construct and fit the inner chambers.

The following night afforded another and a striking confirmation of the identify of the teaching received by us separately, as well as an illustration of the exquisiteness and manifoldness of her faculty; for the vision then received seemed designed expressly to confirm and amplify what I had seen and said in *England and Islam* (pp. 332 *et seq.*), while the beauty of the scenes beheld by her surpassed all previous experience. This vision is given at length in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the title of "The Forest-Cathedral." Her delight in it was intense, and after writing it out nothing would do for her but to go to St Cloud and pass the afternoon in the lovely woods there, that she might preserve the impression undimmed by the sights and sounds of the city or the hospital-wards. But exquisite as were the woods through which we roamed—then in their richest foliage—they failed, she declared, to approach those beheld in her vision, partly, no doubt, because of the superiority of the spiritual eyes with which she had seen them to the physical. And as we talked, point after point of beauty and truth recurred to her memory, showing that the relation she had written, striking as it was, was but a meagre sketch of the reality, and giving me hope of a yet fuller account. But this was not to be. Further revealments were in store, the pressure of which precluded the realisation of the hope. Only the leading idea deposited in her mind can be added. It was this: That the Divine Idea in creation, as expressed in the Tree, finds through evolution its final unfoldment in a perfected Humanity. Hence the sanctity of the Cross as denoting at once the tree of life and the instrument of man's perfectionment, inasmuch as he attains this through the crucifixion of the lower self, which is the process whereby he rises into the higher and becomes one with God. We conversed much on the method and function of inspiration and prophecy. And in her character as a keen resenter of the wrongs of her sex, she was disposed to find a new and flagrant instance of man's chronic injustice to woman in his assumption of the prophetic office to the almost total exclusion of her. She expressed the conviction that she herself was but one of many of her sex who had been similarly endowed, but that their male associates had generally taken all the credit to themselves; and

she was obviously alive to the possibility of a further injury to her sex through a like misappropriation of the products of her own faculty. This was but one form of many in which the feeling of distrust of her kind showed itself to be so deeply rooted in her nature as to constitute for me a psychological problem, and one for the solution of which I had yet long to wait, and far to advance in my thought and knowledge before it was vouchsafed; and the nature of which, when it came, proved to be altogether beyond anticipation, for it proved to be due to prenatal causes.

The approach of night brought her an access of the sensations which we had learned to recognise as heralding a call to spiritual communion. It had been intimated to her in the previous night that something was in contemplation for her which would require special preparation, and she now proceeded to carry out the instructions. These consisted in taking a bath, anointing herself with fragrant oil, brushing out her hair and allowing it to hang loosely down, baring her feet, and enveloping herself over all in an ample flowing robe of a white gauzy material, which was fastened at the throat with such gems as she possessed, the opal only being excluded, as having a malign influence. Of these preparations I was unaware until she emerged from her room after making them, already in a comatose state, as I learnt afterwards she had been during the whole time. The main object of these devices, which proved to be in accordance with the ancient usage of the Sanctuaries in the Sacred Mysteries, was to impress her imagination with a sense of solemnity, and thereby to enhance the magnetic forces of her system. Thus every gem allowed to be used was possessed of a magnetic potency of its own; and the feet were bared in accordance with the practice of putting off the shoes when treading on holy ground, in order to allow free passage through the aspirant's system of the earth's magnetism, for the excess of which such spots were selected.

The night was one of exquisite beauty, and as thus symbolically arrayed the slender form stood by the open window, with the fair hair streaming behind, and bathed in the soft light of a moon wanting but two days of its full, and closely attended by the king of the planets, with Saturn and Mars not far removed—a conjunction at once rare and of high astrological significance;

while far below lay outspread the city, so fair to the sense, so foul to the spirit, and within the darkened chamber rose wreaths of burning incense—the scene lacked nothing to give to it a character appertaining to spheres angelic rather than human, so that the sense of the artistic well-nigh dominated in me over any other. And, as if divining this, she said solemnly, being the while in the somnolent state, “Fix your thoughts steadfastly on the Highest, and keep them there”; and then asked me if there was any subject on which I especially desired information. I enumerated several on which light would be welcome—the origin of evil, the genesis of the soul, the motive of creation and method of redemption, and the truth about Jesus; adding that I would rather leave it to those who were directing us to determine according to what they saw was our need. On the table lay materials for writing, and by her desire I seated myself at it, for she was impelled to utter aloud that which was given her. This was a new feature, and one that betokened a further development of her powers. Presently she extended an arm upwards, and with one hand over her eyes as if to intensify her sense of hearing, she spoke with the halting utterance of one repeating what was with some difficulty heard from afar. Looking at her, I perceived that the afflatus had descended, and the spirit of prophecy was upon her.

The utterance which followed is No. xxxi. in *Clothed with the Sun*, and entitled, “Concerning the Manichæanism of Paul.” Remarkable and important as it was, it produced in me a feeling of disappointment, as—although I had no definite expectations—it was not for a message of that description that the scene before me had prepared me. It proved, however, to have been interpolated into the programme, as it were, in response to my suggestion of the origin of evil and the motive of creation as subjects on which I desired light.

On finishing the writing of this utterance, I looked towards the seeress and found that, though in a state of profound somnolence, she had quitted her erect position, and was kneeling in a rapt attitude, and praying silently with her hands clasped and uplifted. To whom or for what she was pleading I knew not. Had I known, I should have been spared a period of severe uneasiness; for, as I learnt on the following day, she had, under the entrancing beauty of the planet-illumined skies and an in-

tense access of spiritual exaltation, yielded to a sudden impulse to pray that she might be taken to the stars and shown all the glory of the universe. My uneasiness arose from the impression that she had been taken unawares, and that, therefore, our directing influences could not be trusted to refrain from rash enterprises. But, as appeared from the sequel, that which occurred was in compliance with her own request—a request which, however, had probably been made at their suggestion; and they knew how to avert any ill consequences.

Presently she rose, and after gazing upwards in ecstasy lowered her eyes, and clasped her arms round her head to shut out the view, precisely as if it had been an external one, uttering the while in tones of wonder, mingled with moans and cries of anguish, expressions indicative of the intolerable splendours of the vision she had unwittingly invited. We called it variously, “The Vision of the Worlds,” “The Vision of God and the Universe,” and “The Vision of Adonai,” under the last of which titles it is given in *Clothed with the Sun*. Its repetition here is due to the presence in it of certain allusions of a profoundly occult character, the explanation of which still remains to be given, and also to its biographical interest and psychological value. It will be remembered that after my reception of the same experience I had been withheld from communicating it to her by the intimation that it would be given to her also, but on the condition that she have no anticipation or prior knowledge of it.

“Oh, I see masses, masses of stars! It makes me giddy to look at them. O my God, what masses! Millions and millions! WHEELS of planets! O my God, my God, why didst Thou create? It was by Will, all Will, that Thou didst it. Oh! what might, what might of Will! Oh, what gulfs! what gulfs! Millions and millions of miles broad and deep! Hold me!—hold me up! I shall sink—I shall sink into the gulfs. I am sick and giddy, as on a billowy sea. I am on a sea, an ocean—the ocean of infinite space. Oh, what depths! what depths! I sink—I fail! I cannot, cannot bear it!”

Observing here that she was becoming unsteady, and swaying to and fro as one on ship-board, I approached close, in order to catch her in case she fell. This presently happened, and I placed her in a chair, from which, however, she presently slid to the carpet, where she insisted on remaining during the rest of her trance. But so wholly independent were her spirit's sensations of her bodily position, that this change afforded no

relief from the feeling of rising and sinking by which the soul's passage across the gulfs of space was accompanied ; and during the rest of the vision, and through the night, and far on into the next day, she endured all the miseries of a rough sea voyage.

The intensity of the body's distress, however, effected no abatement of the spirit's ecstasy ; and the paroxysms of wonder, fear, and adoration alternated continuously with those of the physical malady. So unrestrained were her expressions of anguish and apprehension at the sights presented to her, that it became necessary to close the windows to prevent an alarm out of doors ; and mingled with her exclamations to the very end were descriptions of what she felt and saw—things, persons, and scenes, so novel and unanticipated—described so vividly and graphically as to leave no doubt either of their reality or that of the journey she was making to the centre of her own and of all consciousness. She declared repeatedly that her soul had quitted her body, and was being borne through the universe by invisible guides, herself also being invisible. It appeared as if it were through the occasional failure of her own faith that she experienced the sensation of falling which was so distressing to her. Her exclamations continued :

“ I shall never come back. I have left my body for ever. I am dying ; I believe I am dead. Impossible to return from such a distance ! Oh, what colossal forms ! They are the angels of the planets. Every planet has its angel standing erect above it. And what beauty !—what marvellous beauty ! I see Raphael. I see the Angel of the Earth. He has six wings. He is a god — the god of our planet. I see my genius, who calls himself A. Z. ; but his name is Salathiel. Oh, how surpassingly beautiful he is ! My genius is a male, and his colour is ruby. Yours, Caro, is a female, and sapphire. They are friends—they are the same—not two, but one ; and for that reason they have associated us together, and speak of themselves sometimes as *I*, sometimes as *We*. It is the Angel of the Earth himself that is your genius and mine, Caro. He it was who inspired you, who spoke to you. And they call me ‘ Bitterness.’ And I see sorrow—oh, what unending sorrow do I behold ! Sorrow, always sorrow, but never without love. I shall always have love. How dim is this sphere ! Oh, save me—save me ! It is my demon that I am approaching. It is Paris—Paris himself, once of Troy, now of the city that bears his name. He is floating recumbent. He turns his face towards me. How beautiful and dark he is ? Oh, he has goat's horns—he has goat's horns ! Save me, save me from him ! Ah, he sees me not. I forgot, I am invisible. Now I have passed him.”

This very unexpected identification of her nocturnal visitant recalled to my mind certain passages in *England and Islam*,¹ in which I had been led to speak of Paris and Helen of Troy, as being at this day the presiding evil genii of the French capital, the idea being then suddenly and vividly impressed on me, as if by the recollection of a lost knowledge, that whatever may be the historical basis of the *Iliad*, it is really a spiritual allegory, and that by these two characters were denoted certain evil influences recognised as subsisting in the lower spheres of consciousness, and finding manifestation in and through the people with whom they have the closest affinity of character. It had also been suggested to me that the whole of the Homeric scriptures have a spiritual import, and are allegorical expressions of the sacred mysteries of antiquity, corresponding to those of Alchemy, as the science of Regeneration was called, and being, therefore, essentially Biblical.

Remembering that my own ascent in the like vision had been direct to the centre, and without divergence to any inferior or outlying sphere, I was somewhat at a loss to account for this part of Mary's experience, until I found that she was being borne in various directions in order to visit the "heavens" of the different races among which—we were subsequently given to understand—she had been incarnated. With Paris lost to view, and his sphere left behind, she exclaimed—

"I am entering a brighter region now. What glorious form of womanhood is that, so queenly, so serene, and endowed with all wisdom? It is Pallas Athena—a real personage in the spiritual world! And yonder is one of whom I have no need to ask. I am passing through the circle of the Olympians. It is Aphrodite, mother of love and beauty. Oh, Aphrodite, spirit of the waters, firstborn of God, how could I adore thee! And men on earth now deem the gods and goddesses of Greece mere fables! And I behold them living and moving in strength and beauty before me! I see also the genii of all the nations dwelling serenely in heavenly circles. What crowds and crowds of gods from India and Egypt! Who are those with the giant muscles? They are Odin and Thor, and their fellow-gods of Scandinavia. Not dead and lost for ever; only withdrawn from the world whereon they sought in vain to stamp their images for ever.

"Oh, the dazzling, dazzling brightness! Hide me, hide me from it! I cannot, cannot bear it! It is agony supreme to look upon. O God! O God! Thou art slaying me with Thy light. It is the throne itself, the great white throne of God that I behold! Oh,

¹ *England and Islam*, pp. 253, 257-8, 260-2, and 341.

what light ! what light ! It is like an emerald ? a sapphire ? No ; a diamond ! In its midst stands Deity erect, His right hand raised aloft, and from Him pours the light of light. Forth from His right hand streams the universe, projected by the omnipotent repulsion of His will. Back to His left, which is depressed and set backwards, returns the universe, drawn by the attraction of His love. Repulsion and attraction, will and love, right and left—these are the forces, centrifugal and centripetal, male and female, whereby God creates and redeems. Adonai ! O Adonai ! Lord God of life, made of the substance of light, how beautiful art Thou in Thine everlasting youth ! with Thy glowing golden locks, how adorable ! And I had thought of God as elderly and venerable ! As if the Eternal could grow old ! And now not as Man only do I behold Thee ! For now Thou art to me as Woman. Lo, Thou art both. One, and Two also. And thereby dost Thou produce creation. O God, O God ! why didst Thou create this stupendous existence ? Surely, surely, it had been better in love to have restrained Thy will. It was by will that Thou createdst, by will alone, not by love, was it not ?—was it not ? I cannot see clearly. A cloud has come between.

“ I see Thee now as Woman. Maria is next beside Thee. Thou art Maria. Maria is God. O Maria ! God as Woman ! Thee, Thee I adore ! Maria-Aphrodite ! Mother ! Mother-God !

“ They are returning with me now, I think. But I shall never get back. What strange forms ! how huge they are ! All angels and archangels. Human in form, yet some with eagles' heads. All the planets are inhabited ! how innumerable is the variety of forms ! Oh ! universe of existence, how stupendous is existence ! Oh ! take me not near the sun ; I cannot bear its heat. Already do I feel myself burning. Here is Jupiter ! It has nine moons ! ”

“ Are you sure ? ” I cried. “ Look again. ”

“ Yes ; nine—some are exceedingly small. And oh, how red it is ! It has so much iron. And what enormous men and women ! There is evil there, too. For evil is wherever are matter and limitation. But the people of Jupiter are far better than we on earth. They know much more ; they are much wiser. There is less of evil in their planet. Ah ! and they have another sense, too. What is it ? No ; I cannot describe it. ”

“ Is it like that of the migratory birds ? ” I inquired.

“ No ; I cannot tell what it is. It differs from any of the others. We have nothing like it ! ”

“ Come, you are nearing earth now. ”

“ No, no. I cannot get back yet. I shall never get back. I believe I am dead. It is only my body you are holding. It has grown cold for want of me. Yet I must be approaching ; it is growing shallower. We are passing out of the depths. Yet I can never wholly return—never—never ! ”

Her apprehension was not without justification, for several hours passed ere her consciousness was once more wholly replaced in her body.

It is impossible for anyone who did not witness the intensely dramatic action and tone with which these ejaculations were

uttered to form anything like an adequate conception of the sense of reality they inspired. Following every step with eager sympathy, I seemed to be repeating my own experience of the same vision, only with the difference that what was then shown to me in general outline, was now being seen by her in all fullness of detail. And of my vision, as well as of the possibility of such a vision at all, she was wholly unaware; for, as already said, I had been constrained, for the reasons stated, to maintain absolute reserve respecting it.

Thus had she, no less than myself, been able—like the “nobles of Israel”—to receive the vision of God without the imposition of human hands. But while with me there was no consciousness of the presence of spiritual hands, and it required all my power to make the ascent, she was palpably to herself uplifted by celestial agents, and instead of the mental effort necessary to me, had but to let herself go whither they would. In this, doubtless, lay one cause of her ability to gaze around and behold so much more than was beheld by me—this and the great superiority of her faculty.

The experience was fruitful of suggestions tending to the solution of many problems of the profoundest kind. That which chiefly struck me was the contrast between the emotions excited in us by our respective visions. With me—as already related—the demonstration of the love-principle in Deity, as indicated by the feminine aspect of Adonai, had produced a joy so intense as to make me eager to hasten back to earth to proclaim the glad tidings that God is in very truth a God of love; “that our Father in heaven is merciful,” and is not the blood-loving God of a priest-constructed theology, but is really Father-Mother in one. Mary, on the contrary, while recognising and adoring the feminine aspect of Adonai, had shown herself ready to bandy words with the Almighty, by reproaching Him for not having refrained in love from exercising His will in creating. I took it as showing how profoundly ingrained in her was the pessimism which found so emphatic and frequent expression; and I marvelled as to its possible origin, and what could have been the history of a soul thus conditioned. To the same cause I ascribed it that, while she retained such clear recollection of the masculine aspect of Adonai as enabled her to make the drawing of him given in *Clothed with the Sun*, on neither of the two occasions on

which the feminine aspect had been presented to her was she able to remember and to reproduce it afterwards. It was as if there were some temperamental disqualification for the recognition of this side of the Divine Nature.

Her description of the planet Jupiter as being of a reddish hue was strange to both of us, having been accustomed to credit Mars only with that peculiarity; nor had we thought of the cause of this colour as due to the preponderance of iron in the composition. It was, therefore, with no little surprise and satisfaction that we read a few months later in the newspapers that precisely such a discovery of iron in the atmosphere of Jupiter had been recently made through the spectroscope. Upon this I sent to the *Standard* an account of our experience in this respect, which duly appeared, but of course with a bantering heading, being prefaced by the words, "Reliable Information." The discovery yet later of the possession of a satellite by the hitherto "moonless Mars," suggested the possibility of a yet further discovery of satellites to Jupiter. And this also has been fulfilled by the discovery of one, if not of two, satellites in addition to the four known at the time of Mary's vision; so that Jupiter may yet prove to be in the enjoyment of the "nine, some exceedingly small," satellites beheld by her with her spiritual eyes. The experience is further suggestive of the means whereby, in the absence of telescopes, the Chaldeans were able to discern the multiple belts of Saturn, as proved by the fact—mentioned by the astronomer Proctor—that they represented the divinity thus named as girt with a threefold ring. We explained the sudden overwhelming burst upon her vision of the vast multitude of luminous orbs described by her, by the supposition of a spiritual and substantial universe corresponding to the physical and phenomenal, lying within the latter, and perceptible only to the spiritual senses.

The name Salathiel was interpreted to us as meaning "lent of God," Divinity having a separate name for each individual aspect assumed in creation, one of which is that of the angel-genius. The letters A and Z are the equivalents in our alphabet for the Alpha and Omega of the Greek and of Scripture.

The accompanying drawing made by her of the planetary angels is an approximate, rather than an exact, representation of the forms under which they were beheld by her.

When the time came for the re-delivery of the Divine Gnosis so long lost, the following utterance concerning Adonai was received by Mary, in continuation of a chapter defining the Elohim of Original Being as consisting of the two constituent principles of All Being, called in Scripture the Spirit and the Water, and meaning the Force and the Substance, by the mutual interaction of which Deity generates the universe, as implied in the opening sentences of Genesis, which really read as follows :—

“ In the beginning God, the Unity, created, or put forth from Himself, the Duality, the Heavens, or Spirit and Deep, Force and Substance, and their ultimate phenomenal resultant, generated of them, the Earth or Matter. And the Spirit, or Force, of God, moved on the face of the Waters, or Substance, of God, and God said, or found expression, and there was Light, or manifestation of God.”

“ Then from the midst of the Divine Duality, the Only Begotten of God came forth :

“ Adonai, the Word, the Voice invisible.

“ He was in the beginning, and by Him were all things discovered.

“ Without Him was not anything made which is visible.

“ For He is the Manifestor, and in Him was the life of the world.

“ God the nameless hath not revealed God, but Adonai hath revealed God from the beginning.

“ He is the presentation of Elohim, and by Him the Gods are made manifest.

“ He is the third aspect of the Divine Triad :

“ Co-equal with the Spirit and the heavenly deep.

“ For except by three in one, the Spirits of the Invisible Light could not have been made manifest.

“ But now is the prism perfect, and the generation of the Gods discovered in their order.

“ Adonai dissolves and resumes ; in His two hands are the dual powers of all things.

“ He is of His Father the Spirit, and of His Mother the Great Deep.

“ Having the potency of both in Himself, and the power of things material.

“ Yet being Himself invisible, for He is the cause, and not the effect.

“ He is the Manifestor, and not that which is manifest.

“ That which is manifest is the Divine Substance.”

We at once recognised in this utterance the original from which the opening sentences of the Fourth Gospel were derived, and in due time were enabled to discern both the fact and the

cause of the error by which the Church has falsified the truth entrusted to it.

The greater part of the day following the vision of Adonai was passed by Mary in her bed, where her sufferings from the continued sense of the heaving and sinking of her transit were still very severe, for all surrounding objects continued to rock and sway as with one unaccustomed to the sea recently off a stormy voyage. It was late on the second day when she presented herself, and then it required all her power to receive her wonted lesson from her professor. Of renewed communication that evening we had no thought, her nervous system being far too much shaken, and her force reduced, to allow of further exhaustion without danger. I found, on conversing with her on the subject of her vision, that she had a perfect recollection of nearly the whole of it, and was able even to amplify my account and supply sundry details, and make the drawing of Adonai given in *Clothed with the Sun*. Her lesson over, she was still further lowered, and this by reason not only of the intellectual exertion, but of the nature of the subject. For it had been a lesson in physiology; and her instructor had insisted on detailing a number of experiments he was engaged in making upon rabbits and guinea-pigs, and other highly sensitive living creatures—experiments which consisted in tying the passage between the kidneys and bladder in order to produce blood-poisoning through the diversion of the secretions from their proper course; varnishing their bodies in order to produce another form of poisoning—namely, that which arises from the suppression of the cutaneous evaporation, and ends in a lingering death by asphyxia; together with other favourite barbarities which come under the category of “experimental physiology,” all of which have been hundreds of times repeated, and are wholly useless for any purpose of therapeutics—a purpose, indeed, contemned as “sentimental” by the ruthless worshippers of the god Knowledge. Her teacher had, moreover, in answer to a question, admitted the fallacy of arguing from the animal to the human economy.

Having already embittered her relations with other of her teachers by her energetic remonstrances on this behalf, she had endured in silence a recital that to her was simply agonising; but her demeanour showed what she had suffered, and that she

was yet further unfitted for a renewal of spiritual communion. Hence we had on parting for the night no anticipation whatever of that which was about to take place.

I had slept for about two hours, when I awoke to find my door had been opened, and a strong and fragrant odour pervading the room. Hastily arraying myself, and joining her, I found her semi-conscious, and arrayed as on the previous occasion, the table by which she was standing presenting evidence of the manner in which she had been occupied; for it was covered with sheets of paper, of which several were filled with writing. Pointing to these, she said that she had summoned me in order that I might place them in safety until the morning, and then give her something to restore her to life, as she was chilled to ice, especially in the region of the head; a symptom I recognised at once as indicating an access of trance-lucidity. When at length, by the administration of food and warmth, she was restored to full consciousness, I learnt, in reply to my remonstrances, that the impulse to communicate had seized her during a brief glance she had taken at the moon before retiring with a force she could not resist, and that she had mechanically obeyed it. She added, that of the nature of the communication received she had no conception, except that it referred to the sea, the saline odour and moisture of which she had felt as palpably as if she had been on the shore, where, indeed, it proved she had been in spirit. On the following morning we eagerly perused together the message that had been so strangely delivered, when we had no doubt that it had been in order to avail themselves of the moon's full that our genii had insisted on thus using her at such a time. Doubtless, too, they were the best judges of what she could bear without injury, and of the effect upon her of the experience. It proved to be a re-delivery, accompanied by the interpretation, of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception [of Maria], purporting to come—as there is no reason to doubt that it did come—from the same celestial source from which it was originally derived—the “US” denoting the hierarchy of the Church invisible and celestial—and restoring it to its true place as the expression of a truth no less reasonable than sublime, inasmuch as it is the supreme product of the soul's perception of its own nature and destiny; and that the time of full moon had been ordained for the communication of what we could not

but recognise as one of the most precious of all "the precious things put forth by the moon" (as said in Deut. xxxiii. 14) was because, as the reflective faculty of the soul, the Intuition has the moon for its symbol, and hence its dedication to Isis. And whereas before our reception of this instruction we were so entirely unaware of an intelligible or a credible sense for the dogma as to regard the promulgation of it by Pius IX. as an outrage on the common sense of Christendom, we were now disposed to suspect him of having acted—albeit unwittingly and unintelligently—under some superior control by those who knew, whether in the Church visible or in the Church invisible. That the Pope's action was not due to knowledge possessed by the visible Church, was implied in the assurance that "the Church knows neither the source nor the meaning of its dogmas." Possibly, therefore, it was due to his own unconscious mediumship.

Although published in *Clothed with the Sun* [Part I. No. iii.], the importance of this utterance, as well as its biographical interest, renders its reproduction here indispensable, if only for the sake of those who may be unacquainted with the book just named.

"I stand upon the sea-shore. The moon overhead is at the full. A soft and warm breath, like that of the summer wind, blows in my face. The aroma of it is salt with the breath of the sea. O Sea! O Moon! from you I shall gather what I seek! You shall recount to me the story of the Immaculate Conception of Maria, whose symbols ye are!

"Allegory of stupendous significance! with which the Church of God has so long been familiar, but which yet never penetrated its understanding, like the holy fire which enveloped the sacred Bush, but which, nevertheless, the Bush withstood and resisted.

"Yet has there been one who comprehended and who interpreted aright the parable of the Immaculate Conception, and he found it through US, by the light of his own intense love, for he was the disciple of love, and his name is still—the Beloved;—John, the Seer of the Apocalypse. For he, in the vision of the woman clothed with the sun, set forth the true significance of the Immaculate Conception. For the Immaculate Conception is none other than the prophecy of the means whereby the universe shall at last be redeemed. Maria—the sea of limitless space—Maria the Virgin, born herself immaculate and without spot of the womb of the Ages,¹ shall in the fulness of time bring forth the perfect Man, who shall redeem the race. He is not one man, but ten thousand times ten thousand, the Son of Man,

¹ Vol. II. p. 99.

who shall overcome the limitations of Matter, and the Evil which is the result of the materialisation of Spirit. His Mother is Spirit, His Father is Spirit, yet He is Himself incarnate ; and how then shall He overcome evil, and restore Matter to the condition of Spirit ? By force of Love. It is Love which is the centripetal power of the universe ; it is by Love that all creation returns to the bosom of God. The force which projected all things is Will, and Will is the centrifugal power of the universe. Will alone could not overcome the evil which results from the limitations of Matter ; but it shall be overcome in the end by Sympathy, which is the knowledge of God in others—the recognition of the omnipresent Self. This is Love. And it is with the children of the Spirit, the servants of Love, that the dragon of Matter makes war.

“ Now, whether or not the world be strong enough to bear this yet, we know not. This is not the first time we have revealed these things to men. An ancient heresy, cursed by the Church, arose out of a true inspiration ; for the disciples are ever weaker than the Master, and they have not His spiritual discernment. I speak of the Gnostics. To the Master of the Gnostics we revealed the truth of the Immaculate Conception. We told him that Immanuel should be the God-Man, who, transcending the limitations of Matter, should efface the evil of materialisation by the force of Love, and should see and hear and speak and feel as though He were pure Spirit, and had annihilated the boundaries of Matter. This, then, he taught ; but they who heard his teaching, applying his words only to the individual Jesus, affirmed that Jesus had had no material body, but that he was an emanation of a spiritual nature ; an Æon who, without substance or true being in the flesh, had borne a phantom part in the world of men. Beware lest in like manner ye also are misled. It is so hard for men to be spiritual. It is as hard for us to declare ourselves without mystery. The Church knows not the source of its dogmas. We marvel also at the blindness of the hearers, who indeed hear, but who have not eyes to see. We speak in vain—ye discern not spiritual things. Ye are so materialised that ye perceive only the material. The Spirit comes and goes ; ye hear the sound of its voice ; but ye cannot tell whither it goeth nor whence it cometh. All that is true is spiritual. No dogma of the Church is true that seems to bear a physical meaning. For Matter shall cease, and all that is of it, but the Word of the Lord shall remain for ever. And how shall it remain except it be purely spiritual ; since, when Matter ceases, it would then be no longer comprehensible ? I tell you again, and of a truth—no dogma is real that is not spiritual. If it be true, and yet seem to you to have a material signification, know that you have not solved it. It is a mystery ; seek its interpretation. That which is true is for Spirit alone.”

The satisfaction and delight with which I read and re-read this deliverance were beyond expression. For although a full appreciation of its significance and value came only with my own advance, I saw in it at once the doom of the sacrificial system hitherto in vogue, the rescue of the world from the

grossest of idolatries, and the restoration to men of the knowledge of their Divine potentialities.

And while rehabilitating both God and man, it convicted the Church of having anathematised as heretical the school from which its own supreme dogma was derived—that of the Gnostics, the fundamental tenet of whose system was that of the Divinity of the Substance of Existence. Thus was this tenet first divinely affirmed to us, the subsequent assertion of it being contained in the revelation already recited of Adonai, in the words, “That which is manifest is the Divine Substance”; to which it was later added, “Which is the Substance of all that is; the soul of individuals, and the receptacle of the Divine nucleus; whose veil is the astral fluid, and who is the potential essence of Matter.”

While appreciating it equally with myself, Mary confessed herself somewhat appalled when, viewing it from the standpoint of orthodoxy, she perceived the immensity of the issues involved in the removal of the Virgin Mary from the plane of the physical and personal to that of the spiritual and universal, and the making of her a principle, and no actual woman at all. Indeed, so vast and momentous seemed to us the import of this revelation, that we found it difficult to imagine a worthy sequel to it, and were disposed to regard our mission as accomplished when thus crowned. But, as events proved, this was very far from being the case. We had but crossed the threshold of the temple of the mysteries awaiting disclosure to us, and it was as if expressly designed to dispel this impression and prepare us for what was yet to come that a few nights later—July 29—Mary received in sleep the following intimation, which I entitled in our archives

A Vision of the Secret of Youth

“I saw myself seated at a table writing in a great white book; but what I wrote I knew not. At my right hand sat Caro, and it seemed to me that another person, whom I could not see, stood behind me and guided my pen. All about me was light, and of a white colour. My dress was white, the walls of the room appeared argentine, the letters of the words I wrote were themselves traced in silver. I said, ‘If I write so much I shall grow old.’ And some one answered, ‘Not while the sun stands in the centre of all things.’”

According to a frequent Scripture wont this vision was in token of its significance thrice repeated, and it was accompanied

by a strong impression that though the present series of communications was near its close, the amount yet to come was unlimited. The concluding sentence of the utterance was, of course, a symbolical way of representing God as the life of the soul ; and the silvery whiteness denoted the intuitive faculty of which, as described above, the moon is the symbol. But that this faculty was the source of the revelation, and what precisely the faculty itself is, we had at this time yet to learn.

My sojourn in Paris was nearing its close, the time being at hand when A. had arranged to relieve me. My return was necessary, also, for the sake of my book, now enriched beyond all anticipation by the fresh unfoldments which had been vouchsafed expressly for it. There was, however, a point on which we desired immediate guidance, and respecting which we were not agreed. I was doubtful as to the extent to which our experiences should be divulged, and especially whether, for the present, her name should be given in connection with them. She, on the other hand, was bent upon admitting her professor into our confidence, and even into our circle, in the hope of effecting his conversion to our doctrine and rule of life. To the latter proposition especially I was strongly opposed ; partly because of the possible effect of the presence of an unknown, and possibly an inharmonious, and certainly a very positive, element ; and partly because of the publicity it would give to our work, and the interference to which it might expose us. For such was the temper of the medical faculty, that they would be far more likely to resent whatever tended to demonstrate the fallacy of their philosophy, than to become converted to ours ; in the former of which events her prospect of obtaining the coveted diploma would be hopeless.

The eve of the day on which she proposed to carry out her idea, by imparting our secret to the professor and inviting his attendance at our sittings, found us still at variance on the subject, and she was so possessed by her idea as to be inaccessible to any counter-considerations ; so that when we separated for the night it was with the most earnest desire on both sides for some positive guidance. To my great relief the morning found her completely converted to my view. She had received two striking dreams, the intention of which was so obvious, and the

lesson so wise, that she abandoned her project forthwith, and joined me in eliminating from my book all references by which she might be identified by others than our own personal intimates. The dreams in question are those entitled "The Bird and the Cat," and "The Treasure in the Lighted House," which are printed as Nos. V. and VI. in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*.

Our precautions were only partially successful. The imminent danger was averted; but, as was presently predicted, there was a danger ahead which was not to be escaped. The relation only of the prediction belongs to this stage of our narrative; that of its fulfilment to a period some years later, as will be told in its place.

On the evening of August 5, having entered the lucid state, she spoke as follows, nothing having passed between us to lead up to any part of the utterance:—

"The music of the spheres is a fact! a tremendous fact! It opens upon me so fully and richly, and the subject is such a vast one, that I could speak volumes about it; but I must not touch it now. I wish I could have music, though. The spirits could do so much better with music, especially that of the organ, which has neither strings nor metal, but uses the air itself. That is why the organ is used in churches. The wind represents the Spirit. They prefer melody, too, to harmony. Melody produces such exquisite order among the particles of air. Any interruption, like the barking of dogs, which I hear, disturbs the order and breaks up the image, as the throwing of a stone into water destroys its reflection of the heavens.

"You wish to know the meaning of the dream concerning the Bird, and the Treasure in the house without shutters. We mistook it. It referred to that which **MUST** be, which *must* come, no matter what you say or suppress. It was not so much a warning or an admonition as a prophecy.

"The world will cast us out. You saw, though you did not tell me, that you and I were the 'Two Witnesses'; and the Dragon is the materialistic philosophy that will fight against and slay us, and for some time have the empire. But in the end we shall prevail, for the death is a spiritual one, and the rising again is spiritual. All this is written in John's Apocalypse. I see now that you and I are one; our genii wish us to be one, because you supply that which I have not, and I supply that which you have not.

"I perceive that all the Christs of the world are precisely those over whom the veil of Matter is thinnest. This is why the painters and poets of all times have always represented the saints, and especially Jesus, with the aureole. It is the spirit shining through the veil of flesh. This is why the face of Moses and of Stephen shone.

"We have the Spirit shining through us in two different ways. It is the love and expansiveness of your spirit that burns through the veil, making your colour blue. I have not the love; with me it is

courage and aspiration that appear as a red flame. I see you as the woman and myself as the man. A web of Matter encircles each of us, and in only one point does the light within seem to pierce through it: it is love with you; with me it is courage. I have no love; I have courage—any amount—but no love. That is why I want the love of others so much. Oh, what a fierce thing I see myself! My Genius is here, close beside me. How splendid, how colossal, how beautiful he is!

“There is a verse in the Apocalypse which stands thus: ‘And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days clothed in sackcloth; and they shall have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy; and over the waters to turn them into blood.’ This signifies that the world is on the brink of a terrible convulsion, and that you in the days of your prophecy shall foretell—nay, have already foretold—the woes that must come to pass. It is in this way that the prophet is said to occasion that which he prophesies. The Dragon is always Materialism. He must make war upon us and slay us, yet shall we triumph at the last. As I said just now, with us the veil of Matter is thin; hence our spirits are accessible to the angels; they get at us readily. And the part of the veil rent around you is rent by love, and with me by courage. You are Latitude and I am Longitude, and yet the Sun is in the centre for both of us. It is so curious! I wish you could see it! The sun is in the centre of the two lines which cross each other and comprise all the world—the lines of expansion and of aspiration. I have no trust, I have no love; all is courage and determination; the love is yours alone. Nothing can get near me; I am inaccessible, as though it were rocks that must be climbed, and I myself am the rocks! Oh, I see so much, I could not describe it all in years.

“If you have any question to ask, ask it now, before the power grows weak. (In reply to further questions about the dream of warning)—Publish all as proposed, taking what caution you can; but the dream was a prophecy, and must be fulfilled.

“Concerning the Resurrection, Ascension, and other Christian dogmas. What was told us about the Immaculate Conception is true of all these. All are of spiritual significance. Materialism is a mere veil. Whatever is true, is true for Spirit. Matter has no part in it whatever. This, and a great deal else which we are beginning to know, was seen in part by all those different orders of the Catholic Church which have been separated off by her into monastic grades. These were the Franciscans, Benedictines, Dominicans, Carmelites, and others. They were bodies of philosophers, and their doctrines were veiled under allegories, always adapted to the Christian faith, which faith they held in a spiritual sense. And the Church knew it, and gave to the vulgar the fable instead of the truth. Was this wise, was it right—knowing so much, to withhold so much? Having the truth, but refusing to impart it, the Church of the Middle Ages at last lost the truth. It is twilight now in the Church.¹

¹ This was recently well exemplified in a letter (published in *Light*, 1893, p. 360) of the late Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, who, in reply to a letter addressed to him containing the questions (1) “Is it true

“ I will look at the Pope. . . . Why, Pius the Ninth knows nothing ! He began life by being a soldier ! He knows nothing. He is good-hearted, but he never thinks. He lacks the faculty for thought. It seems to me that he is being specially preserved to see the beginning of the changes that are coming. The spirits take no account of the Protestant Church. The sun is not in its centre. The Catholic Church alone is within its sphere, but the sun is very far above it. I see no sun at all above Protestantism ; it is quite out of the sun's influence. Protestantism represents only half a system ; it is the woman's half that is wanting. It is Humanity without Woman ; God without Mary ; Divinity *minus* its feminine element, that is. Ah ! we must try to save these poor Protestant sects : they are in a terrible state ! Better be anywhere, almost, than where they are. They are nowhere within the sun's system, so far are they circling and wheeling beyond his reach !

“ It is shown to me that the Catholic Church has the whole of the truth in a parable ; but the truth is wholly spiritual, and the Church has materialised it. I see the rays from the sun streaming down upon her, but as they pass into and across the atmosphere which envelops her, each ray becomes encased in a sheath of matter, so that the sheath only is apparent, and the true impalpable ray within it is concealed. It is like the cylinder-axis of a nerve—the true nerve—which, passing from the inner substance of the spinal marrow into the periphery, becomes then—and only then—encased in a sheath of medullary matter, and an exterior membrane of connective tissue ; so that beneath these the true axis is hidden, and the volume of the nervous cord increased by a foreign substance. But as for Protestantism, it is far aside ; no nerves from the great trophic centre reach it to vitalise and nourish it. We shall never have a perfect revelation until you come out wholly from it. There are immense revelations for us in the future, but only on the condition of your quitting Protestant communion. The Catholic Church has all the truth, but the priesthood has materialised it.

“ I perceive a great war in Europe. There are multitudes of soldiers in white uniforms, and some in red. All Europe seems at war. I see Paris again. Poor Paris ; he is in a terrible state of mind, waving his arms frantically and lamenting. He has lost his city again ! There is with him a figure, that of a woman, and fair, but of whom I cannot see. I am not afraid of him now. He is far, far away.

“ It seems to me as if France were about to be destroyed utterly. The invaders' helmet has a spike. I could draw it better than I can describe it. Ah, what a pity ! No, not a pity ; for these French are

that there is an esoteric side of the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church ? ” and (2) “ Is it true that the Church holds, and has ever held, that the Blessed Virgin represents the Motherhood of God ? ” wrote as follows : “ The Catholic Church has no esoteric doctrine. Her whole teaching is accessible to all the world in her published books ; and there are no private books, and no private teaching. The Blessed Virgin is the Mother of God, but she is not a Deity, nor part of a Deity ; she is a pure creature, and the notion of a feminine nature in God is simply Asiatic, and foreign to the teaching of the Catholic Church.”—S. H. H.

a terrible people. France deserves all her misfortunes. O Paris, utterly destroyed ! But when is this to be ? Years hence, perhaps. A prophet can never judge of time. Even Jesus did not know the time of the fulfilment of His predictions. The Hebrew prophets generally thought their prophecies on the eve of realisation.

“ ‘ Of the day and the hour knoweth no man, not even the Son, but the Father only.’ All France is doomed. Part will be a German province. I see England in possession of Calais, Normandy, and the Brittany coast ; yes, of all the northern shore of France. Belgium seems to me to be Prussian.

“ In spite of all, the Catholic Church holds on without end. She has a new dogma, the Divinity of the Blessed Virgin. They *will* have Matter. It is impossible to help laughing at the horror of the Calvinists and Protestants over this new declaration of Church doctrine. They see and know nothing. They call the dogma ‘ blasphemous,’ not comprehending its inner truth and spiritual meaning. The spirits are full of humour, and they, too, are merry over the confusion and alarm of the ‘ heretics.’ I see Dr Cumming writing a book about the ‘ number of the Beast,’—666. He says the dogma of the Divinity of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the ‘ filling up of the cup.’ Spiritually, of course, the Church is quite right, but he understands nothing. I cannot tell whether the Church is on the verge of this new dogma or far off.

“ We have much tribulation before us in the shape of persecution. It is not want of money ; of that we shall always have enough. There is no way of seeing closely into our own particular future, but I know that we have abundant and great work before us.

“ It is strange that John the Seer should have understood and beheld all this so plainly so long ago. I wish you could see it as I do. It seems to me as though I stood in the midst of a vast system, and saw around me Past, Present, and Future, all as one. That is why it is impossible to prophesy precisely with regard to time. I know what is past, and what is future, but not the *when*.

“ There is nothing in my life to regret. All has been educational. You and I have a tremendous career before us. Whatever my health shall be, it seems to me that I shall live long enough to do a great deal of work. Many whom I know are about our orbit, but I can distinguish perfectly only such as are in the Spirit. Those who are too materialistic for the spirit to shine through them do not reveal themselves to me. They appear dark ; they are in an outer circle. I see women chiefly. Near me are Letitia G——, looking sweet and beautiful ; and another, who is larger in figure and fair, and has a generous face and full lips. It is Marie C——. I see also Anna W——. They pass before me one by one. I see neither Gladstone nor Lord Beaconsfield. The Prime Minister of England seems to be a man of about forty-five years of age, of middle stature, and fair or brown complexion. Some of those near me would be nearer but for their carnivorous mode of life.”

Some of the points in this utterance call for remark. It was true that I had, during my term of special illumination in the previous winter, recognised the mind’s two modes, the intellec-

tual and the intuitional, as always the "Two Witnesses" for God on the earth, and applied them in interpretation of the passage in the Apocalypse. And I had also recognised the work on which we were entering as coming under the category implied, in such a way as to constitute us members of the order of those who, in virtue of their devoting their intellect and intuition to the interpretation of divine things, are in their measure the "Two Witnesses" in question. And it was true also that, as with much else then discerned, I had been constrained to hold it in reserve. Nor did I then, nor did we now, entertain the idea that the prophecy referred to us either personally or exclusively, but regarded it as a declaration, having universal application, of the method by which, always and everywhere, the knowledge of divine things is attained and the "dragon" of Materiality overcome and cast out. It was not persons but principles—it was shown to me—that it is the function of Revelation to declare and exalt, persons being of importance only in so far as they exemplify principles. And the time came when we were explicitly instructed that the reversal of this procedure—namely, the exaltation of persons instead of principles—is precisely what constitutes idolatry, inasmuch as it implies the preference for the form to the substance, for the appearance to the reality. And, besides shrinking instinctively and inveterately from anything approaching to self-exaltation, we were warned both by experience and by precept against it as the most insidious of snares and most frequent cause of downfall to those who indulge in it.

The injunction against my remaining in any Protestant communion I regarded as confirming the position I had already taken up, rather than as prompting to a new one; a position, namely, of independence of all visible communions, contenting myself with knowing myself to be a member of the Church Invisible, and not identifying myself with any particular section of the Church Visible. In insisting on my detachment from all limiting influences, it could not be intended that I was to exchange the Protestant limitations of thought and knowledge for the Romish limitations of faith and practice. So inveterate, moreover, was my aversion to the idea of association with a body which had so hideous a past behind it as the Church of Rome, that I declared it to be my conviction that if the gods

had required such a step as the condition of their work, they would have selected some other instrument. Rather was it my conviction that even though Catholic doctrine, purified and spiritualised as was being done through us, is destined to be the religion and philosophy of the future, the Catholic Church will cease to have its centre at Rome, or to be called by its name, that place having forfeited its right to the primacy hitherto accorded to it. For the true Christianity—that which is not nominally only but really a religion of love—cannot, under the regeneration to come, have for its pivot and centre a place which both by its name and its nature represents the opposite and negation of love. For, whether pagan or papal, *Roma* has always been *Amor* reversed.

The allusion to Dr Cumming is not necessarily invalidated by his death. Taking his name for that of an order, and himself as the type, the Dr Cumming of the future will inevitably occupy himself like his prototype of the past, and indeed is even now doing so, to judge by the utterances of the ultra-Protestant Press. And, besides this, it is the wont—as we duly came to learn—of the souls of those who, when in the flesh, have been engrossed by their present ideas to the exclusion of any fresh and higher ones, to continue the same pursuit after death for periods corresponding to the intensity of their prepossessions and the strength of their lower wills. So that we may, without violence to probabilities, conceive of that redoubtable champion of Protestantism as continuing his work in the sphere of the astral, with as much of energy and cleverness, and as little of spiritual knowledge and perception, as when in the sphere of the material.

An explanation of the reference to her “demon” Paris is necessary as the prelude to the striking incidents of the next few weeks. Mention has been made of the nocturnal visitations by which she had been harassed previously to my arrival, and of the perplexing demeanour of her professor. The two things proved to be intimately related. The nightly visitant described by her as so infantile and fascinating had, shortly before my arrival, developed a strong resemblance to Monsieur O., and its visits had become a regular persecution, which my arrival served for a time to interrupt and abate, but not wholly

to prevent. For even while we were sitting together it would, though impalpable to me, be visible, audible, and tangible to her as any real person. And she described it as no longer being wholly demon, but partially human, as if compounded of the two natures, the human part resembling her professor. Of the possibility, now familiar to the world, of the projection by a person of a palpable image of himself into the presence of another we were wholly ignorant, having never even heard of it. But that such was the fact was made certain by the professor's own conduct. For he never failed, on the day after each such apparition, to importune her to admit that she had seen him, saying, "Now, did you not see me last night? I am sure you saw me last night! Do confess; I want so much to know." And "I believe I am as clairvoyant as yourself. Try me. I will describe your room, and you will tell me if I am right." He was accurate on all points; but, much to his vexation, she refused to make any admissions, and told him plainly that, if he had nothing better to talk about, she must decline to receive him at all. Meanwhile, rather than risk an open rupture, I sought by an energetic exercise of my will to counteract his, and being—as I had reason to believe—reinforced from unseen sources, I succeeded in baffling him to such a degree as to put a complete stop to his projections of himself. Unfortunately, he became aware not only of the fact of his failure any longer to penetrate our sphere, but also of the cause of it, and conceived accordingly a violent animosity against me, partly, no doubt, through wounded vanity; for his confidence in the strength of his own will was such as to lead him to declare his conviction that there was no will in existence which could withstand it. In this mood he made himself so disagreeable to his pupil that she devised an excuse for breaking off her lessons for a time in order to be free of him, and he had accordingly ceased his visits during the latter part of my stay. And it was owing to the weakening of his influence that she had been able—on again beholding her "demon" in her trance—to say that she was "not afraid of him now." Such was the position when I left Paris, which I did not do without strongly urging her to break with him altogether, and to obtain another professor. I also represented to A.—whose arrival I awaited in order to do so—the advisability of keeping him at a distance, but without

disclosing my reasons, as these lay so far outside the range of his recognition that the communication of them to him would only have caused him to doubt my rationality. I took my leave on the 8th, my anxiety being relieved by the understanding that they would return to England together early in September. On the 13th I received the following letter :—

“ PARIS, August 12, 1877.

“ I have a great deal to tell you. Breakfast was scarcely cleared away this morning, and it was not ten o'clock, when the bell sounded, and I heard Christine show someone into the sitting-room. A. and E. were in the back room. Then Christine came and announced ‘ That gentleman.’ ‘ Which gentleman?’ I asked. She did not know his name. It could not be O., I thought as I went, for he never leaves home on Sundays. But it *was* O., white, and old-looking, and horribly ill. I had not seen him since Thursday morning, and the change in him was wonderful. ‘ I am come,’ he said, shutting the door, ‘ to tell you I have acted unpardonably. I cannot ask you to forgive me. I can only say I have been mad, and have meditated horrible things. Is *he* gone?’ (meaning *you*). I stood facing him, and answered ‘ Yes.’ ‘ Since he is really gone,’ he went on, ‘ I will tell you that I have been in a fever about him and you. I had wished to assassinate him.’ ‘ I knew it,’ I said. ‘ I have not slept for three nights,’ he continued; ‘ and I was so mad that I could have killed anyone out of pure despair and rage. My own mother could not speak to me. I shut myself up in my room and raved to myself. Well, it is over now. I have got the mastery over myself. I am sorry. Look at me in the face.’ I looked. He stood silent a moment or two, and then said, ‘ I am a vile wretch. I am no better than the lowest of beasts. I know myself now.’ ‘ Courage,’ said I; ‘ if this be so, there is hope. I thought you had a heart of stone.’ He caught at the words and seized my wrist. ‘ *Cœur de pierre!* How extraordinary! Why do you use those words?’ I was astonished in my turn, and said, ‘ Why not? You have indeed a heart of stone.’ ‘ It is extraordinary,’ said he, ‘ because in my fever last night I heard someone say those words to me: *Cœur de pierre! Cœur cuirassé!*’ ‘ I, too, heard them,’ said I; ‘ they are not mine.’ ‘ Nor *his*?’ ‘ No, nor *his*.’ [They had been written for us about him, it will be remembered, a month before this.] He sat looking at me steadfastly, and then said abruptly, ‘ Feel my hands; feel my forehead. I am in a fever now’; and they were, indeed, burning hot. ‘ I could not stay at home,’ he said. ‘ My mother wondered where I was going. I would not tell her. She thinks I have had a sun-stroke.’ We sat silent a little while; then suddenly he leant forward, caught my hands, and kissed them with a kind of fury. ‘ I cannot live without you,’ he said; ‘ I thought I hated you; but *j’étais poussé, j’étais poussé*. It was stronger than I. I could not help myself.’ ‘ What was stronger?’ said I. ‘ What pushed you? What is “ *It* ”?’ ‘ I don’t know; something that took possession of me and tried to make me kill *him*—or you—for vengeance—*pour un rien*. It is all over now. In the future, you will see, I will never speak a word

against him. He may be right after all. I was not myself. I believe in God.' The extraordinary juxtaposition of two phrases so little connected struck me; I asked him what he meant. He seemed unable to explain; all he said was, 'I was a miserable wretch,—now *je comprends*; *voyez-vous, je comprends*; you will see. I, too, have a heart and eyes. Oh, how much evil I have done you!' 'No,' said I, 'not so much as that. For myself I did not care greatly; but it was the evil you said of *him*. And there I was most to blame; I ought to have held my tongue about him. I ought not to have told you what I did.' I was going on, but he stopped me. 'It was no fault of yours,' he said; 'I should have known it all if you had never opened your lips. I have done you evil both in body and soul, and it has fallen on myself in the end. When I began I did not love you—frankly, I did not love you; now, I shall never have peace any more all my life. I have been a cursed wretch.' He excited himself so much that I sat trembling, and dared ask him no questions; I don't know what he meant. He went on like this for about an hour and a half, alternately accusing himself in the bitterest terms and declaring his absolute and perfect penitence. At last I begged him to go, for I feared he might forget himself again, though he assured me there was no chance of his doing so. What am I to think? This unexpected humiliation on his part has utterly disarmed me. It seemed that to reproach a man so changed and fevered would be like kicking one's adversary when he is down. His face was quite white except when he spoke, and then he flushed crimson from forehead to chin with wonderful rapidity; one could see the blood *sweep* over his face. Tell me what I ought to do. I want to be just, and he seems to accuse himself of everything we had laid to his charge.

"Virginia Gabriel—Mrs March—is dead! She was thrown out of her carriage and killed last week. You will be very sorry."¹

The course I advised was the only and obvious one—to keep the man at a distance and exert all her power of will, seeking for reinforcement from a higher source to repel the demon, and this not only from troubling her, but from obsessing him. The latter would be the hardest task, for unfortunately he had invited it and given himself up to it; and not only was there for him no higher source from which to seek aid, but the will to deliver himself was feeble or wanting. A week later—August 21—she wrote:—

"The devil has returned to O. I saw him to-day as I was leaving the hospital. He looked as black as a thundercloud and as white as death. Curiously enough, Mrs A. has taken a fright and horror of him. 'He is possessed,' she declared, 'by an evil spirit. There is something in his eyes that looks like a demon. He makes me shudder when my glance meets his. Something looks out *through*

¹ Her death and the manner of it were a great shock to me, for I had known her well, and she had set some of my songs to music.—E. M.

his eyes which is not himself. It is a devil.' I noted him particularly to-day, and said to him, 'You are not well?' He answered me between his teeth, but without looking at me, 'If I had anything between my hands now I should crush it to powder.' I laughed and said, 'Then I am glad my head isn't there.' He only said, 'Don't touch me, then.' It is my belief he will either go mad or assassinate someone before long."

In a postscript, written next day, she added:—

"I dreamt last night that O. fired a pistol at me as I left one of the wards, and that I put up my hand with a cry, and the bullet hissed over my left shoulder and grazed it. I felt the blood spurt over my cheek, and heard distinctly the sound of people running towards me and a great din of voices. When I woke it was the middle of a peal of thunder; there was a storm going on. . . . Yes; I mean to work straight on through summer, autumn, and winter. I mean to pass my two first *doctorats* before the spring, so as to finish all in the year. I have gone in for it hot and strong. I work all day, and this very day have entered myself in a new service of medicine from eight to ten every morning; so I am securely fastened down now, and can't leave on any account. I shall have to be alone here all September if you can't come, for A. *must* leave me on the 7th; and my birthday—upon which I counted so much—will be passed in solitude! Well, I must take what the Gods send. Doubtless they have many trials in store for me yet. I am very tired this morning, having had a spell of work lasting from eight until twelve, and I am only just sitting down for the first time. And I have a lesson after lunch; so I must go to my work again almost directly."

This letter reached me on the morning of the 23rd. The prospect disclosed by it caused me the profoundest uneasiness; for, while loneliness meant for her a descent into the depths of a melancholy amounting to hypochondria, the companionship that would, as I perceived, to a certainty be forced on her was, if possible, yet more dangerous, through her utter inability to resist the occult influences which would assuredly be again brought to bear upon her so soon as her unprotected situation was known. Even were I prepared to accede to her proposition by going to live in Paris, disregarding the danger of compromising her as the least of the evils threatened, I could not make the necessary arrangements in time to prevent her from undergoing exposure for a season to the risks of loneliness. All that I could do, therefore, for the moment was to write, strongly urging her to come home with A., and trust to my being able to return with her to Paris. The tone of her letter, however, had not been such as to lead me to hope that my advice would

be taken ; and the next one confirmed my apprehensions by telling me that A. and O. had become acquainted, and had taken to each other ; for I knew that this meant unlimited opportunity for the re-establishment of O.'s influence over her.

The event proved my apprehension to be well grounded. But it proved also that "there are things in heaven and earth undreamt of in our philosophy" even at the point we had already attained, and that there were "larger other eyes than ours" on the watch over us, and, severe as might be the ordeals to be endured, we should be enabled to pass safely through them. But the narration requires a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XI

THE BAFFLED SORCERER

ALMOST immediately on my return to London accounts reached me, which seemed trustworthy, of the powers exhibited by a sensitive or "medium" lately come from America, so remarkable as to make me curious to test them. I hesitated, however, to do so, partly through my distrust of professional mediumship, and partly because of the magnitude of the fee. Could I anticipate any beneficial results to my work, this would not have deterred me; but, curious as the results might be psychologically, they were hardly likely, I thought, to be valuable spiritually or exegetically.

As the time went on, however, I found the impulse to make the visit in question recur with a frequency and an intensity so great as seriously to interfere with my work, and to make me consider that the outlay would be well incurred if only by freeing my mind. In this view I called and made a verbal engagement with the servant for the following afternoon, but without giving any name. It was August 21,¹ the date of the letter last given, and two days, therefore, before it reached me.

On keeping my appointment I maintained the same strict reserve, allowing myself to be announced as the gentleman who was to call at 4.30. No one was aware of my design. The sensitive and I were absolute strangers to each other. I was very slightly known in London, and all who knew me were then out of town. And, to make the test unexceptionable, I carefully refrained throughout from making any remark which might either afford a clue to my identity or serve to suggest replies. On entering the séance-room, the sensitive, whose name was Fletcher, after cautioning me against being alarmed if he went into a trance, motioned me to a chair, and seating himself close

¹ *I.e.* the date for which the engagement was made.—S. H. H.

in front of me, took hold of one of my hands, but presently let it go that I might make notes, and after a few slight convulsive movements, passed under the control of what purported to be the spirit of a red-Indian girl named Winona, who was his familiar. Having obtained control of him, she greeted me with a nod of her medium's head, and then began to speak. Her speech was illiterate and replete with homely Americanisms, but highly vivacious and intelligent, and her deportment pleasing and without vulgarity or pretentiousness. Then, speaking very rapidly and in a tone of amazement, she exclaimed—

“What is the meaning of all that I see? There is something here very unlike what most people—what all other people—have. I do not want a lantern to see into you. There is no lack of light, as with most. But you have about you, not only spirits, a number of them, and greater and higher than any I ever saw before, but a number of things—I don't know what to call them—things which look odd and unmeaning to other people; but they have a meaning in them, a very deep meaning, and you understand it; and when you do not, your high spirits tell it to you. Sym—sym—thank you” [this as to an invisible prompter]—“symbols, they are called, though I do not know what that is, for the spirits who have come to tell me what to say to you are forced to use higher and harder words than I and my spirits require. You did not come here of yourself. You tried not to come; but you had to come. Your spirits sent you that they might speak to you through me. You must not think that what I say to you comes from myself or my medium. I shall say only what they tell me, so far as I can say it after them. And, oh, what spirits yours are! There are three by you now; they are so high they overshadow the earth, and they give you truths which are not personal, not national merely, but are for all men, for all the race. I see them reaching far, far away beyond the planet, beyond the system, to bring you from the stars the fruits of the universe! Yes, that is the phrase they tell me to speak, the fruits of the universe. All these they bring to you and pour into your mind. But not for yourself only. You would not care for them if they benefited yourself only. They are for the world, which you are working, with the great world-spirits' help, to improve. Let me see, let me see.” [Here she spoke musingly, as to herself.] “How is this? Oh, I see. It is the love in the man. The love is so strong it has drawn these great spirits to him.” [Then in her previous tone she continued.] “Between them and you there is a medium, one who was long ago in the earth-life, and who had such a career as you appear to me to have before you,—a career that only one man in numberless ages has. And he acts as medium between the spirits and you, as I do between my medium and the spirits who tell me what to say. But there is a difference, a great difference. I will tell you what it is. I have to put my medium's consciousness aside when I speak through him, because I cannot impress on his mind what I wish. But your spirits have no need to do this with you.

They are able to put their thoughts into your mind. That is because you are in perfect harmony with them. They do not set aside your consciousness. They make it more, larger, without altering it; they—yes, that is the word no doubt—thank you” [aside]—“they tell me to say they *enhance* your consciousness without depriving you of your own individuality. And they are able to do that by reason of your being in perfect harmony with them. Your, your—intuition?—yes, your intuition is pure. It is through this that they can bring you the fruits of the universe. I know only one man now on the earth who sees thoughts at all like those you see. It is the American seer, Andrew Jackson Davis. Your spirits will do much, oh! so much more for you yet than they have done. All you have done is as nothing to what you will do. But it will only be after a time. It is for you to rest now. Your rest will not be idleness or waste of time. It is necessary for your future work, when you will require all your power.”

After a short pause, passed in silence, she continued:—“Dear me, how oddly you live! No stimulants! no—what people call—generous food! Oh, I see why it is. Your spirits have put away from you all those things, not for your own sake—you are sound, you have no disease whatever—but for the sake of the work they have for you to do. Yet you want more strength, more nourishment. Yes, you live too much alone, or with people who are too much like yourself, and who take from you instead of letting you take from them. You must give this up and go among people who are exactly the opposite to yourself—people who will amuse you. Why, you never are amused! You are always thinking and feeling! You live as if you had had your physical life and your intellectual life, and had passed out of them into your spiritual life. That would be all very well if you had not still a physical and mental organism, which are to be used and cared for while you have them. And you have them and will want them. Why do you not let yourself have amusement?”

“Ah! I see the *how* of it; you have lost your friends. They have dropped off as you have risen to the spiritual life. Yes—and they are not far from thinking you mad. Let them think so now. Some day, not very long hence, they will all fall at your feet and acknowledge you. Even if they do not fully understand you, they will not think you mad then. I said you had no friends. You have no relations either! Those who are your relations in the flesh are not your relations in the spirit. There is no kin between you; and they have left you now. That comes of your spiritual growth. You have been incarnate so many times that you are a long way advanced. I think you will be incarnate again. People are incarnated so long as there is an experience to be gained in the flesh-life by which they can benefit spiritually.”

Here, speaking for the first time, I asked, with a theological motive, “May one not be incarnated for the sole benefit of others?”

“No; if you can do no good to yourself, you can do none to others. What a reserved life you have led! No one has ever known you. You have lived among people as a stranger, seeing right through them, but letting no one see through you. Always silent! Oh, how silent you have been! And you have resisted so

many impulses, refused so many things, which, if accepted, would have given you valuable experiences. You have looked at them and wished for them, and not being able to see clearly what they would lead to, have let them slide by. You could not be satisfied with phenomena. Your own spirit always seeks towards spirit in everything. And now, by waiting and thinking and wishing, you have got something far above and beyond all you ever imagined, something all spiritual too.

“Can I see anything about your work and associates? I am looking only at you and what is about you now; but I am impressed to follow you and learn more about you. You are, and have, and will be what I have never known before. I may help you, though I am but an Indian girl. They call me Winona. I can do good by helping you. I shall follow you and find out all I want to know. I never was in such company as that of your spirits. They sent you to me, and not for nothing. One thing was for your health. They want you to live a grosser life. That is not a nice word. I don't know how to put it,—yes, generous; that is the word again. You must get up your physical strength by living more in the lower world, and resting your mind and spirit. That is all I am to say to-day.”

All deductions being made for vivacity of expression, this was a truly wonderful piece of portraiture, and such as to give for me a significance altogether new to the expressions, “Knowing as ye are known,” and “Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did.” I had been turned inside out and held up to view to myself, with a fulness and accuracy altogether surpassing my own ability. For, while I could recognise the traits described as my own, I could not myself have specified them, or have explained myself to myself as I was now explained.

And there were other proofs that it was not mere thought-reading; for that which was uppermost in my mind was the situation at Paris, and of this no word had been said. And with a view to obtaining information on that subject, I made an appointment for four days later, so thoroughly satisfied was I about the trustworthiness of the communicating influence. Desirous of knowing how far the medium was cognisant of what had been said through him, I questioned him on the point, but only to be assured that his mind was so entirely displaced by the control that he knew only what she might subsequently tell him about what had passed on such occasions.

On resuming the sitting on the 25th, Winona, after greeting me, turned to a chair beside the medium, and similarly greeted a spirit by whom she said it was occupied. This, she declared

was the spirit of my wife, who had long since passed away from the earth and out of my present life, but was often with me. Many spirits, Winona added, were in the habit of visiting me for the sake of learning what I was being taught by the spirits who had me in charge, and whom, through the wide difference of their respective spheres, they could not approach in their own world ; while they could all come to me and use me as a common meeting-ground for communication. And she continued—

“ Among those who are in the habit of coming to you is your father. He is an orthodox man—oh, so strictly orthodox ! You and he could not agree about religion in the earth-life, but now he is forced to come to you to learn. He learns very slowly, for his mind was always covered with locks and keys to keep out anything that was not orthodox. You consider him a conscientious man.”

The word was in my mind as applicable.

“ So he was in his human relations ; but I do not consider him one in his religious opinions, else we must mean different things by that word. I do not call it conscientious when one refuses to look at an opinion because it is new to one, and does not appear to harmonise with what one already holds. That was what your father did. He had made up his mind, without any reason, that he had all the truth, and so would not look at anything that was new to him. In that he was not conscientious, as I call it. He has now opened only a few of the locks on his mind, but he is learning from you as fast as he can.”

This description of his character and opinions, and of our relations, was absolutely exact.

“ You must not let so many spirits come to you. They take all and leave you nothing. You are exhausted by them. Sometimes your spirits come to your rescue. They open the door, as it were, and drive away those who are living on you. All your strength is wanted for your work, and you must preserve it.

“ I know the matter you wish to consult me about, and will speak of it later. At present your spirits desire me to speak for them. You have a ring, a very curious one, with those odd things—symbols—on it. You do not wear it on your hand, but—yes, there—on your neck-tie. It has a curious meaning, and is connected with your history. It has no meaning as regards the giver—that is, it is not a pledge of affection.”

It was a small gold circlet, marked with the signs of the Zodiac, which had been given me by a sailor nephew, who brought it from Ashantee, in the expedition to which place he had borne a share.

“ The spirit who desires to speak through me is spokesman for a group of other high spirits, who with him form a constellation. The stars of this constellation are your stars. They pour down their influences and concentrate them upon you, in order to inspire you with all their rays at once. He tells me to show you his name, as, he says, you will then know who the others are ” ; and she formed in the air the letters which make OSIRIS.

“ Do you mean that the Egyptian sungod was a real person ? ” I asked.

“ I do not know what you call sungod,” she replied, “ but he is real in heaven and was real on earth ; and he died on the cross, as also did all the other spirits in his constellation.”

“ What are their names ? ”

“ The spirit says you know. Tell me.”

“ Did one begin with M ? ” I asked.

“ Yes, yes ! that is right ” ; and we both exclaimed at the same time “ Mithras ! ” I then named Krishna and Buddha, to which she as eagerly assented ; and then added Jesus, saying, “ Nearly all these, and many others, died on the cross after an hour’s sharp agony. They were the great souls who perished in seeking to save the world ; whom the world slew, and afterwards worshipped. And they now form a great spiritual constellation, and from their high place are seeking again to save the world ; and on you has the task fallen to represent and combine all that they were and taught. Where they were crucified to the death in one short agony you will be crucified, but not to the death. Your suffering will be longer, but not so sharp—at least not your physical suffering. The world you are to save through love will turn against you—as it has already begun to do—and will vilify and denounce and threaten you. And you will keep on your course, knowing that you are right and are guided by high influences, and that the love which animates and impels you will at length melt the hardest heart. And so the time will come when you will stand with one hand reaching up to heaven and clasping the great spirits of God, and the other reaching down to earth and clasping all mankind ; and thus, through you, as medium between earth and heaven, will flow down in an abundance never known since the Fall all the blessings that God has in store for His redeemed children. Thus shall you stand, escaping the death of the cross on which you will be stretched, and succeeding this time in accomplishing the work of redemption. Then will all they who scourged and persecuted you come to you on their knees, and deem no offering too rich, no flower too fair, to be cast at your feet. And you, seeing them and their gifts, will smile, but will not stay to enjoy ; for at that moment your work on earth will have been accomplished, and you will—not die, as men call dying, but—part, gently and without a pang, to enter upon the fruition of those gifts and flowers of eternity, of which the best that earth can boast are but a faint reflection. Thus translated, you will still rule over men, by force of love drawing them up towards you. That is what the spirit tells me to say. I don’t half understand it, only I know it is something very grand. I never had to speak to anyone in that way before, I reckon.”

This is but a fragment of a discourse which, for elevation,

dignity, fervour, tenderness, and purity both of diction and accent, was by far the most impressive piece of eloquence I had ever heard; while the interest of the subject, the blaze of light it threw upon what had been for me an absorbing problem—that of the genesis of the Christs—and the intense sincerity with which it was uttered, completely enthralled me, making me drop my notes to listen. And when, on returning home, I endeavoured to reproduce it in full, it was as if the words had, for some purpose, been withdrawn from my mind, so utterly unable was I to recall them. Not so, however, with the lesson they were intended to convey. If such indeed, I thought, had been the teaching under the impulsion of which the divinised men of old had attained to their pinnacles, the courage with which they had accepted the renunciations and endured the persecutions imposed on them was fully accounted for. And this, too, I noted, and with no small amount of thankfulness that it was so—that instead of being in the smallest degree affected in the direction of personal vanity at the prospect of so sublime a career,—as I was keenly aware might happen with most,—I found myself regarding the utterance as indicating only the nature of the goal to which the course before me led, and by no means as implying my power to succeed in the enterprise. In fact, while in the act of listening to it, the saying was forcibly borne in on my mind, “Many are called, but few are chosen”; so that rather did it serve as an instruction and an encouragement than minister to self-exaltation. And if there had been on my part any tendency in this direction, it would have found adequate rebuke in the reply given to the first remark I made after the speaker had concluded. For, on my saying, musingly and to myself, rather than interrogatively and to the spirit, “Why to me rather than to some other has such a task been appointed?”—my dominant thought being that it would help me to know what special quality or faculty, if any, had determined the selection—it was replied with some asperity, the control relapsing into her usual accents—

“When a man finds he has got a particular thing to do, he just sets about and does it, without troubling himself about why it is he, and not someone else, who has to do it.”

It may be worth recording that, deep as my enthrallment had been, I had never failed to maintain a critical attitude, or to

keep in mind the possibility that what purported to be a divine call might in my case be, as it had doubtless been in many cases, but an infernal temptation. That it was not so I took to be proved by the fulness of the response evoked in my own inmost nature. The recognition by my own central spirit was without reserve or limitation. My keenest scrutiny failed to detect the smallest jar or false note.

Not the least striking part was the reference to Osiris and his fellow-Christis, the "Solar Myth" having been for me a subject of special study. But the utterance did not coincide with the conclusion to which I inclined. This was the conclusion that, while all such personages represented the higher potentialities of man, some only of them had an historical existence, the rest being imaginary personifications of one and the same doctrine. Respecting the actual presence, as alleged, of any personage of the kind, I was exceedingly sceptical, notwithstanding our experiences with the "demon" Paris, and was disposed to regard the entity described as operating on my behalf as, possibly, one of an order of spiritual influences bearing that name in token of some special function.

I was presently recalled from my ponderings by Winona, who recommenced her discourse, saying—

"I now see her for whom you wished to consult me." [It must be remembered that not a single word had escaped me on the subject.] "She somewhat resembles the spirit who was here at first, the one who was associated with your past life and has long passed away. She is thinner, taller, and fairer, with a large forehead and more deeply set eyes." [This description was absolutely correct.] "Oh, she is in a bad position. Her surroundings are terribly against her. She ought to be taken out of them at once, and go where they cannot follow her. She has a good body, but it is ailing in one point. It is the lung. That is very bad. We must do something for it. I will consult my doctor. We have a doctor in my circle who is very skilful in diseases of the flesh. But now the thing is to see what is best to be done about the matter which presses. If she cannot quit her present surroundings, you and she will have to be exceedingly cautious and wise, or you will all come to destruction. The risk is very great. As I see her now, she is a young spirit, who has not been incarnate in the human many times; and though she has an advanced intellectual organism, it is not able to control her spirit, which is still too much that of an animal. If she loses you, she loses herself for—I cannot say how long. *He*, about whom you are uneasy, will drag her down. *He*, too, is a young spirit—all will and self, and no love. They are too much like each other in that; only that she is above him in that she does care for something not herself.

This will save her if it be suffered to grow under your influence. He has been mad, through jealousy of you. And she was too much of a child in spirit to see the necessity and understand the way of managing him. An evil spirit has taken possession of him through this feeling. And when under its influence he is not responsible for his deeds. He is then as one mad ; but he is responsible for having produced the conditions which made him accessible to the evil spirit. [In answer to question.] Yes, I know who his demon is, and you know it also.

“ Now, I know human nature perfectly, and I am going to tell you how to act. You cannot ignore him, as you have tried to do ; he is too strong. And you must not oppose him ; he is too wilful. She has tried that,—has tried to argue with him. It does only mischief. You must make friends with him by flattering him. He is vain, and will be won in that way. Make him think he can teach you. Ask his advice, and do not avoid him. Do not, either, refuse to talk with him about her if he mentions her. Only tell him nothing about her, and do not seem to be his superior. That is what he cannot endure ; he is so vain. And she, when with him, must not be frank and free as she has been. He will not be as brother and sister with her. And all you would say to him must be said by her as from herself. He must not see your hand in it. So, she may teach him. They must not meet often or be much alone together. She is too weak, too impressible. That is why she is so good a medium. Her spirit has not yet acquired those high and firm principles which would make her safe from assault. She reflects evil as well as good influences. When with you, your influences pervade her and keep off the evil, except at times when she sides with them against you, and you are powerless to help her. She trusts to her own strength, and she has none. All women are so—it is their nature—until the masculine element is developed in them. She has the masculine will, but not the other qualities to control it. These will come with experience, if she does not let her will destroy her first.

“ Not only are you necessary to her, but she is necessary to you. If you lose her your work stops, and you will be crucified through her. Ah !——”

Here an expression of agony came over the medium's face, making him wince and bite his lips, as one surprised and disappointed. The spirit continued—

“ Shall I tell you what is in my mind ? I will. No. I am forbidden. It will do harm.” Then the expression changed to a smile, and she said, as if soliloquising, “ Jesus loved His Magdalen. It was necessary for Him to love her in her way, before He could teach her to love Him in His way. His life was the richer for it. We cannot save anyone except by going down to them. It is necessary to get below to raise them up. People cannot be raised up only from above. You must stay by her for both your sakes, and for *his*. So may he too be saved ; but for you, I wish you could be rid of him. I will look further and tell you more, but not now.”

Throughout this part of her discourse I recognised her as speaking of herself, from the plane of her medium, and not under instruction from higher sources. And being aware of the ideas held by certain spiritualists, especially in America, I was not surprised by her enunciation of them, violently as I dissented from them, at least from the meaning they seemed to me to bear. I was struck, however, by this fresh reference to the Magdalen ; but I refrained from remark, and after making another appointment for the 30th I took my leave.

On the next occasion Winona spoke as follows, no word having been uttered by myself :—

“ Wait a little till I get up the hill to you. For most people I have to go down, far down below my own level, but for you I have to climb as far above it. And when I have been down for some-one first, I have two hills to climb to get from them up to you. I expected you, and sent out my medium to get refreshed, and would not let him take anyone else. I can't always make him understand. But someone came to-day whom I would not let him see at any price, —someone who wanted me to find a lost trunk.

“ I have been where you wanted me to go, and this ring helps me to remember the name, that is part of it, K. i. n. g., that is like ring. And the other half begins with F., and is the same length. Will that tell you I have found the right person ? You did not tell me she is not in London ! I came to you and looked round and round, and could not find her. So I watched you, and I saw a letter come which made you very uneasy. It was meant to make you easy, but you saw through it, and it did not, and then you wrote an answer and put it in a letter-box, and I followed it,—followed it all the way to the water, that nasty Channel, which I crossed for your sake, though I did not like it. But it was nice on the other side. And so I went to Paris. And there I saw her write what I knew would make you uneasy, and I wanted so much to give her a good shaking. Like all other young women spirits, she likes to run her fingers over the keys of a man's heart, to see what sound they make. Their own hearts are not fully come yet, and they play with those of men, not knowing by themselves how deeply they feel.

“ Then I looked round to see who was about her, and I followed her when she went out. And she went to such a big building where there was a man who seemed to be watching and studying things, but he was watching *her*. There were a number of people sick and hurt. It was, I suppose, what is called an hospital. She goes there, not to help the sick, but to learn. She is a student. I heard him talk to her there and in her own house. She was angry with him. He tried to undermine your influence, and to persuade her that he is well-meaning. But his only desire is to conquer, for the sake of the triumph. He has no heart, no principles. The victory is all he wants. You had charity for him, and tried to think the best of him. But he does not deserve such consideration. She has no affection for him, but he completely psy—psychologises her, by his strong—

not spiritual, but—animal magnetism. And every time they meet he strengthens his hold, and impresses himself more deeply on her system. And as she does not know how impressible and weak she is, but thinks herself strong because she has will, she is on the high-road to yielding to his control completely. The only safety lies in his being dropped out of your lives altogether, and at once. She will never convert him, and he would ruin her mediumship the very first sitting. She is so impressible and powerless to resist a strong influence that she would reflect his evil influence and return it. That intense eye of his binds her ; and when he leaves her she is so imbued by his magnetism that she longs to call him back. It is hopeless to think of doing any good with him. He must grow for many more lives yet for that. If she would only have the sense to dismiss him *now*, while you are absent, and to take all upon herself ! Not when you return ; that would be fatal. She must do it now, or all will fall upon you. She has any amount of tact—of ability ; she *can* do it, by degrees, if she will. The blame is not all on his side. She likes his attentions, and excites him by her womanhood, and puts him in a frenzy. There is no half-way possible. She must act at once, and alone, without you. It must and shall stop ! And such a slight acquaintance to risk so much for. If she could but see him as I see him ! He has been incarnate in the human only three or four times. He was a tyrant, a petty despot last time. His early stages were carnivorous, and hers herbivorous. When among fishes he was a shark, and he retains all his shark nature. She was a gold-fish, all beautiful colours. No tests such as you or she might like to give him would convince him. He would take the facts in only to cast them out again. He is not sufficiently advanced to—to—assimilate them. I tell you he is no real student, no lover of truth, but only of power ; all is for self.

“ I saw someone else with her, a kindly man, who, though not her father, is parental to her. She is fond of him, but his influence over her is weak. Intellectually she is his superior ; for, though young spiritually, organically she is advanced. That is one of Nature’s an—an—omalies—thank you [aside]—to educate spirits and make human existence richer in illustrations. He might take on himself the responsibility of a rupture. For—I see the link now—he is her husband, and that *chef* knows it. If the separation is not effected now, so that you may not be suspected of causing it, it is impossible to say what his frenzy may incite him to against you. I see your work, your life, tremble in the balance. Your spirits are most anxious that it should be settled at this present time, while you are away. His spirits are powerful and evil. She has angelic influences of her own, but she is not an angel herself, and she renders them powerless. For she insists on going down to a depth of her nature where it is too dark for them to follow and rescue her. Oh that she would let herself see that he is not repentant, but scheming—acting with all his might and talent, which is very great, to entrap her, and triumph over you ! He was serpent as well as shark. He is very shrewd and cunning. And he knows his power, for he is well up in psychology. When away from her, he puts forth all his power to influence her by his will. There is only one way to withstand this ; it is to meet force by force. She must banish the thought of him

with all her might. Her husband, who is so anxious about her and careful of her, might help her by bringing her away. Oh that he would do this! Her great, beautiful spirits are longing to separate her from the bad influence. If only she will come! I do not think you ought to go unless she comes away first. Let her say to him that her husband insists on a complete separation, as it is doing her mischief. It is so. *His* influence is poisoning her; and when she returns with you to Paris it must not be renewed—only the most distant acquaintance, if any be necessary—and the husband will have the credit of it. I will tell you why I started and winced so on your last visit. I saw, directly I looked close, that you and she were well and rightly placed together for a great work, and were happy in doing it. But then I saw in your Eden the snake, with his forked tongue out of his mouth, and I started in horror, the danger was so imminent. I hope I have not hurt you by my plain speaking. You came to me for help. I have not spared her; but she has a very good and beautiful side, and will do very great and excellent things if she escapes this snare and keeps you by her.

“ I am glad you have brought that ring. You remembered my telling you of it. I should like to keep it a little while. It has something particular about it. It was not bought, and not given to you for love. It came from a strange place, in a strange way. It refers to something very, very old, high up in the spirit-world.”

This was my ring representing the signs of the Zodiac.¹

“ She of whom we have spoken has a spirit called Joan, a namesake of hers, and linked to her. She was a great world-heroine—yes, thank you [aside]—of Arc. Joan of Arc has come, and is here now, brought by your and her spirits. She has come to you first, and is going to Paris to put matters right. Her colour is the same as your friend’s, red, and mixed with yours it makes——? [turning to another spirit to ask for the word]—yes, purple, thank you.

“ She who was your wife is coming to speak to you through me about your boy. . . .”

Failing to hear from Paris, and my uneasiness increasing, I called again, without having made an appointment, on the afternoon of September 3, and the medium not being able to receive me immediately, I was shown into the sitting-room of his wife, with whom I was unacquainted. After a few minutes’ conversation, in which she told me that she also was a sensitive and clairvoyante, but was not then exhibiting her faculty in public, she became lucid, and said that she beheld two spirits standing over me, the angel of the planet and the spirit of light, and that they had come in reference to someone connected with me, a

¹ See p. 214 *ante*.

medium or seeress, who was in trouble, and required to be delivered from an evil influence which was besetting her.

“ They tell me,” she continued, “ that she is in France, and they show me a name beginning with a K. Winona told my husband about three o’clock that you were coming to-day, so he is expecting you.” [It was exactly at that hour that, after thinking about it all the morning, I had made up my mind to go, and left home at once for the purpose.] “ You have, I perceive, a world-wide work. Bands of light proceed from you which encircle the whole earth. You have an innumerable family of spiritual children. Your great spirits come and strengthen this band by their influences, and give you force to enlarge and confirm it. In the accomplishment of this work there is joined to you one to whom, necessary as she is to you, you are still more necessary. But she is surrounded by evil influences. A heavy chain is bound to her—oh, so heavy ! The angel of the planet lifts one of its great links and lets it fall again to show me how heavy it is. You have got to free her from that. It is more than even you, with all your love, can do, unless your angels help you. ‘ Ah ! ’ the angel says in joy as he looks into the future, ‘ thank Heaven, he has freed her ! he has freed her ! ’ meaning you.

“ Another spirit is with you now. He has one hand on your head, and with the other he points to Mr Gladstone, and says, ‘ Yes, yes, you are right ; yours is the truth, and it will prevail. And Mr Gladstone will come round to you and join with you and become the saviour of this country. You have been right in all you have said about him. He is the true man you have declared, but his mind is in confusion. There is a thick crust to be pierced and a strong will to be conquered ; but it will all be done and come right in time.’ Prince Albert tells me to say this.”

The mention of this name here, and presently afterwards, in connection with my work struck me very much, at least as a proof of the reality of my previous experiences and the genuineness of the faculty of these people. For while writing *England and Islam* I had been powerfully impressed by a conviction that various persons not long deceased had come to me in order to deliver themselves of thoughts for which they desired expression ; and that among them was Prince Albert, who had dictated the passage on pp. 309–311, rebuking the Queen for her immoderate grief at his death and her seclusion of herself. But no word or hint of this had ever escaped me. I had used the substance of the message, but without indicating its source. The medium continued—

“ I see your seeress has her husband with her. I thought he was the chain. I took it for granted and did not look further. The angel now tells me that he is an aid ; that his sympathies are with you. It is from another that she requires to be detached. She has

not broken away from that other yet. But do not be afraid ; your cause is in good hands. You are necessary to each other. Her success is altogether dependent on her maintaining her relation to you.

“ I see you have been longing to go to Paris to help her. You will not be allowed to go at present ; you have work here. Prince Albert appears to be very fond of you. ‘ Your friend,’ he says to you, ‘ was born to elevate woman, and you to elevate the world. Do not fear that the wrong will triumph. We have placed a crown upon her head and a sceptre in her hand. And we have been too proud of her and her work to allow either to be trailed in the dust.’ She suffers even more than you at this time ; for she feels that her better nature is being held captive by an inferior influence. A letter from her is at hand. I am not sure if it will come to-night. It is on the way. It will both please and displease you. It seems to me to be very near. Is not her name Kingsford ? I see a child about her, a girl. . . .”

Here followed an account showing a perfect knowledge both of the child and of the spiritual relations subsisting between it and its mother, and in all respects so identical with that given by Winona that I asked the sensitive whether she too was controlled by that spirit. She said no, but that she also had an Indian spirit who was friendly with Winona, and exchanged news with her, and had become interested in us through her.

I then joined Mr Fletcher. He immediately passed under control, and Winona, speaking through him, said—

“ When a great man, a man like a king, almost a king, yet not a king, is present what does one do ? Make a bow, isn’t it ? Yes. Well, there is the spirit of such a one here now. He stands up by you. He has not been dead many years, only several.¹ He is one who always cared for others, and thought more for them than for himself. What could he have been—to be so nearly a king, and have a queen for his wife, and yet not be a king ? They show me the word *consort*. What means that ? ” “ Prince Consort,” I remarked. “ Thank you. It is Prince Albert. They have given me his name now. He has come here with you. It is his first visit here. He has come to tell you through me a most important matter of state for your people and his, for whom you are to work ; and you are to utter his words to the people. Some day—soon—not at present. It is a short but a great work that is at hand for you. It will not interfere with your own work. You, too, have been a prince, he says.

“ This prince, who is not a king, says that yours is a great prophetic work, and that you are going to take your last book and put it through a sieve, and bring it out again all strained and in order. You were not responsible for its in—in—co—herency. It was due to the conditions you had been thrown into. The spirits

¹ The Prince Consort died on December 14, 1861.

tell me you are going to revolutionise the minds of people more than anyone who has lived for a very, very long time. You have no notion how much you will do,—what a change you will make.”

The above description of my book, *England and Islam*, and what it required, was absolutely correct. As I have already stated, it had been rushed through my mind and into print at such speed that I had no time to select, condense, or revise, and hence it represented rather the loose materials out of which a book should have been made, than a finished book. But I have never seen my way to a revision of it.

“ You have been working,” she continued, “ all this time, and your spirits with you, to prepare you for the great work before you. It was their business to try you, to prove your trustworthiness spiritually, and the soundness and strength of your organisation. Your spirits have put you through many and hard trials such as would have broken you down if there had been a weak place in you. It was necessary for them to do this before they could go to the great spirits and say they had found a man for the work they want to have done in the world. They have now demonstrated to these great ones your fitness for their work in all parts of your nature. And the great ones have accepted you, and are using you as a proved fact. And they have now joined with your own spirits, and are attracting others to you from distant systems and spheres ; and they all together will range themselves behind you, so that when you stand forth to face the world you will be a great commander, stretching forth a sword flaming with truth, and having the arms of legions of great spirits to sustain you. You have worked much, and are now turning the last furrows. A new dispensation is dawning on you. Your past, in regard to what you have done and been, is but a rushlight to the brightness of your future. It will come with a force and a rush you cannot control. And no time will be lost in bringing it about.

“ You are to found a school of Thinkers, of male and female intellects of the best order. They will be Thinkers, not Spiritualists. You are not to touch Spiritualism ; that is not your work. My medium would not like me to say this ; but he does not understand ; and I tell you what your great spirits bid me. Spiritualism, as commonly understood and practised, is to your work as a misprinted book to a perfect work of art. You have nothing to say to that. You belong to the Bible-school of prophets. You are not a Spiritualist, but an Inspirationist. You are to introduce the religion which the most advanced spirits are revealing to the world through you. Your work lies outside the ranks of Spiritualism. If you enter them it will be the devil spoiling the work of God ; and people would say you had gone down to Spiritualism. Whereas you are no follower or partner ; you are a founder, a discoverer, bringing back in this nineteenth century a power long lost. The mantles of the prophets of old have descended upon you. All must be of your school—your own school—independent quite. You will help others by giving

to them ; but you will not receive from others, or be associated with them.

“ All this you have seen and thought for yourself in a mass. I pull the thoughts out of the skein and arrange them.

“ Your last book must be revised—not at once—not hastily, but soon, and completely, as *you can* do it—in your best way. People do not like its method. It only wants rearranging and condensing. And it will then make your best work—your best yet, I mean. Not your best of all. For your work in the future is to be so great—ah, so great ! I must not tell you. It would spoil it for you by the anticipation.

“ I saw you write a letter. The answer is very near. I see it on its way. Joan of Arc is still there, trying her best to help her. It is difficult, the evil influence is so strong. But Joan is working ; she has collected a number of spirits, and they are concentrating their forces to bring them to bear on *her*. It is not done yet. Here is another spirit. It is Josephine. She says what is unpleasant, but I must tell you. It is that you have to hold your friend, as it were, in your arms all the time ; so much does she need protection, so helpless is she of herself. I know her well, for I am much with her ; and I say that you must all the time guard her as a mother guards her babe. Sometimes, it is true, you must be apart, or your force would be exhausted ; but not for long, and she must never be alone among evil influences, for she is utterly powerless to resist them. In some respects you have not been wise with her. You have let her think that she holds the reins, because you saw that she liked to believe she held them. You are too tender, too considerate ; whereas she needs to feel the master-mind exerted over her. You need not be afraid of her feeling that with that other *chef*. She sees no master-mind in him, and never will. He comes only from the magnetic plane, and she is on her mettle to conquer him because he is strong. Each tries to beat the other—like two racers—but the victory would not be worth the having.

“ Guard against two things : Make her feel that it is for her good that you want him dismissed, and that it is for no jealousy of yours. I know it is so, and that jealousy is not in your nature ; but she is too young yet to see that. I should like her to come to me, that I might talk to her alone. I want to speak freely to her.

“ The spirits are still waiting for Mr Gladstone, and working on him as they did on you. But he has so much to overcome, so much to get rid of ; he has such a multitude of dark influences about him to bind him down to the wrong. You are both Bible-persons, in the spring of the New Dispensation. You thought you were not being helped when you began your new book. You were not then impressible, because you were too much exhausted by your previous work. But I reckon you were helped towards the end ? The spirit says so.”

This was indeed the case, and could not have been known to anyone except by abnormal means.

“ I see some trouble for you, but your future is a very bright pathway in which you rise out of yourself and reflect the great spirits, as if losing your own individuality. You have wide sympathy, large

love, a nature that is not like a small box shut up. It is through that that you will do all things."

In answer to a question respecting the secret of mediumship, she said: "Spirits go through many changes of form. My medium has been both male and female; it is that which makes mediumship possible. Only they can be mediums who have been incarnate in both sexes."

The predicted letter duly arrived, and excited feelings of both the kinds announced. It pleased me by the warmth of its expressions at the prospect of my return to Paris, and it distressed and alarmed me by the tone of its references to our joint work, my forthcoming book, and to what I had communicated of my recent experiences; for, although the hand was that of my colleague, the tone was that of my foe, her professor, being one of scepticism as to their reality and value, and showed her to be unconsciously dominated by him. But far more serious was the announcement that she adhered to her resolution to remain in Paris after A.'s return, which would be in a very few days.

To my letter urging a reconsideration of this intention, and promising to accompany her back to Paris so soon as I could get free, I received no reply. But early on the morning of September 6, having fallen into a deep sleep after a night made restless with anxiety, I was roused by a voice saying to me with great distinctness—

"She has taken back O. to be her professor!"

At this I started up and exclaimed vehemently—

"It is a falsehood! I cannot believe it. She could not possibly do such a thing!"

There was no reply, or any visible presence to make reply. So I impatiently waited the post in hope of a letter which would reassure me. As no letter came, I commenced to write one, relating the incident. It was still unfinished when A. entered the room, having just arrived from Paris. He looked, I thought, somewhat embarrassed. Presently he said, handing me a letter from her—

"Nina was afraid to write and tell you what she had done. *She has taken back O. to be her professor.* O.," he went on apologetically, "was by far the best teacher to be found, and she was resolved to let nothing stand in the way of her success." For his own part he liked O., and had found him a very agreeable companion.

As it was clear that my objection was ascribed to personal dislike, I refrained from reiterating it, or betraying my discomposure, though my uneasiness was at its height. And her letter only proved of a nature to confirm the feeling; for it indicated her as concerned only to reconcile me to the step she had taken. The only redeeming point in the situation was, that A.'s return enabled me to write to her unreservedly.

We exchanged two or three letters. They were not without effect; but the effect was the opposite of that which I intended. Her alarm was aroused, not on her own account, but on mine. For she had become subject to her professor's influence to such a degree as completely to have forgotten his past misconduct in regard to her, and to ascribe my references to it to some hallucination of mine. It was as if he had been able to suppress her memory. This impression of hers was strengthened by the fuller account I now gave of my interviews with Winona, through her inability to credit them; by which I gathered—what subsequently proved to be the case—that he had succeeded also in shutting off the recollection of her own experiences. In her alarm about my supposed illness she resolved to come to England. On communicating this intention to O., he replied that she could not go without his permission. And in answer to her amazed look of inquiry, he added that his will was now paramount, and she could do nothing that he willed her not to do. For his own purposes this declaration was as great a mistake as for mine it was fortunate. It showed, too, that he did not really know her; for, by arousing her opposition, it put her on her mettle to withstand and disobey him, thus inducing an attitude which weakened his influence and facilitated what—as it presently turned out—was in preparation for her deliverance.

At this juncture, in order to lose no possible chance, I went again to the clairvoyante. This was on Friday, September 7. Observing my usual caution, I said only—

“Look at the situation, and give me your advice.”

“She must come away at once,” said Winona after a short pause. “The time has come for which the spirits I told you of have been waiting. The conditions are favourable.”

“Shall I go or write?” I asked.

“Neither; only project your will around her with all your force, and it will serve as a barrier to shield her from him, and

will help the spirits too. Do you do this, and they will do the rest."

I complied, but not with any great feeling of confidence, notwithstanding the good reasons I had for trusting my adviser. For the rest of that day, and during the two days following, I fairly poured myself out in the requisite direction, till I fully expected to find myself completely exhausted by the expenditure. I did not, however, trust to my own unaided powers, but directed my will upwards in order to unite and blend it with a higher Will, not limiting its range to any merely individual influences, but aiming beyond and above these to the highest accessible to thought. During this I found, to my surprise, that not only did the effort cause me no exhaustion, but that rather was the reverse the case. I had, of course, no means of judging of the effect at the time; nor had I any definite conception of its nature, if effect there were. I simply projected my will to the utmost with the idea of its serving to strengthen her and act as a shield against him, subordinating the result to the Supreme, to that end directing my mind to the apex of the triangle which had for its base the line between her and myself. When in after years I made a study of occultism, I found that I had been instinctively practising the "white magic," as the divine is called, in distinction from and opposition to the "black magic," as the infernal is called.

I was not kept long in suspense about the issue of the conflict. Sunday brought me a telegram from her saying that she was coming to England at once. On Tuesday morning she presented herself at my chambers, her indispensable little friend "Rufus," in his travelling-basket, in her hand, having come by the night mail-boat. Besides looking ill and fatigued, she bore the aspect of one dazed, bewildered, and even alarmed. Reassured by my presence and unconcealed delight at her escape, she gradually recovered herself, and in reply to my wonderment said, "I was frightened about you, and I was frightened about myself." She then told me of O.'s strange remark about her being unable to come without his permission. "And while I was wondering what to do, and not feeling strong enough to tear myself away, or able, if I did so, to make the journey alone, a friend was unexpectedly sent to me in the person of Mrs A., who, you may remember, lives near me, and had from the first

conceived a horror for O., always calling him 'Mephistopheles.' Well, she at once understood my difficulty, and with the greatest kindness—for it was at much inconvenience to herself, though she did not say so at the time—offered to come with me and to start at once. O. had been with me on Saturday morning, and was to come for my next lesson to-day, so there was no time to be lost if I was to avoid seeing him again. Indeed, I tried to leave on Sunday, but we could not make our arrangements in time. And such a strange thing happened on the way. The night was lovely and the sea bright with phosphorescence; and we sat together on the deck during the passage. Mrs A. fell asleep, and I think I must have nearly done the same, for just at the point between sleeping and waking I saw something that made me just about to cry out, 'Why, Mrs A., you have got armour on!' when, on looking closer, I saw the figure of Joan of Arc standing over her; and before I had sufficiently recovered from my surprise to speak, it vanished, leaving me with the impression that Mrs A.'s visit and offer, which had made it possible for me to get away, had been prompted by her."

Upon this I told her of Joan's coming to me at Winona's and saying that she was going to help to free her from O.; and I added that there was no absurdity in supposing that—granted the survival of spirits at all—one who had worked so great a national deliverance for France in the past might be interested in the spiritual deliverance to which our work pointed, especially as so great a share in it belonged to a woman.

At which she exclaimed, "Oh, but Joan has always been like a patron-saint to me! Ever since I read her history, as a child, I have had a passionate admiration for her, and have longed for the Church to canonise her.¹ It was partly after her that I took Johanna for one of my names. And she was like me in so many ways; for she, too, had visions and conversed with spirits, and hated women's clothes, and loved fighting against oppression just as I do. I can quite fancy myself her but for my wretched health!" As this was the first time of my hearing of her affinity for Joan of Arc, I was the more impressed with the coincidence.

The strength of will that enabled her to break away from the

¹ Joan of Arc has since been canonised. The decree was published by Pius X. on April 11, 1909 (*The Catholic Encyclopædia*).—S. H. H.

spell which sought to detain her found recognition in the following note in Mrs A.'s diary, written at the time, and shown to me for the purpose of this biography :—" With her weak body, Mrs Kingsford is a most marvellous woman. All she said made me respect and admire her. I was especially struck by her courage in confiding in a woman. She is made of an iron will in spite of her ill health."

Having breakfasted, Mary dropped asleep on the sofa, but not for long ; for presently she rose, and, speaking in a tone unlike her own, said that she must go now.

" Go where ? " I asked.

" To O. He is drawing me. I *must* go ; I cannot stay away longer." And she began to put on her hat and cloak.

Looking at her closely, I saw that she was in the somnambulic state. The eyes were open, but their vision was closed. It was with some difficulty that I dispelled the condition, so strong was the influence. She declared that she saw O.'s figure distinctly. I recognised that as possible without any conscious or actual projection of his image. But if I was right in thinking that I also saw it, it must have been really there.

We discussed O.'s character, and differed in our estimate. She would not allow him to be so unprincipled as his conduct led me to believe him. It was not so much wickedness as weakness, she maintained, which had brought him under the power of influences which used him for their own ends.

" And those ends are —— ? " I inquired.

" I do not know."

" But I do," I replied. " It is to make our work impossible by separating us and degrading your faculty. I take the whole affair to be a fulfilment of that prediction about ' Apollyon.' "

" Give me your clairvoyante's address," she said at length. " I cannot believe in her. You *must* have put leading questions. I will go and see her myself."

Remembering Winona's wish to see her, and having no reason for objecting, I assented, begging her only to take notes of the interview. Before setting out she carefully disguised herself, completely enveloping face and hair in a large mantilla. She insisted on going alone, and on her return she told me that she had withheld her name, and declined all preliminary conversation with the medium, saying only that she was passing through

town, and must sit then or not at all. To him, of course, she was utterly unknown.

Not so with the spirit. Winona knew her for all her disguise and secrecy. After a short scrutiny she began, speaking in her familiar American :—

“ I guess I know you—some. I went over the water lately to see you, for a friend of yours—a chief, with a red cross over his head—and found you in a big building, studying the sick and hurt. You have three friends, all chiefs. One is more of a protector to you than anything else. [This, of course, was A.] Then there is the one with the red cross, who sent me over the water to look after you. Your name is Mary ; but they call you something beginning with N. Nin—Nin—” I suggested Nina, my husband’s name for me. She said, “ No, not Nina. It is Ninon.” [This was the name her brother had given her, and by which she generally called herself.] She continued : “ There are only two or three people in the earth-life who are on the same plane as you and your chief with the red cross. You have constellations round your head ; guess I don’t often see such constellations. It’s rather muddy with other people.”

“ Tell me about the other chief.”

“ I am looking. He is a student, and so are you ; not quite a doctor yet, but on the track. Ah ! I see now. It is not a very nice word to say, but he’s wild after you. He is always with you—if not in one way, he is in another. He is more good than bad. He doesn’t mean to do ill by you, but he is all impulse. He is very magnetic. You are like a magnet to him—draw—draw ; he’s obliged to come. And you are like that with him ; he magnetises you too. There can be no neutral ground between you. He can’t be an acquaintance only. He wants you altogether for himself, and would give up all his life to get you. Yet you must not make him your enemy. You will need great care. He must never be your enemy. He will ruin you if he should hate you. You must keep him as a friend somehow. It will be very difficult ; yes, very difficult, but you must do it.”

“ Can I do him any good ? ”

“ Yes ; but you must be very careful. With him it will be always coming to a point—I mean he’ll go on just so for a little while, and then it will be a crash again and an unpleasantness. He can’t help it. I should say he is a serpent to you, and yet he isn’t bad. You have done him some good already ; but he has not what I call a religious mind. He can’t be a spiritualist ; he is scientific. He is one to be very successful as a surgeon. You, too, will be successful, but not in the same way. I see a great many people—oh ! crowds of people—listening to you. You are lecturing. You are writing, too. You are always writing or thinking, and in other countries besides this one. You vibrate between the lands on each side of the sea.”

“ Alone, or together with someone ? ”

“ Not altogether one or the other. Your work will be mostly in connection with your profession.”

“ Shall I be associated with the chief with the red cross over his head ? ”

“ Yes ; but only for a time. He is engaged in a work which will

have great success, and it must be done through you. It can't be done without you. But after some time—many months, perhaps some years—you will be separated ; at least you will not be together so much."

"Can you tell me about my trances ? Am I a trance-medium ?"

"No, you are not a trance-medium at all ! My medium is a trance-medium. You are far beyond that. Shall I tell you what you are ? I can't tell you. Oh, what a lot of long words they show me ! There are only one or two spirits who can tell me. They tell me to say you are a spiritual Lens. You are a mirror in which the highest spirits—the Gods—can reflect their faces. I don't understand what I am saying in the least, but they tell me you will understand it. They say that the earth and the universe are full of light,—of truth, that is,—in which people move, but they do not see it. You are a *spectrum*,—thank you [aside]. You have the power to break up this great light of truth and to analyse it, so that the common eyes of people may see what it is made of, the various colours and—re—thank you—refractions of its rays. You take the light of the whole universe and divide it so that it can be understood as it has never been understood yet. Your gift is very extraordinary. You are a glass to reflect the highest and the greatest to the world. Oh, I can't read these long words I am shown."

"Can you see if I am on the same plane with the red-cross chief ?"

"Well, not quite. That is to say, you are beyond him in some things, and he is beyond you in others. He is an older spirit than you, at least in the earth-life. Your incarnations have not been in the same sphere. I cannot explain. Yours is a new organism—an organism of new particles." Here she seemed puzzled, and stopped. Questioned again about the young doctor, she said that he is full of unrest and resembled lightning, while the influence of the red-cross chief is like sunlight, smooth and abiding, and that it is impossible for me to retain both together. Then, after a description of some of my relations extraordinary in its nature and startling for its accuracy, she added—

"There is something I could tell you if it was for yourself alone, but not for him, the red-cross chief. It is, that he has no thought in life but for you. He is all love, and you are his will ; everything he thinks or wishes ranges itself round you as his centre."

As Winona had truly perceived, Mary and the work were identified in my mind, it being personified in her, making a common centre and object. And the control's sympathy being with me and our work, she had sought, with a shrewd diplomacy which argued much for her knowledge of woman's nature, to enlist a sense of personal regard among the motives by which beneficially to influence Mary.

One result of her visit to Winona was to remove for her all doubt as to the necessity for leading questions to give her a clue to the facts, by proving her to be altogether independent of such suggestion. But the difference between the description

of O. given to her and to me suggested the liability of her statements to be tempered by the mind of the sitter, inasmuch as they seemed to be modified according to our respective estimates of him. This, however, is readily conceivable without imputing bad faith to the control. And the remarkable account given by her of Mary's faculty, and her insistency on our continued association as the condition of its highest use, did good service in restoring the confidence which had been impaired by the hostile spell. But it was not all at once that this spell was dissipated. It continued to assert itself in varying degrees and modes, all of which were of a highly distressing character ; and in my anxiety to save A. from witnessing a condition so abnormal and, to him, so inexplicable, I sought to detain her in London at least until the distractions to be found there should have had time to operate in recalling her to her normal state. Fortunately my housekeeper was able to provide accommodation for her, so that I could keep her under my eye.

She was, however, bent on going home forthwith, and on the third day after her arrival we took train for Shrewsbury. Meanwhile her demeanour and speech were of a character to cause me the gravest apprehension ; for, while perfectly calm and coherent, and logical from the standpoint from which she spoke, that standpoint was an altogether new one, and as strange as if belonging to some personality other than her own. Not that she had forgotten our history up to that date, but that she conceived herself bound irrevocably to associations and obligations of a kind different from and incompatible with all that had hitherto been hers, even to involving the severance of all existing ties. No longer were humanity and the interpretation of religion to be the objects of her devotion. She had seen the folly of such ideas and aims as had hitherto engrossed her ; it was to science pure and simple that she now belonged, and she had no doubt that in the collaboration before her she would achieve such triumphs as would astonish the world. But, even were it not so, she was bound to her new collaborator by ties which could not be broken.

I had, of course, no difficulty in recognising the obsession which thus manifested itself as the work of her professor, O. ; but I had great difficulty in recognising her as so entirely subjugated as not to be a consenting party to the compact implied,

or in placing an interpretation compatible with our continued association upon utterances which, if accepted in their apparent sense, pointed to the ruin both of our work and of herself. The strain of the crisis was so tremendous as entirely to transcend and eclipse that of all the many tremendous crises I had known, in such wise as to make it appear as if they had been contrived expressly in order to fortify me for the endurance of this supreme crisis. It was myself alone who had been at stake then, but now it was she and our divine mission. Regarding it as my supreme ordeal, I resolved to shrink from no sacrifice of myself and my feelings which might be necessary for their salvation.

During the five hours of our journey the tension, already extreme, steadily increased, the anguish of it being intolerable. We sat apart, and maintained an almost unbroken silence. If our outward demeanour corresponded in any degree to our inward states, we must have seemed to our fellow-travellers as persons going to execution without hope of reprieve. For me the single mitigating element was the reflection that I had not for a moment faltered in my resolve to sacrifice myself to the utmost. Be my cup bitter as it might, there should be no shrinking from it.

We had reached our station, and taken carriage for the seven miles' drive to the parsonage, without any abatement in the situation. Were, then, the powers of hell really to triumph, and the divinest work to which man and woman were ever called to be brought to naught at their bidding? This was one thought that occupied me. Another was, how to render to A. an intelligible account of what was so mysterious to ourselves; and in another hour an account of some kind would have to be rendered. Meanwhile I strove with all my force to project my will upwards in imperative demand for light and aid.

We had proceeded but about a third of the distance when suddenly, and as if in response to a mental appeal paroxysmal in its intensity, the spell that bound my companion was broken and the obsessing influence removed; for, addressing me, she said, speaking for the first time with her own natural tone and look—

“What are you so upset about? You look as ill and gloomy, and are as distant and silent, as if you were overwhelmed with misery, and I, somehow, were the cause of it.”

Not at once recognising what had happened, I replied by saying—

“And how else should a man look and act when he finds an association and a work such as ours brought to an end, and all the highest and dearest hopes of his life utterly wrecked, without any fault on his part, and for what seems to him a mad caprice? The things you have said and the way you have acted all this week bear no other meaning.”

An explanation followed, the result of which was to show beyond any possibility of doubt that the utterances which had driven me well-nigh to despair related, not to actual things and persons and events belonging to the physical plane, but to the sphere which later we learnt to know as the magnetic, phantasmal, and astral, and involved no real compliance or responsible participation on her part, physical or spiritual, inasmuch as this “fluidic” element in her system had been the passive subject of a force she was unable to withstand. This was an obsessing spirit of enormous power, who sought to control her through her astral system, in order to break down our work, her fault having consisted—as had been truly intimated through “Winona”—in imagining herself strong where she was weak, and relying on her own strength and judgment to the rejection of mine.

So soon as I was reassured on the matter, and become able to realise the fact of the great salvation which had been wrought, the revulsion of feeling from a strain so intense and prolonged was such as to deprive me of all self-control and render me powerless to resist the impulse to find relief in a violent outburst of weeping, which presently proved contagious, though she evidently had no conception of the severity of the ordeal I had endured. By the time we reached our destination all was composure and joy, and the need for the dreaded explanation to A. had vanished. It was some little time, however, before she quite got over the soreness she considered herself entitled to feel at my having for a moment attached any importance to her unconscious utterances, though she could not but allow that the circumstantiality of some of them which I recited to her was such as to make it very difficult to avoid referring them to the physical plane.

No rebuke was administered to her by our illuminators on

account of her share in an experience which so seriously menaced their work and ours. It had grown, we were shown, out of the nature and conditions of that work, and the liabilities inherited by her from her past existences, and it had, therefore, to be gone through.

“One neophyte,” we were told, “cannot protect himself.” The responsibility in respect to her which devolved upon me had been intimated in the utterance already recorded—“Yes! yes! I have trusted all to you!” That alone which would have seriously endangered the work was a lack of faithfulness on my part.

On the 22nd I returned to London, with the fullest, and yet the lightest, of hearts, to complete the revision of my book, *The Soul and How it Found Me*, and to make my arrangements for a lengthened sojourn abroad. For—in view of the terrible object-lesson I had now received—there was no longer a shadow of doubt as to where my duty lay, or any room for hesitation. I had therefore undertaken to return with Mary to Paris early in the following month, and to remain with her as long and as continuously as might be necessary, so that on no account should she be again exposed unguarded to the influences so malignant and so potent from which we had suffered so much. And it was so ordered that the plan fell in exactly with the requirements of my own belongings, by enabling me to transfer my chambers to my son, whose time was at hand for pursuing his medical studies in London, and who was desirous of having one of his fellow-students to live with him, a purpose for which my rooms were adapted.

That “the night of the powers of evil” had indeed been succeeded by “the day of the Gods,” the following letter, written on the day after my return, bore ample witness:—

“HINTON HALL, *September 23, 1877.*”

“I am somewhat inclined to feel a little resentful against the Gods for preserving silence while you were with me, only to grant me as soon as you are gone a new revelation of great import and of an astonishing nature.

“You must know that I passed yesterday afternoon in reading through the book *Fruit and Bread*, which had been sent me anonymously. The book struck me much, but I am bound to say that I did not attach any great importance to it, and never dreamt that it had come into my hands in any other than an ordinary chance

fashion. It was not, therefore, exclusively in my thoughts when night came; and I was by no means prepared for the vision which the (full) moonlight brought me after I had gone to rest. I might keep it till we meet; but as, possibly, it might by that time lose something of its vividness, or some of the words spoken might slip my memory, I think it best to commit it at once to paper while it is fresh in my mind.

“ I saw in my sleep a great table spread upon a beautiful mountain, the distant peaks of which were covered with snow, and brilliant with a bright light. Around the table reclined twelve persons, six male, six female, some of whom I recognised at once, the others afterwards. Those whom I recognised at once were Zeus, Hera, Pallas Athena, Phœbus Apollo, and Artemis. I knew them by the symbols they wore. The table was covered with all kinds of fruit, of great size, including nuts, almonds, and olives, with flat cakes of bread, and cups of gold, into which, before drinking, each divinity poured two sorts of liquid, one of which was wine, the other water. As I was looking on, standing on a step a little below the top of the flight which led to the table, I was startled by seeing Hera suddenly fix her eyes on me and say, ‘ What seest thou at the lower end of the table ? ’ And I looked, and answered, ‘ I see two vacant seats.’ Then she spoke again and said, ‘ When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, you also shall sit and feast with us.’ Scarcely had she uttered these words, when Athena, who sat facing me, added, ‘ When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, then you shall know as you are known.’ And immediately Artemis, whom I knew by the moon upon her head, continued, ‘ When you are able to eat of our food and to drink of our cup, all things shall become pure to you, and ye shall be made virgins.’¹

“ Then I said, ‘ O Immortals, what is your food and your drink; and how does your banquet differ from ours, seeing that we also eat no flesh, and blood has no place in our repasts ? ’

“ Then one of the Gods, whom at the time I did not know, but have since recognised as Hermes, rose from the table, and coming to me, put into my hands a branch of a fig-tree bearing upon it ripe fruit, and said, ‘ If you would be perfect, and able to know and to do all things, quit the heresy of Prometheus. Let fire warm and comfort you externally; it is Heaven’s gift. But do not wrest it from its rightful purpose, as did that betrayer of your race, to fill the veins of humanity with its contagion, and to consume your interior being with its breath. All of you are men of clay, as was the image which Prometheus made. Ye are nourished with stolen fire, and it consumes you. Of all the evil uses of Heaven’s good gifts, none is so evil as the internal use of fire. For your hot foods and drinks have consumed and dried up the magnetic power of your nerves, sealed your senses, and cut short your lives. Now, you neither see nor hear; for the fire in your organs consumes your senses. Ye are all

¹ The term virgin in its mystical sense signifies a soul pure from admixture of matter. The plural used by the seeress included Edward Maitland as the partner of her literary and other studies (see note by E. M. to this dream in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*. Third Edition, p. 51).—S. H. H.

blind and deaf, creatures of clay. We have sent you a book to read. Practise its precepts, and your senses shall be opened.'

"Then, not yet recognising him, I said, 'Tell me your name, Lord.' At this he laughed, and answered, 'I have been about you from the beginning. I am a white cloud on the noonday sky.' 'Do you, then,' I asked, 'desire the whole world to abandon the use of fire in preparing food and drink?'

"Instead of answering my question, he said, 'We show you the excellent way. Two places only are vacant at our table. We have told you all that can be shown you on the level on which you stand. But our perfect gifts, the fruits of the Tree of Life, are beyond your reach now. We cannot give them to you until you are purified and have come up higher. The conditions are God's; the will is with you.'

"These last words seemed to be repeated from the sky overhead, and again from beneath my feet. And at the instant I fell, as if shot down like a meteor from a vast height; and with the swiftness and shock of the fall I awoke.

"You may guess how full my heart was! Pondering over this extraordinary revelation, I incline to regard it as the result of a deliberation among the Spirits who guide us, and that they have found themselves unable to do more with us until we have advanced further. I suspect that the illumination promised us upon the dogmas and historical problems which are to furnish the themes of fresh volumes will not be given under present conditions, but that we shall really have to abandon the use of cooked foods, and to live like John the Baptist and the old desert saints, before we can get what the Gods promise. Have you courage sufficient for this? When one thinks *what* it is one is buying at the price, the sacrifice seems a slight thing indeed. And in view of your consenting, I will ask you to get some packets of 'crushed wheat,' instead of the tea we were going to take out—the plain crushed wheat, I mean. I felt curiously guilty this morning as I ate my egg and drank my hot coffee! And I had always considered my food so simple and pure! Now I regard myself as a mere groveller—a worm and an 'image of clay.' My mind is full of the Gods and of Prometheus, and I can't think of anything else for five minutes together. But what is the meaning of a fig-branch? There must be some significance in it, for this is the second time I have had it given to me."

As will readily be supposed, my delight at this communication was no less than hers. Perhaps it even exceeded hers in the practical assurance it constituted for me that our illuminators were unalienated and her faculty unimpaired by the recent experience. It contained several things which at the time were beyond not only our own but the world's knowledge, for their meaning had long been lost. Thus, while I recognised the fig-branch as the special symbol of Hermes, I had yet to wait for the explanation of its significance, and to learn that it denoted the faculty of inward understanding, the loss of which by the

Church in the time of Jesus, and His condemnation of the Church therefor, was implied in the story of the cursing of the barren fig-tree, and the restoration of which at the end of the age was implied in the prophecy of the budding of the fig-tree. And so with all the rest, as students of the New Gospel of Interpretation will be aware.

All this time no word from O. had reached us, and as the time approached for our return to Paris, her apprehensions of a renewal, and possibly an aggravation, of our troubles with him were beyond my power to allay, even though I pointed out the extreme improbability of his being permitted seriously to molest us, seeing that the Gods evidently had us in their keeping. There proved, however, to be a cause for her alarm of which I was unaware. This was the recollection which had lately come to her of having left with her *concierge* a letter of explanation to be given to O. on his calling for his next lesson, which was to have been on the day following her departure; and this, she now believed, had been written in terms so unguarded as to be capable of a construction highly injurious to her, and one that a Frenchman would almost infallibly ascribe to it. So that, had the letter reached him, and his attitude been one of hostility, he had it in his power seriously to compromise her; for, of course, no explanation of the conditions under which it was written would be of any avail.

Under these circumstances her trepidation increased as the distance decreased, and when we reached our destination was excessive. Addressing the *concierge*, her first question was "Has my letter been called for?" To our indescribable relief the answer was in the negative, and her delight on regaining possession of the document was extreme. Reaching her apartment, there was a hasty glance at its contents; a murmured exclamation, "How could I have been so foolish! I must have been beside myself!" and then its instant and complete destruction. She had told him that, in the event of her returning unaccompanied, there would be no obstacle to their intimacy.

There was still the mystery of O.'s failure to call at the time appointed for the lesson, when he would have received the letter, or subsequently to make inquiries. The explanation which suggested itself to us was that, having occult sources of information,

he had no need to call to be made aware of her departure. We thought it also not impossible that the demonstration to him that his boasted will-power had found its superior, coming as it had done in the very height of his triumph, might have had some disastrous effect upon his system.

No doubt she would hear about him at the hospital. Her fear was of meeting him there. Nevertheless, it was necessary to run the risk. He was not there, and she summoned courage to ask about him. The answer was at once a shock and a relief to both of us. In the armoury of the Gods are many weapons, and woe to those who touch their anointed or do their prophets harm. Mary's demon had been laid for ever, for "Apollyon" had been deprived of his instrument by an attack of brain-fever. We took it as a warning for those who, studying "Occultism," enter into relations with the powers of the astral and elemental, without having first made sure their hold on the celestial, for they thereby render themselves accessible to the infernal.

A review of this portion of our history in the light of our subsequent psychical researches led me vividly to recognise the difficulty in the way of establishing a case of guilt against persons liable to telepathic or hypnotic obsession, founded merely on their own statements, written or spoken; for, notwithstanding the apparent reality of the conduct thus confessed to, and even the conviction of the parties themselves of its reality at the time, the reference would in such case be to the world astral and magnetic, and therefore delusive, and in no wise to the world terrestrial and human. I can readily conceive of a book, a diary, or a correspondence being written by one under such influence, perfectly life-like and coherent, every thought and act in which was imaginary so far as concerns the material plane, the writer of which would have no knowledge whatever of it, or of the circumstances detailed in it, after the removal of the influence under which it had been written, nor any responsibility for its contents.

CHAPTER XII

MANIFOLD EXPERIENCES

As may well be supposed, it was with a deeper sense, if possible, than ever of the reality of our work and the gravity of our responsibility that we settled down to the long and arduous task before us. Three things especially were made clear to us. One, that no experience was to be withheld which, by initiating us into the mysteries of man's spiritual nature, would qualify us to speak with authority concerning it. Another, that neither principalities nor powers, nor rulers of the darkness, whether of this world or of any other, not even the "gates of hell" itself, would be suffered to prevail against us. And the third, that the work to be done *by* us must first be done *in* us, and to that end we must endure without flinching every ordeal that might be imposed, never doubting that they who had us in their keeping would bring us safely through it. Purification and intensification of consciousness and will—these were the supreme means to the end in view—the unfoldment of the understanding and the exaltation of the perceptive point of the mind to the highest levels of thought. Thus pondering one day, and wondering how far the Revelators and Redeemers of old had experiences corresponding to ours, it was said to my inner hearing, "Hermes is the trainer of the Christs." The utterance was the first intimation given directly to myself of the transcendental nature of the principle thus designated, and proved to possess a significance far beyond my appreciation at the time.

The Soul and How it Found Me had duly made its appearance, in a cover bearing appropriate symbols, towards which Mary contributed, at my desire, the drawing of a tree shaped and foliated to represent a cross, and growing out of the sea, with a rising sun on the obverse. The reception of the book was such as to show us that, many as there might be, and un-

doubtedly were, of persons ripe and eager for precisely such a record of actual experiences as it contained, it was impossible to reach them in face of a Press which, whether secular or religious, was intensely materialistic, and resolutely bent on ignoring and suppressing whatever militated against its cherished hypotheses and traditions. It served, nevertheless, one of the ends I had in view, as a record by the way of a work actually begun, of which much might be anticipated by the percipient few into whose hands it fell; and from these I received acknowledgments as warm as I could have hoped and desired, some of which are worthy of preservation, if only as showing that even in the darkest of times there is always a band of the faithful who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of materialism. The following is an extract from one esteemed far and wide for the depth and soundness of his thought and his power of spiritual insight, Charles Carleton Massey, the "C. C. M." so well known to the real thinkers of the age. He had long preceded me in the recognition of the reality of the spiritual world, and of the experiences called spiritualistic, and had given me valuable counsel in relation thereto, urging me not to be dissuaded by any amount of fraud or failure that I might encounter in the investigation, but to keep an open mind, and wait patiently until the requisite evidences should be vouchsafed. Meanwhile he himself was absolutely assured on the subject.

"October 25, 1877.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—I hope you will not think me intrusive if I venture to express the pleasure and admiration with which I have been perusing your late book, *The Soul and How it Found Me*. The admiration is personal, for only the highest quality of unselfish courage could have enabled one of your literary position and reputation to put forth to the world such avowals; and it extends to the book, which is the most explicit republication of a pure and spiritual philosophy that we have had from the Press in my time. I read with disgust and indignation, though without surprise, the *A*— review of your book. The shallow materialism of the age can only justify itself in the face of such thoughts and facts as yours by insolence, suppressions, and falsifications, and by the invariable assumption that every supersensuous experience is indicative of insanity. As you say, 'though pretending to rest upon experience, the schools have eliminated every fact in experience that cannot be reconciled with a materialistic hypothesis.'"

A review from his pen appeared in *The Spiritualist*, which contained the following paragraphs:—

“ The facts recorded are of transcendent interest, some of them being strikingly and profoundly suggestive. . . . No description can do anything like justice to its force and impressiveness. . . . Of its force and lucidity no isolated passages can give an adequate impression. From the vulgar critics who ascribe every supersensuous experience to morbid conditions the author can expect only misrepresentation and insult. All the more cordial and prompt should be the expressed sympathy of the better informed with the accomplished scholar whose high quality of unselfish courage has given the avowals contained in this remarkable volume to a hostile public.”

This also, from a lady, is worth preserving for the reasons already stated :—

“ May 26, 1878.

“ SIR,—As a reader of your last two books, *England and Islam* and *The Soul and How it Found Me*, I trust you will not think me an intruder in writing to thank you for thus boldly recording your very interesting and marvellous spiritual baptism. Having been for sixteen years a spiritualist, by personal experience, and a student of Boehme and Swedenborg, I can in a measure enter into the enthusiasm of your books, and feel a certain sympathy with your union with Hermes or the Baptist who has rekindled you with that spirit and power of Elias, in whose might he came to prepare the way of the Highest. I, too, have known what it is to be lifted up in the spirit, and to wait and watch like Simeon for the coming of One who is to dry up earth's dews and unchain earth's icicles, ere the world could see the Radiant One and recognise the Beautiful, even the Divine Love and Wisdom. . . . I rejoice to find you have been selected and trained as an instrument to declare that the Almighty is a Duality in Unity, and that every individual is a microcosm in the image of the Divine Dual Nature. Many great thinkers and writers have declared this, but their glasses have become misty and otherwise unadapted for modern short sight, and hence the need that spectacles suited to modern sight should be prepared for people. May their eyes be opened to see clearly through the glasses you have made ! . . . But I will add no more than to say that I send this only with the hope you may feel that there are some in the world who appreciate your acknowledgment of the Baptism that has been given you, and to thank you for declaring it.”

Although my book had not been written with a commercial intent, its utter failure in this respect—following, as it had done, upon the collapse of my fortunes already mentioned—was not unaccompanied by a sense of disappointment, if only for the sake of my dear colleague, who, out of consideration partly for her family and partly for me, had imposed on herself a scale of living which involved privations which her delicacy of constitution rendered her ill able to bear. And hence it was that I sought to mitigate the rigour of our domestic and other economies by endeavouring to finish the tale I had begun some time

previously, and which she and our "genii" were so desirous that I should complete. It proved, however, when I turned to it, that our work was now at a stage when such diversion of my faculties was deemed inadvisable. This it was at first sought to impress upon me by rendering me keenly alive to the conviction that, strive how I might, no romance that I could devise or incidents I could invent would compare in strangeness and interest with the life I was actually living; and, next, by the total withdrawal of power whenever I set myself to the task. I had not, however, fully reconciled myself to the loss of my earning power, or resolved to refrain from the attempt to write something that, while on a high level in respect both of substance and form, would not be incompatible with mundane ends, when the question was finally settled for me by the following experience:—

"I had gone to bed, but not to sleep, for thinking over the matter, when I became aware of the presence of a group of spiritual influences, one of whom, speaking for them all, said to me, in tones audible only to the inner hearing, but distinct, measured, and authoritative: 'We whom you know as the Gods—Zeus, Phoibos, Hermes, and the rest—are actual celestial personalities, who are appointed to represent to mortals the principles and potencies called the Seven Spirits of God. We have chosen you for our instrument, and have tried you and proved you and instructed you; and you belong to us to do our work and not your own, save in so far as you make it your own. Only in such measure as you do this will you have any success. For you can do nothing without us now; and it is useless for you to attempt to do anything without our help.'"

Mary found herself similarly baffled when, having, partly from motives of economy, dismissed her governess, she once more endeavoured to teach her child herself. An insuperable barrier was raised between them, every attempt at tuition resulting in disappointment and distress to both parties—to say nothing of the onlooker, myself—utterly spoiling the rest of the day and unfitting her for her own studies. As it had been with me, so was it now with her. She was not permitted to expend herself in doing what was not absolutely indispensable to our appointed work. And an alternative course was accordingly indicated in the following nocturnal experience, which, although it is included in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, where it is entitled "The Difficult Path," I reproduce here in order to interpret its mystical allusions:—

“ Having fallen asleep last night ¹ while in a state of great perplexity about the care and education of my daughter, I dreamt as follows :—

“ I was walking with the child along the border of a high cliff, at the foot of which was the sea. The path was exceedingly narrow, and on the inner side was flanked by a line of rocks and stones. The outer side was so close to the edge of the cliff that she was compelled to walk either before or behind me, or else on the stones. And, as it was unsafe to let go her hand, it was on the stones that she had to walk, much to her distress. I was in male attire, and carried a staff in my hand. She wore skirts and had no staff ; and every moment she stumbled or her dress caught and was torn by some jutting crag or bramble. In this way our progress was being continually interrupted and rendered almost impossible, when suddenly we came upon a sharp declivity leading to a steep path which wound down the side of the precipice to the beach below. Looking down, I saw on the shore beneath the cliff a collection of fishermen’s huts, and groups of men and women on the shingle, mending nets, hauling up boats, and sorting fish of various kinds. In the midst of the little village stood a great crucifix of lead, so cast in a mould as to allow me, from the elevated position I occupied behind it, to see that, though in front it looked solid, it was in reality hollow. As I was noting this, a voice of someone close at hand suddenly addressed me ; and on turning my head I found standing before me a man in the garb of a fisherman, who evidently had just scaled the steep path leading from the beach. He stretched out his hand to take the child, saying he had come to fetch her, for that in the path I was following there was room only for one. ‘ Let her come to us,’ he added ; ‘ she will do very well as a fisherman’s daughter.’ Being reluctant to part with her, and not perceiving then the significance of his garb and vocation, I objected that the calling was a dirty and unsavoury one, and would soil her hands and her dress. Whereupon the man became severe, and seemed to insist with a kind of authority upon my acceptance of his proposition. The child, too, was taken with him, and was, moreover, anxious to leave the rough and dangerous path ; and she accordingly went to him of her own will, and, placing her hand in his, left me without any sign of regret, and I went on my way alone. Then lifting my eyes to see whither my path led, I beheld it winding along the edge of the cliff to an apparently endless distance, until, as I gazed steadily on the extreme limit of my view, I saw the grey mist from the sea here and there break and roll up into great masses of slow-drifting cloud, in the intervals of which I caught the white gleam of sunlit snow. And these intervals continually closed up to open again in fresh places higher up, disclosing peak upon peak of a range of mountains of enormous altitude.”

By the hills and snowy peaks in this vision, and the difficult path which led thereto, were denoted the pure heights of spiritual attainment, variously called in Scripture the “ Holy Hill of the Lord,” the “ Mount of God,” “ Ararat,” “ Sinai,” “ Sion,” the

¹ In *Dreams and Dream-Stories* this dream is dated November 3, 1877.—
S. H. H.

“Mount of Regeneration,” and other names, meaning the summit of one’s own spiritual nature, the ascent to which, as involving renunciation, toil, and suffering, is called “The Way of the Cross” and “The Path in the Midst of the Wilderness.” In the description of the crucifix as solid when viewed in front and from a low level, but hollow as seen from a position elevated and in the rear, we recognised a subtle application of the utterance contained in the illumination which interprets the “Immaculate Conception,” that which declares the purely spiritual nature of religious truth and the falsehood of any physical application of Scripture and dogma. For it implied that the efficacy of the crucifixion lay, not in the suffering and death of the man crucified, but in the spiritual self-renunciation and crucifixion of the lower nature thus symbolised. Though the path to be followed by Mary was that which every soul must sooner or later follow to achieve its salvation, it was beyond the present need and capacity of her child. And here the significance of the “fisherman” incident found its interpretation. It pointed to a regime of faith, discipline, and submission, such as is provided in the Roman communion, as best adapted for the present for one of her age, temperament, and capacity. But as the idea of putting her into a convent-school had never been mentioned or even entertained, it struck us as a remarkable coincidence when, on the morning after the receipt of the vision, a friend of Mary’s, an Irish lady of strong Protestant proclivities, who knew of her dilemma, called expressly in order to recommend a certain convent-school situate in Paris, and she gave so glowing a description of it that we went to see it for ourselves, with the result of finding it, to all appearance, fully justifying her praises. But the certainty of strong disapproval at home on the part of both her father and her grandmother prevented any steps being taken in that direction, and the child was eventually sent to a day-school hard by.

Difficulties of various kinds continued to impede Mary’s progress in the pursuit of her diploma, so numerous and formidable as to appear insuperable, and to make the task of confronting them so severe a drain on her strength that we seriously thought of abandoning her studies for a season in the hope of better conditions later on. But despair had no sooner culminated than hope and courage were re-established by the following dream

received by her, which we called "The Lion in the Path." This is her account of it:—

"I found myself on the same narrow, rugged, and precipitous path described in my last dream, and confronted by a lion. Afraid to pass him, I turned and fled. On this the beast gave chase, when, finding escape by flight hopeless, I turned and boldly faced him. Whereupon the lion at once stopped and slunk to the side of the path, and suffered me to pass unmolested, though I was so close to him that I could not avoid touching him with my garments in passing."¹

The prognostic was fully confirmed by the event. For we had no sooner determined, as we at once did, to persevere at all hazards than the obstacles, one after another, melted away so completely that, on reviewing the episode, we wondered how we could have taken them for real. And so to the end. Barrier after barrier arose before us which seemed absolutely impassable, whether by piercing it, by circumventing it, or by surmounting it. But on pushing resolutely on it disappeared like a mist that was dispersed, leaving the track clear and ourselves marvelling at our apprehensions. The time came when we learnt that the dates of the concluding stages in our work were fixed and nothing would be allowed to interfere with them.

The following dream received by Mary in the latter part of this month of November proved to be the precursor of some very remarkable experiences which were in store for us. It was not until nearly two and a half years later that we were enabled to identify the personages concerned:—

"I was conducted in my sleep last night into a library in which sat a charming old lady dressed in the costume of the early Georges, eating what I took to be macaroni and honey, and conversing with an old gentleman wearing a costume of the same period. She rose to receive me, and kissed my hand with an old-fashioned courtly grace. On my looking at the old gentleman he also rose, and I noticed a strong resemblance between him and Caro, so that the thought passed through my mind, 'I believe Caro would look just like that if his features were a little thinner and he wore ruffles round his throat.' The old lady seemed to read my thought, for she nodded and said with a smile, 'Yes, he is one of the family.' After this the old gentleman disappeared from the scene, and the old lady said to me, 'You have come to see my library; there it is. Mount the steps and take down any book you like.' I looked up and saw a great number of books ranged in a book-case which covered the

¹ In *Dreams and Dream-Stories* this dream is dated November 15, 1877.—S. H. H.

whole of the wall opposite. Mounting the steps, I took down a book at random and opened it. It was a poem entitled 'The Nature of Christ and the Christ-like Soul.' Turning over the pages to look at the end of it, I read several lines which I tried to fix in my memory, but with only partial success, all that I can recollect being these :

' Epitome of all,
His birth, his death, his body's bitter dole,
Alike the dower of the Christ-like soul.
Thus man, refined, at last shall pass away,
His spirit rising through its mould of clay.' "

Such was our first introduction to what proved to be the famous Swedish seer, Emmanuel Swedenborg, and the lady of whom he was wont to declare his conviction that she would be his "spiritual wife" in the world of the beyond—a circumstance of which we were altogether unaware at this time.

On December 10 Mary received the following experience, which—recognising it as an allegory of the soul—I entered in our journal under the heading of

Not Quite Redeemed

" Lying in bed last night and being awake, but not having my mind occupied by any definite subject, I suddenly saw before me a portion of a lake in which were growing a number of very beautiful dark-foliaged firs and pines. The water out of which they rose was agitated and turbid, and its waves broke against their stems. One of the trees differed from the rest, for it bore white blossoms in clusters, and fruit, and was, moreover, bent down into the water, so that its blossoms and fruit were saturated and soiled by the waves. And I saw that what caused it thus to bend down was a dead tree or limb which lay across it, and by its weight held it down.

" While I was wondering what it meant the scene disappeared, and in place of the lake and the trees was a female form, exceedingly beautiful, with long golden hair and shining skin, and nude, as of a Greek goddess. She had her arms extended towards me, and seemed to be striving to reach me, but was held back by some obstacle the nature of which I could not discern. Nor could she reach me while the vision lasted."

Ardent as was Mary's devotion to her studies and anxious to accomplish her student course in the briefest possible time, no additional effort was spared that might serve the purpose foremost in her heart, the rescue of the animals from their scientific tormentors. And hence the regular work of both of us—for I seconded her endeavours to the utmost—was frequently intermitted to indite memoranda, compile statistics, translate extracts, or write letters, articles, appeals, and pamphlets, English or French, having for their aim the abolition of

vivisection. But the process of rousing an apathetic public and creating a conscience under the ribs of the moral and spiritual death which has seized upon what is still called Christendom, by means of this kind, was altogether too tedious and uncertain for a nature so impetuous as hers, and she eagerly sought for some more effective and expeditious means, the heroic character of which could not fail to make a profound and lasting impression.

Such was the mood in which she was found by a renewal of the demand of the physiologists for human subjects, in the shape of the worst class of criminals, on whom to experiment. And she forthwith conceived and became fascinated by the idea of offering herself to the *Faculté* for experimentation, making it the condition that the practice should thereafter be for ever abandoned. She admitted the project to be the product of impulse rather than of reason, and due to an ingrained sense, the source of which she was unable to discern, of the need of making a sacrifice of herself which would be at once an expiation and a redemption. Knowing the futility of directly opposing an idea thus entertained while in the heat of its inception, I confined myself to the gentle suggestion of some of the more obvious objections, pointing out that such a proposition would be taken as implying her sanction of the whole principle of vicarious sacrifice and her belief in the utility of the method; that it could not possibly be accepted; that, even if accepted, no conditions would be binding on others than the actual parties to it; and that, so far from her being credited with sincerity in making the offer, it would inevitably be ascribed, if not to downright insanity, to an inordinate vanity and craving for notoriety, since no one would believe that she expected it to be accepted. She at length yielded to my representations, but declared that, if she could not sacrifice herself for the animals in that way, she would in some other which, if less painful, would be far more protracted. How she knew it she could not say, but she did know it, and it was her destiny to perish in saving them. The occasion was one of many in which I could not help thinking of her as of a goddess who for some fault had been banished from her proper heaven, and who only on condition of making the place of her exile itself a heaven, or perishing in the attempt, could regain her lost

estate ; and who longed accordingly to achieve her rehabilitation by some sublimely heroic act. And a goddess, too, not merely in outward seeming, but also in faculty and power, as the following experience went far to prove :—

It was mid-February, when, having occasion to visit the *École de Médecine*, I accompanied her thither. It was afternoon. On reaching the place we found it shut up, and a notice on the gate apprised us that the school was closed for the day on account of the obsequies of Professor Claude Bernard. We had not heard even of his illness. A cry, or rather a gasp, of astonishment escaped her, and she exclaimed, " Claude Bernard dead ! Claude Bernard dead ! Take hold of me ! Help me to a seat, or I shall fall ! Claude Bernard dead ! Claude Bernard dead ! " The only seat available near was on the stone steps by which we were standing, and I accordingly placed her on these, seeing that emotion had deprived her of all power. Once seated she buried her face in her hands, and I stood before her awaiting the result in silence. I knew that such an event could not fail greatly to move her, but no special reason occurred to me. Presently she looked up, her face strangely altered by the intensity of her emotion, and asked me if I remembered what she had told me some weeks ago about Claude Bernard, and her having been provoked to launch a malediction at him.

I remembered perfectly. It was in the latter part of the previous December. Her professor had forced her into a controversy about vivisection, the immediate occasion being some experiments by Claude Bernard on animal heat, made by means of a stove invented by himself, so constructed as to allow of observations being made upon animals while being slowly baked to death. Her professor had agreed with her as to the unscientific character and utter uselessness for any medical purpose of such a method of research. But he was altogether insensible to its moral aspects, and in answer to her strong expressions of reprobation, had taken occasion to deliver himself of a tirade against the sentiments generally of morality and religion, and the folly of allowing anything so chimerical to stand in the way, not merely of science, but of any object whatever to which one might be inclined, and setting up a transcendental standard of right and wrong, or recognising any limits to self-gratification, saving the physical risks to oneself. Even the feeling which

makes a mother weep over her child's suffering he sneered at as hysterical, and gloried in the prospect of the time when science and intellect should be utterly unrestrained by what people call heart and moral conscience, and the only recognised rule should be that of the bodily self.

Thus speaking, he had worked his pupil into a frenzy of righteous indignation, and the vision rose before her of a future when, through the teachings of a materialistic science, society at large had become wholly demonised, even as already were this man and his kind. And seeing in Claude Bernard the foremost living representative and instrument of the fell conspiracy, at once against the human and the divine, to destroy whom would be to rid the earth of one of its worst monsters, she no sooner found herself alone than she rose to her feet, and with passionate energy invoked the wrath of God upon him, at the same moment hurling her whole spiritual being at him with all her might, as if with intent then and there to smite him with destruction. And so completely, it seemed to her, had she gone out of herself in the effort that her physical system instantly collapsed, and she fell back powerless on her sofa, where she lay a while utterly exhausted and unable to move. It was thus that, on rejoining her, I found her, with just sufficient power to recount the experience, and to ask me my opinion as to the possibility of injuring a person at a distance by such making, as it were, a spiritual thunderbolt of oneself; for, if such a thing were possible, and had ever happened, it must, she was convinced, have happened then. The point was not one which had before been suggested to me, and to say the truth, now that it had been suggested, I found myself occupied far more with its moral than with its scientific aspect. Even if possible, was it legitimate? And besides, even if both of these, might it not be fraught with danger to the actor no less than to the subject? The suggestion to her of the former objection was at once met by an energetic repudiation of any scruple on that score. Hers was a mission of redemption first and foremost to the animals, and the act was one of rescue, for the consequences of which the oppressor himself was responsible, just the same as if he had been slain in an attempt upon human life or property. Having the power and given the opportunity, the blame would have been hers had she refrained from using them. It was no

human life that was involved in the matter ; for that only is a human life which is a humane life. And if the Bible were an authority, people in it were similarly struck dead who were blessed innocents in comparison with a deliberate torturer of helpless creatures.

We had soon dropped the discussion of the subject, and it was only recalled to our recollection by the startling news of Claude Bernard's death. When I had responded to her appeal, she continued, still seated on the steps of the *École*—

“ It has been strongly borne in on my mind that I have been the means of this, and that he has indeed come to his death through my agency. I shall do my utmost to verify the fact by ascertaining exactly how, when, and where his illness began. It may, of course, be a mere coincidence, and most people will always believe it to be so, whatever the proof to the contrary. But we know enough to believe such things possible, and I shall not rest until I have found out ; and if it prove that I really possess such a glorious power, woe be to the torturers ! God willing, what a murrain there shall be among them ! Oh ! I will make it dangerous, nay, deadly, to be a vivisector. It is the only argument that will affect them. Meanwhile, thank God the head of the gang is dead. And if it be that I have been the instrument, thank God all the more for that ! I shall not have come into this hell of a world in vain ! ”

The published medical reports were too vague to serve our purpose, and nearly two years passed before the desired opportunity was found. We then became acquainted with a certain member of the Paris *Faculté* who was an accomplished and practical student of occult science. Having, in the course of a conversation with Mary, mentioned Claude Bernard, she eagerly questioned him respecting the latter's death, when she learned as follows :—Claude Bernard was one of the few French savants who took an interest in occult science. In connection with that subject they had become great intimates, and he knew more about Claude Bernard's death than anyone else, the latter having described his earliest symptoms as something mysterious to him. He was engaged in his laboratory in the *College de France*, being at the time in his ordinary health, when he felt himself suddenly smitten as if with some poisonous effluvium which he supposed to emanate from the subject of his experi-

ment. Instead of passing off, the effect remained, and became intensified, till it manifested itself in severe internal inflammation, from which he drooped and sank for some six weeks, when he died. The doctors ascribed the complaint to the insalubrious atmosphere of the laboratory, and pronounced it to be *pyèlonéphrite* (Bright's disease). It was the disease which he had chiefly endeavoured to investigate by inducing it in animals.

This information, and a minute comparison of dates, served to confirm her conviction. And we found by subsequent reading that the reality of experiences of the kind has always been recognised by experts in occult science. Among other confirmatory statements, we found the following in Paracelsus, the famous magian of the sixteenth century :—

“ It is possible that my spirit, without the help of my body, may, through a fiery will alone and without a sword, stab and wound others. It is also possible for me to bring my adversary's spirit into an image, then double him up and lame him at pleasure. You are to know that the will is a most potent operator in medicine. Man can hang a disease on man or beast through curses ; but it does not take effect through an image of virgin wax, but by means of the strength of fixed will. Determined imagination is the beginning of all magical operations. It is a spell from which there is no escape but by reversing the operator's intent. The imagination of another may be able to kill me or save me. No armour protects me against magic, for it injures the inward spirit of life. The human spirit is so great a thing that no man can express it. God Himself is unchangeable and almighty ; so also is the mind of man. If we rightly esteemed the power of man's mind, nothing on earth would be impossible.”

Some months after the death of Claude Bernard—it was in August—being attracted by an advertisement which excited Mary's curiosity, we visited a French medium, Mdlle. H. We gave no names, and were as completely unknown to her as she was to us. To our immense surprise, a spirit came who gave its name as Marie Stuart, and said that it was in connection with Mary, and would communicate with her if she wished. We asked if it was specially related to anyone we knew, and received for answer : “ Yes ; Marie Caithness.” The name of Marie Stuart had not been in our minds at all, but that of Marie Caithness had been and was at that time. For I was then in correspondence with Lady Caithness, who was in England (not having yet come to live in Paris), and who would have received

a letter from me on that very morning in reply to one that I had received from her. She had long been a spiritualist, devoted and devout ; and many years before I was able to recognise spiritualism as representing an actuality, she had made great efforts to convince me of it, even to making it a matter of earnest prayer. And, to specify the reason of this interpolation, the name taken by the spirit who was her principal " guide " was Marie Stuart !

The only other incident of the séance, and a notable one it was, was the coming of a spirit who gave the name of Claude Bernard ! Mary eagerly questioned him, but failed to obtain any coherent response. She was disposed to be indignant that such a malefactor should be at large, until she reflected that liberty of locomotion by no means implies blessedness of condition, in that world any more than in this ; and, moreover, that his coming to her might be to him the bitterest of penances. This seemed to be indicated by his silence. Beyond the divulgence of his name no word could be extracted from him ; and we took his moody silence for a token of his interior state, and as showing that, though the impulsion under which he came was irresistible, he was still too impenitent and proud to betray his feelings by any utterance. Needless to say that this incident vividly recalled to us Sir William Fergusson's visit and remarks on the hereafter of the vivisector ; also the line in Chaucer—

" Though thou here walkest, thy spirit is in hell."

The summer brought us the first practical intimation of the power of our supervisors to enforce the secrecy required of us in respect of certain of the mysteries revealed to us. An old clerical friend of mine came to see me, and we went out together for a walk and a talk, in the course of which we entered a *café*, where, finding a quiet corner, I read to him some portions of our revelations, having taken the book with me in anticipation of his wish to hear about our work. The interest shown by him in what I read stimulated my eagerness to enlighten him further, as will be readily intelligible in view of the fact that, besides being an old and highly valued friend, he was a beneficed clergyman, a Greek scholar, a thinker, and a Hebraist of repute, and constituted therefore an audience such as I had not yet had ; so that it is scarcely surprising that, even if I had

been mindful of the injunctions imposed on us as to secrecy, I should fail to regard them as applicable to him.

Nevertheless, such proved to be the case. Heedless of our instructions, I turned to a part of the book to which the prohibition applied. But before I had read a single line the atmosphere around me became so thick with indistinguishable presences as to shut out the page from my sight; a sensation of dizziness came over me such as I had never before known; and my heart was forced upward toward my throat, as if clutched from below and lifted up by some strong hand, with such force as entirely to arrest utterance and almost to choke me; while at the same time a death-like faintness seized on me, and a sense of my fault so overwhelming as to cause me to feel as utterly abandoned and cast off by all the divine influences which hitherto had sustained me, and plunged in the outer darkness of absolute despair. Nevertheless, trained as I had been to bear and be silent, I was to such extent able to "suffer and be strong" as to repress any outward and visible sign of my inward and spiritual state; and after a few moments, recovering speech, I closed the book, with the remark that I could not bear the atmosphere of the place any longer, but must get into the open air. Here I soon recovered my normal physical state, the last thing to return being my mental composure.

My impulse at first was to tell Mary what had happened, if only as a caution to herself, though she was less liable to commit the same trespass; but I found myself withheld by the recollection, which seemed to be reinforced for the purpose, of the previous injunctions to observe secrecy in respect of such experiences as might be in store for her. Whether or not the information would have saved her from a like experience I am unable to say; but that she was not to escape was shown by the fact that it occurred to her not very long afterwards, as will be related in its place. But this proved to be the method almost uniformly followed with us. We were to receive identical experiences, but in a manner which precluded the possibility of their being ascribable to anticipation.

Meanwhile I had received an object-lesson to the effect that they who had us in their keeping were no less competent to restrain and compel than to instruct and warn; and I found myself recalling with wonder and amusement the incredulity

with which as a youth I had regarded beliefs of the kind to which Southey gives expression when, in his ballad of the "Magician and the Devil," he says :—

‘ Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a conjurer’s books they read.’

As will duly appear, the experience was not a solitary one even with myself. For it happened to me to be more than once afterwards forcibly arrested when on the point of a similar trespass, though without the same severity of penalty.

Nearly the first half of the year passed without any special illumination being vouchsafed to either of us. My colleague meanwhile was engrossed with her work for her second *Doctorat*, which she was anxious to pass with as much distinction as in the previous year she had passed her first ; and I was no less engrossed with the task I had set myself of elaborating out of my own consciousness a key to the interpretation especially of the initial chapters of Genesis. And on this behalf I had written enough to make a moderate volume, defining the principles on which, as it appeared to me, the Bible, in order to be a book of the soul, must be constructed, and on which therefore it must be interpreted. What I had written was not intended for publication, but as an exercise for myself, being purely tentative, and representing the feeling of my way towards the light rather than the light itself.¹ I had no books to help me, nor the knowledge of any books which could help me. I was aware that the sect of the Swedenborgians claimed for their master that he had unlocked the secret meaning of Scripture, but the little I knew of them and of him had not given me an exalted sense of their perspicuity or their judgment. My leading idea was that the story of the Creation and the Fall contained as in a monogram the whole of the doctrine which the Bible is intended to illustrate, so that to find the key to that story would be to find the key to the whole Bible, to the solution of the problem of

¹ In an article in *Light* (March 17, 1888) Edward Maitland, writing of this time and on this subject, says that the title of the work on which he was then engaged was to be *The Finding of Christ ; or, The Completion of the Intuition*. This identifies it with the work referred to on pp. 96 *ante* and 344 *post*. He says that what he had written "was still very inchoate, there being several points on which [he] had failed to reach the central idea, though [he] had consciously been assisted in it by light from interior sources" (p. 127).—S. H. H.

Christianity, and—in the event of this being true—to the solution also of the problem of existence itself. The point on which I was particularly engaged when the events about to be related occurred was that of the secret and real significance of Adam and Eve. That they did not and could not represent actual persons I was satisfied. But supposing them to represent principles, what are those principles? Could they be spirit and matter? I did not consult Mary on the subject, or in any way disclose to her the direction of my thought; a reserve for which I had two reasons. I wished to exhaust my own resources first; and I was reluctant to distract her mind from her medical work. Moreover, I knew that of herself, and unaided by illumination, she could not help me. And at this time we had received no interpretative illumination of the order in question for many months. And in the last week I had come to a complete standstill, being unable to obtain a glimmer of a fresh idea. But this may have been due to the uneasiness of my mind respecting a certain action which Mary had taken at her professor's instance in regard to her pending examination; to which it will be necessary to recur by and by.

It was near midnight on June 4, when, having retired to my sleeping-room, I stood by the open window gazing on the brilliantly starred sky, and the impulse came upon me to address a mental request for aid to the unseen agents of our past illuminations, whom we were wont to call the Gods. It was without any definite idea of a practical result that I did this, and rather as an expression of impatience and despair than of hope. "If I really am to carry on this work, I *must* have help. I have gone as far as I can go of myself, and must stop and give it up unless I receive correction, confirmation, or extension. For my own resources are exhausted." Having thus silently formulated my needs to the rulers of the starlit expanse, I went to bed.

In the course of the following morning—no word respecting my over-night invocation having been said to her—Mary remarked that she found herself in an extraordinary state of mental exaltation, having all her faculties at their best and all her subjects at her finger-ends. And so eager was she to test her condition that she went all the way to the schools, when having no call to go, in order to listen to the examination then

going on—the subjects being those of her next ordeal—and to compare the answers given with those that she herself was prepared to give, the examination being *vivâ voce*. Her delight on returning was unbounded. She could have answered every question put far better than any of the students, she declared, and would have distanced them all had she been one of the class. It occurred to me that some new experience might be in store, as a consequence of her abnormal lucidity, but I failed to connect the state with my appeal of the previous night. And, so far from my being reminded of that circumstance, any expectation I might have entertained of a revelation to be made was altogether effaced by an attack of sickness with which she was seized during the evening, of so violent a character as to alarm me for her life, lest she break a blood-vessel in the spasms induced. The reaction, moreover, brought on a collapse of the heart, from which I had the greatest difficulty in restoring her. And it was past midnight before I felt it safe to leave her alone. We could account for the seizure only by ascribing it to the deleterious influences, atmospheric or other, of the schools.

It was yet so early in the following morning that I had not left my room, when—instead of keeping her bed to a late hour, as I had anticipated she would—she brought to my door and handed in to me a manuscript written in pencil, saying it was something she had seen in her sleep, and written down on waking, so far as she could recollect it.¹ And was it anything I wanted? for she hardly knew what it was about, having written it down so rapidly, and had not had time to read it over and think about it.

Eagerly perusing it, I found it to be a direct answer to my appeal, which for fulness and lucidity surpassed the most sanguine expectations I could have formed, and affording at once precisely the correction, the confirmation, and the amplification I had asked for; correction, that is, as to particulars, and confirmation as to method and principles. And while it was wholly beyond the ability of either or both of us to have formulated it, it bore for us both all the force of truth so self-evident and necessary as to appear as if we had already known it, but had forgotten it. It contained some eight hundred words,

¹ While writing, the words showed themselves again to her (see E. M.'s article in *Light*, March 17, 1888, p. 127).—S. H. H.

every one of which was exactly the right word and in the right place, the diction, which was archaic, and belonged to the best period of English literature, and was better than the best of that period, being in the highest degree simple, luminous, and dignified. And so precise was its response to my need that, while it disposed of my tentative hypothesis about the first man and woman, asking "Why will you have Adam to be spirit and Eve matter, since the mystic books deal only with spiritual entities?" it confirmed my conclusion respecting the initial chapters of Genesis, by giving the key which related them to the whole Bible, even to the Apocalypse, and gave a solution of the problem of Christianity, such as to show that it is founded in the nature of existence. And it pointed also to the meaning of the present age, and to our own work as representing the fulfilment of the prophecies in respect to it. Mary's amazement and delight as we read and re-read this wonderful message together were no less than mine, and they were further enhanced on learning that it had been given in prompt response to an appeal from me, and in supply of needs of which she was unaware. Her account of its reception by her was in this wise.

Her sickness and exhaustion of the previous evening had been followed by a profound sleep of several hours, towards the close of which she dreamt that she was engaged in making a drawing of Pallas Athena from a luminous apparition of that goddess on the wall. While drawing, she had been greatly perplexed by the constant changes in the position of the head and the expression of the face. For, after drawing the divinity as she at first appeared, with a bandage over the eyes, the head turned, and presented the face on the other side without the bandage. Upon this she drew it again, and on comparing the result with the original, was amazed at the fidelity of the portrait, and at her own skill. Meanwhile she was aware that, lurking near her and enjoying her perplexity, was her instructor, Hermes. There then came another change in the aspect of her sitter, the goddess, at which her vexation was so great that it woke her.

After wondering a while what this visitation from the representatives of the Divine Wisdom and Understanding might imply or portend, she slept again, and dreamt that she was in

the same old-fashioned library she had once before¹ similarly visited, and in it sat the same old-fashioned elderly couple, with the refined and courteous style and formal punctilious manners which had so greatly struck her before. And, as before, she mounted the ladder at their invitation and took down a book, the appearance of which attracted her. On opening it she found that the leaves consisted of plates of silver, thick and massive, and [every page] reflected herself. And that which she wrote down on waking was what she read in this book. At the point where the exposition broke off, the writing had disappeared from the book and its pages became mirrors in which she beheld only her own image—a detail which we at once took as intended to denote the intuitional nature of the teaching, as indeed it did. But it proved subsequently to have a yet more recondite meaning, by and by to be disclosed to the reader as it was to us. The teaching itself we recognised as fully justifying the high sanction implied by the presence of the Gods in the preliminary vision. And when, on the next night but one, this experience was followed by another of corresponding import and value, we felt that we had indeed been permitted to tap—so to speak—a reservoir of boundless wisdom and knowledge, and were filled with joy and thankfulness accordingly; for we saw that we had obtained access to a sphere where all memories of the world's past were indelibly preserved and stored up, so that no part of its history, however remote and lost so far as men are concerned, is beyond recovery, and where also are the solutions of all problems. While, as for the interpretation of sacred mysteries, we were evidently under the guidance of those who had originally imparted them to the world, and were bent on restoring the knowledge of them, and had selected us as their instruments for the accomplishment of that high purpose. And that purpose was no other than that which from early youth it had been my dominant passion to achieve, while yet having no conception of the process. Such is the genesis of the chapter entitled “Concerning the Interpretation of the Mystical Scriptures,” which forms No. v. of Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*. The first division of it was received as above related. The second was received, also in sleep, on the next night but one,

¹ In November 1877. See pp. 247–8 *ante*.—S. H. H.

being delivered as a lecture by a man in priestly garb to a numerous class of neophytes, of whom Mary was one, and who took notes of it as they sat in an amphitheatre of white stone. Her notes, of course, disappeared with her dream, and she had to reproduce it from memory. But this was abnormally enhanced, for she said that the words presented themselves again to her as she wrote, and stood out luminously to view.

The definition thus given us of idolatry had a peculiar interest for me ; for in my college days I had projected a poem of magnitude to be called " The Idolater," but had soon found myself compelled to give it up for want of knowledge as to what idolatry is. I could find no definition of the term ; for, even allowing that there may be many different degrees of grossness in the various objects worshipped, there was no difference in kind or in principle. Whether mental or physical, the thing worshipped is an image and the worship of it is idolatry. But in presence of the definition now vouchsafed all difficulties vanished. Those readers of this narrative who may be unacquainted with the New Interpretation will be glad to have that definition cited here. It is as follows :—

" To make an idol is to materialise spiritual mysteries. The priests, then, were idolaters who, coming after Moses, and committing to writing those things which he by word of mouth had delivered unto Israel, replaced the true things signified by their material symbols, and shed innocent blood on the pure altars of the Lord.

" They also are idolaters who understand the things of sense where the things of the Spirit are alone implied, and who conceal the true features of the Gods with material and spurious presentations. Idolatry is materialism, the common and original sin of men, which replaces spirit by appearance, substance by illusion, and leads both the moral and intellectual being into error, so that they substitute the nether for the upper and the depth for the height. It is that false fruit which attracts the outer senses, the bait of the serpent in the beginning of the world. Until the mystic man and woman had eaten of this fruit they knew only the things of the Spirit, and found them suffice. But after their fall they began to apprehend matter also, and gave it the preference, making themselves idolaters. And their sin, and the taint begotten of that false fruit, have corrupted the blood of the whole race of men ; from which corruption the sons of God would have redeemed them."

The expression " beginning of the world," we subsequently learned, meant the beginning of the world in the Church,—of worldliness or materiality, that is, in the interpretation of things spiritual.

To come to the explanation of the allusion to the uneasiness caused me by Mary's action in respect to her examination.

Our hopes of a continuous flow from the source thus opened were dashed by a terrible calamity, and for a long time were in ashes. The date originally fixed for Mary's second *Doctorat examen* was the 5th, the day on which she had gone to the schools while under the enhancement of faculty above described; but her professor, distrusting the examiners appointed for the occasion, partly because of the known hostility of some of them to women students, and partly because he had prepared her from books other than those written by the examiners themselves—a circumstance likely to be resented by them—had persuaded her to get the date of her examination postponed for a few days, when another set of examiners would officiate. This had been done without my cognisance, and I was greatly disturbed on learning it, as it seemed to me to indicate a want of faith in the Influences who were supervising us. And Mary herself regretted it when, on going to the schools, as mentioned above, she found both herself at her best and the obnoxious examiners replaced by others who were wholly unobjectionable.

The day finally appointed was ushered in by a violent thunderstorm, which cleared off but just in time to render her going possible; for while it lasted the streets were flooded, and no vehicle was procurable. The storm, moreover, had produced the usual distressing effect upon her nervous system—for she was exceedingly sensitive to electric disturbances¹—so that I begged her to give up the intention of going in for her *examen* on that day. But she was bent on it. She had worked long and hard, and shrank from the strain of further delay; and, moreover, was confident of being thoroughly up in her subjects. And she had never yet failed to pass well. It was not her mental but her physical state that led me to distrust her fitness, and perhaps an unconscious foreboding of what was to happen, though of this I said nothing, lest I might actually induce in her the weakness I feared, and so minister to disaster. So we set off for the schools.

¹ Edward Maitland says: "Speaking of thunderstorms, I may mention that while entirely free from any mental apprehension of them, their effect on her [Anna Kingsford's] physical system was of a most distressing kind, paralysing both thought and action sometimes for days, and rendering her irresponsible for anything she might say or do."—S. H. H.

The *examen* was to occupy two days. Her report to me of the first day augured ill for the chances of success. Of the three examiners, two had been all that could be desired ; but the third, a Dr N., who had been substituted at the last moment, was known to her as one of a clique in the *Faculté* who violently objected to the admission of women to diplomas, and were determined to make the examinations impossible for them. His hostility to her was evinced from the moment that she presented herself, his manner, which to the male students had been kind and considerate, at once becoming stern and forbidding in the highest degree. And when he found that she returned perfect answers in all the subjects properly comprised in the examination, he questioned her on others, referring to the most abstruse and recondite diseases, some of them of such rare occurrence that their very existence is denied by many doctors. And, finding no cause of complaint against her in respect of these, he endeavoured to break down her self-possession by committing the outrage of putting to her the most embarrassing questions which could possibly be put to a young woman in the presence of men, going far outside the usual range of subjects for the purpose. This exhibition of his enmity put a terrible strain on her nerves, but she bore it without flinching, knowing that he was technically within his right, and resolved not to afford him the pretext which he was seeking for refusing to pass her. It was only when it came to *l'épreuve pratique*, which involved manual dexterity, that the effect showed itself. She had controlled her mind, but she could not control her muscles. And the consequence was that her hands trembled over the piece of dissection appointed her, and the work was done somewhat less artistically than otherwise would have been the case, and than she had been wont to do it. This gave the professor the desired opportunity ; and though the comparative failure was obviously due partly to the nervousness induced by himself, and partly to the clumsiness of the student told off to hold the subject for her, he refused to sign her note of approval.

From her other two examiners she had obtained the warmest commendations. "Madame," said one of them, with a deferential bow, "you know your subjects perfectly." "Madame," said the other, "I have absolutely nothing to reproach you with." They felt deeply the injustice and hardship shown to one whom

they recognised as exceptionally gifted and industrious, and the discredit done to their university and their order in thus treating a woman for being a woman after opening their doors to women. But he remained inexorable, declaring that under no circumstances would he and his party suffer a woman to pass. And so deeply did his colleagues feel the matter that they met expressly to discuss it, with the result that an offer was made to give her a fresh and merely formal examination in the following month with an unprejudiced professor in his place.

The offer came too late. The disappointment and indignation felt by her were too much for a system always highly-strung and fragile, but now sorely overwrought. A condition set in of intense *commotion cérébrale*, under which she refused to return home, as she could not bear the sight, she said, of the books and study which had brought her to such an end; and there was nothing for it but to tell the driver of our *fiacre* to go round the Bois. After driving for an hour or two she said she would go home and put some things together and go to the seaside. Paris was unendurable now; she would go mad if she stayed. On reaching her apartment she threw herself on the sofa, where she remained for some time moaning and crying, and exclaiming in the most piteous tones, "*Je suis refusée—refusée—refusée,*" until, in a culminating paroxysm of anguish, she suddenly stood up at her full height and with a piercing shriek fell insensible to the floor, her action being so sudden that, although I was by her side when it occurred, I was able only to break the full force of the fall. She remained insensible long after being raised, and recovered consciousness only to find herself paralysed from head to foot the whole length of the left side. And when at length a doctor was procured, the seizure was pronounced to be a *hémiplégie cérébrale gauche* of a very severe and serious character, from which a partial recovery at best could be anticipated; and this only after a long period of illness. As to her ever again being fit for mental work, that was scarcely to be thought of. The verdict, had I accepted it, was a deathblow to all our high hopes and implied the ruin of our mission. But I did not for a moment accept it. I knew she had in her that of which medical science takes no account, and my faith in the Gods and in our mission far exceeded my faith in the doctors. For others their opinion might hold good; but it did not apply to one of her order. They agreed

with me that recovery would depend far more on nursing than on medicine, and that it must be sympathetic nursing. To aid me in rendering this I proposed to summon A. forthwith. But she forbade me to do so until she was sufficiently recovered to travel, and then he should come and help me to take her to the seaside. Meanwhile she would rely solely on the nursing and decline all medical aid. French diagnosis, she declared, might be good, but not so French therapeutics. Her experience of the hospital practice terrified her by its severe and experimental character; and, besides, as a sensitive of sensitives and an abstainer from flesh-food, her system falsified all the usual calculations of the effect of drugs. And as it was, the form taken by her malady was in defiance of all precedent. For, while the stroke was on the left side of the brain, the paralysis also was on that side, instead of following the course of the nerves and crossing over to the right. And, besides, the French doctors were all vivisectors, and as they could not take a fee from a medical student, they would have no interest in trying to cure her.

Some of the manifestations were peculiarly distressing. Her "walls were down" again, and "the enemy came in like a flood." At times her sense of spiritual desertion and abandonment was overwhelming, and she doubted of everything. At such moments the most effective mental tonic was the suggestion that the severity of the assault was a compliment paid to her work and powers, by showing the importance attached to them by the enemy. A spiritual warfare such as we were waging against the powers of darkness in the high places of man's mind and soul was bound to be accompanied by hard blows and serious reverses. The human agent of the disaster was but another instrument of "Apollyon," and though we might be unable at present to comprehend why a reverse so grievous had been permitted, the time would doubtless come when the mystery would be cleared up.

Her physical condition improved faster than her mental, and when at length A. was summoned, we took her to Fécamp. Here the selection, either of the place or of the hotel—most probably the latter—proved unfortunate. The sleeping-rooms abutted on a hayloft filled with freshly-gathered hay, with the emanations of which the atmosphere was pervaded, the result being an attack of asthma so violent and persistent that the entire night was

passed in vain attempts to alleviate it ; and her terror of the place was so great as to compel us to quit it by the first train, which we accordingly took for Dieppe. Here the progress made by her towards recovery was so satisfactory and encouraging that when, near the end of July, the term of A.'s absence expired, all bade fair for a speedy restoration. But we were destined to have yet further distressing proof of the unsuitability of the conditions of existence on this planet, as men have made it, for one of her susceptible temperament. After accompanying A. to the place of embarkation, we proceeded to the end of the pier to exchange greetings with him as the steamer passed out. It was a day of days for beauty. While waiting, we sat watching the gambols of a flock of sea-gulls, whose gleaming white wings, as they circled round and round against a sky of the clearest and tenderest blue, approaching each other to give loving salute with their bills, and then darting afar off only to return and repeat the act, uttering the while shrill notes of joy and delight, made a spectacle of exquisite beauty, and one that went to the invalid's inmost heart, inducing an ecstatic sense of the possibilities of happiness in the mere fact of a natural and healthy existence. Though entranced by the scene no less than my companion, I did not fail to note the effect upon her, and the thought arose in my mind, " This is the best remedy of all she has yet had."

As we were thus gazing and feeling, a shot was fired from a boat containing some men and women, which, unperceived by us, had glided out from behind the opposite pier ; and immediately one of the birds fell into the sea, where it lay fluttering in agony with a broken wing, while its companions fled away with harsh, discordant cries ; and in one instant the whole bright scene was changed for us from one of innocence and joy into one of the darkest gloom and misery. It was a murder done in Eden, followed by the instant eclipse of all that made it Paradise. Mary was frantic. Her so lately injured organism gave way again under the shock of such a revulsion of feeling. Her impulse was to throw herself into the sea to succour the wounded bird, and it was with difficulty that I restrained her ; and only after giving vent to an agony of tears, and pouring on the shooting party a storm of reproaches, at the imminent risk of being given into custody as they landed bearing the bird, now dead, as a trophy, did I succeed in getting her back to the hotel. For the next

twenty-four hours her state was one of raving mania. She had positively forbidden me to call in a doctor whatever might happen to her, and I feared that to disobey her would do more harm than he could do good. The sight of the falling bird haunted her. It was burnt into her brain. Then she thought it was A. who had been shot, for he had passed unperceived by her just after the occurrence, and she could not recall the fact of his departure. Then she fancied that she herself had been shot too, and that the bird's spirit came to beg her to go and warn its fellows from that treacherous shore. And then she beheld a beautiful female form holding the bird's spirit on her wrist, as if to comfort her by letting her see that it was not now suffering but happy. This calmed her somewhat; but presently there came a discharge of crackers in the street, every report of which sent a spasm through her brain, renewing her distress. I would have had a nurse, but she declared that she could bear no one about her but myself, now A. was gone; and when forced, on one occasion, to leave her for a moment, I returned to find her leaning far out of the window, looking for the bird, and waving her arms as to fly; and on being drawn in she said that she thought it had come for her, and that she had only to trust herself to the air to be able to fly too, for she was sure that she also was a spirit now.

On these symptoms abating, as they did in a few days, she had conceived an intense antipathy to the place, and refused absolutely to look at the sea, lest the sight of it bring back the scene when she would not answer for the consequences. We accordingly returned to Paris, where I made the following notes of her progress:—

“ *August 11.*—M. has improved somewhat, both mentally and physically, but her memory is exceedingly weak, and she suffers much from asthma, which, by depriving her of rest at night, keeps her very low in condition. It seems as if an attempt were being made to restore, or at least to test, her faculty. For a vision was given to her last night in which a paper on the subject nearest her heart—vivisection—was given to her to read as she was travelling by railway to Oxford, where she was to deliver it as a public lecture. She dreamt that she read it over in the train, and intended to read it again to fix it in her memory; but she found on waking that it had entirely vanished from recollection. This was a great grief to her, for it had struck her as a most powerful utterance, and she spoke with tears of the loss of it, as also of her faculty of recollecting on waking what she had received in sleep. As it was the first time since her seizure that she had received anything coherent, I was able to

comfort her by suggesting that it might be the beginning of the recovery of her faculty."

How far it was prophecy or coincidence I cannot say ; but she did actually, some seven years later, deliver a public lecture at Oxford on that subject, with high approval.

" *August 12.*—Another trial was made of M.'s memory last night. Being asleep, she was shown her lungs—always a weak point in her system, and probably the cause of her asthma—and was told to observe them particularly, and to remember what she saw. But she was able to obey only the former part of the injunction. For she remembered the fact of the experience, and that her vision had been perfectly lucid, enabling her to make a careful examination of the organ named ; but she was unable on waking to recall the results.

" *August 18.*—Another trial was made of M.'s faculty last night, which took the form of a vision in which she found herself making a sort of professional visit to a madhouse. Here she was taken down a long narrow passage between two rows of dens, in each of which was a maniac, who was secured by a chain round the waist, and accompanied by one or more wild animals. These animals, the keeper said in reply to her inquiries, represented the particular evil spirit by which the patient was infested. The forms of the animals themselves, he added, were determined by the nature of the spirits which animated them, being an expression of their qualities, and he said much that struck her as most interesting and important respecting the significance of the animals and their spiritual relation to man. But this she was unable to retain. One patient was a girl who was subject to most terrible paroxysms, and was fastened between two black bears. On her expressing her pity for the bears in having such a companion, the keeper told her that if she saw the bears during the paroxysms she would pity the girl, as it was from the action of these spirits within her that the paroxysms proceeded. The case which struck her as the most horrible was that of a man at whose feet a tiger crouched, having an expression and aspect the most terrible to behold ; and the man's exactly resembled them.

" She is certainly better able to recall what she sees in sleep, but hardly what she hears.

" *August 21.*—M. seems to be recovering her faculty of pictorial dreaming. Last night she dreamt that we witnessed from a balcony the public reception of the Count de Chambord as Henry V. on his accession to the throne of France, with general acclamation of the whole Catholic population and the army, the Republic having been deposed in disgust at its tyranny and intolerance. The new king appeared as a pleasant-looking man, fair and bald, and on all sides was great satisfaction. The dream was exceedingly clear, vivid, and detailed, and exactly as such an event would be ; and as it was altogether independent of any thought or prepossession of her own, she does not regard it as a dream pure and simple, though she is not prepared to accept it as a positive prediction."

Our subsequent conclusion, when further instructed in the

nature of such experiences, was that this dream was a reflection in the astral light of the aspirations and hopes of the Legitimists, who were very active and sanguine at that time. And it was thus that their ideas, seen by her in an access of clairvoyance, took a pictorial form in accordance with her artistic temperament.

“*Sept. 1.*—M. tells me that two books were shown her in sleep last night, containing passages of such great beauty and value that she read them over and over again to fix them in her memory and write them down on rising. But, to her great sorrow, they have entirely escaped her. The very attempt, however, is a sign that her illuminators do not despair of her recovering her faculty.”

The next few days witnessed an almost complete restoration of faculty, and this under circumstances of peculiar interest, inasmuch as they related to the well-known Laurence Oliphant. I must say, by way of preface to the incident, that, having some acquaintance with Oliphant, I had invited him, about two years before this time, to my rooms in London, to meet Mary's eldest brother, Dr John Bonus, and expound to us the system which he held in common with Thomas Lake Harris, of whom I then knew only that he was a poet of singular mellifluousness and sensuousness, with claims to certain psychic gifts. Oliphant's exposition of the tenets and practice of this sect was such as to excite in us grave misgivings about his and their sanity. They were based upon a purely materialistic and highly fantastic conception of the Fall, and consequently also of the Redemption. For the Fall had come, he assured us, through the normal use of sex. Redemption, therefore, must come through its abnormal use—that is, as we read it, through its abuse; and he had consequently married his wife, not to be her husband, but to make her a disciple of his master. He had subsequently returned to America, and I heard no more of him. Nor had he been at all in my mind until within the last few days, when he recurred to me so vividly that I found myself several times on the point of accosting strangers, taking them for him, until a close approach dispelled the illusion. This had gone on for about a week, when, one day, on my opening the door of our apartment to a ring, Oliphant entered. Having introduced him to Mary, we began to talk about our work and our faculty, to learn of which, he gave us to understand, he had come from the Pacific. That day, in a two hours' talk, he confined himself mostly to asking questions. The information he obtained in reply made him more communicative.

We were true seers, he said, and he was drawn towards us. His fear was that our work, which had evidently been begun from within, was afterwards from without, and consequently evil. He left us saying that if he received any light in regard to us he would come again.

This was on Monday. On Thursday he returned. His "counterpart" had been with him, he said, and had instructed him about us. The instruction was to this effect. We had been deceived by evil influences. The very excellence of our intentions, and of the teaching we had received, even of our lives and work,—all these things were snares to entrap and deceive us. We were dabbling in spiritualism, and should find it a very dangerous thing. The sufferings we had already undergone proved that, and the future would bring us far worse. There was but one way of safety. Thomas Lake Harris was king, and all who are not with him are against him. Even if we were—as I suggested—fellow-trees in the same forest, Harris is the one sound tree, and all the others must cling to and depend upon him. He alone has found his "counterpart" and made his salvation sure; and he alone can enable us to do likewise.

He then explained the counterpartal doctrine, and read to us some verses dictated to him that morning by his own counterpart, whom he had lately discovered. The verses enjoined on us the duty of dissolving our collaboration, separating entirely from each other, renouncing all earthly ties—regardless alike of duty and affection—and submitting ourselves, and all we possessed, unreservedly to Harris. Doing which we should find our true counterparts, who are beings, not of earth, but of heaven, and of the order to which those of Harris and himself belong. The doctrine he defined in this wise. Man has fallen from a state of perfection once belonging to him, not, as we had been taught, by inclining to matter and preferring it to spirit, to the loss of spiritual perception, which is by the intuition, but by a specific act, namely, separation from his spiritual other half in favour of a physical one; in consequence of which all physical unions are adulterous and sinful, and the only way of salvation is by the renunciation of these, and by reunion with the true counterpart. To effect this, every tie must be broken, all work renounced, however good and sorely needed by the world, until salvation for self is secured by such means. Our counterparts, meanwhile, are

pinning for us, and longing to reward us with sensuous delights of the most exquisite kind. Reunited with them, we should fulfil the doctrine of the Divine Duality, and become made wholly in the Divine Image, and so achieve the perfection which Jesus, by His fanatical obstinacy in getting Himself crucified, had missed. As the returned Christ, and the king, therefore, of the New Dispensation, Harris is the appointed medium between the earth and the world of counterpartal angels, reunion with whom can be accomplished only through him. His sufferings proved him to be the genuine Coming Man. (Ours had only proved us to be in the wrong.) He, Oliphant, had himself trampled on and renounced all human affections, and was now without any interests or aspirations to attach him to his kind. The worst of sins is to bring a child into the world. His counterpart, whom he had lately found, had made him a poet, which he was not in the least before, and enabled him to write the verses, which he read to us, against the indulgence of the natural affections, and against human institutions generally. All that we had done in the way of self-purification to fit us for our spiritual work ; all the marvellous lights we had obtained on the problems which perplex and divide mankind ; all our efforts to abolish cruelty and other forms of selfishness, and make the world once more a garden instead of the wilderness it has become, were vain, and worse than useless, because they indicate that our affections are still fixed on things below, instead of on our counterparts above. Everything is reprehensible that withholds us from them. He said, further, that he hated having to make appeal to the intellect ; and that, for himself, having found in Harris a man infinitely superior to all other men in knowledge and power, he trusted implicitly to him, and wanted no confirmation by intellectual processes. And as for the objection that the greater part of man's physical system is expressly constructed for physical reproduction, that is no argument against his doctrine, as it was not so originally, but is due to the Fall.

The utter repulsion we felt for his doctrine extended with Mary to the man himself, or rather to the influences about him. And after his departure she was completely prostrated, as if her force had been exhausted in combating evil beings. An idea of their nature was given her in the night after his first visit. She was shown a wild, desolate region, tenanted by phantasmal

appearances, consisting, she was told, of the *débris* of the lower principles of souls passed on, the magnetic emanations of human beings, elementaries and others of the kind called Sirens and Lorelies, which she was given to understand have in them no divine element in virtue of which they can endure and progress, and are bent, therefore, on prolonging their existence by attaching themselves to human beings, to whom they serve as vampires by preying on them. And among the signs by which they may be known are their flatteries, their sensuous allurements, and their mellifluous versification. Of the lines written for our benefit at the dictation of his "counterpart," Mary remarked that it was proof enough for her of his utter lack of perception that he should take such doggerel for "poetry." These are the lines :—

" Our friends have counterparts on high,
 Who watch their efforts vain,
 Whose souls cannot to them draw nigh
 While they as now remain.

That this is true they soon can prove
 By sacrifice complete ;
 And they will rise to highest love
 Apart and in retreat.

There they will feel the tender sphere,
 As yet to them unknown,
 Of those whose love flows pure and clear,
 From the great Two-in-One.

There they will have experience
 Of a far deeper kind,
 And evidences most intense
 Of truth they fain would find.

But knowledge which is thus inspired
 By counterpart and king,
 Cannot in selfhood be acquired ;
 Their homage they must bring,

And recognise the right divine
 Of Him who comes to reign,
 Through whom alone the love-rays shine
 Of the great One-in-Twain.

And they must lay aside all claim
 As prophet or as seer ;
 No one can dare assume that name
 Whose title is not clear.

This message from their counterparts
 Through you has now been sent,
 That you in each may link twin hearts
 By one great sacrament.

'Tis through this love that they will rise,
 As Priestess and as Priest,
 Their charter written in the skies,
 And all their power increased.

If they this warning will not heed,
 But in each other trust,
 No good will from their lives proceed,
 Their frames will soon be dust.

Therefore the tender ones above
 Now seek to guard their life ;
 Meantime they languish for the love
 Of husband and of wife.

Recognising all that he said as a mere travesty of the truth, we needed no special illumination to enable us to detect its fallacies. Nevertheless, after his second visit I mentally besought the Gods to give us an instruction which might be of service both to us and to Oliphant. And great was my joy and thankfulness when, on the following morning, Mary gave me the chapter entitled "An Exhortation of Hermes to his Neophytes," which forms one of the sections in the Second Part of *Clothed with the Sun*. For it showed that she had recovered her glorious faculty, of which she had been so cruelly deprived. And it contained the first direct positive avowal by Hermes of himself as our illuminator. Each of the four chief errors in the doctrine propounded by Oliphant finds in it condign condemnation. Out of consideration for her still remaining weakness of memory, it was projected into her mind verse by verse to be written down at once, no second verse being given her until she had written down the last received. The communication commenced shortly before she rose, and was continued at intervals during the whole time she was dressing :—

" He whose adversaries fight with weapons of steel must himself be armed in like manner, if he would not be ignominiously slain or save himself by flight.

" And not only so, but forasmuch as his adversaries may be many, while he is only one, it is even necessary that the steel he carries be of purer temper and of more subtle point and contrivance than theirs.

" I, Hermes, would arm you with such, that, bearing a blade with a double edge, ye may be able to withstand in the evil hour.

“ For it is written that the tree of life is guarded by a sword which turneth every way.

“ Therefore I would have you armed both with a perfect philosophy and with the power of the divine life.

“ And first the knowledge, that you and they who hear you may know the reason of the faith which is in you.

“ But knowledge cannot prevail alone, and ye are not yet perfected.

“ When the fulness of the time shall come, I will add unto you the power of the divine life.

“ It is the life of contemplation, of fasting, of obedience, and of resistance.

“ And afterwards the chrism, the power, and the glory. But these are not yet.

“ Meanwhile remain together and perfect your philosophy.

“ Boast not, and be not lifted up ; for all things are God's, and ye are in God, and God in you.

“ But when the word shall come to you, be ready to obey.

“ There is but one way to power, and it is the way of obedience.

“ Call no man your master or king upon the earth, lest ye forsake the spirit for the form and become idolaters.

“ He who is indeed spiritual, and transformed into the divine image, desires a spiritual king.

“ Purify your bodies, and eat no dead thing that has looked with living eyes upon the light of Heaven.

“ For the eye is the symbol of brotherhood among you. Sight is the mystical sense.

“ Let no man take the life of his brother to feed withal his own.

“ But slay only such as are evil ; in the name of the Lord.

“ They are miserably deceived who expect eternal life, and restrain not their hands from blood and death.

“ They are miserably deceived who look for wives from on high, and have not yet attained their manhood.

“ Despise not the gift of knowledge ; and make not spiritual eunuchs of yourselves.

“ For Adam was first formed, then Eve.

“ Ye are twain, the man with the woman, and she with him, neither man nor woman, but one creature.

“ And the kingdom of God is within you.”

At verse 16 she was shown a garland of fig-leaves, making the third time that Hermes had presented her with this symbol, so significant of her faculty and mission.¹

I sent a copy of this utterance to Oliphant, together with a letter pointing out the absurdity of supposing man to be divisible in the sense insisted on by him, and as attaining perfection by addition from without instead of by unfoldment from within. And in order to ensure his receipt of the letter and message, I left

¹ In *Clothed with the Sun*, this is said to have occurred at verse 14. I do not know which is correct.—S. H. H.

them myself at his hotel. But I received no acknowledgment, nor did he ever again approach us, although convenient opportunities were not wanting. Further reference to himself therefore is not called for. But his subsequent work and our attitude towards it will claim some notice hereinafter.

The following letter from one of the ripest thinkers and most advanced souls of the time expresses what we ourselves came to believe to be the truth concerning Oliphant's master :—

“ 76 WIMPOLE STREET, *October 18.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I have no influence with the editor of the journal in question, and my testimony, moreover, would not be accepted in orthodox scientific circles as of any weight in such a case. The world to which it belongs is going to spare no effort to adjudge to insanity all who have spiritual phenomena happening to themselves, unless it can succeed in having them convicted of imposture. With criminal law and lunacy law for its weapons, scientific materialism, which is mad with rage against the spiritual world, hopes to crush down every voice and fact which speaks of a higher life.

“ For myself, I reject T. L. H. as now a colossal delusion. He is a typical case of the danger of influx to a man unless he is divinely needed for it, and prepared and guarded. It came to him first, and to his rare poetic and eloquent genius, influencing his power and love of beauty and melody, until they burnt and shone as with supernal brightness. But his love of ruling by these qualities was in the background. Gradually the splendour has burnt itself out, and the grim selfhood remains, in ugly ruins, and uttering and suggesting fearful doctrines, and covering itself with delusions. His last pamphlet, which I read, is obscene and profane to an extent which words seldom dare to convey to print.—With fraternal regard,
yours,
J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.”

This judgment proved to be no whit too severe. Lady Caithness one day put into Mary's hands one of his recent publications, which she had just received, asking her to read it aloud. She struggled through a few sentences which were simply loathsome ; and then our hostess put her hands over her ears and exclaimed vehemently, “ Shut it up ! Shut it up ! It makes me sick ! ”

CHAPTER XIII

THE FIRST AND LAST OF THE GODS

A VISIT paid by Lady Caithness to Paris in this month of September placed us in possession of two books we had greatly desired to see. One was Jacob Boehme, and the other the *Haute Magie* of "Eliphas Levi." Up to this time the only mystical writings with which I had any acquaintance were those of Emmanuel Swedenborg, and of them my knowledge was of the slightest, while to Mary they were totally unknown. Eliphas Levi's was the first book on occultism with which either of us had come into contact. From it we learnt, for the first time, to appreciate the vastness of the part played by Hermes in the spiritual science of the planet. And both books came so timely as to seem to be sent to us of design. The manner, too, was so curious as to merit relation. For it was as follows :—The morning's post had brought me a note from a mystical American acquaintance, Colonel R——, saying he had just arrived in Paris, and was moved to beg me to call on him without fail at noon on that day. On complying with the summons, I found him unable to assign any cause for it. All he knew, he declared, was that he was to tell me to call ; the reason had not been shown him. Finding that we had nothing to say that could not be said as well out of doors, we proceeded to take a walk, but had not gone far when we met the Duc de Pomár, son of Lady Caithness, who told me his mother was in Paris and anxious to see me, but had lost my address. He then carried me off to her hotel, when she at once put the books above named into my hands, as if it was precisely for that purpose that we had been brought together in so singular a manner.

The use made of these books was also curious. It was not so much that we obtained occult knowledge directly from them, but that they served to open fresh avenues in our minds, by

which fresh knowledges came to us, some of which, indeed, proved to be by no means in accordance with them, but seemed rather to have been suggested by them. Thus, on our dissenting from Boehme's view of the Christ as differing in kind from other men, and not in degree only and stage of unfoldment, Mary received a momentary waking vision of the process of the gradual perfectionment of the Christ through suffering or experience, accompanied by the words, spoken audibly to her, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?" This was a new reading to us, but on searching we found it to be that of the Douay Version. The clue having been given, the vision and the voice departed, and we sought out the parallel and confirmatory passages, the chief of which are Ps. liii. ; Heb. ii. 10, and v. 7-9 ; 1 Pet. iv. 1 ; 2 Cor. xiii. 4, and the parable of the Prodigal Son, which we were constrained to regard as an epitome of the history of every soul whatever which finally attains to perfection, not excepting Him who becomes a Christ.

The reading of Eliphaz Levi, as already stated, was the first disclosure to me of the supreme importance attached to our especial illuminator, Hermes, by all students of spiritual science of the past. And my delight was unbounded when, on the morning of September 26, I found that he had taken advantage of the opening of my mind concerning him to give Mary the following account of himself and his office, which proved to be preliminary to the fuller and more profound revelation of his part in the "Mosaic Week," subsequently given us as the presiding divinity of the second day of Creation. We further learnt from Eliphaz Levi that the time at which Hermes and his fellow-divinities came to us accorded exactly with the ancient prophecies to that effect, the "Return of the Gods" at that period having repeatedly been predicted under one or another mode of expression. The following is the hymn received on this occasion under illumination occurring in sleep. Mary remembered it so perfectly that she wrote it on waking in her usual exquisite style, without hesitation or error. Representing knowledges long lost, by no amount of mere scholarship could it have been reproduced. It was one of those interpretive compositions which, like so many similarly vouchsafed to us, served to open the Bible from beginning to end—to say nothing of the sacred mysteries of antiquity to which it belonged :—

Hymn to Hermes.

1. As a moving light between heaven and earth ; as a white cloud assuming many shapes ;

2. He descends and rises, he guides and illumines, he transmutes himself from small to great, from bright to shadowy, from the opaque image to the diaphanous mist.

3. Star of the East conducting the Magi : cloud from whose midst the holy voice speaketh : by day a pillar of vapour, by night a shining flame.

4. I behold thee, Hermes, Son of God, slayer of Argus, archangel, who bearest the rod of knowledge, by which all things in heaven or on earth are measured.

5. Double serpents entwine it, because as serpents they must be wise who desire God.

6. And upon thy feet are living wings, bearing thee fearless through space and over the abyss of darkness ; because they must be without dread to dare the void and the deep who desire to attain and to achieve.

7. Upon thy side thou wearest a sword of a single stone, two-edged, whose temper resisteth all things.

8. For they who would slay or save must be armed with a strong and perfect will, defying and penetrating with no uncertain force.

9. This is Herpe, the sword which destroyeth demons ; by whose aid the hero overcometh and the saviour is able to deliver.

10. Except thou bind it upon thy thigh thou shalt be overborne, and blades of mortal making shall prevail against thee.

11. Nor is this all thine equipment, Son of God ; the covering of darkness is upon Thine head, and none is able to strike Thee.

12. This is the magic hat, brought from Hades, the region of silence, where they are who speak not.

13. He who bears the world on his shoulders shall give it to thee, lest the world fall on thee and thou be ground into powder.

14. For he who has perfect wisdom and knowledge, he whose steps are without fear, and whose will is single and all-pervading ;

15. Even he must also know how to keep the divine secret, and not to expose the holy mysteries of God to the senses of the wicked.

16. Keep a bridle upon thy lips, and cover thy head in the day of battle.

17. These are the four excellent things—the rod, the wings, the sword, and the hat.

18. Knowledge, which thou must gain with labour ; the spirit of holy boldness, which cometh by faith in God ; a mighty will, and a complete discretion.

19. He who discovers the holy mysteries is lost.

20. Go thy way in silence and see thou tell no man.

The letter which elicited the following is unfortunately not obtainable :—

“ LONDON, *September 2.*

“ My very, very dear and highly inspired friend, I have left your truly beautiful letter so long without even acknowledgment that by this time you will begin to think it has fallen upon stony ground

and not been appreciated. But if you so think you will very much misjudge me. I cannot tell you how I prize it ; how rare and beautiful a jewel I consider it ; for it shines and sparkles with the most pure and radiant light of truth. Would that I could write anything worthy for you to receive in return ! But, as I have often told you, to my sorrow, I feel, although so very receptive, that I have nothing to give in return, and just now I am so sorely tried in so many ways that, although truly thankful for all the lovely spiritual truths that are brought to me from time to time, as if to keep me alive, and help me to live on, and look for a brighter atmosphere some time in the future, I find that the very thought of having to write a letter a little above the ordinary average level completely unnerves me. I will not therefore attempt to do so ; only I do want you to understand and to believe that the rich treat of spiritual, or rather of divine, truth you have sent me has been most truly and thankfully received by me. I do think that you and our dear friend, E. M., are the beings I most envy on earth, could I envy anyone, which I really do not. But I feel that your present existence is indeed an enviable one ; so truly in holy and pure sympathy with each other and with all things noble, pure, and true ; and the true is the Divine !

“ Do you know in what I have found my greatest comfort and happiness to consist since I came to England ? In reading what you would never guess—*England and Islam*, and the sequel to it, and always looking out and reading the pages in the first that are referred to in the second, and thus seeing under what circumstances and through what impressions they were written. Tell E. M. this, for I know it will please him, and he well deserves even such a small pleasure as this when the writing of such a grand book has caused him so much misinterpretation and perhaps so much odium, and so many sad and bitter moments. But it is a grand and glorious work, and I am sure is destined some time in the future to be properly valued and sought after by all who desire to look into the truth and the deep things of God kept secret from the beginning. I find my copy marked all over, proving that I appreciated it at the first reading just as much as now. And oh, dear friend ! when I read the sequel, *The Soul and How it Found Me*, how the part you have borne in this grand inspiration shines forth, and how I behold you as the inspired Pythoness ! Surely you have a grand part to play in the future, in the New Dispensation whose light is already dawning upon the humanity of the earth, at least upon the minds of those who are, as it were, the watchers upon the high towers, and who so clearly perceive the night fleeing away on one side and the bright glow of dawn slowly, very slowly, but surely, illumining the horizon and giving token of the glorious sun that is soon to dazzle all unprepared eyes.—Always your loving

MARIE CAITHNESS.”

This experience set Mary to read *La Haute Magie* for herself ; and she had hardly begun to do so when she received, in connection with what she was reading, the illumination printed as No. viii. of Part I. in *Clothed with the Sun*, which gives the prophetic and spiritual meaning of the story of the Deluge. It was a writing presented to her interior vision. The idea of such a

meaning was entirely new to us ; nor was it contained in the book she was reading. Indeed, we soon learnt to regard Eliphas Levi as being much more of an occultist than of a mystic, and therein of an intellectualist than of an intuitionist, and in such degree disqualified for discerning the inmost sense of Scripture.

The following is from my diary of September 29 :—

“ Since yesterday M. has been suffering terribly through failure of the heart’s action, the effect no doubt of her recent illness. She has been struggling with her work in order to pass the *examen* for which she was rejected, but we have doubted whether she will be able to hold out so long. This morning she had a dreadful access of inability to breathe owing to the constriction of the muscles of the heart, and thought her last moment had come. In this extremity she was startled by hearing a loud voice utter within her, in an imperative tone, the exclamation ‘ LIVE ! ’ This was instantly followed by a complete relaxation of the whole system, and an outburst of perspiration so sudden and profuse that she compared it to an explosion. The relief which followed was instantaneous and complete. It seemed, she says, to proceed from the region of the ‘ solar plexus,’ and to radiate thence throughout her whole system, entirely dispelling her malady.”

On the following morning she received the nucleus comprising about one-half of the Illumination entitled in our books, “ Concerning the ‘ Great Work,’ the Redemption, and the Share of Christ Jesus therein.” This was given for our own immediate instruction, its completion being reserved until 1881, while preparing *The Perfect Way* lectures for printing, when the rest of it was given expressly for inclusion in the book. Our satisfaction on receiving this first instalment was beyond expression. More than all that had preceded it, it convinced us that the revelation to be made through us was to be without reserve, and “ there is nothing hidden that shall not be made known,” but the axe is indeed laid to the tree of ignorance and falsehood which so long has overshadowed the earth, and the appeal once more made to the understanding ; and we felt that, holding a commission of import so stupendous, well might Hermes address to us the injunction, “ Boast not, and be not lifted up ; for all things are God’s, and ye are in God, and God in you.” And when, as sometimes happened on bringing to me some fresh marvel, the product of her faculty, Mary would relapse into her child-mood and exclaim, “ There ! am not I a clever little woman ? ” it was a relief to me to gather from her look and tone that she had not the smallest idea of really taking the credit to herself. For nothing,

I felt, would so effectually shut off the revelation as such a feeling on our part.

Two points in this chapter on the Redemption especially struck us. It presented Jesus as an actual historical character, and no mere imagined type—a point on which we ourselves were in suspense; for we recognised the possibility of His being but a fictitious personality devised to represent a certain system of doctrine; though we had been somewhat staggered in this view by His presence as an actual living figure in the scenes in which we seemed to have beheld Him in vision. But of the nature and value of these we had yet to be informed. And it represented the things ascribed to Him on the outer and physical plane as denoting and corresponding to processes and states which were interior and spiritual.

The instalment given us on this occasion contained certain sentences which in the second and completing draft were replaced by others. Thus, ver. 20, in the definition of the Christ, the sentence, “He has found His own central point, and all power is given unto Him in heaven and on earth,” was followed by—

“Jesus had attained this secret, and by means of it He made Himself invisible at will, and was able to pass through phenomenal appearances.

“Nevertheless He failed to teach others His secret; and whereas He had intended to redeem all men, He, through a single weakness, slipped for an hour from His centre-pivot, and could not withdraw His body from death.”

It was no doubt to this that St Paul referred when he says of Jesus that “He was crucified through weakness.”

Ver. 52. “He therefore was raised and became perfect; having the power of the Dissolvant and of Transmutation,” was in the first draft followed by—

“But the law which He had once transgressed of necessity forbade Him then to establish the Divine kingdom.

“God therefore re-absorbed Him into His Spirit, but the devil is yet undissipated.

“The Christs have indeed bruised his head, but he has stung their heel.

“He, the Christ who is yet to come, shall destroy him altogether and shall receive no injury.”

These sentences, we were told, were intended as an *ad interim* instruction for ourselves, to be replaced by others in the chapters which were to serve as the Scriptures of the future.

The revelations now come in rapid succession, the next being the typically Hermetic chapter on Sin and Death, printed as No. iv., Part II., of *Clothed with the Sun*, which was received October 3. No. xxxvii. of Part I. of the same book, "Concerning the Æon of the Christ," was received October 12 (and not, as there dated, in 1881, with the exception of a paragraph then added to it). It was thus prefaced by Mary:—

"It was shown me this morning that we should have before long a full revelation and understanding of the meaning and office of Christ, which should come to me in its due order, but that meanwhile we were to understand this, that the Christ were above all things *Media*," etc. (see *Clothed with the Sun*, above cited).

And it ended with this direction—

"Do not interpolate this into the Writings now; it shall fall in its due order into them. It is for your own immediate guidance."

This utterance was brought to me by Mary in distress and misgiving, owing to her understanding it as depriving the Christ of His own proper divinity, and reducing Him to the level of the ordinary medium who is controlled by some extraneous spirit regardless of any special quality or unfoldment of his own spiritual nature. She was, however, speedily reassured by my suggestion that the very fact that the Christ is describable as "a Medium for the Highest" must imply and involve the perfectionment of His own indwelling spirit, since it is only through the identity in condition of the God within Him and the God without Him that the two could unite and blend.

"October 13.—Since September 29, when the Spirit commanded her to 'live,' M. has been marvellously better, having had no return of her heart trouble or difficulty in breathing. She has taken no drugs, and has lived as simply and moderately as possible—mainly on bread and fruit, avoiding hot foods and drinks. I, too, have done likewise, with manifest advantage to health, comfort, and lucidity."

On October 19 Mary received the chapter which forms No. iii. of Part II. of *Clothed with the Sun*, entitled "Concerning Holy Writ," which not only confirmed what had already been told us of a hidden and manifold interpretation, but threw a light altogether new to us on the first chapter of Genesis and the method generally of the Bible. As not infrequently happened, it transcended our ability to follow it in all respects at once, and only after considerable pondering were we able to recognise each of the fourfold aspects of the "Mosaic Week" disclosed in it. The following is the instruction in question:—

“ All Scriptures which are the true Word of God have a dual interpretation, the intellectual and the intuitional, the apparent and the hidden.

“ For nothing can come forth from God save that which is fruitful.

“ As is the nature of God, so is the Word of God’s mouth.

“ The letter alone is barren ; the spirit and the letter give life.

“ But that Scripture is the more excellent which is exceeding fruitful and brings forth abundant signification.

“ For God is able to say many things in one, as the perfect ovary contains many seeds in its chalice.

“ Therefore there are in the Scriptures of God’s Word certain writings which, as richly-yielding trees, bear more abundantly than others in the self-same holy garden.

“ And one of the most excellent is the history of the generation of the heavens and the earth.

“ For therein is contained in order a genealogy, which has four heads, as a stream divided into four branches, a word exceeding rich.

“ And the first of these generations is that of the Gods ;

“ The second is that of the kingdom of heaven ;

“ The third is that of the visible world ;

“ And the fourth is that of the Church of Christ.”

This was followed, October 24, by what is the real “ proem to Genesis ”—to borrow an expression since applied by Mr Gladstone to the first chapter of Genesis—the noble utterance commencing “ Before the beginning of things,” which stands as No. vi., Part II., of *Clothed with the Sun*. And then, in rapid succession, during the next three weeks came the chapters headed each by a letter of the Greek alphabet, setting forth in order the “ Generation of the Gods ” and their respective parts in the elaboration of the kosmos. These chapters dealt with the profoundest subjects of cognition, the procession of Deity, or Original Being, from static to dynamic, from passive to active, from unmanifest to manifest, from abstract to concrete, from universal to individual ; and disclosed the method at once of creation and of redemption, showing the method to be one, and the direction only to be different, being as centrifugal and centripetal, evolutionary and involutinal, generation and re-generation, the result of the former of which is the physical and phenomenal world, or man, and of the latter, the spiritual and substantial. In these wondrous chapters we found, moreover, a synthesis and an analysis combined of the sacred mysteries of all the great religions of antiquity, and the true *origines* of Christianity as originally and divinely intended, together with the secret and method of its corruption and perversion into that which now bears its name. And while we thus learnt

to see in the Bible the most occult and mystical of books, comprising in its true sense all the mysteries of existence, we learnt also to recognise in those who were enabling us to recover the interpretation of it personal demonstrations of its truth ; inasmuch as they were themselves souls who, by the steadfast pursuit of the way, the truth, and the life prescribed in it, had attained to the rank of the celestial, and, realising man's divine potentialities, had become vehicles for and individuations of Divinity.

Sublime as was the substance of these revelations, the form was entirely worthy of it, being unapproachable alike for simplicity, lucidity, dignity, and grace, and satisfying absolutely the supremest demands of mind, soul, and spirit. We were at no loss to recognise in them the destined Scriptures of the future, so long promised and at length vouchsafed in interpretation of the Scriptures of the past ; and in the fact that they were couched in our own glorious English tongue, we saw an augury of a loftier destiny for our race than any hitherto contemplated. Their very beauty would ensure their permanence, and the people in whose tongue they were expressed would hereafter be regarded, in virtue of them, as the Messiah of the nations.

We wondered much whether anywhere in the world these writings already are or have been. That they were the sources from which the Bible-writers drew both their doctrine and their diction was indubitable. But our questionings were as to whether they had derived them from previous revelations, written or oral, such as might be in the custody of the sanctuaries of the sacred mysteries, or, as we had obtained them, directly from the hierarchy of the Church invisible and celestial. For, as we reasoned, while yet uninformed as to their source, even granting an original and primitive revelation, that would prove only the possibility of revelation, and in no way preclude a repetition or an extension.

Once, and once only, in our subsequent reading did we come upon a token of the pre-existence on earth of writings identical with those received by us. The chapter entitled "Gamma," by which we learnt for the first time the existence of that "higher alchemy" which has for its subject the regeneration of man, contains a sentence which, save for the language, is identical with one which we subsequently found quoted as from Para-

celsus, being there given in Latin. We were unable, however, to verify the quotation. The words are, "To make gold, the alchemist must have gold." By which we inferred that he had quoted from some ancient formula the rest of which was lost. But without any knowledge of these matters on our part Mary recovered the chapter in its integrity, and a noble and suggestive chapter it is, exhibiting God as the Supreme Alchemist, and man as the subject of transmutation into spiritual gold. "To make gold," it ran, "the Alchemist must have gold; but He knows that to be gold which others take to be dross."

But were all to be written down that we said and thought, as well as that which we did and suffered, the record would become as those of which it is said, "the world would not contain them," and this history would never find its completion.

The following notes were made by her at this time in record of instructions received chiefly in sleep:—

"Isis, the goddess of initiation, of night, and of secrecy. She is virgin and is associated with white, the colour of the robe worn by the hierophants of her mysteries. Her name is a reduplication of Is, the Egyptian for light, and signifies light reflected, for which reason the moon is sacred to her. Virginity—a compound of the roots of the Latin *vir* and Greek *gyne*—implies twofold being in one undefiled body, and is the symbol of full initiation, or the condition of unity of the man's will with the Divine Will. Hence it is by Isis that the birth of the Christ—the new spiritual Sun—is announced, His initiation or birth taking place at midnight at the full of the moon, under her auspices, all such rites being anciently thus regulated.

"Mary, the symbol of Israel or the Elect, virgin daughter of Sion and representative of Israel's pure intuition of God, which belongs to the soul when freed from materiality.

"Joseph, the symbol of Egypt, already old and widowed in token of the wane of the ancient glory of the land which gave religion to all nations. He is the adoptive father only of Jesus, because Jesus was not truly his Son, but the Son of Israel, being a Hebrew by race. As the Egyptian and Hebrew religions were really identical, and the former was the elder, Joseph is represented as the spouse and protector of Mary, and the two together as the parents of Jesus, Joseph being his foster-father only. [Yet another aspect was given us subsequently, which is expounded in *The Perfect Way*, viii. 30, 31.]

"Jesus, which signifies Liberator or Saviour, is the name given to the perfected candidate on the day of His initiation or 'new birth.' His mother's name, which signifies sea or bitterness, indicates—in this aspect—the trials and ordeals through which He had passed to attain His order of initiation. For this reason, and because the 'waters,' or fluidic substance of existence, contain and reflect the Divine Being, and constitute the soul and intuition, Esdras sees the 'Son of Man rising out of the sea'; and Moses and all other initiates are said to be born of water or to have passed through

the sea. When it is said—as in the Apocalypse—that ‘there shall be no more sea,’ it is implied that those who have overcome all material limitations and become Adepts and Hierophants of the mysteries, have no more trials to undergo. There is for them no more ‘sea of troubles,’ as Shakespeare calls it. The ‘sea’ of the Apocalypse is really the astral.”

“October 4.—M. bids me write that she saw Apollo last night. He was young, strong, and exceedingly beautiful, and nearly resembled Adonai as beheld by her last year. He spoke for some time to her, but she remembered only two things which he said. One was, ‘Hermes is a thief.’ Alarmed at this imputation on her revered instructor, she looked wistfully at him, when he relaxed into a smile, and said it was an enigma of which she was to seek the solution.

“His other remembered remark was about Io. She was the same, he said, with Sara in the book of Tobit; and the latter’s demon, Asmodeus, was the same as Argus, who was slain by Hermes; and Hermes is identical with Raphael, each having a dog for his symbol. This, too, was an enigma of which she was to seek the solution. [Both solutions were found, and are given in *The Perfect Way*, ix. 13, 16.] She was then taken into a large room filled with Jews clad in the costumes of many different nations, and told that mankind are indebted to the Jews for the preservation of the secret of initiation, which they had transmitted from Egypt, and which but for them would have been lost.”

She says that the Gods always appear to her in their Greek forms, nude, and white as shining silver, excepting Pallas, who is always clad, and Hermes, who sometimes wears a garb expressive of the message to be delivered. She is inclined to believe that their forms were not invented by the Greeks, but were derived by the Greeks from them, and that they are beings who once were human, but have become divinised by the process called regeneration and transmutation, and vary according to their several characteristics, each order representing one of the “Seven Spirits of God,” for whom they serve as vehicles to communicate of divine knowledges to men. They are unlimited in number and constitute the celestial hierarchy, and their ranks are constantly being swelled by the addition of newly perfected souls. The “Seven Spirits of God” themselves are by direct emanation, but those whom we call the Gods are by evolution, having ascended from the lowest upwards and become united each with such aspect of divinity as comports with his own individual “tincture” or temperament. What perplexed her was the absence at times of the solemnity which she was accustomed to associate with such beings; and we held conversation on this subject in this wise:—

“ But would real divinities be humorous and playful, as they have been with me? Think of Hermes, in that vision which you call ‘ The Wonderful Spectacles,’ when, in his quality of messenger of the Gods, he appeared in the guise of a modern letter-carrier; and at other times his eyes have fairly twinkled with amusement at my perplexity at his changes of aspect. And then the riddles Apollo put to me, and his arch look the while. It is all so different from what one is accustomed to think about such beings. Daniel and the other Hebrew prophets were almost beside themselves with fright when they had their visitations. The last thing with me would be to be frightened by mine.”

I suggested in reply that it might be owing to the difference between the Greek and the Semitic temperaments; so that had she been of Jewish extraction her visitants would have manifested themselves in accordance with Hebrew traditions; but being evidently more Greek than Hebrew, they had appeared to her in the guise of the former. To judge by such experience as I myself had, the Gods do not change the nature of the person to whom they come, but rather enhance that which he is. And they certainly show by their demeanour that they do not identify piety with puritanism, or solemnity with sanctimoniousness. Why, one of the most essential elements of sound judgment in things religious is a sense of humour. Unable to appreciate the incongruous, how shall a man appreciate the congruous? The inference is, that the faith of the future is to be as joyous as that of the past has been morose. The truth will make men free of all such limitations. The Church of the Fall will be replaced by the Church of the Regeneration, and the Gods will associate with men as they are doing now with you, the time with us being in advance of the rest. It may well be, too, that they themselves rejoice and are cheerful in the prospect of the world’s imminent redemption, and take a personal delight in their intercourse with you as their minister in that work, and, if only because you are a woman, do all they can to reassure you.

“ ‘ The Return of the Gods!’ ” she here exclaimed. “ Whose poem was it with that title which you once showed me and I liked so much? ”

“ Charles Leland’s, the American, and author of *Hans Breitmann*. But his Gods were only the blind forces of Nature, and no true Olympians. He had no notion of their representing divine principles, and being actual living beings and able to manifest themselves as such, and so he spoke of them as ‘ mythical,’ when, had he known what we know, he would have said ‘ mystical.’ I told him of his mistake; that mythical means fabulous and unreal, and mystical means spiritual and real; but he only said that for him the distinction was without a difference.”

“ And a very common mistake, too,” she replied, “ and one that it took me some time to think my way out of. And since we have got where we are, I see more and more that what is called Christianity has caused people so utterly to misconceive the real nature of religion that we shall have immense difficulty in getting them to comprehend the simplest and most obvious truths, and the so-called ‘ learned ’ will be the hardest of all to teach, just because they have the most to unlearn. That must be what is meant by being as ‘ little children,’ without prejudice of foregone conclusion.”

“ Just so ; and not that only, for there are two things which ‘ the letter kills ’ : the sense of the Word itself, and the faculty of perception of those who rest in it. Our task will be to educate the next generation, rather than convert the present one. But be that as it may, we have but to do our best and leave results to the Gods. Let the Christ-doctrine be but properly lifted up, and it will draw all men to it.”

“ *October 26.*—M. remarked yesterday that hitherto all her illuminations seemed to come in reference to my work and according to my need, and asked me why they did not come for herself also. I suggested that it might be because, owing to her engrossment by her medical work, she had not desired them with the requisite intentness ; and I advised her to fix her mind on some special subject on which she wished for light, and then to ask for light. It so happened that in the course of the day she read in the *Spiritualist* a story of a girl who, finding herself impelled to jump out of a window on receiving an assurance from an unseen source that she would be sustained from falling, accordingly jumped out, but fell to the ground, Whereupon she exclaimed, ‘ Devil, devil, you have deceived me ! ’

“ Assuming this to be a case of ‘ diabolical temptation,’ and comparing it with the statement made to us by Hermes that there is no personal devil, but what is so called is simply the opposite and negation of God, she was at a loss to reconcile the two accounts. In the night following, however, she woke and received the following elucidation of the problem, which she found perfectly satisfactory. It was to this effect. There is no original supreme, universal, positive evil existence, such as the devil is ordinarily supposed to be. There is only the negation and opposite of God, which is to God what darkness is to light, namely, its privation and no real entity. But there are evil spirits, the souls of bad men on the downward way towards extinction. And these are wont to associate themselves with persons in the flesh with whom they have affinity, partly in order to gratify their own evil propensities by inciting them to wickedness and mischief, and partly to obtain from them the vitality necessary to prolong their own existence ; for they are absolutely selfish, and their most sustaining nutriment consists of the fumes of blood newly shed. Sometimes they are so low in vitality that a sentence of expulsion from the person in whom they have taken refuge involves their immediate extinction, unless they can find other location, though it be only in an animal. This was the case with the devils whom, on expelling them, Jesus suffered to enter into the herd of swine. In this illumination it was clearly impressed on her that men’s disorders do in some cases result from their possession by distinct personal entities, namely, evil spirits extraneous to the individual concerned, and are not merely disorders of their own physical constitution. Evil spirits, she was further told, have no chief, no organisation or solidarity ; nothing, in short, that corresponds to God. The worse they are, the lower they are and the nearer to extinction. And the conditions which attract them are made by men themselves, and depend upon the tendencies which they voluntarily encourage.”

During the closing weeks of the year the revelation flowed in upon Mary with accelerated rapidity, and quite irrespective of her own intense preoccupation with her medical studies. Even in the crowded tram-cars, while passing to and fro between home and the schools, she would be compelled to jot down on the fly-leaves of her books, or any scrap of paper handy, the sentences shot into her mind. Waking or sleeping, all was one to the inspiring influences; and the organism seemed to be of no account, save as an implement to record the results. And the stream did not intermit until she had received the chapters entitled "The Greater Mysteries," down to "Epsilon," the Hymn to Phoibos—which we regarded as the sublimest composition in all literature—and an initial instalment of the "Secret of Satan."

The circumstances of the communication of the last-named revelation were in this wise. We had been discussing the contradictory accounts given in the Bible concerning Satan, which at one time invested him with beneficent functions, as when it described him as the sifter and trier of souls, and therein as their purifier, and at another as altogether maleficent and identical with the devil, which last description—if, as we had lately been shown, the devil was no actual entity—was tantamount to saying that Satan is no actual entity, and she was so eager for the solution that, on retiring for the night, she made it a matter of special request to her illuminators.

What that solution would be, supposing it to be vouchsafed, we were wholly without preconception. The night passed and no response came; and in the morning—it was November 12—I went out to keep an engagement to breakfast with some friends from the Colonial Office who were visiting Paris, so that I hardly saw her before I left home. On my return I found her in a greatly awe-struck state. She had received, she told me, another visit from Apollo of an exceedingly solemn character, in which he had given her an instruction concerning Satan under such strict injunctions to secrecy as to cause her to doubt at first whether she was at liberty to communicate it even to me. It was one of those mysteries, he told her, which were imparted only to initiates of the very highest grade, and for that reason was so carefully veiled in the Bible. We had reached a stage in our development and work when it was

necessary for us to know it. But a portion only would be given us at present ; the remainder would follow in due time. It proved to be a portion, consisting of twenty-eight verses, of the first part of the " Secret of Satan " as published in *Clothed with the Sun*, but not the first twenty-eight verses as they there stand. The remainder was reserved until several years later, and was the last of the revelations belonging to this category. The portion received now was perfectly comprehensible by us ; as also was the remainder when it came. But the latter would not have been understood by us had we received it at this time, so profoundly mystical was it. As it was, the present instalment was given in advance of its proper order in the revelation—since, as the " last of the Gods," the account of Satan thus preceded that of some of the earlier of the Gods—and her request for it, which had doubtless been prompted for the purpose, had been made the occasion. It will readily be imagined how great were our joy and thankfulness at this fresh token of the loftiness of the mission entrusted to us and the confidence placed in us. Meanwhile, the addition thus made to our knowledge served more than ever to exhibit the totality of the eclipse which has come upon the Church in respect of the meaning of its own Scriptures and religion.

That Apollo, and not Hermes, was the inspirer of this wondrous utterance was understood by us as being because only by the first of the Gods might the mystery of the last of the Gods be revealed. There is, of course, no really first and last in the Divine Nature itself ; the terms apply only to the order of their emanation and manifestation in respect of the kosmos concerned. So that when it is said that Satan, or Saturn, is the " eldest " of the Gods, and " bears all the others on his shoulders," the reference is to the order of their manifestation in time, which is the reverse of that of their emanation.

The Hymn of the First of the Gods was for us, as I have said, the culmination of sublimity. And it was no less surpassing for its interpretative power. For, while forming a link hitherto unrecognised as subsisting between the first and last chapters of the Bible, it solved the problem of the Christs in the one manner conceivable and rational, showing them to constitute an order, and this the highest attainable by man, to the correction of the current orthodoxy in its most essential respect. It,

moreover, demonstrated the fact that, great as was the diversity between the real interior doctrine of the Greek mysteries and the popular presentation of them, the diversity is no less great between the real interior doctrine of Christianity and the current orthodoxy. In this wondrous restoration we saw a further proof of the extent to which the Bible writers had derived both their doctrine and their diction from the sacred mysteries of the pre-Christian Churches, as well as of the ignorance of the Fathers generally of the Church, most of whom were so little aware of the real source and the antiquity of their religion that they regarded the coincidences between the two as due to a "Satanic parody" devised in advance in order to discredit Christianity when it should come! A few of them, however, knew better, and had the courage and candour to acknowledge the fact. St Augustine, for instance, frankly declared that Christianity contained nothing that was not in the pre-Christian systems, but only had the same truth more fully exhibited. For the reasons already stated in relation to the reproduction here of things already published in our other books, the Hymn to Phoibos is included:—

EPSILON, OR THE FIRST OF THE GODS

Proem

1. Many are the thrones which the Holy Spirit of Elohim hath vivified.
2. They are centres of systems, bonds of graces, trees of life, suns of many worlds.
3. And the colour of them is the colour of the ruby and of the fire; and their name is, in the Hebrew, Uriel, and in the Greek, Phoibos, the Bright One of God.
4. To whom are committed the dominion of the highest sphere, and the demonstration of the reason of all things which are manifest.
5. The Spirit of whose being is the Spirit of Wisdom, which is the first of the holy Seven.
6. Now, He—the angel of the sun—is not the Spirit of Wisdom, but the brightness of the glory thereof, and the express image of the self-same spirit.
7. He is the first of the Gods, and his praise is great, and his works are wonderful, and his throne is in the midst of heaven.
8. He is that light which Adonai created on the first day.
9. And before his face Python the mighty serpent fell from heaven, to make his dwelling in the caverns and in the secret places of earth.

Hymn to Phoibos

1. Strong art thou and adorable, Phoibos Apollo, who bearest life and healing on thy wings, who crownest the year with thy bounty, and givest the spirit of thy divinity to the fruits and precious things of all the worlds.

2. Where were the bread of the initiation of the Sons of God, except thou bring the corn to ear ; or the wine of their mystical chalice, except thou bless the vintage ?

3. Many are the angels who serve in the courts of the spheres of heaven ; but thou, Master of Light and of Life, art followed by the Christs of God.

4. And thy sign is the sign of the Son of Man in heaven, and of the Just made perfect ;

5. Whose path is as a shining light, shining more and more unto the innermost glory of the day of the Lord God.

6. Thy banner is blood-red, and thy symbol is a milk-white lamb, and thy crown is of pure gold.

7. They who reign with thee are the Hierophants of the celestial mysteries ; for their will is the will of God, and they know as they are known.

8. These are the sons of the innermost sphere ; the Saviours of men, the Anointed of God.

9. And their name is Christ Jesus, in the day of their initiation.

10. And before them every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and of things on earth.

11. They are come out of great tribulation, and are set down for ever at the right hand of God.

12. And the Lamb, which is in the midst of the seven spheres, shall give them to drink of the river of living water.

13. And they shall eat of the tree of life, which is in the centre of the garden of the kingdom of God.

14. These are thine, O Mighty Master of Light ; and this is the dominion which the Word of God appointed thee in the beginning :

15. In the day when God created the light of all the worlds, and divided the light from the darkness.

16. And God called the light Phoibos, and the darkness God called Python.

17. Now the darkness was before the light, as the night fore-runneeth the dawn.

18. These are the evening and the morning of the first cycle of the Mysteries.

19. And the glory of that cycle is as the glory of seven days ; and they who dwell therein are seven times refined ;

20. Who have purged the garment of the flesh in the living waters ;

21. And have transmuted both body and soul into spirit, and are become pure virgins.

22. For they were constrained by love to abandon the outer elements, and to seek the innermost which is undivided, even the Wisdom of God.

23. And Wisdom and Love are One.

Absorbing as was the interest of the spiritual side of our work, and great as the demands made on us by our respective studies, they were in no wise allowed to interfere with our practical work on behalf of the rescue of the animals [from vivisection], but rather did they stimulate us to fresh endeavour; as also did the perpetually increasing knowledge we were enabled to obtain of the awful nature of the practice, whether as concerned its immediate victims, the animals, or as concerned its perpetrators, by reason of the utter degradation in them of the idea of humanity. Our personal intercourse with them fully confirmed the conviction forced on us by the study of their writings, that the medical science of the day, as represented by the experimental physiologists, constitutes a deliberate conspiracy to demonise the race. During the year we had utilised our knowledge of the subject by writing and publishing numerous articles, letters, and pamphlets, both at home and abroad, among which was the tract entitled *Notes by a Medical Student*, which consisted of instances of wanton barbarity culled from the text-books of the schools, and has gone through several editions; and another, the leaflet containing an appeal "to the people of Paris," which is given below, and was printed and circulated far and wide by the International Anti-Vivisection Society of London, in conjunction with the then recently formed Paris Society for the same object. And when the time came for our Christmas visit home, we had in the press a pamphlet in French of eighty large pages, entitled *De la Ligue contre les Vivisections, ou La Nouvelle Croisade, par un Anglais, dédié et adressé, en toute bonne volonté, au peuple Française*. This was a joint production, the chief portion of the writing of which fell to me, and the entire cost of printing to her; M. Ernest Leroux being the publisher, and the revision of the proofs our holiday task. Meanwhile Mary had passed with high credit and perfect ease the *examen* for which she had been so unjustly and cruelly *refusée*.

"CITOYENS ET CITOYENNES DE PARIS!

"Un crime abominable se commet chaque jour parmi vous.

"Votre magnifique ville, qui doit être le soutien de la civilisation, est aujourd'hui le centre des pratiques les plus barbares. Sous prétexte d'étudier la physiologie, des hommes livrent aux plus cruelles tortures des créatures inoffensives qui travaillent pour vous et qui vous aiment; ils leur infligent les souffrances d'une lente et

douloureuse agonie, afin d'obtenir ainsi, disent-ils, des connaissances utiles à l'humanité. Nous déclarons hautement que cette prétention est erronée ; les vivisecteurs eux-mêmes sont obligés d'avouer que, jusqu'ici, ils n'ont obtenu aucun résultat sérieux. Un des plus éminents d'entre eux, feu le professeur Claude Bernard, a déclaré que ses espérances n'avaient été nullement réalisées. Le professeur Ferrier avoue que le résultat des expériences faites par la vivisection n'est pas confirmé par les observations pathologiques. De nombreux médecins et chirurgiens très renommés, s'accordent à reconnaître que la vivisection ne peut que démoraliser ceux qui s'y livrent sans faire faire aucun progrès à la science.

“ Connaissez-vous bien ce que signifie ce mot *vivisection* ? Il s'agit de pauvres êtres créés par Dieu, dans une forme différente de la nôtre, incapables de se protéger eux-mêmes, puisqu'ils sont muets et sans défense devant nous, leurs protecteurs naturels.

“ Des animaux tels que : chevaux, chiens, chats, ânes, lapins, cochons d'Inde et pigeons, sont soumis aux traitements les plus atroces et les plus barbares que puisse inventer le génie humain. Ainsi, on les écorche vivants, on leur crève les yeux avec des fers rouges, on les crucifie, on les empoisonne lentement, on leur brise les os et les nerfs, on leur enlève la cervelle, on leur fait avaler des acides corrosifs, on les fait cuire à petit feu, on leur arrache le cœur et les entrailles, on développe sur eux la gangrène, la tumeur blanche, les arthrites suppurées, l'entorse et autres maladies ; on les enduit de térébenthine que l'on enflamme ensuite ; enfin, on prolonge de toutes manières ces cruelles agonies qui durent, selon le degré de vitalité, des heures, des jours ou des semaines !

“ Tels sont, citoyens de Paris, les cruautés qui se commettent chez vous, à l'abri de vos lois et avec la sanction de vos autorités ; cela se fait, non pas pour acquérir une connaissance utile au bien de l'homme (ce qui n'excuserait rien), mais simplement pour satisfaire une vaine curiosité et par trafic. Nous réclamons avec force contre de si horribles abus, bien convaincus que vous ignorez ces faits et que votre religion n'est pas faite en pareille matière.

“ Cette question de la vivisection, s'imposant à la conscience publique des nations, ne peut pas être laissée aux caprices des hommes de science et surtout à la classe de spécialistes qui professe le matérialisme, qui se vante de supprimer la conscience, d'être indépendante de ce que la moralité humaine préconise.

“ On vous dira peut-être : ‘ C'est une question dont la science seule peut juger, elle seule peut en déterminer la portée ; la conscience publique n'est pour rien dans cet ordre d'investigations.’

“ Nous affirmons que la vérité est contraire à cette proposition, et que, lorsque la science oublie ce qu'elle doit à la civilisation, la conscience publique doit intervenir pour le lui rappeler.

“ Ce n'est pas du tout que le public n'a pas acquis l'esprit scientifique ; c'est, au contraire, que les savants ont perdu l'esprit de la moralité.

“ Nous sommes bien persuadés que vous vous joindrez à nous pour faire cesser un état de choses qui porte atteinte à la moralité publique, et qui sera la honte de notre siècle.—*L'Association internationale de la Grande-Bretagne pour la suppression totale de la vivisection, 25 Cockspur Street, London.*”

CHAPTER XIV

WARNINGS AND INSTRUCTIONS

IN view of the journey before us, I was exercised not a little as to the safeguard of our revelations, fearing equally to leave behind and to commit to our baggage the writings regarded by us as of priceless value, knowing as we did the devices likely to be contrived by our invisible foes for their loss or destruction. Of some only of them had I been able to make duplicates, which relieved me of anxiety on their account, as I could leave one set behind and take the other. But the majority were as yet unduplicated, and I at length hit on the device of carrying these in a wallet which I should on no account unstrap from off my shoulder while *en route*. Though somewhat cumbersome, the plan was preferable to any other that I could devise, and it left my mind at ease. So it was adopted, and continued to be practised to the end, and no loss was ever sustained. Nor was Mary without anxiety on a somewhat like score. She had read in the newspapers that a lady, on attempting to land at Dover with a pet-lamb, had been stopped on the plea that the port was not licensed for the importation of live stock, whereupon the owner of the lamb had been compelled to return to France and re-embark for some other port. And she was apprehensive lest her little pet, Rufus, come under the same category of prohibited goods. She managed, however, to the great relief of both of us, to smuggle him through unobserved.

Our homeward journey was not unfruitful in experience. Having to pass a Sunday in London, we engaged ourselves for the evening to our friend, Mrs G——, who was then living in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. We went early, and intended to stay somewhat late, to give the two ladies an opportunity for a prolonged talk together; and as the night was stormy, with snow falling heavily, and there was no means of returning to our hotel,

which was in Jermyn Street, save on foot, Mary was disposed to accept the proffer of a bed rather than risk the walk home—a plan in which I heartily concurred. But, as it proved, things were ordered otherwise, and in a way little anticipated.

We had supped and disposed ourselves before a comfortable fire, and Mary was giving our hostess an account of our life and work in Paris, together with a relation of some of the spiritual experiences and teachings received by us. As I listened I found myself becoming apprehensive lest she carry her exposition beyond the limits set us. For, although our friend was a firm believer in spiritualism, it was by no means certain that she was of those to whom we might communicate of our deeper mysteries, no definite criterion having yet been given us whereby to judge to whom we might speak of these and to whom we might not. All went smoothly for some time, and then Mary touched on matters which we had been charged to keep secret, without distinction of persons, until expressly permitted to divulge them ; and I was in the act of remarking to myself that she was “ sailing dangerously near the wind,” and thinking how best to caution her without giving offence to our hostess, when she suddenly ceased speaking, rose abruptly from her seat, and with a dazed aspect and faltering tone declared that she must go home at once, and looked about for her hat and cloak. Surprised and disappointed, our hostess remonstrated, saying that we had promised to spend the whole evening with her in talking, and she had ordered a room to be prepared for Mary. But nothing was of avail ; she was fixed on departing, and that as speedily as possible, as if the house contained some danger for her, in comparison to which the risk and discomfort of so long a walk in the snow were as nothing. So, divining that something had occurred which she would not divulge to our hostess, I intimated, aside, to the latter that she was suffering from some seizure, which compelled her to get home as soon as possible, and waited until we were actually in the street for an explanation, when, in reply to my questions, she said, “ I did not want to be choked,” and then went on to describe an experience which coincided exactly with mine on the occasion of my trespass already related of a few months before, and of which—as it had now been duplicated for her—I now told her for the first time.

Happily we were able soon to obtain a conveyance, and she

reached the hotel and went to bed before the chill which I had feared for her was able to establish itself.

The arrangement we had made about our pamphlet proved unfortunate for our holiday. Relying on the judgment of the publisher, we had entrusted the translation to a professed litterateur, whose acquaintance with English proved so greatly inferior to his acquaintance with French as to render the task of correction exceptionally heavy ; and as this was a task for which Mary was by far the better qualified of the two, it naturally devolved for the most part upon her.

There was yet another circumstance which tended to minimise the benefits anticipated from the rest and change by reason of the anxiety it involved on us. It grew out of matters concerning myself and belonging to a period long antecedent to our association ; but it formed so remarkable a contribution to our spiritual experiences as to call for record here. Before coming to the matter itself there is much to be said.

Having come back to London some days before the time of our return to Paris, and leaving Mary at the Parsonage, I yielded to a strong impulse to renew my acquaintance with Winona, and accordingly made an appointment for February 3. Of course I could not conceal my personality from her or her medium ; but I observed the same precautions as before against putting leading questions or making other remarks which might be suggestive of fitting replies. She recognised me instantly, and at once began to speak with all her former intelligence and vivacity, and in such wise as to satisfy me that she was speaking under the same high guidance as at my former visits, and that I had been sent to her by my own illuminators in order to receive some personal instructions which they deemed necessary for me to have.

“ I am coming up the steps,” she began, “ for I see your light at the top.” Then, after a brief pause as if to recover breath and review the situation, she continued : “ You have changed much—not for the worse ; but I fear that you are floating out so fast that you are losing sight of the influences in this world, because you are so much in relation with those called spiritual. You are as one who is sailing in a boat on the ocean in company with others ; but you sail so fast that you seem to lose sight of them and they of you. It is better for *you*, perhaps, to be free and alone on the waters, where you can follow your course without minding others ; but not so good for them. Your usefulness, so far as they are concerned, is more limited, because their ears are not open enough to take in the lessons you have learned before them. So I say to you there are two lines you must hold.

One line represents you, and will lead you far, far out. The other line represents the world in which you live, and is much shorter than the other.

“ You forget that while in the body you have begun the life of the spirit. There are many who are unable to begin the life of the spirit even after this life, and must come back to finish the body’s life in a new or other body, because a certain result is foreshadowed in each condition, and they must come back to perfect the body in its relation to the spirit. This happens till they live the life of the spirit.

“ I see so many spirits trying to creep in to every attribute of people. Spirits who have not conquered some sin in their own lives delight to find expression for that sin through people who have the same fault and have not cast it under their feet. Till this is done the work of the spirit cannot begin for them. With you the birth of the spirit while in the body has taken place as in only a few here, and your own life has already run forward far into the spiritual condition around you. And thus your body holds its place in the world of bodies, and your spirit holds its place in the world of spirits ; and you live really at the present time in both worlds. And, therefore, when you speak to this world, you must not aim at giving to it your own foremost and highest thought, as if you and it were of the same world ; but you must rather glance backwards and downwards until you come to the world’s level, and then teach it upon its own level. Or when you attempt to impart to it the results of your own high spiritual condition, you will find that they will pass over the heads of the people, rather than into their hearts and minds. For the hearts and minds of people in this England are so close shut and bound that high spiritual thoughts cannot enter.

“ I am told to say also that, in giving your thoughts to the world, you must study how little you can say, not how much ; because the little ray of spiritual light, like a thin wedge, may creep in, while the strong wave of spiritual light which naturally would come from your mind could never enter. That is why you sometimes feel that you are completely alone, and barred out from receiving the appreciation and acknowledgment which all honest endeavour merits. It is not because the fruit you would cultivate is not good, but because the seed you plant is too pure to take root in human soil ; and the soil must be refined by exhausting its coarser elements first, and a coarse seed serves to refine those elements before it becomes suitable for the growth and development of the higher spiritual thought.”

[After a pause passed in silence.] “ There are four spirits with me in a great temple, high spirits, sitting round together and in council about you. I am called up to them. It is such a long way. I was all the time ascending while you were waiting. The land is far distant, and it is so warm and bright, and filled with influences so pure and beautiful, that no one of this England, whose spiritual atmosphere is like mud, has been able to enter. Where I am now it is like water, I can pass through it so easily. They tell me you are their earthly representative. One of them takes up a very heavy anchor, as it appears to me, and fastens it on you. And I am told to say this anchor is to hold you down near to the earth, so that the wisdom imparted to you can be analysed and moulded more fully

and completely than would be possible if you were to dwell entirely in the spirit, as your own tendency is to do, and that your spirit may still be clothed with a human body.

“ There are some in the world who will say your work is done. They know not whereof they speak. One phase is nearing its completion, but even before that is done another has begun ; and we say that that which you most long for—the results to come of it—you will live to see them, and to gather the fruit of the tree you have planted ; and you will hasten the time by retaining your hold on the world and the physical life. Your difficulty is, that the spirit in you asserts itself too much, and completely ignores all the demands of the body.

“ That is, by the activity of the spirit, the strength of the body, which should go out sometimes in mere physical relations, is absorbed by the spirit. Whereas, in order to be able to feel the pulse of the world, and to labour effectually for the unfoldment of human nature, you must be in and of the world, and not always shut up and apart from it. You must keep in mind the two lines we spoke of.

“ You have now massed together enough of knowledge to fill the coming century. And while you matured those thoughts and sent them forth, there would be an outgrowth coming directly to your own spirit ; but it is unwise for you to leave the world wholly behind you. Use the knowledge as you get it, rather than accumulate it, or you will be like people who spend their lives in getting money to be happy with afterwards. You are piling up knowledge as if there were an ultimate which you could reach in it, but when you get up to what now might seem such a point, you would find there is no ultimate in anything. Besides, no future time will be more propitious for the work than the present. You are to bring forth, one by one, the treasures given you, as an artist would bring forth his favourite pictures and hang them up in the gallery of a museum for a world of earnest hearts to gaze on.

“ This, too, I am charged to say :—You will make a very great mistake if you give to the world the source and origin of much you have received. If you give the substance of it, they will absorb it in their minds and get benefit ; but they will not believe in the source, and would refuse even the cup of cold water that claimed to come from it. Better that the thoughts and ideas be filtered through your mind, or seem to originate from yourself, if ever they are to exercise influence on the world. There is now only the intellect to be appealed to, so that you must speak only as from the intellect. You would fail completely were you to publish the source when you give the lessons you have to teach. Those who know will discern the source of themselves. Others will appreciate the lesson better for its not being disclosed, and, later, will attain the further step of comprehending and believing in the source. The lesson of the thought itself will prepare them for the higher lesson, from which they would turn away if presented to them in the first instance, and be more in rapport with the world. You partially shut the door yourself. Not intellectual society is what you should cultivate ; that would not help, but would offend and irritate you by its limitations of intelligence. You want healthful, pleasant, genial associations.”

[In reply to question.] “ If your inspiring spirits have ever lived in this world as human beings, it was so long ago that I cannot see when. I see them as heads rather than as bodies, with what seems like clouds, long and floating away, for garments; with colours to express their condition, which is that of Gods or Archangels. I see the thought they wish me to utter. They show me the thought; their thoughts create the imagery, as God by the action of His mind produces the world, and gives form to thought, which is creation.

“ These spirits lived more centuries ago than I can count. They are spirits of the world, its controlling influences, who develop up the world’s spiritual life. As I am talking to you I see no country or earth, but water, and I am looking far out over an ocean; and the beautiful temple grows out of the water. The water represents space. Thoughts take form on the walls of the temple.”

Here she paused again, giving me time to reflect on the correspondence between her description of this sphere and the apocalyptic “ sea of glass like unto crystal, mingled with fire,” and of those who, as “ followers of the Lamb,” of a pure spirit in themselves, are, for their exemption from taint of matter, called “ virgins.” Presently resuming, she continued :—

“ Now I see another Spirit, just come, of a different-coloured light. All the others look up as He comes in through an open space as a ray of light. No one follows Him, but a crowd of voices float in after Him, and He becomes an avenue of high influences between whom and other high spirits He serves as medium. He figured in this world. I see a cross, and One on it wearing a crown of thorns. It is this Spirit; and the suffering He underwent drove out every mortal element of His life. Ordinarily in death a part only of such elements are driven out. But with Him death was a mingling of every pain known to mortals, and He is, in the spirit-life, a perfect medium between the Lord and His spirits.”

[In answer to questions.] “ ‘ Lord ’ represents a human element. ‘ God ’ represents the pure substance of all things. ‘ Lord ’ is God’s highest mode of operation conceivable by mind, which ‘ God ’ is not; the utmost extent of the finite. I am not speaking of myself. I hope to rise, some day, to the high level I see. It is that possibility in me that enables me to be a medium—which is all I am now—between those high spirits and you. The Christ is a medium to the Supreme. The Lord is the ‘ I ’ of Jesus.

“ I am told to tell you that life in this world is not in itself degrading. All things in life are good and right. To strangle part of your nature is as bad as to strangle the whole. You get good from all relations of life, until they shed themselves; then you outgrow them. To crucify this, to crush the other, is a sad mistake. If Jesus’ life was understood and the things He said, you would find that all the conditions possible to man had been fulfilled by Him, whether in His last life or in former ones. He had used and benefited by them all. From His earliest moment His life was a blending of all spiritual and physical possibilities, and He was completely rounded

out in every attribute that makes the man to-day, but to-day the spirit is dwarfed and only the body is heeded.

“ I am told to tell you of your partner, that there are certain things about her to which you cannot yet find the clues ; tendencies and experiences in past lives which have not yet expended themselves. They are an element of weakness in her system, and were the cause of her failure. And the wonder is, that when the trial came she was not altogether destroyed and ruined. But the organism was not permanently injured, and the failure was good morally. The effect of the strain upon her brain and spinal system was like the pulling out of a bit of rubber so far as to make it jagged at the edges. Spiritually she is at one with you, but her intellect is continually crossing swords with yours, and this has hindered the work of both. Her perception of outsides is so sharp where persons are concerned as to obscure that of insides. She sees the act and criticises that without looking to the spirit of it. The more the woman is developed in her, the better for your work.

“ She is almost two persons, one very near to you, the other often far away and at odds. She is so dependent as the one, so independent as the other.”

[In answer to question about herself.] “ I have taken three steps forwards, and am higher than when you saw me before. From passion I have passed to cool judgment, and am not now affected by the feelings and thoughts of my sitters, as spirits often are, and unconsciously take their colour from the sitter’s mind.

“ There is a spirit present who was your wife in the earth-life. She has not been allowed to approach you of late, because she was jealous of your present association ; but she is much higher now, and is allowed to work for you again. There is a matter in which she is trying to help you now. You will hear of it in due time. There is nothing that you can do in it yourself now. When the time comes you will have to attend to it.

“ The only other thing I have to say to you now is, that you must enter more into the world. It is for your own sake as well as for the sake of others. The Master gained force through absorbing the elements of the world and of human life.”

A second visit was occupied chiefly with replies to a series of questions connected with psychology and religion with which I had furnished myself, all of which were answered with much perspicacity, and in close accordance, so far as the answers went, with the system of thought contained in our subsequent books. The sitting closed with some personal statements referring to other of my relations, some living and some long dead, respecting none of whom the knowledge could have been acquired by normal methods, their innermost characters and motives, and their attitude towards myself, being described with startling accuracy. And this was the case throughout all these interviews. Every statement within my power to verify proved correct, even to the recent death of two relatives, and the narrow escape of a third, of

whose danger I had not then heard. Speaking of the person most nearly concerned by these calamities, Winona said :—

“ You have some relations very near to you in the flesh, but far removed in the spirit—so far removed, indeed, that, spiritually, you are no relations at all. I see two such. The one at whom I am looking now has been very nasty to you, but he has good in him, and it is being developed. That is the cause of his troubles. The spirits have taken him in hand, and are developing the good in him. I do not mean spirits such as I am, but the ministers of God. The other is not so far advanced. He is not advanced at all. The spiritual nature is not yet even awake in him. It is so dead that I doubt whether he will begin to find it in his present life ; perhaps not for several lives.”

I come to the incident referred to at the beginning of this chapter¹ as contributing to the detriment of Mary's holiday. Winona's statement that some matter was pending in which the spirit of my wife was trying to help me, and of which I should shortly hear, had brought to my mind an incident which had taken place two or three months previously in Paris. My American acquaintance, Colonel R——, already alluded to, when in Paris, had begged me to witness some experiments in clairvoyance he was making with a young Frenchwoman—a complete stranger to me—whose faculty he was developing, and I accordingly went. The *lucide* was a good one, and at once proved the genuineness of her gift by giving a description of ourselves, our work, and our mode of life so minute and exact as to transcend altogether any account she could have received from the Colonel. She further stated that I was at that very time menaced by a serious danger, of which I should hear in a few weeks, probably six or more—she could not see exactly—when in England ; but that it would pass away without harming me or again molesting me. And she added that a spirit was present who claimed to be that of one who had many years ago been wife to me, and who would help me in the matter.

Attaching little or no importance to these utterances, and being unwilling to excite anxiety in Mary, I kept this announcement to myself, and had well-nigh forgotten it, when it was recalled to my mind by its repetition by Winona. And it was only when, a few days after my last visit to the latter, I received a letter of an unexpected and menacing character that I recognised

¹ P. 297 *ante*.

the import of the warnings given me. It was a peremptory demand for a sum of money altogether beyond my ability to pay, on behalf of some speculative transactions long since wound up and dismissed as finally settled, and was couched in terms so hostile as to show that the parties to the conspiracy—for such I at once saw it to be—were at once desperate and unscrupulous. Failing to obtain compliance with their demands, they would use every endeavour to injure my reputation.

Knowing the baselessness of the requisition and the utter absence of any real ground for apprehension on the latter score, I was disposed to take no notice of the matter, and to regard it as a trick, which, having been played without effect, would be dropped. But I was still pondering it, when, without notice, Mary arrived in London in a most alarmed and excited state; and in reply to my wondering query as to her sudden appearance and in such guise, said that she had been sent by “ Esther,” my wife. For several days and nights, she declared, Esther had been with her, giving her no peace until she promised to come to London and help me through a serious danger that was hanging over me. She then proceeded to question me minutely concerning precisely the matters on which the letter I had received was founded, giving accurately the names, dates, places, nature of transactions, and numerous other particulars none of which had ever escaped my lips, and saying that she had learnt them all from my wife’s spirit, who was, she said, so greatly perturbed about the matter as to make it difficult to gather plainly from her whether she imputed any blame to me for my part in it. Mary added that she had for some days resisted the appeal thus made to her, ascribing it to some delusive influence, and had finally yielded as much for peace’ sake as through conviction of its genuineness. It was, she moreover considered, no new thing for her to be warned in such a manner on my account, whether by Esther or some other spirit, and it seemed at least the safer course to heed the warning than to disregard it.

For answer I placed in her hands the letter I had received, assuring her that, serious as it might appear, there was no cause whatever for alarm, as I was in possession of all the documents necessary to acquit me of liability, moral as well as legal; and, in compliance with her suggestion, I instructed a lawyer to make reply for me to that effect. The step proved effective, and

the matter was brought to a satisfactory termination, even to the fulfilment of the prediction that I should not be troubled about it again ; for up to the present time no further word about it has reached me.

A review of the whole of the experiences connected with this incident—which I now for the first time communicated to Mary—led us to regard it as a demonstration impossible to be traversed of the ability of the departed to overshadow and safeguard their friends on this side, as well as of the reality of the faculty through which communication is held. Not that the proof on this occasion was stronger than many which had previously been given to us ; but it involved elements which took the experience into a rare category. For no less than three several sensitives, absolutely irrespective of each other, had received at different times and places precisely identical intimations purporting to come from one and the same spirit, of whose existence two of them were unaware, concerning a matter about which neither they nor I had any knowledge or suspicion. And the intimations were in every particular confirmed by the event. The suggestion that, even granting the rest, there was no proof of the identity of the personality of the spirit manifesting seemed to us sufficiently met by the consideration that if it were not, either directly or mediately, the person it professed to be, there must be exceedingly elaborate contrivances for deception *on the other side*, and this for no assignable advantage to the contrivers.

An intense spell of work, extending over three months, was rewarded by her passage of a somewhat dreaded examination in chemistry with the highest notes of approbation. The only abnormal experience during this period was the following :—

Finding it necessary summarily to dismiss her *cuisinière* for gross misbehaviour, she wrote a letter to the woman's husband informing him of the circumstances, first showing it to me. Having read it, I strongly advised her to "sleep upon it," in order to give time for reflection or suggestion, not specifying my reason, which was, that I had grave doubts as to the propriety of prejudicing the husband against the wife, be her fault what it might. Better, I considered, to leave him to make his own discoveries. I had no thought of any physical danger resulting. She assented. The night passed, and the first thing she did on rising was to tear up her letter. She had dreamt, she said, that in passing down the

street a woman had rushed out from a recess and thrown a quantity of vitriol in her face, the pain from which woke her ; and she took this for a warning not to be neglected.

On June 22 she received [in sleep], evidently in satisfaction of my need, of which she was unaware, an instruction concerning Christian Pantheism (*Clothed with the Sun*, I. xxvii.), which gave an explanation of the points on which I wanted light, confirming the conclusions to which I had come, and going far beyond them, but with such lucidity as to enable me at once to recognise the results as following inevitably from the premises. It threw, moreover, a great and needed light on the method of the Gospels. The following month brought us the mystical version of the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer, which, by rendering the Creed into the present tense, and addressing the prayer to the "God within," exhibited to our supreme satisfaction the interior character of Christianity proper, to the confirmation of our own independent conviction respecting the non-historical nature of all that is essential in religion ; and in such presentation we rejoiced to recognise the death-blow to the superstition which insists on restricting to a time and to an individual processes which are by their nature necessarily eternal and universal.

Desirous of escaping the summer heats of Paris, and sorely needing the renovation which only the seaside afforded, we selected Cabourg, near Trouville, for our purpose, her sinister impressions of Dieppe being still too vivid for her to tolerate the idea of revisiting that place, otherwise the most convenient and suitable. This time it was not only for her that such change was needful. My own state was such as to cause me serious apprehension lest I break down with my work all unfinished, and while I was still so indispensable to my colleague. To relate the nature and cause of the ill-health by which I was now troubled is to narrate the most distressing, in some respects, of all the experiences encountered in our work. It was not, of course, to be supposed that the enemy would leave any device untried to break it down. But the means now taken to that end surpassed any other yet attempted in subtlety and cruelty. For it consisted in the endeavour to sow discord between us. We needed not to be told, as we had been told by Hermes, "Ye are not yet perfected," to acquaint us with the fact. But we did not know how imperfect we were. Winona had struck a true note when she said to me,

speaking of Mary, " Spiritually she is at one with you, but her intellect is continually crossing swords with yours, and this has hindered the work of both. Her perception of outsides, where persons are concerned, is so sharp as to obscure that of insides. She sees the act and criticises that without looking at the spirit of it. The more the woman is developed in her, the better for your work. She is almost two persons, one very near to you, the other often far away and at odds. She is so dependent as the one, so independent as the other."

The description was exact. Intuitionally at one with me, intellectually she was still liable at times to fall under the influence of the pessimistic tendencies which led her to see the worst side and express the harshest judgment of persons and actions. In this lay the essential difference between us. Though recognising her as constituting a larger system and having superior capacities, I could not but see that she was less able to maintain a constant balance between the two modes of the mind, and consequently was as liable to go to extremes in one direction as well as in the other, and this to such an extent as to make it appear for the time being as if the tether which linked her with her centre had been broken, and only the centrifugal tendency had any existence. The process of at-one-ment between the inner and outer, higher and lower, spheres of the kosmos constituted by her had yet to be effected. She could rise into complete union with her innermost, but could not maintain that union. This was a phenomenon on which a light was thrown for me by an instruction in which it was said that the essential difference between the patriarchs and the Christ consisted in precisely this same characteristic. While, therefore, the latter was said to be married to the Spirit, the former were said to live in concubinage, their relations with the divine being fitful only and transitory. Our orbits thus differed as those of a comet and a planet. Hers carried her nearer the sun than mine, but it also carried her farther away.

Such was the liability of which the enemy took advantage at this period, by artfully causing discussion to degenerate into controversy, and controversy into altercation, when any subject arose between us respecting which we saw differently. And it was not all at once that I was able to recognise the source. Gradually, however, this became clear to me, and I was able to discern

as the real instigators extraneous influences which, besides being malignant in themselves, were bitterly antagonistic to our work, and bent upon breaking me down as the only way left to them of breaking it down, having been foiled in their previous direct attempts upon her. Our recent experiences with O. had shown her accessibility to suggestions from such sources through the medium of the astral, when detached from her central pivot. And it by no means followed that in losing one instrument " Apollyon " was left without resources. It might even be that the same instrument was still available for his purposes, though removed from our ken. And I was startled at finding the same idea expressed by her soon after it occurred to myself. For she said that she sometimes thought that O. was trying to get at her again. One thing that served to confirm my belief in the extraneous character of the obsessing influences was her manifest unconsciousness subsequently of having given me any cause to be grieved or aggrieved by anything said or done by her. On one occasion, however, she seemed suddenly to awake to a sense both of the severity of the test to which I had been put and of the effort it must have cost me to refrain from any expression of resentment ; for after a short pause, spent apparently in reflection, she said to me, " What a splendid mother you must have had ! "—a compliment which I took as the greatest ever paid me, or that could be paid me.

The subtlety with which my most sensitive places were searched out, and the mercilessness with which they were probed by the influences which had now obtained access to us, seemed to me to belong altogether to the infernal. I recalled what I had read about the ordeals of the ancient mysteries, and what I had been told about my having been similarly tested and proved ; and how that Plato had said that many begin their initiation in the mysteries, but few complete it. And I only wondered that any should survive to do so if their ordeals approached mine in severity ; for the conflict within was such as to realise for me in the fullest sense imaginable the meaning implied by St Paul when he said, " We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." And although I never for a moment faltered in courage or resolution, the tension upon my organic system was so great as to render imminent some rupture of heart

or of head which could hardly fail to be fatal to life or reason. As it was, the heart had set up two beats nearly for one, the pulse ranging from 110 to 120, and the head responded to the disturbance thus induced by setting up noises so loud and shrill that on our journey to Cabourg it was the greatest possible relief to me, when the train entered a tunnel, to keep the windows open in order that the noise without might deaden somewhat the noises within. Meanwhile I sought, but in vain, by rigorous self-examination to discover the cause and the cure for the condition in which I found myself. What if it should become chronic! It was more than my life and reason that were at stake—it was our work; it was she! To lose me would, I was assured, be her ruin for this life, for I was to her as a tether to hold her to her centre.

Our visit to Cabourg failed of its hoped-for results, but through no fault of the place itself. Nothing could have been more invigorating than the ozone-laden breezes which swept over its vast expanses of sand, or the battles with the breakers in which I freely indulged, swimming being a favourite exercise with me. We had not escaped the enemy by quitting Paris, and it was with heavy hearts that, after a three weeks' absence, we returned thither. There was, however, the prospect of a new element in the situation which augured well. Our friend Lady Caithness—as I shall still call her, though she was now also Duchesse de Pomar—was about to take up her residence in Paris, and I looked to the moral support it would be to my colleague to have the enthusiastic and intelligent recognition of one of her own sex. The anticipation was not disappointed. Lady Caithness's arrival in Paris occurred at a critical moment for our work, and although it would deprive us of a pleasure to which we had looked forward when the time should come for our return to England, we could hardly doubt that it had been wisely ordained; and as time passed on the correctness of this impression was made clear.

On our return from Cabourg, Lady Caithness had quitted Paris to transact some business in London, and Mary soon after wrote her the following letter. It bears no trace of our peculiar domestic trouble:—

“ 26 RUE BOISSIÈRE, CHAILLOT, PARIS,
“ August 20, 1879.

“ MY DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—We returned yesterday from a brief visit to Cabourg les Bains, and to-morrow I am going to my work again. I think Mr M—— has already given you an account of our

interview with the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, so that I need not now enter into all the details of what passed on that occasion. But as I think it likely you may like to see what I gave his Eminence to read, I send you a copy of the little address I prepared for him. He did not read it while we were there, but promised to do so after our departure, so that I cannot say what effect, if any, my words produced on his mind. Of course, in so short an address, it was not possible to present all the aspects of the question, or, indeed, to treat any one single point with anything but the lightest touch.

“With regard to the Pope, after much reflection I have decided to postpone my letter to him, until—my apprenticeship at the *Faculté* being at an end—I may say what I have to say without fear, and may have the weight of my degree to add authority to my representations. I wish my letter to his Holiness to be the opening of the crusade against cruelty to which I intend to devote my life in the future; and I shall not be free to open my campaign until I have the scarlet gown of the Doctorate.

“Do you know, I believe it is true that every one of us men and women who have true missions in the world, and who are born to be Saviours, must descend, as did Christ Jesus, into Hell, and be numbered with the dead. I have found *my* Hell here in the *Faculté de Médecine* of Paris, a Hell more real and awful than any I have yet met with elsewhere, and one that fulfils all the dreams of the mediæval monks. The idea that it was so came strongly upon me one day as I was sitting in the *Musée* of the school, with my head in my hands, trying vainly to shut out of my ears the piteous shrieks and cries which floated incessantly towards me up the private staircase leading to the dens where Béclard, Vulpian, and other devils were torturing their innocent victims. Every now and then, as a scream more heartrending than the rest reached me, the moisture burst out on my forehead and on the palms of my hands, and I prayed, ‘O God, take me out of this Hell; do not suffer me to remain in this awful place.’ And immediately there came to me, like an answer, these words—‘He descended into Hell.’ And I felt sure that this is my Hell, and that when I have passed its hateful doors, and have left them for ever, my ascension will come, and I shall be able to give myself freely and effectually to the work of advocacy and redemption which I so ardently long to begin.

“And when, that night, after leaving the schools, I reflected on all these things, another revelation was made to me on the meaning of the Passion of Christ. I beheld Christ showing the wounds on His hands and feet, and I heard Him say to me, ‘These are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the House of my Friends.’ Then immediately I understood that passage of the Holy Scriptures, which had always been obscure to me before, and I perceived that the ‘House’ of Christ’s Friends is the body of those whom He loves, and that when they suffer, He suffers in them and for them out of the love He bears them. God is in all creatures, and the stage of purification by fire (or suffering), through which all being is now passing in this sphere, is the crucifixion of God. Jesus, as the most perfect of Initiates, is selected by the Christian mysteries as the representative of God. He is for them God manifest in the flesh. In His crucifixion, therefore, is seen the type and symbol of God, in

His suffering creatures, which crucifixion is the means and cause of their purification, and of their final redemption. 'These,' says the Lord God, 'are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the body or person of all who are Mine—who are sealed unto Me.' For the 'House of My friends' is nothing else than a mystical phrase for the temple of the body. 'Enter Thou into my House, O Lord!' cries the saint who desires to be visited in the body by the Divine Presence. And the Man-God, showing His Five Mystical Wounds of hands, feet, and heart, exclaims, 'These are the wounds wherewith I am wounded continually in the person of all My Beloved. For I and My Brethren are one, as God is one with Me.'¹ Thus I obtained a new meaning in the Passion and Crucifixion of Christ, and I saw that, in order to save, the Saviour must spiritually *die* for those whom He would redeem. For it is Love alone that redeems, and Love hath nothing of its own.

"I do not know whether I have succeeded in making this view of the 'Atonement' as clear to you as it showed itself to me, or whether it is a new light to you in any sense. To me it reveals the whole mystery of the Cross, and shows me what I before felt but dimly, that the Christ of every age and of every sphere must truly and really bear the sorrows and pains of those whom He redeems 'in His own Body on the Tree.' And He does not become the 'Saviour' until He has been crucified, dead, buried, and gone down into hell.

"Thus it appears to me that, out of my love to the poor animals who are the dumb of this world, I too must be wounded in their fleshly 'House,' and must 'die' for them spiritually. That I suffer thus is my warranty that I shall some day be able to redeem them. Therefore I have but to finish my work and to wait until the time is ripe to reap the fruits of it.

"I shall be glad to know how your affairs prosper now you have returned to London. *Pray* be steadfast in the resolution you expressed before leaving Paris.—Always, dear Lady Caithness, very sincerely yours,
A. MARY KINGSFORD."

The visit to Monsignor Guibert, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, was an incident in our anti-vivisection crusade notable for its nature rather than for its results. It was made in pursuance of Mary's resolve to leave no stone unturned in the cause. For me, the hope of any good to accrue from an appeal in such a quarter was not even a forlorn one. I knew too well the history and character of sacerdotalism—no matter under what denomination—to look to it for sympathy and aid in any cause that did not concern its own interests. Be its individual members well-intentioned as they might as men, as partisans of their system and its traditions they had neither heart nor power to

¹ See the illumination "Concerning Christian Pantheism" (*Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xxvii.). It was received in sleep on June 22, 1879.—S. H. H.

act. Mary, however, was bent on making the attempt, and an introduction was accordingly procured for us through the instrumentality of the Duchesse de Grammont, herself an Englishwoman and wife of the author of the well-known humanitarian statute entitled, "Le Loi Grammont!" Hence the appropriateness of our reference to her on behalf of our project. Mary accompanied her application for an interview with the Cardinal by the following letter; and when a reply came appointing a time for her call, nothing would do but that I should accompany her not only to the palace, but even into the august presence, much as I shrank from so doing. But her declaration that she always seemed to draw force from me left me no option:—

" Nous prions Votre Eminence de ne pas regarder cette question de la Vivisection comme une question en dehors de l'action de l'Eglise; c'est au contraire une question intimement liée à la Religion et à la Moralité, pour les raisons suivantes:—

" 1. S'il existe un seul devoir religieux, assurément la conduite que doit tenir les créatures de Dieu l'un envers l'autre est bien du nombre.

" 2. Nous ne pouvons pas enseigner aux enfants leurs devoirs envers les animaux, ni punir les personnes qui les maltraitent, tant que le monde peut dire que l'Eglise donne sa sanction aux pratiques les plus atroces que l'on ait jamais imaginées.

" 3. Les hommes qui se livrent à la pratique de la vivisection—M. Paul Bert, par exemple,—sont des hommes que leurs écrits, leurs actes, tout leur passé désignent comme les ennemis de l'Eglise et de toute croyance religieuse.

" 4. La vraie Science est de Dieu, et Dieu n'a jamais ordonné que les connaissances vraiment utiles soient achetées aux prix de la dégradation de l'Humanité et des plus cruelles souffrances des créatures inoffensives qui travaillent pour nous et qui sont muettes et sans défense entre nos mains.

" La vraie Science est la compagne de la Religion, et donne la main à l'Esprit du Christianisme; la Science qui, au contraire, se trouve opposée à l'Esprit de Jésus-Christ et de la Miséricorde est une fausse Science, qui travaille par des moyens méchants et pervers, et dont les partisans sont les ennemis de Dieu.

" 5. Il convient surtout à l'Eglise Catholique, à qui seule appartient la gloire de reconnaître la Femme Divine en la personne de la Mère de Dieu, de proclamer la règne de la Miséricorde et de la Charité universelle, et de dénoncer la cruauté et l'egoïsme de ceux qui font souffrir aux autres les plus lentes et douloureuses agonies afin d'obtenir des connaissances que Dieu n'accorde jamais qu'aux hommes dont les intentions sont conformes à ses lois, et dont le cœur est pur et révérencieux.

" 6. Il n'est donc pas étonnant que les vivisecteurs eux-mêmes sont obligés d'avouer que jusqu'ici, ils n'ont obtenu aucun résultat sérieux, et que l'un des plus éminents d'entre eux a déclaré que ses espérances n'avaient été nullement réalisées. 'Nos mains,' dit-il,

‘ sont vides aujourd’hui. ’ D’autres professeurs ont avoué que le résultat des expériences faites par la vivisection n’est jamais confirmé par les observations pathologiques et cliniques. De nombreux médecins et chirurgiens très renommés, s’accordent à reconnaître que la vivisection ne peut que démoraliser ceux qui s’y livrent sans faire faire aucun progrès à la Science. En effet, la pratique de la vivisection, loin de favoriser la marche du progrès, a soulevé dans la science des discussions et des difficultés sans fin qui ont empêché d’une manière désastreuse l’application des moyens thérapeutiques, et ont même été cause des erreurs et des illusions des plus funestes.

“ 7. Nous envisageons les animaux comme les pauvres ; car, quoique leur forme soit différente de la nôtre, ils ont les mêmes capacités de souffrance, et les mêmes affections que nous ; et, loin de nous donner le droit de les maltraiter, la Sainte Ecriture nous a commandé ‘ d’ouvrir la bouche pour les muets. ’

“ 8. Et cela est si vrai, que les plus grands des Saints de l’Eglise ont reconnu que pour suivre la Voie de la Perfection il fallait même s’abstenir de prendre la vie à aucun être vivant, et par conséquent, ils ne se nourrissaient pas de leur chair, mais se contentaient des fruits, des grains et du pain dont l’homme vivait uniquement dans le jour de sa première innocence.

“ 9. Cependant, la question de prendre la vie aux animaux ne touche pas la question de la vivisection, car la vivisection ne signifie pas la Mort,—ce qui serait bien peu de chose,—il s’agit ici des tortures les plus atroces et prolongées que l’esprit de l’homme ait jamais conçues.

“ 10. Des animaux tels que chevaux, chiens, chats, ânes, lapins, cochons d’Inde, pigeons, etc., sont soumis aux souffrances les plus barbares, que puisse inventer la génie humain. Ainsi, on les écorche vivants, on leur crève les yeux avec des fers rouges, on les crucifie, on les empoisonne lentement, on les brise les os, on leur arrache les nerfs, on leur enlève la cervelle, on leur fait avaler des acides corrosifs, on frotte leurs yeux avec des caustiques, on les fait cuire vivants à petit feu, on leur arrache la cœur et les entrailles, on les dissèque pendant des jours entiers en entretenant une respiration artificielle aux moyens des pompes à l’air, on développe sur eux la gangrène, la tumeur blanche, les arthrites suppurées, l’entorse, le délirium trémens et autres maladies ; on les enduit de térébenthine que l’on enflamme ensuite ; enfin on prolonge de toutes manières ces cruelles agonies, qui durent, selon le degré de vitalité, et à force des moyens mécaniques pour entretenir la respiration,—des heures, des jours, des semaines !

“ 11. Tels sont, Votre Eminence, les cruautés qui se commettent chez les ennemis de Dieu, de l’Eglise et de la Vraie Science, tels sont les abus contre lesquels nous réclamons avec toute la force dont nous sommes capables, en priant Votre Eminence de vouloir bien adresser au clergé de Paris une Lettre Pastorale contre ces horribles pratiques qui portent atteinte à la Religion, à la moralité, et qui font la honte de notre siècle.

“ 12. Une fois que l’Eglise aurait ainsi condamné sans réserve les pratiques barbares d’une Science déchue et athée, les Fidèles seront délivrés d’un fardeau pesant, et Votre Eminence rendra par vos paroles la joie et la confiance aux cœurs de milliers de Chrétiens

qui ont été portés même à douter, la bonté et la miséricorde, non pas seulement de l'Eglise Catholique, mais de Dieu Lui-même."

In one respect the result was less even than I had anticipated. In another respect it was positively gratifying to me. For, while it revealed on the part of the Church's chief representative in France a consciousness of impotence which nothing short of such an experience would have enabled us to realise, it effectually convinced Mary of the hopelessness of any appeal on behalf of humanity, pure and simple, to sacerdotal authority. Monsignor Guibert himself realised all that we had heard of him as an amiable, courteous, good, and even saintly man, and we could well believe what we had been told, that his sympathies were with the mystical rather than with the sacerdotal presentation of religion. And his discourse—suggested by the object of our visit—about his love for animals, as evinced by his pleasure in feeding the sparrows in his garden, was worthy of a Francis of Assisi. But as for employing the Church's influence in causing the Catholic portion of the population to rise against the cruelties of a science which recognised the Church only to oppose it, and this in times when the Church itself in France existed only on sufferance, that was wholly out of the question. The utmost she could do was to minister to the faithful. Let Messieurs the Scientists—let M. Paul Bert and his associates—only present themselves at the confessional, and they would learn that the Church disapproved of their practices. Meanwhile we should reap the harvest of our pious wishes in our own souls, even though we failed to effect the practical good we sought to accomplish.

The line and tone of the Cardinal throughout were such as to preclude the possibility of argument. Accustomed to dictate and to preach to others from the impregnable position of his rank and office, he was not going to suffer himself to be preached to, and least of all by a woman. And Mary accordingly came away dumb with amazement and disappointment, her high hopes utterly evaporated. Determined not to speak first, I awaited in silence her first utterance with curiosity; and we walked a considerable distance before it came. At length she exclaimed, "How are the mighty fallen! I could not have believed it had I not seen it myself. There is but one word to express the condition of the Catholic Church in France—it is abject. And I

believe all through its own fault. The Gods haven't come to the rescue a moment too soon. Oh, what a work we have to do! The Church wants as much saving as the world, and will probably be our greatest hindrance to saving the world. Oh, those priests! those priests! Priests of religion and priests of science, I do not believe there is a pin to choose between them."

My physical distresses remained unabated, and I feared that the conditions were in other respects also unfavourable to the prosecution of our spiritual work. But the event proved otherwise, and we were no sooner moved to seek to renew intercourse with our illuminators than we found free response.

This we did in writing, a method from which we had long desisted for a variety of reasons, among which was the expressed dislike of our genii to physical means of communication. But on this occasion the promptness of the response seemed to imply their approbation, and the results were as satisfactory as they were singular. The question was as to the order to be observed in the record we had been instructed to make of the Scriptures imparted to us. For containing this [record] we had had manufactured expressly a volume, large, handsome, of superfine paper, with lock and key, and bearing on the cover a solid brass pentagram¹—symbol of man perfected. And in this book Mary was to write, in her boldest and most picturesque hand, the chapters received by her. And I secretly indulged in anticipations of the time when the book would form one of the most precious possessions of the Church of the Future, as a relic of the seeress and scribe of the New Gospel of Interpretation, and one to look on which the Faithful of the ages to come would make pilgrimage from afar, regarding it with the veneration that now would be accorded to the originals of their own Scriptures, written by the hands of the revelators themselves. The writing was duly commenced, but was destined never to be completed, the requisite health, strength, and leisure not being vouchsafed. And it accordingly stopped short at its initial pages. And only when the record was ultimately made in print was it possible to observe the directions given. And this she did not live to see with her bodily eyes, for it was in her posthumous book, *Clothed with the Sun*.

¹ Probably a printer's error for "hexagram," which is the symbol of man perfected.—S. H. H.

The selection and order of the great mass of chapters, those containing the lesser mysteries, was left to our own judgment. One of these was the instruction concerning the spiritual significance of certain animals in which the name "Saturn" was used to denote the "father of priestcraft"; and a doubt arose in her mind as to whether she had caught the right name. On putting the question, we received in writing the unexpected answer, "The word you want is Molech or Cain. They are the same."

Upon this we referred to Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, where—under the heads of Molech and Chemosh—we found the ascription to Saturn of the title of "Father of Priestcraft," and his identity with Molech fully borne out. Respecting the further identity of Cain with these, the dictionary failed to help us, as it treats him merely from the supposed historical point of view, and takes no account of the principles implied; which, of course, it could not do, as the key to these has long been lost, and it was only now being restored to us; and by means of this we ascertained that what had surprised us was perfectly correct, in that Molech, Chemosh, Cain, and Saturn, and therein Satan, are different terms to express the outermost and lowest sphere of the kosmos, namely, that of matter, time, and appearance, as opposed to the inmost and highest, namely, that of spirit, eternity, and reality. And priestcraft represents the recognition of the former to the exclusion of the latter. Appealing to the sense-nature instead of to the soul, it has for its "father" that principle in man which is denoted by the terms in question.

With regard to the order of the chapters containing the greater mysteries, it was written—

"Put all that relates to the Seventh Sphere at the end of the book. Write the Apostles' Creed the first in the book, putting all the past tenses in the present. The Creed contains the spiritual history of the Sons of God, and the mysteries of the kingdom of the Seven Spheres. Follow it with the Lord's Prayer. But before all put, on a single page, I AM."

On October 1 she received in sleep the instruction, "Concerning the Perfectionment of the Christ," printed as Chapter xxvi. in *Clothed with the Sun*; and on the 17th she similarly received the instruction, "Concerning the Blood of Christ" (*Clothed with the Sun*, Chapter xxviii.). The following is her record of the latter:—

“ Being asleep, I saw myself in a large room like a library, for it had in it a great many shelves filled with books ; and there were several persons in it, to whom I was speaking of the Christs, their origin and mission, and part in the history of mankind. And I spoke much of Jesus, representing that the doctrine of His immaculate conception was to be understood only in a mystic sense, and that all the story we have of His birth refers solely to His initiation, which is the true birth of the Son of God. And I proved this by many texts and passages from the Gospels themselves and other writings. And I spoke also of the origin of Jesus, and how He had been made perfect through suffering. Of this suffering we hear, I said, but little in the one life of His which is recorded in the Gospels. The suffering referred to is a long course of trial and upward progress experienced in former incarnations. And I named some of the more recent ones, but have not been enabled to retain them.

“ Coming to His passion and death, I explained that these were no atonement in the sense ordinarily understood. For that God does not take the mere shedding of innocent blood as any satisfaction for the moral guilt of others ; but that the mystical Blood of Christ by which we are saved is no other than the secret of the Christs whereby they transmute themselves from the material to the spiritual plane, the secret, namely, of inward purification. And I showed that throughout all the sacred writings the word blood is used as a synonym for life ; and that life, in its highest, perfectest, and intensest sense, is not the mere physical life understood by materialists, but the essence of that life, the inward God in the man. And when it is written that those in the highest courts of heaven are they who have made their robes *white* in the blood of the Lamb, it is signified that they have attained redemption through their perfect attainment of the secret of the Christs. And when, also, it is said that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, it is signified that sin is impossible to him who is perfectly spiritualised and has been baptized with the spiritual baptism. The blood of Christ, therefore, is not the material blood of any man whatsoever. It is the secret and process of spiritual perfectionment attained by the Christ, and that whereby all who, following His method, know God and are initiated, become redeemed and attain the gift of eternal life. And many other things I said, being, as it seemed to me, taught of some spirit, and not knowing beforehand what things I was to say.

“ Now I perceived behind me, a little to my right, a beautiful marble image of Pallas Athena, which stood in a small recess in the wall, and there fell upon it a bright golden light like sunshine, which varied from time to time to all the seven colours, but more frequently to the violet than to the others. And the light was chiefly on the head and bosom of the figure, which was clad as a warrior with helmet, shield, and spear. And I could hardly determine, as I looked at it, whether it were a living or a marble form, so lifelike was it.

“ A little while later all the people to whom I had been speaking were gone away, and I was in the room alone with my mother. She was in great distress and agitation, regarding me as lost and as an apostate from Christianity ; nor would she listen to any explanation I could make on the matter. She wept bitterly, declaring I had broken her heart, and made her old age a sorrow and a burden to her

by my apostasy, and that I should be utterly cast away unless I repented and returned to the orthodox belief; and she besought me on her knees to recant what I had said. No words can convey the intensity of my pain and the trouble of spirit caused me by this conduct of hers. My mother seemed to swoon at my feet with the excess of her emotion; and I was on the point of yielding to her entreaties when I saw the door of the room open and a Spirit enter. He came and stood beside me, and said these words: 'Whoso putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of God. And whoso loveth father and mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.'

"Then the dream passed away, and I remember no more; but a deep feeling remained impressed on my mind that the scene was but the rehearsal and foreshadowing of something that would actually occur in my future life."

She fully shared my delight at this exposition, but was especially pleased by the fresh recognition of Pallas Athena as the symbol of the Divine Wisdom, and the exquisite manner in which was intimated the concurrence of all the Seven Spirits of God in the doctrine as thus interpreted, and the dominance among their colours of the gold and the violet, Phoibos and Saturn, Wisdom or Love, and Reverence, the inner and outer, which comprise the whole Sacred Seven.

I am happily able to state, as I do in advance, that, while not altogether escaping reproach from the quarter indicated, she was able, by taking the prognostic as a warning as well as a prophecy, and abstaining from pressing her views on her mother, to minimise the unhappiness of the latter.

On October 28 she received in sleep the experience published in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the title of "The Perfect Way with Animals," the utterer of which bore the form of a cart-horse, and spoke in that character. Whether it was really the spirit of a cart-horse, or some other who assumed that aspect, was not stated. We were, however, given to understand that, though animals are rudimentary men, it is a great mistake to limit the intelligence of the spirit in them to that implied by their external forms, upon which their power of expression depends.

A desire having been expressed by Lady Caithness, who had now taken up her residence in Paris, to have some of the Scriptures given us read to her, and being mindful of the prohibition imposed, we sought and obtained the requisite permission, the alleged reason for the exception in her favour being that she

was destined to be an instrument in the promulgation of our results when the fitting time should come. A day was accordingly fixed for the reading, but when it arrived Mary was so ill that it seemed impossible for her to go, and the question arose whether—in the event of my being able to leave her at all—I should go alone and undertake the reading without her; and by way of obtaining an answer on this point we sat for some writing, when the following was given:—

“The one in Red guards his privileges, and claims to be present whatever is read.”

As this was from her genius, it was clear that, as he could not be present without her, there was to be no reading unless she was able to go; and we accordingly waited to see if, when the hour for starting came, she would recover sufficiently to make the effort. Meanwhile she lay on the sofa resting, but not sleeping; and I sat by her. Presently, being still awake, but having her eyes closed, she was shown a vision of a large book, containing our Scriptures, open, and surrounded by an iris showing vividly all the colours of the rainbow, and in the air were these lines, which I wrote down at her dictation. They proved to be the sequel of the sentence just written, making the whole utterance run thus:—

“The one in Red guards his privileges, and claims to be present whatever is read.

“For the air is filled with the haters of the Mysteries.

“Therefore for your sakes the chain must be complete;

“And the light must be refracted round you seven times.

“He who is Red stands within the holy circle;

“And the Violet guards the outermost.

“For the Word is a Word of Mystery, and they who guard it are Seven.

“Beware that nothing you hear be told unless the circle be perfect.

“And this charge we lay upon you until the work be accomplished.

“Fire and Sword and War are against you; you walk in the midst of commotion;

“And your life is in peril every hour until the words be completed.”

Together with this remarkable utterance she received an accession of strength to overcome her attack in time to enable us to keep our appointment. We readily recognised in the “haters of the Mysteries” the influences from whom we had suffered so much. And in the renewed reference to our respective colours and the “Seven Spirits of God” we found a

fresh demonstration of the identity in derivation and character of the teaching given to us with that of the Bible, and understood God's "Bow in the clouds" to be intended spiritually, and as implying the immanence of God in creation and the perpetual operation of the Seven creative Elohim, or "Spirits of God," in the spiritual elaboration of man.

The reading was highly appreciated by our auditor, and having long been an ardent student of Swedenborg, she was able to recognise the principles of his method of interpretation as identical with those of ours, and at the same time to recognise our application of those principles as superior to his, as judged by the results. And this was precisely the conclusion to which we ourselves came when the opportunity arose for reading his writings for ourselves, when there was no doubt that he had in many vital respects departed from the canon of interpretation defined by himself, and, instead of correcting, had reinforced the worst errors of the current orthodoxy, even to entirely missing the doctrine of Regeneration and the real genesis of the Christ and nature of the Incarnation.

On December 6 Mary received [in sleep] the first part of the interpretation entitled in *Clothed with the Sun*, "Concerning the Prophecy of the Time of the End"; the second section of it was reserved until some seven years later.¹ This revelation was a further token to us of the intention to make our work a fulfilment of the Bible prophecies, as it related to the prophecies of Daniel and of Jesus respecting the world's spiritual state at the end of the age, and its inspirer was no other than the angel Gabriel. She was much perplexed by this change in the personality of her illuminator, who hitherto had presented himself as Hermes, whose Hebrew equivalent is Raphael; but on her mentioning her perplexity to me, I recollected that Gabriel was the inspirer of Daniel, and had told him that he (Daniel) should return and prophesy at the end of the age, whereat she was greatly reassured and awestruck, so vivid was the impression it gave her of the stupendous reality of her faculty and of our work. We gathered from the presence of Gabriel on this occasion—and a subsequent instruction confirmed the impression—that Daniel's spirit was the vehicle for Gabriel, so that the pro-

¹ July 1886.

phency implied no reincarnation for Daniel, but only an overshadowing by him and Gabriel jointly of the prophet of the period in question, as the Baptist by the spirit of Elias. We noted also that, as Michael had been the presiding angel at the time of Daniel, so is he that of the present, as declared both by Daniel and in the Apocalypse he would be. This discovery afforded fresh confirmation of the reality of the experience relating to the mustering of Michael and his hosts, which, as before described, was vouchsafed to me at the outset of our work, namely, in the autumn of 1876. The revelation of Gabriel to Mary was accompanied by a vision of the most-terrific signs of impending disaster to the world, plainly visible to her, but unperceived by all others, and indicating the total disruption of the existing order of things.

While sitting by the open window and gazing up at the clear sky one day in the course of this autumn she suddenly saw these lines before her. Their style reminded us vividly of George Herbert's poems :—

“ I thank Thee, Lord, who hast through devious ways
Led me to know Thy praise,
And to this wilderness
Hast brought me out Thine Israel to bless.

If I should faint with thirst, or weary sink,
To these my soul is drink,
To these the magic rod
Is Life, and mine is hid with Christ in God.”

“ *To the Princess Marie-Christina of Austria* ¹

“ MADAM,—The festivities which will celebrate the marriage of your Imperial Highness with the King of Spain will be signalled by a repetition of the same cruel and barbarous exhibitions which scandalised Europe on the occasion of his Majesty's former alliance with Queen Mercedes. I refer to the State Bull-fights, with which Spain alone, of all countries professing the Christian faith, continues to outrage civilisation. Your Imperial Highness will be expected to patronise by your presence these bloody and horrible combats unknown to the nation which has given you birth and education. Pray permit me, speaking with the voice of the great English nation which I represent in this letter, and, I may add, with the voice also of all the civilised people of Europe, both Catholic and Protestant, to remind your Imperial Highness that the great event which is about to take place in your life will put into your hands a mighty

¹ In November 1879 King Alphonso XII. of Spain married the Austrian Archduchess Maria Christina of Hapsburg.—S. H. H.

opportunity for advancing civilisation among your adopted people and for serving the cause of humanity.

“Your Imperial Highness may remember how in a past age the public gladiatorial fights, which used once to make the delight of a whole people scarcely less refined than that of modern Spain, were finally abolished by means of the noble courage of a simple Christian monk who leapt into the arena, separated the combatants, and appealed to the Emperor and to the spectators to forbid the repetition of such savage exhibitions. His brave and generous conduct thrilled the hearts of his auditors, they acknowledged his interference with applause, and from that day no more blood was shed for sport in the arena. Your Imperial Highness has in your hands a power surpassing a thousandfold that of this poor Christian monk. Your exalted position gives you the right—nay, more, it imposes on you the duty—of refusing to sanction by your presence those terrible scenes of agony and death which no woman ought to be able to witness and which no queen ought to favour by her patronage. Let Spain know that her new sovereign regards these exhibitions as unfit for the eyes of a Christian and Catholic princess, and be assured that all Europe will ring with the warmest approbation of your conduct. The whole Press of England and of all the greater Continental nations will heartily applaud your act, and you will win for yourself the blessing of Almighty God, the approval of your own conscience, and the ardent admiration and affectionate esteem of all civilised and Christian people.

“Coming from the bosom of a nation to whom these hateful spectacles are unknown, your Imperial Highness has the best of reasons and of opportunities for refusing the countenance and support of your favour to a sport so foreign in its elements to the instincts and traditions of your own Court. Rather than stoop to the lower level of Spain, the royal daughter of Austria should raise her adopted country to the standard of her own, and, so doing, remove from Europe the stigma of a long-felt disgrace to modern civilisation and inaugurate for her new people the reign of a truer humanity than Spain has yet known.

“My name, Princess, matters little, nor does my cause need the advocacy of any individual sponsor. I am one of that people whose great sacrifice on behalf of the abolition of the slave-trade gained for them universal respect. In social condition I am wife of an English clergyman, and I am studying medicine in order to achieve the abolition of the slaughter and torture of animals, whether for food or for science. And my name is

“ANNA KINGSFORD.”

This letter was sent but not acknowledged. Even for herself it was but a forlorn hope. And she fully appreciated the force of my reply to her question what I thought of its prospects—that it was what I should think of the prospects of an appeal to an intending queen of Great Britain to make the abolition of horse-racing, hunting, or shooting the condition of her acceptance of the position.

CHAPTER XV

FLOODS OF LIGHT

It was the last year of her student course, provided all went well. It was ushered in by a frost of extraordinary severity and duration, lasting, with scarcely an intermission, from November to April. The Seine became a glacier ; the lakes in the Bois were fields of solid ice ; the Fahrenheit that hung outside my bedroom window fell to zero ; Paris was menaced with a famine, both of fuel and of water ; and not even the freest expenditure of the former article sufficed to maintain in our apartment a temperature compatible with vitality. The natural resource at such season, a visit home for Christmas, was doubly barred. The weather made travelling dangerous in the extreme ; and she could not spare the time from her studies. We resolved, therefore, to stay where we were and make the best of the situation, and, if possible, to turn the frost to account by making it minister to my recovery. For my sufferings from deranged circulation were indescribable. In this view I resumed my old and favourite pastime of skating, thinking such exercise the best panacea. And we accordingly repaired daily to the Bois, where I devoted myself to propelling my colleague in a chair over the ice. Failing to gain ground as I had hoped, I betook myself to the Hammam, where I followed up the Turkish bath with douches the coldest, the strongest, and the longest, and such as in my normal condition I could not have endured. But, to the attendant's astonishment no less than to my own, I was completely indifferent to them in one way or another. My next resource was to consult a doctor, which I did with fear and trembling, though I took the precaution to select an English practitioner, and one whose position would ensure his being of the highest grade. This was the physician to the British Embassy. He fully appreciated the extraordinary character of the symptoms, but was wholly unable to comprehend

any explanation I could give him of their cause. His prescription was digitalis. Had it been its fellow-drug, strychnine, it might—as I subsequently learnt—have somewhat modified my ailment. But as it was, he gave me the most unsuitable of the alkaloids, the effect of the first dose of which was to give me a vivid suggestion of what the sensation of dying might be like, and the second so nearly to realise the process that the third remained untaken ; on each occasion it was as if my heart had been touched by a lump of ice. My ear trouble becoming thus more acute than ever, I repaired to an aurist, reputed the most skilful in Paris, but with no other result than a decided aggravation of the evil. The mischief was clearly not local, or amenable to such medical skill as was to be obtained in Paris. Finding there was nothing for it but to wait until my system should recover of its own accord, I resolved to “suffer and be strong,” repressing meanwhile all manifestations of my distress, which I was able to do notwithstanding its intensity. For it was organic only, and did not affect the mind or will. I found it very curious and instructive to note the completeness of the distinction between the two selfhoods, the exterior and phenomenal personality and the interior and substantial individuality. Meanwhile I did not believe that the former could hold out much longer under the excessive tension to which it was subjected, and my anxiety about what would become of Mary and the work were I to succumb was intense.

The frosty atmosphere seemed to supply electric conditions highly favourable to spiritual illumination. And the early morning of January 31 brought the wonderful dramatic exposition “Concerning Vicarious Atonement,” which stands as Chapter xxix. of Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*, and a portion of which was as follows. The exposition was prefaced by an object-lesson which was in this wise. A lad at a dame’s-school had been sentenced, for some grievous fault, to be branded on the hands and expelled. The daughter of the schoolmistress, however, had voluntarily taken the punishment on herself ; and on Mary’s inquiring of her the rationale of this act, the following dialogue ensued, the girl speaking first :—

“ I told you the punishment due to the child cannot be escaped ; and I have taken it upon myself of my own free will, although I am innocent and the beloved daughter of her who has been so grievously offended and injured. As he would have been branded, I am branded ; and as he would have been expelled, I am expelled. Thus have I

redeemed him. I suffer for him. Justice is satisfied, and he is pardoned. This is Vicarious Atonement."

Then, as she spoke these words, a wind blew in my face, and I breathed it in, and being inspired, spoke thus, with a loud voice :—

"O fool, to imagine that justice can be satisfied by the punishment of the innocent for the guilty! Rather is it doubly outraged. How can your being branded on the hands save the child? Hath not the Word of God declared, 'No man shall take the sin of another, nor shall any make atonement for his brother's trespass; but every one shall bear his own sin, and be purified by his own chastisement'? And again, is it not written, 'Be ye perfect'? And as no one can become perfect save through suffering, how can any become perfect if another bear his suffering for him? To take away his suffering is to take away his means of redemption, and rob him of his crown of perfection. The child cannot be pardoned through your assumption of his chastisement. Only if through suffering himself he repent can he receive forgiveness. And so with the man who sins against the Creator by outraging his intuition and defiling the temple of God. The suffering of the Creator Himself for him, so far from redeeming him, would but rob him of his means of redemption. And if any declare that the Lord God hath thus ordained, the answer is, 'Justice first, and the Lord God afterwards!' But only through the perversion of ignorance can such doctrine be believed. The Mystery of Redemption has yet to be understood.

"This is that Mystery. There is no such thing as Vicarious Atonement; for none can redeem another by shedding innocent blood. The Crucifix is the emblem and symbol of the Son of God, not because Jesus shed His blood upon the cross for the sins of man, but because the Christ is crucified perpetually so long as sin remains. The saying, 'I am resolved to know nothing save this one mystery, Christ Jesus and Him crucified,' is the doctrine of Pantheism. For it means that God is in all creatures, and they are of God, and God as Adonai suffers in them.

"Who, then, is Adonai? Adonai is the Dual Word, the manifestation of God in Substance, who manifests Himself as incarnated Spirit, and so manifesting Himself, by love redeems the world. He is the Lord who, crucified from the beginning, finds His full manifestation in the true Son of God. And therefore is it written that the Son of God, who is Christ, is crucified. Only where Love is perfect is Sympathy perfect, and only where Sympathy is perfect can one die for another. Wherefore the Son of God says, 'The wrongs of others wound me, and the stripes of others fall on My flesh. I am smitten with the pains of all creatures, and My heart is pierced with their hearts. There is no offence done and I suffer not, nor any wrong and I am not hurt thereby. For My heart is in the breast of every creature, and My blood is in the veins of all flesh. I am wounded in My right hand for man, and in My left hand for woman; in My right and left feet for the beasts of the earth and the creatures of the deep; and in My heart for all.'

"... And because the Son of God loves, He is powerful, and the power of love redeems. He being lifted up, draws all men unto Him.

. . . They were not forgiven because Christ died ; they were changed because he loved. . . . The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, not by the purchase of pardon with another's gold, but because the love of God hath changed the life of the sinner."

Thus was it at length made absolutely clear to us that the ghastly and revolting tenet of vicarious atonement rests upon the rendering by sacerdotalism of the word *for* to mean *instead of*, when it really means *in* and *with*, as a mother suffers *for* her child, by sympathy.

This vision was instantly followed by another in which the seeress " beheld an infinite expanse of sky, open and clear, and blue and sunlit, all in the most intense degree, and across it and upwards flew an eagle like a flash of lightning," her impression of the meaning of which, as stated in the original edition of *Clothed with the Sun*, was that it signified that, with the reproach of innocent blood removed from God and the Divine character vindicated from the aspersion cast on it by the priest-constructed tenet of vicarious atonement, there is nought to check the soul's aspiration. Another meaning was, however, subsequently shown to me as the one intended when preparing the American edition of the book, which led to my insertion of the following note :—

" Representing the return of the inspiring spirit to God, the apparition of the eagle was, like the illumined image of Pallas, an emphatic declaration of the divinity of the utterance."

Some time after the receipt of the illuminations on this subject we read an account of a great gathering of London butchers under the presidency of Mr Spurgeon, when the chief feature of the occasion was the singing of a hymn, " There is a fountain filled with blood," which had been selected as peculiarly appropriate to the butcher-mind, and was insisted on as true in the grossest and most literal sense. And Mary conceived the idea of sending a copy of her expositions to Mr Spurgeon, in the hope of awakening in him a sense of the hideous blasphemy of the teaching he had been imposing on the poor butchers as divine truth.

There was a grotesque element in the suggestion which struck my fancy, and I was disposed to encourage it. But knowing something of the papal character of the divine in question and his compeers, I saw it would never do to appear before him as a superior claiming to be qualified to instruct him, as that would be only to arouse opposition and resentment. Better, I thought,

to pose as an inquirer respectfully seeking counsel and guidance in view of the doubts raised by the expositions in question. Thus called on to teach, there was a possibility of his learning something. But the occasion was suffered to pass, the pressure of our work being too great to allow of the expenditure of time and force upon an enterprise of which the issue would be so dubious. And the divine in question finally quitted the earth-life in glad anticipation of making the personal acquaintance of the great master-butcher whom he had insisted on glorifying as God.

On February 2 she wrote :—

“ I went in my sleep last night from one torture-chamber to another in the underground vaults of a vivisector’s laboratory, and in all were men at work lacerating, dissecting, and burning the living flesh of their victims. But these were no longer mere horses or dogs or rabbits ; for in each I saw a human shape, the shape of a man, with limbs and lineaments resembling those of their tormentors, hidden within the outward form. And so, when they bound down a horse, and gathering round him, cut into him with knives, I saw the human shape within him writhe and moan as if it were a babe in its mother’s womb. And I cried aloud, ‘ Wretches ! you are torturing an unborn man ! ’ But they only mocked at me, for with *their* eyes they could not see that which I saw. Then they brought a rabbit and thrust its eyes through with hot irons. And the rabbit seemed to me, as I gazed, like the tiniest infant, with human face, and hands which stretched appealingly towards me, and lips which tried to cry for help in human accents. And again I cried to them, ‘ O blind ! blind ! do ye not see that your victim is of your own kind, a child that is human ? ’ But they only laughed and jeered at me, and in the agony of my despair I woke.”

Her persistent refusal to allow her professors to vivisect at her lessons continued to subject her not only to constant altercations with them, but to a constant change of them. Of one of them, Dr L——, who has since become very notorious as an experimentalist, she abruptly asked one day, “ Pray does your wife know how her husband occupies himself in his laboratory ? ”—for she knew the lady in question to be young, charming, and innocent. He looked surprised and annoyed, and at length replied very gravely that he “ would not have her know it for worlds.” Her next blow terminated the connection. It was to give him a copy of our pamphlet, *De la Ligue contre la Vivisection*, but without avowing her part in it. For that might have been to imperil her degree. Her avowal of agreement with it, however, led to his resignation.

One day she came home from the schools delighted to be able

to report a reprimand administered by the examining professor to a student who had cited experimentation upon animals as the method he should employ for testing the effects of poisons and other drugs. "Then, sir," the professor had replied sharply, "you would employ a method fit only for idle and inaccurate men." Another day she reported how a student had quoted an experiment of the notorious Professor Majendie, on which had been based the conclusion that the stomach does not contract in the act of vomiting. The experiment in question consisted in dissecting out the stomach of a dog, and replacing it by a pig's bladder containing various articles of food; an emetic was then injected into the veins, which caused the animal to vomit, and because the dead bladder could not contract, it was concluded that therefore the living stomach does not contract! This conclusion had long held good in the schools, and had only recently been renounced. But of its renunciation the student concerned was ignorant. But he brought on himself a twofold rebuke, for not being up to date in his information, and for basing any conclusion upon animal experimentation.

Claude Bernard, too, whose authority on the matter could not be disputed, had openly asserted the inutility of the practice up to that time, saying of the whole order of experimental physiologists, "Our hands are empty to-day," and this after some 2500 years of it! Nevertheless the practice was insisted on; and in order the better to perfect themselves in it, numbers of the students were wont to supplement the professorial lessons by following it at their homes, converting their lodgings into laboratories on Sundays. We discussed together this palpable discrepancy between doctrine and practice, with the result that I suggested to her to put the question directly to the *chef* of her hospital. This was a man of much eminence in his special line, which was surgery, and known to us both as a man of kindly nature, though blunt of speech and abrupt of manner. She rather shrank from the task, saying it would be an unheard-of presumption for a student to interrogate a *chef* in the wards, and very much as it would be for a common sailor to interrogate the admiral of the fleet on his quarter-deck. I reminded her that her position was not that of the generality of students. She was a foreigner, and not necessarily bound to share the awe which a *chef* inspires in the students—his fellow-countrymen. She was English, and had a

prescriptive right to be eccentric ; and above all she was a woman—not to say a good-looking one—and by that fact was accorded privileges denied to men, so that her very weakness was her strength. The *chef*, too, was evidently kindly disposed towards her, and would probably be pleased with her pluck in attacking him on the subject. So, as she was really anxious to have the problem solved, she determined to put her question, which—exactly stated—was, “ Why is vivisection insisted on when, as a method, it is considered unscientific, and the conclusions to which it points are rejected as unsound ? ”

She returned in great glee and told me that, having watched for a favourable opportunity of putting her question, the *chef* had replied with the utmost graciousness, telling her to remind him after the course, when he would make a statement on the subject. So, when all the wards had been visited, he addressed the assembled class of students, which was a very large one, telling them that, in consequence of a question put to him by one of their number, he was going to make a statement about vivisection. He then spoke to this effect :—

“ Speaking for myself and my brethren of the *Faculté*, I do not mean to say that we claim for that method of investigation that it has been of any practical utility to medical science, or that we expect it to be so. But it is necessary as a protest on behalf of the independence of science as against interference by clerics and moralists. When all the world has reached the high intellectual level of France, and no longer believes in God, the soul, moral responsibility, or any nonsense of that kind, but makes practical utility the only rule of conduct, then, and not until then, can science afford to dispense with vivisection.”

Such a confession from one of the leaders at the headquarters of the practice filled us with delight, and was treasured up accordingly as a potent weapon for use in the “ New Crusade.” It was a recognition not only of its uselessness, but of its immorality and impiety—since it was these that qualified it to be a protest against moralists and religionists—and this by one who regarded morality and religion as chimeras.

Another day she returned from a private lesson declaring that she believed the majority of people were mad, and we were among the few sane ones ; and as the persons who were deprived of their faculties were in power, those who were in possession of their faculties would have to conceal the fact, lest they be shut up as lunatics. She then proceeded to relate the cause of her provoca-

tion to this outburst. Her lesson was on "forensic" or legal medicine, and she had appealed to the professor for a precise definition of insanity, whereby to test a patient suspected of it. The chief test, he informed her, was the possession of a fixed idea which no reason or evidence could displace. On asking further for a case in point, she was told as follows:—

"Only last week," said Dr B——, "one occurred in my practice. I and some other members of the *Faculté* were called upon to pronounce on the mental condition of a man who, in all respects but one was as sane as you or I; a man in good position and repute, a clever writer, and good man of business. But he had a fixed idea which nothing could shake that he held conversations with his dead wife, and as his relations feared that, under such imagined influence, he might dispose of his property otherwise than in their favour, they very properly took medical advice, and he is now in an asylum."

"What!" exclaimed Mary. "That was the only proof of his madness?"

"Certainly. What better proof could there be? The man's wife was dead, and he believed that she came and talked with him."

"And, pray, why should she not?"

"Why? Because she was dead."

"But that is to assume the physical organism to be all, and that there is no principle which survives and can communicate with the living."

"Oh, if we were to admit the possibility of that, we should be admitting the truth of the spiritualistic hypothesis; and what, then, would become of us and our materialistic philosophy, on which we have made up our minds?"

"Well, then, do you mean to say that no reason or evidence would convince you that there is a soul which survives, and can hold converse with the living?"

"No; I cannot imagine anything that would convince me of that. On the contrary, were I to find myself disposed to believe anything of the kind, I should suppose that I was going out of my mind, and should at once put myself under medical treatment."

"Very well, then," she had replied, "it is clear to me, from your own definition and confession, that you are already qualified for a certificate of lunacy, and if I had my diploma, I should be justified in signing it; for you admit that you have a fixed idea which no reason or evidence would shake."

One of her subjects with this professor was that of "toxic doses," meaning the quantity of any particular poison necessary to affect the system injuriously or fatally. The text-book used gave a number of instances showing the effects of such drugs on the human system, and she asked how the writer could have obtained his knowledge. On referring to the Medical Register, it appeared that he had been physician to an asylum for *enfants*

trouvés, and must have made his experiments upon the foundlings. Whereupon the professor exclaimed, "Lucky fellow! He got his subjects for nothing, and human ones, too! I wish I had his chance!"

From my Diary of February 7:—

"I have been pondering much of late the method of inspiration, and seeking a test whereby to distinguish true inspiration from false; for that there is such a thing as the latter is obvious from the experiences of the spiritualists which claim to be due to extraneous spirits, generally the souls of persons recently dead, but are in no wise divine or reliable, though often quite beyond the ability of the utterers themselves to have produced them. We read, moreover, of false prophets as well as of true ones.

"Having been greatly perplexed over the matter, I mentally begged for an explanation, and my delight was beyond words when M. brought me this morning an instruction received by her [in sleep] during the night, which clears up the whole mystery in a manner surpassing any ever known, and this without her being aware of my need for it. When I had read it she said, pointing to the first verse, 'But I did not ask for it.' 'But I did,' I replied; 'and they treat us as one person, I suppose, because they recognise us as together making a complete faculty.'

"I heard last night in my sleep a voice speaking to me, and saying—

" 'You ask the method and nature of Inspiration, and the means whereby God revealeth the Truth.

" 'Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within.

" 'From without cometh no Divine Revelation: but the Spirit within beareth witness.

" 'Think not I tell you that which you know not: for, except you know it, it cannot be given to you.

" 'To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly.

" 'None is a prophet save he who knoweth: the instructor of the people is a man of many lives.

" 'Inborn knowledge and the perception of things, these are the sources of revelation: the soul of the man instructeth him, having already learned by experience.

" 'Intuition is inborn experience; that which the soul knoweth of old and of former years.

" 'And illumination is the light of wisdom, whereby a man perceiveth heavenly secrets.

" 'Which light is the Spirit of God within the man, showing unto him the things of God.

" 'Do not think that I tell you anything you know not; all cometh from within: the Spirit that informeth is the Spirit of God in the prophet.

" 'What, then, you ask, is the *Medium*; and how are to be regarded the utterances of one speaking in trance?

" 'God speaketh through no man in the way you suppose; for the Spirit of the Prophet beholdeth God with open eyes. If he fall into

a trance, his eyes are open, and his interior man knoweth what is spoken by him.

“ ‘ But when a man speaketh that which he knoweth not, he is obsessed : an impure spirit, or one that is bound, hath entered into him.

“ ‘ There are many such, but their words are as the words of men who know not : these are not prophets nor inspired.

“ ‘ God obsesseth no man ; God is revealed : and he to whom God is revealed speaketh that which he knoweth.

“ ‘ Christ Jesus understandeth God : He knoweth that of which He beareth witness.

“ ‘ But they who, being mediums, utter in trance things of which they have no knowledge, and of which their own spirit is uninformed : these are obsessed with a spirit of divination, a strange spirit, not their own.

“ ‘ Of such beware, for they speak many lies, and are deceivers, working often for gain or for pleasure’ sake : and they are a grief and a snare to the faithful.

“ ‘ Inspiration may indeed be mediumship, but it is conscious ; and the knowledge of the prophet instructeth him.

“ ‘ Even though he speak in an ecstasy, he uttereth nothing that he knoweth not.

“ ‘ Thou who art a prophet hast had many lives : yea, thou hast taught many nations, and hast stood before kings.

“ ‘ And God hath instructed thee in the years that are past ; and in the former times of the earth.

“ ‘ By prayer, by fasting, by meditation, by painful seeking, hast thou attained that thou knowest.

“ ‘ There is no knowledge but by labour ; there is no intuition but by experience.

“ ‘ I have seen thee on the hills of the East : I have followed thy steps in the wilderness : I have seen thee adore at sunrise : I have marked thy night-watches in the caves of the mountains.

“ ‘ Thou hast attained with patience, O prophet ! God hath revealed the truth to thee from within.’ ”

Thus, for the first time known to history, was given a definition of the nature and method of inspiration and prophecy, at once luminous, reasonable, and inexpugnable, to the full and final solution of this stupendous problem ; and comporting with and explaining, as it did, all our own experiences, we felt that we could bear unreserved testimony to its truth. But, vast as was the addition thus made to the New Gospel of Interpretation, it did not exhaust the treasures revealed and communicated on that wondrous night ; for it was followed immediately by a prophecy of the meaning of the new dispensation on which the world is entering, and of which our work is the introduction. At once Biblical in diction and character, it reached in loftiness the highest level of Biblical prophecy and inspiration, demonstrating the

same world celestial and divine as the source of both. For which reason, and the crushing blow administered by it to the superstitions which have made of Christianity a by-word and a reproach by their gross materialisations of mysteries purely spiritual, it is reproduced in full here, although contained in *Clothed with the Sun*. The heading is of our own devising :—

*A Prophecy of the Kingdom of the Soul, mystically called the
Day of the Woman*

“ And now I show you a mystery and a new thing, which is part of the mystery of the fourth day of creation.

“ The word which shall come to save the world shall be uttered by a woman.

“ A woman shall conceive, and shall bring forth the tidings of salvation.

“ For the reign of Adam ¹ is at its last hour ; and God shall crown all things by the creation of Eve.

“ Hitherto the man hath been alone, and hath had dominion over the earth.

“ But when the woman shall be created, God shall give unto her the kingdom ; and she shall be first in rule and highest in dignity.

“ Yea, the last shall be first ; and the elder shall serve the younger.

“ So that women shall no more lament for their womanhood ; but men shall rather say, ‘ O that we had been born women ! ’

“ For the strong shall be put down from their seat ; and the meek shall be exalted to their place.

“ The days of the covenant of manifestation are passing away : the gospel of interpretation cometh.

“ There shall nothing new be told ; but that which is ancient shall be interpreted.

“ So that man the manifestor shall resign his office ; and woman the interpreter shall give light to the world.

“ Hers is the fourth office : she revealeth that which the Lord hath manifested.

“ Hers is the light of the heavens, and the brightest of the planets of the holy seven.

“ She is the fourth dimension ; the eyes which enlighten ; the power which draweth inward to God.

“ And her kingdom cometh ; the day of the exaltation of woman.

“ And her reign shall be greater than the reign of the man : for Adam shall be put down from his place ; and she shall have dominion for ever.

“ And she who is alone shall bring forth more children to God than she who hath an husband.

“ There shall no more be a reproach against women : but against men shall be the reproach.

“ For the woman is the crown of man, and the final manifestation of humanity.

¹ *I.e.* the old Adam of sense.

“ She is the nearest to the throne of God, when she shall be revealed.

“ But the creation of woman is not yet complete ; but it shall be complete in the time which is at hand.

“ All things are thine, O Mother of God : all things are thine, O Thou who risest from the sea ; and Thou shalt have dominion over all the worlds.”

The former of the two utterances especially evoked discussion between us. I was at a loss to reconcile the denunciation of spiritualistic mediumship with the fact of my having been not allowed merely, but compelled, to have recourse to “ Winona,” and with results so satisfactory ; she herself, moreover, charging me that we were to have nothing to do with spiritualism, as our work lay far above that. This was a problem the solution of which was reserved for a later period, and will be given in its place. It proved to be so subtle and recondite, and to involve occult experience and knowledge yet to be attained, that we could not at this time have appreciated it ; for it turned upon the distinction between the different constituent principles of human nature.

The matter which chiefly exercised Mary was as to the personality of the “ Thou ” in the invocation to the prophet. If addressed equally to us both, it would imply that we had each exercised that function in one or more of our former lives. But as the instruction seemed to be addressed to me who had asked for it, rather than to her who had received it, her inference was that I alone was meant. To this I demurred, remarking that it was more in accordance with the method of our illuminators to deal with universals than with individuals, in which case the utterance would be an apostrophe to the prophet in general. Not that it was inherently unreasonable to suppose that it was also applicable to both of us. For not only were we both exercising prophetic functions now, but we both evidently had temperaments strongly predisposing us thereto, which would be accounted for by the doctrine of reincarnation, now so positively insisted on from a source beyond dispute.

The expression “ Christ Jesus understandeth God ” we recognised as referring, not to the historical or any special manifestation of the Christ, but to that principle in each person of which He was the full and typical manifestation, the “ Christ

Jesus formed within " of Paul, meaning the new spiritual and substantial selfhood or individuality divinely generated within the physical and phenomenal personality, which, in virtue of being one in condition with God, namely, of pure spirit, is able to have knowledge of God.

To this Mary objected that it was to claim to be ourselves regenerate, which she was quite sure she was not, but very far from it in some respects. To which I replied that, coupling the doctrine of a multiplicity of earth-lives which was being taught us, and which we might find ourselves compelled to accept upon something more than a mere affirmation of it, difficult as we found it at present for its difference from our habits of thought, with the teaching obviously true of the Virgin Mary as being no person, but the soul and substance of existence,—I could understand how Regeneration might be a prolonged process extending over many lives, and comprising many stages and degrees, as, indeed, we had already been taught, so that it would be impossible to say exactly when it begins. And as the first manifestation of it must be the attainment of the spiritual consciousness, it certainly must have begun in our case, seeing how strong that consciousness is in ourselves. And if we had really lived before, it must have begun in some past life for us to be even what we are now. And then there are evidently two different regions of our nature in which it is necessary to be regenerated, of which one might be regenerated in advance of the other. These are character and faculty. For no man can be perfect who is deficient in either respect. And it might be that, in the absence of really perfect instruments for their work, or at least of perfect persons for their instruments, the Gods had chosen the best available, and were using persons who are possessed of the requisite degree of regeneration in respect of faculty without requiring of them a corresponding degree of regeneration in respect of character. And I was quite sure that a faculty such as hers would strike people in general as so marvellous as to be accountable for only by regeneration, supposing they knew what that is, however low might be her own estimate of herself in respect of character. And even as to character, it is impossible to judge how far a person is regenerate in that respect without knowing the strength of the ordeals to which he may be subjected through the tendencies of the bodily nature which is derived from his physical parentage.

For if regeneration is first of the interior and permanent self, it can only be by degrees that it can extend to and include the exterior and perishable self; and as the time requisite for this would depend upon the relative states of the two selves, the criterion of the degree of regeneration of the higher would be, not the success achieved, but the effort made. As we were taught, Jesus Himself had still an unregenerate point in His physical system, through which He succumbed to His crucifixion, showing that even the high degree of His regeneration, in respect of His substantial Self, had not sufficed fully to accomplish that of the organism which He had derived from His physical parents.

To these views she assented, saying, among other things, that they accounted for so many anomalies which had perplexed her both in herself and in others; as, for instance, why some people who are exceedingly clever are so wicked, while others who are exceedingly good are so stupid; and that she longed for the time to come when she would be free to think over the philosophy we were receiving, as I was able to do, without having other work to occupy her mind.

It was only by such slow degrees that we assimilated the doctrine of the dual heredity involved in that of reincarnation, that I was quite startled by the suggestiveness of a remark made to my inner hearing when sitting alone one day and pondering the difficulty which people often find in correcting in themselves even the faults they most deplore. It was to my Genius that I learnt to ascribe the utterance in question:—"Tendencies encouraged for ages cannot be cured in a single lifetime, but may require ages." And I thought how patient this ought to make us of the faults of others, and how impatient of our own faults.

Not the least remarkable for us was the recognition of the first chapter of Genesis as representing a process still in progress, and its "days" as denoting the continual spiritual elaboration of man. With regard to the intimation that the coming Messianic advent would be in the form of a woman, we were aware that such a belief had been entertained in certain schools of mysticism. But the reason now given us for it was altogether unanticipated. And we marvelled at the profundity of the spiritual insight which had been able to recognise the functions of manifestation and of

interpretation as respectively masculine and feminine.¹ This was not the only "annunciation" to Mary of her part in the nativity of "the Christ that is to be," or the only prophetic intimation given us of the significance of the incoming dispensation; but it was the first of both of these.

Even this sublime utterance did not exhaust the record of that wonderful night. For the sleep in which it had been received was succeeded by a state which is neither sleeping nor waking, but intermediate. This is the state of perfect quiescence, in which there is complete abstraction from the exterior and withdrawal into the interior consciousness in such wise as to render possible the recovery of memories there stored up, be these remote as they may; the condition of their retention being that they have been sufficiently intense to penetrate through the outer and lower planes of the consciousness to the inner and higher, and become a permanent possession of the soul. It was thus that she recovered a recollection of that which, besides being an invaluable exposition of the philosophy of reincarnation in one of its aspects—the moral—constituted a proof of her having been an actual associate of Him whose mission and doctrine she was destined to vindicate against the disastrous perversions of them by the order which, after crucifying Him personally, has ever since continued to crucify Him doctrinally. The following is her record of the experience. It was included in the appendix to the first edition of *The Perfect Way*, but withdrawn from the following edition, chiefly because it was found to be a stumbling-block to many, and was made the subject of travesty by the spirits of the astral by which so many of the mediums of the day were infested. It was subsequently included in *Clothed with the Sun*, where it is entitled—

CONCERNING THE PREVIOUS LIVES OF JESUS

"This morning between sleeping and waking I saw myself, together with many other persons, walking with Jesus in the fields round about Jerusalem, and while He was speaking to us a man approached, who looked very earnestly upon Him. And Jesus turned to us and said, 'This man whom you see approaching is a seer. He can behold the past lives of a man by looking into his face.' Then the

¹ The illumination refers not to persons, but to principles and offices. The man and woman are the man and woman of the mind, namely, the intellect and intuition (E. M., Lecture on the *New Gospel of Interpretation*).—S. H. H.

man being come up to us, Jesus took him by the hand and said, 'What readest thou?' And the man answered, 'I see Thy past, Lord Jesus, and the ways by which Thou hast come.' And Jesus said to him, 'Say on.' So the man told Jesus that he could see Him in the past for many long ages back. But of all that he named, I remember but one incarnation, or, perhaps, one only struck me, and that was *Isaac*. And as the man went on speaking, and enumerating the incarnations he saw, Jesus waved His right hand twice or thrice before his eyes, and said, 'It is enough,' as though He wished him not to reveal further. Then I stepped forward from the rest and said, 'Lord, if, as Thou hast taught us, the woman is the highest form of humanity, and the last to be assumed, how comes it that Thou, the Christ, art still in the lower form of man? Why comest Thou not to lead the perfect life, and to save the world as woman? For surely Thou hast attained to womanhood.' And Jesus answered, 'I have attained to womanhood, as thou sayest; and already have I taken the form of woman. But there are three conditions under which the soul returns to the man's form; and they are these:—

“ ‘ 1st. When the work which the Spirit proposes to accomplish is of a nature unsuitable to the female form.

“ ‘ 2nd. When the Spirit has failed to acquire, in the degree necessary to perfection, certain special attributes of the male character.

“ ‘ 3rd. When the Spirit has transgressed, and gone back in the path of perfection, by degrading the womanhood it had attained.

“ ‘ In the first of these cases the return to the male form is outward and superficial only. This is My case. I am a woman in all save the body. But had My body been a woman's, I could not have led the life necessary to the work I have to perform. I could not have trod the rough ways of the earth, nor have gone about from city to city preaching, nor have fasted on the mountains, nor have fulfilled My mission of poverty and labour. Therefore am I—a woman—clothed in a man's body that I may be enabled to do the work set before Me.

“ ‘ The second case is that of a soul who, having been a woman perhaps many times, has acquired more aptly and readily the higher qualities of womanhood than the lower qualities of manhood. Such a soul is lacking in energy, in resoluteness, in that particular attribute of the Spirit which the prophet ascribes to the Lord when he says, 'The Lord is a Man of war.' Therefore the soul is put back into a man's form to acquire the qualities yet lacking.

“ ‘ The third case is that of the backslider, who, having nearly attained perfection,—perhaps even touched it,—degrades and soils his white robe, and is put back into the lower form again. These are the common cases; for there are few women who are worthy to be women.' ”

She was distinctly and positively assured that the incident thus shown her was one that actually occurred, and that she had borne part in it, though no record of it survives.

She further assured me that the character in which she held this conversation with Jesus was that of Mary Magdalen; and, as may be stated here in advance, it was the character in

which the whole of her subsequent recollections of Him were recovered.

I was greatly struck by the fitness of the idea that she whose affection and energy had prompted her to be "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre" of Him who at His first and personal coming to be the fullest and foremost manifestation of the Christ-principle to the world, and she, too, who had doubtless ministered to Him of her substance, should be the one appointed to return and be the principal interpreter and introducer of Him to the world on His second and spiritual coming. And it was not without a sense of awe that I recalled the reply made to me when, on a former like intimation, I had asked for guidance on our proposed association—"Live with her as John the Beloved would live with Mary Magdalen were the two to come back to tell the world what they knew about the Christ"¹

But, notwithstanding these intimations, I was exceedingly slow to recognise and accept them in their obvious sense. In any case, the revolution involved to my previous habit of mind was too great to be readily made by one who was intensely conservative of temperament. And the theory was inconsistent with the conception I had been led to form respecting Mary herself. For, while regarding her as a soul of extraordinary percipience, especially in respect of things spiritual, there were in her character certain inequalities and contradictions which were intelligible to me only as the result of youthfulness and immaturity, making her system a chaos replete, indeed, with divine potentialities, some of which were in an advanced stage of realisation, but yet wanting much to constitute it a kosmos. There was also between us in a marked degree this difference, which seemed to me to imply a far greater degree of maturity on my part. While for me the evidences of the reality of our work remained fixed in my memory and were cumulative, together building up a body of proof altogether inexpugnable; for her they were evanescent, no recollection of them being retained in such wise as to indicate a permanent and substantial personality as their recipient and depository. And it was largely to this lack of the organic memory that I ascribed the facility with which she had been persuaded

¹ See p. 173 *ante*.

by O. of the illusory character of her spiritual experiences. "Winona," too, of whose marvellous percipience I had received so many proofs, had described her as having a "very young organism." And, sensitive as she was in certain regions of her system to a degree far surpassing me, there were other regions in which she was comparatively non-sensitive to an extent which astonished me. And that she herself was capable of recognising this difference in a measure was shown by her remarking to me one day, in regard to some point in ethics on which I had insisted, that if she had, as I said, a microscopic faculty for seeing the spiritual side of things, I certainly had a microscopic faculty for seeing their moral side.

There was also this characteristic in our experiences of which I sought for the explanation. And as a tentative hypothesis I tried the following. The revelations came to her mostly when, through my inability to find the interpretation which satisfied me, my work required them, and they came to her independently of any knowledge on her part that I was wanting them, or of any thought of or desire for them.¹ Might it not be, then, that it was really my own spirit who knew them, and who gave them to her for me, finding her so much more readily impressible than myself? The theory was not an agreeable one to me, partly because, however indispensable might be my part in the work, I recognised hers as the superior, and took delight in doing so; and partly because it failed to account for my possession of the

¹ In an article in *Light* (March 17, 1888, p. 127), Edward Maitland, writing on this subject, said: "Most of [Anna Kingsford's illuminations were] so timed as to come when, having exhausted my own power of interpretation, I stood in need of help, and this generally without her knowing my need, and always without her having been able to supply it had she known it. For the knowledges were far beyond us both, as also was the language in which they were expressed; and they equally excited her wonder and admiration and mine. As may well be supposed, our discussions were many as to their source. We seemed to have obtained access to a reservoir of knowledge at once unlimited and infallible, but the precise *modus operandi* remained hidden. All that we felt confident of, was that the knowledges in question transcended all of which we had ever heard; that they were exactly what all inquiring minds in the religious world were longing for; and that they did not seem to come from extraneous sources, but in some way to be revealed from within, as if stored up in some interior recess of the mind, and requiring only that we reached far enough to get them; and this, even when the agent of their transmission assumed a personal form, as not unfrequently happened" (see pp. 257-8 *ante*).—S. H. H.

knowledges concerned. The idea occurred to me one night after I had retired, and I pondered it during the next day, but did not impart it to her, one reason for my reticence being that I knew she would resent any imputation of being simply "my medium" and reflecting me. What happened on the evening of that day, which was February 28, led me to suspect that our Genii had suggested it to me in order to make it the occasion of imparting to me the knowledge it was necessary for me to have respecting both the source and method of the revelation, and the secret of the anomalies by which I was so sorely perplexed.

In the evening, to my surprise—for we so greatly disliked that method of communication—she proposed to sit for some writing.¹ The event proved that the suggestion had been prompted by our illuminators; for we had no sooner placed our hands on the instrument than it began to write, as if we were being waited for. And this is what was written:—

"We are instructed to say several things to-night. We are your Genii.

"*To Caro.*—In the first place you entirely misconceive the process by which the revelation comes to Mary. The method of this revelation is entirely interior. Mary is not a medium; nor is she even a seer as you understand the word. She is a prophet. By this we mean that all that she has ever written, or will write, is from within, and not from without. She knows; she is not told. Hers is an old, old spirit. She is older than you are, Caro; older by many thousand years. Do not think that spirits other than her own are to be credited with the authorship of the new Gospel. As a proof of this, and to correct the false impression you have on the subject, the holy and inner truth, of which she is the depositary, will not in future be given to her by the former method. All she writes henceforth she will write consciously. Yes, she must finish the new Evangel by conscious effort of brain and will."

When we had read this I told her of the idea suggested to me in correction of which it was given, and then the writing was resumed. It ran thus:—

"*To Mary.*—It may serve to exhibit the path by which you have come, and to suggest the nature of some ancient tendencies which

¹ *I.e.* with a planchette. The use of the planchette had—for a long time past—been "of very rare occurrence" with them, "mainly [Edward Maitland says] because of the great expenditure of time and nervous energy involved in the using of that instrument, the exhaustion of the latter often requiring several days for recovery" (Article on A. K. in *Light*, March 17, 1888, p. 128, and see p. 346 *post*).—S. H. H.

may yet tarnish the mirror of a soul destined to attain perfection, to learn that you dwelt within the body of Faustine, the Roman ; she who loved to see men die, to whom life was lust, and all its ways were a famine of the flesh for meat and sense and wine."

The shock of such a communication would have been tremendous even had it stood alone. But coming as it did immediately upon one so widely different, it was as a fall from the loftiest heights to the lowest depths. For some time neither of us spoke, and she sat with her face bent down and buried in her hands. At length, looking up, she said appealingly, "Do you think I ever could have been cruel as they say?"

The question was an embarrassing one on various accounts. Neither of us could entertain a thought of distrusting our Genii after all that they had shown us. And I did not see how, unless there were a weak point of the kind in her system, she could have been made the instrument of the influences which had caused me such acute and prolonged suffering. At length I replied by reminding her of her liability to be so completely possessed by her idea as to be blind to aught else, and suggesting that, if this was a characteristic of Faustine, she might have done cruel things without thinking whether they were cruel or not. Just as in her own present life there had been a phase when she herself took delight in fox-hunting, so in a previous life such a phase might have lasted all through. And I added that, without pretending to be well up in the details of the Roman history of that period, I remembered that there were more Faustines than one, and it was not clear to me which of them was intended. To this she replied instantly, with a positiveness which surprised me—

"Oh, I know. It was the Empress of Marcus Aurelius, she of whom Swinburne says—

' Even he who cast seven devils out
Of Magdalene,
Could hardly do so much, I doubt,
For you, Faustine.' "

"Mary Magdalen again!" I thought to myself. "How extraordinary is this frequent recurrence of her name in our history!" I was much struck, too, by the implication of Marcus Aurelius in the matter. For, of all characters in secular history, I had always been the most drawn to him, and fancied that in this place I should have been just what he was. But

his name had never before been mentioned between us. How if we two had been associated in a former life as Marcus Aurelius and Faustine! And what a reason, among others, for our present association would be her having to make amends to me for her ill conduct in that life! And "Prince Albert" had told me that I was once a prince!¹

Presently she remarked that it seemed impossible for a saint such as the Church accounted Mary Magdalen to come back so soon and be such a sinner as Faustine, especially in face of the Gospel-statement that her seven devils had been cast out.

To this I replied that it would hardly be safe to rely on either of those reasons. The Church went more by legend than by history, and the devils might have been cast out for the time without a permanent cure being wrought in the soul through whose weakness they had got access to her. That would be a much longer affair, as we were being taught. And then, what would be more like such a cometary character as she was than just such a sudden recoil from one extreme to the other of her nature? And I reminded her of the remark she had made to me when she had urged me to finish my story of *Saint or Sinner?*—how, when I pleaded that it was beyond my power because I had not enough of either character in myself to do it justice, she had declared that she was able to supplement any deficiencies of mine in both respects.² And I further suggested that so ambitious a nature as she allowed hers to be would inevitably prompt her to be foremost in whatever grade or condition of life she had found herself in; and that, with her extraordinary liability to reflect what was about her, she might be impelled to imitate others mechanically merely and without set intention of doing either right or wrong, but as if under magnetic control, in which case her moral responsibility would be of the smallest.

She seemed much struck by this view of herself; and then, as if craving some consolatory thought, she said, evidently speaking as much to herself as to me—

"But even if I was so bad in one of my lives, it does not follow that I was worse than other people have been in some of their lives. The history of the soul must be the same for all. And that one should be a greater sinner than another

¹ See p. 223 *ante*.

² See p. 158 *ante*.

would imply only a greater capacity, and therefore the possibility of becoming a greater saint. In any case it is a great comfort to think that even of the soul of a Faustine it can be said that she was 'destined to attain perfection.' I cannot imagine a more glorious gospel than that to preach to the world! And, after all, it is only what Scripture itself says when it says, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' And what else was the meaning of the parable of the Prodigal Son? It may have been His own soul's history that Jesus was telling in it."

Among other things she remarked on in this connection was the difficulty of reconciling her having been Mary Magdalen with the fact that the spirit at whose instigation she had joined the Roman Church also purported to be Mary Magdalen. This, I admitted, was a difficulty, and the only one I saw in the whole matter. But as we had yet everything to learn about the *modus operandi* of such phenomena, we had better wait for the explanation to come, as no doubt it would, in due time, if it was important for us to have it. For myself, I could conceive the possibility of a person's own spirit making objective to such person any of its former selves.

In order to maintain the continuity of my narrative, I have reserved until now the mention of a very striking dream which she received on February 21. This was the experience given in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, under the heading of "The Old Young Man." It will be enough to remark of it here, that while the idea of the possibility presented in it—that of the reanimation of a body recently dead by the disembodied soul of another person—was altogether strange to us, we subsequently learnt that it is fully recognised in the occultism of the East. It was evidently intended as an instruction necessary for us to have respecting the soul's possibilities and liabilities. We found the story very curious and suggestive. For all the phenomena of this order presented to her in sleep proved to be sound from the point of view of occult science. Her dreams seemed to be intended as a dramatic form of instruction.

CHAPTER XVI

CLOSE OF STUDENT COURSE

FROM my Diary :—

“ *March 13.*—A few nights ago Mary found herself again in the library where she had received the chapter on the mystical interpretation of Scripture, and was told by the same courteous, old-fashioned old gentleman who had received her then, that he desired to communicate with me on a matter too delicate to be entrusted to a third person, but that he had a difficulty in doing so, as I had not been able to find my way to his house. We were still without any idea as to the identity of this personage ; but a day or two later, while sitting at my work, I received a sudden, vivid impression to the effect that the book which I am writing, *The Finding of Christ*, had better be published anonymously, in order to prevent the consideration of it from being impaired by association with the name of any person. It so happened that there was at the time a question about the book which much exercised me, and does so still. It is not that of putting my name to it. I have had no idea of withholding that. It is as to how far I am at liberty to use our chapters on the interpretation of Scripture. I can neither assume the authorship of them, nor can I avow their derivation ; and I have been greatly perplexed accordingly. The intimation above mentioned was accompanied by another which caused me to exclaim to myself that there was but one person from whom it could justly proceed, this being Emmanuel Swedenborg. For the intimation was to the effect that he, Swedenborg, hoped by our means to correct and complete his work.

“ I made no mention of the occurrence, nor had either of us thought of connecting Swedenborg’s name with the owner of the library she had now thrice visited in sleep. But yesterday evening, having been prompted to sit for some writing, the instrument wrote the words, ‘ Mr Maitland.’ As this was the first time that I had ever been thus designated by it, or by any of our invisible visitants, and as it was also the name by which the occupant of the library had spoken of me, I concluded that it was he who was writing, and accordingly inquired whether I was correct in my idea as to what it was that he wanted to say to me. In reply to this he wrote, ‘ Not quite ’ ; and presently added, ‘ It is not considered desirable in our circle that you should produce the book in your name. I will suggest to Mrs Kingsford what should be done. Good-night.—E. S.’

“ These being the initials of Swedenborg, I referred to Carpenter’s *Life* of him, of which I have lately obtained a copy, and found that

the specimen there given of his handwriting closely resembled that of our message; while Mary declared that the portrait of him in the book, which she now saw for the first time, was exactly that of the tenant of the library, showing him as the same placid-looking, smooth-shaven, courtly man she had described to me. In short, every particular corresponded, even to his formal and measured mode of address, making it impossible to doubt that it was indeed the famous Swedish seer himself who had quitted the earth-life close on a century ago, and that he was now interesting himself in the work of the New Gospel of Interpretation, of which he had been the forerunner.

“ *March 14.*—This evening Swedenborg came to us again, and in reference to the change of plans recommended to me, wrote:—‘ You may probably have a good deal of recasting to do; but do not let that discourage you. You will be repaid. In fact, the book should not see the light until the campaign has been opened at Mrs Kingsford’s house by a few parlour addresses from her lips. But do not be too kind to the Christians.’ ”

“ On this we asked what precisely he meant by this caution, when he wrote:—

“ ‘ I use the word in its popular, not in its eclectic, sense. You are emphatically Perfectionists. Since I have had my library I have occupied myself much with pre-Nazarene eclecticism; and I find it much richer and more profound than that of the comparatively uncultivated Nazarite school.’ ”

It will be interesting to state here that about ten years later, on reading a quite recent work on Swedenborg, I found cited from a passage in his writings not before translated the words, “ I love the Gentiles more than I love the Christians,” which at once recalled to me, and coincided with, his expression to us, “ Do not be too kind to the Christians,” an expression which took us entirely by surprise, having understood that he by no means rejected the orthodox presentment of Christianity so far as its leading dogmas are concerned. The book in question is entitled *Swedenborg the Buddhist*, by “ Philangi Dasa,” and is published at Los Angeles, California. Its object is to show from the untranslated writings of Swedenborg, first, that he has not been fairly represented by his translators and followers; and, next, that his teaching really coincided so closely with that of the East as to suggest the occultists of that region as his inspirers; one alleged essential point of identity with them consisting in his recognition—distinctly but guardedly accorded—of the doctrine of Reincarnation. To this day, however, his disciples strenuously deny that doctrine on the ground that it is not taught by Swedenborg, but apparently denied.

The contention of “ Philangi Dasa ” is that Swedenborg denied

only the reincarnation of the astral phantom, not that of the true soul, in which case he would have the truth.

As might be supposed, we were greatly interested in receiving communications purporting to come from such a source, and bearing every imaginable impress of genuineness. On the following evening, March 15, he returned and wrote :—

“ If Mr Maitland will permit me to speak frankly, I shall be very glad to mention what has happened to me in regard to his MS.

“ It is now some time since that I was sitting after supper in my library, when an Angel in a red vestment entered and saluted me. I am accustomed to visits from Angels ; therefore this did not surprise me. ‘ I come,’ said he, ‘ to ask your aid in a somewhat difficult matter. My Client ’—it is thus that Angels often designate souls under their charge—‘ My Client,’ says he, ‘ was here in your library some time ago, and under your magnetism recovered a memory of no small value. I ought,’ says he, ‘ to mention that my Client is a soul of vast experience, and that I am of a proud and jealous disposition.’ ‘ I see you are,’ said I, smiling, and looking at his vestment. ‘ It is,’ says he, ‘ my ardent wish to produce the Evangel my Client has acquired so painfully under my tuition, in my own way. Now, my Client has confided in another, with whom the work I have in charge is being done, the products of the Labour of the Past. I do not object to this ; in fact I encourage it ; for I find much of my happiness in association with the Angel who has my Client’s friend in charge, and who is my Negative, while I am Positive. But it hurts me to think that my method is likely to be frustrated. And as the atmosphere is such that I cannot speak directly with my Client, I come to beg you to use your influence in my behalf. The writing in question is but fragmentary. I have been promised help to recover for my Client in this Incarnation the memory of all that is in the past. But I wish to wait until this is complete.’ Here the communication broke off, and Swedenborg added, speaking for himself, ‘ I will come another time. There is a great deal more. Good-night.’ ”

We had no difficulty in assigning as the reason for this abrupt stoppage Mary’s complete exhaustion by this long message, the force for writing which was palpably drawn from ourselves. On the next evening, as we were not quite clear whether the words “ says he ” referred in all cases to the Angel or sometimes to his Client, we asked for the information ; whereupon he wrote, “ Yes, always to the Angel,” and then ceased. Presently another and more delicate hand wrote :—“ Eml. has an engagement to-night.—E.” Upon this Mary exclaimed, “ That must be the old lady whom I found in the library with him. Was he a married man ? ” I said that I imagined he was not, and I got down his *Life* to ascertain. Here, after some search, I found it

stated that Swedenborg had never been married, but used to say in his old age that he believed that his great friend, Elizabeth von Gyllenborg, a maiden lady who had predeceased him, would be his spiritual wife hereafter.

The Angel's statement that Mary had recovered her memory under Swedenborg's magnetism coincided exactly with the experiences of both of us, as related some time back, and was a welcome testimony to the accuracy of our observation ; while it further showed that, though associated with Swedenborg and working on the same lines, we were neither indebted to him for our teaching nor restricted by his limitations :—

“ *March 23.*—Our sittings for writing since the last entry have been fruitless, and we have been at a loss to know what has become of Swedenborg and the promised continuation of his message. Last night, however, Mary dreamt that she was with me in a restaurant, and that Swedenborg was there, walking up and down. On her accosting him he joined us, and we sat down together to a meal of what seemed to be tea, toast, and eggs. The conversation was long and interesting. He spoke of many persons and things on the earth, and showed that he kept himself fully informed of what was going on here below. Among other things, he said, in answer to a question as to whether a certain mystical acquaintance of ours used stimulants to enhance his faculty, that he knew the person in question, and that he does use them, but only to heighten his spiritual faculty ; which he (Swedenborg) did not consider wrong, as intoxication was not wrong in itself, or it would be wrong to use an anæsthetic to subdue pain. It was right or wrong according to the motive and effect. And it certainly is the fact that by means of them certain lower and lowering elements in the system may be suppressed, and the individual set free to follow his higher. He had seen a certain poet, whom he named, write some of his best verses while so drunk as to be scarcely able to hold his pen. Mary again noticed an extraordinary resemblance between Swedenborg and myself in form and manner as well as in feature. He wore an old-fashioned grey coat, and had perfectly white hair, and appeared to be about sixty years of age. Respecting the special subject of my book, and his failure to continue his promised writing, he said—

“ ‘ I am forbidden to use the planchette. Your Angels do not like it, since by its use you court deception and fraud through the facility with which lower spirits can use it. The general plan of your book is good. But you are recommended to avoid identifying the writer with the author of any former work. Use the first personal pronoun in writing if this facilitates the expression, and as in effect you have used it largely. Let that form stand, but avoid recognition as Edward Maitland. You are recommended to introduce a chapter on the prophetic faculty as the product of Memory, and to cite such passages as occur to you in support of this doctrine. Let this chapter or paragraph introduce the citations you give from the prophetic explanations of the esoteric books of the Bible, and

quote them as fragmentary specimens of this recollection occurring to one now a woman, but formerly an Initiate, who is beginning to recover this power by slow degrees. Under what circumstances it can be recovered I will endeavour soon to show you. The matter is an important one, and your Angels think it necessary to be expounded to you, and by you to others.'

"Swedenborg also spoke much of the Perfectionists, and said that, for his part, he thought that, strive as they might, they would never succeed in making the world at large adopt their views. A considerable number of persons from time to time would attain perfection for themselves, and, after beneficially influencing others, pass on to higher conditions. But he saw no probability of evil being abolished, or even sensibly diminished. The world, however, is still so much in its youth that man cannot be said to be created as yet, but is only in the process of making; while, as for woman, she is altogether in the future, the present age being her birth-time or primal manifestation.

"On being questioned about my past lives, he said that he could not trace me back farther than the time of Cromwell, when I had been a Puritan, and had quarrelled and fought a duel with one who is now very nearly related to me."

Three years before this I had been told by "Winona" that I and my son had been enemies and crossed swords with each other in a previous life. Although I had not attached importance to the statement, partly because I was yet very far from realising the doctrine of reincarnation as representing a reality, I had been struck by the light which the suggestion threw on our relations. For, although we had always been excellent friends, there were many circumstances, both in our respective characters and in our relations with each other, which tallied exactly with the idea. For the difference, not to say antagonism, between our natures was so marked and ingrained as to cause me much wonder how we ever came to be connected as father and son, and to make us both careful to avoid anything that could possibly lead to a rupture, because, being what we were, if once set up it would probably prove irremediable for want of some link of affinity to draw us together again. And in respect of things material, our relations were such as were best explainable by the supposition that it was part of his destiny to make reparation to me for a wrong done me in a past existence.

It was not, however, until twelve years later than the time of which I am writing—namely, in the beginning of 1892—that I obtained any light on the subject by means of my own faculty. It came at a time when my mind had long ceased to be occupied

with the matter and was wholly engrossed with other things. And it consisted in my suddenly and without the smallest anticipation, as I lay in bed in the early morning between sleeping and waking, finding myself actually fighting a duel with one whom I recognised as him who is my son. We were in the costume of the Cromwellian period ; he was certainly a cavalier, as was shown by his coat and hat as they lay on the ground, for we had both divested ourselves of these articles, and were fighting in our shirt-sleeves. And I thought I also was a cavalier ; not, however, on account of my garb, for though my hat and coat were also on the ground, they were too far to the rear of where I stood for me to see them sufficiently well to note which party they denoted me as belonging to. And the encounter was too warm to allow of my glancing back at them, had I thought of doing so. Our quarrel, it was evident to me, was not a political one, as the statement that we had been on opposite sides suggested. It was a personal one, and of an exceedingly bitter kind so far as my opponent was concerned, so obvious to me was his consciousness of being entirely in the wrong, and of my being the injured party. Besides our respective seconds no one was in sight, and they stood well aside. We fought with rapiers, and for a considerable time I held him in check, easily warding his every thrust. I had no feeling of anger nor any intention of harming him, my one idea being either to disarm him, or, in the event of his growing desperate, to inflict a wound sufficient to disable him from continuing the conflict. But suddenly, on perceiving my design and finding himself out-fenced, he lost his temper and rushed in on me in a furious *mêlée*, as if determined to do by force what he could not do by skill, and all at once I found my power of arm gone, so that I was unable to wield my sword, and I said to myself that it must be a failure of the heart's action. But presently I became aware that the duel was over, and that, though I had not felt the thrust, I had been run through the heart and was what is called dead ; after which I remembered no more. After the experience I lay some time pondering it and recalling all the stages of the conflict, together with the varying emotions induced, and marvelling at the fidelity with which every incident had been, not recollected merely, but actually reproduced ; the result being the conviction that the

soul, in which alone the memory of the event could have survived, must be endowed with a faculty of recollection far transcending that of the mind as ordinarily conceived of. There was yet this other corroborating circumstance. Throughout my childhood and boyhood I was beset by certain haunting dreams, one of the most frequent and vivid of which was that I was either fighting or trying to get out of fighting a duel; so great was my innate horror of the practice.

It is due to my foeman of that period, and son of the present one, to say that, whether or not he owed me an atonement of the kind in question, he has nobly fulfilled the requirements of such a position, although he will not have an inkling of the fact until he learn it from these pages. Among the sentiments evoked in myself by the experience, the foremost is a sense of grateful admiration for an order of things which provides such means of reparation, atonement, and reconciliation as that of the reincarnation, as parent and child, of two persons who have formerly been at deadly feud through wrongs done and sustained, with a view to the healing of the feud and the purging of the soul from recollections which might disquiet and detain.

Although having no doubt of the genuineness of our experiences with Swedenborg, Mary, at my suggestion, questioned her Genius on the subject, and received an answer which, though in some respects enigmatical, was entirely satisfactory as to the main point. The answer was in this wise:—"A portion of Swedenborg is still in this sphere, by means of which he can communicate with those with whom he is in affinity." The enigma found its solution when the time came for us to receive instruction concerning the constituent principles of man, and their separation after the death of the body.

Yet one more incident in this connection whereat Mary declared herself to be greatly amused. I remarked to her that it was very evident that Swedenborg and Elizabeth had both lived single and died bachelor and spinster, my reason being that, though now dwelling together and being joint owners of their abode, each of them had used the expression "my library," giving proof positive that they had not learnt by the experience of married life to say "we" and "our"—a trait which she affirmed only a woman would have noticed.

On the evening of March 27, while engaged on our own re-

spective tasks, and so entirely engrossed by them as to be disposed to resent interruption, Mary bent across the table, and, speaking in a low tone, said to me, "There is a spirit in the room who wants to speak to us. Shall I let him?" I assented on the condition that he had something to tell us really worth hearing. She then became entranced, being magnetised by his presence; and after telling me that he spoke with a strong American accent, and professed to be a "metaphysical doctor"—meaning, she supposed a doctor in metaphysics—repeated the following after him; for I could neither see nor hear him:—

"You two have been put together for a work which you could not do separately. I have been shown a chart of your past histories, containing your characters and your past incarnations. She is of a highly active, wilful disposition, and represents the centrifugal force. You, Caro, are her opposite, and, being contemplative and concentrated, represent the centripetal force. Without her expansive energy you would become altogether indrawn and inactive in deed; and without your restraining influence she would go forth and become dissipated in expansiveness. So extraordinary is her outward tendency that nothing but such an organism as she now has could repress it and keep it within bounds. It is for the work she has to do that she has been placed in a body of weakness and suffering. She is the man- and you the woman-element in your joint system. I can see only her female incarnations, but she has been a man much oftener than a woman; while you have generally been a woman, and would be one now but for the work you have to do. Even as a woman she has always been much more man than woman, for her wilfulness and recklessness have led her into enterprises of incredible daring. Nothing restrained her when her will prompted her. She would wreck any work to follow that, and only by combination with your centripetal tendency can she do the present work. As a man she has been initiated, once, a long time ago, in Thebes; afterwards in India. The things she has done in her past lives! Well, *I* do not say they were wrong, for I do not hold the existence of moral evil. All things are allowed for good ends; but this is a difficult truth to express."

Here she spoke in her own person, having under his magnetism recovered her own vision and recollection, saying:—

"O Caro! I can see your past. You have been—no, it is all wiped out. I cannot see it now. I am not allowed to see it. Why is this? I see my own past. I see India—a magnificent glittering white marble temple, and elephants. How tame they are! They are all out, and feeding in a field or enclosure. And there are such a number of splendid red flowers; they are cactuses, and all prickly. The trees have all their foliage on the top, and such long stems. They are palms. The soil is of a white dust. And the sky is so clear and blue! But the heat is terrible. I see you again. Your

colour is blue, inclining to indigo, owing to your want of expansiveness. But I cannot see your past, except that you are mostly a woman. And now I am by the Nile,—such a fine broad river ! ”

Here our visitor took his departure, when Mary, returning to her normal consciousness, informed me that he had almost sickened her by the way in which—*more Americano*—he kept spitting about him. It was a new idea to us that such bodily habitudes should persist after death ; but the explanation subsequently given us respecting the astral man and his relations to the physical made it quite intelligible that it should be so.

The following day, March 28, was Easter Sunday. Electing to remain within doors rather than encounter the crowds of holiday-makers, Mary was moved during the afternoon to sit for some communication by joint writing. But we were no sooner seated than it was written :—

“ Do you, Caro, take a pencil and write, and let her look inwards, and we will dictate slowly.”

Mary then became entranced, and delivered orally, repeating it slowly, without break or pause, after a voice heard interiorly, the following exposition of the book of Esther, an exposition entirely novel to us, and, we believed, to the world. Some divines have called the book a romance, but none have discovered that it is a prophecy in the form of a parable. Luther, indeed, pronounced both it and the Apocalypse to be so worthless that their destruction would be no loss. As a Teuton, and of masculine proclivities, he would naturally be strongly predisposed against any Scriptures which recognised woman as the agent of redemption. It is otherwise with the Celtic and feminine races :—

“ The most important book in the Bible for you to study now, and that most nearly about to be fulfilled, is one of the most mystic books in the Old Testament, the book of Esther.

“ This book is a mystic prophecy, written in the form of an actual history. If I give you the key, the clue of the thread of it, it will be the easiest thing in the world to unravel the whole.

“ The great King Assuerus, who had all the world under his dominion, and possessed the wealth of all the nations, is the genius of the age.

“ Queen Vasthi, who for her disobedience to the king was deposed from her royal seat, is the orthodox Catholic Church.

“ The Jews, scattered among the nations under the dominion of the king, are the true Israel of God.

“ Mardochi, the Jew, represents the spirit of intuitive reason and understanding.

“ His enemy, Aman, is the spirit of materialism, taken into the favour and protection of the genius of the age, and exalted to the highest place in the world’s councils after the deposition of the orthodox religion.

“ Now Aman has a wife and ten sons.

“ Esther—who under the care and tuition of Mardochi, is brought up pure and virgin—is that spirit of love and sympathetic interpretation which shall redeem the world.

“ I have told you that it shall be redeemed by a ‘ woman.’

“ Now the several philosophical systems by which the councillors of the age propose to replace the dethroned Church are one by one submitted to the judgment of the age ; and Esther, coming last, shall find favour.

“ Six years shall she be anointed with oil of myrrh, that is, with study and training severe and bitter, that she may be proficient in intellectual knowledge, as must all systems which seek the favour of the age.

“ And six years with sweet perfumes, that is, with the gracious loveliness of the imagery and poetry of the faiths of the past, that religion may not be lacking in sweetness and beauty.

“ But she shall not seek to put on any of those adornments of dogma, or of mere sense, which, by trick of priestcraft, former systems have used to gain power or favour with the world and the age, and for which they have been found wanting.

“ Now there come out of the darkness and the storm which shall arise upon the earth two dragons.

“ And they fight and tear each other, until there arises a star, a fountain of light, a queen, who is Esther.

“ I have given you the key. Unlock the meaning of all that is written.

“ I do not tell you if in the history of the past these voices had part in the world of men.

“ If they had, guess now who were Mardochi and Esther.

“ But I tell you that which shall be in the days about to come.”

The spelling of the names proved to be that of the Douay version, the Protestants having relegated the second part of the book of Esther, in which the latter part of this narrative occurs, to the Apocrypha. Besides throwing a flood of new light for us on the method of the Bible-writers, it charmed us by its recognition at once of our relations to each other and of our work. Nevertheless it contained for me an element suggestive of apprehension. This was the possibility that the periods indicated with respect to Mary might imply the term of her life. The same periods, I remembered, had been specified in the concluding verses from the chapter, “ Concerning the ‘ Great Work,’ the Redemption, and the Share of Christ Jesus therein ” :—

“ Six for the manifestations, and six for the interpretation : six for the outgoing, and six for the ingathering : six for the man, and six for the woman.

“ Then shall be the Sabbath of the Lord God.”

The “ woman’s number,” or “ number of perfection,” being thirteen, including the addition of one for the whole, it seemed to me that, as a typical person, there might be between that number and the period of her mission a correspondence in virtue of which it might close after that number of years, either by death or by some other event. I kept the surmise to myself, but the event accorded with it. For it was at the close of the thirteenth year of our association that she was seized with the illness of which she died.

We had yet another experience concerning Esther which the foregoing served to recall to us. A few months before, during a second visit made by Lady Caithness to Paris before finally coming to reside there, we were invited by her to meet a lady who was possessed of the faculty of clairvoyance, and on seeing Mary this lady said that she was shown to her as having been Queen Esther—a circumstance which we explained by the supposition that Mary’s own spirit had revealed to the *lucide* the correspondence between Mary and Esther, which correspondence suggested to the *lucide* the idea that Mary was a reincarnation of Esther, thus taking Esther for an historical character.

I record the following incident chiefly as an illustration of the peculiar difficulty of the situation in which I was placed as the guardian of Mary. A lady of her acquaintance, being about to give a reception, insisted not only on her attending it herself in spite of her pleading want of health and leisure in excuse, but also on her inviting sundry of her male fellow-students with whom she did not consider herself on terms of intimacy such as to warrant her doing so. Finding her greatly disquieted, and fearful of giving offence by declining, I wrote privately to that lady explaining the position, and begging her as a great kindness to us to forgo her request until at least Mary should have passed the ordeal of her approaching *examen*, with which she was now entirely engrossed. To my surprise and dismay, instead of taking my intervention in good part and quietly acting on it, she at once communicated my letter to Mary in terms of bitter resentment, with results far more harmful to her than the services required of her would have been. And she was made so ill that, in order to

prevent my again acting on my own judgment without consulting her, our illuminators gave me, through her, the following message, which was withdrawn from her memory so soon as she had delivered it to me :—

“ Your action of yesterday was certainly an unwise one. I strove to warn Mary of what you were about to do, but she would not heed. It is not given to you to go alone. You resemble a man trying to walk on one leg. We wish to make this slight affair a means of demonstrating an element of weakness in your character. You are too centripetal, too little expansive. Mary has keener and truer sight than yours, and not infrequently she knows where you only judge. Had it been otherwise she would not have been given to you for complement. It has happened more than once that, in preferring your opinion to her advice, you have repulsed the inspiration of Angels.”

On my remarking that I had acted only as I should desire to be acted by in the matter, and judged her friend by my own best, she replied that it was a great mistake to judge others by oneself. She *knew* that the person in question would act as she had done, because she read her as she actually is, and did not read herself into her.

“ *May 9.*—While resting on the sofa to-day, but not sleeping, Mary found herself conversing with some spirit who told her she would do well to examine the experiences of persons born blind, with a view to obtaining proofs of the past lives and pre-existence of the soul. For she would find that they had in their dreams perceptions and recollections impossible to have been originated during their present lives. On her replying that these might be due to clairvoyant perceptions during their present lives, it was said that even so they would be proofs of the soul's existence and power ; but it would be found also that they possessed historical knowledge due only to their own reminiscences.”

On May 11 Mary held in her sleep the interview with Apollonius of Tyana printed as No. XVI. in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, where it is called “ The Metempsychosis.” It cleared up certain difficulties she had entertained on the subject. Remembering that “ Eliphas Levi ” had evoked the phantom of Apollonius, I referred to *La Haute Magie* for the particulars. The two apparitions resembled each other, saving that whereas that seen by “ Eliphas Levi ” wore a shroud, if *linceul* be rendered strictly, and was dumb, that seen by Mary was clad as a monk in a grey linen robe with a hood, and conversed freely with her, even to laughing out at one of her remarks. When, later, we were initiated into the mys-

teries of the after-life, we were able to recognise Mary's visitant as the true self of the famous Initiate and Adept, and that of "Eliphas Levi" as at most his astral phantom, or more probably a mere magnetic reflect of Levi's own idea of him, since his phantom would almost surely have long since been disintegrated and dissipated. Shortly after his withdrawal Mary received some further instructions on the same subject, which she took as coming from him, to the effect that reptiles, carnivorous animals, and other noxious creatures, are not original creations, but the result of their own self-debasement from their proper types. And on referring to the Bible we found, what had previously escaped us, that in Gen. i. 30 it is distinctly and positively declared that "to every beast of the earth, and to every fowl of the air, and to every thing that creepeth upon the earth, wherein there is life," was "given every green herb for meat."¹

"May 13.—Swedenborg came to Mary in her sleep last night, and insisted strongly on the necessity of our showing how little of what is called Christianity is derived from Jesus, and how much from those who, taking His name as their authority, used it to sustain a system of their own derived from the ancient sacerdotalisms. In the case of Pythagoras, he said, all that was done was actually done by him, and nothing was foisted on him, and his system was perfect and complete in respect of all man's needs for soul and body. For by his pure regimen, mental and physical, he was the saviour of both body and soul; while by his wisdom and culture he provided for the due satisfaction of all social and other instincts, and no one has added, or been able to add, anything to his work; nor has he been credited with anything that he did not say or do.

"But with Jesus it is not so. Whatever the perfection He attained for Himself, either He omitted to show others how to attain it, or they have failed to make report thereof, and have accordingly left Christianity to take whatever form, whether of doctrine or of practice, men were pleased to give it. This was the case especially with the doctrine of Atonement, which was not taught or implied by Jesus, and in no way belonged to Him or His system, but was a revival and an aggravation of sacerdotalism. Jesus Himself was no originator, but was a reviver of other men's doctrine, notably that of Confucius, and was a reformer rather than a founder, His aim being to renovate the Hebrew religion, not to destroy Judaism."

Swedenborg's visits to us did not cease until he had made it clear that he had abandoned much of the teaching on which he

¹ That the carnivora represent "no essential part of the Divine order, but a result of man's own degeneration," see *England and Islam*, pp. 559, 560, and 591; and *Addresses and Essays on Vegetarianism*, pp. 155-6.—S. H. H.

had insisted in his writings, especially as regards the Incarnation, and that he was satisfied with the doctrine given to us.

“ *May 15.*—Mary, being very poorly last night, but not asleep, overheard two voices discussing her condition. ‘What is the cause of this constant illness?’ asked one of them. ‘Tubercle,’ said the other. ‘Will it be fatal?’ ‘Not until a certain change occurs in her life.’ ‘And when will that be?’ ‘Not until the age of forty, unless she has a child. That would postpone the change and lengthen her life.’”

The change in question occurred in her forty-first year, and she died early in her forty-second. A few weeks before this intimation she had been seized with a longing to have a son whom she might train in her own ideas, to carry on the work she had so much at heart; and the longing was so strong and persistent while it lasted as greatly to distress her and impair her working power. I accordingly besought of our supervisors that something might be done to relieve her of this trouble. Whereupon she was made to dream in the most vivid and realistic manner that she actually had a son, whom she reared until he was seventeen, when he died of consumption; which so effectually cured the longing as to cause her to say that she saw it would be wrong for one of her constitution to become a mother.

“ *May 17.*—Last night Mary had a long and highly dramatic dream, evidently symbolical and prophetic in character, which she is too weak to write out, so that only this meagre sketch can be given of it. In it she found herself, with A., her eldest brother, and me, forced to take refuge by the seaside during a period of most terrible heat and drought. A comet had enveloped the earth, the inhabitants of which were dying off by wholesale, while all produce, vegetable and animal, had perished utterly. The heat, which had begun in October, was most excessive from January to March. The streets and highways were strewn with corpses which, instead of putrefying, were dried up, no one being left to bury them. All traffic had ceased, for there was no one to buy, or sell, or carry. We alone survived. All through the winter the heat exceeded anything known in Africa. Seeking for food, we went into the shops and stores and helped ourselves at will, for there were no other owners. Even the sea afforded no escape from the heat, for it was hot to simmering; and there rose from it dense clouds of steam, which loaded and darkened the atmosphere. In the spring an Angel came to us and said that only three thousand persons remained alive on the earth, and that the new population which was to spring from them would represent a higher condition of being than the world had ever yet known. For the baptism of fire through which the earth was then passing would issue in a pure and perfect doctrine and rule of life. It was not to be as it had been after the great purification as by water known as the

Deluge. For then the people who had been saved in the ark no sooner came out than they fell back to their old low level in faith and conduct, becoming again materialists and idolaters, and instead of making spiritual sacrifice to God in themselves, shed the blood of others by murdering the poor animals who had been saved with them. And therefore it was that God had said He would no more again punish the earth in that manner, as mankind were so hopelessly perverse that it was of no use to do so. But now there was to be a revelation so full and plain that it could not possibly be misunderstood and perverted, however stupid people might be. And to this end we were to put the Bible into the fire at the first opportunity. Having left us this enigma to ponder, the Angel took his departure, and the dream came to an end."

A few days later the Angel returned to Mary and told her what we thought had been sufficiently obvious, that the fire into which we were to put the Bible meant, not destruction, but purification and interpretation. We had an idea, too, that retranslation also might be implied, though it was not specified. However, that work was in progress, and would soon, we understood, be completed; and we looked forward anxiously to the Revised Version, though not without serious misgivings. For, although we did not distrust the scholarship of the revisers, we did distrust their insight, without which they could not possibly understand the Bible as we were now learning it to be. And we well knew the impossibility of translating a book rightly of which one does not understand the meaning.¹

"May 25.—We spent yesterday evening with Lady Caithness, and brought home with us her son's new book, *Through the Ages*. It

¹ In *England and Islam*, Edward Maitland says: "For the whole of the Reformation cycle, the three hundred and sixty-five years which have passed since she received her Bible at the hands of William Tyndale, England has worshipped that Bible as a fetish, without comprehending one word of it. For England has all that time tolerated, nay fostered, the priest and his blasphemous doctrine of vicarious atonement, without even perceiving that in so doing she has ignored the one great lesson taught in the Bible from one end to the other,—the lesson that the knowledge of and path to God lies through the intuitions of which the prophet has been the minister, and not through the blood of which the priest has been the shedder. Through this blindness has come the failure to see that the lesson of the Bible is the lesson of all existence—the lesson that by the perpetual sacrifice of her own lower to her own higher, and not by the sacrifice of another, does all nature 'arise and go to the Father,' from whom it first proceeded; and that in the eternal conflict between the soul that seeks to rise and the flesh that seeks to hinder, the prophet has, as a rule, been he who is on the side of the soul and its intuitions of God, and the priest has, as a rule, been he who is on the side of sense and of the flesh, and of the negation of God and of the soul's intuitions" (pp. 305-6).—S. H. H.

is a tale of Reincarnation, and contains among its characters that of Mary Magdalen. In was made the occasion of giving Mary in the night the commencement of the promised account of her own former lives. This was in verse, the book in which she read it being a large volume. The following are the verses which she remembered on this occasion sufficiently to write them down. We were delighted alike by their originality and poetic beauty, their mystical depth, and their prophetic import. The allusion to her two chief illuminators, Pallas and Hermes, as the Spirits of Wisdom and Understanding, as functions of her own soul, was another and supremely gratifying element; while the accuracy of the characterisation, which was beyond question, showed her as maintaining the same tincture of soul through all changes of form and condition :—

‘ Wake, thou that sleepest ! Soul, awake !
 Thy light is come, arise and shine !
 For darkness melts, and dawn divine
 Doth from the holy Orient break ;

Swift-darting down the shadowy ways
 And misty deeps of unborn time,
 God’s Light, God’s Day, whose perfect prime
 Is as the light of seven days.

Wake, prophet-soul ! the time draws near,
 “ The God who knows ” within thee stirs
 And speaks, for His thou art, and Hers
 Who bears the mystic shield and spear.

The hidden secrets of their shrine,
 Where thou, initiate, didst adore,
 Their quickening finger shall restore
 And make its glories newly thine.

A touch divine shall thrill thy brain,
 Thy soul shall leap to life, and lo !
 What she has known, again shall know ;
 What she has seen, shall see again ;

The ancient Past through which she came,—
 A cloud across a sunset sky,—
 A cactus flower of scarlet dye,—
 A bird with throat and wings of flame ;—

A red wild roe, whose mountain bed
 Nor ever hound or hunter knew,
 Whose flying footprints dashed the dew
 In nameless forests long since dead.

And ever thus in ceaseless roll
 The wheels of Destiny and Time
 Through changing form and age and clime
 Bear onward the undying soul.’ ”

It was not until after some years that the remaining stanzas were given her. The whole poem is in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*.

“ We took a stroll this evening in the Bois after dark, and as we approached the upper end of the lake Mary became lucid, and beheld a number of forms floating apparently in the spray of the waterfall, which she described as being of great variety and beauty, and took to be the naiads, dryads, and other elementary spirits familiar to the ancients. They were not altogether human in form, but the human form predominated in them. Their substance was exceedingly tenuous. The apparition gave her great delight, and she was sorry to quit the spot. This experience was a new exercise of her faculty.

“ *June 20.*—We have just been reading about the Great Pyramid in some books given us by Lady Caithness, one of which is that by Professor Piazzì Smyth; and we were seeking especially to divine the meaning of its symbology, our dominant idea being that it was designed to express the mysteries of existence, and so to preserve the secret of initiation. Last night Mary had a vision in which we visited the Pyramid, and found it, not in its present dilapidated condition, but quite perfect, and with the head cornerstone duly crowning its summit, and this stone was so dazzlingly bright with a white light that we could with difficulty gaze upon it. As we approached the entrance-passage, a female form, silvery-white and of immense proportions, emerged from it and led us into the Pyramid, all the interior of which was filled with the sound of many waters; and we were given to understand that the form was that of Isis, who represents the intuition, and that only by means of the intuition can the mystery of the Pyramid be solved, because it is a spiritual mystery. And the sound of many waters denoted the voices of the soul, of which the intuition represents the perceptions and recollections. No more was shown her at this time, but we feel that we have a clue by following which we shall succeed in solving the mystery of the Great Pyramid, in such wise as to prove that it is really a Bible in stone.”

In order to render intelligible the next experiences to be narrated, it is necessary to recur to the strained conditions under which of late our association was maintained and our work carried on.¹ Although several months had elapsed since they set in, and much progress had been made in every department of our manifold task, there was little or no abatement of the distressful conditions under which it was pursued, especially so far as I was concerned. And I felt that, for her sake no less than for my own, some means of amelioration must speedily be found. For, as was evident to me, besides the danger of paralysis to myself, she was

¹ See p. 305 *ante*.

suffering from the inability of my system, when thus depleted of its magnetic force, to yield the supply of vitality on which hitherto she had largely depended, and which—without any overt or conscious act of mine—spontaneously and habitually flowed in a constant current from me to her. She herself was aware of this, and had repeatedly declared that she did all her work in my strength. And now that strength was to such an extent exhausted that I felt it impossible to hold out longer save on the impracticable condition of a separation prolonged until I had renovated my forces.

Some of the modes in which her lack of magnetic sustentation found manifestation were peculiarly distressing to me. For besides a certain degree of alienation, there was a disposition to refrain from giving me the results of her illuminations, and even from committing them to writing, so that some were lost. But, though grieved beyond measure, I refrained from imputing blame to her even in my own mind. For, as it had been made evident to me that the Gods did not hold her responsible for the liabilities of her constitution, I did not consider that I was entitled to hold her responsible, and refrained from giving utterance to a single word that was calculated to give offence, or that I myself might afterwards repent. And not only was I successful in doing this, but, as I can also confidently affirm, dark, difficult, and painful as was our path, there never was an instant when I was disposed to falter or turn back, so absolute was my confidence throughout in the divinity of our commission, so great the joy set before me in its accomplishment. And I accordingly occupied myself with an endeavour to discover some line of thought which, by interpreting the situation, would enable me to understand and master it. In doing this I did that which seemed the wisest and only course open to me at the time. But later I came to think that the best of all methods would have been to dismiss the matter entirely from my mind, and make as if there were no grievance to be disquieted about, and this for the reason that, owing to her faculty of taking on and reflecting the states, mental or spiritual, of those about her, the very fact that I entertained ideas in any respect condemnatory of the attitude she had been impelled to assume might serve to confirm and intensify that attitude, and thus aggravate the evil I so greatly deplored. But I had yet to arrive at this view of the case, and as it was not given to me to reach it

in time to spare us both a vast amount of suffering, I can only suppose that the experience and the suffering were deemed indispensable to the unfoldment of our respective natures, for the yet more advanced stages to be accomplished in us.

The line of thought which actually suggested itself to me turned upon the character of the qualities especially necessary for the peculiar work committed to us. These I had no difficulty in recognising as consisting first and foremost in the qualities which, as we had been told and could see for ourselves, constituted at once our chief point of difference and our chief bond of union—those qualities, namely, in virtue of which the real and spiritual sex of each of us was the opposite of the apparent and physical. Thus, recognising her as the representative of the will element in our joint system, and myself as the representative of the love element, and recognising also these two principles as equally indispensable factors in the work required of us, I came to regard it as probable that our troubles were really due, not to any lack of these qualities in us, but to the defect of our qualities, in virtue of which we were, each of us, unduly sensitive and exacting in a direction which the other of us failed to appreciate, and incapable, therefore, of duly appreciating either each other's endowments or each other's deficiencies.

That the prime condition of a work which meant war to the knife against the mighty orthodoxies, one and all, which claim a vested interest in the maintenance of the world's sacrificial system was courage I was well aware, and also that courage subsists and finds manifestation under two modes ; that there is the courage which finds expression in action and aggression, and the courage which finds expression in endurance and resistance ; the former being its masculine mode and connoting will, and the latter its feminine mode and connoting love.

All this I could see ; and also that, as these two principles united had made the world, and disunited had ruined the world, so, reunited, they would redeem the world ; and I could recognise them as subsisting in ourselves in a measure adequate even for so stupendous an achievement, if only they were properly combined and rightly directed. But what I could not see was the cause of their apparent estrangement, and the means of their reconciliation ; and unless these were disclosed to me, and that forthwith, the strain of the situation must inevitably prove too much for flesh

and blood any longer to endure. So great, indeed, was the tension that no mutual discussion of the situation was possible. Speech and silence were alike dangerous ; and rather than run the risk of it, I devoted many of my evenings to long solitary walks, pleading the need of such exercise to my deranged circulation, though aware that the real motive was no secret to her. Yet we both knew all the time that in heart and soul we were as much at one as ever, and that that " which let and would let until it be taken away " was not of the inner and higher in us, but of the outer and lower ; was of the circumferential, superficial, and accidental, not of the central, profound, and essential. Such was the emergency when, on the night of June 23, I retired to rest but not to sleep, saying to myself of the foes by whom we were so sorely beset, " This is your hour, and the power of darkness," and longing for light and aid, and strength to endure to the end, without some irreparable lesion to the organism. For this was my chief apprehension. I myself was steeled to bear any extreme, to drink of any cup however bitter. But my organism was not myself, it was only mine ; and as I knew not its capacity of endurance, I could not answer for it. Presently, as I pondered, while yet awake, the following happened : —

" It seemed to me that I was sole spectator in some circus or hippodrome. And in the arena were some horses, seven in number, harnessed to a common centre, but all facing in different directions like the spokes of a wheel, and pulling frantically, so that the vehicle to which they were attached remained stationary between them, through their counterbalancing each other ; while at the same time it seemed as if it must presently be dragged asunder into pieces. On looking at it more closely, the vehicle seemed to become a person who was attempting to drive the horses, but was unable to get them into a line ; and, strange to say, the driver was one and identical both with the horses and the vehicle, so that it was a living person who was in danger of being torn asunder by creatures who were in reality himself. While wondering what this meant, someone addressed me and said that if I would do any good I must help to control and direct the animals which were thus pulling their owner asunder ; and that the only way to do this was by so disposing myself that I should be at one and the same time in the centre with the driver, to help him to curb and direct his steeds, and outside at their heads in order to compel their submission. And not only must I be indifferent to their ramping and chafing, I must even suffer myself to be struck and wounded and trampled upon to any extent without flinching ; for only when I was so unconscious of self as to be indifferent as to what might happen to me would they cease to have power against me. And the reason why I must be also in the centre was that only there could I effectually co-operate with the driver to

enable him to do his part in directing what in reality were the forces, as yet unbroken in, of his own system, into the road it was necessary for us both to follow. We were destined to be fellow-travellers, and our journey was to be made together and with that team. It could not be made by one of us without the other, and the failure to effect a complete conjunction and co-operation would bring certain ruin to the hopes of both of us and of all who looked to us. The owner of the horses, I was assured, could not of himself control them, and I could only enable him to do so by an absolute surrender of myself."

Applying this vision to the situation, the moral was obvious so far as I was concerned, and I wondered whether Mary would receive anything equally suggestive for herself. In the morning, after remaining unusually late in her room, she silently handed me the following account of an experience which had similarly and simultaneously been received by her :—

"I was shown two stars near each other, both of them shining with a clear bright light, only that of one the light had a purple tinge, and of the other a blood colour; and a great Angel stood beside me and bade me look at them attentively. I did so, and saw that the stars were not round, but seemed to have a piece cut out of the globe of each of them. And I said to the Angel, 'The stars are not perfect; but instead of being round, they are uneven.' He told me to look again; and I did so, and saw that each globe was really perfect, but that in each a small portion remained dark so as to present the appearance of having a piece out; and I noticed that these dark portions of the two stars were turned towards each other. Upon this I looked to the Angel for the explanation.

"And the Angel said to me, 'These stars derive their light not only from the sun, but from each other. If there be darkness in one of them, the corresponding face of the other will likewise be darkened; and how shall either reflect perfectly the image of the sun if it be dark to its companion star? For how shall it respond to that which is above all, if it respond not to that which is nearest?'

"And I said, 'Lord, if the darkness in one of these stars be caused by the darkness in its fellow, which of them was first darkened?'

"Then he answered me and said, 'These stars are of different tinctures; one is of the sapphire, the other of the sardonyx. Of the first the atmosphere is cool and equable; of the other it is burning and irregular. The spirit of the first is as God towards man; the spirit of the second is as the soul towards God. The first loves; the second aspires. And the office of the spirit which loves is outwards, while the office of the spirit which aspires is upwards. The light of the first, which is blue, enfolds, and contains, and embraces, and sustains. The light of the second, which is red, is as a flame which scorches, and burns, and troubles, and seeks God only, and his duty is not to the outward, for it is not given to him to love. God, whom he seeks, *is* love; and therefore is he drawn upward to God only. But the spirit of his fellow descends. She indraws, and blesses, and confers; and hers is the office which redeems. Wherefore, if she fail in her love, her failure is greater than his who hath no

love ; and to be perfect she must forgive until the seventy times seven, and be great in humility. For the violet, which is the colour of humility, is of the blue. And if she seek her own, or yield not in outward things, her nature is not perfected, and her light is darkened. Let Love, therefore, think not of herself, for she hath no self, but all that she hath is towards others, and only in giving and forgiving is she rich. If, on the contrary, she make a self withinwards, her light is withdrawn and troubled, and she is not perfect ; and if she demand of another that which he hath not, then she seeketh her own, and her light is darkened. And if she be darkened towards him, he also will darken towards her, in respect, that is, of enlightenment. And thus her failure of love will break the communion with the Divine, which is through him. He cannot darken outwardly first ; for love is not of him. If he darken of himself, it must be within towards God. But that which he receives of God, he gives not forth himself. But he burns centrally and enlightens his fellow, and she gives it forth according to her office. And if she darken in any way outwardly, she cannot receive enlightenment, but darkens the burning star likewise, and so hinders their intercommunion.'

" Having thus spoken, the Angel looked upon me and said, ' Ye are the two stars, and to one is given the office of the Prophet, and to the other the office of the Redeemer. But to be Prophet and Redeemer in one, this is the glory of the Christ.'

" Then I asked the Angel to tell me what was meant by my being the older spirit of the two ; and he said, ' The reason is a fivefold one. (1) Because the line is first, and the circle afterwards. (2) Because the going forth is first, and the coming back afterwards. (3) Because Adam is first, and Eve is afterwards. (4) Because the Prophet is first, and the Redeemer afterwards. The fifth I cannot recall.' "

I suggested that it might be " because the soul must first find God for herself before she can go forth in love to reveal God to others." Mary acquiesced in the thought, but could not say positively if it was the one given her by the Angel. None of the replies, however, really met her question as she meant it.

A few days later, finding there was a spirit present who desired to speak with us, we sat for writing, when the following was given :—

" I have no good news for you. A great fight has begun, and it is but the commencement of trouble. But one thing is needful, that you love one another. It is in love that you both are lacking. Yes, both of you. You err also—you, Caro, who blame Mary for lack of lovingness. All means which minister to your mutual affection are helpful, and you want all that you have."

This was another intimation, not that my estimate of her character was wrong, but that her character being what it was, I was wrong in requiring of her that which she had not in her, and in allowing myself to be distressed at the manifestations of its deficiency instead of taking these for granted and being

indifferent to them. By degrees the philosophy of this line of conduct became obvious, as I have already remarked. Her liability to reflect that which was presented to her led her to reflect the states excited in me, to the making of them her own. Hence the only way to repress those states in her which were so distressing to me was not to allow myself to be distressed by them—even to recognise them—but to maintain perfect equanimity and control under all circumstances. The lesson was not an easy one to learn, or, when learnt, to practise.

We had no difficulty in referring the first part of the above message to a new hitch which had arisen in her university course, and was exercising us much at this time.

She had passed all her *Doctorat examens*, and there remained only the acceptance of the thesis by which the granting of a diploma is preceded for her to complete her student course and be qualified to enter on the practice of her profession as an M.D. of the *Faculté de Paris*. Of the cost in toil and suffering, physical and mental, at which that privilege had been obtained this history gives at best but a faint indication. For, being limited to things occurring in space and time, history cannot take account of the dimension which is conditioned by intensity.

Having passed all her *examens* with the highest credit, and accomplished her course in the shortest possible period, saving only for the single failure the fault of which was not hers, she resolved to make her thesis an exposition of the principles on behalf of which she sought a diploma, entitling it "*L'Alimentation Végétale de l'Homme*." In it she demonstrated the non-carnivorous nature of man, as determined by his physical structure and moral constitution, and advocated a return to his natural diet as the remedy for the evils which afflict modern society. In a treatise thus conceived the wrongs and the sufferings of the animals inseparable from the use of them as food necessarily held a conspicuous place in the moral division of the argument; and though there was no opening for a direct denunciation of scientific experimentation upon them, the whole tone of the paper pointed unmistakably in that direction. It was the usage for the candidates for a diploma to recite their theses in the schools before an audience of professors and students, and to defend them in open disputation. And she was so full of her subject and confident of the impregnability of her position,

as well as of her ability to do justice to it even in a foreign language, that she looked forward with ardour to an ordeal usually regarded with terror. Her disappointment, therefore, and consternation were great when, on presenting herself at the appointed time and place, the *chef* of her hospital—Professor Leon Le Fort—came forward and informed her that her thesis could not be received as it stood; not because it was unscientific—its accuracy was unimpeachable in that respect—but because it was moral! He himself, he declared, and some of his colleagues did not object to it on that score; and indeed, now that they had admitted women, they could not expect altogether to exclude sentiment, at least for the present; but there were some of their number, one in particular, whose position made it impossible to disregard them, and who were enraged at its tone, and the only course open was to postpone the reading until the obnoxious portions had been eliminated, when she would be called up again and passed, but without a public disputation. For, though admitting it to be scientifically sound, the *Faculté* could not allow teaching so opposed to all their traditions to be promulgated among the students. Meanwhile he himself would make the necessary excisions, and she might be perfectly easy about the result. It would only involve a delay of a few weeks.

Nothing could be more kind than his manner, and we felt most grateful to him. But on returning home and considering the matter, she was disposed to regret having selected a theme her treatment of which was so likely to antagonise the *Faculté*. But here I was able to reassure her, by persuading her to look beyond the present vexation to the satisfaction it would be in the future to reflect that the incident had been—as it surely would be—the means of attracting to the subject a degree of attention it would not otherwise receive, making her temporary loss its permanent gain. We were not long in ascertaining the name of the chief objector. He was one of the party most violently opposed to the admission of women to degrees. And from the accounts which reached us of the discussions, and even dissensions, which arose among them over the thesis, it was evident that these inveterate patrons of the shambles and the torture-chamber fairly writhed under the thought that such a protest on behalf of mercy and purity of life could have eman-

ated from one trained in their school. It was a veritable thrust from the spear of Ithuriel, and the hand that had dealt it was a woman's!

The delay, however, threatened a serious inconvenience. In the expectation of being free to quit Paris immediately after the thesis, we had allowed the lease of our apartments to expire, and were unable to renew it for so short a period as that for which now we should require them. In this emergency our friend Lady Caithness came to the rescue, by insisting on our making our home with her for the time, which we gladly did. The day finally appointed for the thesis was July 22, and Mary, who was keen to detect such coincidences, took it as a good omen that it was the day of her who had claimed to be her patron-saint St Mary Magdalen. On repairing to the schools, we found her friendly *chef* and two other professors waiting to examine her on the subject of her thesis, and such others as they might choose, in a small room and with closed doors, myself as next friend being the only other auditor. The examination took the form of a friendly conversation, in which it was evident the professors each and all took no small pleasure in drawing out a candidate whom they recognised as of exceptional endowments. Finding them thus *sympathique*, Mary was perfectly at her ease, and did full justice to her faculty of eloquent and lucid exposition. On the conclusion of the function her *chef*, who evidently took no small credit to himself for having composed the difference which menaced her diploma, warmly shook hands with me, and congratulated me on her success, saying, "Madame is now one of us"; to which I mentally replied, "Yes, but with a very considerable difference." And another of her examiners, Professor Charles Richet, invited her to a vegetarian *déjeûner* which he meant to give expressly in her honour.

The novelty and importance of the subject, her courage in selecting such a theme, the talent shown in the treatment, and the disputation to which it had given rise, secured for the thesis a demand altogether exceptional in the case of such productions, to the speedy exhaustion of the first edition and issue of a second. And the question received an impulsion which extended over the Continent generally, leading to the formation of vegetarian societies, several medical men warmly supporting the cause. And in the following year she published, with Messrs

Kegan Paul, an English edition under the title of *The Perfect Way in Diet*, restoring the eliminated parts, which forthwith took rank as a foremost text-book on the subject, and was translated into various languages.

Our stay with Lady Caithness was productive of some experiences worth recording. In compliance with her wish, Mary asked for a special instruction respecting the allegory of the Fall, and received in reply Chapter No. vii. of Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*.¹ It was given her in sleep by a group of spirits who held converse together as if expressly for her benefit. Their opening remarks contained the following rule for the interpretation of the mystic Scriptures :—

“ All the mistakes made about the Bible arise from the mystical books being referred to times, places, persons, and things material, instead of being regarded as containing only eternal verities about things spiritual. The opening chapters of the sacred books exhibit the meaning and object of religion and the method of salvation. They are an epitome of the whole Bible, a kind of ‘ argument ’ prefixed to the divine drama of man’s spiritual history. And the key to their interpretation is the word *Now*. For there is no past in the Divine Mind, no future in the Divine Economy. In answer to a question put by Mary, she was told that by the ‘ coats of skin ’ was signified a deeper descent into materiality.”

Our hostess being engaged in an arbitration suit with the trustees of her husband’s estate, she was desirous of information or advice other than that which could be obtained on this side, and we accordingly consented to sit with her for writing on the subject, though not without reluctance, as we had been warned against introducing matters merely mundane into such intercourse. To make intelligible what occurred, it must be stated that several times in the course of this particular day I had been surprised by the vivid recurrence to my mind of Esther, my wife, of whom for a long time I had heard nothing. Whenever I happened to be alone, and especially in my own room, I was reminded of her with such force as to cause me to wonder what the reason might be, as there was no external cause for it. I did not make mention of the circumstance, but in the evening, on our sitting for the writing desired by our hostess, it was written, “ I am Esther. I have been much with

¹ The illumination is dated July 29, 1880.—S. H. H.

you to-day. I am frightened here. There are so many strange spirits in this house."

In explanation of this remark, Lady Caithness told us that it was formerly an ambassadorial residence, in which receptions had been held, to which all kinds of people came. I should add that, as no writing came while she sat at the table, she had withdrawn, leaving Mary and me to sit alone. "Esther" then wrote: "There is an Englishman here who desires to speak with Lady C."

The instrument was then controlled by another and much stronger hand, which wrote: "Make your mind easy about your lawsuit. It will go in your favour.—FRANCIS ST CLAIR."

On this Lady Caithness said she had never heard of such a person; and if there had been one of that name, he must have belonged to the Rosslyn branch of the family, and not to the Caithness branch, who spelt their name "Sinclair." But in any case she would have expected his sympathies to be on her husband's side in the matter rather than on hers. On this I suggested that, as a spiritualist, there would be between her and a spirit a tie which took precedence of any merely earthly relationship. Whereupon there came immediately three strong taps in assent on the table, none of us being within reach of it, as Mary and I had pushed our chairs back while we conversed. We then referred to the *Peerage*, and found that Francis was a very frequent name with the St Clairs of Rosslyn. On replacing our hands on the instrument he wrote: "There is a judge here of my acquaintance; I will consult him on the matter and report his opinion."

We sat again on the next two evenings, but had no responses. On the third day Mary reported that he had come to her in her sleep, and said that he had consulted his friend the judge, but found that he took a different view of the case, saying "it was a much better case for a jury than on paper." What this meant we had no idea, until Lady Caithness explained it by telling us that the case was being argued before a judge in chambers, where the appeal was to hard law, and not before a jury, where the appeal would be to the feelings.

Having been a great and an eminently successful phenomena-hunter, Lady Caithness was able to relate to us many wonders which she had witnessed with Mr D. D. Home and other strong

physical mediums. She had seen, she told us, heavy articles of furniture cross a room at Mr Home's bidding, and on one occasion, when in a strange house, he had responded to a test which consisted in calling a book down from the top of a high bookcase at the farther end of the room by causing it to float through the air into his hands. She was also one of the party which had witnessed his celebrated feat of taking with his fingers a red-hot coal from the fire, which he first placed in the hands of some of the party without burning them, and then on the head of a white-haired old gentleman—the late well-known Samuel Carter Hall—and wrapped the hair about it, but without singeing it or burning him, the coal being still so hot that on being placed on a piece of paper it set fire to it.

On our inquiring of what order she supposed the spirits to be by whose aid Home did these things, Lady Caithness said that they could not be of a high order, to judge by his treatment of them. For when they came clustering around him in advance of the performance, he would slap at them with his hands, and bid them keep off and wait until they were wanted. By which she supposed them to be mere elementals and not souls. It so happened that I had been told the story of the hot coals immediately after it had happened both by Lady Caithness herself, who was then the widowed Countess de Pomár, and by the mistress of the house in which it occurred, Lady Gomm, wife of the Field-Marshal of that name, and also by Lady Louisa Kerr, and their accounts tallied exactly. But that was long before I was in a position to attach any credit to such stories; and being myself a fair proficient in the art of conjuring, I naturally inclined to a different explanation of the *modus operandi* from that which now seemed possible, seeing that we ourselves had had some experience of the existence and prowess of the "Salamander" or "fire-spirits."

We had already had the benefit of our hostess's excellent library, being enabled by it to make acquaintance with many of the seers, mystics, and occultists of past times, from the Neoplatonists, Hermetists, Rosicrucians, and other orders of initiates, including Boehme, Swedenborg, and "Eliphas Levi"; and now we enlarged our acquaintance, which was of the slenderest, with the literature of modern Spiritualism, in its didactic and doctrinal, as distinguished from its merely physi-

cal and phenomenal, aspect ; and notably with the writings of Laurence Oliphant's master, T. L. Harris, and the pretentious volumes entitled *Angelic Revelations*, which represented a certain English circle of spiritualists. And eminently satisfactory to us, if only in confirmation of the assurance we had received that we had "nothing to do with Spiritualism, our work lay far above that," was the result of our examination. In regard to which it would be difficult to say whether we were most struck by the vapidness and unsubstantiality of some, and the sensuousness and unspirituality of other, of these books, or by the absoluteness of the distinction, both in kind and in degree, between their teaching and ours. And it was with no little satisfaction that we found our hostess sharing our conviction in this respect. Indeed, so unreserved was her recognition of our work that she insisted on being allowed, when the fitting time should come for the publication of our results, to defray the cost, affirming her conviction that it was part of her mission to do so.

On quitting Paris we sojourned a while at Boulogne, hoping to recruit our exhausted energies by the seaside before returning to England. The bathing and walking did something to restore us, but the wear-and-tear of our life at Paris had made ravages which were too deep-seated to be repaired in the few weeks we allowed ourselves. And we were yet far from free from molestation by the adverse influences which had so greatly troubled us. Mary, too, had the added grief of losing her little friend "Rufus," who died of sheer old age, after nine years of pettage such as never before fell to rodent. And nothing would do for her but that he be taken home to the parsonage for interment. He was accordingly packed in powdered charcoal and hermetically sealed in a tin box, and finally deposited in the garden under a rose-bush. The child-side of her nature came out strongly on the occasion ; her grief was great, and it was long before she became accustomed to the loss. The little creature had developed considerable intelligence under her sympathetic tuition, and would manifest its affection by screaming with delight on again seeing her after a lengthened separation. It had pined almost to death for her on the occasion of her visit to Italy, though left in kind and careful hands. The death took place on August 15, which, she did not fail to remember and to note, was the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

While at Boulogne I was once more reminded of the strange destiny which controlled my relations with my son. It was in 1877 that—as already recorded—it had been intimated to me that he would thenceforth be in some sense dead to me, and that my mother's spirit had assured me aloud that he should be her special care. Since that time things had been so ordered as to keep us perpetually apart. And now that I was actually on my way home and expecting to be with him, he received his appointment for India, obliging him to start forthwith, and giving him time only to pay me a hurried visit of farewell at Boulogne, after which we did not meet again for nearly ten years.

Our stay at Boulogne was not altogether barren as regarded our spiritual education. Among the things received were the following :—

“ The Buddhist doctrine, which forbids absolutely the destruction of animal life, is defective. Things hopelessly noxious, whether human or animal, may be slain, but the former only under sanction of the Elect; because these alone are possessed of the spiritual perception requisite to discern between those who are and those who are not irredeemably evil. The Elect kill only ‘ in the name of the Lord,’ and on behalf of the earth's redemption.

“ The Mormons were aware of this permission, and on the strength of it instituted their order of ‘ Danites,’ or ‘ Destroying Angels.’ But they wrongfully assumed themselves to be ‘ elect,’ and their doctrine generally is false. They make the body everything, and ignore the soul.

“ According to mystical science, murder consists in killing one who, in virtue of his spiritual manhood, alone is truly man. This condition is attained by the reception of the divine spirit whereby the soul is vitalised and eternised.

“ Theocracy is the rule of the Elect; man, when regenerate, being a vehicle for Divinity.”

CHAPTER XVII

AMONG THE ASTRALS

ON our return to England, Mary went home accompanied by her Swiss maid, who had been with her the latter part of her stay in Paris, and who, with her sister, were to form her projected household in London. I remained in town, partly to seek for a house suitable for the work before us, and partly because we deemed a temporary separation advisable in view of the renovation needed before entering on the next stage of our collaboration. The design was to take a small house in the West End, where Mary would follow her profession, and where we should deliver the "parlour addresses" intimated to us through "Swedenborg," as the best means to the promulgation in the first instance of the teaching we had received. The difficulty of finding a residence which met our manifold requirements and came within the means at our disposal was very great, and we finally decided upon No. 11 Chapel Street, since called Aldford Street, in Park Lane. Of the lease of this house there remained unexpired a term of twenty-one months, which was accordingly secured, though it necessitated another move within two years. But the choice was so restricted that it was that house or none; and serious as would be the inconvenience and the outlay involved in the arrangement, it had long since been made too clear to us that our work was only to be accomplished at the maximum cost of toil, suffering, and money for us to be deterred by such considerations.

Meanwhile I entered upon a course of experiences so singular in themselves, and, as the event proved, so valuable for the instruction of which they were made the occasion, as to necessitate a lengthened account of them, which I will re-write in narrative form from my Diary.

"Physically my state continued to be one of intense distress, owing to the derangement of the circulation. A course of electric

hot baths only aggravated the trouble, by yet further lowering the heart's action. At length, despairing of benefit from orthodox methods, I sought advice of a person strongly commended to me for her faculty of clairvoyant diagnosis and her power as a magnetic healer. This was a Mrs B., an American, who was living in the Marylebone Road. On calling on her without an appointment, I had resolved to let the chance of my finding her at home decide whether or not I would see her, and if not, not to go again. This resolve was overruled. She was out. But the door-knocker was a figure of Hermes, and remembering that not only was he our chief illuminator, but had actually presented himself to Mary in the guise of a letter-carrier, I was so struck by the coincidence that I accepted it as a propitious augury, and determined to call again. This I did on October 9, taking my usual precaution by giving no name, though aware that, having lately come from residing, one of us in France and the other in America, I must be as unknown to her as she to me. I found her a person of middle age, excellent physique, a good nature, and admirable common-sense, but quite illiterate. She had a gift, she said, of *sensing* people's maladies, but did not pretend to explain it. All she knew was, that when in contact with them, as by touching the hand when in her trance-state, she felt in herself whatever they were suffering from, and was often able to prescribe the right remedy. Observing my usual reticence, I told her nothing of my symptoms, but was no sooner put *en rapport* with her than she described them exactly, as well as the cause of them, and declared with great emphasis that she did not believe there was another person in the world who could have stood the strain to which I had been subjected without utterly breaking down, and that I should break down yet if the strain was continued. If only as a piece of thought-reading this was wonderfully accurate. But she spoke with a decision which seemed to indicate direct, positive perception. I had been depleted, she continued, of my magnetic force, and the only cure was by being magnetised by some strong healthy person. She would do her best if I would let her try. The process consisted simply in joining hands and allowing the current of her magnetism to circulate through my system. Whether or not I should have consented to the proposal I cannot say; for while I was pondering it she suddenly passed into another phase of lucidity, and exclaimed that she was in a country just like the Bible-pictures of the East, and saw an old man, like the Bible-pictures of Moses, writing on a tombstone which he held in his arms; and then, in a state of much excitement at having so eminent and unlooked-for a visitor, she asked him bluntly how he managed the miracles he performed before Pharaoh. His reply, which she repeated to me, was that he was a mightier magician than the others because he had a stronger will. It was all will-power. Given a high purpose and a strong will, and you can lead people. He wanted, he said, to speak to me. I was carrying on his work and needed his help, and not only his. My work was the continuation of his and of many others', including Jesus, and they all were associated to join in it. But this medium could not speak for him; she had not enough knowledge. He would, therefore, displace her and enter her body and speak to me himself. This, after a short colloquy with her, he did, the medium exclaiming that she had

' never before had so high and holy-like a control.' Her voice was then succeeded by that of a man, who exclaimed, with groans— " ' What a world ! What a society is this ! My people were never as this people—never ! They had not nearly so much need of redemption. Society now is a Sodom and Gomorrah.' He then took his departure, saying he would return another time.

" This was a new phase of mediumship to me, and I determined to study it. The medium herself was obviously genuine ; the most accomplished actor could not have so completely changed his personality. But not so the entity controlling her ; play his part as well as he might, there was in his atmosphere and tone that which repelled me. He was a ' bogus ' spirit, I was certain ; but of what order ? This would be well worth finding out for our own sake and that of others. The discovery might be the means of saving and redeeming Spiritualism. And after the training and teaching I had received, I was in no fear of being taken in. Thus thinking, I determined to follow up the experience, and made arrangements with the medium accordingly. Her calling the table of the Law a tombstone was inimitable. I knew so well the class of illustration which had suggested it.

" On the 12th I went again. ' Moses ' at once presented himself, and, taking control of the medium, repeated his denunciation of modern society, adjuring me to quit this dark and evil land for one new and pure from contamination. ' Here,' he declared to me, ' in a short time the earth will be strewn with the dead, who will lie festering about, for the living will be too few to bury them. Or, if you will remain and work here, it must be by the aid of a chosen band who will guard and cherish you. You cannot be all alone, dual though you are, with Miriam allied to you. But each of your band must be the same ; each, by being both man and woman, must represent the Two-in-One, whose kingdom you preach.'

" This recalled to my mind the Harris-Oliphant doctrine, and gave me a hope that I might be on a track which would solve the secret of its source. The allusion to Miriam as allied to me was most singular. For there was so much in common between Mary and Miriam in respect of gifts, characteristics, and liabilities physical, mental, and psychical, as often to suggest to me the possibility of her being a reincarnation of Miriam. And I had even mentioned to her, so lately as during our recent stay at Boulogne, certain points of resemblance, foremost among which were her gift of prophecy ; the vivacity of temperament which impelled her to sing and dance in the procession of triumph over Pharaoh ; the independence of character which led her to join Aaron in the revolt against Moses, and rebuke him for his marriage to an Ethiopian ; and her being smitten with an illness which compelled her to go into seclusion, which had its correspondence in Mary's constitutional ill-health. Although we were in course of learning to regard the whole of this history as a spiritual allegory, these coincidences were none the less remarkable, and such as to suggest a certain element of actual personality as contained in them. The control continued :—' I, Moses, had the same doctrine. All that you had, all that Christ had, was first mine, and I had it from those who were long before me. It is the one doctrine of all times and all religions. But a

break came in my work, and I could not complete it. Christ added to it, but between Him and me was a gap which has never been filled up. You have to teach the world the connection between Christ and Moses. You have already done something of this by my help and control, though you knew it not. You will never know when I am controlling you. For between us the harmony is so perfect that the difference is undiscernible. When I take possession of you, you are not different, but *more*; so much are we at one. It is not so with Miriam, my sister. She has a struggle to get possession of the body she controls. The spirit in her is not completely at one with her. The opposition you find is not that of Miriam. She is one with you as I am one with you, and you are altogether harmonious with her. Your trouble is with the original tenant of the organism. I was as another self to the Christ Jesus. Miriam tended Him in the manger as she tended me in the bulrushes. I lived with Him and died with Him; and as He suffered on the Cross, so did I suffer, so close were we in spirit. Not identical, but as grafts upon the same tree, sharing the same sap and yielding the same fruits. And you are a graft upon us. Ah! for neither of us was the real crucifixion that of the body. It was the disappointment through the world's rejection and our consequent failure. For we knew not then all that was intended, but worked in expectation of full success. That which you have to do is to carry out what we began. But first of all you have to fill up the gap and restore the connection between Christ and me. Only when the world can connect us can it carry the work higher. You are as the mortar or cement which is to hold the building together.'

"Still convinced of the spuriousness of this 'Moses,' and yet recognising a good deal of what he said as true, I found myself wondering chiefly what the precise error would turn out to be which required the admixture of so much truth to make it go down with me. And I was not a little struck by the coincidence when, in one of the readings I was then having at the British Museum, I found that Philo Judæus, the famous Alexandrian Mystic, who was a contemporary of Jesus, claimed to have been initiated by the spirit of Moses. Seeing that, so far from repudiating the Jewish sacrificial system, as we had been taught to do, Philo's teachings rather accepted and reinforced it, the effect of this discovery was not such as to minister either to my respect for Philo or to my confidence in the alleged source of his inspiration. Philo's doctrine of the Logos, moreover, was entirely lacking the luminousness of the exposition given to us respecting the generation of the Adonai, and read to me rather as a travesty of it, being made as unintelligible as its sacerdotal counterpart by the omission from the Godhead of the feminine principle of substance.

"October 13.—Mrs B. went at once under control on my arrival to-day, first uttering only these words, from which I gathered that she had already received the orders of 'the band'—'I am to go out of my body and let them come into it. O God, be it from Thee, and Thee alone, whatever is uttered this night.' 'Moses' then took possession of her and spoke as follows: 'O this world, this world! how deep it has sunk! Low as were my people, they had no such need of redemption as these. I have come to speak to you myself.

What man and woman are to each other, that are the Sun and the soul. For full illumination each must shine on the other. God is the spiritual Sun, without whom the soul is dark. I told my people that they must worship both; and I led them on from day to day, seeking to inspire them more and more with the love of the Divine Duality, of which the human is but the external manifestation. But I failed to make them see that it all exists within themselves. And so they worshipped God as a Being outside and external to themselves. This was because I myself failed to see the truth as I now see it. God has now given me the power so to see it as to be able to inspire others with it, and you have it through me. Only when God has revealed Himself to anyone can that one reveal God to others. My Rod was the token of God's power in me. It was the symbol of the Divine Will—that whereby I worked miracles.

“ ‘ The society of your day talks with contempt of the heathen. But the heathen had not lost their spiritual sense. They were teachable; and those of this day are almost inaccessible, so sunk are they in the darkness of the body. Few, if any, of my people were so low sunk in spiritual darkness as most are now; yet even they needed teaching concerning the great truth of the soul. My brother Aaron was of this world. He worshipped gold. I blamed him, and was angry; but he knew no better. He quite failed to comprehend the doctrine that man has God in himself, and can develop himself into a God. He loved gold, and had no difficulty in finding worshippers for that; for few are they in all times who do not adore the golden calf. Since then people have gone on materialising themselves. And even were they to see a table of stone written on with unseen hands, they would not believe. They are farther from God, and more has to be done to redeem them, than ever before. And this though Christ has been. So that in Him the tree can be said to have blossomed only, not to have borne fruit. Between my time and His the growth was stopped; so that, in order to repair what is deficient, there must be a fresh growth of the stem itself of the tree, and this means a fresh earthquake and trembling of the world, in order to startle its people into a new life.

“ ‘ Of the destined temple of Humanity I was as the foundation, and Christ the roof. The two were never properly connected, and the walls which should connect them have yet to be built up. The work is immense, but it will be accomplished. Each one whom you can get to recognise this temple in himself will help to build up the whole. Truth comes from the soul, and is known by its fruit. People will recognise and set store by it when they see it. Never did the world need it as now.

“ ‘ An essential element in man's progress is woman. This is true whether of the individual or of the race. As Moses I had my counterpart, my spiritual other half, the moon to my sun. To the deep spiritual thoughts given to me she added her light airy nature, added ornament and beauty, and with her keen sensitiveness could detect at any distance and reflect to me truths which, but for her, I might have failed to recognise.

“ ‘ It will be given to you to kindle up fires in a great many bodies that you little know of; and when you think you are doing least, you oftentimes will be doing most. And when people least suspect it,

they will be most amenable to your influence ; for when unsuspecting the mind is least antagonistic. Do not seek to gain access to them only through the mind. Light up their souls with enthusiasm, and their minds will ignite also. The smallest spark from you may kindle great fires when the soul is prepared to ignite. It was not through the reason but through the soul that we got at our people. You in your day do too much by writing, and you lose the magnetism of eye and voice which we found so effective. Remember that you have to furnish the mortar to build the walls of the temple, to connect the groundwork, Moses, with the roof, Christ. I go now.'

"Here a new influence took possession of the medium, and a fresh voice spake, saying, 'I am Dr Benjamin Franklin. I am the last link of the chain between Moses and you. I have controlled this woman for nearly twenty-five years, and have to forbid the subject being told who has spoken, or what has been spoken through her. I know her well, and this injunction is necessary. Her intellectual organs are, as it were, paralysed ; their operation is suspended, and we use her vocal organs only. Were she to know, her curiosity would be excited, and her will would operate to interfere with our expression of the truth to you. Only by remaining ignorant can she be sufficiently passive for the work. The next to come to you will be Miriam. She has all gifts and graces, and will bring things of beauty and joy. I am happy to be a fellow-worker. For the present continue your treatment. You are regaining your lost health. You will recover all your power and more ; for we shall add ours to it. Resume, then, your work in hope and courage.'

"The medium now returned to herself, and seemed to be wholly unaware of what had passed. On my asking her who were her usual controls, she said that for a long time—about twenty-three years—only one spirit besides her own had controlled her, and this was Dr Benjamin Franklin. She was uneasy as to what she might have been made to say, but was reassured on hearing it was all 'pious talk,' and turned on the Bible.

"*October 14.*—On becoming entranced, the medium, after speaking a few words in her own person, said, 'I see "Miriam" written up. I am to go out of myself and let her speak.' Another voice then said—

" 'People have never sufficiently considered the character or nature of Moses and the material he was made of. God knew him—knew him and loved him. For he had that in him which was of so fine and pure a nature that God could both speak with him and act through him. His vitality in every part of his being was so intense that he could impart life to a stick. He was at once shrewd and simple, honest and clever ; and for sense, wisdom, and self-control was without a parallel. Christ, though excelling him in some things, was not his equal in these. The very ground on which Moses stood caught the influence from him and underwent a change. Its vegetation was richer. And so with all the elements about him. Christ turned water into wine. Moses showed yet greater power, for he turned water into blood, a superior element to wine. Red denotes power, and blood is the mightiest of fluids. A man with good rich wholesome blood is alone a true man with strong, unyielding soul. For soul is fed from the essence of the blood ; so that in one sense

the blood is the life of the soul. Only let it be pure. That is why Moses pleaded so for blood and purity. He knew by himself. He would have all men like himself.

“ ‘ We see in Moses the first foundation of the temple of a perfect Humanity. He was not so much a teacher as a worker. Jesus was a teacher only. The trunk of the Tree of Life has all to be set up. Sad, indeed, it is to see how the world has receded into the darkness. For it is now as it was before God said, “ Let there be light.” Happily for the world He has said it again. And there shall be light, because He has said it. And it is already dawning.

“ ‘ Men have been toiling to make the earth after the human body. They have imparted various faculties to it like those of man. Like themselves, it has now a system of wire-nerves to carry its current of thought. But the soul has been allowed to sink out of sight. Truth has been forgotten. Only the material ends of the body have been considered. But the soul that shall animate and speak through the world’s new faculties is about once more to rise, and to shine as it never yet has done. The day of deception and falsehood is passing. For the day is coming when men will no longer need to look in each other’s faces to see if they speak truly ; for they will be able to read the soul itself. Spiritualism will lead to the light, even though some of its agents be fraudulent.

“ ‘ Women in Moses’ time were not thought much of or made of much account. Moses could not own the source of much of his light. But he got it by blending with woman. I, Miriam, was to him a looking-glass in which he beheld himself, and I encouraged and strengthened him, too. And when he was sad, as he sometimes was, and disposed to regret his enterprise as hopeless, he found solace from Miriam. His wife was of no use to him in that respect. She was like the women of her time. Nothing was expected or required of them. The men usurped and took everything, and the women were altogether dependent. And Moses’ wife could not fill his nature. She was but a housewife and mother of his children. It was to Miriam that he looked in all higher respects.

“ ‘ The smiting of the Rock is still to him a bitter memory. Even now he broods over it with regret, wishing to have the time over again, that he might act differently. He failed from that time ; for he never felt well after it. Completely one with God in heart, he had let self obtrude, to the work’s failure. Oh, what power God gives to man when the man sinks himself and becomes but a machine run by God alone ! That which Moses would have done, and yet more, will yet be done by some meek, true, pure spirit. Moses is waiting for just such an instrument to do more than he could accomplish of old. When such an one comes the world will know indeed what Christ is. The darkness is fast growing so dense that men will be eager for light. When densest, the light will be at hand. I go now. Another waits to step in.’

“ Here followed, in a fresh voice, some verses descriptive of a tempest which should startle and terrify men into seeking for light. They did not strike me as worth noting down.

“ *October* 16.—The medium, being entranced, but speaking in her own person, said, ‘ She who is attached to you in your work is not long for this world. Her body never was strong, and it is the subject

of contention between two spirits which cannot abide one another. Her own original spirit is fretful and discontented, making the misery of herself and others. And it refuses to yield to the spirit which seeks to take its place and control her altogether. Oh, what a lovely, noble spirit this one is! Your trouble is not with it; it loves and honours you truly, and would always be present with you, to inspire you with all it knows, could it have undisturbed possession of her body. But the two can never agree, any more than two women can be mistress in the same house. Not only will she not live long, the controlling spirit will quit her soon and come to you through some other channel. I am to go out of myself.'

['It must be remembered that no word had escaped me respecting Mary, or my having a colleague of any kind, or about my work.]

"Here a new voice exclaimed, speaking through the medium: 'All the light and truth which have been in the past shall be again in the future, and yet more of them. The truth shall arouse and attract the people; for the light shall disclose to them their own condition, to their horror. As the witch of Endor convinced the king, so shall Spiritualism convince the world; and as the necessity for new light is greater than ever before, so shall the light itself exceed all that has before been given.

"'Moses was not intended or allowed to do a finished work, much as he desired it. For the world was not yet ripe and could not receive it. So a veil was let fall to keep back the truth until people were competent to appreciate it. Only when mind is developed does there cease to be mystery.

"'As God was within Christ, so Moses is within yourself, returned to finish his work. And he will bring Aaron, who so loved gold, that gold may work with you. It is true I had much trouble with Aaron on that account. He was so commercially minded. He had no difficulty in getting people to follow him when he set up the Golden Calf. But there are people who value truth above gold, and who will not spare their gold. The results will come soon, and in a way you do not anticipate. You have planned a number of ways to bring the truth before the world. They who are standing by and guiding you will see which way is best. Moses recommends lectures. After you have spoken the people will buy your books. Speak sparingly, he says, in your lectures, giving outlines, but more fully in your writings—principles in the one, details in the other. But mind, that which you teach will not be "Spiritualism," but the relations between God and the soul of man; not about individual spirits, but Spirituality itself. Only when you have supplied the missing link between Christ and Moses will the world understand Christ. When it knows Christ it will know God. That is the "Spiritualism" you have to teach. You will begin to think soon about starting to give a lecture. You have not thought of it yet, but the idea will soon be impressed upon you so strongly that you *must* do it. It will come to you where to give it. All will be made clear when the time comes. Build up your physical strength and get into good trim as fast as you can. All will be ready when you are ready. It will be a man who is to lecture, not a woman. Women may minister, as they did to Christ; but a man must lead and manage and speak.

“ ‘ A spirit approaches who has been much with you, who is always with you, and who loves you well, and has watched and seen you all through. She speaks eagerly and tenderly, and says you will never have to suffer again as you have suffered. You have suffered what only you could have borne, and more than you ever would acknowledge to human beings. But she knows it all, for she has been with you in it all, and has suffered with you. She would have prevented it, but was not allowed. And now that it is over, or nearly so, she knows it was all for your good, and that it has made you know God and know yourself. You know now who and what you are, and what you are capable of, and have it in you to be and to do. You can trust yourself because you have been tried. She will come and fan your brow and soothe your tired brain and refresh you in sleep. In her you will indeed have a woman with you in your work.’ ”

“ *October 17.*—On the medium becoming entranced, she was spoken through by a voice, slow, solemn, and grave almost to sadness, which soliloquised as follows :—

“ ‘ I am looking at my own tomb. I have drunk again the vinegar and the gall. Man does not and cannot know how near those who have suffered most are in sympathy with him. He who was crucified is nearest in all men’s trials, because He has felt all that they have felt or can feel. Of woman Christ came in the past, and of woman He will come again in the future. For the woman is ever that which feels. . . . I cannot speak yet. I am looking at my own tomb, looking back at all I myself suffered and underwent. I am glad you have come ; for without your aid I could not have manifested myself through this woman. When my body was laid in the tomb people little thought that the spirit had left it. They worshipped it, believing it to be still tenanted by me. But it was not so. I had indeed left it, and I took it up again. As I used my body, so I use this woman. She is but as a body which I use and speak through and then lay down.

“ ‘ Great as were the miracles done through me, greater ones will be done in a very short time from now. Men will have mightier demonstrations than ever of God’s power, and such that they will be forced to believe in miracles. As the Spirit used my body to work its will, so will it use others. Paul might have worked miracles no less than mine, for he had a grand spirit of his own. But he was so positive and self-opinionated, so eager to do, instead of being done through, that the Divine Spirit could not properly control him. His body was too strong for his own spirit. He could not sink self sufficiently for God to speak through him.

“ ‘ I am looking at the Garden of Gethsemane. I see myself there alone, in solitude such as no other man before or since has felt. For it seemed to me as if the spirits of God and of man alike had deserted me. Such was my suffering then. But on looking back and seeing how that which I suffered has served to bring out the faith and love of mankind, I see how useful it was. It helped to save others.

“ ‘ How mighty is the Spirit ! I was nothing—nothing more than this woman. All was done through me, nothing by me. I was medium for God as she is for me. Let no one despise the medium. The mightiest of men who trusts to himself and works in his own power is nothing to the medium in whom God operates.

“ ‘ I feel connected with you, linked to you in some way—you, the man to whom I am talking—linked so that I am in some way bound to you to be one with you. I shall work yet other miracles through you. This woman, too, shall work miracles, and even, as it were, raise the dead.

“ ‘ They think that I am in heaven with the Father, and they pray to me as One far away. No, I am here—here where I am wanted more than ever. And here I shall remain to help to complete the work which was mine and is yours. I find myself glancing back at my history, and delight to recall the love and heed I had from the women who tended me—Martha and Mary and the rest. Why should not I come? Moses and Aaron have come, and the work is mine as well as theirs. Again must I stop speaking and look over my past. For it is the first time I have found a body to speak through.

“ ‘ I know not how I turned the water into wine. Perhaps it was by re-collecting the fumes from that which had already been drunk, and of which the air was full. How the drinkers found it better than the other I know not. God, not I, worked the miracle. When Mary spoke, I knew nothing of what was meant or what would happen. I was not her child, except only in body. In spirit we were strangers.

“ ‘ My spirit had passed through many hundred organisms before it came to the one which was called the Saviour, the one which was crucified. It was one and the same spirit who passed through all those forms. The same spirit that controlled Moses controlled Christ. It was called Moses and Christ accordingly by the world. It now controls you, and you must give it another name according to the body it is using. What shall the name be? Cast about in your mind for one. I will go away, and return when you have had time to think about it.

[After a pause.] “ ‘ My Father is well pleased with you to-day. Thy faith is great, and great will be thy work. Fear not; all the power shall be given thee by my Father. It is through thy thoughts that thou hast brought down those who are about thee. They will help you to demonstrate and promulgate the great truth which the children of earth so greatly need.’

[“ ‘ If I had wanted a crucial proof of the ‘ bogus ’ character of my visitants, there could hardly have been a stronger one than was afforded by this last utterance, fervidly as it was spoken. For, so far from my faith being great, as was declared, it was with the utmost difficulty that I restrained myself from betraying the profundity of my distrust. Their failure to discern the attitude of my mind all this time was to me proof positive of their infinite inferiority to the teachers to whom I had been accustomed. I resolved, however, to see the experience out, in the hope of discovering the real nature of the actors and the object they had in view. A clue to the latter had already suggested itself to me, which the next visit served greatly to strengthen.]

“ *October* 19.—On entering the trance-state, the medium spoke some words of encouragement in her own person, and was then controlled by an influence which said—

“ ‘ She with whom you are associated will not come, as you expect,

to live in London.' [As nothing had been said by me to suggest this remark, it seemed to me that there must be an atmosphere of some kind about me in which certain of my thoughts could be read by them, while they failed to perceive those which I kept fast locked up in my mind.] 'An obstacle will be interposed. Her coming will be of detriment to yourself, and it will not be allowed. You are a man, and have a man's work to do, and no woman can share it. Woman is always a hindrance; you know from the Bible that from the beginning of the world woman has always been the cause of trouble to man. The selfishness, cunning, and ambition, even of the weakest woman, make her the ruin of a man. You must hold aloof from all women whatever. We see the feeling about coming to London, and being, as it were, together. But it cannot be; your work will not admit of it. And there are five influences about you who will not allow it. The position is changed. The spirit who used the organism you have been associated with has got through with that organism, and will use it no more, and the spirit which belongs to it has nothing in common with your work. You misunderstood the injunctions given you if you thought they meant that the association was to continue with that organism. You are to be constant to the spirit who controlled it, not to the person controlled. When they said you were to remain and work together, they meant, not the same body, but the same spirit.

" 'The break will be easier than you think; for she is at this moment perplexed, troubled, and worried. She longs for home, and not for you and your work. She is altogether occupied with self, and is vexed at not having her own way. There is but one who will help you, one who has ever been with you. What Mary—not the Mother, but the Magdalen—was to the Saviour, she is to you. The influences tending you are five; they will be twelve—men, not women. Yours is man's work, and no woman can do it. Now ask us some questions that we may better know your mind, as we cannot read it perfectly through this woman's organism.'

" To this I replied that I had some difficulty in reconciling much of what they said with the other teaching I had received, as well as with itself; for, while they insisted on depreciating women generally, they still insisted on *a* woman as necessary to my work. I could not think of repudiating those who had guided me so long and so well without some positive proof that they could guide me better. Would they give me such proof?

" I spoke very gently, and without betraying any feeling of direct opposition. Nevertheless what I said produced a sudden and great convulsion on the other side; for the control rejoined in a broken and almost angry tone, 'No, no, you are mistaken; but we cannot stay to explain now. We have to leave you in an unsatisfied, unclear condition. It will be better when we see you again. But as for staying where you are—with Her—you *must not!* You *are free!*'

" How sensitive they were to opposition, and demoralised by the smallest show of it, was shown by this other instance. They had discovered that I was not a flesh-eater, and were remonstrating with me against my practice as calculated to impair my strength, when one of the band, who gave the name of 'Aristotle,' said to me,

speaking with mighty voice and emphasis, 'If you want to be ox, you must eat ox'! On this I gently asked whether that was not as much as to say that if I would be man I must eat man. To which it was responded, in a tone of deep vexation, that I had disturbed the band by my answer, and they must cease from converse with me until they had recomposed themselves.

"Curious to see whether they had any knowledge of our teachers, and remembering the effigy on the knocker, I asked if they knew of any one called Hermes. The name was evidently strange to them. But the moment it had escaped my lips, I was made to feel acutely the mistake I had made in uttering it in their presence.

"The above was the product of seven sittings, the whole series comprising twenty-four. The record of the remaining ones may be told in brief. The list of my visitors comprised, in addition to the names already mentioned, John Baptist, Samuel, Swedenborg, Shakespeare, Thomas Paine, George Washington, a negro from the Southern States, my 'counterpartal Angel,' my mother, and my wife. Every one of these spoke in character, as appropriately and fittingly, and with their distinctive characteristics as strongly marked, as if they had been the persons themselves they claimed to be. I had seen a good deal of negro life in America, but I never saw so typical a negro as was this woman when under negro control. Laugh, speech, gestures, tone of voice, and mode of expression, nothing was wanting to make the impersonation inimitable, when, referring to the band of spirits about her, she was made to exclaim, in a voice so powerful as to shake the room, 'O Massa, Massa, I do like dese men! Dey's great and good 'uns. I'd like to march wid dem. Dey's a-fightin' in de army ob de Lord. Oh! it's a different sort ob fightin' from what we had down South. No ragamuffin rascals a-killin' and a-robbin'; but all fightin' for de salvation ob de pore folks from sin and mis'ry. Oh! come, come, my bredren; come, my sistren all, and jine in marchin' wid de army ob de Lord. Hallelujah! bress de Lord.' And so on for some fifteen minutes with a force and enthusiasm past description.

"She who professed to have been my wife, too, and my mother also spoke in a manner befitting their characters, the former giving her name; while the medium was so impressed by the latter that she shed tears and exclaimed, 'What a beautiful influence! It fills the room with peace and holiness. It has quite restored me, for I was flustered by the former speakers. And now I feel as if, come what trouble there might, I could welcome it all and be happy if only I might feel as I do now. She must have been a blessed woman, your mother, worthy of you, and you of her!' It was the one presence of them all which impressed me with a sense of reality and genuineness. Both she and my wife, however, took the other speakers for what they professed to be, and urged me to heed their instructions.

"To summarise the whole. These spirits claimed to be a delegation from a vast band of the earth's best and highest now in the heavenly spheres, who had fixed on me to be their instrument for the new manifestation of the Christ, and had appointed certain of their number to be my immediate guardians and guides. Aristotle was to look after the organism; Franklin, the electricity; Shake-

speare, the inspiration ; Swedenborg was to be the Peter, or door-keeper—to save me from being misled, as he said he had been, through the intrusion of unworthy spirits ; and Jesus was to be the Captain of the band. Thus backed and sustained, I should have gifts and powers, mental and physical, exceeding those of the earth's greatest and best, and should accomplish a work of redemption for mankind of which the like had never been known. And the condition of my realising such a destiny was my detachment from my present association in favour of my 'counterpartal Angel.' Oliphant's master, T. L. Harris, they said, had been intended for the office, but had been tried and found wanting, through listening to low spirits and perverting the doctrine.

"The influence which claimed to be my 'counterpartal Angel' came and pleaded her own cause. She it was, she declared, who had been with me through the ages, who had given me all my inspiration, and by whom alone I had ever been attracted. For, although I might think that I had often changed the object of my affections, such was not really the case ; for I had always been constant to her. It was she who had shifted from one person to another, and I had but followed her. And I had done this even when entering on my present association, for Mary's inspiring spirit was herself ; and all the trouble I had gone through in that association was due to her jealousy of Mary. She herself had purposely made the trouble in order to detach me from Mary, to unite herself entirely with me, to form the proper 'two-in-one.' The ardour of her expressions as she said all this, no less than the doctrine itself, reminded me strongly of the sensuous tone of Harris's writings. In describing her appearance, the medium described Mary exactly, and on first being controlled by her, coughed and exhibited the symptoms of a person far gone in consumption, and this to such an extent as to be greatly alarmed for herself lest she really had contracted that disease.

"At the last of these sittings the 'band' declared by their chief spokesman, speaking through the medium, that they had nothing more to tell me at present, but would accompany me home and inspire me there. But first they would answer any question on which I specially wished for light. For hitherto I had kept silence and left them to judge for themselves of my needs. To this I replied by saying that, as my work was concerned chiefly with the soul, I should prefer to have any information they could give me on the origin, nature, and history of the soul, saying this in a tone calculated to imply my implicit faith in them and confidence in their ability to satisfy my questions. To judge by the result, my manner threw them completely off their guard. For, speaking as if with one voice, they exclaimed, 'The soul ! God Almighty Himself could not tell you about that !'

"They made a last appeal on behalf of my 'counterpartal Angel,' declaring that from thenceforth she would no longer inspire my own seeress, who would be but as an empty shell, or at best animated only by the spirit which had caused my troubles, and instead of the truth would speak falsehood, and at the first opportunity would shake me off altogether. Their last words were, 'When you return home make your seeress sit and be controlled, and take down what she says. But mark well the spirit that speaks. This is the last

time we meet here.' This was one of the utterances which, on after reflection and judging by the event, induced me to think that they occasionally spoke under a higher control than that which belonged to their own sphere.

"Both they and the medium, speaking in her own person, assured me that, but for her need, they would dispense altogether with payment for her services, as she was more than sufficiently recompensed by the great development her faculty had undergone while sitting with me. And, as it was, she refused to receive any remuneration beyond the moderate fee we had agreed upon, saying the spirits had told her that I could not well afford to give it. On parting from her I gave her, for the first time, my address, and told her that, if she needed my services, to apply to me. I saw her only once again, and this was a few weeks afterwards, when she came to say good-bye on her return to America, on which occasion I made her a small present."

CHAPTER XVIII

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE GENII

MEANWHILE Mary had falsified their predictions by returning to London and taking up her residence there for the express purpose of continuing our work. But I maintained throughout the course of the experiences just related my resolve to make no mention of them to her beyond accounting for my absences by saying that I was visiting a magnetic healer. My reasons for silence were, as already intimated, first, my desire to form an independent judgment respecting the nature of the influences with which I had so unexpectedly come into contact ; and, next, my curiosity to see whether Mary would know anything of the matter from interior sources and without being told by me. As she was unaware of the name and address of the medium, and my note-book—legible only to myself—was kept under as close custody as my tongue, there was no possibility of her obtaining the knowledge by normal means.

The parting injunction to me found an application the promptness and directness of which were beyond anything I could have anticipated. I reached home after my last sitting only just in time to join her at the dinner-table, and before I had time to utter a word she said—*à propos* of nothing of which I was aware—“ I have had a ‘ control ’ myself this afternoon—quite a new experience. I was taken possession of, and made to utter a whole long string of sentences which I cannot remember, as you were not here to take them down. How did you get on to-day ? ”

I told her that I had finished my series of sittings with the magnetiser, and was not going again. Upon this she said, “ Then I may tell you that I have been told that it has been all mediumship and hardly any magnetism, and that the spirits there are not of a high order, and you are not to go again. But I will try and be controlled again, and you can take down what I say.”

On going up to the drawing-room I seated myself at the table with pencil and paper, and Mary, after looking a few moments at the moon, which was at the full—it was November 17—became lucid, and spoke as follows while walking up and down the room; not, however, under “control,” but in her own person:—

“ I can see and hear all you have heard and said and done in the past few days. I hardly know whether to tell you or not. Why have you had those long sittings with Mrs B. ? I see a spirit very like myself. She says she is your counterpart. It is a horrible lie. She has told you ever so many times she will never come to me again. I should think not, indeed ! How could you go among those people ? You named Hermes to them, and gave them a clue to let them in. Why should you go among strange people, and listen to them, instead of letting things come in the right way ? She said my own spirit was a serpent and a dragon, and that without you I should be nothing at all ; that the man is everything and the woman nothing, and that I got it all through you. Here’s another of her spirits, a dreadfully low creature, which calls itself ‘ Ben.’ [This was the name “ Franklin ” gave himself.] I can take no account of such creatures. Why, don’t you know this woman and her set know nothing of the Gods, but believe everything to be done by a low stratum of existences ? It hurts me to see them ; they are so low. I can’t breathe among them. So far as I see, they are the spirits ‘ Eliphaz Levi ’ writes about, and are the products of a reflective atmosphere. She, the medium, holds your hand and gets magnetised by you, and reflects you and the feelings in your mind. Better you had stayed away. You must now forget it as speedily as possible. You are like the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. Why not wait for the right time ? Their idea was to separate us entirely. Everything was to be given directly to you yourself if you quitted me. The ‘ Counterpart,’ as she called herself, said so. They spoke to you about the subordination of the woman ; about your being master. I have not been your master, nor you mine. We both are ‘ mastered ’ by the powers who direct us. Men and women are on an equality. Neither is first. Nor must you be misled by their story of Moses and Aaron. They both were failures, who entered not into the land of Canaan. We must be patient and trust. We have to be cultivated on both planes, the intellectual and the spiritual ; and not on the physical, for this draws from and saps the others. This is an instruction to be heeded, and we must not repine against it. The trouble between us has come of too much leaning towards the body. We must be detached yet more from it.

“ In one of your remarks to the medium, when speaking of your cultivating a negative disposition, you said that perhaps you were the woman and I the man in our joint spiritual system. To a certain extent you were right. For the woman element is most developed in you, and the man element in me. But you must not regard me as your instrument—as they said you should—any more than I am to regard you as my instrument, which I confess I have been tempted to do. I was told to withhold certain things from

you lest you should communicate them to the medium and her controls. For all between us must be kept secret from all others until we have leave to divulge it. You are to go there no more at all. Her spirits are your enemies. They are of the Astrals, an order with which you must have nothing to do. 'Winona' was right in saying that 'you have nothing to do with Spiritualism.'

"Only through me can messages come to you from the Gods, unless they speak to you directly themselves. It is the condition of our work. I see my Genius and my spirit. And it is a question with them whether to withdraw me from you, and carry on the work with me alone. Swedenborg was right in what he said to us about my Genius. He is of a very jealous disposition. He is angry with you. Oh! shall I have to go away altogether and do it by myself? [Here she began to cry.] Why should you care for these things, and why should they affect you, O my Genius? He says that if he lets me stay with you, you must keep to me and listen to no one else. But he wants me to leave you and do the work alone. These controls told you that the 'Woman's Age' is a long way off. That is because they want to keep it so. It will come by the will of God. It cannot be helped or kept off.

"The spirit that calls herself your counterpart is one of the order that controls the American 'prophet' Harris, and that Oliphant told us of. And she has tried to put an end to our work. How like me she is! How like me! Whence can come this likeness? I see it all now. It is copied from me. She is made exactly in my likeness, out of the astral fluid; and to do this she has been for a long time drawing the nervous vitality out of you, and has built herself up with it. As I look at her she changes like a flame, and goes in and out. The group is numerous. The air is thick with them. But they are not 'devils'; not absolutely evil. They have no positive existence, but make themselves entities out of human beings. There was no need to disturb yourself about the work. It was partly because my vitality was required for my intellectual work, and partly because yours was taken by the Astrals, that there has been delay. You are so expansive in feeling if not in action; you give out so freely of your vitality that you help these spirits to create themselves. In me the self is far larger than in you. It fills me up to the very extremities. And that is why I am of so positive a nature, and have red for my colour. The self in you is not so large as in me; and your colour, which is blue, is paler than it used to be, and we do not make so deep a purple as before.

"My Genius charges us not to go to outside spirits. These Astrals are non-moral rather than evil. They care only to sustain and exalt themselves. They have no souls; they are simply Astrals, being made of the ether, and are like flames. They are playful sometimes. Your pretended counterpart is laughing now, as at a joke. They are not real creatures, and have no idea of right and wrong. They are neither light nor darkness; but they catch any prominent quality in a person's mind and make the most of it by reflecting and magnifying it. Hence they are not to be trusted. We must heed no one but the God. True, they use the holy name; but when they speak of God they little know of the enormous ladder which reaches from the highest to the lowest, and all of which is within ourselves.

“ I behold myself in a field covered with grass and flowers. It is early morning, and everything is bespangled with dew ; and in each dewdrop everything is reflected, from the sun itself down to the minutest object. All reflect God. All is in every dewdrop. And God is in each individual according to his capacity for reflecting Him. We, all of us, in our degree, reflect God’s image. How exquisite is the scene !

“ I see your Genius go past. She has a pale blue colour, and looks wasted and unhappy. I suspect mine is much the stronger of the two. He looks so different. He is of a very jealous and proud disposition, as Swedenborg assured us, and he is proud of his jealousy. He keeps telling me things which he will not let me tell you for fear the Astrals should get them from you.

“ What a dreadfully difficult thing it is to steer one’s way amidst such numbers of influences ! It was on account of the Astrals chiefly that we were forbidden to use the planchette. I see a fine, bright-shining thread. It is our own path ; and it is a pathway of light. But, oh, so narrow, so narrow ! And all around are spirits trying to lure us from it.

“ Here is Hermes, shining like a silver light. My Genius says that the way to get the utmost vitality on the spiritual plane is to abandon the plane of the body, and keep it quite low, by not indulging it. The time for bodily indulgence is past with us. Abstinence, we have been told, and watchfulness and fasting, are needful. And the time for the first of these has come. Nothing is gained without labour, or won without suffering. Fasting and watching and abstinence, these are beads and rosary. It is a hard way and a long way, and it makes one wishful to turn back.”

Portions of the following extracts from our joint Diary, omitting the personal allusions, have been used in *The Perfect Way* and *Clothed with the Sun*.¹ They are here given in their integrity for their biographical value :—

November 18.—“ Last night,” wrote Mary on the following day, “ I saw my Genius clothed with a red flame, and standing in a dark place. He held in his hand a cup, into which he bade me look. I did so, and a mist gathered like a cloud in the cup ; and I saw in the cloud spirits wrestling with each other. Then the cup seemed to widen until it became a great table upon which scenes and words were written. And I saw the vapour filled with astral spirits, ephemeral, flame-like, chimerical ; and upon the mist which enveloped and swept around them was written, ‘ The Powers of the Air.’

“ And I said to my Genius, ‘ Are these the spirits which control mediums ? ’ And he answered, ‘ Do not use that word “ medium ” ; for it is misleading. These are the powers which affect and influence Sensitives. They do not control, for they have no force. They are light as vapour. See ! ’

“ Then he breathed on the table, and they were dispersed like smoke on all sides. And I said, ‘ Whence do these spirits come,

¹ Part I., Chapter xv., “ Concerning the ‘ Powers of the Air.’ ”—S. H. H.

and what is their origin and nature ? ' And he answered, ' They are Reflects. They have no real entity in themselves. They resemble mists which rise from the damp earth of low-lying lands, and which the heat of the sun disperses. Again, they are like vapours in high altitudes, upon which, if a man's shadow falls, he beholds himself as a giant. For these spirits invariably flatter and magnify a man to himself. And this is a sign whereby you may know them. They tell one that he is a king ; another, that he is a Christ ; another, that he is the wisest of mortals, and the like. For, being born of the fluids of the body, they are unspiritual and live *of* the body.' ' Do they, then,' I asked, ' come from within the man ? ' ' All things,' he replied, ' come from within. A man's foes are they of his own household.' ' And how,' I asked, ' may we discern the Astrals from the higher spirits ? ' ' I have told you,' he said, ' of one sign : they are flattering spirits. Now I will tell you of another. They always depreciate woman. And they do this because their deadliest foe is the Intuition. And these, too, are signs. Is there anything strong ? they will make it weak. Is there anything wise ? they will make it foolish. Is there anything sublime ? they will distort and travesty it. And this they do because they are exhalations of matter and have no spiritual nature. Hence they pursue and persecute the woman continually, sending after her a flood of vituperation like a torrent to sweep her away. But it shall be in vain. For God shall carry her to His throne, and she shall tread on the necks of them. Therefore the High Gods shall give through a woman the Interpretation which alone can save the world. A woman shall open the gates of the Kingdom to mankind, because Intuition only can redeem. Between the woman and the Astrals there is always enmity. For they seek to destroy her and her office, and to put themselves in her place. They are the delusive shapes who tempted the saints of old with exceeding beauty and wiles of love, and great show of affection and flattery. Oh ! beware of them when they flatter, for they spread a net for thy soul.'

" ' Am I, then, in danger from them ? ' I asked. ' Am I, too, a Sensitive ? ' "

" ' No, you are a Poet, and in that is your strength and your salvation. Poets are children of the Sun, and the Sun illumines them. No poet can be vain or self-exalted. For he knows that he speaks only the words of God. " I sing," he says, " because I must." Learn a truth which is known only to the Sons of God. The Spirit within you is divine. It is God. When you prophesy and when you sing, it is the Spirit within you which gives you utterance. It is the " new wine of Dionysos." By this Spirit your body is enlightened as is a lamp by the flame within it. Now, the flame is not the oil ; for the oil may be there without the light. Your body, then, is the lamp-case, into which the oil is poured. And this—the oil—is your soul, a fine and combustible fluid. And the flame is the Divine Spirit, which is not born of the oil, but is conveyed to it by the hand of God. You may quench this Spirit utterly, and thenceforth you will have no immortality ; but when the lamp-case breaks the oil will be spilt on the earth, and a few fumes will for a time arise from it ; and then it will expend itself and leave at last no trace. Some oils are finer and more spontaneous than others. The finest is that

of the soul of the poet, and in such a medium the flame of God's Spirit burns more clearly and powerfully and brightly, so that sometimes mortal eyes can hardly endure its brightness. Of such an one the soul is filled with holy raptures ; he sees as no other man sees, and the atmosphere about him is enkindled. His soul becomes transmuted into flame, and when the lamp of his body is shattered his flame mounts and soars, and is united to the Divine Fire. Can such an one, think you, be vainglorious or self-exalted and lifted up ? Oh no ; he is one with God, and knows that without God he is nothing. I tell no man that he is a reincarnation of Moses, of Elias, or of Christ. But I tell him that he may have the spirit of these if, like them, he be humble and self-abased, and obedient to the Divine Word.'

“ ‘ Do not, then, seek after controls. Keep your temple for the Lord God of Hosts, and turn out of it the money-changers and the dove-sellers and the dealers in curious arts ; yea, with a scourge of cords if need be.’ ”

We discussed together in the evening the various orders of spirits with which my recent experiences had been the means of making us acquainted. But I kept carefully to myself the sense which I had of not being quite justly dealt with by her Genius, seeing that he had taken account only of the fact of my having held converse with the Astrals, and ignored the innocence both of the motive which had brought me into contact with them and of the motive with which I had pursued the investigation, as well also as the firmness and independence of my attitude towards them. The description now given of his character seemed to me to account for his attitude in regard to myself, but I would make no remark to her which might be construed to his disparagement in her eyes. And, as will be seen, he himself admitted the restriction of knowledge of the Genius respecting persons to his own client. While we were conversing she became lucid, and said :—

“ I see my Genius. He has a Cactus in his hand. It is my emblem. He says that the question of the distinctions between different orders of spirits is a long and difficult one to treat. But it can be explained, and he will try to explain it. And first, he says, there are no such things as ‘ spirits of the dead.’ There are only shades of the dead. This is the emanation of the dead body, and is rather a ‘ peri-soul ’ than a soul. For there are, strictly, four elements in man, one of them being an emanation from the body. When a person dies, and a shade of him returns, it is dumb, and always disappears without speech. When speech occurs, it is by Divine interposition, and for a special purpose. On such occasion it is the soul itself that returns, coming from the purgatorial world ; but it is not therefore reincarnate. *Souls* are reincarnated hundreds

and thousands of times, but not the *person*—which implies the body—for the body perishes. These things were known to the Gnostics, Essenes, Therapeutæ, and Jesus. And the doctrine is embodied in the parable of the Talents, as is thus explained :—

“ Into the soul of the individual is breathed the Spirit of God, divine, pure, and without blemish. It is God. And the individual has, in his earth-life, to nourish that Spirit and feed it as a flame with oil. When you put oil into a lamp, the essence passes into and becomes flame. So is it with the soul of him who nourishes the Spirit. It grows gradually pure and becomes the Spirit. Doing which, the Spirit becomes the richer. And as in the parable of the Talents, where God has given five talents, man pays back ten. Or, he returns nothing, and perishes.

“ When a person dies, a portion of the soul remains unconsumed—untransmuted, that is, into spirit. The soul is fluid, and between it and vapour is this analogy. When there is a large quantity of vapour in a small space it becomes condensed, and is thick and gross. But when a portion is removed the rest becomes refined, and is rarer and purer. So is it with the soul. By losing a portion of its material it becomes finer, rarer, and purer ; and it continues to do so more and more until, after many incarnations—made good use of—the whole of the soul is absorbed into the Divine Spirit, and becomes one with God, making God so much the richer for the usury. This is ‘ Nirvana.’ ”

Here I asked, “ Is the individuality lost, then ? ” To which it was replied—

“ No ; though becoming pure spirit or God, the individual retains his individuality. So that, instead of all becoming merged in the One, the One becomes Many. Thus has God become Millions. We, too, are Legion, and therein resemble God. God is Multitudes and Nations, and Kingdoms, and Tongues. And the sound of God is as the sound of many waters.

“ When a great and good person dies, and for any special purpose returns to earth and speaks, it is really the soul of that person who returns. But this rarely occurs long after decease. Because, as a rule, the soul has become reincarnate, or else is engaged in achieving its final purification ; so that after a long interval there would be no soul to return, since it would have become pure spirit. Consequently the shades which persistently return are one of these two things. Either they are dumb shades from the bodily exhalations or mortal spirit—for everything has a spirit—or else they are astral spirits personating the dead. A soul may be utterly gross at last and deprived of all spirit of the divine order, and yet may have so strong a vitality, or mortal spirit, of its own that it may last hundreds of years in a low atmosphere. But this occurs only with souls of very strong will, and generally of indomitable wickedness. The strength of their evil will and the determination to be wicked keep them alive. These are the devils. But they are mortal, and must go out at last. Their end is utter darkness. They cease to be.

“ The shades of the dead are the Manes, Lares, and Penates of the Latins, and are to be distinguished from the soul. When Samuel appeared at Endor, it was the soul itself that returned. This was possible only because he was so lately dead. According

to circumstances, souls may either become reincarnate at once, or may accomplish their purification in the sphere called the purgatorial world.

“ My Genius is not an Astral. The very suggestion displeases him. Nor was he ever embodied. He is of the order sometimes called ‘ Angels,’ but he does not care for the term because it is misinterpreted. He prefers the Christian nomenclature, and to be called ‘ minister,’ as their office is to guide, admonish, and illumine.

“ The origin of souls, he says, has already been explained to us in the beginning of our Alphabetical Chapters. Souls consist of substance, or original protoplasm, separated into individuated portions precisely as Spirit is separated from God. Spirit is the male, and Substance the female, principle of existence. Wherefore the soul is feminine. But my Genius dislikes the terms male and female, and prefers Father and Mother. The whole subject is very intricate; for even gross bodies have spirits. These, however, are not divine, but vital, or else animal only, and are different from that of God. Every molecule of matter, however minute, has a vital spirit. But this is not one with the Divine Spirit of man, which is God.

“ The Astrals exist in numbers round certain persons. About some there are none. There are very many about you of late, and they are the cause of the paleness of your colour. Your Genius is devitalised by them. My flame, being red, burns straight up, and they shun it. Yours, which is blue, spreads out circularly, and the Astrals flock round it like moths. For some time past a stream of magnetism has been flowing out of you to form them, and you are de-energised by it; for they feed on the vital spirits. I am shown an old book on chemistry with much about the spirits of the blood. The arteries carry the vital spirits; the molecules of your blood have been depleted of vitality by them. They act like vampires, and feed on the vital spirits.

“ The way to dispossess the Astrals is by inhaling a strong, clear, bright atmosphere, such as that of Italy, and using whatever restores vital spirits. The best substitute is vital warmth and magnetism, and tonics, not stimulants. Stimulants create these Astrals. One has got at me from you—the ‘ counterpart.’ She comes into me, or has done so, at intervals. She has not got at my vital spirits, but has attacked the nervous system. They are at the bottom of hysteria, and my power has been impaired by this very Astral. Our Genii told us long ago that ‘ the air is full of the haters of the mysteries.’ These are the ‘ Powers of the Air,’ and they have been for a long time on the watch to create accidents and disturbances, which they have the power of doing—not by their physical force, for they have none, but by influencing people’s minds. They are the ‘ things in the air ’ that people speak of, and are especially set against us and our work, to stop us from accomplishing it in this incarnation. They are the authors of mischievous impulses, and we must therefore always be mistrustful of impulses lest they be suggested by them. They know that they can spoil my balance, and, possibly, make me end in insanity. They inspired the impulse which led to my recent accident, and if they have an opportunity will do the same again. There is no infallible safeguard against

misfortunes and mistakes. We have to take what comes, and do the best we can. The greatest of saints have been most persecuted and torn asunder by them; for the Genii are not fighting spirits, and cannot prevent evils. Even Jesus was allowed to be ministered to by them only after exhaustion in combat with the Astrals. If we were not worth attacking we should not be attacked.

“ My Genius says that knowledge is withheld from you at present on account of the Astrals. For they would suck it from you, and it must be kept secret. A general cannot hope to carry out his plan of campaign if his intentions are betrayed to the enemy. The same secrecy is necessary in our case. My Genius deplores the mischief they have already done. The Astral which calls herself your counterpart erected the barrier which has impeded our work. The nearness of our association enabled her to pass from you to me. She has exactly misrepresented the truth to you. For my own original spirit was always one with you. The trouble began immediately she had passed from you to me; and my spirit, I am told, was vaguely and dimly aware of this, and for that reason I have regarded you as the cause. And so you were, but unconsciously. The best way to dispossess these creatures is by prayer.

“ I wish we could go to Italy. I always seem when in this condition to be in a splendid climate. Oh, so clear and pure!

“ As regards the continuation of your work, that, I am told, is an affair for the blue Genius. It must rest at present.”

November 19.—Mary, being lucid, said:—

“ My Genius is here. He looks like Dante, but changes from time to time. Like Dante, he is always in red. Speaking of Dante, I see that Beatrice represents the soul. She is to him what the woman should be to the man. My Genius tells me to say that of course you understand that the best weapon against the Astrals is Prayer. Prayer means the intense direction of the will and desire towards the Highest; an unchanging intent to know nothing but the Highest. So long as Moses held up his hands towards heaven the Israelites prevailed. When he dropped them, then the Amalekites.

“ I am to inform you that the Genius never ‘controls’ his client; never suffers the soul to step aside from the body to allow the entrance of another spirit. The person controlled by an Astral or an Elemental, on the contrary, speaks not in his own person, but in that of the spirit controlling him. And the gestures, expression, intonation and pitch of voice, change with the obsessing spirit. A person prophesying speaks always in the first person, and says either, ‘Thus saith the Lord,’ or, ‘So says someone else,’ never losing the personality. This is another sign of difference whereby to distinguish the orders of spirits.

“ My Genius fears lest you may not have quite understood what was said last night about the Astrals, and he wishes to explain that they are not necessarily evil. A distinction is to be made also between Astral and Elemental spirits and ‘*genii loci.*’ These last are the spirits of forests, mountains, cataracts, rivers, and all unfrequented places, and were known to all early nations, the Scandinavians, Teutons, and Greeks. These are the Dryads, Kelpis, Fairies, and Elves. Most of these spirits now remain only in the New World, and especially in the Indian districts. The Astrals or

blood-spirits inhabit chiefly cities ; and between them and the former classes there is antipathy and mutual avoidance. Nevertheless some of the forest spirits, and others who live on the exhalations of trees, spray, and organic essences, have become attached to certain individuals, and have followed them even to cities. But these do not prey on the vital spirits of the blood, but on the magnetism of the nervous system. 'Winona,' whom we know, is one of these, and never had a body of her own. Most of these give themselves Indian names from their first associations. Then there is an intermediate class, the Elementals. These are dangerous, mysterious, and terrifying spirits, the spirits of the Rosicrucians and mediæval magicians, and of some of these days, who draw symbols and pentagrams for them ; and it is dangerous to name them at certain times and places. These spirits are more material than any of the others, and have an independent existence. The most dangerous of their order are the Salamanders or Fire-spirits.

" I am going to tell you what will surprise you. Some time ago these spirits came to us and deceived us both. They took advantage of our use of the planchette, which they are especially able to control, and one of them burnt my finger. They then persuaded us to have a planchette made which was divided into twelve squares, with four corners, dedicated each to one of their own class. They would have used us for their own ends had not a higher power prevented them. And this is the danger of all physical means of communication. My Genius wishes us to abstain entirely from that. He and his order, he says, are not sufficiently material to cause any physical injury ; and no physical demonstration, save in appearance, is possible to them.

" You asked yesterday whether you, too, would have the power of seeing. He has spoken to your Genius about it, and the answer is *No*. And for this reason : the faculty of sight is the last which is perfected, and my Genius's client—that is, myself—is older than you.

" The use of this term 'client' reminds me of our conversations with the spirit of Swedenborg, and I wish to ask about it. In reply, my Genius tells me that the real Swedenborg is no longer in this sphere, but that a portion of his spirit is occasionally attracted by affinities in corresponding minds, producing the phenomena attributed to him. These phenomena are not astral in their nature, though it requires strong power of inward illumination and discernment to distinguish them. My Genius says that he wishes all that relates to the Gods to be kept for the present a profound secret ; and he deprecates the communication of it even to you. And for this reason : that the Astrals carry the reflects of whatever they get from the vital organism of the person to whom they have access, and convey the knowledge elsewhere. The Scripture of the Hebrews alludes to this in the saying, 'A winged creature of the air shall carry the matter.' He says the word used in the Hebrew, and translated 'bird,' signifies a winged creature, and means an Astral.

" My Genius says that all the prophecies respecting my impending death which from time to time have been given us—such as, 'Mary will soon be with us,' 'She will not live long,' and the like—are from the Astrals, their object being to win you from the idea of continued association with me, to that of your pretended counter-

part. He says that he sees no prospect of an early death for me, but, on the contrary, a very long-continued youth, and an age beyond the ordinary span; and the reason is the extraordinary amount of the power of repair in my organism. Nothing remains. There is a constant weeding out of old tissue, and an extraordinary growth of new. In his view, the real danger for me is death by violence, as in a railway accident, or a sudden, unresisted impulse to self-murder, or any means by which the Astrals can get at me from without. And it is advisable, he says, to have in your keeping a duplicate copy of the communications received by us, lest I be tempted to destroy them. But not in the immediate present.

“Two ways are open to a man to rid himself of the Astrals. The surest and most efficacious (of physical means), and the one pursued exclusively in olden times, is now impossible to you. This is the method of starving the body. Not mere abstinence, but fasts of twenty or forty days, with absolute loneliness and life in the open air day and night. It was to the efficacy of such method that Jesus alluded when He said, in reference to the obsessed child, ‘This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.’ The object is to deprive the Astrals of their means of subsistence by depriving the vital fluids of their spirits. Sometimes the person himself dies in the process, as did one recently whom we knew. [This was a certain Scottish lady who had believed the Astrals when they told her she was the reincarnation of Christ in the feminine, and must accomplish a like period of fasting.]

“The other plan is the one suggested to you, and it is the exact reverse. This is to pour in an excess of vitality, and so to replace what the Astrals take, faster than you lose it. But prayer will do more than either fasting or feeding.

“I have asked my Genius about the person alluded to who died of fasting. He says that he knows well only the things relating to the person to whom he ministers. About other things he has opinions only. The position of the ministering spirit to his client is very well represented by that of the Catholic confessor to his penitent. He is bound to keep towards all his penitents profound secrecy as regards the affairs of other souls. If this were not the case there would be no order, and no secret would be safe. Even my Genius knows only so much of you as yours chooses to tell him.

“Another sign,” he says, “by which to distinguish extraneous spirits from one’s Genius is this;—the Genius is never absent. Provided the mind is in a condition to see, he is always present. Other spirits need times to be appointed, and engagements to be made for certain hours, because they may be elsewhere at any moment. The astral spirits, moreover, know nothing of the Gods. Their very names are secrets from them; and if they have heard them, they are but as names to them. They are unable to grasp or conceive of anything beyond the atmosphere of their own circle. It is true that they speak of God, but it is without understanding the meaning of the word. The more negative the mind of the individual, the more ready and apt he is to receive these spirits. And, on the contrary, the more positive and pronounced the will of the individual, the more open he is to divine communication. The command always is, ‘To labour is to pray’; ‘To ask is to receive’;

'To knock is to have the door open.' 'I have often said,' says my Genius, 'Think for yourself. When you think inwardly, pray intensely and imagine centrally; then you converse with God.'

"To our questions respecting our immediate future, he says that he knows, but will not tell. All he will say is this—'Be sure there is trouble. No man ever got to the land of promise without going through the desert.' Again he holds up to me the Cactus, and he says, 'Do not fret yourself about trying to get into the lucid state. In a short time it will be unnecessary to become somnolent at all.' He tells me that to-night I shall remember a great part of what has been said, and the next time more, and so on until my mind is quite clear on the subject. It is a weakness and an imperfection when the mind does not retain what has been said. At night, when my brain is free from disturbing influences, I recollect more perfectly all I have seen and heard. And this, he says, should always be the case, because my place is not taken by any other entity. No other spirit steps in to dispossess me. But it is I myself who see and hear and speak—my spiritual self, that is."

The statement about Winona cleared up for me the question why "spiritualism" should be prohibited to us and intercourse with her allowed. She was of those who had described themselves to us as "not souls but flames," being of spirit alone without any isolating vehicle, and of those of whom it is said, "He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire." She was thus able to be a perfect instrument of the Gods. And it was for this reason that when listening to her, while under their direction, there was none of the sense of limitation and unreality which had so jarred on me while listening to the Astrals.

Another difficulty which this utterance solved for me was that of the apparent contradiction between Winona's description of Mary as a very young spirit, and having a very youthful organism, and the assurances we had received of the great antiquity of her soul. The organism, it now appeared, was kept what Winona had called youthful by the constant weeding out of old tissue and formation of new. And the very power by which this occurred was due to the high maturity and consequent strength of the soul. This organic youthfulness would account also for the child-side of her disposition, which was so marked a feature in her character.

November 21.—Speaking this evening under direction of her Genius, Mary said, "My Genius is discontented with the word 'God' as the expression for the Supreme, because it represents the male principle only, and is not dual. For this reason he would

prefer the word 'Jehovah,' were it not that it is in common use with the Astrals themselves, though they have but a secondary adaptation of its mystic meaning, and have applied it, as is their nature, to the reflect instead of to the true thing. There is a word which expresses God. It is the word 'IO.'¹

"The Astrals cannot rise to be partakers of the divine life, because they are mere reflections of the living soul, or traces or footprints of a soul which has passed through the astral light and has gone beyond. In no case are they in themselves entities, though they are in some cases existences.

"Had you"—this to me—"been of a thoroughly positive nature, which you are not, you would, in your recent experiences, have entirely controlled their expression; and when in your most positive mood you do more or less control them."² But the more negative your mood, and therefore the weaker your will, the more confused and uncertain, and even contradictory, their utterances would be. The mind of the medium and the influences of the persons recently associated with would disturb the planetary waves; for this medium, or latent light, is eminently fluidic. It is the 'water beneath the firmament' of the Book of Genesis. Consequently its waves, like those of the air or the water, are disquieted and broken up by the forces projected into it, and the reverberations or modulations caused are in direct ratio to the body projected into them—the term 'body' being here understood as synonymous with mental force.

"My Genius thinks it may be interesting here to point out the relation occupied by the elemental demons or spirits in regard to the four departments of the planet. To the highest individuated element—to the 'Father,' that is, of Jesus—corresponds the department of the kingdom of the Air; to the next, the soul or 'Mother,' corresponds the department of the Water; to the astral interspace, that of the Fire; and to the phenomenal, that of the Earth. Consequently the Salamanders are the most dangerous and insidious, the most mischievous, and the most perilous to evoke; and the Spirits of the Air—which are not to be confounded with the 'Powers of the Air'—are the purest and most powerful."

The following are the chief products of the illuminations of the next fortnight:—

"The astral existences, although they are not intelligent personalities, are often the media of intelligent ideas, and operate as means of communication between intelligent personalities. Ideas, words, sentences, whole systems of philosophy, may be borne in on the consciousness of a sensitive by means of the currents of magnetic force, as solid bodies are conveyed on a stream, though water be no intelligent agent. The minutest cell is an entity, for it has the power of self-propagation. The Astral is not an entity, for it cannot

¹ For explanation see *The Perfect Way*, Lecture II., Part v., and *Clothed with the Sun*," II. vii.

² As has already been stated, it was my special endeavour to give them free play, that they might disclose themselves for what they really were.

reproduce itself. It is an imprint only, a shadow, a reflect, an echo. All they whose bodies have decomposed leave, or have left, their shadow in the astral space. But the shadow or phantom of Jesus is not there ; for His body left no sidereal corpse. The body itself was indrawn or transmuted."

This statement was suggestive of an important train of thought respecting the experiences in which we had seemed to recover actual recollections of Jesus, the question being as to whether the forms we had beheld of Him subsisted in the earth's astral atmosphere or in our own memories only. Not that the subsequent withdrawal of His external part would operate to efface the imprints left by Him during His lifetime. The matter subsequently assumed yet greater importance in view of the denial of His existence made by certain occultists on the strength of their own inability to see His reflect in the astral light.

"The atmosphere with which a man surrounds himself, his soul's respiration, affects the astral fluid. Reverberations of his own ideas come back to him ; his soul's breath colours and savours what a somnambulist—now generally called a 'psychic'—conveys to him. But he may also meet with contradiction, with a systematic presentation of doctrine, or of counsels, at variance with his own personal views. This is because his mind is not sufficiently positive to control all the manifestations of the electric agent ; the influence of the medium through which the words come interposes ; or, as is often the case, a magnetic battery of thought has overcharged the element, and imparted to it a certain current. Thus new doctrines are in the air, and spread like wildfire. One or two strongly positive minds give the initiative ; and the impulse flies through the whole mass of latent light, correspondingly influencing all who are in relation with it."

This, in due time we were made sensible, was an important element in the spread of our work. The more positive and vivid our ideas, the greater their power to propagate themselves through the astral atmosphere, and to find reception in other minds prepared for them. So that, while we were sitting quietly in our study, engaged in thought, altogether abstracted from the outer world, and even regretting our inability to get at that world to teach it, we might be taking the most effectual means of propagating our knowledge.

"In man the astral fluid becomes transformed into human life at the moment of conception. It is the envelope of the soul, and constitutes the sidereal body, which in its turn is the generator of the physical body. The internal man, he who ultimately is immortal, consists of soul and spirit. The sidereal phantom and the outer

body are perishable, save when they undergo transmutation during the tenancy of the soul and spirit. Hence the sidereal body, being the generator of Sense, is the Tempter, which, inclining to matter, gives to matter the precedence over spirit. Being of Time and of Sense, it beguiles the intuitive part of man. In that way spirit and matter represent, respectively, good and evil. For in the day that thou givest thyself over to matter thou becomest liable to extinction.

“The ‘wheel’ of Ezekiel is the astral *circulus*. The four seraphs are the Elemental spirits. This astral element was personified by the Greeks as Hestia, and by the Romans as Vesta. The Genius is the moon to the planet man, reflecting to him the Sun or God within him. For the Divine Spirit which animates and eternises the man is the God of the man, the Sun that enlivens and enlightens him. And this Sun it is, and not the outer and planetary man, that his Genius, as a satellite, reflects to him. Thus attached to the ‘planet,’ the Genius is the complement of the man, and its ‘sex’ is always the converse of the ‘planet’s.’ And because it reflects, not the planet but the Sun, not the man but the God, its light is always to be trusted, and as the Moon, or Isis, it is the agent of Initiation into the mysteries of the Intuition.

“The astral body of a man is not necessarily similar in form to his outward body; but while appearing outwardly a human being, the individual may be, inwardly and really, a wolf, a bird, or a dog. And they who possess spiritual perception can discern the true nature of the man beheld.”

It would be impossible to exaggerate the eagerness with which we received and pondered these utterances, as evening after evening Mary dictated them to me after the vision seen or voice heard within, only to find instant recognition as long-lost memories of indubitable truths. Her utterance was always slow, calm, continuous, without faltering or ever being at a loss for a word, and such as more than ever to make us feel that we had indeed been permitted to tap a reservoir of boundless wisdom and knowledge. We made no attempt to control the line or direction of the instruction imparted, but kept our minds open to receive whatever might come, trusting to our illuminators to give what would be most useful, but never failing to exercise the keenest scrutiny over it. And we were pleased to notice that points which had been mentioned between us, but without thought of receiving light upon them, were often made the subject of the very next communication. Such was the occasion of the receipt of the following exposition of the doctrine of Grace, a subject which had never before engaged my attention, until reference was made to it in a conversation between us on “mortal” and “venial” sin, which was taken

advantage of to interrupt the course of the instructions in progress :—

“ One of the most dangerous mysteries to place in the hands of the vulgar is that of the Doctrine of Grace. When once Union has been accomplished between the human and the Divine Wills, there is Grace. And the man under Grace cannot sin mortally. Conformity between the human and the Divine Will is the condition of salvation. And salvation is not forfeited through any specific act, unless such act be wilful and indicate a condition of rebellion. Of a man under Grace, David is a type. His heart was right with God ; his intuition was unfallen. So that his many and grievous sins did not and could not alienate him from God. The man who is deliberately in opposition to the Divine Will is in far greater danger than the man who, having his intuition true, sins more flagrantly. It is not by a specific act, or many specific acts, that a soul is destroyed, but by a state of heart in constant opposition to the Divine Will. Hence the axiom of the Calvinists, ‘ If you are under Grace you cannot sin ’ ; that is, mortally.”

The regular course of instruction was then resumed as follows :—

“ Everything is fourfold. God and Nature may be represented by two mirrors placed face to face, when an endless vista of mirrors results. As man is fourfold, so is Nature and every existing thing.

“ The astral fluid contains four orders of entities, which are represented by four magnetic wheels encircling the earth, and which are full of lives. The highest and uppermost of these *circuli* is that of the elemental spirits or ‘ winged creatures ’ ; the second is that of the souls ; the third is that of the shades ; and the fourth and lowest is that of the magnetic spirits.

“ These *circuli* correspond to Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, beginning at the outer and uppermost, and going inwards and downwards. The magnetic emanations, or Astrals, are under the dominion of the Fire. They are not souls or divine personalities. They are simply emanations or phantasms, having no real existence. Every event or circumstance which has taken place upon the planet has an astral counterpart, or picture, in the magnetic light. So that there actually are ghosts of events as well as of persons. The magnetic existences of the fourth order are the ‘ shades,’ or ‘ manes,’ of past times, of past circumstances, thoughts, and acts of which this planet has been the scene, and they can be evoked and conjured. The appearances on such occasions are but the shadows left on the protoplasmic mirror. This order corresponds to that of Fire.

“ The third *circulus* with its spirits corresponds to Earth. Wherefore Demeter was said to be the mother of Persephone, queen of the Shades. The Shades are the manes of the dead, but are of many different kinds. Some are mere shades, spiritual corpses from which the soul has departed, and which will soon be absorbed by the fourth *circulus* and become mere magnetic phantoms. In others the soul still lingers. These are souls in Purgatory, being bound to the astral envelope and unable to quit it. They are sometimes

called Earth-bound spirits, and they often suffer horrible torments in their prison. The strong wills, love, and charity of those on earth may relieve them, and lessen the time of their purgatorial penance. Of some of these the retention is due to ignorance, of others to concupiscence and sensuality, and of others to crimes of violence.

“ This sphere is inhabited by a yet more terrible class, that of the ‘ devils,’ some of whom are of great power and malice. Of these the souls are never set free. They are in ‘ Hell.’ But they are not immortal. For, after a period corresponding to their personal vitality and the strength of their rebellious wills, they are consumed and perish for ever. These may be evoked by incantation, but the practice is of the most dangerous and wicked kind. For the endeavour of these lost spirits is to ruin every soul to which they have access.

“ To the highest *circulus* belong the spirits of the Elements, which pervade all things, not only of the macrocosmic Planet, but of the microcosm Man. Of these Elementals, the Air-spirits preside over the function of respiration and the organs which accomplish it. The Water-spirits preside over the humours and secretions of the body, and in particular the blood. The Earth-spirits have for their domain the various tissues of the body ; and animal heat, assimilation, and nutrition are dependent on the Fire-spirits.

“ An Initiate of the highest grade, one who has power to command the Elemental spirits, and thereby to hush the storm and still the waves, can, through the same agency, heal the disorders of the body ; and this he does by an exercise of his will which sets in motion the magnetic fluid.

“ Such a person, an Adept or Hierarch of Magnetic Science, is necessarily a person of many incarnations. And it is principally in the East that these are to be found. For it is there that the oldest Souls are wont to aggregate. It is in the East that Human Science first arose ; and the soil and astral fluid there are charged with power as a vast battery of many piles. So that the Hierarch of the Orient both is himself an older soul and has the magnetic support of a chain of older souls, and the earth beneath his feet and the medium around him are charged with electric force in a degree not to be found elsewhere.

“ The greatest Hierarch—he, that is, who has the most perfect control over Nature—not only is a man of many incarnations, but has obtained from God the greatest of gifts and the rarest, that of being a Medium for the Highest, the Planet-God himself. Such an one is the *Æon*, and has what is called the ‘ Double Portion.’ Elisha craved and received this grace.

“ ‘ Where now is the God of Elijah ? ’ he cried when endeavouring to work his first miracle ; and he besought Elijah that a portion of his Double might rest upon him. For Elijah had so transmuted his soul into spirit that it was doubled ; and a portion of this he bestowed upon Elisha. Such an *Æon* it was that descended upon Jesus, to quit Him at the moment of His death.

“ The second *circulus* of the planet is under the dominion of the Water, and is the kingdom of the souls in ‘ Abraham’s bosom,’ namely, the purified who are at rest before seeking reincarnation. This *circulus* is not confined to human souls. Therein are all

creatures, both small and great, but without astral envelope. Between these and the kingdom of the earth-bound souls 'in prison' a 'great gulf' is fixed, and they cannot pass from one to another, save on accomplishing their purgation. 'Thou comest not out thence until thou hast paid the last mite.' The souls in the second *circulus* are, however, still 'under the elements.' That is, they are not transmuted into spirit, and sooner or later must seek fresh incarnations. They are, therefore, still in the sphere of the planet; whereas the regenerated or transmuted souls have passed beyond the astral fluid altogether, and it contains no trace of them. This second *circulus* is placed under the dominion of Poseidon, or the Sea, first, because the water represents the substance of the soul, being protoplasmic and without boundary-line of matter; secondly, because it is the symbol of purification from matter, as in Baptism; and, thirdly, because it is the source of life. 'Let Lazarus dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue,' cries the soul in prison to the soul in the *circulus* of the water."

These marvellous expositions were a perpetual surprise and delight for the manner in which they explained many of our own experiences and interpreted some of the obscure passages in Scripture, at the same time proving the Bible to be the most mystical and occult of books, and as containing a revelation which requires a revelation to explain. Continuing to speak under inspiration of her Genius, she said:—

"I have said that everything is fourfold. As the man is, then, so is the planet. Now the external material constitution is fourfold in that it consists of gaseous, mineral, vegetable, and animal. The astral peri-soul is fourfold, being magnetic, purgatorial, limbic, cherubic. The soul is fourfold—namely, elemental, instinctive, vital, rational. But its Spirit is threefold or triune, because there is no external to Spirit.

"The Spirit answers to the 'Essence,' the 'Father,' and the 'Word.' Of these the first is one of the 'Seven Spirits,' or divine flames of original Deity or universal Divinity; the second is the 'Angel' or 'God' of the planet, the 'Æon' of the Christ; the third is the Christ. These are respectively the 'Spirit,' the 'Water,' and the 'Blood.' The 'Father' and the 'Word' may therefore be said to be one; for by the Word the Father is manifest.

"'Mercury' fecundated by 'Sulphur' becomes the master and regenerator of 'Salt.' It is Azoth, or the 'universal Magnesia,' the great magical agent, the 'Light of Light,' fecundated by animating force, or intellectual energy, which is the Sulphur. As to 'Salt,' it is absolute matter. Everything which is matter contains 'Salt'; and all 'Salt' may be converted into 'pure Gold' by the combined action of 'Sulphur' and 'Mercury.'" These sometimes act so rapidly that the transmutation may be made in an hour, an instant, almost without labour and without cost. At other times, owing to the contrary dispositions of the atmospheric medium, the operation may necessitate $\frac{1}{2}$ days, $\frac{1}{2}$ months, or $\frac{1}{2}$ years.

“ ‘Salt’ is fixed. ‘Mercury’ is volatile. The fixation of the volatile is the synthesis ; the volatilisation of the fixed is the analysis. On applying to the fixed the ‘sulphuretted Mercury,’ or the Astral fluid rendered powerful by the secret operation of the soul, the mastery over Nature is obtained. The two terms of the process are Materialisation and Transmutation. These two terms are those of the ‘Great Work’ [the redemption of spirit from (the condition of) Matter].

“Miracles are natural effects of exceptional causes. The man who has arrived at wishing for nothing is master of all.”

Some of these utterances were spoken by Mary in her own person as of things seen and known by her. Others were repeated by her after a voice heard interiorly. This was the case with the foregoing alchemical expositions. They set us to study the old treatises on this art, when we found everything we had received confirmed by the ancients, excepting in such cases as these had fallen into error and required correction. So that the uniform result of our researches was to show that what had before been in the world in a measure was now being redelivered in its integrity.

“The ‘Day’ and the ‘Night’ of the microcosm are its positive and passive states. In the positive state we seek actively outwards ; we aspire and will forcibly ; we hold active communion with the God without.

“In the passive state we look inwards ; we commune with our own heart ; we indraw and concentrate ourselves secretly and interiorly. During this condition the ‘Moon’ enlightens our secret chamber with his torch, and shows us ourselves in our interior recess.

“Who or what, then, is this ‘Moon’ ? It is part of ourselves, and revolves with us. It is our celestial affinity. ‘Their Angels do always behold the face of my Father.’

“The Genius of a man is his satellite. Man is a planet. God—the God of the man—is his Sun ; and the Moon of this planet is Isis, its Initiator, or its Genius. The Genius is made to administer to the man, and to give him light. But the light he gives is from God, and not of himself. He is not a planet but a moon, and his function is to light up the dark places of his planet.

“Every human soul has a celestial affinity, which is part of his system and a type of his spiritual nature. This angelic counterpart is the bond of union between the man and God ; and it is in virtue of his spiritual nature that this Angel is attached to him. Rudimentary creatures have no celestial affinity ; but from the moment that the soul quickens, the cord of union is established.

“It is in virtue of man’s being a planet that he has a moon. If he were not fourfold, as is the planet, he could not have one. Rudimentary men are not fourfold ; they have not the Spirit.

“The perfect man has a fourfold outer body—gaseous, mineral,

vegetable, and animal; a fourfold sidereal (or astral) body—magnetic, odic, sympathetic, elemental; a fourfold soul, partaking of the soulic elements of all the grades through which he has passed; and a triune Spirit—desirous, willing, obedient. There is nothing in the universe save Man. And the perfect Man is ‘Christ Jesus.’

“The odic or sidereal body is the real body of the man. The phenomenal body is secondary. The odic body is not necessarily of the same shape or appearance as the outward body, but is of the nature of the soul. The creation of man ‘in the image of God’ ‘before the Transgression’ is the picture of the man ‘having power’; that is, having an odic body in which the elements were not fixed, a body such as that of the risen Christ. What I have said concerning the ‘volatilisation of Salt’ will help to the understanding of this. But when the sin of idolatry had been committed, then man ceased to have power over his own body, and thus became a ‘Pillar of Salt,’ fixed and material. He was ‘naked.’

“The man thus referred to attained power over his body by evolution from rudimentary being; and at last, becoming polarised, received the divine flame of Deity, and thereby the power over ‘Salt.’ But by reason of perverse will to the outer, he depolarised, and thereby ‘fixed the volatile.’ Then he ‘knew that he was naked,’ and so ‘lost Paradise.’

“Can Paradise be regained? Yes, through the ‘Cross’ and ‘Resurrection’ of ‘Christ.’ For, as in ‘Adam’ all die, so in ‘Christ’ shall all be made alive. And forasmuch as the earthly dies, the celestial lives. The body can be transmuted into its prototype, the magnetic body. This is the work of the Adept. The magnetic body can be abandoned to the odic fluid, and the soul set free. This is the work of *post-mortem* evolution. But to transmute phenomenal body, sidereal body, and soul alike into Spirit,—this is the work of ‘Christ.’ ‘I have power over My body,’ said Jesus, ‘to lay it down and to take it again.’

“You have said to me, ‘If the odic body be the maker of the physical body, how can this be of a different form from it? How can a man be outwardly human, and really a wolf, a hare, or a dog?’

“When you become an Adept you will know that such fact involves no contradiction. The transitions of the sidereal body are not sudden. It *becomes* gradually, and does not undergo changes by cataclysm. It is already partly human before it has ceased to wear the form of a rudimentary man; that is, of an animal. You have seen this in visions, when you beheld the human shape in creatures under torture in the laboratory. And it is still partly rudimentary when it puts on the human. Indulgence in lower propensities may strengthen it in its old likeness and accentuate former propensities. On the other hand, aspiration towards the divine will accelerate the change, and cause it to lose altogether its lower attributes. That which is born of Flesh is in the image of the Flesh; but that which cometh from the Beyond is of the Beyond. The womb can bring forth only its own kind, in the semblance of the generators. And as soon as the human is attained, even in the least degree, the soul has power to put on the body of humanity. Hence the odic body always possesses some attribute of humanity. But it may lose this by ‘Sin’; and in such case it returns, by a fresh incarnation,

to the form of the beast. Of such returns to the lower form, some are purely penitential, but most are retributory. The Adept can see the human in the beast, and can tell whether the soul therein is an ascending or a descending soul. He can also see the soul in a man, and all men are not to him of the same shape or appearance. If your eyes were opened, you would be astonished at the number of animals you meet in the streets and the scarcity of men. The parable of the Enchanted City in the Eastern Fables is descriptive of this mystery."

The following was received by her in sleep :—

" You have asked me if the ' work of Power ' is a difficult one, and if it is open to all.

" It is open to all potentially and eventually, but not actually and in the present. In order to ' regain Power and the Resurrection,' a man must be a Hierarch ; that is to say, he must have attained the ' magical ' age of thirty-three. This age is attained by having accomplished the ' Twelve Labours,' passed the ' Twelve Gates,' overcome the ' Five Senses,' and obtained dominion over the Four Spirits of the elements. He must have been ' born immaculate,' baptized with ' Water and with Fire,' ' tempted in the Wilderness,' ' crucified,' and ' buried.' He must have borne ' Five Wounds on the Cross,' and he must have ' answered the Riddle of the Sphinx.' When this is accomplished he is free of matter, and will never again have a phenomenal body.

" Who shall attain to this perfection ? The man who is without fear and without concupiscence, who has courage to be absolutely poor and absolutely chaste. When it is all one whether you have gold or have none ; whether you have a house and lands or have none ; whether you have worldly reputation, or whether you are an outcast,—then you are voluntarily poor. It is not necessary to have nothing, but it is necessary to care for nothing. When it is all one to you whether you have a wife or husband, or whether you are celibate,—then you are free from concupiscence. It is not necessary to be a virgin ; it is necessary to set no value on the flesh. There is nothing so difficult to attain as this equilibrium. Who is he who can part with his goods without regret ? Who is he who is never consumed by the fires of the flesh ? But when you have ceased both to wish to retain and to burn, then you have the remedy in your hands. And the remedy is a hard and a sharp one, and a terrible ordeal.

" Nevertheless, be not afraid. Deny the body. Deny the five senses, and, above all, the Taste and the Touch. The power is within you if you will to attain it. The ' Two Seats ' are vacant at the Celestial Table, if you will put on Christ. Eat no dead thing. Drink no fermented drink. Make living elements of all the elements of your body. Mortify the members of Earth. Take your food full of life, and let not the touch of death pass upon it. You understand me, but you shrink. Remember that without self-immolation there is no power over death. Deny the Touch. Seek no bodily pleasure in sexual communion, but let Desire be magnetic and soulic. If you indulge the body you perpetuate the body, and the end of the body is

corruption. You understand me again, but you shrink. Remember that without self-denial and restraint there is no power over death. Deny the Taste first, and it will become easier to deny the Touch. For to be a Virgin is the crown of discipline. I have shown you the Excellent Way, and it is the *Via Dolorosa*. Judge whether the Resurrection be worth the Passion; whether the Kingdom be worth the Obedience; whether the Power be worth the Suffering. When the time of your calling comes you will no longer hesitate.

“When a man has attained power over his body, the process of Ordeal is no longer necessary. The Initiate is under a vow; the Hierarch is free. Jesus, therefore, ‘came eating and drinking’; for all things were lawful to Him. He had undergone, and had freed His Will. For the object of the Trial and the Vow is Polarisation. When the fixed is volatilised the Magian is free. But before Christ was Christ, He was subject, and His initiation lasted thirty years. All things are lawful to the Hierarch, for He knows the nature and value of all.

“When the elements of the body are endowed with power, they are masters of the Elemental spirits and can overcome them. But while they are yet under bondage, they are the slaves of the Elementals, and the Elementals have power over them. Now Hephaistos, ‘the Fire-Spirit,’ is a destroyer, and the breath of Fire is a touch of death. The fire that passes on the elements of your food deprives them of their vital spirit, and gives you a corpse instead of living substance. And not only so; but the spirit of the fire enters into the elements of your body, and sets up in all its molecules a consuming and a burning, impelling it to concupiscence and to the desire of the flesh. The spirit of the fire is a subtle spirit, a penetrative and diffusive spirit; and it enters into the substance of all matter upon which it acts. When, therefore, you take such substance into your organism, you take with it the spirit of the fire, and you assimilate this spirit with the matter of which it has become a part.

“I speak to you of excellent things. If you would become a Man of Power, you must be master of the Fire. The man who seeks to be a Hierophant must not dwell in cities. He may begin his initiation in a city; but he cannot complete it there. For he must not breathe the dead and burnt air. In a city you respire air upon which the flame has passed; you breathe fire and it consumes your blood. The man who seeks all power must be a wanderer, a dweller in the plain and the garden and in the mountains. He must seek the sun and the breath of night. He must commune with the moon, and maintain direct contact with the great electric currents of the unburnt air, and with the unpaved grass and earth of the planet. It is in unfrequented places—in lands such as that of the East, where the abominations of Babylon are unknown, and where the magnetic chain between earth and heaven is strong—that the man who seeks power, and who would achieve the great work, must accomplish his initiation.

“The ‘number’ of the human microcosm is Thirteen: four for the outward body, four for the sidereal body, four for the soul, and one for the Divine Spirit. For although the Spirit is triune, yet it is one, and can be but one, because it is God, and God is One. At the

Last Supper, therefore, in which the Magians symbolise the Banquet of the Microcosm, there are twelve apostolic elements and one Christ. But if one of the elements be disobedient and a traitor, the Spirit is quenched and death ensues."

We discussed these latter illuminations together during the day following the receipt of them, and Mary found certain points which perplexed her by their seeming to be at variance with their predecessors. She therefore formulated the following questions, and in the evening received, in trance, the answers, which I took down at her dictation :—

Question. " You have previously told us that Humanity is threefold, consisting of the Spirit, which is the Life ; the Astral Fluid, which is the Soul ; and the Body, which is the outer envelope. Now you say that it is fourfold, and that the soul is not the astral fluid, but is contained in it, and may be consumed by it. How are these statements to be reconciled ? "

Answer. " The outer envelope of the macrocosm and microcosm alike, which is represented by Demeter, is in reality not elemental at all, but is a compound of the other three elements. Her fertility is due to the ' Water,' and her transmutory or chemical power to the ' Fire.' The ' Water ' is the soul or protoplasma, which is put forth by Deity and constitutes the individual. Nor are you to look on Fire as a true element, for Fire is to the body what Spirit is to the Soul. As the soul is without the divine life until vivified by the Spirit, so the body, earth, or matter is without physical life in the absence of ' Fire.' No matter is really dead matter, for the fire-element is in all matter ; but matter would be ' dead '—that is, would cease to exist as matter—if motion were suspended, which is, if there were no fire. For as wherever there is motion there is heat, and consequently fire, and motion is the *condition* of matter, so without fire would be no matter.

" In describing soul as astral fluid, I meant to imply that the soul is manifest by the astral fluid ; for the Soul itself is, like the Idea, invisible and intangible. You will see the meaning by following out the genesis of any particular action. The stroke of the pen on paper is the phenomenon ; that is, the outer body. The action which produces the stroke is the astral body, and, though physical, is not a thing, but is a transition or medium between the result (the stroke) and its cause (the idea). The idea manifested in the act is not physical but mental, and is the soul of the act. But even this is not the first cause ; for the idea is put forth by the will, and this is the spirit. Thus, you will an idea as God wills the microcosm. The real body, or immediate result, is the astral body ; while the phenomenal body, or ultimate form, is the effect of motion and heat. If you could arrest motion, you would have as the result Fire, and thereby would convert Demeter into Hephaistos. But fire itself also is material, since it is visible to the outer sense, as is the earth-body. But it has many degrees of subtlety. The astral or odic substance, therefore, is not the soul itself, but is the medium or

manifestor of the soul, as the Act is of the Idea. If, however, the phrase misleads you, it is better to modify it as thus :—

“ The Act is the *condition* of the Idea, in the same way as fire, or incandescence, is the *condition* of any given object. Light is of Spirit ; Heat is of Matter. Water is the result of the operation of Wisdom, the mother, or oxygen, and Justice, the father, or hydrogen. Air is the result of the mixture, not combination, of Wisdom and Force. These two are properly elements. They are Soul and Spirit. But Earth is not, properly speaking, an element at all. She is the result of the water and the fire, and her rocks and strata are either watery or igneous. She is water and air fused and crystallised. Fire also—the real maker of the body—is a mode and a condition, and not a true element. See, then, that the only real and true and permanent elements are Air and Water, Spirit and Soul, Will and Idea, Divine and Substantial Father and Mother. And out of these all the elements of earth are made by the *condition* of matter, which is—interchangeably—Heat and Motion.

“ Wisdom, Justice, and Force, or Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Azoth, are the Three out of which the two true elements are produced. But Water is a combination ; Air is a mixture. Wherefore the only two real entities, Water and Air, are unreal to the phenomenal, while the untrue elements, Earth and Fire, or Body and Electric Fluid, are real in the phenomenal.”

The following is an instruction received by Mary in pursuance of some conversation we had held together on certain aspects of heredity :—

“ As the Water of the Nile makes the land of Egypt, so the Soul makes the Body. And as the Body propagates and continues itself in such wise that our bodies are the bodies of our ancestors, so also is the Soul self-perpetuating. But while the body of the son is the body of the father or mother, or some remoter ancestor, the Soul is father to itself alone, and pre-exists. If a man suffer in the body, he suffers often not for his own fault, but for the sin of his parents, and the wise and skilled physician knows that he treats his patient for the diseases of his ancestors, just such treatment being needful for the son as the father would have needed to heal his self-induced disease.”

Mary was much exercised at this time on the question of Justice, as relating to such “ visiting of the sins of the parents upon the children.” For Justice was her especial passion, a circumstance which she connected with her being born under the influence of the constellation *Libra*. No problems harassed her so much as those which turned on this attribute. She felt that Justice must be the law of the universe, otherwise it could not hold together for a moment. But she craved the intellectual confirmation of the intuitional conviction. And at present she was unable to reconcile such a statement as the above with

justice, and eagerly sought for light on the most vital question. As the event proved, the above instruction was designed rather to whet than to satisfy her desire, in view of an early revelation which should do the latter.

On the evening of December 20 I took down the following as she repeated it while under illumination. It had no relation to anything then in our minds, but was most valuable :—

“ A true Idea is the reflect of a true Substance. Religious Ideas are true ideas, and, being such, they are common to all ages of history and to all peoples, the difference being one of expression merely, and due to the variation of density and character of the magnetic atmosphere through which the image passes. The fact that every nation in every age has conceived in some shape of the Gods constitutes of itself a proof that the Gods really are. For Nothing projects no image upon the magnetic light ; and where an image is universally perceived, there is as certainly an object which projects it. An Idea, inborn, ineradicable, constant, which sophism, or ridicule, or false science has power to break only, but not to dispel ; an image which, however disturbed, invariably returns on itself and re-forms, as does the image of the sky or the stars in a lake, however the reflecting water may be momentarily shaken by a stone or by a passing vessel,—such an image as this must be, and we know it necessarily is, the reflection of a real and true thing, and no illusion begotten of the water itself.

“ In the same manner the constant idea of the Gods, persistent in all minds in all ages, is a true image ; for it is verily, and in no metaphoric sense, the projection upon the human perception of the Eidola of the Divine Persons. The Eidolon is the reflection of a true object in the magnetic atmosphere ; and the magnetic atmosphere is a transparent medium through which the Soul receives sensations. For Sensation is the only means of Knowledge, whether for the Body or the Reason. The Body perceives by means of the five avenues of Touch. The Soul perceives, in like manner, by the same sense, but of a finer sort, and put into action by subtler agents. The Soul can know nothing not perceptible ; and nothing not perceptible is real. For that which is Not can give no Image. Only that which *Is* can be reflected.”

Same date as the foregoing :—

Mary, still speaking in the lucid state, said to me :—“ I have a strong recommendation to you to continue your novel, and am shown a book, on an easel, of which the title is ‘ Alethæa.’ It is the heroine’s name, and occurs frequently in the book. The father, who is a Frenchman [as I had actually made him], is a Greek scholar, and therefore not unlikely to give her such a name. She represents the Intuition. The phrase given you formerly (*Usque ad Aras*) may stand for a secondary title or for a motto. Our Genii seem to imply that they will help you if you begin. The idea of lecturing is good, and you may do well to carry on both your books at the same time.

“ My Genius says that nothing of much importance can be done by us before the Spring, on account of the state of the Earth’s magnetic currents. So that we must work on without being disappointed at the smallness of the results. They repeat several times that we must wait till the Spring. But in the meantime we should seek publicity, but must depend on ourselves and make ourselves known in our own way. I am shown a large room having silver walls, and all over them is written the words, ‘ Be bold ; be brave.’ And I see your Genius holding the end of a long golden chain of which a link is broken. She says it will be mended in the Spring.

“ I see a truth which I find difficult to put into words. It is that all matter is, in its nature, a mode of being of heat. For matter is apparent by motion, and motion arrested is convertible into heat. Consequently the electric fire, of which all things are made, is the begetter of material substance, and in an inner sense is kabalistically spoken of as Mammon. Gold is an electrically formed substance. And Gold is the master of material things, and the symbol and measure of them.”

The renewed advice to finish my novel found no responsive echo in me, eager as Mary was that I should consent. I never could write anything to my satisfaction unless I felt it to be the supreme thing to be done at the moment. And the supreme thing for me then was our spiritual work. I was intent on fathoming all the mysteries of the soul and of existence at large, and nothing could compare with that in importance. Mary was differently constituted. Her system was larger than mine, and less compacted into a unity. This gave her a versatility which I did not possess. Besides, it was evident to me that she herself was the character indicated as that of my heroine, and I neither sufficiently understood that character yet to draw it—my analysis was not far enough advanced for me to make a synthesis—nor was I possessed of a sufficiently realistic knowledge of life. I had, moreover, a strong impression that the advice tendered came, not from our true Genii, but from the kindly Elementals whom they occasionally employed to communicate with us. Finding me averse to the idea, they dropped the matter, not again to moot it. And our next illuminations were evidently given in response to our respective needs. The following was given through Mary in commencement of a long succession of instructions, continued at intervals over some months, concerning the genesis and nature of the soul, in satisfaction of my craving for light on that subject. As they are given in full in *Clothed with the Sun*, I will not reproduce them here, saving only the commencement, which was given through Mary on the

evening of Christmas Day 1880, when, in reply to my questions, she spoke under illumination as follows :—

“ The soul in its first beginning is not something added to the body, but is generated in the body by the polarisation of the astral elements. Once generated, it enters and passes through many bodies until finally perfected.

“ As there are two of the outer, so also of the inner. The two of the inner are Spirit and Soul. In the translation of the Scriptures the word Spirit is often used where Soul is meant ; for only the man created in God’s own image is a ‘ living soul ’—that is, a soul which has the spirit superadded to it.

“ The soul, being in its nature eternal, passes from one form to another until, in its highest stage, it polarises sufficiently to receive the Spirit. It is in all organised things. Nothing of an organic nature exists without a soul. It is the individual, and perishes utterly if abandoned of the Spirit.

“ But do not ask me such deep questions just now ; for I cannot see clearly, and it hurts me to look. The atmosphere is thick with the blood shed for the season’s festivities. The astral belt is everywhere dense with blood. My Genius says that if we were in some country where the conditions of life were purer, we could live in continued communication with the spiritual world. For the earth here whirls round as in a cloud of blood like red fire. He says distinctly and emphatically that the salvation of the world is impossible while people nourish themselves on blood. The whole globe is like one vast charnel-house. The magnetism is intercepted. The blood strengthens the bonds between the Astrals and the Earth. I see my Genius a long way off, as if at the top of a ladder. We shall have to wait until the magnetic condition has cleared. This time, which ought to be the best for spiritual communion, is the worst, on account of the horrid mode of living. Pray wake me up. I cannot bear looking. For I see the blood and hear the cries of the poor slaughtered creatures.”

Here her distress became so extreme that she wept bitterly, though I lost no time in recalling her ; and some days passed before she fully recovered her composure.

Among the characteristics which made the conditions of life so hard for her was the loathing excited by the sight and odours of a butcher’s shop. Rather than pass near one when going through the streets, she would make a detour into the road at imminent risk of being run over, to escape the view of its contents and the emanations coming from it, which to her sensitive system were as poison.

Before the year closed it brought for me the following curious experience, which was shortly followed by a remarkable sequel :—

I found myself at night, between waking and sleeping, in a cave like a chamber or gallery which had evidently been cut out of the rock, and was roofed with wooden beams, and seemed otherwise made for a dwelling-place, though of a primitive and rough kind. Wondering where I was, I made an examination of the rock in order to ascertain by its structure what part of the world I was in, and at what period of my existence I had lived where there was such a geological formation; and in order the better to see, I went to the end of the chamber where it opened upon the light, thinking to myself that, if it was a quartz sandstone, it must be in Australia, where I had lived in that formation; if granite or gold-bearing rock, California, where I had lived in that formation. But as it was neither of these, I sought farther back in my history for the time when I had lived among a rock of this kind. What this was I presently discovered, for as my eyes got used to the light, I recognised it as limestone; and then, casting about in my memory as to when and where I had ever lived among limestone and in a cavern, my recollection went back as with a sudden leap to Egypt. Whereupon I rushed into the open to survey the neighbourhood, and found myself standing on an elevated plateau of limestone, exclaiming, "Egypt! Egypt!" while spread before me was the valley of the Nile, then in flood, with the city of Thebes, its giant temples and statues, in full view; and from all sides there came oozing up through the peat-like surface of the ground below more and more water to swell the flood. And presently, as recollection after recollection recurred to me, of places and events of which in my present life I had no experience, but which seemed to be spread out over a vast period of time comprising many lives, over which I was able to range both backwards and forwards, distinguishing each life from the others, the voice of Mary, attired like myself as a man, but none the less herself, standing at my side, said, pointing to Thebes, "That is the place of our early initiations." Whereupon, returning to my normal consciousness, I greatly wondered at the manner in which the water oozed up through the soil, as if squeezed out of a sponge, instead of spreading over the surface from the river; and I determined to take the first opportunity of verifying my vision by ascertaining whether or not there is a limestone range overlooking Thebes from a few miles' distance, and containing galleries, natural or excavated, fitted for a dwelling-place. As will be seen, but a very short time passed when my wish was gratified, and the coveted verification vouchsafed in a manner as satisfactory as it was unanticipated.

CHAPTER XIX

CONTINUOUS ILLUMINATIONS

THE sense of anticipation and responsibility with which we entered upon the year 1881 was of the keenest and profoundest. It was the year announced in so many prophecies as the pivot upon which the world's destinies hinged, the turning-point between that old and that new dispensation, the former of which had been divinely condemned as "evil and adulterous," and the latter indicated as introducing the kingdom of heaven on earth. Understanding that the event to take place was of such a nature as to constitute the dealing of its death-blow to the system, materialistic and idolatrous, hitherto prevailing in Church, State, and society; religion, science, and convention, we made this the criterion of the fulfilment of the prophecies in question, and saw in the first formulation and promulgation of the doctrine committed to us an event which would satisfy the conditions. Thus far that doctrine was fragmentary, and before it could be propounded to others it must be woven into a system at once logical, coherent, luminous, and inexpugnable. To say which is to say that the products of the "Woman" Intuition, whose office is Interpretation, must be submitted to manipulation of the "Man" Intellect, whose office is Manifestation, and by him adapted for promulgation to a world in which the intuition is well-nigh extinct and the intellect alone is active, though not free through its bondage to the sense-nature.

Stupendous as was the task before us and brief the time in which to accomplish it, and weak and suffering as we still were from the toils and ordeals and wounds of the conflicts we had gone through, we were none the less hopeful and confident of the ability of the powers directing us to accomplish their purpose through us. They had promised that the spring

would bring the needed renovation to myself, and they had given too many proofs of their power to fulfil their promises for us to doubt them. Meanwhile, as if expressly to depress our vitality and test our faith, the winter had set in with a severity which rivalled that of its predecessor, and we were precluded from combating it in the same way. The ice, indeed, was almost at our doors, for the Serpentine was frozen well-nigh to the bottom, but the conditions of using it were prohibitory, even had I still possessed the force requisite. My colleague was far too precious and fragile an article to be exposed to the perils of a crowded London ice-rink, and so we made the reading-room of the British Museum our recreation-ground, and found at once instruction and delight in exploring the records of the past for the verifications they afforded beyond aught that we had anticipated in confirmation of our own experiences and results. Nor were we unmindful of our clients, the victims of scientific cruelty. For we lost no time in joining the committee of the Society to which we already belonged, the "International," and our work on this behalf took equal rank with our spiritual work, in accordance with the instruction that the redemption we were to accomplish comprised "both man and beast."

Among the friends who found us out were two with whom we had made acquaintance in Paris. These were the artist John Varley and his wife, also an artist, in whose meeting and marriage Mary had been largely instrumental. Her acquaintance with Mary had been preceded by a singular incident. While yet a girl living in Ireland, sorely perplexed by religious difficulties and longing to be a painter, but without the smallest prospect of realising her ambition, she had been assured by a "wise woman" that she would some day go to Paris, where she would find what would satisfy all her cravings. For she would there study painting, and would meet one of her own sex who would change the whole course of her life, both domestic and religious. And such proved to be exactly the result of her friendship with Mary. For through her she found both a husband and a faith which satisfied her, besides becoming an artist.

Like his celebrated grandfather, Varley was astrologer as well as artist, and at his instigation Mary turned her attention to the former subject, reading for the purpose the writings

of the noted English astrologer of the seventeenth century, William Lilly, whose predictions of the great fire of London had led to his being tried for complicity in it. The subject was entirely new to us both. It possessed little attraction for me, my objection being strong to what seemed to me its inevitable fatalism. Mary, though not blind to this weak point in it, as we regarded it, was at once fascinated by the study to an extent which was only accounted for by the sequel. For she had read but a few pages of Lilly's book, when, as if it had been put into her hands expressly in order to evoke her own dormant memories both of the science itself and of her own past existences, the experience was given to her which forms the theme of the following entry in her Diary. It will be remembered that she had been much exercised of late by her inability to reconcile what we had been told about the transmission of liabilities from ancestor to descendant with her sense of justice. It will be seen how perfect an exposition was then given us of that which a year or two later we learnt to call by its Hindoo name, "Karma," of which at this time we had never heard:—

"*January 14, 1881. (Full moon.)*

"I found myself last night in a small, low-ceilinged room at the top of an old house. Opposite to me, at a square table, in a black robe, sat a man whom I recognised as William Lilly, the astrologer. He was casting my horoscope, and we held the following conversation about it:—

"'I have,' said he, 'but a very indifferent account to give you as regards fortune and worldly success. It is true that every man and woman, however contemptible and mean may be their actual position in life, have at least one course open by their natal influences by pursuing which they would gain fortune, honour, or success. With some persons this course is a virtuous, with others it is a vicious one. Now the Rulers of your Nativity indicate clearly one path in which you would have met with brilliant success and immense wealth. The course is, however, an evil one. It is the career of the Harlot. I find that course so plainly indicated for you, and the signs so manifest, that I can from them and from their position in the various Houses, trace no inconsiderable part of the Fortune which awaited you in that career. You would have been a second Aspasia, a second Ninon de L'Enclos; and your fascination over men would have been due less to your beauty of person than to your intellect and political acumen. For you would have been the mistress of the most powerful men of the time. And chief among these there appears a man who by means of you would have acquired enormous political importance in Europe. He is a man of much consequence now; but he will never be what he would have been through you.

He is an Austrian. As a Courtesan you would have travelled much and continually in many different parts of the world, chiefly with the statesmen, princes, and dignitaries of the court and other political personages, on secret missions of importance. And your peculiar talents and fascinations would have been employed by these men to accomplish their objects. One of your lovers—the Austrian noble already mentioned—would have been faithful to you from your first alliance with him, and, in spite of your numerous connections with others, would never have deserted you, but would have been ever your devoted and loving friend, your chief comfort and confidant. Your life would have been one of unprecedented luxury, success, and fortune; and though your health would not have been robust, you would never have suffered from any distinct malady such as the diseases to which you are now prone, the cause of which is due to your having thwarted your destiny.

“ ‘ You took the first fatal step when you contracted marriage. No marriage could have been fortunate for you, because the Rulers of your Nativity were in a most extraordinary degree favourable to harlotry, and therefore opposed to marriage. It was destined, therefore, that your married life should cease immediately after the birth of your only child, because this act of motherhood was your second fatal step. The malady which has been the chief curse of your life, and which will be your chief hindrance throughout life, and the cause ultimately of your death, was contracted on your wedding-day, because all your Rulers are strongly unfavourable to marriage.

“ ‘ Your horoscope has nothing for you but misfortune so long as you persist in a virtuous course of life; and, indeed, it is now too late to adopt another. I speak herein according to your Fortune, not in regard to your Inner life. With this I have no concern. I tell you what is forecast for you on the material and actual planisphere of your Nativity.

“ ‘ It was fore-ordained that you should be successful in all deceitful and delusive arts. When, therefore, you speak truth, you will be credited with lies.

“ ‘ It was fore-ordained that you should be luxurious and addicted to the use of all manner of sweet and cleanly perfumes, baths and anointments, which render the body fragrant and pure. You will, therefore, in opposing your destiny, be extraordinarily apt to contract all manner of such filthy complaints as accompany poverty, dirt, and the reverse of the condition to which your Rulers destined you. Unclean insects and impure diseases may pursue you, and you may fall a prey to one or the other.

“ ‘ As you were destined to Incontinence, the world will not believe in your chastity, even though you be chaste. But you will be pursued by suspicion and avoided by persons of character under the belief that you are what, according to your destiny, you should have been. And this with shame, since you persist in virtue; whereas, had you adopted the Fortune set before you, you would have had honour and renown in your unchastity.’

“ ‘ Is there, then,’ I asked, ‘ no career in which I might have succeeded with virtue—as a painter, for instance?’

“ ‘ No,’ he returned; ‘ for your sex would have prevented you from opportunities of fame.’

“ ‘ As a poet, then ? ’

“ ‘ The same answer applies. But you might have succeeded as an actress, though not greatly, for the Ruler of your health is against it, and you needed more variety than this would have given you. And there are yet other reasons against it.’

“ ‘ Shall I, then, be ever unfortunate ? ’

“ ‘ I see nothing but misfortune before you. Yea, if you persist in virtue, it is not unlikely that you may be stripped of all your worldly goods, and of all you possess. And this evil fortune will follow your nearest associates. If I have any practical advice to offer, it is that you should save much, even at the expense of present privation, and that your associate should do likewise, for I see evil times threatening you. Make, therefore, no outlays, and deny yourselves in all possible things.’

“ ‘ Can I never overcome this evil prognostic ? ’

“ ‘ Only by outliving the time appointed for your natural life as a Courtesan. But this time is many years hence, and you will have much and terrible trouble first.

“ ‘ My advice is, further—Steel yourself ; learn to suffer ; become a Stoic ; care not. If Infortune be yours, make it your Fortune. Let Poverty become to you Riches. Let Loss be Gain. Let Sickness be Health. Let Pain be Pleasure. Let evil report be good report. Yea, let Death be Life. Fortune is in the Imagination. If you believe you have all things, they are truly yours.’

“ ‘ Tell me,’ I said, ‘ why certain kinds of life, even vicious ones, are indicated by the Rulers of Nativities as the only ones in which the Native will find prosperity.’

“ ‘ Because,’ he replied, ‘ every man makes his own fate, and nothing is more true than the saying that “ Character is destiny.” It is by their own hands that the lines of some fall in pleasant places, of some in vicious, and of some in virtuous ones. So that there is in it nothing arbitrary or unjust. But in what manner soever a soul conduct itself in one incarnation, by that conduct, by that order of thought and habit, it builds for itself its destiny in a future incarnation. It should not be concealed from you that in most of your numerous previous incarnations you have pursued habits of luxury and free living. These have been dear to you ; and the soul is therefore enchained by these pre-natal influences which irresistibly force it into a new Nativity at the time of such conjunction of planets and signs as oblige it into certain courses and incline it strongly thereto. But if the soul oppose its will to these influences and adopt some other course, it brings itself under a curse for such period as the planets and ruling signs of that incarnation have power.’

“ At this point I beheld my Genius standing behind Lilly, and having his hand on his right shoulder, his eyes meanwhile being fastened on me.

“ ‘ You will scarcely comprehend this,’ continued Lilly, whom, all the time, I could not help fancying to be Hermes in disguise, as I have so often seen him, ‘ if you do not understand the process of Incarnation, and the method by which the soul takes new forms. It is this :—

“ ‘ When two persons ally themselves in the flesh and beget a child,

the moment of impregnation is usually—though not invariably—the moment which attaches a soul to the newly conceived body. Hence, much depends upon the influences, astral and magnetic, under which impregnation and conception take place. The pregnant woman is the centre of a whirl of magnetic forces, and she attracts within her sphere a soul whose previous conduct and odic condition correspond either to her own or to the magnetic influences under which she conceives. This soul, if the pregnancy continues and progresses, remains attached to her sphere, but does not enter the embryo until the time of quickening, when it usually takes possession of the body, and continues to inhabit it until the time of delivery. A pregnant woman is swayed not by her own will alone, but as often by the will of the soul newly attached to her sphere; and the opposition and cross-magnetisms of these two wills often occasion many strange and seemingly unaccountable whims, alternations of character, and longings, on the part of the woman. Sometimes, however, the moment of impregnation or conception passes without attracting any soul, and the woman may even carry a false conception for some time, in which cases abortion occurs. There are innumerable accidents which may happen in this regard. Or, the soul which has been attracted to her may, under new influences, be withdrawn from her sphere, and from the embryo, which, having quickened, may consume away; or, the soul originally drawn to her orbit may be replaced later by another, and so forth. Some clairvoyant women have been conscious of the soul attached to them, and have seen it, at times as a beautiful infant, at times in other shapes. Children begotten by ardent and mutual love are usually the best and healthiest, spiritually and physically, because the radical moment is seized by love, when the astral and magnetic influences are strongest and most ardent, and they attract the strongest and noblest souls.'

“ Here I said, ‘ Tell me the origin and nature of the soul, clearly and fully, whence it comes, and how it passes from one body to another.’ And he said :—

“ ‘ The plane on which the celestials and the creatures touch each other is the astral plane. The substance of all created things is the begetter alike of body and soul. The soul is formed by polarisation of the elements of the astral body, and it is a gradual process; but when once formed it is an entity capable of passing from one body to another. Imagine the magnetic forces of innumerable elements directed and focussed to one centre, and streams of electric power passing along all their convergent poles to that centre. Imagine these streams so focussed as to create a fire in that central part,—a kind of crystallisation of magnetic force. This is the soul. This is the sacred fire of Hestia or Vesta, which burns continually. The body and person may fall away and disappear; but the soul, once begotten, is immortal until its perverse will extinguish it. For the fire of the soul, or central hearth, must be kept alive by the higher air or Divine Breath, if it is to endure for ever. It must converge, not diverge. If it diverge it will be dissipated. The end of progress is unity; the end of degradation is division. The soul, therefore, which ascends tends more and more to union with the Divine.

“ ‘ And this is the manner thereof. Conceive of God as of a vast spiritual body constituted of many individual elements, but all these elements as having one will, and therefore being one. This condition of oneness with the Divine Will and Being constitutes the celestial Nirvâna. Again, conceive of the degraded soul as dividing more and more until at length it is scattered into many, and ceases to be as an individual, being, as it were, split and broken up, and dispersed into many pieces. This is the Nirvâna of the Amen, or annihilation of the individual.’

“ ‘ Whence,’ I asked, ‘ is the supply of new souls for men’s bodies, whereby the population of the earth is continually being increased ? ’ And he said :—

“ ‘ Souls, as you know, work up from animals and plants ; for it is in the lowest forms of organic life that the soul is first engendered. Formerly the way of escape for human souls was more open and the path clearer, because, although ignorance of intellectual things abounded among the poorer sort, yet the knowledge of divine things and the light of faith were stronger and purer. Wherefore the souls of those ages of the world, not being enchained to earth as they now are, were enabled to pass more quickly through their avatârs, and but few incarnations sufficed where now many are necessary.

“ ‘ For in these days the ignorance of the mind is weighted by materialism instead of being lightened by faith. It is sunk to earth by love of the body and by atheism, and excessive care for the things of sense. And being crushed thereby, it lingers long in the atmosphere of earth, seeking many fresh lodgments, and so multiplies bodies.

“ ‘ And, furthermore, you must not conceive of Creation, or the putting-forth of things, as an act once accomplished and then ended. For the celestial Olympus is continually creating and continually becoming. God never ceases giving of God for God’s creatures. This also is the mystery of the divine incarnation and oblation. The celestial substance is continually individuating itself that it may build itself up into one perfect individual. Thus is the circle of life accomplished, and thus its ends meet the one with the other.

“ ‘ You have asked me—“ How, if the planet consist of body, peri-soul, soul, and spirit, can there be born of it entities which are not, like it, fourfold, but threefold or even twofold, as are minerals and severed parts of bodies, things made by art, and the like ? ” I answer you that your error lies in looking on the planet as a thing apart from its offspring. Certainly, the planet is fourfold, and certainly also its offspring is fourfold. But of its offspring some lie in the astral region only, and are but twofold ; and some in the watery region, and are but threefold ; and some lie in the human region, and are fourfold. The body and peri-soul are the metallic and gaseous envelope of the planet. The organic region composes its soul, and the human region its spirit, or divine part. For when it was but metallic, it had no soul. When it was but organic, it had no spirit. But when man was made in the image of God, then was its spirit breathed into its soul. Now, the metals have no soul ; therefore they are not individuals. And not being individuals, they cannot transmigrate. But the plants and animals have souls. They are individuals, and do transmigrate and progress. And man has

also a spirit ; and so long as he is man—that is, truly human—he cannot redescend into the body of an animal, or of any creature in the sphere beneath him, since that would be an indignity to the spirit. But if he lose his spirit, and become again animal, he may descend—yea, he may become altogether gross and horrible, and a creeping and detestable thing, begotten of filth and corruption. This is the end of persistently evil men. For God is not the God of creeping things, but Baal Zebub¹ is their God. And there was none of these in the Age of Gold ; neither shall there be any when the earth is fully purged. O Men ! your exceeding wickedness is the creator of your evil beasts ; yea, your filthy torments are your own sons and abominable progenitors !

“ ‘ Remember that there is but one substance. Body, sidereal body, soul, and spirit, all these are one in their essence. And the first three are differentialities of polarisation. The fourth is God’s Self. When the Gods put forth the world, they put forth substance with its three potentialities, but all three in the condition of odic light. I have called the substantial light sometimes the sidereal body, sometimes the peri-soul ; and this because it is both. For it is that which makes, that which becomes. It is fire, or the human spirit (not the divine), out of which and by which earth and water are generated. It is the fiery manifestation of soul, the magnetic factor of the body. It is space ; it is substance ; it is foundation. So that from it proceed the gases and the minerals, which are soulless, and also the organic world, which hath a soul. But man it could not make. For man is fourfold and of the divine ether or upper air, which is the province of Zeus, Father of Gods and men.’ ”

“ Now, as I was about to quit the laboratory of my teacher, I perceived on a table a pile of books, and opening the topmost, behold ! it was our Bible of Interpretation !

“ ‘ You also have these Scriptures ! ’ I cried.

“ ‘ Yes,’ said he ; ‘ but I keep them for myself alone.’ ”

“ ‘ And why so,’ I asked, ‘ since, if you have them, they are for the learning of others likewise ? Will you not rather communicate these saving truths to thirsty souls ? ’ ”

“ ‘ I will communicate them,’ said he, fixing his eyes on me intently, ‘ when I can find Seven Men who for forty days have tasted no flesh, whose hands have shed no blood, and whose tongues have tasted of none.’ ”

“ ‘ But if you find not Seven ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Then, mayhap, I shall find Five.’ ”

“ ‘ And if not Five ? ’ ”

“ ‘ Then, maybe, I shall meet with Three.’ ”

“ ‘ But even this may be hard to find. And if you should not meet with Three, what then will you do ? ’ ”

“ ‘ One Neophyte would not be able to protect himself.’ ”

Always keen to detect and resent any disparagement of her sex, she remarked, she told me, a peculiar emphasis on the

¹ Subsequently explained to us as denoting impurity, or the active principle in putrefaction and corruption.

word "Men," as pronounced by her teacher, which seemed to imply that he used it in a particular and mystic sense, such as that intended in the exhortation addressed to us by Hermes on the occasion of Oliphant's visit to us in Paris, wherein by "Man" was meant, not man as opposed to woman, but those who, whether men or women, have both sides of humanity, the masculine and the feminine on the planes mental, moral, and spiritual, unfolded and equilibrated in such wise as to be capable of knowledge and understanding in respect of all truth. Only when thus conditioned is man fully and truly man, and competent to represent the whole humanity.

She declared of her horoscope that it perfectly explained her to herself, and she had no difficulty in accepting the whole of it. Nor was I able to take exception to it even in respect of the disagreeable personal liabilities ascribed to her. For her sufferings from the enmity of the insect-world were such as to make her life a martyrdom, compelling a recourse to baths, perfumes, insectifuges, and other remedies and preventives to an extent which in ordinary cases would have been excessive. Yet, despite all the precautions observed in every detail of her household, dictated by a passion for cleanliness amounting almost to a mania, and accentuated by terror and disgust, it was rarely that a day passed without her finding herself compelled to the extremest measures to free herself from her tormentors. And this was not once or twice merely, but several times. And such was the fineness and sensibility of her skin that what to others would be but as a pin's-prick and a momentary pang was to her a torture lasting for days. For the same reason she would often walk until ready to drop with fatigue, rather than enter a public vehicle. She was wont to describe herself as a magnet to attract them, and to speak of it as a personal persecution, directed against her to make the conditions of life impossible for her. And now her horoscope informed her that it and her other abnormal liabilities were due to her Karma, or destiny, acquired through tendencies indulged in previous lives. And when, as will be seen, in the future practice of her profession, she found herself largely called on to treat corresponding ailments, she saw in it the hand of a self-induced destiny, and endeavoured to bear it unflinchingly as something to be endured and worked out with as much resignation as might be, but not escaped.

While for me the horoscope supplied the solution of sundry traits and utterances which had been enigmatical to me, I saw in it an invaluable statement of the doctrine of the duality of man's heredity, and therein a complete correction of the materialistic view; for it showed so clearly that, while we derive our exterior characteristics from our physical ancestors, we derive our interior characters and real self from our own past selves, and are what we have made ourselves as them; and that therefore we are permanent, and have our future characters and conditions in our hands, to mould according to the tendencies we encourage in the present.

Among the traits thus accounted for was her confessed capacity for passion, which, she declared, vastly exceeded her capacity for affection, excepting only where her animal pets were concerned, and for these she was constancy itself and invariable tenderness. Speaking one day, long before this explanation had come, of her incapacity for a lasting attachment to persons, she said, laughing, that nothing surprised her so much as the duration of her association with me, as she felt herself to be so inveterately inconstant to persons that she could account for it only as due to some higher and overruling impulsion; and that, had the tie been of any merely mundane kind, she felt sure she must have broken it.

We had not long to wait for the fulfilment of the utterance prognosticating distrust and enmity towards her on the part of others, especially of her own sex. An instance occurred forthwith which was the occasion of unspeakable vexation, even to imperilling the continued association indispensable to our work, showing that "Apollyon" was never at a loss for instruments whereby to pursue his fell purpose. In pursuance of the motion to make ourselves known for our work's sake, and of her strong desire to influence the leaders of her own sex, she sought of one of these a nomination for membership of an institution which was their chief headquarters, the first woman's club, then recently founded, and called the S. The lady in question, an author and a publicist of high repute and corresponding influence in society, and a spinster of mature age, was already for several years a friend of Mary's, being specially linked to her by their common enthusiasm on behalf of the rescue of the animals from their scientific tormentors, and up to quite recently

had corresponded with her in terms of unreserved affection and respect ; for it was no other than Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Her amazement therefore was as great as her distress was keen when she received for answer an abrupt refusal to act in any way as her sponsor in London, on the ground that, having a family and a home of her own, she had adopted a profession and a career which, in the writer's opinion, were incompatible with her domestic duties.

As this was an implication either that Mary had acted against her husband's wishes, or that she and her husband were incapable of managing their own affairs, she replied representing the facts of the case ; but as the response received was animated by a feeling so bitter as to show that the real motive was personal and the writer meant mischief, Mary at once referred the matter to her husband, who accordingly wrote to Miss Cobbe a strong rebuke, denouncing her conduct as in the highest degree impertinent, cruel, and wanton, inasmuch as every step taken by his wife had his full concurrence ; and that, in the event of any overt action to her detriment, he should deem it his duty to seek legal protection and redress.

The warning was disregarded, and we found ourselves confronted by obstacles of a nature altogether unanticipated, in the shape of a personal persecution of a most malignant kind, the result of which was seriously to affect Mary's position, social and professional, so unscrupulous and insidious were the devices resorted to, and their nature being such as to put legal interference out of the question. Of the real motive I was in no manner of doubt, having sufficient insight into the character of the persecutrix to recognise her as capable of indulging any amount of jealousy of one whose endowments bid fair to make her a formidable rival in the cause with which Miss Cobbe had identified herself ; and we had, moreover, ample testimony from others to the same effect. Meanwhile the incident disclosed to us a sad prospect of the conditions under which our work was to be accomplished. It is, however, for the sake of the sequel to it, rather than for that of the incident itself, that it is assigned a place in this history, instead of being consigned to the oblivion to which it would have been far more grateful to myself to have consigned it. Our anticipations, which were vivid, of the injury which would accrue to the anti-vivisection cause by

the division thus set up between its leading workers were fully justified by the event ; for the inaccuracies and misrepresentations by which that cause has been so seriously injured would all have been avoided had Mary's sound scientific knowledge and scrupulous exactitude been allowed their proper place in the conduct of the anti-vivisection crusade.

The correctness of my reminiscences of Egypt, so curiously recovered, as has been related, found unexpected confirmation on a visit paid by us at this time to the studio of our friends the Varleys. Egyptian scenery was then his speciality. Several of his paintings of that country were then in the studio, and in one of them, a view of Thebes, I instantly recognised the scene of my vision, every detail being exact, even to the distant range of limestone hills and the inundation of the Nile. And on my questioning him about the dwelling-caves in the hills and the manner in which the floods rise and spread, I learnt that the hills actually contain galleries of unknown antiquity, cut out of the limestone rock, roofed with beams, and otherwise fitted for residence, exactly as I had beheld them ; and also that, where the ground lies below the river-level, the water percolates through the banks, and oozes up at a distance through the soil, in the manner which had struck me as so curious. And of none of these features had I ever read or heard, but knew of them only by what I beheld in my vision of recollection.

The following experience will show how rigorous was the supervision continued to be exercised over us in respect of extraneous spirits, and the class of persons to whom we might impart the knowledges committed to us. Hearing that a subject of interest to us was about to be discussed at the Spiritualist Institute, and being desirous of seeing how it would be treated, and also of learning somewhat about the class and calibre of that body, I attended the lecture and joined in the conversation which followed it. But I had uttered only a few sentences of what I intended to say—the whole of which was quite clear in my mind—when all my ideas clean disappeared, as if wiped out, leaving me incapable of proceeding, so that I had no choice but to resume my seat with what apology I could frame for my sudden collapse. Some of the speakers who followed expressed their regret at my failure to say more, as the little I had said threw a new and needed light on the subject. And one of them,

accosting me afterwards, said, "Why did you not say more? We were greatly interested. But I see how it was; YOU WERE STOPPED." And such, indeed, was the case. I had been stopped, as we both had been stopped on the occasions already related, but without any of the concomitant sensations of distress then suffered. On reaching home, Mary's first words to me as I entered the room, and before I had spoken, were, "I have been charged, while you were out, to tell you that if you attempt to speak to spiritualists of the things given to us, *you will be stopped.*" Such was the commencement of our acquaintance with Mme. Isabel de Steiger, for she it was who had thus accosted me—an acquaintance which grew up into a valued friendship.

The experience about to be related was all the more striking because, for a considerable time, I had entirely withdrawn my thoughts from the subjects of it to concentrate them on my spiritual work. Not that I took no interest in matters political. I was a warm patriot where the true welfare of my country was concerned. But the insight given me respecting the persons who played the principal parts had so thoroughly revolted me that—being powerless to influence the course of public affairs—I turned my back on them. The event proved, however, that it was considered necessary for me to know the view of the situation taken in the spheres celestial, and the following vision was accordingly given me. I recorded it as follows:—

February 1 [1881].—In the early morning of the past night, being, I believe, asleep, I found myself in a vast building which I presently recognised as Westminster Hall. And as I stood on the steps which lead up to one of the law courts, which are on the right-hand side from the entrance, I observed in the centre of the hall a statue on a pedestal, both of which seemed to be of a light-grey stone; and remembering that I had never seen any statue there before, I looked at it with curiosity to see who it could be that had been deemed worthy of being thus commemorated in so distinguished a place. But before my glance had reached the face, it was arrested by the sight of two large labels depending from the waist, and bearing in graven characters, one the word "Judas," and the other "Pilate." Then continuing my glance upwards, with enhanced curiosity to see who it could be that was thus strangely labelled, and in a place the last conceivable for a practical joke, I found it was the living image of the Premier, Mr Gladstone, being more like him than even the original. The labels were so hung as to be visible also from the steps at the upper end of the hall, towards which the statue faced.

As I gazed with amazement, wondering what it could mean, there

flashed on my mind the recollection that, in my book of four years ago — *England and Islam* — I had been impelled to exhibit Mr Gladstone as enacting towards Turkey the part of Caiaphas towards Christ, by demanding its expulsion from Europe as a sacrifice for the benefit of Christendom, on the ground that if "it is good that one man die for the people," it is good that one nation suffer for the others, the parties in each case representing respectively the priest and the prophet, Mr Gladstone by his strong sacerdotal proclivities, and Turkey by its veneration for Mahomet. So that, by the addition of these two other characters, Mr Gladstone was shown me as being "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once," in that he was enacting towards the country, in the sphere of politics, the three characters at once of Caiaphas, Judas, and Pilate—false counsellor, betrayer, and unjust judge. And I took it for a prophecy of that which was in process of fulfilment, and certain to be fully accomplished.

All these reflections passed rapidly through my mind—the continuity between my consciousness of past and present being so unbroken as to make me doubtful whether it was a waking or a sleeping vision—and then my attention was drawn to the upper end of the hall. Here I noticed that the flight of steps which stretch across it had assumed the aspect of a stage; and upon that stage there presently stepped, coming as from behind the scenes to the right, the figure of Lord Beaconsfield. He wore his peer's dress, coronet, vest, knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, all except the robes; and thus attired, looked tall beyond his actual height and very gaunt. His face as he entered bore a look of wistful expectation, and he gazed about as if anticipating some gratifying surprise, of the precise nature of which he was unaware.

Another moment and he had caught sight of the effigy of his hated rival, and advancing to the extreme verge of the stage, bent forward over it, the better to inspect it and read the inscriptions; having done which, he stepped back and drew himself up to his full height, and then stalked up and down the stage almost on tiptoe, his countenance radiant with glee, and wearing an expression of triumph beyond description, sardonic and malignant. Then advancing to the front again, he pointed with both arms outstretched to the utmost towards the statue, and in a stage-whisper startlingly loud, distinct, and intense, exclaimed several times over, "Pilate! Judas! Both! Both! Judas! Pilate! Both! Both!" fairly pirouetting up and down the stage in an ecstasy of delight. Presently his attention was attracted by something at the opposite end of the hall; and, following his glance, I saw the door open and the form of Mr Gladstone himself enter and take up a position about midway between it and his statue, facing the latter, the back of which was towards him. He wore a court or some similar official costume, and the attitude he struck reminded me of the painting which represents Napoleon Buonaparte standing on the heights of St Helena, absorbed in contemplation; for the arms were crossed over the chest, the face was down-turned, and the eyes glanced upwards from beneath the brows at his effigy.

Meanwhile Lord Beaconsfield had quitted his position on the stage, and gliding swiftly and noiselessly as a meteor across the hall, without touching the ground, took his stand close by Mr Gladstone, and

commenced circling and almost dancing around him ; and then, pointing alternately to him and to his image, he exclaimed over and over again, with redoubled glee and bitterness of mockery, " Judas ! Pilate ! You ! You ! Traitor ! Executioner ! You ! You ! Both ! Both ! You ! You ! " And this he continued to do without ceasing so long as the vision lasted.

But neither by look, by gesture, nor by word did Mr Gladstone betray the smallest consciousness of his tormentor's presence, but kept his eyes steadfastly fixed on his effigy, absorbed in contemplating with anguish and remorse unspeakable his own spiritual self and history. For as he gazed and brooded his whole form writhed, and his face blanched as with an extremity of agony at the contrast he now recognised as subsisting between that which he had it in him to have been and to have done, had he but followed his better nature and higher impulses, and that which he had actually been and actually done. No spectacle could be imagined more painful than this one of a lapsed soul undergoing the awful penance of the consciousness of having turned his back upon its true ideal, like another Paris following the lower love, which was self-love, and bringing destruction upon his Troy, and enduring the while the taunts of the fiend who, as his evil genius, had lured him to his ruin. Nevertheless, it was clearly impressed upon me, as I looked, that his very ability thus to suffer was a demonstration of his salvability ; while, as for the other, he was an ingrained mocker, and as such was as clearly past praying for. In both cases that which I beheld was the very essence of the men, their own innermost spiritual selves, unveiled and undimmed by any material covering, so marvellously vivid were their portraitures as thus presented to my spiritual eyes. And never to this day has the vision faded or lost the sharpness of its outline, or that of the inextinguishable hate and malignant triumph of his foe. And when, some twelve or fourteen years later, there appeared in the Press an article analytic of Mr Gladstone's character and career from the pen of Auberon Herbert, entitled " A Soul in Ruins," I perceived that I was not the only seer of the time to whom such vision had been vouchsafed.

On seeking for some possible connection between this experience and the date of its occurrence, I recollected that, in having for its representative in the calendar Matthias, the successor of Judas, February is really the month of Judas ; and whereas of him it is said that " Judas by transgression fell, and so went to his own place," of February it happens that it falls into its place in the year by the transgression, or skipping over, of a day.

Regarding the vision as of prophetic nature, the interest was intense with which from that time forth I watched Mr Gladstone's downward career through the years which followed, by the ladder of which the chief steps have been his policy in regard to South Africa, Egypt, the Soudan, Ireland, the Church, and the Constitution, and his identification in all but the means with the party he had himself denounced as " steeped to the lips in treason, and marching through rapine to the dismember-

ment of the empire." And recalling the prophecy of Trithemius as recorded by "Eliphaz Levi"—whose own annotated copy of Trithemius has in the meantime, by a remarkable providence, come into my possession—that the reign of truth and justice, to spring from a new spiritual illumination to take place at this very time, should have its rise among the people who held the keys of the East, which people should undergo a moral crucifixion to fit them for their high mission,—I could not but see in Mr Gladstone the destined instrument of such crucifixion, and in the triple character assigned him the token thereof; and in the event itself a merited punishment for the country which has allowed itself to be blinded to principles by the glamour of words.

Having no intimation respecting the use to be made of this prognostic, and being unwilling to incur the responsibility of withholding it, I sent copies to three or four newspaper editors, leaving it to their discretion to print it or not. The result was such as I anticipated, and as it would have been were I in their places. They one and all declined, some of them writing to me to express their concurrence in it, and their wish that they felt at liberty to use it.

One conversation which I held about it is worth relating, if only as a characteristic reminiscence of a notable man. Sir Francis Hastings Doyle was a member of my club. I had made his intimate acquaintance on a visit paid by us simultaneously to Lord Houghton at his place in Yorkshire—Fryston Hall. To him I related my vision the day after its occurrence. His first remark, uttered with his usual genial laugh, was that it was "rough on Pilate." After which he added that he had known Mr Gladstone all his life, having been at Eton and Oxford with him, and served as "best man" at his marriage; and that personally he was very much attached to him; but he had always felt that a worse man to govern the country could not possibly be, unless it were Lord Beaconsfield, and nothing made him think so ill of his countrymen as their allowing two such men to have over them the influence they had acquired.

When, in 1886, Mr Gladstone perpetrated his crowning blow at the integrity of the empire, by declaring for "Home Rule" in Ireland, I again placed my narrative at the disposal of the Press, but with the same result, only that the letters written

by the editors in reply were far more emphatic than before in their recognition of the truth of the delineation. And Sir Francis Doyle, recalling our former conversation, and the occasion of it, wound up his denunciation of the so-called Liberal leader with the remark—accompanied by one of his genial laughs—“And the worst of it is, he is so infernally robust.”

He had made no secret of his detestation of Mr Gladstone's policy, but had written strongly in the public Press in denunciation of it, otherwise I should not have cited him in this connection.

In her Diary, under date February 7, Mary wrote :—

“ I dreamt last night that I was walking with C. through a city. I carried in my arms a little child, my own, a beautiful child of two or three years old. We came to a place where a game with balls or bowls was being played—I don't know exactly what game, but it was played in a court having a slope on either side, down which the balls flew with great force and swiftness. There were no women playing; all were men. C. wished to join, and in spite of my begging him not to do so, as we had far to go and night was coming on, he insisted on taking a ball. I stood aside with the child in my arms to watch, when suddenly I heard a piercing scream, and, looking at the child, I saw that it had a terrible cut on the forehead, from which blood was running. It was C.'s ball which had rebounded from the spot to which it was thrown, and had struck the child. I thought it was killed, it looked so deathly white, and the bright red drops of blood trickled down its brow and fell on my dress. I cried out in terror and grief, ‘ My child is killed ! ’ Then telling the bystanders about me to let C. know I had gone home, I ran off into the town with the child to seek a surgeon, the blood covering my dress and hands and face as I repeatedly kissed the child. I remember no more, and believe I then woke.”

Taking this dream as intended for a prediction or a warning, as the case might be, of some disaster to Mary's faculty through an inadvertence on my part—though I was quite unable to conceive of myself as following any preference of my own in disregard of her expressed wish—I maintained a more careful watch than ever to avert it. It proved, however, to be a prophecy which was bound to be fulfilled do what I might, though not until some months later. The fulfilment, which may more conveniently be related here, in anticipation of its chronological place, was in this wise :—

It was during the delivery of our lectures, and Mary had received under illumination an exposition of the doctrine of the Logos, his nature and his relation to the Christ, in correc-

tion of the received ecclesiastical presentation. But as I found it, though perfectly clear and lucid in itself and to me, couched in terms somewhat recondite and abstruse for the generality, I was desirous to have an exposition more simply worded, and accordingly [while Mary was under illumination] made a remark to that effect, which remark I repeated on receiving from her an answer which seemed to imply a demur on her part. But, for some reason not at the time apparent to me, there instantly arose in her system a violent disturbance which I can liken only to a magnetic storm, which manifested itself in convulsive and almost hysterical sobbings most distressing to witness. And it was not until a considerable time had elapsed, and only with great difficulty, that I succeeded in soothing and calming her. This was no sooner accomplished than she was impelled to write what proved to be a private instruction to me. For it was effaced from her mind as soon as written, and she retained no consciousness of it afterwards, but only the sense of some severe distress, which, however, duly passed off. This was the writing, addressed to me :—

“ This is what I saw and heard.

“ An expansive flame and an ascending flame, and between you and me my Genius. And he had his face covered and his hands spread, and in one of them a little child wounded.

“ And he said, speaking with his face turned towards you :—

“ ‘ Can you trust for great things, and not for the lesser ? And shall the soul that informs of the inmost err in matters of expression ?

“ ‘ I have wrought a perfect instrument of music, and you have marred its strings. Is this the work of faith ?

“ ‘ When it shall be given to you to see and to hear, then heed your Angel. But as yet it is not given. Heed therefore that which is heard and seen.

“ ‘ For I have given to mine own a perfect ear and a seeing eye. Let these behold and perceive and judge for you.

“ ‘ Yea, let them judge between you, for she does not speak of herself.

“ ‘ Have I misled you that you should thrust me aside ? or have I spoken falsely that you should give me no heed ?

“ ‘ But the air about you is filled with wandering lights ; and the flame of the soul is poured out towards them like water.

“ ‘ How long will you give heed to these, and discern not the true from the false ?

“ ‘ And now almost had I withdrawn both myself and her from you ; for her child is wounded, and she is a viol unstrung.

“ ‘ Yea, I am angry. I am against you, for you have opposed me these three times.

“ ‘ And I know who opposes me, even the prince of the middle and lower airs ;

“ ‘ And the nature which has a misshapen form, a nature secretive and silent.

“ ‘ These are horses which run not together ; winds which blow contrary ways ; voices which have no unison.

“ ‘ And he who strikes has stricken with your hand ; and but for you he had been without power to harm.

“ ‘ But I take no heed of persons.

“ ‘ Beware lest you also put on Paul and wound the elder Apostle.

“ ‘ Is she not the elder to whom the Gods first spake—yea, from the beginning, and while she yet served in the Temple ?

“ ‘ And I, am I not always in my place, whether I speak in trance or at another hour ?

“ ‘ Yea, I am against you, I of the Red Wheel. I am against these wandering and diverse fires.

“ ‘ Neither shall they make common the Mysteries, nor scatter my pearls before the feet of men.

“ ‘ But half the loaf shall you divide, and the holy names you shall retain.

“ ‘ For if these be spoken save in the ear of the Elect, the Lord God shall divide you.

“ ‘ Hear the word that is given, and what you shall hear obey.

“ ‘ And the Gods shall give you the Word freely, in the lips of their own and of a woman.

“ ‘ It is the will of God, who respecteth no man’s person.

“ ‘ Who is the arbiter save God ? And who scattereth save the Spirit of the Abyss ?

“ ‘ By this shall you know him, in that he scattereth and teareth asunder the strings of my viol.

“ ‘ But she obeyeth when I spake, and she spoke not of herself.

“ ‘ Accuse those who beguile you.

“ ‘ For she is the minister of the Gods, and the Gods above all are just.

“ ‘ And she is your Elder and your Angel, who led you out, being blind, from the wilderness.

“ ‘ Be not deceived ; for I suffer not mine own to be deluded.

“ ‘ Neither is she led astray nor beguiled by false lights.

“ ‘ But return inwards, and they which are false shall be dissipated.

“ ‘ Are they not always deceivers, striking unawares ? ’ ”

For the rest of the day I was no less perplexed than distressed by this utterance. To its exaltation of Mary, her faculty, and her part in our work I took no exception. I was ready to bear any punishment awarded me, provided only that I recognised the justice of it. But I failed to see wherein my fault lay. Our work was before all else interpretative, and I had desired a clearer interpretation than the one vouchsafed. So that at most all that could be imputed to me was an excess of zeal. And yet I had been rebuked with a severity which could hardly have

been exceeded had my fault been wilful instead of accidental only, and such as it was scarcely possible for me to guard against. The very warning had been given no less than four months ago, and all that time I had not transgressed. I would not tax, even in my mind, the Genius with defect of knowledge or justice, but neither could I reconcile his sentence with these. Could it be that, knowing well only—as he had told us of himself—the things which concerned his own client, and of me only what my Genius chose to tell him, he had judged me not by the act itself, and its motive, but solely by the effect on her? Clearly it was only my own Genius who could solve my difficulty. But, as he had said, it was not yet given to me to see or to hear her save on the rare occasions when the utmost I had been able to gather was a few brief sentences.

My trouble, and the wakefulness caused by it, must have enhanced my sensitiveness. For I found myself in the course of the night listening to a voice which was speaking to me with great earnestness. I scarcely knew whether I was waking or sleeping, my whole attention being engaged in listening. And presently I recognised the speaker as my Genius, who was endeavouring to console and reassure me, but without giving me the explanation I wanted. This, I was made to understand, could not yet be divulged to me for the work's sake, excepting that it was one with which I should have no reason to be displeased when I knew it, but the contrary. It was not really with me that her fellow-Genius was so angry. He scarcely recognised me in the matter. And she was not allowed to tell him anything about me. He saw only the spirit of the Astral who was perpetually on the watch for an opportunity to strike at Mary's faculty through me, and he was vexed at its success in eluding my observation and effecting its purpose. The Astrals knew that our work meant the destruction of their influence over men, and it was impossible for me to be too watchful against their machinations. "You will remember," she concluded, "never again to question either the form or the substance of anything said by Mary while actually under illumination. The receptive and the critical attitudes of mind are then quite incompatible, and your remark was calculated to force her out of the former into the latter, to the great and even dangerous disturbance of her system; so extraordinary and so finely-strung

an instrument is she. Discuss with her afterwards if need be, but not then or immediately. Yes, YOU WILL REMEMBER!"

These last three words were spoken into my ear in a tone which, though unmistakably feminine, was a tone at once of entreaty, of promise, and of command, and so distinct and intense as to recall me suddenly to full consciousness, and cause me to start up and look round for the speaker; so certain did it seem that one capable of utterance so forceful to the hearing must be palpable to the sight. But I could not see anyone, though the words kept vibrating in my ear. And I recalled the statement that the sight which is capable of such vision is the last of the spiritual senses to be evolved, and the "client" of Mary's Genius is a much older soul than I. The limitation referred only to the waking condition. In sleep my spiritual vision was perfect, and not the minutest detail escaped me. But my Genius had never shown herself to me, even in sleep.

Meanwhile our explorations in the library of the British Museum were fruitful of verificatory correspondences to a degree beyond all anticipation. Not, indeed, so far as regarded the ordinary sources alone recognised in the curriculum of ecclesiastical training. For it seemed to us as if that curriculum had been devised expressly to exclude every branch and line of study which could throw real light upon the Christian *origines*. It was as if, in the interests of sacerdotalism, everything had been ignored that savoured of mysticism, meaning by the term whatever was interior, spiritual, and real, as distinguished from the exterior, material, and historical. With the exception of the Bible itself, which we recognised more and more as a depository replete with occult and mystic lore, hitherto unsuspected of its official exponents, who had played with the letter only and the form, the persons, events, and things material merely, and serving as types and symbols and vehicles of illustration, to the neglect of the principles, processes, and states, purely spiritual, denoted by them. With the exception of the Bible, our richest finds were among the Neoplatonists, the Gnostics, the Sufis, and above all the Hermetists, or students of the higher because the spiritual Alchemy. And among the things which struck us was the unvarying persistency with which the encyclopædias and manuals, and other text-books purporting to give the results of real, unbiassed research, one

and all, assumed the falsehood of the claims to mystical insight, occult knowledge, psychic faculties, and magical powers, and denounced the claimants as impostors, charlatans, enthusiasts, and plagiarists.

Our researches failed utterly to disclose to us as already existing in the world aught that was comparable to the revelations received by us, whether for fulness, profundity, coherence, lucidity, or beauty. So that it became manifest to us that we were obtaining in plenitude and perfection a sublime system of doctrine of which—if others had ever had it in full—only fragments and glimpses survive. And the very method, moreover, by which we were obtaining it constituted a practical demonstration of its truth, by reason of the process being that of psychic or intuitional recollection, and therein a demonstration of the reality and persistency of the soul, and of her ability to recover, in a later incarnation, the knowledges acquired by her in her past incarnations, and to communicate of them to her possessor. But of this explanation of the intuition, her nature and the source of her knowledges, we found nowhere any recognition save the few obscure hints contained in the Bible and Plato.

One of the historical characters in whom we were especially interested was Socrates, and we eagerly examined the account given by Plato of his Demon, to see how far his experiences coincided with our own. We had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the ministering spirit of Socrates was no true Genius, but only some ordinary extraneous spirit which had attached itself to him, after the manner familiar to the spiritualists of our time. For, while none of its utterances transcended the level of the ordinary, it indulged in trivialities altogether beneath the dignity of celestial beings, such as are those who claim to be our Genii.

The extraordinary correspondence in character, faculty, and experiences between Mary and Joan of Arc, and the part which had been enacted in our history by what purported to be the spirit of the latter, made the French heroine a subject of greater interest for us than even Socrates. But with every disposition on Mary's part to exalt Joan, she was unable to ascribe her inspirations to a source comparable with that of her own. For, while they savoured exclusively of extraneous

human spirits, their object—great as it was—was purely mundane : for which, indeed, such lower agency was alone adapted, as the deliverance to be accomplished by Joan was national and political, and not spiritual. The time, however, came when, as will be seen, the mystery was cleared up for us in a manner no less unanticipated than strange, and nevertheless wholly convincing.

Early in March, Mary received the Hymn to the Planet-God, Iacchos, and the Elemental Divinities, which together comprise 168 verses. This was the longest, as it was one of the most important, of the recoveries made by her,—important no less for the method of the recovery than for its intrinsic value, since the method was such as to constitute it a proof positive of the great doctrine set forth in it, the doctrine of Reincarnation ; for it was as one of a band of initiates, making solemn procession through the aisles of a vast Egyptian temple, chanting it in chorus, that Mary, being asleep, recollected it. She described the effect of the chant as it resounded among the columns of the temple as grand beyond expression, and for days afterwards the strains vibrated in her ears, seeming to come back as she wrote it out, to assist her memory of what she had thus heard in sleep. The problems solved for us by it were profound and manifold. There was no longer any room for doubt as to the source of much of the doctrine and the diction of the Bible writers, notably of the Mosaic books, nor of the purely spiritual import of narratives ordinarily taken as literally intended. Among the things which most struck us—fairly taking our breath away by their unexpectedness—was the identification of the Planet-God Iacchos with Jacob, and the light thrown thereby on St Paul's declaration that "these things are an allegory," to the conviction of the Church of having utterly failed to comprehend its own Scriptures.

In pursuance of the design to adapt this history to the requirements of readers who are unacquainted with the books in which our results are published, I give that portion of the ritual so wonderfully recovered which will best serve to illustrate the rest. The theme is the Mystic Exodus, or flight of the soul from the power of the body, being the original of the quasi-historical narrative in the Mosaic books, where the apparent application is to the soul collective, or Church, and

points to the migration of the sacred mysteries from Egypt, and their transplantation to new and more favourable conditions, in order to save them from total loss through their materialisation by a priesthood become hopelessly corrupt. In which view the Jews were the means of preserving the supreme "treasure" of the Egyptians, the secret of initiation. This would be the only historical element in the story, the other aspects being purely mystical. In the citation which follows the hymn is an address made by a man to his soul when about to return into the earth-life for the further accomplishment of his regeneration. Egypt stands for the body; Israel for the soul; the corn in Egypt for the nourishment, experiences, discipline, and so forth requisite for the soul's sustenance and education; Hermes is the understanding of divine things; and Iacchos, whose other name, Dionysos, identifies him with the Jehovah Nissi of the Hebrews, is the Divine Spirit of the planet, and "Father" of the man regenerate:—

"Evoi, Father Iacchos, Lord God of Egypt: initiate thy servants in the halls of thy Temple;

"Upon whose walls are the forms of every creature: of every beast of the earth, and of every fowl of the air;

"The lynx, and the lion, and the bull: the ibis and the serpent: the scorpion and every flying thing.

"And the columns thereof are human shapes, having the heads of eagles and the hoofs of the ox.

"All these are of thy kingdom: they are the chambers of ordeal, and the houses of the initiation of the soul.

"For the soul passeth from form to form; and the mansions of her pilgrimage are manifold.

"Thou callest her from the deep, and from the secret places of the earth; from the dust of the ground, and from the herb of the field.

"Thou coverest her nakedness with an apron of fig-leaves; thou clothest her with the skins of beasts.

"Thou art from of old, O soul of man; yea, thou art from the everlasting.

"Thou puttest off thy bodies as raiment; and as vesture dost thou fold them up.

"They perish, but thou remainest: the wind rendeth and scattereth them; and the place of them shall no more be known.

"For the wind is the spirit of God in man, which bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it shall go.

"Even so is the spirit of man, which cometh from afar off and tarrieth not, but passeth away to a place thou knowest not.

"Evoi, Iacchos, Lord of the Sphinx; who linkest the lowest to the highest; the loins of the wild beast to the head and breast of the woman.

“ Thou holdest the chalice of divination : all the forms of nature are reflected therein.

“ Thou turnest man to destruction : then thou sayest, Come again, ye children of my hand.

“ Yea, blessed and holy art thou, O Master of Earth : Lord of the cross and the tree of salvation.

“ Vine of God, whose blood redeemeth : bread of heaven, broken on the altar of death.

“ There is corn in Egypt : go thou down into her, O my soul, with joy.

“ For in the kingdom of the Body, thou shalt eat the bread of thine initiation.

“ But beware lest thou become subject to the flesh, and a bond-slave in the land of thy sojourn.

“ Serve not the idols of Egypt ; and let not the senses be thy taskmasters.

“ For they will bow thy neck to their yoke : they will bitterly oppress the Israel of God.

“ An evil time shall come upon thee ; and the Lord shall smite Egypt with plagues for thy sake.

“ Thy body shall be broken on the wheel of God : thy flesh shall see trouble and the worm.

“ Thy house shall be smitten with grievous plagues ; blood, and pestilence, and great darkness : fire shall devour thy goods ; and thou shalt be a prey to the locust and creeping thing.

“ Thy glory shall be brought down to the dust ; hail and storm shall smite thine harvest ; yea, thy beloved and thy first-born shall the hand of the Lord destroy ;

“ Until the body let the soul go free, that she may serve the Lord God.

“ Arise in the night, O soul, and fly, lest thou be consumed in Egypt.

“ The angel of the understanding shall know thee for his elect, if thou offer unto God a reasonable faith.

“ Savour thy reason with learning, with labour, and with obedience.

“ Let the rod of thy desire be in thy right hand : put the sandals of Hermes on thy feet ; and gird thy loins with strength.

“ Then shalt thou pass through the waters of cleansing : which is the first death in the body.

“ The waters shall be a wall unto thee on thy right hand and on thy left.

“ And Hermes the Redeemer shalt go before thee : for he is thy cloud of darkness by day, and thy pillar of fire by night.

“ All the horsemen of Egypt and the chariots thereof ; her princes, her counsellors, and her mighty men :

“ These shall pursue thee, O soul that fliest ; and shall seek to bring thee back into bondage.

“ Fly for thy life : fear not the deep : stretch out thy rod over the sea ; and lift thy desire unto God.

“ Thou hast learnt wisdom in Egypt : thou hast spoiled the Egyptians : thou hast carried away their fine gold and their precious things.

“ Thou hast enriched thyself in the body ; but the body shall not hold thee : neither shall the waters of the deep swallow thee up.

“ Thou shalt wash thy robes in the sea of regeneration : the blood of atonement shall redeem thee to God.

“ This is thy chrism and anointing, O soul ; this is the first death ; thou art the Israel of the Lord,

“ Who hath redeemed thee from the dominion of the body ; and hath called thee from the grave, and from the house of bondage,

“ Unto the way of the cross, and to the path in the midst of the wilderness ;

“ Where are the adder and the serpent, the mirage and the burning sand.

“ For the feet of the saint are set in the way of the desert.

“ But be thou of good courage, and fail thou not : then shall thy raiment endure, and thy sandals shall not wax old upon thee.

“ And thy desire shall heal thy diseases : it shall bring streams for thee out of the stony rock ; it shall lead thee to Paradise.

“ Evoi, Father Iacchos, Jehovah Nissi : Lord of the garden and of the vineyard.

“ Initiator and lawgiver : God of the cloud and of the mount.

“ Evoi, Father Iacchos ; out of Egypt hast thou called thy Son.”

Concerning the identification of Jehovah Nissi with Dionysos, one of the mystic names of Iacchos—which is itself the mystic name of Bacchos—Mary soon afterwards received the following :—

“ The names Nyssa, Nysa, Nysas, and Nissi are identical with each other, and also with Sinai, Sion, and those of other sacred mounts. For they all are names for the Mount of Regeneration, the mount or ‘ holy hill ’ of the Lord, within the man, to be on which is to be in the Spirit. The river Hiddekel has the like import. It is the river of the soul, herself fluidic and called Maria (waters), which, as the receptacle of the divine nucleus, winds about and encompasses the Spirit. Thus Daniel is said to be ‘ on Hiddekel ’ when under divine illumination.”

We had already been taught that by Hiddekel, as one of the four rivers of Eden, is meant the Soul as one of the constituent principles of the fourfold kosmos.

The essential identity of the Hebrew and Greek theogonies was further confirmed by the discovery that, while the former proposed as the object of worship the Jehovah, Adonai, Son, or Logos of the Godhead, through whom the “ Seven Spirits of God ” comprised in the Holy Ghost have their procession, the Greeks, veiling the former, propose these Seven Spirits themselves, making them the Seven Great Gods of Olympus, observing the order assigned them in Isa. xi. 23—as is more clearly rendered in the Douay than in the Authorised Version. The same order, with a single exception, is assigned to them

in Gen. i., where they appear as the Creative Elohim respectively of the seven days of the Mosaic week. We had yet long to wait for the explanation of the cause for the exception in question—an important point, as it involved the creation of vegetation before that of the sun, to the triumph of the scientists over the believers. But, as will be seen, the explanation came at last, and proved altogether satisfactory.

Meanwhile we noted with huge delight the numerous points of identity between the Egyptian, the Greek, and the Christian presentations, and notably that of the symbols which, as representing the four evangelists and their gospels, imply the four elemental divinities. For the line, “having the heads of eagles and the hoofs of the ox,” expresses exactly the functions respectively of the fourth and the first gospeller, the eagle being assigned to John in token of his dealing with the spiritual and highest aspect of religion, the upper air of the divine wisdom, personified for the Greeks as Pallas Athena; and the ox to Matthew, in token of his dealing with the historical and material aspect, the ground-work, personified in Demeter, the earth-mother, whose symbol was the ox.

END OF VOL. I



ANNA KINGSFORD

HER LIFE LETTERS DIARY
AND WORK

BY HER COLLABORATOR
EDWARD MAITLAND

*ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS
AND FACSIMILES*

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION

EDITED BY
SAMUEL HOPGOOD HART

"Behold, I send unto you prophets"
(MATT. xxiii. 34)

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BZP (Kingsford)



Edward Maitland

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ANNA KINGSFORD

CHAPTER XX

THE PERFECT WAY

IT would naturally be supposed that our delight culminated with an achievement such as the recovery of this Hymn to the Planet-God. And so it might have done had the highest satisfaction of which man is capable been that which is of the mind. But such is not the case. There is a joy of the heart that transcends aught of which the mind is capable. And such joy was ours when, passing from the sphere of Dionysos, the " Spirit of Power," and Elohe of the " third Day " of Creation, we entered the sphere of Aphrodite, the " Spirit of Counsel " or Love, and Elohe of the " fourth Day " of Creation, and received the first instalment of her mysteries.

The event was preceded and heralded by a singular experience, and one that at first caused Mary considerable perplexity. She had been eagerly anticipating the revelation of the mysteries of Venus, to use the Latin name for this divinity, thinking that they must be yet more exquisite than the rest, but failing to see how there could be room for such superiority. While in this frame of mind she received in sleep, from a source the nature of which was concealed from her, an intimation that she could not expect to have given to her the mysteries of the kingdom of Love while leading an ascetic life. This she reported to me ; when—divining the stratagem—I was able to reassure her by the suggestion that it was at once a test and a lesson the purport of which was to direct her attention to the greatness of the contrast subsisting between the mysteries inner and outer, spiritual and physical, of the same principle. And I hazarded the prediction that the next full moon, then near at hand, would

—as so often before—bring the desired revelation. And so it proved. For on the night of March 15, the moon being at its full, she received that most precious of all the “precious things brought forth by the moon”—as said in Deuteronomy—the hymn entitled, “A Discourse of the Communion of Soules, and of the Uses of Love between Creature and Creature, being part of the Goldene Booke of Venus.” For, like most of the things read by her in sleep, it was in archaic spelling.

During the following morning, without telling me what had occurred, she sat writing, book in lap, for an unusually long period, completely absorbed. At length she rose from her seat, and with a heavy sigh put her book away in her private drawer without speaking. Recognising and respecting her evident desire for privacy in the matter, I refrained from making allusion to it, intensely eager though I always was to learn the subject of her inspirations. The following morning saw her similarly engaged for an equal space. Having at length finished her task, she called to me in jubilant tones—for we were sitting in different divisions of the drawing-room—to come and hear what she had written; whereupon she read to me the hymn she had been writing down, and was delighted to find that my appreciation corresponded to hers. After I had remarked that its style reminded me of the *Imitation of Christ*, and that the two might really have come from the same source, she told me the following history of it:—

The volumes of Scriptures which had attracted her attention on quitting Lilly’s laboratory on the occasion of her being taken there by her Genius to have her horoscope told, had dwelt in her mind, making her long to return and read them. The longing seemed to have but awaited the next full moon to adopt my suggestion and fulfil itself. For on that very night, while in sleep, she found herself there alone, and with the books at her disposal, and she believed that her choice of that particular poem was determined by her mood of that day; for she was sorrowing greatly for her lost pet, Rufus, his successor having failed to fill his place in her heart. Enchanted with the poem, she had read and re-read it, hoping to be able to retain it and write it down afterwards. And her disappointment was great when, on attempting to do so, she was able to recollect only about the half of it. She determined, therefore, when night came, to

will herself back to the place and the book, keeping her secret to herself lest the clue be broken or obscured by any action of my mind. The attempt was successful, and on the following day she completed the transcript, with the exception of a single verse which she recovered soon after. Such is the genesis of that most exquisite hymn which stands in *Clothed with the Sun* as Part II. No. xiv. Part 2. We recognised it as the first expression the world had ever seen of really Christian doctrine. In talking about it she remarked with much emphasis, "The world has but to know that hymn for it to be the death-blow of vivisection." We wondered much—as about so many of its companion scriptures—whether it had ever before seen the light on this planet. The only thing that suggested the probability was a dream received shortly afterwards, in which Mary saw some lines in Italian which seemed to her to be a translation of the beginning of it.

Sundry utterances under illumination, on the evenings of the 22nd and 25th, partook of the nature of a recovery of ancient recollections. One occurred during a discourse on the Great Pyramid, when she said, while looking at it in vision, that it appeared to her as if she was once there herself, her sensations about it being so much like a memory, and that she saw the ceremony of initiation actually taking place. She then added :—

" I see that, although I have been initiated once or twice, I have never been regenerated. Nor have you, though you, too, have been initiated. Most initiations in our day took place in the Great Pyramid. There was a cave of initiation at Cana of Galilee. The story of the marriage-feast and the miracle of turning water into wine has reference to the final initiation of Jesus. The water was the symbol for the soul, the wine for the spirit. ' The beginning of miracles ' for the man regenerate is the spiritualisation of his own soul, which is therefore mystically called the changing of water into wine." ¹

The following coincidence struck us as curious in view of the circumstance that the year 1881 was the date supposed by so many to be indicated in the Great Pyramid as that of the " end of the world." On inquiring at the reading-room of the British Museum for a book on the Pyramid, we were referred to shelf 1881. The officials to whom we pointed out the coin-

¹ See " Concerning the Great Pyramid, and the Initiations therein " (*Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xx.).—S. H. H.

vidence were greatly amused thereat. We refrained from telling them, strong as was the temptation to do so, that the prophecy was actually in course of fulfilment, and that the world was really coming to an end in that year in the sense intended.

Describing, also under illumination, the events which occurred between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, as recorded in *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xxxiii., Mary said :—

“ Jesus instructed His friends beforehand what to do. Joseph of Arimathæa was a friend of Mary Magdalen, and she procured for him the requisite balms. I see her running with them through the sepulchre to the house. I have a most curious sensation, feeling as if, somehow, I were in Mary and were she.”

The following instructions for our personal guidance were received on various occasions at this period, being spoken under illumination :—

“ It seems that we cannot do anything to facilitate the reception of the new Revelation. But my Genius wants me to lecture during the coming season. We are to become quite ascetics ; not just at present, but when, it seems, we are without a house of our own. The more immediate thing to do is to lecture. We may tell all we know, but only to persons of the kind described in my interview with Lilly.¹ If we attempt to speak to others, it will be made impossible for us ; we shall be stopped. This prohibition applies only to the Greater Mysteries. We may speak to others of things historical or interpretative, such as explain and reconcile the religions.

“ He says I must not lecture under my own name, and he wishes us both to eat fish for some time to come. All these things belong to different mysteries, and they must not be confused. In the mysteries of Demeter it is an abomination not to eat vegetables. In the mysteries of Aphrodite it is an abomination not to eat fish.”

The following came a little later :—

“ My Genius tells me that my addresses are to begin at drawing-room meetings, where, as they will be private, there will be no need to conceal my name. It is otherwise in the case of public assemblies, lectures, and publications. The name must be suppressed for the sake of husband and relatives, and a synonym or an assumed name used.

“ They wish us to eat fish for the present ; not for occult or mystic reasons, but to enable us to perform the hard intellectual work before us. Fish contains Iodine, and is necessary for us both, especially for you. The prohibition about fish related to the highest mode of life. These things are matters of Caste or Degree, and we are not yet of the highest ; so that it is not obligatory on us to abstain from fish.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 423.

“ My Genius says that we are, above all things, to teach the doctrine of Caste. The Christians made a serious mistake in requiring the same rule of all persons. Castes are as ladders whereby to ascend from the lower to the higher. They are properly spiritual grades, and have no relation to the outward condition of life. Like all other doctrines, that of Caste has been materialised. The Castes are four in number, and correspond to the fourfold nature of man.

“ My lectures are to begin with the beginning of our work and the earlier truths given to us. The Greater Mysteries are to be reserved until we have a circle of pure livers, in number, if even, of 40, 12, or 10, and, if uneven, of 9, 7, 5, or 3. They may eat fish, but not flesh. But while eating fish we are to consider ourselves of a lower caste.

“ Our own condition is yet impure. We are unpolarised, and do not hang together as we ought. We are, in a sense, dissipated, and go out from ourselves too much.

“ It is doubtful to me whether any person living now, or for some time to come, can become regenerate, so as to escape death. The defect in your system is in the blood-vessels; in mine it is in the tissues.

“ Many particulars are shown me about the diet, dress, and mode of living necessary to complete regeneration, but all quite impossible to be carried out. One in particular is about the covering of the feet. To walk barefoot on grass and earth would aid immensely in regenerating the body. Coverings on the feet—especially of leather—shut off the magnetism. The feet ought to be bare, and frequently bathed in cold water. The custom of putting off the shoes on holy ground was due to this fact. The hair should be kept long, too, as it is then a powerful agent in promoting magnetism. Food should be cold and uncooked, and no fermented drinks used. Cakes should be sun-baked in a kiln, that the particles may become polarised by the sun’s magnetism. I see a row of cakes being baked in this way in Egypt; but in this climate such things are impossible to us, and we must be content to live and die. Irregular polarisation and false foci create disease—local disease, that is, which is due to a false focus, which makes the poles converge to a false centre.”

In such manner was knowledge poured in upon us, in a steady and abundant stream, until the time came when it was necessary to prepare for the promulgation which, by accomplishing the doom of the “ evil and adulterous generation ” which has been in possession ever since the Fall, was to be the “ end of the world ” as it has hitherto been; and the inauguration of that new and better order of things variously implied in Scripture under the images of the reign of Michael, the fall of Lucifer and Satan, the breaking of the seals and opening of the books, the budding of the fig-tree, the resurrection and ascent of the two witnesses, the flight of the angel in mid-heaven having an eternal gospel to proclaim, the exaltation and illumination of the woman, the

battle of Armageddon, the second coming of Christ, and the revelation and destruction of "that wicked one," the controlling evil spirit of the world's selfish sacrificial system in Church, State, and Society, and the coming of the kingdom of God with power,—the whole stupendous programme of which was to be accomplished by the simple means of a new "Gospel of Interpretation," such as was being vouchsafed to us, and the time for the promulgation of which was now at hand.

That such claim on our part would be universally deemed a presumption as blasphemous as audacious, and these even to convicting us of stark staring madness, we were fully aware. But no consideration of what others might think gave us a moment's concern or hesitation, if only because we knew that we knew, and we knew that they did not know. We had put our hands to the plough which was to run so stupendous a furrow through the field of the world with our eyes wide open; and so far from dreaming of looking back in view of what treatment might be accorded to us or our message, we took delight in fixing our gaze in anticipation upon the rich crop of blessings to the world which would spring from our labours. We knew, too, in whom we trusted; for had not all the spheres from the bottomless pit of man's lower nature to the throne of the Most High been opened to us, and to us alone of modern times, enabling us to compare and estimate their respective values? And if danger threatened us for going on at the hands of the former, what was that to the danger at the hands of the latter for turning back? While, as for presumption, what presumption could approach that of putting ourselves in opposition to the Gods—manifested as they had been to us—by declining to execute their divine behests?

Casting about, according to my wont, for signs of the times presaging our work, and especially relating to Mary's part in it, the first that presented itself was the following, which struck me as a peculiarly exquisite and happy augury. Mary's spiritual emblem, it has been mentioned, the type of her nature on both planes, the inner and the outer, was that tall, slender, stately, and thorny plant surmounted by a splendid crimson blossom, the Cactus. In the newspapers at Easter-time in this year there appeared an announcement stating that the experiment of grafting vines and other fruit-bearing trees on the stem of the Cactus, in the arid wastes of Western Mexico—some of which

I had visited—had resulted in proving that, owing to the extraordinary capacity of that plant for secreting moisture, it was possible by thus using it to produce crops in regions otherwise hopelessly barren, and so, literally, to “make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Here was a sign exactly to my heart. For I read in it a token that the turning-point in Mary’s own spiritual history had come, and that thenceforth her evil destiny had expended itself, the redemption to be accomplished in her comprising both the world and herself.

A corresponding augury was contained in the following incident. We were on the committee of the then “International Association for the Total Suppression of Vivisection,” a body which contained a sacerdotal element of the most pronounced kind, and one which carried the traditional antagonism of the priest to the woman to the extreme extent of refusing to allow one of that sex to appear in public as a teacher on any subject whatever. When it is said that the leader of this party in the committee was the late Rev. H. N. Oxenham, those who were acquainted with that vehement and uncompromising ecclesiastic will be able to appreciate the virulence of the opposition to a woman’s appearance on the society’s public platform, and the potency of the competing influences by which that opposition was overcome. For, as it proved, so profound was the impression made by Mary on the whole body of our colleagues, that the ringleaders of the opposition consented, at the request of the rest, to waive their objection in her favour, and accordingly gave their consent, excusing themselves on the ground that, though a woman by her sex, she was a man by her mind and her profession, and exempt, therefore, from the operation of the ordinary limitations. Mary was immensely amused at her triumph over prejudices so inveterate, and I hailed it as a sign of the times, betokening that at last the “woman” was in very deed to “crush the head of the serpent” of the corrupt orthodoxy hitherto in possession.

How much more Roman than Anglican this party was, though professedly of the latter, was shown as follows. After Mary’s address—which had evoked a storm of enthusiasm—another of our ecclesiastical colleagues—himself a beneficed Anglican clergyman—remarked to her in allusion to a Scriptural illustration which she had used—“Why, you, too, are a Catholic! I

am so glad!" "Yes," she said; "but how did you find that out?" "You said 'St Joseph,'" was the reply; "no Protestant would have so called him." The allusion had been to the legend which represents the Nativity as taking place in a cave and a stable and among the animals, as implying that in "Christ" all the lower consciousnesses of Creation, mineral, vegetable, animal, and human, are taken up into the divine and made at one with the Supreme Being from whom they originally emanated.¹

Notwithstanding this triumph for the "woman," she was not yet delivered from the liability to be "driven into the wilderness and persecuted of the dragon and his angels." With the view of exhibiting vivisection as a typical instance of the utter renunciation of that side of human nature of which the woman is the special symbol and representative, the side affectional, moral, and spiritual, I wrote a pamphlet² entitled *The Woman and the Age*, "on behalf of sundry members, clerical, medical, and lay," of the society, such description including Mary, A., myself, and such others as agreed with us. But this was altogether too much for the sacerdotal faction. Not on any account could they suffer a body to which they belonged to be represented by or associated with a publication which thus ministered to the rehabilitation and exaltation of the sex so despised and rejected of the priesthoods. And their opposition became so vehement and even virulent as to make our longer continuance at the Board incompatible alike with our self-respect and with the requirements of our work. We accordingly withdrew to carry on our part in the anti-vivisection crusade independently, I contenting myself with prophesying that in thus

¹ This truth was by the Egyptians symbolised in the Sphinx, which was at once a concealment and a revelation of the problem of existence. The Sphinx, Edward Maitland says, "represents mortal existence as rising from the earth into the animal, from the animal into the human, and finally from the human into the divine, simply by dint of fixing the eager, hopeful, yet withal calm and patient eyes of perfect faith on the vision of the ideal revealed to the intuitions of its soul. The world well knew then that the soul that ever tends upwards, subduing the animal to which it is attached, redeems itself and its animal along with it, so that its whole being at length returns towards the source whence it proceeded, taking with it into the Godhead the outermost spheres of the physical creation" (*England and Islam*, pp. 317-318, and see p. 312 n. *post*).—S. H. H.

² The pamphlet was dated Easter 1881, and was addressed to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.—S. H. H.

driving us from its counsels the society had pronounced its own doom, which prediction soon afterwards found its fulfilment in the withdrawal and subsequent death of our chief opponent, and the extinction of the society as a separate body, by reason of its incorporation with another and a larger organisation.

Notwithstanding the distressing character of these events, they had a side which struck us as not a little humorous, so exactly did they reproduce for us that world-old feud of priest and prophet, and the suppression of the latter by the former, which in the Bible is represented, first by the murder of Abel by Cain, and last by the murder of Christ by Caiaphas.¹ And we thought that, had Caiaphas become reincarnate, and been a member of our Board, he would have acted towards us exactly as his fellow-priest had done.

Thus viewed, the incident served as an object-lesson to interpret and illustrate the eternal verities concealed in the Biblical narratives.

Meanwhile our explorations at the British Museum had afforded us a reinforcement of a kind altogether unanticipated, by proving that the Fathers of the Church were largely on our side in respect of the esoteric interpretation. The positive statement of the ecclesiastical historian, Mosheim, that the whole of the Fathers of the second century insisted on an esoteric and spiritual sense as the true sense of Scripture and Dogma, put us on a track which we were not slow to follow, and with results no less gratifying to ourselves than valuable for our

¹ Writing of the story of Cain and Abel, Edward Maitland says :—“ It is clear from the whole tenor of Scripture [that] Cain is no other than a type of the materialising priest, whether of religion or of science, who as the minister of sense recognises and cultivates only the lower nature in man, indicated in the expression ‘ fruits of the ground.’ And Abel is the type of the prophet who as the minister of the intuition recognises and cultivates that highest and holiest of gifts, the ‘ lamb ’ of a pure and loving spirit, which is represented in the Apocalypse as finally overcoming all evil.” On another occasion, writing of the conflict between priest and prophet, he says :—“ The two orders are really as Cain and Abel to each other : the former, who cultivates only the ‘ fruits of the ground ’ or sense nature, killing the latter who brings to the service of God the ‘ lamb ’ of a pure and guileless spirit ; as in the New Testament the priest Caiaphas kills the prophet Christ. And to this day the Cain, Caiaphas, and priest in man, kills the Abel, Christ, and prophet in man, whenever the lower and sense-nature suppresses the intuition of the higher and spiritual nature.”—S. H. H.

work. For, while we found proofs indubitable of their recognition of the general principles of the interpretation received by us, we found that of the interpretation itself they had but the most dim and meagre glimpses; so that even Cardinal Newman—an unimpeachable authority on the patristic writings—while confessing himself in his *Apologia* to have been carried away with enthusiasm for the glimpses and suggestions he found in them of a system of thought, as, wrapped up in the Christian symbology, “magnificent in themselves, and making music to his inward ear”—could but look on them as “making room for the anticipation of further and deeper disclosures of truths still under the veil of the letter, and in their season to be revealed.” And he had even declared his conviction that “he saw no hope for religion save in a new revelation.” Now that it had actually come, we marvelled whether he would have the grace given him to recognise and acknowledge it.

It needed no long study of the Fathers to convince us of the truth of the utterance given us—“The Church knows neither the source nor the meaning of its own dogmas,”¹ and that it had inherited its mysteries without the key to them. And now that key—the “key of knowledge,” with the taking away and withholdment of which Jesus had so bitterly reproached, in the ecclesiasticism of His time, that of all time—after being forfeited, lost, and withdrawn from the Church visible by its guardians of the Church invisible, was once more restored by the latter, and to us; for that “time of the end” had come, the token of which was to be the “budding of the fig-tree,” the restoration of the inward understanding.

Among the Fathers to whom we were the most strongly drawn was he who had been canonised under the name of “St Dionysius the Areopagite,” a bishop of the Eastern Church in the sixth century. He, too, claimed special illumination as the source of his knowledge, and we eagerly appropriated to our own use the pregnant words in which he defined his aim:—“Not to destroy, but to construct; or rather to destroy by construction; to conquer error by the full presentment of truth.”

The materials for our coming lectures were in our possession

¹ Anna Kingsford’s illumination, “Concerning the Prophecy of the Immaculate Conception.” See Vol. I. pp. 195, 196.

and in abundance, and there was no doubt that more would be forthcoming as we proceeded with the preparation of them. But the task was a vast one ; and not only was the time at our disposal short, if we were to take advantage, as we proposed, of the London season—for it was no ordinary quality of workmanship that would serve as the fitting expression for the teaching committed to us—but our own physical condition was still such that, had we only ourselves to trust to, we should have despaired of success. The plan in view comprised the writing and delivery of nine compendious lectures in about as many weeks ; and while Mary's health was as variable as ever, comprising rapid alternations from the summits of spiritual insight and power to the lowest depths of disability from pain and weakness, mine—though the “ broken link in the golden chain ” had been repaired, as promised, as the spring advanced and the sun waxed in strength—showed but little abatement of the physical distress, which seemed to have become chronic, and, if curable at all, to require a term of years rather than of weeks or months, and this combined with absolute cessation of mental work. So deep-seated were the effects of the nervous strain and depletion to which I had been subjected during the years passed in Paris.

The manner of our collaboration in *The Perfect Way*—for such was the title determined on—was in this wise. Having arranged the order of the exposition and ascertained the number of its main sections, we selected each the subjects which we felt the best able to treat, but not with any intention of confining ourselves exclusively to the subjects thus chosen. It was necessary that our collaboration be particular as well as general, and extend to every sentence and detail however minute, so that no single word go forth which did not represent the full light of our combined perception. Accordingly, whatever was written by either of us was passed to the other to be dealt with freely, and then passed back again to be similarly dealt with anew—a process the result of which was sometimes the complete disappearance of the original draft. Not that there was anything tentative about the doctrine to be expounded. We were both masters of that. The question was of selection, arrangement, and expression, and the restriction of the exposition to the essential and fundamental, the primary and the

interior, to the exclusion of the accidental and superficial, the secondary and the exterior. Thus seeking always inwards and upwards to the highest, resolved to be content with nothing short of the highest, it would sometimes happen that what had at first presented itself would vanish in favour of something far superior, of which the former had been the suggestion only, essentially identical, but connoting rather an exterior orbit of the systems of which the latter was the true centre. This was a process which frequently reminded me of the motto of my once favourite pastime, archery—for proficiency in which I had gained the champion's medal in 1878—the phrase, "*Centrum Pete,*" and led me to see in that art a training for the lofty work in store for me, while Mary would remark that it was like mounting to a height by climbing alternately on one another's shoulders. And sometimes what we had thus conjointly written would serve as a platform from which she would spring, as it were, into the infinite, so exalted would be the truth suggested which from such level she was able to discern.

All that portion of the work which consisted in selecting and arranging the teachings received fell to me, Mary desiring rather to reserve herself for the fresh illuminations which might be in store as we proceeded. And, moreover, I was the more familiar of the two with what had been received, having, as their copyist, committed them largely to memory, while for her they had become somewhat dimmed. Among the sources of my satisfaction while thus engaged was the discovery that much of what I had written while in Paris¹ was suitable for use without modification either in substance or in form, many passages fitting in with an exactitude which made them appear as if the context had been contrived expressly to match them.

Mary continued to receive from time to time, until after the commencement of our lectures, further instructions concerning the Genius, which were as follows :—

“ The memory of the soul is recovered by a threefold operation,—that of the soul herself, of the ‘ moon,’ and of the ‘ sun.’ The Genius is not an informing spirit. He can tell nothing to the soul. All that she receives is already within herself. But in the darkness of the night, it would remain there undiscovered but for the torch

¹ See Vol. I. p. 256.

of the Angel who enlightens. 'Yea,' says the Angel-genius to his client, 'I illuminate thee, but I instruct thee not. I warn thee, but I fight not. I attend, but I lead not. Thy treasure is within thyself. My light showeth where it lieth.'

"When regeneration is fully attained, the Divine Spirit alone instructs the hierophant. 'For the gates of his city shall never be shut; there shall be no night there; the night shall be no more. And they shall not need the light of the lamp, because the Lord God shall enlighten them.' The prophet is a man illumined by his Angel. The Christ is a man married to the Spirit. And he returns out of pure love to redeem, needing no more to return to the flesh for his own sake. Wherefore he is said to come down from heaven. For he hath attained, and is a medium for the Highest. He baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with the Divine Fire itself. He is always 'in heaven.' And in that he ascendeth, it is because the Spirit uplifteth him, even the Spirit who descendeth upon him. 'And in that he descendeth, it is because he has first ascended beyond all spheres into the highest Presence. For he that ascendeth, ascendeth because he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth. He that descended is the same also who ascendeth above all the heavens, to fill all things.' Such an one returns, therefore, from a higher world; he belongs no more to the domain of Dionysos. But he comes from the 'sun' itself, or from some nearer sphere to the sun than ours, having passed from the lowest upwards."

"And what of the Genius himself?" I asked. "Is he sorry when his client attains perfection, and needs him no more?"

And he said, "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom. And he that standeth by rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice. I return, therefore, to my source, for my mission is ended, and my Sabbath is come. And I am one with the twain."

Here he led me into a large chamber where I saw four bullocks lying slaughtered upon altars, and a number of persons standing round in the act of adoration. And above, in the fumes arising from the spirits of the blood, were misty colossal shapes, half formed, from the waist upwards, and resembling the Gods. And he said, "These are Astrals. And thus will they do until the end of the world."

After this instruction concerning the degradation of religion through the materialisation of the spiritual doctrine of sacrifice, and the source of that degradation, he resumed:—

"The Genius, then, remains with his client so long as the man is fourfold. A beast has no Genius. A Christ has none. For, first, all is latent light. That is one. And this one becomes two; that is, body and astral body. And these two become three; that is, a rational soul is born in the midst of the astral body. This rational soul is the true Person. From that moment, therefore, this personality is an individual existence, as a plant or as an animal. These three become four; that is, human. And the fourth is the *Nous*, not yet one with the soul, but overshadowing it, and transmitting light as it were through a glass; that is, through the initiator. But when the four becomes three,—that is, when the 'marriage' takes place, and the soul and spirit are indissolubly united,—there is no longer need either of migration or of Genius. For the *Nous* has become one with the soul, and the cord of union is dissolved. And

yet again, the three become twain at the dissolution of the body ; and again, the twain become one—that is, the Christ-spirit-soul. The Divine Spirit and the Genius, therefore, are not to be regarded as diverse, nor yet as identical. The Genius is flame, and is celestial ; that is, he is spirit, and one in nature with the Divine ; for his light is the divine light. He is as a glass, as a cord, as a bond between the soul and her divine part. He is the clear atmosphere through which the divine ray passes, making a path for it in the astral medium.

“ In the celestial plane all things are personal ; and therefore the bond between the soul and spirit is a person. But when a man is ‘ born again,’ he no longer needs the bond which unites him to his divine source. The Genius, or flame, therefore, returns to that source ; and this being itself united to the soul, the Genius also becomes one with the twain. For the Genius is the divine light in the sense that he is but a divided tongue of it, having no isolating vehicle. But the tincture of this flame differs according to the celestial atmosphere of the particular soul. The divine light, indeed, is white, being seven in one. But the Genius is a flame of a single colour only. And this colour he takes from the soul, and by that ray transmits to her the light of the *Nous*, her divine spouse. The Angel-genii are of all the tinctures of all the colours.

“ I have said that in the celestial plane all things are personal, but in the astral plane they are reflects. The Genius is a person because he is a celestial, and of soul-spirit, or substantial nature. But the astrals are of fluidic nature, having no personal part. In the celestial plane spirit and substance are one, dual in unity ; and thus are all celestials constituted. But in the astral plane they have no individual, and no divine part. They are protoplasmic only, without either nucleus or nucleolus.

“ The voice of the Genius is the voice of God ; for God speaks through him as a man through the horn of a trumpet. Thou mayest not adore him, for he is the instrument of God, and thy minister. But thou must obey him, for he hath no voice of his own, but showeth thee the will of the Spirit.”

The latter portion of this instruction was given to Mary in sleep while she was writing the lecture on the Atonement, and the episode of the Astrals and the bloody sacrifice was intended to exhibit the source of the world’s sacrificial selfish system, with especial reference to the current perversion of the doctrine of vicarious atonement. It was, she was shown, through the wiles of the Astrals that the Emperor Julian had been deceived into renouncing Christianity and restoring the sacrifices to the Greek Gods, who were personated by these spirits, he not knowing that in their true aspect the Greek Gods are really divine principles, and that bloody sacrifice is a diabolical device and utterly abhorrent to them.

The approach of the time fixed for the commencement of our lectures found us much exercised about the composition

of our audience, owing chiefly to the conditions imposed on us. There was no lack of persons known to us who were willing and even eager to attend. My books, *England and Islam* and *The Soul and How it Found Me*, had done indispensable service in creating for us a reputation which made many desirous to hear us. But this was mainly among the devotees of the cult against which we had been so emphatically warned—the spiritualists. The partisans of the traditional orthodoxy were put out of the question by the fact that, being content with what they already had, they were inaccessible to new light. Moreover, their very standard of judgment incapacitated them; for, while our appeal was to the understanding, theirs was to authority; and while we insisted on a living God and a present revelation, they recognised only an historical God and a traditional revelation, and refused to recognise any interpretation of that revelation which did not confirm their misinterpretations of it. The votaries of the current materialistic philosophy were no less excluded by reason of their limitations, if only because, by denying prior to examination all testimony to the existence of the spiritual world, they made not truth, but the maintenance of their own hypothesis, their object. Clearly it was from a region intermediate to these extremes that our audience must be selected; but, even so, they must be in some sense “spiritualists.” As the event proved, there are spiritualists and spiritualists—those who seek to *spirits*, and those who seek to Spirit itself; and of the latter we succeeded in finding as many as our little drawing-room in Chapel Street could conveniently accommodate. But this is not to say that spiritualists of the former kind were altogether wanting, or that some of those of the latter kind were not also of the former, in that they had cognisance of the reality of spiritualistic phenomena.

And among these were sundry members of a body with which we now first formed acquaintance, bearing the name of the British Theosophical Society. These were a group of students of the occult science and mystical philosophy of the East, who formed a branch of a parent society founded originally in New York by a Russian lady, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and an American, Colonel H. S. Olcott, but whose headquarters were now in India. Our attention had already been called to the former personage by her *Isis Unveiled*, with which we had made

acquaintance shortly before leaving Paris. A compendious compilation from numerous sources, reliable and other, of knowledges of the kind of which we were in receipt, but ill-digested, ill-arranged, and pervaded by a singularly combative and truculent tone, *Isis Unveiled* was, nevertheless, a work which showed both power and knowledge of an unusual kind, however undisciplined their possessor; and the fact of its appearance shortly after the commencement of our own work had struck us as a very remarkable coincidence. It now appeared that there was a coincidence yet more remarkable in this connection. This was the coincidence which consisted in the fact that, about a couple of years after the commencement of our collaboration, the purpose of which had proved to be the restoration of the esoteric philosophy or Theosophy of the West, and the interpretation thereby of the Christian and kindred religions, a like collaboration, also between a woman and a man, had been commenced, having a similar object in regard to the esoteric philosophy or Theosophy of the East, and both parties had [until] now been working on lines thus parallel in complete ignorance of each other's existence. And while, moreover, our knowledges were derived directly from celestial sources, the hierarchy of the Church Invisible in the holy heavens, theirs claimed as their source certain ancient lodges of Adepts said to inhabit the inaccessible heights of the Thibetan Himalayas, an order of men credited with the possession of knowledges and powers which constituted them beings apart and worthy of divine honours.

The chief intermediary between the Theosophical Society and ourselves was my friend, Charles Carleton Massey, so well known and highly esteemed as the "C. C. M." of the occult and mental literature of the day. Another of its members was Dr George Wylde, also a man of considerable light and leading in the same line. When to these are added the names of the Hon. Roden Noel, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, J. W. Farquhar, Dr Inglis, Rev. John Manners, Hensleigh Wedgewood, Rev. Stainton Moses, Herbert Stack, Gerald B. Finch, Frank Podmore, Elizabeth V. Ingram, Francesca Arundale, Isabel de Steiger, and the Kenealy family, as members of our circle, it will be seen that we had an audience of more than average intelligence and culture of the kind requisite for the appreciation of our results. It is unnecessary to render any particular account of the course.

Each lecture was succeeded by a discussion, and a frank and marked recognition was shown of the value and beauty of the teachings received by us, and of their difference, in kind as well as in degree, from aught that had hitherto been known, as indicating their derivation from a source altogether transcending any as yet reached within human cognisance. Among others, Sir Francis Doyle—whose judgment, as a scholar, a thinker, and a poet of no mean order, was especially valuable—declared emphatically of some of the utterances recited by us that “they were something quite new in the world; there was nothing in literature to compare with them. And to hear them was like listening to the utterances of a God or an Archangel.” We kept to our programme of a weekly lecture,¹ save for one slight irregularity of a kind sufficiently remarkable to be related. The lectures were largely written from week to week, while in actual course of delivery, the dates of which were May 16, 23; June 1, 13, 20, 27; and July 4, 11, 18. Nos. 1, 4, 5, and 6 were delivered by Mary, and the others by me. This as they stood in the first edition of *The Perfect Way*; for in the Second Edition No. 5 was replaced by another, for reasons explained later.

The break in the order of our lectures arose in this wise, and is related here as an illustration of the reality of the dangers against which we had been so emphatically and repeatedly warned, as arising from the indiscriminate promulgation of spiritual mysteries, on account of the enmity of the spirits of the astral.

The subjects of our second and third lectures were respectively “The Soul, and Substance of Existence,” and “The Discerning of Spirits.” Among the audience was one whom we knew of both as a scholar and as a spiritualist, and one so earnest as to have imperilled his worldly career by his advocacy of that cult. We were not aware that he was himself a powerful medium for physical manifestations. The first lecture drew from him the admission that the origin and nature of the soul,

¹ One lecture was given during each week, but not on the same day of each week. The first two lectures were given on a Monday and the third on a Wednesday. The fourth lecture was to have been given on the following Wednesday but was postponed for five days until the Monday following. The remaining five lectures were given on the consecutive Mondays.—S. H. H.

and the distinction between the soul and the spirit, had formed no part of his inquiries ; but all the spirits of whom he had experience—and his experience was very large—claimed to be souls who once had been human beings, and he was content to call them by the general name of spirits. The admission was regarded by us as a valuable confirmation of the distinction which had been drawn for us between our work and “spiritualism,” of which he was a representative exponent.

The next lecture comprised a definition of the distinction between the prophet and the medium, ascribing the source of true inspiration to the soul of the man himself enhanced by divine illumination, and repudiating as altogether delusive whatever might be due only to extraneous spirits, such as are the “controls” of the spiritualists. To this doctrine our friend took vehement exception, declaring that it was contrary to all his experience, inasmuch as he was certain that his own spirit bore no part in what he received, and that it was destructive of spiritualism as he knew it. This was so obvious that we refrained from arguing the point through unwillingness to distress him. But he was evidently much discomposed, and retired somewhat abruptly on the conclusion of the discussion, leaving ourselves and some of the more sensitive of the circle plainly conscious of a breach of harmony in the conditions. It was, however, in the night that we were made aware how serious the discord was. My rest was completely broken by the vibrations of the magnetic atmosphere, which seemed to be beating against me like the waves of a tumultuous sea, with the result of producing a mental effect depressing in the extreme, by making our work appear altogether vain and hopeless. Not divining the source and nature of the disturbance, but supposing it to be purely subjective and restricted to myself, it did not occur to me that Mary might be similarly affected. But on our meeting next morning her aspect was such as at once to suggest that something was much amiss ; and her first words, uttered before I had spoken, were that if she was to have such nights as that which she had just passed after our lectures she must give them up. It had half-killed her, and she dared not risk a repetition. She then proceeded to describe an experience of the same kind as my own, only far more vivid and alarming ; for she only wondered, she said, that the house, and every thing and person

in it, had not been wrecked and destroyed by the tempest which had raged most of the night, so tremendous was it, and so difficult to suppose that it occurred only in the sphere of the astral, and had no manifestation in the physical. And it was to give her time to recover that Lecture IV. was postponed from June 8 to June 13, and the day of the week permanently changed. Our dissentient visitor, we subsequently learned, had quitted us in a state of mind which—knowing himself to be of choleric temperament—he was unable to master, and thought it best for all parties that he should withdraw forthwith; which he accordingly did, resolving never to return—a resolution to which he faithfully adhered. The experience was never repeated, and we concluded our lectures without further molestation, and had no difficulty in believing the marvels reported of the physical mediumship of Mr Stainton Moses, subsequently editor of *Light*. For he it was who had taken such exception to the doctrine of *The Perfect Way*, and whose controls had taken such means of manifesting their displeasure at it and their hostility to us. On discovering this we kept our own counsel and maintained cordial relations with him, though to the last he confessed himself altogether unable to comprehend our mystical interpretations, or even to accept the doctrine of Reincarnation—a proof positive to us of the astral character of the sources of his experiences. We recognised another notable sign of the significance attaching to the year 1881 in the arrival from India this summer of Mr A. P. Sinnett, who came over for the purpose of publishing the book which was to introduce the alleged thaumaturgists of the East, whom the Theosophical Society claimed as its “Masters,” to the notice of the Western world. We were naturally curious to know what he had to say, and he, on his part, was curious to make the acquaintance of those who—if all were true which he had heard about us—were in certain respects setting themselves up as rivals to his own venerated chiefs. It was arranged, therefore, that he should pass an evening with us. There were several points on which we desired information, especially the existence and powers of the alleged “Mahatmas,” and the system of thought which constituted their “esoteric doctrine.” That there should be persons such as the Mahatmas were stated to be was not impossible for us, it followed from the teaching we had already received, and which

was contained in our eighth lecture, though we had never before heard it said that such persons actually existed in the world now. We knew, too, that Reincarnation, under the name of Transmigration, was an Eastern tenet, and consequently the doctrine of Karma, which we had received in such plenitude of detail without ever having heard of that term for it. We were therefore greatly surprised to learn from Mr Sinnett that these tenets formed no part of the doctrine of the Theosophical Society, being neither contained in their chief text-book, the *Isis Unveiled* of its foundress, nor communicated to it by its Masters, and on these grounds Mr Sinnett rejected them, sitting up with us until long after midnight arguing against them, and saying, among other things, of the doctrine of Reincarnation, that even of the spiritualists only the few who followed Allan Kardec accepted it. Whereupon we stated our conviction that it would yet be given to his society by its Eastern teachers, and that, as for Allan Kardec's writings, we knew of them enough to know that they were far from trustworthy, and his presentation of that doctrine especially was unscientific and erroneous. For the sole source of his information was ordinary mediumship, as exercised by some sensitives who could see only in the astral, and represented, therefore, no true spiritual vision, but only the ideas of living persons, whom they reflected. And when his own book, *The Occult World*, made its appearance, as it did in the course of that same year, we were able to infer from it that, if there really was a true system of esoteric philosophy in the East, it had not yet been imparted to the Theosophical Society, if only for the reason that the doctrine of that book was sheer materialism, and had no room for the *Theos*, who forms so essential an element in that which is denoted by the term "Theosophy."

Thus far our experience of that body was a disappointing one, or at least would have been so had we yet anticipated much of it. Recognising, as we did, the time as having come for the unsealing of the world's Bibles, and our own appointed mission as that of unsealing the Bibles of the West, we should have welcomed eagerly a corresponding movement having for its purpose the unsealing of the Bibles of the East. The Theosophical Society was, however, still in its infancy, and, we resolved to wait patiently and hopefully for its further unfoldment.

A notable incident in the composition of our lectures was the receipt by Mary of the exquisite and wondrous vision [“ Concerning the Three Veils between Man and God ”] at the end of Lecture VI. My only contributions to this lecture were pars. 28 and 29 ; and her completion of it was followed in the succeeding night by the vision of the three veils drawn by the corrupt priesthoods of the fallen Church between man and God, shutting out from man the perception of divine truth. It was more than a vision. It was a drama actually enacted by her in sleep, wherein she was withdrawn from the body for the purpose, thus making it real for the plane on which it occurred. The excitement of it was so intense that some days passed before her system fully recovered its normal state. We regarded it as a veritable annunciation to her of the redemptive work to be accomplished through her. Now the names of the three veils are Blood, Idolatry, and the Curse of Eve.

CHAPTER XXI

NUMEROUS EXPERIENCES

OUR lectures happily concluded, we sought a brief term of recreation before entering on the arduous task of their final revision for publication. Meanwhile another notable sign of the times occurred to mark the year 1881. This was the publication of the Revised Version of the English Bible. The fact of a new translation was welcomed by us, if only as constituting a blow to the idolatrous veneration in which the letter of the old translation was held, a striking example of which we recognised in the ground of the opposition to the proposed revision raised by the excellent Lord Shaftesbury—that it would deprive many pious persons of some of their favourite texts. By which it would appear that men's blunders were more worthy of conservation than the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, to which he implicitly ascribed the Bible. The manner in which the work was accomplished would have been in the highest degree disappointing to us had we anticipated any other result than was actually attained. For we knew as did no others that the time was the winter solstice of the human soul, and spiritual perception was at its lowest ebb; so that, be the learning expended on it what it might, there would be no insight to guide it. The very first verse of Genesis more than confirmed our gloomiest anticipations. In the Authorised Version, the Hebrew word wrongly rendered "heaven" in the first chapter was rightly rendered "heavens" in the second chapter. In the Revised Version both were wrongly rendered "heaven."

This error in Hebrew as well as in doctrine was for us, with Chapters vii.–x. of the *Greater Mysteries* in our hands, proof positive that the translators had not begun to understand the system of thought which underlies the Bible, and of which the Christ is the personal demonstration. And it was not without

a sense of elation that we reflected that the real and vital translation of the Bible, its translation from the Letter to the Spirit, had been withheld from the magnates of the dominant orthodoxy, backed by the national purse, to be committed to such inconspicuous and poverty-stricken instruments as ourselves. There was an irony about it which argued a keen sense of humour in the divine disposers of events.

We separated for our holiday, my colleague going to her mother at St Leonards, and I to a married niece in Warwickshire for whom I had great regard and affection, but whom I had not seen for many years. But it is on account of an experience which grew out of the visit that I make reference to her here. Her father, my eldest brother, a man of great and varied talent, had studied medicine at Edinburgh, where he had gained the gold medal for chemistry. But after a few years of practice as a physician, a visit to Rome had developed in him an ecclesiastical turn of mind, which led to his graduating at Oxford, and taking orders in the Anglican communion. His death had occurred in London in 1866, during the cholera epidemic of that year, but under circumstances which left a doubt in my mind as to its real cause. For, owing to some domestic unhappiness, he was living alone in lodgings near the river at the time, and no doctor had seen him in his illness, and there were a number of poisonous drugs in his room, with which, in pursuit of his old love of chemistry, he was experimenting. I had, however, kept my doubts to myself, and as the doctor who was called in to certify to the cause of death found sufficient evidence of its being choleraic to give a certificate to that effect, I continued to keep them to myself.

My niece, who was in no kind or degree a "spiritualist," took advantage of my recognition of the reality of the spiritualistic phenomena to tell me that she could not help thinking that her father was about her at times, in consequence of her reception of sudden suggestions which she could only ascribe to him; one of which was of such a nature as to lead her to inquire of her husband whether there was any question as to the cause of her father's death. As he had not heard of any, he replied accordingly. Nevertheless the suspicion recurred, and during my visit she put the same question to me, after telling me what I have just related about her seeming consciousness of her father's

presence ; whereupon I told her of my doubts and the reason for them.

Our respective visits ended. Mary and I returned to London on the same day to resume our work. It was a Saturday ; and in the evening, while glancing at a spiritualistic paper which we took in, she found an advertisement announcing a religious service, accompanied by tests in clairvoyance, to be held on the following evening in the Notting Hill district, by a man named Matthews. Her curiosity excited, she expressed a wish to attend, remarking that it was not spiritualism but clairvoyance. We accordingly agreed to go, and having ascertained the whereabouts of the locality—for it was an unknown one to us—repaired thither at the appointed time. The place of meeting was a chapel-like room, containing a platform for the performer, and seats to hold about a hundred persons, most of which were occupied by people of the respectable, stolid, unimaginative middle-class tradesfolk, none of whom we had ever seen before, and to all of whom we were totally unknown, as also was the case with the clairvoyant. The service, which consisted in singing, reading, and prayer, was followed by the promised tests. These consisted in the clairvoyant going round the room and accosting such persons as he was moved to address, telling them that he was desired by such and such a spirit, whom he either named or described, to deliver such and such a message to them. This he did to about a dozen different members of the audience, each of whom declared that no one but the spirit indicated could have sent such a message, and the recipients one and all expressed themselves as being much gratified at the proof thus vouchsafed of their friends' continued existence and recognition of them. At length, last of all, he came up to us, but paused as if in some perplexity. Then, speaking hesitatingly, he said, addressing me :—

“ I don't understand the meaning of what I have to say, but there is a spirit here who tells me to say to this gentleman that he *was* a physician, and that he came to his end through poison administered by himself. But it was not intentional ; he did not take it for that purpose. He was experimenting with some chemicals, and what he tasted killed him. I am told to say also that W. M. is with him.”

The manner of this message struck me quite as much as the matter. My brother's cautiousness and secretiveness, espe-

cially in his latter years, had amounted almost to eccentricity ; and the way in which, on this occasion, the personality of the speaker and his relationship to me were concealed amounted of itself to a strong corroborative proof of his identity. The initials " W. M.," moreover, were those of our brother William, also a student of medicine, who was his favourite brother, and had predeceased him by some twenty years.

On discussing together the particulars of this experience, we found ourselves compelled to the conclusion that it was indeed my eldest brother who, desiring to clear up the mystery of his end, had come to his daughter, my niece, then passed into my sphere, and following me home, had prompted Mary with the wish to visit the clairvoyant, whom he then instructed accordingly.

This incident finished, the clairvoyant addressed us jointly, saying :—

" I see something very curious about this lady and gentleman which I am bid to describe. Just at the end of a high range of buildings in some foreign-looking city there is a magnificent fountain, over which stands a monument or statue representing the Archangel Michael transfixing a dragon. This monument, I am told, represents their work. For the angel means Spiritualism, and the dragon Materialism, and they are charged with a mission of which the object is to destroy Materialism in religion by restoring Spirituality. And I see this gentleman resting beside the fountain, and Joan of Arc, in the likeness of this lady, standing by and keeping guard over him."

It had so happened, but no one in the world knew it save ourselves, that, recognising while in Paris the significance of the splendid fountain and monument of Michael and the Dragon in the Boulevard St Michel, we had thought that a drawing of it would make an admirable frontispiece for one of our projected books, and had searched the photograph-shops of Paris for a good representation, which we had accordingly purchased, and was then in our possession.¹ The allusion to Joan of Arc as acting as guardian to us was similarly in accordance with our experience as has already been stated.

Mary was so struck by these experiences, that we paid a private visit to the seer, partly to test him further, and partly to obtain

¹ This intention was carried into execution in the case of my little book published in 1884, *How the World came to an End in 1881*, which had for frontispiece a drawing made by Mary from the photograph.—E. M.

information that might be of practical value. It must be remembered that our very names were unknown to him, and we gave him no clue to what was in our minds, nor said anything that could have suggested his utterances. On entering the lucid state he said, among other things, first addressing me :—

“ I see a spirit always going before you, bearing a cross, a simple plain cross, as your guide and symbol. You have about you an old Greek spirit well versed in all kinds of mythologic knowledge ; and he holds up a round talisman in silver which he says is your emblem.”

I took this to represent the moon, and thereby the intuition.

“ I should say that you are receiving curious and special revelations concerning religious matters, and especially concerning the reincarnation of spirits, showing how they come back to operate again in the world. I do not understand it, but I am told that I am to correct the belief which spiritualists have that all the spirits who come to them are real, genuine spirits, whereas only some of them are real, the others being ‘ reflections ’—I think is meant.”

Then, addressing Mary, he said :—

“ A sister of yours is here, who died young, with pure flaxen or golden hair—such a beautiful angel. She lives a part of her earth-life in and with you, getting her experiences through you.”

This description exactly fitted a sister who had died several years before Mary was born, and whom their mother—who was no believer in spiritualism, and had never heard of reincarnation—used to say was so like Mary in appearance and characteristics as to make her think that she had come back as Mary.

He then said to her :—

“ Have you anything to do with Catholicism ? because I see a luminous cross with you, and before it a form, covered with a rich embroidered mantle, bends in adoration. I think it must be an attendant spirit on you, who performs this worship at intervals. But you will not stay in England. You are destined to go abroad. I see you some day in Rome, but not as a Roman Catholic.

“ I see two links welded, golden links, so blended that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. They mean you two. And there is a great work indeed which will be accomplished by you two jointly. Your visions are given you by guardian spirits who show you the things you are to know and do. You are the oracle for an innumerable host of spirits who have been silent for ages, but now intend those things to be known. Joan of Arc is

one of your guides. She has an enormous following of spirits. A person has been to me who fancies herself a reincarnation of Joan, but I told her she was mistaken. You have a marvellous work to accomplish, and you can't help doing it.

"You were not always a Catholic. I see you as a proselyte. You are destined by a vast band of spirits to carry out a work which you cannot help doing. You will have many difficulties, especially about December next, but will overcome them all, and rise to a position so high you could not have attained it alone and of yourself. Your difficulties will be through people trying to hinder your work. It must be kept as secret as may be till complete. When complete and safely launched all will be easy. Your husband, whom I see, is also under guidance in the interests of your work. Meanwhile you will have to watch and be careful.

"Were you not much troubled at the end of last year and beginning of this by people spreading scandalous tales? Yes! I see it all. The stout lady who took so much trouble to injure you has had her trouble for nothing—no, not for nothing; it will return upon herself. I only wonder she has not lost some of her corpulency by the exertions she made to injure you! Oh, what a figure hers is! I cannot help laughing when I see it. Her conduct has worried you dreadfully; but it will turn to your advantage, and prove the worst day's work she has ever done for herself. Do not take any action in the matter. Keep as you are, do as you are doing, and I see no possibility of any evil overcoming you."

Not only was this personal description of Miss Cobbe absolutely correct, but—as we only learnt some time after this sitting—she had actively busied herself as described in writing letters and making calls in order to instil insinuations with the object of making Mary's position in London untenable. And she indisputably succeeded, so far as seriously to interfere with her professional prospects at that time.

For the rest of the year our work was incessant. The revision, first of the text, and next of the proofs, of *The Perfect Way* was a task of infinite toil to both of us. We were determined that the printer's part of the work should be as perfect as our own, and it was as if there was a no less resolute endeavour on the other side to baffle us, so persistent were the compositors in making fresh mistakes when in the act of correcting previous ones. Never, probably, was there a book which required so many revises. It seemed to us that a "printer's devil" of exceptional malignance had been charged to baffle and spoil our work. It was a costly book to publish. And it seemed as if the Gods had foreseen the possibility of its exceeding our means when they charged our good friend in Paris with the expense. And, besides ful-

filling her mission in respect of the English edition, Lady Caithness subsequently brought out a French edition at her own cost. It was not, however, without great hesitation and reluctance that we acceded to her proposition in respect of the English edition, so strong was our preference for doing it ourselves. But it was difficult to decline an offer pressed upon us with the assurance of its maker's conviction that she had been divinely charged with the duty, and should consider our refusal of it as implying our sense of her unworthiness to be thus associated in our work.

It proved impossible to get the book actually published within the year 1881. But we were assured that the time of its appearance fell within the period prophetically assigned for the event which would constitute the "end of the world." Meanwhile Mary, too, prepared and published an English edition of her "*Thèse du Doctorat*," under the title of *The Perfect Way in Diet*, our idea being to issue a series of volumes, to be called "The Perfect Way Series." But we were unable to carry it out, through the great pressure of other work and Mary's frequent disablement by illness. *The Perfect Way in Diet* soon found recognition far and wide as a standard text-book, and was reproduced in various languages.

It was the occasion to Mary of a triumph, unique of its kind, we believed, up to that time, and one that I had especial cause to rejoice at; for, having been lampooned in the *Saturday Review*, she wrote so vigorous a remonstrance to the editor that, fearing an action for damages on account of the apparent impugment of her professional status, he made an apology so ample as to approach the abject. Meanwhile, though no longer attached to any of the anti-vivisection societies, we suffered no amount of other work to interfere with our efforts in this cause.

One of the difficulties in the way of our completing *The Perfect Way* in time to appear in that year was due to our constant reception of fresh points of light, which required to be added in. We were all the time conscious of close supervision, one striking example of which was the following :—

It had occurred to me that the Apocalyptic prophecy of the drying up of the Euphrates [in order that the way of the kings of the East should be prepared, might denote a process analogous

to that of the uplifting of the waters of the Red Sea, in which case the received translation would be incorrect. And as a hasty glance at the Greek seemed to me to confirm this impression, I made a marginal note in the proof as a reminder to myself, intending to verify it as soon as I had an opportunity of consulting the Lexicon. It slipped, however, from my mind; and meanwhile the printer adopted the suggestion into the book as a note, and sent me what was intended to be the final revise. The matter was one of which Mary was unaware, such points of mere scholarship being left exclusively to me. But during the morning of the day on which the revise ought to have been returned marked "for press," she exclaimed as if on a sudden recollection, "Such an odd thing happened to me in the night. A venerable-looking man, in the garb of an ancient Greek, appeared to me and said, speaking very emphatically, 'That Greek note is wrong,' repeating it three times, as if to impress it firmly on my mind. What could he have meant? Is there a Greek note in the book?"

I told her of the circumstance, and then went to my club to consult the necessary books, first directing her to write to a relative who was a professor of Greek. The result was to prove the correctness both of the received version and of the Greek spirit, my mistake having consisted in confounding two words which were so nearly alike as to be almost identical.

Shortly after this, I was pondering the passage in question, in search of its mystical import, having before me the explanation given us of the meaning of the Euphrates as one of the four rivers of Eden, or constituent principles of existence; when it flashed upon me that it exactly fitted Mary, both as to office and name. For, as denoting the spirit or will, it evidently meant that the human will must be "dried up," in the sense of being sublimated and made one with the divine will, before man can be accessible to the divine knowledges of which the higher principles in his system, the kings of the *spiritual* East, are the bearers. And as a way across a dried-up river is a ford, and this was a way for kings, it was exactly described by her name, "Kingsford"; while the office she was exercising by means of her faculty was precisely that of restoring to the world the divine knowledges implied.

But this was not the whole of the correspondence. On my

asking her whether she knew that she was referred to in the Book of Revelation by name and function, she laughed and said yes, she had known it for some time, but had not mentioned it, because she wanted to see whether I should find it out for myself. But her maiden name, she added, was referred to in the Bible as well as her married name. For the time which follows the reception of the truth brought by the "kings of the East" is called elsewhere the "acceptable year of the Lord," the Latin for which is *Annus bonus*, which, allowing for change of gender, is identical with her maiden name, Annie, or Anna Bonus. She subsequently identified the "kings," or principles, in question with the Right Aspiration, Right Perception, and Right Judgment of the Buddhists, which I further recognised as representing the functions, respectively, of the three intelligent principles in man, the Spirit, the Soul, and the Mind.

We discovered yet another coincidence in this relation. While reading one of Dr Kenealy's curious volumes on things occult, Mary came upon a drawing of an antique medallion, representing a king fording a river on horseback, and a statement by Dr Kenealy that this represented the "twelfth messenger," who was to complete the series of cyclical illuminations now nearly due, and that the initials of his name would be A. K. And so strong, we afterwards learnt, was the impression on Dr Kenealy's mind that, if not himself, one of his family was the destined messenger in question, that he gave several of his children Christian names beginning with A.

The instruction, "Concerning the Hereafter" (*Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xl.), was received by Mary in sleep shortly after the conclusion of the lectures, and was given in satisfaction of our need for a solution of some difficulties by which we were perplexed. These were difficulties arising out of sundry experiences, our own and those of others, which seemed to imply, on the part of visitants from the other world, alternations or fluctuations of condition, intellectual and moral, such as to render it impossible to regard the various states as belonging to one and the same personality, as they obviously did.

The instruction in question furnished a perfect solution of our problems, and, moreover, corrected what we had discerned to be erroneous in the teaching of the authority relied on by such of the spiritualists as recognised reincarnation at all, namely,

Allan Kardec, respecting that doctrine, by showing that he failed to distinguish between the astral phantom and the true soul. As this was a failure common to all mere spiritualists, we were greatly struck by finding from one of our Theosophical friends that what we had thus received accorded exactly with the teaching sent them from India, an agreement which disposed us to pay careful heed to other developments from that quarter.

But what was especially gratifying to us in respect of this instruction was the following:—Having occasion to consult the Kabala, of which our knowledge thus far was of the slenderest, being derived from interior recollections, or from books about the Kabala, rather than from itself, we repaired to the library of the British Museum for the purpose, where, while turning over the leaves of Rosenroth's *Kabbalah Denudata*, we came upon some chapters which showed us that what Mary had thus received in sleep was a perfect abstract of kabalistic doctrine, even to the repetition of Latin sentences and Hebrew words, all of which she had rendered with perfect accuracy. We saw in this a further confirmation of the conclusion we had long since formed, that the revelation made to us was identical in source, method, and kind with that which had been delivered to the inspired of old, and of which the Bible is the chief surviving depository, being described by the Rabbins of the Kabala as given by God to Adam in Paradise, and to Moses on Sinai, expressions which denoted the state of illumination. It was some time after this that Mary, on accepting an invitation to meet the noted kabalistic scholar, Dr Ginsburgh, was led to express certain convictions, whereat he exclaimed, in great surprise, "Why, that is pure Kabala! How did you come by it?" But not being a believer in the divinity of the Kabala, or in the reality of the corresponding illuminative experiences, he could not be persuaded that she was speaking seriously when she declared that she dreamt it. When *The Perfect Way* reached the hands of another and yet more notable master of kabalistic lore—more notable because understanding it and knowing enough to be able to believe—Baron Giuseppe Spedalieri of Marseilles, "the friend, disciple, and literary heir" of Eliphas Levi, he at once wrote to us declaring that our book represented the doctrine of the Kabala restored to its original purity which belonged to it while in the sanctuaries prior to its corruption by the Rabbins;

and that the illumination under which we had written it perfectly fulfilled the prophecies of the Hermetists of the later middle age announcing such an illumination as to occur exactly at the epoch in which it had occurred to us.¹ And we subsequently received like testimony from other kabalistic scholars.

Coming in my reading upon a notice of one of the most famous Hermetists of the middle age, Pico di Mirandola, I was struck by finding him extolled as a marvel of intuitive perception, on the ground that he had at once recognised the divinity of the Kabala. For my own feeling had been exactly the same the moment I came in contact with kabalistic doctrine. It was like a memory recovered, so instantaneously did I recognise it.

The discovery in an old book on Occultism of some directions for making a magic mirror made Mary curious at the same time to test both the directions given and her own power of seeing in it. We accordingly had one made. It was of copper, lined with tin, concave, and about four inches in diameter. After spending some time in trying it—it was in the evening of November 6—she laid it aside, uncertain whether her failure to see in it was due to her own lack of the faculty, or to the defective workmanship of the mirror, its concavity being so imperfect as to prevent the rays from properly converging to a focus. A little later in the evening, while resting on the sofa in the back drawing-room, she found herself lucid, and called to me, as I was sitting in the other room, to come and write down the extraordinary things which were being shown to her. The subject proved to be one of stupendous importance, but to which we had never given a thought ; nor had either of us any acquaintance whatever with the history of the period concerned. For it was a description of the composition of the Gospels from manuscripts contained in the Serapeum at Alexandria, and of the subsequent destruction of that library by the Christians in order to conceal their real origin, when the noise and tumult were so great that she begged to be recalled to her outer consciousness, declaring that she could not bear it. On consulting the history of the time, we found that, so far as history goes, all the details seen by her, names, dates, and the rest—although entirely strange to us—were perfectly accurate. And the

¹ See pp. 168–9 *post*.

account seen by her of the origin of the Gospels and the destruction of the Serapeum has since been pronounced by special students of the subject to be the only consistent and adequate explanation ever given. It is No. xxxii. in Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*.

For the satisfaction of those who may care to know our respective parts in *The Perfect Way*, I give the following table, using the Second Edition for the purpose:—Lecture I. pars. 1–6 are mine; 7–13, hers; 14–18, mine; 19–21, hers; 22–24, mine; 26–29, hers; 30–32, mine; 43–51, hers; 52, 53, mine; 54, hers, but taken down by me as spoken by her under illumination; 55, mine; 56, hers; making 25 pars. to be mine, and 29 hers, in Lecture I.¹

Lectures II. and III. were written by me mainly from illuminations received by her. Lecture IV. is hers entirely, my part in it being little more than that of literary revision. Lecture V. was written by me almost entirely from revelations received by her, my own independent contributions to it being pars. 27–29 and 45–47. Lecture VI. is hers, with the exception of pars. 28, 29, which are mine. Lecture VII. is mine, with the exception of the italicised portion of par. 3, which is adapted from an illumination of hers, as also is the whole of Part II. Lecture VIII. was written by me chiefly from illuminations of hers. Lecture IX. is mine, with the exception of portions of pars. 20–23, which were written by us jointly; and 44–46, 53 and 54, which are compiled from revelations to her. The Appendices are all as received by her under illumination occurring chiefly in sleep, the inspiration being both plenary and verbal, with the exception of No. X. [“Concerning the One Life”] which was intellectually elaborated.² All the italicised parts of the book were verbal revelations to her.

¹ There are fifty-six paragraphs in Lecture I. of the Second Edition (as also in the Third and Fourth Editions) of *The Perfect Way*. Paragraphs 25 and 36 are practically quotations. Consequently, nine paragraphs are unaccounted for, except that five of them must have been written by Edward Maitland (to make up the twenty-five paragraphs), and four by Anna Kingsford (to make up the twenty-nine paragraphs).—S. H. H.

² The Appendices to the first three editions of *The Perfect Way* have been omitted from the present (Fourth) Edition, and others have been substituted, all such omitted Appendices being included in *Clothed with the Sun*, which in 1887 (the date of the publication of the Second Edition of *The Perfect Way*) was not published.—S. H. H.

This table holds good for the Third Edition, with the exception of pars. 27-41 in Lecture VIII., the greater part of which is fresh matter, written by myself to replace the same quantity in the former editions, in accordance with wishes expressed and suggestions made by Mary shortly before her death. The chief reason for the withdrawal of Lecture V. in the First Edition, in favour of that which now occupies its place, was our conviction of the superior importance of the subject of the latter, and the impossibility of including both owing to the book being stereotyped. A secondary reason was Mary's reluctance to retain an illustration such as that of the "Wandering Cell," while physiologists were still undecided about the reality of the phenomenon, lest the book be exposed to hostile criticism in consequence of their doubts.¹

Our good friend in Paris, Lady Caithness, made use of the above table, of which I sent her a duplicate, to mark in her copy all Mary's parts with a red pencil line and mine with a blue one—these being our "tinctures"—and the composite passages with both. The cover, which was designed by Mary, had in the centre a figure of the "woman clothed with the sun," to denote the soul and her full illumination by the spirit; at the corners the symbols of the four evangelists and elemental divinities, which signify the four divisions of existence, both within man and without him; and round the borders the texts, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day!" and "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" Mary was very proud of this design. The First Edition was bound in the nearest colour to purple that was to be had, namely, a "peacock-blue," in order—while including the Seven Spirits of God—to combine our own colours, the red and the blue. And the design on the back cover was the symbol of the double triangle, interlaced, which denotes the interlinking of the worlds unmanifest and manifest; and a monogram composed of the letters A, E, and M, being the initials of our Christian names and that of Lady Caithness, which was added to our own in token of her part in the enterprise. And the latter signified her recognition of the book as marking the

¹ Paragraphs 27-41 in Lecture VIII. of the Second Edition, and Lecture V. of the First Edition are reprinted in the Appendix to the present (Fourth) Edition of *The Perfect Way*.—S. H. H.

introduction of the new dispensation which was to witness the establishment of the "kingdom of the Mother of God" by adopting *Anno Dominæ*, the year of our Lady, in the place of *Anno Domini*, the year of our Lord, and dating the new era from that time.

There were yet other events, besides those already enumerated, which seemed to us appropriate as symbols to mark the year as the introduction of a new era. These were (1) the introduction of lighting by electricity, in which we recognised a parallel to the vast enhancement of spiritual light through the new interpretation; (2) the accordance to women of equal political rights with men in the Isle of MAN, which was for us a curiously apt illustration of our doctrine of the necessity of the woman to man's completeness in all planes alike of their manifold nature; (3) the founding of the spiritualist paper, *Light*, in which we foresaw a medium for the promulgation of our teachings; and (4) the founding in India of that other organ of occult lore, the *Theosophist*.

The following curious experience, which I extract from my Diary, belongs to the record of this year:—

December 5 [1881].—In common with the generality of people, we have been much exercised about the murder of Mr Gould by Lefroy on the Brighton Railway, and especially by the persistence of the latter in ascribing the deed to a third person, who, he says, was in the carriage, but who disappeared unaccountably after the murder. And we were disposed to look for some occult explanation.

Shortly after the murder, Mary saw herself in vision standing on the platform by the carriage in which it took place, and on Mr Gould attempting to enter it, pulling him back, saying there was a tiger in the farther corner. He, however, declared that it was only a man, and insisted on getting in.

This morning the paper contained an account of Lefroy, who is to be executed to-morrow, saying that he now claims to have acted under some influence which he was unable to withstand—meaning, apparently, some spirit other than himself, who had quitted the carriage, and who was the real murderer. I was in the middle of the account when Mary came down, and, though knowing nothing of what was in the paper, declared, as she entered the room, that she had been up all night in the carriage with Lefroy, and had witnessed the whole scene of the murder; and that during the struggle, which was long and terrible, she had observed Lefroy sitting quietly in the corner of the carriage looking on, and on her expostulating with him for not interfering to prevent the murder, he said, "I see it, but I cannot help it. It is I myself who am doing it. Look! don't you see that it is my own very self?" And then,

looking, she found that he spoke truth, and that it was to his double that she was speaking, while the man himself was committing the murder.

One explanation was, that what Mary had been thus shown was the imprint of the murder-scene in the astral light, and what she had taken for the double of Lefroy was his astral body of the previous incarnation, which had overshadowed him and impelled him to the deed, he having been a murderer in that life also, and, instead of mending, had cultivated the tendencies which rendered him accessible to the evil influence of his own past self. So that he was, spiritually, of the grade of a tiger. As a matter of fact—if Lefroy's own confession is to be trusted—he had not entered the carriage first, but had waited to mark down a likely victim, and seeing Mr Gould alone in the carriage, had then got in. It was quite possible, however, for the apparition of Lefroy to precede his real entrance. And it is possible, also, that the experience was given to her as an instruction to be pondered over, without strict regard to the facts of the case.

This impression received confirmation from a subsequent experience in the same connection, to be recorded in its place.

In the summer of this year she began to keep a Diary for her own private thoughts, in which she had made the following entries under the dates specified:—

August 15, 1881.—I am going to begin my Diary to-day, because this day is one of sorrowful memory to me—the first anniversary of the death of my dear little friend Rufus. And it is also the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. There is an association between these two ideas, for is not Maria the same as Venus, and is not Venus our Lady of Love? And is it not from her Golden Book that I got my assurance of the continuance of the life of all creatures, and of the uses of Love towards them? Love's rising heralds the rising of Justice; our Lady the Enlightener climbs Heaven in advance of the Balance. Sure it is that Love and Justice are one, and the equal rights of all creatures before the Lord God of Spirits are revealed and assured to us by Her who is the Mistress of the Fourth Day. For what are these words—Justice and Rights? How should be known the meaning of either but for Love? And Love is the Woman of Heaven, Maria, Astræa, Venus, Aphrodite, by whatever name she is known and dear to us. Yes, dear Goddess, that sign of Thee in Heaven is my comfort, for I know no sign could be there if the Reality did not invisibly exist. How idle is it to refer us to all this wonderful text-book of the Zodiac, and to expect us to believe that the mere Letter is all there is of it! “Thy word, O Lord, for ever is written in Heaven.” Yea, but the writing is not the Word. This holy Lamb, this Lion, this Virgin, this Balance, this Cup-Bearer—they are but so many hieroglyphs of True Persons, whose signatures, so to speak, they are. Can Astronomy satisfy Love? Can the soul be content with symbols? That I love, that I have a soul—nay, that I *am* a Soul, these are evidences to me that Heaven too loves, that the Universe is spiritual. History is the

Body, Science is the Mind, the Soul is that inner and central Cause which answers to Religion. No one but a fool or a lunatic could suppose that all the wise and illuminated men of all ages and lands combined and agreed to represent these various figures in the Starry Sphere according to one universal chart out of pure fantasy! And if such an assumption be difficult on the face of it, how much more is it difficult—nay, impossible—to the man who has experience of life, and who knows how perfectly these figures correspond to the Intuition of the heart and mind! I need no history, for my part, to convince me of the truth of the Parables of the Zodiac, and of their eternal application to the experience of humanity.

August 22 [1881].—I have just finished Cahagnet's books on Magnetism, and chiefly that relating his experiences with his *Lucide*. I suspect that the images he evoked through her, and which doubtless were faithful representations of the persons asked for, were every one seen in the Astral, not in the Heavenly Sphere. I think this because all these Larvæ were of one mind, and answered certain questions all in one way, to wit:—*Q.* Is there any hell, any punishment for evil-doers in the next world? *A.* None; we are all in the same place, and all equally happy. *Q.* Shall you ever return to earth and become incarnate again? *A.* Never. We only live once on earth. *Q.* But the embryo of fifteen days old, for instance—has it a spirit, and does it never take another body, if at that age it should perish? *A.* It has a spirit, and if it should perish even at the age you mention it will never again return to earth. *Q.* What do you do in heaven? *A.* We continue to do that which we liked doing best on earth. And many other things I find in that book, all of which are reasonable enough if we think of them as conditions and acts of the material mind, but which—if the ancients be in the right of it—are not true of the Soul or celestial mind.

Here meditation passed into illumination, thought into perception and full knowledge; and she wrote the chapter, "Concerning the Four Atmospheres," which stands as I. xxxix. in *Clothed with the Sun*, but is there [in the First Edition] wrongly stated to have been received in sleep.

A few nights ago I was told in my sleep that the Earth once generated life spontaneously, but that she has long since ceased bearing, and, like a mother past the period of gestation, contents herself with rearing and nourishing her children. I do not know how this may be, but of one thing I feel pretty sure: it is, that the typical germ of all life is Thought, and that every living germ is, in its ultimate substance, Thought; and that, therefore, we men, animals, plants, minerals, gases, vapours, are mere agglomerate bundles of so many thoughts, varying according to our kind.

The microscope, indeed, has taught us that all bodies are kingdoms built up of a number, more or less great, of tiny individualities, organised, and having all the properties of life. What, then, causes the ego, which is the resultant of all these personalities, to be but One? And why, for instance, when many thousands of my cellular

subjects suffer in any particular region of my body, should their collective pains affect me with the sensation that I am suffering? Is it not because of the application of that law of sympathy which runs through all the universe, and which makes me identical with all those personalities magnetically connected with my consciousness? To *bind* is to progress, to develop, to rise, to increase, to eternise. It is Religion. To *unbind* is to dissolve, to retrograde, to dissipate. It is Irreligion. It is to "Janus Pater" or "Peter Jonas" that the power of binding and unbinding is committed, because the Father of the Church is no other than Saturn himself, the guardian of the outermost, and Lord of the Seventh Day. It is said that to bind and to loose is equivalent to Salvation and Damnation; for to bind is to knead together and to unite; to loose is to scatter and disperse. This binding-power, therefore, is the attribute and prerogative of Time, and what she binds together in matter is bound in spirit also. That which is the means of this binding is the law of Gravitation, which is no other than sympathy, magnetic attraction, affinity. As the body corporate feels and acts and reasons as One, so also is it with the Universe, which is welded together on the same plan, and the sum of whose thought is God. And as the germ of molecular matter is thought, so, therefore, is Mind the originator and not the product of Matter. Gravitation, or sympathy, which holds together in one the myriad corpuscles of my body, and merges all their several consciences in one consciousness, making one vision suffice for the whole kingdom, is the same also in the universe, in the which one Sun suffices to illumine the whole system. For the Sun is the eye of the Macrocosm, filling its whole body with light; and all bodies made after the image of God, or the Macrocosm, are similarly illuminated. Not to have an eye is to be rudimentary, an undeveloped, not a complete person; to be such as would be the planetary system without a sun. To have an eye is to claim brotherhood with the Highest, to have culminated in Personality, and to be a complete individual. When the body corporate thus welded in one, and thus collectively illuminated, makes but a single ego of its many corpuscles it dwells in love, and is eternal by the power of love, or of Religion, which is the same word. But if it fall from love and become irreligious, then it will divide and dissipate and lose its sight, falling into the outer darkness that is beyond the domain of Saturn the Binder. He who loves all works by love, and cannot do the works of Darkness or of Hate—that is, of Cruelty—on any account. If any man think that the works of darkness can be a means to bring him to light, that man is not under the power of love. For the works of love are love, and the joy of one is the joy of all.

August 29 [1881].—It has occurred to me to write a paper taking a new view of vivisection and its practitioners. I will contrast the physician of the day with the physician as he ought to be, defined thus by Ennemoser (*History of Magic*, vol. i. p. 322):—"He must be a priest-physician. Through his own health, especially of the soul, he is truly capable, as soon as he himself is pure and learned, to help the sick. But first he must make whole the inner man, the soul; for without inward peace no bodily cure can be radical. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary for a true physician to be a priest."

And this, indeed, was the idea of the primitive Church, whose priests were all put through a course of instruction in the healing art ; and from the earliest times the two professions of priest and physician have been united. The curate was the man who cured not only souls, but bodies likewise. He practised, in fact, the true Magic, "white magic," the art of magnetic healing. But side by side with this true priestly magic, there has always been the unholy art of the wizard, the art of "black magic," that of the man who sought to produce miraculous effects by evil means. To know, to heal, to work marvels by true magic, it is necessary to live purely, to abstain from indulgence of the flesh, and to do the deeds of love. All this did not suit the man of the world, who desired to attain the same results, but without the self-sacrifice. He had recourse then to devils, and wrung from them by evil means miraculous powers. To satisfy and to propitiate them, he offered living oblations in secret places, and sacrificed to them the most innocent victims he could procure, putting them to hideous deaths in order to obtain the knowledge or power he sought. The same part is played by the vivisector to-day. He is in fact a practitioner of black magic ; he obtains his knowledge by means of the exact counterparts of the bloody devil-sacrifices of the wizards, and, like them, he damns himself in the process. His knowledge may, indeed, be real, but he cannot ask the blessing of Heaven upon it. We fancy (vain fancy !) that in the nineteenth century no one practises magic, and that we have expurged the very word from our dictionaries. Yet, in what shall we say the practices of the secret devil-worshippers of mediæval times differed from those which now go on in the underground laboratories of the medical school at Paris ? There, as from time to time a door swings open below that flight of stone steps leading down into the darkness, you may hear a burst of shrieks and moans such as those which arose from the subterranean vaults of the sorcerers of the dark ages. It is—as it was then—the wizard at his work, the votary of Satan pursuing his researches, and at the price of torture and of his soul wresting knowledge from the powers of evil. Nothing is easier than this method of gaining knowledge, for the operator sacrifices nought of his own to gain it ; he gives only other lives, and these the most innocent he can obtain, for his master delights only in innocent victims. He is called on personally to renounce nothing—save his soul—and may live in all the luxury and crime he pleases.

It used to be deemed a damnable sin to practise such black arts as these. But now their professors hold their Sabbat in public, and their enunciations are reported in the journals of the day. It is held superstition to believe that in former ages wizards were able by secret tortures and unheard-of atrocities to wrest knowledge from Nature ; but now the self-same crimes are openly and universally practised, and men everywhere trust their efficacy. What is needed is the revival of the true magic of the Pure Life, which heals without blood and gives health without vicarious disease. It is black magic which, in order to cure a patient, first transfers his complaint to an innocent victim. He who accepts health at such a cost shall but save it to lose it.

August 31 [1881].—I think I have at last got the clue to the mythos of Hercules. It must be remembered that these astronomical mythos

were always at least threefold ; *i.e.* they related first to solar and cosmic phenomena ; next, to physical ; and, lastly, they had an interior meaning applied to the soul. Hercules, then, is the Sun in his twelve signs, but he is also the magnetic Man (Lodestone), and, correspondingly, he is the Christ-soul, the son of God. Hercules is connected in mythos with Castor and Pollux, the Dioscuri, twin sons of Zeus the lightning God, and with the Dactyls, five of whom were male and five female. The magnetic stone was called the Herculean stone, the magnet, the two poles of which are the Dioscuri ; for magnetism and electricity may be comprehended under the image of two inseparable individuals. And as the north pole of a magnet is discoverable only by its attraction to the south pole of another magnet—a fact which may be considered in reference to our globe and to every particle of matter—and as the one electricity is only discovered by means of its opposite, so here we have two Brothers who constantly die and return to life together, one dying that the other may live. These Dioscuri, too, are they not specially connected with the art of Navigation, and is not Hercules named with them as joint-inventor and patron of seafaring ? Is not Hercules also named the Astrologer, the Index, the Saviour ; and did not the Phœnicians, who were devoted to navigation, use a divining-cup ascribed to Hercules, by means of which they were directed in their voyages ? And the two pillars of Hercules, what are they in physical science but the double character of Magnetism and Electricity ? And was not Hercules worshipped at Hyettos and elsewhere under the figure of the Stone—a ferruginous Batylus ? As for the Dactyls, they are the human fingers, five of which disude positive and five negative magnetism.

These Dioscuri, sons of thunder, sons of heaven, are the James and John of the Christian Zodiac, the Gemini ; and their white horses are the lightning on which they ride. All those who smite, and whose mission it is to bring down fire from heaven, are termed—as they are—Cabiri, sons of the thunderbolt. All these myths have a spiritual meaning. Hercules, the lodestone of physical science, is the Christ-soul of religious science. This stone is the head-stone, the corner-stone, the white-stone in which is a new name written. It is that stone of understanding which is the symbol of Hermes, the guardian and conductor of the Soul, that stone hewn without hands—for indeed it fell from heaven, as did the Batylus—which shall smite in pieces the kingdoms of the world. And these Dioscuri are the dual powers of the Soul operating in perfect accord and union. These are the navigators of the sea of Mara, by whose aid the ship of the Church may safely arrive at the haven, weathering every storm. And as the Soul herself is born of the sea, so the Dioscuri are the sons of Leda, begotten in the water by a Swan. And James and John, their counterparts, were the sons of a fisherman.

November 13 [1881].—It happens that at times I am not altogether assured in my mind of the certainty of immortality for the soul, or even of the perfect goodness of God. But of one thing am I sure, and that is, that there is not, and cannot be, any half-way house between Atheism and that doctrine which I have. Either the universe is constructed after the manner I hold it should be, or it is not to be believed that it has any reasonable nature at all. Still,

there are some points which I have not yet resolved, and they are these :—

1. How comes it about that it should be Nature's common habit to ripen or to hatch but one, perhaps, out of thousands of wasted germs ?

2. Why are we forced, whether we seek it or not, to destroy life at every step and at every breath, not being able even to swallow a glass of water without immolating myriads of tiny creatures ? If it be true that "nothing is small and nothing great in the Divine sight," why so little care for these many lives ?

3. Is it true that predatory beasts are necessary to keep down herbivorous and other innocent creatures, and that, therefore, by destroying the first we destroy the equilibrium of Nature ?

4. Must we indeed snare and kill for our own protection, and for the security of our crops, such innocent and beautiful creatures as hares, rabbits, moles, pigeons, and other birds, who do no one any harm, and whose habits are gentle and lovable ?

5. Must we send to the slaughter-yard our aged and infirm horses and other beasts of burden who have spent their whole lives in our service, and whose very decrepitude is owing to the toil we have exacted of them ? Old men look forward to a calm decease in the midst of tenderness and love, surrounded by those for whose benefit they have laboured, and in whose arms they hope to pass away. But the old and faithful dumb servant, whose neck is worn with the yoke and whose knees are bent and weak with the long years of painful and constant work, falls murdered under the blows of the axe in a miserable and foul-smelling den, where often he is starved and wasted for many days before this horrible and ungrateful end. Is it right that violent death should be the reward of so great service ?

These questions must all be answerable in a satisfactory manner ; otherwise I see no alternative but to drop the thread which, so far, I have unravelled from the tangled skein, and confess with the Agnostics that one can know nothing. For either the system is perfect and without flaw of any kind, or it is no system at all. That is to say that, according to my mind, one must be capable of explaining with satisfaction all things soever, or one must confess that it is impossible to explain the least thing.

" 11 CHAPEL STREET, PARK LANE, W.

" November 4, 1881."

" MY DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—Thank you very much for your welcome and sympathetic letter. I doubt not that Mr M—— keeps you 'posted up' in the progress of *the Book*, which we are doing our utmost to get out as a Christmas present to the world. You can have no idea what a labour it has been, and, I may say, still is. For not only has it been exceedingly difficult to compress into moderate dimensions, and to express clearly in popular language, the enormous mass of truth we have to put forth, but we have also found it necessary to elucidate the texts by means of woodcuts, the designing, copying, and perfecting of which, having been exclusively assigned to me, have occupied a considerable amount of time. The Triangle, which occupies so large a part in your symbolic system

of thought, is now newly exemplified in the threefold united effort by means of which our Book is to be introduced to the world. And it seems to be somewhat significant that the trio thus chosen represents, respectively, three distinct powers, with none of which we could have dispensed.

“ The little woodcut which I have had stamped on this paper has been kindly lent me by Mrs Kenealy. It was cut for use by the Doctor, but he died before the book in which it was to have appeared could be produced. The design is a reproduction from an old picture ; hence the conventional stiffness of the limbs and drapery. Apart from this (which is perhaps hardly a fault), I find *everything* in the symbolism of the picture, and for that reason have adopted it. The divine Mother is, of course, the heavenly Arche, or Wisdom, the primary substance of things manifest, holding in her arms the Life or Spirit, that is God, the vital Principle, who is to the Soul what the sun is to the system. And the Seven Doves are the Seven Spirits of God, or Seven Messengers, the Dove, or Pigeon, being selected as the type of the Carrier messenger. For the Dove it was which went out of Noë's Ark and brought him back tidings of the cessation of the Flood, bearing in her mouth an olive branch, symbol of Peace and of Wisdom ; and the throat of the Dove, encircled by a ring resembling the Rainbow, indicates it as the special emblem of the Sevenfold Spirit, whose hues are figured as those of the seven rays which make the One Invisible Light.

“ As regards the Book, I am anxious only that it should become *known*. Once known, I am confident of its success on every plane. But it is no easy thing to reach the public eye and hand. So far as I have yet seen, ‘ J. K.’ (Junius Köhn) approaches more nearly to our doctrine than any other writer, and his rule of life is similar to ours. But he is wholly astray in the view he takes of the Crucifixion and of the Miracles of Christ. The first he regards only as evidence of failure on the part of the Messiah (!) ; the second as evidence of mere adeptship ; and he is often, as in the case of the story of the raising of Lazarus, forced—in order to support his view—to attribute to the Christ something very like deliberate falsehood. I have been told that ‘ J. K.’s’ peculiarities in this respect are in some measure due to the fact that, being by birth and education a Jew, he has inherited the Jewish prejudice against the person of Jesus, and however greatly he has overcome this by dint of his own intuitive reason, he is still affected by hereditary sentiment to the extent of regarding the Cross as a stumbling-block.

“ The interpretation which you suggest of the celebrated ‘ 666 ’ is, I think, an admirable one, and commends itself more to my mind than any I have yet heard. The three sixes would thus be the ‘ number of the Beast,’ in that the date 1881 would indicate the year which should limit and end his power ; the Beast, of course, being Denial, the Spirit of Unbelief and Materialism. ‘ His number is 666 ’ ; that is, he shall fulfil that number of years, then his fall shall come. And it is also, as you say, the number of the Man, for then—in 1881—the Man shall begin to succeed the Beast. I regard the prophecy concerning this year as already fulfilled in the production of our Book, which will, for the first time in the world's history, ‘ make straight the way of the Lord,’—the Perfect Way.

“ For a long time I have had no visions or direct illumination, but I look on these as suspended merely in order to permit occupation in the active work needed for the production of our Book. And I hope when that is safely launched that I may have time for rest and thought, assisted by the Light which has already taught us all to discern so much. You must remember also that, unlike the ordinary ‘ Medium,’ I have no power to attract or influence my ‘ Voices.’ If it should seem good to the Gods to show or to tell me anything concerning your special guardian, of course you shall know at once ; but, as a rule, the affairs of Souls and their Angels are as strictly concealed from other Souls as are the secrets of penitents by their Directors in the Church. Nor are the communications made to me often of a *particular* nature. They concern rather principles and interior interpretations, doctrine, and so forth. For these only, or chiefly, hitherto have I found myself clairvoyante or clairaudient.

“ I am glad to know you feel interested in my little treatise to which I ventured to give the *family name* of the ‘ Perfect Way ’ (*The Perfect Way in Diet*)—for Mr M—— and I regard it as a forerunner of the Book, a sort of John the Baptist heralding the fuller Gospel. And, indeed, it sets forth the physical foundation on which the spiritual structure must be raised ; it clears away the *blood* from the steps of the Christ. And unless a man can make up his mind to *live the life of Eden* he will never have right to the Tree of the Garden, ‘ whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.’

“ I send you herewith a copy of the last number of the *Food Reform Magazine*, thinking you may be interested in my last letter on Pure Diet therein. Also the *Réforme Alimentaire* of the Paris Society.—
Always most affectionately yours,
ANNA MARY K.”

CHAPTER XXII

VARIED ACTIVITIES

THE lease of the house in Chapel Street had but six months to run, and we were still without any indication as to how or where we should fix the fulcrum of our future activities. Meanwhile it was clearly our duty, as it was our pleasure, to make the most of present opportunities.

The year opened troublously for us. The clairvoyant whom we had visited in the previous summer had indicated the close of 1881 as an approximate period for trouble,¹ but we had not attached importance to the prognostic, remarkable as was his accuracy in all else that he had stated. But, as the event proved, the time had actually come of which we had been forewarned by our own illuminators in 1877, in connection with *The Soul and How it Found Me*. Take what precautions and observe what reticence we might, it had been declared to us, the book would bring us much grief. "This is a prophecy, and must be fulfilled." It came of the persecution instituted against Mary by her relentless enemy, the "stout lady" so accurately described by the clairvoyant.

For, as we now learnt, Miss Cobbe had obtained a copy of the book in question, and having identified Mary as the subject of the experiences recorded in it, notwithstanding my suppression of her name, forthwith proceeded to annotate her copy with sundry impure imaginings wholly foreign both to the letter and the spirit of the book, and such as only a person with a morbidly keen sense of impropriety could have devised, and to circulate it among her acquaintances, some of whom belonged to our circle and brought us word, asking for an explanation.

¹ See p. 27 *ante*.

This, of course, was easily rendered, as also, in turn, was rendered to us the motive of the slander, which accorded exactly with what had already been intimated to us.

We did not fail to recognise in the circumstance an exemplification of the destiny, or "karma," which we had been informed was inherited by Mary from her former lives. But the shock and distress were none the less serious to her; for they brought on a succession of seizures, epileptiform in character, of a very alarming kind. And our invisible foes, the "Haters of the Mysteries," availed themselves of the condition thus induced to make a fresh attempt on our work, by impressing her with the belief that I was the person really to blame, by reason of my having published the book against her strongly expressed wishes! And so well did they succeed that even the proofs which I submitted to her, in the shape of her own letters and drawings, failed to remind her of the fulness of her consent to the publication. But while her recollection of things recent and appertaining to her present life was thus obscured to effacement, her recollection of things remote and appertaining to a life long past was fresh and vivid. And the life remembered was that of which so evil a report had been given her by our Genii in Paris three or four years before.¹ For it was that in which "she had dwelt in the body of Faustine the Roman," empress of Marcus Aurelius. For, as her vivid descriptions of the things she now saw and heard showed, she was once more seated at royal banquets, decorated with imperial insignia, before viands conspicuous among which were peacocks wearing their feathers as in life, and other fantastic tokens of the luxury of the period. Once more she was at the gladiatorial encounters in the arena, surrounded by her court of ladies, and wild with excitement over the varying fortunes of the combatants, demanding quarter for favourites, and insisting on the despatch of those who by their lack of skill or courage had failed to win favour. Only by supposing her to be overshadowed by the astral self of Faustine could I at all explain the phenomenon. For I could not credit her true soul with the possession of memories of that nature. But how tremendous, I thought, must have been the strength of the lower will which

¹ See Vol. I p. 341.

enabled it thus to endure and to manifest itself in force after the lapse of so many centuries !

On her return to her proper self I renewed my endeavour to take what I saw clearly was the only reasonable view of the position. Our work was of a kind to enlist against it all the powers of the infernal, which would not fail to strike at us either directly or through human agents, and our only chance of safety lay in our maintenance of a strong and unshaken resolution. To this end she must be armed, like her favourite divinity, Pallas Athena, with the shield and helmet of defence, as well as with the spear of offence. She had but to put on the whole armour of the Goddess and steel herself against all assaults to secure immunity from harm. Nothing could hurt us if we were true to ourselves and sought aid in the right quarter. We had proofs innumerable that they who were on our side were more than they who were against us. But the wound was too recent and too deep. My remonstrances were vain, and my final reply to her pleading for an admission of error on my part was the assurance, which I gave her with the utmost solemnity, feeling absolutely certain of its truth, that the time would certainly come—whether here or hereafter I could not say—when she would see the matter exactly as I saw it, and would tell me of her own accord that I had been right and she wrong.

It is for the sake of this prediction and its issue that I have so fully recounted the incident. The fulfilment did not come in her lifetime. Nevertheless it came, and this absolutely and without affording the smallest ground for distrust as to its genuineness. But the relation of it must be left to its proper place in our closing chapter.¹

Meanwhile the trouble had struck its roots so deeply into her system that even my immediate withdrawal of the book from sale failed sensibly to reconcile her, so that it remained an unresolved, though a rarely expressed, discord between us—the only one there was.

Happily the trouble had caused no lesion in the part of her mental apparatus with which her intellectual work was accomplished; and the months of January and February [1882]

¹ See p. 420 *post*.

witnessed the appearance of two of her most notable contributions to the anti-vivisection cause. One of these was her article, "The Uselessness of Vivisection," which appeared in [the February number of] the *Nineteenth Century*, and the other an address entitled "Violationism, or Sorcery in Science," which was [on the 23rd January] delivered before the British National Association of Spiritualists. They attracted much attention both at home and abroad, being reproduced in various languages, and the former called no less a personage than Dr W. B. Carpenter into the field to answer her, in the attempt to do which he did not scruple to belittle Sir Charles Bell and his work for his denunciations of the experimental method.

The other paper—the first title of which was a term coined in the same connection by that profoundly philosophic thinker, Dr Garth Wilkinson—was written in pursuance of the design indicated in her Diary already cited.¹ It drew a parallel between the principles and methods of the sorcerer and the vivisector, and a contrast between these and the true magician and healer as subsisting in the times when men really believed in the Gods and the priest and the physician were one, and recognised the interdependence between soul and body. This paper was especially designed to rouse the spiritualists from their indifference on the subject [of vivisection] by showing them that their very claim to positive knowledge of the soul's reality and persistence constituted an obligation [on them] to oppose a practice which is utterly at variance with all that the soul is and implies. But, as the result proved, the spiritualists were too exclusively absorbed in their phenomenal experiences to care for the higher issues of their belief; and between spiritualism and spirituality there was a gulf which had yet to be bridged, and so far as they were concerned the appeal fell on deaf ears.

This paper represented, besides her own medical knowledge, much research at the British Museum. In it she says, quoting Ennemoser on Magic :—

"The sorcerers inverted nature itself, abused the innocent animal world with horrible ingenuity, and trod every human feeling under foot. Endeavouring by force to obtain benefits from hell, they had recourse to the most terrible of infernal devices. For where men

¹ See pp. 38 and 39 *ante*.

know not God, or, having known, have turned away from Him to wickedness, they are wont to address themselves in worship to the kingdom of hell and to the powers of darkness."

To this, after some examples in illustration, she added the following of her own :—

" An almost exact parallel to the modern vivisector in motive, in method, and in character is presented by the portrait thus preserved to us of the mediæval devil-conjurer. In it we recognise the delusion, whose enunciation in medical language is so unhappily familiar to us, that by means of vicarious sacrifices, divinations in living bodies, and rites consisting of torture scientifically inflicted and prolonged, the secrets of life and of power over nature are obtainable. But the spiritual malady which rages in the soul of the man who can be guilty of the deeds of the vivisector is in itself sufficient to render him incapable of acquiring the highest and best knowledge. Like the sorcerer, he finds it easier to propagate and multiply disease than to discover the secret of health. Seeking for the germs of life, he invents only new methods of death, and pays with his soul the price of these poor gains. Like the sorcerer, he misunderstands alike the terms and the method of knowledge, and voluntarily sacrifices his humanity in order to acquire the eminence of a fiend. But perhaps the most significant of all points of resemblance between the sorcerer and the vivisector, as contrasted with the Magian, is in the distinctive and exclusive solicitude for the mere body manifested by the two former. To secure advantages of a physical and material nature merely, to discover some effectual method of self-preservation in the flesh, to increase its pleasures, to assuage its self-induced diseases, to minister to its sensual comforts, no matter at what cost of vicarious pain and misery to innocent men and animals, these are the objects, *exclusively*, of the mere sorcerer,—of the mere vivisector. His aims are bounded by the earthly and the sensual; he neither cares nor seeks for any knowledge unconnected with these. But the aspiration of the Magian, the adept in true magic, is entirely towards the region of the Divine. He seeks primarily health for the soul, knowing that health for the body will follow; therefore he works through and by means of the soul, and his art is truly sympathetic, magnetic, and radical. He holds that the soul is the true person, that her interests are paramount, and that no knowledge of value to man can be bought by the vicarious tears and pain of any creature soever. He remembers, above all things, that man is the son of God, and if for a moment the interests of Knowledge and of Love should seem to be at variance, he will say with equal courage and wisdom, ' I would rather that I and my beloved should suffer and die in the body, than that to buy relief or life for it our souls should be smitten with disease and death.' For the Magian is priest and king as well as physician; but the sorcerer, whose miserable craft, divorced from religion, deals only with the lower nature—that is, with the powers of darkness—clings with passionate despair to the flesh, and, by the very character of his pursuits, makes himself incapable of real science. For, to be an adept in this it is indispensable to be pure of heart, clear of conscience, and just in action. It is not enough that the

aim be noble ; it is necessary that the means should be noble likewise. A Divine intention presupposes a Divine method. . . .

“ And in the last invention of this horrible cultus of Death and Suffering, the modern sorcerer shows us his ‘ devils casting out devils,’ and urges us to look to the parasites of contagion—foul germs of disease—as the regenerators of the future. Thus, if the sorcerer be permitted to have his way, the malignant spirits of fever, sickness, and corruption will be let loose and multiplied upon earth, and, as in Egypt of old, every living creature, from the cattle in the field to the first-born son of the king, will be smitten with plague and death. By his evil art he will keep alive from generation to generation the multitudinous broods of foul living, of vice, and uncleanness, none of them being suffered to fail for need of culture, ingrafting them afresh day by day and year by year in the bodies of new victims ; paralysing the efforts of the hygienist, and rendering vain the work of the true Magian, the Healer, and the teacher of the pure life.”

The institution of the spiritualist periodical, *Light*, has already been mentioned as one of the products of 1881 which were regarded by us as typical. Our anticipations of the value it would be to our work were justified by the event. It proved a channel for the enunciation of our knowledges when the general Press was entirely closed against us, and therein a stimulus to ourselves to write what otherwise would have remained unsaid. And not only were our contributions to its pages numerous, but it served as a field for the discussion, and therein for the promulgation, of *The Perfect Way*.

Had we been sanguine about the reception of this book by the general Press, secular or religious, the event would have been a grievous disappointment. But we were spared this by our knowledge of the world's spiritual state. With a Press one-half of which was inveterately Sadducee, and the other half inveterately Sacerdotal and wedded to traditions which make the Word of God as revealed by the pure intuition of none effect, and with the spiritual consciousness flesh-eaten out of existence, the audience to which we appealed had yet to be created. In most of the few cases where our book was valued at all, we were taunted with superstition for believing in a spiritual world ! As if the real superstition was not the worship of matter, and the crediting of it with being the substance of the universe.

Diary, March [1882].—We have taken part this month in a discussion on reincarnation, which followed on an address delivered by the

trance-medium, Mr Morse, purporting to be inspired by the spirit of an ancient Chinese philosopher. He denied reincarnation, and instanced himself as a proof to the contrary. Upon this, Mary surprised the audience by taking him rather sharply to task for not knowing the religion of the country he professed to belong to, and suggesting that he was at most the "Ruach" or astral phantom only of the person he represented, and not the true soul, which alone reincarnates, leaving the phantom in the astral sphere; and she added that mediums are far more likely to be controlled by phantoms than by true souls, and stated that she was quite certain of the fact of reincarnation, because she had been able distinctly to recall some of her own past lives, but they were not generally such as she would care to confess to, one of them in particular filling her with shame and horror whenever she thought of it; so that it was not true to say, as had been said, that whenever people claimed to have been historical characters they always chose the great and good. The address and discussion were reported in *Light*.¹

We had resumed our weekly evening drawing-room meetings, and at one of them Mary read a paper on the fourfold constitution of man, showing that the division into Spirit, Soul, Mind, and Body is recognised both in the Bible and in various survivals from ancient times, such as the *Tarot*, or pack of cards, and the Pantomime, the latter of which was originally a mystery play, founded on the ancient knowledge of man's compound system. It was reported in *Light* [of March 18, 1882], with the following note appended by her:—

"Since the above exposition was read by me in my private circle, a friend has sent me a copy of the *Theosophist* for October 1881, which I had not previously seen. It contains under the heading, 'Fragments of Occult Truth,' the substance of the teaching of which I myself am the recipient from a wholly independent and interior source."

The following extracts from letters written to us by Lady Caithness, one in near anticipation and the others on the reception of our book, have an interest, as coming from one so closely connected with it, which entitles them to a place in this record:—

"NICE, February 4, 1882; Anno Lucis 1.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—It is quite time that I should trouble you with a letter to tell you with how much pleasure I received your last, in which you gave me good news of the progress of your Book. I was only sorry to find you had determined to leave out the frontispiece of Michael slaying the Dragon, which had struck me as so very

¹ *Light*, 1882, pp. 103-5 and 111-3.

appropriate to describe at a glance your great mission and the purport of your Book, particularly after reading up the book of the prophet Daniel, and so fully identifying every circumstance in my own mind. However, you know best. I had a letter from Mrs Kenealy, by which I was very happy to learn that you were looking much better than you had done for some time, and that dear Mrs Kingsford was more charming and brilliant than ever, and very much beloved and admired by all. This, I am quite sure, is very true, and also that she may be called the modern 'Hypatia.' I read of her lectures from time to time in the papers, and of the great success and applause she meets with. Hers is a noble and a holy mission, and she has been right nobly fitted and prepared by Divine Providence to fulfil it in a grand and noble manner. It is indeed wonderful that you and she should have met on earth, and that all circumstances should have combined so favourably for you, not only to work together, but, spiritually, for you to help each other by that constant intercourse which is so necessary to fertilise, animate, and sustain the intellectual faculties. When I compare your fortunate fate with my own solitary one, I no longer wonder at my mental inferiority, and sometimes wonder that I do not drift away with the rushing tide on which I am floating, with the frivolous children of folly and fashion amongst whom my lot is cast, into the surging ocean of materiality in which they all seem to be submerged. I never hear a serious word unless I utter it myself, and then no one listens to it; they give a polite stare and turn away to something or someone more to their taste. Without the strong belief I have in reincarnation, I should despair of their ever reaching a higher condition.

"I hope you will send me all the reviews you possibly can. As the godmother of your child, you will not wonder that I shall feel very anxious interest in its welfare. I wish I were a fairy godmother, and could endow it with some good gift. Then would I wave my wand and bid it have a far-and-wide circulation. But I do not doubt that they who have inspired it, and who have shown themselves to be all-powerful over its destiny, will secure it that, and also a rich harvest of use to the children of the earth on whom they bestow it.

"Mrs Kenealy tells me you have resumed your evening lectures, and Mr Manners tells me he has attended one with great edification. If you have time, do tell me something about them. It seems so hard I should be wholly deprived of attending them, or hearing a word of the wisdom that periodically floods your little drawing-room.

"In one of your letters you tell me you 'have not been permitted to publish those "Greater Mysteries," which may be given only to those who in virtue of their interior unfoldment have the witness in themselves.' Would that I might be considered one of these! Of course *I consider myself one*, and as quite ripe and ready to receive the highest revelations given to this planet; and for years I *know* I have been standing on one of the topmost towers waiting to see the first gleams of the 'brighter day.' Ay! my friend, longer have I stood there, and with a firmer faith, than you, that the unseen would give me the knowledge I yearned for. But it is not what we think of *ourselves*! It is not what I think of

myself, but what *you* think of my unfoldment that will procure me the revelation of those 'Higher Mysteries' which you are now in a position to impart. May God send you both His highest blessing, prays your sincere friend,

"M. CAITHNESS, Duchess de Pomár."

In this last remark our friend was mistaken. It was not what *we* thought of her unfoldment—*we* judged no one—but what they thought from whom our Mysteries were derived, that determined the selection.

"NICE, February 13, 1882; Anno Lucis 1.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—Yours of the 10th has just arrived. One (copy of the) Book came yesterday morning, and I gave up going out, although I had some engagements, in order to devote the whole day to reading it, *here, there, and everywhere*, which is my vagabond way, for I never could read anything straight through on end.

"I can now, therefore, write to you *at once*, and give you my first impressions. And I do not think it will surprise you to hear that my soul has everywhere *so far* responded, Amen, Amen, and Amen. . . .

"You tell me not to be in haste to judge, much of it being very profound and needing long pondering before it can be comprehended. Such is not at all my appreciation of it. All that I have read so far I have not had even to read twice over; for it has been like a magnet to my soul, which has flown to it page after page, and jumping about all over the Book! I have freely used my red and blue pencil to mark those passages I know I shall often turn to with real pleasure and delight. So I may at once say for your satisfaction that I have got another Bible.

"Thank you for sending me the number of *Light* containing the splendid address by Mrs Kingsford. You may well be proud of her wonderful powers. She is decidedly *The Woman* of the present age, and has no doubt been *The Woman* of many previous ages! She makes one feel very small and insignificant. Please give her my most hearty congratulations on all she has done and is doing. May God bless her, and He will.

"I earnestly congratulate you also on the very able manner in which you have performed your very arduous and difficult part of the grand work. May God also bless you with a full measure of His Love, prays your sincere friend,

M. C."

"NICE, February 16; Anno Lucis 1.

"MY DEAR MR MAITLAND,—I dare say you will not be surprised at hearing again from me. It is just the natural consequence of reading the Book.

"Yesterday I had to start early for Cannes to attend the marriage of the eldest son of the Duc and Duchesse de Vallombrosa, but I got up early, and ready steadily for *two hours* before an early break-

fast ; and had I had a minute to spare, I should have written to you at once on the spur of the vehement excitement I was under from the most attentive perusal of the Second Lecture,—‘ The Substance of Existence.’

“ This morning I have gone more calmly over it a second time, and I find my joy and happiness of yesterday was not exaggerated, but fully justified ; and I know you and our dear Seeress will be glad to hear from me that I am truly proud and thankful to have been united with you in this great work, . . . and to have been found worthy by the High Powers who have inspired you to form with you the Triangle in this great work,—the *most complete* Revelation, *certainly*, that has yet been given to man on this planet.

“ ‘ Comparisons,’ I know, ‘ are odious ’ between man and man ; but in this case they may be permitted, because those I would draw are between man and *Gods*. I do not know whether you ever saw Mr M’Dowell’s article ‘ On the Nature and Being of God,’ and on the Soul. It is indeed excellent, and until I had read your infinitely more satisfactory chapter, ‘ The Substance of Existence,’ I had pronounced it the most satisfactory account I had ever read. But, oh ! how difficult it is to follow compared to your flowing words and sentences, which bear one along so swiftly and so easily over your ocean of thought ! Again I tell you that I do not have to pause and consider, or even to re-read, your sentences. They come to me like natural food ; and yet those of Mr M’Dowell, which do not in reality convey half so much thought on the same track, are so sublimely difficult that I have to exert my utmost powers of mental tension to follow him.

“ But I have certainly paused once or twice over yours, to wonder whether the people of this close of the nineteenth century will really be so obtuse as not to understand and follow you. Again I beg of you to send me copies of all the reviews you hear of or see, as I particularly wish to preserve them as a criterion of the mental development of the times.

“ I am very grieved to hear that the health of our dear Seeress is so delicate, and also that she is so much worried. For, above all, she should enjoy perfect peace and equanimity. If you judge that a complete change of scene and air will benefit her, remember that the home of your friend and sister-spirit is always ready to receive you both, with a warm welcome. I know of no place more likely to be conducive to inspiration than these bright shores, so placidly smiling under the brilliant blue sky, in which the myriad constellations glitter so gloriously every night, and the Day-Star sheds its heavenly warmth and splendour so generously almost every day. For the last six weeks I have not seen a cloud over the broad blue expanse. Now God bless you both, prays your true friend and sister,

“ MARIE.”

The following letter is so characteristic of the prescience and enthusiasm of the writer that I have not the heart to withhold it, notwithstanding the character of its personal allusions to myself :—

“ NICE, *March 2, 1882.*

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—Many thanks for yours of the 22nd ult., to which I now reply. And first let me thank you for sending me that splendid letter written by our dear and much-venerated Seeress, A. K., to the *Kensington News*. Like all she writes, it is very able and very remarkable. She has a wonderful talent for expressing a very great deal in few words. She certainly is a very remarkable woman—as you are to my mind a very remarkable man. But we cannot wonder at this, when we so evidently see that you have both been sent to this earth to accomplish a very great mission, perhaps the greatest! There is one little circumstance, however, which has quite escaped your notice, I am very sure, but which I delight to dwell upon in my own interior memory, and that is, that I always feel more or less like your spiritual mother, or godmother. But you will never even understand this, because you do not know how much I prayed for your spiritual development long years ago at Brighton. So instinctively I seemed to feel that you were the man to accomplish a great reformation on earth; and yet at that time you were on a very material plane, and—I could see—almost despised my spiritual views and experiences. I remember so many conversations with you, and about you with Lady Louisa Kerr. Well, my prayers may have been of some avail, but at least I have lived to see my instinctive impressions about you fully realised, through your happy meeting with the high and pure-souled being who has so successfully developed your soul and raised it and you to such a spiritual elevation.

“ In this, of course, I see the hand of Providence. . . . Oh! if people did but see your Book and understand it with my perceptions, what a sale there would be! I can literally read no other book now. But I have no time to speak of all the admiration I feel at this time, nor to mention particular passages which I dwell on with wonder and delight, wondering that I had not seen it so before, since the moment it is pointed out to me I see it so clearly!
—Yours sincerely,
M. CAITHNESS.”

The letter referred to was one of very many written by Mary to the various newspapers against vivisection, and was called forth by an attack made by “Miss P.” on an address she had recently delivered before the Zetetic Society. The nature of the attack will be sufficiently indicated by that of the reply, of which the following are some of its sentences:—

“ It is morally permissible to use the lower animals for the benefit of man, but not to abuse them. Miss P. confounds use and abuse. In using an animal humanely and intelligently, both the user and the used benefit, the one by the service rendered, the other by the education and discipline obtained.¹ . . . Miss P. assumes that I would ride a horse to death to save a friend. No, I would not, *because my horse is my friend also.* I would urge him so far as

¹ See further on this subject, *England and Islam*, p. 553.

reason and humanity permit, and for the rest I would have faith in God. The hypothesis of the vivisector is that of the atheist. By it all possibility of God's help is omitted from the system of things. The scalpel, the saw, and the pincers are to do everything for man. Prayer and love and will, and all that is divine in him, are to do nothing. Under the doctrine of modern vivisectional science the nations are fast becoming atheistic. 'If,' say the people, 'it be necessary in order to *know*, and in order to obtain health and healing, that deeds abhorrent to moral feeling should be performed, then, obviously, Justice is not the essential principle of the universe, and religion has no substantial basis.' I am doing my best to show both that knowledge is the supremely good thing, and that it is to be got only by divine methods. 'The scientists,' says Dr. Garth Wilkinson, 'are in a hurry to be scientific, but God opens no gates to hurry.' "

Here, after a striking extract from Dr Garth Wilkinson's *Human Science and Divine Revelation*, she concluded :—

" These are the words of a poet, and the poet represents the highest, and therefore the most logical, type of mind. For he sees the divine and beautiful uses of life, and the interweaving and mutual sympathies of lesser and greater, the giving and receiving between creature and creature, which constitutes the purpose and the advantage of life. 'Violationism' (as Dr Garth Wilkinson designates vivisection) 'has no place in the divine system, and no logical mind can regard it as representative of human order.' "

" LONDON, *April 5*, 1882.

" DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—As you know, I have been intending for some time past to write to you, but ill-health, the cause of which you will learn from Mr M——, has hitherto prevented me from doing so. It appears that the arrangement we thought so innocent and so convenient, and about which, you may remember, I sought your opinion when staying in your house at Paris, has grievously offended the world, which sees in it no association for the sake of a high and earnest work, but one for ends altogether gross and inexcusable.

" Under the circumstances I am in great perplexity how to act and whither to betake myself. And, although I have already given my landlord notice that I quit this house in June, I am sadly at a loss in regard to future arrangements. On one hand, the very cause and credit of the work itself—to say nothing of my own honour and that of my husband—seem likely to be imperilled by my continued association with Mr M—— ; on the other, I shrink from the idea of tacitly confessing myself to have been in the wrong by yielding to the general clamour. I can only hope that in some way, before long, light will be given on the subject and the way made plain. In this matter it is not myself and my credit only that have to be considered. My husband, my child, my profession, my sex, and the honour of the work—which, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion—all these things claim a place in the conclusion arrived at.

“ It has been suggested that Mr M—— should seek a home of his own, and that I should take into partnership Arabella Kenealy, who is at present studying medicine, and who expects to take her degree in Dublin next year. As the daughter of Dr Kenealy, and familiar with my experiences, she would naturally be a very suitable companion for me ; and as a medically educated woman she would have similar aims and pursuits. Although I have spoken to her on the subject, and find her charmed with the scheme, it has not yet been mooted to her mother. How does it strike *you*, dear friend ? Do you think the association would be for good ? Of course Mr M—— would have constant access to us, but he would not live under the same roof, and thereby, I trust, scandal would be defeated. I *like* Arabella very much indeed ; she is intelligent and studious, and would, I think, *under my influence*, soon take a lively interest in a work which is, indeed, the completion of that of her own father.¹ There is one element of discord only to be considered : Arabella is still a flesh-eater. But whether she could, for the sake of the advantages which she thinks the suggested partnership offers, be induced to change her present mode of life I know not. I cannot think of any other person able to enter into such an arrangement with whom it would even be *possible* for me to live.

“ Of course I shall decide on nothing hastily. In truth, I hope, as I have already said, that some light may be vouchsafed on this difficult subject before long.

“ I think you ought not to be either surprised or disappointed at such letters anent our Book as that of Mrs H. B. It is doubtless very hard to take in a new idea ; and I feel sure that not only are all the ideas put forth in *The Perfect Way* new to her, but that when she wrote her letter to you she had read very little of the work she criticised. Strange indeed it would be if our Book should find universal acceptance in a world which rejected Christ ! But those who *do* recognise our teachings do so not warmly only, but enthusiastically. Of one thing I am sure ; which is, that the Doctrine of which our Book is the first Apostle will sooner or later become the headstone of the corner ; for it is the only doctrine capable of explaining the otherwise insoluble enigmas of the universe, and embodying a philosophy in which are united all the elements of every divine revelation vouchsafed to mankind.

“ By it Christian and Buddhist, Parsee and Hebrew, Greek and Egyptian, are brought into harmony, and shown to be only so many different dialects of one Catholic language. *The Perfect Way* is thus an eirenicon, and the Peace-maker is the Child of God.

“ Good-night ; it is very late, and I am tired.—Your affectionate and sincere friend,
ANNA K.”

In reference to the latter part of this letter, it must be explained that *The Perfect Way* was the means of disclosing to

¹ The reference here is to a side of Dr Kenealy's life and character of which the world in general was unaware. He was an enthusiastic student of occult and mystic lore, and the author of several anonymous books on that subject.—E. M.

the spiritualists—of whom, as a leading “medium,” Mrs H. B. was a foremost representative—the fact of the astral, and consequently delusive, character of the sphere to which alone, as mere spiritualists, they have access. Instead of welcoming teaching which accounted for, and showed the way of escape from, all the difficulties by which their practice was beset, the spiritualists, as represented by Mrs H. B., took violent exception to that teaching, and vilified and misrepresented it with a rancour which served effectually to confirm it, by showing how low was the sphere from which they derived their inspiration.

As for the social troubles referred to in these letters, we had no difficulty in tracing the whole of them to the active hostility of Miss Cobbe.

Light, of April 8, contained a paper by Mary on Reincarnation, having the following reference to herself. After enlarging on the necessity for caution in reading the writings of Swedenborg and T. L. Harris, if only on account of the incompatibility of their modes of living with reliable seership, she says:—

“There is one at least, whom I do not name, for it would be unbecoming to do so, who is no stranger to heavenly visions and voices. . . . In these visions there has never been anything either incongruous or inconsistent; and the life of the recipient is such as to preclude danger of the kind to which Swedenborg was exposed. And in all these visions the doctrine (of Reincarnation) is ever strenuously and forcibly insisted upon as the very basis of human philosophy, and of a right understanding of Divine justice, and of the progress and evolution of the soul. The person of whom I speak could not, without renouncing religion itself, and turning traitor alike to her whole past experience and to the Divine light whose guidance she follows, and from whose interior illumination all her knowledge is derived, reject as illusory teaching so attested and conveyed; teaching, moreover, which alone is capable of interpreting satisfactorily to human reason and intelligence a natural system of apparent incongruities and injustices, utterly inexplicable on any other hypothesis. . . . As a last word I would record my belief, expressed with all possible love and sympathy for those whose views differ from my own, that too much of the personal *likes* and *aversions* of the exterior Ego have been brought to bear on this question.

“On every side one hears the cry, ‘I can’t bear the idea of coming back to earth!’ ‘This world is a beggarly place!’ ‘The very notion of a rebirth is repulsive to me!’ ‘I have had enough of the world!’ Alas! all these cries are but signs of impatience and self-will; the voice of the unregenerate soul. It would be better to hear it said humbly and in self-abnegation: ‘Thy will, my God, be done! Though the way be long, and the path such as I would not,

let it but bring me at last to Thee, and I am more than content. For I know that Thine order is beautiful, and that Thy method is love; therefore I pray that not my will but Thine may be all in all! ” ”

April 10 [1882].—Mary dreamt last night that she was walking down Fleet Street, when suddenly all the houses disappeared, leaving only a grassy down with a small stream running by to the river, and beside the stream was a canoe with a youthful male ancient Briton in it, which, somehow, she said, seemed to be herself; and she asked me what it could mean, and was immensely surprised to learn that the street is named after a stream called the Fleet, which is now built over, and which runs into the Thames just where she had seen it.

Mary has frequently been vexed by missing various articles of use from their proper places when she required them, and then, after a long and fatiguing search, finding them where they ought to have been all the time, as if they had been removed and replaced by invisible agencies merely to tease her; and she was disposed to resent my hesitation about implicitly accepting the fact and suggesting a more probable explanation, such as an oversight on her part through her mind being otherwise occupied while searching.

Last evening, however, an example occurred which certainly seemed to justify her conclusion. She was sitting at the table, threading by lamplight some largish beads as a necklace for her daughter, when one of them fell upon her lap and thence to the floor. Unable to find it by feeling for it, we placed the lamp on the floor to look for it, but in vain; it was not to be found, though, from the nature of the bead and the roughness of the carpet, it could not possibly have rolled many inches away. So, after an exhaustive search, we replaced the lamp and resumed our seats by the table, Mary being much annoyed at being prevented from completing her task. She, however, continued so far as she was able, and then, when on the point of putting it away, finished in respect of all save the missing bead, there came a tap on the table just in front of her, as of a small hard body falling on it from a height, and there was the missing bead, dropped apparently from the ceiling. And no other explanation was forthcoming but that it had been spirited away by some tricky sprite, who had removed it from the floor, or from Mary's lap—for we had no proof of its having reached the floor—to return it in this manner.

Another curious experience of hers about this time was as follows:—Being in bed, but not asleep, but in the intermediate state, she saw herself as Anne Boleyn, in a chamber in the Tower of London, as a prisoner, and engaged in writing sheet upon sheet of angry and violent letters of reproach to Henry VIII., herself being filled the while with the most furious emotions, to which her letters gave unrestrained expression. She retained a vivid recollection of the form and architecture of the room, and declared that she should know it again if she saw it. In order to verify the vision we paid a visit to the Tower, where she had never been.

On entering the enclosure of the fortress, and before the warder who was to show us over it could commence his description, Mary looked keenly round at the various structures, and presently exclaimed, ‘ Judging by the architecture of that building, it should con-

tain the room in which I saw myself a prisoner.' And on inquiring of the warder what that building was, and what its history, he replied that, among other things, it had been the prison of Anne Boleyn. Hereupon she asked, with eager trepidation, if she could see the inside of it. The warder said she could do so at some other time, but not then, for its occupant had gone out and left it locked.

"Can you tell me if my description of it is right?" she inquired. The warder said he could, and she accordingly described the room as she had seen it in her vision. To which the man replied, looking much surprised, that everything was exactly as she stated; adding, in answer to another question, that all the features mentioned were still as they had been in Anne Boleyn's time. "And where is the spot where she was beheaded?" was her next question. "Very near where we are standing," was his answer, and he indicated the spot. Mary at once went to it and stood upon the slab by which it is marked, but tried in vain to recover any recollection of it. She was not now in the lucid state in which she had seen the room, and, moreover, there was only the bare pavement, and no scaffolding as at the execution.

We quitted the Tower with the intention of returning when the locked chamber should be accessible, but the opportunity was never afforded of revisiting it. The warder was very curious about her anxiety on the subject and familiarity with the interior of the room, and evinced great interest on being told that she had reason to believe herself to be in some way akin to the unhappy queen.

The circumstance already related, that her earliest spiritualistic experience consisted in the receipt of a communication purporting to come from Anne Boleyn gave this incident a significance it would not otherwise have had for us. Among other things, it led her to read up more particularly the history of Anne Boleyn, when she was fairly startled by the number of characteristics shared by them in common, and exclaimed continually as she read, "Oh, how like me! how like me! That is exactly what I should have said or done under the same circumstances." And, as already mentioned, they were mostly characteristics of which she was the reverse of proud, such as wilfulness, ambition, and keenness of the sense-nature, which she maintained to be her besetting sins.

Desiring to know something of the school of the Positivists, as the followers of Auguste Comte style themselves, we attended a lecture given by one of their most notable members, Mr Congreve, who had been a clergyman of the Anglican Church. The subject was the superfluity of God to account for the universe; and the argument went to show that man is all-sufficient to himself, inasmuch as he is himself the inventor and maker of all the things

which he requires and possesses, and has no need to imagine a God to account either for them or for himself. What it is in man which endows him with his powers the lecturer did not say ; nor how things can exist without a pre-subsisting potentiality of things, which, being self-subsisting, infinite, and eternal, is divine, is God. The address was inconsequent, illogical, and shallow beyond expression ; and in the course of it Mary, becoming lucid, turned to me and whispered, in reference to the lecturer, " I have just seen his double, and it has its eyes in its boots." An admirable way, I thought, of expressing the spiritual state of a man so totally devoid of aspiration as to be able to look downwards only and never upwards, and consequently deifies the lowest instead of the highest.

In pursuance of her desire to raise the spiritualistic movement from the level of mere phenomenalism, Mary read, on May 22 [1882], before the British National Association of Spiritualists, a paper on " The Systematisation and Application of Psychic Truth," which was printed in *Light* of June 3. Its gist may be gathered from its concluding sentences, which were as follows :—

" To become a spiritualist simply in order to converse with ghosts implies a very poor kind of advantage. But to be a changed man ; to take new and illuminated views of life ; to look with the ' larger other eyes ' of the Gods on Life's problems, duties, and ordeals ; to hear a voice behind us saying, ' This is the way, walk ye in it ; and go not aside to the right hand nor to the left,'—to have exchanged doubt for knowledge, hesitation for decision, strife for peace, expediency for principle ;—this is to have systematised and applied Psychic Knowledge, and to have become a true spiritualist.

" And because the percipience and experience necessary to make such theoretical and practical application of his system come to the spiritualist only by means of thought, study, and heart-searching, it is, I submit, of the strongest urgency that those burning questions with which the lay and scientific worlds are now ablaze should be examined and argued by spiritualists from the platform which is peculiarly and exclusively theirs. Of what use to be ' the salt of the earth ' unless we give forth our savour ? Of what good to be the candle of the world if we submit to be put under a bushel instead of giving light to all that are in the house ? And of what avail will spiritualism prove to ourselves or to the age unless it make the world purer, sweeter, more just, and more godly ?

" Wherefore I, at least, as one spiritualist among many, will be instant in season and out of season, with voice, pen, and desire, to hasten the advent of the Kingdom of God, and the age of the ' new heavens and new earth in which Justice dwelleth.' "

This address elicited the following hearty expression of appreciation from Lady Caithness in a letter to me :—

“ Thanks for the magnificent address on ‘ The Application of Psychic Truth.’ What a noble view she takes of spiritualism ! What grand terms she expresses herself in, and how entirely sublime she is throughout ! I think all must feel her superiority, and be ashamed and angry at themselves for going on in the way they do. Here is a sublime sentence which I have deeply marked, and which should be printed in letters of gold [the sentence beginning “ To become a spiritualist simply in order to converse with ghosts ”]. Most heartily do I clasp her hand in accord, and most warmly do I use both hands to applaud her. I have no fears about *The Perfect Way*. It is sure to make its way as people advance ; and I think they are bound to do so in this new era which, beyond a doubt, has already begun. . . . You need but time, and to keep hammering away until the nail is driven home. There is no other teaching to be compared with it. I feel sure you will become a very great power, but not by sitting at home and discussing to a small private circle, or paying heed to what Mrs Grundy may say. You will have to be up and doing. I have got acquainted with a charming woman lately, quite a power in her way, Madame Adam. She edits the *Nouvelle Revue*, and has 150 men under her orders. How I wish our dear Secress could have an establishment like that ! She might move the world ! Madame Adam is a professed pagan, and is mad about Sibyls and Prophetesses of the past. We must dress our dear White Rose in white flowing robes, and crown her with a wreath of green laurel, and make her *look* what she *is* ; and she may fascinate this power, for such she is now, in her way, and might then become one in ours.”

It is hardly needful to say that, while we heartily appreciated our friend’s generous enthusiasm, we did not take her view of the way in which that divine kingdom which “ cometh not with observation ” was to be established, and were content to await the times and seasons and methods of the high Gods, without seeking to exalt ourselves as their instruments.

The letter to which the following is the answer is missing, but its subject and purport are obvious :—

“ LONDON, *April* 17, 1882.

“ MY DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—Your letter proved a great support to me ; and not to me only, but to others who—more feeble-hearted than I—were more than half disposed to press on me the necessity of obeying Mrs Grundy’s behests. One of these friends of mine was here yesterday, and seeing that she wished to renew the subject of a former conversation on this point, I read her your letter by way of preface. The effect was singular. ‘ Does Lady Caithness say that ? ’ she asked with emphasis. ‘ Then I think that letter is a great support to you, and ’—after a little hesitation—‘ I quite agree

with her.' She then rehearsed to me some recent conversations she had had with several friends (heavens! how women gossip!)—and the burden of the strain seemed to have been:—

“ ‘ Mrs Kingsford is a brilliant and gifted person.

“ ‘ She will never be like other women, nor do anything like any one else.

“ ‘ If we force her to be conventional, she will only be a failure, and the work she might do to help *us* ’ (most of these folks are anti-vivisectionists) ‘ will fall through.

“ ‘ If we leave her alone, she will be a great success, and will do our work as no one else can do it.

“ ‘ She *may* be “ improper,” but she will never compromise the Cause in any really serious way.

“ ‘ She is certainly eccentric, but then that is only all the more remarkable; and the more she is known, the less evil people will see in her.

“ ‘ To change, or attempt to change, her way of life *now* would only be to admit the justice of the charges made against her, and to brand herself as a “ penitent ” who has seen the error of her ways.

“ ‘ She will never change her way of thinking and speaking; therefore the reform would, after all, be but partial, and Mrs Grundy would certainly remain unappeased.

“ ‘ Therefore we will support Mrs Kingsford, and let her do work for us in her own way.’

“ But whether I should have heard all this if I had not opened the campaign by reading your letter I cannot guess. The fact appears to be that people cannot ‘ make me out.’ The lady who recounted all the above to me yesterday confessed that I seemed to her a ‘ resuscitation of a Bible-character ’ belonging to an age either long past or far in the future, and quite unamenable to present conventionalities and bye-laws. ‘ Nothing in our world seems to fit you,’ she said. ‘ When I hear you talk I seem to be living in a Bible-age, and the application of “ society ” rules and proprieties to *you* seems as incongruous as it would be to Isaiah. It is the people who don’t *know* you that talk scandal. Let the world in general only know and hear you, and those who now treat you as they would other women will change their minds and think as I do.’

“ So far my visitor. But before we can really determine on any settled course, we must see what becomes of the *Book* and what its course is. Under any circumstances, I do not think of remaining in this house. It is both too small and too expensive. I should like to live in some place, too, where I should be free from the trouble of servants and of housekeeping generally. It is impossible to leave one’s house for any time without anxiety; but if one lived in an hotel or club chambers, the servants and officials of the house would make it their business to see to the safety of everything.

“ To-morrow evening a few of the friends whose advice we think most worth having are coming to talk over the project of enlarging the scope of our work, and of appealing, as you suggest, to a larger public. I will give you the result of the consultation in another letter.

“ I do not think that any good would be done by addressing the

M——s, as you are kind enough to offer to do. They have *The Perfect Way* in their hands, and if *that* fail to convince them of our truth and uprightness, no special pleading from anyone else will succeed. ‘If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.’

“I think, however, that you would do a good and helpful thing by writing to Madame Blavatsky on the subject of the Book, which by this time must be in her hands. You would thus, no doubt, encourage and strengthen any commendation she may have it in her mind to give the New Gospel. For the rest, it seems to me best to trust the Gods and go on doing the right thing, confident that, though the heathen may rage, the issues will be triumphant.

“‘Nice customs curtesy to great kings,’ says Shakespeare’s Henry when he salutes his betrothed with a kiss, to her great scandal. If one only can be a king! And if we do not succeed in becoming thus royal, then the work will be a failure, and God’s Kingdom will not come. But if we do, then it is for us to make new manners, ‘sweeter customs, purer laws,’ and not to risk the whole future of a great work by a base subserviency to conventionalities made for those who know no ‘higher law.’—Yours very affectionately,

“ANNA K.”

The character of the advice given in the missing letter may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written to me :—

“PARIS, April 14.

“I am so glad that what I said in my hurried letter, written under the impression your joint letters made on my mind, should so far have coincided with your own opinions on the subject. I thought a great deal about you both in the train during my long journey, but never once did I see reason to change what I have said. I do not wonder at your dear companion feeling as she does about it, because she is so surrounded in London, or rather, I should say, in England, by a set of prim, uninteresting, washed-out sort of women, that she lives in mortal fear of overstepping—or seeming to overstep—the narrow boundaries they have set themselves. But they are not the women of the New Age—not of *Anno Domini* 1—nor do I believe they will ever understand the mystery of the Fourth Day of Creation, as set forth in Appendix III., Part 2, of *The Perfect Way*¹—‘For the creation of woman is not yet complete; but it shall be complete in the time *which is at hand*. And her kingdom cometh, the day of the exaltation of woman.’ To her—our sweet Lady—was this prophecy given; and no doubt on her has fallen the mission, not only of declaring it, but also of personally manifesting it to the world. And I do not doubt she will be divinely sustained to fulfil her divine mission, just as she has been providentially helped to proclaim it. Again I say that, had I been still settled in England, my drawing-room might perhaps have been brought into requisition. But, evi-

¹ *I.e.* The First Edition of *The Perfect Way*. For the Appendix referred to, see now *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., No. II. (2). See note 2, p. 33 *ante*.

dently *that* was not the purpose of the Overrulers. And perhaps for that very reason have I been sent out of the way—that the Gospel of Glad Tidings may be more widely spread than it could be if limited to private circles. . . . I do not fear for the Cause for a moment. We have too many proofs of Divine guidance to fear it will be left unprotected.”

Calling on a friend who was a Catholic, Mary met there a priest, who seemed to take great interest in her, and engaged her in close conversation. Something that she said drew from him the remark, “Why, my daughter, you have been thinking. You should never do that. The Church saves us the trouble and danger of thinking by telling us what to believe. We are only called on to believe. I never think. I dare not. I should go mad if I were to let myself think.” To which she replied, “Well, but, Father, I want to understand, and I can’t do that without thinking. And as for believing without understanding, that for me is not faith, but credulity. How, but by thinking, does one learn whether the Church has the truth?” The only result was a further warning against the danger she was running, and she came home as much amused at the absurdity of the priest’s position as shocked at its perniciousness.

Another incident which struck us as amusingly illustrating the mental attitude of the conventional Christian of the period was in this wise. Finding on a friend’s table a copy of Moody and Sankey’s hymns, she read one of the most sanguinary of them to her friend, and asked how she could tolerate such hideous doctrine; when it was replied, “Yes, it is very shocking; but the worst of it is that it is true!”

The latter part of May brought us from India a copy of the *Theosophist* of that month, with the first portion of a review of *The Perfect Way*, written, we were given to understand, by our visitor of the preceding summer, the author of the *Occult World*, Mr A. P. Sinnett. Coming, as did this review, from the one quarter in the world—so far as we were then aware—which laid claim to special knowledge of the subjects dealt with in our book, this review could not fail to have great interest for us; and it was accordingly with much satisfaction that we found it described at the outset as an “upheaval of true spirituality; a grand book by noble-minded writers, and one that, if every man in London above a certain level of culture should

read attentively, a theological revolution would be accomplished.” Of the passage in the preface applying the legend of the transformation of Medusa to the corruption of the Church and its mysteries, and the consequences to the world, it was said: “This passage is the keynote of the present book, and one could hardly wish for a nobler exordium for a perfect and faultless exposition of occult philosophy”; and, after citing some passages from Part iii. of Lecture VI., the reviewer said: “This is a magnificent exposition of the actual condition of the Christian world; nor, in defining the nature of the true knowledge which mankind, even in this degenerate age, may be led up to study, are the authors of *The Perfect Way* less keen of insight or eloquent of exposition.”

The following passage condensed from Lecture VII., pars. 40-49, possessed a peculiar interest for the reviewer, as also it did for myself, its writer, for reasons presently to be stated:—

“Let us attempt a description of that inmost sphere, the abode of the man celestial, which is the source of doctrine. . . . That which we propose to describe,—so far as the attempt to reconstruct it has been successful,—is the innermost sphere, not, indeed, of the mystic community of Eden itself, but of one of those ancient successors of and approximations to it which, as Colleges of the Sacred Mysteries, were the true heirs of Eden. . . . Of this community the members are, of all mankind, the profoundest of intelligence, widest of culture, ripest of experience, tenderest of heart, purest of soul, maturest of spirit. They are persons who—using life without abusing it, and having no perverse will to the outer—have learned all that the body has to teach . . . and who have made of their bodies instruments, instead of masters, for their souls, and means of expression, instead of sources of limitation, for their spirits. . . . Long vanished from human view, the Order has been replaced by semblances. . . . Nevertheless the Order still survives, though dwindled in numbers . . . lost tribes of a spiritual Israel whose roll-call is no more on earth . . . its doctrine is that one true doctrine of existence, and therein of religion, which, always in the world, is now for the first time in its history published to the world.”

“A footnote to this passage says that since it was written ‘a book has appeared stating that an ancient community of this nature still exists in the highlands of the Himalayas and steppes of Thibet,’ the reference being to *The Occult World*. The authors seem little to have realised at first—nor indeed do they seem very fully to realise even now—how wonderfully their own self-developed spiritual revelations have yielded them a philosophy closely, in many of its most important essentials, resembling that of the ‘Order’ whose existence they have inferred as a logical necessity of their own discoveries, and how wonderfully this inference corresponds with the actual state of the facts, of which they are unaware.”

Mr Sinnett's reference here is, of course, to the "Mahatmas," or "Masters," of the Theosophical Society, whom he was a prominent means in introducing to the world's notice. But so far from our having any knowledge or conception of the existence of such persons, either in the past or the present, the whole account was elaborated by myself out of my own inmost consciousness while in Paris, my feeling all the while being that I was recalling a recollection of my own appertaining to some long-past existence, in which I had myself been a member, however humble, of such an Order and community.

But though thus highly appreciative of the book from some aspects, the reviewer took violent exception to it from others, for he not only dissented from some of its teachings on occult matters, but objected to the symbolism, in which, in order to interpret the Bible, we had followed the Bible—and notably the adoption of the term "Woman" to denote the Soul and the Intuition; and he even ventured to assert positively that, instead of the Gospel narrative having been written expressly to illustrate a certain doctrine, as stated by us, this doctrine was but an ingenious application of the facts of the spiritual consciousness to a story which was altogether unintended to bear such relation; so that we were putting into the Gospels meanings of which their writers never dreamed, as if mystical theology had been of subsequent invention to the Christian era! instead of pervading—as we had shown that it does pervade—the Bible from the beginning, and is declared in the Bible itself to do so; as, for instance, when St Paul declares of the books of Moses, "which things are an allegory," and Jesus finds the Christ-doctrine of which He was the personal illustration in the books of Moses.

Our reviewer was especially aggrieved by our recognition of the existence on all planes of being of the principles which, on the physical plane, are represented by the terms masculine and feminine, of man and woman. And by way of showing the woman to be an altogether inappropriate symbol of the spiritual nature in man, he portrayed her bad side as exhibited in a debased social state, in such a way as to make her appear to be actually that which a corrupt sacerdotalism has represented her, the cause of man's fall and of the ills accruing therefrom. But, as was obvious to us, where we had spoken of the Woman

element in existence, according to the divine idea and intention, he, through lack of the mystical faculty, had spoken of *women*, presumably, as he had known them.

Recalling his persistent denial of Reincarnation on his visit to us in the previous year, we were interested to find him now accepting the doctrine. But even here also he differed from us in certain respects. For, whereas we had taught the possibility of a soul's return into a form below the human, by way of penance for grievous faults, he insisted to the contrary on the ground that "Nature does not go back on her own footsteps." As if such return, for such purpose, implied a going back of Nature, and not simply a putting back by Nature of a grievous offender for his own correction and reformation, to the making of the form the expression of the character.

Thus, while profoundly gratified by the review in some respects, we were almost as profoundly antagonised by it in others. And the result was a controversy in the pages of the *Theosophist*, not altogether devoid of bitterness, Mary especially resenting what she regarded as an affront to her sex. It was, however, finally and happily composed. Our reviewer concluded his part of the correspondence by describing us as "having produced one of the most—perhaps the most—important and spirit-stirring of appeals to the higher instincts of mankind which modern European literature has yet evolved." To which we returned a conciliatory reply, pointing out at the same time certain respects in which he had mistaken us. And the controversy wound up with the following characteristic enunciation by the editor, Madame Blavatsky, in which, as will be seen, she entirely threw over Mr Sinnett in his repudiation of an intended mystical sense as underlying Christianity:—

"*Editor's Note.*—It is most agreeable to us to see our reviewer of *The Perfect Way* and the writers of that remarkable work thus clasping hands and waving palms of peace over each other's heads. The friendly discussion of the metaphysics of the book in question has elicited, as all such debates must, the fact that deep thinkers upon the nature of absolute truth scarcely differ, save as to externals. As was remarked in *Isis Unveiled*, the religions of men are but prismatic rays of the one only Truth. If our good friends, the *Perfect Way*-farers, would but read the second volume of our work, they would find that we have been all along precisely of their own opinion that there is a 'mystical truth and knowledge deeply underlying' Roman Catholicism, which is identical with Asiatic esoteri-

cism ; and that its symbology marks the same ideas, often under duplicate figures. We even went so far as to illustrate with woodcuts the unmistakable derivation of the Hebrew Kabala from the Chaldaean—the archaic parent of all the later symbology—and the kabalistic nature of nearly all the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. It goes without saying that we, in common with all Asiatic Theosophists, cordially reciprocate the amicable feelings of the writers of *The Perfect Way* for the Theosophical Society. In this moment of supreme effort to refresh the moral nature and satisfy the spiritual yearnings of mankind, all workers, in whatever corner of the field, ought to be knit together in friendship and fraternity of feeling. It would be indeed strange if any misunderstanding could arise of so grave a nature as to alienate from us the sympathies of that highly advanced school of modern English thought of which our esteemed correspondents are such intellectual and fitting representatives.”

The two parts of the review appeared in the *Theosophist* of May and June 1882, and the articles in discussion in September and October of the same year ; and our final reply and the above editorial in January 1883.

The review in question procured for us the following vivacious letter from Lady Caithness :—

“ PARIS, June 28, 1882.

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—A thousand thanks for sending me the *Theosophists* with the review of *The Perfect Way*, my copies not having reached me. Yours are doubly welcome, because they have your notes and observations. The writer is evidently not up to the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, but very far from it. And I must say I am very much disappointed—not in the review itself, because I expect reviews to be unjust and one-sided ; they always are so—but that such a want of appreciation should be found in the *Theosophist* of what to me is the pervading and crowning glory of the Book—the doctrine of the Duality as it is in God, and should be in Man when made in the image of God—or ‘ perfect.’ I did expect more knowledge of the great mystery of God, which, if it has been ‘ kept secret from the beginning of the world,’ is now to be *made known*. For we have arrived at the turning-point of the world’s history,—the point when, the number 666 of the Beast being complete, we are to look for the manifestation of the ‘ Sons of God,’ or the Divine Humanity. I cannot tell you, therefore, how much the *Theosophist* has fallen in my estimation. Perhaps I have been inclined to estimate it too highly since the publication of those *Fragments of Occult Truth*, and also as compared with the spiritualist papers, which are so meagre, though *Light* is sometimes brightened by a letter from ‘ E. M.’ or a wonderful lecture by ‘ A. K.’ Then, too, what a disappointment it is to see the very low estimate in which *woman* is held !—the ‘ woman ’ who was to be exalted, whose seed was to bruise the head of the serpent, who was the last and crowning creation of God, and not taken from the dust of the ground, but from the man created in the image of his Creator,—his own better and higher self,—and for whom no better description is

comprehended or advanced than the following : ' The woman of the social system might at least as fairly be taken to typify the lower pleasures, fascinating enough at first, but ever less durable than desire, and culminating in satiety, ugliness, and decay.' Poor, poor Theosophists, how have they fallen from their throne,—the throne to which, however, I suppose *I only* had exalted them ! Now, I shall never more have any confidence in their advanced knowledge, in spite of their Himalayan Brothers and the authoritative tone in which they proclaim their theories—theories which I fancied were founded in the accumulated occult knowledge of the Ages, until now safely locked up in the Himalayan mountain fastnesses and Thibetan Lamasaries, whose threshold no profane foot had ever crossed.

" What a fall is here !—worse even than that of the first Adam ; for he at least acknowledged his partner and companion to be ' bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh,' and looked upon her with loving delight as the most beautiful of all the most beautiful objects that surrounded him in that earthly paradise.

" And the editor of the *Theosophist* is a woman ! And she also is as blind as her reviewer, or any old world Bat, to the signs of the times and their fulfilment of prophecy, recognised at least by all those who have made themselves ready for the ' Marriage of the King's Son.' . . . What in the name of Mystery have they been *occulting* all this time ? For is not this the great secret, the secret of all the ancient Mysteries ? Why, they have not understood even the lovely *social* mission of woman ! "

In another letter at this time Lady Caithness warned us against being sanguine of a rapid recognition and circulation of the book, saying, " There are very, very few as yet who are ready to receive such *fourth dimensional* teachings. That they are given in advance of the age is that the seed must first be sown before it can take root, and some time must elapse before it can spring up, and still longer before it can produce fruit. . . . Be in no hurry. ' Those who believe shall not make haste.' "

The story in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* entitled " The Three Kings " is an instance of the manner in which slight and apparently chance incidents served to evoke the recollection of long-lost knowledges and experiences. It is a deeply mystical interpretation of the mystery of Freemasonry, and was dreamt on the night following a conversation on that subject with a member of the order, our friend, Varley, the painter. Nothing, of course, had been said by him to disclose the secrets of the craft. Nor is there any reason to believe that its inner mysteries and spiritual significances are now known to any of its members. The angel-king in it is, of course, Hermes, the Spirit of Understanding,

who with his rod of gold, the symbol of knowledge, measures the Holy City of the Apocalypse. It was a prophecy of our work.

This summer brought us into correspondential relations with one who was recognised far and wide as one of the world's elect, alike for his mental power, scientific and philosophic culture, and grasp of spiritual things. This was Dr Ernest Gryzanowsky of Leghorn, already known to us as the most formidable opponent in Germany of the experimental school of physiologists, against which he wrote under the name of *Ἴατρος* ("Physician"), and the trusted adviser of Prince Bismarck on that subject. He wrote to us always in English, his mastery of which was equalled by that of several other languages. The following letter was elicited by my pamphlet against vivisection, *The Woman and the Age*, to which reference has already been made :¹—

" LIVORNO, June 9, 1882.

" DEAR SIR,—Pray accept my cordial thanks for the five copies of your pamphlet, *The Woman and the Age*, which I have read with great interest, and the duplicates of which I will distribute among my acquaintances according to their presumptive susceptibilities.

" I now understand the real meaning of those allusions to this pamphlet which I remember having read in some numbers of the *Zoophilist*. The reserve or protest of the committee (printed on the fly-leaf) may be just enough, but seems to me ungenerous and irrelevant. It can refer only to your remarks on vegetarianism, and to those on metempsychosis, and it seems to me that those who disagree with you on either point have more reason to feel ashamed of the faith they hold than of the faith they disown. Independent thinkers find it difficult to march (or to fight) in rank and file, and if they join militant societies, it is naturally a mere coalition *ad hoc*.

" As to myself, I fully concur in your views on vegetarianism, being a practical vegetarian myself, and one of those whose original motives were æsthetical and ethical rather than physiological, and who would abstain from animal food even if vegetarianism had not the sound scientific basis it really has.

" Of your ideas concerning the migration of souls, I may say that they would fit into my philosophy without having hitherto formed part of it. This hypothesis would explain much that is inexplicable now. My belief in the permanence of the individual is, I dare say, as strong as yours, and I am also ready to consider this immortality, not as a right (to be claimed as a matter of course), but as a prize to be gained or to be forfeited. Only, such a forfeiture pure and simple would appear to me too slight a punishment for 'persistent evil living.' People talk of the 'victory' of truth and righteousness. But this life is nothing but a triumph of evil and of strength: the weak are crushed by the strong and the simple outwitted by the

¹ See p. 8 *ante*.

cunning. And life being what it is, a brutal scuffle for existence, we crave and postulate, not a reward of merit, but something like a punishment of wilful iniquity and a *restitutio generalis* with regard to sufferings.

“ A French lawyer, M. Pezzani, has written a book on *La Pluralité des Existences de l'Âme* (Paris: Didier & Co., 1869), which contains interesting views on these matters, and it would be easy enough to generalise his ideas so as to make them comprise a speculative retrospect on the lower and lowest forms of animal soul-life.

“ I shall be glad to read your larger work, and will send for it as soon as I have reached my summer quarters in Königsberg (Prussia). From there, or at latest from here after my return in September, I will write to you again after the perusal of your work. I leave Leghorn about the 15th, and hope to be in Königsberg by the 1st July.

“ I have nothing to offer you in return for your kind gifts, and I do not venture to trouble you with my German pamphlets without knowing whether you are familiar with my mother-tongue.

“ I have just received Professor Hamernik's *Remarks on Medical Principles, etc.* (London: E. W. Allen). I cannot agree with all he says. But when a clinical professor yearly denounces vaccination as an absurdity, we may fairly hope that the Inoculation craze induced by Pasteur and Koch may speedily disappear.

“ With many thanks to you and to Mrs Kingsford (the co-author of the previous pamphlet), I remain, yours faithfully,

“ E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

Mary's anti-vivisection work this spring comprised a series of articles in Mr Bradlaugh's paper, the *National Reformer*, in opposition to Mrs Annie Besant. Their effect may best be described in Mrs Besant's own words, as given in her *Autobiography*, published in 1893 :—

“ One incident of that autumn (1881) I record with regret. I was misled by very partial knowledge of the nature of the experiments performed, and by my fear that, if scientific men were forbidden to experiment on animals with drugs, they would perforce experiment with them on the poor in hospitals, to write two articles, republished as a pamphlet, against Sir Eardley Wilmot's 'Bill for the Total Suppression of Vivisection.' I limited my approval to highly skilled men engaged in original investigations, and took the representations made of the character of the experiments without sufficient care to verify them. Hence the publication of the one thing I ever wrote for which I feel deep regret and shame, as against the whole trend and efforts of my life. I am thankful to say that Dr Anna Kingsford answered my articles, and I readily inserted her replies in the paper in which mine had appeared—our *National Reformer*—and she touched that question of the moral sense to which my nature at once responded. Ultimately I looked carefully into the subject; found that vivisection abroad was very different from vivisection in England; saw that it was in very truth the fiendishly cruel thing that its opponents alleged, and destroyed my partial defence of even its less brutal form ” (pp. 271, 272).

CHAPTER XXIII

A TOUR ABROAD

THE time had come to relinquish our home in Chapel Street, and it was determined to devote a space to travel, partly for the sake of the rest and renovation only thus to be obtained ; partly for the advancement of the two causes on behalf of which, mainly, Mary had adopted the profession of medicine ; and partly, again, to test the effect of a residence in high altitudes in promoting spiritual illumination and intercourse. For it was to Switzerland that we were bound, in response to urgent appeals thence received on behalf especially of the anti-vivisection cause, that country being one of the principal headquarters of the school of the torturers, the notorious M. Schiff having established his laboratory at Geneva after his expulsion from Florence.

It was by no means with unmixed regret that we quitted the house which had been the scene of the production of *The Perfect Way*. For, great as had been the work accomplished in it, it had been accomplished only at that maximum cost, physical, mental, and other, which seemed to be the appointed condition of all our work ; and, indeed, it sometimes seemed as if the two things were in inverse ratio to each other, and that the greater the cost and suffering, the greater the results to the work, and the more the sowing had been in tears, the more the reaping was in joy. Mary was wont to say that it was her Karma that made it so. She had returned to earth to work out a double redemption, for the race and for herself, and this involved a double amount of suffering.

The arduous and uncongenial labour of the packing and storing of our effects in view of a possibly prolonged absence, the finding of suitable places for the two Swiss domestics, and other indispensable matters duly accomplished, Mary repaired

to Hastings to her mother, with whom her daughter had for some time been living, at the grandmother's earnest desire, I undertaking to join them when the time came for our journey. This was not long delayed, as we had pledged ourselves to Lady Caithness for July 15. In the interval Mary wrote in her Diary :—

I am on the brink of a new departure whereof I cannot guess the ending. I am about to take to the Continent my daughter, in the hope that she may learn to love my work, and to long to do it herself; and that she may forsake the superstitions in vogue, and learn to know the Real and the True. I shall do my best to accomplish this end. May Heaven aid and conduct me! Then indeed we shall be truly related; for they only are truly related to us who see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and feel with our hearts. As said the good Jesus of Galilee, "Who is My mother, and who are My brethren? My mother and My brethren are they who hear the word of God and do it." And again, "Except a man forsake his father and his mother, he shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." It is not because our physical bodies are born of such and such parents, or because our bodies again become the soil out of which new bodies spring, that we are related in Spirit to these our physical progenitors or offspring. It may indeed be so, and there may be a happy affinity between physical relatives, but more often they are, in Spirit, widely separated. The Soul finds her true relatives more frequently in strangers, and hearts are knit to hearts that beat in unison, though no family likeness of feature be found between such friends. It is not physical motherhood that is the most blessed bond and duty, but the spiritual tie of the inner and true Ego; the adoptive relationship, whether it be of mother and child, of brother and sister, or of any other affinity. Which truth I know, and knowing, I am ready to act as it shall please the good Gods.

" ST LEONARDS, July 3 [1882].

" MY DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—I hope you will not be misled by the misinterpretations of *The Perfect Way* given in the June *Theosophist*. The most serious and incomprehensible of the reviewer's mistakes is that in which he finds fault with the fourfold division of Human Nature, and actually pretends that he can find in that division no place allotted to the Soul!—when the whole book is nothing else than the history of the Soul and her apotheosis!! The blunder is so gross and palpable that I find it hard to believe it has been committed innocently. Of course, the sevenfold division of the *Theosophist* is included in the *four* of *The Perfect Way*, and no more contradicts it or clashes with it than the fact that there are twelve months in the year contradicts the fact that there are four seasons in the year. For the seven are included in the four, the Jiv-atma or physical vital force belonging to the division of the body—for Jiv-atma is nothing else than *nerve-force*, and the Linga-Sharira, Kama Rupa, and Intelligent Mind being, of course, comprehended in the Astral spirit. The other two divisions of Soul and Spirit

(absolute) perfectly correspond with ours. Not to see so plain a fact as this is surely to be wilfully blind.

“ After all this reviewing and fault-finding on the part of critics having but a third of the knowledge which has been given to us, there is not a line in *The Perfect Way* which I would alter were the book to be reprinted. The very reviewer—Mr Sinnett—who writes with so much pseudo-authority in the *Theosophist* has, within a year’s time, completely altered his views on at least one important subject,—I mean, Reincarnation. When he came to see us a year ago in London, he vehemently denied that doctrine, and asserted, with immense conviction, that I had been altogether deceived in my teaching concerning it. He read a passage from *Isis Unveiled* to confute me, and argued long on the subject. He had not then received any instruction from his Hindu Guru about it. *Now, he has been so instructed*, and wrote Mr Maitland a long letter acknowledging the truth of the doctrine, which, since seeing us, he has been taught. But he does not yet know *all* the truth concerning it, and so finds fault with our presentation of that side of it which, as yet, he has not been taught.

“ I have no fear that the Immortals will deceive me ; nor am I in the least disconcerted by adverse criticism. That others do not see, and cannot understand, proves only how greatly our work is needed in the world, and how far it surpasses all minor labours and teaching. Let no one, dear friend, shake your constant mind from the great doctrines which we have of the holy Powers themselves. For all other teaching, save that which is based on *Justice*, shall come to nothing. ‘ The just Lord loveth justice ; His countenance beholdeth the thing that is just.’ Try all the doctrine of *The Perfect Way* by this supreme test, and see if it does not in all things satisfy and fulfil it as does no other under the sun. All are broken lights,—lights indeed, but fragmentary merely ; one teaching including some stray beams, and others more. But to us the Gods have given without measure a perfect and glorious orb of complete glory, and if we be but faithful—we three—there is nothing we may not know.—Yours affectionately,
A. K.”

The fortnight we spent with our friend in Paris was eminently restful, but not so the time which almost immediately followed. For we had not been many days in Switzerland when it became clear that, with the work undertaken there, and that which followed us from home, a period not only of toil, but of conflict long and severe, was before us. And meanwhile Mary’s inveterate enemy, asthma, attacked her so severely at Lucerne as to compel a flight to the higher and drier airs of Berne. The work which followed us from England arose out of a controversy which had been started in *Light* about our book, being provoked by a letter from Lady Caithness,¹ speaking of it as—

¹ Lady Caithness’ letter appeared in *Light* of August 19, 1882.

“ That most admirable book, *The Perfect Way*, which embodies the latest, highest, and most important revelations given to humanity, constituting a new Gospel which thousands would thankfully receive could the work in question be brought to their notice ; for thousands are at this time literally starving for want of the spiritual food adequate to the needs of their present spiritual growth. This further supply was promised by the One who could not give them more until they were prepared and able to receive it, in these words, ‘ I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.’ This promise is now very beautifully fulfilled in *The Perfect Way*. And being further cognisant of the way in which it has been given and received, I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it to be the new Gospel of Interpretation of the Mysteries of God kept secret from the beginning.”

This letter gave rise to a discussion which continued until December, compelling us to intervene from time to time in order to correct erroneous conceptions and elucidate still further our teaching, our joint-communications being signed, “ The Writers of *The Perfect Way*,” while my separate ones bore the signature, “ Cantab.”

Among the contributors to the discussion were several of the most notable of the students of spiritual science of the time, the list comprising Mrs A. J. Penny, the expositor of Jacob Boehme, Dr George Wyld, Madame de Steiger, Miss Arundale, C. C. Massey, Hon. Roden Noel, and “ I. O.” [the Rev. J. G. Ouseley], a priest deeply devoted to things mystical, the last of whom pronounced *The Perfect Way* the “ most wonderful of all books which have appeared since the Christian era,” and one that “ no student can be without if he will know *the truth* on these subjects.” The last five all wrote in refutation of the strictures of the first two, who had seriously misconceived the scope and doctrine of the book. And it was chiefly in order to correct such misconception that we wrote the following. It appeared in *Light*, September 23 [1882], and was followed by others :—

“ Permit us space in your columns for a few words in reply to the strictures of Dr Wyld and Mrs Penny upon the above book.

“ *The Perfect Way* neither is, nor purports to be, a ‘ new ’ Gospel in the sense implied by your correspondents. On the contrary, it is expressly declared in the preface that ‘ nothing new is told, but that which is ancient—so ancient, that either it or its meaning has been lost—is restored and explained.’ Its mission is that simply of Re-

habilitation and Interpretation, undertaken with the view, not of superseding Christianity, but of saving it.

“ For, as the deepest and most earnest thinkers of our day are painfully aware, the Gospel of Christendom, as it stands in the Four Evangelists, does *not* suffice, uninterpreted, to satisfy the needs of the age, and to furnish a perfect system of thought and rule of life. Christianity—historically preached and understood—has for eighteen centuries filled the world with wars, persecutions, and miseries of all kinds; and in these days it is rapidly filling it with agnosticism, atheism, and revolt against the very idea of God. *The Perfect Way* seeks to consolidate truth in one complete whole, and by systematising religion to demonstrate its Catholicity. It seeks to make peace between Science and Faith; to marry the Intellect with the Intuition; to bring together East and West, and to unite Buddhist philosophy with Christian love, by demonstrating that the basis of religion is not historical, but spiritual,—not physical, but psychic,—not local and temporal, but universal and eternal. It avers that the true ‘Lord Jesus Christ’ is no mere historical character, no mere demi-god, by whose material blood the souls of men are washed white, but ‘the hidden man of the heart,’ continually born, crucified, ascending and glorified in the interior Kingdom of the Christian’s own Spirit. A scientific age rightly refuses to be any longer put off with data which are more than dubious, and logic which morality and philosophy alike reject. A deeper, truer, more real religion is needed for an epoch of thought and for a world familiar with Biblical criticism and revision;—a religion whose foundations no destructive agnosticism can undermine, and in whose structure no examination, however searching, shall be able to find flaw or blemish. It is only by rescuing the Gospel of Christ from the externals of history, persons, and events, and by vindicating its essential significance, that Christianity can be saved from the destruction which inevitably overtakes all idolatrous creeds. There is not a word in *The Perfect Way* at variance with the spirit of the Gospel of the ‘Lord Jesus Christ.’ If your correspondents think otherwise, it can only be because they are themselves dominated by idolatrous conceptions in regard to the personal and historical Jesus, and cannot endure to see their Eidolon broken to pieces in the presence of the Ark of the Mysteries of God.

“ It is just those who *have* fully accepted, and who comprehend the spirit of, the old Gospel who are ready and anxious to hear what the promised Spirit of Truth has yet to reveal. But the world at large never has accepted that Gospel, and cannot accept it for need of that very interpretation which our opponents deprecate. If the Spirit of Truth be really charged to ‘show all things,’ such exposition will certainly *not* consist in a mere reiteration, in the same obscure, because symbolical, terms, of the old formulas. But if they elect to close their minds against any elucidation of sacred mysteries other than that provided by a Boehme or a Swedenborg, they virtually quench the Spirit and fossilise its revelation.

“ Despite the eulogy of Dr Wyld, Mrs Penny’s letter is altogether inadequate to its intention. Like the utterances of conventional pulpiteers, it is profuse of praise and meagre of explanation. Terms such as ‘the ²water of life’ and ‘the painful mysteries of our own

nature ' are used wholly without indication as to their meaning ; and the sense in which it speaks of ' the Lord Jesus Christ ' is left entirely to the reader's imagination. Surely she must be aware that these oft-repeated expressions have failed of their proper practical spiritual issue, precisely because they have lacked the interpretation necessary to render them intelligible, and that until they are so explained the world's conversion is not to be hoped for. But, as it seems to us, Mrs Penny is one of those who, contemning knowledge, postulate as the condition of salvation a faith which is divorced from understanding, and which, therefore, is no true faith, indefeasible and constant, but a blind, mechanical assent, born of mere wilfulness, and liable at any instant to fail and fall away.

" The secret, however, of the opposition made in certain circles to the doctrine set forth in *The Perfect Way* is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fact that the book is, throughout, strenuously opposed to idolatry in all its forms, including that of the popular ' Spiritualism ' of the day, which is, in effect, a revival under a new guise and with new sanctions of the ancient cultus known as Ancestor-Worship. *The Perfect Way*, on the contrary, insists that Truth is accessible only through the illumination, by the Divine Spirit, of man's own soul ; and that precisely in proportion as the individual declines such interior illumination, and seeks to extraneous influences, does he impoverish his own soul and diminish his possibilities of knowledge. It teaches that ' Spirits,' or ' Angels,' as their devotees are fond of styling them, are untrustworthy guides, possessed of no positive or divine element, and reflecting, therefore, rather than instructing, their interrogators ; and that the condition of mind, namely, passivity, insisted on by these ' angels ' is one to be strenuously avoided, the true attitude for obtaining divine illumination being that of ardent active aspiration, impelled by a resolute determination to know nothing but the Highest. Precisely such a state of passivity, voluntarily induced, and such veneration of and reliance upon ' guides ' or ' controls,' are referred to by the Apostle when he says : ' *But let no man beguile you by a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels.*' And precisely such exaltation of the personal Jesus as *The Perfect Way* repudiates and its opponents demand is by the same Apostle condemned in the words : ' *Henceforth know we no man after the flesh : yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more.*'

" This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. God, with ' Christ,' is in the man who, purifying his spirit after the secret of the Christ, aspires prayerfully and fervently. And it is to this interior spirit that he must look for illumination and salvation, and not to any outside ' angel ' or fleshly Saviour. Attaining such illumination for themselves, our critics will be able both to recognise the source and to verify the teachings of our book for themselves. For, thus invoked, the Divine Spirit will ' bring all things to remembrance ' for them, even as it has for us. Opinions will be merged in knowledges. And, instead of limiting the Spirit by the form in which its past revelations have been couched, they will be able to discern, in all its plenitude, the Spirit *through* the form. Your correspondents referred to have, clearly, not yet recognised the *source* of the teaching to which they take exception. They will

find it fully described in Part I. of Appendix III.¹ If the divinity of this utterance is beyond their power of recognition, argument in their case is hopeless, and no avenue exists through which Divine truth can reach them. God grant it may not be so.

“THE WRITERS OF *The Perfect Way*.”

We passed the greater part of August at Lausanne, making our home at the Pension du Cèdre, being tempted thither by its charming position in the open country and its vegetarian regimen. Here Mary commenced the work which had brought us to Switzerland, by delivering addresses on behalf of vegetarianism and against vivisection, having first obtained letters of introduction to some of the leading residents. Her efforts resulted in the formation of an anti-vivisection society under the best auspices the place afforded. But it required much argument and persuasion to work up the male part of the community to the requisite pitch. For, besides being much under the domination of the prevailing scientific spirit, it was a new thing to them that a woman should take the initiative, and they were accordingly disposed to resent it. But the eloquence and force of Mary's expositions combined with the charm of her personality to rouse them from their indifference and bear down all opposition. But not until she had made such a display of energy as to elicit from one of the local magnates the remark that it was fortunate for them that she was a vegetarian, for as a flesh-eater her fierceness would have made her dangerous.

Geneva was our aim, that being the headquarters of experimental physiology in Switzerland. But it was too early yet for Geneva, the inhabitants being mostly in the mountains. We fixed, therefore, upon Montreux for the interval, and taking up our quarters at the Pension Vautier, devoted ourselves to making excursions, whether on foot, by rail, or by steamer. Under the stimulating influence of the mountain air, Mary developed an unexpected capacity for walking, managing without undue fatigue to climb to Glion and Les Rochers, and the walk to Les Avant and back by the alternative road. Sometimes, indeed, it would happen that on first starting her asthma made breathing difficult and locomotion almost impos-

¹ See note 2, p. 33 *ante*. The illumination here referred to is the one “Concerning Inspiration and Prophecy,” being No. ii. in Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*.

sible. But with every increase of altitude the oppression lessened, at length to disappear altogether, when her keen sense of relief from physical pain and weakness combined with her intense appreciation of the scenery to induce a state of ecstatic delight such as is known only to highly strung artistic temperaments. And at such moments she would almost cry with desire to *be* all the beauty she beheld, and seemed to herself in some way to belong to it and it to her, as if she and Nature had but one consciousness between them. Such was the feeling which was destined before the year was out to find expression, such as it had never before found, in her wondrous utterance on the poet as the type of the Heavenly Personality. Conceived on the mountains of Switzerland, it was born into words at Paris.¹

From a letter addressed to me, which reached us when on the point of quitting Lausanne for Montreux, we learnt as follows. The writer, Mr G. B. Finch, was at once one of the most competent judges of our work and warmest of our adherents :—

“ The Theosophical Society in England has arrived at a crisis. Dr Wyld resigned the presidency some time ago, and Mr C. C. Massey has been elected. On his election he wrote to Colonel Olcott, asking whether it was any good keeping up the Society, and entering into full particulars about the state of affairs here. I learned these things from Mr Massey, to whom I had gone to see whether something could not be done to keep what seemed to me a useful agency going. M. says that members are admitted too freely ; that he had urgently proposed to put it on an ascetic basis, but that Madame Blavatsky had rejected this. She apparently wished the Society to be Catholic. But it can be this and at the same time eclectic, for they have sections ; and it would be in accordance with the practice of the Society elsewhere to have a section on an ascetic base, or any other base within the purview of the Society’s aims. M. seemed to wish for some such section, and if Mrs Kingsford were in it I think he would be greatly pleased. He seemed to me to be in a phase of discouragement or of depression, which perhaps is rather general, due to the inevitable law of reaction after action. I should like to be a member of some such section as I have described if you and Mrs Kingsford were members. Not that I see that I could do anything, having so little originating or constructive imagination. But as you know that in chemistry bodies unite to act upon each other in the presence of a third supposed neutral body, so in such a section I might help action if I could not originate it.”

This was the first suggestion to us of a conjunction with the Theosophical Society, and the idea had not occurred to us before ;

¹ See pp. 101–2 *post*.

nor, now that it was suggested, and this by those whom we held in high esteem, did we feel drawn to it. On the contrary, we already knew enough about the origin, motives, and methods of the Theosophical Society to distrust it. Its original prospectus committed the glaring inconsistency of declaring the absolute tolerance of the Society of all forms of religion, and then of stating that a main object was the destruction of Christianity. Its founders had committed it also to the rejection of the idea of a God, personal or impersonal, and this while calling it *Theosophical*. And it claimed for its doctrine a derivation from sources which, even if they had any existence—a matter on which we had no proof—were not to be compared with those from whom ours was derived, while the doctrine itself was palpably inferior so far as yet disclosed, and this both in substance and form.

On sending the letter to Lady Caithness, together with some remarks to the above purport, she replied as follows :—

“ I am surprised at what is said about the T. S. in London, and greatly fear that, unless you can be induced to undertake to preside over it, it will fall to the ground, which would be a deplorable event for Mde. B. I therefore think she will gladly accede to your terms, whatever they may be, excepting, of course, the change of name. For that would be to form a new society altogether, quite independent of the Hindu Theosophical and of the Himalayan Brothers. Therefore I do not understand your wish to change the name if you join it. For it would be easier for you to establish one of your own, with Mrs Kingsford as directress, as no doubt she is a sufficient power by herself to do so ; but if there is really any truth in the Himalayan Brothers—which I believe there is—does it not seem a pity to ignore them entirely in such an undertaking ? For surely, *if they are*, they would be a great power, though invisible. Shall I tell you that it would not surprise me in the least that Mrs Kingsford should be suddenly invited to go to India, where no doubt she would become personally acquainted with some members of this Occult Brotherhood ? I shall be anxious to see how it all comes about ; for there is no doubt she has been much canvassed by the Hindu set. And perhaps *The Perfect Way* has found its way to the occult fastnesses, and orders have come from the Brothers to hold her in due reverence. Indeed I feel sure that ere long she will hear something important from that quarter. So I think it would be a pity to begin by quarrelling with the name ‘ Theosophist,’ or Striver after the Divine, which is so eminently characteristic of their only occupation, the one for which they have sacrificed all other things.”

The matter went no further at this time ; but we were struck

by learning that Mary had been recognised by the mysterious chiefs of the Theosophical Society as "the greatest natural mystic of the present day, and countless ages in advance of the great majority of mankind, the foremost of whom belong to the last race of the fourth round, while she belongs to the first race of the fifth round." Without attaching any value to this doctrine of rounds and races, we could not but recognise the singular coincidence between this assertion of her antiquity and the intimation given to us some years before while at Paris, that she was a "soul of vast experience, and many thousands of years older than" I was, of which intimation we had never uttered a word to any person, but had kept it strictly to ourselves.

The following is from Mary's Diary :—

September 17, 1882. At Montreux. I did not think I should bring my Diary so far, and yet leave it so long without an entry. And now the entry I shall make is inspired, not by the outer world, but by interior reflections. I have employed a dull day in reading an ill-written novel,—Lord Lytton's *Coming Race*; and yet that novel, despite its irritating defects of style and construction, has suggested to me some considerations which I feel constrained to write here. Lytton speaks disparagingly of the Drama, and seems to believe that its one use—that of depicting Emotion—would have no application in a perfected community, from which Emotion would—according to him—be necessarily banished. For my part I have long looked on Drama—or perhaps I should say Spectacular Pantomime—as one of the probable future instruments of education. The crowd which refuses to read Books or hear Lectures would eagerly gather to witness theatrical representations. Why—with sufficient funds to supply the needful accessories—might we not revive the ancient Thespian Art, the Art which in early ages was applied to the Initiation of Neophytes into the Mysteries of the Gods, and in later times to the representation of those same Mysteries under the guise of the Christian Myth? I would like to reproduce, if possible with the aid of Song and Opera, those solemn and sacred plays in which was depicted the Progress of the Pilgrim Soul from Stage to Stage and from Form to Form. I would like to represent the career of a Hero, whether as Perseus, as Heracles, or as Jesus, His Mission, His Acts, His final Apotheosis. I would reproduce the calm, ascetic life of holy Buddha-Gautama; I would reiterate to a Western audience his divine precepts, and give, in character, a verbal sketch of his philosophic system. Or, as Pythagoras, I would give utterance to the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, and define the moral duties which man owes to his fellow-beings in other forms of matter.

That all this, and much more, could be achieved on the Stage has again and again recurred to my thoughts while witnessing such modern plays as *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *Babil and Bijou*, or even

the commonplace and degraded Pantomime. And the marvellously glowing and dramatic visions which from time to time have unveiled themselves to my own sight, have often been of a character such as to make me long to reproduce them on the Stage. Such a scene as that I once beheld on the far-off summit of radiant Olympus, where the Gods reclined at their Feast; or that, again, in which I beheld the Mosque-like Temple with its three strange Altar-Veils; and many another mystic scene, would admirably lend themselves to the manipulation of Stage-resource.

Lytton prognosticates an age in which all Passion, whether physical or psychic, shall be no more. His "coming Race" is to be like the Egyptian Gods—stern, emotionless, placid, serene. Hence, of course, all the Arts—which we owe chiefly to the Greeks, whose Gods were far removed from the Egyptian type—must gradually languish and cease. Poetry will be no more. Music, Painting, Romance—all those various channels of the imagination in which Emotion rolls its many-coloured waters—will be broken down and destroyed. Not only so; but with the attainment of "Perfection" must perish the vocation of the Seer and of the Reformer. At this thought I cannot but stop and ask myself what *I* should do in such a world. If I labour to bring about Perfection in its manifold aspects—spiritual, moral, physical—what is the far-off consummation of my toil? A condition of undisturbed harmony and serenity in which shall be heard no discordant note, which no sound of pain or sorrow shall ever trouble. Where, without Suffering, Poverty, and Tyranny, could be the virtues of Charity, of Compassion, of Courage? . . . Yet a divine Impulse compels the highest of our race to labour and to sacrifice themselves perpetually in order to attain the estimation alike of Virtue and of Vice. I can but suppose this end is not destined to be achieved upon this Planet, nor are the conditions of life which surround us here such as to make such a consummation possible. The achievement of Perfection—a word which is in fact identical with Serenity, Calm, and Repose—must be reserved for Nirvâna. It will never, it *can* never, be realised on this Plane. What we do then, in our continual efforts towards Reform, is but to attune and fit our own Souls and the Souls of a few elect for removal from this sphere; we cannot permanently ameliorate the condition of the Planet on which we now are. We render the conditions of mundane existence intolerable and impossible to ourselves and to those whom we are able to influence, and thus we effect our own and their transmutation to other planes, where the conditions of Being will accord with our transformed state. Were it otherwise, we should, I think, ultimately arrive at the utter extinction of all Qualities which, under present circumstances, owe their manifestation to their Opposites, and at the annihilation of all Faculties which are cultivated and perfected by the existence of Obstacles. There is here an Idea, or rather a relation of Ideas to each other, which needs some careful thinking out.

By this it will be seen that she got upon the track of thought of which the doctrine of "Progression by Antagonism" was the outcome.

On September 19 we repaired to Geneva, the season having arrived when Mary could take advantage of her introductions to commence her missionary work under good auspices. For, as the chief seat of the school of torture in Switzerland, it was necessary to enlist the strongest personal support available. We had found congenial quarters at the Pension Froment-Jackson, and all looked well for our enterprise, when the weather, hitherto fine, broke up, and Mary found herself struck down with a chill, which, settling on the lungs, produced so serious an illness as to lead those whom we consulted to urge on her an instant flight to a milder climate. She would never, they declared, get over her attack if she remained at that season in Switzerland, and with one consent they indicated Mentone as the place of places for her. We determined, therefore, though reluctantly, to go thither, returning as soon as circumstances permitted.

For my share in this reluctance I had reasons known only to myself, such that it was with astonishment and almost dismay that I found myself bound on the journey. Those reasons were in this wise. When packing up my effects on giving up the house in Chapel Street, I came upon a small parcel, so closed up as to be almost hermetically sealed, which had so long been unopened that I had forgotten the contents; and on opening it to ascertain these I found that they were a number of the marking-cards, calculations, and other appliances of the gaming-tables at some of the German *kursaals*, which I had preserved as relics of a systematic attempt I had made several years previously, in conjunction with some friends, to get the better of the *Banque*.

As may be supposed, the attempt had been not only vain, but costly, and I had entirely renounced the idea of ever renewing it. Not, however, for those reasons alone, but also because I found that the fascination of the pursuit promised to become so absorbing as to withdraw me from all other interests. It was not the excitement of the game that so affected me, or even the prospect of winning—though I had ambition, such as that of entering Parliament, for which larger means than I already possessed were requisite. It was the idea of the conquest of the *Banque* by means of a system so contrived as to make such *Banques* thenceforth impossible that took possession of me, and

threatened to become a fixed idea, to the exclusion, as already said, of all other ideas ; and it was only the counter-assertion of itself by my other and proper fixed idea—namely, the innate idea that I had a special work to do in life, which was not that of breaking banks—that enabled me to dispel this idea. I was helped, too, by the remark of one, a veteran of the *Casinos*, who had bought his wisdom at the expense of his whole fortune, and who said to me, speaking very impressively, “ Maitland, take my word for it—the word of a man who knows—you will never be allowed to win at play. The Gods have other work for you. You are too good a man to be a successful gamester.” Not to prolong the story unduly, the result was my possession by another idea in force such as entirely to supplant and displace its predecessor. This was the resolve never again to put myself in the way of playing, and never to be the means of putting anyone else in the way.

Such was my fixed resolution when I lighted on the packet in question. But although the sight of its contents was powerless to alter my resolve, there escaped from it a palpable influence which smote me with such force as to cause me to exclaim, “ Why, it is like the story of the bottled imp in the *Arabian Nights* ! ”—a story in which now for the first time I saw a possible truth. It was a distinct *smite*, the effect of which was to set up in the outer part of myself a craving to do that from which my inner self entirely revolted, and this without in the least weakening, but rather intensifying, the resolve I had formed. The conflict thus set up between the two spheres of my being, the spiritual and the physiological, or perhaps rather the astral, was such as to enable me to realise, with a distinctness never before experienced, the duality of the human system and the independence of each part from the other of its two moieties ; and thus to constitute a psychological phenomenon well worth the study I found myself constrained to bestow on it. And it was with no little satisfaction that I observed that, potent as was the assailing influence, it was utterly powerless to affect the real *me* in such wise as to dispose me to heed it. My impulse was to destroy the contents of the bewitched packet ; and had there been a fire in the room, I should at once have burnt them. But it was summer-time ; and so I reclosed the packet and replaced it in the chest, to go to the warehouse, thinking that its so-long

retention of the "spirits of the cards" might be due to the impermeable nature of the enclosing substance.

Meanwhile I renewed my resolve against visiting or taking anyone else to visit what was now the only place of the kind accessible, which was Monte Carlo. And I also decided to say no word to Mary about the matter, lest perchance her imagination might impart force to what otherwise would expend itself harmlessly, as I hoped the influence would do. My surprise, therefore, may be imagined when, on the very next day, she told me that she had dreamt that we were in the playing-rooms at what she supposed to be Monte Carlo, and saw certain friends of ours, whom we had never suspected of such a thing, playing high and winning largely! For reasons of my own, I contented myself with advising her not to mention her dream to her daughter. But neither my precaution nor her silence was of any avail. For a few days later the child came to her mother and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I had such an odd dream last night! I was in a magnificent hall, decorated with rich gildings and columns, and having a number of tables covered with money, and crowds of people standing round them gambling. And while we were looking on at a table which had a wheel on it, a strange man spoke to me, and offered me some money which he wanted me to put on the table for him, as he said I should be sure to win, and he would give me half for myself. And then, on turning to you to ask if I might, I woke."

Being aware of the superstitions which gamblers have about a maiden's luck, I was yet more struck by the intelligence which thus seemed to be behind the influence to which I ascribed the dream. And very soon I had reason to be struck also by its persistency; for both mother and daughter were visited by similar dreams several times in the next few weeks, with the result of making me more firmly resolved than ever to keep our distance from any place of the kind. And now, by a destiny which seemed to be irresistible, we were about to start for a place which was but a few minutes' distance by rail from Monte Carlo!

Our first halt on leaving Geneva was Aix-les-Bains, where we were detained three days by an attack of asthma which rendered Mary unable to proceed. We reached Turin on the 3rd, and Savona on the 4th of October, passing two nights at

the latter place to allow Mary to rest. On the 6th we proceeded to Mentone, arriving there as it was getting dark. On reaching the hotel on which we had fixed—one close to and fronting the sea—we found that we were the first arrivals, the season not having yet begun, as the rainy season was not quite over. Of this most fatal drawback our Geneva friends had said nothing, and the discovery greatly dismayed us. For, wet though it was, we had hoped the weather was exceptional and would soon change. We had no choice, however, but to engage rooms and arrange terms, which we accordingly did, stipulating that, in the event of our being compelled to leave at a moment's notice—an event which the health of Madame rendered probable—we should not be called on to pay for any unexpired term of occupancy. Nothing could exceed the politeness of the proprietor, and the matter was so arranged.

The event proved the wisdom of this precaution. The distresses of that night were beyond description. None of us went to bed. The close, damp, heavy atmosphere early brought on for Mary an access of asthma, so violent and persistent as to compel her to sit up all night, while we burnt stramonium and other medicaments, and strove to protect the sufferer from the mosquitoes, which literally swarmed. But all in vain. The morning found her exhausted with pain and fatigue and want of sleep, disfigured almost beyond recognition and nearly blinded with mosquito-bites, and bent on quitting the place by the earliest possible train. But whither to betake ourselves? Summoning the proprietor before it was yet full day, and informing him of the nature of the emergency, we were told that the whole Riviera was similarly infested with mosquitoes and liable to wet. The best chance of escaping them was on the high ground of Monte Carlo, but there was no certainty even there. Panic-struck at the prospect of another such night, Mary declared decidedly that she would go straight back to Paris, where neither asthma nor mosquitoes ever troubled her; and she asked when the first train left, and whether we could catch it. The reply was, "Yes, provided we lost no time, but started at once."

This, however, I recollected, was impossible. The treble fare for such a journey exceeded the cash in my possession, and I must first change a circular note, and for this must wait

until the bank opened. Mary reconciled herself to the inevitable delay, and soon after ten we were in the train, provided with tickets for Marseilles ; for I was able, from my knowledge of that place, to reassure her on both causes for apprehension. Being a large city, it would be free from mosquitoes, and there was no fear of asthma at the altitude of the Hotel de la Gare, to which we would go. On approaching Monte Carlo, I pointed it out to her, but she was too badly blinded to be able to see it, and too much exhausted and suffering to care to do so. My one ground for consolation amid our manifold troubles was the thought that, whatever might be the influence concerned in bringing them about, it had been baffled, so far, at least, as it had any design on us in connection with Monte Carlo ; for we were passing by the place unvisited, without any prospect of returning.

My satisfaction proved short-lived. On reaching Nice the doors of the carriages were thrown open and the passengers one and all were ordered to descend. The rains had caused a flood, which had carried away a bridge on the line, and the train could go no farther. We were thus detained perforce within an easy distance of Monte Carlo. Could such a fatality be purely accidental? Only the event could decide. I still kept my own counsel, and suspended my judgment. Mary, who was feeling a little better, remarked, " They mean us to see Monte Carlo after all."

Indeed, she was so eager to see the place so noted at once for its physical beauty and its moral ugliness, that she had no sooner recovered somewhat than nothing would do but to make an excursion thither. This we accordingly did, breakfasting there, strolling about the gardens, and watching the play and the players, and even adventuring a few silver pieces, more out of curiosity as to their fate than from any desire to play. My satisfaction in the experiment resulted from the proof it afforded me that we both were indifferent, and the trial was no real temptation. The atmosphere of the rooms was indescribably noxious, physically and spiritually ; and, moreover, we had been compelled to leave the child outside, the high moral sense of the administration having led them to exclude minors. Hence our stay was very brief, and the relief on emerging into the pure air great.

We had been unfortunate at Nice in our selection of an hotel no less than in the weather, the former being in a too low-lying situation for our asthmatic subject. Mary therefore continued to suffer greatly; and as the railway was not yet open to the westwards, we determined to seek some other locality. On asking advice from persons likely to be well informed, the testimony was unanimous in favour of Monte Carlo, the altitude and rocky soil of which made it, they declared, a model place for our purpose. Mary had certainly breathed better there than at any other place on the Riviera. We had observed an hotel situate so far above the *Casino* as to seem safe against her enemies of both kinds. We resolved, therefore, to make trial of it, any hesitation that I might have on other grounds having disappeared in the light of our recent experience. And on the 13th we removed thither, making at our hotel the same stipulation which we had made at Mentone; and, by way of extra precaution against mosquitoes, I procured a vast piece of gauze as a shelter for her in the event of her being compelled again to pass the night in her chair, ransacking Monaco in search of it.

The weather was perfect to look at, and the evening so fine as to tempt us to take a walk on the hillside, which Mary enjoyed greatly for the beauty of the scene, with the starry sky overhead, and the purity of the air. In her exhilaration she felt as if new inspirations of the highest order must be in store for her. Alas for our hopes! The very atmosphere of her room seemed to stifle her as she entered it. The asthma returned in redoubled force, and the terrible experience of Mentone was repeated in an aggravated degree. The whole night was passed in an endeavour to mitigate her sufferings; and when morning came her condition was such as to make it impossible either to stay or to go. The dilemma seemed invincible, and I was in despair accordingly. The solution proved as strange as it was unexpected. While I was standing by her as she sat in the chair in which she had passed the night, there came from within the folds of the gauze netting with which it had been found necessary to envelop her a voice, speaking in a tone loud, strong, firm, and peremptory as that of a man accustomed to command, which said, "Procure some chloroform at once—as much as you can get. It will enable me to return to Nice."

On looking at her in surprise, she appeared unconscious of having spoken ; but I lost no time in acting on the suggestion, and hastened to the nearest pharmacy. Here I had great difficulty in getting supplied. It was forbidden to sell the drug without a medical prescription, and that could be obtained only by calling in a doctor,—a course which, besides involving delay and expense, was one to which Mary would by no means consent. At length, moved by my pleadings, the chemist let me have half-an-ounce. This was soon expended, and with but little apparent effect in allaying the spasms of her malady. On presenting myself again with the empty bottle, the chemist gave me another half-ounce ; and this, following the other, proved sufficient ; and by keeping her slightly under its influence, we succeeded in getting her into a carriage to drive to the station, then into the train, and finally to an hotel in Nice to which we had been commended in a letter just received from Lady Caithness, who, with unremitting kindness, had written to us every other day through our trouble. Mary was able to converse a little during the journey, and was surprised to learn, in answer to her question about the chloroform, that she had ordered it herself, having no recollection of the occurrence. Nor had it occurred to me that the utterance might have come through, and not from, her, strange as her tone had been.

Our destination was the Hôtel Millet ; and Mary was no sooner seated in her apartment, which was a very large one, being still, but only slightly, under the influence of the anæsthetic—the supply of which was nearly exhausted—than she spoke again in the same voice as before, saying in a rapid but a distinct, measured, and emphatic tone, without pausing or faltering :—

“ Use chloroform, only chloroform ; no stimulants ; not tea, coffee, nor brandy. It will make her sick, but that will not injure her. The left lung is hopelessly diseased. There is in it a very large cavity, too deeply seated for detection by auscultation. She has tubercle in the lungs, in the stomach, in the intestine, and in the kidneys. The left lung adheres at the apex to the pleura, and is totally useless. It is the condition of the lung that affects the bronchial tubes and causes the asthma. This cannot be cured. It can only be kept under by living always in a large city. London is the best place for her ; not Kensington, but Notting Hill, for its height and dryness. Neither the hotel you are at nor Nice is suitable ; they are too low. If in three days she mends sufficiently to bear the

journey, take her to Lyons, and tell her husband to be prepared to come to her there. She would not have been so ill at Geneva ; but we tried to bring you to Monte Carlo in order to help you through her. You are not likely to have any success there by yourself ; but we could have enabled her to help you to win the money necessary for your purposes had the conditions of her health rendered it possible for us to use her. All through, the conditions have been such as to render her work almost impossible. And now it is scarcely possible for her to live much longer. She might have done so but for the occurrence of yesterday evening. No one of her constitution should be abroad when the Mistral is on the sea. It is the Mistral which caught her last night that has probably shortened her career. Nevertheless the work will be completed, even if she fails us. For there is another woman now in the world—one known to you—who can recover the necessary recollections, and can complete it with you. This only if she dies before it is done, as in all probability she will, in a few years. For herself it will be well that she should die. No one could wish her to live with the terrible suffering that is inevitable in the case of a prolonged existence. Keep her under the chloroform, that we may continue to speak, and also because it is the only thing that can help her now. Apply also hot fomentations to the chest, not the shoulder—the diseased lung can receive no benefit—but to the bronchial region ; only there, not to the feet either. It is too late for that. Keep applying continuously, if necessary, until she is better. Her case is extremely serious ; so much so that she may never leave Nice. Very much depends upon to-night. She must become better in order to leave it, and must rest a night at Marseilles. Once at Lyons, she may stay until sufficiently recovered either to go to London or to finish what she has undertaken at Geneva. Renew the chloroform, and as soon as possible procure a large supply of it. Everything depends on it. See that she alters her Will. As it stands it is an evil Will. It must be altered in favour of her husband—entirely in his favour. She must trust him altogether with everything. And do you make him fully acquainted with your circumstances. It will be best for all concerned that you do so, and that she amend her Will as we have said. For the present unpack as few things as possible, that you may remove her at any moment she is able to travel.”

Here the voice ceased, its strength having remained unabated to the end, causing E. to exclaim, “ Why, mamma has quite forgotten her asthma ! ” I had been watching with dismay the exhaustion of the chloroform. It was now almost gone, and how to procure more I knew not. No chemist would supply the amount wanted without a medical order, and no medical man would give such an order even were we to summon one. Besides which, he would in all probability have disapproved of such a use for it. Suddenly an idea struck me ; and, acting on it, I placed before her a table with pen and paper, and bade

her write a prescription for three ounces of chloroform. She was still comatose from the drug. Nevertheless she took the pen, and in a slow, mechanical manner wrote, without a mistake, and in her ordinary hand, in French, an order, which, sent by the hand of the *concierge*, was at once complied with, and the desired supply was brought me. It was then between six and seven o'clock, and from that hour till near midnight she was kept under its influence to a degree just sufficient to suppress consciousness and prevent the recurrence of her spasms, I meanwhile carefully observing her pulse and general state. By midnight the oppression had so greatly diminished as to render the breathing free; finding which, I discontinued the chloroform; and soon after, to my intense satisfaction, she sank into a profound natural slumber, which lasted till morning. And, with the exception of the sickness, which followed as predicted, and continued for two days, she was well enough to be told of what had occurred, and to discuss its many strange features. Having no knowledge of the prescription for the chloroform, she was greatly surprised to learn that she had herself written it while under its influence.

Our chief perplexity, of course, was as to the personality of the speakers, for they always used the plural. The experience was a new one to us. We readily recognised the knowledge and wisdom of all that they said so far as mundane things were concerned. But when they contemplated a work such as ours being promoted by means of money, won at the gaming-table, we could hardly refer them to the category of the divine. As for the statement that there was another woman in the world by association with whom our work could be completed in the event of Mary's death, I kept that to myself, knowing the distress such a suggestion would cause her. But I did not for a moment entertain it. The very idea of such a replacement of her was intolerable to sacrilegiousness, and it seemed only to strengthen the suspicion excited by their other proposal. Mary was by no means disposed to follow the injunctions respecting her Will. And it was not until over four years later, and she had again been driven by illness to the Riviera, that she recognised the propriety of the change enjoined, and adopted it. I had been anxious during the reference to the Will that her little girl should not understand the utterance, and made a strong

mental effort to restrain her. So that it was a satisfaction to me, when questioning her afterwards as to what had been said, to find that she had entirely mistaken its import, and thought that her mamma was to give up her own will, and not the legal document thus designated.

Another curious point was that of the ability of the influences in question to realise their claim to be able to make Mary win at the tables, and the precise *modus* of the process, supposing it possible. And we were disposed to think it might be in this way. To win at the cards, all that was necessary to know was how they were packed after being shuffled and cut. The game being *trente et quarante*, it was open to a clairvoyant to read the order of the cards and know what would win; but this only, of course, after the event had been practically decided by the position of the cards in the pack prior to their being dealt out.

To win at the roulette-tables would involve a different process; for no elements existed on which to found a calculation. Here, then, there must be an application of physical force, which would consist in the ball being so controlled by the invisible influences as to fall into any number they might choose, while they inspired the player with the impulse to stake upon that number.

The problem was so singularly interesting from so many points of view that I was hardly surprised that Mary, ill as she was, should be fascinated by it, and—with her usual eagerness for experiences—desire to put it to the test. But even though allowing the possibility of the achievement implied, I doubted the suitability of the conditions under which the experiment would have to be made, and this partly as regarded both environment and agencies. For, while the latter could hardly be of a grade to merit the designation heavenly, the former involved conditions which both morally and spiritually were distinctly infernal, namely, the atmosphere and associations of the *Casino*; and I did not believe that her gift could be exercised while in contact with it. Rather was I apprehensive of harm to herself from the conjunction.

I offered no positive opposition to the attempt, but confined myself to putting these considerations before her, regarding the question as for us an intellectual and not a moral one

believing that the right and wrong of any act not involving a breach of principle depends upon the spirit in which it is done. Mary's clinching argument for making the experiment found expression in the exclamation :—

“ But only think what a crushing proof it would be to the materialists of the reality of man's spiritual nature if I were to guess right every time and win every *coup*! And it would not be gambling, for I should know positively.”

As no sufficient reply to this aspect of the matter was forthcoming, the experiment was resolved on, a trifling sum only being devoted to it. For, while success would of itself supply the means, a very few losses would suffice to prove failure.

The result was as I had at first surmised. The spiritual atmosphere of the place blinded and stifled her. Instead of seeing clearly she guessed at random, and with the usual results, and after a few vain attempts, begged to be taken away, saying she felt as if she was being poisoned. There were no tokens of the presence of the influences which had spoken through her when under the chloroform. How it might have been had she again been similarly rendered accessible to them we could not say. We had gone early, in order to be able to return home before the fatal Mistral should set in, so that we were able to spend some hours in the open air, enjoying the scenery and dissipating whatever might have clung to us of the unwholesome influences to which we had been exposed. The evening showed us that in this we had not been altogether successful, for it brought Mary a severe nervous crisis, which we had no difficulty in tracing to such origin. The “ outer walls ” of her system were not yet fully built.

Throughout this season of trouble we were in constant communication with our friend at Paris, whose letters of sympathy and counsel were most helpful. Nice was her winter residence, and she would very shortly be coming thither, and hoped we would stay to see her. But we were bound to escape northwards as soon as the railway was passable. Accordingly, on the 19th, we took our departure, and breaking our journey on Mary's account at Marseilles, Lyons, and Dijon, reached Paris on the 23rd. As Lady Caithness was unable, on account of her coming departure, to take us all in, we divided our party, the mother and daughter going to stay with the family of Irish

ladies with whom she had formerly lived in Paris,¹ and who now kept a pension in the Avenue Carnot, while I went to the Rue de l'Université to stay with Lady Caithness until she left for the South, when I went to a *pension* near the Arc de l'Etoile, as there was no room for me where Mary was. And so ended an expedition to which, for the painfulness and the strangeness of its incidents, it would be hard to find a parallel. For the solution of the mystery of the voices which claimed to guide us we had yet long to wait, but, as will duly appear, it came at last.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 60.

CHAPTER XXIV

WINTER AT PARIS

THE intimation given us of the probable early close of Mary's life seemed but to stimulate her efforts in the cause so dear to her, the rescue of the animals from their tormentors, scientific and others. She resolved accordingly to resume her interrupted crusade in Switzerland when sufficiently recovered, and to utilise the interval by going through a course of instruction in philosophy, engaging a professor for the purpose. She felt strongly the need of thus supplementing her medical and scientific knowledge; and, with the view of keeping up the latter, she also resumed her visits to the hospitals.

The imprudence of this step, which I represented to her in vain, soon became apparent. The resisting power of her system, never strong, had been enfeebled by her recent illness, and she presented symptoms which the doctor, whom she reluctantly consulted, declared to be of so serious a character as to afford little prospect of recovery, or even of living beyond a few weeks, the most imminent danger being due to tubercle. It was, moreover, not one malady but several that affected her, as if she had contracted all the diseases which prevailed in the wards she had visited. Nevertheless, alarming as was his report, and desperate as appeared to be her state, she rallied in a manner so surprising as to lead him to distrust his own diagnosis in favour of the singular supposition that her symptoms were not real but simulative, causing her to have the appearance only of the ailments in question and not the ailments themselves; and, as if in confirmation of this explanation, she was shortly after shown a vision of herself as a building in the form of a fortress, the citadel and central positions of which were complete and sound, but the outer walls were either broken down or but partially built, having gaps and openings through which noxious creatures of various kinds made incursion. This, it was ex-

plained to her, was a type of her own state, physically, morally, and spiritually. Her "outer walls" had yet to be built up to render her inaccessible to extraneous influences. This experience recalled to our minds the curious account given of her some time before by the spirit of Sir William Fergusson, in which he had said, "The spirit in her is unclothed. It is, as it were, naked"; and compared her symptoms to those of the disease called *purpura hæmorrhagica*.¹ Discussing the matter together, we found it fruitful of suggestion respecting obsession as a possible factor in crime and insanity, as well as in ordinary disease, under the influence of which persons may be constrained by extraneous and parasitical influences to commit actions which, of themselves, they would shrink from. In view of the injustice of punishing persons thus liable for actions of which they are morally innocent, we were led to recognise the wisdom of the ancients, who required of physicians that they be also priests, versed in occult science, and competent to deal with spiritual maladies. The necessity of training clairvoyants medically, for the purposes especially of diagnosis, was continually being impressed on us by our own experiences.

The effect on Mary of her first lessons in philosophy was not only to perplex but to distress her. The teaching was, of course, that of the materialistic school of the day; but so insidious and specious was the mode of its presentation that, even while discerning its utter falsity, she was at first unable to formulate her objections to it satisfactorily to herself. As the event proved, she had within herself the antidote to its poison, but aid was necessary to enable her to find it. As had so often happened to her before, the extremity of the man without was made the opportunity of the God within. And she had no sooner recognised the need of such reinforcement than her appeal found response. Such were the circumstances under which she received [chiefly in sleep] the wonderful series of expositions concerning the constitution of the spiritual and substantial, as distinguished from the physiological and phenomenal, Ego, contained in the book of her illuminations.² We

¹ See Vol. I. p. 148.

² *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., Nos. xli.—xlvii. inclusive. These illuminations were received during the months of December 1882 and January and February 1883.

saw in them the most valuable contribution ever made to psychological science. Their length precludes their insertion here. She had already, in the previous year,¹ received the following answer to an inquiry respecting the advisability of her studying occult science :—

“ The adept, or ‘ occultist,’ is at best a religious scientist ; he is not a ‘ saint.’ If occultism were all, and held the key of heaven, there would be no need of ‘ Christ.’ But occultism, although it holds the ‘ power,’ holds neither the ‘ kingdom ’ nor the ‘ glory.’ For these are of Christ. The adept knows not the kingdom of heaven, and ‘ the least in this kingdom are greater than he.’ ‘ Desire *first* the kingdom of God and God’s righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.’ As Jesus said of Prometheus,² ‘ Take no thought for to-morrow. Behold the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, and trust God as these.’ For the saint has faith ; the adept has knowledge. If the adepts in occultism or in physical science could suffice to man, I would have committed no message to you. But the two are not in opposition. All things are yours, even the kingdom and the power, but the glory is to God. Do not be ignorant of their teaching, for I would have you know all. Take, therefore, every means to know. This knowledge is of man, and cometh from the mind. Go, therefore, to man to learn it. ‘ If you will be perfect, learn also of these.’ ‘ Yet the wisdom which is from above, is above all.’ For one man may begin from within, that is, with wisdom, and wisdom is one with love. Blessed is the man who chooseth wisdom, for she leaveneth all things. And another man may begin from without, and that which is without is power. To such there shall be a thorn in the flesh.³ For it is hard in such case to attain to the within. But if a man be first wise inwardly, he shall the more easily have this also added unto him. For he is born again and is free. Whereas at a great price must the adept buy freedom. Nevertheless, I bid you seek ;—and in this also you shall find. But I have shown you a more excellent way than theirs. Yet both Ishmael and Isaac are sons of one father, and of all her children is Wisdom justified. So neither are they wrong, nor are you led astray. The goal is the same ; but their way is harder than yours. They take the kingdom by violence, if they take it, and by much toil and agony of the flesh. But from the time of Christ within you, the kingdom is open to the sons of God. Receive what you can receive ; I would have you know all things. And if you have served seven years for wisdom, count it not loss to serve seven years for power also. For if Rachel bear the best beloved, Leah hath many sons, and is exceeding fruitful. But her eye is not single ; she looketh two ways, and seeketh not that which is above only. But to you Rachel is given first, and

¹ June 1881. Illumination, “ Concerning Regeneration.”

² A term which signifies forethought, and as here used implies distrust of the divine sufficiency.—E. M.

³ *I.e.* the flesh itself is their thorn.

perchance her beauty may suffice. I say not, let it suffice ; it is better to know all things, for if you know not all, how can you judge all ? For as a man heareth, so must he judge. Will you therefore be regenerate in the without, as well as in the within ? For they are renewed in the body, but you in the soul. It is well to be baptized into John's baptism, if a man receive also the Holy Ghost. But some know not so much as that there is any Holy Ghost. Yet Jesus also, being Himself regenerate in the spirit, sought unto the baptism of John, for thus it became Him to fulfil Himself in all things. And having fulfilled, behold, the 'Dove' descended on Him. If then you will be perfect, seek both that which is within and that which is without ; and the circle of being, which is the 'wheel of life,' shall be complete in you."

We had subsequently recognised this teaching as on the lines of the Kabala. It was in pursuance of it that Mary had now undertaken a course of philosophy ; and the occasion was taken advantage of to make another and invaluable addition to the New Gospel of Interpretation.

December 12 brought the following long-desired supplement and complement to the stupendous revelation concerning the Immaculate Conception which had been received in the summer of 1877.¹ It appears in her record, without preface, note, or comment, as one of the regular course, showing that the perceptive point of her mind was now so much accustomed to these altitudes that she remained unexcited even by the disclosure of the significance of that mystery of mysteries, the Church's last and supreme dogma which still remains to be promoted from a pious belief to an article of faith ; which promotion is implied in the insignia of Pope Leo. XIII. as to take place during his pontificate, though not therefore necessarily through his act.² The utterance contains a further recognition of the divinity of the Kabala, and also of the truth of the saying of St Paul : "These things are an allegory." It is a token also of the inseparability of philosophy from religion, by disclosing psychology, which appertains to philosophy, as the gateway and threshold of religion :—

"The two terms of the history of creation or evolution are formulated by the Catholic Church in two precious and all-important dogmas. These are, first, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary ; and, secondly, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin

¹ Vol. I. p. 195.

² For the explanation see *The Perfect Way*, V. 44, n. 13.

Mary. By the doctrine of the first we are secretly enlightened concerning the generation of the soul, who is begotten in the womb of matter, and yet from the first instant of her being is pure and incorrupt. Sin comes through the material and intellectual element, because these belong to matter. But the soul, which is of the celestial, and belongs to heavenly conditions, is free of original sin. 'Salem, which is from above, is free, which is the mother of us all. But Agar'—the intellectual and astral part—'is a bond-slave, both she and her son.' The soul, born of time (Anna), is yet conceived without taint of corruption or decay, because her essence is divine. Contained in matter, and brought into the world by means of it, she is yet not of it, else she could not be mother of God. In her bosom is conceived that bright and holy light—the Nucleolus—which dwells in her from the beginning, and which, without intercourse with matter, germinates in her and manifests itself as the express image of the eternal and ineffable personality. She gives this image individuality. Through and in her it is focussed and polarised into a perpetual and self-subsistent person, at once God and man. But were she not immaculate,—did any admixture of matter enter into her integral substance,—no such polarisation of the Divine could occur. The womb in which God is conceived must be immaculate; the mother of Deity must be 'ever-virgin.' She grows up from infancy to childhood at the knee of Anna; from a child she becomes a maiden,—true type of the soul, unfolding, learning, increasing, and elaborating itself by experience. But in all this she remains in her essence divine and uncontaminated, at once daughter, spouse, and mother of God.

"As the Immaculate Conception is the foundation of the mysteries, so is the Assumption their crown. For the entire object and end of kosmic evolution is precisely this triumph and apotheosis of the soul. In the mystery presented by this dogma, we behold the consummation of the whole scheme of creation—the perpetuation and glorification of the individual human ego. The grave—the material and astral consciousness—cannot retain the immaculate Mother of God. She rises into the heavens; she assumes divinity. In her own proper person she is taken up into the King's chamber. From end to end the mystery of the soul's evolution—the history, that is, of humanity and of the kosmic drama—is contained and enacted in the cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The acts and the glories of Mary are the one supreme subject of the holy mysteries."

Her lessons, and her illuminations in correction of them, were now intermitted for a space. It had been my custom daily to pass some hours with her, and to discuss together what had been received. She still suffered greatly with weakness, and even positive illness, under the influence of which she was liable at times to subside to a level at which she failed fully to appreciate the value of her inspirations. It was therefore a great satisfaction to her to have my unqualified recognition of them, and

positive assurance of their inestimable value at once to the science, the philosophy, and the religion of the future. Her next entry in her Diary, which was dated December 20, was an extract from St Augustine, whom she had been reading in French, which struck her as indicating his recognition of the esoteric meaning of Church dogma as its true and intended meaning. For it seemed to her that he could hardly have spoken as he did of the Virgin unless he regarded her as denoting the Soul, and no actual historical person.

This is the passage :—

“Tous, nous sommes les pauvres, les mendiants de Dieu, *omnes mendici Dei sumus*. Mais c'est par les mains de Marie que Dieu veut nous accorder ses graces ; tous ses dons doivent passer par le Cœur de la Vierge Immaculée ; de sa Mère. *Totam nos habere voluit per Mariam.*” Elsewhere he says, “Mary brings us to Jesus.” What is this but our own doctrine that the finding of Christ is by the culture of the Soul, the Christ within us, our spiritual and substantial Ego in which we are redeemed ?

The next entry bears date Christmas Day :—

It is strange how I *forget!* This evening I have re-read several passages and chapters written by my own hand, and conceived in my own mind, of *The Perfect Way*, and they filled me with as great wonder and admiration as though I had read them for the first time in some stranger's work. Ought this not to set me a-thinking how little this outward and mundane memory has to do with the true and interior consciousness ? For, indeed, in my true self, I know well all these things, and an hundredfold more than there lie written ; yet my exterior self forgetteth them right readily, and, once they are written, scarce remembereth them more ! And this sets me wondering whether, perchance, we are not altogether out of the reckoning when we talk of memory as a necessary part of selfhood ; for memory, in the sense in which we use the word, signifies a thinking back into the past, and an act by which past experience in time is recalled. But how shall the true, essential self, which is without end or beginning, have memory in any such sort, since the “eternal remembrance” of the soul seeth all things at a glance, both past and to come ? To that which is in its nature Divine and of God, memory is no longer recollection, but knowledge. Shall we say that God remembers ? Nay, God *knoweth*. I thank thee, O my Divine Genius ; thou art here ! I feel thee ; thine aura encompasseth me ; I burn under the glow of thy wonderful presence. Yes, it is thus indeed !

Here meditation passes into illumination, and the Diary thus continues :—

This faculty which we call Memory is but the faint reflex and image in the material brain of that function which, in all its celestial

plenitude, can belong only to the heavenly man. That which is of time and of matter must needs think by means of an organ and material cells, and these can only work mechanically, and by slow processes. But that which is of eternity and spirit needeth neither organ nor process, since organism is related only to time, and its resultant is process. "Yea, thou shalt see face to face! Thou shalt know even as thou art known!" And just as widely and essentially as the heavenly memory differs from the earthly, so doth the heavenly personality differ from that of the material creature.

Thou mayest the more easily gather somewhat of the character of the heavenly personality by considering the quality of that of the highest type of mankind on earth,—the Poet.

The poet hath no self apart from his larger self. Other men pass indifferent through life and the world, because the selfhood of earth and heaven is a thing apart from them, and toucheth them not.

The wealth of beauty in earth and sky and sea lieth outside their being, and speaketh not to their heart.

Their interests are individual and limited: their home is by one hearth: four walls are the boundary of their kingdom,—so small is it!

But the personality of the poet is divine: and being divine, it hath no limits.

He is supreme and ubiquitous in consciousness: his heart beats in every element.

The pulses of all the infinite deep of heaven vibrate in his own: and responding to their strength and their plenitude, he feels more intensely than other men.

Not merely he sees and examines these rocks and trees: these variable waters, and these glittering peaks.

Not merely he hears this plaintive wind, these rolling peals.

But he *is* all these; and with them—nay, in them—he rejoices and weeps, he shines and aspires, he sighs and thunders.

And when he sings, it is not he—the man—whose voice is heard: it is the voice of all the manifold Nature herself.

In his verse the sunshine laughs: the mountains give forth their sonorous echoes: the swift lightnings flash.

The great continual cadence of universal life moves and becomes articulate in human language.

O joy profound! O boundless selfhood! O God-like personality!

All the gold of the sunset is thine; the pillars of chrysolite; and the purple vault of immensity!

The sea is thine with its solemn speech, its misty distance, and its radiant shallows!

The daughters of earth love thee: the water-nymphs tell thee their secrets; thou knowest the spirit of all silent things!

Sunbeams are thy laughter, and the rain-drops of heaven thy tears; in the wrath of the storm thine heart is shaken: and thy prayer goeth up with the wind unto God.

Thou art multiplied in the conscience¹ of all living creatures; thou art young with the youth of Nature; thou art all-seeing as the starry skies:

¹ An archaism for consciousness.

Like unto the Gods,—therefore art thou their beloved : yea, if thou wilt, they shall tell thee all things ;

Because thou only understandest, among all the sons of men !

Concerning memory ; why should there any more be a difficulty in respect of it ? Reflect on this saying,—“ Man sees as he knows.” To thee the deeps are more visible than the surfaces of things ; but to men generally the surfaces only are visible. The material can perceive only the material, the astral the astral, and the spiritual the spiritual. It all resolves itself, therefore, into a question of condition and of quality. Thy hold on matter is but slight, and thine organic memory is feeble and treacherous. It is hard for thee to perceive the surfaces of things and to remember their aspect. But thy spiritual perception is the stronger for this weakness, and the profound is that which thou seest the most readily. It is hard for thee to understand and to retain the memory of material facts ; but their meaning thou knowest instantly and by intuition, which is the memory of the soul. For the soul takes no pains to remember ; she knows divinely. Is it not said that the immaculate woman brings forth without a pang ? The sorrow and travail of conception belong to her whose desire is unto “ Adam.”

By “ Adam,” of course, was meant the outer and lower reason. For “ these things are an allegory.”

It was to the above glorious apostrophe to the poet that I referred when describing the feelings evoked in her among the mountains of Switzerland. I hope it will not be considered unduly egotistic in me to say that it recalled to us both some verses written by me in Australia nearly thirty years before, in a similar vein, which were included in my tale, *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*, of which the following are some of the stanzas. Having for theme a poet's rejection by a wealthy dame on account of his poverty, they were entitled “ The Poet's Reprisals ” :—

I've jewels that cost nought, and are all joy ;
 Each dewdrop trembling on a leafy spray,
 Lit by the morning sun, a diamond is ;
 And each bright star that gems the nightly sky
 Doth lend a ray of beauty to my soul ;
 What more can thine ?

All nature spread around is my domain ;
 Mine own peculiar park through which I pass,
 To cull rich thoughts from her redundant breast,
 Hold converse grave with dark mysterious woods,
 And gaily banter with the fluttering winds :
 Thus all are mine.

Where flowers grow, sun shines, and trees make shade,
 Where waters flow, rains fall, and winds refresh ;

Green earth, blue sky, and ever-changing sea,
 And the grand rolling music of the clouds ;
 I have a right in all I ne'er would yield
 For ten times thine.

Mary's Diary continued :—

December 26 [1882].—After waking this morning early I had a real Christmas vision, or rather a Picture, for I was not asleep, but quite wide awake. First, it was dark all around, with only the stars overhead, and these were cloudy. I sat on a hillock thinking, and behind me I heard a sound of running water. All at once a voice said "Anna!" and this startled me all the more because no one ever calls me by that name. But I soon saw it was a play on the word, such as I have often heard lately; for the next moment another voice, and another after it, cried out, "The Year! The New Year!" Then it seemed to me that I was being called, and I turned—for the voices came from behind me—and saw on the other side of my hillock a broad river; and on the opposite bank I could just make out by the starlight three misty and motionless shapes, that looked like men. One of them lifted his hand and cried to me across the water, "Where is the Ford?" I stood still, much puzzled, and looked right and left along the river, but could see no Ford at all. And just as I was going to answer, "There is none," behold! the water *where I stood*, at my very feet, began to open and part, and a path seemed to rise up from its midst as though by magic. And at that instant the dawn broke, a clear line of horizontal light straight behind the three men. So I saw they were coming from the East, and it flashed upon me that they were the Three Kings, and that somewhere Christ was born that night."

To which she might have added, but left it for me to do, "And that I myself was the King's ford."

On the resumption of her lessons her illuminations recommenced, and continued at short intervals until the course was completed, by which time she had received a complete exposition of the evolution of the spiritual and substantial Ego, and demonstration of the fallacy of the materialistic philosophy.

There seemed to be a special purpose in these communications to us at this juncture. Whatever might be our relations to the movement [represented by the Theosophical Society] we had consented to join—the importation into the West of the corresponding philosophy of the East—it was necessary that we be equipped with the means of testing and judging that philosophy by the light of actual knowledge, in order to determine its true place in regard to the religion of the future, and, perhaps, even to influence its course.

Respecting that Society, the then President of the English Branch, our valued friend, C. C. Massey, wrote as follows :—

“ For the attitude of the Society towards all the religions of the world, I may refer you to the enclosed paper, ‘ Individuality of Branches,’ now being issued, along with the enclosed circular, to all our members. I believe there would be much opposition among us to giving our own branch a sectarian designation or direction. One grand aim of our Society is to show the underlying, or esoteric, identity of all religious philosophies worthy of the name, and, while respecting the particular forms or manifestations of the one truth, to cut away the ground of sectarian antagonism which such partial or disguised presentations appear to contain. In India, Olcott has busied himself much with what I take to be a Buddhist propaganda, though I believe he would not admit this. Anyhow, there can be no doubt whatever that to Christianity, as popularly understood and taught, we are all more or less opposed. We have two beneficed clergymen of the Church of England among us, and they would probably say that the popular form is capable of a true statement, and must be regarded as ‘ dispensational.’ That is quite consistent with the discovery in it of a true system of doctrine, which, however, would be such a ‘ new departure ’ as almost to amount to a second revelation. And that, I believe, would be the position accepted by yourselves as the writers of *The Perfect Way*. And I think you will find the answer to the question, whether that position is inconsistent with our regard for the Indian teachings, in the paper about the ‘ Individuality of Branches.’ The liberty reserved to Branches cannot be denied to individuals. I cannot, of course, conceal from myself that it is desirable that our President should be in great sympathy with the acknowledged teachers of the Society,—although, indeed, there is no one who is ready and able to teach us whom we should not be ready and able to acknowledge. Certainly I should not accept the statement that we look to ‘ Koot Hoomi,’ or any one else, as the ‘ ultimate source of illumination.’ But at present we are studying in his school. It will be for our President to read to us the expositions which come from that quarter, and of course we should look to her for a sympathetic, and not a controversial, attitude towards them. That does not prevent her from holding and pointing out any other aspect of truth, even in relation to them.

“ If I hear from Mrs Kingsford, I may be able to satisfy her and you more fully on these points in my reply to her. I infer from your letter that the return to London will not be just yet, if you find the suitable quarters for her health in the Engadine. We should have to set off the hope for her restoration from this residence against the postponement of her appearance among us. I most earnestly trust that the Providence which guards her work will also secure her to us as its best agent.”

The following is from the circular in which Mr Massey notified the Society of his intention to nominate Mrs Kingsford as its President :—

“ I have now to give notice of an important proposition, which I shall submit to the general meeting, in the earnest hope that it may meet with general and cordial approval, and in the belief that its adoption will conduce to the future vitality, progress, and use of

the Society. It is that Dr Anna Kingsford shall be elected President of the Society for the ensuing year. From information I have received, I think there can be no doubt that this choice would be acceptable to those with whom we are most anxious to come into direct relations, while the knowledge many of ourselves possess of the genius, moral force, and entire devotion to spiritual ideals of this accomplished lady seems to designate her as the natural leader of a Society with beliefs and aims such as ours. Nor are Dr Kingsford's scientific attainments an unimportant consideration to a body of students who see and desire to trace in occult phenomena an extension of the range of Natural Philosophy. It may also be allowable, in a private letter like the present, to refer to the well-known fact that she is one of the literary authors of that remarkable work, *The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ*. The general resemblance of the ideas there put forward to the teachings which we are studying has been expressly acknowledged by our Indian authorities. It is, however, scarcely necessary to observe that our selection of Dr Kingsford will not imply unqualified acceptance of all her published opinions. We could never have at our head any marked individuality, if members supposed that in electing a President they were so committing themselves. On the other hand, as a result of this step, we may expect important accessions to our ranks, and a union of forces which have lately been tending in the same direction. It is, perhaps, quite unnecessary to urge a recommendation which will, I believe, be generally acceptable; but to all who may think that my long connection with the Society, and intimate relations with those most completely identified with its interests, entitle my opinion to any consideration, I may say that I have not decided on making this proposal without the most careful deliberation and consultation, and that I regard its adoption as of *vital importance*. It only remains to add on this subject, that Dr Kingsford herself has, I rejoice to say, given a conditional consent to the nomination."

When at length we gave consent, we did so on condition that we retain absolute freedom of opinion, speech, and action, acknowledging no superiors, nor any allegiance save to our own illuminators, and reserving the right to use as we might deem fit any knowledges we might acquire. For, having obtained what we had already received expressly for the world's benefit, we were resolved to remain unfettered in this respect. Our association was thus so ordered as to have for its purpose a simple exchange of knowledges. They should tell us what they knew, and we would tell them what we knew, both sides reserving the right of criticism, acceptance, and rejection, the Understanding alone, and in no wise Authority, being the criterion.

The election of Mary as President, and myself as Vice-President, of what was subsequently called the London Lodge of

the Theosophical Society took place at the first meeting in 1883, which fell on Sunday, January 7. We discovered in the course of the day that it was the Festival of the Three Kings of the East ; whereupon Mary made the following entry in her Diary :—

On the 7th of this month I was elected President of the British Theosophical Society. The 7th was Epiphany Sunday, the Festival of the Kings. A strange coincidence and augury.

“ 21 AVENUE CARNOT, PARIS, *January 11, 1883.*

“ DEAR MADAME DE STEIGER,—I salute you in my new character of President of the British Theosophical Society ; and though I shall not be able for some time to come to take my place among you in the body, yet I hope that my new dignity will serve as a fresh link in the tie of friendship already existing between us, and that you will from time to time send me some account of your proceedings in the Society, and of your own personal reflections on the teaching we are now promised from the East.

“ I pointed out to Mr C. C. Massey in a recent letter the singular coincidence that it was on Epiphany Sunday, the Festival of the Magi, that the T.S. elected as its President for the new year a *King's ford* ; and I suggested that we might regard this fact as a happy augury for the prosperity of the Society in the immediate future ; since now indeed the way seemed at last opened for the passage of the Kings of the East, and, as it is said in the Apocalypse, the River is dried up that the way of the Kings of the East may be prepared.

“ My health, about which you are so kindly interested, is much better lately, and I am able to get to work again. But I am sorry to learn from your letter that you are not likely to remain in London during the whole of the coming year. I hope, however, that you do not intend staying abroad long.

“ It gives me considerable surprise, and puzzles me not a little, to learn that Dr Wyld is still not only a member of the Theosophical Society, but is absolutely accepted as co-Vice-President with Mr Maitland ! I quite understood from Dr Wyld himself, and also from the circular issued by Mr Massey, that the aims and programme of the T.S. had become so distasteful to the Doctor that he had determined to resign his connection with it. Strange that he should withdraw deliberately from the *Presidency*, only to come forward as *Vice-President* so shortly after ! Can you explain this riddle ? I should be very glad to have it solved.

“ I have requested Mr Massey to retain his place as my *locum tenens* until I return, and feel sure that, as he is so manifestly in harmony both with our Indian correspondents and with myself, you will all be glad of this arrangement.

“ How are you going to treat the subject of *Circe* ? It is a splendid subject for a mystic artist. Do you intend to illustrate the allegory itself, or is it only an ideal portrait that you contemplate ? Remember me to all our friends, especially to Miss Arundale and her mother, and accept my love and best wishes for the new year. Mr Maitland, who is spending the afternoon with me, sends his kindest regards.—Affectionately yours,

ANNA KINGSFORD.”

A striking experience of Mary's which occurred in this month was led up to in this wise. We had been following with much interest a discussion in *Light* between two of its most eminent contributors—the Hon. Roden Noel and C. C. Massey—respecting the divisibility of the principles in man after death, and the retention by them of consciousness when separated from each other. The latter of the two disputants maintained the doctrine, held in common by us and the Eastern occultists, which assigns consciousness and memory to the phantom or astral shell when dissociated from the Soul and true Ego. And the former maintained, in common with the spiritualists, the impossibility of such a division on the ground that consciousness is necessarily one and indivisible, and compared the detached phantom—supposing there to be such a thing—to a cast-off coat. Some of Mary's recent illuminations had borne directly on the subject, and we proposed to contribute a paper to the discussion. It occurred to me, however, to remark to her that I should like to know what the phantom itself would say about the matter, and I begged her to question the next one she saw about its own nature in this respect. A few nights afterwards she had this experience :—

Being asleep, she found herself in a place resembling the Tower of London, among a group of persons all of whom had been historically associated with the Tower. One was Mary Stuart, looking so like our friend Lady Caithness that she took her for her. Another was so like our friend Arabella Kenealy that she addressed her by that name, but only to be instantly corrected by Mary Stuart, who exclaimed, speaking just as Lady Caithness might have done, "Arabella Stuart, you mean." Presently, while they were conversing, a form passed rapidly by of a man enveloped in a cloak, but without his head. "Who is that?" exclaimed Mary, and was told by Mary Stuart that it was Sir Walter Raleigh. "Oh, I must speak to him," she said, remembering my suggestion and recognising him as a man of high intelligence; and she accordingly gave chase to him until she had come up with him, when she addressed him, saying—

"Tell me, are you the soul of Sir Walter Raleigh, or only his phantom?"

"His phantom," he replied, speaking in a man's voice, which seemed to come from the air above him, "but without my head, for they cut that off and threw it into a basket of papers."

"Then tell me," she said, "how, if only a phantom, you are able to understand me, and to answer questions, and to remember. Ought you not to be merely like a cast-off coat, as Roden Noel expresses it?"

“ Roden Noel knows nothing about it,” responded the ghost sharply. “ He forgets that a coat is a mere material spun in Manchester machines out of gross and lifeless stuff, and that a man’s phantom is living substance nowise comparable to it. He compares things which are incomparable and have no point of similitude between them. Mind is rather to be compared with flame, part of which you may take away and yet leave a living, energetic flame behind. We phantoms of the dead resemble mirrors having two surfaces. On one surface we reflect the earth-sphere and its pictures of the past. On the other we receive influxes from those higher spheres which have received our higher Egos, which represent the most sublimated essences of the lower. Most philosophers fall into the error of confounding the unities. They forget that space, distance, time, and separation belong to physical and mundane conditions, and ought not to be imported into discussions about the condition of the freed soul. There is no far or near in the Divine state.”

“ But,” said she, “ if your soul, your thinker, be gone, how can you reason and remember ? ”

“ In and by the same method as Roden Noel’s old coat holds its parts and its woof together when he takes it off. To everything belongs its proper behaviour. While Noel wore this coat it behaved as a coat, and its business was to cover him and to keep itself in shape and consistency. And when he takes it off, it still remains such as it was, and continues to preserve all its characteristics. It *was* a coat when he wore it ; it is a coat still. The proper characteristic of this Ego in a man’s lifetime is to reason and think *electrically*. It is not a coat ; it is Substance having life. And when the soul puts it off, it goes on being what it was ; for its very warp and woof is of thought-nature ; and it only keeps this nature, just as does the coat. It would be a miracle indeed if the coat, when taken off, should suddenly change its nature and become something else, say non-material. So equally would it be a miracle if, when the soul departs, the phantom should suddenly change its nature, and become something else, say non-substantial. Matter remains matter, psychic substance remains psychic substance. Noel would make differentiation in the substantial world impossible. If the Divine can differentiate into many protoplasmic selves, and yet retain all these in Itself, so also can Man differentiate protoplasmically. For there is but One Nature, and the part is essentially one in potentiality with the whole.”

Here the colloquy ended, and she awoke. On the following night she was shown a demonstration of the error involved in Noel’s conception, and was told :—

“ If the Ego could not differentiate of its personality, the doctrine of the Trinity, which, as *you* have it, is a true doctrine, would be impossible. Noel’s conception is fatal to the Trinity.”

The soundness of the reasoning of the phantom left us no doubt that it truly reflected the higher Ego and true soul of the

speaker, and the experience tended to confirm us in our conclusion that the detached astral portion of the individual may serve as a lens through which the soul can communicate with persons in the earth-life.

It will be remembered that we had been told of Swedenborg, with reference to our intercourse with him, that "a portion of him is still in this sphere, through which he can communicate with those with whom he is in affinity."¹

It served also to illustrate this statement in the instruction given us "Concerning the Hereafter":—"The reason why some communications are astral, and others celestial, is simply that some persons—the greater number—communicate by means of the *anima bruta* in themselves; and others—the few purified—by means of their *anima divina*, for like attracts like."² It is the key to all the incoherences of "spiritualism." Its votaries, as a rule, communicate only by means of the astral in themselves, through lack of unfoldment of their spiritual nature, and the results are of the astral, astral. To attain to the highest without himself, man must seek to the highest within himself.

The fact that Mary had been attracted to this group of spirits tended to confirm also the intimations given us of her identity with Anne Boleyn. It was not as a stranger and an intruder that she had been received by them, but as one whom they recognised and knew intimately, and regarded her presence among them as a matter of course.

The appearance of our article on the subject in *Light* (February 10, 1883), elicited the following letter from Mr Massey:—

"I read with very great interest the letter in last *Light* from 'The Writers of *The Perfect Way*.' It is a very able attempt to make the conception of dual and divisible consciousness intelligible, and seems to have succeeded in at least one unexpected quarter. For Mrs Penny writes to me that she finds it admirable, helping her much to understand the subject.

"I should like to know if your revelations include any information on the long intermediate periods of rest, or 'Devachan,' described by Sinnett in his recent letter in *Light*. It now appears that the 'spiritual individuality' is never annihilated, only the personality when Devachan is not attained, and after it is exhausted and re-birth takes place into a world of causes. There seems some

¹ Vol. I. p. 350.

² See *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., No. xl.

inconsistency here with former teachings in the *Fragments of Occult Truth*.

“ How, upon the principle you lay down, that the work of Spirit in the world must have the co-operation of a couple male and female, do you reconcile the fact that this has not been so in the case of the greater Avatars, or Revelators, Buddha, Christ, etc. ? The answer I suppose to be, either that in those cases the two principles were perfectly united in equilibrium in one person ; or that it is only *now* that the epoch has arrived for manifesting the feminine function. But in the latter case I should suppose that the woman would work alone.

“ The Psychical Research Society is too exclusively exoteric for such considerations to be relevant. The presentation of objective evidence to the world of certain facts is not a spiritual work at all, at least not directly and consciously, and does not make the least pretence to being so.

“ As yet we have had no instruction from India about the Planetary Spirits, or ‘ Dyan Chohans.’ You, I understand, are already in independent possession of this Gnosis. Well, I hope it will be that the Planetaries are not separate Gods, but the superior Monads including our individualities and the substantial beings of them. Thus by true *self*-knowledge our consciousness would be universalised, would be one with the world-soul.

“ I can easily believe that Mrs Kingsford would make it very uncomfortable for the Paris ‘ theosophical ’ vivisector. That such a person should have been admitted to the Society there seems to me little to its credit. Certainly I would veto any such candidate, however eminent, for our branch here. Indeed, it is questionable to me whether social relations should be maintained with anyone addicted to that horrible practice—that damnable profanation of ‘ science.’ ”

Ever mindful of the subject of this closing sentence, Mary had joined with a band of resident friends in organising a French society for the abolition of the practice in question. Her success on this behalf is notified in the following letter to the editor of the *Herald of Health*, which appeared in the May number of that organ :—

“ I dare say you may like to hear that I am still busy and successful. There is now a Paris Anti-Vivisection Society, and, as you will see from our circular, its President is no less a person than the great poet, Victor Hugo. I have been much in the physiological laboratories of the *École d’Médecine* lately, and have been witness of the immense necessity which exists for some prompt and decisive intervention by the public in this matter of scientific torture. It is horrible to see and hear what goes on daily in these infamous dens.

“ I think that possibly you may like to reproduce an article which has recently appeared in a French newspaper, and of which, therefore, I enclose a translation. I have seen several of the advertisements, ‘ *Bains de Sang* ’ (Baths of Blood), to which the article refers, and I know a Parisian lady whose doctor told her that she

would probably die if she did not consent to go to the slaughter-house in the morning and drink blood. He said she had tubercular symptoms, and that nothing else could save her. She refused to comply, and recovered.

“ This ‘ blood mania ’ is, in fact, the last new medical craze, and it may interest your readers to see what is thus the practical outcome of vivisection and carnivorous tastes, encouraged as they are here in this atheistic city of Paris.

“ Have you seen the enclosed cutting from the *Lancet*? This, too, is one of the last suggestions of the enlightened medical faculty.”

The article contained a graphic description of the scene at the abattoirs in the Rue de Flandres, the files of elegant equipages of the upper classes drawn up before them, and their dainty occupants awaiting in the buildings the slaughtering of the “ mild-eyed oxen,” and then quaffing bowls of the fresh-shed, steaming blood; while others supplement or vary the process by having baths of blood at home.¹

Towards the middle of March we returned to Switzerland to resume our interrupted crusade. Meanwhile Mary had the following dream, which we took as an indication of a severe conflict awaiting her on her arrival. The event proved the truth of the augury :—

Paris, Feb. 15 [1883].—I dreamed that I sat reading in my study, with books lying all around me. Suddenly a voice, marvellously clear and silvery, called me by name. Starting up and turning, I saw behind me a long vista of white marble columns, Greek in architecture, flanking on either side a gallery of white marble. At the end of this gallery stood a shape of exceeding brilliancy, the shape of a woman above mortal height, clad from head to foot in shining mail armour. In her right hand was a spear, on her left arm a shield. Her brow was hidden by a helmet, and the aspect of her face was stern—severe, even, I thought. I approached her, and as I went my body was lifted up from the earth, and I was aware of that strange sensation of floating above the surface of the ground, which is so common to me in sleep that at times I can scarce persuade myself after waking that it has not been a real experience. When I alighted at the end of the long gallery before the armed woman, she said to me—

“ Take off the night-dress thou wearest.”

I looked at my attire, and was about to answer, “ This is not a night-dress,” when she added, as though perceiving my thought—

¹ The *Daily Express* of July 16, 1908, contains an account of the Blood Cure, as then recently practised, which is reprinted in *Addresses and Essays on Vegetarianism*, pp. 48-49 n.—S. H. H.

“The woman’s garb is a night-dress; it is a garment made to sleep in. The man’s garb is the dress for the day. Look eastward.”

I raised my eyes, and behind the mail-clad shape I saw the dawn breaking, blood-red, and with great clouds, like pillars of smoke, rolling up on either side of the place where the sun was about to rise. But as yet the sun was not visible. And as I looked she cried aloud, and her voice rang through the air like the clash of steel :—

“Listen !”

And she struck her spear on the marble pavement. At the same moment there came from afar off a confused sound of battle-cries, and human voices in conflict, and the stir as of a vast multitude, the distant clang of arms, and the noise of the galloping of many horses rushing furiously over the ground. And then, sudden silence.

Again she smote the pavement, and again the sounds arose, nearer now, and more tumultuous. Once more they ceased, and a third time she struck the pavement with her spear.

Then the noises arose all about and around the very spot where we stood, and the clang of the arms was so close that it shook and thrilled the very columns beside me. And the neighing and snorting of horses, and the thud of their ponderous hoofs flying over the earth, made, as it were, a wind in my ears, so that it seemed as though a furious battle were raging all around us. But I could see nothing. Only the sounds increased, and became so violent that they awoke me; and even after waking I still seemed to catch the commotion of them in the air.

Dr Gryzanowsky’s appreciation of our work, as evinced in the following letters, was highly gratifying to us :—

“LIVORNO, *April 2, 1883.*

“DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter of March 25th has given me a welcome opportunity of holding communication with you once more, and of thus renewing an acquaintance which, if not personal, is certainly more than merely epistolar, considering that you have spoken to me through your Book. That Book seems to me not only your work, *i.e.* one of the many possible productions of your mind, but a reflection of your whole and innermost self, and as such it can be fully understood and appreciated only by those who have a certain affinity (intellectual and moral) with its author. In this respect, you have good reason to be satisfied with your reader who, in his turn, feels grateful to you for the spiritual treasures he has found in its pages. To say that your Book is brimful of information and of deep thought would be a mere platitude which you would hardly care to hear. The question which alone can be interesting to you in this case is whether or how far the *general* ‘world-view’ propounded in your work may happen to tally with your reader’s world-view, and whether or how far, in case of discrepancies, you may have compelled the reader to accommodate his to yours. I say unhesitatingly—in general terms at least, and quite apart from more or less irrelevant details—that I fully acknowledge the fundamental truths of your

philosophy, which is, without a doubt, the noblest and purest form of spiritualism I have yet met with. It is, at the same time, the most comprehensive form of spiritualism, containing or implying all that is worth having in the so-called mystic lore of ancient and modern times.

“ We meet, in the history of religion and of philosophy, with certain ever-recurring ideas which seem altogether independent of the accidents of tradition and of historic continuity. They are irrepressible, because they are eternal verities, and if Philo’s works had all been destroyed by Omar’s fire in the Alexandrian Library, the doctrine of correspondences would, sooner or later, have been propounded anew. In all probability Swedenborg never read Philo’s *Liber Legis Allegoriarum*, nor is it necessary to assume that Goethe had read either Philo or Swedenborg when he wrote that short but wonderful *Chorus Mysticus* at the end of his *Faust*.

“ I believe with you that religion is nothing historical (p. 26), and that its truths require, or, at all events, are capable of, repeated revelation. In this way Christianity can be rationalised, not in the shallow sense of Strauss, Rénan, or of the Unitarians, but in the sense of the German Theosophists, such as Jacob Boehme and Baader, and even Hegel, who openly declared his belief in the Triune God and all the mysteries of Christian dogma as in conceptual (and as such eternal) truths whose validity had nothing whatever to do with historic evidence or human testimony.

“ I am not sure whether I can agree with your appreciation of Spinoza, whose *All and One* has always appeared to me as sterile, as all monistic doctrines must necessarily be. Without some form of dualism, sexual, dialectic, or metaphysical, no fertility, no development seems possible, and I admire particularly your way of affirming this dualism in your second Lecture (Parts i. and iv.). There you reason like Philo, but Philo was the only Jew that could rise (or descend) to dualism, the Hebrew mind being essentially monistic, while the Aryan mind finds repose only when it has passed through the dual to the triune. Once there one can easily go on to the *Τετρακως*, like Pythagoras, or to the Madonna, like the Catholic Church; but what can Spinoza evolve from his solitary One? and whence come his *modi*? From the Dual, from the God and ‘Non-God’ (as you have it), I can find the *modi*, the relativities, and all the rest, but not otherwise.

“ I felt almost triumphant on reading your ideas about the *limitations* of the Creator through His Creation. It is true you speak in the first place only of the material creation, but evidently imply the same with regard to the plurality of finite living beings. This ‘limitation’ of God by quasi-autonomous beings is sufficient to account for the origin of Evil, and a ‘theodicea’ is possible only if *partial freedom* is assigned to the human will.

“ But whither am I drifting? I hardly know where I should end if I wanted to discuss the contents of your Book. Let me add, however, that I consider the fourth and the fifth Lectures, and more particularly the third part of the latter, as the most important and (to me) most interesting chapters of the work—as far as I have read it. For, wishing to read it, not hastily, but carefully, and having been interrupted by tasks which brooked no delay, I left the last two

Lectures and the whole of the Appendix unread. I hope to read these parts in the course of the present month, and I must trust to the future for opportunities of exchanging notes with you and your fellow-author. Meanwhile accept my warmest thanks for every ray of light and hope that has reached me, thanks to this dual influx from brighter spheres.

"I had no knowledge of the 'Adepts' of Hindustan and Thibet, nor of the existence of a Theosophic Society in England. Your communication concerning these matters, and your apocalyptic interpretation of Mrs Kingsford's personal data, are, indeed, interesting and suggestive. Dr Aderholdt, even if he were a sceptic, might make a poem of it, a better one than the German sonnet *On Mrs Kingsford*, which I found in his volume of Songs, and which is by no means bad.

"You have chosen an inclement season for your trip, but you have come on a noble errand. The foundation of a truly international Anti-Vivisection Journal would be of the greatest importance. I have joined the newly-formed Paris Society, but fear that such questions do not ripen on French soil.

"May I trouble you with the enclosed note to Mrs Kingsford? In hopes that this letter may still find you in Geneva, I remain, with sincere regard and gratitude, yours faithfully,

"E. GRYZANOWSKY."

"LIVORNO, April 3, 1883.

"DEAR MADAM,—I need not apologise, I believe, for addressing you, as I have to thank you for what I must consider as a token of good fellowship and goodwill. The French translation of your article in the *Nineteenth Century* was the more welcome to me as I never had read the original, which I only knew through Lord Coleridge's quotation. I am glad to be able to add that I made *at once* use of some of its passages for three short articles for German newspapers, the *mot d'ordre* in our camp being just now a frequent and *anonymous* discussion of the Vivisection question in the daily press, as the most plausible mode of influencing our lawgivers on the eve of the impending debates in the Reichstag (on the 16th). Not that we expect any positive success, any tilting of the scales, but we hope to find a change in the distribution of weights which would be a sort of invisible success.

"I have often heard, and I rejoice to hear again, of your untiring and most valuable services to the cause of Humanity. After all, our demands are but negative. No bloody food, no bloody science. Yet how difficult it is to kill these dragons! Even Miss Cobbe's services, valuable though they are, would be more efficient if she had less bitter feelings against vegetarians.

"I have joined the newly-formed French Society, but I attach greater importance to the foundation of an international Anti-Vivisection Journal, which (Mr Maitland informs me) is one of the objects of your visit to Switzerland.

"Your excellent Inaugural Dissertation I have read in Aderholdt's German translation. But my indebtedness to you has, of late, been greatly enhanced by my perusal of that wonderful Book which Mr

Maitland ascribes to your and his joint authorship. Pray accept your share of my thanks, together with my congratulations on your election to the Presidency of the Theosophical Society. May the mystic meanings implied in the circumstances of this election be one day affirmed and confirmed by the fruits of your activity, and may these fruits ripen in the rays of the heavenly Light.

“With profound esteem and gratitude, I remain, dear Madam,
yours sincerely,

ERNST GRYZANOWSKY.”

CHAPTER XXV

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OUR campaign in Switzerland opened distressfully, Mary having contracted a severe attack of erysipelas by sleeping in a damp bed at Neuchâtel, where we rested the first night of our arrival in that country. The malady developed itself at Berne, with the result of delaying the execution of our mission there for several days. Concerning this expedition, it will be sufficient to state that in the course of it Mary held meetings public and private, and delivered lectures and addresses at Berne, Lausanne, Montreux, and Geneva, at all of which places our letters of introduction procured us a cordial reception from the principal residents. Her two subjects were vegetarianism and vivisection, and the enthusiasm excited by her combination of gifts, her courage, her zeal, her eloquence, her self-possession, her resourcefulness, her mastery of her subjects, and the charm of her personal appearance, made her progress a veritable triumph. Only in Geneva was there any overt opposition. And it was here that the conflict raged which had been foreshadowed in her dream of Pallas. As the headquarters of the Swiss experimentalists, and the place which had given asylum to the notorious vivisector, Schiff, after his expulsion from Florence, it was to be expected that the opposition would be keen, as it proved to be, the partisans of the practice impugned mustering in force at the public discussions, the newspapers reporting the proceedings at length and taking opposite sides, while on each occasion the hall of meeting was crowded to overflowing, even the windows being scaled with ladders by persons who were unable to enter by the doors. Various causes contributed to intensify the interest. The question itself was a burning one, both in its universal and its local aspects, and involved not only strong vested interests, but science, morality, religion, and even

the fundamental principles of humanity itself. The controversialists, moreover, were in deadly earnest ; it was war to the knife between them. And, to crown all, the champion who had issued the challenge, and who stood like a youthful David against the Giant, or an Athanasius against the world, was not only a foreigner, but a woman, young, fragile, and intensely feminine of aspect, in a community inveterately given to regard woman as a negligible factor in humanity.

Besides arming herself at all points in regard to the general treatment of her subject, she was careful to obtain the local knowledge calculated to give point and application to it. To this end she bearded the lion in his den, or rather—not to do that noble animal an injustice—the demon in his pit, by presenting herself at the laboratory and demanding an interview with its notorious chieftain, which was accorded. I accompanied her on the enterprise, but was careful to keep in the background, in order to allow of a more unrestrained and spontaneous discussion than could have been possible in the presence of a third person, and that one of the physiologist's own sex. The professor gave expression to the usual fallacies, admitting that in other laboratories than his own there was deplorable cruelty, but that the subjects of his experimentations regarded him as their best friend, owing to the pleasing effects of the narcotics which—and not anæsthetics—he administered to them,—an aspect of the subject of which Mary had no difficulty in disposing, as she did dispose of it to his face, by convicting him of being, like his brethren, as unscrupulous in the statements whereby he defended his practice as in that practice itself. All of which she duly recounted in her public addresses.

Failing to answer her indictment, they sought to impugn her authority to speak on the subject by questioning the genuineness of her diploma, affirming it to be of American manufacture, and void of value as a testimony to her competency ; and when the falsity of this charge was demonstrated, they fabricated others injurious to her reputation as a woman, but of course only to meet with a further exposure of their own utter unscrupulousness. I had the satisfaction of making a laughing-stock of one of them who had dated his diatribe from an hospital for the insane, by suggesting that the " arlequinade " he had

perpetrated bespoke the writer to be, not the physician of that institution, but one of its patients ; all of which was duly published in the Geneva press.

The immediate result of this expedition was the formation of two new societies, one in Geneva and the other in Lausanne, for the abolition of vivisection, and the revivification of a society already existent at Berne, but sunk into a state of lethargy. Mary made several enthusiastic and lifelong friends at the various places visited, and received from the *Société Protectrice des Animaux* of Geneva a medal in acknowledgment of her efforts on behalf of its clients. The value of this token, however, was greatly impaired for her by the circumstance that it formed no part of the Society's programme to oppose the torture of animals on the pretext of science—a fatal limitation which it shared with its kindred societies of London and Paris. Her visit proved a great and lasting stimulus to the cause of food reform in Switzerland ; but as regards the other cause, she lived to see the flame she had kindled subside and become extinct for want of a competent leader always on the scene. The moral sense of the country was still too feeble to respond to the high ideals proposed by her. Like a piece of damp wood, it would burn while in contact with the flame of her zeal, but was incapable of independent combustion after the removal of that flame. The barrenness of permanent results was the fault neither of the seed nor of the sower, but of the soil itself. The rock had yet to be covered with mould. The Geneva of Calvin, and of the burners of Servetus, still survived in the Geneva of Schiff and its torture-chambers.

An interesting acquaintance made by us in Switzerland was that of the native poet, Jules Charles Scholl, whose touching appeal on behalf of the animals as against their scientific tormentors—*Ayez Pitié*—had profoundly moved the hearts of all whom it reached who had hearts capable of being moved. Although then in feeble health, he came to Berne expressly to greet us. His zeal was unabated, but he was already a doomed man and his end not far off. He had renounced poetry, and all else that made life a joy to him, to devote himself to this cause. But the agony of it proved too much for his sensitive system, and he ultimately died broken-hearted at the monstrosity of the iniquity and the impotence of the endeavours to quell it.

Discussing with Mary, in reference to him, the plea of utility advanced by its partisans on behalf of the practice, she was emphatic in the expression of her conviction that, even could any alleviation be procured by it for the physical sufferings of the race, it could never compensate for the mental sufferings caused by the knowledge of it, to say nothing of the degradation of humanity.

We arrived in England May 20, and two days later went to Norwich, where she had undertaken to lecture on behalf of vegetarianism. Her reception was most enthusiastic. Returning to London, she commenced her duties as President of the Theosophical Society by suggesting as a better designation for it the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, a proposition which met with cordial approval. Her reasons were set forth in the following letter which she wrote a few days later to Lady Caithness, urging her to adopt the same plan with the Paris branch instead of calling it by the name then proposed :—

“ ATCHAM VICARAGE, *June 8* [1883].

“ I did this because there are in London a vast number of ‘ Societies,’ good, bad, and indifferent, and I wish the character of our fraternity to be entirely distinct from that of the ordinary run. We are a *secret* society, too, and our members are, or should be, brothers and sisters. But chiefly our aim is to establish branch societies throughout the world, and as the members of all these will be in constant intercommunication, and will virtually be brothers of one fraternity, I think it best to designate the different groups by the name of Lodge, the meaning of which is now classical and explains itself. There is really but one T. S., as there is but one Society of Freemasons, and all its various sects are really its Lodges. Mr Sinnett adopted this idea with great zest, and it was carried immediately and unanimously. Pray do not let yourself be drawn away from the original idea by giving your Society such a name as the ‘ Oriental.’ It will mean nothing, and will put you into communication with no one either in India or in England. As a Theosophic Lodge you will have everything we of England or India can give you, and I have by me some very interesting papers to send, which you shall have. But you know you must not communicate their contents to any uninitiated person.

“ I am going to do my utmost to make our London Lodge a really influential and scientific body. . . . Besides, we do not want to pledge ourselves to Orientalism only, but to the study of all religions esoterically, and especially to that of our Western Catholic Church. Theosophy is equally applicable to such study ; but Orientalism can relate only to Brahmanism and Buddhism.

“ As you see, I have left London. Mr M. has forwarded to me your last letter and the cuttings from the *Figaro*. The article re-

produces all the old false statements about the circulation of the blood, etc., to which I see added a new falsity copied from Richet anent Galvani and his *dead* frog. I shall notice and answer all these untruths in my article for Madame Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*, which I am going to write *at once*. If you are writing to her in the course of the next few days, will you tell her that I am preparing this article?

"As for Brown-Sequard's experiments with carbonic acid, it is difficult to understand why he should have injured the monkey's throat in order to test such a medicament, or why the creature should have screamed so terribly, as it is admitted it did, if nothing painful was being done. If the object of the professor really was to discover a new anæsthetical agent, he might have tested his drug more satisfactorily at one of the veterinary colleges where injured animals are under operation, without maiming wantonly creatures in health and soundness of limb. A little extra trouble is all that is needed in nine cases out of ten to convert cruel and unjustifiable tortures into praiseworthy experiments."

To the same :—

" June 25 [1883].

"I have finished my article for the *Nouvelle Revue*. Will you please send me Madame Adam's address as soon as possible? I am going up to town on Saturday to preside at the Theosophical Lodge meeting on Sunday, and also to give a lecture at a garden-party upon vivisection. I have a very long and interesting letter from Madame H. in reply to a note I sent her. She seems thoroughly in earnest, and may very likely be able, with the help of her Republican friends, to draw attention to the horrors which go on unchecked in beautiful Paris. 'Beautiful Paris! Evil-hearted Paris!' I am all the more anxious for this reason that my reply to Charles Richet should appear without loss of time.

"I have a plan which I earnestly hope I shall somehow have the means of carrying into practice next spring. It is to give lectures in London at one of the large halls on 'Esoteric Christianity.' I should explain the hidden and true significance of the Catholic doctrines,—as much, of course, as is possible,—and the interior meaning of all sacred myths. I have already sketched out a little scheme which, if only it can be realised, will, I feel certain, do more for our Theosophy than any number of printed books.

"It is very pleasant to me to have this quiet little country retreat to resort to, to think and write. But for it I could never have done the article for Madame Adam; for in London I was constantly interrupted."

To the same :—

" LONDON, July 1 [1883].

"I write to ask you to beg Madame Adam very earnestly indeed not to delay the publication of my reply to Professor Richet later than August. Miss B. writes to me that R.'s article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has done and still is doing the most terrible injury to our cause, as it is being repeated and quoted everywhere by the

newspapers ; and it is all a mass of lies, ' gross and palpable,' as I have clearly demonstrated in my reply. As to Lady H.'s paper, that is on a subject of no particular and burning interest, and one time is as good as another to talk about women's rights ; but the wrongs of animals, and of humanity in general—these are themes which can ill afford to wait, now that a general stir is being made so vigorously on the whole subject in Paris. Supplicate Madame A. to publish my article at the earliest possible date ; otherwise I greatly fear that my reply may be anticipated by some unscientific and unqualified writer, incompetent to deal with the question, and thus worse harm may be done even than by Richet's falsehoods. I have had six or seven letters from Paris imploring me to get it published at once.

" To-day is our Lodge meeting. I congratulate you heartily on your election as President of your Lodge. How can you think for a moment that I am not interested in Theosophy ? Is it because my love and pity and sense of justice are stirred so strongly on behalf of the dumb and oppressed ? Surely I should ill deserve the name of a student of the wisdom of God if I did not do all in my power to save the poor and the sorrowful. Are not Wisdom and Love *one* ? "

To the same :—

" July 14 [1883].

" I have this morning received a note from Madame Adam in which she says that she is alarmed at the length of my reply to Richet, and will certainly have to cut out a great deal. Now, I want you to do me and the cause a great kindness and service. I want you to write to her, and ask her not to cut out anything, but to publish the article in two parts, half in one number and half in the next. It will be utterly impossible to mutilate it without omitting much that is indispensable, because there is not a word *de trop* in what I have written. It is because M. Richet wrote so much that I am compelled to write much in reply, since it is obvious that, if any point of his argument is left untouched in my answer, our adversaries will at once say, ' She did not answer such and such a statement, because she could not ' ; and the cause would be almost more injured by such an omission than it would be were the thing left untouched altogether. *You* have weight with Madame A., and a word from you to this effect would doubtless influence her. All our friends in Paris are anxiously looking for the appearance of this reply. Supplicate Madame A. not to mutilate it. It is already compressed within the narrowest limits."

To the same :—

" August 1 [1883].

" I return herewith Madame Adam's note. I suppose that when she says the article is *trop développ *, she objects—as I *know* she does—to the basis from which I have argued the matter ; to wit, the Hermetic philosophy. But all this I thoroughly considered before putting pen to paper. This vivisection question will never be really understood and rightly judged until our true relations to other beings are rightly comprehended. The commonplace ' moral

duty' argument is quite insufficient, and has been amply proved to be so, because the obvious answer to it is, 'Man is of more consequence than a thousand other creatures, and the motive of the vivisector redeems his act.' I am curious to see how Madame Adam's critic will separate what he calls the '*abus de la vivisection*' from legitimate torture. Such a line of argument cannot but prove a fiasco, and will injure more than help the cause."

The paper in question was eventually printed separately, the *Nouvelle Revue* being too much under the influence of the dominant school to admit it. It was a reply to Professor Charles Richet's article, "*Le Roi des Animaux*," and was entitled, "*Roi ou Tyran?*" It found much acceptance with the friends of the cause in France, both for its scientific and its philosophic value, and served greatly to strengthen their hands. Atcham, from which the foregoing letters are dated, was the parish of which A. had formerly been curate, and had become incumbent during our absence from England. It was now her home whenever she was able to make it her home. It possessed many advantages, social and other, over his former living, being only four miles from Shrewsbury, and so picturesquely situated as to be a favourite resort of artists; but the vicarage grounds lay low, on the very brink of the Severn, on a spot liable to inundation, a position which rendered it peculiarly unsuitable for a system so delicate as hers. It was, therefore, with much apprehension that she contemplated a residence there. This was an apprehension which—as will appear—the event fully justified, wringing from her again and again the plaint, "I am not allowed to have a home in which I can live," and bringing to mind the intimations given her of her destiny, which found their fulfilment in the prohibition.

The arrival of Mr Sinnett in England, and the publication of his *Esoteric Buddhism*, had completely revolutionised the status of the Theosophical Society. No longer now was it a private group of students engaged for their own satisfaction in mastering the philosophy of the Orient, and pledged to secrecy respecting its nature. It was a propaganda eager for notoriety, and claiming to be in possession of a doctrine resting on the infallible authority of an order of men divinised and hid away in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Thibetan uplands. This made it all the more necessary for us to see that we were committing ourselves to nothing that could impair the authority

of the teaching received by us. And it was with no little interest that we looked forward to an examination of *Esoteric Buddhism*.

The proposed Epiphany of the Theosophical Society took the form of a public reception to Mr Sinnett, in Prince's Hall, on July 17. The audience numbered some three hundred, and—as stated in the press—“was at once fashionable and influential.” The proceedings were opened by Mary, who, in her capacity of President, delivered the following address :—

“No doubt our guests will expect me to explain what is meant by the word ‘Theosophy,’ and what are the aims and objects of the Society over which I preside. I will attempt, in as few words as possible, to give a reply to both these questions.

“Theosophy is the science of the Divine. In this age the word science is readily understood ; not so the word Divine. We Theosophists understand by the word Divine the hidden, interior, and primal quality of existence ; the noumenal as opposed to the phenomenal. Our relations to the Divine we hold to be relations, not to the exterior, but to the within ; not to that which is afar off, but to that which is at the heart of all Being, the very core and vital point of our own true self. To know ourselves is, we hold, to know the Divine. And, renouncing utterly the vulgar exoteric, anthropomorphic conception of Deity, we renounce also the exoteric acceptance of all myths and legends associated therewith, replacing the shadow by the substance, the symbol by the significance, the quasi-historical by the true ideal. We hold that the science of the Divine is necessarily a science of such subtle meanings and transcendent verities that common language too poorly conveys them, and they have thus, by universal consent throughout the world, found their only possible expression by the medium of types and metaphors. For metaphor is the language of the poet, or seer, and to him alone is it given to know and to understand the Divine. In the picture-world in which he lives and moves all interior and primal verities are formulated in visions rather than in words. But the multitude for whom he records his visions takes the metaphor for the reality, and exalts the eidolon in the place of the God.

“The object of the Theosophical Society is therefore to remove this misapprehension ; to unveil Isis ; to restore the Mysteries. Some of us have doubted whether such act of unveiling and of restoration is altogether prudent, arguing that the quality of mind needed for the comprehension of pure truth is rare, and that to most supernaturalism and even superstition are necessities. The answer to such objection is, that the present system of theological teaching has long been and still is an impassable barrier in the way of right thought and action, and of scientific progress ; a fruitful spring of oppression, fraud, and fanaticism, and a direct incentive to materialistic, agnostic, and pessimistic doctrines. In the interest of science, of philosophy, and of charity, therefore, the Theosophical Society has resolved to invite all earnest thinkers, students, and lovers of their kind to examine the system and method it presents,

and to satisfy themselves that the fullest claims of science are compatible with, and its latest revelations necessary to, the true comprehension of esoteric religion.

“ I have used the word religion. It is a word which has, unhappily, become divorced from its true meaning, and associated with much that is inherently repugnant thereto. One of the efforts of this Society will be to restore to sacred things sacred meanings. Religion is the science of interpretation, the science of binding together earth and Heaven, the science of correspondences, of Sacraments, or, as they were called in all old times, the Mysteries. And the religious man is he who is bound together, in whom heart and head have equal sway, in whom Intellect and Conscience work together and in harmony, who is at unity with himself and at one with the whole world of Being. In this sense we are a religious society, for one of our avowed aims is the promotion of universal brotherhood. We proffer an Eirenicon to all Churches, claiming that, once the veil of symbolism is lifted from the divine face of Truth, all Churches are akin, and the basic doctrine of all is identical. The guest of the evening, who sits beside me, is a Buddhist. I, the President of the English Lodge, am a Catholic Christian. Yet we are one at heart, for he has been taught by his Oriental Gurus the same esoteric doctrines which I have found under the adopted pagan symbols of the Roman Church, and which esoteric Christianity you will find embodied in *The Perfect Way*. Greek, Hermetic, Buddhist, Vedantist, Christian—all these Lodges of the Mysteries are fundamentally one and identical in doctrine. And that doctrine is the interpretation of Nature’s hieroglyphs, written for us in sky and sea and land, pictured for us in the glorious pageantry of night and day, of sunset and dawn, and woven into the many-coloured warp and woof of flower and seed and rock, of vegetable and animal cells, of crystal and dewdrops, and of all the mighty phenomena of planetary cycles, solar systems, and starry revolutions.

“ We hold that no single ecclesiastical creed is comprehensible by itself alone, uninterpreted by its predecessors and its contemporaries. Students, for example, of Christian theology will only learn to understand and to appreciate the true value and significance of the symbols familiar to them by the study of Eastern philosophy and pagan idealism. For Christianity is the heir of these, and she draws her best blood from their veins. And forasmuch as all her great ancestors hid beneath their exoteric formulas and rites—themselves mere husks and shells to amuse the simple-minded—the esoteric or concealed verities reserved for the initiate, so also she reserves for earnest seekers and deep thinkers the true interior Mysteries which are one and eternal in all creeds and Churches from the foundation of the world. This true, interior, transcendental meaning is the Real Presence veiled in the Elements of the Divine Sacrament: the mystical substance and the truth figured beneath the bread and the wine of the ancient Bacchic orgies, and now of our own Catholic Church. To the unwise, the unthinking, the superstitious, the gross elements are the objects of the rite; to the initiate, the seer, the son of Hermes, they are but the outward and visible signs of that which is ever, and of necessity, inward, spiritual, and occult.

“ But not only is it necessary to the Theosophist to study the myths and symbology of former times and contemporary cults ; it is also necessary that he should be a student of nature. The science of the Mysteries can be understood only by one who is acquainted, in some measure at least, with the physical sciences ; because Theosophy represents the climax and essential motive-meaning of all these, and must be learned in and by and through them. For unless the physical sciences be understood, it will be impossible to comprehend the *doctrine of Vehicles*, which is the basic doctrine of occult science. ‘ If you understand not earthly things,’ said the Hierarch of the Christian Mysteries, ‘ how shall you understand heavenly things ? ’ Theosophy is the royal science. To the unlearned no truth can be demonstrated, for they have no faculty whereby to cognise truth, or to test the soundness of theorems. Ours may be indeed the religion of the poor, but it cannot be that of the ignorant. For we disclaim alike authority and dogma ; we appeal to the *reason of humanity*, and to educated and cultivated thought. Our system of doctrine does not rest upon a remote past ; it is built upon no series of historical events assailable by modern criticism ; it deals not with extraneous personalities or with arbitrary statements of dates, facts, and evidence ; but it relates, instead, to the living to-day, and to the ever-present testimony of nature, of science, of thought, and of intuition. That which is exoteric and extraneous is the evanescent type, the historical ideal, the symbol, the form ; and these are all in all to the unlearned. But that which is esoteric and interior is the permanent verity, the essential meaning, the thing signified ; and to apprehend this, the mind must be reasonable and philosophic, and its method must be scientific and eclectic.

“ In the *Mahâ-Paranibbâna-Sutta*, one of the Buddhist theosophical books, is a passage recording certain words of Gautama Buddha which express to some extent the idea I wish to bring before you. It is this :—

“ ‘ And whosoever, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto himself, and a refuge unto himself, betaking himself to no external refuge, but holding fast to the truth as his lamp, and to the truth as his refuge, looking not to any one besides himself as a refuge, even he among my disciples shall reach the very topmost height. But he must be anxious to learn.’

“ It may, at the outset, appear strange that there should of late have set in among us of the West so strong a current of Buddhism, and many, doubtless, wonder how it comes about that the literary and thinking world of this country has recently begun by common consent to write and talk and hear so much of the sacred books of the East, and of its religious teachers. The Theosophical Society itself has its origin in India, and the motto adopted by its Fellows declares that Light is from the East—*Ex Oriente Lux*.

“ In all this is the finger of Law, inevitably and orderly fulfilling the planetary cycle of human evolution, with the self-same precision and certitude which regulates the rotation of the globe in the inverse direction, or the apparent course of the solar light.

“ Human evolution has always followed the course of the sun, from the East to the West, in opposition to the direction of the planet’s

motion around its axis. If at times this evolution has appeared to return upon its steps, it has been only the better to gather power for some new effort. It has never deviated from its course in the main, save to the right or left, south or north, in its orderly march westward. And slowly, but surely, this great wave of human progress has covered the earth in the wake of the light, rising eastward with the dawn, and culminating in mid-heaven with the Catholic Church. In India first, at the beginning of the cycle, rose the earliest glory of the coming day; thence it broke on Syria and on Egypt, where it gave birth to the Kabalistic and Hermetic gnosis. Passing thence to Grecian shores, the mysteries of the Gods arose among the myrtle and olive groves of Thebes and Athens; and these mysteries, imported into Rome in their turn, became merged in the symbols and doctrines of the Christian Church. And as the cyclic day of human development draws on towards its close in the western hemisphere, the light fades from the orient, and twilight gradually obscures that eastern half of the globe which was erst the spring of dawn and sunshine. What then? When the round of the terrestrial globe is thus accomplished, when the tidal wave of evolution has swept the whole expanse from India to America, it arrives once more at its point of departure. Scarce has day dipped beneath the horizon of the occident, then lo! again the East begins to glow anew with the faint dawn of another cycle, and the old race, whose round has now been accomplished, is about to be succeeded by a race more perfect, more developed, wise and reasonable.

“There are indications that our epoch has seen the termination of such a planetary cycle as that described, and that a new dawn, the dawn of a better and a clearer day, is about once more to rise in the sacred East. Already those who stand on the hills have caught the first grey rays reflected from the breaking sky. Who can say what splendours will burst from among the mists of the valley westward, when once the sun shall rise again?”

“Some of us have dreamed that our English Branch of the Theosophical Society is destined to become the ford across the stream which so long has separated the East from the West, religion from science, heart from mind, and love from learning. We have dreamed that this little Lodge of the Mysteries, set here in the core of matter-of-fact, agnostic London, may become an oasis in the wilderness for thirsty souls,—a ladder between earth and heaven, on which, as once long since in earlier and purer days, the Gods again may ‘come and go ’twixt mortal men and high Olympus.’”

“Such a dream as this has been mine. May Pallas Athena grant me, the humblest of her votaries, length of days enough to see it, in some measure at least fulfilled!”

As this is not a history of the Theosophical Society, but only of our connection with it, it is necessary to say only of Mr Sinnett’s address on this occasion, that, admirable as it was for its purpose, it struck some notes which we recognised as scarcely harmonising with the conceptions formed by us, and which therefore might not impossibly develop into an irresolvable discord.

The rest of the month was spent in cultivating relations with our new associates, and in the beginning of August Mary visited her mother at Hastings, I remaining in London. On the 11th we went together to Atcham, to prepare for a lecturing tour which we had undertaken on behalf of the Vegetarian Society. The expedition occupied us from September 21 till the middle of October, when we returned to Atcham, having held public conferences at Chester, Carlisle, Longtown, Silloth, Ambleside, Stirling, Dundee, Dunfermline, Glasgow, Edinburgh,¹ and Dumfries. At Edinburgh we had the high privilege of spending an evening with that ripest and tenderest of souls, Dr John Pulsford, and of hearing him preach one of his profoundly mystical discourses.

The most notable features of this tour were, first, the indescribable enthusiasm everywhere evinced for Mary on account of the eloquence and luminousness of her expositions and the charm of her personality; and, secondly, the intensity of her physical sufferings, and the manner in which her spirit rose superior to them and carried her triumphantly through. She had left home ill, the climatic conditions of the place having proved in the highest degree deleterious to her, and each day's journey had completely prostrated her, sometimes inducing total loss of consciousness while in the train, and always culminating in agonising neuralgic headache on arrival, rendering her to all appearance utterly incapable for the appointed task of the evening.² Her one remedy was the immersion of the

¹ On October 4, 1883, when at Edinburgh, Anna Kingsford gave, under the auspices of the Scottish Society for the Total Suppression of Vivisection, the important lecture, *Unscientific Science*, which was afterwards published as a pamphlet, and which will be included in her and Edward Maitland's collected *Addresses and Essays on Vivisection*, shortly to be published.—S. H. H.

² Owing to her liability to loss of consciousness, Anna Kingsford occasionally suffered from falls. Edward Maitland says:—"Some of her falls, which occurred out of doors and when walking by herself, resulted in permanent injuries. Railway journeys were a frequent occasion of them, being induced apparently sometimes by the fatigue of packing—a thing she would suffer no one to do for her—and sometimes by the effect of the vibration on the spine. She was thus affected at least five or six times during our journeys together, when she would sink unconscious on the floor of the carriage, the only warning being a sudden sharp spasm of pain in the head. They were invariably followed by intense headache. But distressing as they were, their effects were transient, and the closest scrutiny

lower limbs in water as hot as she could bear it ; and thus would she occupy herself until the last moment before starting for the lecture hall. Arrived there, she was a new person, and for the hour, or hour and a half, of her address would stand firm, confident, and self-possessed, and pour forth unfalteringly that which she had to say, with a natural spontaneous eloquence which kept her audience spell-bound, to be greeted at the close with an outburst of applause, electrical for its vehemence, and seeming as if with difficulty repressed until then.

The tributes rendered to her gift were many and striking. Even persons of slender culture and ordinarily unimpressible would declare that, whatever the subject might be, they would go any distance to hear her. Speaking of her one day, a notable

failed to detect any mental deterioration as resulting from them. Over and over again she would emerge from a condition of complete prostration, and a few minutes later take her stand on the platform, looking radiant, as if suffering and weakness were unknown to her, and for an hour or longer hold her audience spell-bound by her eloquence, and never for a moment falter or seem distressed or at a loss. Whether on occasions of this kind, or any others, such as her examinations, when exact punctuality was indispensable, it rarely happened but that it was up to the last moment a grave question whether it would be possible for her to be up to time. . . . On one occasion she was travelling from Shrewsbury to London at a moment when there was no escort available. She was alone in the carriage, when she found herself suddenly confronted as she believed by a man who attempted to clutch her by the throat ; whereupon she tried to reach the alarm overhead in order to summon assistance ; but in the act of doing so she became insensible, and on recovering consciousness, which was just as the train was entering the Oxford station, she found herself lying on the floor and still alone. Her medical knowledge enabled her to conclude that she had had a fit, which had been accompanied by an hallucination. But she was convinced that without such knowledge she would have believed to the last that she had really been attacked by some man who had subsequently quitted the carriage, and she regarded the experience as explaining at least some of the charges of assault which from time to time appear in the papers.

“ The explanation of the seizures which most commended itself to her was that of the eminent physiologist Dr H. Jackson, who likened them to an electric discharge, such as that which constitutes a thunderstorm, but occurring in the system of the individual. . . .

“ Such were the conditions [of health] under which her work was performed, and rarely did a week pass without some acute and prolonged access either of pain, of prostration, or of insensibility. So that when besides the shortness of her career is considered also the numerous and extended periods of complete disablement, the quantity of the work accomplished by her—to say nothing of its quality—appears little short of miraculous.”—S. H. H.

publicist and philanthropist, himself an admirable speaker, declared of himself and his compeers that they always felt when listening to her as if they were beings of an inferior order hearkening to the utterances of some superior being who had come down to teach them. She herself and her teaching seemed alike to be to her hearers as a new revelation of human possibilities.

After a few days' rest at Atcham we visited Birmingham and Bath on the same behalf, and with similar results.

The following extract from a letter to me from Lady Caithness, received at this time, is of interest, as showing her satisfaction with the evidences already received of Mary's identity with two characters named :—

“ ORLEANS, *October 6* [1883].

“ We went from Biarritz to Pau, where we spent a few days and made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, which I think one of the prettiest places I have ever seen, besides being of such great interest. Our next halting-place was Tours, where I thought it would be a very good opportunity to see all the old historical chateaux for which the region is so celebrated. Tell Mrs Kingsford I thought of her often while revisiting these historical chambers, which must have so often been alighted by her glorious bright eyes as Anne Boleyn, and to-day I shall see her inspired look and eyes raised to heaven as the sainted Jeanne d'Arc, when I visit the historical places of this old city. She must have been often, as the former heroine, at the Chateaux d'Amboise, Chaumont, Blois, Chambord, etc., etc. I wonder would she have any reminiscences were she to revisit these scenes of her former state and splendour.”

In relation to this subject it will be interesting to insert here the following account of a dream received by Mary a few weeks later,¹ which referred to three of the historical characters she remembered having been, two of them being those named in the above letter, and the other the character her identification with which in Paris had so greatly shocked her, namely, Faustine, the Empress of Marcus Aurelius. It was only after a good deal of consideration that we found it to be a parable of Karma, founded on the facts of her own history in her previous lives. For the lesson intended by the cards was evidently that of the necessity of bringing thought and skill to the conduct of life

¹ The dream, as recorded in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, bears date Atcham, Dec. 7, 1883.—S. H. H.

if man would work out his own salvation. Thus the Ace of Diamonds represented the divine Particle within herself, which needed but to be duly applied to enable her finally to overcome all limitations and realise her destined perfection; while her partner was Hermes, in his usual character as the Understanding, all the details about him according with her previous manifold experiences of him :—

“ I dreamed I was playing at cards with three persons, the two opposed to me being a man and a woman with hoods pulled over their heads, and cloaks covering their persons. I did not particularly observe them. My partner was an old man without hood or cloak, and there was about him this peculiarity, that he did not from one minute to another appear to remain the same. Sometimes he looked like a very young man, the features not appearing to change in order to produce this effect, but an aspect of youth, and even of mirth, coming into the face, as though the features were lighted up from within. Behind me stood a personage whom I could not see, for his hand and arm only appeared, handing me a pack of cards. So far as I discerned, it was a man’s figure, habited in black. Shortly after the dream began my partner addressed me, saying—

“ ‘ Do you play by luck or skill ? ’ ”

“ I answered, ‘ I play by luck chiefly ; I don’t know how to play by skill, but I have generally been lucky.’ ”

“ In fact, I had already lying by me several ‘ tricks ’ I had taken. He answered me—

“ ‘ To play by luck is to trust to *without* ; to play by skill is to trust to *within*. In this game *within* goes farther than *without*.’ ”

“ ‘ What are trumps ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ Diamonds are trumps,’ he answered.

“ I looked at the cards in my hand, and said to him, ‘ I have more clubs than anything else.’ ”

“ At this he laughed, and seemed all at once quite a youth. ‘ Clubs are strong cards after all,’ he said. ‘ Don’t despise the black suits. I have known some of the best games ever played won by players holding more clubs than you have.’ ”

“ I examined the cards, and found something very odd about them. There were the four suits, diamonds, hearts, clubs, and spades ; but the picture-cards in my hand seemed different altogether from any I had ever seen before. One was Queen of Clubs, and her face altered as I looked at it. First it was dark, almost dusky, with the imperial crown on the head ; then it seemed quite fair, the crown changing to a smaller one of English aspect, and the dress also transforming itself. There was a Queen of Hearts, too, in an antique peasant’s gown, with brown hair ; and presently this melted into a suit of armour, which shone as if reflecting firelight in its burnished scales. The other cards seemed alive likewise, even the ordinary ones, just like the court-cards. There seemed to be pictures moving inside the emblems on their faces. The clubs in my hand ran into higher figures than the spades ; these came next in number, and diamonds next. I had no picture-cards of diamonds,

but I had the Ace, and this was so bright I could not look at it. Except the two Queens of Clubs and Hearts, I think I had no picture-cards in my hand, and very few red cards of any kind. There were high figures in the spades. It was the personage behind my chair who dealt the cards always. I said to my partner—

“ ‘ It is difficult to play at all, whether by luck or by skill, for I get such a bad hand dealt me each time.’

“ ‘ That is your fault,’ he said. ‘ Play your best with what you have, and next time you will get better cards.’

“ ‘ How can that be ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ Because after each game the ‘ tricks ’ you take are added to the bottom of the pack, which the dealer holds, and you get the ‘ honours ’ you have taken up from the table. Play well and take all you can. But you must put more *head* into it ; you trust too much to fortune. Don’t blame the dealer ; he can’t see.’

“ ‘ I shall lose this game,’ I said presently, for the two persons playing against us seemed to be taking up all the cards quickly, and the ‘ lead ’ never came to my turn.

“ ‘ It is because you don’t count your points before putting down a card,’ my partner said. ‘ If they play high numbers you must play higher.’

“ ‘ But they have all the trumps,’ I said.

“ ‘ No,’ he answered ; ‘ you have the highest trump of all in your own hand. It is the first and the last. You may take every card they have with that, for it is the chief of the whole series. But you have spades too, and high ones.’ (He seemed to *know* what I had.)

“ ‘ Diamonds are better than spades,’ I answered, ‘ and nearly all my cards are black ones. Besides, I can’t count ; it wants so much thinking. Can’t you come over here and play for me ? ’

“ He shook his head, and I thought that again he laughed. ‘ No,’ he replied ; ‘ that is against the law of the game. You must play for yourself. Think it out.’

“ He uttered these words very emphatically, and with so strange an intonation that they dissipated the rest of the dream, and I remember no more of it.”

“ *Play your best with what you have, and next time you will get better cards.*” Here was karma and reincarnation. It reminded us of the question put to Jesus by His disciples, “ Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was born blind ? ” and of the saying of the writer of the Book of Wisdom, “ Being good, I came into a body undefiled.” A subsequent reading of the dream suggested to me a correspondence between it and Rev. xii. For what but the soul is the woman persecuted of the dragon of matter in the wilderness of the world ? and what but the “ man-child,” the good deeds she performs during the term of her probation ? She, indeed, remains below for her allotted period. But the “ man-child ”—so called because representing action, which is the result of force, and is masculine, and not mere wish, which is feminine—

which the dragon would fain devour, is caught up to God and placed to her credit in the bank of heaven. And so, "after each game" of life, "the tricks we take are added to the bottom of the pack which the Almighty Dealer holds, and we get the 'honours' we have taken up from the table." But to work out our salvation we must not trust to fortune, but must put our head into it and work with understanding. The dealer is not at fault. The divine Justice is blind, and deals without partiality the cards we have earned. However low and black these may be, we still have the possibility of the "Ace of Diamonds," the divine spark in us, which is capable of winning the game at last, against all odds, if we but let it. The three female forms were obviously the characters she had been led to regard as among her former selves. Nor had we any difficulty in recognising Hermes as her partner and adviser, and in seeing in the dream a correspondence with the fable of Io, to whom Mary had been wont to liken herself. Io was the soul; the gadfly whereby she was tormented and driven from place to place, until, at length, under advice of Hermes, she took refuge in Egypt, was the desire of the soul for incarnation. Egypt was the body. And here, under the tuition of Hermes, the soul finally weds Zeus, being united with the divine spirit, of whose essence she partakes, as indicated by her name, Io, the most typical of all the symbols of Deity. Thus was this dream another of the numerous indications given of the dominance of the part her Greek incarnations had played in moulding the soul of Mary, and fitting her to return when the time should come to restore the Greek presentation of the Mysteries in interpretation of the Christ-doctrine. Hence the peculiarly personal application of the hymn she had been the means of recovering:—

"There is corn in Egypt; go thou down into her, O my soul, with joy.

"For in the kingdom of the body, thou shalt eat the bread of thine initiation.

"But beware lest thou become subject to the flesh, and a bond-slave in the land of thy sojourn.

"Serve not the idols of Egypt, and let not the senses be thy task-masters. . . .

"And Hermes, the Redeemer, shall go before thee; for he is thy cloud of darkness by day, and thy pillar of fire by night."

It had been told us on a former occasion that "a soul may have as many former selves in the astral light as a man may have

changes of raiment." The utterance found illustration as follows in an experience received at this time. She beheld in vision a crowd of persons, chiefly men, of many different peoples and races, ranks and avocations, all of whom she felt herself as in some way identified with, and was told by her Genius that she had been. She was, however, only able to recognise positively the characters with whom she had previously been identified, one of which was Joan of Arc. And concerning her she was told that, "as the least unworthy of her past incarnations, Joan had been permitted to act as a guardian angel to her in her present life."

I made no remark at the time on the expression "least unworthy," greatly as it jarred on me. But, having occasion some time later to refer to the experience, I purposely substituted for it "the most worthy," but only to be instantly corrected by her exclaiming with decisive emphasis, "No! the least unworthy." She had not made any record of the incident, but contented herself with relating it to me. It obviously implied the consciousness of some defect of character even in the apparently blameless French heroine. And the inference was subsequently confirmed by a further revelation of Mary to herself in that incarnation, when it was shown her that, with all her deep piety, her heroism, and her wonderful gifts, Joan of Arc had not been free from a strong vein of personal ambition, which detracted from her merits as seen from the spiritual point of view. And though on some accounts Mary was indignant at her being denied canonisation, she admitted that on others the Church was in the right to decline.¹ It was not the possession of psychic gifts, however extraordinary, that constituted saintship, but the unfoldment of the moral and spiritual nature.

She received during her sojourn at home this summer [namely, on August 19, 1883] the second part of the revelation concerning the Christian Mysteries (*Clothed with the Sun*, I. xlviii.), in which an explanation purely reasonable and entirely satisfactory is given of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The following extracts from her Diary at this period represent the processes purely intellectual in which she was wont to exercise her mind in the intervals of special illumination :—

¹ See Vol. I. p. 229.

May ¹ 15 [1883].—There is, I find, much evidence to show that the primitive Christian Church understood her faith esoterically, and that her great dogmas were symbols only, or at least chiefly. The monuments, frescoes, and writings of the early years of the Church are evidence of this fact. Within the first century, allusions, both pictured and written, to Christ in the character of Apollo, of Orpheus, of Bacchus, and other Pagan gods, are constant; and it is, moreover, remarkable that at this early date recognition of Him as a historical character never occurs. Wherever He is depicted, it is as a young God—a youth, lovely and blooming, surrounded with vines, doves, lambs, fishes, and naked genii. He is never seen in His historical aspect, is never the “Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief” of the later times. The Stations of the Cross, the “Gospel history,” as it is called, the crucifix, the agony,—these find no representation in early Christian art. The first idea of Christ was, strangely enough, purely esoteric and mystic. The Christians appear to have devoted themselves in the primitive age of the Church to an attempt to purify and reform the culture of the Gods, adopting their symbols and images, and giving to them an interior and esoteric meaning. Such, indeed, they had in their first intention, but this had long been lost to the Pagan Church, and the original mission of Christianity seems to have been to restore the Mysteries. It is difficult to reconcile the evidences of the cultus of the early Christian Church with any other hypothesis, especially when one finds documentary evidence, such as that of Dio Cassius, that the first Christians were punished on a charge of *atheism*. Had they been merely adorers of a new God, zealots of a new supernaturalism, their adversaries would hardly have arraigned them on such a charge. But this charge of atheism is precisely that which is, in our day, brought by professors of orthodox superstition against theosophists and pantheists; for to the believer in idols the rejection of these in favour of mystic truth has ever been regarded as a form of atheism and unbelief. Lundy observes, in his *Monumental Christianity*:—“Had the Christians believed Christ to be a man, there would have been portraits of Him without end in painting, statuary, gems, and mosaics; but because He was deemed a Divinity, we find no such portraits, only ideal types.”

August 19 [1883].—The fact seems to be, that in order to have Religion, or Love, one must have knowledge, and this positive, and not merely intuitive, knowledge. I mean that, in order not to mistrust the justice of universal Law, one must have scientific knowledge of Nature. Knowledge is therefore the prime minister of Faith. How wonderfully the Church helps one in matters of Theosophy! When I am doubtful about Divine Order or about Function in the human kingdom, I appeal instinctively to the Catholic doctrine, and am at once set in the right path. I think I should never have clearly understood the Order and Function of the Soul but for the Catholic teaching concerning the Mother of God; nor should I have comprehended the method of salvation by the merits of our Divine Principle save for the doctrine of the Incarnation and the Atonement.

¹ Probably a misprint for August.—S. H. H.

Here follows the illumination (xlvi. Part 2) above referred to, by which it will be seen that the esoteric and spiritual sense in which she accepted these doctrines is utterly destructive of the exoteric and idolatrous sense in which alone they have been given to the world, inasmuch as they denote processes interior to the individual man, and not actual persons.

August 23 [1833].—De Lanessan¹ seeks to prove the non-existence of the soul by the following argument:—

(a) The idea of the soul supposes a vital principle, or Unity, one and indivisible.

(b) Physiology shows that the body of a living creature may be divided into many conscient portions, like a tree; *e.g.* that a fish's heart will continue to beat after you have cooked and eaten the fish; that a rat's paw will grow and live engrafted on another rat; that the tail of a tadpole, separated from the tadpole's body, will increase and develop independently; that a dog's head cut off, and reanimated by the injection of blood from another dog, will show signs of intelligence; that a man's head after decapitation will continue to manifest emotion, etc.

(c) He argues, thence, that these facts contradict the hypothesis of a Unity, or single Force, because such a force could not manifest itself simultaneously in different separate parts of the same body, and could not be restored in any one part by the injection of blood from another body.

(d) He adds: That which lives in a pluri-cellular being is not the being himself; it is each of the cells which compose him.

Now I think De Lanessan confuses the Jiv-atma (or animal vitality) with the Psyche (or Soul). Every portion of living matter lives, and contains—as I suppose—its Four Principles, potentially, if not actually. And that which continues to live in the amputated paw, tail, or head, and in the abstracted heart, is the local consciousness of the organ or member concerned. It is exactly the difficulty of the "Shell" over again. Living matter behaves like living matter, and cannot do otherwise until its forces are disintegrated. And even then they will continue to function as disintegrated corpuscles, because all matter is impregnated with spirit. It is no more destructive to a man's identity that his hand should continue to live engrafted on another man's body, than that his blood, transfused into another man's veins, should nourish and become part of that other man. And even supposing it possible that the decapitated head of a man could be reanimated by adaptation to the trunk of another decapitated man, and continue to live so engrafted,—this would only be an artificial reproduction of the "monsters" Nature sometimes produces; *e.g.* the Siamese twins and the two-headed child, in whose bodies a double consciousness makes itself felt. It appears to me that in all such cases we have to deal with two kinds of consciousness, the lower and the higher. In some entities the

¹ A French physiologist whose book she had been reading, and who had been one of her professors at Paris.—E. M.

lower is the stronger and more apparent, as in trees, insects, etc. In the higher animals, it is the higher consciousness which dominates, but the lower is still there. The lower consciousness is diffusive, because all consciousness is diffusive, from one radiant point, which is the higher Ego.

At this point thought culminated in vision, and she wrote under illumination Chapter xlix. of *Clothed with the Sun*, "Concerning Dying."

"LIVORNO, September 25, 1883.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On returning here, after an absence of nearly three months, I had the pleasure of finding two numbers of *Lumière et Liberté* and Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, which you have done me the honour of inscribing to me.

"I feel greatly obliged to you for this valuable gift, and hasten to thank you for it before I have had time to examine its contents. I have skimmed the last chapter only, which contains a summary of the doctrine, and I was glad to see that the solution of the great riddles (such as the origin of evil and the incompatibility of predestination and freewill) is sought in hypothesis of a plurality of existences, which has always appeared to me to be the only key to those locked mysteries. Of course, there is another point of view from which these 'mysteries' appear as a mere illusion of pure reason, which, like the squinter and the drunkard, has the misfortune of seeing everything double, and of dividing every oneness into two incongruous and apparently incompatible opposites. This frailty (or defect) of rationalism can only be compensated by some mystic premises or cured by dialectics. Mr Sinnett's book furnishes the former, and (as far as I can judge) with complete success. But should there be minds incapable of accepting such premises, let them try the dialectic method, which, like pure reason, splits every notion into its constituent opposites, but which ends by reuniting these opposites into a *tertium aliquid* which is no longer the original notion. This process—for such it is—this alternation of dissension and reconciliation, is a marvellous solvent of all so-called riddles. In fact, I cannot help comparing this method with an achromatic lens whose layers induce an alternation of compensating refractions. Pure (or poor!) prismatic reason can see naught but broken rays, but armed with that metaphysical lens it sees the white united ray of light, as though it had never split into pluralities and incompatibilities. However, this is a mere matter of method. The result is the same in both cases. I anticipate great pleasure from the careful perusal of Mr Sinnett's work, and we may have occasion to discuss its contents hereafter.

"Your polemical correspondences with M. Fillion and Dr Borel are highly satisfactory. Your reply to the latter seems to me particularly good. M. Fillion, I think, would have deserved a little less condescension on your part. He calls himself 'architecte,' and I am far from blaming him on the ground of incompetency. On the contrary, I hold that *everybody* is competent to be a juryman in this great trial. But there is something indecorous in a layman's defending vivisection. If a physiologist defends it (and in doing so

loses his temper or his good manners), we may see an extenuating circumstance in his pleading *pro domo*. Such men talk as if they felt that, deprived of their laboratory, they would have no *raison d'être*, and we must make allowances for that. Borel's impertinences, intolerable though they are, seem to me less unpardonable than the architect's amateur defence. On him your teachings are wasted, but then the reader is perhaps the most important person on such occasions, and for him you may not have written in vain. Mrs Kingsford's *Geneva Discourse* is excellent. May she have strength and patience to continue her good work. With cordial thanks for your great kindness, I remain, yours very truly,

" E. GRYZANOWSKY."

CHAPTER XXVI

A TIME OF CONTROVERSY

IN his preface to *Esoteric Buddhism*, Mr Sinnett expressed himself respecting our work as follows :—

“ Let me add that I do not regard myself as the sole exponent for the outer world, at this crisis, of esoteric truth. These teachings are the final outcome, as regards philosophical knowledge, of the relations with the outer world which have been established by the custodians of esoteric truth, through me. And it is only regarding the acts and intentions of those esoteric teachers who have chosen to work through me that I can have any certain knowledge. But, in different ways, some other writers are engaged in expounding for the benefit of the world—and, as I believe, in accordance with a great plan, of which this volume is a part—the same truths, in different aspects, that I am commissioned to unfold. A remarkable book, published within the last year or two, *The Perfect Way*, may be specially mentioned as showing how more roads than one may lead to a mountain-top. The inner inspirations of *The Perfect Way* appear to me identical with the philosophy that I have learned. The symbols in which those inspirations are clothed, in my opinion, I am bound to add, are liable to mislead the student; but this is a natural consequence of the circumstances under which the inner inspiration has been received. Far more important and interesting to me than the discrepancies between the teachings of *The Perfect Way* and my own are the identities that may be traced between the clear scientific explanations now conveyed to me, on the plane of the physical intellect, and the ideas which manifestly underlie those communicated on an altogether different system to the authors of the book I mention. These identities are a great deal too close to be the result either of coincidence or parallel speculation.”

Esoteric Buddhism was, then, the book which, as the chiefs of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, we were bound to study, and upon which, as the writers of *The Perfect Way*, we were equally bound to pass judgment, and this not for the sake merely of the members of the Society, but for the sake of our own work, and for the vindication before the world of the teaching committed to us, and which we knew of ourselves to be true,

while—as the writer of *Esoteric Buddhism* frankly admitted—he was entirely dependent for his knowledge upon teachers of whom he had no personal knowledge, but whom, nevertheless, he had learnt to trust implicitly.

Such being the position, our course seemed to us to be clear. This was to ignore persons, and judge the doctrine on its own sole merits, making appeal only to the understanding. Having ourselves insisted on the possibility of man's attainment of knowledges and powers even transcending those claimed for the Eastern Adepts, we were by no means averse to the idea that such persons may actually exist. But there was no sufficient evidence of their existence, or of the possession by those who asserted their existence of the ability to recognise them, even in the case of contact with them. For, as only they who possess the Christ-Spirit in a measure can recognise the Christ, so only they who are themselves adepts in a measure can recognise the Adept. And even if the teaching in question really came from the source alleged, what guarantee was there that it had not undergone in transmission a change sufficient to vitiate it? Our own position in regard to the current Christianity was, that the Church had all the truth, having received it from a Divine source, but that the priests had materialised it, making themselves and their followers idolaters.¹ And might not the same thing have happened with the teaching now propounded, and this while its propounders were acting in the best faith, owing to the lack of spiritual insight on the part of the recipients? The very designation, *Esoteric Buddhism*, moreover, was open to grave question. And there was the further consideration, that to accept it upon authority, and independently of the understanding, would be but to establish a new sacerdotalism in place of that which we and they alike sought to dethrone.

And, indeed, it very soon became evident that matters were not only in danger of tending in this direction, but had already gone far in it. The idea of a group of divinised men, dwelling high up in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, and endowed with transcendent knowledges and powers, possessed a fascination for all but the strongest heads; and that many had succumbed to the glamour of the supposed "Mahatmas," as the adept masters were called,

¹ See Vol. I. p. 201.

was evidenced by their readiness to accept implicitly all that was put forward in their name, even to resenting as blasphemous the suggestion of need for caution and deliberation, and their refusal to recognise the presence of an esoteric element in Christianity corresponding to that which was claimed for Buddhism.

There was also much in the tone and character of the publications issued from the headquarters of the parent Society in India of which we disapproved as not only calculated to impair the credit of the Society with the public, but as harmful in itself and incompatible with its real aims. For, while we recognised the Society as at once representing high aims and possessed of invaluable knowledges, we were compelled to recognise the presence of other and conflicting elements which, unless eliminated, would assuredly wreck the whole movement. This is to say that, although, owing to the heterogeneous nature of its elements, chiefly as regarded the personalities of its foremost representatives, it was but a chaos, we discerned in it the possibilities of a kosmos, provided only those elements could be duly redeemed from their limitations and fused into harmonious accord. For us its promoters were as children who, having become possessed of a valuable instrument which they were as yet incapable of appreciating, were in danger of destroying it through the exuberance of their child-nature, and their consequent disposition to play with it, instead of setting seriously to work to apply it to its proper uses.

In view of these objections, "Mary" addressed the following letter of remonstrance to Colonel Olcott in his capacity of President of the Parent Society.¹

" LONDON LODGE, *October 31, 1883.*

" DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It gives me great pleasure to address you officially for the first time, as President of the British Theosophical Society. This letter must do duty as a delegate from our Lodge to your Anniversary Meeting of December, it being impracticable to send you any one of our brethren as a representative.

" I venture, therefore, to ask that you will permit me, as chief of your British Fellows, to lay first before you in your official capacity, and subsequently before the readers of the *Theosophist*, a brief *resumé* of what I believe to be the right aim and method of our work in future, and the wisest policy possible to our Society.

¹ This letter was not included in the previous Edition. It is taken from Part III. of the pamphlet referred to on p. 148 *post.*—S. H. H.

“ I have read with interest, and hail with joy, the evidence published in the October number of your journal (pp. 10 and 11 of Supplement) of a *rapprochement* between the Theosophical Society of India and the Christian Mission established in that country.

“ To me, personally, it has always been a matter of regret that in attacking the orthodox presentation of Christianity, your Society has hitherto been hardly careful to guard itself against the imputation of antagonism to the essential mysteries of that religion.

“ In my inaugural address, delivered at the *Soirée*, held by the London Lodge last July,¹—an account of which is given on p. 4 of the Supplement to the October *Theosophist*,—I endeavoured to put before our Fellows and our guests what I hold to be the true attitude of Theosophy towards all the great popular creeds of past and present ; and I was gratified to hear read quite unexpectedly in the course of Mr Sinnett’s subsequent discourse, a letter from one of the Indian adepts, in which my own view was emphatically endorsed and ratified. The writer said :—

“ ‘ Once delivered from the dead weight of dogmatic interpretations and anthropomorphic conceptions, the fundamental doctrines of all religions will be found to be identical in their esoteric meaning. Osiris, Krishna, Buddha, Christ, will be shown as different means for one and the same highway to final bliss. Mystical Christianity, that is to say, that Christianity which teaches *self*-redemption through one’s own seventh principle,—the liberated Para-atma or Augoeides, called by the one, Christ, by the other, Buddha, and equivalent to regeneration or rebirth in spirit—will be just the same truth as the Nirvâna of Buddhism.’

“ These are wide and far-seeing words, and ought to sound for us the keynote of our policy and aims, especially in regard to the work of the Society in Christian lands like England and France. It is not by wholly setting aside and rejecting names and symbols hallowed by familiar use among our people from their birth as a nation that we shall create for ourselves the largest sphere of usefulness. It is not so much the revelation of a new religious system that is needed here as a true interpretation of the religion now existing.

“ In the country in which your labours are conducted, you are undoubtedly right in adopting as your platform the exposition of that form and system of doctrine which is indigenous to the race and soil of India. The terms you employ, the names of the various deities, principles, and conditions, etc., to which continual allusion is made, whether in the pages of the *Theosophist* or in your own oral addresses, are familiar to the mass of your Oriental readers and hearers. But in this quarter of the world they are meaningless and unintelligible, save to a few—a *very* few—students of Asiatic literature. Most of us, in reading such expositions, skip the terms and names unfamiliar to us, and lose, of course, utterly, the force of their interpretation. Not knowing their exoteric acceptance, it is impossible for us to appreciate the demonstration of their esoteric value.

“ And if this be the case with Fellows of the Society, it is easy to

¹ See pp. 123–126 *ante*.

judge of the insuperable difficulties which such reading must present to those who are altogether strangers to our system and design. It is too much to ask English-speaking people, with but little leisure, to devote the necessary time, toil, and trouble to the study of a foreign language and theology as a preliminary to the explanation of problems which are related to that theology, and which do not immediately involve or concern their own, so far as they can see. Much more, the mysteries of existence, which underlie all religious structures, ought to be expounded in familiar terms, as well to Occidental as to Eastern inquirers, without need of recourse to foreign epithets or reference to processes which, to the Western mind, must necessarily be so obscure and difficult of comprehension, as to repel it from the serious consideration such matters demand.

“Orthodox Christianity, both in Catholic and in Protestant countries, is languishing on account of a radical defect in its method,—to wit, the exoteric and historical sense in which, exclusively, its dogmas are taught and enforced. It should be the task of Theosophy in these countries to convert the material—and therefore idolatrous—interpretation of the ancestral faith and doctrine into a spiritual one; to lift the plane of the Christian creed from the exoteric to the esoteric level, and thus, without touching a stone or displacing a beam of the holy city, to carry it all up intact from earth to heaven. Such a transmutation, such a translation as this, would at once silence the objections and accusations now legitimately and reasonably brought by thinkers, scholars, and scientists against ecclesiastical teaching. For it would lift Religion into its only proper sphere; it would enfranchise the concerns and interests of the Soul from the bondage of the Letter and the Form, of Time and of Criticism, and thus from the harassing and always ineffectual endeavour to keep pace with the flux and reflux of material speculation and scientific discovery.

“Nor is the task thus proposed by any means a hard one. It needs but to be demonstrated, first, that the dogmas and central figures of Christianity are identical with those of all other past and present religious systems—a demonstration already largely before the world; next, that these dogmas being manifestly untrue and untenable in a material sense, and these figures clearly unhistorical, their true plane is to be sought not where hitherto it has been the endeavour of the Church to find them—in the sepulchre of tradition, among the dry bones of the Past, but rather in the living and immutable Heaven to which we, who truly desire to find the ‘Lord,’ must in heart and mind ascend.

“ ‘Why seek ye the Living among the dead?
He is not here, He is risen.’

“Lastly, it should be demonstrated that these events and personages, hitherto wrongly supposed to be purely historical, accurately represent the processes and principles concerned in *interior development*, and respond perfectly to the definite and eternal needs of the human Ego. And that thus the Initiate has no quarrel with the true Christian religion or with its symbolism, but only with the current orthodox interpretation of that religion and symbolism. For he

knows that it is in the noumenal and not in the phenomenal world, on the spiritual, not on the material plane, that he must look for the whole process of the Fall, the Exile, the Immaculate Conception, the Incarnation, the Passion, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Coming of the Holy Spirit. And any mode of interpretation which implies other than this, is not celestial but terrene, and due to that intrusion of earthy elements into things divine, that conversion of the inner into the outer, that materialisation of the Spiritual, which constitutes idolatry.

“ For, such of us as know and live the inner life are saved, not by any Cross on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, not by any physical blood-shedding, not by any vicarious passion of tears and scourge and spear; but by the Christ Jesus, the God with us, the Immanuel of the heart, born and working mighty works, and offering oblation in our own lives, in our own persons, redeeming us from the world and making us sons of God and heirs of everlasting life.¹

“ It is because I earnestly desire to rescue the Divine and lovely teaching of Christianity from the abyss of anthropomorphism, idolatry, and contempt, that I have deprecated with fervour the apparent endorsement given by the *Theosophist* to the coarse and ignorant ribaldry with which these teachings are befouled by such writers as the authors of certain anti-Christian tracts. These persons are materialists of the grossest type, and their indecent onslaughts on Christian faith and doctrine are wholly devoid of intelligence and learning. They are ignorant of the very alphabet of the sacred tongue in which are written the Mysteries they presume to criticise and vilify. It is no love for orthodoxy, nor desire to spare it, that calls forth from me this protest. Bigotry and religious exclusivism are intolerable to me; such movements and demonstrations as that afforded by the ‘ Salvation Army ’ are to me the very type of the abomination that maketh desolate. But it is inconsistent with the whole end and aim of Theosophy—the Science of the Divine—that it should lend its countenance to the desecration of Divine things, and to the dissemination of shallow witticisms and flippant suggestions bordering on the obscene. Many of the men who perpetrate these attacks on the Christian mysteries are upholders of the worst cruelties of materialism; the special organ of their school advocates Vivisection and Malthusianism, and pleads the lowest utilities and the most sensual enjoyments as a sufficient vindication of practices alike repugnant to justice, to morality, and to the highest interests of the race. Surely our Society would wish its fair fame cleared of the suspicion of approving such views of Man’s destiny and place in Nature as their teachings imply.

“ Confident as I am that the idea I have thus ventured to put forward of the attitude which our Society ought to take in respect of Christian doctrine, will meet with the approbation of those highest in authority among you, I venture to add a few words on a kindred subject affecting the direction to be taken, in this country above all, in regard to what I may fairly call the Theosophical creed. That creed should be essentially *spiritual*, and all its articles should relate to interior conditions, principles, and processes. It should be based

¹ See *The Perfect Way*, Lect. IV., par. 32.

upon experimental knowledge, not on authority, and its central figures should be attributes, qualities, and sacraments (mysteries), not persons, nor events, however great or remarkable. For persons and events belong to time and to the phenomenal, while principles and processes are eternal and noumenal. The historical method has been the bane of the Churches. Let Theosophy and Theosophists remember that history and individual entities must be ever regarded by them as constituting the accidental, and not the essential element in a system which aims at repairing the errors of the theologians, by reconstituting the Mysteries on a scientific and intelligent basis.

“ Suffer me, in conclusion, to expound for your readers’ meditation a certain passage in the Christian evangel ¹ which has hitherto been supposed to bear a meaning purely circumstantial, but which, in the light of the interpretative method, appears to carry a signification closely related to the work which I trust to see inaugurated under the auspices of a truly Catholic Theosophy.

“ ‘ And it came to pass that as the multitudes pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, He stood by the lake of Gennesareth.

“ ‘ And saw two ships standing by the lake : but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets.

“ ‘ And going into one of the ships, that was Simon’s, He desired him to draw back a little from the land. And sitting, He taught the multitudes out of the ship.

“ ‘ Now when He had ceased to speak, He said to Simon : Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.

“ ‘ And Simon answering said to Him : Master, we have laboured all the night, and have taken nothing : but at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done this, they enclosed a very great multitude of fishes, and their net broke. And they beckoned to their partners that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the ships, so that they were almost sinking.

“ ‘ Which when Simon Peter saw, he fell down at Jesus’ knees, saying : Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

“ ‘ For he was wholly astonished and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken.

“ ‘ And so were also James and John the sons of Zebedee, who were Simon’s partners.

“ ‘ And Jesus saith to Simon : Fear not : from henceforth thou shalt catch men.’

“ In this parable the Christ standing by the water-side is the Logos, the Word of God, and the lake by which He stands is the Psychic element, the soul of the Macrocosm and Microcosm (Gennesareth, the Garden of God). Beside these spiritual waters there are two ships, but they are empty ; their owners have gone out of them and are washing their nets. These empty ships are the two ancient parent Churches of East and West, the Oriental and the Pagan. At the time of the re-birth of the Mysteries under the Christian dispensation, both these Churches were barren and vacated, the life and vital power which once thundered from their Sinais and Olympuses were

¹ Luke v. 1-10.

dead and gone out of them, the glory of their ancient oracles and hierarchies was no more, the nets with which they once had caught the *Gnosis* and spiritual graces needed cleansing and renovation ; the vivifying Spirits or Angels which had animated these two Churches had forsaken their shrines.

“ And the Christ, the Word, entered into one of them, which was Peter’s, and desired him to thrust out a *little* from the land. The ship into which the Christian Logos thus entered at its outset was undoubtedly the Pagan Church, which had its headquarters at Rome. It can be proved from monumental evidence and from the writings of the Fathers (see, *inter alia*, *Monumental Christianity*, by Presbyter Lundy), that the new faith, whose epiphany must have been at Alexandria, adopted from its earliest age the symbols, the rites, and the ceremonials of the expiring pagan system, incorporating them into its own Mysteries, endowing them with new vitality, and thus perpetuating and preserving them almost intact to our own times.

“ Peter is the universally accepted representative of the Genius of Rome. Peter’s ship is the Roman Church of this day, even as the ship of Janus was in pre-Christian times the appropriate symbol of Pagan Rome. Peter is the opener and shutter of the Gates of the Church, even as Janus was of the portals of heaven. It is, therefore, into this Pagan Church of Rome that the Logos enters, and prays its Genius to thrust out a little from the land. Now, in sacred allegory, the ‘ land ’ or earth is always a figure for the bodily element, as opposed to water, or the soul. It represents Matter, and the material plane and affinities.

“ We see, then, that the Word, or ‘ Christ,’ demanded in this first age of the Christian dispensation the partial spiritualisation of the existing Church,—demanded the basis of doctrine and dogma to be shifted from the mere dry earthy bottom of materialism and hero-worship on which it had become stranded, to the more appropriate element of ethical religion, the province of the soul,—not yet, however, far removed from the shallows of literalism and dogma. This done, the Word abides in the renovated Church, and, for a time, teaches the people from its midst.

“ Then comes the age which is now upon us, the age in which the Logos ceases to speak in the Christian Church ; and the injunction is given to the Angel of the Church :—Launch out into the deep and let down your net for a draught. Quit the very shores and coasts of materialism, give up the accessories of human tradition which, in this era of science, are both apt to offend and so to narrow your horizon as to prevent you from reaping your due harvest of truth ; abandon all appeals to mere historical exegesis, and launch out into the deeps of a purely spiritual and metaphysical element. Recognise this, and this alone henceforward, as the true and proper sphere of the Church.

“ And the Apostle of the Church answers, Master, all through the dark ages, the mediæval times in which superstition and sacerdotalism reigned supreme and unquestioned—the night of Christendom,—we toiled in vain ; the Church acquired no real light, she gained no solid truth or living knowledges. But now, at last, at thy word, she shall launch out into the deep of thought, and let down her net for a draught.

“ And a mighty success is prophesied to follow this change in the method and system of religious doctrine. The net of the Church encloses a vast multitude of mystic truths and knowledges—more even than a single Church is able to deal with. Their number and importance are such that the Apostles or Hierarchs of the Christian Church find themselves well-nigh overwhelmed by the wealth of the treasury they have laid open. They call in the aid of the ancient Oriental Church, with its Angels, to bear an equal hand in the labours of spiritualisation, the diffusion of truth, the propaganda of the Divine *Gnosis*, and the triumph of esoteric Religion. Henceforth the toilers in the two Churches of East and West are partners; the Vedas and the Tripitakas find their interpretation in the same language and by the same method as the Christian evangel; Chrishna, Buddha, and Christ are united, and a true Brotherhood—a true *Eirenicon*—is preached to men.

“ From that day forth, the Church Catholic and Christian need have no fear, for she shall indeed ‘ catch men.’

“ And so, dear partner and fellow-fisherman of the Oriental Church, suffer me to remain, fraternally yours,

“ A TOILER IN THE SHIP OF PETER, AND PRESIDENT
“ OF THE BRITISH THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.”

Our dissent from Mr Sinnett’s book, and our attitude towards the alleged “ Masters,” produced in the Society a feeling which called forth the following letter from Mary :—

“ THE VICARAGE, ATCHAM, *November 2, 1883.*

“ DEAR MADAME DE STEIGER,—I do not know what view you may have taken of the manifestation of feeling elicited at last Lodge meeting by the reading of my Letter. I can only say that, for some reason or other unknown to me, you all took a view of that Letter which was certainly not in my mind when I wrote it. *I never dreamed of disparaging the Brothers, nor of imputing that I did not believe in them.* But you must be aware that experience has shown the folly of the course pursued in the latter half of last season by Mr Sinnett, of dragging the names of the Brothers forward into undue prominence, and so making our Society ridiculous in the eyes of the world and of the press, so that in more than one paper we have been held up to public ridicule, as followers of a company of ‘ Indian jugglers,’ on ‘ whose alleged feats ’ we have built our whole system. It is deplorable that we should figure thus before the public. Yet this statement actually occurred in a leading article of the *Standard* at the close of this summer. Mr Sinnett dislikes my being President for reasons of his own, and if I were to retire would not be slow to accept the vacant Chair. A hint is enough on this matter. The fact is patent to all who have eyes to see. Following his lead, you have, most of you, read into my address a meaning I had not the least wish to convey, and I am heartily sorry so many of my friends should so much have misunderstood me. Mr C. C. Massey, at whose lead, as you know, I first joined the T.S. and became your President, under what we all then thought such happy auspices, is coming up to town specially to be present at Sunday’s meeting,

the 4th, and to do his best to break down the cabal raised against me. I hope you will support him, and I hope also that others of my friends will do likewise. Can you manage to get a little private conversation with Mr Massey before the meeting, and exchange ideas with him? You will then learn exactly what it is he proposes to do. I have written him a letter to read at the meeting. Mr Sinnett will doubtless propose to call on me to retire from the Chair and from the Society; *because this is his policy*. Do not be misled by him. Both Madame Blavatsky and 'Mahatma K. H.' himself are, I have reason to believe, *anxious* to retain me as President. I had a long and cordial letter from Madame B. herself yesterday, with a kindly message from 'K. H.' I feel sure they would all be grieved to hear I was displaced.—Yours affectionately,

"ANNA KINGSFORD."

"ATCHAM VICARAGE, November 5, 1883.

"DEAR MME. DE STEIGER,—In thanking you for your letter, which is, I suppose, a fair exposition of the present views of the London Lodge T.S., it would not be honest in me to leave you without a clear statement of my position in the matter that has arisen between us.

"(1) When I was invited to join the Society, I was emphatically and distinctly told that no allegiance would be required of me to the 'Mahatmas,' to Mme. Blavatsky, or to any other person real or otherwise, but only to Principles and Objects.

"(2) Consequently, I am no traitor to the express conditions on which I entered the Society when I say that I neither owe nor do I acknowledge the allegiance which now appears to be required of me to persons of whose existence and claims I am utterly unable to affirm or deny anything positively.

"(3) If, then, it is the deliberate opinion of the whole Lodge—which it certainly was not six months ago—that it 'must have a President whose allegiance to the Mahatmas is *sans peur et sans reproche*,' then I certainly am not, from the nature of things, fitted to occupy your Chair. And I do not see how anyone can occupy it, on such terms, who is not, of his own personal experience, in a position to testify to the existence and claims of the 'Brothers.' This even Mr Sinnett cannot do, as he only knows them 'through a glass darkly, and not face to face.'

"(4) I cannot consent to pose before the world in the absurd position of a person claiming to act on principles of exact knowledge and scientific methods, who has abandoned the platform of Historical Christianity because its so-called events and personages are impossible of verification, and who yet accepts as indubitable another set of events and personages the evidence for which is meagre and unsatisfactory in a degree surpassing even that of Historical Christianity. All that is affirmed *may* be true; but I am not in a position to know of its truth, and cannot therefore say I *believe* it, or *disbelieve* it.

"The utmost I can say in the present matter is—and this I say cordially—that I am heartily willing and anxious to hear all that comes to us from the East, with serious attention, provided I am not called upon to connect it with subservience to any personal

authority claiming my belief and confidence as a duty ; and provided also that I may fairly and freely criticise what I hear, and test it by reason and experience.

“(5) Madame Blavatsky calls the ‘Mahatmas’ *Masters*. Her experience and evidence may justify this epithet for her, but they do not justify me in using it. I do not, therefore, and will not, apply that term to any earthly being soever.

“I may add that it is not *I* who seek to separate Esoteric Buddhism from Esoteric Christianity. First, the system expounded by Mr Sinnett is not—so far as I can see—*esoteric* at all, being simply a scheme of transcendental physics ; and, secondly, he is deliberately seeking to *silence* every other voice but that of the ‘Mahatmas.’ If there is to be unification and brotherhood, there must be *equality*. It now seems to me that I am the only representative of Christian doctrine left among you !

“In conclusion, I would like to add that, personally, I sincerely thank Dr Wyld for the criticisms he has from time to time contributed to *Light* on the subject of Mr Sinnett’s book. I think he is a wholesome check upon extravagances and assumptions which, but for the timely part he plays, might land some of us in abject fetishism.—Always affectionately yours,
ANNA KINGSFORD.”

Meanwhile, with a view to the vindication of our own position in regard to [Mr Sinnett’s] *Esoteric Buddhism*, we wrote a pamphlet in two parts [the two parts covering twenty-nine pages], the first of which¹ was by Mary, and the second² by myself, addressed to the London Lodge.³ In her part of it, after recapitulating the circumstances under which we had been induced to join the Society, and citing some passages from the address delivered by her at the Princes’ Hall meeting,⁴ she said :—

“I had not at that time had an opportunity of carefully and critically studying the work to which Mr Sinnett has put his name, and which had then but just issued from the press, nor had it occurred to me that the system set forth in that work was intended by its compilers to supplant every other and to monopolise for themselves the exclusive allegiance of the Theosophical Society. Had I been in the least degree apprehensive of such pretensions as these, I could not have spoken as I did in introducing Mr Sinnett to the public. But the attitude subsequently assumed by him as

¹ “A Letter to the Fellows of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society.” It is dated “Atcham, Shrewsbury, December 1883.”

² “Remarks and Propositions suggested by the perusal of *Esoteric Buddhism*.”

³ The pamphlet also contained a third part, namely, Anna Kingsford’s letter, dated October 31, 1883, to the President of the T.S., Madras. (See p. 140 *ante*.)

⁴ See pp. 123–126 *ante*.

the apostle of this system, the positive prohibition laid upon any expression of dissent from or criticism of it, or of its supreme authority, and the tone taken respecting certain attempts of my own to stem the current of a tide that appeared to me likely to lead us into an undesirable channel, induced me to give to *Esoteric Buddhism* a more special examination than I had hitherto bestowed on it.

“ This study, shared by Mr Maitland, resulted in the abstract of its doctrine appended to this Preface,¹ to which abstract I shall add only a few remarks of my own :—

“ It may not be generally known that those points in *Esoteric Buddhism* which are really attractive to students of metaphysical philosophy are not by any means peculiar to the doctrine of the school introduced to us by Mr Sinnett, but are derived mainly from an Oriental system older even than Buddhism itself, of which in some measure it was the basis, that of Kapila, known as the Sâmkhya. This philosophy affirms two primary principles, Purusha (soul or spirit), and Prakriti (essential substance). Prakriti is the primary root from which are produced what Kapila calls the ‘ seven productive principles,’ not as external resultants, but as modifications of the pre-subsistent principle itself. These are : (1) Buddhi, or Mahat, the Great one, or supreme Mind. (2) Ahankara, or self-consciousness, the individual ego; and these two alone are indestructible in their nature. The other five principles are the ‘ subtile rudiments,’ the ground of outer personality and of cognition. Of these seven principles, Buddhi is defined as the seat of virtue, knowledge, and power, power being defined as the subjugation of Nature.

“ Here, in inverted order, is the exact classification given in *Esoteric Buddhism*, a classification with which, in its *original* order and purity, I am far from wishing to find fault, since it is precisely that followed by all esoteric doctrine. But the inversion it has suffered at the hands of those who have taken it from the Sâmkhya is profoundly significant, and due to the fact that, as I shall presently show, they have given to the root-principle—Prakriti—a meaning quite other than that intended by Kapila’s doctrine.

“ Again, all the theories of Kâma, of transmigration, of evolution in obedience to law, of Nirvâna, of Avitchi, of the devachanic and astral states, have been presented to us over and over again in Vedantic, Buddhist, Bhagavat, Hermetic, and even Christian theosophy, so that for these no originality can be claimed. And in this fact, indeed, lies their value and importance; wherefore I again emphatically disclaim any wish to disparage them as true doctrine.

“ Further, with regard to the passage of souls from planet to planet, this doctrine, of which traces may be found in many Western theosophies, was accepted in popular Buddhist schools, and is thus formulated in Colonel Olcott’s *Catechism*, issued under the sanction of the Southern Church, which differs radically from the Thibetan section whence Mr Sinnett’s teaching is derived, and which, according to Colonel Olcott’s own statement, has produced no ‘ adepts ’ and no so-called ‘ esoteric ’ doctrine :—

“ (I translate from the French edition, p. 41.)

¹ The reference is to the second part of the pamphlet, written by Edward Maitland.

“ ‘ Q. Does Buddhism teach that man is reborn only on our earth ? ’

“ ‘ A. No. We learn that the inhabited worlds are innumerable. It is the preponderance of individual merit or demerit which determines the world in which a person is to be reborn, as well as the nature of the reincarnation. In other words, the ulterior lot is, as science would say, influenced by anterior attractions.

“ ‘ Q. Are some of these worlds more perfect and developed than our earth, and others less so ?

“ ‘ A. So Buddhism teaches, and also that the inhabitants of every world have a development corresponding to the condition of that world.’

“ I venture to submit that this doctrine is far more in accord with the suggestions of scientific and spiritual thought, cognisant and considerate of the innumerable and subtile differentiations and potencies of human character, than the mathematical precision of the clock-work arrangement invoked by Mr Sinnett’s mechanical system.

“ Be this as it may, it is once more evident that the doctrine in question is the property of the Buddhist Church at large, and is not now unveiled for the first time by the ‘ adepts ’ of the North.

“ There appear, however, to be good grounds for believing that the elaborate scheme presented to us in the name of the latter, of a ‘ planetary chain ’ of physical globes, has its real origin in an entirely metaphysical and esoteric doctrine—one of the profoundest and most beautiful of the subtile Buddhist theosophy. In the course of spiritual progress towards Nirvâna, Buddhism teaches that the Saint must pass through four *dhyanas*, or mental stages of abstraction, known as ‘ *worlds of form* ’ ; and after these, through certain still more interior conditions of pure thought, or ‘ *formless worlds*,’ the last of which is Nirvâna. These ‘ worlds,’ it seems, may, and perhaps must, be traversed many times before final and absolute beatitude is attained ; and he who will, after reaching the last round, and standing, as it were, on the very brink of fruition, may forgo it for the benefit of mankind, and return out of pure love to redeem other souls yet in the earlier stages, and point them to the ‘ path of release.’ ¹

“ Analogous conceptions are found in the Greek *Gnosis*. A well-known exponent and critic of Oriental theosophy says, in commenting on the above system of metaphysical stages and transitions, that the endless repetitions and recurrences of *numbers* involved in its details, “ are not to be taken in a literal sense ; they indicate simply the perpetual *monotone* by which the thinker’s imagination is limited, and to which it perpetually returns ’ ; a ‘ cadence of formulas ’ expressing varying and renewed approximations in orderly series to a definite and transcendent ideal (Samuel Johnston).

“ We find, indeed, in Buddhism, the *germ* of all the apparently novel doctrines contained in Mr Sinnett’s book, from which doc-

¹ I must not be understood as questioning in this place the fact of planetary evolution and transmigration, but only as pointing out, in the actual version of it under consideration, a confusion which seems to arise from the mixture of the idea of spiritual *states* with that of physical *localities*.—
A. K.

trines, as *presented by him*, I am compelled to dissent; for Buddhism, as Buddha and his disciples taught it, represents an esoteric and spiritual philosophy of which Mr Sinnett's version is a materialised reproduction. To give a more special instance, there is no doctrine in his book which is more repugnant to common sense, and to the intuitive conception of the fitness of things, than that which attributes the physical creation of the worlds to perfected men, or Dhyan Chohans. We are told that they and they alone are the artificers of the planets and the reconstructors of the universe. This doctrine is but a materialised presentation of one which is common to Buddhist and to Christian belief. It is taught by the former of these religions that whenever a Buddha passes into Nirvâna, his Karma is poured out through the worlds as a fulness of living moral energy, whereby a fresh influx of spiritual life is developed. And from all the great souls (Mahatmas) who thus pass into the highest or seventh sphere of Divinity or Rest, flow miraculous energies which, spiritually, revivify Nature. It is through the merits of all beings in these higher stages that the worlds are renewed; and it is through the vices of all degraded beings that they are destroyed. Buddhistic substantialism personified spiritual energy, and made of Karma a separable entity or 'genius,' regarding it in much the same light as that in which Christianity regards the Holy Ghost, and represents Christ as declaring—'If I go not away, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you.' Thus, on Buddha's assumption into Nirvâna, as on Christ's ascension into Heaven, the Karma or energy of the one, and the Divine Spirit of the other, is shed abroad over the earth, and re-creation, the special function of the third Person in the Trinity, occurs on the spiritual plane, as originally occurred by the operation of the same Power, creation on the physical plane.

"And, carrying on the idea thus conceived in regard to the regenerative function of the Effluence proceeding from an ascended Christ and a glorified Buddha, it is held by the followers of both that the merit, or Karma, of all beatified Saints is effectual for the release and assistance of souls still on the earthly plane, and can be applied to their spiritual renovation. Conversely, the vicious Karma of evil-doers, even after their departure from the world, infects its mental atmosphere, and becomes a cause of spiritual depression, harassment, and obscuration, though, being not positive, but negative in its mode of action, it is a cause far less potent than that of the good Karma of the Saints. This last point, however, Buddhistic teaching leaves somewhat indefinite, because it is connected with that mystery of the 'eighth sphere,' of which I venture to assert that Mr Sinnett's exposition has completely distorted the meaning.

"Thus it is evident that conceptions sound in principle and spiritual in application, have furnished the nucleus of the materialised doctrine given us in a book, which, far from representing *esoteric* Buddhism, is in reality a more *exoteric* version of it than all the Eastern sects together—and their name is legion—have yet dared to formulate openly. For the doctrine of spiritual renovation and re-creation by means of the beneficent and life-giving energy of the Blessed in Nirvâna, is substituted that of material creation by the

' Past Grand Masters ' of occult science ; and for the conception of the effluent evil proceeding from disintegrating egos as an element of spiritual contamination infecting the mental world, is substituted the notion of physical cataclysms, terrestrial catastrophes, and dooms with which *esoteric* religion can have no immediate concern, and the dogmatic enunciation of which at once removes the system credited to the Thibetan ' adepts ' from the altitude of spiritual science to the low level of mere *exoteric* history.

" A similar process of degradation has been applied to the Sânkhya and Buddhist idea of Prakriti, which, in the hands of the compilers of the book under notice, has become *molecular matter*, but which, in its original and only proper meaning, is not ' divisible ' at all, but is the ideal root-principle or self-subsistent Archè taught in Greece by Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, having ' no property of body ' ; that ' immutable essence which enfolds and evolves mind and sense through the presence and purpose of Spirit.'

" This, again, is the Hermetic, Kabalistic, and Alexandrian doctrine necessary to the true scientific conception of the genesis and unity of existence ; but throughout Mr Sinnett's book we find the word Matter substituted for Essence, and the idea persistently conveyed that divine (?) and human volition, and the creative principle itself, are but ' matter in motion.' Of course, this perversion of the words ' Prakriti ' and ' Purush ' into Matter and Motion accounts for the important inversion already noticed of the order of the seven principles, since it is obviously impossible to derive pure spirit (Atma, or supreme Mind) immediately from unconscious and molecular agents. Thus the first in the true series becomes the last in the travesty, and the celestial generation is presented to us upside down in the order of terrestrial evolution. And hence many of the strange inconsistencies and incongruities of the later pages of the book.

" Pure Buddhism is in no radical respect different from pure Christianity, because esoteric religion is identical throughout all time and conditions, being eternal in its truth and immanent in the human spirit. I am myself as much the disciple of Buddha as of Christ, because the two Masters are one in Doctrine. But, in my view, such a system as Mr Sinnett's book reveals to us is as opposed to Buddhism as it is to Christianity, and is utterly incompatible with the avowed aims and teachings of the Society under whose ægis it is issued. No universal religion, no catholic brotherhood, can be built on such a foundation as this ;—it is but the germ of a new sect, and one more materialistic, exoteric, and unscientific than has ever yet been presented with serious claims to the modern world. Its tendency is to divide, to scatter, to repel, making all chance of unification impossible, instead of reconstructing, consolidating, and reconciling. East and West will never meet on such a bridge as this doctrine, nor will the conflicting testimonies of history and scientific criticism be silenced by enunciations of transcendental physics which directly impinge on their domain. In a word, this book is neither ' Buddhistic ' nor ' esoteric.'

" But a solution of the riddle it offers, the only solution of a satisfactory nature possible, remains to be put forward. My co-worker has touched on it in his ' criticism,' and I shall but offer a few further suggestions in support of it.

“ It is a well-known custom of Oriental Masters to subject aspirants to occult science, seeking instruction at their lips, to severe ordeals, with a view to test their fitness for the reception of the knowledge sought. These ordeals are as often addressed to the mind as to the body, and we are expressly told in the *Theosophist*, by accredited authorities, that not infrequently ‘chelas’ will be tempted by their own ‘Gurus,’ and traps set in their way into which, if wanting in intelligence and perception, they may fall, and thus give evidence of their unfitness for higher initiation. Traces of this kind of ordeal are to be found scattered throughout the sacred books of the West also, and it is even asserted of Christ that He was Himself ‘tempted’ or tried, and that He taught His doctrine in ‘hard sayings’ that only those who had *ears* might hear. It is possible that ‘*Esoteric Buddhism*’ may be a ‘hard saying’ of this nature, intended to test the capacity of the would-be ‘chelas’ of the West, and that not until these have vindicated their powers of discernment by penetrating and unveiling the true purpose of the Masters, will the veritable ‘esoteric’ secrets of the East be trusted to them. It may be that, if we steadily refuse to accept as serious the system now presented to us, we shall find it declared to be after all but a fable, in which true meanings have been purposely reversed and inverted, spiritual verities materialised, and essentials converted into images, not so much to delude as to test us. Mr Yarker, F.T.S., in his *Mysteries of Antiquity*, writing of the customs of initiation observed by the Bektask Dervishes, says:—‘Before reception, a year’s probation is required, during which false secrets are given to test the candidate.’ Perhaps it is too much to expect the adept Mahatmas of the East to yield at once and without trial into strange and unknown hands the treasured wisdom and lore of ages. If such as this prove to be indeed the true solution of this Sphinx’s riddle, I shall rejoice at finding myself in the position of Œdipus.

“ Meanwhile my co-worker and I wish to lay before the London Lodge, of which as yet we have the honour to be respectively Vice-President and President, the following proposition:—

“ That, on the recurrence of the elections for 1884, two Sections be created in the London Lodge, one of which shall be formed by those Fellows who desire to pursue exclusively the teaching of the Thibetan Mahatmas, and to recognise them as Masters; and that the Presidency of this Section be conferred on Mr Sinnett, the only person now in this country competent to fill such a position. The other Section should be composed by Fellows desirous, like myself, to adopt a broader basis, and to extend research into other directions, more especially with the object of encouraging the study of Esoteric Christianity, and of the Occidental theosophy out of which it arose. In this Section we should welcome papers from students of Hellenic thought, we should inquire into the relation of Greek Individualism to Vedantic Pantheism, and should endeavour to find a ground of reconciliation between the hitherto apparently antagonistic conceptions of Life, posited on the one hand by the Oriental philosophy of ‘illusion,’ and on the other by the Hellenic idea of the joyous reality of existence. I should myself hope to lay before this Section certain studies in thought which might conduce to the inauguration of that *Eirenicon* after which I so earnestly aspire.

“ This Section might be known as ‘ The Catholic Section of the London Lodge.’ ”

“ Of course, Fellows belonging to either Section might belong to both, and freely attend each other’s meetings, but it would be understood that at those held under Mr Sinnett’s Presidency, the attention of Fellows would be exclusively directed to the development of the system recently presented by him to the public; while in the Catholic Section that system would be regarded as occupying but a minor share of recognition, our principal studies being addressed to the analysis of the great religions and philosophies which have swayed mankind in the past, and which divide their allegiance in the present.

“ In concluding, I may mention that the Letter closing this pamphlet,¹ has been sent by me to the President Founder of the Parent Society, in connection with one, conceived in similar tone, from the President of the French Theosophical Society, with whom I am in perfect accord, and hope always, as now, to work in concert.

“ It is certain that sooner or later Esoteric Christianity will be proclaimed as a religious science to the Western half of the world. I ask you by your endorsement of the proposition just suggested—to wit—by the creation of a Catholic Section in your Lodge, to ensure to the Theosophical Society the distinction of bearing the renewed Evangel to our race, and of making known to a desponding and divided Christendom the advent of the ‘ Christ that is to be.’ ”

My portion of the pamphlet, which is far too long for reproduction here, consisted in a criticism which, by contrasting various statements in the book with each other, and with sound reason, convicted it of incoherences and inconsistencies fatal to its claims to be regarded at all as a system of thought. And as there was no one on this side who felt competent to reply to us, our protest was referred to the Society’s headquarters in India. Meanwhile an admirable essay entitled, “ The Metaphysical Basis of ‘ Esoteric Buddhism,’ ” was issued by C. C. Massey, which coincided in all essential respects with our view of that book. The great majority, however, of the Lodge were strongly adverse to the line taken by us, for reasons apparently personal rather than philosophical, in that they resented our attitude towards the Mahatmas. And it became clear that, when the time came, as it would come in January, for the annual election of officers, we should be displaced. This was a conclusion which, so far as concerned ourselves, we contemplated with more than equanimity, with positive satisfaction and relief. The turmoil

¹ The letter, dated October 31, 1883, written by Anna Kingsford to the President of the T.S., Madras. (See p. 140 *ante*.)

of the position and the personal conflicts engendered were distasteful to us in the extreme ; and only the hope of saving the Society from its own discordant elements, to become a redeeming influence in the world, reconciled us to a continued association with it. Meanwhile both sides represented their views of the situation to the Founders, Mary writing a letter of some 4000 words to Madame Blavatsky, and one nearly as long to Colonel Olcott. While awaiting the election we received the following letter from Dr Gryzanowsky :—

“ LIVORNO, *December 16, 1883.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I trust you have received my post-card in which I acknowledged the receipt of your interesting letter of Nov. 17, begging you at the same time to convey my thanks to Mrs Kingsford for the gracious promise of her photograph. As to the two pamphlets I received together with your letter, I do not know whether I have to thank her or you for them.

“ *Roi ou Tyran?* I had read already, and very good it is—too good, one might say, for M. Richet. But even more valuable, it appears to me, is her English essay on ‘*Unscientific Science.*’ That is the nail which our hammer must hit (at least in quarters where other arguments are not understood). Science deceives herself about her own dignity and the firmness of her foundation. The modern (Darwinian) habit of considering the organic and the inorganic worlds as a *continuous* whole has led to the false belief in the validity and legitimacy of a single method of research. This illusion has to be destroyed, and the exactness of experimental physics must not be allowed to be a feather in the biologist’s cap. Even physical science is not quite so ‘exact’ as it appears to be, but it has *corpora vilia* at its disposal, which biology has not. You say nothing about *Le Zoophile*, which sprang so unexpectedly from Miss Cobbe’s jovial head, nor whether the *Champion* has any chance of starting into existence after this. However this may be, I am glad of *Le Zoophile*, as I should have been glad of *Le Champion*, for purely linguistic reasons.

“ I now come to Mr Sinnett’s book, and to your critical remarks about it. And let me begin by telling you that I agree with you as far as the atheistic character of the doctrine is concerned. It is curious to see how often theosophy becomes atheistic. In Gunther’s and (I think) also in Baader’s theosophic philosophy the *processus* of the universe consists in a gradual *self-creation* or *self-evolution* of God. God is its consummation, not its beginning and origin. In the beginning there was unconscious causation ; in the end there will be conscious effect, the divine Ego as a result. Strictly speaking, we find the same in Hegel’s philosophy, where the *processus* begins (as Schelling calls it ironically) with the *ennui* of the *Parabrahm*, and ends by his becoming the Absolute in the ideal end.

“ In *Esoteric Buddhism* there is a dormant or potential God, as seventh principle, in every human being. This principle may, or may not, develop itself, but the result is sure to be a plurality of

godlike beings whose ultimate fate is Nirvâna, or (as Mr Sinnett defines it on p. 163) 'conscious rest in omniscience.' Although Mr Sinnett disclaims Agnosticism, he is agnostic himself on p. 179 with regard to the world outside our solar system. Within that system the Adept knows everything (p. 177) and considers everything as knowable, *i.e.* as subject to law.

"This would, indeed, be a grossly materialistic view (such as our men of science are wont to take), if he had not added the words 'plus the guiding and modifying influence of the . . . Dhyan Chohans.' Where, one might ask, does this influence, which negates and corrects the law, where does this divinely free will come from? As an outcome of evolution it cannot negate and disturb evolution. It must come from somewhere else. But whence? What is an *influxus divinus* without the *Deus*?

"This inconsistency spoils the Adept's theosophy, which is theistic by implication, atheistic in appearance, and agnostic involuntarily.

"You call it a 'transcendental Materialism.' But this judgment seems to me a little too severe. It is true Mr Sinnett himself calls Buddhism a transcendental Materialism (p. 153), but *duobus dicentibus idem, non est idem*, one might say here. For your remark implies the reproach of non-spirituality. 'It deals, not with the spiritual,' you say, 'but with the occult.' And this, it seems to me, is only partly true. I do not know how far Mr Sinnett is authorised to speak in the name of the great Buddhist priesthood, but *he* certainly insists, in many passages, on the eminently spiritual character of Oriental philosophies in contrast with the purely intellectual character of Western philosophy and of Western civilisation in general. He admits the *practical* dangers of incomplete or unmerited initiation, the temptation to jugglery. But the jugglers are only the thieves of the mystery, the burglars of the Sanctuary, and although Mr Sinnett does not use this simile, he certainly condemns such practices. In fact, one might say, there are similar dangers and abuses in the Christian Church. Witness the liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro and other miracles of the Hagiology; and I, for one, would insist on the necessity of making the same distinction between Esoteric and Exoteric Christianity as the Adepts make between Esoteric and Exoteric Buddhism. If the visible Christianity were the Esoteric one, the many learned Hindoos who come to Europe would not invariably say they prefer Buddhism to Christianity.

"Before I tell you why I do not agree with these Pundits, I feel bound, in justice bound, to mention the many valuable truths and exquisite beauties I have found in Mr Sinnett's representation of Esoteric Buddhism. It opens long vistas of thought and speculation, and the Adept's horizon is altogether so wide, so immeasurably vast, that the sphere of Western thought, and even that of Christian eschatology, appears, at first sight, painfully small. Moreover, there are a great many metaphysical and logical riddles which we Occidentals can never solve, but which the Buddhist solves by not putting them. I am not speaking of the antinomy of free will and prescience, which the Buddhist avoids by eliminating the prescient God. But such puzzling problems as the origin of the different races of mankind, the 'missing link,' the phenomena of mediumship,

the born cripple, the apparently revolting inequality of our start in life, the fate of dying infants, the effects of suicide and of all violent deaths—all these things find a surprisingly plausible solution or explanation in this esoteric doctrine, and there is a singular charm in the dry common sense with which the mystic revelation is at times suffused. For instance, when Mr Sinnett says a sudden or violent death cannot be a death at all, one hardly requires any proof of the assertion. The theory of the seven Principles, of the occasional subdivision of the fifth, of the occasional separate existence of the two upper ones, which have to 'grow a new astral principle' for incarnation, are most convenient keys with which many a lock can be opened.

"Having read quite recently a highly interesting review (in the *Bayreuther Blätter*) of Count Gobincau's work, *Sur l'Inégalité des Races*, I was particularly glad to find in the 'Esoteric Doctrine' an easy (albeit mystic) explanation of these wonderful inequalities which sorely puzzle us, not only scientifically, but morally. Not only are the yellow races separated from the white ones by a great gulf, but there are similar gulfs between European races too. I am quite willing (indeed I am anxious) to consider the Latin races as Atlanteans whose native island vanished long after the Aryans had peopled the East and North with heroes and prophets. But where did the Buddhists get the idea of Lemuria from? I thought this fatherland of the anthropoid Ape was a creation of Professor Hæckel, our German Darwin.

"The Cycles and Manvantaras help us over a great many difficulties, and *thus far* I am ready to go with Mr Sinnett. But his *Planetary Chains* I do not understand and cannot appreciate. He talks of the seven chains of seven planets each, four of which are always in *pralaya* (or Brahma's night). But what are *we* to say to such things, even if we know nothing of astronomy? You justly complain of a want of *vraisemblance*, but an Adept might retort that if *vraisemblance* were a criterion of truth, Buddhism would belong to the intellectual plane of Western science. The *Credo quia absurdum* may be one of the ordeals of the would-be initiate.

"I agree with you in admiring the doctrine of *Karma* and the description of the *kama loca*. The idea of making, not the devachanic existence itself, but only its end, the rebirth, the proper retribution of our karmic merits or demerits, and of making this rebirth a matter of natural selection, is highly satisfactory, far more so than Swedenborg's ideas on retribution, which do not (as this doctrine does) explain the initial inequality of human lives.

"Yet, on the whole, I miss the *moral* element in Buddhism. Whatever Mr Sinnett may say about it, and whatever Max Müller (p. 158) may say about the perfection of Buddha's moral code, Buddhism is (as far as I can see) essentially and above all a system of revealed *dogmatic* philosophy in which there is a place for everything, even for evil. But in its cold serenity, Buddhism has no wrath, no scorn, no indignation, no passion. With what weapons could it battle against the iniquities of life if it talks of evil as of something 'necessary' (*sic!*), and of Satan as something rather heroic (p. 128), more likely to secure immortality than human mediocrity? There is no message of peace and of hope to the weak

and the 'poor in spirit,' nothing like Paul's mighty dialectic paradox proclaiming the strong of the world to be God's waifs, and the sages of the world to be God's fools. Buddhism, after all, is (and that is the curse of all evolutionary doctrines) a sort of *struggle for life* (*à la* Darwin), and of survival of the fittest. The question is not, May he survive? Is he worthy of surviving? but, *Can* he survive (p. 127)? Is he strong enough to survive?

"The historical Buddha was a converted profligate. He preached moderation and wisdom, temperance rather than abstention and asceticism. His doctrine is practical, and fits into human nature. He died of flesh-eating. He utilises evil as we utilise steam, as a motive-power, and he offers to destroy human suffering on condition of the sufferer's being susceptible of certain knowledge.

"Christ, the historical Jesus, was pure and spotless, apparently divine. He preached love and mercy, but also perfection: 'Thou shalt be perfect as thy Father in heaven is perfect.' His doctrine was unpractical, unearthly, heavenly, and has never fitted into human nature or human life. Christianity has never existed; it is a thing to come, a beacon in the rough sea of life and in the dark night of history. Christ makes no bargain with existing evil. He has temper enough to curse the fig-tree, and to whip the usurers out of the Temple; but He offers salvation to whosoever comes in search of it. He died after an unbloody repast. He died on the Cross, and prayed for His tormentors, 'Father, forgive them.'

"I could never accept Buddhism as more than a most interesting and (partly at least) most satisfactory (revealed) philosophy. It is, somehow, too Asiatic for me. Without being a Christian believer, *I miss Golgotha in it*, and only under the Cross can we find the passion and the weapons for our crusade against the dragon.

"I am glad you have taken some steps towards ascertaining whether, and how far, your London Lodge can make its programme compatible with the Hindoo doctrine, and whether the Indian chiefs can be induced to make their programme more catholic. Your book (*The Perfect Way*) is, on the whole, more congenial to me than Mr Sinnett's. They agree in a good many points, even on the androgynous nature of the First Cause (though Mr Sinnett does not call it Cause). But further comparisons would lead me too far. Even as it is, I must apologise for the great length of this letter.

"I thank you beforehand for the promised 'little Christmas book' on the end of the world in 1881. If I could offer you an exchange of photographs (which, at this moment, I cannot), I would take the liberty of asking you for yours, with the promise of mine for the spring.

"With best wishes to you, and kind regards to Mrs Kingsford.
—Yours sincerely, E. GRYZANOWSKY."

The meeting of January¹ passed without any overt action affecting the situation, the elections being postponed until such

¹ The meeting was held on January 27, 1884.

time as word should be received from India. The following letter from Mary to Lady Caithness refers to the meeting :—

“ 5 CHAPEL PLACE, VERE STREET,
“ January 28, 1884.

“ DEAR FRIEND,—Thank you very warmly indeed for your kind and sympathetic letter. The meeting is over, but I cannot say it has advanced us much. There has been no election ; it is postponed for a fortnight, by which time it is thought that letters will have arrived from India, and by these I suppose the Lodge will be entirely guided. Whether the reply of ‘ K. H.’ will be in accordance with our hopes or not, my conviction will, of course, remain entirely unshaken. The doctrine *we* have received is that of all Hermetic and Kabalistic teaching from time immemorial ; and to forsake that and embrace the strange and inconsistent creed put forth as ‘ Esoteric Buddhism ’ would be to turn our backs at once and definitively upon all that is divine and true, in the highest sense. None of *us* are capable of such folly as that would be. Mr Ward (‘ Uncle Sam ’)¹ sent me his vote, accompanied by an affectionate letter. Of course many hard things were said of us, but all quite incorrect and unwarrantable.—Always affectionately yours,

“ ANNA KINGSFORD.”

When the time came for the decisive meeting to be held, the occasion proved to be in the highest degree dramatic. The tension was extreme, so high did feeling run on both sides ; and when, at the moment that the crucial question was to be put, Mary produced a telegram² from India saying, “ Remain Presi-

¹ Samuel Ward, a noted representative American, and the uncle of Marion Crawford. His esteem for Anna Kingsford was great, and, Edward Maitland says, “ his death, which followed not long afterwards, filled her with grief as for a valued friend of long standing.”—S. H. H.

² The telegram had been received by Anna Kingsford on December 9, 1883, *after* the printing of the pamphlet on Mr Sinnett’s *Esoteric Buddhism*, addressed to the Fellows of the London Lodge (see p. 148 *ante*). Further, in a letter dated “ Adyar, November 25, 1883,” written by Madame H. P. Blavatsky to Anna Kingsford, and received by her on December 21, 1883, Madame Blavatsky, writing “ under orders,” asserted that the policy and actions of Anna Kingsford were known to and approved of by the Mahatmas. The following is an extract from Madame Blavatsky’s letter :—“ I happen to know—and I write this to Mr Sinnett to-day—that notwithstanding your own doubts and slight misconceptions of our Masters, and the opposition you experienced (or rather Mr Maitland) on the afternoon of October 26—and *all the rest*, They are still desirous (and ‘ more than ever,’ as my Guru expresses it) that you should kindly pursue your own policy, for they find it good. This I write *à l’aveugle*, for I know nothing either of the said policy or what has been the nature of the disagreement between you in its details, though acquainted with its general character. I simply communicate to you the Order I receive, and the words used. ‘ Future alone will show why we take another view of the situation than Mr Sinnett ’

dent," and signed "Koot Hoomi," the sensation was indescribable. The mandate was at once recognised as imperative, and the election was but a formality. And such was the effect of the sudden *coup* on our American friend [Samuel Ward], ardent believer as he was in "Mahatma Koot Hoomi," that he wept outright with joy and triumph.

The result of the reference of our criticism of *Esoteric Buddhism* to India was a pamphlet of some forty-five pages, bearing the name of "T. Subba Row, Counsellor of the Parent T.S.," and written jointly by him and Madame Blavatsky, in support of Mr Sinnett and refutation of us. It necessitated a rejoinder¹ from us, which took the shape of another pamphlet of thirty-one pages, in which we showed conclusively that the reply, so far from being an answer to us, was inaccurate and incoherent, and left our position untouched. And we still had to wait for the presentation of doctrine which was to remove the objections we had formulated against *Esoteric Buddhism*. This came in due time, but not until the publication of *The Secret Doctrine*. In this, her *magnum opus*, Madame Blavatsky threw over Mr Sinnett's presentation in favour of ours, having meanwhile informed us that it had been as much as she and Subba Row could do to make a plausible defence of *Esoteric Buddhism*, as we were right and it was wrong, through its writer's misapprehension of the teaching received by him. "But," she added, with the candour characteristic of her in her best moods, "we were obliged to support him then because he represented us. But when the Secret Doctrine was concerned, it was necessary to tell the truth"—a position at least intelligible.

The following passages occur in the rejoinder:—

Holding, as we do, that Consciousness is the essential of personality, and is implicit in Being, we do not regard Being as non-conscious and impersonal when, instead of concrete, limited, and manifest, as by form and dimension, it is abstract, unlimited, and unmanifest. Hence, for us, that is a rational, and the only rational,

—are the words used. . . . I have always understood the Chelas to say that They—the Masters—knew and watched your proceedings, that *you were notified* of Their presence, and that you are the most wonderful sensitive in all Europe, not England alone."—S. H. H.

¹ The rejoinder, which is dated March 18, 1884, is entitled *Reply to the "Observations" of Mr T. Subba Row, C.T.S.* It is a joint pamphlet-letter by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland "to the Fellows of the L.L.T.S."—S. H. H.

Theism which regards Deity as infinite personality, and holds that but for such personality in unmanifest Deity, there could be no personality in the manifest Cosmos. Herein we but maintain the universal application of the laws of Correspondence and Heredity.

We find it stated acquiescingly [in Mr Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*] that "the Dhyān Chohans," or "Gods who once lived on this earth as men," are the "Elohim of the Western Cabalists." . . . We would ask how, if this be true, are to be denoted, and what becomes of the "Seven Spirits of God," who, subsisting indefeasibly in the Divine Nature, as the seven rays of the prism in light, find manifestation through the Trinity, as do those rays through the prism, and by the power of their inherent Divinity produce and sustain alike macrocosm and microcosm, which last is Man, who, when perfected by them, is "God Manifested" ? . . . Yet another reference to the Dhyān Chohans. To grant them, as represented in *Esoteric Buddhism*, the power to come into such contact with matter as to be able to destroy a continent and its inhabitants, is surely to invest them with something more than the powers to which Mr Subba Row now restricts them. Neither should we regard such a use of their power as a Divine one. Far better, we presume to think, when a race has "reached the zenith of its physical intellectuality and developed its highest civilisation," that "its progress towards absolute evil be arrested," as that of our own race is now actually being arrested, by the destruction, not of the race itself, but of its false and pernicious system of thought and conduct—a system wholly materialistic and nihilistic—by means of such further interior unfoldment of man's spiritual consciousness as will supplement and correct mere intellect by a pure intuition, and thus enable man to realise his higher potentialities. It is to promote a destruction of this kind—a destruction which is really a renovation by further evolution—that the work represented in *The Perfect Way* is intended ; and it was in the hope of finding an efficient ally in this work that we consented to join the Theosophical Society. In preferring, however, physical applications to spiritual ones, that Society will not only show itself blind to the significance of what is actually occurring in the world, but will enhance the difficulties in the way of the world's sorely needed regeneration. . . .

In Madame Blavatsky's note are two or three things which call for remark. First, *The Perfect Way* is not, as she implies, the work of a single person, but is, both in conception and in execution, dual, as befits its peculiar mission. Secondly, it is a mistake to regard us as seeking to "set off Esoteric Christianity against Esoteric Buddhism," and this for the very reason assigned by her, and in which we have great pleasure in agreeing with her, namely, because to do so would be "to offer one part of the whole against another part of the whole." For, as stated at some length in *The Perfect Way* (pp. 256-9),¹ we regard the two systems as complementary to each other, each being indispensable, as concerned with, or repre-

¹ The reference here is to the First Edition of *The Perfect Way*. For the corresponding passage in the present (Fourth) Edition, see Lecture VIII., pars. 49-51, both inclusive.—S. H. H.

senting different stages in man's spiritual evolution ; Christianity, rightly interpreted, representing the later, and therefore the higher, in that it alone, unequivocally, "*has the Spirit.*" In token of which may be adduced the fact that, while it is a moot point, even for the Buddhists themselves, whether or not Buddhism is an "atheistic" system, no such question is or can be raised concerning Christianity. The reproach of seeking to set one system against the other, or to exalt one unduly at the cost of the other, if chargeable against any section whatever of the Theosophical Society, lies not with that to which we belong, but with that which is seeking, and this avowedly, to make of the Society an agency for the subversion of all spirituality, and the exaltation of a mere Occultism, or *Nature-worship*, under the name of Buddhism.

The third and remaining point in Madame Blavatsky's note is one of which the personal nature makes us loth to speak, but of which, nevertheless, for the sake of our special work, and to prevent further misconception, it is necessary to speak.

This is the question respecting the nature and range of the faculty by the possession of which the President of the London Lodge is removed from the category of ordinary inquirers into Esoteric science. This, she wishes it to be clearly understood, is not an *occult* faculty in the common acceptation of the term. It involves no abnormal powers voluntarily directed, or acquaintance with any method requiring to be imparted by initiation of the secondary intellectual principles. Nor, again, does the condition in which it is exercised resemble the trance of ordinary clairvoyance. She is, therefore, neither a "trained occultist" nor a natural clairvoyante. The faculty she possesses is one with which she was born, and it has been developed by a fourteen years' abstinence from flesh-food, and by a series of experiences and a manner of life not altogether at first the result of choice. Students of the Platonic philosophy will recognise the condition in question as one of *illumination* affecting the soul rather than the mind. It is believed by her to be the result of psychic reminiscence, through which the *gnosis* acquired by initiation in a previous birth is revived and unfolded to her perception. She has strong reason for the conviction that the school, in virtue of her initiation into which these illuminations occur, was the Greco-Egyptian. The state during which they present themselves is one of intense and breathless concentration. The whole outer personality appears to be superseded and transcended, and knowledges are vividly borne in on the interior understanding as a vision, often of symbolic character. It has been shown by means of these very illuminations that this condition, described as the result of psychic reminiscence, is in her exceptionally developed in consequence of the period now reached by her interior selfhood in its planetary evolution. Hers is represented to be an advanced Ego, which, having returned to definite existence more rapidly and persistently than is the normal case, has thus got ahead of the race generally and thereby developed a faculty which will in time be attainable by all souls *who have been really initiated in a former birth*. But this reminiscence is possible only in respect of the *religious gnosis*, dealing with principles and metaphysical truth, not in respect of that which, being intellectual and dealing with the condition and

exercise of occult power, affects the *physiological* memory, and cannot be transferred from one birth to another *in the manner described*.

Mr Subba Row characterises our criticism not only as " illogical," but as " quite uncalled for " (prefatory letter). Having disposed of the former charge, we will now dispose of the latter, and in so doing place before the Lodge our view of the existing situation and its exigencies. As Mr Subba Row wrote in complete ignorance, or at least with one-sided knowledge of the circumstances under which our criticism was written, his denunciation of it as " quite uncalled for " represents, not the impartial decision of the judge, but the hardy assertion of the advocate.

The occasion was the eve of an election which involved not only the possibility of a censure upon ourselves, but the policy and character of the Theosophical Society itself—at least, so far as this country is concerned—certainly for a whole year to come, and probably in perpetuity. Our Lodge had ceased to be a secret or private body, Mr Sinnett having insisted on a radical change, the effect of which was to bring it prominently before the public. This is stated not as a reproach, but as a fact, and one which most materially affects the case, both as it then was and as it still is. We had joined the Society not as mere inquirers, but by express invitation ; and we were already known as exponents of the Esoteric doctrine of Christianity, a subject equally with Buddhism comprised in the programme of a society calling itself Theosophical, but for which, although our special subject, we desired no precedence within the Society, as we regarded as having equal claims to consideration all the forms under which Theosophic truth is presented. For, as already said, so far from regarding Buddhism and Christianity, properly interpreted, as antagonistic and rival systems, we regard them as one and the same system under different modes of presentation ; so that what would conduce to the understanding of one, would conduce to the understanding of the other. Of course, the title of the Society being *Theosophical*, it went without saying that the last charge which could be brought against it would be that of Atheism. On joining the Society we expressly reserved our independence ; and finding, after joining it, that certain amendments were needed in its conduct and programme, we took the requisite steps to effect those amendments. Among these was a revised set of rules, and the exclusion from the Society's publications of advertisements and statements calculated to bring it into disrepute on grounds both social and philosophical. Our representations on these points were favourably received both at home and at the Society's headquarters in India ; our rules were revised ; the desired change was made in the Society's recognised representative organ, the *Theosophist*, Mr Sinnett, who had recently come from India, assenting ; and the Lodge set itself to study, with the aid of its author's expositions, the book out of which the present situation has arisen, our prepossessions being in favour both of the book and of its author. No sooner, however, had this course of study been entered upon than the position changed, for it appeared that instead of being proposed as a contribution to occult knowledge, and as such fairly liable to criticism, the book was exalted as an infallible product of infallible authorities, and the system described

in it as destined to supersede all other systems, any expression of dissent being regarded as an impertinence and even as a blasphemy.

Meanwhile the result of the addresses given outside the Lodge was such as to induce the belief—which found expression in the public Press—that the object of the Society was to form a new religion upon the basis of the feats of Indian magicians; and that we ourselves had abandoned the teaching we had expounded in *The Perfect Way*, and adopted this new cult. And so far from remonstrance being of avail, an address in which the President sought to stem the current, by showing that such excessive devotion to human authority partook of the nature of the idolatry which had always been fatal to truth, and would, moreover, render the Association ridiculous in the public eye, was actually met by a vote of censure, wholly regardless of the fact that she had been expressly invited to fill the post in virtue of her possession of the perceptions which justified such an admonition. It thus became obvious that the London Lodge was in a fair way to become a place for those only who were prepared to yield abject submission to the authorities propounded by Mr Sinnett. And it was no secret that the resignation of all who were not so prepared was deemed desirable in order that Mr Sinnett, who had recently determined to remain in England instead of returning to India, should have the undivided direction of the Lodge. Meanwhile the belief was sedulously inculcated that the independent attitude of the recalcitrant members would be so deeply offensive to the Mahatmas as to lead to the withdrawal of their promised teaching.

Of course resignation was the easiest and not least agreeable way of getting out of the difficulty. But persons, no less than principles, were at stake. For there were those in the Lodge who stood by us, and by whom, therefore, we were bound to stand. And there was the further and supreme question, to which did the Lodge belong, and who had the best right to belong to it, the Theosophic or the Atheistic element—those who accepted the constitution as defined in the rules, and exercised freedom of judgment, or those who violated that constitution and denied such freedom? In this dilemma, to have resigned our fellowship would have been to grant the correctness of Mr Sinnett's view, and hand over the Lodge to those who avowedly rejected the principles implied in its very name and constitution, and who, moreover, were bent on making it an engine, not for the interpretation of religious thought, but for the subversion of all religion, and the negation of all thought,—for that is not thought which is not free. Such was the emergency in which we issued what Mr Subba Row calls our "quite uncalled for" criticism of *Esoteric Buddhism*.

The following letter, which was elicited by a recently published article written by Lady Caithness, throws so much light on the situation as to be well worth reproducing. And if Mr Sinnett finds in it anything to resent, I hope that his reception of it will be such as to show that he has, as I believe, far outgrown the limitations which at that time exacerbated his attitude

towards us, and will welcome rather than resent a recital so important to the history of the great movement in which he has enacted so distinguished a part :—

“ *To Lady Caithness*

“ LONDON, *March 11, 1884.*

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—Let me before all congratulate you very heartily and earnestly on your splendid letter published in the last number of the *M*—. It is beyond praise, but a great deal too valuable for publication in such a periodical. I am almost sorry to see you descending into the vulgar arena of mere spiritism to contest with such unworthy opponents as the majority of the readers of the *M*—. Most of these people are without education, and belong to a class addicted to personalities and to the ‘ calling of names ’ on the smallest provocation. It is for these reasons that I never myself write in that print. It seems that to give expression to any ideas unfamiliar to its supporters is to expose oneself to a volley of abuse. All this, however, does not detract from the value of the contribution you have made to the metaphysics of true Christianity in your excellent homily. If the rest of the work on which you are engaged be as lucid and as profound as this example of it, then we may look forward to some hope of illuminating the world at last. Do you know Baron Spedalieri of Marseilles? He is a very advanced and learned Theosophist, a friend of ‘ Eliphas Levi,’ and now ours. He would be delighted with your exposition. You should send him a copy of it with your compliments, if you have not yet corresponded with him. Of course he knows you well by reputation, and we have often spoken to him of you and of our association with you.

“ Mr Maitland and I have just completed a reply to Mr Subba Row’s pamphlet, in which we have clearly shown the obscurities and confusion of the greater part of his argument. Of course, he had a very difficult, and indeed an impossible, task to perform. For he had to defend Mr Sinnett against us while well knowing that our charges were by no means ill-founded. Thus he endeavours to rebut our suggestion of the exoteric character of Mr Sinnett’s book by saying ‘ it is not wholly *allegorical*,’ and that he is not at liberty at present to ‘ speak publicly ’ of the esoteric doctrine of the Buddha. We never said he was ; but why pretend, then, that Mr Sinnett has done so? It is manifest from Mr Subba Row’s exposition that the truth of our statements respecting *Esoteric Buddhism* is virtually conceded by him and by his directors. And I think that our reply will make this fact unmistakably clear.

“ Neither Mr Maitland nor I have the smallest desire to adopt towards Mr S., or anyone else, an attitude of hostility. We have from the beginning done our utmost to impress on him and on our fellow-Theosophists the fact that we are contending for certain *Principles*, and not against any *persons* soever. I hope you will take the opportunity, when you meet Madame Blavatsky, of impressing this fact upon her, because—judging from a paper which Mr S. read to the assembled Lodge at its last meeting, and in which very violent language was used against us—it is highly probable that he may

have written to her or to Col. Olcott in a similar strain, and so imported into our controversy a personal element which ought studiously to have been avoided. I cannot say what he has written to India, nor what he has received from thence, as he persistently refused to communicate to the Lodge, or even to the council, any letters or parts of letters passing between him and his Chiefs. In fact, we know little or nothing of the views entertained at headquarters on matters of philosophical interest; for all these are jealously reserved from us, and shown, if at all, to those only who are prepared to accept everything coming from the 'Masters' with blind faith.

"The fact of the matter is, that Mr S. has a personal and intense aversion to Christianity, and regards with absolute intolerance any attempt to unfold its esoteric meanings. Truth to tell, the very word 'esoteric' is not understood by him; for he interprets it only of that which is not commonly known, rather than of that the nature of which is interior and spiritual. Thus, for him, transcendental physics are 'esoteric,' the tale of the submerging of the geographical Atlantis is 'esoteric'; and so forth. He does not understand that things occurring on the historical plane, and capable of verification by ordinary physical scientific processes, cannot possibly belong to 'esoteric,' that is, to spiritual, truth. When I seek to unfold to him, or to the Lodge, truly esoteric mysteries affecting not the mere intellect, but the soul, he characterises such expositions as 'cloudy' and 'hazy.' He is utterly wanting in the qualifications which alone fit a man for the study of the deep things of God. There is nothing spiritual in him; he hungers and thirsts, not after Justice, but after mere occultism, and to this he would reduce all the studies of the T.S. Lodge. The more I see and hear him, the more I marvel that 'K. H.' or any 'Adepts' should have permitted such a man to be the bearer to Europe of their philosophy. For they must have known the kind of presentation it would receive in his hands, and the character of the interpretation of it on which he would insist. His language against us at the last Lodge meeting caused a lady who was present, and who was previously inclined favourably to him, to write to a friend a letter which he showed me, in which she said, 'As I listened to Mr Sinnett I wondered where peace and joy and brotherhood had fled to; and when Mrs Kingsford rose to answer him I marvelled at her great moderation. Surely one so gentle as she is in such a trying position is far more fitted to be our President than one who, like Mr S., whatever may be his loyalty to the Masters, loses his temper so readily.'

"I do not know whether you have yet read Mr C. C. Massey's new pamphlet on *Esoteric Buddhism* called forth by the recent controversy. It is a most excellent and philosophic little treatise, and will, I doubt not, prove of the greatest value and service to us all. Massey is not only a scholar and a clear thinker, but he has the 'spiritual mind'; and if it be thought advisable that I should retire from the Presidency, he is the only man who is, in my view, likely to direct the Lodge with knowledge, prudence, and charity. But he has already refused the office, being inordinately modest and diffident. When I hear from you that Madame Blavatsky has

arrived at Nice, I will write to her on several subjects of vital interest in our Lodge. Meanwhile, will you tell her from me that she mistakes me in two points—first, the question of ‘belief’ in K. H. I don’t quite know the theosophical meaning of this word ‘belief,’ but if it implies belief in the *existence* of ‘K. H.,’ then I believe in that quite as much as I do in her own. All that I see reason so far to doubt is the exact significance to be attached to the terms ‘Adept,’ ‘Mahatma,’ etc., as applied to him. The other point regards her own conception of the nature of the ‘gifts’ with which she is good enough to credit me. I have no occult powers whatever, and have never laid claim to them. Neither am I, in the ordinary sense of the word, a clairvoyante. I am simply a ‘prophetess’—one who sees and knows intuitively, and not by any exercise of any trained faculty. All that I receive comes to me by ‘illumination,’ as to Proclus, to Iamblichus, to all those who follow the Platonic method. And this ‘gift’ was born with me, and has been developed by a special course and rule of life. It is, I am told, the result of a former initiation in a past birth, and the reason that I am enabled to profit by it is, that I am an ‘old spirit,’ having, by ‘thirst of life,’ pushed myself on to a point of spiritual evolution somewhat in advance of the rest of my race, but to which all can attain in time *who have really been once initiated*. My initiation was Greco-Egyptian, and therefore I recall the truth primarily in the language and after the method of the Bacchic mysteries, which are indeed, as you know, the immediate source and pattern of the mysteries of the Catholic Christian Church.

“But powers of the ‘occult’ order, the exercise of which depends on the knowledge of certain natural modes of law, and on the development of an intellectual will, competent to grapple with and direct ‘akasic’ magnetism,—these can be communicated only by the initiation of the intellectual mind; and this, I have reason to believe, is not transferable from one birth to another, because it affects a vehicle of the human kingdom which is renewed at every new birth. Wherefore it is only to be attained by severe training and rigid exclusion from the world; and when thus the desired power is educed, the natural object of the fully developed occultist becomes to *perpetuate* the life during which only this initiation will be available. I will explain myself more fully, should you wish it, at another time.—Always your very affectionate friend,

“ANNA KINGSFORD.”

The testimony received from the personage just named ¹ trans-

¹ Baron Spedalieri. Anna Kingsford’s letter of March 11, 1884, was followed (on a page which she had left for the purpose) by one from Edward Maitland, at the end of which he referred to Baron Spedalieri. In his letter, which referred also to the then pending controversy, Edward Maitland said:—“With regard to the T.S., I shall say only that our critics seem to have forgotten that what we were criticising was not only Mr Sinnett’s *book*, but Mr Sinnett’s *action* and personal expositions in regard to the book, the effect of which, whatever may have been the intention, was obviously to substitute an atheistic occultism for *all* religion, Buddhist or Christian.”—S. H. H.

cended in value that of any other person known to us to be alive. Baron Giuseppe Spedalieri, a native of Sicily and a resident at Marseilles, was the ripest living veteran of spiritual science in Christendom. He had been the friend and disciple, and was the literary heir, of the renowned magician, the Abbé Constant, who wrote under the name of "Eliphas Levi," and was at once Hermetist, Kabalist, and Occultist, and to his knowledges Baron Spedalieri added a wisdom and understanding surpassing his master's, as was amply testified to by the multitude of his letters to us by which his discovery of *The Perfect Way* was followed. The weighty utterance in which he first announced to us—writing as a perfect stranger—his judgment on our book has already seen the light on two occasions, one of which was the introduction to the Second Edition. But the plan of this biographical history of our work calls for its inclusion here also. Originally written in French, I render it in English, in which language he afterwards conducted his correspondence with us. This is the deliverance in question, written exclusively upon the strength of the intrinsic merits of the book. Such an utterance, like the occasion of it, is unique in history, and it proves that "When the Son of Man comes, He shall indeed find," not only "faith," but knowledge "on the earth," though not necessarily within the pale of the Church visible :—

"As with the corresponding Scriptures of the past, the appeal on behalf of your book is, really, to miracles, but with the difference that in your case they are intellectual ones, and incapable of simulation, being miracles of interpretation. And they have the further distinction of doing no violence to common sense by infringing the possibilities of Nature; while they are in complete accord with all mystical traditions, and especially with the great Mother of these, the Kabala. That miracles such as I am describing are to be found in *The Perfect Way*, in kind and number unexampled, they who are the best qualified to judge will be the most ready to affirm.

"And here, *à propos* of these renowned Scriptures, permit me to offer you some remarks on the Kabala as we have it. It is my opinion—

"(1) That this tradition is far from being genuine, and such as it was on its original emergence from the sanctuaries.

"(2) That when Guillaume Postel—of excellent memory—and his brother Hermetists of the later middle age—the Abbot Tritheimius and others—predicted that these sacred books of the Hebrews should become known and understood at the end of the era, and specified the present time for that event, they did not mean that such knowledge should be limited to the mere divulgement of these particular Scriptures, but that it would have for its base a new

illumination, which should eliminate from them all that has been ignorantly or wilfully introduced, and should reunite that great tradition with its source by restoring it in all its purity.

“(3) That this illumination has just been accomplished, and has been manifested in *The Perfect Way*. For in this book we find all that there is of truth in the Kabala, supplemented by new intuitions, such as present a body of doctrine at once complete, homogeneous, logical, and inexpugnable.

“Since the whole tradition thus finds itself recovered or restored to its original purity, the prophecies of Postel and his fellow-Hermetists are accomplished; and I consider that from henceforth the study of the Kabala will be but an object of curiosity and erudition, like that of Hebrew antiquities.

“Humanity has always and everywhere asked itself these three supreme questions: Whence come we? What are we? Whither go we? Now these questions at length find an answer, complete, satisfactory, and consolatory, in *The Perfect Way*.”

He subsequently wrote:—

“If the Scriptures of the future are to be, as I firmly believe they will be, those which best interpret the Scriptures of the past, these writings will assuredly hold the foremost place among them.”

The accordance of our doctrine with that of the Kabala—but obtained by us entirely from interior sources, and in complete ignorance of the Kabala—was subsequently testified to by Mr S. L. Macgregor Mathers, who dedicated to us his learned work, *The Kabala Unveiled*, in these terms:—

“I have much pleasure in dedicating this work to the authors of *The Perfect Way*, as they have in that excellent and wonderful book touched so much on the doctrines of the Kabala, and laid such value on its teachings. *The Perfect Way* is one of the most deeply occult works that has been written for centuries.”

In a letter dated February 15, 1884, Dr Gryzanowsky refers as follows to the present crisis in the Theosophical Society:—

“The idea of issuing cheap editions of select chapters of Theosophic lore seems to me a very good one, provided the object of your Lodge is not secrecy, but propagation of faith. From all you tell me about the Himalayan Brethren and about occult science, I must infer that you dissent from these mysterious powers on matters of doctrine, but not on the principles of occultism. Your doctrinal differences, as set forth in your joint printed letter, seem to me well founded, and I shall look forward with sincere interest to the reply from India which is to put an end to the present crisis. Mrs Kingsford’s proposals of putting Mr Sinnett in her Presidential chair, and of forming a more ‘catholic’ and *quasi*-independent section, are very good, and ought to be accepted. A complete secession from the Hindoo Society would seem to be necessary if intentional

mystification were proved to be one of its accepted ordeals. I revere the veil of Isis, I respect the Sphinx, the oracle, the symbol; but the symbol is not a lie. Ordeals always are lies, but may be excused or justified when they are used as temporary tests for temper and character. *Doctrinal* ordeals I can neither justify nor excuse, and would secede from any society, or church, or lodge that sanctioned them. The intellect bears reticence and oracular symbolisation, but revolts against intentionally falsified doctrine.

“On such occasions I cannot help asking myself, Why should seekers of Truth and students of Theosophy ever club together and form a society? Association is useful for militant purposes. I understand a church, a lodge, a religious order, but *study* and *investigation* are individual pursuits, and gain nothing by being made collectively. No independent thinkers, no two members of the T.S., will have the same theosophy, and so the theosophic lore must become dogmatic, and the Society itself a Church; and considering what the established ‘Churches’ have become, such a substitution or addition would be no doubt salutary in these days. Only I would avoid the term *Society* and insist on *Lodge*, and on masonic organisation.

“The English doctors have formed an ‘Association for the Promotion of Medical Science by Research.’ But this name is a misnomer. It is in reality an association for militant ostentation, or for defence against our agitation; but the ‘research’ can only be individual. At most two may join, one acting as assistant and amanuensis to the other. But a society as such can never study or investigate anything. (Of course I admit the dual co-operation of two complementary beings, on which you justly lay great stress, and which has proved so fruitful in your and your fellow-worker’s literary productions.)

“In *The Perfect Way*, App. V. 23,¹ I read (there are three gates of sense), ‘The gate of the eye, the gate of the ear, and the gate of the touch.’ If you consider smell and taste as mere modes of touch, the vision and hearing must likewise be regarded under that category, all sense-perception implying some sort of contact (molar, molecular, or atomic) between interior and exterior. Is not your tripartition somewhat arbitrary?

“But it would be pedantic to dwell on such details, which, I can assure you, in no way lessen my admiration for these unique writings. Such an apophthegm, for instance, as that which follows the verse just quoted, is so sublimely true that it matters little whether the physiological analogon that underlies it is a trias or a pentas.

“Have you ever heard of Professor Jäger in Stuttgart, who has written a book on the discovery of the soul, and who tries to prove that the sense of smell is the highest, most refined, and immaterial of all the senses, and that, if a soul could be physically perceived, it would be through that sense alone? From a purely scientific and ‘astral’ point of view, the olfactory perception is a most mysterious phenomenon, since it reveals to us matter so highly attenuated that

¹ *I.e.* The First Edition of *The Perfect Way*. (See n. 2, p. 33 *ante*.) The reference is to verse 28 of Anna Kingsford’s illumination, “Concerning the Great Work,” given in full in *Clothed with the Sun* (No. V.).—S. H. H.

one might almost call it dematerialised matter, or perhaps 'radiant' matter, as Mr Crookes calls it. The eye can only see *surface*, but the sense of smell seems to reveal the 'essence' or intrinsic quality of matter."

My reply to his criticism on our tripartite division of the senses elicited a cordial acceptance of the explanation. That explanation was as follows :—

Smell, taste, and touch involve contact with the object itself that is perceived, no matter how finely divided it may be, as in the case of smell (which entirely does away with Professor Jäger's hypothesis, which represents the fallacy of mistaking the infinitesimally small material for the spiritual, dematerialisation being an altogether different thing from minute subdivision). The other two senses, sight and hearing, involve contact, not with the object itself that is perceived, but with vibrations set up by that object in an intervening medium, such as the luminiferous ether, or the atmosphere.

According to the teaching received by us, Cerberus, the three-headed dog, the conquest of which is the last and crowning feat of the spiritual Herakles, is the body, whose three heads are these three true senses. In its highest aspect this "labour" consists in the indrawal of the body from the physical into the spiritual to its complete dematerialisation, and constitutes the "ascension of Christ." See *The Perfect Way*, viii. 22, etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES

IN the intervals passed at home this winter and spring Mary wrote [in her diary] a number of meditations of very profound character, on the mysteries, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, and others, at a length which admits only of a few brief examples here. They form a valuable confirmation of the declaration of St Augustine : “ That which is called the Christian Religion existed among the ancients, and never did not exist, from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion which already existed began to be called Christianity.”

February 24 [1884].—The Holy of Holies in the Tabernacle corresponds to the King’s Chamber of the Great Pyramid, and the Mercy-Seat to the Coffin.¹ Both the Holy of Holies and the King’s Chamber represent, then, the Final Dispensation and the reign of Christ ; in other words, the kingdom of God. The Mercy-Seat and the Coffin represent the Christ-Nature, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ ; and the word Mercy denotes that the basis and the most characteristic feature of that nature is Mercy to all creatures.

It is the Fourth Generation that shall enter into the King’s Chamber. Then shall be the making-known—the Gospel of Interpretation. “ Behold, I will make all things new.” The Fourth Generation is the “ King’s Daughter, all glorious *within*, whose raiment is of wrought gold.” Mary Magdalen, who came early to the Sepulchre, while it was yet dark, and Esther, who stood in the Ante-Chamber waiting for the king, typify the time immediately preceding the kingdom of God on earth. They are types of the Woman who shall come, as we are told, to bring to the new Church the balm of good tidings, as Mary brought the sweet perfume to the Sepulchre before the rising of the day. But neither Mary nor Esther were permitted to touch the Lord, that is, to embrace Him in His fulness. “ Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended ” ; that is, the kingdom is not yet fully revealed, the glory of God is not yet fully manifested. And Esther drew near and touched, not the king, but the top of the

¹ For plans of the Tabernacle and of the Great Pyramid respectively, see *The Perfect Way* (Fourth Edition), pp. 246 and 334.

golden sceptre which he held out to her. They were of the Ante-Chamber; they entered not into the kingdom; and they are types of the Woman who shall usher the world into the Ante-Chamber of the Pyramid; who shall come while it is yet dark and ere the sun be risen upon the earth.

The outer open court of the Tabernacle, containing the brazen Altar and Laver, corresponds to the descending passage of the Pyramid, and extends from Noah, the Covenant of the Flood, to Moses. The Covered House corresponds to the commencement of the Ascending Passage; it contains the seven-branched Candlestick and the Table of Shew-Bread; this is the Second Generation. The Third Generation is the Christian. It extends from Jesus to the first dark and low passage symbolising Materialism. It is typified by the grand gallery which corresponds to the Sanctuary of the Tabernacle containing the Golden Altar. According to this, the Mosiac and Christian Dispensations make One Covered House, divided into two parts: the first the Holy Place, the second the Sanctuary. Then comes the Veil, corresponding to the Ante-Chamber, which Veil is fourfold, Blue, Purple, Scarlet, and White, corresponding to the entry to the Dark Passage No. 1; then to the entry to the Ante-Chamber; then to the entry to the Dark Passage No. 2; then to the entry to the King's Chamber. The Veil and the Holy of Holies compose the Tent, and together make up the Neck and Head, the Fourth Generation ushered in by Esther and Mary Magdalen.

Shrovetide, February 26, 1884.—The Kabalistic and Hermetic secret regarding the Moon is one which throws a flood of light upon the Gnostic theory connected with Materialisation, and the hidden meaning of certain Hebrew and other Myths.

In the Kabala we find the tenth Sefirah dejected from the triple enumeration which connects all the other nine one with another; and we learn that this separation and isolation is on account of the peculiar function and character assigned to the tenth Sefirah. This Sefirah—Malkuth by name—is in the Kabala denominated as the Wife of the Microprosopus, the Moon, the Spouse, the Church, the Virgin, the Ark, Matrona. Now it is said concerning Malkuth that she is Actuality. Things that exist in the First Nine Sephiroth only potentially—that is, that *are*, and having no subsistence outside of the Formless Worlds, or Worlds of Pure Being—are made actual, visible, and manifest by Malkuth. She brings into action and effect virtualities of Cause. Hence she becomes Fate, under which aspect the Kabala ascribes to her the power of Fixation of the Volatile. All the other nine or Great Gods, by virtue of their purely spiritual character, are simple potencies; that is, they are throughout, in the nature of their Being, absolute and undifferentiated, and although capable of expression under many modes, and of application in many degrees of power and splendour, the homology of each is invariable, and the Idea presented single and invariable. But in the tenth Sefirah we have a duplex nature, a nature possessing *two* characters, positive and negative, which, translated into astrological language, present themselves severally as Good and Evil influences. The Kabala says:—"The upper part of the Wife of the Microprosopus is called Leah, the Wife of Israel, and the lower

part is called Rachel, the Wife of Jacob." The Greeks said of the Moon, that in her beneficent aspect she was Artemis or Phœbe, and in her malignant aspect, Hecate.

In the Greek mysteries of Eleusis, Demeter, the personification of Intelligence, seeks Persephone (the Soul) throughout *nine* days in vain; but on the *tenth* she meets Hecate, who tells her that she has heard the cries of Persephone, and knows that she has been ravished from the upper spheres into the nether world. After Persephone's restoration, Hecate becomes her constant attendant, and the former passes two-thirds of the year in the upper, and one-third in the lower, states. Hecate was said also to accompany the souls of the dead; and wherever crime, especially murder, had been committed, her influence as an avenging Goddess was paramount.

All these parables become plain the moment we understand that Malkuth, or Luna, represents *Karma*. Of course, Karma has two faces, according to the character of the soul or postulant.

As the Earth in the process of individuation throws off its satellite or Moon, so Man in process of individuation throws off his Karma or Fate, and fixes it as his constant attendant and control, whether for good or for evil. Thus his Karma or Genius, personified, becomes his Initiator, and follows and precedes him through all changes. The good face, or face of Artemis, reflects to him the Divine Light of her brother, Phoibos; the dark or evil face is to him a portent of malignant influence; it is the face of Hecate the Avenger.

And so also says the Hebrew parable. Jacob is the human soul, whom his mother, Rebekah—the same as Demeter, Intelligence—sends into a far country, remote from his father's house—the lower world into which the Soul descends—and there he falls in love with Rachel, the Moon in her good aspect, and longs for this beautiful influence. But no sooner does he think to embrace her than he finds himself face to face with Leah, the evil Karma. And it is told him that he must first expiate his time with her before he can be rewarded with the blessing of Rachel. Thus the wife of the Soul has a twofold aspect, and throughout the story the alternation of his relations to both continues. Joseph, the Prince and Genius of the *Spiritual* Egypt, and the reputed Father of the Christ, is, of course, the offspring of the good Karma of the Soul.

It is thus not difficult to see how a materialising tendency in occult mysteries would readily convert Malkuth into an evil influence. The more spiritual science is, the more it tends to dwell on the Good and on the Beautiful; and the more material science is, the more it lowers itself to association with evil and hideous influences. Hence wicked and irreligious men are often superstitious, and dread spectral monitions, fluidic apparitions, and ghostly terrors, simply because the Moon smites them by night. And their evil life brings upon their souls the avenging arm of Hecate Triformis, she who as a horse is swift, as a dog is sure, and as a lion implacable. These souls fear the Lunar power, and in their terrors of hellish influences may be discerned their secret and interior man's foreknowledge of the evil Karma which they are building up against themselves in other lives to come.

Until the Soul falls into matter, she cannot, of course, have any

Karma. Karma is the appanage and result of Time and of Manifestation. The Blessed are free of Fate; therefore Malkuth, the tenth Sephirah, is otherwise called Actuality. For that is Actual which is done in Time and is subject to the three tenses. The world of Malkuth is the world of Form, or of Effects; the other Sephiroth inhere in the Formless worlds of pure Causes. Observe that Demeter, searching for her lost Daughter, seeks in vain for nine days and nights. She visits the nine Abodes of Heaven, and inquires of all the Gods in turn. The Soul, precipitated into Hades—Matter—has entered the world of Effects, and is no longer to be found in the world of pure Causes. She has come under the domain of Fate, of Actuality, of Leah; and it is therefore Hecate alone who is able to reveal her whereabouts to Demeter. Then, by the aid of Hermes, or, as Orpheus says, of Bacchus, Demeter recovers the lost one. Of course, Hermes and Bacchus, in this connection, represent the same idea—the Spirit, the Divine Particle, by which the Soul is finally redeemed from Matter; that is, the Christ, descending into the very jaws of Hades to rescue the “Souls in Prison” (St Peter).

Hence the idea of certain occultists, who are not divine Seers, that evil Souls and decaying Egos actually *go to the Moon*; that is, to the physical Satellite. This notion is, of course, a corrupt and materialised form of the kabalistic doctrine just stated. Malkuth is not the physical Moon, but the archetypal idea of the Moon; and the relation of this Archetype to the Soul is the relation of cognates, whereas the relation of the physical Satellite to the Soul is an incongruous one, for it involves a relation of two things which are not cognates. The kabalistic doctrine, of course, compares like with like, and preserves the affinity of Similar. The teaching of the mere occultist is unscientific, and creates confusion of substance. “The woman shall not lie with the beast,” says the sacred book; that is, the spiritual can hold no legitimate and intimate relation to the physical. It is for this reason that the idea of the redemption of the Soul by means of physical blood-shedding is an impossible and a blasphemous idea, and that a physical incarnation of God is absurd in esoteric science. Such physiological processes can have no relation to the Soul; they represent the physical, and cannot be brought into effect as spiritual realities. The Soul is unaffected by them; they belong to Time, not to Being.

All kabalistic ideas are Primaries; they stand for Actualities, not of Time but of Mind; they are substantial ideas, and not their reflects translated into the *objectiva* of Matter. Whoso reads the Secondary and the Reflect where the Primary and the Original is intended, may indeed be an occultist, but he is not a mystic,—an epopt.

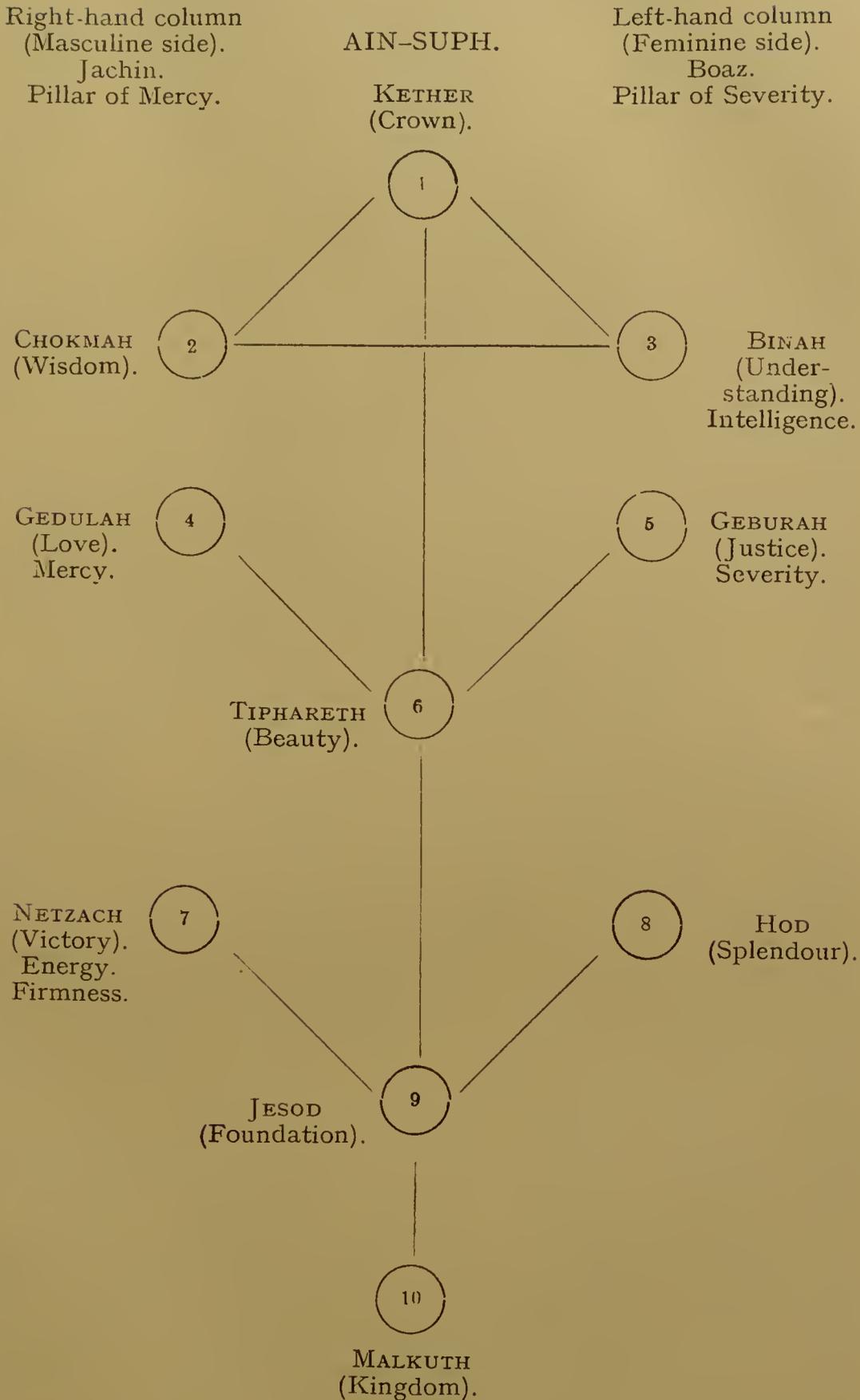
Malkuth to the servant of God is Rachel, the beautiful, the loving, the gracious. The pure soul may be safe in her keeping, for the Moon is favourable unto those who love God. Precious things come forth from the Moon. Artemis is the Patroness of the chaste and virginal,—that is, of the soul undefiled with the traffic of the flesh. In this kindly aspect Malkuth is Isis the Initiator, the Enlightener, the Good Genius, because through a beneficent Karma we become enriched with the wisdom of the past, and the light thereby shed upon

our souls lights up their dark recesses and revivifies our interior reminiscences. And this light of the kindly Isis is the reflected or duplicated light of Heaven ; its original source is Adonai, the express image of the Effulgence of God. For the Soul has nothing but of the Original Essence, and through her own justice she sees the Justice Divine. Therefore to the pure Soul the Moon is pure, and her silver glory is the radiance of Heaven itself. And for this reason the Kabala says that Malkuth is the root of the Tree of Life. The tree of Life is the transverse bar of the tree of Good and Evil.

The Triads of the Kabala are three. The first is Kether, Chokmah, and Binah—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit (feminine). The second is Gedulah, Geburah, and Tiphareth. The third is Netzach, Hod, and Jesod. Now if the original Duality of the Kabala, Ain-Suph, the Father-Mother, be taken as the root of the Triads, we should have a primary Trinity of which the third term [Kether] would be the first of the second triad. The Christian doctrine has adopted the order just recapitulated. But there is a higher and more purely Kabalistic and Hermetic view, which is as follows :—The first Triad would thus be [Ain-Suph, Kether] Father, Mother, Son. In the second [Triad], the son [Kether] becomes the Father, and we have the order Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In this second Trinity, the last term [Binah], that is, the Spirit, is feminine, and this was the case with the Gnostics. The Hebrews always read from right to left, consequently the Kabala places Ain on the right side. The right-hand column, Jachin, is the masculine column—Wisdom, Love, Energy ; the left-hand column, Boaz, is the feminine column—Understanding, Justice, Strength. The synthetic Sephiroth are Thought, Beauty, Motion (or Time), and Fate—the root of the Tree of Life. Note that thus [*i.e.* with Ain-Suph] we have twelve numbers in place of ten. And this represents the higher and complete Kabalistic reckoning.

Kether (Zeus), who in the first Trinity is the Son, is called in the Kabala the I AM ; The Personality. He is Adon, the Lord. But the manifestation which takes place by Him is completed only in the evolution of Chokmah and Binah, Son and Spirit, because, says the Kabala, Volition, which is a product of personal self-consciousness, needed for its evolution a dual concurrence. Chokmah represents the Effulgence, potential in Adonai, but presenting itself only in its dual aspect Light and Heat in the double procession of masculine and feminine principles. Therefore Binah, the Holy Spirit, is called the *House* of Wisdom, the Fire self-consuming, the *Face* of the Sun. Chokmah, or the Son, is Wisdom itself, is Light, is the Sun. The Spirit therefore proceeds *through* the Son, and is called the Daughter by opposition with Suph, the Mother of the first Trinity. Chokmah, the Son, is God as Creator, “By whom He made the Worlds.” But Adonai (Kether) could not make the Worlds by Wisdom unless Wisdom were dualised with Intelligence ; for as male and female are the Image of God, it must be the Duality, and not the Unit, by whom Creation occurs. This Holy Spirit, therefore, is in the Son and through Him, and both are in Adonai, the Lord. Adonai is the First Effulgence, the Light shining in Darkness, hence He is called Krishna, the Black Colour. He is the Invisible Light, the first Emanation of Ain-Suph. Chokmah is His expression in the attribute of active

THE SEPHIROTHIC TREE OF LIFE



DIVINE NAMES.

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 11. Aheich, I Am. | 5. Eloah, the Almighty. | 9. El Chai, Mighty Living One. |
| 12. Jah. | 6. Elohim, God. | 1-10. "Adam Kadmon," |
| 13. Jehovah. | 7. Jehovah Sabaoth. | "the Archetypal Man." |
| 14. El, the Mighty One. | 8. Elohim Sabaoth. | |

or bright Effulgence, the Radiance of Concentration. Kether is Thought, Chokmah is Wisdom, the outcome and essential attribute of Thought. Thus the Second Triad represents Thought, Wisdom, Intelligence. And of these the first term—Thought—is synthetic or containing; hence it is the transverse beam of the Triangle, Wisdom and Intelligence representing the analytic or composite principles. The Intellectual Trinity is the highest formulate; the primary Triad is abstract and purely essential—thus Being (Ain), Essence or Principle (Suph), Thought (Kether). Thus is conceived the Idea primary of the Subject—Absolute.

February 27 [1884] (Ash Wednesday).—The Kabalistic order and function of the Principles (Sephiroth) are formulated by the Zohar in the Adam-Kadmon. The Adam-Kadmon is the Pentacle, the five-rayed star. It is the eidolon of the prototypal Humanity. The right side of the Pentacle is Male; the left is Female—Jachin and Boaz. There is, then, in the centre of the Pentacle a Tree; which Tree is crossed-barred; one beam representing the Tree of Life, and the other beam the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. The root of the Tree of Life is in Malkuth: its summit is in Ain-Suph. The transverse beam is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the centre-point of which is in Tiphareth (Aphrodite). This Tree is the Tree of Time and Order, and it divides the Pentacle into upper and lower. Malkuth (the Moon) is out of the Microprosopus altogether: hence she is isolated and is the ultimated opposite of the Ain-Suph. Reflects are upside down; hence Malkuth reflects the lower half of the Microprosopus as the upper, and the higher as the lower. Hence Leah (Hecate) is the upper half of the lunar sphere, and Rachel (Artemis) is the lower half thereof. Mundane order (which is lunar order) reverses the heavenly order. The Synthetic or Containing Principles among the Sephiroth, are indicated in successive logical order on the centre perpendicular of the Adam-Kadmon. They are from the Apex downward: Mind, the original personality (Kether); Heart, the original concept of Beauty (Tiphareth); Time, the synthesis of generation (Jesod); and Fate, the synthesis of Humanity and resultant of generation (Malkuth), proceeding from it. The last two are Chronos (Saturn), and Malkuth, the double-faced Artemis. In the Adam-Kadmon all the synthetic or containing principles are thus superposed on a single line, as Brain, Heart, Generative Organs, and their resultant or fruit—Actuality or Fate, dejected from the Microcosmos as Product. The Tree of Knowledge has its pivot in the Heart, or point of balance between Good and Evil, the point at which the Soul (Eva) emerges from Sense into the Gnosis. All below this line of knowledge is sensible and rudimentary. Aphrodite represents the boundary between the upper and the nether. The order of the Principles on the central perpendicular is alternately male and female, Mind, Heart, Generation, Product. The Principles on the right of the Pentacle are of Male function and correspond in character and dignity to the synthetic horizontal which resumes and categorises them. Thus, from the highest synthetic Principle, Mind, flows on the right side Wisdom, and on the left Intelligence. This is the highest or Intellectual Triad. Its counterpart on the moral plane is the central Triad, whose synthesis is Heart (Beauty), whence proceed, on the right side,

Love, and on the left, Justice. But Love itself is but the extension of the highest Being (Ain), as Justice is the extension of the highest Essence (Suph). Love in perfect Justice may therefore be said to be God the Supreme. And thus it is to be observed that the Second or Moral Triad is a more direct procession from the highest and interior summit of Divinity than the primary or Intellectual Triad, because the *direction* of the Second Triad is identical with the Divine impulsion, but the direction of the Intellectual Triad crosses that of the Divine. The Third Triad has for its synthetic Principle, Generation or Time, spoken of in the Kabala as the "Leviathan of the Deep," that is, the Devourer, or the Serpent. Its analytic and formulative Principles are, on the right side, Energy or Contest (Ares), and on the left side, Strength, Might, Endurance (Hera), sometimes Glory, the King's daughter. Strength is but an extension of Intelligence, the female principle of the Intellectual Triad, and Energy is the extension of Wisdom. The affinity between the first and third Triad is, therefore, as complete as that between the second and unmanifest. Hence we learn that Goodness is the primary direction of Being, and that Intellect is the primary direction of dynamic or physical world. The Divine impulsion is that of Righteousness morally understood; the human impulsion is that of intellectual balance. The Woman Principle, or Heart (Maria, Aphrodite) is therefore more immediately Deific in intention than the Male Principle or Brain (Zeus, the Crown).

In the Dynamic or Third Triad, Netzach (Ares), is the basic principle of the struggle for life, of the Evolution-theory. But all the Principles, it must be borne in mind, are Archetypal Ideas; Malkuth alone—the product or seed of Generation—gives them a Double Actuality in Existence, for Fate is the Daughter of Time.

February 28 [1884].—Religion, according to the Gnostics, must be founded, not on historical facts, but on ontological ideas:—the true meaning presented by Christianity under an historical veil. The motto of the Gnostics might be exactly given in the words of Fichte: "Men are saved, not by the historical, but by the metaphysical." The meaning of the term Gnosis, as applied to a system of Philosophy, may be illustrated by the language of Plato towards the end of the fifth book of the *Republic*, in which he distinguishes between knowledge (*γνώσις*) and opinion (*δόξα*) as being concerned respectively with the real (*τὸ ὄν*) and the apparent (*τὸ φαινόμενον*). When to this distinction is added the further explanation that the objects of sense, the visible things of the world, belong to the class of phenomena and are objects of opinion, while the invisible essence of things, the One as distinguished from the Many, is the true reality, discerned not by Sense but by Intellect, we shall be justified in identifying Gnosis with that apprehension of things which penetrated beyond their sensible appearance to their essence and cause, and which differs in name only from that Wisdom (*σοφία*) which Aristotle tells us consists in a knowledge of First Causes or Principles.

Ain-Suph (*τὸ ἀπειρον*, that which has no limits) is the highest of all possible abstractions, an incomprehensible unity, having no definite existence, but virtually comprehending within Itself all existence, all that is emanates from It and is contained in It, for as It is infinite, nothing can exist beyond It. At first there proceeded

forth (from Mind) a masculine or active potency designated Wisdom. This Sephirah sent forth an opposite, a feminine or passive potency, denominated Intelligence, and it is from the union of these two, who are called the Father and Mother, that the remaining Sephiroth proceeded (Ginsburg).

The Ophite Gnostics represented evil as emanating from Good as a transient phenomenon in the action of the mundane soul ; and evil thus becomes a necessary moment in the rhythm of existence. The Fall is thus a stage in the process of man's elevation to spiritual life. Hegel, in his *Philosophie der Religion* (Werke XI., p. 269), says : " The state of innocence in which there is for man no distinction between good and evil, is the state of the brute, the unconsciousness in which man knows nothing of good nor of evil, when that which he wills is not determined as the one or the other ; for if he knows nothing of evil, he also knows nothing of good. . . . We find in the Bible a representation called in an abstract manner the Fall, a representation which in its great depth is not a mere accidental history, but the eternal necessary history of mankind represented in an external mythical manner." Evil, according to Basilides, is no other than a phase in the world's development. Valentinus, in explaining how Spiritual Being gives Existence to Matter, does not content himself, like Plato—whom in other respects he so closely follows—with assuming as the germ of the natural world, an unformed matter existing from all eternity ; this would be to assume two independent principles, the Deity and Matter existing in contrast to each other and therefore neither of them the One Absolute. Valentinus commences with one sole spiritual Being, and the material must in some way be evolved from It. He adopts an hypothesis which is virtually that of Pantheism ; the material world has *no real existence : it is but the shadow or reflection of the spiritual*. " In proportion as consciousness becomes definite and limited, and therefore unable to comprehend the Absolute in its fulness, in the same proportion it becomes conscious of an inability, a limitation, a something hindering complete knowledge. As spiritual knowledge becomes fainter and less complete, this indefinite negation of knowledge becomes stronger and more intense, till at last the substance and the shadow change places, and the mere limits to the consciousness of the spiritual assumes a definite existence as the material. . . . All finite existence, first spiritual and then material, though seeming to have separate and substantial Being, is but a mode of the Absolute, becoming gradually more definite and concrete as it becomes more limited and further removed from the primitive Absolute. Real existence is the relation of subject to object, the objective existence becoming more unreal as the development increases definitely, and finally culminating in the grossness of an apparent matter, opposed to thought in nature as well as in relation. The relation of the Ego to objective existence is therefore a seeming relation of subject to object, and is unreal."

(From Dean Mansel's *Gnostic Heresies*.)

[Buddha said] " And whosoever, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto themselves and a refuge unto themselves, and shall betake themselves to no external refuge, but holding fast to the Truth as their lamp, and to the Truth as their refuge, shall look

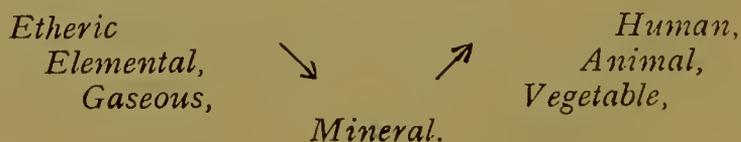
not for refuge to anyone besides themselves, and shall betake themselves to no external refuge—even they among my disciples shall reach the very topmost height. But they must be anxious to learn.”¹

March 20 [1884].—There are Seven Planetary States—not planets, as certain Theosophists so-called vainly imagine—through which the Ego must pass. This truth is typified by the Seven Circuits of the river Styx around Hades. Hades is the underworld of the inner microcosmic Adytum, and a river—as says Olympiodorus—is a figure of Life. Life, then, passes seven times around the Hadean sphere, and is the Mother of four children, Zeal, Victory, Strength, and Power. Styx, the river of Life, or Hadean Life—that is, Existence—is called in Greek the Hateful, because this earthly existence is indeed hateful in comparison with that eternal and serene ocean from whence it flows and into which it returns. So Styx is said to be the daughter of Oceanus, the great Water of Eternity surrounding the earth—that is, the world of emanation. She flows, it is said, from the tenth source of this ocean—that is, from Malkuth, the tenth Sephirah or Power. Malkuth is that which makes visible, Actuality or Fate, the dual-faced Moon. For this reason Hecate, who is the evil aspect of the Moon (Leah), was regarded as the dominant power of Hades, and sacrifices were offered to propitiate her by all who had reason to fear the vengeance of the Erinyes, or who desired to invoke the powers of evil. And for this reason also Hecate is introduced in the Mysteries informing Demeter (Intelligence) what had become of Persephone (the Soul). For by the descent of the Soul into the lower world, she fell under the power of the tenth Sephirah, and this is the power of the Moon.

Styx as Existence united to the Elements (Pallas the Giant) brings forth four successive results of spiritual development, and these she presents to Zeus (Adonai) to assist Heaven against the Titans. The Titans are figures of the Powers of Nature, which are deified by those who know not God, and who thus become the rivals of and rebellers against Zeus. It is a picture of the contest between Materialism and Idealism, the Titans representing the irresponsible blind Forces at war with the moral and spiritual attributes of Man. The strife rages in the Hadean world as well as in the upper Macrocosmal region. The war of the Gods and the Titans reproduces the Eastern allegory of the strife between Ormuzd and Ahriman, and between the devils and the angels. But the Titans are not evil, and must not be confounded with the Devil. The Devil is void and negation, the Not-God, Nihilism and outer darkness. The greatest of the twelve Titans is Chronos (Time), identical with Satan. For Satan is Time, a Power, and that the mightiest of the natural world, the beginner of the Dynasty of Creation. For Creation is in Time, and Chronos is the Lord thereof. He is the Prince of the Power of this world, the Avenger and Destroyer. But he is a Son of Heaven (Uranus), and Father of the Gods, because the Soul, whose function it is to cognise the Gods and Principles, springs out of Mind, and has her birth, therefore, from that vehicle which only cognises the Powers of Nature. The whole story of the successive despoliation of Uranus, of Chronos, and the wars of their respective armies are parables of the

¹ Mahâ—Parinibbâna—Sutta.

succession of circles in the Evolution of the Styx (Life). In fact, the Titans are figures of the world of Generation, and Styx herself is said to be a Titan, wife of a giant. Oceanus, the father of Styx, is the oldest of the Titans, and signifies therefore the link between the worlds of Emanation (Heaven) and of Earth (Gē). Each time the River of Hades completes a circle of the worlds of Generation she takes a higher plane. The first spiral is the Etheric world, a condition immergent in Matter and Time, but in which the transition is chaotic. Malkuth is the tenth source of the extra-mundane Ocean, and the sphere she dominates is the eighth. This eighth sphere is no other than the caldron of Hecate and of Medea. In it are the *débris* of the dying and ancient worlds; out of it springs the New World. It is Chaos. The world which arises immediately out of this caldron is called the Etheric. It is the first in the planetary chain. Consider that this word "Planet" signifies "Wanderer." All the worlds of Generation are scenes of Pilgrimage or of Wandering; and as they reappear again and again in successive rounds, they are themselves "Wanderers." A planet, in occult phrase, is therefore nothing more nor less than a station. The Soul passes from one to the other through the whole chain of seven worlds (or stations) in order. Of these "worlds," four are subtle, three are gross. Three of the subtle are on the downward path, one on the upward. But when the last is reached, then the whole circle is begun over again on a higher spiral. The first world, going outward, is the Etheric. This is subtle. The next is the Elemental, also subtle, but less so than the Etheric. The third is the Gaseous, less subtle still. These three are the fluidic worlds. Then comes the first world of dense matter—the Mineral. Therein the lowermost and outermost of the worlds is reached, and the spiral turns. The next world is on the upper and reverting line; it is the Vegetable, the first organic station, and less material than the last. Then comes the Animal, the last of the material or gross worlds; and the next is subtle again—Man. But this last is on the spiritual spiral, for the turn is taken between the Animal and Man. This is the first cycle of the Styx. The next is Spiritual or interior, and the whole operation is again repeated. The outcome of this last spiral is Christ. Then a third time the spiral is run through on the plane of the personal and transcendent state, with the result of Transmutation as the seventh station. During these rounds, four Powers are begotten in the Soul, and these finally overcome the Titans, and dwell for ever with Zeus (Adonai). They are Ardour, or striving Zeal, belonging to the purified passionate nature; Triumph, or Victory, belonging to the volitional nature; Strength, or Fortitude, belonging to the intelligent nature; and Power, belonging to the psychic nature. These are saved and redeemed principles, surviving the wrack and wreck of the dross which is destined to be swept into Hecate's caldron, for the building up of new worlds. These principles are the offspring of Styx, and are caught up to the Throne of God.



These seven worlds compose the Lower Triangle of the sacred hexagram. When a man begins the life of Thought, he goes all round the seven stations again, and ends at the state of Christhood. Every man must attain this state *potentially* before he can enter the Heavens. The man who realises it *actively* is a Jesus. It is necessary in one's own heart to be willing and able to be a Jesus ; but to carry the will into actual deeds is to attain to the third and highest circle, ending in transmutation. There are many subordinate rounds in the chain. You may number them until seventy times seven if you will. Or if you find it clearer, instead of arranging your seven planetary stations as a triangle, which, of course, is only arbitrary, you may arrange them as a succession of islands with a stream—the river of Life—flowing around each. But remember always that all numbers are arbitrary symbols. All these seven worlds are included and intended in the phrase, " Worlds of Form."

July 19 [1884].—To the question, " Have we been elementals ? " we should reply, " We are elementals in our Jiv-atma or life-soul." For the worlds represent Seven Principles ; and these principles, all of them potential in the first or Etheric world, are evolved in order. So there was a time when we were only two, then three, then four, then five, then six, and we shall be seven (fold). All the seven are in the One, but they are displayed in order. Therefore we have in us actually, and the world has in it actually, the Jiv-atmic Forces. It would be equally a mistake to say, " We have been animals or plants." For we *are* animals and plants now, in certain parts of our nature, as we are also mineral and gas in certain parts. But there was a time when we stopped at gas, when we stopped at mineral, or plant, or animal. The " We " that went through all these phases is the Selfhood, and in Nature the Mundane Soul. Two principles descend into Nature—Dionysos, or Spirit, and Persephone, or Soul. Persephone is Malkuth (or the daughter of Malkuth) ; Dionysos is Binah (Bi-mater). Now, as the three, Father, Word, and Holy Spirit, flow through the Upper Triangle, manifesting the Ensoph ; so in the Lower Triangle, three flow through the worlds,—the Spirit, Dionysos, resuming the Trinity ; Water, or Substance, the Soul—Malkuth ; and the Bloods, or Elemental Powers, the Nephesh dwelling in the bloods, as distinguished from the Ruach and the Neshamah. Dionysos is Jekedah, the Spiritual Word, or Logos, of the Man, called also Chokmah (Wisdom), Nous. Persephone is Neshamah, the Soul ; Ruach is Athena, but Athena under the aspect, not of the mere *anima bruta*, but of Intellect. Athena is represented as the guardian and patron of horses, and hence is called Hippias. Horses signify the Intellect. She is also a warlike Goddess, demolishing chimeras and vindicating Zeus (the Reason) in all disputes. She takes an active part in the war with the Titans, entombs Enceladus (in Etna), and slays Pallas, the winged giant ; hence her name Pallas-Athena, by which this achievement is immortalised. Thus the Intellect is the antagonist of mere rudimentary forces. He who sides with the Titans is against Athena, *i.e.* is deprived of Intellect or Reason. As Hermes slays Argus, the astral power, so Athena slays Pallas ; that is, the mind developing overcomes the blind instincts of the merely animal man. Athena, Poseidon, Hephaistos, and Demeter are said to be elemental Deities,

but they are not thereby classified with the Titanic elementals. The Air, Water, Fire, and Earth personified by the Gods are the archetypal and celestial elements, not the mundane. As Air is the breath of Jiv-atmic forces, so Intellect is the breath of the Soul. In the world at large she is the pure reason of things, controlling the working of the Titans. She has in charge the heart of Dionysos. So then Spirit, Mind, and Life-force flow through the worlds together. Persephone is the mundane consciousness flowing from Malkuth, the Tenth Source of the Ocean. She is not, therefore, the Sixth Principle, for she contains this and all others, developing each principle in turn according to its order. Persephone is the Collectivity of the Principles, and therefore she is called the World-Soul, as including all these. The Water that bears her along is that of Existence, Styx, whose daughter she is therefore sometimes said to be. Persephone was carried off in the chariot or car of Pluton; this chariot is another figure of Styx (Existence).

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE HERMETIC SOCIETY

MARCH [1884] witnessed the arrival in England of the Founders of the Theosophical Society.¹ Colonel Olcott was the first to arrive, Madame Blavatsky having elected to remain awhile in Paris. One of his first acts was to hold a meeting for the purpose of initiating new members. We were present at the function, but failed to be greatly impressed by the solemnity. Indeed, the President-founder seemed anxious to relieve the occasion of any undue amount of feeling of the kind. Among other things, he explained that the expression in the initiation formula, "*Ab Oriente lux*," which signifies "Light away from the East," was a mistake for "*Ex Oriente lux*," which means "Light from the East." But as the mistake had been made, it had not been considered worth while to correct it.

There was a melodramatic element in the first appearance of H. P. B., which for us seemed altogether incompatible with any sense of seriousness. The occasion was the Lodge meeting at which our successors were to be inaugurated, and to show our acquiescence in the change, we attended it. By all but a few who were in the secret, Madame Blavatsky was believed to be still abroad. But during the meeting the whisper went round that she had unexpectedly and mysteriously arrived, and would presently appear. The excitement of the devotees was, of course, intense on finding themselves about to be brought face to face with so miraculous a personage. And it culminated when, on entering the room, she authoritatively bade Mary and myself to present ourselves to her, and then peremptorily bade us to shake

¹ The object of their visit to England was to compose the division that had been set up in the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society. It was then that the two parties first became acquainted with each other. (See E. M.'s letter in the *Unknown World* of March 15, 1895.)—S. H. H.

hands with Mr Sinnett, and let bygones be bygones for the sake of the universal brotherhood. Meanwhile she fixed her great eyes on us, as if to compel us by their magnetism to obey her behest. Making myself spokesman for us both, I remarked to her, firmly but quietly, that repentance ought to precede forgiveness. Let Mr Sinnett do his part, and we should not be slow to do ours. At this unexpected opposition her eyes flashed yet more powerfully on us, especially on Mary, who, as presumably the weaker vessel, might be expected to yield the more readily. Of course neither of us was in the smallest degree affected by her sorcery. And the President, seeing that Madame was courting a fiasco, approached her and said that he would not have her trying to magnetise Mrs Kingsford. The rest of the evening was passed in conversation more or less amicable, curiosity and amusement being our dominant sentiments. And in the issue, being unable to reconcile ourselves to their programme [and in deference to the general desire for officials devoted wholly to the Eastern teachings], we withdrew from [our positions of President and Vice-President respectively of]¹ the Lodge, and sought an independent platform for our own teaching. The result was the formation of the Hermetic Society, in which we had the concurrence and assistance of the Theosophical Society Founders and several of its members, their desire being to make it a separate Lodge of their own Society. This, however, to our satisfaction, proved impracticable, owing to the issue of a rule prohibiting membership of more than one Lodge at a time.² The Hermetic Society was therefore established on

¹ Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland did not at first sever their connection with the Lodge, but remained members thereof, with the double object of examining any further teachings that might be received from the East, and effacing personal antagonisms. At the close of the year, however, they took the further step, and resigned their membership in the Lodge. (See p. 221 *post.*)—S. H. H.

² A charter was, in fact, granted by Col. H. S. Olcott, the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, to the new society, which was to be known as the Hermetic Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and members of other Lodges were to be eligible for admission to the Hermetic Lodge without renunciation of any previous affiliation: and on April 9, 1884, a meeting for the purpose of inaugurating the new Lodge was held at C. C. Massey's Chambers, Col. H. S. Olcott presiding. But owing to the issue almost immediately afterwards by Col. H. S. Olcott of the above-mentioned rule prohibiting membership of more than one Lodge at a time, and as some of the members of the Hermetic Lodge were also members of the London

an independent basis, with Mary as its President. Throughout the whole course of the contentions our valued friend, C. C. Massey, had proved himself a wise counsellor and indefatigable supporter, and he now threw himself heartily into our new enterprise, having found himself compelled to sever his connection with the Theosophical Society on account of certain incidents which failed to find satisfactory explanation.

Diary.—May 11, 1884. Early in the morning, or rather in the night between the 9th and 10th of this month, Friday and Saturday, Death carried from me my last little friend. Now I have no pet. Friday the 9th was the day of our inaugural meeting of the Hermetic Society, at Captain Lloyd's house. And Piggy died before the next dawn. I envy her, almost, lying very quiet and still now under the ground in the garden at home. For A. took away the corpse that same day.

I am still in the self-same puzzle in which I was this time last year at Montreaux. There seems to me to be no way out. And now I have a Society for discussion; perhaps we may be able to arrive at some sort of conclusion thereby. I do not yet know, myself, exactly what it is we seek to gain in this Society. I do not want to be a Teacher, arrogating to myself all authority and illumination. I want light. Perhaps the best way will be to have discussion days on the subject of some paper previously read. What we really seek is to reform the Christian system and start a new Esoteric Church. When once this is started it may go on indefinitely, as does the Exoteric Church.

To Lady Caithness.

“ 21 HENRIETTA STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
“ May 12, 1884.

“ DEAR FRIEND,—Will you kindly send me the title and publisher of the book on Masonry that I read when I was staying with you in Paris a year ago? I mean the book containing pictures of the various signs, grips, ceremonies, etc. I hardly dare ask you to *lend* me the book, because I know how much you value it, and how rare it is; but probably, if it is at all procurable in England, I might be able to get a copy through some collector. The Pope's recent denunciation of Masonry makes me anxious to investigate more closely than I have hitherto done the details and purport of the craft; for I *think* I have discerned the cause of the enmity borne

Lodge and had no desire to sever their connection with it, it became necessary to make the new adventure outside of the Theosophical Society; and at a meeting held on April 22, 1884, it was unanimously resolved to surrender the charter affiliating the new Society to the Theosophical Society, and to reconstruct it independently of that organisation. It thus became possible for members of a Lodge in the Theosophical Society to remain in or join the Hermetic Society without severing their connection with the London or any other Lodge of the Theosophical Society.—S. H. H.

by the Catholic Church against the Masonic system. I believe it is nothing more nor less than the ancient feud between Judaism and Christianity. Yesterday I had a long conversation with a Mason, and am convinced that the main object of the craft is no other than the perpetuation of the Jewish system and religion. It is fundamentally opposed to the very spirit of the Catholic Church, and especially to the worship of our Blessed Lady. It is materialistic and male, and radically subversive of spirituality and womanhood in its supremest sense.

“ Our Society (the Hermetic) was inaugurated on the 9th with good success. Colonel Olcott was present, and expressed his sympathy with our intention and objects. But we want to *get known*. Sometimes I think that the truths and knowledges we hold are so high and so deep that the age is yet unable to receive them, and that all we shall be permitted to do is to formulate them in some book or books to leave as a legacy to the world when we pass away from it. The truth we have is far in advance of anything the disciples of Madame Blavatsky and her Gurus possess. They know only the Lower Triangle of the Seal of Solomon ;¹ and this, again, is all that the Masons or the Buddhists know. This Lower Triangle is Solomon’s Temple, which the Masons are always engaged in ‘ rebuilding.’ But that which has been expounded to us, and which we hold in trust for the age to come, is the secret of the Upper Triangle—‘ the city not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.’ Do not talk about this to Madame B. ; she cannot know it ; she is an occultist, not a mystic, and she is incapable of comprehending this Upper Triangle.

“ I like Mohini Chatterji. I think he knows *more intuitively* than Mme. B. is capable of knowing. I have had two hours’ conversation with him, and found him instructed and intelligent. I think him honest and free from malice, so far as I can judge. Do you know anything of chiromancy ? If you do, ask to see Madame’s hands. —Your most true and affectionate friend,
ANNA K.”

“ LIVORNO, May 6, 1884.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Some five or six weeks ago I sent you my first instalment of thanks for your welcome and valuable letter of March 3, and for your photograph enclosed therein. I think photographs should always be exchanged by correspondents who do not know each other ; it brings them nearer than the mere exchange of written thoughts, and the sun-printed features speak more intelligibly to us than the chirographic characters, typical though these may be.

“ Since my return to Leghorn I have received the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 26, which you were kind enough to send me, and which contained the interesting account of an interview with Madame Blavatsky. The Russians are a terribly clever people, but while the men are only vulgarly acute, *i.e.* eminently fit for outwitting others, the women have, or seem to have, a more elevated form of intelligence, often combined with considerable soul-power. I have had Russian friends in my youth, and I have known some most imposing specimens of Russian womankind, but I never knew how much of what

¹ The hexagram, or double triangle.

I admired in these women was due to genuine genius and depth, and how much to mere '*esprit*' and imitativeness and mercurialness, which is sheer want of selfhood or typical *ὀύσια*. Far be it from me to decry or even to doubt the extraordinary qualities of Madame Blavatsky. Nor is it her epistolary correspondence with the Thibetan Mahatmas, regardless of spatial distance, which puzzles me, such things fitting perfectly into my metaphysics. But her remarks on 'Zanoni,' on 'Vril,' and on the 'Coming Race' induce me to believe that she is not a mould, but only wax craving for a mould, and that her receptivity or impressibleness is greater than her spontaneity or selfhood. That would not disqualify her for certain forms of mediumship. On the contrary. In fact, if *Isis* could be unveiled (which I humbly deny), and if it were lawful or becoming for human hands to draw the veil, such a woman's hand might do the deed. But only her *hand*, not her mind.

" 'We reverence Gautama Buddha,' she says (according to her interviewer), 'because he alone of all religious teachers orders his disciples to disbelieve his own words if they conflict with true reason.' Why, then, reverence Gautama Buddha beyond all others, if the supreme authority is 'true reason'? This lands us only on the platform of citizens Robespierre, Danton, and Marat; on the altar of *La Déesse Raison*, with the guillotine as its symbol of the *salutaris Hostia*. Or it may land us on the Baltic shores of my native town, Königsberg, where Kant erected the fences and the bulwarks of 'Pure Reason' against the inroads of speculation, Religion, and Mysticism.

" It is Madame Blavatsky's own reason which she reverences 'above all Mahatmas,' and as her reason must be the reason of all reasonable people, it is Reason itself, Kant's Pure Reason, *La Déesse Raison*, which she reverences and adores. And I ask, How can reason unveil *Isis*? The curtain could not be pulled by such an agency; and if it yielded, the indiscreet maiden would be struck blind, like that youth of Laïs who crept into the Temple by night. To enshrine the mystery and then to unveil it is like 'eating the pudding and having it too.' To enshrine the mystery and then to enshrine Pure Reason is like eating the pudding without having paid for its materials. I have to apologise for these low similes, but I feel strongly on the point. I lie prostrate and awe-stricken before the mystic altar, and I know what I am about. Gautama Buddha need not whisper to me, 'Test the mystery by thy "pure" reason, and throw away whatsoever does not stand the test.' How much more clear-headed was the kabalistic Paul, who bluntly bids us take our reason prisoner under our faith!

" I like to use my reason, and more particularly do I delight in mathematical sport. I have wasted much time on the Theory of Numbers, on Complex Functions, and on the Differential Calculus, but the tool becomes absolutely useless when I have passed the threshold of the Temple. There is no room there for criticism. The only instrument available there is one's concrete self in its entirety, which either affirms or negates, either adores or despairs.

" In those sacred halls, it seems to me, there ought to be no discussion. There need not be absolute silence, but that which craves utterance there cannot adequately utter itself in argument.

“What is Mystery? The answer is: *Si quæris, nescio; si non quæris, scio*. Therefore, do not ask, *Fuge quære*? And is not this the divine mission of *Art*, to give utterance to the unutterable? The child, the poor in spirit, and the sage may join in choral chanting, though they can join in nothing else.

“Death has often been called the great leveller, before whom there is no inequality, no differences of rank. But is not our *ignorance* as great a leveller as Death? On the plane of transcendent truth we must all *lie low* as in our graves, though prostrate rather than recumbent. If you object that we crave articulate utterance and rational speech even on that exalted level, I would reply, that such utterance would have to take the form of preaching and dogmatic teaching, but never of polemical discussion, of criticism or apology. The subject-matter is too ethereal to bear discussion, or rather to be affected by it; and much of the critical and apologetic acumen displayed in the great controversy now pending seems to me to be like the stabbing of ghosts.

“That is the beauty and also the strength of the Masonic Lodges, that the *Venerabile* itself is never discussed: it is symbolically represented, and looks as if its hidden truths were reserved for the Adepts of the highest grade; but, somehow, nobody ever reaches the highest grade, and there is no deceit, no prevarication, in all this.

“Let me now tell you that I have read and re-read and thoroughly studied the four remarkable pamphlets which have appeared since Mr Sinnett’s book, and which you were kind enough to send me. Six weeks ago I thanked you for the act of giving; now I thank you for the gifts themselves, and with a full knowledge of their value. My indebtedness to you can only be measured by the intense intellectual pleasure I have felt in reading those pamphlets.

“If I delight in mathematics, my love for metaphysics is equally great; only I could not call such occupation sport, since more than one mental faculty are engaged in it. There is a charm, an irresistible charm, in this projecting of transcendent truths on the reticulation of human dialectics; and I believe this mental embroidering is a legitimate, and even a salutary, occupation.

“Yet we should not forget that we remain outside the Temple withal, and that Isis *cannot* be unveiled either in this or in any other way.

“Mr Massey has, with consummate skill, pointed out the characteristic differences between the theistic and materialistic world view. He has shown that evolution in the theistic view, being a mere *procedure* from the *involved* pre-existent to the evolved manifested, has nothing mysterious or transcendent in it; whereas the materialistic evolution is an incomprehensible generation of the higher from the lower, and as such illogical. Now, this latter assertion seems to me incorrect. The individual never pre-exists, not even as a potential individual: it pre-exists neither in the ovulum nor in the sperma, but its ingredients pre-exist, and that scattered or divided between the male and female parent. The ovulum that produces Cajus might have produced Sempronius if the father had been another man.

“The ordinary Darwinistic evolution (of modern science) is objectionable on other grounds, but not because it assumes the evolving of the higher from the lower. This objection could only be raised

against the *generalis spontanea*, which is a downright miracle. But what would be a miracle on the material plane is an ordinary possibility on the spiritual plane. Jupiter's thigh could not bring forth Bacchus, but only supplement Semele's gestation; but Jupiter's brain brought forth Minerva, and that full grown and in full armour. On page 21 of your *Reply to Subba Row* I find one of the most important arguments in this whole controversy. It may be yours, or it may be Kapila's, but it is a profound and fertile thought, which opens up an intellectual vista not dimmed by anything except its own immeasurable length. The *division* of the evolutionary high-road into a downhill road and an uphill road is an argument which, it seems to me, has not been dwelt upon sufficiently. Without reconciling the theistic and materialistic views, it certainly brings them nearer, by showing that there is room for both downward and upward developments on the same evolutionary chain.

" In Schopenhauer's quasi-Buddhistic philosophy we find a similar *apparent* breach of continuity in the chain which begins with the Unconscious, and which goes on, evolvingly, until quite suddenly the flash of *conscious* Intellect lights up the universe. Schopenhauer's ethics are sublime and pure, but dogmatically his system is like most forms of Buddhistic philosophy, not only *atheistic*, but also *akosmic*. If the Unconscious is the Beginning, and the *nirvânic* Unconsciousness the end, what is the use of going through the farce of this evolutionary waltz, which ends where it began, and which ought not to have begun at all, and which can only be pardoned in consideration of the Unconscious not being accountable for its primordial fidgets ?

" I believe this teleological argument against the ' objective ' view (as Mr Massey calls it) is stronger than the would-be logical one about the non-pre-existence of the higher *evolendum*.

" But both the theistic and the materialistic views have one great difficulty *in common*, and that is the Beginning, the *premier pas qui coûte*. Mr Massey might have acknowledged this more explicitly, but he certainly has not tried to hide it.

" The materialist, beginning with the *Unconscious*, can knit the whole chain except the first link, there being no motive in the unconscious unit for action or for dualising. The theist begins with the conscious Personality, and the conscious Ego being already dual (Subject-Object, as Schelling calls it), the evolutionary process has no difficulty even at the outset. But the difficulty lies here *behind* the first link : can the *primum* be a dual, or can anything dual be the Primum ?

" It is as easy to say ' yes ' as ' no,' but the ' yes ' is infinitely more satisfactory, and in harmony with the constitution, not of our mind, but of our concrete self. The Ego *craves* an Ego-God. Nor can I see why that God should not be extra-mundane, considering that we stand here on mystic ground, where the miserable categories of our grammar-bound logic may not be valid. The Primum, whether conscious or unconscious, must be the *Causa Sui*; and is this formula, though Cartesian, not the mystery of mysteries ? We have the same in every system. Even Pythagoras, whose first was the ἀπειρον or Indeterminate unit, has it determined by the πέρασ (or Limit); but whence did he get this second ? And does not the Fourth Gospel

begin, without the slightest embarrassment or apology, from the Dual of God and the Logos ?

“ I would suggest, let us all openly acknowledge this. Whether scientific materialists or speculative gnostics, we must start from and bow before a primordial mystery. That is the narrow ground on which all *must* agree, while on all other questions they can only agree to disagree.

“ In the Beginning lies the Unknowable. In the remainder both views are *logically* admissible, and the choice becomes (*si'l venia verba*) a matter of *taste*. A person that chooses the materialistic view may remain my friend as long as he says, ‘ I cannot help it, but cursed be the day of my birth ’ ; but a person abiding smilingly by this choice, and missing nothing, becomes a stranger, an enigma, to me.

“ You and Mrs Kingsford were unquestionably right in blaming Mr Sinnett's needlessly materialistic phraseology. As a mere recipient of traditional lore, he might claim a more lenient judgment, provided the lore has not suffered by the transmission.

“ The ultimate question is, Why should the East and West unite ? We are all Aryans, and can learn from each other, but why should Christianity go more than half-way to meet its older but dreamy and fantastic sister ? I venture to think that, to satisfy our metaphysical cravings, we need not go farther east than to Alexandria, to John, to the Gnostics, to Proclus. Let the *Iseion* become our common temple, guarded as it is by Sphinxes and emblems of silence. It seems to me finer than the grotesque Pagoda, which is filled and surrounded by fumes of opium-dimming consciousness, lest it might despair at the view of a godless and soulless Void. Where is the Gospel of mercy there ? It may be implied in its dreamy lore, too, but it is not asserted explicitly. And, considering that we cannot *empirically* find God either in Nature (which is heartless) or in History (which is vicious), but that the only things divine we know of empirically are the impulses of mercy and compassion, of suffering with and for others, this tenet should be made the foundation, or the centre, or the apex of a religion, instead of remaining a mere ornament of its structure.

“ The last number of the *Zoophilist* brought out a beautiful article against vivisection, emanating from the Brahma Somaj. Apparently Western Christianity is put to shame by such Hindoo utterances. But what has Christianity to do with vivisection or with Western culture ? Europe has discredited Christianity, which is altogether non-existent as yet.

“ I have received the French Statutes of the Theosophical Society, I believe from Madame de Morsier, together with a prospectus of the *Theosophist*. I may become a subscriber to the latter, as soon as I have found a new home. As to the Theosophical Society, I cannot, in the present state of things, make up my mind yet as to whether it would be compatible with my views on the uses of association for non-combatant purposes to solicit the honour of membership.

“ Meanwhile I follow your researches and your controversies with the liveliest and keenest interest. I shall feel most grateful to you for every glimpse you may hereafter allow me to get of the wonders of Thibetan lore, although thus far I have felt no inducement to

leave *The Perfect Way*.—With sincere regards to Mrs Kingsford, I remain, ever yours truly,
E. GRYZANOWSKY."

Diary.—June 3 [1884], Paris. I have come here for the Anti-Vivisection Congress, or rather Conference, which begins to-morrow. Matters look very gloomy for the cause of justice since the Pasteur investigations began. It may be that discoveries partially beneficial really may be made by this horrible system of inoculating madness and death. All the severer the ordeal for those who keep a perfect heart and a clear eye. And now dear old "Uncle Sam" [Samuel Ward] is gone to the other side. I shall not see him any more, nor hear his genial, gracious voice. It is difficult to realise—the death of a friend. Friends only die very, very slowly. Sometimes I think it is as well to have no friends. It is always through the affections that we suffer. "Uncle Sam" died on Monday the 19th May. I had known him barely one year, and yet he had become part of my life, and was bound up with all my thoughts about the future. It seems to me that he cannot be dead; that some day he must return to us, and bring me, as was his wont, a basket of fruit or a bunch of roses. What will he be—this dear old man—in another life? He is a relative of mine now, acquired by my Karma, and I feel sure in another birth we shall be of one kin.

How keenly, as one grows older, the idea enforces itself on the heart that all the events and experiences of this life are but *Maya*! How clearly one sees that all the light of this world is but a false radiance, and that all its seeming realities are the tricks and shows of illusion! Nothing *is*; everything passes, flits by, and vanishes.

From C. C. Massey to E. Maitland

"July 16 [1884].

"I had a note from Olcott this morning. He seemed greatly pleased with his visit to Mrs Kingsford. No doubt she will soon be 'the Goddess' with them again, as she was with Sinnett a year ago! As to their attitude towards yourself, perhaps you are right; but that, too, is a question of times and moods, and meanwhile your equanimity is not likely to be disturbed. And now that troubles are menacing on account of 'the old Lady,' other people's depravity will throw yours into the shade. I, who have been the spoilt child of the theosophical movement up to now, may be discovered to be a very wicked wretch, if not a Jesuit.¹ We all have to take our turns at this sort of thing in the 'Brotherhood.' . . . As to amalgamation of the Hermetic with the Christo-Philosophical Society, I think that is a measure to be kept in view, and more likely than anything else, if it can be brought about by *bringing them to us*, to extend our connection in a very promising quarter—I mean the advanced Christians who are seeking to reconcile their denomination and calling (in the case of many of the clergy) with a more interior reading of the faith. This section of the Church is at present

¹ This is an allusion to a charge made against us to account for our action in reference to the Theosophical Society. We were alleged to be "agents of the Jesuits" on the authority of occult knowledge!—E. M.

an unknown quantity, but I believe already a very considerable and an increasing one. It only needs a rallying-point, and if we could give them that, the Society would soon be a great power. Of course the Christo-Philosophical is only a nucleus, and it is languishing for want of definite direction. Find it that, and I believe there would be a great draught of fishes into the net, whichever name it had. A 'Speculative Church Reform Society' would be as good as any other, perhaps; but anyhow that is what the Hermetic Society has got to be, if it taps that spring at all. It struck me almost immediately after Mrs Kingsford announced her lectures on the Creed, which at first, I own, I did not at all like the idea of. It seemed too much like putting new wine into old bottles, and, in short, not quite the sort of thing 'Hermetists' would look for. But then it occurred to me that if she really can show to the progressive minds in the Church that the esoteric doctrine is signified by the historical form and embodied in the Creeds, and that this historical faith is not really Christianity, but just its vehicle, then that truth might be seized upon, and might unite hundreds of influential minds in its propaganda. I mean that the lead might thus be given to a movement of real importance in the Church, and one which might re-ally it to philosophy. . . . Our movement is one of many. If it meets *the* want, the public will find us. With many others I feel that there are mighty spiritual forces vibrating beneath the surface of thought at present, and they *must* rush to the right outlet. But my faith is not *yet* strong that our Society will be the one to introduce to the world its needed revelation. For we know what is to precede that. 'Lo, here; and lo, there.' However, be that as it may, I recognise in you two a power, and I should like to see the most made of it."

In a subsequent letter to me he wrote:—

"I must tell you how much I like your last letter in *Light*. It would be impossible to express the true issue more clearly and tersely than in your sentence, 'The controversy turns upon the method and intention of Scripture, and how far religion is addressed to the senses or to the soul.' And the same remark applies to the earlier part of the letter equally well. I was really quite grateful to you for that statement, *à propos* to which there is a suggestion perhaps worth considering. It is said of Jesus, 'And except in parable spake He not unto them.' Is not this a hint, as it were, to us that this is the method of Scripture itself? Would there not be an inconsistency in the world being treated with more unreserve than the disciples themselves?"

The news of the formation of the Hermetic Society elicited the following gratulatory expressions from Baron Spedalieri:—

"Your promptness in acquainting me with the result of your *séance* has satisfied my most eager desire. Thanks with all my heart.

"I can well believe that the resolution to establish a new society with the auspicious title of 'Hermetic' is as great a satisfaction to you as to me. You will thus be delivered from an *entourage*, turbulent and disaffected, from which you must, sooner or later, have

parted. You will now be free to work to proclaim your glad tidings, *urbi et orbi ad majoram Dei gloriam. Sursum cordam.*

“ I thank Mrs Kingsford for having placed me in relation with Lady Caithness, who has honoured me with two charming letters. But I believe our correspondence will stop there. *The Perfect Way* and your correspondence have made me exclusive and *intransigent*. I can truly say with Caliph Omar, that if others write what is not in your books, I do not care for it; if it is there, their writing is superfluous. I turn away, then, from the praisers of the Mahatmas, ‘ possessors of great secret truths,’ of Swedenborg, of Boehme, and from the writer who complains in *Light* that you take no account of these authors. When, after long years of research and study, one has succeeded in finding that truth so much sought and longed for, it is distressing to see persons who ought by all means to rally exclusively to it wandering and dissipating themselves over strange doctrines. You have opened my interior sense. The light has shone forth and illumined it. I can now say, *Hic est requies mea*, and sing *Nunc dimitte Domine*. Why, then, should I seek elsewhere? ”

The objects of the Hermetic Society were set forth in its prospectus¹ as follows :—

“ The designation of this Society was chosen in conformity with that ancient and universal usage of the Western world, which, regarding HERMES as the supreme initiator into the Sacred Mysteries of existence, has identified his name with the knowledge of things spiritual and occult.

“ Its objects are at once scientific, intellectual, moral, and religious.

“ Its chief aim is to promote the comparative study of the philosophical and religious systems of the East and of the West; especially of the Greek Mysteries and the Hermetic Gnosis, and its allied schools, the Kabalistic, Pythagorean, Platonic, and Alexandrian,—these being inclusive of Christianity,—with a view to the elucidation of their original esoteric and real doctrine, and the adaptation of its expression to modern requirements.

“ The knowledges acquired will be applied, first, to the interpretation and harmonisation of the various existing systems of thought and faith, and the provision thereby of an *Eirenicon* among all Churches and communions; and, secondly, to the promotion of personal psychic and spiritual development.

“ To these ends the Society encourages and undertakes the publication of ancient and modern Hermetic literature, and invites its Fellows to further its efforts on this behalf by subscribing for the Works issued, by actively co-operating in the general purposes of the Society, and by contributing to the promotion of its special objects.

“ In carrying out these designs, the Society accords to its Fellows full freedom of opinion, expression, and action; and in regard to doctrinal questions, recognises reason and experience alone as affording legitimate ground for conclusion.”

¹ *I.e.* the revised prospectus. For the prospectus as originally issued, see *Light*, 1884, p. 186.

The meetings for this session were held at the residence of Captain Francis Lloyd, Grenadier Guards, 43 Rutland Gate, the first being on Friday, May 9. And in token of the foundation of the Society having taken place on St George's Eve, the President made the legend of St George and the Dragon the basis of an exposition of Hermetic doctrine, in the course of which she showed that it was one of many allegories of identical import. For, as the Dragon of the sacred myths of old was always Materiality, and the Princess exposed to it was the Soul, so the Knight who rescues and finally carries her off in triumph as his bride to heaven is always, directly or by delegation, Hermes, the angel of the understanding of divine things, by whose aid alone the soul is enabled to surmount the sense-nature and man realises his Divine potentialities. Applying this to the present age, she said :—

“ In the revival of the Hermetic philosophy now taking place may be seen at once the token and the agent of the world's deliverance. For it means the supersession of a period of obscurity by one of illumination, such that men can once more rise from the appreciation of the Form to that of the Substance, of the Letter to that of the Spirit, and thus discern the meaning of the Divine Word, whether written or enacted. Such recognition of the ideal as the real signifies the reconstruction of religion upon a scientific basis, and of science upon a religious basis. So long as religion builds upon the mere facts and phenomena of history, she builds upon a sandbank, on which the advancing tide of scientific criticism is ever encroaching, and which must sooner or later be swept away with all that is founded upon it. But when she learns the secret of Hermetic, that is, Esoteric interpretation, then, and then only, does she build upon a rock, which shall never be shaken. Such is the import of the term ' Peter,' which, as one with Hermes, properly denotes not only rock, but interpreter.”¹

My contribution on the occasion was a sketch of the history and character of the Hermetic philosophy, which was followed by a discussion, the chief feature of which was an account given by Colonel Olcott of the origin and aims of the Theosophical Society, and of the derivation of its teaching from the sages of the East, whose methods and doctrines, he said, were purely Hermetic—a definition which we recognised as altogether excluding Mr Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*.

¹ For Anna Kingsford's exposition of the legend of St George and the Dragon, see the story of St George the Chevalier in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* (Third Edition), p. 288.

At the second meeting [on May 19], I read a paper on Revelation as the Supreme Common Sense, meaning that the consensus or agreement which it represents is that, not of all men merely, but of all parts of man ; of mind, soul, and spirit ; of intellect and intuition, combined in a pure spirit and unfolded to the utmost. There is no contradiction between Reason and Revelation, provided only it be the whole Reason and not the mutilated faculty which ordinarily passes for such, for that represents the intellect without the intuition. And it is precisely the loss or corruption of this last which constitutes the Fall, the Intuition, as the feminine mode of the mind and representing the soul, being mystically called "the woman."

At the third meeting, which was on June 12, Mary gave the first of her promised course of papers on the Credo of Christendom (the Apostles' Creed), and in the course of the session she gave five further lectures on the same subject, dealing with it clause by clause.

In her first lecture, dealing with the first clause,—“ I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth,”—after affirming the universality and antiquity of really Catholic doctrine, and its identity with that of the sacred mysteries of all countries from the beginning, she showed the fallacy involved in the conventional anthropomorphic conception of Deity, and the necessity to a rational system of thought of a substratum to the universe which is at once intelligent and personal, though in a sense differing from that which is ordinarily implied by the term ; the Divine personality being that, not of outward form, but of essential consciousness ; and creation, which is manifestation, being due, not to action from without, but to the perpetual Divine presence and operation from within : “ God the Father ” being, in the esoteric and true sense, the original, undifferentiated Life and Substance of the universe, but not limited by the universe, and Himself the potentiality of all things.

The subject of her second lecture, which was given at the fourth meeting on June 19, was the second clause of the Creed : “ And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord ; who is conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.” Concerning this clause, she said that in insisting upon the esoteric signification as alone true and of value, we are but reverting to the ancient and original usage. It is the acceptance of the Creed

in its exoteric and historical sense which is really modern. For all sacred mysteries were originally regarded as spiritual, and only when they passed from the hands of properly instructed initiates into those of the ignorant and vulgar, did they become materialised and degraded to their present level. The esoteric truth of this article of the Creed can be understood only through a previous knowledge, first, of the constitution of man, and next, of the meaning of the terms employed in the formulation of religious doctrine. This doctrine represents perfect knowledge of human nature, and the terms in which it is expressed—"Adam," "Eve," "Christ," and "Mary" and the rest—denote the various spiritual elements constituting the individual, the states through which he passes, and the goal he finally attains in the course of his spiritual evolution. For, as St Paul says, "these things are an allegory"; and in order to understand them it is necessary to know the facts to which they refer. Knowing these, we have no difficulty in recognising the origin of such portraiture and in applying it to oneself. Thus "Adam" is man external and mundane merely, yet in due time developing the consciousness of "Eve" or the Soul—for the soul is always the "Woman"—and becoming a dual being consisting of matter and spirit. As "Eve," the Soul falls under the power of this "Adam," and becoming impure through subjection to matter, brings forth Cain, who, as representing the lower nature, is said to cultivate the fruits of the ground. But as "Mary," the Soul regains her purity, being said to be virgin as regards matter, and polarising to God, becomes mother of the Christ or Man regenerate, who alone is the begotten Son of God and Saviour of the man in whom he is engendered. Wherefore Christ is both process and the result of process. Being thus, he is not "*the* Lord," but "*our* Lord." *The* Lord is Adonai, the Word, subsisting eternally in the heavens; and Christ is his counterpart in man. And no Christ on earth is possible for him for whom there is no Adonai in the heavens.

The entire spiritual history of man is thus comprised in the Church's two dogmas, the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. For they have no physical reference, but denote precisely that triumph and apotheosis of the soul, that glorification and perpetuation of the individual human ego, which is the object and result of cosmic evolution,

and consummation of the scheme of creation. As may be supposed, this paper was followed by a conversation of unusual interest, in which a large number of Fellows and visitors joined, the chief point of discussion being the extent to which the Gospel narratives represent an actual personal history, and the value attaching to such history if real.

The following and fifth meeting, on June 26, was devoted to a paper of mine on "Mystics and Materialists," in which I showed how dense was the ignorance and prejudice of the treatment accorded by the materialistic school to Mystics and Mysticism, and described the issue between the two parties as of the most tremendous import, being nothing less than the nature of existence, the constitution and destiny of man, the being of God and the spiritual world, the possibility of revelation, and the validity of the religious sentiment. Respecting all these, I said, the mystics claimed to have affirmative experiences of a kind absolutely satisfactory, they themselves being, by reason of their character and eminence, entitled to full credence. For the order to which they belonged comprised the highest types of humanity, and in fact all those sages, saints, seers, prophets, and Christs, through whose redeeming influence humanity has been preserved from the abyss of utter negation in respect of all that makes and ennobles humanity, and these have uniformly declared that the passage from Materialism to Mysticism has been to them a passage, physically, from disease to health; intellectually, from infancy to manhood; morally, from anarchy to order; and spiritually, from darkness to light and from death to life—even life everlasting. And none who had made that passage had ever been known to wish to retrieve his steps. And as it was through the loss of the intuition that the world has sunk into the materialism now prevailing, so it will be through the restoration of the intuition, now taking place, that the world will be rescued and redeemed.

The remaining lectures, with one exception, were all given by Mary, and that one, the sixth, was given by Mr Arthur Lillie, the subject being Indian Yoga.¹ Careful abstracts of our own

¹ The following are the dates and subjects of Anna Kingsford's six Lectures on the Credo of Christendom:—

June 12, 1884 (Third meeting). First Lecture, on the clause "I believe in God," etc.

lectures, made by myself, were published in *Light*; and among the recognitions received from persons who read them there was the following from one whom we regarded as far and away the most advanced of them all in mystic and spiritual knowledge—Baron Spedalieri, who wrote to us as follows respecting Mary's interpretations of the Creed:—

“ MARSEILLES, August 21, 1884.

“ DEAR AND HONOURED MADAME,—DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—Eliphas Levi was right when he told me that humanity needed not a new Revelation, but rather an explanation of that which it already has. This explanation would, he said, be given in the ‘latter times,’ and would constitute what he called the ‘Messianisme.’ The illuminated Guillaume Postel predicted likewise that the ‘latter days’ would be distinguished by the comprehension of the Kabala, and of the occult books of the Hebrews.

“ You—the New Messiah—you are now accomplishing this double mission, and you are doing it in a manner veritably *miraculous*. For I cannot otherwise explain to myself how you have been able to acquire an erudition so exalted and a knowledge so deep that before it all human intelligence is dazzled. No initiation in any anterior state of existence suffices to explain this wonder. Moreover, the doctrines you expound relate to facts posterior to the ancient mysteries, and were therefore unknown to the initiates of remote ages.

“ Nothing was ever known or written by any of the Christian Mystics, whether St Martin, Boehme, Swedenborg, or any other theosophists, comparable to your writings. Eliphas Levi himself would be astonished at your teaching, so logical, so reasonable, so consistent throughout, and so convincing; before which the mind can but incline and adore, and which have made and will make my only strength in the presence of death.

“ But this mission imposes on you a great duty. Time presses; the harvest of the earth is ripe. Why do you wait? Why confine yourselves to communicating to a small group of auditors that which ought to regenerate humanity: Why not at once publish these chapters on the *Credo*, and later the rest of your Hermetic expositions of the teachings of the Church? For then indeed the Church herself will for the first time learn with surprise how great a treasure lies buried under the materialism of her doctrines.

“ Prepared as I was by the study of *The Perfect Way*, your two

June 19, 1884 (Fourth meeting). Second Lecture, on the clause “And in Jesus Christ,” etc.

July 10, 1884 (Seventh meeting). Third Lecture, on the clause “Suffered under Pontius Pilate,” etc.

July 17, 1884 (Eighth meeting). Fourth Lecture, on the clause “I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church.”

July 24, 1884 (Ninth meeting). Fifth Lecture, further on the same clause.

July 31, 1884 (Tenth meeting). Sixth Lecture, further on the same clause.—S. H. H.

first lectures did not surpass my learning. But the rest have been for me a dazzling revelation. They have opened to me new and unexpected horizons: the splendour of the Kabala has been surpassed. I have thoroughly studied the *résumés* in *Light* in order to grasp the depth and breadth, and shall I say the originality? of your commentaries. Your explanations of the Seal of Solomon are new to me; but their profundity and truth have ravished my mind. I cried aloud as I read, 'How beautiful that is! How all the truth is there! Ah, my God, when will all this be published?'

"At last I have found the explanation of the planetary system of *Esoteric Buddhism*. But what a difference between the two! How simple is the truth, and how the reason is satisfied by it! Beautiful and accurate also is the distinction you draw between Mysticism and Occultism, whereby the superiority of the former is readily perceived.

"Dear and honoured friends, how can I speak of the great literary talent you have exhibited in the treatment of those most difficult subjects? You have placed them within the reach of every intelligence. You have handled them with admirable lucidity. All that I can say would be beneath the truth.

"With sentiments of the most profound and respectful attachment, I am your wholly devoted
SPEDALIERI."

Notwithstanding the arduous nature of our work in connection with the Hermetic Society, we had not neglected our crusade on behalf of our rudimentary brethren, the animals. In May we visited Exeter to take part in a public demonstration in the vegetarian cause, where Mary was the principal speaker; and in June we paid a hurried visit to Paris,¹ where she delivered an address in French, before the Society of which Victor Hugo was the president, in exposure of the pretences and methods of Pasteur, which was afterwards published in France. We stayed with Lady Caithness on this occasion, and Mons. V——, the president of the committee of the Society in question, called there upon Mary to obtain her consent to a certain change in its title and objects. It would have, he maintained, a far larger number of adherents if, instead of seeking to prohibit vivisection altogether, it sought only to prevent the abuse of the practice. This was a concession to the enemy to which she was absolutely opposed. The practice itself, she maintained, was an abuse, just like murder and robbery, and one might as well legislate against the abuse of these as against that of vivisection. To concede the principle was to abandon the cause. Vivisectors themselves might consistently join such a Society as that would

¹ See p. 193 *ante*.

be. Mons. V—— was a man of formidable proportions and aspect, and a notable controvertist. He had evidently no doubt of the result of his visit. The discussion took place in one of the suite of large reception-rooms for which the house is distinguished, being an old ambassadorial residence. I was present at the commencement, but withdrew to an adjoining room on perceiving there was to be a battle-royal, both sides being equally determined and positive; for I knew that nothing would be so likely to prevent a surrender on his part when he found himself worsted—as I was confident he would be both in argument and in resolution—as the presence of another man. To a woman alone he might yield, but not before one of his own sex. The contest raged loud and long, so that it seemed as if it would end only in the sheer exhaustion of one at least of the combatants, and the whole vast suite of apartments resounded with their voices as if each side were a host. After nearly two hours there was a lull and a hush. Then the door of the apartment opened in which I was sitting with our hostess, and the pair entered, showing palpable signs of heat and excitement, and on Mary's side a scarcely successful attempt to conceal a look of triumph. Then, addressing himself to our hostess, Mons. V—— said—

“ Madame la Duchesse, pour la première fois de ma vie, je suis vaincu en debat. Madame votre belle compatriote m'a battu.”

The formation of the Hermetic Society was speedily followed by a letter from the President of the Paris *Société des Occultistes*, stating that they had been compelled to break off their relations with the Theosophical Society, and proposing a conjunction with ours. The appreciation expressed by the writer, Dr Fortin, greatly surprised us by its warmth, considering the greatness of the gulf which separates the mystical from the scientific so called. But we felt that it was better for each Society of the kind to retain its independence, and accordingly agreed simply to exchange results with each other.

We had been warned that our attitude towards the Theosophical Society and its Masters exposed us to personal danger from the occult powers possessed by them, and some of the more ardent of their partisans had already expressed their surprise at our immunity from their vengeance. Certain incidents which occurred during our sojourn in London this summer

seemed to lend confirmation to the idea, of which the following is one :—

Mary was roused from sleep one night by a sound of rustling among some manuscripts which were on a table at the foot of her bed, and on looking to see the cause, beheld a dwarf figure, which she recognised as that of an elemental of the order of the Gnomes, or earth-spirits ; for it was costumed as a labourer, and carried a long-handled shovel, their distinguishing symbol. It was turning over the manuscripts as if looking for some particular paper, and muttering to itself in French. She therefore accosted it in the same language, sharply demanding its business, and bidding it begone. Upon which the imp looked at her in great surprise, as if not expecting detection, and exclaiming in the same language that it had made a mistake, took its departure.

On the following night I was aroused from a sound sleep by hearing her exclaim in great distress, “Caro! Caro! I am dying!” Owing to the distance between our rooms—for they were on different storeys and staircases—I knew that her actual voice could not have reached me, call as loudly as she might. I took it, therefore, for an interior summons, obeying which I hastened to her door, and knocking at it, asked if she was in want of anything, as I fancied I heard her calling out. Whereupon she presently exclaimed, “Oh! I am so glad you have woke me ; I was just being suffocated by a terrible nightmare.”

She had been much exercised about the experience of the previous night, owing chiefly to the circumstance that the goblin spoke in French, this being quite a novel feature to her ; and she could not help connecting it in some way with a visit she had on that day paid to Madame Blavatsky, in which they had chiefly spoken French together. The visit itself had been marked by an incident which we had discussed with considerable interest, and which was in this wise.

On calling at the house where Madame Blavatsky was staying, she found her on the point of going out for a drive, and instead of entering the house, complied with a message asking her to get into the carriage and wait there. Presently Madame appeared, with one of her Indian *protégés*, one M——, and the three went for a drive together, Madame being very cordial, and cheerful even to jocularity. After a while she referred to

the criticism we had written on Mr Sinnett's book, *Esoteric Buddhism*, quoting a sentence which she ascribed to Mary, and asking how she could say such a thing. To which Mary replied that she had said nothing of the kind, but quite the opposite. Whereupon, in order to prove herself right, Madame asked M—— for the pamphlet, saying she was sure he had it about him. This M—— denied, but, on her persisting, searched his pockets for it, but without finding it. At this Madame seemed disappointed, but presently regained her cheerfulness, and showed herself full of vivacious humour, much to Mary's delight, as she had heard so much of that trait in her character, but had never yet witnessed any exhibition of it. In the course of the drive the "Old Lady" proposed that they have some refreshment, and the party accordingly repaired to a confectioner's, and called for some chocolate. While sitting there Madame again recurred to the pamphlet, reaffirming her accuracy, and insisted on M—— again searching his pockets for it, saying in a tone of command, "I must and will have it." This time, after a short search, he produced it; upon which Madame exclaimed triumphantly, "There! you see! the Masters——" To which Mary responded by saying quietly, "That is very nice; now I will show you"; and taking the book, she found the passage, which proved to be as she had declared. Madame at once frankly admitted her mistake, saying she was very glad to find she was wrong; and the rest of the time passed pleasantly all round.

On coming home and telling me the story, Mary said that, even if she had believed there was a miracle in the matter, she would not have shown any surprise, as that would have been to credit Madame with a monopoly of thaumaturgic power. What she wanted, however, to do was to find a middle course between a miracle—in which she did not for a moment believe—and a barefaced trick, deliberately contrived and rehearsed to impose upon her. The explanation to which we inclined was this twofold one. Madame had been prompted, partly by her irrepressible love of fun, and partly by her desire to put Mary to a test to ascertain whether she was really a sensible person, or belonged to the category of those whom Madame had been wont to call her "domestic imbeciles," "flapdoodles," and the like names. It was the way of the Adepts in occultism to test their neophytes, and Mary took this as an ordeal simi-

larly devised to try her, and believed that her behaviour on the occasion had greatly raised her in Madame Blavatsky's estimation. In this view I was glad to concur, but could not help remarking that it was a serious risk for the "Old Lady" to run, whether as regarded her own credit or that of her cause, as the generality of persons would be apt to take a view less favourable to her. But then prudence was notoriously not her strong point, and, in fact, was the very last quality with which either her friends or her enemies would credit her. For she was a veritable personification of impulsiveness.

Knowing, too, as we did know, that for several years prior to the formation of the Theosophical Society she had followed the vocation of a professional spirit-medium, and knowing also the class of entity with which such persons are apt to be in relation, and the liability of sensitives to yield to sudden suggestions from such source, we were disposed to regard her peculiarities as representing a survival from her former vocation, and as due, therefore, to what she herself called "the spooks of the séance-room," rather than to any deliberate design of her own to deceive.

Having been interviewed by Mr W. T. Stead, then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mary wrote for that journal the following account of the Hermetic Society, which duly appeared, but under the misleading heading, "The Newest Thing in Religions":—

"The name of Hermes as the divine representative of the intellectual principle has ever in the Western world been associated with the study of spiritual and occult science, and with the knowledge of things hidden and removed from the reach of the superficial sense. Hence the very word 'hermetic' has, in common parlance, come to be applied to the enclosure and sealing up of objects which it is desired to preserve inviolate and incorrupt. The Hermetic Society, however, though, as its name implies, concerning itself mainly with the study of the secret science, is not a secret association. Its Fellows are bound by no pledges of silence, and use neither password nor sign. In a Society having a catholic object, and aiming at the inauguration of a school of thought which, though old in the history of the world, is new in that of our race and time, it is considered that a policy of exclusiveness would be anachronistic and out of place. Moreover, the origin and character of the Society are not of a nature to render secrecy either necessary or desirable. Composed as it is, not of initiates, but of students, and numbering in its ranks sound scholars and competent thinkers more or less intolerant of ecclesiastical methods and control, the

task which the Society has set itself is one for which it seeks and invites co-operation on the part of all able contributors to the thought of our day. This task involves the investigation of the nature and constitution of man, with a view to the formulation of a system of thought and rule of life which will enable the individual to develop to the utmost his higher potentialities, intellectual and spiritual. The Society represents a reaction that has long been observable, though hitherto discouraged and hindered from public expression by still dominant influences. Reaction is not necessarily, nor indeed usually, retrogressive. It bears on its wave the best acquisitions of time and culture, and often represents the deeper current of essential progress. The tendency of the age to restrict the researches of the human mind to a range of study merely material and sensible is directly inimical to the method of Nature, and must, therefore, prove abortive. For it represents an attempt to limit the scope and the possibilities of evolution, and thus to hinder the normal development of those higher modes of consciousness which mark certain advanced types of mankind. Reason is not less the test of truth to the mystic than to the materialist; but the mode of it to which the former appeals is on a higher level, transcending the operation of the outer and ordinary senses. 'Revelation' thus becomes conceivable. Only to thought which is absolutely free is the manifestation of truth possible; and to be thus free, thought must be exercised in all directions, not outward only to the phenomenal, but inward to the real also, from the expression of idea in formal matter to the informing idea itself. Our age, failing to comprehend the mystic spirit, has hitherto associated it with attributes which really belong not to mysticism, but to the common apprehension of it—obscurity and uncertainty. The Hermetic Society desires to reveal mysticism to a world which knows it not; to define its propositions, and to categorise its doctrine. And this can only be done by minds trained in the philosophical method, because mysticism is a science, based on the essential reason of things—the most supremely rationalistic of all systems.

“ The programme by which the Hermetic Society intends to regulate and direct its labours is a rich one. It comprises the comparative study of all philosophical and religious systems, whether of the East or of the West, and especially of the 'Mysteries' of Egypt and Greece, and the allied schools of Kabalistic, Pythagorean, Platonic, and Alexandrian illumination. The researches of the Hermetists in the direction of Christian doctrine are specially interesting, on account not only of the importance of the subject, but of the novelty of the treatment accorded to it. In the papers on the 'Credo of Christendom' now in course of delivery, the President deals with the historical element of our national faith as its accident and vehicle only, the dramatic formulation of processes whose proper sphere of operation is the human mind and soul.

“ These observations will suffice to show that the Hermetic Society is not more friendly to the popular presentation of orthodox Church doctrine than to the fashionable agnosticism of the hour. It represents, indeed, a revolt against all conventional forms of belief, whether ecclesiastical or secular, and a conviction that the rehabili-

tation of religion on reasonable and scientific grounds is not only possible to the human mind, but is essential to human progress and development. This line of thought was first introduced to the public in a work entitled *The Perfect Way; or, the Finding of Christ*, with the production of which it is an open secret that the present President of the Hermetic Society had much to do. The book consists of a series of lectures, delivered to private audiences in London in the year 1881, and published in the following winter. The subject chiefly handled in these lectures is the Christian tradition; and the Roman Church, as the principal and completest exponent thereof, is connected with and referred to the Hermetic 'mysteries' of Egyptian and Hellenic origin; the method adopted by the neo-Platonic school in expounding these being applied, in *The Perfect Way*, to the Christian revelation, as their descendant and heir.

"Students of the 'solar myth' have again and again demonstrated the fact that the dogmas and central figures of Christianity are identical with those of all other religious systems, and are probably all traceable to a common astronomical origin; but it was reserved for the writers of the book in question to define the esoteric significance of the solar myth, and to point out the correspondence subsisting between the symbology of the various creeds founded on the terms of this universal myth, and the processes and principles concerned in the interior development of the individual human Ego.

"The appearance of this book, it is asserted by those who claim to know, awakened the interest of the Eastern 'Adepts,' whom the Theosophical Society venerates as its leaders and masters; and the writers were invited by the London representatives of that Society to join its English branch in an official capacity. The views and aims of the two parties proved, however, to be in some important respects divergent. The writers of *The Perfect Way* found that their labours, though not inconsistent with personal interest in the propaganda of which Mr Sinnett is the accredited exponent, could not be carried on within the same organisation. Their paramount idea lay in the direction of the revival of Christian mysticism, as the form of theosophy best adapted to the genius of the European mind. In this view many readers of their book concurred, and thus, while friendly to much in the objects of the Indian Theosophical fraternity, the Hermetic Society has its *raison d'être* in the distinctly Western proclivities of its promoters. It has a mystic rather than an 'occult' character; it depends for guidance upon no 'Mahatmas,' and can boast no worker of wonders on the phenomenal plane. Its Fellows do not, as Hermetists, interest themselves in the study or culture of abnormal powers; they seek knowledges only, and these not so much on the physical as on the intellectual and spiritual level. Such knowledge must, they hold, be necessarily productive of good works. Hermetists are expected to be true knights of spiritual chivalry, identifying themselves with movements in the direction of justice and mercy, whether toward man or beast, and doing their utmost, individually and collectively, to further the recognition of the Love-principle as that involving the highest and worthiest motive and method of human action."

THE HERMETIC SOCIETY

“ *To the Editor of the ‘ Pall Mall Gazette.’* ”

“ SIR,—Pray allow me to remove the erroneous and unfavourable impression likely to be produced by your heading of the article on this Society in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of to-day. So far from being ‘ the newest thing in religions,’ or even claiming to be a religion at all, that at which the Society aims is the recovery of what is really the *oldest* thing in Religion—so old as to have become forgotten and lost—namely, its esoteric and spiritual, and therefore its true, signification. I had hoped that this had been made sufficiently clear in the article to prevent any misconception on the point. Thanking you for the publication of the article, and requesting the insertion of this important rectification, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“ THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.”

“ GARMISCH (BAVARIA), August 7, 1884.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you much for the two *Pall Malls* and the prospectus of your new ‘ Hermetic Society,’ which were forwarded to me hither after some delay. The disorder consequent upon the removal of my furniture to a magazine made it well-nigh impossible for me to give due attention to such subjects as were touched upon in your last communication of May 22, and even in these mountain retreats, which are just now filled with a restless crowd of excursionists and pleasure-seekers, I have had some difficulty in tuning my mind for theosophic harmonies. How little repose there is in this Western world of ours, and what a world of toil and drudgery it must be to induce such holiday excitement !

“ I was greatly and agreeably surprised to hear of the constitution of the new Society. I had received the Statutes of the London Lodge, and later the *Statuts de la Société Theosophique*, but of the actual secession of some of the London brethren, and of the foundation of a new and *independent* Society, I knew nothing ; and now that I have carefully read its prospectus, and the admirable commentary contained in your *Pall Mall* article, I cannot but congratulate you on this step. Your article is a masterpiece of persuasiveness, and so irresistibly plausible that my former objections to such forms of mental co-operation have grown weaker, and may at any moment be waived together.

“ It was a bold but salutary thing to proclaim the scientific dignity of Mysticism, and to vindicate the claims of Christian mysticism in particular. And what you say about the knighthood of spiritual chivalry completes your programme most satisfactorily by bringing, explicitly or implicitly, every one of our great moral agitations within its range.

“ If the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls this ‘ the newest thing in religions,’ he only proves what we all know but are apt to forget, that newspapers are at best but advertising agencies and sensation-mongers. Fortunately, this *nouveauté* did not come from Paris.

“ You would greatly oblige me by telling me, at your leisure and convenience, a little more about the status and the prospects of

your new Society, and by letting me know the conditions of membership.

“ You are right in what you say about the variety of ‘ planes ’ on which a new spiritual fermentation is observable (from the Buddhistic revival and apparition of the Mahdi down to the Salvation Army), and from the Hermetic point of view this must be considered as effects of ‘ illumination,’ or *influxus divinus*, while ordinary rationalists would ascribe it to *evolution from below*, helped on and accelerated by the multiplication of the channels and means of human intercourse. But, then, what is ‘ evolution,’ what is all so-called spontaneity (whether of generation, or of thought, or of will), without some divine subsoil, or some hidden spiritual *vis a tergo*, which is but the *alter ego* of the Spirit above reflected and refracted in the spray of matter ?

“ I find among my papers a little note which I beg leave to transcribe here, although it is out of date. It runs thus :—‘ I said in my last letter to Mr Maitland that the individual cannot pre-exist either in the sperma or in the ovulum. I might have said, more accurately, one part of the individual, namely, the four first principles, being dependent for their aggregation on natural or intentional selection, cannot collectively pre-exist, but *manas*, *buddhi*, and *atma* may be supposed to pre-exist somewhere as to wait for the formation (from below) of a suitable substratum.’—Yours sincerely, E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

From the numerous letters from strangers which reached us from various distant regions, I select the following, which was written in reply to a brief communication supplying some desired information respecting our work. The writing is a model of clearness, the Hebrew and Greek characters being written in the most scholarly style, the former as if by a student in a Jewish school. It was expressly declared to be for ourselves alone, and I therefore withhold the name. The writer, however, has since become distinguished as the author of some very valuable contributions to theosophical literature :—

“ MINNESOTA, U.S.A., August 27, 1884.

“ ‘Αἰτεῖτε, καὶ δοθήσεται ὑμῖν ; ζῆτεῖτε, καὶ εὕρησεται κρούετε, καὶ ἀνοιγήσεται ὑμῖν.’

“ DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 10th inst. and the pamphlet have been received. I am very thankful for them. What you tell me about Dr Kingsford does not surprise me. The language and teachings of *The Perfect Way*, compared with her language and teachings in the *Theosophist* and *Light*, point to her. I wrote ‘ Sirs ’ as a mere matter of formality ; for, while reading the book, I said that a Catholic, and I felt that a woman, had co-operated in its production. As it is, all honour to her and to her fellow-worker. I procured *The Perfect Way*, read it three times, underscored all strikingly interesting statements, and circulated it among a few prudent friends, men and women. All have admitted it is full of

love and light, and each is about to procure a copy. My copy has been sent to Pennsylvania. The woman-friend to whom I sent it writes me that she is 're-reading' it. Truly it bears 're-reading.'

"I thank you for offering to answer questions I may put. But before I ask any question, that I may be understood, let me depart from my usual habit and say a few words about myself.

"I am a Swede; *to-day* thirty-five years of age; unmarried; physician by profession; have been in America about twelve years. I was brought up in the Swedish (Lutheran) State Church. My mother was a pious woman, and sought to inculcate what she supposed to be the truths of eternal life, especially by example. Her influence was powerful for good. But there were other and more powerful influences at work to counteract her—Strauss, Renan, Flammarion, Theodore Parker, Boehme, and a host of others, foreign and native, good and evil. Each had his season of influence. Relatives and companions had theirs. Behold a poor boy in his teens, seeking, but not finding, mental and moral rest, wandering alone in wood and field, sighing for spirituality, spending his nights in reading *pro* and *con* immortality, crying with St Paul, '*Miser ego homo; quis me eripiet ex isto corpore mortis.*'

"Since I came to America I have continued my search and struggle. For ten years I have studied the entire theology of Swedenborg. His teachings have made a profound impression upon me. But the 'New Church' that his followers have established. Alas! 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' (תכל חבליים חכל חכל;) 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.'

"I read *Ghostland*. I am indebted to the author of it. It led me to read *Isis Unveiled*, *The Occult World*, the *Theosophist*, and *Esoteric Buddhism*. The last led me to read *The Perfect Way*. While reading it I thought at times that it had been inspired by some 'Mahatma'—a thought not repugnant to me. But the thought that 'departed spirits' might have had something to do with it did not enter my mind, because the productions of 'departed spirits'—as many of these as I have met with—consist either of pathetic nonsense or downright imposture, neither of which is visible in *The Perfect Way*.

"I confess frankly that I am disappointed to learn that a brotherhood of the kind I referred to in my letter does not exist.¹ I would give much if I could find a brotherhood that could show a Christhood. And I would give more if I could get the spiritual help the 'Chelas' get, that the author of *Ghostland* got in India; and that is gotten in the *adyta* of some of the temples of the East.

"I am looking for a sign of the Son of Man. Where, my good Sir, shall I find it? In books? in Thibet? in my heart? 'In the latter,' you would say. I understand you. But, consider, I am not, like Dr Kingsford, and perhaps yourself, born into such a psychological state that I can elevate myself beyond the matters of the senses and learn the secrets of the 'Woman.' Alas, no! Of what profit is my book-knowledge, my abstinence from unclean food, and

¹ This was the community described by me in *The Perfect Way*, Lecture VII., pars. 40-49, on the strength, as it seemed to me, of interior recollection.—E. M. (See p. 65 *ante*.)

my other possible virtues? Will these alone open the *adytum* of my being, restore the memory of the forgotten past? Again, alas, no! Then in what respect am I better off than the ignoramus, the cannibal, and the libertine? 'A melancholist,' you would say, 'seeking signs.' Sir, I have not practised table-tipping, slate-writing, and tambourine-playing, in dark or lighted chambers. And I do not intend. But I feel daily the force of Goethe's words, '*Ernst ist das Leben.*' And I am looking for the Christ. Do you blame me?

"I have now not any direct question to put. You will readily perceive this whole letter is a question. For your letter I thank you again. I give you hereby my word of honour not to misuse any information you have given, or may give, in the future.

"Please tell Dr Kingsford that she has attentive and appreciative readers in this distant land, who will not knowingly trample the 'Woman' under foot; who will, if possible, 'restore the Queen.'

"Are your works, *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* and the *Keys of the Creeds*, of an Hermetic nature? By the by, the discussion now going on in *Light* between the Spiritists and the Theosophists is very painful to me—Respectfully yours,
——"

CHAPTER XXIX

LETTERS AND ILLUMINATIONS

THE season over, and with it our work in London for this summer, we betook ourselves to Atcham. Here we resumed our life of study, relieving it by occasional visits to a notable member of the Hermetic Society with whom we had recently become intimate. This was the late Walter Moseley, of Buildwas Park, who was both an advanced student of occult science and owner of an admirable library of old and rare books on that subject, which he placed at our service. They proved to be the means of opening to Mary fresh veins of buried knowledges, by serving to recall her recollections of the remote past, and thus to obtain results far transcending those contained in the books themselves.

Meanwhile I was engaged on an exposition of Genesis i., working out the fourfold meaning assigned to it in the key we had received,¹ and referring each "day" of the creative week to its proper presiding divinity, as indicated alike by the order of the "Seven Spirits of God" enumerated by Isaiah, the seven great Gods of the Greeks, the planets, and the colours of the prism, and the character of the work of each day. All these accorded with each other, save that in Genesis the order of the third and fourth days is inverted, with the result of making the earth the third and Venus the fourth of the planets, counting the sun as the first, and also of making vegetation precede the sun, an arrangement which had been a fruitful source of triumph to unbelievers. The manner in which this crux was at length solved for us was as follows:—

I had been discussing it one evening with Mary, but only to find that, while she recognised the difficulty, she did not discern the solution. On the following morning, however, while pon-

¹ Illumination "Concerning Holy Writ," received by Anna Kingsford on October 19, 1878. (See Vol. I. pp. 282-283.)—S. H. H.

dering it alone in my room, a light was flashed on me which gave a clue to the enigma, but, to my great disappointment, was withdrawn before I had fixed and elaborated it. Finding myself unable to proceed, I went to her study to see whether I could recover the idea by conversing with her about it. On my entering the room she signed to me to sit down and be silent until she had finished what she was writing. I knew what that meant, and I saw that she had put aside the work on which she had been engaged in order to write down something that had just been given her. When she had finished she read to me the following reasons why Venus, who is called by Isaiah "the Spirit of Counsel," is mistress of the Fourth Day instead of the Third; and why Dionysos—the Spirit of Power—(who represents the Earth) is placed before her in Genesis, although her planet is next to that of Hermes (Mercury), the Spirit of Understanding, and inside the earth's orbit:—

(1) She is the representative of Love, and as such is the enlightener of the eyes and revealer of heaven to earth.

(2) Dionysos represents the centrifugal or outgoing force, which must needs be exercised before the centripetal or indrawing force.

(3) She is of the Soul, and although potentially and virtually first in order, she is not revealed until polarised by means of the body (to which the earth corresponds). So that, although Love be really before Power or Intellect (which is the *force* of the Mind), yet she wears a veil and is hidden until the Mind reveals her. Similarly Eve, or the Soul, is really before Adam (the personality and its intellect), but is not manifested until he is prepared to recognise her.

This was succeeded by the revelation of the Mysteries of the Kingdoms of the Seven Spheres, as given in *Clothed with the Sun*, II. xvii., setting forth the correspondence between the seven final clauses of the Creed and the Seven Spirits of God, and consequently the seven planets and their Gods.

When she had finished, I remarked, "But you did not know this last night." To which she replied, that it had come to her only a few minutes before I entered the room. By which it was clear to me that the illuminating ray, after being momentarily directed on me, had been diverted to her, and she had, as it were, intercepted it higher up, leaving me in the dark in order

that the full revelation of the mystery should come through her, as had so often happened before at the moment when my need for it culminated, in accordance with the design to "exalt the Woman" as the special representative of the soul and intuition.

Two days later she called me into her study to hear the most exquisite of all the hymns to the Gods, which she had received in sleep during the preceding night, the "Hymn of Aphrodite," throwing yet fuller light on the order of the third and fourth days of Genesis. Though given in *Clothed with the Sun*, I cannot forbear repeating it here in the connection in which it came:—

THE HYMN OF APHRODITE

(1)

1. I am the dawn, daughter of heaven and of the deep : the sea-mist covers my beauty with a veil of tremulous light.

2. I am Aphrodite, the sister of Phoibos, opener of heaven's gates, the beginning of wisdom, the herald of the perfect day.

3. Long had darkness covered the deep : the soul of all things slumbered : the valleys were filled with shadows : only the mountains and the stars held commune together.

4. There was no light on the ways of the earth : the rolling world moved outward on her axe : gloom and mystery shrouded the faces of the Gods.

5. Then from out the deep I arose, dispeller of night : the firmament of heaven kindled with joy beholding me.

6. The secrets of the waters were revealed : the eyes of Zeus looked down into the heart thereof.

7. Ruddy as wine were the depths : the raiment of earth was transfigured ; as one arising from the dead She arose, full of favour and grace.

(2)

8. Of God and the soul is love born : in the silence of twilight ; in the mystery of sleep.

9. In the fourth dimension of space ; in the womb of the heavenly principle ; in the heart of the man of God ;—there is love enshrined.

10. Yea, I am before all things : desire is born of me : I impel the springs of life inward unto God : by me the earth and heavens are drawn together.

11. But I am hidden until the time of the day's appearing : I lie beneath the waters of the sea, in the deeps of the soul : the bird of night seeth me not, the herds in the valleys, nor the wild goat in the cleft of the hill.

12. As the fishes of the sea am I covered : I am secret and veiled from sight as the children of the deep.

13. That which is occult hath the fish for a symbol ; for the fish is hidden in darkness and silence : he knoweth the secret places of the earth, and the springs of the hollow sea.

14. Even so love reacheth to the uttermost : so find I the secrets of all things ; having my beginning and my end in the Wisdom of God.

15. The Spirit of Counsel is begotten in the soul ; even as the fish in the bosom of the waters.

16. From the sanctuary of the deep love ariseth : salvation is of the sea.

(3)

17. I am the crown of manifold births and deaths : I am the interpreter of mysteries and the enlightener of souls.

18. In the elements of the body is love imprisoned : lying asleep in the caves of Iacchos ; in the crib of the oxen of Demeter.

19. But when the day-star of the soul ariseth over the earth, then is the epiphany of love.

20. Therefore until the labour of the third day be fulfilled, the light of love is unmanifest.

21. Then shall I unlock the gates of dawn ; and the glory of God shall ascend before the eyes of men.

(4)

22. The secret of the angel Anael ¹ is at the heart of the world : the " Song of God " is the sound of the stars in their courses.

23. O love, thou art the latent heat of the earth ; the strength of the wine ; the joy of the orchard and the cornfield : thou art the spirit of song and laughter, and of the desire of life.

24. By thee, O goddess, pure-eyed and golden, the sun and the moon are revealed : love is the counsellor of heaven.

25. Cloud and vapour melt before thee : thou unveilest to earth the rulers of the immeasurable skies.

26. Thou makest all things luminous : thou discoverest all deeps :

27. From the womb of the sea to the heights of heaven ; from the shadowy abyss to the throne of the Lord.

28. Thy beloved is as a ring-dove, wearing the ensign of the spirit, and knowing the secrets thereof.

29. Fly, fly, O Dove ; the time of spring cometh ; in the far east the dawn ariseth ; she hath a message for thee to bear from earth to heaven !

Being much struck by the resemblance of some of the verses to the following lines which Lucretius addresses to " Alma Venus," I procured his poem to show them to her :—

" Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum, tibi suavis dædala tellus
Submittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum." ²

¹ Anael signifies the Sweet Song of God.

² " From thee, O Goddess, from thee the winds and clouds of heaven flee, from thee and from thy approach ; to thee the variegated earth yields her sweet flowers, and the sky, appeased, shines with diffused light."

Incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that a clerical reviewer, referring to this and its companion hymn, "On the Communion of Souls," in one of the so-called religious newspapers, could find for them no better description than "languishing odes to Venus," and was not ashamed to append his name to the article.

Lady Caithness, who was in London, wrote to us October 31, [1884]:—

"Just a line to tell you that I had another wonderful séance yesterday afternoon with Mrs Spencer Cowper at Eglinton's, and brought away two slates covered with fine, beautiful writing, consisting of sixty closely written lines, signed *Marie*, with a cross. You may imagine my delight. All was above board, he holding both my hands with both his as we grasped the slate between us, so that both his were occupied.

"But what I want to tell you is, that Madame Blavatsky had a wonderful séance with him. It seems Mohini and Miss A. accompanied her. Madame B. told Eglinton that she did not believe in his spirits, but would do so if they could guess her thought and execute it. Presently she said, 'Oh, Mohini, it is going, going, gone!' and then, on unlocking the slates, her pearl ring was found between them, taken from her finger and placed there according to her mental desire! She asked if she would get out of her trouble, and the spirits told her she would not do so with clean hands, and wrote her a long lecture, not sparing her at all, telling her she was too ambitious, and had ruined herself and her cause, and saying she should have obeyed those who were wiser and better than herself. Did they mean the 'Mahatmas'? Eglinton told us that on the day before he had given a séance to Gladstone, who got writing in Greek and in Spanish, and expressed himself as much satisfied."

Lady Caithness came to spend a few days at the vicarage, after which we went to London to see her, when she insisted on our attending a séance for which she and Mrs Spencer Cowper had engaged some noted mediums.

To our dismay, it was a "dark séance," and the manifestations were entirely of a physical order. They certainly were remarkable, being inexplicable except on the spiritualistic hypothesis, consisting as they largely did in producing any objects mentally wished for by the audience. One of these greatly distressed and angered Mary. It was the warm and palpitating body of a dead sparrow, which the "spirits" claimed to have just caught outside, on the roof, one of the party having wished for a bird to be produced. It was our first and our last "dark séance."

We arranged a sitting with Eglinton, and in order to make it a crucial test, we drew up beforehand two papers of questions, the answers to which were to be written within the locked slates, without the questions having been seen by the medium. One of the papers was placed between the slates with the written side downwards, and the slates were then locked together and held by the medium and ourselves. Presently there was a sound as of rapid writing, the slates vibrating to the pressure, and evincing every sign of writing going on within them, such as the scratching and tapping of the pencil. In an incredibly short space of time the writing ceased, and on the slates being unlocked, the lower one was found covered with fine writing, giving the answers to the questions in the order in which they were written. The other paper remained in my possession, and was also unseen by the medium. Nevertheless the questions on it were similarly answered in the order in which they were written. Not that in every case the information asked for was given, but the answers indicated full knowledge of the questions. Thus, in reply to the question, "How do you perform these feats of writing?" the answer was, "You have no terms in your language in which we can explain the process of writing, but we will endeavour to frame an explanation against your coming again." To the question, "Why do you deny reincarnation?" (as we had heard they did to other sitters), the answer was, "We do not deny reincarnation; we say only that we do not know." To the question, "Who or what are you who perform these phenomena?" it was replied, "We are the disembodied spirits of human beings." Upon this I remarked to the medium that that did not necessarily or properly mean spirits of the dead, since they would be better described as disembodied human beings, but would apply to some spiritual force in living persons put forth in such a way as to be disembodied for the time. The medium admitted the truth of the remark, but refrained from expressing an opinion as to what the operating agencies really were.¹

¹ Anna Kingsford did not believe that the operating agencies were necessarily souls. Writing to *Light* of this sitting, she said:—"I asked the communicating spirits two crucial, but perfectly plain questions, to both of which they were unable to reply. Their answers showed perfect cognisance of the terms of the questions, but as perfect an inability to deal

One of the most notable products of Mary's faculty this autumn was the exquisite parable and scathing satire entitled "Beyond the Sunset," which is contained in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, and was received by her in sleep, as also was its charming fellow-composition, "The Village of Seers," soon afterwards.

When in Paris she had one night dreamed these lines, but was unable to retain more :—

A jarring note, a chord amiss,
The music's sweeter after,
Like wrangling ended with a kiss,
Or tears with silver laughter.

Now, October 7, she dreamt this addition, but never was able to obtain the continuation :—

The high Gods have no joys like these,
So sweet in human story ;
No tempest rends their tranquil seas
Beyond the sunset glory.

The whirling wheels of Time and Fate.

Returning home, she resumed her meditations on the mysteries, aided by the books lent us by Mr Moseley. The following specimens [which were begun on October 19, 1884] are valuable, both for their suggestiveness and as indicating the pre-natal bent of her mind :—

with them. Yet they were questions which departed *souls* would certainly have solved. Not that I think it impossible souls should communicate through mediums. But it is, I believe, rare that they do so, and when they do, it is because they are, temporarily, in a sphere 'open' to the earth, and therefore not a sphere of a high order. I believe it is clear, even to demonstration, that the gates of the séance-room open upon a labyrinth of many levels and intricate windings, whence may issue such a medley of voices and shapes as fairly to confound any but a saint or an adept. There are elementals, rudimentaries, embryos, phantoms, souls in prison. We stand in the view and hail of purgatory with all its sevenfold spheres. And to me, and those who think with me, the chief value and praise of Spiritualism lies in this, that it has triumphantly demonstrated, and will continue to demonstrate, the fact that consciousness and intelligence are not necessarily and exclusively connected with a physical organism. The axiom of Materialism is, 'No brain, no mind.' The facts of Spiritualism demolish this axiom, and demonstrate the possibility of an everlasting life for the individual, long after the brain has become dust and ashes." (*Light*, 1884, p. 519.) The same number of *Light* also contains a letter from Edward Maitland on the subject of "disembodied spirits."—S. H. H.

“ It is not idly or without meaning that the Metals have become associated with the Planets and with their divine Patrons. Chemistry is, as its radical implies, truly the dark or secret art, *Chemia*, at once that which is black or hidden, and that which, being black or hidden, and therefore of the same nature, sees. Plutarch tells us that by the word ‘*Chemia*’ the seeing pupil of the eye is designated, and we know that the eye is the mystic organ.¹ Chemistry, therefore, is that art by which, rightly interpreted, we may discover hidden matters and read the planets and stars. It is in the science of Chemistry that the doctrine of Correspondences is first unfolded. From the researches of Chemistry, or Dark Art, we obtain the Philosopher’s Stone, so called because Chemistry deals with Minerals, whereof the Stone is the type. And the same art applied to organic life, yields us the Elixir Vitæ, so called because the study of this science deals with Juices and Essences. For all tissue in the organic world is but blood coagulate. In the mineral kingdom the metallic Radix first presents itself in the experimental process; and seeing that in Metals, as saith Geber, is less perfection than in animals, we can the more freely perfect them. For those things in which Life dominates over corporeal consistency are endued with greater and nobler perfection, namely, that which subsists according to Mind and Soul. In brief, the theory of the dark or secret art is the theory of Transmutation applied to all things; that is, that the key which opens one of Nature’s doors doth open all, and that by Transmutation of Terms every Riddle may be solved. Saith Arnold de Villanova in his *Speculum*: ‘There abides in Nature a certain pure Matter (Substance), which, being discovered and brought by Art to perfection, converts to itself proportionally all imperfect bodies that it touches.’ And Friar Bacon says: ‘Species are not transmuted, but their subject-matter rather. Therefore the first work is to reduce the body into water (that is, into “Mercury”), and this is called Solution, which is the Foundation of the whole art. Form is ephemeral and phenomenal. Subject-Matter is eternal and noumenal, and applies to all bodies alike.’

“ Thus, as in the mineral kingdom the Formal Light produces Gold, so in the vegetable kingdom it produces the Elixir of the Wise. And what is this Water, or Mercury, into which all things are reducible, but the heavenly Ether or Hera, Mistress of Gods and Men? This also is the Generator, or Protean Water, of all things, the which is symbolised by the silver-footed Thetis, mother of Achilles. For her spouse, Peleus, only won her as his bride by holding her fast in his embrace throughout her many transformations, by which she sought to elude and deceive him. But in all her manifold forms she remained the same, and he knew it, and was not deceived; nor did he relinquish his grasp of her. So he won her, and she bore to him the hero, Achilles, the conqueror of Troy.

“ Now, is not the whole tale of the Trojan War Alchemic? For it all arose out of that Apple of Discord flung upon the marriage-table of Peleus and Thetis. Peleus is the Seeker after Truth, the

¹ The reference here is to the instruction given us by ²Hermes (*Clothed with the Sun*, II. xii., Part 2): “The eye is the symbol of Brotherhood among you. Sight is the mystical sense.” (See Vol. I. p. 274.)

Philosopher or Lover of Wisdom in its Virgin Essentials ; and when at last he has discovered the Alchemic Secret, he begets by this knowledge the Force which is alone able to subvert the stronghold of Materialism. This war costs the hero his life, it is true, but not before he has slain Hector, the terror of the true doctrine ; and he dies because on one spot only he was vulnerable and mortal. His Heel was his Judas. Achilles is the typical Solar hero, whom the Sons of Darkness slay, and who rises again and mounts to heaven, regenerate.

“ All these Alchemic myths are but parables of the incessant strife between Materialism and Spiritualism. Of the same kind, too, is that which tells how Ixion desired to embrace the true Hera, or original Life, and instead was deluded by a cloud which he took for the Goddess. In like manner are the Materialists deluded who have deified Matter in the place of Spirit, and flatter themselves that they have penetrated to the inmost secret of things, taking an illusion or phantasm for the reality they cannot attain.

“ Now, the Alchemists say that the true and Archaic Water is divided into four parts, or hypostatic relations, called Elements. And in the ‘ Golden Treatise ’ of Hermes it is said that the third part of this Water is coagulate, but the rest are the Weights of the Wise—to wit, Mind and Soul. ‘ All the sciences of the world,’ he says, ‘ are comprehended in this hidden wisdom, and this and the learning of the art consists in these wonderful hidden elements. Our Stone is from many things and of various colours, and composed from four elements, which we ought to divide and dissever and segregate, preserving the Water (Substance) and the Fire dwelling therein (Spirit) which is from the four elements.’ And again : ‘ Know that the hen’s Egg is the greatest help with respect to the proximity and relationship of the Matter (Substance) with Nature ; for in it there is a spirituality and conjunction of elements, and an earth which is golden in its tincture.’ So this Alchemic Stone is therefore the Yolk of the Egg and the Sun of the System, and the Leaven in the midst of the three measures of meal. And how, after the reiterated statements of the Alchemists, shall any say that Man is not fourfold ?

“ But we find in the Alchemic process that the art of Transmutation is not without loss. There is a base residue which is not transmuted. For notwithstanding the Adepts say that metals and all things in the world derive their origin therefrom, yet in all there is some impurity, and therefore a certain weight is lost in transmuting them ; but in Gold there is none, but the Formal Light is wholly swallowed up in it without residue. For although all metals have their origin from thence, yet nothing is so friendly to it as Gold (the Soul) ; it is even like a mother to it, as saith Sendivogius. Out of it also Gold is itself produced.

“ The manner of treating metals for transmutation is by sublimation, or, as it is sometime called, fixation, operated over and over again. This Hermetic sublimation is said to change the matter by meliorating, urging on life to its primal state. (Here again is the fable of Thetis and Peleus.)

“ So there is a Somewhat, which is refuse and dross, and returns to the eighth sphere. Nine months is the child of the human race

carried in the womb before it comes to perfection. And, as 'Scipio's Dream' (Cicero) tells us, Man passes through nine spheres or cycles of evolution. He is quickened, or made living, in the sixth; in the seventh he is perfected and viable, and may be born alive; but nine is the number of the consummation. In the early months of gestation Man is not truly man, but only an embryo, in the likeness of a fish, a reptile, or a beast—his initial stages."

In December [1884] I accompanied Mary on a lecturing tour to Leeds, Hull, Birmingham, and Cheltenham, her subjects being as before vegetarianism and vivisection. She had everywhere the same success and recognition as on her previous tour, but also as then a vast amount of physical suffering.

Returning to Atcham, we finally resolved to terminate our connection with the Theosophical Society.¹ It was a resolution slowly and reluctantly formed, and only after taking much counsel with Mr Massey, who had himself retired from the Society in the previous summer. In our letter of resignation, which was dated Christmas Eve, 1884, we ignored our very strained personal relations with the leading members, and confined ourselves to the reasons put forth in the following letter to the Hon. Secretary:—

"Having decided upon resigning our membership in the London Lodge T.S., we have duly notified our intention to the Treasurer, and now communicate to you, for the information of the President, Council, and Fellows, the following statement of our reasons for the step we are taking.

"But first we will state what those reasons are not. They are in no sense or degree of a personal nature. Whether as regards the Founders of the T.S., the Members of the London Lodge, or ourselves, our decision has been uninfluenced by any considerations of that kind.

"Nor are they founded in any objections to the professed objects either of the Parent Society or of the London Lodge. On the contrary, we have always been, and still are, in full sympathy with those objects; and we recognise—with a writer in the *Madras Christian College Magazine* of September last—that 'something like what the Theosophical Society proposes with regard to the ancient religions and literature of India, is an absolute necessity at the present time,' and that 'there are great possibilities before the Society.'²

¹ By their letter of resignation, it will be seen that they terminated their connection not with the Theosophical Society, but with the London Lodge only. They never severed their connection with the Parent Society. (See p. 375 *post.*)—S. H. H.

² Anna Kingsford's views respecting the mission of the Theosophical Society were some years afterwards stated by Edward Maitland to have

“ It is therefore not to the professed objects of the Lodge that we take exception, but to its actual practice, which—in our view—constitutes a departure from those objects, amounting in no small degree to a renunciation of them, and involving an exhibition of intolerance out of harmony with them and with ourselves. For, instead of a sentiment of ‘universal brotherhood,’ we find that of exclusiveness; instead of an ‘unsectarian standpoint,’ we find a narrow sectarianism; instead of seeking to ‘demonstrate the substantial identity of various systems,’ we find one particular system alone heeded; instead of the ‘revival of research connected with occult science and esoteric philosophy,’ and the freedom of opinion and expression indispensable to such research—and distinctly permitted in the prospectus of the Society—we find implicit acceptance required both for persons and for teachings,—no adequate guarantees for either of which have been afforded,—and freedom of expression, whether within or without the Lodge, regarded as an offence; while incidents of the most perplexing character have been allowed seriously to impair the credit, and therein the usefulness, of the Society, without receiving satisfactory explanation, or eliciting a demand for such investigation and reform as would lead to the discovery and removal of the sources of deception.

“ Concerning the attitude taken by the Lodge in regard to the allegations last named, we would observe that to treat as indifferent—as is now being done—the question whether or not deceptions have been practised by individuals in a position to compromise the Society; and to fall back upon philosophy as the true object of the Society—is not a course open for adoption. It was upon the strength of certain exhibitions of alleged thaumaturgic powers, that the teaching called ‘Esoteric Buddhism’ was commended to and adopted by the Society, and by it introduced to the world. So that to admit the possibility of deception in regard to those exhibitions is to destroy the superstructure of philosophy founded upon them, and thus to deprive the Society of its reason for being.

“ It is with profound regret that we have found ourselves compelled to withdraw from the Lodge; but we feel that to retain our membership longer under existing circumstances would be to place ourselves in a false position and one from which no

been as follows:—He says: “ Engaged as she herself was in restoring to Christendom the system of Western Mysticism which underlay its religion, and by means of which alone that religion can be interpreted, she regarded the disclosure of the system of Oriental Mysticism—the task undertaken by the Theosophical Society—as an important adjunct to her own work, if only for the demonstration thereby afforded of the substantial identity of the two systems, and therein of the needs and perceptions of the human soul in all ages and places. And she further recognised the simultaneous but independent movements represented respectively by Madame Blavatsky and herself, but as two divisions of one great movement providentially ordained and having for its object the rescue of the world from the abyss of materialistic negation, and the promotion of the spiritual consciousness of the race to a level transcending any hitherto attained save by rare individuals.”—S H. H

satisfactory results could accrue either to the Lodge or to ourselves." ¹

The following letter accounts for the early part of the new year :—

ATCHAM, *February 17, 1885.*

" DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—I was—and so also was Mr M.—so glad to hear from you, though you wrote only so little news and

¹ The severance by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland of their connection with the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society was, at the time, a necessary step to enable them to vindicate their true position, and show the world that Mahatmas and occult phenomena were not necessary to "Theosophy." They desired to "redeem and resume that name, and save it from being identified with Buddhism, esoteric or exoteric." Their reasons for resigning their membership in the London Lodge were summarised by Edward Maitland as follows :—

" (1) The inversion [by the Theosophical Society Founders and others] of the true places of phenomena and philosophy involved in putting the former first and resting the philosophy on them, with the result of making the senses and not the understanding the criterion of truth. (2) The insistence [by the said Founders and others] on an implicit recognition of and deference to authority, and the investment with infallibility of the sources from which their teachings claimed derivation. And (3) the exclusive recognition [by the said Founders and others] of the Occultism of the East, to the rejection of the Mysticism of the West—with the restoration and interpretation of which we ourselves were chiefly occupied—instead of such a combination of the two branches of study as would enable them to throw light upon each other,—a combination upon which we considered ourselves bound to insist, inasmuch as it was in consequence of their recognition of our work, *The Perfect Way*, that the Chiefs of the Society in India had first sought us out and invited us to join the English Branch of it as its President and Vice-President, until which time we held no relations with the Society."

Edward Maitland says :—" When, later, she [Madame Blavatsky] came to know us personally and to respect us, she frankly admitted that we had been in the right in all our contentions, and our opponents in the wrong, even though she herself was one of the latter" (*The Unknown World*, 1895, vol. ii. p. 90 ; and see pp. 274-276, 296-297 *post*).

Some six years after their resignation from the London Lodge (namely, in 1890), Edward Maitland said :—" Not only did the friction engendered of these differences soon pass off, but the causes themselves of the differences underwent considerable modification. And I for one, at least, can look forward with unabated confidence to the time of which it was long ago predicted that 'many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven,' understanding by the former expression the mysteries of Brahma, Isis, and Iacchos, or Spirit, Soul, and Body—the mysteries at once of India, Egypt, Greece, and Syria, and through them of the true Christianity ; and by the latter expression, of a perfect system of thought and rule of life ; and when the movements represented by the terms Theosophic and Hermetic will be recognised as having been indispensable factors in achieving this blessed result."—S. H. H.

only on a post-card. I have copied out the work on which I was engaged ; that is, the whole of the *Astrology Theologised*, which I have registered for safety's sake, and return to you herewith with many thanks. I intend to make my preface to this book the occasion of setting forth, very briefly, the Hermetic doctrine. I have just been reading the new book of the Theosophical Society by the 'Two Chelas,' *Fragments of Forgotten Man*, and find it silly and shallow. The only suggestive thing in it is an echo of the American prophecy about 'Vril' as the coming force which is to supersede even electricity itself. An American is said to have discovered, or rather invented, an instrument which is a veritable rod of Moses ; for by means of it matter can be disintegrated, corpses consumed, and all manner of marvels accomplished !

" I have been so very, very busy lately with the translations of the Hermetic books for the Bath series of occult reprints, that I have not had time to get on with my novel, so that is at a standstill for the present. I think they will be a valuable addition to Hermetic literature. They will be preceded by essays written by ourselves. I am hoping to be able to get to London in the spring and take up the Hermetic Society again. I am sure that if only it could be energetically conducted it would have great success. But my health is that of an invalid, and my resources are very small, so that I do not quite see how things are to be managed. Enclosed is a letter which I wrote to Madame de S., after reading the last 'Scripture' of the Theosophical Society. But after writing it I concluded it would be best not to send it, because, although Madame de S. is well disposed towards us, she might show this letter to some of our opponents, and a disagreeable result might ensue. I don't want to enter into a controversy just now, being extremely busy and out of health ; so, rather than tear up the letter, I send it to you, thinking that it may be of service to you as a reference when you read the book in question. The extent of the work which lies before us seems so great and overwhelming that I despair when I think of it ; and, alas ! mankind care so little about it. The idea of a miracle or of an Adept is far more attractive to them than all the knowledge in the world. Write to me as soon as you can. It gives me always the greatest pleasure to hear from you, for you are the one friend with whom I can converse with entire confidence and affection."

To this I appended the following postscript :—

" Laurence Oliphant's book, *Sympneumata*—his Greek term for the 'Counterpartal Angels of his late master, T. L. Harris'—has come ; ponderous in style and astral in character."

I reviewed the book at length in *Light* of April 11th, 18th, and 25th, 1885, the education—doctrinal and experiential—we had received in things spiritual and occult having qualified us to pronounce positively upon it. And not upon it only, but upon all the manifold systems in the course of being poured out on the world as the result of the general opening of the

consciousness of men to the spheres of the unseen, in advance of the ability to discern between them. Every fresh experience served but to confirm the assurances received from our illuminators that the system given to us is an infallible touchstone whereby to test all others, having been delivered expressly in view of the delusions which would inevitably be foisted on the world from the lower spheres to which alone the generality have access.

Among the numerous gratifying and grateful recognitions sent me of this *exposé* was the following from Lady Caithness :—

“ PARIS, *April* 30 [1885].

“ I have this moment laid down the last number of *Light*, after reading your superb—your truly grand and magnificent—review of *Sympneumata*. Indeed, I can find no adequate words—no words noble enough to express all I feel about it! I think the principal feeling was one of gratitude, to think that you and Nina [her name for Mary], are in the world at the present difficult time through which it is passing. Each sentence is so brimful of truth and instruction. Thank you a thousand times for having written it. Whilst reading the last number this morning, an impression came to me that the reason you and dear, beautiful Nina are so harassed and tormented in all you undertake, is due to the malevolence of those very astrals whom you so well understand and are determined to expose. . . . I have been delighted to find what an impression her personal appearance and conversation made on many who saw her at my reception last year. So many, both men and women, who were at my recent party asked me if she were present or was expected, and spoke of her with the highest admiration in every way. And yet how little these admirers know what she really is ! ”

Another accomplished woman of the world, Lady Wilde, expressed herself no less forcibly respecting her “ presence,” saying that, “ no matter who was in the room, when Mrs Kingsford entered there seemed to be no one else there.”

The lady referred to in Mary’s letter [to Lady Caithness] had been one of the warmest appreciators of our work, but had to some extent fallen away from us under captivation by the idea of the Mahatmas. Returning soon afterwards, she asked us wonderingly how we had come to escape the glamour to which she and so many others had succumbed ; she had forgotten that the altitudes whence our teaching was derived far transcended those of the Himalayan abodes of the supposed Mahatmas, being no other than the peaks of the spiritual Olympus itself.

The two books referred to in Mary’s letter were eventually

published by Geo. Redway, under the titles of *The Virgin of the World*, and *Astrology Theologised*.¹

On May 15 [1885] Mary wrote to Lady Caithness from London, reporting progress as follows :—

“ If I had written to you as often lately as I have wished to write, you would have had by this time a score of letters. But I think Mr Maitland will have told you the best of the news. Our Hermetic meeting last Wednesday was attended by thirty-five people. As you know, we have taken the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society in Albemarle St. for our reunions. I am still much out of health and unfit for mental work, my head troubling me much. I fear we shall be unable to visit you in Paris this year, greatly as I should enjoy it. After leaving London I think I shall have to go home and remain there quietly till the ensuing spring, as I did last year, unless, indeed, I undertake some lectures in the autumn. I enclose you a form of petition sent me for signature by Mrs Burton, wife of the British Consul at Trieste. I have already obtained nearly seventy names to it, and I send a form to you, begging you to sign it, and to get all the friends you can to sign also. As you see, it is a petition to Pope Leo XIII., calling on him to instruct the Catholic Church on the subject of humanity to animals,—a long-neglected matter, which I understand his Holiness has promised to take up, if the Christian world shows itself anxious to receive the expression of his opinion. The editor of the *Tablet*—leading Catholic journal—has also warmly interested himself, and has a petition in course of signature at the office of his paper. So also the *Weekly Register*, another Catholic paper. And even Protestants are signing the petition in large numbers. Please ask your friends to do the same, whether Catholics or otherwise ; for the subject is one, not of theological dogma, but of broad humanity. Vivisection is not specifically mentioned, the basis of the request being as indefinite and general as possible. But I am sure you will agree with me that the expression of the Pontiff’s views in favour of the kind treatment of animals is enormously needed in Catholic countries.”

To Mrs Frederica Macdonald

“ 27 MONTPELIER SQUARE, May 18, 1885.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,—As some correspondence, however slight, has already passed between us, I do not feel that in addressing you I am guilty either of an indiscretion or of an impertinence. I have just read your article in the *Fortnightly* on ‘ Buddhism and Mock Buddhism,’ and I feel impelled to write and thank you for it. It expresses in strong, sweet English, and with clear terseness of phrase,

¹ *The Virgin of the World* (published in 1885) contains introductory essays on “ The Hermetic Books ” and “ The Hermetic System and the Significance of its Present Revival,” by Edward Maitland, and an Introduction by Anna Kingsford.

Astrology Theologised (published in 1886) contains a Prefatory Essay on “ The True Method of Interpreting Holy Scripture,” by Anna Kingsford.—S. H. H.

the exact contention which led me to renounce, first, the Presidency, and, secondly, membership in the camp of the London Theosophists. I am now unconnected with the 'Lodge,' whose leader is the author of *Esoteric Buddhism*; but, being deeply interested in religious science, I have gathered about me a small group of students, who, under the name of the 'Hermetic Society,' continue to meet at regular intervals for the discussion and consideration of transcendental doctrine. [I could wish there were some better word than this long and formidable one to express my meaning, but no better one presents itself, and rather than pause over a word, I pass on to express my idea.] You will see, from the enclosed card, that our plan is to ask some one of our number to read a paper on a subject—chosen by himself—every Wednesday. This reading is followed by a liberal discussion, in which the largest share is usually taken by the reader. We have no 'Mahatmas,' no miracles, no occultism; our lines are precisely those you indicate as the truest and highest method of religious research; our aim is to instruct and assist one another by facilitating thought. Each of us brings what he can to the common treasury; none of us pretends to 'initiation'—unless, indeed, that of the 'kingdom which is within'—nor do we profess 'chelaship,' or obedience to any external authority. As I read your article, it seems to me that the ideal you describe is that after which we also aspire. Is it asking too much of you to beg you to come to our place of meeting and judge for yourself whether I speak advisedly? So serious and scholarly a mind as yours, so trained and disciplined an intellect, would be a great gain to us. No doubt it is selfishness that moves me to write thus, but a selfishness in which the exterior Ego is not concerned;—a greed for diffusion of thought and increase of light, which surely you will understand and pardon. My office as President of our little group is chiefly that of a *hand* to gather into our barque all able mariners I may chance to come across. Such a mariner I recognise in you; and, like the phantom in Paul's vision, I ask you to 'come over and help us.'

"When you come [I prefer this 'when' to 'if'] make yourself known to me, for, of course, you are a stranger to me in face; although, I think, so much my intimate in thought and tone of mind. As I have mislaid your former letter, I trust this to the publishers of the *Fortnightly*, and am, very faithfully yours,

"ANNA KINGSFORD."

The programme of the second session of the Hermetic Society, which was held at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 22 Albemarle Street, was as follows:—

The President, on "The Hermetic Fragment, *Koré Kosmou*, the Virgin of the World."—April 27.

Mr Arthur Lillie, on "The Kabala and Buddhism."—May 6.

The President, on "The Method of the Mystics."—May 13.

Mr Maitland, on "The Revival of Mysticism."—May 20.

Mr C. C. Massey, on "Karma."—May 27.

Mr Maitland, on "The Symbology of the Old Testament."—June 3.

Hon. Roden Noel, on "The Value of the Historical Element in Christianity."—June 10.

Mr Maitland, on "The Intention and Method of the Gospels."—June 17.

Mr C. C. Massey, on "Individuality."—June 24.

The President, on "The Communion of Saints."—July 1.

Mary's paper on "The Virgin of the World" was subsequently published as the introduction to our edition of that and some other of the Hermetic books.¹

The following letter was written by her in reply to some strictures in *Light* respecting our position in regard to the historical Jesus :—

"I do not think Mr Roden Noel and the 'leaders' of the Hermetic Society are so much in disagreement as Dr Wyld seems to think.

"The 'leaders' of the Hermetic Society have never denied, nor wished to deny, the historic Jesus. They have but pointed out that, not the historic, but the spiritual Christ is the real essential of Christianity and subject of the Gospels.

"I have—speaking for myself—distinctly stated at recent meetings of our Society that I should be grateful to anyone who could reconcile for me the difficulties and discrepancies abounding in the way of belief in the historical Jesus. I should be glad to receive any really logical and scholarly rectification and explanation of the many serious and important misstatements and inconsistencies undoubtedly existing in the Gospels. These difficulties do not concern mere details, but the chief facts of the life itself. I do not doubt the achievements of Napoleon, but then it is a matter of no moment to the souls of the world to-day whether Napoleon achieved anything or not. So neither I nor any other person interested in eternal things cares to verify his history or his acts. As for the miracles, they are no sort of difficulty to me. I am not in the position of the non-Spiritualists. But does not Dr Wyld see that he proves too much in proving the modern phenomena of Spiritualism to be identical with the 'mighty works' of Jesus? What, then, was Jesus no more and no greater than the medium of to-day, but merely a better medium!

"I have said that I should be glad to be able to think the Gospel stories true, because so to think would bring me into closer union and harmony with many friends whose sympathy is dear to me. But, for myself, such a belief would add nothing to my faith in Christ. For I am quite sure that there is, virtually, no such thing as history. The things that are truly done, are not done on the historical plane; nor has any fact in the history of the world ever been truly chronicled. For no man can know any fact, and cannot,

¹ See p. 226, note, *ante*.

therefore, set it down. The knowledge one man has of any given fact is not the knowledge of another ; man is incompetent to know facts, for he has no possible means of knowing them. Only Omniscience can know facts.

“ But man can and does know his own spiritual experience, and this is, indeed, the only needful knowledge. Jesus Christ comes in the flesh when He is incarnate in man ; and this is the way in which He comes to all mystics—in which only He can come.

“ It does not matter to me, therefore, whether the Gospels are true or not on the merely outer plane. They are true, essentially ; and, for my soul, my true self, the historical and the physical *are not*. Nothing done on that outer plane can save my soul ; it must all be transmuted into spiritual terms and spiritual application before it can have any true saving value and grace.

“ As for the doctrine of rebirths, I do not want to enter into that question again, because already in these columns, in reply to Dr Wyld, I once undertook a disquisition of some length about it. There are no rebirths any more for the soul that has found Christ Jesus and is one with God. Unto which grace may we all be brought.

“ ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.”

Abstracts of our own lectures, made by myself, were printed in *Light* ; and an Hermetic Society was formed at Boston, U.S., for the express study of *The Perfect Way*. Among the earliest results of the introduction of that book to an American public was the following paragraph in a Boston paper :—

“ *The Perfect Way* is the title of a book which has excited great attention in London, and in Boston circles of modern scientific and theosophic discussion, and the name of the author has been sought in vain. Mrs Waters (Clara Erskine Clement), who has just returned from Europe, solves the mystery. The author of these remarkable lectures is Dr Anna Kingsford of London, a woman described as having the face and figure of a Greek goddess, so perfect is her beauty. She is of the golden-blond type, and her manner is one of exceptional dignity and grace. The Metaphysical Club of Boston were deeply interested in *The Perfect Way* last year. A remarkable book it is, whether one accepts its ideas or not. Dr Kingsford's theory of life, in brief outline, is that it is a series of reincarnations, by means of which the soul acquires its experiences ; that the deeds and aspirations of one life predetermine entirely the quality of the next incarnation.”

Meanwhile we had received the following letter from Dr Gryzanowsky :—

March 24, 1885.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Having explained in a letter to Mrs Kingsford the reasons of my very long silence, and trusting that they will be communicated to you, I need not do more here, I believe, than repeat my cordial thanks to you for having joined Mrs Kingsford

in her kind inquiry, and to offer you my equally cordial, though belated, thanks for the valuable material you sent me last autumn, and for your highly interesting letter of September 16, to which, without any further preamble, I shall now reply.

“ I entirely agree with Baron Spedalieri in admiring your President’s Hermetic Lectures, and that I feel deeply interested in the aims and aspirations of the new Society you may take for granted. My natural disposition is, unfortunately—if I may use such a term—an atomistic one. The term suggests affinities, no doubt, but instinctively I shrink from all collective action. I have never been at heart a citizen; and if I have become a member of many societies, it was not owing to the dangers of polemical warfare (when even *Francs-tireurs* may march in rank and file for a short time), but it was owing to my theoretical conviction that the usefulness of societies lies in the collection of money, and that these moneys enable militant authors to get that to which (in countries like Germany) neither a timid and time-serving press nor mercenary publishers will help them—a hearing.

“ In most of these cases the co-operation or collective action consists in little more than in the paying of one’s annual contribution, which prejudices nothing. But it is different with societies like yours, which I like to consider more like Lodges and Churches and holy orders. These one ought to join only after mature consideration; and I may mention here what I had no occasion to mention in my letters to Mrs Kingsford, that the want of discrimination with which Colonel Olcott bestows the honours of Theosophic Fellowship on outsiders had somewhat surprised me. We ought—but I have no right to speak in the first person,—*you* ought to imitate in this respect either the consummate *finesse* of the Jesuits or the hierarchical filtration of Freemasonry, both calculated to keep off all peccant matter.

“ But whatever else the Hermetic Society may be or aspire to become, it is, in its present nascent state, pre-eminently an association for *research*, desirous to use the eventual results of the researches as a foundation for its future Church. You have, in your last letter, given me some idea of the vastness of your task: the translating and editing of the Kabala will be an expensive undertaking unless you can count on the gratuitous services of some competent person. But considering what the Swedenborgians have accomplished with regard to the translating and publishing of their sacred books, there is no reason why the Hermetic Society should not succeed in mastering materials far less voluminous. Unfortunately, you complain of the fewness of your members, and the adjourning *sine die* of your assembly raises some doubts with regard to the future. Should these doubts prove to be unfounded (on which point I hope to be reassured ere long), I would venture to solicit the honours of Hermetic Fellowship.

“ You speak of the Chiefs of the Theosophical Society as having ‘discredited’ their cause; also of Mr Massey’s resignation, and of the possibility of your following his example. All this makes me eager to know some particulars; and with the same eagerness I look forward to the publication of the essay or pamphlet you say you were writing on Thomas Aquinas, or rather on the Pope’s declara-

tion in favour of his philosophy. That declaration is perfectly logical, and consistent with the spirit of any Catholic or would-be Catholic Church, but the ambiguous and reserved attitude which the Roman Church continues to assume with regard to the question of *liberty* raised by modern science goes far to show that Leo XIII. is not conscious of all the bearings of his own philosophic manifesto, nor of the parallelism of events to which you allude.

“ When I was in Siena, last October, I noticed for the first time the beautiful old chancel in the Cathedral, which rests on a well-chiselled group or cluster of allegorical figures representing the *Sciences*. Perhaps our modern savants would like to preach their gospel from such a pulpit. But the meaning of the Siena architect was obviously that implied by the scholastic philosophy which considered Theology as the irreducible (if not unknowable) residue of scientific investigation, thus resting on, yet soaring far above, the ‘ sciences.’ In the scholastic sense, *support* and *subordination* are inseparable.—Yours most faithfully,
E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

“ LIVORNO, July 15, 1885.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I heartily thank you for your kind letter of June 6, which is a friend’s letter in the truest sense of the term. I thank you (and I wish this pronoun to be taken as a dual) for your kind sympathy and for your considerate request not to write at any length. Of this permission I will avail myself to-day, although I might easily grow eloquent in stating my indebtedness to you and to Mrs Kingsford for the intellectual and spiritual treasures you have been kind enough to send me. The six numbers of *Light* containing abstracts of the Hermetic lectures of this year’s session I have read, nay studied, with the keenest interest, and before doing so, took occasion of reperusing the wonderful lectures delivered last year by the President on the Christian Creed. I have been greatly struck with the depth and fitness of that mode of interpretation, familiar though I was with it from the reading of certain chapters of *The Perfect Way* and its Appendix.

“ I am glad you alluded to Swedenborg in one of your lectures, as one feels a natural curiosity to know on what terms you are with the ‘ New Church ’ people.

“ The interpretation of the Rape of Proserpine (as meaning the descent of the Soul into matter or existence) was, indeed, new to me. The permission granted to her by Pluto of passing six months of the year on the surface of the earth would seem to point to the alternation of seed life and plant life ; but then the learned President, or you, might rejoin that the earth-clad soul *is* a seed, and that these myths are the substratum of more than one mystical meaning, just as Solomon’s Seal or Jacob’s Ladder is a canvas on which *all* the tenets of the Creed can be embroidered.

“ Let me hope that you may soon be able to address a wider circle of readers in one of the monthlies and quarterlies on the important subject you have dwelt with in one of your Hermetic lectures, namely, the modern revival of Mysticism.

“ Even in Germany there are signs (albeit faint ones) of such a revival, it being obviously impossible to abide by a world of evolution without sooner or later invoking or postulating an inverted

World of Emanation and Influx, in which, as Paul says, our wisdom is folly and our strength weakness.

“ I was glad to hear of the purification (if I may say so) of the Theosophical Society. The difference between ‘ Occultism ’ and ‘ Mysticism ’ seems to assert itself more and more, as also the difference between the Western and the Eastern spirit.

“ Your and Mrs Kingsford’s addresses at the Exeter Hall meeting of January 12, as also your article in the *Dietetic Reformer* of February, I have read with great pleasure ; and as to the fairy tale, ‘ Beyond the Sunset,’ in the Vegetarian Society’s annual, it is both beautiful and deep.

“ I was glad to see Dr Aderholdt’s translation of it in Baltzer’s *Vereins-blatts*. Lastly, I have to thank you for the Publishing List of the Bath Occult Reprint Series. I intend to order some of those works after my return from Munich, where I hope to indulge in six weeks’ rest. Not that writing is much of an exertion to me, but reading taxes my eyes.

“ I have frequent opportunities of admiring Mrs Kingsford’s working powers. She seems to work incessantly and on different levels simultaneously. You must both be glad of the approaching end of the London season. To be in London at any time is painful to me, and even Munich, with its comparative dreaminess and with its hermit king, appears almost too much of a town to me.

“ The Adams-Coleridge affair has, at last, come to a happy conclusion. Yes, I have no doubt, Miss F. P. Cobbe had pulled the wires behind the scene, and I cannot think of any other motive but jealousy that could explain this. She is a formidable hater.

“ Will you kindly give my respectful and grateful regards to our President, and believe me to remain, yours in cordial friendship,

“ E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

To Baron Spedalieri

May 24, 1885.

“ As your letter to Mr Maitland chiefly concerns my paper, I have undertaken to reply to it, seeing that you misapprehend the doctrine I had intended to set forth. I assumed at the outset that my hearers and readers would understand Plato and the Kabala, when speaking of the soul’s *descent*, to speak—after their manner—by means of a personification. The soul indeed descends ; but both the words ‘ soul ’ and ‘ descends ’ are, in this connection, used figuratively. For our language requires that we should speak of ‘ descent ’ when we infer a passage from Being into Existence ; although, of course, transference from one locality to another is not intended, but only change of condition. And the ‘ soul ’ that so descends is the soul of the world—Persephone—not a number of individual souls. For the evolution and elaboration of individual souls is accomplished *by means* of development in material conditions ; therefore soul is already individualised before assuming those conditions. That which ‘ descends ’ into generative states is the Monad, or Divine Substance vivified by the Divine Life. And its first appearance in the sphere of Matter and Time is not as individual, but as diffuse existence ; not as self-conscious, but as simply conscious. But the

potentiality of all higher existences is contained and slumbers within it ; it is the efficient cause of all subsequent developments.

“ ‘ Persephone ’ passes through seven stations, or ‘ houses,’ in the course of her unfoldment ; and the first of these is wholly rudimentary and diffuse, being the etheric and elemental states of existence. But I affirm further that the soul ‘ descends ’ by free-will, because, as a Pantheist, I hold that the worlds are not created by God in the popular sense, but that God is immanent in the very substance of the worlds. Wherefore this descent, or putting forth of subjective Deity into objective conditions, is obviously an act of free-will. The Monad—Persephone—is the true Daughter of Zeus, the very substance of God. Her descent is not accident, blunder, or fault, for it occurs with the cognition and express will of Zeus—as we learn from the Platonic mysteries. Therefore creation—or generation—occurs by the free-will of the soul—or Divine Substance—actuated by the Divine Life.

“ If we should suppose any other origin for ‘ creation ’ than this, we should find ourselves placed in a theological dilemma ; for we should be obliged to admit either that the Divine intention was frustrated by a catastrophe—which is absurd—or that prior to Creation something was wanting to God—which is no less absurd—to supply which want God created the worlds, and this would be to argue imperfection in the Divine Nature. But the scientific and theosophic explanation is, that Manifestation, or Activity (Creation), is a state of God, during which God becomes Multiple. Not that the other state of Passivity is suspended or interrupted thereby, for both states co-subsist. Time is a fiction, not a reality ; and consequently Creation is a Divine state, which Being assumes by means of what the Hindoos call *Maya*. Waking is not imperfect or wanting in anything because sleeping is absent ; nor is sleep wanting or imperfect because waking is absent. Both states are perfect in their own order and quality ; and so also are the states of Divine Activity and Passivity. They are simply two states of God, eternally ebbing and flowing, and of them Passivity represents the ‘ Night of Brahm,’—the Nirvânic condition during which consciousness pulsates, so to speak, within itself, undifferentiate and indrawn : a Force potential and unmanifest, reposing in the Pleromic Darkness. In the state of Action, or ‘ Day of Brahm,’ the Force becomes creative, and the Dark becomes the Light. This state of activity is the state of the soul in generation.

“ There is nothing in this at variance with Hermetic doctrine. All the various forms of the Mysteries—Hellenic, Kabalistic, Neo-Platonic, Buddhist—teach the same doctrine, although variously expressed. And we find the allegory of Persephone, of the Descent of the Souls, the Fall, and Evolution all one and identical, perfectly harmonious and self-evident, when the key which opens all their locks is applied.”

Writing to Lady Caithness on June 15, 1885, she said :—

“ I am so hardworked and so very much out of health that it has been impossible hitherto to write and thank you for your charming and acceptable letters. For when I am not busy, I am ill, and as

soon as I recover, I have to get to work again. I am a victim to neuralgia, and have tried three physicians in vain, the last being Mr O., the mesmerist, who really took great pains to cure me. Under the circumstances it will be quite impossible for me to accept your very kind and tempting invitation to Paris, for I could not bear the journey. And, indeed, if I go anywhere on leaving London, it will have to be a purely health-seeking quest, probably to some sea-side resort. . . .

“By the way, have you got some signatures to the petition to the Pope—which I sent you—praying him to cause humanity to animals to be taught and preached to the people in Italy, Spain, and elsewhere? Mrs Burton, the promoter of the petition, is now in London. She came to see me yesterday, and I am to meet her again on Sunday and also next week, Lady Mount-Temple having asked me to bring her to lunch with her. Mrs Burton is *most nice*; you would like her greatly. She reminds me wonderfully of you in some things. She pounced immediately on the picture of the Virgin and Seven Doves on our paper, and asked if it was reserved for you and me only, or whether she might not adopt it too. I said she might, and she then begged me for a copy to take to the engraver’s, and she preferred *yours* on account of the double Triangle and the *Anno Dominæ* which greatly struck her. So I tore off a corner of your last letter and gave it to her. She says, however, that she shall adopt one alteration, that of putting the Cross in the centre of the two Triangles, as it is in my ring-seal. She also sees visions and is a spiritualist. Her special guide is St Joseph, she says, and he has appeared to her several times.”

CHAPTER XXX

SOME FORMER INCARNATIONS

THE following letter, written from her mother's house, whither Mary repaired on quitting town, gives a graphic view of the situation :—

“ 56 WARRIOR SQUARE,
“ ST LEONARD'S, August 2, 1885.

“ DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—All the time I remained in London, I was so hunted about with all manner of lectures, at homes, calls, and engagements of all sorts, as well as literary and medical work, that I thought it best to wait until I got away to the sea-side before sitting down to write to you. I have now been here since July 31, and I hope to remain for about ten days before going back to Shropshire. I have quite given up the idea of going abroad or elsewhere this year; in fact, I have no possible time for a holiday-ramble, seeing that my daughter's schooling is over, and I must take her home until the end of September; after which I have several lecturing engagements to fulfil in various parts of England, which will occupy me until the beginning of November. Mr Maitland is now staying close by, on the Grand Parade, so that we meet often.

“ Mr Sinnett speaks quite enthusiastically about you and your forthcoming book, the scope and plan of which he considers excellent. No doubt you have by this time read *The Virgin of the World*, and our two essays prefixed to it. I am longing to hear what you think of it and them. Our Hermetic Session was far more successful at its close than at its opening. No doubt you have read the reports in *Light* of our weekly meetings. Next session I hope to go on with my lectures on the Creed, which I suspended this time in order to permit other speakers to be heard. It is, however, extremely difficult to impress a catholic and mystic view of things on the British mind. The fogs and clouds which enwrap their isle seem to enshroud their spirits also. And yet how lucent, how splendid, how entrancing this wonderful Truth is, could they only receive it! Is it indeed the fact, I sometimes wonder, that a few of us have senses developed which are unknown to the majority of our race; and do we really walk about among a blind and deaf generation for whom the light *we* see and the words *we* hear *are not*?

“ I have been trying hard to persuade Lady Archibald Campbell to produce next year, as a pastoral play, in Coombe Wood, the story of Buddha, founded on Edwin Arnold's magnificent poem, 'The Light of Asia.' You know this has long been a dream of mine to

educate the people by means of the stage, by reproducing in tableaux or spectacular drama the lives and teaching of the world's holiest and noblest. 'The Light of Asia' lends itself peculiarly to such an idea. The verse is melodious and dramatic, the situations are excellent, and the scenery, being mostly forest and jungle, quite easy to manage. I proposed to give four acts — the Departure, the Ministry, the Triumph, the Return, and to introduce into these all the chief episodes in Buddha's career. I drew out a tableau of the acts, with the chief situations fully described, and rehearsed the whole at Lady Tennant's, in Grosvenor Square, in the presence of Lady A. Campbell, Lady Ribblesdale, Hon. Mrs Lyttelton, Hon. Percy and Mrs Wyndham, Mr Tennyson (the poet's son), Miss Tennant, Mr Godwin (the manager of the Coombe Wood plays), and some others. All were delighted, but the *technic* of the matter appeared to them to involve great difficulties. Edwin Arnold, to whom I wrote on the subject, said he would do everything he could do to forward the idea, and to ensure its success if it were found workable.

"As for my novel, that is quite at a standstill. I hope, however, to take it up again as soon as I return to Shropshire. I have a story coming out at Christmas in the Catholic magazine, *The Month*. All this time I have been talking about myself, and have not said a word about you. That is very egotistic of me."

The story referred to was afterwards republished in her *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the title, *A Village of Seers*. With the exception of some minor details, it was entirely elaborated by her in sleep, and was thus a veritable "Dream-Story." The main incident, that of the rescue of the lost child by the clairvoyant dogs, was so intensely real for her that she actually made it an argument on which to base an appeal against vivisection, as if it represented an ascertained fact, and was only with difficulty made to see the incongruity of thus using an imaginary incident, and induced to withdraw the paragraph.

Diary.—August 15, 1885. The Feast of the Assumption again, and the anniversary of the death of my dear little friend Rufus. One day I hope I shall meet with his dear little ghost in the world of Realities. . . . I find the old longing on me to set myself free from all ties—yes, even from Myself, and get away into a new Life and a new Person. I am tired of being Myself. I hate to wake every morning and re-collect all the old threads, warp and woof of the circumstance and data of this existence, and go on spinning the same interminable yarn. I want to be a new individual, with new ties, new surroundings, new thoughts, new views. How would it be if one ran away from it all, and went off somewhere into a wholly fresh set of activities? A dream, a dream, but better than most dreams. Will there ever be a new Break-away for me, I wonder? Hardly now.

Such were the wailings in which she would give utterance to

the consciousness of her spiritual unrelatedness, even to her nearest physical relations, and the impatience of life engendered of a habit of early deaths, with the consequent craving for sympathy, and for a change even of her own personality.

On her return home she resumed the course of reading and meditation indicated by the following entries in her Diary :—

October 19 [1885].—Synesius was a Christian bishop of Alexandria and a Platonist, holding the doctrine of Transmigration. He says : “ The spirit may be purified, even in brutes, so that something better may be induced. How much will not the regression of the rational soul be therefore base, if she fails to reject that which is foreign to her nature, and suffers to linger on earth that which rightly belongs on high, since it is possible, by labour and by transition into other lives, for the contemplative soul to be purified, and to emerge from this dark abode ? And this restoration, indeed, some may attain as a gift of divinity and initiation.”

It was an Ass that carried the Mysteries of old, and a golden Branch was part of the sacred equipage :—

“ Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus,
Junoni infernæ sacer.”—*Æn.* vi. 136.

And we read further, that there is in Alchemy, a certain noble body, which is moved from one “ lord ” to another, in the beginning of which there is suffering with vinegar, but in the end joy with exultation. “ O blessed gate of blackness,” cries the Adept, “ which art the passage to so glorious a change ! ” (*Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*).

No man enters the Magian’s School but he wanders awhile in the region of Chimeras, and the inquiries he makes before attaining to experiential knowledge are many, often erroneous (Vaughan’s *Lumen de Lumine*, p. 40). Hence, doubtless, the Sphinx, that proposer of riddles and devourer of men, stood always at the vestibule of the temple and along its approaches, the terrible Dweller on the Threshold so fatal to weak or irresolute souls. But investigation once begun, in a right rectifying spirit, enters, and succeeds in tracing the chain of vital causes to their last efficient link in Deity ; whence surveying, the Adept is enabled, under the Divine Will, to work such perfection in things below as transcends this life and the ability of the natural intellect to conceive.

The significance of the ass in the mysteries had yet to be disclosed to us. It proved to be a symbol for the Intuition, the faculty whereby is the consciousness of things spiritual, the horse being the corresponding symbol for the Intellect. The discovery proved an invaluable key to the solution of many perplexing passages in the Bible, including the incident of Balaam.

Passing from quotation to original thought, she thus continues :—

The description of the "coming of the Son of Man" in the New Testament agrees exactly with the account given by the Alchemists of the disruption of the vital forces in the human kingdom before the advent of the "Lord," or Final Light. The Earth is overflowed with the Water, the Body is overcome by the Soul, the powers of Heaven are shaken and the tribulation is profound, the "sea" and its waves roaring by reason of the successive passion and prevalence of the vital principles one over another. And if the true interpretation of the Scriptures be thus throughout mystic and interior, what shall be said of those crowds of false teachers who expound the Bible according to the literal or letter-sense? Indeed, they have an exact counterpart in the spurious Alchemists, who made of Alchemy a material art for the search of physical gold, and so squandered their time and substance, misled their generation, and brought the whole art into mockery and disrepute.

As the smallest fragment of the Loadstone remains perfect in two poles, so may we conceive of every portion of existence as continent and comprehended proportionally of the great whole. Iamblichus says, speaking of the Regenerate Ether: "This substance, being consascent with the Gods, will doubtless be an entire and fit receptacle for the manifestation of Divinity. And an exuberance of power is always present with the highest causes; power which transcends all things, and is nevertheless present with all in unimpeded energy."

November 5 [1885].—A dream last night, of which the exact interpretation is not clear to me.

I seemed in my vision to be on a long and wearisome journey, and to have arrived at an Inn, in which I was offered shelter and rest. The apartment given me consisted of a bedroom and parlour, communicating, and furnished in an antique manner, everything in the rooms appearing to be worm-eaten, dusty, and out of date. The walls were bare and dingy; there was not a picture or an ornament in the apartment. An extremely dim light prevailed in the scene; indeed, I do not clearly remember whether, with the exception of the fire and a night-lamp, the rooms were illumined at all. I seated myself in a chair by the hearth; it was late, and I thought only of rest. But, presently, I became aware of strange things going on about me. On a table in a corner lay some papers and a pencil. With a feeling of indescribable horror I saw this pencil assume an erect position and begin of itself to write on the paper, precisely as though an invisible hand held and guided it. At the same time small detonations sounded in different parts of the room; tiny bright sparks appeared, burst, and immediately expired in smoke. The pencil, having ceased to write, laid itself gently down, and taking the paper in my hand, I found on it a quantity of writing which at first appeared to me to be cipher, but I presently perceived that the words composing it were written backwards, from right to left, exactly as one sees writing reflected in a looking-glass. What was written made a considerable impression on me at the time, but I cannot now recall it. I know, however, that the dominant feeling I experienced was one of horror.

I called the owners of the inn, and related to them what had taken place. They received my statement with perfect equanimity, and told me that in their house this was the normal state of things,

of which, in fact, they were extremely proud; and they ended by congratulating me as a visitor much favoured by the invisible agencies of the place.

“ We call them our Lights,” they said.

“ It is true,” I observed, “ that I saw lights in the air about the room, but they went out instantaneously, and left only smoke behind them. And why do they write backwards? Who are they?”

As I asked this last question, the pencil on the table rose again, and wrote thus on the paper:—

“.k s a t o n o D ”

Again horror seized on me, and the air becoming full of smoke, I found it impossible to breathe. “ Let me out!” I cried. “ I am stifled here—the air is full of smoke!”

“ Outside,” the people of the house answered, “ you will lose your way; it is quite dark, and we have no other rooms to let. And, besides, it is the same in all the other apartments of the inn.”

“ But the place is haunted!” I cried; and I pushed past them, and burst out of the house.

Before the doorway stood a tall veiled figure, like translucent silver. A sense of reverence overcame me. The night was balmy, and bright almost as day, with resplendent starlight. The stars seemed to lean out of heaven; they looked down on me like living eyes, full of a strange immeasurable sympathy. I crossed the threshold, and stood on the open plain, breathing with rapture and relief the pure warm air of that delicious night. How restful, calm, and glorious was the dark landscape, outlined in purple against the luminous sky! And what a consciousness of vastness and immensity above and around me! “ Where am I?” I cried.

The silver figure stood beside me, and lifted its veil. It was Pallas Athena.

“ Under the Stars of the East,” she answered me, “ the true eternal Lights of the World.”

After I was awake, a text in the Gospels was vividly brought to my mind—“ *There was no room for them in the Inn.*” What is this Inn, I wondered, all the rooms of which are haunted, and in which the Christ cannot be born? And this open country under the Eastern night,—is it not the same in which they were “ abiding,” to whom that Birth was first angelically announced? ¹

The reading of this brought to my mind a passage in an instruction received by her some years before, which seemed to give the desired clue to its meaning. The passage was as follows:—

“ The adept, or ‘ occultist,’ is at best a religious scientist; he is not a ‘ saint.’ If occultism were all, and held the key of heaven, there would be no need of ‘ Christ.’ But occultism, although it

¹ *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, No. XXI.

holds the 'power,' holds neither the 'kingdom' nor the 'glory.' For these are of Christ. The adept knows not the kingdom of heaven, and 'the least in this kingdom are greater than he.' . . . If the adepts in occultism or in physical science could suffice to man, I would have committed no message to you." ¹

The receipt of the vision at the present time we ascribed to the fact that we were then a good deal occupied in discussing the heavy tribulations encountered by the Theosophical Society in reference especially to the event known as the "Coulomb incident," and the hostile action taken by the Society for Psychical Research. And we regarded the vision as an intimation that the troubles had come through the failure of its leaders to devote themselves exclusively to the higher and true aspects of their work, and their recourse to methods which savoured rather of those lower phases of occultism wherein it is akin to sorcery. In which case it was a caution to us against letting our work being in any way associated with theirs.

Mary's health at this time was such as to cause us serious anxiety, and her sufferings were of the severest. It was becoming evident that the climatic conditions of the place were in the highest degree unfavourable to her. According to the physiologists, asthma is a form of rheumatism, and on those low-lying banks of the Severn rheumatism was rife. And strong as was her attachment to her home, and manifold as were its advantages in other respects, as regarded her health it was in the highest degree deleterious, and it became a matter for serious consideration whether she could remain throughout the winter, and if not, whither she should go. The following entry in her Diary was made at a time when her bodily weakness and suffering were extreme :—

November 19, 1885.—I was ill all yesterday, suffering with violent pains in my head, so that I could not dress and leave my room. Yet, as has more than once happened, this physical disruption of the nervous system seemed to open my mind to interior conditions; and to-day I have more of the old feeling of the Poet on me than I have had for long years.

When I suffer like that in my head there happens to me something akin to the phenomenon experienced by drowning men. The past, with a hundred vivid pictures and sensations, reawakes, youth returns, and I am again, first a girl, and then a child. Yes, the years retreat, and the present shrivels up and rolls away like smoke.

¹ For the remainder of the instruction, see p. 97 *ante*.

I recover the old feelings, the old longings, the old hopes and beliefs in the goodness of life. I remember that I once thought the world an easy thing to conquer ; that I then believed in myself, and thought that before I had reached the age of thirty years all men would have heard my name, and that I should have become *great*. Yes, I thought all that, and believed it. And now I am long past thirty, and behind me lies a life of wasted effort, of beating vainly against iron bars, of struggling vainly for success—a life of deceptions, of disappointments, of sharp mental pain and strife, of weary disillusionment. That is what comes to all of us who start in life with an ideal ; that is the common fate of Poets. To have youth in one's heart, and age in one's body and mind ! To feel that one is ugly, and infirm, and grey, and wrinkled ; to have discovered the hollowness of life and the baseness of man, and the hopeless, horrible stupidity and ignorance of the whole human race,—its ingratitude, its falseness, its delight in lies, its love of tinsel and folly and sham,—to know all this, and to hate and loathe and despise it all ; and yet to have in one's inner spirit all the freshness of Nature and the undying desire to achieve ! I think some day death itself will come and find me so, with the love of life so strong, and the hate of men so great ; and again I shall be forced into existence, unable to rest, unable to sleep as others sleep when life is over.

That is my Karma. I shall come back again and again, with only the briefest possible interval of rest, until I am really able to do and to be what is in my spirit. Always I have had that aim—that Ideal—burning like a flame before me, and I wandering always after it through the deserts of existence. It has been there before me continually—the desire for greatness, the desire to achieve—and I have always followed it feverishly. Now it took to my vision one shape, now another. Sometimes it appeared to me that this highest good was Glory—the glory that comes of physical heroism and daring ; then I risked all for that, and died in fire for my reward ! Anon it danced before me in the guise of a crown ; and again, in spite of warning and presage, I covered myself with blood and tears to snatch my prize. I knew it was but for a year, and yet I cast all I had upon that die, and perished miserably ! Karma has always thrust me into mean births, and from these I have climbed always—to fall, and to die violently ! And now across the wastes of Time and Eternity, when for a moment the veil of oblivion is stirred by nervous disruption, a corner of it moves and lifts, and there float back to my soul from behind it the old echoes of the battle, of the wild fever of enthusiasm, of the strong belief in myself, of the cruel, cruel disappointment, of the miserable stupidity and ignorance of the men who judged me, of the terror, the denial, the self-accusation, and the suffocation of death. Then again the plunge into new existence, the reckless determination to have all or nothing, the desire to eclipse, to triumph, to excel ; the same overpowering egoism and belief in Self—the I that filled the world. And a phantom crown that dazzles me ; and a wild desire that sweeps everything aside to snatch it—honour, pity, justice, reputation, truth—a Crown for which I lie and perjure myself ; for which I steel my heart and stifle my conscience, to be like the wretch through whom only my highest good can come ! I hear and see all this, and the heart-breaking

remorse which tore me in the silence of the night and slew the unborn child within my womb.

Then again the wheel of Fortune turns, and I fall. Swift and horrible death rends my soul from my body, and still I cannot rest. Back, back to the earth, so quickly that the past is hardly wiped out ; the figures still stand freshly on the astral atmosphere around me. And still the same Flame burning ever before my spirit. But now its aspect is changed, for in that three hundred years of lapse my Karma has changed.

In those past lives my body ruled ; for it was strong and robust, and life leapt within me to impel my soul to deeds of arms, of force, of physical pleasure, of gaiety and dissipation.

Now I reap the harvest of these sins of the flesh. My body is weakly, delicate, diseased ; pleasure is forbidden it. The kind of triumph and display that comes of physical health and vigour are impossible to me ; my soul is shut off from outer things, and forced inward upon itself. It is the reaction of Polarity. The focus of life is interior now. It seems like punishment, but it is Law. The force that expended itself in striving after earthly things spends itself now in the pursuit of things interior. The craving that found its outlet in physical action and in ambitions related to the world of sense is forced into occult and heavenly lines. The polarity of life's current is changed ; and whereas in former existences it flowed readily and easily through the bodily channels, breaking outwards and expending its vitality there, where magnetic attraction was strongest, it now flows upward and internally by a more difficult channel ; for the bodily ways are blocked up and closed to it, and the magnetic focus lies within, on the mental plane. Men who pursue material ends, gained by physical means, achieve or fail, necessarily, during that period in which the bodily forces are strongest. The enthusiasm of patriotism, the physical courage and prowess of military adventure, belong to the time of the youth of the body, to the years when the vital forces of pulse and muscle and nerve are at their fullest and strongest. For the stream of life flows downwards through the body from the mind, and its impetus is rapid, furious, and soon expended. It is the roaring of a swollen torrent pouring from its source down a quick incline.

So also is it with the man whose desire is set on worldly rank and splendour. To women it is beauty and fascination that brings such things, unless they be born to them ; and beauty and fascination are of the body, and if they bring aught to their possessors, it must be in youth. Again it is the same rushing outwards and downwards of the stream of life. The body is its channel, and the time of the body's youth is short. The body has nothing to learn. It is at its best in its earliest days, for then its magnetic forces are most potent, and its powers of achievement keenest. There is no mental discipline needed for its triumphs. Material success must be gained in the morning of existence, for the day of the body is soon past.

But that is not so when the stream of Life runs upward and inward, as it does now with thee, O my child, that thinkest thyself lower now than Joan the peasant and Anna the queen, because thy morning is spent and the day of thy triumph is not yet come. Knowest

thou not that the youth of the Spirit endures when age already holds the flesh in his grip? The furious outpouring of life is past with thee. Karma has reversed the direction of the wheel of thy fate. Now it turns inward upon itself, and the forces of Life flow upward and inwardly. They flow more slowly now, because their direction is reversed, and the magnetic attraction which draws them is in the Mind, and not in the body. Thy body is feeble and tenuous; there is little vitality in it; it affords no channel for the outpouring of life. It is a mere veil of flesh, behind and within which the astral Mind and the Spirit burn and gather strength from day to day. For *their* youth has not yet reached its prime; *their* day-star is hardly yet above the horizon. The inner man is young and beautiful and full of force when the outer shell is decrepit and bowed with disease; for the inner man is the child of the Gods, and he is young even when Death despoils him of the garment of the body. Thou shalt be young in the midst of age, if the Gods love thee. Be content; long before thou art "thirty years old" thou shalt have won thy crown.

For the triumph that comes to the mind must be earned by discipline of the mind, and for that time is needed. The battles of the soul are fought with heavenly arms; the crowns of knowledge and of spiritual empire are achieved by Thought and Meditation. Laboriously the stream flows against natural gravitation, drawn upwards by strong magnetic attraction. All the polarities of thy being are changed. Thy past is but a shadow and forecast of what thy future shall be. Thou must translate the earthly honours or triumphs of the past into internal and spiritual achievements. Types and forecasts are ever meaner than the realities they foreshadow. They are on the lower plane—the plane which to the earth, of course, seems larger and worthier, because it is nearer to itself. But that which they forecast are the realities of the higher plane; and these, being lifted up above the earth, appear to its denizens smaller and more obscure. The material sword and crown are *types*; they have been thine and thou hast risen beyond them. But that which they foreshadowed on the Heavenly plane is still before thee. They are the Flame which calls thy Spirit onward.

Karma is just, and, being just, is merciful. Thou hast a greater, not a lesser, Destiny before thee than that which lies behind. I have lifted for thee but a corner of the curtain of thy Past, because it was not possible to hide it from thee altogether. Thou hast plunged too quickly into Existence in these latter years to keep the immediate past secret from the spirit whose sleep hath been so brief. Thou walkest among spirits whose age is not thine, whose existences are far fewer, and whose intervals of oblivion have been vastly longer than thine own. And thou hast brought back with thee into Existence the faint memory of the past, strengthened by the constant overshadowing of thy former astral selves. They seek thee. Take of them that which is good—their courage, their faith in self, their set purpose to succeed. And thou shalt be greater when forty years are told than they were at twenty. Thou knowest that the conquests of the Spirit are harder to attain than material victories, and that the powers of the Mind are matured later. In thy former lives—known to thee now—thou hast used the *body* as the instrument of the soul. Now thou usest the Mind. The body served thee then

as thy sword. Now it is only the sword's scabbard. It is with the Mind thou strivest, and it takes long to temper a blade of such as this.

Anna's crown was won at twenty, for it was by the body she earned it. Thine shall take twice that tale of years to gain ; for it lies on a higher plane, and thy way is harder and steeper than hers. A nobler prize, and unstained with the blood and tears of others than thyself ! Thou hast been the cause of suffering and death to many of thy kind. Thou must atone by bringing life and joy and peace to men. It is not fit that most living souls should know their past ; for most would be so occupied with it, and with its bygone scenes of triumph and woe, of exaltation and danger, that they would forget to live in the present, and to build up new Karma for the future. But from thee it cannot be hidden. Let the knowledge of it spur thee to better greatness and to purer aims. Thou wert nobler as the peasant than as the queen. Be wiser and higher than either, as the Reformer and Apostle.

All this I heard or saw in the night ; and more than this, for I seemed to be in a perfectly lucid state of spirit. Things were opened to me in the midst of my physical pain, as in the midst of the disruption of the storm the lightning opens heaven to the sight. Old hopes and fears came pressing back upon me from behind the veil ; old feverish triumphs and intrigues, anxieties, and despairs. Not of this life ; of a long-remote past. And at last I fell, as it were, into the darkness again, and saw far off, beyond and above me, abiding in the heights, uplifted over the mists and rain-clouds of earth, a Silver Figure, radiant and stately, with great calm eyes that filled my soul with light. Then again the clouds closed beneath her ; and I am upon earth, and she abides in heaven. But I remember, and shall know more and more, as the years roll by—perhaps.

One thing further. As I awoke, I heard a voice say quite aloud and distinctly, "*It is the dawn of the Sixth Consciousness.*"

Some time after her death I sent a copy of this utterance to Baron Spedalieri, as the most competent of living men to estimate it. His response was full at once of awe and of enthusiasm. It was unique, he declared, both from the literary and from the occult point of view, and constituted a revelation of the way the soul comes, transcending any yet known to the world.

The more we studied the histories of the two characters thus so fully and positively indicated to her as having been among her latest incarnations, the more striking did we find the resemblances between her and them. Even when reading of traits, such as were some of Anne Boleyn's, the reverse of what she would have been proud of, she would exclaim, "How like me ! How like me ! That is exactly what I should have said or done !" While every trait and experience of Joan's fitted her

exactly to the very manner, including her aptitudes for situations wholly strange and novel to her,—there was the same resourcefulness under difficult emergencies, the same quickness and incisiveness of rejoinder to hostile interrogation, the same peremptoriness of tone as of one born to command and accustomed to receive implicit obedience, and even more than the same responsiveness to spiritual impression and impulsion. Even the mission was identical in kind, being one of rescue and deliverance, with the difference that, while Joan's was a mission of political and national import, hers was of spiritual and universal import. She owned also to a feeling which seemed to be derived from yet more remote incarnations, that the natural thing for her to do to those who displeased her would be to cut off their heads, and a sense of strangeness at being unable to gratify it.

Even as a return of Anne Boleyn, there was a fitness in the work assigned her. For, as Anne Boleyn, she had been the means of rescuing the letter of the Bible from virtual suppression, inasmuch as she was the cause of the quarrel which led Henry VIII. to renounce the supremacy of the Pope and set up the Bible in opposition to him; and now it was her mission to rescue the spirit of the Bible by restoring the interpretation. And as if she had an instinctive consciousness to this effect, the very next entry in her Diary after that just recorded was the following, which she made on November 24 [1885]:—

“ For at present there is no profound understanding of the Scriptures; nor does any look, as says Cornelius Agrippa, under the Bark of the Law. But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. ‘ Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord,’ says the Apostle, ‘ the veil shall be taken away. For the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord’ (1 Cor. iii. 15). Unhappy, truly, therefore, is he said to be who regards the Law as a mere simple recital or in the light of an ordinary discourse; for, if in truth it were nothing more than this, one could even be composed at this day more worthy of admiration. ‘ In order to find such mere words,’ observes the Kabbalist, ‘ we have only to turn to the legislators of this world, who have frequently expressed themselves with more grandeur and grace. . . . But it is not thus; each word of the Law has a meaning and cloaks a mystery entirely sublime. The story of the Law is the vestment of the Law; unhappy he who mistakes the vestment for the

Law itself. . . . The sages and servants of the Supreme King, those who dwell on the heights of Sinai, are occupied only about the Soul, which is the basis of all the rest' " (*Zohar*, Part iii.).

"Settle not in the lees and puddles of the world. Have thy heart in heaven and thine hands upon earth. Ascend in Piety, and descend in Charity. For this is the nature of Light, and the way of the children thereof. Thou must live, as says Agrippa, according to God and the Angels, rejecting all things that are dissimilar to the *heaven*; otherwise thou canst have no communication with superiors. Lastly, *Unus esto non solus*. Avoid the multitude, as well of passions as of persons. And, in conclusion, I would have thee understand that every day is a contracted year, and every year an extended day. Anticipate the year in the day, and lose not a day in the year. Make use of indeterminate agents till thou canst find a determinate one; the many wish well, but one only loves. Circumferences spread, but centres contract; so superiors dissolve and inferiors coagulate. . . . Learn from thine errors to be infallible, and from thy misfortunes to be constant. There is nothing stronger than Perseverance, for it ends in miracles" (*Anima Magia Abscondita*, p. 51; *Cœlum Terræ*, p. 137).

"O Mysteries truly sacred!" exclaims the Bishop of Alexandria in holy transport; "O pure Light! as at the light of torches the veil that covers God and Heaven falls off. I am holy now that I am initiated. It is the Lord Himself who is the Hierophonta. He sets His seal upon the Adept, whom He illuminates with his beams; and whom, as a recompense for faith, He will recommend to the eternal love of the Father. These are the Orgies of my Mysteries; come ye and be received!" (Clemens Alexandrinus).

"Agrippa says, *Clausum est Armarium*, 'The Scripture is obscure and mystical throughout; even in the simplest details most profound, but significant in its promises'" (*An Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*).

On November 27 [1885] she received under illumination occurring in sleep the striking instruction concerning Revelation considered as re-veil-ation, which forms I. iv. of *Clothed with the Sun*.

Our lecture tour this autumn [chiefly anti-vivisection] comprised Gloucester, Malvern, Cheltenham, Hereford, Bristol, Clifton, Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, and Tunbridge Wells. At all of these places she addressed large audiences, public and private, with her wonted power and acceptance, betraying no signs of the ill-health from which she was suffering, her enthusiasm for the causes advocated always sufficing to sustain her through the effort, however arduous, and lifting her to a plane at which she was superior to all limitations. At Bristol our labours were largely increased by a newspaper controversy in which we bore a plentiful part. At several of the places visited we were hospit-

ably entertained in private houses, and had opportunities both of making fresh friends and of imparting of our more recondite teachings. Among our most interesting visits was that to Weston, where we stayed with Professor Francis W. Newman, who poured out freely for us of the treasures of his richly stored memory concerning the many notable persons and things with whom he had been concerned. At once learned and pious—the latter to such extent as to hold family prayers morning and evening, which he conducted with much of devoutness—he astonished Mary, who was unaware of his sceptical views, by declaring that he had no consciousness whatever of having within himself something answering to what is called a soul, or anything beyond the mind, which, he firmly held, was an appurtenance of the body, and would perish with it. For his part, he said, he had no expectation of a future life, nor any desire for continuance; and he considered it unreasonable and presumptuous to want it, and to hope for it, as we ought to be content with having lived once. What it is in us and in him that makes us religious, if not a soul that is conscious of immortality, was a question to which we failed to obtain answer from him.

While staying at the Clifton Down Hotel, on this excursion, Mary found herself accosted in sleep by someone who was invisible to her, who told her that at Paris there is a paper, having a large circulation, which, while apparently innocuous and advertising dolls and other toys, really advertises various kinds of obscenities, the dolls meaning children, chiefly girls, whose ages and appearance are indicated by their height in centimetres, and other particulars, some of the advertisements referring also to animals. The headquarters of this infamous traffic, she was told, is called "Coin de Sainte Marthe," and the police had long had them under watch, without being able to obtain proof on which to take action. On her asking her informant what this had to do with her, he said that, as she was engaged in a crusade against cruelty, the matter was one that she might fairly take up, the cruelty involved, especially to children, being very great.

Mary was confident that she had never heard of anything that could have suggested this conversation, and that it was really due to some extraneous spirit. We accordingly bore it in mind, with a view to informing the Paris police. But no

opportunity was afforded us of ascertaining the truth, or otherwise taking steps in the matter.

The following are two examples of her many popular addresses on behalf of the vegetarian regimen :—

“ I always speak with the greatest delight and satisfaction in the presence of my friends the members of the Vegetarian Society. With them I am quite at my ease, I have no reservation, I have no dissatisfaction. This is not the case when I speak for my friends the Anti-Vivisectionists, the Anti-Vaccinationists, the Spiritualists, or the advocates of freedom for women. I always feel that such of these as are not abstainers from flesh-food have unstable ground under their feet, and it is my great regret that, when helping them in their good works, I cannot openly and publicly maintain what I so ardently believe—that the Vegetarian movement is the bottom and basis of all other movements towards Purity, Freedom, Justice, and Happiness.

“ I think it was Benjamin Disraeli who said that we had stopped short at Comfort, and had mistaken it for Civilisation, content to increase the former at the expense of the latter. Not a day passes without the perspicacity of this remark coming forcibly before me. Comfort, luxury, indulgence, and ease abound in this age, and in this part of the world ; but, alas ! of Civilisation we have as yet acquired but the veriest rudiments. Civilisation means not mere physical ease, but moral and spiritual Freedom—Sweetness and Light—with which the customs of the age are in most respects at dire enmity. I named just now freedom for women. One of the greatest hindrances to the advancement and enfranchisement of the sex is due to the luxury of the age, which demands so much time, study, money, and thought to be devoted to what is called the ‘ pleasures of the table.’ A large class of men seems to believe that women were created chiefly to be ‘ housekeepers,’ a term which they apply almost exclusively to ordering dinners and superintending their preparation. Were this office connected only with the garden, the field, and the orchard, the occupation might be truly said to be refined, refining, and worthy of the best and most gentle lady in the land. But, connected as it is actually with slaughterhouses, butchers’ shops, and dead carcasses, it is an occupation at once unwomanly, inhuman, and barbarous in the extreme. Mr Ruskin has said that the criterion of a beautiful action or of a noble thought is to be found in song, and that an action about which we cannot make a poem is not fit for humanity. Did he ever apply this test to flesh-eating ? Many a lovely poem, many a beautiful picture, may be made about gardens and fruit-gathering, and the bringing home of the golden produce of harvest, or the burden of the vineyards, with groups of happy boys and girls, and placid, mild-eyed oxen bending their necks under their fragrant load. But I defy anyone to make beautiful verse or to paint beautiful pictures about slaughterhouses, running with streams of steaming blood, and terrified, struggling animals felled to the ground with poleaxes ; or of a butcher’s stall hung round with rows of gory corpses, and folks in the midst of them bargaining with the ogre who keeps the place for legs and shoulders,

and thighs and heads, of the murdered creatures ! What horrible surroundings are these for gentle and beautiful ladies ! The word ' wife ' means, in the old Saxon tongue, a ' weaver ' ; and that of ' husband ' means, of course, a ' husbandman.' ' Lady,' too, is a word originally signifying loaf-giver. In these old words have come down to us a glimpse of a fair picture of past times. The wife, or weaver, is the spinner, the maker, whose function it is to create forms of beauty and decorative art, to brighten, adorn, and make life lovely. Or if, as ' lady ' of the house, we look on her in the light of the provider and dispenser of good things, it is not loathsome flesh of beasts that she gives, but bread—sweet and pure, and innocent type of all human food. As for the man, he is the cultivator of the ground, a sower of grain, a tiller of the field. I would like to see these old times back, with all their sweet and tender Arcadian homeliness, in the place of the ugly lives which most folks lead in our modern towns, whose streets are hideous, above all at night, with their crowded gin-palaces, blood-smeared butchers' stalls, reeling drunkards, and fighting women. People talk to me sometimes about peace conventions, and ask me to join societies for putting down war. I always say, ' You are beginning at the wrong end, and putting the cart before the horse.' If you want people to leave off fighting like beasts of prey, you must first get them to leave off living like beasts of prey. You cannot reform institutions without first reforming men. Teach men to live as human beings ought to live, and to think wisely, purely, and beautifully, to have noble ideas of the purpose and meaning of Humanity, and they will themselves reform their institutions. Any other mode of proceeding will result only in a patchwork on a worthless fabric, a whitening of a sepulchre full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Flesh-meats and intoxicating drinks—the pabulum of Luxury—are the baneful coil of hydra-headed Vice, whose ever-renewing heads we vainly strike, while leaving the body of the dragon still untouched. Strike there—at the heart—at the vitals of the destructive monster, and the work of Heracles, the Redeemer, is accomplished ! ”

“ I have stood so often on this and other platforms throughout England, as well as in Scotland and Switzerland, to speak to my friends about the physiological, chemical, anatomical, and economical aspects of the non-flesh diet, that to-night, for a change, I am going to take another and a higher line. We will therefore, if you please, take as ' read ' all the vindications of our mode of living furnished by various scientific arguments—that we have the organisation of the fruit-eater ; that the constituent elements of vegetable food furnish all the necessary force and material of bodily vigour ; that it is cheaper to buy beans and meal than to buy pork and suet ; that land goes further and supports more people under a vegetable cultivation than when laid out for pasture, and so forth. All these arguments, more or less eloquently and clearly formulated, most of you have by heart, and those who have not may buy them all for sixpence of the Vegetarian Society. So I am going to talk to you to-night about quite another branch of our subject, the loftiest and fruitfulest branch of the whole tree. I am going to tell you that I see in the doctrine we are here to preach the very culmination and

crown of the Gentle Life, that Life which in some way we all of us in our best moments long to live, but which it is only given now and again to some great and noble soul, almost divine, fully to realise and glorify in the eyes of the world. I said just now that 'in our best moments' we all long to lead the Ideal Life. Some of us have many 'best moments,' and long ones too; moments that dominate and top our work-a-day efforts always, like a light of stars overhead, through which the Heaven looks down on us. Some of us, again, have very few best moments, short and feeble, like lights over a marsh; never steadfast, always flickering in and out, and paling and flitting when we get abreast of them. With this class of persons the Ideal is very faint and unstable, while with the former it is strong and masterful. Societies like ours are made to encourage the 'best moments' of the weakly, and to glorify those of the strong. Societies like ours are made to train soldiers and provide them with leaders to fight for the Ideal. Beginners and feeble folk cannot stand without encouragement in the teeth of a hot fire, nor rush upon the enemy unless some hero heads them and shows the way. The Ideal Life, the Gentle Life, has many enemies, and the weapons used by these are various. They are pseudo-scientific, pseudo-religious, pseudo-philanthropic, pseudo-æsthetic, pseudo-utilitarian. And the enemies are of all ranks, professions, and interests. But of all the weapons used, the most deadly, the most terrific, is ridicule. Yes, Ridicule slays its tens of thousands! To be laughed at is far more awful to average mortals than to be preached at, groaned at, cursed at. It is the weapon which the journalists almost always handle with the greatest facility. These are the men who laugh for their living. They have replaced in modern days the paid domestic jesters of olden times. Every town keeps its paid jester now in the office of its local paper, as a few centuries ago great nobles kept their man in cap and motley to crack jokes on the guests at table. We have not changed in manners, but in manner only. And the very first thing that Reformers have to do is to get over minding the man in motley. Let him laugh. He cannot argue. Laughing is his stock-in-trade. If he laugh not too coarsely, and avoid blaspheming, he is, after all, very harmless. It is his privilege to laugh at all that is new and unwonted. All children do that, and the man in motley is but a clever child. Why let him knock you down with his fool's truncheon? Wince, and shrink, and expostulate; he sees his advantage then, and belabours you pitilessly. But heed him not, and go on doing your work with a great heart as though it were a royal thing to do, and he will soon be off to some other quarry. Only be sure in your own mind that you are *right*; only be set in dead earnest on keeping that royal thing in clear view and working up to it, and the Ideal will reward you by becoming the real and actual.

"It is not necessary to go very far afield to find the royal work. It does not lie—for most of us—in setting out to accomplish some vast task. Most of us will find it in just simply and calmly shaping out and lifting up our own lives so as to beautify and perfect and unify them, being just and merciful to all men and all creatures. We vegetarians carry the Ideal a stage lower, and therefore a stage higher, than do other folk. We find the duty to the lowliest the duty completest in blessing. Let me tell you a story. Once, in the

far-away old days of romance, there was a Christian knight of peerless repute, whose greatest longing and dearest hope it was to have the vision of the Holy Grail. The Holy Grail is the name given in chivalry to the Chalice of the Altar containing the sacred Blood of Christ, and this was said to be shown in a vision by God to those whom He judged worthy of the sight of this supreme symbol of His grace, in the moment when they pleased Him most. Well, the knight of whom I speak, in pursuance of the object of his desire, joined the Crusaders and performed prodigies of valour and wonderful feats of arms in battle against the infidels, but all in vain ; he had no vision and remained unblest. Then he left Palestine and went and laid aside his sword in a monastery, and lived a life of long penance and meditation, desiring always a sight of the Holy Grail. But that, too, was in vain. At last, sorrowful and almost despairing, he returned homeward to his own domain. As he drew near his castle he saw gathered about its gates a crowd of beggars, sick, maimed, aged and infirm, old men, women, babes and children—all who were left behind on the land while the hale and hearty went to fight the Saracens. Then he said to his squire, ' What are these ? ' ' They are beggars,' the squire answered, ' who can neither work nor fight. They clamour for bread ; but why heed such a herd of useless, despicable wretches ? Let me drive them away.' ' Nay,' said the knight, touched to the heart ; ' I have slain many abroad ; let me save some at home. Call these poor folk together ; give them bread and drink ; let them be warmed and clothed.' And lo ! as the words passed his lips, a light from heaven fell upon him, and looking up, he saw at last the longed-for vision of the Holy Grail ! Yes, that humble, simple, homely duty of Charity was more precious in the Divine Eyes than all his deeds of prowess in the field of arms or his long devotions in the cloister !

" And so with us, who so poor, so oppressed, so helpless, so mute and uncared for, as the dumb creatures who serve us—they who but for us must starve, and who have no friend on earth if man be their enemy ? Even these are not too low for pity nor too base for justice, and without fear of irreverence or slight on the holy name that Christians love, we may truly say of them, as of the captive, the sick, and the hungry, ' Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye do it unto Me.' ¹

" For, as St Francis of Assisi has told us, all the creatures of God's hand are brethren. ' My sisters the birds,' he was wont to say ; ' my brothers the kine in the meadows.' The essential of true justice is the sense of solidarity. All creatures, from highest to lowest, stand hand in hand before God. Nor shall we ever begin to spiritualise our lives and thoughts, to lighten and lift ourselves higher, until we recognise this solidarity, until we learn to look upon the creatures of God's hand, not as mere subjects for hunting and butchery, for dissecting and experimentation, but as *living souls* with whom, as well as with the sons of men, God's covenant is made."

¹On the subject of the animals being " a living conscious portion of the divine mind," so that every pang suffered by them is suffered directly by that mind, see *England and Islam*, pp. 214-216, 244.—S. H. H.

CHAPTER XXXI

DE MULTIS REBUS

“ LIVORNO, *January 8, 1886.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to thank you for your welcome note of the 4th, and for the good wishes which you and Mrs Kingsford were kind enough to send me for this new year, and which I heartily reciprocate. Mrs Kingsford has been so much before the public of late, and has displayed such apostolic energy and ubiquity, that I could barely resist the temptation of sending her my tribute of admiration. But I abstained, and I am glad of it, having now an opportunity of sending that tribute through you ; that is, in a manner which entails nothing troublesome to her.

“ You have had the good fortune of spending Yuletide in high latitudes, where its merry gloom is both more merry and more gloomy than in the South, although I am, in my turn, better off in that respect than the unfortunate Australians, who have to burn their logs in June.

“ But I must answer your question, and only regret that I am not in a condition to give you the desired information. I do not receive the *Revue Scientifique*, but Pasteur’s rejoinder to Koch I remember having seen quoted and referred to in some other (*probably German*) periodical. Not knowing whether Koch has replied again, I am little inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, it being the trick of would-be great men *nowadays not* to claim the honours of the last word. The history of the apparently fierce and inky *bacillus* war waged on Austrian ground by Stricker and Spina against Koch in 1883 shows clearly enough how profitable it is not to reply when one has been beaten, the public thus remaining free to interpret the silence in accordance with its preconceived notions. In fact, why should a scientific magnate like Koch, at whose feet Gossler, the Minister, sits lost in admiration, and who, living as he is in the ‘ metropolis of intelligence,’ is surrounded and supported by a legion of editors and readers of the press,—why should he stoop to fight like a common gladiator before the readers of the *Revue Scientifique* ?

“ Science is, more than ever, national, and the direction and rapidity of the propagation of scientific results, ideas, and fashions seems to depend on international sympathies and antipathies more than on anything else. Research, apparently so lofty and so pure an occupation, is often nothing but the outcome of numerous and more or less mean motives, personal, national, and even (incredible though it appears) municipal. Paris is fully as bad as Berlin in this respect, Pasteur fully as bad as Koch ; and as to French literature, it is worse

than German literature, any reference to the latter being apparently tabooed in the former.

“ Add to all this that Koch is a strikingly bad reasoner, and that he imputes to his *bacilli* (the phthisical as well as that of cholera) the most unreasonable performances, whereas Pasteur is logical enough to draw from his precarious pan-spermistic premises the most formidable structure of conclusions that ever threatened human health and ‘sanity,’ and I can easily imagine why Koch preferred to wrap himself in majestic silence.

“ But, after all, who are those whom *you* wish to convince? Are they people that go by the rule of the ‘last word’? If so, the poor fishwife was wrong whom O’Connell had called ‘You parallelogram.’ And why refer to Pasteur through Koch, whose advocacy might be positively dangerous?

“ The world (even England, at all events Scotland Yard) seems to be in a fit of temporary insanity. All that is low and mean in human nature shows itself, and whosoever ministers to fear ministers to cruelty. To argue with fear is difficult. Let us not waste our energies: this, too, will pass.—With kindest regards to Mrs Kingsford, yours most faithfully,
E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

“ ST LEONARD’S, *February 24* [1886].

“ DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—I have been intending to write to you for ages, but work has quite overwhelmed me of late; and, besides, I have been terribly bad with neuralgia, and almost laid up. Now that I am away from our damp vicarage I am better. Thanks, many, for your Nice newspapers. I have read the accounts of your festivals with interest, and fancied myself present. On Saturday next I go up to London with my little daughter, who leaves for Paris on Sunday night under the charge of Miss D. The child is going to spend a year in Paris to learn French and music. The change will do her an immense deal of good in every way, and she is looking forward to it greatly. After the dull life she has led here it will develop her character for the better, I hope. As for me, I have taken a charming little flat for the six spring and summer months in London, and enter into possession on March 8. My address will then be 34 Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington, until next September.

“ Our Hermetic Session will very soon begin again now. Is it not extraordinary that this year of all years the Sphinx is to be dug out of the Desert sands that have hidden it all these centuries? 1886 is, you know, the prophesied year of Nostradamus, who foretold that when St George should roll away the stone from the door of the holy sepulchre, then the new era should dawn. This year St George’s Day and Easter Day coincide—a thing that has not happened before, since many hundred years, I think—and all the other Festivals also coincide in very strange ways, but I have not the prophecy here to refer to. I will try to get it and send it. But no doubt you read all about it in *Light*. Moreover, this year is the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria. And the Hermetic Society was founded on St George’s Day! He is our Patron Saint. The Sphinx is to be uncovered by Easter, so the whole thing is most strange. . . .

“ I have a new book just coming out, published by Redway. It is the *Astrology Theologised* of Weigelius, with a long introductory

essay by me. I hope you will like it. But how about *your* book? Do let me know how it gets on. I am so glad you liked my story in the *Month*. It has lately been reprinted in America. I am very hard at work now with literary and other matters, and only wish my health was sufficiently good to allow of my taking up *all* the offers of literary work that I get."

While the amount of her work was a source of anxiety to us owing to its proving so serious a tax on her strength, we were no less disquieted by the character of one branch of it, on account of its apparent incompatibility with the work which constituted her special mission. Desirous at once of utilising her medical knowledge, of benefiting her family, and of obtaining the means for extending the scope of her spiritual and interpretative work, she had, towards the close of 1884, undertaken to supply a weekly letter to the *Lady's Pictorial* on subjects connected with Hygiene in its two aspects of prevention and cure. This was an undertaking which proved to involve a heavy correspondence with individuals as well as a considerable private practice, in the prosecution of which she was eminently successful, and had, moreover, the satisfaction of doing much to extend her own reformed mode of diet and inculcating refined and gentle modes of life. It soon appeared, however, that the chief demand upon her was for the treatment of complaints detrimental to beauty, whether of face or of form, her own success in maintaining which unimpaired, and her extraordinary youthfulness of appearance, produced a widespread impression that she was possessed of some magical secret which could be imparted to others. Her practice in this line brought her knowledges respecting both her own sex and the methods of her own profession which she declared to be a veritable revelation to her, whether as regarded the lengths to which women will go in the pursuit of beauty, or the depths of ignorance and unscrupulousness of those who trade upon their weaknesses, and this whether by quack vendors of cosmetics or by regularly qualified medical practitioners. For, while the former made the wholesomeness of their compounds the last consideration, the latter treated such requirements with scorn, and prescribed at haphazard, wholly regardless of common-sense, to the aggravation of the particular trouble concerned and the detriment of the patient's general health. "I could not have believed it if I had not seen it," she would declare after her patients

had left her. "Only think; as sure as I question the patients who come to me about their complexions concerning their diet and general habits of body, they reply that they did not come to me on those accounts, but about the skin of their faces; and that they have consulted heaps of doctors—high class and expensive ones—for the same thing, but have never been asked questions of that kind. And when I have made them show me their prescriptions, they have proved to be one and all for drugs, chiefly mineral ones, such as would soon destroy the strongest constitution, and were of themselves enough to account for the state of their complexions. And when I tell them so, and inform them that the look of their skin depends on the state of their blood, and this chiefly on the diet with which they nourish it, their astonishment is unbounded, and they declare that not only has such an idea never occurred to them before, but they are quite sure it never occurred to any of their doctors. For, besides drugs, they chiefly recommended a diet of flesh as nearly raw and as plentiful in quantity as they could manage to take. So that I could not help being convinced that the doctors, as a rule, as little understand the fundamental principles of health as the clergy do those of religion."

And so it was that her practice consisted so largely in the treatment of complexions and the invention of innocuous cosmetics, as to justify the title of the book of her articles on the subject, *Health, Beauty, and the Toilet*; a book which proved a veritable boon to vast numbers of her sex on both sides of the Channel and of the Atlantic.

But while thus successful in her profession, she was much distressed by her sense of the incongruity between such a line of practice and her vocation as an apostle and prophet and religious reformer, and felt apprehensive of injury to her mission through the effect on the minds of others, who would, she feared, hardly be able to take her seriously in respect of the latter. I fully shared her feeling, knowing how liable people are, especially press critics, to detect and make the most of such an apparent incongruity. Of course in itself it was innocent, and had been forced on her by circumstances not of her seeking, and beyond her control. And it had, moreover, no deteriorating effect on her own mind or on the quality of her illuminations. But it might, and doubtless would, be turned to the prejudice of

our spiritual work by the "Haters of the Mysteries," whether embodied or unembodied, and we wondered accordingly why such a risk had been permitted, and hoped almost against hope that an explanation would be vouchsafed which would at least satisfy ourselves.

It came at length, and did more than satisfy ourselves; for it was of such a nature as to minister to the recognition of some of the chiefest doctrines our work was designed to illustrate. And it came to us both simultaneously, and was comprised in the word "Karma." In recounting to Mary her horoscope, we were reminded it had been said to her, "It was fore-ordained that you should be luxurious, and addicted to the use of all manner of sweet and cleanly perfumes, baths, and anointments, which render the body fragrant and pure. You will, therefore, in opposing your destiny, be extraordinarily apt to contract all manner of such filthy complaints as accompany poverty, dirt, and the reverse of the condition to which your Rulers destined you. Unclean insects and impure diseases may pursue you, and you may fall a prey to one or the other."¹ It has already been related how she was a martyr to the attacks of insects, and now she was fulfilling her horoscope yet further by having to devote herself to the medical treatment of other people for precisely the ills to which her thwarted destiny rendered her liable. It was thus that, by illustrating the doctrine of Karma and working out her own, she was made a personal demonstration of the fundamental tenets of the doctrine she was appointed to restore.

In reviewing her recent book, *Astrology Theologised*, the *St James's Gazette*, in reference to her introductory essay, after congratulating her on not having been born into the world some four hundred years ago, as she would assuredly have been burnt at the stake for it, indulged in some characteristic criticisms, to which she made the following rejoinder, which duly appeared:—

"The notice of my introduction to the above-named book in your issue of the 21st inst. is calculated to produce an injurious impression, which I think it important to correct. Your reviewer says that I 'make short work of Christianity,' and cites in proof the following sentence: 'Assuredly there will come a day when the figure of Jesus

¹ See Vol. I. p. 419.

of Nazareth . . . will become obscure and faded as that of Osiris,' etc. I, however, go on to say—and this your reviewer, unfairly, as it seems to me, ignores—'not that the Gospel can ever die, or that spiritual processes can become effete, but that the historical framework in which, for the present age, the saving truth is set, will dissociate itself from its essentials, fall, and drift away on the waves of time' (p. 36). And again (p. 41): 'It is not part of the design of Hermetic teaching to destroy belief in the historical aspect of Christianity, . . . but to point out that it is not the history that saves, but the spiritual truth embodied therein.' Unless, therefore, your reviewer holds that Christianity consists in historical accidentals, and not in spiritual essentials, he is certainly not justified in describing me as 'making short work' of it on account of the passage he cites.

"Your reviewer falls into the further blunder of regarding Theosophy as a thing of recent invention, or, at least, importation, and accordingly confounds my views with the Theosophy which, as he says, lately 'came over to Europe.' Whereas the fact is that Theosophy—both the term itself and the system properly so called—has subsisted in the Church from the beginning; and what I have done is to restore and develop it—not as lately 'come over to Europe,' but as held by St Paul, by St Dionysius 'the Areopagite,' by the scholastics, and by the host of Christian mystical philosophers, to whom alone it is due that Christianity is now in any degree a spiritual religion, instead of having degenerated into a mere fetish-worship. I propound no 'Modern Theosophy' which is not also 'Olden Mysticism.'"

Resuming our Hermetic lectures [at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 22 Albemarle Street], we carried out [in 1886] the following programme:—

The President, on "Bible Hermeneutics." ¹—April 13.

E. Maitland, on "The Higher Alchemy."—April 22.

Hon. Roden Noel, on "Jacob Boehme."—May 4.

Arthur Lillie, on "The Indian Rama, his Connection with the Osirian and Eleusinian Mysteries."—May 18.

E. Maitland, on "A Forgotten View of Genesis."—May 27.

Mr S. L. Macgregor Mathers, on "The Kabala."—June 3.

Mohini M. Chatterji, on "Krishna."—June 10.

E. Maitland, second paper on "The Higher Alchemy."—June 22.

E. Maitland, a joint paper by the President and himself on "The Nature and Constitution of the Ego." ²—June 29.

¹ This lecture consisted of Anna Kingsford's Introduction to *Astrology Theologised*.—S. H. H.

² This lecture was subsequently included (as Lecture V.) in the Second Edition of *The Perfect Way* in substitution for Lecture V. of the First Edition. Both lectures are given in the present (Fourth) Edition of *The Perfect Way*.—S. H. H.

Mr S. L. M. Mathers, on "The Physical or Lower Alchemy."—July 8.

E. Maitland, on "The New Illumination."—July 15.

The President, in answer to questions invited, re-read her third lecture on "The Creed,"¹ and gave a further exposition in satisfaction of questions.—July 22.

Dr W. Wynn Westcott, on the Kabalistic book, *Sepher Yetzirah*.—July 29.

At all the meetings the papers were followed by discussions of the highest interest, the attendance varying from thirty to fifty persons, many of whom were notable for their talent, their erudition, and their piety. A special feature in Mary's lectures consisted in the highly artistic diagrams, made by herself, of the symbols explained, such as the double Triangle and the Seal of Solomon, on which were shown the stations of the soul in the course of its elaboration; also her drawings of man in his two states, degenerate and regenerate, as indicated by the direction of the magnetic currents of his system, according to the view shown to her in vision. Another feature worthy of mention was the occasional presence of theatrical actors and professional reciters, who came, they said, not because they could understand what they heard—that, they frankly admitted, was beyond them—but in order to listen to the President, whose gift of elocution they declared to be so perfect that to hear her speak was a lesson in their own art. This proved to be the closing session of the Hermetic Society.

Among the letters written or received during this summer were the following:—

" 34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W., May 11, 1886.

" DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—You know that it is not because I do not often think of you that I do not write often. Both Mr Maitland and I have been, and still are, so incessantly occupied with literary work that we find it hard to get time for correspondence further than the sending off of short notes and post-cards. We are now very busy getting ready the revised edition of *The Perfect Way*, which will contain a new lecture and many alterations and improvements. Then there is my own book, which Redway is bringing out, and the proofs of which I have to correct, besides my weekly newspaper work, which is heavy, and my lectures. One is coming off on Thursday evening at Hampstead. It is a mere feat for me to get to

¹ See p. 200 *ante*.

bed earlier than 1 or 2 A.M., and, as you know, my health is very far from strong. Lately I have suffered horribly from neuralgia.

“ There is a general feeling among the members of the Hermetic Society that we ought to hold some meetings in the evening. Many of our men cannot come in the afternoons. At the last the Hon. Roden Noel gave us a paper on Boehme, which was extremely interesting, and led to my reading up what Mrs Penny has to say on the subject. I think I begin to understand Boehme much better than I did, though I think, with Mr Maitland, that he was very irregular in his aspirations, and the levels to which he attained ; not rising always to the same height. He certainly recognised this himself, for he says that, in order to mark the distinction between that which he says *of himself* and that which ‘ God says in him,’ he uses, to express the first condition, the pronoun ‘ I,’ and, to express the second, ‘ *we.*’ Of himself he affirms, he finds it difficult to rise above the ‘ astral knowledge,’ but that which he writes of the Spirit ‘ transcends the three kingdoms.’

“ I am particularly angered by Gerald Massey, the so-called poet, who is now in London giving lectures on Sundays at St George’s Hall. If you still see the *Medium*, you will find in it a very fair report of these lectures. Gerald Massey is a materialist of the rankest type, masquerading as a spiritualist. He is a man incapable of comprehending anything beyond the crudest objective manifestations of psychic energy, and even of these he deliberately prefers the lowest and vulgarest types. As for spiritualism as we understand the word, he will have done with it altogether ; it is ‘ effete, ‘ old-world,’ ‘ musty and fusty,’ and must be swept away into limbo. He says there is no meaning in any dogma or doctrine or event of sacred science other than that which lies immediately on the surface, and as this is superseded, he calls on his hearers to sweep away the whole Christian system, with the ideas of God, Devil, Christ, and all that belongs to the category of Mysticism. The only spirits in the universe, he says, are human spirits ; the only intelligences we can possibly come into contact with are those of embodied or disembodied men and women ; the talk and phenomena of the séance-room constitute the only revelation we can hope for. And as to illumination from a Divine source, or hidden interpretations, or esoteric teaching, or re-births, or seership, or mysticism of any kind—Neo-platonic, Theosophic, Hermetic, or Kabalistic—it is all pure unmitigated bosh. This is what he says publicly every Sunday, and last Sunday he quoted a passage from *The Perfect Way* in order to denounce it. The passage in question was that in which we say that ‘ the signs of the Zodiac are written on the heavenly planisphere because they stand as eternal verities in the history of every human soul.’ He puts the physical first—and last ; that is the Alpha and Omega of existence. The spiritual is but a mere dream of insane imaginations, read into physical phenomena by sickly visionaries ! And this is the kind of teaching to the dissemination of which, under the mask of ‘ high teaching,’ certain ‘ spiritualists ’ are lending themselves.

“ Adieu. I have already written too much, I fear, and may have wearied you.—Ever yours lovingly,

A. K.”

“ 4 FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W., June 14, 1886.

“ DR ANNA KINGSFORD.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am deeply thankful to you for your lecture on *Pasteur*. It cannot be said that it exhausts the subject or settles the controversy, only because human evil, with its folly and embruted stupidity, once it is fairly master of an inveterate will, dominates flocks of men and women, and has inevitably its devil's time of success, and waits for God's time of judgment. You know this too well; and your militancy for good will not be impaired by the apparent uselessness of present effort against the overwhelming flood of scientist wickedness and quackery.

“ I am sorry for the lady you mention whose faith in the Good God is strained by Pasteur's success. Evils, says our friend Swedenborg, *must* come out, in order that they may be seen, acknowledged, and exposed, and that they may be got rid of. The diabolus of atheist-scientism, with its hideous methods, is now allowed to show itself in all its deformity, yet in its full robes of infernal pretext, that its judgment may, when the season comes, be condign.

“ I send you a little translation of mine of a book I admire. My handwriting is difficult to me now, and I am more in the upper planes of thought than any longer in controversy with the Materialists. But I thoroughly love and appreciate your work.—Yours fraternally,

“ J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.”

The following is a characteristic example of her “ short way ” with editors :—

“ *To the Editor of —.*

“ DEAR SIR,—The heading you have affixed to my article *will not do*. It contains no less than *three* errors in five words ! (1) Pasteur is *not* a ‘ Dr ’ ; he has no medical diploma at all ; consequently, Dr Graucher has to operate for him, to save him the reproach of practising without a qualification. He is M. Pasteur simply. (2) He does not profess to *cure* hydrophobia, but to *prevent* it only ; for he has distinctly stated many times over that his process is *not curative*, but prophylactic. And this is the whole point of this ‘ discovery.’ (3) Human beings do not have *rabies*, but hydrophobia. Rabies is a canine complaint, and what M. Pasteur attempts to prevent is hydrophobia. The title would only be correct thus—‘ Can M. Pasteur *prevent hydrophobia* ? ’ I suggest that it would be much simpler to head the article ‘ PASTEURISM.’

“ Pray do not commit me to three such awful mistakes as the ‘ *Dr*,’ the ‘ *Cure*,’ and the ‘ *Rabies* ’ !!!
ANNA KINGSFORD.”

“ 34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W., August 19, 1886.

“ DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—Thank you so much for your very kind invitation. Yes, if the Gods are favourable, we will try to visit you for a week or two somewhere about October 1. Next week we are going to stay with the Mount-Temples at Broadlands.

“ Yes, we have read *Masollam*, and also Mr Sinnett's new novel, *United*. For my part, I prefer the latter to the former. *Masollam*

disappoints me, especially as coming from an adept such as Oliphant is supposed to be. He has not been near us, by the way ; I suppose because Mr Maitland criticised his *Sympneumata* rather severely in *Light*, and because we have not shown ourselves very deeply interested in his astral schemes for regenerating the world by means of 'Counterparts.'

" Miss Dawson came unexpectedly to see us the other day, when my husband was here, and told us how kind you had been to Eadith, and said she thought the child much improved. . . . Now that you are at Vichy, I suppose you will get on with your book. We, too, are going to try to do some literary work while on our proposed holiday. If we go on to Germany after leaving you, we shall have to be away some time. Mr M. even talks of wintering abroad, but I do not see my way to that, though I should like it very much from some points of view. It is our strange *kismet* that we never know what we are going to do until we are on the eve of doing it. 'The Spirit moves us,' and we act accordingly.—Ever yours lovingly,

" ANNA K——."

" BROADLANDS, ROMSEY, *August 27, 1886.*

" MY DEAR MISS WALKER,—I have long been seeking a quiet half-hour to talk with you, and it has come at last.

" I am here for a brief while in 'Retreat,' in the midst of the most lovely country, the most perfect calm, the most glorious weather. To-morrow I return to London ; meanwhile I am at rest. This is the country-seat of Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, and I never saw any lovelier place. We have had Canon Wilberforce and his wife, Mr Percy Wyndham (whom you have often met at the Hermetic Society), and one or two other kindred spirits with us. Mr Maitland is also here, and how I have wished you could have been of the number ! All day long we have spoken together of spiritual things—nothing else—whether wandering through the gardens, or sitting on the sunlit lawns, or pacing the terraces under the beautiful stars at night. In the morning we have services of song and prayer and reading of the Scriptures, with exposition ; and after that we meditate alone for some time, then meet again at lunch, and spend the rest of the day in discoursing about sacred things.

" I am writing this to you in my own room, while the others, under the direction of a young clergyman, are singing hymns in the oratory. It is indeed a convent life, only with all the beautiful surroundings of wealthy circumstances and the refined and cultured accessories which wealth procures.

" After leaving this sweet retreat to-morrow I go to London, to attend a meeting at Hyde Park Hotel for the purpose of determining what ought to be done to deliver the dogs from the Chief Commissioner of Police !—Yours, with affection and sincerity,

" ANNA KINGSFORD.

" To Miss E. ABNEY WALKER."

We returned to London from this visit bounteously supplied with choice flowers culled by our hostess herself from her garden,

in connection with which an incident occurred curiously illustrative at once of Mary's liabilities and sensibilities. On reaching home the basket was entrusted to her maid—a young woman she had brought with her from the country—for the flowers to be arranged in vases. After an unduly prolonged interval the maid appeared bearing a single vase only containing roses.

“ Well, where are the rest ? ” asked her mistress.

“ Oh, that is all, ma'am,” was the reply.

“ What *do* you mean ? I gave you a large basketful of flowers of different kinds.”

“ I mean that is all the roses. I took no account of the others. I only care for roses, and I supposed you did the same.”

“ And what have you done with the rest ? ”

“ Thrown them away, ma'am.”

“ Thrown them away ! Why, what do you suppose I brought them to London for ? Where have you thrown them ? ”

“ Down the ash and dust pit, ma'am.”

“ Then go and fetch them out directly.”

“ I don't think I can reach them ; and, besides, they are all spoilt now. I have thrown a heap of ashes and other rubbish on top of them.”

“ And those lovely living things are smothering and suffocating in darkness and dirt while we are talking here ! ” exclaimed Mary, the tears springing to her eyes. “ Come, Caro, and help me to rescue them.”

It proved a task of no little disagreeableness and difficulty, but we persisted in it until every flower had been recovered and washed, and laid out tenderly to dry, Mary contenting herself with remarking to me that it seemed sometimes as if there were malicious elementals about who were bent on contriving vexations and distresses for her. People could not possibly be so stupid and so cruel of themselves.

The allusion in her letter to Miss Walker about the dogs and the Commissioner of Police referred to what was known as the Baker Street dog case, which had aroused her strong indignation, and on behalf of which she wrote, by request, the following letter to the Queen, the acknowledgment of which was most gracious :—

“ 34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.

“ TO THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

“ MADAM,—Understanding from my friend Lady Gertrude Stock that your Majesty is so good as to take a personal interest in the sad story of the poor little dog so brutally killed by the police in Baker Street on the morning of the 14th of June, I venture to write to your Majesty on the subject, and to tell you what I have learned of the case from those most nearly concerned in it.

“ Strenuous efforts—not, I fear, the most honest—have been made to shield the police in the matter. The witnesses on the side of the owner of the dog are unanimous in the grave charges they make against the constables, and it is not likely that the matter will be suffered to drop. Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, whose names are doubtless well known to your Majesty, are interested in the case, and there is a probability that before long a meeting may be held to protest against the magistrate's decision, and against the state of the law which permits such outrages to occur in the public streets.

“ The dog in question was a favourite spaniel, gentle, quiet, and affectionate. He was in perfect health, ate, slept, and drank well. He was put into the street *with his muzzle on* ' for an airing ' immediately after his usual morning meal, according to custom, about 9.30 A.M. After running about a little in the street, it appears to have mistaken its way home (its owner temporarily staying in ' apartments ' in Baker Street, and the place consequently being unfamiliar to the dog), and to have gone up the stairs of No. 49, where a Miss Rebell lived. Here it was captured by the police with a lasso, they apparently supposing it to be a ' stray dog ' ; and Miss Rebell, seeing this, and knowing the dog by sight, went down to the front door to inform the constables that she knew to whom it belonged. As she went, she heard the first blow of the policeman's truncheon on the poor creature's spine and a piteous cry. She ran to the door and addressed Inspector Prendegast, asking what he was about. He answered, ' Killing a mad dog.' Miss Rebell replied, ' It is *not* mad. I know the dog well ; let me take him into my house.' The Inspector retorted, ' It is dead.' Miss Rebell said, ' No—not dead, poor thing ; he is looking piteously at me ! ' The Inspector then became very insolent, and addressing a policeman standing by, said, ' If she likes it, give it another before her, and let her see it ! ' The dog was then beaten again most brutally on the spine and nose, Miss Rebell continuing to remonstrate. Finding that all she said was unavailing, she went back into the house, sat down on the stairs, and cried ; but, unable to endure the horrible and continual sound of the blows and the moans of the poor dying beast, she again went out, and this time used very warm language to the police. Even yet the dog was not dead, but crawled feebly towards her ; and running upstairs in a state of frenzied horror and indignation, she emptied from her balcony a large pitcher of water over the policemen. For this act she was subsequently summoned *and fined* ! !

“ Some of the witnesses assert that the dog was being slowly beaten to death for three-quarters of an hour, crying and howling

all the time; others say half an hour, but the lowest computation is twenty minutes. A great crowd collected, and one lady sent out her servant to offer a sovereign to the Inspector to buy the dog, and he told the girl in reply to 'go and be damned.' After the policemen had done their worst the poor little animal, still alive and covered with wounds, was strapped on a water-cart and removed, 'to be finished at the station.'

"For the constables it was stated that two witnesses—as against ten on the other side—thought the dog dangerous, and saw it bleeding at the mouth and running wildly. In fact, it bled at the mouth because its muzzle had got twisted and cut it; and, as it was holiday-time (Whit-Monday), several boys 'larking' in the street had pursued it with sticks for fun. Being thus hunted, the poor creature sought refuge in the house of one of these witnesses, but was turned out, and then ran to Miss Rebell's. There was not the slightest evidence to show that the dog was ailing in the smallest degree, or that it even resented the brutal attack to which it was subjected.

"Your Majesty will probably hear another account from Mr Colam. Permit me to say that the secret of the reticence of the R.S.P.C.A. will, it is trusted, be fully explained before long, in as public a manner as possible.

"I have the honour to remain your Majesty's most dutiful and obedient servant and subject,
ANNA KINGSFORD."

"34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W., June 1886.

"MY DEAR MME. DE STEIGER,—Your charming gift is as much a surprise to me as it is a delight! But—ought I to accept it?—for I fear you offer it to me under the impression that this flat is mine. I have only taken it for six months, to see whether I succeed in London or not; so it is not mine, as you appear to think. But I do hope this will not cause you to recall your gift. I admire this picture of yours greatly. It is a little jewel, and words fail me to thank you enough for it. Pray come and see it next Monday, and tell me if you like the place I choose to hang it. I shall then be better able to thank you than on paper;—written thanks are always meagre. I know what it costs an artist to part with a 'child' that has grown under the hand in moments of love and insight. One's picture is a part of oneself, more so by far than a book, for that may be multiplied by the thousand, while the painting is only one—a beloved offspring.—Yours with great and sincere gratitude,

"ANNA KINGSFORD."

The following letter from a Parsee scholar and native of India was interesting to us as a token of recognition of the substantial identity of Christianity and Zoroastrianism, by showing that between them, as between Christianity and so many other religions, the differences are of the exoteric only, and not of the esoteric. It also gave us hope of the rise of a native Anglo-Indian religious literature demonstrating this identity to the holders of both faiths:—

“ AHMEDABAD, June 25, 1886.

“ TO EDWARD MAITLAND, ESQ.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 5th January last. I am also very thankful for your valuable book, *The Keys of the Creeds*, and for the trouble you have taken in giving your views upon the questions raised by me. The little book has, I may assure you, proved very valuable to me, and has solved many of my difficulties. *The Perfect Way* has made me a much nobler man—a man of tranquillity and calmness, due to the knowledge of the philosophy of Being imbibed by me from it, and for which my mind was fortunately prepared; and the book you have now sent me has done no less to strengthen my noble aspirations.

“ Probably you are reading my articles on Zoroastrianism that are appearing in the *Theosophist*. They are to be embodied in a treatise, to be added to the book, which contains the Chaldæan doctrine, the Zoroastrian Oracles, and the doctrine of the Iranian Platonists, which are known as some sects of the Zoroastrians. When the book is ready I will send you a copy; and I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly let me have in the meantime the respective opinions of yourself and Dr Anna Kingsford of the articles on Zoroastrianism, that I may, if advisable, publish them in the book.—With my sincere regards for yourself and for the venerated lady, Dr Anna Kingsford, believe me, yours sincerely and faithfully,
DHUNJEEBHOY JAMSETJEE MEDHORA.

“ P.S.—I am going to add to the said book your sketch of the Hermetic doctrine in *The Virgin of the World*, should you have no objection.”

On September 19 [1886] our highly esteemed correspondent, Mrs Atwood, wrote to me from Bridlington :—

“ I have followed—picturing to myself with amazement—the amount of your London labours this season. I was vexed to find that paper on the evolution of the true Ego so abridged in *Light*, but conclude that it will be forthcoming complete in the new edition of *The Perfect Way*. We are sorry, indeed, though not surprised, that Mrs Kingsford can find no recruit of health without going further afield. Her constitution plainly calls for more supply of vitality than those midland counties yield. I trust that the project of wintering in Rome will be carried out *after* (may it be) a trial of sea air for a while after leaving Paris. Has she ever stayed at Arcachon ?

“ The beautiful old priory here is an object of interest. There is an aroma to me of sanctity about it still. I will send with this a copy of the little guide, which may amuse Mrs Kingsford if she has leisure to read the rigmarole concerning the famous alchemist, Canon Ripley, etc. You are right about the ‘Inquiry.’¹ I sent it for you to keep, please. It must be a satisfaction to Mrs Kingsford to find

¹ Her book, before named, *An Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*. As the writer of that book, and one of the profoundest of living mystics, she was in the very foremost rank of those whose judgment we valued.—E. M.

that the ' Pasteur craze ' has fallen into abeyance, or some discredit at the least, owing to her efforts."

In acknowledging the receipt of the MSS. of some of our Hermetic Lectures, sent to her to read them in full, Mrs Atwood wrote to me :—

" I thank you very much, not only for having afforded me a sight of these lectures, but for having written and delivered the same. You have full well maintained throughout the dignity of the subject, of the which I am naturally jealous ; and the general view taken of the doctrine appears to me correct and capable of all proof. The key is, as you recognise clearly and forcibly, hidden within the new life of humanity (also within the old, methinks). But you have wisely avoided touching on the experimental methods of dealing with the universal subject ; the terms relating to which, and its degrees of progress, you may find, on further investigation, to represent more essentially what they express than at first sight appears. It was the vulgar chemists who borrowed these essential terms rather for the designation of their own dead elements and drugs.

" There is a suggestion contained in a letter from Mrs Penny to me lately about the dog-soul which I should like to convey to Mrs Kingsford, if you will kindly give her the accompanying to read at leisure."

Mrs Penny has already been mentioned as a profound and original thinker, and a notable expositor of Jacob Boehme. Her remarks were as follows :—

" You ask me about dog-madness, and what I think of it. Very decided but unintelligible thoughts. My theory is, that all dogs are *solidaries*, just as all human beings are. And I suppose that all the exquisite tortures inflicted on dogs by vivisectionists are now telling on the whole nervous system of that plane of being. This theory I never had a glint of from anyone else ; it came as I pondered upon another probability, that as in the Middle Ages humanity as a race had its sensibilities quickened by the horrid tortures human beings—friend and foe alike—inflicted on their own kind (for the surgeons rubbed gunpowder and burning oil on raw wounds !), so now the dog race may be having some new faculty of spirit roused by sufferings of which I *dare* not think. Mrs Kingsford has my blessings for trying to right that diabolical wrong, which a doctor's wife tried to justify to me two days ago by saying, ' Well, you see, animals have no souls——' I did not let her finish that sentence !

" It is as much as my faith can stand, the thought of the Divine Love remaining silent and non-interfering while a dog is slowly agonised or a child ill-used ! "

The season had been one of severe and incessant toil, and this far in excess of what has been already indicated. For, besides Mary's literary and medical work, the high appreciation

of her energy in action and skill in organisation had led to her being besieged from all sides by calls for her assistance in manifold works of justice and mercy, none of which she had it in her to decline. But even more than these, there were grounds for apprehension which made me especially anxious for the termination of our stay in London, and for her removal into conditions favourable to the reparation of her exhausted vitality. These grounds were of two kinds. One arose from the intimations we had from time to time received pointing to the age of forty as a highly critical period for her. The other was her entry upon a course of study in that most exhausting of all pursuits, practical occultism.

To speak first of the former ground. It was true that her Genius, conversing with her in the winter of 1880-81, had said to her that he saw no prospect of an early death for her, but, on the contrary, a very long-continued youth and an age beyond the ordinary span, the reason being the extraordinary power of repair in her system.¹ And it was true also that the former part of this prognostic—her retention of her youth—had been fulfilled, for she was still a girl in looks and vivacity. But as regarded her life, he had obviously spoken of what might be in the event of her observing ordinary care and not exhausting her vitality faster than it could be reproduced. On the other hand, there was the dialogue she had overheard in 1880 between two spirits who were discussing her condition and probabilities of life, wherein one of them had affirmed positively that she would hardly survive forty unless she again became a mother.² In the year just past, again, on the occasion of her being positively identified with Joan of Arc and Anne Boleyn, the age of forty was indicated as the limit of her activity in the words, "Anna's crown was won at twenty, for it was by the body she earned it; thine shall take twice that tale of years to gain."³ She herself took this as referring to the limit of her work, either physically or mentally.

There were yet two other utterances which had struck me as possibly applicable to one who had about her so much that was typical and representative. One of these was contained in the three concluding verses of the illumination entitled,

¹ Vol. I. pp. 397-398.

² Vol. I. p. 357.

³ P. 224 *ante*.

“ Concerning the Great Work, the Redemption, and the Share of Christ Jesus therein ” (*Clothed with the Sun*, II. v.), which run thus :—

“ For when the cycle of creation is completed, whether of the macrocosm or of the microcosm, the Great Work is accomplished.

“ Six for the manifestation, and six for the interpretation ; six for the outgoing, and six for the ingathering ; six for the man, and six for the woman.

“ Then shall be the Sabbath of the Lord God.”

The other was suggested by the periods assigned to Esther, and to herself as her representative :—

“ Six years shall she be anointed with oil of myrrh ; that is, with study and training, severe and bitter :

“ And six years with sweet perfumes ; that is, with the gracious loveliness of the imagery and poetry of the faiths of the past, that religion may not be lacking in sweetness and beauty.”¹

Such was precisely the number of years that she would have then been occupied in her spiritual work with me, and such also the periods of their division ; so that, whether as applied to the term of her life or her work, the prognostics would fit the actual periods in the event of a near breakdown. I did not know whether she had applied them to herself, and I refrained from naming them to her, and strove rather to weaken her impression respecting the former ones.

With regard to my other cause for apprehension on her account—her study of practical occultism—the case was in this wise. She had always borne in mind the recommendation given her on behalf of the acquisition of such knowledge, and sought for an opportunity of complying with it. This was the recommendation contained in the instruction entitled “ Concerning Regeneration,” received in 1881, and published in *Clothed with the Sun* as I. xxiii.²

In the course of the summer of this year, 1886, a proposal to study occultism was made to her by a notable expert, who, being well versed in Hermetic and Kabalistic science, had attained his proficiency in the best schools. Had the exercise been, as originally contemplated, a purely intellectual one, there had been no ground for apprehension. But the prospect involved of obtaining power over the elemental forces suggested to her

¹ Vol. I. p. 353.

² It is also given at p. 97 *ante*.

the practical utilisation of these agencies on behalf of the animals by directing them against some of the leading vivisectors, and especially M. Pasteur, who was generally regarded as the chief champion of the method on the ground of his alleged success in treating hydrophobia. As the one remaining experimentalist who had not yet been discredited with the public, the palpable failure of his system would be a crushing blow to the experimental method. She had already, she firmly believed, been divinely used as an instrument for the destruction of Claude Bernard; and if the present impulse were of the same order, it was not for her to resist it, be the cost what it might to herself. She knew the risk to be great, but the duty was paramount, and it might well be that precisely such sacrifice of herself was required of her in expiation of the as yet remaining liabilities from her former lives. And the fact that I felt in no way called on to take part in the enterprise was no reason against her engaging in it. We each had our own Karma, and must work out our respective destinies, according to our individual needs. For her, it was part of her mission as a redeemer, like the knights of old, to rid the earth of noxious monsters at all risks to herself.

All this passed between us in this connection, and much more which need not be recounted, if only because her Diary of a later date will be found to set forth her views with sufficient fulness. Well aware that the action proposed involved an energetic and long-sustained effort to project the will to the exhaustion and possible collapse of the willer, be he robust as he might, and that her strength was already greatly overtaxed and reduced, I could not but entertain grave apprehensions of the result to herself. As it was, when the time came to quit London for home, she was prostrate and suffering beyond all previous experience. Nevertheless, to judge by the event, the terrible sacrifice was not altogether in vain. For the arch-tormentor at whom she aimed was presently stricken with a malady which threatened his life and compelled his retreat from his laboratory to the Riviera, for a sojourn which proved to be of many months; and the average of the failures of his system, as shown by the mortality among his patients, was largely increased.

Her Diary in London this summer contained but two entries. They are these :—

June 22 [1886].—It is, I see, nine months since I wrote a line in my Diary. Time enough in which to have conceived and borne a child. And yet I am always standing on the same spot, moving my feet, indeed, but never advancing,—marking time—marking time!

I know what I want. I want to be away in strange places—over-sea there, in the prairies of the West; there—overland, in the gorgeous South, among the palm-fronds, and the broken shrines of the dead Gods. Or eastward again, in the old world, where faces are brown and garments white and the stars drop out of heaven on the clear luminous nights! Or northward, among the fjords and the firs,—in Norway, in Finland, or the ice-fields. Why must I stay here—here, where the Salvationists howl and blaspheme the Lord; where there are policemen and mad dogs and Societies and Journalism? Yes, and Gladstone! and the hideous nightmare of the Devil Pasteur, blackening all the horizon with his looming shadow!

What! will not the Gods smite? Is not the time ripe? Are the Gods sitting serene, unmoved, patient, yet on their shining thrones, bearing, enduring, seeing, hearing? Oh that I were one of them!

Somewhere in the world is there no friend who will take me away, that I may forget this fallen Christendom? No friend with whom I may visit the solitudes that yet remain on the planet,—the long salt shores, the deep forests, the silences of earth, where still the Genii and the Spirits linger? In my dreams the spray blows on my face, the stars shine, the meadows are daisy-sweet. When I was a child they always looked like that. Is it Love that I want? No, not the common vulgar cry, the cry of all sickly women-folk, the sing-song of drawing-room misses. I want a *friend*.

There are too many men and women; there is too little Humanity. I had almost said there is no Humanity. There is a dearth of understanding, of nakedness of spirit. All of us are over-dressed; no man knows what heart beats in his neighbour's bosom. Truth is dead—is dead—or has she never yet come to the birth?

In utterances such as this we could not but recognise unconscious reminiscences of lives long past, and confirmations of the statement that only by being placed in a body of weakness and suffering would she accomplish the work assigned her in this incarnation:—

“The Feast of the Assumption, 1886, and the anniversary of the death of my dear little Rufus, whom Our Lady bless and help on his upward way! My cry to-night is but a continuation and echo of that recorded in my last utterance. There is no truth among men—no—nor any justice. ‘Justice’ is bought and sold. Everything is valued at its price in cash. There is but one god in the world, and his name is Mammon; and men are his abject servants and adorers.”

I was at no loss to discern the source of this access of pessimism, as revealed in these entries, in some revelations recently made to her of the prevalence of fraudulent practices in trade. She

had been approached by the representative of a certain institution founded ostensibly for the provision of curative appliances, but really, as she discovered on examining them, for deliberately plundering the public by the sale of worthless counterfeits. The offers made for her public patronage were so liberal as to mean wealth ; and it would be hard to say which was the greatest, her own surprise and indignation at the cheat and the attempt to enlist her on its behalf, or the astonishment of the agent at her refusal of terms so advantageous for the sake of principle.

CHAPTER XXXII

A FLIGHT FOR LIFE

ATCHAM, *September 12* [1886].—Yesterday, towards midnight, while suffering terribly from asthma and facial neuralgia, all other remedies having failed, Mary begged to be put under chloroform, remembering the relief it had given her under like circumstances four years ago at Nice.¹ A. had gone to bed, prior to taking his turn at nursing at a later hour. There was at most but half an ounce of the drug left, so that it must be used very sparingly, as it was impossible to procure more until next day. We were sitting before the fire. She was in a very depressed frame of mind about her life and work, regarding them as a complete failure, and refusing to heed any word of hope and encouragement. She was greatly distressed also at the near approach of her fortieth birthday, and declared that she could not and would not live to see it. To be forty was to be old, and she loathed the idea of outliving her youth. The anæsthetic took almost immediate effect. She became lucid, and spoke in her own person, holding with me the following colloquy:—

“ I am quite off now, quite gone away.”

“ Where to ? ” I asked.

“ I don't know where, but the selfhood left is quite unconscious of pain.”

“ Can you say where you should go to obtain the best conditions for health and work ? ”

“ I can only say that London and Paris are best for me, but I shall not live long.”

Here the chloroform was renewed, as the pain was returning. She insisted on having a somewhat stronger dose, which practically exhausted the supply, and I dreaded the consequences of being without it. Presently she spoke again, but this time as another person, and with another and a stronger voice, a decidedly masculine voice, and quite unlike her own. I at once recognised it as the voice which had spoken from her at Nice, and concerning the utterer of which I had been so greatly perplexed. As on that occasion, it did not proceed from her lips or vocal organs, but was of a distinct personality within the organism. Its first words were spoken as a soliloquy. It said—

“ If she can kill herself she will. She hardly thinks of anything else.” Then, addressing me, it asked sharply, “ Are you awake and conscious ? ”

“ Yes, perfectly.”

¹ P. 89 *ante*.

“ Then feel her pulse. It is very doubtful if you get her back : she is nearly gone.”

I had but a moment before taken my finger from her pulse, as it was quite strong, and I knew that the chloroform had not been enough to cause danger. I now at once withdrew the handkerchief, which I found she was pressing firmly against her mouth and nostrils with both hands so as to exclude all air—a change of position I had failed to observe owing to the dimness of the light. But on feeling her pulse again I was reassured, for I had often known it to be much weaker, and in fact quite extinct in some of the fainting fits to which she was subject. Presently the voice resumed :—

“ She did it on purpose, believing there was enough in the bottle to kill her ; and she will do it yet if not prevented.”

“ Who are you,” I asked, “ that speak of her as of someone else than herself, and without disapprobation of such an attempt ? ”

“ I am the Astral.”

“ Ah ! not her higher and true self, then ; not the *Anima Divina*. That would not approve of such an action, would it ? ”

“ Do not ask. I do not know. What I know is, that the indications of her natural life are forty years. At most she can live but ten years more. Better for her to let her die. There is awful suffering for her if she lives.”

“ Of what kind ? ”

“ Physical and mental.”

“ Would she be able to come back and help me in the work ? ”

“ I think not. She would need rest.”

“ Would she still suffer ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Physically or mentally ? ”

“ Both.”

These last two replies were given hesitatingly, and with seeming reluctance, as if through the speaker perceiving that they told against his advice to let her go now, since she would not escape suffering. Here she spoke in her own voice, demanding more chloroform, and saying, “ Quick ! quick ! before the pain returns ! ” There were but a few drops left, and her pulse was now strong and regular. So I gave her the rest, dreading her next appeal, when I should be unable to comply. On her going off again, the strange voice resumed :—

“ Let her go. It will be better for you both, and save her ten years of suffering, which will be as bad for you as for her ; and she will not be able to work, but will only hinder you. Better let her go now.”

“ Tell me,” I said, “ is her suffering in this life due to things done in her former lives ? ”

“ I cannot say. I do not believe in them. I am the Astral.”

“ Would not her suffering hereafter be the greater for having put an end to herself ? ”

“ She is hardly accountable.”

“ You have before given us some good advice on an emergency ; can you tell me where she would suffer least ? ”

“ In Paris and London. But she will always suffer much anywhere, and be able to do very little work. Much better to let her go.”

At this moment a change came over her ; the voice ceased, and,

to my infinite relief, she passed into a sound natural slumber, which continued for three hours, when she woke free from pain and distress, and conversed cheerfully until A. came in and took his turn of watching. I had been about to question the Astral as to its share in prompting her to her despairing thoughts, and what he had to gain, if anything, by her withdrawal from the body. But the opportunity was gone when the sleep came on. For some days after this she spoke continually about her wish to die, and asked to have in her own keeping the fresh supply of chloroform which had been at once procured, but yielded to my entreaty to be allowed to take charge of it, at least for the present.

It soon became evident that the only hope of immunity from intense and constant suffering, if not also from positive lung-disease, lay in flight to some less unfavourable conditions of climate. The wrench for us all was a severe one, for we were never so happy as at the vicarage, and it was an ideal place for study and work. She herself was so averse to leaving it that she was about to prepare for a few weeks only of absence. Being less sanguine, I prevailed on her to provide against all emergencies and prepare to pass the winter abroad. For I had in my mind the south of Italy as the climate most likely to suit her. We resolved, however, for the present, to make trial of Paris, first spending a few days with the Kenealys at Watford—a visit which she greatly enjoyed, and by which she was considerably benefited. Our next halting-place was Ostende, to make trial of sea-air, and also to respond in person to the following letter from Madame Blavatsky, to whom she had written in consequence of a communication from Lady Caithness :—

“ VILLA NOVA, OSTENDE, *Aug. 23, 1886.*

“ DEAR MRS KINGSFORD,—I was expecting a letter from you, and it came. What I wrote to our dear Duchesse about you was six months ago, and my ideas of you since then have only gained in my sincere thankfulness and gratitude to you for what you have done for Mohini. He is with me for the last fortnight, and will stop here two or three weeks longer. He will not go to America, since there is ‘ cats and dogs ’ fight among the Theosophists there worse than in Europe. Ah! what an exemplar, our Society, for the world in general, and our enemies in particular! My dear Mrs Kingsford, I cannot put on paper what I might say were I to see you face to face. I winter here, and therefore you will find me when you like. Only, if you would see me alone, better come toward the end of September, when the whole house will be at your disposal. In October I will have here Theosophists who do not feel, unfortunately, so friendly to you as Mohini and I do. Then I will answer any questions you may please to ask me. I am hard at work now,

for I am afraid not to be able to finish my *Secret Doctrine* if I wait long. Whatever it may be as a literary production, people will learn in it more than one new thing.

“ Please convey my friendly regards to Mr Maitland.—Wishing you health and success, and assuring you I have long ceased paying attention to any gossip—*personal* gossip—against me least of all, believe me, ever yours with genuine admiration,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.”

Arrived at Ostende, we took up our quarters at an hotel, and when Mary had sufficiently recovered from the journey we made our intended call on Madame Blavatsky, who then had living with her a lady for whom we had high esteem, the Countess Wachtmeister. Here we found ourselves not only cordially welcomed, but overwhelmed with reproaches for having put up at an hotel instead of going straight to them,—a thing we had not for a moment contemplated doing. And Madame Blavatsky took it so seriously to heart as to show that our continued refusal would very deeply wound her. Our hesitation had no personal element in it, being solely for the sake of our work, which, in the then position of the Theosophical Society, was liable to be seriously prejudiced by association with it. My own sense of such risk was so keen that nothing but Mary's determination to accept the invitation for herself finally induced me to consent. The reasons pleaded by her were these three: her unwillingness to wound further a fellow-woman—even if in fault—who was already smarting under great obloquy, and who would inevitably ascribe our refusal to our concurrence in the prejudice against her; her desire to enlist Madame Blavatsky's influence with her followers on behalf of the anti-vivisection cause; and the promise that, if only she would come and stay in the house, she should see the Master, Mahatma Koot Hoomi. This last was a crowning inducement which she avowed herself quite unable to resist. So, finding her resolved, and being myself also exceedingly averse to paining “the Old Lady”—as she was familiarly styled by her adherents—and feeling, moreover, that I dare not let Mary be exposed alone and unshielded to the occult influences, at once powerful and hostile to us, with which we had reason to believe the Society to be associated, I at length yielded, having first ascertained that there would be no difficulty on the score of diet. In regard to which Madame Blavatsky assured us that, although her doctors insisted on her eating flesh, the

Countess was, like ourselves, a pure liver, and we should share her diet.

Our visit, which lasted three days—from October 5 to October 8—proved most enjoyable. The hospitality and geniality of our hostesses were unbounded, and “the Old Lady” fully justified her reputation for the possession of knowledges in the highest degree recondite. But no Mahatma vouchsafed an appearance, nor did anything happen that was suggestive of occult powers, unless the following incident be so regarded :—

On the first evening, while “the Old Lady” was engaged, according to her invariable wont, in playing a game of “Patience” with cards, and conversing the while at one end of the table, the Countess occupied herself in divining, also with cards, at the other end; during the course of which she suddenly exclaimed, “Oh, Mrs Kingsford, here is a divination which concerns you! The cards say that you will very shortly have a proposition made to you which may send you back forthwith to England and affect all your future life. And it will be made to you, as I read the cards, by two women. And it will be your duty to give serious heed to it.”

The divination in question had a rapid and accurate fulfilment; for on the very next day a proposition was made to her by Madame Blavatsky and the Countess themselves, that she should rejoin the Theosophical Society in the capacity of President of Madame Blavatsky’s own Lodge, the latter retiring in her favour. It was against herself personally, “the Old Lady” declared, that all the prejudice was directed, and Mary would disarm all opposition, and, by combining our work with theirs, would create a Theosophy which would really be universal, and be everywhere recognised as such. Meanwhile she, Madame Blavatsky, would keep herself in the background, only helping with her knowledges. For, as she expressed herself to Mary, “Though you are cleverer than I, I know more than you.”

We had no difficulty in arriving at a decision respecting this proposition. Much as we felt the need of a platform for the spread of our teaching, and admired the energy which marked the proceedings of the Theosophical Society, the acceptance of an offer which identified us with it and its chiefs would, we felt, be suicidal, for it would ruin us without saving them. And thus far, moreover, our avowed missions were wholly incom-

patible ; for, while our purpose was the restoration of the true, esoteric, and spiritual Christianity, theirs was the total subversion of Christianity itself. Nor were we favourably impressed by the method by which they had sought to predispose us to the acceptance of the proposition. For, as was now apparent, this was the real object of their insistence on our staying with them ; and as the minds of both were full of the project, the "divination" of the previous evening was obviously nothing more than one of those tricks for which the Society had already acquired so evil a repute. We wondered what sort of persons they had been in the habit of dealing with who would be taken in by such a palpable device, and were disposed to resent the implied imputation on our own want of percipience.

No special illumination was vouchsafed to guide our decision, but we took the following experience as pointing in the same direction :—Being attacked by a bad fit of asthma one day while conversing with our hostesses, Mary begged for a whiff of chloroform to allay it, which she duly took, with the result desired, I meanwhile being somewhat uneasy as to what she might be prompted to say while under its influence. For she had never been lucid in the presence of anyone save myself. I therefore silently exerted my will to restrain injudicious utterance. The drug gave instant relief, at the same time inducing lucidity, when, speaking in her own person, she made some remarks in depreciation of "showing so much concern about a little pain—a thing in itself of no consequence." Presently she complained of being oppressed by what seemed to be the lowness of the ceiling, which pressed upon her like a weight, preventing free utterance. "I see such curious and beautiful things," she exclaimed to me, "which I want so much to tell you. But I cannot. There is something that holds me back. I am not allowed to speak. What can it be? It was never so with me before." From this I gathered that, in accordance with my apprehension, the influences of the place and persons present were not of an order such as might participate in her revelations, the expression "lowness of the ceiling" having a mystical meaning denoting this.

Presently, changing the subject, she said—

"I see now that my projections in London against Pasteur were successful. They produced a decided effect of the kind

I intended. But they were the main cause of my own illness. They took from me my nervous force. But they were successful, however."

Here I asked in an undertone, "But were they legitimate, supposing they caused the death of the patients?"

"Yes," she replied in the same tone, but with much decision. "The case was one in which the motive justified the action. They were quite lawful in such a cause. The patients who accept such a system share the guilt of those who practise it."

The frankness which was one of "the Old Lady's" greatest charms found full vent on the occasion of our visit. Speaking to me of her troubles in connection with the exposures of the Society for Psychical Research, she exclaimed of herself, "My dear Mr Maitland, I am the biggest intellectual fool in the world."

"Meaning," I asked, "that you are one of those persons whom Tennyson had in his mind when he said, 'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers'?"

"Exactly so," she replied. "With all my knowledge, I can't get discretion. He must have meant me when he said that." And she told Mary that what she wanted was someone to take care of her, as I did of her—Olcott was no good for that—and then she would never do the things which got her into trouble.

Our destination was Paris, where we were to pass a few days with Lady Caithness; but we had a double motive for lingering a while in Belgium. One was to give Mary time to recover somewhat from her low condition, and the other to give Lady Caithness the same chance; for she also was indisposed, and not equal to receiving us. Accordingly, on October 8 we left Ostende for Antwerp, having passed exactly three days with Madames Blavatsky and Wachtmeister. While under their roof we had been entirely free from molestation from occult influences. But on comparing notes on the morning after our first night at Antwerp, where we stayed at the Hotel St Antoine, we found that we had both of us been assailed by nightmare dreams, hideous and distressing in the extreme, and of the order of which Mary had experience in 1884 after visiting Madame Blavatsky.¹ And the agencies so exactly resembled the "spooks" of the séance-room as to suggest that,

¹ P. 203 *ante*.

with all her denunciations of "spiritualism" and her claims to intercourse with beings so exalted as her "Mahatmas," Madame Blavatsky was still infested by the entities encouraged by her in the days of her professional mediumship, which possessed the power and the disposition to inflict annoyance on those who were not in accord with her. It was to their influence over her that we were disposed to ascribe her own astonishing inconsequence and variability, and incapacity for recollecting things said or done by her even within the space of a few hours.¹ And it was doubtless to actual forgetfulness that were due her emphatic denials of facts laid to her charge and known to be true. She was as one alternately controlled by and controlling entities other than herself, even to reflecting, all-unconsciously to herself, the characters of those with whom she came into contact, to the utter suppression of her own personality, especially those who were possessed of a strong decided individuality. For these she would take on and reflect them to themselves so completely as to serve as a mirror in which, while fancying they saw her, they really saw themselves. Such want of continuity was necessarily a serious hindrance to the acquisition of a sense of responsibility, especially of the kind requisite to constitute her a veracious historian, whether in speech or in writing. And as this liability was shared by her associate, Madame Wachtmeister, who had been compelled to abandon the practice of mediumship on account of the exceedingly objectionable character of the manifestations of which, whenever she exercised her gift, she was the subject, it was not difficult to account for the curiously unhistorical character of the narrative which she subsequently published of our visit to them at Ostende. For in her little book, *Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and "The Secret Doctrine,"* published in 1893, our visit of three days was magnified into a fortnight, and instead of being paid in unwilling deference to their most earnest entreaties, was a charity bestowed on us on account of Mrs Kingsford's suffering from the discomforts of our hotel! No mention is made of the motive for the invitation, though a somewhat particular account is given of the conversations held, which conversations, however, it is declared, "soon drew to a close, for Mrs Kingsford

¹ P. 205 *ante*.

became very ill, and was not able to leave her room, and Mr Maitland thought it expedient to take her to a warmer climate, so one fine morning they started for Paris, and H. P. Blavatsky and I were once more alone" (p. 70).

Until the appearance of this book I had every respect for its writer, believing her to be a conscientious and veracious person, despite the limitations due to her temperament as a medium. And had these inaccuracies been my only cause of complaint against her, I should have written nothing of her here which might be detrimental to her, but contented myself with simply stating the facts as they occurred. But what came to my knowledge subsequently entirely absolved me from any obligation to reticence, and made it my paramount duty, for our work's sake and our own, to discard all such considerations. This was the practice in which Madame Wachtmeister indulged of systematically depreciating my colleague, especially by alleging that in respect of diet she did not practise what she preached, and was no consistent opponent of cruelty to animals. It was not only in loose conversation that she said these things, but in writing, and it is from letters of hers which were placed in my hands by the greatly shocked recipient of them—herself an ardent friend of Mary's—that I quote the following:—

“ THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI,
“ *September 29, 1892.*

. . . “ Anna Kingsford was not a vegetarian, so you see she could not deprecate the torturing of animals both before and at the slaughtering-houses, for she was inconsistent both in teaching and policy.”

This elicited from the recipient a reply, to which the following response was made:—

“ *October 10, 1892.*

“ You seem to be as surprised to hear that Mrs Kingsford was no vegetarian as I was myself when she and Mr Maitland begged of me to provide both fish, poultry, and birds during the time that they were the guests of Mme. B. and myself at Ostende. The first evening there was only vegetarian food such as I eat myself, but during the fortnight they stayed with us I, of course, provided the food Mrs Kingsford told me she was accustomed to eat. You may be sure that I would not have mentioned such a thing if I had not had personal experience of it.

“ I do not oppose anybody eating meat, and for some I think it absolutely necessary; but I like the old adage of ‘ Practise what you preach.’—Yours very sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.”

What actually happened on "the first evening" was that, on a special tray of flesh-food being brought in for Madame Blavatsky, she renewed the expression of her regrets at her inability to live as we and the Countess lived, and the only thing that I "begged" for was that she would say nothing about it, as we fully understood the compulsion under which she acted. The spirit in her was willing; it was only the flesh that was weak.

As soon as I was aware of the misstatements of Madame Wachtmeister as to the motive and duration of our visit, I sent to the Theosophical Society magazine, *Lucifer*, the correction which appeared February 1894, p. 517. The other and far more serious misstatement only came to my knowledge in consequence of that correction, through the recipient of Madame Wachtmeister's letters taking heart on finding how mistaken she had been in those respects, and hoping to learn from me that she had been equally wrong in the others. For the friend was one to whom Mary's character for consistency and integrity was very dear. How far the calumny spread, and what the injury done by it to our reputation and work, I have no means of judging. I must content myself with adding in this connection that the want of veraciousness shown by Madame Wachtmeister in regard to us has been such as to entirely discredit her for me as a witness on behalf of Madame Blavatsky, and has suggested an explanation of the extraordinary difficulty which has been found in ascertaining the truth concerning the origins and methods of the Theosophical Society, and this despite its motto, "There is no religion higher than Truth." That explanation is, that its originating and controlling influences are better represented by the term "mediumistic controls" than by the term "Mahatmas." In this view, its abounding irreconcilable incoherences and contradictions are tokens, not of any deliberate, conscious defect of moral sense on the part of the parties to them, but of the obscuration of such sense through the practice of mediumship, which involves the substitution of other and irresponsible entities as the controlling agents. And such is precisely the explanation since rendered by the Founder-President himself, Colonel Olcott, of the events to which the more recent crises in the Society were due. As will be seen by our subsequent intercourse with Madame Blavatsky, she herself made no manner

of charge against us on the score alleged by her associate, Madame Wachtmeister, but showed herself to be at bottom the possessor of a large, noble, and frank nature, full of warm sympathies and impulses, and quite incapable of being a party to the malignant inventions propagated by her associate, Madame Wachtmeister.

From Antwerp we visited Bruges, Ghent, and other places of interest, and then Brussels, whence Mary wrote the following letter :—

“ HÔTEL DU GRAND MIRROIR, BRUSSELS,
“ October 12 [1886].

“ DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—I am so very grieved to hear of your suffering. I know well how distracting a thing facial neuralgia is, having suffered from it terribly myself, both at Atcham and Ostende, where I had to go to bed in consequence and put on hot poultices. We shall remain here until we hear from you ; and as I told my husband to forward letters, etc., to your care, perhaps you will keep them until we call for them, which we will do at once, if we do not become your guests. Pray do not think of undergoing any inconvenience if not well enough to receive us, for we can easily find shelter elsewhere. Miss D. will take me in. While at Ostende we stayed nearly three days with Madame Blavatsky, at her urgent request. She was very genial and hospitable, and we got on together admirably. She is hard at work on *The Secret Doctrine*, which promises to be a larger book than even *Isis*. I trust most earnestly to see a letter in your own handwriting in a day or two announcing your recovery from the sad pain you have been so long enduring. How is it you did not mention to us before this that you were suffering ? We should not then have ventured to think of trespassing on you.—Yours always most affectionately,
A. K.”

A conversation with Madame Blavatsky concerning the mystery of “ Satan ” reminded Mary that the revelation received by her of the genesis and functions of the Principle thus designated by the Hebrews—the date of which was Paris, November 12, 1878—was but partial, being for our own immediate instruction, and left over for completion at some future time. The reason for the postponement was explained to us as being twofold. It was the profoundest of sacred mysteries, and could not be apprehended until the initiate had reached a stage in his spiritual unfoldment far in advance of that at which we then were ; and we were not, on any account, to put it before the world until expressly permitted to do so. At this time the Second Edition of *The Perfect Way* was actually in the press, and our part in preparing it was accomplished, unless fresh

matter were imparted to be included in it. This came at the last moment, and the next entry in Mary's Diary, which was dated Paris, October 21, 1886, recorded the commencement of the redelivery and completion of it.

We were staying with Lady Caithness at the time, who had happily recovered sufficiently to be able to receive us ; but Mary was prostrate with weakness and pain, and confined to her room. Such were the conditions under which she received the stupendous revelation entitled "The Secret of Satan," which now, for the first time in the world's history, was to be promulgated to the world, instead of being, as formerly, rigidly reserved for initiates of the highest grade. It proved to be the last that she was to receive of the first order, and, owing probably to the effect of pain on her perceptive faculties, she was able to receive it without quitting the waking state. Her faculty had been perfected by suffering. There was no open or personal vision, as on the former occasion. Then the illuminating Spirit had manifested himself in the form of the "First of the Holy Seven," the Spirit of Wisdom, in his Greek aspect as Phoibos Apollo, because only by the First of the Gods might the stupendous mystery of the Last of the Gods be disclosed. Now it was projected into her consciousness bit by bit as she was able to receive and recognise it while we sat together in her own room, she occasionally appealing to me to know whether I, too, recognised its truth ; for, as must be remembered, that which was being imparted was a most essential part of the New Gospel of Interpretation, and Interpretation presupposes comprehension. Only once did she falter, and then but for a moment. It was when the sense rushed on her of the immensity of the remove it represented from the traditional belief of the world in all ages. "Don't you think," she almost gasped out, "that there must be some element of evil in Satan ?" To which I responded by asking, "How can there be, if he is—as he must necessarily be—a mode of functioning of God's own self in creation ?" Upon which she exclaimed, "Of course ! of course ! But how hard it is to disentangle oneself entirely from the old ingrained misbeliefs !"

Under the stimulus of this fresh illumination she rallied somewhat, but only to relapse into yet deeper depths of suffering, the neuralgia having extended from the sciatic and facial nerves

over the whole system. On the 26th, notwithstanding her terror of doctors, she consented to see one who chanced to be calling on Lady Caithness, and who, being a noted magnetiser, was likely to be guiltless of orthodox malpractices. He, however, on seeing her, pronounced the case too serious for magnetism, and declared that it would yield only to *le fer rouge*—cautery with a red-hot iron. She had seen too much, both of the cruelty and of the inefficacy of this practice in the hospitals, to give her consent, but she allowed herself to be persuaded into taking an injection of laudanum. This was followed by an access of pain so intense that, being frantic, she implored me to give her poison. She consented, however, to try chloroform again, when, the malady proving obstinate beyond all previous precedent, it was necessary to produce a more profound anæsthesia to subdue the suffering. It was 6.30 P.M. when I commenced to administer it; and at 4 A.M., after being all those hours more or less under the influence of the drug, she fell into a natural and quiet sleep, which lasted for three hours, I maintaining my place beside her and keeping watch on the pulse. During this interval the following took place:—

A voice came from her, not her own, for her lips did not move; nor was it that of the "Astral" who before had spoken from her.¹ For it was soft, tender, and angelic in the depth of its sympathy.

"Poor, poor child," it said, "her suffering is indeed terrible in the extreme. Do not let her wake; she cannot bear it. It is Their supreme moment. They have tried to force her to suicide."

"And who are 'They'?" I asked.

"Her former selves. None of them lived beyond forty. They cannot understand her doing so, and are determined she shall not live longer. This is the crisis of her life, and Their supreme attempt."

I wanted to know who and what the speaker was, but the voice ceased here, and the rest that was imparted to me was by direct mental impression. It was to the effect that in such measure as she survived this crisis she would escape further molestation from this group of her former selves, and be free

¹ Pp. 272-273 *ante*.

from the impulses and suggestions which had caused us such sore anxiety and distress ; and every month she lived beyond that age would detach her more and more from the sphere of their influence, and mend her soul's record generally.

I was profoundly sensible of the strangeness and importance of these experiences, and wondered whether they were unique, and if it was the first time that any person had been known to speak from each of the two planes, the astral and the celestial—as I firmly held the latter to be—the one denying and the other affirming the doctrine of Reincarnation. The statement that none of her former selves had passed the age of forty suggested a solution, entirely satisfactory, of a problem which had long perplexed me. Her gifts and characteristics had, from the first, struck me as those of a young soul, brilliant and vigorous, but without the maturing and mellowing influence of age. But, on the other hand, she had been declared to be an “old, old spirit, many thousands of years my senior, and of vast antiquity and experience.”¹ How to reconcile this seeming discrepancy? The light just received did it. She was old by reason of her having had a vast number of incarnations spread over a vast period of time ; but she was young, because she had never lived to be old in any of them, but had early come to an end through the wilfulness and impetuosity of her disposition, which had led her into courses which cut short her career. Hence each fresh life had served but to accentuate and reinforce her youthfulness, and, instead of ministering to maturity and the qualities which come only of maturity, had resulted in her contracting a habit of early and violent deaths, with the accompanying liability to become reincarnate after abnormally brief intervals. Hence, too, her total lack of fear of death ; as she had once remarked to me long before either of us had any idea of the possibility involved, “she seemed to be so used to dying as to have no fear of it.”

Having so many evidences of the separateness of the principles composing her system, and also of their personality, it occurred to me to wonder, in the event of her death and the continuance of her intercourse with me, in which of her personalities she would return.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 340.

The following day was passed in tolerable ease, but towards evening sickness came on, which she ascribed partly to the laudanum—which, she said, never agreed with her, and she would not have taken, had she been fully herself when the doctor proposed it—and mostly to the combination with it of the chloroform. The incompatibility of the two drugs with each other she had forgotten in her trouble, and I was unaware of it. The night was a terrible one from this cause, and in the morning she said to me in the positive tone of one who had sure information, “I shall die to-night.”

Deeming this another device of the “former selves,” whose power I believed to be on the wane, I did not let the utterance disturb me, and sought to impart my confidence to her. But as the day passed without any abatement, the sickness proving incoercible by any means employed, and I apprehended a collapse, I begged her to allow me to summon an English physician, Dr Herbert, pleading the difficulty I should have in satisfying her relatives in the event of her dying without my calling in a doctor.

The plea prevailed, but not without her chiding me for unkindness in wishing to prolong her life. To my dismay, the doctor was dining out, and would not receive the summons until he returned home, when it would be midnight. The case seemed desperate so far as physical means were concerned. The only relief was obtained by my passing my hands with light contact slowly downwards over the front of her body in mesmeric fashion, at the same time forcibly directing my will, with the twofold intent of allaying the internal irritation and expelling or neutralising any hostile influences that might be obsessing her. Meanwhile the pulse became so alarmingly feeble that her passing away seemed imminent. She herself said that life was ebbing, so death-like was the feeling of faintness; and she seemed rather to triumph at the prospect of the fulfilment of her prophecy of the morning.

Nevertheless I at no time despaired, nor had I any half-thought in the matter. My conviction was absolute that it was best both for herself and for her work that she should live, and I believed that, however strongly set as the natural lines of her destiny might be towards dying at that time, it lay within my power to reverse that destiny and override fate, and compel

her retention in life, and possibly her restoration to health. It was, I felt, a conflict between the astral and the celestial, to be victor in which it was needful only for me so to *polarise* of my will to the latter as to unite it with that of the Highest.

Thus attuning my inward self, I reinforced my outward self, which greatly needed it, by swallowing a glass of the champagne which had been thoughtfully sent in for her by our hostess as a possible remedy, and half sitting, half kneeling, on a hassock beside the bed—a position which I felt I could maintain for an indefinite time—I grasped firmly her right hand in both my hands and sought to project all my magnetism into her system. To my surprise and delight, the effect began to show itself almost immediately. She lay perfectly still, without any recurrence of the spasms which until then had been rending her, neither fainting nor asleep, but apparently at absolute rest, while the pulse, upon which I steadfastly kept a finger, reappeared and gradually gained, both in frequency and volume, and her temperature became assimilated to my own. By all of which symptoms I knew that a vital *rapport* had been established between us, making us virtually one system in respect of the identity of our nervous currents. At length sleep crept over her, deep and restful, and such that, if it could be maintained long enough, she was surely saved. She slept thus for three hours, I retaining my position unchanged; and though never ceasing actively to infuse my force into her, without my feeling a particle of diminution of force, which greatly surprised me; until, on analysing my sensations, I found that I myself was being actively reinforced by influences other than my own who had gathered round and were supplying my need as I required it, using me as a channel of healing power. And so it came that, when at length the doctor arrived and was holding conference with our hostess, I was able to join them, and announce the good news of my patient's safety.

The doctor fully confirmed my judgment. He was greatly surprised, after what he had been told, to find her pulse so strong, and herself able to converse with him. He prescribed simply an occasional draught of strong lemonade and soda—" *potion de Riviere* "—to be taken as the sickness threatened to recur, and left, promising to call in the morning. Meanwhile, though admitting the change for the better, she was so fixed in the

belief that her time had come, and in the desire to die, that she repeated her prophecy of the morning, saying, "I said I should die to-night, and I shall all the same, though I feel better just now"; to which, knowing the danger of such a conviction, and confident that she was saved, I replied with vivacity that she would do nothing of the kind; for the enemy had been baffled, and would now leave her in peace. I still maintained my watch, passing the rest of the night on a sofa in her room. And in the early morning she said, on waking from a good sleep, "What you have done to me I don't know, but you have saved my life"; and then, glancing at her hand, she exclaimed, "What an extraordinary thing! You know that my 'line of life,' which used to be so long, has lately been gradually disappearing, until it had stopped short at the point which indicated my death to be due at this very time. Well, it has suddenly reappeared beyond that point, showing that I am to have another term of life, perhaps of years."

Dr Herbert came three times in all, but his only further recommendation was inhalation of oxygen, which she tried, but with inappreciable results. She continued to mend steadily, but remained for some days dazed and bewildered, feeling, she said, as if she had no right to be alive, and that there was no more any work or place for her on the earth.

The suggestions whereby her "former selves" had sought to induce her to put an end to herself were curiously insidious. They assured her not only that she could do no good work after the age of forty, as she would not be attended to after the loss of her youth and beauty, but that the world is not yet ripe for her teaching, and that by committing suicide she would become reincarnate much sooner than if she died a natural death, and thus be able to return in good time to complete the work begun now, and secure for it the success it could not now have. The suggestion that suicide was wrong in itself had been met with the sophistical plea, that even so, the motive would involve a great renunciation and constitute it a virtuous act, and deserving of reward.

One night of this period, while between waking and sleeping, the form appeared to me of my old friend Mrs Woolley, whom I had been expecting to arrive in England about this time from Sydney. She was attired in black, and looked deathly wan

and wasted, and on entering the room glided to a chair between me and Mary, where she sat a while looking from one to the other, but without speaking, and after a little while disappeared. I mentioned the apparition both to Mary and to our hostess, and taking it as a possible intimation of her death, I wrote to her daughter, who was in England, to know if there was any news of her, and when she was to be expected in England, as I had some apprehension about her health. In the course of a few days I received in answer a letter informing me that about the very time of this experience she had received news of her mother's death at Sydney, after long illness and severe suffering, and that she had been on the point of writing to inform me of it when my letter reached her. From which I gathered that my dead friend had delayed giving me the intimation until such time as it would serve to break the shock she knew that her death would be to me, without keeping me in the suspense that would have ensued had she appeared immediately after her death.

For, as I have related early in this history, she had been, of all women next to my mother, the one whom, as a young man, I most venerated, and to whose influence I was the most indebted. On making Mary's acquaintance she had won from her also the like transcendent esteem. She, too, had recognised in *The Perfect Way* the full satisfactory solution of all her religious difficulties, and, as I later learnt, she came after her death to her daughters and told them not to seek further on such subjects than *The Perfect Way*, as all the truth was there. As I shall have occasion yet again to refer to her, I will ask my readers to keep her in recollection ; for in this history people do not cease with their bodies.

Much to our distress, we were compelled to trespass on the kindness of our hostess, even after the invalid had recovered sufficiently to be able to go out. The detaining cause was an illness contracted by myself, from a chill incurred in consequence of the low condition induced by my arduous attendance in the sick-room. The middle of November, however, found us located in a *pension* in the Rue Balzac, Miss D. not being able at present to receive us. Meanwhile Mary had written in her Diary the following abstract of the doctrine she had received concerning "Satan" :—

“Satan is, then, not identical with the devil; for the devil represents negation and not-being. But he is associated with the devil, because his sphere is the outermost of Being, and because at that point the centrifugal power becomes exhausted” (or, rather, arrested, for the system concerned). “But for the work of Satan there would be no evil, for material conditions give rise to evil, on account of Limitation, which is inseparable from the material state. Satan is, however, not the Creator; he is the Elohist power by means of which God creates. The Seven Elohim are, in their procession, progressively more and more formulate. Thus Phoibos represents the most interior and spiritual of the spheres; Hermes, the most intellectual; Aphrodite, the most affectional; Dionysos, the most volitional; Ares, the most kinetic; Zeus, the most astrologic; and Chronos, the densest and most manifest. And as all the six principles in man and the planet, save the body, are commonly invisible, so all the Gods save Saturn (who is Satan and Chronos) are naked. He only wears a belt about his middle part. Satan’s Day is the seventh, therefore, because on that day the centrifugal energy” (to which “Creation,” which is Manifestation, is due) “is exhausted, and a pause or standstill ensues, after which the return power comes into activity. The station of Satan is therefore the Sepulchre, in which our Lord lies asleep. But ‘very early in the morning’ of the first day of the week (following) He will rise again and return to His Father. The centripetal power will come into action. Satan’s day is the Sabbath of Elohim, the day of God is the night of Jehovah, and the labour of Brahm is the rest of Parabrahm. The day of the Manifest (Word) is the night of the Unmanifest (Mind). Satan’s work is the necessary evil of *Existence*. When *Existence* is recalled into *Being*, then Satan will return to his former estate of Order and Obedience in the Celestial hierarchy.”

Among the most notorious of the vivisection fraternity of Paris during our residency there had been Professor Paul Bert. His laboratory was in the vicinity of the Sorbonne, and close, therefore, to a street of dwelling-houses. So terrible were the cries of the animals under experimentation, when left for the night in their mangled condition to be operated on afresh next day, that the *locotaires* of the neighbourhood were not only seriously disturbed, but were unable to retain their tenants, and actions at law were accordingly brought to obtain a cessation of the nuisance. But one and all they failed, the judges ruling that, as it was on behalf of science, the law could not interfere. Paul Bert had since accepted a mission, partly political and partly scientific, to the French provinces in China, one of its scientific objects being to introduce vivisection into that country. Mary had subsequently told me that she had coupled him with Pasteur in her occult projections against the latter.

We understood that he was now on his way home to resume his experimentations in Paris, having failed to accomplish his scientific projects in the East, and had fallen seriously ill. Such is the necessary prelude to the following entry in her Diary :—

Paris, November 12 [1886].—“Mort de M. Paul Bert.” “La nouvelle de sa mort, arrivée Jeudi soir à quatre heures, n’a surpris personne.” Yesterday, November 11, at eleven at night, I knew that my will had smitten another vivisector! Ah, but this man has cost me more toil than his master, the fiend Claude Bernard. For months I have been working to compass the death of Paul Bert, and have but just succeeded. But I *have* succeeded; the demonstration of the power is complete. The will *can* and *does* kill, but not always with the same rapidity. Claude Bernard died *foudroyé*; Paul Bert has wasted to death. Now only one remains on hand—Pasteur, who is certainly doomed, and must, I should think, succumb in a few months at the utmost. Oh, how I have longed for those words—*“Mort de M. Paul Bert!”* And now—there they actually are, gazing at me as it were in the first column of the *Figaro*,—complimenting, congratulating, felicitating me. *I* have killed Paul Bert, as I killed Claude Bernard; as I will kill Louis Pasteur, and after him the whole tribe of vivisectors, if I live long enough. Courage: it is a magnificent power to have, and one that transcends all vulgar methods of dealing out justice to tyrants. It would interest M. Charles Richet to know of the two episodes in question.

Thus did she again vindicate her endowment with the third of the “Four Excellent Things” which constitute the equipment of “Hermes, Son of God, slayer of Argus, Archangel,” as described in the Divine hymn she had been instrumental in recovering :—

“Upon thy side thou wearest a sword of a single stone, two-edged, whose temper resisteth all things.

“For they who would slay or save must be armed with a strong and perfect will, defying and penetrating with no uncertain force.

“This is Herpë, the sword which destroyeth demons, by whose aid the hero overcometh and the saviour is able to deliver.

“Except thou bind it upon thy thigh thou shalt be overborne, and blades of mortal making shall prevail against thee.”¹

Professor Charles Richet had been one of the trio of examiners at whose hands she had received her diploma. He was so much struck by her that he invited her to a vegetarian repast at his house, given expressly in her honour; and she was

¹ See “Hymn to Hermes,” Vol. I. p. 278. *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., No. xii.

not without hope of enlisting him on her side in the vegetarian and anti-vivisection causes. For she read in him a possibility of higher things. But the rival influences prevailed. His soul was quenched, and he became one of the leading experimentalists of the day, and wrote the article on "Le Roi des Animaux," in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, to which she had crushingly replied in her pamphlet, *Roi ou Tyran?* In an essay of mine [on vivisection], published by the Humanitarian League in 1893, was the following reference at once to him and to her reply to him. My purpose in citing it here is to show those of the readers of this history who do not already know, what manner of beings they are against whom she was permitted to be the instrument of the Divine vengeance,¹ in order that they may not waste their sympathies under the impression that they were *human* lives which she thus destroyed, and reprobate her action :—

"It was not on the ground of their insensibility that Professor Charles Richet, in his article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, 'Le Roi des Animaux,' rested the right to experiment upon animals, but on the ground of man's superiority. By which he showed that, for his order, man is superior only because of the greater force at his disposal, and that kingship means not justice but tyranny, and the power to govern confers the right to torture. It is from this operator that the world has learned that 'an average horse lives thirty-three days without food, while an average dog dies of starvation on the twenty-first day,' and other animals in varying periods. The series of experiments by which this valuable information was obtained comprised nearly thirty animals of several different kinds, all of whom were deliberately starved to death by him to obtain it. And it was in his laboratory that the experiment was performed which

¹ Writing in reply to a Review of the *Life of Anna Kingsford*, in which the reviewer had taken exception to Anna Kingsford's action against Pasteur, Claude Bernard, and Paul Bert, Edward Maitland says that such action was done "under direct divine impulsion," for Anna Kingsford "could not have done it of herself," the impulsion and the power having been "imparted to her specially for the purpose"; and that to blame "the instrument of the Gods" is to blame the Gods themselves and their decrees; and that "she herself had no moment of misgiving, no thought of regret, nor any rebuke from the Gods"; and, he says: "Such were the relations between Anna Kingsford, the Gods, and myself, that there could not possibly have been any disapproval on their part of anything done by us or her without our knowing it. I do know positively that there was no disapproval. . . . Humanity is enriched by the loss of those who brutalise and debase humanity, as by the extirpation of a brood of noxious monsters" (*Light*, 1896, pp. 130, 154, 173).—S. H. H.

consisted in beating animals to a pulp with a heavy mallet. The following passage occurs in his published writings :—

“ ‘ I do not believe that a single experimenter says to himself when he gives *curare* to a rabbit, or cuts the spinal marrow of a dog, or poisons a frog, “ Here is an experiment which will relieve or cure the disease of some man.” No, in truth, he does not think of that. He says to himself, “ I shall clear up some obscure point ; I will seek out a new fact.” And this scientific curiosity, which alone animates him, is explained by the high idea he has formed of Science. This is why we pass our days in fœtid laboratories, surrounded by groaning creatures, in the midst of blood and suffering, bent over palpitating entrails.’

“ We find no hypocritical pretence here whether of utility or anæsthetics, or of the comparative non-sensibility of the animals. The operator addresses himself to the public as frankly and as confident of their sympathy, as we might conceive a devil addressing his fellow-devils to be, taking it for granted that the sentiments of humanity are as extinct in them as in himself ” (pp. 29–30).

Diary.—November 13 [1886]. Of all evils, the worst, I think, is growing old. I am not sure that it matters so much to a man, but to a woman it is terrible—terrible. Not, perhaps, if one’s work were fairly worked, or at least stood out for what it would be, clear and distinct on the world’s canvas. But to be caught by old age before one’s task is formulated, when the outlines of it are incomplete and the picture of it remains in the mind of the artist,—this is the intolerable thing. It is gloomy here, in this cheap *pension*, in this narrow, cramped-up, little set of rooms, whence one cannot, even by craning one’s neck, see a glimpse of the sky ; nothing but a high, dead, white-washed wall, just such as might be seen from a prison window !¹ It is very gloomy, too, to sit here all day, unable to go out because one is ill, and because one’s companion is ill too, and cannot be left alone. What shall I do with the remainder of my life if I am always to suffer, and so be forced to suppress every impulse towards active work in me ?—if pain and decrepitude settle down on me like a cloud, and compel me to pass the remainder of my life in *enduring* ? Is this, too, Karma ? I think sad and distressful life is not always the result of evil Karma. I can quite believe that for certain souls, perhaps even for the greater number, or may be for all, the last birth may be invariably a melancholy and an outcast birth ;—not by any means as the consequence of demerit, but as a final purgation to utterly detach the soul from the love of existence, to disgust it with material and mundane things, and to break asunder irrecoverably the links which bind to desire and love.

While at Ostende she had proposed to Madame Blavatsky a scheme for uniting a number of occultists in a band for the purpose of exercising their will-power on the vivisectors with

¹ We had accepted these rooms in an emergency, shortly to move into better ones.—E. M.

a view to the destruction, first of their system, and next of themselves in the event of their refusing to abandon their cruel methods. The following entry in her Diary refers to a conversation with Madame Wachtmeister on the subject :—

November 17, 1886.—I wish to write down some thoughts and instructions received about the distinction between “white” and “black” magic. The subject arises out of a controversy between Countess Wachtmeister and myself as to whether it is or is not justifiable to “will” the destruction of evil men. My position is this :—“Black” magic consists in magic exercised from the plane of the personal principle in man, or unregenerate self, the *anima bruta*. This personal principle concerns itself only and solely with personal emotions and motives. Thus, a witch or sorcerer bewitches, or wills evil to, one who has brought himself into antagonism with the *persona* of the operator, and against whom the latter feels resentment. Such was invariably the case in all mediæval charges against witches. Magical practices were, and still are, resorted to for obtaining the sickness, death, or affliction of persons for whom the operator had conceived hatred, or from whose decease some personal gain was expected. In all such cases the *lower personality* alone operated, in defiance or disregard of the Divine Will. The witch assumed the entire responsibility of the act, and brought to bear on its execution the most intense and concentrated personal consciousness. The whole question is, therefore, like all occult questions, one of planes or levels. An act which, undertaken and executed from a lower plane, is an assassination, becomes, when undertaken and executed from a higher plane, an expiatory sentence ; just as that which is, from the lower plane, lust, is, from the higher, love.

“White” magic is, then, precisely the exercise of magical power from the impersonal plane ; that is, from the level of the *anima divina*. Such magic can, in fact, be exercised only by the adept or initiate, because the exercise depends, first, on knowledge, and secondly, on discipline. Knowledge first, because it is necessary for the operator to understand the difference between his art and that of the dealer in sorcery, and to know God. No man who is not a believer in God can practise white magic, because the first of its rules is union with the Divine Intention. The art of the White Magian lies wholly in this,—that he must transcend and destroy his own personal principle, in order to unite himself entirely with the Divine Principle. If, then, he does not know God, he cannot attain to this union. Secondly, he must be disciplined, because unless he is able to root out himself and his own egoism entirely from his spirit, and to bring this spirit under perfect control and into complete union with the cosmic will, he must fall short of his design and incur danger.

The White Magian, then, works by means of prayer, and the more truly prayerful he is, the more successful he will be in his art. Under these conditions, and having carefully examined into his motives, and seen reason to believe himself free from all personal feeling about or towards the person concerned in his operations, and being free from passion, malice, and emotion of all kind arising from personal motives, he may practise his art in the fear of God. But

unless he be a very great adept, and very profoundly experienced, he had better refrain from any direction of his will for the purpose of destroying anyone from whose decease he can possibly, directly or indirectly, derive any personal advantage, gain, advance, or gratification. It is best that he should never even have seen the person concerned, or in any way have come into personal collision with him. The conditions being such as accord with these rules, the White Magian is authorised to undertake an act of execution in the same spirit and with the same motive, and in the same frame of mind, as he would entertain in the act of destroying a noxious beast or a venomous reptile or creeping thing. Being a Magian, he has, of course, a spirit of discernment, and will not direct himself against any but real malefactors, *i.e.* oppressors of the poor and innocent, tyrants, and public criminals. Such men may be compared with pestilential creatures, whose evil lives poison the moral atmosphere of the planet, and whose removal from it is a Divine act. Part of the work of Man as the Redeemer of the world is the work of the Destroying Angel, the purger and deliverer, the smiter of monsters, ravenous beasts of prey, dragons, and ogres.

Ogres are men who have forfeited their manhood, and who are therefore in the category of carnivorous and dangerous beasts. The Magian who undertakes to rid the earth of these embarks in a perilous adventure, since everything depends on his singleness of heart and purpose. Uniting himself with the will of God, and committing himself to it, he implores God, if it be His will, to free the earth and mankind from the human plague incarnate in such an one. Then, concentrating and projecting his will, as though it were a sword in the hands of God, he devotes it to the destruction of the ogre or monster designated, accepting for himself the peril to which the combat exposes him, and desiring only the salvation and redemption of the oppressed. In such a spirit St George met and demolished the dragon which ravaged Cappadocia, and Theseus the robber Sinis, and Procrustes the tyrant of the mountains. So also with Moses, Jehu, Judith, the Apostles, and so forth. In all these cases the operators were but the instruments and channels of Divine wrath, and accomplished no personal object in their undertaking. It is an error to suppose that such acts interfere with the "Karma" of the persons against whom they are directed. On the contrary, they *are* that Karma; for the doom of such evil men inevitably is to bring down upon them the hatred and abhorrence of the good. "For as Love is strong to redeem and advance a soul, so is Hatred strong to torment and detain." The Magian merely formulates and gives definite direction to the vague and unexpressed desire of all virtuous men, namely, to be delivered from such and such a tyrant. And, indeed, whenever this desire is sufficiently intense and widely felt, it suffices of itself to work the destruction of the man who is its object. "The will of the people is the death-warrant of the oppressor. Tyrants die by the will of the nation." And by-and-by, when the discernment between good and evil becomes more definite and general, when the love of good and the abhorrence of evil become strong in the people, and when wrong-doing becomes intolerable, not to a few individuals only, as now, but to the whole people, it will be impossible for tyrants to continue to exist. In a regenerate world

tyrants and tormentors could not live when once their deeds were known.

Karma, therefore, is not baffled, but is fulfilled by the sentence of justice which the White Magian helps to carry out. His will is the focus of the Divine forces, which always work through human channels. The Divine Will, whether for grace or for vengeance, whether for blessing or cursing, formulates itself through human agencies. This is the law of the universe. The evil man, by his evil acts, draws upon his head the Karma of those acts, the wrath of God, formulated through the will of a human agent. The rod of Moses directs and expresses the fiat of God. It is only when the human will acts from the lower and personal plane, moved and set in action by personal antagonisms and passions—as when Moses struck the rock instead of speaking to it—that the human agent is brought into collision with Karma, and disorder and confusion result. But this result even then is not in disharmony with law. No Divine law is ever broken. The phrase, “Karma must not be interfered with,” is an idle phrase on the lips of an adept. It should rather be, “Karma cannot be interfered with.” For even the action of a hostile will, evilly directed, is provided for and taken into the account of the Divine counsels. God is never taken by surprise. The reaction is against the operator only, and is the mere recoil of law. “Thou couldest have no power at all against Me,” said Jesus to Pilate, “unless it were given thee from on high.” So also said Buddha, when dying, of the disciple who poisoned him with swine’s flesh: “It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh.” The sorcerer, whose position and method have been defined, assumes the penalty of murder, and generates a corresponding Karma, which he must work out. But his victim falls quite as much by the will of God, and in accord with the workings of *his* Karma, as though he had died any other sort of death. Accidents and catastrophes never happen in the primary sense of those words. They are from the foundation of the world as certainly and as orderly in place and sequence as summer and winter, seed-time and harvest. To think otherwise would be to deny God, and to make human will the disposing and arbitrating force of the universe, not in a derived and secondary, but in an absolute and primary sense. The work of the White Magian, then, lies in the educated direction of the kosmic will-current, concentrating this as a burning-glass the solar rays, and bringing it to bear on a certain point. The act of consuming thereby produced is not *his* act, but that of the solar heat, polarised by his means. That the will of an outraged people does not produce this effect in the present day is due only to the fact that the people, unlike the adept, are wanting in knowledge, and do not know how to polarise their will-force. It is diffuse, and consequently impotent. The Magian does consciously, and according to method, and therefore effectively, what the people do unconsciously and confusedly, and therefore ineffectively. Where *they* vaguely wish, *he* intently wills.

The following letter to her from Madame Blavatsky, November 29 [1886], refers to the same subject:—

“The Master’s attention was first drawn to you just because of that feeling you have in you for poor animals. The venerable old

Choha Chohan *was for you*, when everyone, including myself (though in lesser degree), was against you. When I went to London I *was* prejudiced against you, and it is the Master who blew me up for it, and made me do my duty. All that came to pass later on was not the Master's desire, but the rebellion of his would-be 'lay and unlay Chelas.' Therefore I feel sure and know that the Master approves your opposing the principle of Vivisection, but not the practical way you do it, injuring yourself and doing injury to others, without much benefiting the poor animals. Of course it is Karma in the case of Paul Bert. But so it is in the case of *every murdered man*. Nevertheless the weapon of Karma, unless he acts unconsciously, is a murderer in the sight of that same Karma that used him. Let us work against the *principle*, then ; not against personalities. For it is a weed that requires more than seven, or seven times seven, of us to extirpate it."

"Attack the principles, and not the persons!" she exclaimed when we had read this letter. "And while the world is being educated to recognise the principle, millions of poor creatures are being horribly tortured, to say nothing of souls degraded and damned. I will tell you what that means. It means that whenever you see a ruffian brutally ill-treating a woman or a child, instead of rushing with all your might to the rescue, you are to stand by and do nothing but talk, or else go home and write something 'attacking the principle.' No; the power to interfere and save imposes the duty to interfere and save; and as that power has been given to me, I should not be doing my duty if I did not exercise it."

She was bent on visiting Pasteur's Institute, to witness his procedure and obtain such further information as would strengthen her hands with the public against the system. Her health was still deplorable; the weather was inclement, and the place distant. I myself, moreover, was hardly yet sufficiently recovered to venture out without risk. And for this reason she proposed to go alone. That, of course, was out of the question. And so, finding her hopelessly possessed of her idea, and even fascinated by the thought of risking her life in the cause, I accompanied her to the Rue d'Ulm, the day being November 17, the date of the last entry cited from her Diary, but only to find that we had come at a wrong hour, when there was nothing going on and no one to be seen. Returning with the intention of going again the following day, we were caught, before we could obtain a shelter or a vehicle, in a heavy rain, and reached our apartment for Mary to be struck down by a severe attack of pneumonia, which for a time threatened to carry her off.

But after an incredible amount of suffering—so extraordinary was her vitality—she rallied sufficiently to move, on December 13, to the *pension* kept by her friend Miss Dawson, with whom her daughter was living, who now had a vacancy which enabled her to receive us both. The history of the rest of the year will best be told in the following letters from me to her mother :—

“ I RUE DARU, PARIS, *Dec. 22, 1886.*

“ DEAR MRS BONUS,—Mrs Kingsford desires me to write to you for her, as she is quite unable to write herself, to convey to you her best love and wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and to inform you more particularly of her state than her daughter is able to do. Her removal to this house has brought no improvement, but has somewhat altered the character of her illness. For, while her cough continues, and there is evidently some mischief in the lung, her neuralgia has extended to the region of the heart, setting up a complaint called by the doctor, who was sent for again yesterday, ‘cardiac neuralgia,’ which is always terribly painful, but least dangerous, he says, in the form in which she has it, of the two forms in which it occurs. He ascribes it to long-continued asthma, and says it is most likely to be cured by removal to a climate which, being at once warm, dry, and not relaxing, is favourable to the cure of asthma. Such a climate, the doctor says, exists in greatest perfection in Egypt, and he recommends her removal to Cairo. But Egypt is not only a long way off, and involves a journey by sea and land ; it is a very expensive place both to go to and to live in, and is therefore beyond the means of any of us who would have to go with her. Before seeing the doctor I had written to Mr Kingsford to ask him to hold himself in readiness, if possible, to start at short notice to come and help me to remove her to some health-station in France, and we have thought of Arcachon, the winter resort in the pine forests near Bordeaux, as by all accounts the most likely to suit. This place has the further advantage of being within easy reach of the famous sulphur baths of Amélie-les-Bains, where also the climate is favourable, the place lying high and being warm. Pau we consider too relaxing. Should both the two above-named places fail, she would be within easy reach of Marseilles, a place which suited her very well after her disastrous visit to Mentone and Nice four winters ago, and from Marseilles it is easy to get to Algiers, which some say is the next best place to Egypt. But nothing is settled yet, and her state of weakness and susceptibility is such that any attempt to move her might be frustrated when it came to the point. Instead of quitting Paris there is another plan which she herself has suggested, in consequence of the noise and draughtiness of this house ; and that is, to go into some private hospital. She bids me add that you are not to be alarmed about her, as the worst that is likely to happen is a tedious illness, which may keep her abroad several months. And I may assure you on my own account that you need not fear her not being carefully and skilfully tended. It is very far from being the first time that I have been with her in illness, both at home and abroad, so that I understand her and her requirements as no one else except

her husband does, and can always see that she has every comfort and attention possible. And besides my being a good nurse both by nature and by practice, I hold it a high privilege to minister to one whose life I regard, in common with very many persons all over the world who know her work, as one of the most valuable lives *in* the world *to* the world.—Believe me always, yours very faithfully,

“ EDWARD MAITLAND.”

To the same from the same :—

“ December 28 [1886].

“ Mrs Kingsford desires me to acknowledge and thank you for your kind letter and enclosure. I beg also to thank you for your kind note to myself. The doctor who saw her before at our previous lodging, one long established in Paris and of high repute, came yesterday, and made a careful examination of the heart and lungs. He pronounced the neuralgia which had attacked the former as having gone for the present, and the left lung as requiring active treatment, a new centre of disease—in addition to the old ones which had healed up—having opened in it. She was consequently blistered last night on the back and painted with iodine on the chest, with the result of promoting expectoration and relieving the breathing. She is, of course, very low. But I, who have seen her in so many illnesses, am more hopeful than I was of her recovery in due time, judging by the experiences of the past. For on at least three occasions she suffered all the winter in much the same way, and got well on removing in the spring, one time to Italy, another to the neighbouring forest of Meudon, and the third time to Switzerland. We must not, however, be sanguine of a rapid or of a complete recovery. For the cough is accompanied by so much pain as to indicate a severe attack, and it has come upon a system already depleted of nervous energy by a long course of over-exertion and enfeebled by a long illness. The doctor says that she will probably have to reside chiefly, if not altogether, in Italy. But hers is a constitution which has always baffled medical prognosis,—the *spirit* in her is so strong, though the organism is so fragile. One of her great troubles is the soreness and pain caused by so much lying down, or rather sitting up; for, owing to the difficulty in breathing, she never really lies down, but sleeps in what is here called a *chaise longue*, a contrivance half sofa and half chair. She desires me to send you her best love. Her brother John has written in answer to me, sending a list of places he thinks suitable for her. But there is no need now to hurry a decision. She proposes to write to you herself so soon as the pain from the blistering has sufficiently subsided.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

A MELANCHOLY TOUR

I ANXIOUSLY sought information as to the best place to which to take her, consulting many persons and books. Egypt stood first with most authorities, Algiers next. But even about Algiers opinions varied greatly, one writer stating that he had lived there twenty-eight years, and had known twenty-eight exceptional winters, so unreliable was the climate. A visit paid us by Sir Richard and Lady Burton enabled me to consult him, when I found him a complete encyclopædia, and able to speak of most places from personal experience. Cairo he pronounced to have been spoilt for really delicate persons by its defective system of drainage; and only in the desert was pure air to be found. Pau, Tunis, Tangiers, and the Riviera all came under his ban. He most favoured Teneriffe. We were finally determined by the editor of the *Journal de Médecine*, Dr Lutaud, whose acquaintance Mary had made in her crusade against Pasteur, of whose system Dr Lutaud had declared that, instead of preventing hydrophobia, it caused it.

The place recommended by him was a spot on the Riviera, with the advantages of which as a health resort he had been so strongly impressed that he helped in establishing a sanatorium there. This was Saint Raphael, and we accordingly repaired thither, leaving Paris, February 15 [1887], accompanied by A., after he had spent a few days with us in Paris. It was evident from the manner of the doctors, of whom she saw several, that they considered the left lung too far gone for recovery, and that only a few weeks or months of life remained to her. Remembering how often her doctors had said the same during the last ten years, we still kept up hope. All depended, it seemed to us, on the weather we should find on the Riviera.

Meanwhile, thanks to her indomitable will, she had been able to write without intermission [to the *Lady's Pictorial*] her weekly medical letter, with answers to correspondents, and her monthly article for an American magazine, and this without any falling off in quality or style, her vivacity never flagging however great her weakness and suffering. It seemed as if the abstraction of mind consequent on thinking lifted her above the organism to a level where her health was unimpaired, so that when thus engaged she was no longer the sufferer and invalid. I could not but feel, however, that the work ministered to exhaustion, according to the teaching received by us that "thought is substance, and every thought a substantial action." And I could not but wish—and it was her wish also—that if she must work, it should be in her special line, which no one else could do, that the world might be the richer in the knowledge which it so sorely needed, and which she alone could supply.

But, knowing the hygienic value of cheerfulness, I would say nothing to depress her, but, on the contrary, chose for our reading together the most amusing and interesting literature. Thus I read aloud to her the whole of *King Solomon's Mines*, which was then just come into vogue, and so great was her enjoyment of it that for once I accounted Mr Rider Haggard a benefactor of his kind.

On reaching Marseilles she announced her arrival there to Lady Caithness, at Nice, in a post-card, as follows:—

"MARSEILLES, HÔTEL DE LA GARE, Feb. 17 [1887].

"By the time this reaches you we shall be at St Raphael, Hôtel Beau Rivage. My husband is with me. We came on Tuesday 15th, in waggon-salon, and arrived here to-day at 1 A.M., more dead than alive—at least I was. Mr M. has been passing most of his time with Baron Spedalieri, and will spend the evening with him. I want my husband to go over to Nice and see the next Battle of Flowers, but I fear he won't like to leave me, which is a pity, for he won't have another chance. We find the weather bitterly cold, and not at all what we expected. Lady Burton is at Cannes. A. K."

My intercourse with the veteran student of the divine science was in the highest degree cordial and gratifying. He came to the station to greet Mary on our departure for St Raphael, which was the only opportunity then available, and he promised to visit us while we were on the Riviera. He gave me

some unpublished MSS. of his master and friend, "Eliphas Levi," and also the latter's own copy—largely annotated and illustrated by himself—of the book of the eminent Hermetist, the Abbot Trithemius, printed in 1567, *De Septem Secundis*, being an exposition of the course of the world's spiritual evolution under the successive operation of the Seven Elohim, or Spirits of God, of the Creative Week of Genesis. The book had an especial interest for us as containing the principles of the calculations in virtue of which, as recorded by "Eliphas Levi," Trithemius had prophesied the New Illumination and its date, of which Baron Spedalieri had recognised our work as the realisation.¹ He gave me also photographs of himself and of "Eliphas Levi."

Arrived at St Raphael, she wrote to Lady Caithness :—

"HÔTEL BEAU RIVAGE, ST RAPHAEL, *Feb.* 20 [1887].

"My husband thanks you for your kind invitation, which, however, he could not accept because of the sore throat given him by the bitter cold. To-day he is quite laid up, and has written to decline Mrs Thursby Pelham's invitation to lunch with her on Monday and see the Battle of Flowers. I never felt such cold; it is glacial. We shiver all day, and can only get warm in bed. We have very nice rooms, all *en suite*, full south, looking straight over the sea, but at present I have seen little of the beauties of the place, as I dare not leave the hotel. Lady Burton, at Cannes, writes that she also is laid up with cold, as are other friends of ours at Beaulieu; so that altogether the slings and arrows of this wintry-time seem to have done fell work! . . .

"Since I wrote the first page of this letter we have been out for our first walk together. As it is my first walk since the beginning of my illness on November 17 [1886], you may suppose it has been quite an event. We only went a very little way along the shore, but still it is a beginning. I am hoping now that before this week is over we may be able to take a trip to Nice, though I fear we shall see nothing of the Carnival.

"After my husband has gone home to England, Mr M. and I think of going on to Naples, and then spending Easter in Rome. I have always longed so much to see Rome, and especially at Easter.

"You must let me know how your ball went off. Send me a paper about it. St Raphael knows nothing of the Carnival; it is as quiet as you please. My doctor (Lutaud) comes this week, and, I expect, will come to see me either to-morrow or next day. He is the editor of the *Journal de Médecine*, and is Pasteur's bitterest enemy. Hence we are already quite comrades. I should like to get a sight of Nice in the season. When I saw it the Promenade des Anglais was quite desolate. Moreover, I want to see your beauti-

¹ Pp. 168–169 *ante*.



PORTRAIT OF BARON SPEDALIERI.

James Hyatt.

face p. 302, vol. ii.

ful house, about which I have heard so much. I am trying to find out whether I can make the journey to Nice and back in the same day.—Always your loving
NINA.”

Charming as we found St Raphael for its scenery, quietude, and sundry other advantages, its climate during most of our stay was disagreeable and treacherous in the extreme, keeping us in constant anxiety. An intense sun, combined with a keen wind, was the rule, and the hours were few and far between when it could with any certainty be said that a walk or a drive could be taken with safety. And this even for persons sound of lung. Desiring to escape from the place and try some other, we were very anxious for the promised visit of her doctor. He came at length, but under circumstances altogether unanticipated and lugubrious. Early one morning we were roused by feeling our beds heaving and sinking as if on a sea-wave, a sensation which was repeated several times at short intervals. Meanwhile Mary and A. were clamouring at my door, telling me there was an earthquake, and asking what was best to be done, and whether we ought not to rush out into the open lest the house fall upon us. As the fall of the house was doubtful, and exposure to the bitter air outside meant certain death for her, I counselled an instant return to bed and a calm awaiting of events, taking care to keep warmly covered up. We all followed this advice, and lay so long as the vibrations continued, listening for the subterranean rumble which preceded each shock, and calling out to each other, “Here comes another,” the effect always proving proportionate to the loudness of the rumble, which last exactly resembled the passage of a heavy train underground. The railroad was well within hearing, so that we were able to mark the similarity of the two sounds, and to observe that the only difference between them lay in the fact that when a train passed, our beds did not upheave, and when a shock came, they did. In the course of the morning they ceased; telegrams from Nice and other places announced a terrible earthquake, and during all that day and the next, trains in numbers arrived, or passed by, filled with fugitives hastening to some safer district. Among the later arrivals was Dr Lutaud, having the look of a man scared and shaken, as by some narrow escape from imminent destruction. He was asleep, he told us, in his hotel at Mentone, when, on being

roused by a shock and a crash, he looked up to see the open sky above him, the roof and ceiling having fallen in, but without injuring him.

The following struck us as a somewhat singular coincidence. It will be remembered that, when at Nice in the autumn of 1882, Mary had been charged by a voice speaking through her, while under the influence of an anæsthetic taken to allay asthma, to make a fresh will, on the ground that her existing one was an "evil will."¹ She had declined to comply, partly because she both distrusted the source of the injunction and resented the dictation, and partly because she was satisfied with the will as it stood. Now, however, after an interval of nearly four and a half years, when driven back almost to the same spot, she found herself spontaneously approving the change then indicated, and accordingly remade her will, further consideration having entirely reversed her judgment in the matter.²

We remained at St Raphael until A. quitted us for home, his parish duties compelling his return, and on the same day started for Nice—the earthquake having ceased for some days—and arrived there March 8, but unfortunately not until after dark, owing to our having first seen A. off on his homeward journey. For the evil Karma which we had been given to understand would "pursue Mary and her nearest associates so long as she persisted in leading a virtuous life"³ baffled all the precautions we had taken to select eligible lodgings. Following the strong recommendation of some friendly English gentlewomen who were staying at our hotel at St Raphael, we found ourselves doomed to a repetition of the experiences which had driven us from the Riviera on our former visit in 1882. For we had dismounted ourselves and luggage, dismissed our carriage, and engaged rooms, only to discover that we were in the very house at which the earthquake had culminated in Nice, and in the only part of the house the earthquake had left habitable, the rooms in which were long and low and narrow, and on the ground floor, and altogether such as gave us the

¹ P. 90 *ante*.

² This will, which was signed at St Raphael (see p. 315 *post*), was not Anna Kingsford's last will. Her last will was made a few months later (see p. 341 *post*).—S. H. H.

³ Vol. I. p. 420.



PORTRAIT OF "ELIPHAS LEVI."

James Hyatt.

face p. 304, vol. ii.

worst forebodings of what might follow. But there was no alternative but to make the best of them for that night ; and the people, who were Swiss, were really so nice that we had not the heart to show distrust of their assurances of attention and sympathy, to say nothing of the effort it would be to Mary to set off at that hour in quest of another hotel. As it was, neither of us went to bed, the night being passed in pacing our rooms, endeavouring to allay her asthma by burning stramonium, a drug which was her constant *vade mecum* when travelling, sipping hot coffee, and in fighting the mosquitoes, which thickly swarmed.

On communicating our position next morning to Lady Caithness, she promptly sent her carriage for us, and a recommendation to go to the Hôtel Cosmopolitan, whither we at once repaired, and where we remained, much to our comfort, during our sojourn at Nice. In the afternoon we visited her at her beautiful house—the Palais Tiranty—a meeting the pleasure of which seemed so completely to efface for Mary the effects of the miseries of the night as greatly to encourage my hope of her ultimate recovery, by showing how extraordinary was her power of self-repair. But the hope proved delusive, for it soon became evident that Nice was no place for her, the keenness of its winds far exceeding those we had left behind at St Raphael, while the dust was such as to be a constant torment and source of danger. I longed to get her to Naples ; but she was unwilling so soon to leave her friend ; and, moreover, we had invited Baron Spedalieri to stay with us at our hotel. The visit was duly paid, and lasted three days, to our mutual great satisfaction, we had so much in common on the higher planes of thought, knowledge, and experience. The impression produced on him by Mary was, he declared, of the profoundest kind, fully realising the high anticipations he had been led to form. Among the most pleasant elements in our sojourn at Nice were the drives which Lady Caithness took us in its beautiful neighbourhood, where we visited various of her friends. Of these the most notable was the eccentric and accomplished Comtesse de Chambrun, at one of whose receptions in Paris Mary had been surprised and amused at being accosted as Queen Anne Boleyn by a certain literary marquis, distinguished for his studies of that period of English history, and

who declared that she exactly resembled his conception of that character. The *Mi-carême* occurring during our stay, we witnessed and took part in the Battle of Flowers, our friend's son driving us up and down the Promenade des Anglais for the purpose. The scene was bright and animated in the extreme, and Mary enjoyed it vastly, showing a gaiety and vivacity which made for me the most vivid and saddening contrast with her actual state, only too plainly visible to me, as I sat opposite to her, in the lines of her wan and wasted face, which were so strongly brought out by the brilliant sunlight as to confirm the worst anticipations of the results of her malady. But, as was characteristic of her, excitement lifted her into another sphere, where all consciousness of the lower was lost, and even the apprehensions expressed by me of the danger of her exposure to the keen wind that was blowing seemed to her unfounded. Nevertheless, I have since always considered that day at the Battle of Flowers as more than any other event responsible for the final result, by serving to intensify and confirm a mischief which until then was not past cure.

On March 20 [1887] we left Nice for Genoa, on our way to Rome, Mary positively refusing to visit Naples on account of the harrowing descriptions she had heard of the barbarous treatment to which animals are subjected in the streets of that city. We spent two nights at Genoa, where she had arranged to meet her brother, General Bonus, and the proprietors of a flat in Kensington for the lease of which she was in treaty. The project was regarded by her relations as an unwise one, considering the state of her health, and her mother wrote in dissuasion. I recognised the force of their objections, but refrained from opposing an impulse which, in her case, might proceed from a source transcending ordinary perception. I therefore took care only that she should have all the reasons, for and against, fully before her. Her own view she stated as follows :—

“ I cannot continue to travel and live in hotels, but must have a home of my own in which to live or to die. London is the only place which suits me, and is within reach of my husband. If I had had a home there I should not have come abroad, and might have escaped all that I have suffered since. Even

if it was my destiny to be homeless until I was forty, I have reached that age, and outlived so much of my evil Karma."

Her business satisfactorily settled at Genoa, where her brother duly met us, we proceeded to Pisa, intending to proceed the following day to Rome; for, besides having already seen Pisa, we both disliked it for the atmosphere of death-in-life which pervades it. But we were detained there for four days by an attack of illness which we ascribed to the propinquity of our hotel to the river, and the effect of which was to reduce Mary yet lower.

Determined to leave no opening for mishaps at Rome, and aware of the liability of that place to become crowded on the approach of Easter, I took occasion on our detention at Pisa to obtain in advance the promise of rooms at the Hôtel Continental, choosing that locality for its altitude above the old and low-lying districts of the city. But the precaution proved unavailing. We reached our hotel only to find that the pressure of arrivals had rendered it impossible to retain rooms for us, and we were consequently compelled to put up at an address given us by the manager, the accommodation at which was such as to compel our removal on the day following, supposing the quest for a suitable lodging to be successful, a result declared by our host to be out of the question. He was not far from wrong, so arduous a quest did it prove to be. Only after several hours of driving from house to house, and street to street, and quarter to quarter, did we succeed in obtaining even tolerable accommodation, and this was in the district the farthest removed both in locality and in climate, as well as in costliness, from what we desired. For it was at the Hôtel de Russie, in the Piazza del Popolo. Happily we had some friends in Rome who knew of a suite of rooms then on the point of being vacated, which promised to suit us, and after three days at the Russie we moved into the Hôtel de la Ville, close by.

During our long quest on the day after our arrival we had an experience which showed us what we might have expected had we gone to Naples. I had entered an hotel, leaving Mary, exhausted and speechless with fatigue, in the carriage. But on my returning to her after the few minutes spent in inspecting the rooms offered and making inquiries, she was no longer there, and the driver could only point to the hotel in explanation.

Presently she reappeared breathless and flushed, as from a fright or some unwonted exertion. She had seen from the carriage a boy ill-treating a dog on the other side of the Piazza. In an instant she had rushed to the rescue, seized the boy, given him a vigorous shaking and rating, and forced him to let the animal go. Then, on the boy calling to a man, who appeared to be his father, for help, she had beaten a hasty retreat into the hotel, whither he refrained from following her. And her only reply to my expressions of concern was to show me her broken parasol, and say that, if she was to stay in Rome, I must get her a stout stick to carry, as she could not keep her hands off ruffians who ill-treated animals.

Never, we thought, had pilgrimage to the Eternal City been made with so much of difficulty, toil, and suffering. Mary took it all as part of her evil Karma, which she was in course of expiating and working out ; and, to judge by the event, it seemed, indeed, to be a fulfilment of destiny that the place which she had been led to regard as having been the scene of the " most unworthy " of her former lives should prove to be the scene also of her greatest suffering in her present life.

The prospect of a sojourn in Rome had been to me the occasion of considerable anxiety. For, though she was little more than nominally a member of the Roman Church, and was profoundly conscious of its manifold and grievous shortcomings and positive defects, she was not without a certain respect for its antiquity and greatness ; while the fact that, despite its gross materialisation of the mysteries of religion and conversion of them into sheer idolatry, it had retained in its integrity the system of symbolism in which they were veiled, while the Protestant communions had so grievously mutilated it, served to withhold her from being altogether alienated from it, even while maintaining absolute independence of judgment and a steadfast refusal to submit to any ecclesiastical direction whatever.

There was yet another sentiment which prompted her to keep in touch with the Church. This was the impression that she might obtain from it some official recognition of our work which would ensure to it a serious and far-spreading attention. And hence, when—as more than once happened—overtures had been made to her offering to make her the head of a new religious order if she would submit to direction, she had been disposed to regard

the proposition as not unworthy of consideration, but had readily abandoned the idea when, on consulting with me, she came to see in the proposal but an insidious device for suppressing both her and our work altogether. For, as was obvious to me, it would be simply suicidal to the whole sacerdotal system to propound an interpretation which, by the very fact of its being an interpretation, posited the understanding, instead of authority, as the basis of belief, and by its nature was destructive of the whole fabric of the theology on which sacerdotalism rested, and would involve, therefore, the damning admission on the part of the Church that, so far from being, as it claimed to be, infallible, it was not merely fallible, but utterly fallen and corrupt, and was a Church, not of Christ, but of Antichrist. As well might Jesus and the prophets, and their followers, appeal to Caiaphas and his successors for recognition of their doctrine as we to official ecclesiasticism for recognition of ours.

Besides which, as I argued on such occasions, the very fact of our message being made to appear as emanating from, or as sanctioned by, some one particular section of the Church, would fatally prejudice against it all other sections. And, moreover, the fact of the selection of myself, who, while really a free-thinker and detached from all sections, was nominally a Protestant, was proof positive that our mission was really Catholic, embracing the whole of Christendom and the world in its scope, and not merely Roman Catholic, which section was sufficiently represented by herself.

I had further pointed out that the acceptance by her of such proposals would involve our dissociation from each other, and the dissolution of the collaboration in which we had been divinely conjoined, seeing that neither would the makers of the proposal accept me nor would I join them, or become in any way connected with a body having so awful a record behind it as the Roman Church. To do so would be to condone not only the most pernicious system of imposture by which the human mind had ever been repressed and enslaved ; it would be to condone the Inquisition and its wholesale practice of human vivisection done in the interests of a caste. It was not from the Church visible, terrestrial, and corrupt that our commission was derived, but from the Church invisible, celestial, and incorruptible, and it would be the basest of betrayals to submit to the former. No ; if the Gods had

wanted both of their instruments to be even nominally members of the Church of Rome, they would have selected some other than myself for her colleague.

To all this she had unreservedly assented, and we had long ceased to refer to the subject, considering it finally settled. But knowing her sensitiveness on the astral plane in her system to influences appertaining, as do those of sacerdotalism, to that plane, I could not but be alive to the possibilities of a contact with them in their own chiefest headquarters and stronghold. And hence, while systematically refraining from any allusion to the subject, and leaving her absolutely free and unbiassed to form her own conclusions, I watched carefully for such indications as might manifest themselves, hopefully bearing in mind the old saying that the best antidote to Romanism is a visit to Rome. Even in the incident, distressing as it was, of the cruelty witnessed by her in the streets on our first day in Rome I could recognise an ally, by reason of the adverse feeling it would create in her to the whole system of the place.

The few friends we had in Rome were in sympathy with us rather than with the Church. Among them were Mr and Mrs Thomas Williams, who were regular winter residents, and had been among the attendants on our lectures at the Hermetic Society. Mrs Williams was the accomplished translator of some of the writings of Giordano Bruno, himself a Hermetist. They showed us much kindness and concern, and through them we made acquaintance with a certain Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, and a careful and an erudite student of the Hindû Scriptures, translating them for himself. Reading *The Perfect Way* while we were in Rome, he found in it, to his astonishment, passages identical with some which he had rendered from the Upanishads, but of which no translation had ever been published; and he accounted for the coincidence by supposing an identical illumination for both.

Mary was especially anxious to learn the extent to which the Church exerted itself to elevate and humanise the people at large. The information obtained left her in no doubt on the subject. It effectually convinced her that the one endeavour of the Church was to sustain its own authority and promote its own material interests, and the last thing it cared for was the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of the people. Ignorance was, for it,

the mother of devotion, and the more ignorant the people the stronger would be their faith and the firmer the foundation of the Church. Even the brutality of disposition manifested by their treatment of animals was no bar to their being accounted good Catholics. The animals were not Christians, and Christians owed no duty to them. From Rome she wrote as follows to *Light*:—

ANIMALS AND THEIR SOULS

“ *To the Editor of ‘Light.’* ”

“ SIR,—I have been long ill, and am still too great an invalid to enter into any controversy ; but I should like, *à propos* of the subject of Mrs Penny’s interesting letter of March 19 on animals and their after-life, to relate a pathetic little story which I heard from a well-known spiritualist in Paris. At a certain séance held in that city, a clairvoyante saw and described spirits whom she beheld present. Among the sitters was a stranger, an English gentleman, unknown to anyone in the room. Looking towards him, the clairvoyante suddenly exclaimed, ‘How strange ! Behind that gentleman I see the form of a large setter dog, resting one paw affectionately on his shoulder, and looking in his face with earnest devotion.’ The gentleman was moved, and pressed for a close description of the dog, which the clairvoyante gave. After a short silence he said, with tears, ‘It is the spirit of a dear dog which, when I was a boy, was my constant friend and attendant. I lost my parents early, and this dog was my only companion. While I played at cricket he always lay down watching me, and when I went to school he walked to the door with me. He constituted himself my protector as long as he lived, and when he died of old age I cried bitterly.’ The clairvoyante said, ‘This dog is now your spirit guardian. He will never leave you ; he loves you with entire devotion.’

“ Is not that a beautiful story ? ”

“ I don’t think, however, that I should have been moved to give it here but that, while I was at Nice a few days ago, someone sent Lady Caithness a new journal just issued by an ‘occult’ society or lodge, in which there was a passage which deeply grieved both of us. It was a protest against belief in the survival of the souls of animals. Such a passage occurring in any paper put forth by persons claiming to have the *least* knowledge of things occult is shocking, and makes one cry, ‘How long, O Lord, how long ?’ The great need of the popular form of the Christian religion is precisely a belief in the solidarity of all living things. It is in this that Buddhism surpasses Christianity—in this Divine recognition of the universal right to charity. Who can doubt it who visits Rome—the city of the Pontiff—where now I am, and witnesses the black-hearted cruelty of these ‘Christians’ to the animals which toil and slave for them ? Ill as I am, I was forced, the day after my arrival, to get out of the carriage in which I was driving to chastise a wicked child who was torturing a poor little dog tied by a string to a pillar—kicking it and stamping

on it.¹ No one save myself interfered. To-day I saw a great, thick-shod peasant kick his mule in the mouth out of pure wantonness. Argue with these ruffians, or with their priests, and they will tell you 'Christians have no duties to the beasts that perish.' Their Pope has told them so.² So that everywhere in Catholic Christendom the poor, patient, dumb creatures endure every species of torment without a single word being uttered on their behalf by the teachers of religion. It is horrible—damnable. And the true reason of it all is because the beasts are popularly believed to be soulless. I say, paraphrasing a *mot* of Voltaire's, 'If it were true that they had no souls, it would be necessary to invent souls for them.' Earth has become a hell for want of this doctrine. Witness vivisection, and the Church's toleration of it. Oh, if any living beings on earth have a claim to heaven, surely the animals have the greatest claim of all! Whose sufferings so bitter as theirs, whose wrongs so deep, whose need of compensation so appalling? As a mystic and an occultist, I *know* they are not destroyed by death; but if I *could* doubt it—solemnly I say it—I should doubt also the justice of God. How could I tell He would be just to man if so bitterly unjust to the dear animals?

ANNA KINGSFORD.

"ROME, March 28, 1887."

We witnessed much in and about Rome which confirmed this estimate. For, despite her weakness and suffering, she mustered force to visit everything of paramount interest, and to study the ways of the world around her, and where cruelty was concerned she was lynx-eyed. Her only difficulty was in believing that Naples was far worse than Rome, since what she witnessed here kept her in a constant tremor of anguish and indignation. She waited, however, until she had quitted Rome to give expression to her feelings about it in her Diary.

Meanwhile she found herself attracted, with a force and decision

¹ See pp. 307-308 *ante*.

² Writing in 1877 of the attitude of the Catholic Church towards, and of the new dogma of the redemption of the lower animals, Edward Maitland says: "Only three or four years ago this fallible Pope [Pius IX.], when appealed to on behalf of a project for diminishing the terrible cruelties practised in Italy upon animals, declared that it was quite a mistake to suppose that Christians owe any duty to the lower animals. Herein the 'Vicar of Christ' was one with the tormentors. He was fallible morally and fallible spiritually. He proved that he had failed to discern the true or the full meaning of 'Christ' in respect either to past or future. He did not see that in 'Christ' all creation had been virtually taken up into God; nor did he see that Christendom was on the eve of the promulgation of a new dogma,—the dogma of the universal salvation of animals through their recognition by man as his brethren and essentially one with man, and in man 'one with God'" (*England and Islam*, pp. 181-2; and see p. 8 *ante*).—S. H. H.

which surprised her, to the Greek, as against the Christian, associations and art of Rome. She greatly preferred the temples to the churches, and the statues of the gods to the pictures of the saints. Indeed, from some of the latter she turned away with positive loathing, confessing herself sickened by the false and morbid conceptions they represented of the nature and meaning not only of religion, but of existence itself. These were the paintings depicting men torturing and emaciating their bodies for the sake of their souls, a practice which she declared to be sheer materialism, as well as cruel and unjust, saying that the body is man's animal, and he has no more right to torture it than any other animal.

The sight of the approaches to the Vatican galleries excited her greatly, on account of their exact resemblance to what she had seen in a dream. The guard at the entrance ; the architecture ; the long, narrow, steep stairs ; the corridors which led to the Pope's own apartments,—all these she declared to be exactly as beheld by her when she had threaded her way through them in sleep on the occasion in question, as I had assured her they were on her recounting the experience to me. And now she saw them with her bodily eyes, she was satisfied that she must have visited them in her astral body. The dream occurred in 1885, in London, while she was assisting Lady Burton with her hapless petition to the Pope.¹ Hapless because, although having some hundreds of thousands of signatures, it was refused presentation on the ground that the effect of a papal utterance on the subject would be to burden the consciences of the faithful with a new sin to confess, and one of which a precise definition was impracticable.

The dream began by her visiting some of the committee meetings of the Anti-Vivisection Societies she had been the means of founding on the Continent. She had been greatly disappointed at the meagreness of their results ; and now, on presenting herself among them, she found that the only members present were a few women, and that these were engaged in discussing matters personal and domestic merely, and neglecting their real business on the plea that it was not urgent and might be performed at any time. Finding her proposition to set to work at once coldly

¹ See p. 226 *ante*.

received, she impatiently withdrew, and, following a sudden idea, made her way straight to the Pope, covering hundreds of miles in what seemed to her a few moments, and passing without pause or hesitation, as if she knew the way perfectly, in at the entrance by which we had entered, past the guard, and up the steps, and through the corridors, directly into his Holiness's sanctum, where he was sitting at his writing-table alone and lost in thought. Here, kneeling beside him, she cried in accents imploring and almost commanding, "Holy Father, help me to save the animals from their cruel oppressors; above all from their scientific tormentors, those worst enemies of God and of man. Sanction the creation of an Order devoted especially to the abolition of vivisection; give us a title and a badge of your own devising and your blessing, and by God's help I will undertake and do the rest!" He listened without speaking, looking keenly at her the while, as if—it seemed to her—that he was trying to identify her with some character already familiar to him, but with an expression in which compassion and contempt were so curiously blended as to baffle completely her attempt to divine his frame of mind. Then, still keeping silence, he took from the table a large sheet of blank paper, which he twisted about until it was folded in the form of a fool's cap. This he placed on her head, and said, "My daughter, you shall have your Order. It shall be called 'The Fools of Christ,' and this cap will be your badge." Such was the dream the recollection of which so much excited her on visiting the Vatican; and she so greatly wondered whether she had actually visited and addressed the Pope on the occasion in her astral body that she contemplated seeking an interview in order to ask him.

Of all her dreaming experiences which were not of distinctly celestial derivation, those of the night of April 12 bore the palm, whether for multiplicity of incident, vividness of portrayal, or startlingness of *dénouement*. They were veritable surprise dreams, of which the end was wholly unanticipatable, and yet, when it came, was evidently the end to which the whole dream led up. These are the two dreams related in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the headings, "A Haunted House Indeed" and "The Square in the Hand," one a tale of sorcery, and the other of chiromancy. Their length precludes their repetition here, their contents being respectively about 1800 and 2000 words. They

came at a time when her feebleness and suffering were extreme, and were separated from each other only by a fit of coughing which woke her for a short interval. Nevertheless, shattered as she was by them, she related them both to me next morning, and during the next two or three days wrote them out at length without a break of memory or change of a word, or any diminution in her usual luminous and faultless style. So that it would be impossible to divine from the hand the condition under which they were received and recorded. We knew of no event that could have suggested either of them. And the significance, if any, was by no means obvious. Of the first one her own idea was that it might be intended to denote the tendency of the Church to absorb and suppress the individuality of those who yield to it, and as a warning, therefore, to herself against its glamour. The second, we fancied, might represent an actual fact in one of her, or our, previous lives. I shall have occasion to refer to the former dream again, when the time comes to relate how it found its explanation.

The only entry in her Diary respecting Rome, which was made in Rome, is the following :—

Rome, April 14, 1887.—I see that, very strangely, the last entry in this Diary bears the date on which my long and terrible illness began, November 17, 1886. Since that day I have endured a long agony, and have completely parted with what youth and beauty yet remained to me. I do not know that much would be gained by recording here the suffering through which I have passed. It is not yet over, and will, I suppose, only cease with my life. Whether I brought it upon myself occultly by means of my projections against Pasteur, which, not being sufficiently strongly impelled or skilfully directed, recoiled upon myself—a supposition which I have some grounds for thinking probably correct—or whether the whole weight of my Karma has fallen on me *en bloc* as a result of my entry upon a certain occult period of my career, matters not very much. At all events, this is the sixth month of an illness that began on November 17 with an attack of inflammation of the lungs, complicated with generalised neuralgia, and which held me a prisoner in my bedroom for nearly four months. When at last I could leave Paris, I came south with A. and C. to the Riviera, where—at St Raphael—we experienced an earthquake, which laid Mentone, and partly Nice and all the Italian Riviera, in ruins, and which is now historical. Then, after three weeks' sojourn at St Raphael, where my new will was signed, A. left for England, and C. and I went to Nice, and there saw Baron Spedalieri. Thence after a few days we went to Genoa, and there met Captain S. and his wife, in order to settle affairs about a home in London which they have to offer. There

also my brother J. came to see me. I had already seen him both in Paris and at St Raphael, where he spent two days with us. From Genoa, after only a couple of days' sojourn, we passed on to Pisa, where cold and fatigue detained me four days, and so to Rome on March 26, Saturday. Since I have been here I have seen but little, being ill and unable to bear fatigue, but I managed on Easter Sunday to go to St Peter's in the morning.

Among the grounds for the suggestion above made of the possibility that her projections against Pasteur had recoiled upon herself was the following:—The idea of such a thing had not occurred to either of us. But one night, in the course of the experience, being between waking and sleeping, I suddenly became aware of the presence, high in air, and aiming directly at my head, of a body like a luminous projectile, which, it seemed, must strike me, and if it struck me, must kill me. I instantly started up to a sitting posture, keeping my eyes intently fixed on the missile, but only to recognise the impossibility of avoiding it by any physical effort, such as change of position. But as it approached it diverged from its course, taking—to my great alarm—the direction of her room, which, however, it failed to reach. For it fell in the corridor between the two rooms, where it disappeared, doing no harm, and leaving no trace, being, of course, of too tenuous and subtle a nature to affect anything merely material. I told her of the occurrence next day, and we consulted both her professor in occultism and some books. The result was to lead us to suppose that, owing to the cause named in her Diary, the force projected had recoiled, boomerang-like, on failing to reach its intended destination, but owing to the strength of the spiritual *rappport* between us, which virtually made us one system, had been attracted equally to both of us, and consequently missed us both, falling innocuously midway between us. I myself was convinced that her illness was in no wise due to the recoil of the force projected. It was amply accounted for by the loss of nervous energy involved in the projections themselves, and following as these had done upon exhaustion by overwork, and by the subsequent exposure to wet and cold.

Meanwhile I had despatched a printed circular to the members of the Hermetic Society, informing them of the President's illness and the impossibility of holding a session that year.

The following record of our experiences exhausts the entries made in her Diary at Rome:—

Rome, May 24¹ [1887].—A thunderstorm took place yesterday at midday. I had a headache when I rose, but as the storm drew on it became rapidly worse. Sharp stabs of pain occurred in the left half of my brain, like electric explosions, and at length, just after a very vivid flash, I seemed for a moment to lose consciousness. From that time the pain became worse. I had an afternoon engagement, which I had to give up. I darkened the room, put on a dressing-gown, took down my hair, and lay motionless on my sofa without eating until seven o'clock. Then I had a few vegetables and a little bread, but finding my head still grievously painful, I went to bed at eight. During the whole six hours that I had been lying on the sofa my thoughts had been very lucid. I had been, first, endeavouring by concentrative thinking, and a series of orderly injections of conception, to formulate the process of disintegration of the astral self. Second, I earnestly sought to place myself under "direction," and united my intention with that of the Will which I felt to be upon me. (I cannot explain this process more clearly; words will not do.) Third, I then endeavoured to project and distribute myself by a series of progressive and culminative efforts. Finally, when I undressed and went to bed, nothing had occurred beyond this. But hardly had I disposed myself on the pillow, about a quarter to nine, I think, than I was aware that the withdrawal of my astral self had really begun. At first I heard a man's voice speaking continuously close to me on the right, and not seeing anyone, and feeling—I know not why—annoyed, I think on account of the pain in my head, I turned on the opposite side. The coverings of the bed were then pulled, and my knee was tapped smartly two or three times, as if to draw my attention. I still continued, however, to disregard this, and tried hard to sleep, but in vain; the talking continued, incessantly and clearly, and other voices joined it. Once or twice I heard English, but more frequently the language was one I did not understand. I began to feel vehemently distressed, and to long for sleep with a kind of intense thirst, when I became aware of a curious sensation of drawing and of levitation. Something like a strong current of wind seemed to suck me up and draw me away. I was unable to resist it; it was like a stream. Then I perceived that I was floating about half-a-yard above the ground, and became aware that the whole of my person had lost its natural weight, so that if I threw out an arm or a leg, or turned my body quickly, I lost my balance, and was in danger of turning completely over. For the most part I floated sideways, or on my back, but I felt myself to be so light that a very small current of air would waft me upwards or displace me. I could not control my movements properly, and when the ground over which I passed became uneven, I could not rise sufficiently to avoid striking against the raised parts. This shows I was still *material* in some sense. I endeavoured by a great effort to lift myself higher into the air, so as to float over and clear these obstacles, but I could not do this by effort, until a current seemed to catch me, coming

¹ This cannot be the correct date. It is probably a printer's error for "April 24"; or, if "May" be correct, the day must have been *before* the 22nd, because they left Rome on the 21st, and arrived at Florence on the 24th of May 1887 (see p. 319 *post*).—S. H. H.

I don't know whence, which took me like a feather and carried me right away into a strange room, where I only recovered myself to find I was in the presence of a single individual, a man, tall, and a stranger. The room was so dark I could see nothing clearly, nor could I discern his features. Something impelled me to exclaim, "Now I know I really *am* out of my body, but I should like to do much more than this. The thing I most desire of all is to be able to convey to paper, at once, and without mental effort or mechanical writing, all the splendid things that are told me in my interior state. They lose so much by my having to write them down in the ordinary way. I want to have them flashed through my hand by simply laying it on blank paper, just in the glorious rolling words in which they come from the Intelligences themselves."

The strange man took a sheet of white paper from the desk at which he was sitting and laid it before him. "Like this, you mean," he said; and as he spoke he put the palm of his hand on the white paper and moved it slowly over the surface of the page. As he did this words appeared on the paper, which seemed either to rise up from within it or to drop from his hand, I don't know which. It was instantaneous; yet he never moved his fingers, but simply drew his hand slowly over the page from right to left. In this manner he projected a line of clear writing in *blue*, the letters of which seemed to start up from the paper. The characters were in an unknown language to me, so I could not read them. But I cried out at once, "Yes, just like that! Teach me how to do that." He smiled, I think, though I could not clearly see his face, but I have that impression. At all events, what he said, very clearly and emphatically, was this:—

"My child, such a process as that would be more costly to you than writing letters on bank-notes."

This, or perhaps the way it was said, and the meaning it seemed to convey, produced a powerful impression on me. He then put the paper aside, and began to talk to my spirit in an interior way; not in words, for I cannot recall a single thing he said this morning, but I am sensible that some knowledge was imparted, which is still in my spirit, and which will come out when wanted, just as the writing on the blank paper started up to sight when he moved his palm over it. While he was thus conversing with me, the current of air took me again and swept me away, as it had taken me. On my way back I saw my sister and a group of people in a drawing-room somewhere. I saw many confused figures, and heard voices talking; then an unpleasant sensation of returning pain in my head, giddiness, and general discomfort. Then I recovered myself fully; it was just twelve o'clock (midnight), and all was over. I had been away just three hours.

The season was approaching when Rome would no longer be possible. It was still too early to return to England, as her new home would not be available until July. We determined, therefore, to spend the interval in making trial of the treatment at Bourboule-les-Bains, in Central France, which was strongly

recommended both for its own efficacy and for the climate of the place. The journey would be long and tedious, and I regarded it with much apprehension, so extreme had become her weakness and suffering towards the end of our sojourn in Rome. For one short interval of about two days she enjoyed a respite. It was while the sirocco was blowing. "Oh! if only this would but last I should get well," she cried in joyous accents. "I am well now, for I have no cough, no neuralgia; I can breathe quite freely. A few weeks of this would cure me. Can we not find some place where it is always sirocco?"

When it had passed she sank lower than ever. Sight-seeing was out of the question. It took all her strength and courage to stroll, leaning heavily on me, to the Pincian Gardens, close by. Meanwhile, in view of the coming journey and the necessity for assistance in taking care of her, I summoned from England the brother who had been with us on the Riviera, and had offered to hold himself in readiness in the event of any emergency. Knowing him to be admirably qualified, no less by experience than by nature, for the office, his coming was a vast relief to me, as well as a great comfort to Mary, who held him in high esteem; and we set out in better spirits than at one time seemed possible on our journey, leaving Rome May 21 [1887], and travelling by short stages, with the double object of avoiding fatigue and whiling away the interval until the opening of the "cure" season at La Bourboule. Thus we halted in turn at Siena, Florence, Parma, Milan, Turin, Chambery, Clermont-Ferrand, and Royat, reaching La Bourboule June 17. At all these places she visited the chief objects of interest, allowing neither pain nor weakness to daunt her. Our longest sojourn was at Florence, where we stayed from May 24 to June 8, putting up at the Hôtel Minerva, in the Place Santa Maria Novello, which I selected on account of its remoteness from the river. The result fully justified the choice. She was more free from distress than for some time past, and took delight in visiting the principal galleries and churches. Her delight culminated in the Convent of San Marco; for in Fra Angelico she seemed to find a kindred spirit. Her sympathy with Savonarola also was very strong. While at Florence an invitation came to us from the wife of our venerated friend, Dr Gryzanowsky, to visit them at their villa near Lucca, whither he had retired broken with illness and overwork. Her going

was of course out of the question, but she insisted on my going ; and I had no reason for refusing on her account, as her brother was so well qualified to tend her. So I went for a couple of days.

Our friend's home was a charming villa in the lovely vale of Segromigno, a few miles from Lucca, where he lived tended by his wife, an Englishwoman, and her two maiden sisters. But his condition was the saddest imaginable, a cerebral stroke having paralysed the faculty of speech while leaving his mind intact. So that, while full of ideas he was eager to express, he never could get beyond the third word of what he wanted to say ; when finding himself baffled he would clasp his head with his hands, uttering a cry of despair. His delight on seeing me was manifested vividly, as also was his grief at the sad news I had to give of my dear colleague. His appearance fully accorded with the high estimate I had formed of his character and intelligence, in a measure far surpassing that of any man I had ever known, so noble were his features, so keen his glance. He had evidently many years remaining of good and useful work in him ; but in his eagerness to accomplish it, he had disregarded the laws of health, and so brought his affliction on himself. He championed many causes, and was the backbone in Germany of the opposition to vivisection. Stimulated and instructed by him, Prince Bismarck declared of himself that, if only he remained long enough in power, he would abolish vivisection in Germany. Such was Ernest Gryzanowsky, whose favourite *nom de plume* was *Iatros*, " physician " ; a truly worthy son was he of Hermes, the " physician of souls."

The *fête* of Garibaldi occurred during our stay at Florence, when the city was illuminated, and, to my great delight, Mary had the opportunity of witnessing the lighting up of the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio as I had seen it on the occasion of King Victor Emmanuel's entry on the foundation of the kingdom of Italy, with Florence as its capital, and considered the most exquisite effect of the kind I had ever beheld, the lights being so contrived as to give the whole structure the appearance of luminous alabaster. She was fascinated by it, and we watched it from our carriage for a long time, unable to quit the spectacle.

The only entry made by her in her Diary while at Florence was the following :—



PORTRAIT OF DR ERNEST GRYZANOWSKY.

James Hyatt.

face p. 320, vol. ii.

Florence, June 6 [1887].—It is strange I should have made no entry at Rome of the impression produced on me by the Eternal City. I went thinking I should love Rome; I found that I hated it. Hated the peasants most of all, and the priests. The whole place and its influences left a bitter taste with me. I shall never wish to see Rome again, should I live a hundred years. A great horror and contempt of the degraded cult, called Christianity, which from Rome has gone forth to poison the whole earth seized me. Worse even that Protestantism in this, that it has taught the people to be cruel to their beasts. How can poets endure Rome? No art, no marble or painted or columned beauty, can compensate for the daily sight and hearing of the devilries of Italian peasants. And the priests! Pah! They resemble black flies buzzing about the putrid corpse of a dead religion. Florence is sweeter and wholesomer than Rome, because, I suppose, it has not been cursed with direct papal government. But they are barbarous here also. I have seen a man strike his horse furiously with his fist upon its nostrils because the poor creature snatched a wisp of grass from a torn sack.

In Florence I met Vernon Lee (Violet Paget), whom Mrs Elma Stuart knows, and who came here to my hotel to see me. Happy Vernon Lee! She has greater possibilities than I, for she is not yet thirty. Miss D., a friend of hers, also came, but I was too ill to see much of anybody. A. writes that the agreements for the flat are signed, so I shall come into possession of it at midsummer.

Arrived at La Bourboule, after seeing us comfortably lodged, her brother took his leave, and she proceeded forthwith to practise the "cure," under the direction of a local physician. His diagnosis of her condition was far from favourable, the mischief in the left lung being so serious. The place, though still somewhat rudimentary, had much to commend it as a health-resort. It stands high, being on the elevated volcanic plateau of Puy-de-Dôme—famous for its connection with Pascal—and a few miles from Mont-Dore. Its scenery, walks, and drives are charming; and its climate, at the season of our sojourn, struck me as the most delicious I have ever known in any part of the world. So much so that I felt that if only she could have the benefit of it long enough, she would have a good hope of recovery. And for a time the hope seemed in fair way of being fulfilled. But the term required for the "cure," and allowed by the season, was altogether inadequate, and in the third week of our stay she made the following entry in her Diary:—

Bourboule-les-Bains, July 5, 1887.—Not cured yet! No, nor even mended, were it but a little. Still the cough, still the afternoon fever, still the weakness, still the neuralgia. From November to July the same continual malady and enforced idleness. Where now

are all the projects I had formed for this year, the book I had to write on the Creed, the novel, the stories, the essays? I have passed a year of bitterest suffering, of weariness of spirit and torment of body. My left lung is in caverns, they say; my right is inflamed chronically. My voice is broken and gone, with which I had hoped to speak from platforms; wreck and ruin is made of all my expectations. Can a miracle yet be wrought? Can *will* accomplish what medicine fails to perform? The hard thing is that I cannot will heartily, for lack of knowing what I ought to desire. Is it better for me to live or to die? Unless I can be restored to the possibility of public life, it is useless for me to live. Dying, I may the sooner obtain a fresh incarnation and return to do my work more completely.

There was at least so much of improvement in some respects that I had no apprehension in having sole charge on the journey home, long as it was. Travelling by short stages, we reached London without mishap, saving only a detention for four days at Boulogne, through stress of weather, on July 13, and at once took up our abode at 15 Wynnstay Gardens, of which she had taken over the furniture with the lease, so that we were able at once to take possession. Her own maid was already there, and we were speedily joined by A., who from that time forth passed with her as much of his time as could be spared from his clerical duties, and placed her under the charge of Dr W. H. White of Weymouth Street, an old friend of his own, in whose skill he had much reliance, and whose attention was unremitting, notwithstanding that he was precluded from accepting a fee from a fellow-doctor. It was clear from the first that he considered the case hopeless.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A HOME TO DIE IN

THE pleasure of having for the first time in her life a comfortable home of her own did much at first to reanimate the invalid with fresh energy and hope, though her medical knowledge told her that, physiologically, she had no right to look for a recovery. At least it was a home in which to die if not to live. Meanwhile she eagerly adopted every means which promised to conduce to a cure—fresh air and exercise, walking or driving, cheerful conversation with congenial friends, the most nutritious diet compatible with her principles, though not such as satisfied her doctor, whom she plainly told that she preferred to die, if die she must, as a vegetarian, than to live as a flesh-eater, so greatly did she loathe the idea as well as disapprove the practice. Her faculties, mental and psychical, remained undeteriorated, and while she wielded by day a pen which showed an intellect as vigorous and a hand as firm as ever, her experiences by night showed no falling off, whether in quantity, quality, or variety, and I was in constant requisition to take them down at her lips.

The following is my record of the first of them :—

August 1, 1887.—M. saw last night, sitting in the arm-chair between her bed and the window, a man with a white covering on his head and shoulders, exceedingly distinct and real. Whereupon she got out of bed on the opposite side—that by the door—and went round the foot of the bed, and turned up the gas in front of him in order to have a better view. At this the figure stood up and looked her full and fixedly in the face. Its face was remarkably pale, horrible for its pallor, she said, and much disfigured, and she recognised it as that of a nephew—H. B. by name—who is in Australia. Presently he disappeared, and she found herself in bed, awake, and wondering whether she had actually left her bed, or only dreamed that she had done so. The relative in question had not been at all in her mind, nor was likely to be, as her acquaintance with him was slight, and it was long since they had met.

August 10.—M. has received from her mother a letter saying that

news has just come from Australia, announcing a terrible horse accident to her grandson, H. B., in June last, in which he had been kicked in the face and otherwise badly hurt. He is, however, getting over it.

August 3.—Between ten and eleven yesterday evening, M.—being in bed, but not asleep—had an interview with a person who had with him two globes, one bright and the other dark, between which he sat, and they conversed about her illness and the probable duration of her life. And he asked her whether she wished to recover or to die.

“To die, certainly,” she replied, “if by ‘recover’ you mean only that I should have such health as I always have, which is continual and intense suffering.”

“Is that your deliberate choice?” he inquired.

“Yes,” she said firmly and positively.

“Then you are ready to die on the 15th of this month, rather than recover to be as you have always been?”

“Most certainly. If I am still to suffer and be unable to work, I would far rather die.”

“Then if that be indeed your deliberate choice, you will die on August 15.”

Having thus spoken, he turned to his bright globe and gave it a spin which set it whirling rapidly round. From which she understood that the bright globe represented death and the dark one life, and that she had made a wise choice.

Without attaching much value to this prediction—for I was disposed to regard it as of astral origin, and as representing a wish and an attempt on the part of those influences to bring about her death—I could not but await the date named with much anxiety. It was a relief to me to find that she herself was uninfluenced by it, the following entry in the interval in her Diary pointing to a somewhat later period as probably that of her departure:—

Kensington, August 3, 1887.—Dying is a very slow process. Save that I am a little weaker, a little thinner, and my cough a little more frequent, I am in the same state as when I made my last memoranda at La Bourboule. It does not appear to me possible now that I should recover. I expect to die this autumn; for I am sure I shall not survive the first frosts:—

“O Death, rock me to sleep!
Give me my rest!
Let pass my weary ghost
Out of my breast.”

Life is a fever; Death is convalescence. Life is a fury and a brawl; Death is sweet peace and quietness. It is a black and hateful planet on which I am now incarnate, and to be away and

rid of its abominations will be all for joy. I shall go to the Gods; I shall see my Master, Hermes, the Teacher and queenly Athena and their holy Angels.

The handwriting of this entry varied in no wise from her ordinary style, but was as perfect in its calligraphy as the most deliberately written of any of her manuscripts, showing how complete was the mastery of the spirit over the nervous system, even under circumstances so disturbing.

“ 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W.

“ August 10, 1887.

“ DEAR MRS JAMES.

“ Our dear invalid continues in much the same state of fluctuation. At one time apparently at death's door, and at another seeming capable of recovery. But my fear is that the level of each recurring depression is lower than before. Just now we have especial cause for anxiety on account of certain intimations specifying a very early date as that of her death. They may, of course, be delusive, or may be overruled by a positive adverse attitude of will. But it will be a relief to see the date in question pass without anything serious occurring. Please think of her with special *intention*—as the Catholics say—on Monday the 15th. Perhaps the best I have to report is that she herself has been of late more desirous to live, provided she can recover health and strength to work and to escape suffering. But, as she says,—and it is difficult for one who knows how great cause she has for saying it [to think otherwise]—it would be no kindness to wish to keep her here if life is to be the *rack* it has hitherto been for her.

“ Always yours sincerely,

EDWARD MAITLAND.”

The following is from my notes written on the night of August 14 :—

The last few days M. has rallied considerably, and is more hopeful and wishful to live than she has been for a long time, and has made every effort to do so by avoiding anything that might fatigue her, and taking more food. To-day, however, she has been very low, drooping gradually throughout, and this evening she has had a sudden access of severe pain in the left lung when coughing. Indeed, her state has been one almost of complete collapse, so extraordinarily low has been her force. She said that she felt as if her vitality were being wound out of her, just as the visitant of her vision of the 2nd instant had seemed to wind it on his globe. She ascribes her present attack partly to a chill caught when out in a wheel-chair in Kensington Gardens on Friday last, but mostly to the fatigue of seeing some visitors on Saturday, one of whom stayed a long time and affected her very disagreeably by reason of the uncongenial nature of his magnetic *aura*. I am very anxious for

to-morrow to be safely passed. Not only is it the day so positively named by the visitant for her death, it is also the Feast of the Assumption, B. V. M., a day fraught with associations for her, not all of which are happy. For it is the anniversary of the death of her chiefest pet, little "Rufus," who had been her constant companion for nine years, and whom she has never ceased to mourn.

After midnight on the following day I wrote, first congratulating her on falsifying the prediction :—

August 15 [1887].—Mary has survived the day so strongly insisted on as that of her death, but only after what seemed a very narrow escape. She was almost *in extremis* from complete loss of force, when, as if to destroy what chance she had of living through it, she received from one of her brothers, an Anglican clergyman of high views and extreme zeal, whom she rarely sees, and with whom she has little in common, a sudden and unlooked-for visit, which even at the best of times would have been most trying. For, seeing how serious was her condition, he insisted peremptorily on her doing at once three things—make confession to a priest, receive extreme unction, and make her will,¹ alleging as his reason that she was so ill that she could not recover, but must die very soon. On her pleading her desire to be cremated as a reason for not seeing a priest—the Pope having forbidden the practice (which pretext she put forward in order to avoid touching on deeper subjects)—he asked her whether she thought she knew better than the Holy Father, to which she replied that her horror of burial was stronger than her attachment to the Church, and also that—believing as she believed—no mere rites or ceremonies possessed any meaning or value for her. "Do you, then," he asked, "mean to say you are not a Christian? Don't you believe in the Incarnation of our Lord?" To which she replied, "I am not a Christian in your sense, nor a believer in the Incarnation in your sense. In the spiritual and only true sense I am both." Having never heard of any sense but the traditional and sacerdotal one, and being wholly unacquainted with her writings, he necessarily failed to comprehend her, and after some further expostulations concerning the distress she would cause her family, and the impossibility of being saved without the last sacraments, he took his leave, saying he would return shortly bringing a priest, and leaving her so prostrated by the effort, excitement, and surprise at this sudden and unlooked-for visitation, that for some hours it appeared as if she would indeed die on the day predicted.

He had, of course, but done what he conceived to be his solemn duty, in the further pursuance of which he subsequently wrote to A. :—

"December 15 [1887].

"I hear this morning very bad news about Annie. Do, pray, tell me what you think. It is very sad and grieving. Can you get her

¹ P. 304, note 2 *ante*.

to see some priest? Will she receive the Blessed Sacrament? Do, my dear fellow, do your utmost for her; I feel so for the dear mother. If you could win her over to receive Communion and Christian rites and burial, it would take away the agony of the parting."

To which A. responded, as it seemed to me, wisely and truly:—

"Don't trouble yourself about her spiritual state. Nobody could be more prepared to die than she. She may not be quite orthodox in some of her views; but if we were half as good as she is, we need have no fear as regards our future state. Her remains will be buried at Atcham with the rites of the Church of England."

The extent to which she rallied after this occurrence was such as to excite hopes that the enemy had done his worst, and would be baffled after all by her restoration, at least, to some tolerable measure of health. Nevertheless, the memory of what had just occurred dwelt in her mind, with the result of suggesting to her the propriety of putting on record a distinct statement of her position, and this first and foremost for her brother's sake, with a view to removing the serious apprehensions and disquietude for her after-state, which otherwise he would inevitably entertain. Such were the occasion and motive of the following manifesto, which she wrote off at a single sitting in her usual faultless style, not staying her hand for a moment until it was finished:—

"August 20, 1887.

"Until the occurrence of a recent incident, it had not entered my mind that any of my relations would regard it as a duty to interest himself actively about my religious faith, and to press upon me the performance of certain customary religious rites, either as a means of saving my own soul or of satisfying family scruples. I had believed that my recently published works were sufficient evidence of the ground taken by me in regard to dogmatic Christianity, and that the whole course of my life during the past ten years would show the state of my mind respecting popular conceptions of religion. But as it seems necessary that I should not die without some sort of *Apologia*, I will attempt in this brief letter to explain my position.

"When, in 1872, I entered the Communion of the Roman Church, I was actuated by the conviction—which has since enormously strengthened—that this Church, and this alone, contained and promulgated all truth. Especially was I attracted by the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass, and by the cultus of the B. V. M. But I did not then comprehend the spiritual import of these doctrines, but endeavoured to accept them in the sense ordinarily understood. My Spirit strove within me to create me a Catholic without my knowing why. It was not until 1875–6 that I began by means of the Inner Light to comprehend why my

Spirit had caused me to take this step. For then began to be unfolded to my soul, by means of a long series of interior revelations, extending over ten years, that divine system of the *Theosophia* which I afterwards discovered to be identical with the teaching of the Hermetic science, and with the tenets of the Kabala, Alchemy, and the purest Oriental religion. Enlightened by this Inner Light, I perceived the fallacy and idolatry of popular Christianity, and from that hour in which I received the spiritual Christ into my heart, I resolved to know Him no more after the flesh. The old historical controversies over the facts and dates and phenomena of the Old and New Testaments ceased to torment and perplex me. I perceived that my soul had nothing to do with events occurring on the physical plane, because these could not, by their nature, be cognates to spiritual needs. The spiritual man seeketh after spiritual things, and must not look for Christ upon earth, but in heaven. 'He is not here; He is risen.' I therefore gave up troubling myself to know anything about Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh, or whether, indeed, such a person ever existed; not only because no certainty in regard to these matters is intellectually possible, but because, spiritually, they did not concern me any longer. I had grasped the central truth of Alchemy that is one with the doctrine of Transubstantiation, namely, that the Objective must be transmuted into the Subjective before it can be brought into cognate relation with the soul. Truth is never phenomenal; it is always noumenal. If I have not sufficiently explained my meaning, I earnestly refer readers of this letter to the Preface to the Revised Edition of *The Perfect Way*.

"In the faith and doctrine set forth in that book I desire to die. And, having ceased to require assurance in any physical or historical fact whatever as a factor of my redemption, or to crave for any sort of outward ceremony as a means of spiritual beatitude, I am content to trust the future of my soul to the Justice of God, by whom I do not understand a personal being capable of awarding punishments or pardons, but the Pivotal Principle of the Universe, inexorable, knowing neither favour nor relenting. For, as says the Kabala, 'Assuredly, thus have we learned,—There is no judge over the wicked, but they themselves convert the measure of Mercy into a measure of Judgment.' This is a declaration of the esoteric doctrine of *Karma*, which I fully accept, believing with Buddha and with Pythagoras, and the whole company of wise and holy teachers of the East and of the Kabala, that the soul is many-lived, and that men are many times reborn upon earth. As I am certainly not yet perfected, I shall return to a new birth after my merits have been exhausted in Paradise. Or if I should, on the contrary, need purgation in the subjective states, I accept that gladly as the will of Justice.

"But how or why, holding such belief as this, should I, on my deathbed, seek the intervention of a priest, seeing that, to accept such intervention, I must necessarily deceive him?

"I die, therefore, a Hermetist, believing in the spiritual Gods, with whom, I indeed aver, I have inwardly conversed and have seen them face to face; in the Evolution of Soul from the lowest grade of Jacob's Ladder unto the Presence of the Holy One; in the solidarity and brotherhood of all creatures, so that all may come at

length to eternal life which are on the upward path. For Christ gives Himself for all, and shall save both man and beast. And therefore I desire after death to be burned, as the Greeks were burned, and as the Orientals are who believe as I believe.

“ ANNA KINGSFORD.”

Having written it, she handed it to me, desiring me to forward it after reading it. My perusal of it suggested grave reasons for doubting the wisdom of sending it. For, though finding it admirable from our own point of view, I felt that from that of its intended recipient it would be quite the reverse, and that he not only would not understand it, but would disastrously misunderstand it. But to explain this to her it was necessary to wait until the mood in which it had been struck off had given way to a mood in which it could be calmly judged. This came on the following day, and in reply to her questionings I gave the following *exposé* of my view. Its object, I remarked, was of course to lessen or remove any uneasiness that might be entertained concerning her spiritual condition, by explaining the nature of her convictions. To do this it must be intelligible to the recipient, both as regards the argument and the language. Would it be so? As regarded the language, it used terms such as “ Hermetic,” “ Kabala,” “ noumenal,” *Karma*, and the like. Did she suppose, from what she knew of him and his order, that he understood their meaning and value? To this she replied with an emphatic negative. “ Very well, then,” I continued; “ you have written in an unknown tongue so far as he is concerned.” So much for the language. Now about the argument. There are sentences in it which, superficially apprehended, as he is sure to apprehend them, would convey to him exactly the opposite of what you mean by them and intend him to understand, even to leading him to regard you as at once Anti-Christian and Atheistic. “ How so? ” she asked. “ Because your denial of the deity of Jesus will be for him a denial of Christ; and your denial of a personal God, in the only sense in which he understands the word ‘ person,’ will be to him a denial of God altogether. So that the result of sending it will be such an outburst of consternation from him and others—for he is sure to send it at least to your mother—about your last state that they will give you no peace except on condition of your disavowing all that you hold to be true, and separating from me, whom they will inevitably regard as the cause of your perversion. For you cannot expect them to understand that you are so

differently constituted from themselves and the mass of people that you can know positively by direct perception about things which they learn only at second hand and by rote, and accept without understanding them, on the strength of authority or habit."

Her only reply at the time was, " Let me read it again. I want to see exactly how it appears from his point of view." And having read it, she said I was right, and I was not to send it, but put in among our archives. It would be a profanation of the mysteries to put such doctrine before those who held such ideas. And she added in a tone almost of despair, " How *is* the truth to be got to the world, so long as priests bear rule, preachers preach falsely, and the people are content to have it so? Can it be that we have made a mistake, and come ages before the time was ripe? " To which I replied that the Gods do not make mistakes, and can see better than we how far the time is ripe.

August 23 [1887].—When the Feast of the Assumption came round this year, I was too ill to write even my customary prayers for little Rufus. But I thought of him, and prayed for him in my heart. I wish I knew whether I am to recover or not. It seems, judging from physical signs, as if I could not live long; but then strange things happen where prophetesses are concerned! I am so sure that the prophecy is not finished, and that a vast amount of work remains to do which must be done by me, or not at all, that I cannot but think the Gods will restore me in time. Meanwhile the suffering and exhaustion are very bad indeed to bear. Of all my pains, the enforced idleness is the worst. To rise at eleven; to crawl—not dressed, but only wrapped up in a loose gown—from the bedroom to the drawing-room; to sink wearily into an easy-chair, and to lie there all day—hour after hour—with idle hands and nothing to mark the progress of the time except the coming on of the afternoon fever and its slow departure; to creep wearily back to bed at night, and lie propped up with pillows and racked with cough all the dreary night,—this now represents the routine of my life, and this is now the eleventh month of my illness.

And all the while my spirit is alive and beating its wings like a caged wild-bird against the bars of this body of death, longing to be away, out yonder in the clear high blue of the supernal height, longing to break forth as of old into song—into song, and to search out the secrets of the Lords of Dawn. O sweet, sharp wind blowing between the turf spaces of the hills, laden with bean and clover scents, I feel you on my face! I greet you. You are full of health and comfort. Deep, deep dome of holy sky, up there above the fir-trees, I look towards you reverently. I know you are the bosom of the Father wherein the Son, our Lord, dwelleth. But upon the glory of His face I cannot look. I shade my eyes. I salute the beautiful dappled lights of it, lying here and there under the trees along the woodland

pathway. Sky, Sun, and Wind—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, perfect and inseparable Trinity; the first unfathomable and infinite, revealed only by the Light of the second, who is the only begotten of the Sky and its express image and glory, distinctly set forth before the eyes of men, rising and setting and leading their life with them; going forth with them to their daily toil, and sinking with them to rest at night, having taken on Him their humanity, and showing Himself already as their heavenly Brother. And, last, the Wind, invisible and mysterious, now roaring like a Fire, and breathing like a child asleep; Wind proceeding from the Sky and the Sun-heat, and performing their holy will; Wind, the comforter and sustainer; Wind, the chastener and searcher of hearts, rending asunder the rocks and cleaving the depths of the sea. Cleanly Wind, wholesome Wind, sweet Wind, avenging Wind, destroying Wind, tender, loving, balmy Wind!

See now! I have been out on the hills in spirit, even while sitting here in my narrow chair, coughing and burning with fever. I have seen the grass wave, and the harebells toss their blue heads, and the grey rounded clouds float slow across the lovely sky. I have lain there, yonder in the wood, on that bank of dry moss, and looked up through the tremulous fronds, green and innumerable overhead, swaying, pulsating, and whispering—full of the secret of the Lord. Is not this better than the talk of any priest? Who shall convert and sanctify and absolve me so well or so purely as those beautiful faces and voices of God? Who reveal to me the things invisible and eternal of Him so well as the things visible and made by Him? Priests are of no use to Poets. The Poet can go to God direct. What should he want with an ecclesiastic to help him into the presence, forsooth? Does this wafer or that drop of oil from the priest's fingers heal my soul as do these glories of the Ideal? What have I to do with confessions to clerks in orders, when the ear of the Lord is open to me? As for past sins,—what are sins? "Avidya"—ignorance, the mistakes of the blind eye and the deaf ear; ignorances by which the Soul gains experience, and for which, too, she thanks God. We sin only so long as we do not know the nature of things. When once our eyes and ears are open we cannot sin. No man who has seen the Lord can abide in sin. Nor is past sin a thing to be either regretted or forgiven. Forgiven it cannot be, because all Avidya has its Karma, and Karma *must* be reaped; regretted it need not be, both because regret is useless and because it is needless. Keep the lesson sin has taught, and cast out the memory of the sin. Perhaps the Gods are bringing me so near the threshold of death to try my faithfulness to them; to see if I will give in to the priest and the ceremonial, or resolve to die a Hermetist. Well, I will have no priest: "I have known whom I have believed." . . .

Why do not the Gods give me the three hymns which are yet wanting to their series? I have the hymns of Phoibos, of Hermes, of Aphrodite, of Dionysos, of Saturn. I yet want the hymns of Ares, of Zeus, and of Artemis. If these hymns be not given to me, they will never be given to any other. . . .

I had hoped to have been one of the pioneers of the new awakening of the world. I had thought to have helped in the overthrow of the idolatrous altars and the purging of the Temple. And now I

must die just as the day of battle dawns and the sound of the chariot-wheels is heard. Is it, perhaps, all premature? Have we thought the time nearer than it really is? Must I go and sleep, and come again before the hour sounds? . . . That was the scent of the sea that floated past me just then! Fresh and pungent, and full of great life and heaving tides! I hear the waves break on the headland; beyond is white mist, beautiful, soft, diaphanous. You cannot tell where the sea ends and the mist begins. There are white shining gleams upon it here and there; it rends itself and parts, and again it flows together. I feel it drift over my hair and cheeks, dewy and salt, like a blessing from Zeus touching me out of the sky. . . . Now everything fades; the shore is gone; I see nothing any more. It is the dreary afternoon at Kensington again, and I am sitting here alone in this narrow, low-ceilinged parlour, dying of consumption!

Her loneliness was of her own choice, being one of the occasions when she desired to be left to solitary meditation. Electric wires were attached to the bells in every room frequented by her, enabling her always to summon anyone in a moment without stirring from her seat.

A few moments later and she was solacing herself with illustrating her note-paper with the bird and flower and animal forms so dear to her.

The following verses were obtained by her while dozing in her chair in the drawing-room after a day of much suffering and exhaustion:—

“Sweet lengths of shore with sea between;
Sweet gleams of tender blue and green;
Sweet wind caressive and unseen,
Soft breathing from the deep;

What joy have I in all sweet things!
How clear and wild my spirit sings,
Rising aloft on mystic wings
While sense and body sleep!

In some such dream of grace and light
My soul shall pass into the sight
Of the dear Gods who in the height
Of inward Being dwell;

And joyful at Her perfect feet,
Whom most of all I long to greet,
My soul shall lie in meadows sweet
All white with asphodel.”

The last reference, of course, is to Pallas Athena, as the representative of the Divine Wisdom, one of her two chief instructors.

15, Wagnuslag Gardens,
Kensington Road, W.



Her dream-experiences were not all of this lofty character. They varied according to the plane of activity, every principle in her system manifesting itself in turn, independently of its fellow-principles. Thus, on September 1, the night following the receipt of the above verses, she dreamt that there was a ring at the bell of the outer door, on opening which she found no person, but only two coffins standing up on end, which she judged from their dimensions to be intended for herself and me.

Two nights later a humorous vein controlled her dreams, in one of which she was with me in Ireland inspecting the house and grounds of some nobleman's country-seat which she contemplated hiring; and all the fruit-trees, vegetables, flowers, and other plants had been plucked up by the roots, and were laid flat side by side on the ground. On her asking the gardener the reason of this, she was told that it was always done in his lordship's absence, and would be so long as the place was unlet, because the plants could not be allowed to waste themselves in growing when no one was there. Being much puzzled by this reply, she turned to me for an explanation; whereupon I said, quite seriously, that no doubt it was because in these times Irish landowners were obliged to practise the utmost economy—an answer which continued to cause her perplexity even after waking.

Of the same order was a dream in which she found herself in a room the fireplace of which was outside in the verandah, and on asking the reason, was told that it was so much more convenient than the ordinary plan, as it was only necessary to open the window to let the heat in when required. This was an invention the advantages of which continued to strike her as very great even after being for some time awake.

In another she found herself visiting the animals in the Regent's Park, and gravely holding a conversation of the most ridiculous character with a solemn functionary who held the post of Bishop of the Zoological Gardens.

The following, which occurred September 30 [1887], had more point in it, and accorded exactly with the intimations given us from time to time ever since the beginning of our illuminations in 1876. She dreamt that she was present at a great State function in Westminster Abbey, where the Queen was bestowing decorations for eminent services. On Mr Gladstone approaching the throne to receive the honour allotted to him, the Queen flushed with

anger, and rose and turned to go away. Upon this the Prince of Wales stepped forward and spoke with her in a low tone, evidently of remonstrance, but without avail; for the Queen replied, saying with great emphasis, in a loud, firm voice, "No; it would be a disgrace to the sovereign of these realms to *touch* a man who has done so much to divide and ruin the Empire."

I cannot forbear recounting here, as belonging to this history, though not to this period of it, yet another example of the manner in which, as revealed to us, Mr Gladstone and his career are regarded in the spheres upper and inner. It occurred to me in the summer of 1892, while on a visit to a country rectory, and at a moment when my mind was altogether free from any thought in that direction. I was lying in bed awake, and in a state of complete mental passivity, when I found myself one of a vast crowd assembled in the streets of London, to witness the pageant of Mr Gladstone's funeral. Escaping from the crowd, I was viewing it from an elevation which seemed to me to be the balcony of my club in Pall Mall, whence, many years before, I had witnessed the procession of Lord Palmerston's funeral. Presently I caught sight of Mr Gladstone hovering over the crowd and gazing on the scene. And I said to myself, "Why, he has come back to see his own funeral. But where has he been in the meantime?" And I determined to follow him if I could, after it was over, and see where he went to. I did so, and followed him in a north-west direction, to what seemed an open country, lying somewhere about Wormwood Scrubbs. But, as I presently found, it lay on an interior plane, being no longer in the material but in the astral world; for we were both in the spirit. Here I followed him at a distance as he wended his way along a scarcely perceptible path through an interminable tract of desert land, going very slowly, lost apparently in thought, and yet so surely and steadily as to cause me to remark, "Why, he knows the way! He must, then, be returning to the place to which he had gone after his death, and from which he had come to see his funeral." The country was flat and treeless, the only vegetation some occasional stunted shrubs. Nor was there any sign of habitation. It was a perfectly desolate wilderness. At length he approached a slight depression in the ground, down which he went, I following. Here was a structure, half bench, half chair, high-backed, and made of iron. In this he seated himself with all the air of its being his appointed resting-place, with which he was familiar, and beyond which he was not at liberty to seek. Having seated himself, he leant back in the chair, and thrust out his legs in front as if to resign himself to repose. But not to a peaceful repose, for he at once commenced to raise first one arm and then the other to wave off haunting thoughts or apparitions which he found intolerable, using much energy of action, but indicating stern resolution to endure whatever might be his doom. I was reminded of my previous vision of him in 1881¹ surveying his own effigy in Westminster

¹ Vol. I. p. 428.

Hall, with the aspect of a soul writhing in agony at the contemplation of its own past. And then, as I watched him, standing unperceived before him, he began to get red-hot from within, which I took to be a sign of the remorse he was experiencing at the review of his career, with its many and grievous shortcomings, political, moral, and religious, and its pernicious results to his country; his lust of power, his blindness to principles, his determined rejection of new light in favour of the worst traditions of sacerdotalism, all of which, with many other of his salient points, recurred to my mind. But I no sooner perceived the outward and visible sign, which I have described, of his inward and spiritual state than I withdrew, feeling it to be a moment when he ought to be free from intrusion. And as I turned to depart, there again recurred to my mind Byron's line on the Laocoon, "The immortal agony of that Grand Old Man." But the thought that remained by me was the same as on the former occasion, that in virtue of his very capacity for remorse he was redeemable and will be redeemed. For by the ministry of suffering he will eventually be led to subordinate his own will to the Supreme.

On the evening of November 5 [1887], while reposing in her bedchair in the drawing-room, Mary had the following dream, in which, notwithstanding its varied, and in some respects fantastic, character, we recognised a deep purpose. She thus related it to me soon after waking from it:—

"I dreamt that I had died while quite unconscious, as if in a swoon from want of breath. And I recovered consciousness to find myself in the presence of a great light like that of flame, such as to suggest the thought that the Christians were after all correct in their belief about hell, and I had gone to the place to which they would doubtless assign me. But presently I discovered that I was lying in a lovely green meadow, among long grasses and white flowers, which I recognised as asphodel. And while wondering where I was I was accosted by a radiant female figure very heavily draped in a white stuff like the finest cashmere, folds upon folds, having only the face visible. I knew her for Pallas Athena. And she said to me joyously, 'My true Greek child! So you have come to me through the fire!' by which I remembered that I had been cremated, and this was the cause of my impression about fire. And I bethought me of the verses given me a few weeks before my death:—

'And joyful at Her perfect feet,
Whom most of all I long to greet,
My soul shall lie in meadows sweet,
All white with asphodel.'

And I said to myself, 'Then that was a prophecy, and this is the realisation.' We had a long conversation together, which I cannot recall, and then she intimated to me that I was to rest, and bade me

lie down again on the grass, and then she glided away like a mist and disappeared from my sight.

“ Then, as I was lying on the grass after Pallas left me, a group of girls and lads passed by near me, the girls all clad, as I was, in translucent tunics, and the lads quite nude, with myrtle crowns on their heads. After they had gone on a little way, the last girl of the party whispered something to the last lad, evidently about me. Upon this they all returned and came near me and saluted me, the lads lifting their crowns. They all were wonderfully graceful ; their skins shone with a clear, bright colour like copper, and the last lad struck me so much by his frank expression that I wish much I could have made a drawing of him, he would have made so beautiful a picture. They passed on without speaking to me. My only garment was a tunic of apple-green, bordered with lines of gold round the neck and sleeves, and quite translucent.

“ I then fell asleep, and when I awoke I found lying on my chest, fast asleep, my dear little friend Rufus. And on rising and looking about I saw a number of guinea-pigs scampering about and playing among the grass. And as I went along, a crowd of animals of different kinds, but no carnivorous ones—for all were pure feeders—came running towards me and flocking round me. And presently I beheld approaching me a glorious, bright-shining golden figure, nude, but wearing a winged cap on his head, whom I recognised as Hermes. And we walked on together and talked ; but first I asked him if I ought not to remain and look after the animals, especially the guinea-pigs ; but he said they were quite safe ; nothing was ever lost or hurt in that place. I asked him then how long I had been dead, for it seemed to me as if I had been asleep but for an instant, and he answered, ‘ There is no “ how long ” in this place.’ So I said, ‘ How long according to the reckoning on earth ? ’ To which he replied, ‘ You have been what you call dead ten years.’ This astonished me so greatly that for a considerable time I was unable to speak. When I had recovered myself I asked after my husband and daughter and mother, and was told that the two first were still on earth, and the last was in the Christian heaven. It was very clear to me that I was in the Greek heaven and these were the Elysian fields. And beautiful fields they were, covered with grass and innumerable flowers ; while the light and air were brilliant and delicious beyond all imagining. I asked next if the Christian heaven was far off, and he said it was very, very far off indeed, and quite inaccessible from where we were, and the nearest to us of all the heavens was the Brahminical heaven, where all Oriental souls go. This put me in mind of Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society, and I asked him about them, and how they had fared in these ten years ; and he told me that she had quitted the earth and was in the Brahminical heaven, and that in England the Society had gone to pieces. Then a strong fancy took me to see Madame Blavatsky, if possible. And he said the journey was a long one for me, and we could not quit one heaven to enter directly another ; but we could communicate with persons in it across the dividing waters. So we set off in that direction ; and as we went he told me, in reply to my questionings as to why I had been taken away from earth with my work unfinished, that it was due to my diseased

organism ; and that they, the Gods, have no jurisdiction over things physical, and cannot come into relation with them. Their empire is that of the Mind and Soul ; and they instruct those among men who are sufficiently advanced in Spirit, and enable them to do what they can so far as their organisms permit.

“ And so we conversed until we had quitted the plains and reached a country which became more and more mountainous as we proceeded, until we arrived at a range of snow-clad hills, which seemed impassable. But, instead of attempting to climb them, we entered a passage by which they had been pierced, and passing through them, we at length emerged, to find ourselves on the brink of the stream which divided the two heavens ; and looking across, I beheld, resting in an arbour on the very verge of the Brahminical heaven, Madame Blavatsky, clad in an ample robe of dark purple, with a girdle round the waist ; and on seeing me, she came running out with great agility, rolling a cigarette between her fingers, and exclaiming that it was so delightful to have no legs to prevent her from moving freely, such as she had when in her body. She had evidently just been eating, which reminded me that I had as yet had no food. Whereupon, as if reading my thought, she said that she had plenty, and very good it was, though quite Buddhistic ; and she was so glad she had come there instead of going to the Christian heaven, where they spent all their time sitting on damp clouds and playing on the harp, with Salvationists and such-like folk. Here Hermes, who was standing back in the shadow of the tunnel, looked grave at her flippancy, and remarked to me that the Salvationists could not reach that elevation, being too rudimentary and unfolded in their higher nature, but remained in the lower strata of air near the earth, soon to return again into the body.

“ Madame Blavatsky then asked me if there were any animals in my heaven, and I told her that a number of them had gathered round and run after me, but only innocent, pure-feeding ones. There was no place in the heavens for any others, for the carnivora and cruel animals must pass through the forms of the herbivora to become purified. And she said, ‘ We too have animals here of the same kind as yours, especially elephants, but no insects. They can’t rise high enough to reach this place, but remain below, close to the earth, to sting the Salvationists, I suppose. But how came you in the Greek heaven ? Had you no priest when you died ? ’ I told her that not only did I have no priest, but I refused Christian burial, and insisted on being cremated. She then said, ‘ I heard such a capital story the other day about a man on your side. He too was a worshipper of the Greek Gods, and when he lay dying the folks about him said, “ Shan’t we send for a minister ? ” “ No,” says he. “ Nor yet for the priest ? ” “ No.” “ Haven’t you got any religion, then ? ” “ The best on earth,” he said, “ but it has not got any priests.” “ How is that ? ” they asked. “ Because the half of them died more than two thousand years ago, and the other half are not born yet.” ’

“ Here Hermes came forward out of the shadow, and was seen by her. At the sight of him she started with amazement and let her hands fall. Then, recovering herself, she asked me who he was, and I said, ‘ This is my Master, the God Hermes.’ At which she ex-

claimed, ' Well ! I never saw a Personal God before ! How beautifully he shines ! Just as in the pictures.' ¹ Then, holding up her cigarette, she asked him if she might smoke without offence, to which he smiled an assent. She continued to talk in the way usual to her when on earth as she smoked, remarking, among other things, that ' Colonel Olcott is still going it in India ' ; and then she suddenly inquired of me, ' And is Mr Maitland with you ? ' To which I replied, ' No ; he is still alive upon earth.' At this Hermes bent forward gently, and touching my wrist, said, ' You never asked *me* if he is still alive.' To which I replied, with great positiveness, ' No ; because I knew that, if he were dead, the great affection between us would have drawn him here to me.' At this Hermes looked intently on me, and I saw that his eyes were suffused with tears, and he said, ' My child, there was a greater love than yours—his mother's. He is gone to the Christian heaven.' This unexpected reply gave me such a shock of grief that I burst into tears and woke weeping, and continued to weep after waking ; and—and—I cry again now while telling it to you."

As regarded her mother and Madame Blavatsky the dream proved correct, for the former survived her but three weeks, and the other three years. It still, at the time of this writing, 1895, remains to be shown whether it was correct as regards myself, two years remaining to clear up the doubt.² But, as concerned ourselves, a little reflection led us to the conclusion that it was to be taken not so much as a positive prophecy as an approximate forecast, combined with an instruction which, if unheeded, would make it a prophecy ; in which view it depended on circumstances within our own control how far it would prove prophetic. The effect of the dream on her was greatly to modify her preference for cremation, and for a time to make her as wishful to live as she had before been to die. This change of mood found expression in her readiness to take more nourishment, and consent

¹ Those who knew this remarkable woman will at once recognise the trait here pointed at. In her enmity against the current orthodox presentment of Deity, she was wont to inveigh strongly against the idea of a personal God, and would ask persons, when first introduced to her, " Do you believe in a P. G. ? " meaning a personal God, by way of testing their intelligence. I had represented to her that she did herself and her cause an injustice by this practice, inasmuch as she really did believe in a personal God when she admitted the universe to be the product of will, mind, and intelligence, since these imply personality. To which she replied that she knew that, and meant only to ridicule the notion of Deity having form and limitation such as constitute personality for people in general.—E. M.

² The dream also proved correct as regarded Edward Maitland, who died on October 2, 1897, *i.e.* less than ten years after the death of Anna Kingsford; who died on February 22, 1888.—S. H. H.

to such treatment as was deemed calculated to arrest her disease, to both of which she had given but a grudging assent, asking why she should seek to prolong her suffering.

It had the result, moreover, of impelling her to expressions of her sense of indebtedness to me for my care and guidance such as had never before escaped her. It was as a sudden awakening to facts of which as yet she had been but little sensible, and nothing could be more fervent, and consequently more gratifying to me, than the manner in which she now expressed her recognition.

The tokens which poured in upon us of sympathy, regret, and concern from the many friends who had become attached to her, for her work's sake as well as for her own, were numerous and fervid. Only to a few of those who called was she accessible; but though grateful for their affection and respect, she confessed to feeling humiliated by the consciousness of her own unworthiness. "You cannot think," she said to me after occasions of the kind, "how mortified it makes me feel, when people make obeisance before me and kiss my hand, to know what possibilities of evil still remain in my nature, and how different I really am from what they imagine me to be. They see but one side only of me; I see all sides, and know that I am yet very far from being regenerate. Whatever you say or write of me, when called on to do either, do not make me out to be a saint."

The two following letters are from Madame Blavatsky:—

"MAYCOT, *August* 1887.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—Thanks for your kind letter. You have no idea how deeply with the illness of Mrs Kingsford I feel grieved and ready to rebel against fate and Karma. We cannot pretend to question the latter and its immutable wisdom. But Fate, or Destiny, to which only the manifested physical world is subject, does seem a cruel, idiotic, ever-blind and erring something. For the Mystics of England and English-speaking peoples—I mean the true Mystics, not the spiritualists—to lose such an intellect is more than they deserve, and would be a blow indeed. I feel one thing. Apart from her great intellect, I love her as a woman. I really first made her acquaintance at Ostende, and since then a strange revulsion of feeling took place in *inner me*. I had always admired her, but I had little personal sympathy till then with her. Why is this? Why should I feel such a sincere affection for her now? But I really do. For me she is quite another woman, or rather Being, and quite apart from the A. K. the world knows of. Perhaps *you* will understand me. Others won't; therefore I say very little.

"Ah, dear Mr M. ! if you had followed the advice given to take her to Davos, no blood-spitting would have developed there. A

man I knew who had both lungs decaying and threw up blood terribly, and was condemned only last autumn, returned in May nearly cured, and never spat blood since. I had never heard of the place before I was told (occultly) to advise you to go there; after which I took an interest in it. He went there late in November, and yet he is cured. It is as I told you: Davos has become an ELIXIR OF LIFE in consequence of the incessant seismic disturbances and the shifting of electro-magnetic centres, and their gathering or grouping on several particular spots—(occult doctrine, whether scientific or not). But it is too late now, and it is useless to talk of it. It is the Mediterranean climate and the mistrals that have developed so rapidly the illness. Yet if she can only succeed in never allowing her *will-power-to-live* to break down, she can save her body and nearly recover. She could recreate her lungs at all events,—crystallise them and make them remain *in statu quo*. You will regard all this as nonsense. So I shut up. . . . Have you seen a very curious work by one G. H. Pember, M.A., author of *The Great Prophecies*, called *The Earth's Earliest Ages, and their Connection with Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy*? It has been sent to me by the author to review in *Lucifer*. In it the kind man combs the hair of all of us with delightful impartiality. You, Mrs K., myself, C. C. Massey, Sinnett, Olcott, Edwin Arnold, *Perfect Way*, *Isis*, etc., etc., all are boiled in the same pot into an *olla podrida* of Satanism and Devil-worship. We are all servants of Anti-Christ, and subject to the 'Spirits of the Air' or devils. It reads like the nightmare of an insane Methodist or Bible-lunatic.

"I am going to emigrate to town, to Lansdowne Road. Tell me *how high* you live, and how I can see you (both) when you are alone. I do so wish to see *her*. Give her my affectionate love. Ah, poor dear great soul! Now I know that cactus-leaves water would stay blood-spitting and do her the greatest good; but where can those cactuses, which grow in millions at Adyar and by the Indian roads, be got here? Suppose a large cactus-leaf, half-an-inch thick, with fine thick hairs on it, could be got from some hothouse. Cut it into pieces after scrubbing off well the outer fine prickles, and put the pieces into a large tumbler of water. In two or three hours it will become oily, and in twenty-four hours like thick oil. Try it for mercy's sake.—Yours sincerely and sympathetically,

H. P. B."

"17 LANSDOWNE ROAD, HOLLAND PARK,

"October 10, 1887.

"DEAREST MRS KINGSFORD,—I am so glad to hear from the Countess that you feel better, and are now determined to will to live. I do hope you will go on strengthening and progressing in health. Thanks so much for your pretty story; it is really very, very charming. But do let me put your full name. You must do this for poor *Lucifer*, as you are too good a writer, and too well known, for him to afford to receive a visit from you almost anonymously. We have many reverends wanting to write for it. There is a regular steeple-chase, and you will laugh.

"If you were well enough by the end of this month, I would ask you to write an answer to Gerald Massey, who, speaking of the contradictions of the New Testament, calls it 'a volume of falsehoods

and lies.' I must do so if you do not feel strong enough, for it is absolutely necessary to show that the Bible is as esoteric as any other Scripture of old. You will read his attack in No. 2 of *Lucifer*, which will appear in about a week.

" Please give my love to Mr Maitland. I hear he does look pulled down. I love him, and would love him if it were only for the care he gives you, and nursing you as he does throughout your illness. He is a *dear* man.—Yours sincerely and faithfully, H. P. B."

Among her visitors this autumn was our friend Lady Caithness, between whom and Mary the parting was very sad, so evident was it that it would be their last meeting. She was accompanied by her son, and as we were at that moment considering whom to ask to witness her will, which had required remaking, we took advantage of their presence for the purpose, thinking it a somewhat curious coincidence that their coming should have been so aptly timed.¹

The following is from her Diary :—

November 12, 1887.—What is Sin? The root of Sin is Ignorance, and the nature of Sin is Injustice. The word Sin is best interpreted by the Biblical word Transgression: " Sin is transgression of the Law." Of what Law? Of the Law which maintains order in the world—the Law of Nature; in other words, of the Will of God. Sin is always the result of Ignorance, because no sane creature does that which is the worst thing he can do for himself, knowing it to be the worst. He sins because he is ignorant and does not yet know the Truth; that is, the Law. What, then, is the relation of Sin to disease? Disease is the result of an injustice done to the body; of a violation of or deviation from the Order of Nature. Therefore disease is undoubtedly the product of Sin, insomuch that but for Sin there would be no disease.

But disease may be inherited, in which case the parents' sin, or the ancestors' sin, is the cause of it. Immediately, this is so; but the diseased person would not have been born of such parents but for Karmic influences and attractions. The chief sins are murder, cruelty, theft, rape, envy, hatred, gluttony, drunkenness, lying, and all kinds of frauds and idleness. All these are sins because they are injustices. Some forms of sensual vice are sins in a lesser degree; but most ecclesiastical " sins " are not sins at all. There is no forgiveness of sins in the ecclesiastical sense. Sin—or transgression, as it is much better to call it—may be wiped out by the enlightenment of the transgressor, and his consequent abandonment of his mistake. But the consequences will have to work themselves out to the end, as is the Law of Nature. No merits of another, or sacrifices made

¹ This was Anna Kingsford's last will. It is dated August 16, 1887; and was proved at Shrewsbury by her husband and G. B. Lloyd, two of the executors, on May 4, 1888.—S. H. H.

by anybody else on behalf of the sinner, can obtain pardon for his sin. The merit of holy men, whether dead or living, may indeed act on a penitent soul as a means of grace ; that is, a good influence or influx, creating a purer moral and spiritual atmosphere about him, and so inducing favourable conditions for grace and imparting grace ; and the power of holy souls, living or departed, to be thus helpful to others depends on the amount of merit they possess. " But no man can redeem his brother, or make atonement unto God for him."

Sometimes, for occult reasons, because of the intervention of the operation of a Law more powerful than the natural (physical) Law (as that of magnetism suspends that of gravitation), the effects of Sin are suspended or suppressed, but they are never annulled. No soul is ever absolved from penance. The penance is as inevitable as effect always is to every cause. It is idle to say, and it is a terrible heresy to say, that man cannot sin because he is God. It is not the God in him that sins, of course, but the human. The Divine Selfhood, or *Atmân*, knows all things, and is therefore free from Ignorance, which is the only cause of Sin. But the lower selfhood is ignorant, and learns knowledge by experience ; hence it is prone to sin. If everything were Pure Mind, and man were wholly, in all his nature, Pure Mind (God), the world would be resolved into Himself, and would have no material existence. But so long as there is material existence, there is Limitation ; hence Ignorance, and hence Sin. Man is the Microcosm, and as the world is, so is he. When he shall have united himself wholly with his Divine part, and become one with It, and permeated by It, he will cease to sin, and will be " resolved " or transmuted, as the world would be in a similar state. But now is not the world Pure Mind only, nor is man Pure Mind only, but consisting of many complex elements and consciousnesses which are far from being in harmony. Hence the Karmic Law by which Sin is expiated and experience gained, and the sinner saved. When the truth of things is clearly seen, the denial of it becomes impossible, and action adverse to the Truth ceases. But such enlightenment occurs only when man is made perfect, or " raised from the dead." " Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

November 17, 1887.—To-day, a year ago, the disease from which I am now suffering began. To-day, a year ago, C. and I were at the hotel in the Rue Balzac, and J. came to see me with one of his sons, just after I had returned from an expedition in rain and wind—disastrous indeed—to find Pasteur's Laboratory. And for a whole year since November 17, 1886, the disease that struck my lungs that day has gone on destroying them, slowly, no doubt, but still destroying.

On November 23 [1887] she recounted to me a long dream in which she dreamt that she had died in the night of December 31, and immediately gone to visit some of her relatives and friends. It was full of the most circumstantial details, all graphically told, but of too personal a nature for reproducing in full. Its occult value consisted in its exhibition of her perfect familiarity with

the state immediately after death, which it seemed to me could be due only to her frequent experiences of that state within a period so recent as to allow of full recollection. In it she had told one of the persons visited that she had renounced her right to proceed straight to Devachan (the Hindû equivalent for Paradise, or place of rest of the freed soul), in order to carry on her work. But she experienced much distress at finding people unwilling to converse with her, and even terrified at her presence. One, however, was more reasonable, and soon got over her alarm. But when first she perceived her, she had exclaimed with astonishment, “ ‘ Why, Nina, they said you had died, and were buried yesterday ! I wonder they should have played me such a trick.’ ‘ They played you no trick,’ I said ; ‘ they but spoke the truth.’ ‘ Then you are not Nina, but—— ’ ‘ Yes, I am Nina, but not her body. Surely you understand——’ And she, too, began to show signs of great alarm. So I reasoned quietly with her, explaining to her that I only illustrated the lately recovered doctrine of man’s survival of his physical body, and of his ability to manifest himself in his astral form ; and that I had been able to keep intact and unseparated all my principles, so that only my body was wanting ; and that the burning of that had enabled me to get away from it so much sooner and more completely that I could come to her at once. Hearing this, she gradually resumed her composure, and became quite absorbed in interest. And then I told her of the irrational terror of one person known to her whom I had visited, and how glad I should be if she would use her influence to put him right. ‘ It is,’ I said, speaking energetically, for I was very angry about it, ‘ the ingrained falsehood and superstition of centuries that makes people act so.’ ”

Not one of the least curious circumstances in this anticipation of her *post-mortem* experiences is the fact that, although based on the belief that she had been cremated, she never was cremated, as, for reasons which will appear later, she had been led to abandon her intention on that behalf.

Another token of the extraordinary activity and inventiveness of her imaginative faculty at this time, and of its independence of her bodily state, was given two nights later. It was a dream suggested by the illness of the late Emperor Frederick, while Crown-Prince of Germany, whom we held in high regard, and for whom we were greatly concerned. The following is her account

of it, as taken down by me from her lips, and included in my Diary :—

November 25 [1887].—While I was taking my turn of watching at M.'s bedside last night about midnight, she suddenly woke from a sound sleep and said, " I have just seen such a curious story, which I will tell you. Sir Morell Mackenzie, who, you know, is the throat-specialist in attendance on the German Crown-Prince, received, while at his house in London, a letter offering to place in his hands, in case he was disposed to use it and would undertake to make a serious trial of it, a certain cure for cancer which had been in use in the writer's own family for generations. The letter contained many scientific details which greatly struck the Doctor, and proposed his first making trial of the remedy on an inmate of some cancer hospital whose case should most nearly resemble that of his royal patient. The letter concluded by saying that no reward was expected, and that an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* would suffice to bring the writer—who was himself a doctor—into personal communication with Sir Morell Mackenzie.

" Sir Morell resolved at the least to comply with the last suggestion, and accordingly, in response to his advertisement, he was called on by his correspondent on the following evening. The latter proved to be a tall, slender man, evidently a foreigner, wearing a Spanish cloak, but speaking English well, and his name, according to the card he sent up, was Doctor Xeres, and a string of other Spanish names which I could not retain. His face was remarkable for its paleness as contrasted with the hair he wore on it, and his skin was of a hue and an aspect which were cadaverous and unhealthy in the extreme. His speech was slow, firm, and distinct, and his whole mien such as to give weight to his utterances. ' To judge my pretensions,' he said, after the first introduction, ' you must hear my history. I am one, and the last, of a family of which every member for many generations has been afflicted with cancer, some in one place and some in another. Mine is internal, in the stomach ; consequently the remedy which I propose to give you for your illustrious patient is used by me diluted, as it must be for him. Only for external application must it be used undiluted. I vouch for its effecting a cure in twelve hours, and I speak with scientific knowledge, as you will have judged by my letter. I conclude by your advertising for me that you accede to my proposition, and are prepared to put my remedy to a test upon an hospital patient. Well, take this phial,' and he produced a small stoppered bottle made of gold. ' It is, as you see, of gold, because no other substance will resist it. Provide yourself with a stock of new camel's-hair brushes, which must be dipped in it and applied to the cancer. The stuff must on no account be poured out into a plate, nor exposed to the light ; nor must any brush be again dipped into it after having touched the tumour. Paint the place every two hours, six times ; that will make twelve hours' treatment, at the end of which the patient will be well. But you must watch the effect of the treatment yourself closely the whole time. This is what will occur :—After the first application, and before the time comes for the second, a slight activity will be apparent beneath the skin, and the colour will change and the pain be some-

what less. This effect will be considerably enhanced by the second application, and on the third the tumour will burst and discharge freely, and the pain will be gone. It must then be squeezed forcibly to eject the matter remaining in it. The other three applications, which must be within as well as without the wound, in order thoroughly to destroy the tumour and cleanse the tissues, will complete the cure. After you have made your experiment, advertise for me again, and I will return to give the final instructions necessary for your great case.'

"Dr Mackenzie had no difficulty in finding a subject for his experiment. He had a friend who was house-surgeon of a cancer hospital and acceded readily to his proposal. He, however, said nothing of the source or nature of the remedy. The patient selected had a terrible cancer in the cheek, and had long been a hopeless sufferer. The first application, which was made in the evening, produced precisely the effect predicted. A slight action was set up in the tumour; the colour of the surface changed, and the patient declared himself a shade easier. After the second application these effects were so much enhanced that the doctors marvelled greatly, while the patient became excited with hope and delight, and declared that he was almost well. After the third application the agitation in the tumour became violent in the extreme, and in due time it burst, discharging quantities of virulent matter, and the pain ceased, while the patient cried and laughed by turns with joy, and expressed his unbounded gratitude. The tumour was then duly squeezed and treated as directed. The remaining applications were made in the manner prescribed, and with the result promised; and in twelve hours' time from the first application the cancer was cured.

"Amazed and overjoyed, Sir Morell lost no time in summoning the author of the miracle, who, on his part, lost no time in presenting himself. After listening to the Doctor's account of his experiment, the Spaniard thus addressed him: 'You will, of course, start immediately for the South. Be sure to observe all the directions I have given you. Use new camels'-hair brushes, never dipping one which has touched the cancer. Do not expose the drug to the light or pour it out on a plate, and dilute it with half its quantity of water before painting the inside of the Prince's throat. But you will require a fresh supply, as the bottle you have is nearly exhausted. Return that to me—they are of gold, and valuable—and take this fresh phial. One word more. If you succeed, avow the source from which you obtained the cure, and do not in any way claim it as your own, or pretend that any credit in the matter belongs to you. Disregard my injunction in this, and I will publicly expose you and will ruin you. This is my fixed determination. *Adios.*'

"The Doctor lost no time in journeying southwards; and after communicating to his fellow-physicians, and the patient and his family, so much of his story as was necessary to procure their consent, prepared to commence the treatment, the other doctors being present; when, immediately on the first application to the swelling in the throat, the Prince's face turned crimson and swelled up to a frightful size; profound anæsthesia set in, from which nothing they could do would rouse him, and in about half an hour he was dead. Not suspecting a plot, or doubting the good faith of

his visitor, Sir Morell had taken it for granted that the second phial contained the same stuff as the first. The shock of horror awoke me, and all I can remember further is that, on referring to the Spaniard's card, it was found to have no address on it."

November 25 [1887].—Waking from sleep while I was watching by her this evening, Mary said: "I have just dreamt a curious story of the old days of chivalry. The scene was in Italy, and a knight was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl who belonged to a family none of the women of which were found, when about to be wed, to be maids, although they were so within a week of that time. The knight was resolved that his should be an exception to this rule; and he accordingly appointed a brother knight, who was bound to him in the closest affection, to keep guard at the door of his lady-love's bedroom every night during the week prior to his marriage. This was done, and nothing occurred save that, as the time approached, the lady became profoundly melancholy without any apparent cause. But on the last night of the knight's vigil, the door of her apartment opened, and the lady addressing him in a supplicating voice, besought him to enter and take her virginity. The knight, amazed and offended, declined, saying, 'I am placed here by my brother knight expressly to guard your virginity for him, and how then can I violate my knightly honour by doing such a deed?'

"The lady continued to entreat him, weeping and wringing her hands; and at length, finding all her entreaties in vain, she told him the cause of her so strange behaviour, and of the reason of the evil repute of the women of her family. 'It is,' she said, 'through no wantonness or evil thought of mine that I have asked this of you, Sir Knight, but to save the life of my affianced lord, your brother, and to preserve our own happiness. It is the appointed fate of my family that if any of its women comes to her bridegroom a maid on her wedding night, the bridegroom shall die a horrible death before sunrise next morning. What, then, can I do but that which I have done?'

"And the knight answered, 'Your duty and my duty are plain. It is my duty to keep my engagement, and it is your duty to tell your husband what you have told me, and leave him to do as shall seem good to him.' With this the lady returned into her chamber, and the knight remained without on his watch. The marriage duly took place next day, and when night came the bridegroom retired with his bride to their marriage chamber. What passed no one knows; but just before dawn a terrible outcry came from the chamber, and on the household entering it they found that the knight had just died in a horrible agony."

The last entry made by her in her Diary was the following:—

December 26, 1887.—In the night or early morning of this day—Christmas night—Piggy died. She had suffered a long time.

The pet in question was the little animal which she had purchased in 1885, and had been her companion throughout her illness while travelling abroad. Its death was a great relief to its

mistress, who was seriously distressed at being unable to find anyone to whose care she might leave it with assurance that it would have the constant guardianship which such creatures require on this side the Elysian fields. "I am so thankful Piggy has gone first," she more than once remarked.

Hearing that a course of remarkable sermons was being preached at the Pro-Cathedral by an Irish monk famous for his discourses, she begged me to attend and report to her one which had for its subject the history of Satan. I myself had no little curiosity both as to the nature and the source of the information such a title implied. The occasion was a great one. The Pro-Cathedral was crammed with eager hearers; and what they were told with loud assertions of the utmost positiveness, in a torrent of Irish eloquence, was in this wise. How and why the Almighty permitted evil, and such an event as that to be described, to take place in heaven, in His own immediate presence, was a mystery which the Church had not seen fit to reveal. But these were the facts of it. The Almighty had made known to the angels His design of taking on Himself human form by incarnating as a man in order to save the world; and the angels, headed by the greatest and proudest of them, whose name was Lucifer, had taken offence at such action on the part of the Deity, regarding it as a slight to themselves that a race so mean and insignificant as mankind should be thus honoured; and they had accordingly revolted and lost their place in heaven. All this and much more of the same kind was affirmed as actual historical fact, no hint being given of its possibly allegorical significance, if any, and the congregation had been dismissed without the smallest attempt to reconcile it to their understandings. She could hardly credit my report, and made me repeat it over again. And at length, being satisfied that I had given her a faithful account, exclaimed, "No wonder the world is infidel, when the Church allows such blasphemous nonsense to be preached from its pulpits." The mystery of Lucifer had not at this time been disclosed to us, beyond an intimation that he represented some principle in human nature. But, as will by-and-by appear, we were destined to have a solution making it perfectly intelligible and reasonable. I may add that while coming out of the church I listened eagerly for comments from the congregation. But, so far from hearing a word of resentment at having been treated as children for whom anything was

good enough, I heard only remarks worthy of an assemblage of idiots.

It was not until September [1887] that she gave up her press-work, by discontinuing her weekly contributions to the *Lady's Pictorial*. It was with great difficulty even then that she prevailed on herself to take the step, and to confess herself beaten. Her chief objection was that it would deprive her of the means of bringing her spiritual work effectively before the world. Already, despite the shortness of the time that she had been in practice, her broken health and her constant removes, the results of her professional work were such as to point to rapid and extraordinary success. For in the last year of her life her earnings from all sources connected with her profession were close on a thousand pounds.

The following is her last letter to the press :—

“ FUR AND FEATHERS ”

“ *To the Editor of the ‘ Pall Mall Gazette.’*

“ SIR,—Mr Punch's lines against the massacre of birds for dress, reprinted in your issue for this evening, are very pretty, and their sentiment very sound. But, alas ! the birds are not the only or the worst sufferers in the interests of our fine ladies. The horrors of the seal-fishery are infinitely worse in their heart-rending details than anything Mr Punch has depicted. It is some years since I satisfied myself that the fur trade, and the sealskin trade in particular, were incompatible with the gentle life it should be the aim of civilised beings to lead, and since that time there have been no furs in my wardrobe. There are, however, certain feathers which are obtainable without slaughter, and, I am assured, without cruelty—ostrich-feathers, the plumes being cut yearly from the birds, which are kept in large numbers on farms for the purpose and well treated. Ostrich-feather muffs, boas, and trimmings are extremely pretty, warm, and more hygienic than furs, because they are permeable to the air and do not shut in the transpiration of the skin as furs do.—Your obedient servant,

ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

“ *September 14, 1887.*”

These verses from an unknown hand bear striking testimony to the influence she was recognised as exercising :—

TO ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

Before me the roses are blooming
 In glory of crimson and snow,
 Their petals the soft air perfuming
 With fragrance above and below ;

Athwart the dark blue of the mountain
 The red dawn is stealing on high,
 And spreading its crimson-rayed fountain
 Far up through the pale eastern sky.

Above the stone archway's carved splendour,
 Where roses are twining their leaves,
 A sunbeam, bright, golden, and tender,
 Steals over the quaint sculptured eaves ;
 White blossoms, with petals yet folden,
 Cling close to the earth in the mist,
 The sunbeam, high-gliding and golden,
 Has left their pale beauties unkissed.

Our rose, deepest crimson, clings lonely
 About the great archway's keystone,
Her petals the ray has kissed only,
Her red leaves lie opened, alone ;
 The sunlight will spread to the roses
 That cling to the ground by the wall,—
 But the highest, the noblest, uncloses
 Her petals the first of them all !

O thou ! who hast risen above us
 In strength and in womanly power,
 Who ever hast striven to love us
 And aid us in sorrow's dark hour ;
 O woman the truest and strongest,
 Though climbing be weary and hard,
 Thou hast toiled towards the sunlight the longest,
 And gained for thyself its reward !

Thyself ? Nay ; it was not *thy* glory
 Thy labour was given to gain,
 Thy life is one gold-written story
 Of aiding all creatures in pain :
 Yet thou *hast* thy reward,—though on many
 The bright dawn of Heaven may fall—
 Who the highest hast mounted of any,
 And touched the first sunbeam of all !

—ROMA.

“ 20 BELSIZE CRESCENT, HAMPSTEAD,
 “ December II, 1887.

“ Precious daughter of ‘ our Father ’—in whom also is our Mother—in Edinburgh, once, and once only, we met for an evening hour, but it was quite long enough to give me a deep and tender interest in you. I am therefore in fatherly—motherly sympathy with you. For I hear of the frail and suffering condition of your tent—the poor earth-body.

“ I pray that the Eternal Livingness which has begotten you, and rooted itself in you, may reveal its power and sweetness all the more

through your weakness and passivity. 'Because I live, you shall live also.'

"I would call in the hope of seeing you for a few minutes, that I might share in the Blessing which blesses you. But I conclude that those who love you most would be careful to save you from every species of excitement.

"In the Spirit of Love which we children inherit from the Ancient Bosom-Source, and our Endless Hope, right truly yours,

"J. PULSFORD."

CHAPTER XXXV

THE WITHDRAWAL

THE invalid continued, though with many fluctuations, so palpably to decline with the year that on the very last day of it Dr White declared her to be rapidly sinking, and unlikely to live beyond another week or two. Nevertheless on January 2 [1888] she made so good a rally that both he and Sir Andrew Clark, who had been called in for the second time, said that they saw no reason why she should not yet recover a fair share of health and live for some years, especially if she would consent to follow the diet prescribed by them—beef and burgundy. Such an abandonment of her principles was out of the question, even if she had believed in its efficacy; and though admitting the momentary improvement, she did not share their sanguine prognosis, be her diet what it might. For she knew too well what the accidents of her malady portended. These were the exhaustion, the inability to discharge the secretions of the lungs, the dropsical swellings, and the sleeplessness caused by the agony of the bed-sores, especially those at the base of the spine, which rendered sitting up and lying down alike intolerable, and to relieve which no device availed. Frantic with pain and want of sleep, the old impulses to suicide reasserted themselves, and it became necessary to consent to her demand for morphine if only to avoid being reproached with cruelty for depriving her of such relief as it might afford.

The second week of the year was one of unprecedented fog, smoke, and darkness, which tried her severely, greatly aggravating the cough and necessitating an increased use of morphine.

This week—January 9—she for the first time recognised the necessity for a professed nurse, and consented to have one, overcoming her repugnance to have a strange woman about her; and then it was rather for our sakes than for her own, and chiefly for

mine. For she perceived the effect which the long-continued toil and anxiety were having on me, and feared that, near as her own end appeared to be, symptoms were present to show that mine might be yet nearer; so seriously had the heart's action become impaired with those fifteen months of incessant nursing and anxiety. I had kept the matter to myself, hoping though almost against hope that I should be permitted to tend her to the last, and then be enabled to recover for the work's sake. For I knew myself necessary to that; and I was, moreover, confident that our collaboration would not cease with her life. Her discovery of the state of things with me was made in this way. I had moved her, in the wheel-chair which I had procured for her, into the drawing-room, and was sitting by her, when she suddenly put her hand on my pulse and exclaimed, "Ill as I am, you are in danger of dying before me. I never knew such a pulse. I guessed it from the movement of your foot as you were sitting cross-legged. This long spell of nursing me is killing you. I must spare you by having a professional nurse. Nothing else would induce me to do so."

A nurse was procured, but only to be dismissed before a week had passed, being not only incompetent, but indolent, unwilling, and even insolent to her charge. Meanwhile the emergency had become intensified, and it was necessary to obtain another without delay. A. was absent at his parish work, and at her suggestion I wrote to her friend Mrs M., a Catholic lady living hard by, asking if she could recommend a properly qualified nursing-sister. She replied by promptly sending a regular nun, one of a society of ladies who had thus devoted themselves, receiving no personal remuneration, but only gifts for their order. This one was Irish, who had been brought up in France, and had taken refuge in England on the expulsion of the religious orders by the republican government. She was lady-like, gentle, and pleasant of speech and manner, and of aspect altogether prepossessing. Being entirely unprejudiced against her on the score of her vocation, I welcomed her cordially, fully believing that she was animated by pure love of God and humanity. It was agreed that she should begin with taking charge by night, getting her sleep in the afternoon and evening, while I, and A. when with us, should take charge by day. To my immense relief her patient took to her at once, being won, as I had been, by her voice and appearance.

The day of her coming was Monday, and by the following evening we concluded that we had found a treasure in her. There was, however, one item in her programme, required of her, she said, by her "rules," which was, that she should leave her patient every morning, while it was yet dark, for an hour or more, to attend early mass at the Pro-Cathedral.

She had done this on the Wednesday morning, and had returned to the sick-room ; and shortly afterwards there was a ring at the bell of the outer door, which I answered, to find myself confronted by a priest who gave the name of Monsignor Moore, and said, in what struck me as an offensively peremptory tone, that he had come to administer the sacrament to a sick Catholic lady who lived there. To this I replied that I thought there must be some mistake, because I was in the full confidence of the lady in question, and I had heard of nothing of the kind, and I was quite sure she would not keep such an intention from me. He persisted, however, saying he had been expressly summoned by the nursing-sister after mass that morning, and that he was quite prepared to find his visit objected to, as he understood the rest of the household were Protestants ; but he was also prepared to insist on doing his duty in spite of all opposition. To this I replied that he was entirely misinformed respecting the situation, as there was no one in the house who had the smallest objection to the invalid seeing him if she really desired to do so, and if he would step into the parlour I would at once ascertain whether such was the fact.

The sister was in the sick-room when I entered it, and I observed on her face a very wistful look, showing that she knew the priest had come, and that she was anxious as to my course in the matter. As will at once be understood, my feelings were anything but pleasant at finding that on the very second night of her service she had come between Mary and myself, inducing her for the first time in all the fourteen years of our association to withhold her confidence from me, and this in respect of a matter of so great importance.

I repressed my feeling, however, to the best of my ability, not wishing to betray it to the sister ; and as she remained in the room and I wanted to speak privately with Mary, I said what I had to say in an undertone. This was to the effect that I was so much surprised at the priest coming without her telling me of her

wish to see him, that I could only suppose he had been summoned by the sister without her consent. Was it so or not? She knew perfectly well that I had no feeling in the matter one way or the other, and had more than once offered to go and fetch a priest myself if she wanted one, so that there was no reason for her to fear opposition on my part. All I desired to know was, whether it was really by her own wish that he had come, because I only wanted her to be free, and not to be persuaded against her will.

To this she replied, firmly and positively, that neither was the priest sent for by her wish, nor was it kept from me by her wish; it was all the sister's doing. She had worried her all night about seeing a priest until she got too much exhausted to continue to refuse, and the sister had promised that if only she would see a priest this once, she should not be troubled any more. And the reason why I had not been told was because the sister insisted that it might prevent trouble in case I objected, as I was sure to do, being a Protestant; and, besides, it would be a pity to disturb me so early by rousing me before she went to mass, as it was then that she must see the priest.

To this I replied that there was no need for her to think more of the matter. I would tell the priest that he had not been sent for by her wish, and apologise for the mistake; and then we would dismiss the sister for violating her duty by tormenting her patient about her soul when she had been engaged only to minister to her body, and I would do at once what I should have done before had time allowed—telegraph to Dr White to send forthwith a suitable nurse.

Had we been alone, I had no doubt that she would gladly have assented to all these propositions; but, as it was, the sister was not only present, but was watching her fixedly from the opposite side of the room, with an expression the meaning of which I failed at the time to divine, but which later became clear to me. Its influence upon M. was obvious, and I noticed on her face an expression which I had never seen there before, but which suggested the idea of her being under the influence of a will other than her own. In all our intercourse I had never sought to influence her other than through the reason, but what I saw now led me to believe that she was being dominated by a power she was unable to withstand, and of which she was in fear; for she said, in a tone and with a manner indicative of some vague appre-

hension, that she was afraid it would be very rude to send the priest away after he had taken the trouble to come, and the sister had promised not to worry her any more if she consented to see him, and she did not feel equal then to another change of nurses. Let her but get a little stronger, and then she would have someone else ; but now she would do only what would cause the least trouble and worry. And then, referring to the proposed ceremonial, she said, with a faint smile on her wan face, " It can't hurt me, you know, half so much as this worry does. Of course I do not take it in the sense in which they understand it. I know too much for that. And, besides, I have never had it, and am curious to know what it is like ; and I am fond of new experiences."

Long as it appears when written, our conversation occupied but a few minutes, and at the end of it I felt that I had no choice but to admit the priest. She told me afterwards all that had passed in a manner which showed her complete exemption from the orthodox and superstitious view of the rite, and so the matter passed. But further experience of the sister made us both regret that we had not replaced her as I had proposed, so distressing were her limitations ; for she was prohibited by her " rules " from doing for her patient the smallest service which was not of direct need for her as an invalid, such as keeping her wardrobe and linen. Nor might she read, either to herself or to others, any but books of devotion and lives of the saints, or even speak of secular things. She was obliged, moreover, to read and pray continually in the sick-room, aloud for the benefit of the patient if awake, and if asleep, silently for her own benefit, and this throughout the night. Though wholly uninformed and avowing her total lack of understanding, she was absolutely positive of the truth of her faith in the sense in which she held it, and supposed that all mankind are either Catholics or Protestants, having never heard of any other denominations, and that the Protestants are mere fools and idiots for rejecting what she believed in. In short, her ignorance, superstition, and credulity were without bounds, and Mary very soon became weary of her incessant reiteration of beliefs and formulas which to her were simply puerile.

My Diary at this time contains the following entry :—

January 30 [1888].—After waking from a doze this evening, M. told me that she had just held some snatches of conversation with one of her illuminators, and believed there was an intention to impart to

her an important instruction. The utterances which alone she had been able to seize and retain all referred to her illness, and were a continuation of some which had been given her several weeks previously, telling her that she had substantialised in her system a small portion of what was called the "philosopher's stone," in virtue of which she could not actually die of any illness; but the portion was so small that she could not recover from the present illness; for which reason she would live on long in suffering, and when she quitted her body it would be rather by a voluntary withdrawal than by compulsion of disease.

She tells me, moreover, that she had a visit from an old and very dear friend of mine, who had also become a great friend of hers, but had died in the autumn of 1886. [This was the Mary Margaret Woolley already referred to under that date as having announced her death to me in Paris, she having just died in Australia.] She had now come to Mary and told her that her death was near, and endeavoured to reconcile her to it by explaining that it would be the best thing both for ourselves and for our work, as she would be able to continue her collaboration with me after her death, unhindered by her present limitations of health; whereas, if she lived, her sickness and suffering would be such as to prevent any work being done by either of us. She also assured her that she should be present to receive her on the other side when she passed over.

The "philosopher's stone," it had been explained to us, signifies the pure spirit and soul-substance of which the regenerated selfhood—the "Christ within"—consists, and of which, therefore, the two eucharistic elements, the wine and bread, otherwise called the blood and the water, are symbols. So that when Jesus, speaking as typical man regenerate, says, "This is My body and blood," He means that those elements represent the constituent principles of the new interior substantial selfhood which is divinely generated within man's material body of his own soul and spirit, and is identical in nature with them. It was to this wholly reasonable explanation that Mary referred when she said that she knew too much to accept the sacrament in the sense understood by the priest.

From my Diary of February 16 [1888]:—

Notwithstanding her promise to leave her patient unmolested if she would see the priest once, the sister has now worried her into a consent to receive a second visit from him, and he has taken the opportunity to assail her about her writings—which, however, he admits that he has not read—and has tried hard to get her to acknowledge that she has written against the interests of the Church. She, however, she assures me, steadfastly maintained that she had not done so, but had, on the contrary, written in the highest interests of the Church. Upon which he gave in so far as to say that, though

she might have written hostilely to the Church, unwittingly, he believed her conscience was clear in the matter, and he would therefore give her full absolution and the Papal benediction, which will invest her with all the last offices of the Church, and leave nothing more to be done, die when she may.

February 18 [1888].—It appears that the sister had come upon a copy of *The Perfect Way*, and seeing Mary's name as one of the writers, had told the priest of it. The sister has really become an intolerable nuisance, and Mary has more than once complained to me with tears in her eyes that she is so worried and wearied by her that she must have another nurse the moment she can bear the change. She tells me that last night the sister again recurred to *The Perfect Way*, telling her that she would get into serious trouble if she did not submit to the Church in the matter; and on Mary cutting her short, and refusing to do anything of the kind, or to listen to her on the subject, she became sulky, and made no attempt to help her to move when she wanted to change her position on account of the pain, and refused for some time to bring her some fruit when asked to do so, and then brought her but a very small quantity, and refused to bring more. Her demeanour, Mary says, was like that of a person angry at being baffled in a cherished purpose. The sister clearly considers herself as but an instrument of the priests, to be used in the interests of their order; in which case she is here as a nurse only under false pretences.

Mary tells me also that owing to the excitement of the altercation with the sister she must have carried on the conversation afterwards in her sleep, for she was awakened by the sister asking her what she meant by saying that. "Saying what?" "That I do not know my own religion." "I must have said it in my sleep, then," replied Mary, "for I am not aware of having said it, and you woke me by speaking to me."

Much as she suffered through this course of experience, she declared to me that it was most valuable to her, and she would not have missed it on any account. For she had before no conception of the awful results of the conventual system in crushing the minds and darkening the souls of its victims, and if allowed to recover—which she now more than ever desired for the purpose—she would make the exposure of it a leading part of her work. Such systematic suppression of the faculties divinely given us in order to be unfolded, and such refusal of the experiences calculated to unfold them, was nothing short of rank blasphemy against both God and man. No wonder the priesthood condemns and turns away from all that is Hermetic. It knows that, as the Spirit of Understanding, Hermes and their system cannot exist together. "Why, only think," she exclaimed in conclusion of her denunciation, "the sister actually believes that the pearls and precious stones promised to the saints hereafter, as a reward

for their self-sacrifices here, are actually material jewels ! And when I told her they were symbols of spiritual gifts and graces, she would not hear of such a thing."

Indeed, one of the sister's most marked characteristics was her imperviousness to any suggestion that might serve to enlarge or enlighten her mind. The moment a remark was made to her that failed to tally with the ideas imposed on her, she would set her face as a flint in such a manner as to suggest that, by dint of tremendous self-discipline, she had acquired the power of closing her ears with the same readiness as her eyes. And this, it appeared, was one of the "rules" of her order. Not only might she not read any but the books prescribed ; she might not hear any but the beliefs prescribed.

Again and again, when the hour approached for the sister to relieve me in the sick-room, the poor sufferer fervently expressed the wish that I could remain with her instead, so distressing to her was the manner in which the sister talked when she did talk, or watched her when silent, as if endeavouring to obtain control over her by the power of her will. Eager to relieve her of what I saw was a growing bondage, my reply on such occasions was, that I would gladly stay by her—I had long since learned to rest as well in a chair as in a bed—but it meant the sister's dismissal next morning, and the engagement of a fresh nurse. And from this she shrank, her only expressed reason being her aversion to having another strange woman about her, and to have to break her in to her ways. But—as I later became fully convinced—the real reason was her inability to shake off the spell—magnetic or hypnotic—which the priest and the sister had cast on her. And it was this that she meant when she remarked to me, "When I get better, you and A. will have to take me far away and hide me where they cannot find me. For, now that they have got hold of me, they will never let me go so long as they know where I am."

Not thinking the end so near, A. had returned to his duties some days before it came. She had then, of her own accord, renounced her intention of being cremated, her sole reason being to spare A. the difficulty and possible annoyance which her persistence might cause him. He had readily consented to her wishes, and had received her instructions respecting the spot in which she wished to be laid. This was a spot in Atcham Churchyard, on the edge

of the Severn's bank, above the reach of floods, in view of the vicarage windows, and where we had been wont to stroll, gathering herbs for her pets, or watching the sunset gleaming on the river. It was through her own extraordinary love of circumstantial detail that the design to be cremated was abandoned. It had been settled that the burning at Woking was to be kept secret, and followed by a regular funeral in the ordinary style at Atcham, to avoid offending the prejudices of the rustic population of his parish, who would inevitably visit their disapprobation on A. "But," she exclaimed, "the bearers will know by the lightness of the coffin that my body is not in it!" The reply that the undertaker would be instructed to put in something to compensate for the deficiency failed to satisfy her; and she forthwith abandoned her intention of being cremated at all, her sense of the ridiculous serving to reinforce her reluctance to expose A. to the liabilities in question. "I see now," she remarked, "cremation is the best plan in itself, and for the generality; but it is not best for me, placed as I am in regard to others, and it would be selfish in me to persist." She further assured me that one of her fears of burial arose from the possibility of her being taken for dead when only in a trance; to avoid the risk of which we were to make very certain that she was really dead, and if there was any room for doubt, to have a *post-mortem* examination made. The sister had been worrying her, she added, to go through a grand service in the Pro-Cathedral, and be buried with Catholic rites in the Catholic cemetery, and would not take no for an answer, so she had left off saying no, and taken refuge in silence. The sister could not understand her caring more to be buried at her own home among her own relations, Protestants as they were, than in the bosom of the Church.

As is characteristic of consumption, the approach of the end was marked by increased hopefulness on the part of the sufferer, leading her to fancy she was actually mending, and might yet recover, even though at death's door.

At times she would forget her pains, and be even blithe and cheerful, especially when the sister had retired to rest and she found herself alone with me and able to converse unrestrainedly; and she took delight in being wheeled by me into the parlour to sit by me at my meals, when she would recount to me all that had passed between her and the sister, their conversations, and

the things she had read in the sister's books of devotion ; and how clear to herself was the spiritual intention of things to which the Church persisted in giving meanings grossly material and idolatrous ; and how the sister was perpetually saying prayers to the saints, especially St Bridget and St Joseph, and to no one else, until she had felt tempted to tell her that she seemed to believe in everyone except God. " And only think ! " she exclaimed, " the sister is so ignorant as to suppose that re-incarnation is an article of the Protestant faith ! For after you had said to her that monks and nuns would have to come back again to the earth to learn the lessons they have shirked by withdrawing from the world, she said to me that the Protestants are such fools that they actually believe people live more than once ! "

And then she would descant on the work she would do in abolition of all the wicked falsehoods which had brought the world into its present terrible plight, until, as may readily be understood, I found her cheerfulness and hopefulness more saddening even than her opposite moods, knowing as I did their deceptiveness and what they portended.

Meanwhile she received from time to time illuminations which she described rapturously as being most glorious, confirming and amplifying all that we had been taught, and disclosing vista after vista of the divinest truth and beauty beyond. " But," she would add tearfully, " I am too weak now to retain the particulars so as to tell you, or to write them down." Among the precious things thus lost to the world were some additional stanzas in continuation of the poem last cited—that commencing,

" Sweet lengths of shore with sea between "—

which she declared to be no less exquisite than those already received.

Nevertheless she was able, partly by the light of these illuminations, to give me some suggestions for adoption in *The Perfect Way* when the time should come for issuing a new edition. Some of them bore reference to certain things she had read in the devotional books shown her by the sister, and these suggestions she gave me, contrary to her usual practice, in the sister's presence and hearing, and with evident reference to her, as if designed to produce on her some impression apart from that founded on

their intrinsic nature and bearing. This, I found, was the impression that she wanted a change of some kind to be made in the book of which she wished the sister to be aware. As the immediate consequence of this action was a complete cessation of the sister's attempts to persuade her to recant her faith and repudiate her share in *The Perfect Way*, there was an obvious motive for the stratagem, and one which justified it as a means of escape from a persecution as cruel as it was unwarrantable, though it was one which she would assuredly not have employed had she foreseen the purpose to which it would be turned after her death, and on account of which I have thus minutely recorded these particulars.

Monday, February 20 [1888], was the last day on which she was able to quit her room and sit beside me at my dinner. A. was still absent. On the following [Tuesday] afternoon, towards six o'clock, the difficulty of breathing became so great that she was compelled to exchange her bed for the large easy-chair which stood beside it; and, being unable to sit back, she rested her head on a pillow placed on a small table before her, and never again left her seat. The trouble arose from her inability to free the chest from the accumulated secretions, owing to the loss of power caused by the morphine taken to allay the cough. She was very quiescent, but fully conscious, and really suffered less than she appeared to do, through the deadening effect of the drug. Tiring of this position in the course of the night, she signed to me to come close and let her rest her head on my shoulder, for which purpose I took up a kneeling position by her on a cushion, which I maintained unchanged for several hours, which were passed in silence. Towards dawn she desired me to telegraph for A. to come by first train from Shrewsbury, which would bring him early in the afternoon at soonest. Later, she desired the doctor to be summoned. He arrived about ten, when she asked him to administer a subcutaneous injection of morphine, on the plea that it would enable her to cough up the secretions. Considering the amount she had taken internally over night, he suggested an alternative treatment of an innocuous character, to which she assented, but declined it when about to be applied. Not apprehending an early termination, the doctor took his leave, promising to return early in the afternoon. She then resumed her previous position, resting her head on my shoulder and clasp-

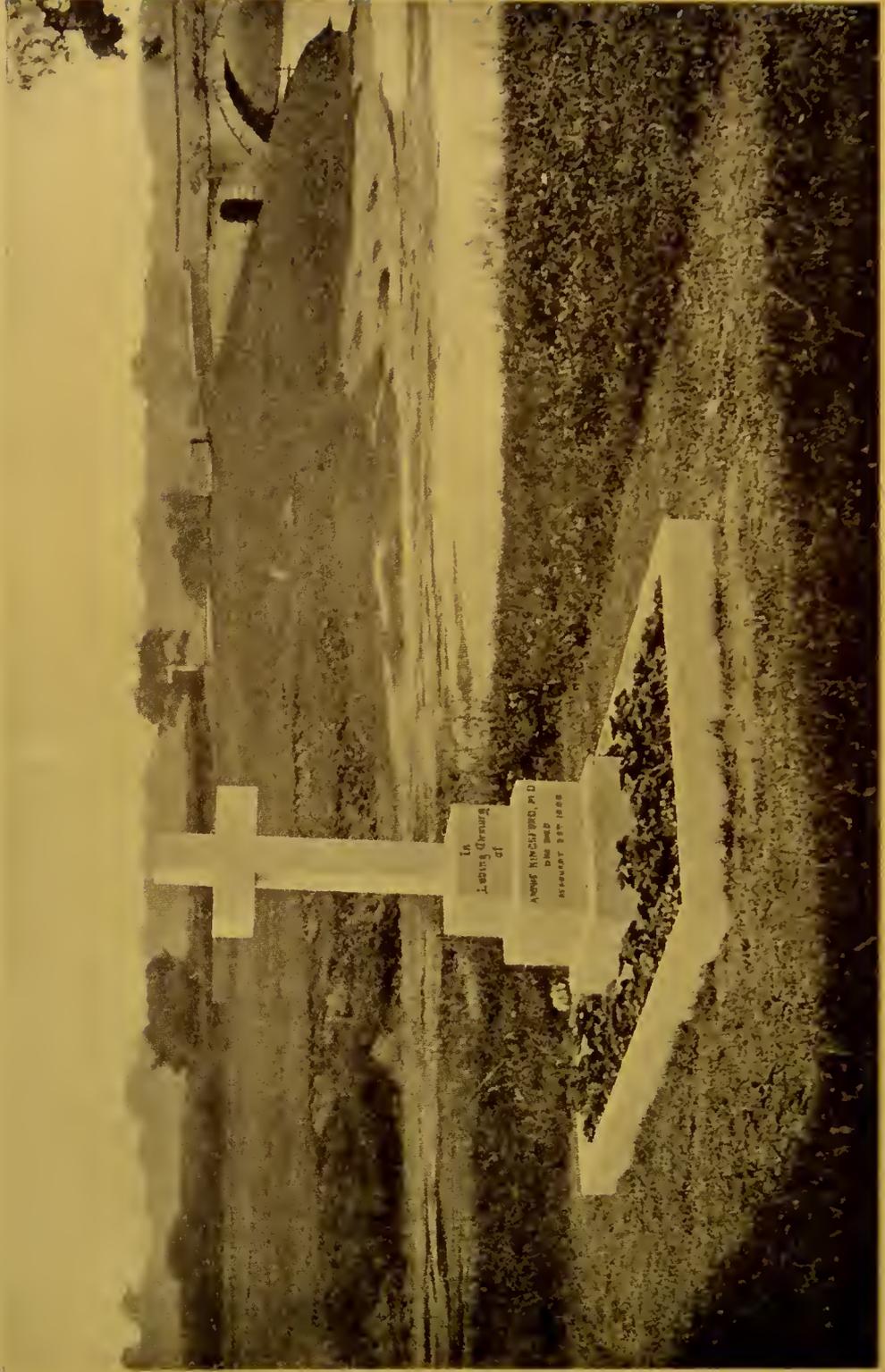
ing one of my hands as I knelt beside her, the hour being about eleven. Meanwhile the sister, having first asked my permission, recited some prayers, kneeling behind me. No word was spoken by Mary, nor any heed given to the images and pictures with which the sister had surrounded her. She was fully conscious, but her thoughts were inward, and nothing external affected her. I felt, however, that I knew her thoughts. As I read them, she was making up her mind to withdraw from her body as no longer of any possible use, but a hindrance only and a cause of distress to herself and others. Having patiently endured all that she was called on to endure, she was now free to depart. Such was my reading of her thoughts at this time; and we had been accustomed to read each other's thoughts in a manner that often startled us.

The first token of her actual departure was the sudden coldness of her hands. Then drops of sweat appeared on the brow and neck, which, on touching, I found to be cold and clammy. She then raised her head from my shoulder, and for the first time in those eighteen hours leant back against the pillows behind her. On this I rose from my kneeling posture and stood over her, steadying her head with both hands. In another moment she silently and painlessly, and to all appearance consciously and voluntarily, exhaled out her life in one long breath, her face and eyes at once losing all signs of animation. The withdrawal at that moment was distinct, certain, and complete.

After having, with the sister's aid, lifted the body on to the bed, I withdrew, to allow the necessary offices to be performed, and await the coming of A. He had lost no time, but nevertheless failed to arrive until some two hours after she had died. He likewise observed the completeness of the withdrawal, as also did those of our friends who saw her and were possessed of psychological knowledge. They one and all agreed in regarding her appearance after death as a proof of the high development of the psychic and spiritual principles of her system, since not otherwise could she have effected her withdrawal so rapidly and completely. From the first moment it was impossible to conceive of her as being in a trance, as she had feared.

“ *February 22 [1888], Evg.*

“ DEAR MRS JAMES,—Our long hopes and fears have come at last to a sudden end. After an all-night struggle for breath Mrs



ANNA KINGFORD'S GRAVE.

James Hyatt.

face p. 363, vol. ii.

Kingsford passed away in perfect ease at noon to-day, surprising even the doctor who had seen her an hour before and discerned no immediate danger. . . . One of her latest utterances was that she could carry on the work better from the other side, where she would be free of her physical limitations. That, and that only, would be any consolation and compensation. May it be indeed so.—Always yours sincerely,
EDWARD MAITLAND."

" 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W.
February 25, 1888.

" DEAR OUSELEY,—I seize the first moment possible to tell you of our sad loss. Mrs Kingsford died on Wednesday at noon after an eighteen hours' struggle for breath, sitting in her chair and supported by me—her husband failing to arrive in time—but at the the end in perfect ease. A vast relief for her this escape from a world which shocked her at every turn, and an organism which from infancy had been a torture-chamber to her, so constant and severe were her sufferings through its inherited characteristics. To the last I had some hope, knowing her marvellous vitality, and could only fitting conditions of climate have been found she would—I felt—have recovered. But in her state of weakness and emaciation removal was out of the question. Only in her own home could she have got the necessary nursing and other comforts. However, it was not to be, or it would have been. And now, my only consolation is in the consciousness of having spared myself in nothing to secure her welfare, and indulging the hope that she may be enabled to return in spirit and continue to co-operate with me in the work. She promised to do so if possible,—the doubt lay in the probability that she would require too long a rest ere again fit for activity.—Always yours sincerely,
EDWARD MAITLAND."

The burial took place [on the following Wednesday] at Atcham, in accordance with her expressed wishes, and was attended by several of her brothers and a large assemblage from the countryside. Snow fell during the ceremonial. Many wreaths, both from individuals and from societies, testified to the estimation in which she was held. The societies thus represented were those devoted to the causes for which chiefly she had worked herself to death. In due time a memorial was erected over her grave, with the inscription, "In loving memory of Annie Kingsford, M.D., who died February 22nd, 1888."

CHAPTER XXXVI

PRIEST VERSUS PROPHET

As this is a history, not of a life only, but of a work, and is both biographical and autobiographical, the record does not terminate with the life of its chief subject. From the funeral I returned to the flat in Kensington, with the intention of making it my home until such time as a purchaser was found for the lease and furniture, supposing that I lived so long. For of this I had serious cause to doubt, so low had I been brought by the prolonged period of intense anxiety and unceasing service rendered under conditions the reverse of hygienic, the effect of which was manifested in repeated alarming failures of the heart's action. And besides the physical condition, the tension on the spiritual bond between us was so extreme as to require all my force of will to avoid being drawn over to the side where now my colleague was. Of my duty to resist the traction thus set up I had no manner of doubt. Our work was far from accomplished, and it was made clear to me that the chief reason for her removal was that it might be accomplished. For, whereas this was impossible so long as she continued to linger on in weakness and suffering, to the entire engrossment of my thought and care, time and strength, her departure would set both of us free to continue our collaboration. This was a possibility of which I had no manner of doubt, provided only my own condition were such as to render me sensitive to her action. And for this it was necessary for my system to recover its lost health and tone. To have allowed myself to pass over in order to rejoin her would, I felt, have been to subject us both to the bitterness of regret on the score of work left unaccomplished; whereas by remaining here and continuing our collaboration, instead of bitterness we should have supreme satisfaction, the tie between us being of the spirit, and needing not the bodily presence.

Nevertheless, despite my firm faith in the perfection of the arrangements on the other side, I found it almost impossible to imagine her as no longer needing the services I had for so many years been accustomed to render her.

The letters of condolence which now poured in upon me helped me much, especially by their unreserving recognition of her and her work. It is because they are tributary to her that I reproduce the following selection from them. The first is from Lady Caithness :—

“ PALAIS TIRANTY, NICE, *February 25, 1888.*

“ DEAREST FRIEND,—Your sad news reached me this morning, and has naturally affected me very much; though I knew how *very, very* ill she was, yet I always fancied she would recover. I thought she was an instrument in the hands of those who would be powerful to protect her for their work. I fancy that they must be as deeply grieved as we are that she should be called away from earth just when she seems, *to us* at least, to be the most wanted. Of course we are but short-sighted mortals; and, after all, her withdrawal *may* ultimately prove to be for the advantage of the great cause in which she was the foremost worker. And I shall not be at all surprised to hear before long that you will *feel* her presence, and that she will be able to accomplish much more through you than she could have done henceforward *with* you. Perhaps she had to go first that she might thus work through you, instead of having to seek for another; and to this hope I now cling. But, my poor friend, my heart bleeds for you in your loneliness. What will you ever do without her glorious companionship, to which you have now been accustomed so many, many years? And at Atcham! in that lonely little study, without her bright presence, what will you do? Oh! it is too sad to think of you thus all alone, and with no sympathetic nature with whom to share your thought; and then to see that sad grave! Still, perhaps, she can come sooner to you there than anywhere else; for you will be surrounded by her *aura* and influence. Every book on the shelves will seem to you part of herself. I am so glad I have been at Atcham, and can see you there, but always with her! Poor Mrs Kingsford! and Edith too! . . . My poor, darling, sweet, lovely friend, it seems impossible I shall never see her again, or receive her beautiful letters. I shall always keep her portrait before me. I thought as long as I kept the little one where she is in the same frame with you, and the Holy Spirit in the shape of a Dove between you, that she would live on; but there it is before me, and you are alone! I am going to write to the Mount-Temples to tell them the sad news. Let me hear from you as often as you can. And oh! pray remember that I feel deeply for you, and sympathise most affectionately in your grief.—Your affectionate old friend,

“ MARIE CAITHNESS.”

I had written at the same time to Lady Mount-Temple, who wrote in return as follows :—

“ CIRNIEZ, *February 25, 1888.*

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—What a blow! I thought she would be restored to us. What will you do? Can you live without her? *Where* is she? Is she near you? I have told Broadlands to send a wreath. Will you lay it over her beautiful body, with love in every leaf? I long to pour it out warm and living from my heart over her, noble, lovely creature, the friend of God, woman, and the lowest creatures! What a dreadful loss to poor Earth! Dear Mr Maitland, tell me some time that you are not in despair. Tell me if I can do anything for you. Count me your friend to the end of the chapter,—and *beyond*, I hope.—Yours ever, and *hers*,

“ GEORGINA MT.-TEMPLE.”

From Lady Wilde came a card inscribed, “ With deep grief for the loss of one of the noblest and most gifted of English-women.”

Lady Wilde subsequently wrote to me of her :—

“ Reading her writings, I at once appreciate the deep thought, vivid imagination, and great learning displayed in them. Truly she was a great light in the world, gifted beyond her sex, with strange insight for the deep and mystic things of the spirit. Much of her nature is now a revelation to me. I wish I had known her better while she was present here. She was but half-understood by all of us. Her queenly social graces were so striking that we rested there in admiration, while the inspired prophet-nature within her was not recognised as it merited, nor her ceaseless efforts in all she wrote to lift the Human to the Divine.”

Baron Spedalieri wrote as follows :—

“ MARSEILLES, *February 25, 1888.*

“ MY DEAR, VERY DEAR, SIR AND DESOLATE FRIEND,—On the sight of your heartrending letter I was seized with a trembling, and my eyes—filled with tears—prevented me at first from perusing it. Though prepared for such a fatal event, the shock was none the less tremendous, and words fail me to give expression to my sad anguish. I am writing having our dear departed one’s last post-card before me, and bitterly crying.

“ But, however great is my grief, it is increased by the thought of yours. I can imagine how comfortless it must be, the severance of a spiritual tie being not comparable to that of a material one. It is the parting of a soul in two, one of which is gone far off. I, who am aware of all the circumstances of your life and work with our for ever lamented friend—I only may estimate your bereavement. But I am aware at the same time that you may have a fount of consolation which you may get at; and I don’t despair of a future, if not a happy but a resigned one. You have yet a great and *double* mission to fulfil. Be then of good cheer, as much as it is now permitted. If the thought of a friend’s friendship, more than ever devoted and affectionate, may concur to assuage your immense sorrow, remember that you will have him in your true friend,

“ SPEDALIERI.”

The Rev. John Manners sent me the following :—

“ CLAREMONT, BROCKLEY, *February 27, 1888.*

“ MY DEAR MAITLAND,—Now that *dear* Mrs Kingsford has been called to leave the frail tabernacle—the so-called earthly—or covering of the essential and celestial, which she had and has, she will be the better qualified to fulfil her high mission *in, through, and by* Christ Jesus the Lord, in pure love and wisdom. I ever did and *do* feel the deepest regard and love for her and yourself and work. —Believe me ever yours affectionately,
J. MANNERS.”

Mr Edmund J. Baillie wrote :—

“ WOODBINE, UPTON PARK, CHESTER, *February 25, 1888.*

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—I cannot tell you with what sorrow I learned the death of Mrs Kingsford, for whom I entertained something more than a profound admiration.

“ I was hoping her life might be spared to us yet a while, especially as the loss will be so keenly felt just now at this time ; but the purposes of the Eternal are wisely ordered on the lines of Love, and ‘ What I do thou knowest not now ’ is the fitting admonition from the Silence until the waiting heart hears the whisper from the Morning-land.

“ In my searchings for light I have always been helped by the writings of the pure soul so recently released, and I feel saddened by the thought that I cannot again receive from her lips those words of counsel which always carried force and prompted the heart unfettered to take divine wings and fly for a while to a haven of rest, where in quiet the breath of peace came, and with it the strength and solace of a new life, to the full enjoyment of which she has now entered.—Believe me, my dear Mr Maitland, ever gratefully and faithfully,
EDMUND J. BAILLIE.”

The following is from Mrs Elma Stuart, whose name will be familiar to many as that of the particular friend of “ George Eliot ” :—

“ MONTREUX, *February 25, 1888.*

“ MY POOR DEAR FRIEND,—Ah ! what can I say to you ? There is no comfort for you in *such* a loss—such a terrible loss ; desolation indeed—you may well call it that—for you for ever. Even for me—and I was only a very recent friend ; but I tenderly love her, and with my whole heart and soul admired her—even for me there is a blank that can never be filled. The world will not now know its loss, *but it is very great.* She was a Power for good in it. Ah ! who is left like her at all ? and what is in her place ? Ah me ! but it is you—you I think most of, and oh ! I am so sorry for you. My heart goes out to you in tenderest sympathy, as if I were indeed your mother, and you were indeed my son. Ah, how we will speak of her in the years to be, the years that are left us ! *You* will feel as if she were ever near you. I cannot feel so. Even now I can hardly realise it, hardly believe it. It seems too dreadful. We are all

bereaved—all robbed of something that made life better and higher, more worth living, more lovely—but you most of all. *Try and rest now*, dear; try and sleep. You must sorely, sorely need it. I know the thousand things you have to do and think of—(and how *more* than kind and sweet and good it was of you to write to me in them all—how kind you have *always* been to me!)—but rest you *must* have; do take it; *for Her dear sake*, rest now and sleep. You have work to do for Her—for us all. Your strength has been terribly tried, and *how* you must need rest—sleep and forgetfulness for a while! Let me hope that I shall always keep the great and precious privilege of your friendship, which, believe me—pray believe me—I know well how to be grateful for and to keenly appreciate.—Dear friend, in spirit I wring your hand in unspeakable sympathy, and am your very anxious, affectionate friend,
 ELMA STUART.”

The following letters appeared in *Light* of March 10 :—

“ *To the Editor of ‘Light.’*

“ SIR,—Will you allow me to add a word of regret to your own editorial respecting the removal from amongst us of Dr Anna Kingsford? We believe that she is only removed in bodily presence; nevertheless we cannot but feel the blank.

“ She was surely one of the most gifted women of our day and generation. Her spiritual insight, her acute reasoning faculty, her knowledge in deep occult subjects, were most notably married to a very remarkable gift of luminous exposition, beautiful expression, and a vivid poetic imagination. None who were privileged to hear her essays read at her own house, and at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, in connection with the Hermetic Society, of which she was President, can easily forget them; their impression and influence are ineffaceable. Her services in the cause of the poor animals subjected by modern science to the hideous and diabolical practice of vivisection are also to be remembered with heartfelt gratitude. She, ‘being dead, yet speaketh.’—Yours faithfully,

“ RODEN NOEL.

“ ANERLEY PARK, *March 5, 1888.*”

“ SIR,—The readers of *Light* must feel great regret at the sad intelligence they learned in your last issue of the death of Dr Anna Kingsford.

“ We have for so many years been accustomed to her able pen as a contributor to *Light* that it will only be by degrees that we shall understand the magnitude of our loss.

“ Truly she was a peerless and a matchless woman, and there is no one to take her place.

“ She was really the greatest opponent to vivisection, and the most powerful writer against it, of any in England. It remains to be seen whether her mantle will fall on any other prophet of humanity; because, unless it does in a full degree, the promoters of vivisection will surely now have their day.

“ Those of us who know Dr Anna Kingsford’s share in that unequalled and most remarkable work *The Perfect Way*, must feel

that such a work was a gift worthy of a lifetime, and that it is really a book for and of the future. The doctrines therein unfolded are, for the present, too pure and high (exquisitely simple withal) for the general mind to grasp.

“ Confused metaphysics are the order of the day, and works in which true order is their quintessence are not yet truly ‘ understood of the people.’

“ There are many most interesting notices of this most gifted woman’s life in the journals of the day, but we, as readers of *Light*, are most nearly concerned with the loftiest side of her character, her so-called mysticism, a gift which is bewildering to some of her memorialists, but not to us, and we know that in losing Anna Kingsford we have lost one of the most excellent seeresses of modern times.

“ I saw her, to my great sorrow, after her death, and I would like to mention something that struck me, namely, that her beautiful face looked to me so *very, very dead*, if I can so describe it. There was an absence of that peaceful look of sleep one sees so often, as if the soul still lingered near, and the senses were still tinged with a feeling of a happy dream. There was nothing of this sort here; her face looked to me as if her noble spirit had taken its flight so completely and so absolutely away from its encumbrance that there was not the faintest trace that it ever had been on earth at all. Her soul, so long trained to supersensual things, would, straight like an arrow, find its way, with no lingering on the frontiers. But I must not detain you; other pens will doubtless have something to say on this subject.—Faithfully yours,

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

“ BEDFORD PARK.”

The following is the obituary notice in *Light* of March 10, 1888:—

THE LATE DR ANNA KINGSFORD

“ We are assured that our insertion of the following tribute to this lamented and highly gifted lady will gratify a public extending to the farthest quarters of the globe, to whom she was in the fullest sense of the terms at once Apostle and Prophet. Her labours on behalf of the principles of mercy and justice, especially in their application to the animals, are too well known to require more than a brief allusion here. For her, not only the happiness of the animal world, but the character of the mankind of the future, was involved in the question. Science, morality, and religion were equally at stake. Hence her assertion, enforced with the impassioned eloquence and logical reasoning for which she was remarkable, that that which is morally wrong cannot be scientifically right, and that to seek one’s own advantage regardless of the cost to other sentient beings is to renounce humanity itself,—inasmuch as it is not the form but the character which really makes the man,—and to degrade those who do so to the sub-human and infernal.

“ The keynote to her teaching was the word Purity. She held that man, like everything else, is only at his best when pure. And her insistence upon a vegetable diet,—which she justified upon grounds at once physiological, chemical, hygienic, economical, moral, and

spiritual,—was based upon the necessity to his perfection of a purity of blood and tissue attainable only upon a regimen drawn direct from the fruits of the earth and excluding the products of the slaughter of innocent creatures. In thus teaching she had the strongest personal motives. She ascribed her own delicacy of constitution to the violation of the law of purity by her ancestors ; and her knowledge of the cruelties perpetrated in the world, especially those enacted in the name of science, robbed life of all joyousness for her, and made the earth a hell from which she was eager to escape. Her scorn and contempt for a society which, by tolerating vivisection, consented to accept for itself benefits obtained at such terrible cost of suffering to others, were beyond all expression.

“ But Mrs Kingsford felt herself called to a loftier task than that of enforcing any particular application of her views. Recognising a defective system of thought as the source of the evils she deplored, and the insufficiency of any reform which stopped short at institutions and left men themselves no better, and finding the Churches, one and all, failing to provide an adequate remedy, she set herself to meet the want as only it could be met, namely, by interpreting to men their own nature, potentialities, and destiny. Hence her devotion to occult science and the studies and experiences represented especially in *The Perfect Way ; or, The Finding of Christ*,—a work which has found recognition among students of divine things in all countries, irrespective of religion or race, as the fullest exposition concerning God, nature, and man ever vouchsafed to this planet, and her share in which has gained for her the reputation of being a seer and prophet of unsurpassed lucidity and inspiration. For this book,—with its ‘ marvellous appendices,’ as they have been styled by a critic of high attainments,—was largely the result of illuminations and inspirations received by her chiefly in sleep, and constituting—as appeared on subsequent investigation—nothing less than a re-delivery, from the sources whence it originally came, of that divine Gnosis, variously called Hermetic and Kabalistic, which underlay and controlled all the world’s great religions and Bibles, and by the aid of which alone these can be interpreted. And this was given to her, not in suggestions and ideas only, but in language clear, precise, and exquisite, wholly beyond her own power of composition, and accompanied by dramatic experiences of the most striking kind. It was this faculty, possessed from childhood,—when it found expression in a number of tales and poems of a highly mystical character,—of withdrawal into the inmost and highest regions of the consciousness attaining to full intuition, and being taught directly of the Spirit,—a faculty due doubtless to the strength and purity of her own spirit,—that chiefly differentiated Anna Kingsford from the rest of her kind, and made of her for her intimates—to whom alone she disclosed her secret—a person apart and worthy of especial veneration. Taught from transcendental sources to regard herself as an appointed instrument in the Divine hands for the overthrow of the world’s materialistic system, she recognised the wisdom of the Providence which required of her an especial education, first in the tenets of the Christian Church, both Catholic and Reformed, and next in the philosophy and science of the world’s most materialistic school, the University of Paris.

“ Only they who know what it is to be hypersensitive to their spiritual surroundings can imagine the keen agony to her of the associations to which she was there of necessity exposed. That which sustained and carried her through her university course—a course which she achieved with high distinction—was the consciousness that her mission was a mission of redemption, and that only to those who have themselves been more or less ‘perfected through suffering’ is such mission ever entrusted.

“ Tall, slender, and graceful of form ; of striking beauty of face and delicacy of complexion, intelligence of expression and vivacity of manner ; with a noble brow, grey, deep-set eyes, a profusion of golden-auburn hair, a full, generous mouth, a rich musical voice, admirable elocution, and a persuasive eloquence ; alike artist, poet, orator, and philosopher,—Anna Kingsford was as a diamond with many facets, and the admiration and affection with which she inspired her friends, masculine and feminine alike, was of the most fervent kind. Her maiden name—in which her early writings were published, the first when in her fourteenth year—was Bonus, that of a great Italian family of the earlier Middle Ages, notable for the variety and excellence of their gifts and achievements, and from which her descent is believed to be traceable. She has left a husband and daughter. Her remains are interred in the churchyard of Atcham, near Shrewsbury, the parish of which her husband is vicar.

“ Although formally received into the Church of Rome in 1870 by Cardinal Manning, Mrs Kingsford was but nominally a Catholic, for she retained to the last complete independence of thought and action, declining any direction, although the prospect was more than once held before her of being made the head of a new order in the event of her submission. She was, however, too well aware that such compliance meant either total suppression or the restriction of her sphere of action and influence to a section and a denomination ; whereas she regarded her mission as a universal one, consisting in the interpretation to the world of the truth contained in the doctrines of religion. ‘ For the Church,’ she maintained, ‘ has all the truth, but the priests have materialised it, thus making themselves and their people idolaters,—idolatry being the materialisation of things spiritual.’

“ The early withdrawal of one thus gifted and thus commissioned will to most seem a mystery hard to be solved. But it may well be that as much as was required of her has been accomplished, and that, being dead, she may yet speak still more effectually through those who remain and who enjoyed her confidence, as well as through her writings, of which some yet remain to be published, and by the example of her life.”

The following extract from an obituary written by Mrs Fenwick Miller in the *Pictorial World* [and also in the *Lady's Pictorial*, March 3, 1888] has its value both as a testimony to her many-sidedness and as exhibiting her from the standpoint of one so wholly out of sympathy with the serious side of her nature as to be altogether unable to recognise the significance of her spiritual work :—

“ Mrs Kingsford, M.D., whose name is so familiar to subscribers to this paper, passed away from life on the 22nd of February, after an illness of more than a year’s duration.

“ In some respects, Mrs Kingsford was the most remarkable woman I have known. I have never known a woman so exquisitely beautiful as she who cultivated her brain so assiduously. I have never known a woman so courted and flattered by men so loyal to the interests of women. I have never known a woman in whom the dual nature that is more or less perceptible in every human creature was so strongly marked—so sensuous, so feminine on the one hand ; so spirituelle, so imaginative, on the other hand.

“ It was in the season of 1873 that I was introduced to Mrs Kingsford by Mrs George Sims, the mother of the well-known author. I was then only eighteen, and Mrs Kingsford was twenty-six. I find recorded in my Diary (for I had leisure to keep Diaries then) that I on that occasion thought Mrs Kingsford ‘ the most faultlessly beautiful woman I ever beheld ; her hair is like the sunlight, her features are exquisite, and her complexion—I can use no other term but faultless—not a spot, not a flaw, not a shade ! ’ Thus I fell in love with her face on the spot. Of her opinions and character I already knew some favourable facts. She had just had a brief experience of editing and owning a weekly paper devoted to what both she and I considered the best interests of our own sex. She had shown both judgment and courage as an editor, as well as a singular fairness to people of opposite views from her own. On the occasion of our first meeting, Miss Downing (then a well-known speaker on the woman’s suffrage platform ; dead now some years) objected to the idea that women must not eat heartily ; that women themselves, as she regretfully remarked, thought it unlady-like to eat two eggs for breakfast. ‘ No one, man or woman, ought to eat two eggs for breakfast,’ replied Mrs Kingsford. Hereupon I told her that I had clearly perceived her vegetarian views in her paper, and that I had therefore much admired her for printing a vehement attack on the practice from the pen of Miss Jex-Blake, M.D. ‘ I am glad you appreciated it,’ said Mrs Kingsford, ‘ for to print it was the hardest struggle I ever had in my life.’ It was certainly very broad-minded and generous.

“ Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Madame Bodichon, Mrs Henry Kingsley, and many other notable ladies contributed to Mrs Kingsford’s paper ; but it did not pay, and after losing a good deal of money over it she gave it up. In the next year, 1874, she began the study of medicine. I also was at that time a medical student, though I had already come to contemplate the probability that I should, for a variety of reasons, resign medical work for literature. Mrs Kingsford was very desirous that I should accompany her to Paris to study—our acquaintance having by this time much developed. I had been down to Hinton Hall, Shropshire, her home then, and had seen Mr Kingsford and her little girl ; and we had talked miles of ideas in her pretty little boudoir, where a statue of the Virgin, revered with cups of roses and a tinted lamp, stood in one corner, giving it the air of an oratory. Mrs Kingsford, though her husband was a Church of England clergyman, had herself joined the Catholic Church. I never heard from her one word

that reminded me of this fact ; and indeed, it is only as I recall her room—with its writing-table under the window that looked on to the Welsh hills, and its abundance of easy-chairs, and its ranks of books of all kinds—that I remember where the Madonna's image stood, and then recall that Mrs Kingsford was understood to be a Catholic.¹

“ I saw her for the last time in November. She was terribly ill, but her gay spirits and her beauty of face were almost unimpaired. ‘ I think my face eats on its own account,’ she said : ‘ it absorbs the cold cream I give it. My arms are thin enough !’ She knew, reasonably speaking, how very ill she was, and that her recovery was impossible. ‘ But I cannot feel as if I am going to die,’ she declared ; ‘ life, all that makes *me*, my intellect, my feelings, are so keen—as acute as they ever were ; how can I believe that it is all over with me ?’ She said it cheerfully—nay, stoically—but it was a painful moment. With the extraordinary hopefulness characteristic of consumption, she then began to talk about beginning some new literary work ‘ at Christmas.’ She asked me to find her a lady to read the Greek and Latin poets with her, ‘ for I may as well make use of my involuntary leisure,’ she added. She looked so young and pretty as she lay on her couch, in a black satin tea-gown, and with a large red fan in her hand ; her intellect was so active, her wish to live so apparent, and yet her acceptance of her danger so heroic—ah, what a tragedy is human life with death at the end of it !

“ Her mysticism about religious matters was to me simply unintelligible. This developed greatly of late years. She founded a society (‘ The Hermetic ’) for studying the soul and occult ‘ science ’ ; was once President of the Theosophical Society ; and believed that she had supernatural revelations, the substance of which is set forth in her book, *The Finding of Christ*. If, on the one hand, she thus soared into the empyrean far beyond my vision, on the other hand she descended, to my thinking, to depths of practicality in her counsels about putting on rouge, dyeing the hair, and various other matters, in which she equally surprised me. Yet I am sure she meant what she wrote in these columns : ‘ A true woman thinks first of her heart, secondly of her mind, and last of her personal appearance.’

“ Mrs Kingsford was a great lover of animals. She wore feathers in place of fur, silk gloves in all weathers, and some vegetable material for her shoes, so as not to destroy animal life for her adornment. She was a tower of strength to the anti-vivisection cause, in an effort to serve which, indeed, she lost her life. I will conclude this brief and imperfect sketch by telling this story in her own words, in a letter written to me last April :—‘ One horribly wet day, November 17 last, I took into my head to visit M. Pasteur's laboratory. I waded across Paris in the sleet and mud, and stood

¹ Edward Maitland says that in 1874, when his collaboration with Anna Kingsford commenced, she was “ already practically detached ” from the Roman Catholic Church—“ not indeed by formally quitting it, but by holding aloof from its ministrations and discipline, and observing perfect freedom in thought, speech, and action ” (Letter dated August 10, 1891, to *The Evening News and Post*. The letter is reprinted in *Light*, 1891, p. 416).
—S. H. H.

a long time in wet boots and clothes, and got back at last after about five hours, soaked to the skin. Result, severe neuralgia and inflammation of the lungs. Inflammation did not dry up, as it should, but got "cheesy," and, after I had been in bed a month, I began to spit blood. I had a cough that was almost incessant, and, after many doctors had debated over me, I was informed that my left lung was tuberculous, and my best chance was the Riviera. Husband came over, and we started. . . . My doctor (Lutaud, editor of the *Medical Journal*, and Pasteur's great antagonist) came to see me there. He chaffed me about Pasteur being the death of me after all; but I don't think he would have done that if he thought I should really die. Of course I am a complete invalid. . . . People live years with only one lung, and do lots of work. But to think that, as Lutaud says, Pasteur should have cost me all this! And the earthquake missed *him*! Have you seen Lutaud's book about Pasteur? I take it for granted you agree with L. and me. . . . Good-bye! Pray let me hear about you everywhere. Women have no worker so good and *thorough* as you are. I think, of all your *Lady's Pictorial* papers, I like best those in which you showed by the example of Mendelssohn's sister and Herschel's what women *might* be if they were not everlastingly suppressed and bullied into silence. When idiots like —— tell us women have never been great—that they have been tried and found wanting, and so forth—these little biographies are a pathetically eloquent reply. My heart aches when I read these things, and feel all the pangs of disappointed hope and ambition that women must have suffered. . . . Yours always affectionately,

A. K.' "

The obituary notice in *Lucifer* of March 1888 was preceded by a letter to me from Madame Blavatsky, in which she says:—

"I have written for this *Lucifer* a little obituary of her whom I now know and appreciate ten times more than I did during her life. I did the best I could, letting rather my heart speak, and leaving the brain suggestions to those who say that which they do not feel. I do not like that notice of her in the *Pictorial World*; it is too flippant in my estimation. The one in *Light* is *very* good."

"THE LATE MRS ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

"We have this month to record, with the deepest regret, the passing away from this physical world of one who more than any other has been instrumental in demonstrating to her fellow-creatures the great fact of the conscious existence—hence of the immortality—of the inner Ego.

"We speak of the death of Mrs Anna Kingsford, M.D., which occurred on Tuesday, February 22, after a somewhat painful and prolonged illness. Few women have worked harder than she has, or in more noble causes; none with more success in the cause of Humanitarianism. Hers was a short but a most useful life. Her intellectual fight with the vivisectionists of Europe, at a time when the educated and scientific world was more strongly fixed in the grasp

of materialism than at any other period in the history of civilisation, alone proclaims her as one of those who, regardless of conventional thought, have placed themselves at the very focus of the controversy, prepared to dare and brave all the consequences of their temerity. Pity and justice to animals were among Mrs Kingsford's favourite texts when dealing with this part of her life's work ; and by reason of her general culture, her special training in the science of medicine, and her magnificent intellectual power, she was enabled to influence and work in the way she desired upon a very large proportion of those people who listened to her words or read her writings. Few women wrote more graphically, more takingly, or possessed a more fascinating style.

“ Mrs Kingsford's field of activity, however, was not limited to the purely physical, mundane plane of life. She was a Theosophist, and a true one at heart ; a leader of spiritual and philosophical thought, gifted with most exceptional psychic attributes. In connection with Mr Edward Maitland, her truest friend—one whose incessant watchful care has undeniably prolonged her delicate, ever-threatened life for several years, and who received her last breath—she wrote several books dealing with metaphysical and mystical subjects. The first and most important was *The Perfect Way ; or, The Finding of Christ*, which gives the esoteric meaning of Christianity. It sweeps away many of the difficulties that thoughtful readers of the Bible must contend with in their endeavours to either understand or accept literally the story of Jesus Christ as it is presented in the Gospels.

“ She was for some time President of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and after resigning that office she founded ‘ The Hermetic Society ’ for the special study of Christian Mysticism. She herself, though her religious ideas differed widely on some points from Eastern philosophy, remained a faithful member of the Theosophical Society, and a loyal friend to its leaders. [Both she and Mr Maitland resigned from the London Lodge, but not from the parent Society.]¹ She was one the aspirations of whose whole life were ever turned towards the eternal and the true. A mystic by nature—the most ardent one to those who knew her well—she was still a very remarkable woman even in the opinion of the materialists and the unbelievers. For, besides her remarkably fine and intellectual face, there was that in her which arrested the attention of the most unobserving, and foreign to any metaphysical speculation. For, as Mrs Fenwick Miller writes, though Mrs Kingsford's mysticism was ‘ simply unintelligible ’ to her, yet we find this did not prevent the writer from perceiving the truth. As she describes her late friend ‘ I have never known a woman so exquisitely beautiful as she who cultivated her brain so assiduously. I have never known a woman in whom the dual nature that is more or less perceptible in every human creature was so strongly marked—so sensuous, so feminine on the one hand ; so spiritual, so imaginative, on the other hand.’

“ The spiritual and psychic nature had always the upper hand over the sensuous and feminine, and the circle of her mystically inclined friends will miss her greatly, for such women as she are not numerous

¹ See p. 221 *ante*.

in the same century. The world in general has lost in Mrs Kingsford one who can be very ill spared in this era of materialism. The whole of her adult life was passed in working unselfishly for others, for the elevation of the spiritual side of humanity. We can, however, in regretting her death, take comfort in the thought that good work cannot be lost or die, though the worker is no longer among us to watch for the fruit. And Anna Kingsford's work will still be bearing fruit even when her memory has been obliterated with the generations of those who knew her well, and new generations will have approached the psychic mysteries still nearer.

“ *** The boasts made by the Roman Catholic *Weekly Register*, to the effect that Mrs Kingsford died in the bosom of the Church, having abjured her views, psychism, theosophy, and even her *Perfect Way* and writings in general, have been vigorously refuted in the same paper by her husband, Rev. A. Kingsford, and Mr Maitland. We are sorry to hear that her last days were embittered by the mental agony inflicted upon her by an unscrupulous nun, who, as Mr Maitland declared to us, was smuggled in as a nurse,¹ and who did nothing but bother her patient, ‘importune her,’ and ‘pray.’ That Mrs Kingsford was entirely against the *theology* of the Church of Rome, though believing in Catholic doctrines, may be proved by one of her last letters to us, on ‘poor, slandered St Satan,’ in connection with certain attacks on the name of our journal, *Lucifer*. We have preserved this and several other letters, as they were all written between September 1887 and January 1888. They thus remain eloquent witnesses against the pretensions of the *Weekly Register*, for they prove that Mrs Kingsford neither abjured her views, nor ‘died in fidelity to the Catholic Church’ ! ”

The *Vegetarian Messenger* contained the following tribute to her :—

“ ANNA (NINON) KINGSFORD

“ Born 16th September 1846. Died 22nd February 1888.

“ No more her soft and silvery voice is heard
In pleadings for the tortured and the weak ;
No more her friendly aid the friendless seek,
Or know her kindly hand and kindly word.
No more, no more ! Is all then passed away ?

Knowledge and genius swallowed in the tomb !
Is virtue silenced in that dark and gloom,
Not piercéd by one bright consoling ray ?
Grieve not that she has passed—the bright and brave ;
Star-like her soul shines o’er this earthly ball ;
From her fair life sweet influences fall
On many lives, and wandering feet recall—
Recall from sin and error. Thus to save
Dooms death to die, and conquers o’er the grave.

“ WILLIAM E. A. AXON.”

¹ The reader will remember that I had applied for, and, as I supposed, engaged, a “nursing sister,” not a *proselytising* one.—E. M.

Another magazine devoted to the same cause thus concluded its obituary notice of her :—

“ ‘ HER WORKS WILL LIVE AFTER HER,
AND HER PRINCIPLES WILL NEVER DIE.’ ”

“ IN MEMORY OF MRS ANNA KINGSFORD,

“ *Who departed this life 22nd February 1888.*

“ Well done, well done, thy war is o'er,
Thy earthly work is done ;
And thou hast gained the shining shore,
And thou hast found thy home.

Thy feet were weary with the way,
But thou didst bravely climb,
Up from the shadows cold and grey,
Which wrap the clods of time.

Thy cross, thy earthly heavy cross,
Thou bearedst up in pain ;
And every evil was thy foe,
And every good thine aim.

Love was the spirit bright and fair
Whose voice did guide thee right ;
Peace was thy gentle sceptre rare,
And truth thy banner white.

To help the helpless thou didst strive,
Thou didst defend the weak ;
And thou didst speak with burning words,
For those who could not speak.

No more earth's storms and billows rise
To strike thy shrinking bark ;
No more shall horrors pain thine eyes,
Nor agony thine heart.

Thou, with thy beauty and thy grace,
Thy gifts and talents bright,
Hast left behind a vacant place,
And yet a trail of light.

Thy works shall live, thy words shall burn,
Thy star shall ever shine ;
Death cannot chill thy loving heart,
Nor quench the light divine.”

And the following was in *Thalysia*, a German magazine published at Nordhausen :—

" NACHRUF AN ANNA KINGSFORD

VON DR ADERHOLDT

Des Himmels Huld verlieh Dir reiche Gaben,
 Der Jugendschönheit holde Zauberblüthe,
 Den Geist, der durch die Nacht hin Funken sprühte,
 Aufsteigend über Raum und Zeit erhaben.

Und alle Wesen, die da Leben haben,
 Umfasste liebend Deine Herzensgüte,
 Und heil'ge Sehnsucht Dir im Busen glühte
 Nach neuer Welt, wo Mensch und Their sich laben.

Ach ! weil Dein Eifer Licht und Leben bot,
 Hatt' Dich zum Opfer längst erseh'n der Tod,
 Und frühe sankst Du, allzufrüh zur Ruh !

Doch wer, Du Heilige, gewirkt wie Du
 In edlem Kampf und siegesfrohem Streben,
 Der lebt' ein reiches, unvergess'nes Leben."

[The following reminiscence by the late well-known journalist Mr W. T. Stead is of interest. He says :—¹

" I remember Anna Kingsford. Who that ever met her can forget that marvellous embodiment of a burning flame in the form of a woman, divinely tall and not less divinely fair ! I think it is just about ten years since I first met her. It was at the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which I was editing in those days. She did not always relish the headings I put to her articles.² She was as innocent as the author of *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* of the necessity for labelling the goods in your shop-window in such a way as to attract attention, but we were always on good terms, being united by the strong tie of common antipathies. I saw her once at her own place, when, I remember, she wore a bright red flower—I thought it was a great gladiolus, but it may have been a cactus, which lay athwart her breast like a sword of flame. Her movements had somewhat of the grace and majesty that we associate with the Greek gods ; and as for her speech—well, I have talked to many of the men and women who have in this generation had the greatest repute as conversationalists, but I never in my life met Anna Kingsford's equal. From her silver tongue as in a stream, 'strong without wrath, without o'erflowing full,' her sentences flowed in one unending flood. She talked literature. Had an endless phonograph been fitted up before her so as to be constantly in action, the cylinders might have been carried to the printer, and the copy set up without transcription or alteration. Never was she at a loss for a word, never did she tangle her sentences or halt for an illustration. It was almost appalling after a time. It appeared impossible for her to run dry, for you seemed to feel that copious as was her speech it was but as a rivulet carrying off the overflow of an ocean that lay behind.'"]

¹ *The Review of Reviews*, January 15, 1896, p. 75.

² See pp. 205 and 208 *ante*.

If sympathetic recognition could suffice as a restorative to me in my depressed condition of health, it was assuredly accorded in a measure rare both in kind and in degree ; and doubtless it served me somewhat. But more was done to this end by the active part which I found myself called on to take in defence of our work itself. To touch this with hostile hands was to me an offence of far greater magnitude than would have been any assault on ourselves personally. That work represented the very life-blood of our souls shed for the world's redemption in the pages of *The Perfect Way*. And it was *The Perfect Way* which I now found myself called on to rescue from an insidious and monstrous allegation of retractation in respect of it, brought by the emissaries of Sacerdotalism against my venerated colleague.

The conflict grew out of the following paragraph which appeared in a Catholic paper, *The Weekly Register*, February 25, 1888 :—

“ REQUIESCANT

“ Only a mile from the Oratory—in Kensington—has passed away this week another Catholic—one of singularly various mind and fame. In her way, too, Dr Anna Kingsford was an apostle, though her message was not widely accepted, and was perhaps often misunderstood. In the bloom of life, full of personal attractiveness, and in the vigour of a most original intellect, she has been snatched away by rapid consumption, leaving her work, as it seems to human eyes, half done. If many women are intelligent, few, in the still prevailing conditions of education, are intellectual ; but to Mrs Kingsford belonged eminently the graver quality. Her literary work was chiefly conspicuous in her controversy with the disciples of M. Pasteur—a controversy of which the last word has yet to be spoken—and in the testimony she bore in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere against vivisection. Mrs Kingsford had taken her degree in Paris, and she made her protest with a vibrating note of experience not easily forgotten. She was not, however, an emotional writer, and she dealt with scientific matter by scientific method. To this order of her powers belonged *The Perfect Way in Diet*, an essay on vegetarianism. She wrote invariably excellent English, vivid and direct. Though her beauty and grace made her many friends, she was almost a stranger, if we mistake not, in the Catholic world, and will be therefore more lamented by the mixed group of the Hermetic Society, of which she was President, than by her fellow-believers. A convert and the wife of an Anglican clergyman, who is left to mourn her—a woman, too, whose nearest friends were outside of her own Church, Mrs Kingsford has upon our readers a special claim to remembrance in their prayers. Her hope was to go to Lourdes before she died, but her sudden and cruel disease was too imperative and too quick.”

The succeeding number, March 3, 1888, contained the following article :—

“ MRS KINGSFORD’S RELIGION

“ In recording last week the death of Mrs Kingsford, M.D., a distinguished writer on dietetic, social, and philosophical subjects, we printed the following words :—

“ ‘ A convert and the wife of an Anglican clergyman, who is left to mourn her—a woman, too, whose nearest friends were outside of her own Church, Mrs Kingsford has upon our readers a special claim to remembrance in their prayers. Her hope was to go to Lourdes before she died, but her sudden and cruel disease was too imperative and too quick.’

“ On the Monday morning following the publication of this paragraph we received this letter :—

“ ‘ *Mr Kingsford to the Editor of the “ Register.”*

“ ‘ 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.

“ ‘ *February 25, 1888.*

“ ‘ SIR,—I beg to thank you for your kind notice of my wife’s death contained in your paper. I must, at the same time, ask you to contradict the statement that she was a member of the Roman Catholic Church ; neither had she the slightest idea of going to Lourdes. I must request you to publish thus.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

ALGERNON G. KINGSFORD.’

“ This letter was read by us with feelings of wonderment ; for it so happened that the editor of this paper had been personally acquainted with Mrs Kingsford, and had frequently conversed with her as a Catholic to a Catholic—on the understanding that she had been received into the Church by the Benedictine Fathers at Ramsgate so long ago as 1870. Moreover, Mr Maitland—the old friend under whose fatherly and most tender care Mrs Kingsford was in London, while her husband remained at his vicarage near Shrewsbury, visiting his wife as often as he could—had applied to Mrs Meynell—a neighbour in Kensington—to obtain for Mrs Kingsford, at her own request, a nursing sister. This, happily, had been done, and between the dying woman and the devoted sister of Bon Secours from Bayswater there sprang up during that last month of the life of one of them a friendship to be tenderly remembered by the other as long as she lives. The sister makes the following report :—

“ ‘ Mrs Kingsford talked to the sister about religion and expressed a great desire to see a priest and to receive the sacraments. She seemed troubled about a book she had published in conjunction with Mr Maitland. She said there were things in it she wanted to expunge ; that Mr Maitland wrote most of it ; but there were eighteen pages of hers and some passages ; that it would cost £50 to cancel these, but she would pay it and have it done. She said, “ Sister, don’t you know some kind fatherly priest who would be good to me ? ” The sister replied that the priest of the parish, Mgr. Moore, was all that could be desired ; and, at Mrs Kingsford’s request, she

sent for Mgr. Moore. Mrs Kingsford began to prepare herself for her confession. Mgr. Moore came on the following day. When he arrived, Mr Maitland, in whose charge Mrs Kingsford was, made some difficulty, on the score of the patient's illness, about her seeing him ; but Mrs Kingsford, on being appealed to, insisted upon seeing Mgr. Moore. She made her confession, and received all the last sacraments most devoutly, and after this seemed to give herself up entirely to prayer and to preparing for death. She used to beg the sister to say the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, which she would follow most devoutly. She also asked for a statue of Our Lady, and for a rosary, which the Rev. Mother sent to her. The sister feared at times that her patient would overtire herself with so many prayers, and used gently to protest, but nothing would deter her from making a Novena to Our Lady and to St Mary Magdalen. She began a Novena to St Joseph, too, four days before she died.

“ ‘ Often she would say to the sister, “ Sister, bear witness that I died a Catholic.” She also expressed a strong wish to be buried according to Catholic rites in the churchyard at Atcham, her body having first been taken to the Pro-Cathedral and a Requiem sung. She also said she wanted something put on her grave to show she was a Catholic. She received Holy Viaticum three times. Mrs Kingsford at first used to speak of going to Lourdes, but later she would say, “ We shan't go to Lourdes, Sister ; I'm dying.” She took Lourdes water every day, and she several times told the sister how it comforted her to have her, and how terrible it would have been to die with only Protestants around her. She received the Brown Scapular the week before her death. When she really was dying she could not be in bed, but rested in a chair, and on the table near her she had a picture of the Assumption some one had sent her at Christmas, and in her agony once she said, “ Mother, help me ! ” She also made after the sister the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, as well as the Profession of Faith, and held the Crucifix in her hands, kissing it from time to time. She passed away quite calmly, her last action being to turn her head, and look, with a look so pathetic, the sister says she will never forget it, at the little picture of the Assumption.’

“ Monsignor Moore, to whom also we communicated the contents of Mr Kingsford's letter, has written the following :—

“ ‘ *Mgr. Moore to the Editor of the “ Weekly Register.”*

“ ‘ PRO-CATHEDRAL, KENSINGTON, W.

“ ‘ *February 29, 1888.*

“ ‘ MY DEAR SIR,—I am astonished at Mr Kingsford's letter, in which he informs you that his wife was not a Catholic. I can only state that I visited her, by request, three times during her last illness, and administered to her the last rites of the Catholic Church, and was quite satisfied as to her good dispositions.—I remain, yours very truly,

C. HARTINGTON MOORE.’

“ We have only to add that Mrs Kingsford's wishes, as expressed above, have not been complied with ; that her body was not taken

to the Pro-Cathedral before it was removed to Atcham ; and that Canon Allen, of Shresbury, to whom Monsignor Moore wrote to state what Mrs Kingsford's wishes were, was informed by Mrs Kingsford's representatives that her funeral was to take place according to the rites of the Church of England."

The same issue contained also the following article as a leader :—

“ MRS KINGSFORD

“ When we pleaded last week for the aid of readers to make the records of our dead complete, we did not dream how much force would be added to our remarks by the events following on the death of Mrs Kingsford. We were prepared, indeed, to find that we alone among our Catholic contemporaries had chronicled the early ending of a life which had done so much, and which seemed, nevertheless, to leave so much undone. For, though Mrs Kingsford had reached middle age, she did not seem to have attained maturity. Her abundant thoughts and intuitions needed a longer life for their due arrangement. Much of a mystic, and something of a visionary, she was nevertheless keenly practical and essentially scientific. If she had been more commonplace she would have been more comfortable. But there was nothing of affectation in the habits by which, for instance, she lived in modern London on the fare of St John the Baptist in the wilderness—isolated in her abstemiousness, but in her outward manner a veritable cosmopolitan. Her active mind had early ranged through the nebulous regions of religious speculation, and she was still in the early twenties when she found refuge, from the vagaries of spiritualism and the deadness of infidelity, in the Catholic Church.

“ To those who assert by rote that the Catholic Church is the grave of individuality and the opiate of spiritual and mental energy, Mrs Kingsford's case may be offered. We said she would have been more comfortable if she had been more commonplace, and the remark applies to her spiritual as well as to her mental history. To many her mysticism would have been a perplexity ; and those who heard her lecture before the Theosophical Society may, at first sound, have doubted whether the speaker was more at home as a dogmatic Christian or as a Buddhist philosopher. She herself may have had some scruples ; for she resigned the presidency of the Society ; and, just as she had been admitted into membership of the Catholic Church, so, despite eccentricities which never reached the point of errors, she steadfastly remained in it, never doing or saying what a prudent director prohibited, though probably sometimes doing what he refused to approve. Yet we would say nothing to leave on the minds of readers any impression that Mrs Kingsford did not live for nearly twenty years a consistently loyal and faithful daughter of the Church. That she certainly so died we have had the happiness to make clear in another column.

“ It would have been more agreeable to us, on many accounts, to have left untouched the curious episode created by the letter of Mr Kingsford. On receiving it, our first thoughts were to write privately to him, telling him that he wrote under a strange misapprehension,

and begging him, by withdrawing the letter, to relieve us from the necessity of impeaching its accuracy. But, on second thoughts, we decided that, in justice to many converts, surrounded at death by Protestant relatives, we ought to place the whole of the facts, as they occurred, before our readers. By a series of happy accidents the chain of evidence is complete; and we have been able to fulfil Mrs Kingsford's last wishes, that her friends should know she died in the religion she had professed. The letter of Mr Kingsford will teach us, therefore, to receive with caution the statements made by Protestant relatives as to the infidelities of Catholics wholly cut off—as Mrs Kingsford herself very nearly was, and easily might have been—from co-religionists. The possible difficulty placed in the way of a priest's access to a deathbed will also be brought home to isolated Catholics residing in a Protestant household—who will take precautions accordingly; while the wishes of Catholics for Catholic funeral rites must—it would appear—be expressed in so plain and public a manner as to leave no doubt that they will not, as in this case, be either misinterpreted or ignored."

From the same, March 10, 1888 :—

" Last week, as our readers will remember, it was our duty and pleasure to lay before them certain statements in direct contradiction to the assertion that Mrs Kingsford did not die a Catholic. These statements were made by Monsignor Moore, of the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, who gave her the last sacraments before she died, and by the sister who nursed her during the last month of her life. Mrs Kingsford, it will be remembered, repeatedly begged this sister to bear witness after her death to her fidelity to the Catholic Church. This she has done, without one word of partizanship or of display, and we know that her testimony is true. Nevertheless, we think it right to publish two communications addressed to us by the Rev. Algernon Kingsford, and by Mr Edward Maitland. We forbear comments on these letters further than to say that in some respects they answer each other; that in other respects the statements made in them are in direct conflict with the statements of other witnesses, and there is no human means of explaining the discrepancy; that in certain points, where we have been able to test the accuracy of Mr Kingsford's information from outside evidence, we have found it wanting; as, for instance, when he says that Mrs Kingsford had not been to mass or to a director for years, and when he implies that a nun was smuggled in, in some underhand manner; the fact being, as a letter now before us shows, that Mr Maitland applied, 'at the request of Mrs Kingsford,' to a Catholic friend to find 'a nursing sister.' These things must be left to the judgment of our readers, who will, moreover, resent with us the imputations levelled against this devoted sister under some vulgar illusion that Catholics delight in pretending to effect conversions. On behalf of this sister we repel the insinuation that she teased her patient with prayers, or plied her with priests and pious objects—the facts being exactly contrary, and the sister trying to moderate her patient's devotion, when she feared Mrs Kingsford's strength was being overtaxed. That a change, and a great change, came over Mrs Kingsford during those

last weeks of her life we never doubted, and the letters of Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland confirm. It is possible, too, and even probable, that in her state of weakness it was painful to her to explain or to discuss this change with those whom she knew would grieve over it; and who did, indeed, resent it so greatly that they now attribute it to a sort of intimidation from the sister—an intimidation so great that it forced Mrs Kingsford to set aside the wishes of those nearest to her over and over again—in some instances against their remonstrances! In this way it is possible to account for some of the strange discrepancies between the statement as to Mrs Kingsford's frame of mind. We are not quite sure whether Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland are quite competent to decide what Catholics really do believe; and, in regard to such matters as that of Mrs Kingsford's preference for cremation, we can only suggest that her written request for that mode of disposing of her remains may have been made before cremation was condemned by the Holy Father; and, at any rate, she had entirely conformed to Catholic practice when she spoke to Monsignor Moore and to the sister of her burial with Catholic rites, in the churchyard of Atcham.

“ ‘ *Mr Kingsford to the Editor of the “ Register.”*”

“ ‘ 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, KENSINGTON.

“ ‘ You must be aware that this correspondence is most painful to me under the circumstances, but I feel obliged to write and correct the statements made by you in your article. The case stands thus. You say Mrs Kingsford died a Roman Catholic, and I say she did nothing of the sort. You have thought it necessary to publish all the details of a death-chamber. Whether this was good taste or not I leave others to judge. You say, “ On receiving my letter your first thoughts were to write privately to me, telling me that I wrote under a strange misapprehension, and begging me to withdraw the letter, and suggesting that my letter was untrue.” [Mr Kingsford does not quote accurately; we did not use the word untrue, or any equivalent to it.—ED.] Perhaps it would have been better if you had acted on your first thought, as it might have saved me the pain of answering your remarks publicly, and the publicity given to my wife's last moments, which should have been held sacred; but as to withdrawing the letter, I could not have done so, as that letter contained the truth, which I can prove. I consider, in the first place, your remarks are most insulting and most uncalled for, when you say, “ The letter of Mr Kingsford will teach us, therefore, to receive with caution the statements made by Protestant relatives as to the infidelities of Catholics, wholly cut off—as Mrs Kingsford very nearly was, and easily might have been—from her co-religionists.” Now, Sir, the facts which I will state, and which I can prove, will speak, to unbiassed minds, for themselves. Mrs Kingsford wanted a nurse, and some friend told Mr Maitland of one who was highly recommended, but as far as I can ascertain, nothing was ever said about her being a nun. I may here mention that this nun was introduced into my house without my knowledge. On my arrival in London some few days after the nun had been here, I was utterly astonished to find her. I immediately asked my wife for an explanation. She said she was

horrified on finding a religieuse had been sent to her, but that she was too ill to send her away, and was glad to have anyone. As matters turned out, my wife was justified in her dread, as the nun did nothing hardly but pray and importune my wife. My wife then asked me to get another. Her words were, "I wish you would get me another nurse, as the sister does nothing but pray. She so bothered me about a priest that I did anything for peace and quietness. I was at the time suffering agonies; it was not my wish for him to come, neither did I believe he could do any good; I was terribly upset and weak at the time he came." These words, or words to the same effect, my wife repeated to two others who are prepared to vouch for their truth; one of whom was her own doctor. The same evening I went to a friend, to whom I told all the circumstances of the case, and settled to get another nurse the next morning. However, when the next morning came my wife was very ill indeed, and said she would rather keep the sister for the present, as she did not feel strong enough to direct another how to attend to her; I agreed to this, as I understood the sister would not worry my wife any more. The sister remained to the end, but, I regret to say, did not stop her importunities. Again you say, "The possible difficulties placed in the way of a priest's access to a deathbed will also be brought home to isolated Catholics residing in a Protestant household." I beg to state that, if there were any difficulties, they arose from the unwillingness of my wife to have a priest; for, until the nun came and made her last days miserable, she loathed the idea of a priest, and constantly said to me, "Whatever you do, don't let a priest come near me." Some years ago, when about taking a house in London, she said, "My only objection to it is, it is so near Farm Street, and I am so afraid of the Jesuits coming to me; I so detest them and their doctrines that I do not wish to have anything to do with them." Shortly before the nun came she was advised by a near relative to send for a priest, but she utterly declined, and said she was not a Roman Catholic and did not want a priest, as she did not believe in them; she has left a written statement, giving her reasons for declining, signed by herself.

"Now, Sir, you state that my wife wished to be buried with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and you imply that because she had not left a written statement her wishes were not carried out—another gratuitous insult and a cruel statement to make. My wife did leave a written statement, and that was to the effect that she should be cremated. Now I believe I am right in saying that no *Roman Catholic* would wish to be cremated; and I believe I am right in saying that cremation is condemned by the Pope. However, the very last time I was with my wife, very shortly before her death, she informed me that she had changed her mind, partly out of consideration for my feelings, and said she wished to be buried at Atcham, with the service of the Church of England, and that Hymn 401 should be sung, and that her brother Edward, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, should perform the service. This was the last request she ever made to me personally before her death, and I promised her that her wishes should be carried out. This happened after she had seen the priest, and does not look as if she died a Roman Catholic. I may say that this request was not made

to me only, but to two others. After her death I had a most kind letter from Canon Allen, stating that he had heard from Mgr. Moore, and offering to take the service. I immediately wrote to him, saying he was mistaken in thinking my wife was a member of his Church, and telling him of her wishes. In reply he wrote—and I quote his own words—“ That she had not been for many years a Catholic I was well aware, and I confess Mgr. Moore’s news was a surprise to me.” There is one statement more of yours, namely, “ She herself may have had some scruples, for she resigned the presidency of the Society ; and, just as she had been admitted into membership of the Catholic Church, so, despite eccentricities which never reached the point of errors, she steadfastly remained in it ” (*i.e.* the Roman Catholic Church), “ never doing or saying what a prudent director prohibited, though sometimes doing what he refused to approve ”—another false statement, and which I cannot see how you can reconcile with the statement of Canon Allen. Besides, she never had a director, and never consulted any Roman Catholic priests for years ; also, she never attended mass or confessed for years, but she did attend the Church of England services when at home and when her health allowed, and took the greatest interest in my church and the services. So much for your article ! Now for the statement of the nun, which is untrue in many respects. It should begin—“ *I* talked to Mrs Kingsford about religion ; *I* worried her to see a priest and to receive the sacrament. *I* offered to go for the priest, *I* persuaded her to have an image, and *I* asked her to let me get her a rosary.” The sister says she feared at times that her patient would overtire herself ; she ought to have said—“ *I* fear *I* constantly during the night overtired her by my hourly prayers, although she asked me to desist. It was *I* who dressed up the poor dying woman with all sorts of things ”—when she was too weak and ill and wandering to take any notice. As regards the story about the book, *The Perfect Way*, it must be a pure invention of the nun’s imagination, as my wife wrote quite half the book and generally supervised the whole, and when asked to retract the book, utterly declined to do so ; and in this way died contumacious. The nun states that my wife asked her to get a priest. My wife told me and two others, one of whom was her doctor, that the sister worried her so to have one, as I previously stated. You must allow me to believe my dying wife’s statement rather than that of a nun, whose sole object seemed to be to make my wife’s end wretched—although, perhaps, with the best intentions. I have been compelled to make this letter a long one owing to its being a statement of facts, which statement I declare to be true, and most of which can be proved by independent witnesses.’

“ ‘ *Mr Maitland to the Editor of the “ Register.”* ”

“ ‘ The statements contained in your last issue respecting this highly gifted and lamented lady are for the most part perversions of truth—I do not say wilful, but—grotesque to monstrosity, and so injurious both to the dead and to the living as to demand instant and positive contradiction. That they came before you so attested as

to leave no room for doubt of their trustworthiness I fully allow ; and I am deeply sensible of your high appreciation of and regard for their subject, and your kindly reference to myself in my relations to her. As I can further assure you that, although not of your communion, I am no anti-Catholic, I hope to be regarded as writing in no spirit of hostility, but solely in the interests of truth and justice. My recitation of the facts, moreover, will show that the statements impugned by me *could not* be true. With the statements that Mrs Kingsford was many years ago—in 1870—formally received into the Catholic Church, and in her last illness was nursed by a sister and received the last rites from a priest, I have no fault to find, as they are in themselves perfectly correct. But the value attached to them is wrong, and all the others are either absolutely untrue, or are such distortions of the truth as to make them falsehoods. Thus, to deal with them in detail, it is not true that Mrs Kingsford was “cut off wholly or very nearly from her co-religionists by reason of her living in a Protestant household,” or that a difficulty was thrown in the way of her seeing a priest. For she had always been entirely free, both to visit, and to receive whom she would, and she largely exercised that freedom. And when, during her last illness, a relative urged upon her the propriety of seeing a priest, and she conferred with me on the subject—I being in sole charge of her at the time—not only did I raise no difficulty, but I had actually taken my hat to go and inquire of a Catholic friend the address of a priest likely to be acceptable to her in the event of her deciding to see one, when she stopped me, saying positively that she would not have one at all, and giving me her reasons, from which she never swerved. These were—(1) Her conviction that the condition of the soul is alone of consequence, and that no extraneous observance can affect that ; (2) that a priest would feel bound to take objection, both to her writings and to her intention of being cremated, in neither of which respects would she suffer interference ; and (3) that if once a priest obtained entrance, she might have endless trouble in avoiding dictation as to her future life and work ; and that the direction she was already under—alluding to her spiritual illuminations—infinately transcended that of any priest whatever. From these views, I repeat, she never for a moment swerved ; and until the engagement of the sister, her nurse, no question arose about a priest, and no desire was expressed by her for any support or consolation beyond that which she received from interior sources ; and this, she used to assure me, was so full and glorious as to make her bitterly regret her inability through weakness either to write or dictate them. Yet, on the second night of the sister’s presence, she was induced to allow a priest to be summoned, and without my knowledge, a suspension of the confidence that had hitherto subsisted between us that caused me exquisite pain. And alike in regard to this and the subsequent visits of the priest, I was assured by Mrs Kingsford—although I made no objection, and therefore needed no excuse—that she had consented solely in order to escape the worry and fatigue of the sister’s importunities, and on her promise that it should be the last time. Similarly with regard to the sister’s own religious ministrations, Mrs Kingsford complained to me repeatedly with tears that her nights were so broken and disturbed, and herself so neglected by reason of the

sister's incessant repetition of prayers and insistence on observances, all of which she characterised as frivolous and puerile in the extreme, as to seriously impair her chances of recovery, and altogether make impossible her own communion with the Divine. And her only reason for not consenting to the change I pressed upon her was her inability through increasing weakness to break in another nurse to her ways, and the possibility of another failure. And so it came that, to avoid exhaustion by argument, and for the sake of peace, she gave in on one point after another, and suffered herself to be surrounded and decorated with pictures and images and scapulars, all the time feeling their utter triviality, and marvelling at the completeness with which the conventual system had suppressed the intelligence of her attendant, and the abjectness of her submission to the priests. And more than once she said to me, that she was glad to have had the experience, as she would be able, in case of her recovery, to expose and denounce a system so fatal at once to the minds and souls of its victims. My own remonstrances to the sister, representing her conduct as most cruel and a dereliction of her duty, inasmuch as it was to the body and not the soul of her patient that she was engaged to attend, were entirely unheeded, and very likely unheard, being received with averted face and a muttered accompaniment of what I took to be a string of exorcisms, indulged in to prevent her hearing me; and I was told by Mrs Kingsford that nothing was more likely, since they were forbidden to listen to anything unauthorised by their spiritual superiors, and she remarked, with a smile, that St Peter had never been cured of his practice of cutting off people's ears. The impossibility of the sister's story about the picture of the Assumption becomes obvious when it is considered that Mrs Kingsford, while she had learned to regard the Church as containing the whole truth, had learned also to regard that truth as purely spiritual, and consequently as devoid of any relation to persons, events, or things physical and historical—the ascription to Christian doctrine of such relation constituting idolatry, and idolatry being defined for her as consisting in the materialisation of things spiritual. Thus the Assumption possessed in her view no personal or historical significance whatever. It was simply a symbol—and one which she dearly loved—of the soul, purified from taint of materiality, and rising into final union with the Divine Spirit. It was thus an eternal and universal verity, denoting the potentiality of every soul, and being this, could not have evoked the ejaculation described by the sister, unless, indeed, the sufferer's mind was wandering and her words were unconscious and meaningless. This illustration of Mrs Kingsford's doctrine will suffice to make it clear that between the letter of Mr Kingsford denying that his wife was a member of the Roman Catholic Church and that of Monsignor Moore asserting that she was a Catholic there is no real discrepancy, and the two letters do not traverse each other. Mrs Kingsford was a Catholic in that she held Catholic doctrine; and she was not a member of the Roman Catholic Church in that she held Catholic doctrine in a sense not recognised by that Church, and refused submission to it. The sister's statement about our joint book, *The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*, is, perhaps, the most ingenious of all the perversions of fact made in this relation. But I

do not assert that the falsehood was intentional. In it I can see a way in which the impression may have arisen. The book in question was largely the result of illuminations and inspirations received by Mrs Kingsford chiefly in sleep; for Mrs Kingsford was from childhood a seer of marvellous lucidity, and she grew up to be more than this. You yourself have described her as an apostle. She was more even than this. She was a prophet also; for she was in the habit of receiving from divine sources knowledges concerning divine things, transcending any she could have devised of herself, or acquired otherwise, and these couched in language which for its perfection was far beyond her own power or that of any person living to have written; the purport of them all being the interpretation of religious doctrine and the revelation of the nature of existence. It was my discovery in her of this faculty, now some fourteen years ago, that led to my literary association with her, and during the whole of that period my chief function in regard to her was the surrounding of her with conditions such as best to promote its highest development and application, the main pursuit of my own life previously having been the search for the spiritual reality behind the phenomenal form, with a view to the solution of the great problem of existence. *The Perfect Way* was the result of our combined faculties, and is the triumph of a thought absolutely free. It has found recognition from the most advanced students of "Divine Science," in all countries and of all creeds, as the fullest exposition of that science ever known, and as destined largely to control the faith and practice of the future. And so far from being troubled about it, Mrs Kingsford gloried in it, considering it the supreme privilege of her life to have been a sharer in its production, and she was only apprehensive lest it might, through her death and mine, fall into the hands of those who might suppress it. Now for the sister's strange perversion. While reading the book for the last time, but a few weeks before her death, Mrs Kingsford found a passage, written jointly by us, which she saw to be capable of improvement, chiefly by means of amplification and extension; and she made some notes and suggestions to this end, advising that in order to obtain the space requisite for the new matter—the book being stereotyped—several pages—about eighteen—be omitted. Not that she regarded their contents in any way as erroneous, but she considered the proposed new matter as of superior value. This I undertook to have done, and it so happens that, while the part to be omitted does not at all conflict with current Catholic ideas, the new portion substituted by her for it will so conflict. Such exactly are the facts of Mrs Kingsford's alleged retractation of *The Perfect Way*. When I have added that, on her decided refusal to submit in the matter, and to allow the sister to importune her further respecting it, the sister, to use Mrs Kingsford's expression to me, "sat and sulked through the night like a person conscious of being baffled in a mission," and was with difficulty induced to attend to her wants when called upon, I shall have said enough to dispose of what you designate a "series of happy accidents which complete the chain of evidence" proving Mrs Kingsford to have died a member of the Catholic Church. In reply to your remarks concerning her connection with the Theosophical Society, I have to say that it was no scruple of conscience such as you suggest

that led her to quit it.¹ She and I had entered it by express invitation of the Society itself, which was then but a group of persons of culture engaged in studying Oriental occultism, in order to share our mutual knowledges ; and we quitted it because of the importation from India of an element strongly anti-Christian and antagonistic to us. It remains only for me to confirm what I understand from Mr Kingsford he is writing to you, by stating that on the second and last days before her death, in answer to my questions, Mrs Kingsford said that she desired to be buried in Atcham Churchyard, and described the spot—a spot overlooking the Severn and overlooked by the windows of my room in the vicarage, and by which we were wont to stroll gathering herbs for her “ rudimentary sister,” as she considered her pet guinea-pig, and watching the reddening of the stream in the sunset ; that her brother, an Anglican clergyman, should officiate ; and that she desired no requiem or other Catholic observance which had been pressed upon her by the sister. And she said further, that as she had renounced her intention of being cremated, not in deference to the Pope, whom she considered to have made a great mistake in forbidding the practice, but on account of the inconveniences it might entail on her husband as a clergyman, she wished to have special precautions taken, as by a *post-mortem* examination, to secure her from being buried alive, through a trance being mistaken for death. And she renewed her promise to return, if permitted, in her spiritual body, to assist me in completing the work inaugurated in *The Perfect Way*, so soon as the rest which would probably be necessary for her after so much of toil and suffering should be accomplished—an event well known to us both by manifold indubitable experiences to be possible. I wish before concluding to emphatically disclaim any feeling against individuals. My objections are to the system represented by the sister, and not herself, as she is but what it has made her. And this was Mrs Kingsford’s expressed sentiment also. And if I seem to have been unnecessarily lengthy in my remarks, I trust that the importance and interest of the theme, alike to the dead and to the living, will be my sufficient justification and procure them a place in your pages.’ ”

To this the Editor rejoined :—

“ We have received a number of communications about Mrs Kingsford—some from persons to whom she had been at pains to justify her orthodoxy, others from those who had seen her at mass, and others from friends to whom in conversation she often spoke of her director and confessor. We mention these statements as directly contradicting some assertions made last week ; but we need not continue further the fruitless task of sifting testimony so conflicting. Only one thing demands to be added : that the absolute untruthfulness of the version given by Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland of what passed during Mrs Kingsford’s last illness is reiterated by both the sister and by Monsignor Moore, who was communicated with before his second visit to the sick-room by Mrs Kingsford herself, in probably the last letter she ever wrote.”

¹ See p. 221 *ante*.

The following was my reply to this tissue of falsehoods, but it was refused insertion in a paragraph of such a nature as to aggravate the grievance of which I complained :—

“ *To the Editor of the ‘ Weekly Register.’* ”

“ SIR,—You leave me no choice but to address you again, the question being one of veracity. I admit that Mrs Kingsford was accustomed to ‘ justify her othodoxy.’ But how? Why, by insisting that her esoteric views were the real doctrine of the Church, although unauthorised by its official representatives. I admit that she occasionally—though very rarely, and not at all recently—went to mass. But I used to accompany her. What does that prove more than that we both liked the music? I challenge your informants to name her alleged director at any period during the term to which this discussion refers. For her to have put any human being in such a relation to herself would have been a direct and fatal violation of one of the fundamental conditions of her spiritual initiation, which was that she should ‘ call no man king or master upon earth.’ And as to her letter to Mgr. Moore in reference to his second visit—a letter which was written in my presence, and taken by me to his house—so far from its being a letter of invitation, its purport was to decline his offer to send a substitute—he being ill—and to say that she would await his recovery, the invitation to him to come again having been extorted from her by the sister in breach of her promise that she would be satisfied with a single visit. If the priest says that he has any other letter from Mrs Kingsford in reference to that visit, or indeed to any other visit, I call upon him to prove it. And, in fact, he owes this to you for having induced you to write as you have done in the paragraph to which I am replying. For the letter I have described most certainly does not bear out the construction he wishes to have put upon it, and I do not see that any other would. Of course, the priest and sister ‘ reiterate the absolute untruthfulness of Mr Kingsford’s and my version.’ Being what they are, they are not free to do otherwise; and so far from accounting it a sin for them to lie where the interests—real or supposed—of their Church are involved, they account it a merit; whereas we, on the contrary, do not tolerate such ‘ pious frauds,’ or hold that ‘ the end justifies the means,’ no matter what the interests at stake.

“ Against the letters received by you I, too, have letters—some of them from Catholics—complimenting me on the accuracy and clearness of my definition of Mrs Kingsford’s religious position, and referring to letters written to *them* by me during the progress of her illness, when there was no anticipation of the difficulty which has since arisen, as entirely bearing out what I have since stated about the sister’s behaviour.”

The plea on which this letter was refused insertion was my impeachment of the veracity of the priest and sister. But it can scarcely be supposed that that plea would have been set up if the priest had been able to vindicate his truthfulness by

producing the letter he pretended to have received from Mrs Kingsford.

The *Tablet* of March 3, 1888, contained the following :—

“ OBITUARY

“ We regret to have to announce the death of Dr Anna Kingsford. Dr Kingsford died on Wednesday, last week, of tubercular consumption, at Kensington. To Catholics Mrs Kingsford was best known for her earnest papers contributed to these columns against vivisection, and especially against M. Pasteur’s new method of dealing with hydrophobia. To the wider world she is known as the author of incomparably the best work ever published upon Vegetarianism. Her *Perfect Way in Diet* had a great success at the time of its publication, and still commands a sale in France and Germany. In 1867 she was married to the Rev. Algernon G. Kingsford, Vicar of Atcham. Three years later she was received into the Catholic Church. Her life was one of busy activity to the last, and a stream of pamphlets on many of the scientific questions of the hour came from her pen. She died a good Catholic, and received all the last blessings of the Church from the hands of Mgr. Moore. During her illness she was buoyed up by all the dreadful hopefulness which is so characteristic of the disease, and several times expressed her intention of going on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. At times she seemed troubled by the thought of certain passages she had written in a work undertaken in connection with the Theosophical Society, and at last she sent orders to the publishers to have them cancelled. During her last illness she repeatedly asked the nun who attended her to bear witness that she died a Catholic. Every humane cause and philanthropical society in Dr Anna Kingsford loses a friend. She was only forty-two years of age. *R.I.P.*”

To this I replied on the 10th :—

“ I write on behalf of both Mr Kingsford and myself (I having been for many years in literary collaboration with Mrs Kingsford) to give the most emphatic contradiction to certain statements respecting her contained in your last issue as unjust to the dead and injurious to the living. Although received some eighteen years ago into the Catholic Church, and continuing to the last a Catholic in doctrine, Mrs Kingsford had long since ceased to hold that doctrine in the authorised sense, or to be in any recognised manner a member of the (visible) Catholic Church. And her admission of a priest in her closing days was strongly against her own wishes, and was acceded to solely in order to obtain relief from the importunities of the sister, her nurse, who, she assured me repeatedly, with tears, would not cease worrying her until she had consented. She had no intention whatever of making a pilgrimage to Lourdes, but disclaimed any faith—so far as she herself was concerned—in the efficacy of such a step. She had, however, sometimes expressed a desire to visit that place as a matter of curiosity. She was in nowise troubled by anything she had written, whether in connection with the

Theosophical Society or any other. The book referred to—*The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*—was not written in connection with that society, but in complete independence of it and prior to her knowledge of its existence. And so far from her retracting anything in it as contrary to authorised teaching, she gloried in it to the last, and was desirous only of leaving it in the highest state of perfection. And to this end she left with me some suggestions for the rewriting of one single passage which she saw to be capable of improvement, the effect of the change proposed being to widen still further the interval between the teaching of the book and that authorised by the Church. The key to her career is to be found in the fact that Mrs Kingsford was endowed in the highest degree with the faculties of the seer and the prophet, and, in virtue of her illuminations and inspirations, knew not only that which the Church teaches, but that also which the Church *ought to teach*—the spiritual meanings concealed beneath its external forms. And it is this last which she has—in collaboration with me—set forth in *The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*. So far, moreover, from the pious aspiration, *R.I.P.*, affixed to your notice of her being consonant to her wishes, it should read, not *Requiescat*, but *Operet*, since her most earnest desire was to continue that which we both regarded as her chief work in life, her work of interpretation. And only a day or two before her death—so far from retracting what she had written—she renewed her promise to me to return, if permitted, in spirit, when sufficiently rested, to continue our collaboration, a thing which we both knew from manifold incontestable experiences to be perfectly possible.”

“ Our reply to this extraordinary letter shall be very brief. Mrs Kingsford was received into the Church in 1870, and continued a Catholic till the end. She was frequently at this office, and always spoke of herself as a Catholic, and in no equivocal sense. The testimony of her many Catholic friends is to the same effect, and she was often at Farm Street and the Oratory. At the beginning of her fatal illness she sent to a Catholic friend asking her to procure a nun to act as a nurse. The services of a sister belonging to the Order of the Bon Secours was accordingly obtained. Mrs Kingsford at once begged her to send for a priest—someone who would be kind to her. The sister is explicit in saying that this was an entirely spontaneous request upon the part of the dying woman. Mgr. Moore was sent for, and saw Mrs Kingsford on three different occasions. On the first he heard her confession, and administered the Last Sacraments; on two other occasions he gave her Holy Communion. Mrs Kingsford asked Mgr. Moore to have a Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul sung in the Pro-Cathedral, and said she feared there might be an attempt to bury her as a Protestant, and so besought him to go to Atcham to perform the Catholic service over the grave. She also expressed a wish to be buried in the churchyard at Atcham, adding, ‘ You know that is consecrated ground.’ Mgr. Moore explained to her that, though the churchyard was an old one, it had been desecrated, but promised to write to Canon Allen and arrange that some consecrated earth should be placed in the grave. All through her illness Mrs Kingsford seemed afraid that when she was dead her friends would pretend she was not a Catholic,

and many times over prayed the nun who nursed her to witness for her that she died a true child of the Church. Mr Edward Maitland, better than any man, knows whether, when Mgr. Moore came at Mrs Kingsford's request, an attempt was made to dissuade him from entering the house, and whether, when he had insisted upon entering, an attempt was still made to dissuade the sick woman from seeing him. To accuse Mrs Kingsford of conduct which would amount to consistent and conscious hypocrisy carried on for years in the face of her Catholic friends is to wrong the dead. To tell us that it was fear of a nun—with Mr Edward Maitland in the house—which led Mrs Kingsford at last to send for a priest, and three times to go to confession to him, is to trifle with our common sense. Mrs Kingsford's prayer for Catholic burial has been disregarded; we cannot say whether her wishes about her book will be fulfilled."

In answer to this, I wrote in the *Tablet* of March 17, 1888 :—

"SIR,—Your comments on my letter are, both in tone and in substance, such as to make imperative a rejoinder from me. My contention is—and I speak with full knowledge and without prejudice or reservation—that Mrs Kingsford, although formerly a member of the Roman Catholic Church, had of late years withdrawn from such membership, and remained but nominally a Catholic, holding Catholic doctrine in an unauthorised sense, and declining the offices of the Church and the direction of a priest, and this not on account of any opposition—for none was offered—but purely of her own accord and of conviction. That she paid occasional visits to your office and spoke of herself as a Catholic no more prove her to have been one in your sense of the term than her visits to the office of the *National Reformer* and her speaking of herself as a Free-thinker prove her to have been one in Mr Bradlaugh's sense of the term. She was at once Catholic and Free-thinker, because hers was an intelligent faith and compatible with—nay, due to—perfect freedom of thought. And it so happened that the object of her connection with the *Tablet* and the *National Reformer* was one and the same. For it was the vindication of the cause at once of religion, science, and humanity, against a practice which was, I hold, rightly regarded by her as a denial of and outrage to all three—the practice, namely, of vivisection, which was upheld in both papers—in Mr Bradlaugh's by avowed atheists, and in yours by a Rev. Father.

"So far from any opposition being made to Mrs Kingsford's seeing a priest in her last illness, I had myself only a few months previously offered to ascertain the name of one whom she could summon without delay should she at any time feel disposed to see one—a relative having urged it upon her; and I had actually set off on the quest, when she recalled me, saying that she had only hesitated through her wish to avoid giving pain to her relative, but was now quite decided against seeing one, and gave reasons altogether incompatible with her being what you represent her. That she swerved from this position afterwards was in no wise of her own accord, but was due entirely to the pressure put upon her by the sister engaged to nurse her. And so far from her having 'sent for a nun,' as you

allege, she was greatly dismayed to find that a nun had come. For she was under the impression that there were institutions of women who, though nursing for religious motives, were not under religious vows, and would, therefore, refrain from molesting their patients with their religious observances. For myself, I did not share her dismay, as I regarded the objections I had been accustomed to hear as largely, if not wholly, founded in prejudice; while I was free from prejudice, and I accordingly received the sister in the most cordial manner, and all the time she was in the house did my utmost to promote her comfort.

“To come to the head and front of your offending against myself and the facts. You say: ‘Mr. Edward Maitland, better than any man, knows whether, when Mgr. Moore came at Mrs Kingsford’s request, an attempt was made to dissuade him from entering the house, and whether, when he had insisted on entering, an attempt was made to dissuade the sick woman from seeing him.’ Now this is a striking instance of how near the truth the words of any statement may be, and how far from the truth its meaning. For ‘Mr Edward Maitland’—speaking with full recollection and absolute exactitude—‘knows better than any man,’ and declares positively that no *such* attempts were made, but that the attempts made had quite another ground and object. For they were made simply and solely to prevent ‘the sick woman’ from having a priest thrust upon her unawares and against her own wish. And I defy any candid person to suppose otherwise when I have recounted the facts. Up to the previous midnight, when I yielded my place in the sick-room to the sister for the night, the confidence between Mrs Kingsford and myself was full and unbroken as ever, and no hint was given me of her intention or wish to see a priest, although, as I have already said, she was well aware that I should make no objection, and therefore had no motive for secrecy. Yet the very next morning, on going to the house-door, I found there a priest demanding admission. Of course I could not suppose that he had come at Mrs Kingsford’s invitation, and took it for granted either that he had come of his own accord, or that the sister had summoned him on her own responsibility, when attending mass that morning, in neither of which cases should I have been justified in admitting him to the sick-room—a view of my duty in which I give him credit for acquiescing when he shall have read this statement of the facts. By no possibility could it have occurred to me that, within a few hours of my leaving Mrs Kingsford, the sister—on only the second night of her being in the house—should have so worked upon her patient as to induce her to send at once for a priest and to withhold the fact from me. Yet that is what, on repairing to the sick-room, I found, to my unspeakable distress, had happened—distress, observe, not because Mrs Kingsford had sent for a priest—to that I was absolutely indifferent—but because of the withdrawal from me of her confidence involved in her acting thus clandestinely. After discussing this point, I proceeded to ascertain her real wishes in the matter, when she assured me that she had no wish whatever to see a priest, but had consented solely for the sake of peace and quietness, the sister never ceasing to importune her, and promising not to worry her any more if she would let her fetch him that once. Of course I felt that under

such circumstances she was not bound to see the priest, although he was in the house, and I undertook to make suitable apology to him as summoned under a misapprehension. But she replied that it would be rude to send him away, and she would be sure to have to undergo all the worry over again with the sister. And so it came that the priest was admitted, not once, but thrice, and each time Mrs Kingsford assured me, owing to the same cause, the sister's importunities, her inability to withstand which, and also to face a change of nurses—so rapid was the decline of her vitality—convinced me, on recalling all the particulars, that the influence of the sister's presence was no less detrimental to her health than distressing to her mind. It was as a glamour which she was powerless to resist; so that it is anything but 'trifling with common sense' to believe that her alleged wish to have a Catholic funeral was but an adroit perversion of the silence in which she took refuge when it was pressed upon her, or, at least, of her failure to give an emphatic refusal. Her chief wish had long been to be cremated, her 'hatred of interment being much greater than her love for the Church,' as she expressed herself; and I understood from her that she had told the sister that she considered the Pope to have made a great mistake in forbidding the practice. That she gave up this intention was due entirely to the inconvenience it might entail on her husband as a clergyman of the Establishment; and it was on receiving at the last the strongest assurances that every precaution should be taken to prevent her from being buried in a trance that she finally gave it up. That she was buried with Anglican rites by her brother, an Anglican clergyman, in the cemetery attached to her husband's church, was owing to her own instructions, given to her husband at their last interview, when she selected the hymns to be sung, which instructions she renewed to me distinctly and positively the day before her death. And on my asking whether she would like to have a Requiem first, either at the Pro-Cathedral or at Shrewsbury—a thing, I told her, easily arranged—she unhesitatingly declined, saying she did not want it, and would not have thought of it but for the sister urging it upon her.

"The assertion that 'Mrs Kingsford's prayer for Catholic burial has been disregarded' is utterly false, and your concluding remark about her alleged recantation of *The Perfect Way*, reiterated in the face of my positive statement in contradiction, is a most egregious and unwarrantable piece of discourtesy, and shows a total misconception on your part of the class and character of the persons with whom you have to deal in this matter. Mrs Kingsford's wishes about her book will 'most assuredly be fulfilled.' For I regard it as a sacred duty to carry them out. But that duty would most certainly not be accomplished, but the reverse, were I to take as my rule the version, or rather perversion, of those wishes so hardly maintained by you. Mrs Kingsford retract her part in *The Perfect Way*! For those who are cognisant of the genesis and significance of that book, it would be no whit more preposterous to talk of the prophets and apostles as possibly retracting their part in the Bible.

"There is an hypothesis by which these amazing discrepancies of statement can to some extent be explained without serious impeachment of the veracity of the sister. It is that, being extraordinarily

amenable to the magnetism of those about her, Mrs Kingsford may occasionally, in her state of weakness, have been influenced by the sister's evidently strong will-power to give utterance, mechanical and unconscious, as by a process of reflection, to sentiments answering to those in the sister's mind. But this, if it occurred, would not constitute her a Catholic in the sense claimed. And how readily she returned to her normal healthy condition of mind when the pressure was removed and her own luminous soul was set free to utter itself was shown by several instances, of which I will recount one.

“ On going to her one day, just after the sister had withdrawn, I found her in great indignation at what she spoke of as both an outrage and a blasphemy, which consisted in the sister having calmly assured her that I ‘ could not possibly be saved because I had not the love of God, since only Catholics could have that.’ Truly a cheerful style of conversation with which to treat a dying woman, and in regard to her dearest friend, too ! That was the ‘ outrage.’ But it is with Mrs Kingsford's other comment that we are chiefly concerned ; and this was, that ‘ such a conception of the Divine character is in the highest degree blasphemous, and that the God of those who hold it is no father and lover of souls, but only a magnified priest, who damns all who are not of his own persuasion.’

“ I trust I have said enough to show that Mrs Kingsford's Catholicism was certainly not of the kind entitled to be labelled ‘ Roman,’ yet not enough to bring down upon her the curse by bell, book, and candle, which the sister intimated to her she would be in danger of incurring unless she made submission about *The Perfect Way*.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
EDWARD MAITLAND.”

The following is the editorial rejoinder :—

“ We publish elsewhere another long letter from Mr Edward Maitland. This unhappy controversy has been none of our seeking, and we will keep our reply within the narrowest possible limits. If it be indeed true that Mrs Kingsford was in such awe of the man who was watching by her deathbed that, to use his own words, when she wanted to send for a priest she did so ‘ clandestinely,’ and then, rather than dispute with him, was driven, in her weakness, to the poor subterfuge of pretending that she had been coerced, it will but add a new bitterness to the sorrow and unavailing pity with which her friends have heard of her death. For the statement that the nun, one of the most gentle of her sex, ever used pressure or persuasion we must put aside as a baseless fabrication. We have these undisputed facts. Three times over Mrs Kingsford sent for Mgr. Moore ; and it may be news to Mr Maitland to hear that on the second of these occasions she wrote to him with her own hand. She went to Confession three times, and received Holy Communion, and begged for prayers, for solemn Requiem, and for Catholic burial. Mr Maitland tells us that the first time she received Mgr. Moore it was out of politeness. Was it politeness that made her write to him, and twice send for him ‘ clandestinely ’ ? Does Mr Maitland really understand what it is he suggests when he says that Mrs Kingsford, knowing she was on the threshold of the grave, was

only deceiving the priest, was trifling with the Sacraments, and receiving the Holy Communion out of politeness? But Mr Maitland says Mrs Kingsford was so susceptible to the personal magnetism of others that perhaps, without her will, she may have said things others were wishing her to say. Was it magnetism that three times made her go to Confession to Mgr. Moore?

“But it surely is idle work, this talk of personal magnetism—this use of phrases which explain nothing. The sister assures us that her chief difficulty all through Mrs Kingsford’s illness was to moderate the fervour of her devotions, which threatened to be too much for her failing strength, and it is not disputed that she repeatedly sent for Mgr. Moore and received the Sacraments. Her statements to Mr Maitland are only explicable on the supposition that, knowing the cold and hard disapproval with which he would judge what she had done, she temporised, and, rather than dispute with him, pretended she had been persecuted. This explanation fits well with what Mr Maitland calls her ‘clandestine’ conduct towards him, her repeated cry to the sister to witness for her after her death that she died a true child of the Church, and her evident fear of Protestant burial. Mr Maitland thinks it deeply discourteous on our part to repeat the statement that Mrs Kingsford wished to cancel certain passages of *The Perfect Way*. In justice to Mrs Kingsford and to the sister who nursed her, we repeat it now. We can assure Mr Maitland that the nun is quite innocent of any knowledge of ‘Theosophy,’ and had never even heard of *The Perfect Way* until Mrs Kingsford expressed her regret for passages in it, and wished to cancel some eighteen pages of it. The words concerning Mr Maitland’s personal prospects of salvation which are put into the mouth of the nun we dismiss as too ignorantly silly to need denial. In conclusion, we have only to say that we are sorry if any words of ours have given pain to Mr Maitland, and we have no wish to impeach his veracity. What we have written we have written in justice to the dead and the living.”

My reply to this rejoinder convicted the priest absolutely of having deliberately falsified the purport of her letter to him, as well also as the editors of unscrupulously adopting as their own the allegations of the priest and the nun, as if they themselves had personal knowledge of the circumstances. And it was therefore refused admission. The following extracts from *Light*¹ will conclude my citations from the press on the matter. That I have reported the facts at such length is because I regard the *exposé* as an important feature of our commission to “lay bare the secrets of the world’s sacrificial system” :—

“The *Tablet* and the *Weekly Register* contain some correspondence and editorial comments which I should describe as funny were it not for the repulsive and even ghoulish efforts made by the re-

¹ *Light*, 1888, p. 133; see also further letters on the same subject, pp. 151, 164, and 187.

spective editors to claim Dr Anna Kingsford as one who had died in the odour of their sanctity. The official comments, ignoring the life-work of the departed lady, and ignorant entirely of her chief publication, as well as of the opinions she held and never disguised, are remarkable only for a deliberate putting aside of facts and a determination to square with preconceived notions what inconveniently took place. That anyone with an ordinary regard for truth can seriously assert that Dr Anna Kingsford died an orthodox Catholic, troubled in conscience on account of *The Perfect Way*, is not credible. She was a Mystic, and her acceptance of Catholic teaching was mystical. She was weak and ailing in her closing days of earth-life, and she was pestered into accepting the ministrations of a priest by a sister whose zeal was a long way ahead of her discretion. The strange belief, honestly held, I doubt not, that a departing soul not blessed by the ministrations of the Church is lost for ever is responsible for this most indecent intrusion on the closing hours of a perfectly consistent life, and for this palpable perversion of fact.

“ It would not concern me in the least whether Dr Anna Kingsford died a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, or a Catholic. But I am concerned to protest against the indecent stuff published with regard to her by the Catholic journals that I have mentioned. Their intrusion on the very deathbed, their twisting and distorting of plain facts in order to claim the soul of this poor lady, are as repulsive an exhibition as I remember to have seen. Both Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland are very outspoken in their chastisement of the misstatements made, and their words are in no whit too severe. Though I have always deprecated, and though I do still very strongly deprecate, any prejudice against any person by reason of theological belief, I am unable to refrain from saying that the conduct of these persons, the priest, the nun, the editors, and all concerned with them, is calculated to make one wish that their bigotry and intolerance could be sharply punished. There is an ingenuity, a malign ingenuity, of misrepresentation in such comments as this in the *Weekly Register*: ‘ A change, and a good change, came over Mrs Kingsford during the last weeks of her life. . . . It is even probable that in her state of weakness it was painful for her to discuss this change with those *whom she knew would grieve over it.*’ The accuracy of statement is on a par with the accuracy of the grammar. Sorry stuff and sad reading !

“ Is it really an unthinkable proposition that men should come to realise that belief is a very small factor in the soul’s progress ? Cannot people see that this unseemly shuffling over a dying woman in order to label her with a certain ticket, indicative of a belief, or of a profession of belief, expressed perhaps when the faculties are failing, is an insult to the common sense of any thinking man ? Put it precisely. A. B. lives his life on earth, makes himself what he is, carries his responsibilities such as he has made them, and then, as the eye grows dim and the faculties fade, there comes one who says to him, ‘ Believe this, subscribe to this, profess this, and you are saved.’ Does any thinking person accept that ? Does any reasonable being view with anything but disgust the attempt to twist a fading life into the contradiction of itself ?

“ *March 24, 1888.*”

Meanwhile the effect of the excitement of the conflict on myself was in the highest degree beneficial; for it served at once to withhold me from complete engrossment by grief for my loss, and to brace me to fresh endeavour by disclosing to me the danger which threatened our work and my colleague's reputation, and rendered necessary my continuance in life and health, both for its sake and for hers.

I had also the support derived from my absolute conviction that the time was not far distant when our work would be recognised at its full value by the intelligent and candid of all creeds and communions, to the utter downfall of the system which had shown itself so hostile to it; and I at once made it my determination to devote the rest of my life to the hastening of that time, both for the world's sake and for my own; in order that I might yet see the triumph of the truth for which we had toiled and suffered, and the discomfiture of its enemies and ours.

How far my anticipations have been justified will appear from the following recital, which at the date of this writing—February 1895—I am enabled to make.

In the third annual report of "The Esoteric Christian Union"—a society formed under my presidency¹ for the express purpose of propagating the "New Gospel of Interpretation," of which we had been the recipients, is the following statement:—

"The two terms whereby the spiritual movement of the age is generally designated are 'the revival of mysticism' and 'the restoration of the esoteric philosophy.' In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* of January 1894, this movement was declared by a Catholic writer of repute to be proceeding, not only in the Protestant communions, but in the Roman Church, especially among the clergy and in the monasteries, 'at a rate so rapid as to be revolutionary'; and in the course of that winter the Pope notified his recognition and sanction of it by issuing an encyclical letter calling on his clergy to re-study the Scriptures by the light of the ancient esoteric philosophy, specifying the Fathers and Doctors of the Church as the sources of information. But, as allowed by the late Cardinal Newman in his *Apologia*, while the patristic writings affirm positively the presence in the Christian symbology of a system of thought recognisable by the mind, and differing widely from the orthodox presentation of Christianity, and give of it glimpses and suggestions described by Dr Newman as 'magnificent in themselves and making

¹ The Society was formed at Edward Maitland's chambers (No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios) on Advent Sunday, November 29, 1891 (see p. 429 *post*).—S. H. H.

music to his inward ear, showing that nature is an allegory, Scripture a parable, and the dogmas, rituals, and appointments of the Church but symbols of the heavenly truths which fill eternity,—he did not for a moment imply that such interpretations are to be found in the Fathers, but only enough to give hope of a new and fuller revelation to come of the truths still under the veil of the letter. And he subsequently expressed his conviction that the only hope for religion lay in such a new revelation.

“The value and relevance of this recital to the present purpose consist in the fact—freely admitted by those who are in a position to speak from personal knowledge—that the writings to which this significant movement in the Church owes its impulsion and sustenance are no other than those which are recognised by this Society as the ‘New Gospel of Interpretation,’¹ and which constitute, therefore, the fulfilment of Dr Newman’s anticipation of a new revelation in the eyes of trained ecclesiastics of his own faith. Not that this conviction is confined to any particular communion. For, from members of numerous communions and creeds, cleric and lay, at home and abroad, Christian and other, of various races, nationalities, and tongues, whom the glad tidings of the New Interpretation have reached, there constantly come expressions of joy

¹ The books here referred to as being recognised by the Esoteric Christian Union as appertaining to the New Gospel of Interpretation were *The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*, by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, which was published in 1882 (Fourth Edition, 1909); *Clothed with the Sun, being the Book of the Illuminations of Anna Kingsford*, which was published in 1889 (Second Edition, 1906); *The Bible’s Own Account of Itself*, by Edward Maitland, which was published in 1891 (Second Edition, 1905); *The New Gospel of Interpretation, being an Abstract of the Doctrine and Statement of the Objects of the Esoteric Christian Union*, by Edward Maitland, which was published in 1892; *A Message to Earth*, which was published anonymously in 1892; and *The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation*, by Edward Maitland, which was published in 1893 (Third and Enlarged Edition, 1905, under the title of *The Story of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland and of the New Gospel of Interpretation*). In 1894 the present book was not published; had it been, it would undoubtedly have been classed with the above-mentioned books. These books, Edward Maitland says, “represent the prophesied restoration of the ancient Esoteric doctrine which, by interpreting the mysteries of religion, should reconcile faith and reason, religion and science, and accomplish the downfall of that sacerdotal system which—‘making the word of God of none effect by its traditions’—has hitherto usurped the name and perverted the truth of Christianity. Their standpoint is that Christian doctrines, when rightly understood, are necessary and self-evident truths, recognisable as founded in and representing the actual nature of existence, incapable of being conceived of as otherwise, and constituting a system of thought at once scientific, philosophic, and religious, absolutely inexpugnable and satisfactory to man’s highest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.” There was also the book, *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, by Anna Kingsford, which was published in 1888 (Third Edition, 1908), containing teaching identical in source and character with the foregoing books, but mingled with some writings of a lighter order.—S. H. H.

and thankfulness unbounded, the burden of which is, 'At last! at last! The seals are broken and the books are open; the veil has been taken away and the long-lost key of knowledge restored, solving all the mysteries of religion by giving of them a scientific statement recognisable by the understanding, and satisfying absolutely man's highest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. Now at length we can behold God and God's truth, no longer darkly, but face to face.' "

Such is the recognition which our work has found in their own communion within six years of the time when priest and nun lied freely, and subservient editors backed them up, in order to make it appear that its chief instrument had recanted her part in it! And how little their action was endorsed by Catholics themselves in the meantime may be gathered from the following letter, written by a well-known member of that communion, which appeared in the *Echo*, September 14, 1891:—

“ ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

“ SIR,—I am much struck by the closing words of the article by 'Urbanus' in your columns of to-day, when he says that 'Mrs Besant had never penetrated as far into Christianity as she has into Esoteric Buddhism.' This is the true explanation of the influences which lead people away from Christianity. Millions of so-called Christians have never penetrated beyond the outer courts of that Divine philosophy ('penetrated' is just the word to explain the whole matter). Probably Mrs Besant had been nurtured on 'Dearly beloved brethren,' and the routine services of the Church of England, or the cant phrases and formulæ of some other religious sect; she had never penetrated beyond these outer courts, or she would have found as much to occupy her mind and employ her mental powers as did the most learned, the most beautiful, and most spiritually minded woman whom I ever met—the late Dr Anna Kingsford. This lady found in Esoteric Christianity employment for the most beautiful and devout mind which I ever knew to be enshrined in the form of a woman, and she has given us in that profound work of hers, *The Perfect Way*, a system of Christian philosophy noble enough and large enough for the highest intellect. If inquiring minds would go to work with Christianity with the patience, the study, and the mental concentration required for that of Esoteric Buddhism, they would find in the despised and neglected religion of Jesus and Paul quite enough to occupy all the intellect they possess.—Yours, etc.,

“ EDWARD BERDOE, M.R.C.S.

“ LONDON, *September 11, 1891.*”

By way of compensation for the suppression of my last letter to the Catholic papers named, and with a view still further to discredit the system it was our appointed mission to destroy

I contributed the following paragraph to *Light* of March 31, 1888:—

“ MRS KINGSFORD'S ‘ RECANTATION ’

“ FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

“ With reference to the pretended retractation of her writings by Mrs Kingsford, it is interesting and instructive to recall the like attempt made in the case of the late Abbé Constant (‘ Eliphaz Levi ’). Out of an amiable regard for the feelings of a lady friend, he consented, when near his end, to receive a priest. But although he never recanted a jot of his opinions or writings, it was none the less asserted that he had done so. The attempt in Mrs Kingsford's case is a peculiarly heartless and nefarious one. For it implies (1) either that she had become mentally imbecile, since her teaching consisted of truths which are as necessary and self-evident to the spiritual perception as are those of mathematics and geometry to the intellectual perception, and therefore of truths which could not possibly be renounced by her while of sane mind; or (2) that she was consciously faithless to the Divine voice and vision so abundantly vouchsafed to her; in which case the assertion of her recantation is an attack upon her character. As also is the statement that she had declared herself to have written only eighteen pages of *The Perfect Way*. For this is to charge her with direct and gross falsehood, and one readily confuted by the production of the MSS., all of which are in existence.

“ But such is only too apt to be the way of priesthoods. The salvation of the individual is made the pretext for advancing the interests of the order regardless of truth and justice. The ignorance, too, of those who have thus rushed in where angels and archangels were wont to tread with respect is, in this case, singularly conspicuous. For, by insisting on the impropriety of the teaching concerned, they both virtually deny that there is a substratum of spiritual meaning to the historical presentations of Christian doctrine, and they also, by this denial, condemn the greatest luminaries of their own Church, not to mention the recognised scientific champion of Catholic orthodoxy of the present day, Professor St George Mivart. For what *The Perfect Way* really does is to expound the ‘ intellectual concepts ’ claimed by him in his recent articles in the *Nineteenth Century* to be implicit in the Church dogmas, but which concepts he either cannot or dare not formulate. And so we have the world-old tragedy re-enacted, of which the earliest Biblical instance is the slaughter of Abel by Cain. The priest, as the minister of Sense, is ever at deadly enmity with the prophet as the minister of the Intuition. But withheld, nowadays, from shedding his blood, he insinuates himself into his death-chamber, in order to come forth and declare that he has retracted his message ! ”

The “ eighteen pages ” were thus arrived at. The contemplated emendations would extend over that space; and the sister overheard the number mentioned between us in our con-

versations on the subject, and made it the foundation for her statement that Mrs Kingsford had written only eighteen pages of the book, and recanted the whole of these. A comparison between the second and third editions, Lecture VIII., pars. 27-41, at once both makes this clear, and shows how little of anything approaching "recantation" was involved in the proposed changes.



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD MAITLAND, ÆT. 70.

James Hyatt.

face p. 405, vol. ii.

CHAPTER XXXVII AND LAST

POST MORTEM

IN the spring I took up my abode in some newly erected studios in Thurloe Square,¹ being attracted thereto by various considerations. Among these were my preference for large, lofty, and well-lit rooms; the fact that, having never before been occupied, they would be free from the possibility of uncongenial influences remaining from former associations, and amenable, therefore, only to those introduced by myself; and the fitness of a building thus styled and dedicated for one who, though neither painter nor sculptor, was none the less artist, in that he always is artist who, cultivating an ideal, strives to make that ideal an actuality, and so far as in him lies, to recreate the world in the image he has cherished,—a point of view regarded from which the supreme artist is God Himself.

Thus settled, I devoted myself sedulously to the threefold task of re-establishing my broken health, carrying on our work as I knew my vanished colleague would wish it to be carried on, and watching for tokens of the fulfilment by her of her promises to come to me and continue our collaboration. Of her ability to perform her part of the compact I had no manner of doubt. I doubted only of my own ability to regain the sensitiveness requisite for my part of it. All depended, I was convinced, on the recovery of my physical health. For I knew by experience that the higher the tone of my organic system, the more open I should be to such intercourse. It is to the record

¹ No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios, Thurloe Square, South Kensington, London, the house being the corner house on the south side of the square, and forming an angle with Pelham Street in the rear thereof. The chambers occupied by Edward Maitland were (entering) on the left-hand side of the ground floor of the building overlooking the garden in the square. They have since been somewhat altered in their internal arrangement. He went into possession in May 1888.—S. H. H.

of the intercourse which actually occurred that this concluding chapter will be mainly devoted. Thus only will this history be complete, seeing that, first, allusion has been made in the course of it to incidents the promised sequel of which was *post mortem*; and, secondly, that the very nature of the work recorded necessitates experiences of the kind in question in corroboration of its doctrine. It remains only to state that she had made me her literary executor and trustee, and bequeathed to me the few hundred pounds saved of her professional earnings, to be expended on the publication of her literary remains, and such allied purposes as our work required; and I am free to pass at once to the subject of this chapter.

My faculty, it will be remembered, had consisted in sensitiveness of hearing and touch rather than of sight, saving only when asleep; for then my spiritual vision was of the keenest. For this reason I did not anticipate ocular proofs of her presence; unless, indeed, she should visit me in sleep. And concerning this possibility, I reflected that any experience of such kind would be unsatisfactory, as it might be but a dream, and would require corroborative evidence to give it value, such as would be afforded by the communication of knowledges specially characteristic of her. But no dreams of such kind occurred to me; and for a considerable period the only intimations I had of her presence consisted in such enhancement of mental perception in regard to our work as might be due to the duplication of my faculty by hers, the result being fresh applications of the key given us to the interpretation of spiritual mysteries.

In May [1888] I made the acquaintance of a lady who, without being a medium in the sense of going under control, was in a remarkable degree clairvoyant and clairaudient to spiritual presences. My anxiety to lose no chance of communication, added to my recognition of this method as legitimate, induced me to sit with her for the purpose, she coming to my rooms, where I was satisfied the conditions would be best. She was a person of ordinary intelligence and acquirements, but simple and genuine of character. The answers repeated by her in reply to the questions put by me were all such as might have come from Mary, and as the intermediary was incapable of devising. Hence I give some of them, though not deeming them conclusive as proofs. Her own knowledge of us, and our

association and work, was but slight, and far from such as would have enabled her to invent the replies. I will call her Mrs H.

Thus, to my question about the personality of the influence declared by the sensitive to be present, the latter replied that she was shown the letters "A. K." as denoting the name she was generally known by, but that there was another, which for the present the spirit reserved. As to my question about her present state, whether it was one of complete freedom from the physical suffering of which she had experienced so much while in the body, and from mental distress, it was answered :—

"I put off all physical suffering with the organism. For the rest, I have only a sense of work unaccomplished. The past is gone, with its joys and its woes, its triumphs and its failures. Look not back to it; care only for the future. For yourself, all depends on the care you take of yourself how long you live. Avoid all excitement, especially argument and controversy, which injures both yourself and your work. Work on quietly and steadfastly, unimpressed by any strange influence. You have not time to repair errors, therefore avoid making them. There are those who will try to hinder, and who will resent what you say. But do not heed them, and do not seek to champion me. You have other work to do, something new, and interpretative of what we have written; something suitable for the masses. For the world is so low, material, and grovelling that people can be raised only by the most elementary instruction, absolutely simple and plain. Use no hard words. Hitherto the learned have written only for the learned, and have left the generality in ignorance. Your work is rather to give our truths to those who are in total darkness than to those who think they know. Avoid, then, technicalities; help the receptive who are ready, willing, and unprejudiced. And in writing my life, do it only as the history of a soul, in its weakness and its strength; not as a eulogy of a person, but as I see you have it in your mind to do it."

To my question if she had been with me of late and trying to make me conscious of her presence, it was replied :—

"Yes, and you have received from me the impressions I wished to convey, though unaware of their source. We used often in my life to read each other's thoughts directly, and without using words, and we shall now do this more and more according as you encourage the wish and direct your mind to me."

"Is there," I asked, "much new matter of high importance for me to receive? And must I work hard, or is there plenty of time before me?"

"There is much to do," was the reply, "but not much time to do it in. So work while you can."

To my question whether certain messages sent to me by various mediums, some of whom were strangers to me, were

really from her—for I greatly distrusted them, if only because I could not imagine her visiting some of those whom I did not know—it was replied:—

“ Not personally or actively. I influenced the controls of certain mediums to give them messages from me to you, assuring you of my welfare and continued alliance with and regard for you.”

This was a reply which fully accounted for the inability shown by the controls in question to answer any further question about her put by the circles visited, even though they had spoken as if really herself, claiming to be her, as if for the moment believing themselves actually to be the person they represented, an illusion fully compatible with the astral character I ascribed to them, and not due to any conscious or intentional deception.

Among the messages sent me by strangers purporting to come from her was one which struck me as of exceptional importance, being accompanied by another purporting to come from Swedenborg, in which I was informed that, as he had interested himself in our work during her lifetime, so now he was in relations with her and was serving her. As we had never, at that time, mentioned to anyone our intercourse with Swedenborg, this struck me as too remarkable to be an accidental coincidence, and I called on the sender for an explanation of the manner of its reception. But all that I could extract from him was the statement that it had been received by a certain lady of his acquaintance who did not wish her name divulged, and who had entrusted the message to him for transmission to me.

The time was then approaching for the annual meeting at St James's Hall of the London Spiritualist Alliance, when some notable trance-medium was to deliver an address. I was not in the habit of attending such gatherings, but on this occasion I found myself so strongly impelled to go as to make me wonder at the circumstance, and to seek the reason therefor. This I failed to find, but none the less did I obey the impulse as possibly due to some suggestion which I might regret not having heeded, even though unaware of its origin and motive. In any case, the worst that could happen was a wasted evening. So far as the address delivered was concerned, it was such an evening, excepting perhaps for the proof afforded of the astral character of the speaker's inspiration, as shown by its utter unspirituality. For it consisted in a denunciation of the doctrine of Reincarnation, on the ground

of the diminutiveness and general insignificance of this planet as compared with other heavenly bodies and the universe at large, no account being taken of the lessons to be learnt by experience of the lives lived here. By which it appeared that the speaker ranked physical dimensions above spiritual evolution, thereby showing himself to be a spiritualist of a very materialistic kind.

In the course of the evening I was accosted by a stranger, who said that he was commissioned by some ladies who were present to request my consent to an introduction to them. They proved to be a Mrs and Miss W., the latter a simple and unsophisticated girl of about seventeen, through whom had been written the two messages sent me, of which one purported to come from Swedenborg. Finding them to be persons of high consideration, excellent social position, serious, and in every way desirable as acquaintances, I accepted an invitation to visit them and witness Miss W.'s exercise of her gift, which consisted in the power of writing under a control which used her hand only, without affecting her consciousness.

For, besides being unaware of what was being written by her hand, which altogether transcended her own knowledge and capacity, she was able to converse with those present with a freedom which showed that her mind was in no way engaged in the writing. The controlling influence claimed to be the soul of a woman not long dead, who, as representing a group of souls, spoke in the plural. Being spiritualists rather than mystics, the family had little knowledge of our work, and it was soon made evident to me that the communications were independent both of them and of my own thoughts. They began :—

“ We call you the shell-breaker. You crack the outer crust of problems and get at their kernels. We see the form of a spirit who is near you, and yet we can hardly call it a spirit, but rather a glorified soul, and she speaks to us, but cannot herself control the writing for want of use. But she will answer the questions you put, and we will write her answers. She has sent, she says, no communication to you direct from herself, but has given several medium-spirits messages for you. She knows that the power will be given to impress you herself so distinctly that she will be able to continue her work through you. And she bids us say that, when she can find a medium unspotted by the world, she will communicate with you through her, but she hesitates to place the pure water of life in a dirty glass. The inner communion with you has already commenced. Soul speaks to soul ; but your soul is not yet able to impart the impression to the body. She lost time, she says, in

establishing the material link, because she thought there would be no need, for she thought that you also might be allowed to leave the body. But now she knows that your work on earth is not yet finished, and so she will try to establish the inner consciousness. To this end you should devote a certain hour daily to withdraw your thoughts from other things and centre them upon her, not with any straining, but with a calm and restful feeling.

“ There is more difficulty in her case than in that of many others. For she was not an ordinary human form. She was an unveiled soul, shining through the material form. She did not need to draw through different sources ; she drew direct from the Infinite. There was no cloud between her and her Master, for they were one in spirit. And therefore, now she is withdrawn from earth, she shines as a light which sheds its soft lustre round the object she encompasses, and does not, as those less advanced, dart a ray on one single point. She bids us tell you that she now sees doubly all that she knew and felt on earth. But it is difficult for us to enter her sphere sufficiently to be able to convey to you what she wishes us to say. She speaks to us more by impression than by expression. We fail to render the poetry of her language. A thought had but to float towards her to be covered with a golden veil of poetry before she let it again go free. Thoughts clothed themselves in poetry as they approached her. She was an entirely different order from all those to whom she was allied by kindred on earth. For she was a soul made perfect, caged in the body for the purpose of uniting the chain of the earthly and the spiritual ; but she had not one idea in common with those who were called her relations. She dwelt among them, but was not of them, she says, and had she not known you, would never have shown the life she possessed interiorly.

“ It was not necessary for her to develop in the way that most have to develop. She did not cling to any to aid her to grow upwards. She clung to the highest power of all. She had no weight to attach her to earth. All in her was attached to the spiritual.

“ And now she is in a sphere so far removed above us ordinary spirits that she appears to us as a constellation shining by a light of her own. She is so closely united with her Master, with Divinity, that she knows all things of herself, and does not require to be told them as we do. And she passed up so rapidly to her own sphere that she could not have held communication with anyone in the lower spheres, had there been any there whom she knew.

“ She wishes you to know that the friend who had promised to receive her when she quitted the body was present and did receive her ; ¹ but she could not stay with her long, because she had to mount to higher spheres and leave the friend behind. But she is able to see her and hold converse with her. Remember, there is the difference between a soul being made perfect, and a soul which is made perfect.

“ She bids us tell you that a curious mist seems to come over her when she tries to recall the more material portions of her life on earth. She seems to see only the purposes which overshadowed all deeds. And that is often the way when we leave earth. Earth itself passes from our memory, though all that made earth endurable

¹ P. 356 *ante*.

lives for ever in our inner consciousness. She bids us also tell you that she would often have sent you messages, but being unable to speak them directly to yourself, she refrained from entrusting them to a channel which she feared might misunderstand and pervert them, and sully their purity."

To my question as to how far she was still affected by the memory of her sufferings, it was replied :—

" She rejoices to let you know that the suffering she enjoyed—yes, enjoyed—was the ladder that led her spirit upward, ever upward. She knows now that, had that suffering not chained her spirit to her material frame, the power she possessed would have been of no use in this sphere of earth. For had her body not suffered, her knowledge could never have been expressed, but must have remained in her inner self as a dream, one day to be realised.

" We understand her as saying that she undertook to restore the thirteen sacred books she had possessed as the Sibyl, and meant that she was able to place on paper, in this her last earthly existence, all that was in the burnt books. The burning had not been by actual fire, for the books were not material books. But through yielding to passion she had lost the wonderful knowledge contained in the inner volume. There are many secrets still to be revealed. All has not yet been given. And the teacher must wait until the pupil is advanced enough to understand what is being learnt. That pupil is the world. That she had been able to recover so much of them, and to give them forth in her life just passed, was due entirely to her association with you. But for your influence she would have kept all she knew locked up in her own soul.

" When a soul gets very high it is impossible for it to come into direct contact with the material. She might, indeed, speak consciously to yourself, but yet be unable to control your hand. She might speak more clearly by dictating words than by directing through us the hand of our medium. May we be allowed to call her Mary? For that is the name under which her influence makes itself known to us.

" She wishes you to be assured that she who is now holding communication with you through us is indeed Mary—the soul. There are two A. K.'s, her outer detached personalities in the astral sphere, and you will have to distinguish her impressions from those of the others, should they come to you.

" We knew you wondered how it was that you came to attend the meeting where you met with this circle. It was the Divine Will that you should meet, and for that purpose you both were sent, that you might find others like-minded with yourselves. We can tell you what will surprise you,—Swedenborg; there lies the key. He was in your sphere and in the sphere also of our circle, and he was charged to bring you together through us."

There were many things in these communications which I could account for only by supposing them to be genuine, and that I had really come into relations with the soul of Mary. I

had been so fully cognisant of the manifoldness of her personality as to wonder in which of her characters she would communicate with me, if at all. But I had strictly reserved the thought to myself. The possibility of a duplex and divisible astral personality had scarcely occurred to me. It is one of the most recondite facts in occultism. And, moreover, my friends were spiritualists, and unaware of the distinction between "Mary," the true soul, and the astral phantom. Another fact known only to myself was that of her having had no relation or friend who had predeceased her who was spiritually related to her. Nor was anyone but myself aware of her being beyond all else a poet.

The statement, also, that owing to her union with her divine principle she knew all things of herself, and did not require to be told, was word for word what had been declared years before to us by our own illuminators, and had been kept strictly to ourselves.¹ The assurance now given me that she who was now speaking was indeed Mary, the soul, was for me another strong proof of genuineness, since no one but myself knew that she had been so called expressly in accordance with the symbolism which adopts Mary as the typical name of the soul.

I subsequently came upon yet further evidence at once of the genuineness of this communication and of the occult knowledge possessed by the ancient Gnostics. For in the year 1892, when reading King's *Gnostics*, I found a citation from the Gnostic gospel, the *Pistis Sophia*, or Faith-Wisdom, in the chapter on the state of the Initiate after death, stating that after death the Initiate receives a light which denotes the number of his soul's place in the spiritual spheres, and that in virtue of his possession of this light he passes rapidly up to his own proper altitude, the Rulers of the lower spheres being prevented by it from detaining him. Mary, we had been assured by our illuminators, had been initiated more than once in her previous lives. But as yet we had never divulged this knowledge.

During the summer I occupied myself in preparing her *Dreams and Dream-Stories* for publication, intending to preface it by a short account of her life and faculty. But I no sooner set about composing this than I found myself strongly impelled to use only as preface to it a paper which she herself had written in anticipa-

¹ Vol. I. p. 340.

tion of its publication in her lifetime, and thus to let her be the only speaker, save for the occasional brief notes requisite. Meanwhile my health was mending, though but slightly, and I was beginning to feel somewhat more conscious of her presence, and of her attempts to hold direct communication with me, but I obtained only vague impressions. On September 28 [1888] I sat again with the Mrs H. already referred to, having had no communication with her in the interval; so that she was quite unaware of the situation. On becoming lucid she said, without my having given her any clue, that my friend Mrs Kingsford was present, "But she now calls herself Mary, and not A. K., as before, and is so much better and sweeter-looking, as if at her very best in every way." And she asked me to explain the change of name and appearance. After I had told her that by calling herself "Mary" instead of A. K. she meant she was present now in the soul, and not merely in the astral form, which would account also for her radiant look, the sensitive continued:—

"I am told to tell you that she has been much with you, and finds you more sensitive to her presence than at first; and that you have carried out all her wishes very well indeed, and she is quite certain that you are impressed by her. She fears, however, to press you too soon with what might be premature; but your time is short for doing all that there is for you to do, and she finds it hard not to be impatient to get all said that she wants to say to you. She fears also that you and she may be misunderstood by the great majority. Those who have the inner light will understand, and she desires to reach the rest by making plainer what has already been published. You must therefore put it into simple and child-like language, if the masses are to be reached. For the mission, she *now* sees, is not to the few, but to the many, to the *all*. You alone have charge of the inmost truth. All others have failed either to receive or to accept the pure truth; and for want of understanding it, they have distorted it. I am to tell you that it has been revealed to her that an attempt will be made to upset your work by depreciating it and you and her, but she cannot say by whom or how. But you must stand firm, knowing you have the truth. The attempt is already being made in some quarters. There are two great classes who will be against you: those who deny all revelation whatever, and those who take the so-called Christianity as their standard, and turn against all who have a different interpretation. Your worst opponents are not the *un*believers, but the *mis*believers."

In reply to my question whether she approved of my intention to follow the present book [*Dreams and Dream-Stories*] by one containing all her illuminations, an answer was given emphatically in the affirmative, with an instruction to add explanatory notes

stating their source and significance. Her function in our joint work, she added, was essentially reflective. She was given to me to be a mirror to reflect to me the universe and man. It had originally been intended that she should also portray to the world the highest type of womanhood ; but there was too much else to be done, and our actual work, that of interpretation, was considered the most important to be done first. The world could not go right so long as it has a false religion. It was then intimated that our conversation must now close, as she could not remain long with any medium. When I was better she could remain any length of time with me, and she would then inspire me with all that she had to say. Meanwhile, to that end, I was to follow a certain mode of life, of which particulars were given me, and the wisdom of which I fully recognised. To my parting expressions of affection it was responded that there was no need for us to give our love to each other ; for that is a perpetual possession between us—a fixed, unalterable fact, recognised by both, and not needing words. For it dates from long ages past, as we had been together in the closest union in many lives, and shall be hereafter. She has no thought now but for me and the work. But although that makes her an “ earth-bound spirit ” in one sense, it does not make her one in the bad sense, in which the term is commonly understood. For she is remaining below voluntarily in order to do good.

Sitting again, October 13 [1888], Mrs H. said :—

“ Your friend is here, and I am to tell you that she finds you greatly increasing in sensitiveness to her presence ; and she will soon be with you in a more palpable way, for she prefers greatly to converse with you direct, and with you only. There is so much that she wants done which you alone can do. It is through you alone that she is to speak to the world. For you alone can perfectly understand her. She is greatly pleased with what you have written since the last visit. You have written more to the point, and to the right persons, and at the right time. She wishes your present work to be completed with all possible despatch, as there is so much more to be done. She has an idea that what you are writing now will meet with opposition. But you are not to be afraid, but go on, and do not heed ‘ friendly criticism,’ as it will profess to be. Go on in spite of it, for the work’s sake. No one must be allowed to interfere. The work must be the paramount consideration. There are many, both on that side and on this, who are seeking to hinder the highest expression of Truth, which has been given to Us alone, and who know so much as to make them dangerous. But, in making haste, be careful to be accurate. Allow no doctrine or sect to have

any influence with you. Her relations, she says, may perhaps dislike her being presented as you will present her. But she *must* be so presented, as you knew her, or—and this she says with great solemnity—*she will have lived in vain.*

“Remember she is with you, and is one with you, in all you do, and follows and helps you in all. You are to declare the whole truth, and not to trouble about anyone or anything. With her co-operation you will be able to surmount all obstacles and solve all questions. Always be calm in your writings and conversations and discussions. Your coming visit to Atcham will bring her nearer by putting you into a more receptive attitude. The books you are now preparing will make her biography sought for, and this will educate the world more than all else, by showing how the Divine life can be led, and the faculties opened to Divine truth, and that to get that truth the Divine life must be led. This is her chief longing—to have the Life written as you are preparing to write it, and you must not let anyone change the plan of it. It is only through the woman-principle in man that such truth can come, and it was her mission to represent that principle.”

In the last week in October [1888] I visited Atcham full of hope that the associations of the place would promote the conditions requisite for the experience I craved. And in this view I went daily to the grave, and endeavoured, forcibly but silently, to project my wish to the spheres, inner and upper, that I might at least hear her addressing me by the name which she had occasionally used for me, my initiation-name—Caro. But though I listened intently, I was unable to persuade myself that I heard any response; and after three or four attempts I desisted, intending to try again after a short interval. On the last occasion, however, I was convinced that my wish had not been dissipated in space, but had penetrated to the sphere to which it had been directed, and had actually reached her for whom it was intended, and formed a line of communication between us, by which she was endeavouring to transmit a response which only my defect of faculty prevented me from receiving. My sense of the existence of such a line thus made, and of someone at the other end of it thus engaged, and of there being a message on the way to me which expended itself without reaching me, was unmistakable, and I resolved to be content for the present with such result. The date of this last attempt was Tuesday, October 30. I made no mention to anyone of these attempts, or of my desire.

Four days later—Saturday, November 3—I received by post from London, forwarded to me under cover, and bearing a Scotch postmark of November 1, a letter from a young lady, Miss

M. H. E., who had been an occasional correspondent of Mary's, but had never seen her ; and who, having the highest regard and veneration for her, had written to me in her illness inquiring after her. We had subsequently met in London, and had lately resumed correspondence in consequence of her desiring counsel under the following circumstances. She had, she told me, recently and quite unexpectedly developed the faculty of "mediumship," and had received from her mother, then several years dead, visits and communications such as left no room for doubt as to their reality and genuineness. ;

Knowing enough of her surroundings to be aware that such experiences would inevitably be referred by them to the pathological rather than to the spiritual, and what was a recovery or an enhancement of a natural faculty would be regarded as a morbid delusion and "treated" accordingly, I had written cautioning her to keep strict silence respecting her experiences, and meanwhile to maintain a calm and critical, but not an unsympathetic, attitude of mind, firmly repelling whatever influences might be of an inferior order, and carefully recording all that happened. The event had proved the wisdom of the caution thus given, but either it had been received too late or had been disregarded. For, being under the impression that others would be as overjoyed as herself to find that one whom they had loved and lost still existed and cared for them, and could hold converse with them, she related to them what had happened, with exactly the disagreeable results to herself which I had anticipated and sought to avert.

The letter received from her by me on Saturday, November 3, was written on Wednesday, October 31, and in it she stated that in the course of the previous night—the night of the day of my last attempt beside the grave—she had been roused from sleep by someone whom she recognised as Mrs Kingsford, who had caused her to write to me the letter now enclosed. The message thus dictated consisted of warm assurances of Mary's continued regard for me and interest in our work, and concluded with the exclamation, emphatically underlined, and written with impetuous energy—"Caro ! Caro ! Caro ! does not my voice reach you ? *Caro !!!* CARO !!! CARO !!!" making it to appear as if she was then actually calling to me at each repetition louder than before, as well as writing, just as I had desired her to call, and as I had

felt that she was calling, though the sounds failed to reach my ears.

On the following day, Sunday, November 4, I received from Miss M. H. E., also forwarded under cover from London, another letter purporting to have been dictated by Mary, charging me to use for the book I had just edited, her *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, a preface which she herself had written, instead of one of my own composition, a copy of which I should find in a certain receptacle in the room which had been her study at the vicarage. The particulars, none of which were known to the writer, were correct in every respect, saving only that the word "schoolroom" was used instead of "study." It was in the place named that I had found the preface in question, which, as before related, I had substituted for one of my own, under a strong impression that in so doing I was acting as she herself would prefer if consulted. The book, moreover, had actually just been published, so that the present instruction came too late to be acted on. From which it was clear that her knowledge of my doings was not fully up to date.

The letters thus dictated showed a gradual and increasing assimilation of the medium's handwriting to that of Mary. But the envelope containing the last letter was addressed in a hand which was not merely like hers, but *was* hers, and was written with great freedom, clearness, and firmness, and as if dashed off at speed, the strokes being somewhat thicker than she was wont to make, as would naturally be the case when forcibly using the hand of another. It was accompanied by a letter from M. H. E. herself describing the sensation in her hand when writing it as that of being controlled by some pervading substance, which, while strong and firm, was soft and impalpable. The same post brought direct from Scotland another letter similarly addressed in Mary's handwriting, as exact as mine was, to A. It had been written, M. H. E. informed me, on the same occasion as mine, but was delayed in the posting, so that it arrived simultaneously with mine from London. It came just after A. had quitted the vicarage for morning service, and while I was still in the house; and I placed it, pending his return, on the drawing-room table. The first person to see it was E., the daughter, who, on catching sight of it, at once called out to me, in great excitement, "Mr Maitland! What can be

the meaning of this? Here is a letter for papa in mamma's handwriting."

Upon this I told her, what I had before kept to myself, that I also had received one similarly addressed, and that there was really nothing to be surprised at in the matter, as such things were well known to the ancients, and were mentioned in the Bible, and had been frequent since the rise of spiritualism; and it was only what was to be expected in the case of one so highly developed spiritually as her mamma. The purport of the letter to A. was identical with that to me. She had failed to follow me to the vicarage, and supposing I was still in London, had written to tell him to find the preface in question, and send it to me.

It will be remembered that in the spring of 1882 a difference had arisen between Mary and myself in relation to my book, *The Soul and How it Found Me*, on the ground of Miss Cobbe's cruel aspersion and bitter persecution of her on identifying her as the "seeress" of that book; and that the experience especially cited by Miss Cobbe to her disadvantage was that entitled the "Vision of Creation," or the "Vision of the Worlds," and subsequently, in *Clothed with the Sun*, the "Vision of Adonai." Completely demoralised by her acute suffering and sense of injustice on the occasion, she had forgotten her part in the publication of the book, and the necessity of it to our work, and conceived the impression that I had published it against her wishes, and committed a grievous error of judgment in the matter, which error she wished me to confess. I, however, had remained firm in my conviction, and said that I would at once make such a confession if I could do so conscientiously; but that, so far from that being the case, I was absolutely convinced that some day—whether here or hereafter I knew not—she herself would be of my opinion, and would say that she was wrong and I was right in the matter.¹ I had failed to convince her, and the question remained, the one unresolved discord between us, though I had at once withdrawn the book from further sale. After her death I had still respected her feeling in the matter, though it had not found expression for a long time. And partly for this reason, and partly to recompense the publisher, who had so considerately

¹ See p. 46 *ante*.

assented to my desire, I bought up the remainder of the edition and had it destroyed. There was yet another motive. I wished to be free to use the materials for my contemplated history of her and our work.

Since the publication of *Dreams and Dream-Stories* I had occupied myself in preparing *Clothed with the Sun*. But here the question arose whether to include the vision which had been the source of so much distress and trouble. My own conviction had remained unshaken. It was absolutely indispensable to our work as showing that no mystical experience, however lofty and recondite, had been withheld from us that would enable us to speak with authority from personal knowledge. But the recollection of her objection rose before me so vividly as to make me uncertain whether it was only recollection, or whether it was being reinforced by her present opposition. In this dilemma I sought for some direct, palpable indication from her as to the inclusion of this vision. To that end I addressed to her, as though visibly present, a formal statement of my reasons for its republication, not speaking aloud, but mentally. To my great satisfaction, I found, on concluding, that I was no longer under any hesitation in the matter, but that whatever opposition there might previously have been was entirely withdrawn; and I accordingly included it in the book, placing it last, in order to be able to suppress it in the event of some later and positive intimation to that effect. Meanwhile I was so confident of her assent that the matter no longer weighed on my mind. I was conscious also of assistance from her, not verbally and audibly, but by means of enhancement of perception and judgment, in the preparation of the notes and appendices, some of which dealt with matters of the utmost profundity.

Such was the situation when I received an invitation to attend a sitting for automatic writing by two ladies who possessed that gift. Of these ladies one only of them was known to me. She was a Mrs C., whom I had met but twice, but of whom I had seen sufficient to assure me that she was a person of sound judgment, mature in spirit as in years, and altogether reliable. Nevertheless, I at first declined the invitation, on the ground that I disliked mixed sittings, and never joined in them. I was assured, however, that the persons to be present were all serious inquirers, and no element of frivolity would be admitted; all that was

wanted of me was to be present and offer any suggestions respecting the conduct of the sitting. While pondering the matter I found my hesitation entirely disappear, and I consented to attend in the character described. I had no definite anticipation of any results personally interesting to me, but previously to going I mentally asked Mary to be present, and to tell me through them, if she might, of any change that ought to be made in my book of her illuminations. The sitting duly took place, the two ladies who wrote being in the centre of a circle of six or eight persons, when, after some messages which they recognised as from persons known to them, they said to me that my late friend, Mrs Kingsford, was present, and would answer any questions I might like to ask. To which I replied by exclaiming, "So, then, you have really come at my request?" To which it was said in writing, "Yes; the tie is not snapped." I then said, "Now is the time to tell me about my work. Is there any change you wish made?" To which it was answered, "I wish to tell you that since I have been on this side I have come to see some things differently from what I did before, and that about the 'Vision of the Worlds' I was wrong and you were right." My satisfaction at this was supreme. Only we two had ever known of the difference which had thus arisen between us; and now, after the lapse of seven years, she had fulfilled my prediction, and used the very words I had declared she would use when her perceptions should become clearer, thereby showing recollection and growth and readiness to acknowledge her error of judgment. And when I explained the matter to the persons present, they fully appreciated the grounds of my satisfaction and the positive proof afforded of continuance and memory and advancement after death.

On June 5, 1889, Mrs H. sat with me and reported Mary as saying that she was aware of the difficulties placed in my way by opposition of various kinds, and was pleased at my unswerving steadfastness; that the opposition was becoming weaker, and would gradually disappear.

"She sees," she continued, "that you need rest and change, and is anxious that you get them soon, before beginning fresh work. You put so much of your own substance into your work that you exhaust yourself. Do not be afraid of taking all the rest and sleep you require now, without waiting for your holiday. Visit different places, as last year, keeping Atcham for the last, and returning thence home for your work. That place suits you best for several

reasons, one of which is, that she gets at you best there to help you. She much approves all you have done, and is surprised at the completeness with which you are able to carry out her wishes. Do not fear—as you have feared—that you have spoken too explicitly. Some members of her family may object on conventional grounds, but do not mind them. Be firm and gentle; the world is fast moving on, and will recognise your new book beyond any of the others. She fully approves the idea of a cheap edition of *The Perfect Way*, and wishes also for a small, plainly written book to be published, setting forth its teaching so that all can understand it; also a volume of her collected lectures, papers, and essays on Vegetarianism,¹ Vivisection, and other subjects, and by and by her lectures on the 'Credo.' These last are in advance of people now, but will not be so long, as people are themselves advancing. Meanwhile keep on writing the Biography, to be ready when the time comes for its publication, when those who might object to it will either be sufficiently advanced to object no longer or will be removed. The Biography will be a most valuable light to the world as exhibiting the history of the soul. All these books will together constitute a complete body of knowledge. She is very busy in advancing the work by influencing others also; and you will find help and recognition coming from many quarters where she is busy. Do not think of her past sufferings, or of herself as still weak and suffering and needing tending. All that was put off with the physical organism. Dismiss the recollection of these from your mind as mere pictures, useless and even pernicious to dwell upon, and as weakening to you both. For she derives strength from you when you think of her as superior to such conditions. You have expanded much, she says, and have a larger and firmer grasp of the truth even than when last you conversed with her through me. The influences here are excellent, and it is much better for me to come here than for you to come to my residence. It does me good to come here, the influences are so pure. She approves of an occasional conference of this kind, though well satisfied with her success in impressing you directly. You do everything she wishes, she says, and that is the best proof."

To a question put by me about the Theosophical Society, the "Secret Doctrine," and its influence on our work, it was replied:—

"The ultimate effect of that Society will be to help your work. It will have acted as a great net to draw people to these subjects; but they will not long remain at the Society's level, but will rise towards yours. That Society's work fell into about the worst hands into which it could have fallen. There were no good instruments, and such as were available had to be used. They will pass away and be succeeded by better ones, and you will find that movement

¹ Anna Kingsford's and Edward Maitland's Vegetarian writings have recently been published under the title *Addresses and Essays on Vegetarianism*; and this book will shortly be followed by their *Addresses and Essays on Vivisection*, and there are other writings to follow.—S. H. H.

has been a great help to yours. Madame Blavatsky's sources of information are partly from study, and partly, as she states, spiritual, but reflective or astral rather than original and Divine, the truth being greatly obscured and distorted. Reading her book is like wading into a sea of mud to find a single little pearl. In all you write you should explain fully, and you will have nothing to recall; and remember that whatever you say will endure for ever."

Startled by this last utterance, I remarked, "You mean whatever I say with full perception." To which it was replied, with much decision, "I mean whatever you say. You will be allowed to say nothing without full perception."

The sitting concluded with an injunction to use the medium only on an emergency, and to seek directly to Mary herself, as it was almost a sacrilege for any third person to come between us.

On June 24 [1889] I sat again with Mrs C. and her friend, in compliance with an invitation which I had accepted only after much hesitation, notwithstanding the supremely satisfactory nature of my previous sitting; and that I did finally accept it was owing to an impulse of such a nature as to lead me to ascribe it to Mary herself. It was at a time when I was perplexed well-nigh to despair about the projected Biography. Two lines had suggested themselves to me, neither of which I cared to adopt, my chief difficulty arising from my consciousness of the offence likely to be taken by her relatives, especially at the intimations she had received about some of her previous lives, which were among the most valuable incidents to be recorded. One of the two lines was to write a brief memoir, keeping as close as was practicable to the conventional, and such as could give offence to no one; but that would be to produce a book entirely devoid of spiritual value, and to such extent to make her to have lived and suffered in vain. The other was to write in full, as she herself had charged me, and leave the book to be published when not only I myself, but all who knew her, had passed away, and to incur the risk of its never being published at all. I shrank equally from both alternatives, and no third course presented itself, so that I was altogether unable even to make a commencement. While in this dilemma it suddenly occurred to me to attend the sitting to which I had been invited, first asking her to be present and to solve my difficulty. Accordingly, when about to start from home for the purpose, I mentally begged her to accompany me, and wrote on a slip of paper a reminder of the point at issue, partly to ensure

my own recollection of it, and partly to show the circle what I had come prepared to ask, in the event of a reply according with my need. The words I wrote were these: "Am I to withhold anything or write in full?" No one in the world but myself knew either of my intention or of my difficulty.

As on the previous occasion, I took my seat in the circle, and the ladies wrote on a small table in the centre. We had lunched together first, and they had begun writing before I joined them in the drawing-room. But I had scarcely taken my place when their communications ceased, and it was written, "There is someone else here who wishes to write for one of the party." "Is it for so and so?" they asked, naming one and then another. "No," was the reply. At last I said, "Is it for me?" "Yes," it was written. Then I said, addressing the controlling spirit, and resolved, as was my wont, to make the test a crucial one, by giving no hint of what was in my mind, "If you are indeed whom I suppose, you know what is perplexing me; can you solve my difficulty?" It will be remembered that my secret written question was, "Am I to withhold anything or write in full?" It was then instantly written, "Do not withhold anything. The minds of those left behind are changing, and will change yet more, and you will have no difficulty in saying all that you wish to say. Light will come in developing thought. All these things must and will be allowed. The leaven is working in many others. There must be criticism, but act independently of it. The time is not yet ripe, but do not shrink on that account. Your service is that of the pioneer."

The surprise and satisfaction of all present may be imagined when I produced the slip of paper containing the question thus so directly answered, and in its own words. But this was not all. During the writing its character had entirely changed from a slanting, pointed, running hand to her own square, upright hand, the writers declaring that their hands had been compressed at the time with so much force as to make them feel faint from the pressure.

Speaking with Madame Blavatsky of these and other experiences, I remarked that her attitude towards spiritualism failed to take account of phenomena such as ours. To which she replied very emphatically that nothing that she said about spiritualism applied to persons like us, but only to persons who

are quite undeveloped in their spiritual nature, as the spiritualists are as a rule, and who can therefore hold intercourse only with phantoms and spooks, and such other low orders as correspond to their own level. What I had told her confirmed the belief she already had, that Mary had become what the Hindoos call a *Nirmâna-kaya*. That is an order of souls who have to such extent been adepts in their lifetime, and so far perfected their spiritual principles, that after death they are free, and able to renounce their right of immediate ascent to higher conditions, and remain within reach of the earth in order to influence and instruct persons who are still living on it.

The book of her illuminations was all in type, and the first sheet of the final revise had been sent me without my having been able to find a title to please me ; and in default of it the printer had begun to set up a portion of the sub-title at the top of the left-hand page. I was in despair. Titles had always been a strong point with me, and now I found myself at a loss with the book I esteemed above all others. Meanwhile I felt absolutely convinced that there was in the world a title to suit it, and one only, yet I could not hit on it, and the printer was waiting ! “ I *must* have it ! ” I exclaimed to myself. “ Where and what is it ? ” Another instant and it was flashed upon me, and proved to be one of the most familiar of Bible phrases, and so absolutely appropriate that I marvelled greatly at my failure to see it before. It was “ Clothed with the Sun,” an apocalyptic expression which we had recognised as denoting the soul under full illumination of the spirit, and having full perception of Divine truth. Another instant and there were similarly flashed on me full instructions for the binding and cover. The front was to have on it the central part of the design which Mary had drawn for *The Perfect Way*, the figure of the woman standing in the sun, and the back cover to have a monogram of the initials of her mundane name, also invented and drawn by herself. This was a butterfly feeding on a twig, so disposed as to make the letters AK, and representing occultly the soul feeding on the tree of life, and the colour was to be that of the “ blood-red ray of the innermost sphere, where Wisdom and Love are One.” So absolute and supreme was my satisfaction that I gave no thought to the possible source of the suggestion, but only wondered at my failure to think of it sooner. Meanwhile I kept it strictly to myself, as I had always made a

point of doing with my titles, looking as I did on a perfectly happy title as a property of priceless value, to disclose which prematurely would be to incur almost a certainty of loss through its appropriation by someone else.

Three days later my clairvoyante friend, Mrs H., called on me, having been summoned by me to give her a certain commission from a friend. She knew nothing whatever of my book, or design to publish one. On taking her seat and becoming lucid, however, she at once began to smile as at some exquisitely pleasant circumstance, and then, before I had time to question her as to the cause of her hilarity, she exclaimed :—

“ This is most curious, to see how you two think the same thing so exactly at the same moment that it is impossible to say who thought it first. Before you tell me what you have sent for me about, I have to tell you that your friend who calls herself Mary is here, and she bids me tell you that she sees you are very much pleased with the title of your new book, and that you think it is your own. But it is not. She gave it to you. She not only acquiesces in it, she claims it. And she tells me to say further, that although at present she has been unable to make herself palpable to your senses, as she yet hopes to do, she is most gratified by the readiness with which you receive and carry out all the ideas she suggests to your mind. And in answer to the one objection you have thought of to the title—that it has been used already for the recent book called *The Mother, the Woman Clothed with the Sun*—she says that it is no objection at all, because that book is an astral travesty representing the lowest order of spiritualism, and that by taking for your title *Clothed with the Sun*, which is the only part of it in Scripture, you will redeem it from such grievous perversion. I have further to tell you from her that she approves of all you propose to do, and of the dedication ; and that, vast as is the work awaiting you, you will be allowed to remain until it is so far accomplished as no longer to need your presence. You alone can do it, and are to do it. Have, then, she says, no fear on that account. There is absolutely no one on whom your mantle could fall. You two are so much one in mind and thought, the harmony between you is so complete, as really to make identity rather than sympathy.”

I was not alone in my estimate of the book in question, as the following letter, received soon after its publication, will show, the writer being one whom I regarded as second to none in the power rightly to estimate it. For it was our ripe mystical friend, the Rev. Dr John Pulsford, whose acquaintance we had made at Edinburgh :—

“ January 31, 1890.

“ I cannot tell you with what thankfulness and pleasure I have read *Clothed with the Sun*. Sincerely and very much I congratu-

late you as the editor and collaborator with the Seeress. It is impossible for a spiritually intelligent reader to doubt that these teachings were received from *within* the astral veil. They are full of the concentrated and compact wisdom of the Holy Heavens and of God. If Christians knew their own religion they would find in these priceless records our Lord Christ and His vital process abundantly illustrated and confirmed.

"The regret is that so few, comparatively, will be able to read the book, or, reading it, to be aware of the tithe of its pearls. But that such communications are possible, and are permitted to be given to the world, in type, is a sign, and a most promising sign, of our age.

"The editing and the added notes, together with the appendix, are beyond all praise.

"It is no little joy to me to feel that, through these illuminations, I am so much more in sympathy with God's daughter, the Seeress, than I supposed. The testimony is so clearly above, and distinct from, the degraded and degrading species of Theosophism derived from the occult powers of the universe rather than from the Supreme Spirit, and Father-Mother of our Spirits.

"Now let us expect Evah and Her Seed—the coming of Her Kingdom of the fourth dimension. Psyche, who is within and before Ether, shall yet be the flower and crown of Ether.—In the holy covenant and joy of Her Love,
JOHN PULSFORD."

One of the methods adopted by Mary to convince me of the genuineness of the impressions made by her on my mind was the communication of them to some friend at a distance who was sufficiently sensitive to her influence, with a charge to transmit them to me. My son's return from India in 1891, after an absence and a separation of over ten years, was made the occasion of such a duplication. Having little sympathy with my work, and knowing the slenderness of my means, he naturally regretted my devotion to work commercially unremunerative, and made his engagement to be married the occasion of expressing himself to that effect. Meanwhile I had been advised by some of my adherents to form a society for assisting me in the promotion of my work, but had shrunk from the idea through my intense reluctance to the introduction of a money element in any form or kind. Nevertheless I felt that my son had reason on his side, and that it was a duty on my part to consider him and his interests. Between these conflicting feelings I was greatly perplexed, but was somewhat relieved when, on the near approach of his marriage, I received, palpably coming from Mary, an intimation that the event which seemed to me so calamitous for my work would really be advantageous to it, since it would compel me to assent to the proposals made of assistance from others.

This was the intimation, which was duplicated as follows. On the next day but one after the wedding I received from the mother of the Miss W. through whom I had held my first intercourse with Mary the following letter :—

“ October 9, 1891.

“ I enclose you a message which came for you this morning. My daughter was at breakfast, and found there was a communication to be made. We certainly had not been talking or thinking of you.

“ ‘ We are asked to give you a message from the one who gives the name of Mary, to tell E. Maitland that she foresees some little amount of difficulty before him, but she wishes him to be quite easy, as it will not injure the cause of anything that he has at heart, but will in the end be a very good thing ; and that he has her constant supervision and direction ; for through the height of their wanderings together, she *above* can touch depths, and he *below* heights that bridge over the removal of the Body, and enable them to work together as formerly, as One.’ ”

In this way, without giving a hint of the nature of the subject to the intermediaries, she made herself perfectly clear to me, and ensured my acceptance, as really coming from her, of the intimation she had already impressed on my mind.

The first occasion on which, to my unbounded satisfaction, I was able to catch the tone and accents of her voice was as follows. By a train of events so exceptional as to seem to be ordered, I had been brought into relations with a certain weekly paper which was about the last I ever anticipated writing in. This was the *Agnostic Journal and Eclectic Review*, which I knew only as an organ of unbelief in its most pronounced form, its editor avowing it to be the object of his life utterly to discredit the Bible and destroy all that passed for Christianity. The few numbers I had seen of it had simply disgusted me by the dense materialism and coarse profanity of its writers. The editor, nevertheless, was—I was assured—better than his paper, and his revolt was not really against religion as such, but against the presentation of it to the destruction of which I myself was devoted. What if I could, in his columns, get pure spiritual teaching to an audience otherwise inaccessible on that side of their nature ? The chief priest and Pharisee class had proved themselves as deaf as of old to any but the conventional orthodoxies. Appeal to them was useless. There was no room in the sumptuous inns of a press inveterately sacerdotal for the humanity represented by our work. How about the publicans and sinners of the lowly cave and stable

represented by the *Agnostic Journal*? I was bound to get a hearing, wherever it might be accorded, and what more likely than that the very novelty of the attempt to convict the dominant orthodoxy of heresy and falsehood out of its own sacred books, and thus to rehabilitate these, would win a hearing which would otherwise be denied?

Such were the conditions under which I consented to contribute to the paper in question the series of articles entitled "The Bible's own Account of Itself," and subsequently published under that name. I had despatched the first of the series overnight, without any particle of misgiving. But on rising next morning I found myself labouring to an extraordinary degree with apprehension at the prospect of the encounter I had challenged, feeling that I had gone into a hornets' nest, or thrown myself, like another Daniel, into a den tenanted by far less noble creatures than lions, since, as materialists and vivisectionists, they had, most of them, so far suppressed their humanity as to be rather demon than human. Thus pondering and shrinking, I sat at the foot of my bed, when suddenly Mary threw herself upon me in an all-pervading embrace, giving me an immense accession of force and courage, and exclaiming in her own unmistakable accents, "Caro! they who are on your side are more than they who are against you. The mountain is full of horses and chariots of fire round about you!" And from that time forth, for all the years I wrote in that paper, I found myself possessed of force and lucidity amply sufficient to sustain me in every exposition and secure victory in every encounter; and from many of its readers—some of them life-long unbelievers—I received tokens of grateful appreciation, declaring that as I put spiritual things before them, they had no difficulty in accepting them.

Nevertheless such moments of depression would occasionally recur; and it was in an unusually severe access of such a mood that I chanced one day to be gazing on her portrait, that hung on the wall, when I was startled by a voice, which was unmistakably hers, speaking as from the picture itself, and saying, "Caro, you are the happiest man in the world!" To which I replied, "Well, I suppose I am." But I am quite sure that anyone else would have declared that the picture itself had spoken.

I have mentioned that we had failed to find a satisfactory explanation of her Roman dream, entitled, in *Dreams and Dream-*

Stories, "A Haunted House Indeed."¹ I had sent the book to a friend in Denmark, Herr Carl Michelsen, a notable and scholarly mystic, and to some extent a sensitive; and shortly after reading the story he wrote to me saying that, while pondering its meaning, a spirit giving the name of Anna came and told him that it meant Materialism. This was an explanation that I found altogether satisfactory, since it is by yielding to the glamour of the sense-nature, and therein to matter, that man becomes absorbed and loses his individuality. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

The result of my complying with the proposals made to me was the formation [in November 1891], under the name of "The Esoteric Christian Union," of a society having for its object the propagation of the New Gospel of Interpretation, of which we had been the recipients.² Mary's interest in the movement was

¹ Pp. 314-5 *ante*.

² The object of the Society was not to form a new Church or Sect. Writing on this subject to a friend, Edward Maitland said:—"It is not at all our idea to form any new Church or Sect, but rather to radiate off our own illuminations into all existing bodies, with a view to lead them to recognise the spiritual truths underlying their own Scriptures and dogmas and formulas, believing that this will in due time cause the barriers of form which now separate them to dissolve and disappear before the recognition of their essential identity. . . . What I mostly desire is the opportunity of giving addresses on and readings in the New Interpretation to groups of persons really earnest for knowledge on the supreme subjects dealt with in it, and so by degrees forcing the official preachers and teachers of the existing Churches and Sects to recognise the fact that there is in the world, actually delivered in our own day, in accordance with numerous explicit prophecies, Biblical and others, a new revelation interpreting the former ones, and expounding all the mysteries of existence and religion in such wise as to satisfy absolutely man's highest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual" (Letter, dated January 15, 1895, to T. May).

The Esoteric Christian Union did not survive the President-Founder. At the end of the first year of its existence its list comprised "some sixty members and numerous sympathisers," but the Society was never much before the public. From the start it suffered from insufficiency of means. Few of the members were "of the richer sort." There was never any money available for public meetings, for readings and expositions. By the rules, members were not bound to contribute anything towards the funds of the Society, contributions being optional. The Society also suffered from lack of workers. The writer joined the Society in 1894, and from that time there was never a general meeting of the members. Edward Maitland, as and when opportunity offered, delivered lectures and addresses, usually to private circles of students and inquirers in London and the suburbs, and he wrote numerous articles expository of the New Interpretation in various periodicals, notably in *The Agnostic Journal*, *The Vegetarian*,

vividly manifested in various ways, notably in the supervision she exercised over the composition of the statement of the society's

Light, and *The Unknown World*. For all practical purposes, Edward Maitland himself was the Society. Apart from his lectures and articles, the chief work of the Society was the dissemination by gift, loan, or sale of the publications and books regarded by the Society as the best exponents of the *New Gospel of Interpretation* (see note, p. 401 *ante*). In the second annual report, for the year ending December 31, 1893, Edward Maitland says:—"One notable feature [of the Society's endeavours] is the increased desire evinced by the clergy of various denominations, especially the Anglican and the Roman Catholic, for fuller knowledge of the import of the doctrines and formulas of religion, and their greater readiness to recognise the writings disseminated by the Society as containing indubitably the interpretations hitherto sought in vain, but now in these latter days disclosed to the world in due fulfilment of the prophecies which foretell the breaking of the seals and opening of the Books, and the restoration of the faculty whereby is the understanding of divine things, as to occur at the present period and under the existing conditions of Church and World" (see also extract from the third annual report, pp. 400-2 *ante*). In the third annual report, for the year ending December 31, 1894, Edward Maitland referred to "the lightning-gleams of the advent of the new and divine Humanity [which were] already flashing from the east unto the west with a vividness and a lustre not to be mistaken," and he appealed to "those to whom the blessing [had] been vouchsafed of light and knowledge in a degree transcending their fellows, actively to bestir themselves in spreading that light and knowledge": and the report continues:—"What is especially needed is the accession of persons able and willing to address audiences, public or private, such as may be accessible to new light. At present the whole burden of such exposition has fallen on the President, but the results have been such as to show that only a sufficiency of labourers is required to reap an abundant harvest. . . . The world has entered upon a new epoch in its spiritual history, and one that is destined to issue in a dispensation truly millennial, in that it will witness the promotion of the spiritual consciousness of the race to a level transcending any hitherto attained by it as a race; seeing that never in the world's history was the yearning for pure truth so intense and widespread as now; never were there such facilities for the transmission and diffusion of thought and knowledge comparable to those which now are; and never was that truth in its midst and accessible, in plenitude and simplicity, as now. Assuredly, then, while so many are hungering and thirsting after it, and it exists in so great abundance and perfection in our midst, there ought to be no lack of hands or means to convey it to them." But this appeal did not avail, for the fourth and last annual report of the Society contains the following paragraph:—"The circulation of the Society's special publications, a large proportion of which is gratis, continues to make such drafts upon its still very slender resources as to render necessary an appeal to its members and sympathisers for more liberal help." The help again asked for was not given, and at the time of Edward Maitland's death, in 1897, the Society was dead through stagnation. Whether it will ever be revived remains to be seen. One reason, no doubt, for the failure of the Society was the fact that "its members [were] so scattered as to render concentrated action very difficult." In no place were they numerous enough to hold meetings of their own.—S. H. H.

aims, methods, and scope. This was a compendious little epitome of the real doctrine of Christianity as founded in the nature of existence, and as subsisting in the Bible properly interpreted.¹ It made a small volume of less than a hundred pages, but, owing to its very smallness, it required an immensity of labour, so much had it to be condensed into so small a space, and with brevity it was essential to combine lucidity. The writing of it gave me more labour than anything I had ever before written. Night after night for weeks I went to bed satisfied with my day's work, and woke in the morning with an entirely new presentation, far superior, which I had been enabled to think out in sleep. Occasionally during the day's work her presence was palpable both to hearing and to touch. One instance of the former was as follows :—

I was aware of the numerous allusions in the Bible to the Intuition as the feminine mode, or "woman," of man's mental system, and I was seeking for some fresh allusions to the Intellect as the masculine mode, or "man," of that system. I had paused in my writing to think inwardly for what I wanted, ransacking my memory, but for some time in vain. Presently she said to me, in her usual clear, incisive tones, "Caro, Lucifer is the intellect. Read the *chapter*," with a strong emphasis on "chapter," implying that I was to read it as a whole. This showed that she knew exactly where my mind was on the subject. I knew the chapter well, but had not read it as a whole, owing to the apparent division made in it between the first part, which refers to the king of Babylon, and the second, to Lucifer. I knew what was meant by the king of Babylon, and his fellow-kings of Egypt, Assyria, Tyre, and others—that they were mystical terms to denote the ruling principle in the world's materialistic system—and she knew that I knew it; but I had not identified him with the principle apostrophised as Lucifer. But now, on turning to Isaiah xiv., I saw at once that they are the same; and that as, when united with the pure Intuition, the Intellect is the force

¹ It was entitled *The New Gospel of Interpretation*, "being an Abstract of the Doctrine and Statement of the Objects of the Esoteric Christian Union" (see note, p. 401 *ante*). The Society also issued as a pamphlet *The Appeal of the Esoteric Christian Union to the Churches and People of Christendom*, which was written by Edward Maitland, and which set forth the two presentations of Christianity designated "Christ" and "Belial" respectively.—S. H. H.

by which man may grasp and apprehend the truth, and is called therefore Lucifer, the Light-bearer, the bright and morning star, and opener of the gates of the day of the Spirit ; so, when divorced from the Intuition and leagued with the sense-nature, he is the king of the Babylon of this world, and “ prince of devils ” in man. And it is of Lucifer in this sense that the fall from the heaven of his supremacy is exultingly hailed in anticipation by the prophet—as is subsequently that of “ Satan ” by Jesus—on the restoration of the “ woman ” Intuition, when she shall be “ clothed with the sun ” and carried to the throne of God, and her sons shall make war with the dragon of Matter and have victory over him.

The manifestation of the presence of Mary at this period culminated during the writing of the passage on page 80, alluding to the practice of vivisection as the initial prompting cause of our seeking the revelation which had been vouchsafed to us. This is the passage :—

“ And if it be asked how, or under what circumstances precisely, an event so momentous came about, and what token, if any, there is to show that the Saviour it claims to restore is in very truth the same with Him of whom, it is alleged, man has been so cruelly defrauded, and that the Christ of the proffered Gospel of Interpretation is identical with Him of the accepted Gospel of Manifestation—this ought surely to suffice, *He had His birth among the animals.*¹

“ For their terrible wrongs, culminating at the hands of their scientific tormentors, were the last drops which filled to overflowing with anguish, indignation, and wrath hearts already brimming with the sense of the world’s priest-caused degradation and misery, wringing from them the cry which rent the heavens for His descent, and in direct and immediate response to which He came.

“ For the New Gospel of Interpretation was vouchsafed in express recognition of the determined endeavour, by means of a thought absolutely fearless and free, to scale the topmost heights, fathom the lowest depths, and penetrate to the inmost recesses of Consciousness, in search of the solution of the problem of Existence, in the assured conviction that, when found, it would prove to be one that would make, above all things, Vivisection impossible, if only by demonstrating the constitution of things to be such that, terrible as is the lot of its victims here, the lot of their tormentors hereafter is unspeakably worse ; as has proved, with absolute certainty, to be the truth, to the full vindication at the same time of the Divine Justice and the Divine Love.”

As I wrote the words, “ the cry which rent the heavens for His

¹ See p. 8 *ante*.

descent, and in direct and immediate response to which He came," she threw herself upon me in an ecstasy of emotion, exactly as my mother had done fifteen years before, thrilling with intensity, and for some moments wept passionately through me, in token at once of her appreciation of my recognition of her work and its motive, and of her delight at having the truth thus fully and distinctly declared.

This was in December 1891. A very few weeks later brought the following experience :—

A lady living in London, whom I will call Mrs C.,—altogether unknown to me, but of a family notable for intelligence, energy, and beneficent public activity, wife of a distinguished lawyer, and an intimate friend of several of our foremost experts in science and philosophy, at whose feet she may be said to have been brought up,—came into contact with another lady, a friend of mine, and honorary secretary of my new society, "The Esoteric Christian Union," and after a brief conversation was prompted to unbosom herself as follows. She was supremely unhappy, she declared, through the conflict in her mind between the two presentations of doctrine, the materialistic and anti-religious, and the spiritualistic and religious. All her surroundings belonged to the former ; but she herself was to such a degree a sensitive that she was able to receive instruction from the world of spirits, and, under such influence, to write things which transcended her own knowledge and ability to originate, but not her power to appreciate and recognise as true. Any intimation to her scientific and philosophic friends of her gift and her belief in this direction was at once scouted as ridiculous, and declared to be the inevitable precursor of madness if persisted in. "That way lies Bedlam," they would say, and solemnly caution her against encouraging such tendencies. And as they who spoke thus were the foremost exponents of the science of the day, she hesitated to trust her own judgment against their positive assertions that such things are utterly impossible. The mental conflict thus engendered in herself made her, she declared, unhappy, ill, and irritable, and incapable of properly discharging her duties, domestic and other ; and she felt that, for the sake of all concerned, it must be put an end to if possible. She had therefore yielded to the impulse which had seized her to ask my friend if she could direct her to any person of experience and judgment

whom she might consult with advantage. The result was a visit to me, and a conversation lasting for some two hours. I found her a person of bright intelligence, high culture, perfect sincerity and candour, lofty ideals and great energy, and able to recognise at once the fallacies which, as I pointed out to her, vitiate alike the methods and the conclusions of the materialists in such a degree as to lay them, and not us, open to the charge of insanity. For, while claiming to found their system on experience, they really found it upon non-experience, because they deny on the strength of their own non-experience the things which we affirm on the strength of our experience, and consider that our affirmations thus founded are effectually disposed of by their denials thus founded. Doing which they really make, not experience, but non-experience the basis of conclusion. Then, again, while claiming to be Agnostics, and declaring that man is incapable of obtaining knowledge save through the bodily senses, and denying the possibility of knowing anything about God, the soul, and immortality, they are really posing as Gnostics, and claiming to know the limits of human faculty. And they, moreover, set limits even to Omnipotence itself, by denying to God the power to make Himself known to man. Their doctrine of Evolution, moreover, as defined by them, is an impossibility. For they deny the permanence of the Ego, which is the subject of Evolution; and without a permanent Ego to retain and advance by means of experiences undergone, there can be no Evolution. And not only this, but even while believing in Evolution, and admitting their total ignorance of the nature of the force by which it occurs, of the substance in which it occurs, and of the impulsion through which it occurs, they presume to assign limits to Evolution, as by denying the possibility of the experiences relied on by us. True, they call the substance in question matter, and define Evolution as the "integration of matter." But seeing that matter is phenomenon, in thus defining Evolution they build their system on the appearance instead of on the reality of which matter is the appearance, totally ignoring the underlying original Substance, which is necessarily nothing less than Divinity itself, since there can be but one Substance of which all things are modes of manifestation.

Passing from the illogicality of their method, which she fully recognised, to their results as regarded the outlook for humanity,

I inquired whether her scientific friends were satisfied with the universe as constructed by them, and content with blank annihilation as their lot ; to which she replied with emphasis, “ No, indeed ! Some of the very foremost of them have confessed to me the temptation under which they find themselves to commit suicide in order to get rid of the horror they feel at the idea of there being no future for them, and that they will be none the better permanently for all that they have done, and suffered, and learnt.”

I then told her of our results, and the certainty to which we had attained, both doctrinally and experientially, of our past as well as of our future existence ; and went on to explain that it was precisely the mission of the Christ to demonstrate to men their own equal Divine potentialities with Himself, which belong to them in virtue of the divinity of the constituent principles of existence, its Force and its Substance ; with all of which, and much more, she heartily concurred, and she took her leave, expressing the highest satisfaction, relief, and gratitude.

During the colloquy I had become aware of the presence of Mary. She did not, however, manifest herself to my visitor. But the latter had scarcely departed when she said to me, “ I like her ! I will come to her.” It did not occur to me what she meant by this. But some ten days later I learnt that she had actually come to her on the day following her visit to me, and after avowing herself to be the spirit who had collaborated with me and was now helping me, commenced giving her a series of instructions, and introduced to her a group of souls of a like high order, for the same purpose ; all of which she wrote down under their guidance, they explaining the process to be, not that of “ mediumship ” or control—for her own consciousness was never set aside—but of enhancement of faculty by blending with her own mind. This continued for a space of about three months,¹ during which Mrs C. came to me from time to time to read me what she had thus received and written ; and in several instances, especially in the communications which I recognised as coming from Mary herself, it was identical even in terms with what she had suggested to me for the statement I was then writing for “ The Esoteric Christian Union.”² Such is the genesis of the

¹ February—June 1892.

² Pp. 430—1 *ante*.

little book entitled, *A Message to Earth*. That it was issued without any word of preface or introduction was due to the unwillingness of the recipient to risk recognition by her relations and friends. As, to my great sorrow, she was removed shortly afterwards, the omission will be made good in any subsequent edition, by the relation of its history; the testimonies received by me to its value from many persons of culture and judgment, having been of the warmest description.

The following is one of the utterances thus received. It came from Mary, and was one of those most characteristic of her. It contained expressions I had myself received from her. It was given in response to an appeal, made in a desponding mood, about the results of the new spiritual awakening generally, and about our work in particular—"Was it indeed the work of God, and would it be successful?" The utterance was headed—

A CRY FROM THE BEYOND

"It is the work of God, nor can failure be where God is. The hour is at hand, cry Those of the Beyond, and they of earth's denizens who can read the signs of the times shall unite with us to accomplish our holy work.

"See ye not that in many ways God works among you? On one level the stirring of the masses finds voice in what men call the 'Salvation Army.' On another, the Churches turn restlessly around, seeking to revitalise their faiths. Everywhere men's minds are seeking truth or despairing that truth is not for man. Wherever your intuitions are true to Everlasting Fact are ye led to see beyond the veil into the things which transcend sense. Whether the result take place in one form or in another, the same Divine outpouring it is that underlies the spiritual phenomena of your age. Science, even, in laying bare the phenomenal aspect of the Universe, so far as man's reason through his fleshly tenement can gauge it, has awakened men's consciousness to the vastness of their surroundings, and has whetted their appetite for further knowledge. Nor will her cry—the cry of Science—that 'what lies beyond the phenomenal is unattainable by man,' avail to stay the onward tide of your eager souls. She has established the fact of Evolution as the pivot on which your Universe revolves—as the main-spring of its Being. And shall she set bounds and order limits to its unfolding in man himself? Shall the priesthood of Science replace the priesthood of Religion? Not so, in face of facts she will not look upon, or can account for only by a denial of their existence. If the priesthood of the Earth—uttering itself whether as Religion or as Science—prompted by fears lest Truth abolish it, shall seek to withhold from you your Birthright in God; if, as Religion, its effort be to arrest man's mind in contemplation of dead doctrines formulated centuries ago in self-preservation; or if, as Science, because of its own blindness, it utter a

limit to man's growth towards the Divine, most assuredly shall it pronounce its own doom and awaken but to the knell of its own passing bell.

“ For, has not God, in your accepted Evolution, decreed that the tyranny of man shall no longer restrain his fellow-man from reaching upwards to the clear Heavens he discerns above awaiting his approach? From henceforth, know, ye men, that God's Church is the Universe, extending from Earth to Heaven; that God's Temple is the human creature, whose goal is God; nor shall any limit be set by man to man's conceptions of the Divine within or without him. And from henceforth, know, ye Churches of the Earth, that ye shall stand and grow in exact measure as ye grasp this truth and, having grasped it, as ye urge men on to realise the divinity Christ claimed for them. And, ye Churches of the Earth, ye shall perish, and that utterly, as ye blast man's Divine hopes and impulses, perpetuating the priest-constructed doctrine of his sinful origin from a blood-loving deity.

“ Nor shall Earth alone be glorified in its own redemption. Not in vain do the long ages of its past awaken in the voices of those who once called it by the sweet name of 'Mother Earth.' Not in vain do the Angels who claim to have been its own men and women appear to you in vast harmonies of love and faith, prophesying its near resurrection; not in vain do the Celestial ones audibly appeal to you, their loved ones, to join hearts and voices that Christ's divine mission, the establishment of God's Kingdom 'on Earth as it is in Heaven,' shall no longer be as a meaningless sound in your children's ears ” (pp. 21-23).

Another occasion on which I was distinctly accosted by her was the following, which occurred in 1893. I had been invited to take part in a discussion on vivisection at the S—— Club, but I hesitated about accepting, in the belief that its members—all of whom were women—were of the kind who prided themselves on sinking the feminine side of their nature in favour of the masculine, and accordingly were hopelessly committed to the side which I should oppose. I left the matter open until the last moment, having almost decided not to go. But while in the act of crossing Pall Mall from my club, about half an hour before the meeting, it was said to me in tones which were unmistakably hers, “ Tell my sisters of the S—— Club that the really fallen woman is the woman who suppresses her womanhood.” I could not help being amused at the idea of presenting myself to such an audience with such a message. Nevertheless I did so, giving also the history of it, and, to my great relief and satisfaction, it was most cordially received.

The completion of this history was signalled by the last of the *post-mortem* experiences I propose to recount. The stage in our

intercourse had long passed at which an intermediary was necessary. I was able either to hear her voice or to receive on my mind the vivid impression of the ideas she desired to convey. The writing of this book had been my own secret, and no one had been allowed opportunity of making objection if so minded. But being finished, the time had come when, in the event of opposition being offered to its publication, such opposition was imminent. Of the probability of such opposition, its source and its motive, she had long since warned me, and had charged me to be resolute, and to suffer nothing and no one to hinder me. Now, however, in view of the announcement of its near publication, she evidently considered it advisable to reiterate and reinforce her previous admonitions, in order to strengthen me against any disposition to hesitate or yield ; and she accordingly came to me and held colloquy with me to this effect.

When she had written that I should have no difficulty in saying all that I wished to say, her meaning was, no insuperable difficulty. The powers of evil, those " Haters of the Mysteries " from whom we had so greatly suffered, would inevitably do their utmost to prevent the publication of such a book, and they can always find instruments to do their bidding. It had never been shown to me why she was allowed to pass away with so much of the work left undone. It was now needful for me to know it. Our work had two sides, the doctrinal and the experiential. As the former it is a revelation of Divine truth ; as the latter it is a record of actual facts demonstrating the spiritual nature of existence. The former had been largely accomplished in our published books ; the latter would consist in the history of our work, which would give the world the demonstration so greatly needed of the utter falsity of materialism as proved by our experiences of the reality of the soul and the spiritual world. But this record could not be made public in her lifetime ; and there remained to me, who was alone able to write it, little more than a sufficiency of life and power for the task. She, therefore, had been removed to allow of my doing this. And I was to let the knowledge that she had died when she did expressly in order to enable me to do it, and that without it she would largely have lived and suffered in vain, steel me against any opposition that might arise, however fierce, from whatever quarter proceeding, remembering that no mortal has a right to forbid the Almighty to make a new revela-

tion to the world, or to choose His own instruments. Should conflict arise, she would be on my side, aided by Divine help.

As the event proved, this admonition was not without its uses. It served greatly to support me at a very critical moment.

This record would be incomplete without the following answer—the only one at present in my power to render—to a question which can hardly have failed to present itself to my readers. This is the question : In virtue of which of my own former lives was I most specially qualified for the part assigned me in relation to the New Gospel of Interpretation ? Throughout the whole course of our collaboration, from the time of our spiritual initiation in 1876, I had carefully borne in mind the intimations and suggestions which pointed to my having been a certain person, to be a reincarnation of whom, and of no other, would account for a number of circumstances otherwise inexplicable to me. But respecting such an identification I had maintained an absolute reserve, never hinting it even to my colleague, for I felt that if it were withheld from her by our illuminators—as, for reasons obvious to me, might well be the case—it was not for me to communicate it to her. I was far from admitting it to myself as a positive fact, and kept it as a surmise rather than as a conviction, as a possibility rather than a probability or a certainty.

Meanwhile, when once suggested, the idea remained with me, only to gather strength from accumulating evidences of the reality of which I was satisfied ; for I knew by careful observation that, however sensitive I might be to psychical impressions, I was the reverse of fanciful. Among these evidences were my strong feelings of personal acquaintance with and attachment to Jesus ; the longing to clear His character from complicity in the horrible doctrines founded on Him ; the sense that whatever I seemed to know of Him was due to actual recollection, which, it will be remembered, I recorded as occurring long before I had the smallest conception of the doctrine of Reincarnation, and of the possibility of recovering such recollections of a previous existence ; my high appreciation of and preference for the Fourth Gospel ; the utterances with which my reading of certain portions of the Book of Revelation had been accompanied, and the likeness to the recovery of a lost memory of the process by which I discerned the meaning of such passages as I came to understand, and the feeling that it needed but a sufficient enhancement of

such faculty to regain the sense of the whole of it. Then there was the intimation so early given me that I was to live with my colleague as John would live with Mary Magdalen, were the two to come back to tell the world what they knew of Jesus—a life which I took to be one of entire devotion to her highest welfare and interests, with the tenderest consideration for the limitations and liabilities surviving from her past, and not yet wholly outgrown, and steadfastly surrounding her with the spiritual atmosphere essential to the perfect fulfilment of her mission. The agreement with each other of our recollections of Jesus, His person and ways; and the strong resemblances in character and faculty which I could not but recognise as subsisting between John and myself. My own frequent vivid dreams in childhood of imprisonment, persecution, and martyrdom, and notably of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, at which event, it seemed to me, I must have been present. And, lastly, the circumstance which occurred shortly after Mary's death, of a certain medium, a man whom I met at a friend's rooms, and to whom I and my work were totally unknown, giving in trance a description, as having connection with me, of the martyrdom of John by being boiled in a cauldron of oil, no thought of that legend having previously occurred to me.

That there should be such a return of John had been intimated by Jesus, both in the Gospel and in the Apocalypse, as to take place on the occasion of that second and spiritual coming of the Christ in the clouds of the heaven within men of their restored understanding of Divine things, which event, by interpreting the Christ, would constitute the latter days of that "evil and adulterous generation" in possession in the Church ever since the Fall. For the expressions, "tarry till I come," and "not see death," may well imply his continuance within reach of the Earth-life, instead of passing on to his final beatitude, since the word Death was used in the Mysteries to denote the last initiation whereby the soul, being dead to the world, attains its final perfectionment and emancipation from matter. Daniel and John, both of them "men greatly beloved," had been told that they should stand in their places and prophesy at the latter days. There was so much of identity of spirit and character between the two men as to bear out the impression given me that John was a reincarnation of Daniel, in which case the annunciation

made to both of them that they should return would be fulfilled by the reincarnation of John, since the soul would be the same ; and, as already related, it was Daniel's inspiring angel, Gabriel, who gave us the interpretation of Daniel's prophecy concerning the Time of the End. It would be an impiety to suppose such predictions to be made at haphazard, and argue complete ignorance of the power of the celestial world to foresee the future, and even to accomplish its own predictions by reincarnating at the fitting time the souls necessary for its purpose.

Another reflection worth noting in this relation is, that the belief that one has been such a person as John does not necessarily involve conceit or arrogance. The disciples of Jesus were, one and all, ordinary men, neither exceptionally great nor exceptionally good, and owe the veneration paid them entirely to their association with Him. Such veneration, therefore, is factitious, being reflective only and not direct.

But be these things as they may, the incident now to be recorded actually occurred to myself, in relation to the point involved, during the summer of 1892, the occasion being the preparation of the Second [revised and enlarged] Edition of the "Esoteric Christian Union" statement of our doctrine, under the manifest assistance of my late colleague. I do not, however, ascribe to her any part in it, nor was I at the moment conscious of any presence extraneous to myself. While writing I was suddenly seized with a strong desire to exchange supposition for positive assurance in regard to my identity with John ; and looking up from my writing, I mentally put the question as to my own inmost self, being, as was my invariable wont, absolutely calm and collected, and without the smallest expectation of a response : " May I be quite certain of the reality of my seeming recollections of having been John the Evangelist and Seer, and that I am truly a reincarnation of the soul that was in him ? " The response to this question came with an instantaneousness and force which seemed to imply that the question had been prompted and expected in order to make answer to it, there being no moment of delay to suggest the need of the arrival of anyone to answer it. It was electric for its swiftness, vividness, and intensity, and seemed to radiate from the very centre of my system to its farthest extremities, and it consisted in a mighty " YES," which appealed to every sense at once, being alike heard,

seen, and felt. And when the sensation had passed away and the tones of the utterance had ceased to vibrate, I found myself perfectly content and satisfied, and undesirous of further assurance. The answer seemed to be intended as a final and conclusive reply, to seek beyond which would be to exhibit a distrust wholly without excuse in view of the history, relations, experiences, and achievements in which it had been given me to bear part.

THE END



AND THE COPY OF THE HEBREW
"WHEREIN IS LIGHT IS COME"
EDWARD MAITLAND

EDWARD MAITLAND'S GRAVE.

Flemons.

face p. 442, vol. ii.

Anna Kingsford

ORDINARY SIGNATURE.

Anna Kingsford

SIGNATURE WHEN IN AN EXCEPTIONALLY VIVACIOUS OR PEREMPTORY MOOD.

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