

PERPETUAL YOUTH

*AN OCCULT AND HISTORICAL
ROMANCE*

BY

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CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
I lose my Parents and discover the Secret of Perpetual Youth	13
CHAPTER II.	
The Elixir of Life—I set out for India	17
CHAPTER III.	
My Voyage: its terrible adventures, and my Conversion to Christ	19
CHAPTER IV.	
The Religion of Christ compared with that of Islām—Abdul Hamid and his two wives	22
CHAPTER V.	
My Voyage continued—Dangers of a Meat Diet	25
CHAPTER VI.	
Arrival in India—Yogis and Fakirs—Buddhism compared with Christianity—Thousands cured by the Elixir of Life—Solomon the Jew: his miraculous restoration—Ananda explains Buddhism—The Famine	28
CHAPTER VII.	
I embark for Constantinople, but am wrecked, cast on an island, and rescued by the <i>Sardam</i> , in which I reach my destination	39

10 X 12 53

CHAPTER VIII.

	PAGE
I find Solomon : his change of character—His Hebrew-Christian Church—Rabbi Eliezer : his treachery—Doeg the Assassin—Illness of Eliezer : his recovery through Solomon—Confession of Christ and Martyrdom ...	44

CHAPTER IX.

I am appointed Dragoman to the Grand Vizier—Queen Elizabeth's presents to the Sultan—Sir Edward Barton—Death of the Sultan Amurath—Terrible character of his successor Mahomet—Sir Edward Barton's story of the Armada, and Letter from Sir Francis Drake	52
--	----

CHAPTER X.

Cicala—Mahomet III.—Terrors of the Harem—Death of Solomon—My Fruit Diet and Conservation—Character of Mahomet—Curse of Polygamy—I sail for Italy ...	61
--	----

CHAPTER XI.

Corruptions of the Papacy—English Martyrs—The Papal States—Misgovernment and Bribery—Jansenius and St. Cyran—Our mutual love	69
---	----

CHAPTER XII.

My Life in a Monastery—Its complete transformation—Antonio and the other Monks cure thousands—Lucretia Sforza : her convent—Death of the Abbot, and my departure for London in the <i>Belvedere</i>	77
--	----

CHAPTER XIII.

Cure of the Earl of Derby—Introduction to George III. and the Prince Regent—Sedan Chairs, Linkboys and Torches	85
--	----

CHAPTER XIV.

Travelling by Coach : its difficulties and dangers—The horrible Laws and Prisons of England—My Escape from Highwaymen	89
--	----

CHAPTER XV.

	PAGE
My Experience of Perpetual Youth—English Inventors : Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Crompton—Lord Nelson and Trafalgar—Wellington and Waterloo—Primitive Nature of the Methods of Warfare	94

CHAPTER XVI.

Invention of Lucifer Matches—Low Condition of the People	98
--	----

CHAPTER XVII.

Introduction of Railways—God's Romance—The Destiny of the British People to possess the World	101
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Crimean War : its terrible results—The approaching Ruin of the Ottoman Empire	106
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

The New Age, which began in 1881—Pioneers of a New Race—The Sixth Sense—The World's Preparation for the Golden Age	111
---	-----

INTRODUCTION

ALTHOUGH this little book is in the form of fiction, yet the truth-lover and truth-seeker will find in it deep and weighty truths. The history—religious, political and social—of the countries visited by our hero during the past five centuries is delineated in such a manner as to exhibit, on the one hand, the great and terrible evils wrought by the despotic governments which have ruled under both the Cross and the Crescent. On the other hand, there is an honest endeavour to portray the immense blessings brought about by real faith and true religion. The darkness of past ages is contrasted with the vivid and growing light of the present, and it is demonstrated from history that, despite the prevailing discontent, the evils of the present, at least in respect to our own beloved country, are nothing to be compared to the evils of the past.

The book has also a prophetic aspect, for it depicts a coming Golden Age, first for the Anglo-Saxon race, and finally for the whole world—a time when wars shall cease; war, not only in its aspects of carnage and rapine, and its attendant evils of

pestilence and famine, but the more widespread, if lesser, evils of the war of commerce, of labour and capital. For man will come to see clearly, what now he but dimly discerns, that the happiness of life is not secured by abundant possessions, but that the weal of the individual is bound up with that of the community of which he is a member, and he is waking up to the fact of the solidarity of the Race: that all men are brethren, and all humanity but one body.

The age is already dawning in which sickness shall be abolished and health shall be the rule among all mankind—for a New Race is arising, before which the old shall die out, a race which will be perfected not only in knowledge but in love—a New Creation, of which the Christ is the Head—a Race which is to bear rule over all the earth, who shall be victorious over all the forces of evil, and from among whom death itself, "THE LAST ENEMY," shall be annihilated.

The hero of this work is a representative pioneer of the New Race, and is set forth as an example to those who may be willing to live such a pure, holy and Christ-energised life, as shall make them also Heralds of the New Dawn, and partakers of the powers of the Age of Glory now dawning. The doors of this Kingdom of Heaven on earth, are now being

opened, and many are entering therein; putting off the sin-stained garments of the old creation, and becoming clothed with the garments of glory and beauty which are the birthright of the Sons of God, the Heirs of the New Creation.

CHAPTER I

The Loss of my Parents and Discovery of the Secret of Perpetual Youth.

MY name is Amrafel Ibrahim. My father was a Bedouin Arab, and my mother a descendant of the royal priestly line of the Maccabees.

I lost them both, alas, within a few days of each other, for my father in his wanderings in the desert was killed by a lion, which approached him from behind, while he, all unsuspecting, was drawing his bow to take aim at a bird on a tree about fifty yards away. The boy who was with him, when he saw the lion seize him, rushed away, mad with terror.

On and on he ran for miles, not halting until, breathless and ready to drop with fatigue, he reached my mother's house and told me all.

I gathered a company of friends, and all hastened with the boy to the spot, but alas! alas! to find nothing left of my poor father except stains of blood on the herbage. I wondered how I should break the sad news to my mother. I dreaded the task, knowing how dearly she loved my father.

But all my thought and care was needless. She

already knew all. I found her already near the gates of death, for she was dying of a broken heart. But in bidding me farewell, she told me how she had seen and heard my father in his last extremity. She saw the man-eater stalking him from behind, and strove to warn him; she witnessed the catastrophe as if she had been on the spot. She heard him call her name, as if he had been in the room. From that time she had no wish to live. All her desire was now to join her loved one in the spirit land. In her last moments, as her spirit slipped out of its case-ment, he came for her; I heard her call his name, and I seemed to see them go away together, hand in hand.

This was nearly five hundred years ago. I was then twenty years of age, and now, at the beginning of this twentieth century, I am more than five hundred years old. How can this be, you will at once begin to ask? And my tale involves a host of strange things, which might however be the experience of all mankind, for it is more natural for a man to live for centuries, as the Antediluvian Patriarchs did, than the few fleeting years of what is called the "allotted space of man" in this twentieth century. There are many, indeed, whose acquaintance I have made in my wanderings who have lived for hundreds of years. It is because we

have found the philosopher's stone, or the elixir of life.

But it was when I saw my mother and father cut off in the prime of life, that I determined, having inherited through my mother an ample sufficiency for all my needs, to retire from the world, and learn the secrets of nature, and how to prolong life, and to help and heal my fellow-man. In this I was successful beyond all my dreams. In the broad field of nature I found antidotes, herbal and mineral, for every kind of disease which flesh is heir to; and, above all, I found the secret of perpetual youth; and found it so effectually that, though I am more than five hundred years old, my youth has been renewed again and again, so that I feel young and vigorous, still able to enjoy life; somehow, indeed, I feel younger than I did at twenty years of age, when, in ignorance of these matters, I set my mind to understand the truth. I have not always been known by the same name. In different lands I have changed it according to the language of the people among whom I have lived. And as I have travelled from place to place, living many years in one place, the people have grown familiar with me and I with them.

Many have shared their sorrows and joys with me, and I, in the wisdom which God, during my vast and wide experience, has given me, have shown them

the way out of temptation and difficulty; and at the same time using my utmost skill to heal all their diseases. So, though some have named me “Simon the Sorcerer” and “The Wandering Jew,” yet all have at least tolerated, and some have loved me as a father.

CHAPTER II

The Elixir of Life—I set out for India.

WHEN I was forty years of age I discovered the elixir of life.

Many of the very ancient manuscripts which had descended to me from my mother, minutely described many so-called modern inventions, which were then unknown to the world. The uses of coal-gas, gun-powder, and even some of the uses of electricity became known to me. All this treasure of knowledge, however, I kept, as my predecessors had done, secret from the world, but at the same time held myself at all times ready to use such knowledge and skill as I had acquired for the good of mankind. The boy, Abdul Hamid, who was present when the lion seized my father, I retained as my helper in experiment and as servant. He proved faithful and intelligent, but, when about twenty years of age, fell a victim to malarial fever, through which, however, I nursed him, and by means of the elixir of life restored him to perfect health and strength. For I learned not only how to develop and retain the elixir in my own body, but also found a method of extracting it from

the bodies of animals and from fruit. For the elixir of life is present in all nature, and wherever there is an organism to receive it, there it is manifest, and can be extracted.

I would never, however, kill an animal; but, as I lived for many years among hunters, I was able to obtain from them an unceasing supply of the glands of animals which contain the elixir of life, and thus collected a great store of medicine which never failed to cure every kind of disease, and I became known through a very great extent of country, from Morocco to Egypt, as a great and successful physician. Among others, I cured the captain of an Arab dhow of dysentery, when he had abandoned all hope, and was at the point of death. His gratitude knew no bounds; he was ready to devote his life to me, and I found it afterwards extremely convenient to have such a friend. For when I reached the age of sixty I made up my mind to travel, and embarked in my friend's ship for India. That this was no small undertaking, you will gather from the terrible recital in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III

My Voyage: Its Terrible Adventures—My Conversion to Christ.

NEVER shall I forget the terrible experiences of my voyage to India. For soon after we had left the port of Jeddah, on the Red Sea, from which we sailed on a very hot day, a terrible storm arose, and the waves, running mountains high, threatened every moment to engulf us. And to make matters worse, we were driven out of our course, and began, long before the end of the voyage, to run short of provisions. The meat in the hold stank, and the biscuits served out in the daily rations ran with weevils.

The sailors mutinied, and my friend the captain came to me for help. There was only one Arab among them, the rest being Negroes from the Soudan. The Arab alone remained faithful to his master, but the remainder of the crew were plotting the death of both of them. They intended, as I afterwards learned, simply to confine me to my cabin, and to run the ship to the nearest port and abandon her. But I determined, if possible, to save my friends, and so went forward fearlessly among the mutineers;

for all of them had learned to have a certain awe of me, as of a being from another sphere.

I spoke to them in their own language, for I had become familiar with many tongues. I reminded them of my great powers, with some of which they were familiar, and told them that I was able to destroy the ship in a moment. This I should have done by means of a train of gunpowder which would explode a barrel, after I had taken off the captain and his faithful ally in a folding lifeboat, which I had invented, and kept always ready in case of emergency.

But I told them that I was determined to use all fair and merciful means first, and appealed to their better feelings with such eloquence that the chief mutineer begged forgiveness, with tears in his eyes.

In thus touching their hearts and consciences I was not a little helped by my intimate knowledge of the Koran, for, recollecting that they were Mahommedans, the words of the prophet enjoining faithfulness rushed like a flood into my mind, and were poured forth with such freedom that I seemed to them like a man inspired, or as if the message came direct from Allah Himself.

The reason of this familiarity was, because I, like all the boys of the village in which I lived, was taught to recite the whole of the Koran from memory,

although I myself am a humble follower of the Nazarene, for among the varied and priceless collection of manuscripts in my possession was a copy of the whole of the New Testament in Greek uncials. Of all the books that I have ever read, and their name is Legion, nothing has ever arrested my attention as did the words of Jesus of Nazareth.

Though I had been compelled to commit the Koran to memory, it had never fastened itself upon my imagination. The words remained in my mind as phrases in the memory of a parrot. But the words of the Messiah were instinct with life; indeed, I found that their assimilation brought life, not only into my higher ego, or spirit, but also into my body. And when I read the promise, that "He that believes on the Christ should never die," I took it literally, and from that moment began to *live* in a way and manner that I had never before thought possible.

CHAPTER IV

The Religion of Christ compared with that of Islam —Abdul Hamid and his Two Wives.

AS a boy I had been educated in the Mohammedan religion, but now I began to compare the religion of Christ with that of Islâm. I saw that the religion of the Koran had much to commend it. For example, while drunkenness was rife in all the civilised world without a check upon it, Mahomet taught abstinence from wine and strong drink. His was the first Total Abstinence Society, and from the observance of his precepts under this head his followers reaped immense benefits. The systematic and thorough way in which the words of the Koran were instilled into youth, also made it a power in the world, and everywhere where his religion penetrated, it created a new civilisation, and substituted the worship of One Supreme God for idolatry of a myriad different hues and complexions.

So far all was good and beneficial in its effects, but its great bane was polygamy. I did not need to go far in order to see this. My own servant, Abdul Hamid, married at twenty-five years of age a woman older than himself, a woman of strong character who

ruled his household with a hand of iron. At thirty years of age Abdul thought to exercise the privilege of Islâm by taking another wife. This wife was much younger and far more attractive. But he did not dare to tell Fatima his first wife, or to ask her consent, and so when he introduced Solyma to his household, he brought in a very pandemonium of jealousy and discord. Not only bitter words and invective and curses were exchanged, but sometimes blows. The poor young wife died after two or three years, whether of poison or from continued ill-usage could not be determined, but I am sure that Abdul will never repeat the experiment.

But in this matter the religion of Christ is infinitely superior to that of Mahomet, for it enjoins the most perfect purity in this respect, going down to the root—to the thoughts, intents and purposes of the heart, and purifying the whole man—body, soul and spirit. To a perfect faith in the Logos or Christ, who is universally diffused throughout all nature—in whom, indeed, all things live and move and have their being, and who is the fountain and source of the life of all creation—to a perfect faith in Him, all things are possible.

Living consciously in Him, we are just as much partakers of the Logos as our environment, as the fishes are of the sea in which they swim; and so

living in an eternal environment, the power of death ceases, even over our bodies, for we breathe in life and health from the Logos, our eternal environment, just as we breathe in the air of our natural environment.

CHAPTER V

My Voyage continued—Dangers of a Meat Diet.

AFTER I had quelled the mutiny on board the dhow, my friend the captain was overcome with gratitude, telling me again and again that I had saved his life a second time. My next step was to enquire into the health of all on board, and I found that most of the men were suffering from scurvy, from eating the salted carrion served out in their daily rations. I had on board a cargo of Egyptian dates and figs of my own growing, which I had intended to take to India; but seeing the need of those on board for a complete change of diet, I placed ten cases at the disposal of the captain to be served in daily rations to the men. There was fortunately also in the cargo some barrels of flour which the cook now used to make various confections for all of us. I myself had little or no need of food. I could fast for any length of time by taking a small quantity of the elixir of life, for this is equally valuable as food or medicine.

The reason of its efficacy is simply that it is the *essence* of life. It is really and truly that which the philosophers of old spent their lives in vain attempts

to discover. The proof that I have made this discovery is in the fact that I am alive to-day—five hundred years old, and in a good state of preservation. My teeth have been renewed in the early part of each century of my life, and my eyesight as well as my hair have been again and again renewed to the vigour of youth. So that now I feel younger and more vigorous than I did in the first century of my life. Disease is not natural, but caused through disobedience to and disregard of the laws of nature. One of the most prevalent causes of painful diseases is meat-eating. It goes without saying of course that such meat as we had on board the dhow was nothing less than poisonous, but the freshest meat that can be procured is also objectionable for other reasons.

In the first place, the diseases to which animals are subject are often transmitted to the eater. Half the animals killed for food are tuberculous, and their dead bodies are consumptive, and the virus of consumption, or any other disease to which the animal was subject, enters the body through the alimentary canal. But let the animal be perfectly healthy, and the meat entirely fresh, and there are still dangers to the human organism, pains and penalties to pay for any such enjoyment. For in it there is bound to be a large quantity of uric acid, which causes gout, rheumatism, insomnia, epilepsy, gravel, neuritis, and

even paralysis; for your pound of juicy steak has fourteen grains, of liver nineteen grains, and of sweetbread seventy grains. Your body may be able to eliminate and destroy the uric acid produced by it, while it is not at all prepared to deal with five, ten or twenty times the quantity.

CHAPTER VI

Arrival in India—Yogis and Fakirs—Thousands cured by the Elixir of Life—Buddhism—The Famine in India.

FROM the time of the settlement of the mutiny, I had constituted myself the physician of all on board, and, with the aid of the diet of pure fruit, all traces of scurvy, with which nearly all had been affected, were removed, and the remainder of the voyage was a pleasant one for all of us, and we finally landed at Trivandrum, North-East of Cape Comorin, whence, after spending one night in the town, I journeyed overland to Tinnevelly, and found my way to the house of the Swamie Mukerji, whom I had met in Egypt. We had much in common, and I now found him one of the most deeply interesting men I had ever met. He was well informed on every topic, beside being a man of influence in the country. He introduced me to his guru Ramaswami, and other gurus. I was surprised to learn that Mukerji was three hundred years old. He had seemed to me to be not more than forty. He explained to me the practice of the various kinds of yoga, which I had no

difficulty in understanding, because I had already been led into similar paths, by following closely the teachings of the Christ.

There is indeed, as we might naturally expect, a great similarity in the teachings and practice of all true mystics. For the path of the highest spiritual attainment is the same everywhere—for there is but one God and one Cosmic Mind pervading the whole universe, and the thoughts proceeding from it must be the same everywhere, among all nations, though differing outwardly as much as men differ in race and language.

Mukerji introduced me to many yogis, some of whom could throw themselves into a trance and remain in a state of coma, similar to that of hibernating animals, for weeks, or even months, existing thus without food or drink, and seemingly independent even of breath.

One morning he took me to see an open-air performance, which seemed utterly inexplicable. The fakir Vyasa, who was surrounded by a crowd of about two hundred people, took a rope and threw it up into the air, where it remained suspended, apparently supported only by the atmosphere. It reached as far as the eye could see. He now told a boy who was with him to climb the rope, which he did, with monkey-like agility, until he disappeared from view,

at the end of the rope. Then, taking between his teeth a murderous-looking knife the fakir, himself climbed after the boy, and likewise disappeared from view. The next things seen by the horrified spectators were portions of the body of the boy hurled down from the air. Presently the fakir descended, and, gathering up the severed head, trunk and limbs of the boy, he put them in a large bag and was next seen walking away with them. Suddenly there was a movement in the bag, the fakir stopped, put it on the ground, and opened its mouth, and, to our astonishment, we saw the boy step out, perfectly sound and well. This was a triumph of the art of hypnotism, which no one but an initiate is able to explain.

Then he took a large earthen pot, full of soil, planted seed in it, and, to all appearance, caused a tree to spring up and fruit to grow on it in a few moments. Some of this fruit was handed to me and the flavour seemed delicious.

The Brahmans and other Hindus know very many secrets of nature which are hidden from the rest of the world. My life in India continued to be a most enjoyable one. The friendship of all the men of learning was most gratifying, and they were always pleased to hear me discourse concerning the deeper truths of Esoteric Christianity. Some of those I met were Buddhists, and I was anxious to learn from

Mukerji in what way they differed from Brahmans, and he told me that the essential difference was that the Brahman taught that the traveller must seek divine help, whilst the Buddha taught that he must work out his own salvation, depending upon himself alone. I then asked him what was meant by Nirvāna. I had been told by Mahommedans that it meant extinction, but he said that it was not the extinction of the soul, or personality, but that of the sinful and grasping state of heart and mind which, according to the law of Karma, leads to renewed individual existence. Nirvāna, he said, is the state of freedom from the necessity of rebirth, or of coming again into a body of flesh and blood, and suffering the pains and penalties to which flesh is heir.

It meant being set free from the Wheel of Re-incarnation, by means of which, he said, the whole human race keep on going and returning, until set free from the power of death. I could not help remarking how like this was to the teaching of the Messiah, Jesus of Nazareth. "Yes," he said, "we yogis know that this is quite true, and as God is one, so all the teaching of God is one, and when men have become sufficiently spiritualised, they will know that there never was a great world reformer who was not a direct emanation from the Logos, and who had not appeared before during the past cycle. Each of these

and many others," he affirmed, "had first appeared on the earth as one of the seven powers of the Logos, individualised as a Deva, or Angelic Messenger. Afterwards, more materialised in form, they re-appeared in turn as the Great Sages and Teachers of the Race, and finally sacrificed themselves for the good of mankind to be born under different circumstances at various critical periods. They have appeared at the darkest periods of human history, and have continued to enlighten the world throughout the succeeding millenniums."

About a year after my arrival in Tinnevelly an estate fell vacant which had belonged to a Mahratta of noble birth. It was situated at Kizhanattam, not far from Tinnevelly, and consisted of a splendidly-built mansion about two hundred years old, which had remained in the same family during all that time; but the last scion of the noble house, being somewhat careless and dissolute, had managed to lose all his property, and the house, with its grounds and all it contained, had to be sold.

Through the influence of a great yogi named Vivekananda, to whom I had been introduced by Ramaswami, I had the offer of the place, and immediately closed with it, and was fortunate enough to secure the services of all the family retainers, for work both outside and in the house. The grounds

were extensive, the garden, of about two acres, being planted with fruit trees, oranges largely predominating.

I was now enabled to begin to carry out a scheme which I had long projected of producing seedless oranges. In this climate they had grown to a great size, and far more luscious than were ever seen in the temperate zone. Some of them weighed a pound under ordinary cultivation, but contained many useless seeds. My plan was to utilize the seeds to increase the size, weight, beauty, and deliciousness of the flavour of the fruit. I succeeded in producing oranges fit to grace the table of the court of the Emperor Akbar, to whom I sent a large case of the first ripe fruit. Some of these oranges were from two to three pounds in weight, a perfect fruit—the juice of them like a nectar for the gods.

Never shall I forget the surprise of my servants who gathered them, and of my friends who came to visit me, when these were brought to table. Among these friends I had no difficulty in advocating a fruit diet, and we were all of the opinion that this was the most perfect diet that could be conceived, and one most likely to prolong life, by eliminating disease, cleansing the blood, and bringing at the same time with perfect health the most perfect enjoyment of life. This, however, was not my only occupation, but as I deemed the highest occupation of man to serve

his fellows, I laid all my medical skill at the disposal of those who had need, and with the elixir of life was able to cure every kind of disease, and with the fruit diet to keep my patients in a good state of health both of mind and body.

Numbers of the natives gathered daily at my doors, suffering from every kind of disease and sickness; and such was the faith which the fame of my cures had kindled, that there were none who did not benefit, if only by my presence, and nearly all were cured in a short or longer period according to the severity of the sickness.

One day I was sent for to the bedside of a Jew, named Solomon, who had been paralysed eight years. He begged me to relieve him if I could. He had suffered much of many physicians, who had left him worse than before. I injected into his body a small quantity of the elixir of life, and continued to do so each day. On the second day he felt better, and was able to sleep as soundly as a little child—to sleep as he had not done for eight years, and looked brighter and more cheerful every day. His breathing became easier, his urinary trouble disappeared, and his pulse became regular. He said he felt that he was rising from the dead, and in three weeks he was able to walk about outside, and had no further need of medicine; he regained his appetite and his vitality,

and had now apparently grown young again. His gratitude to me was very great. He offered me, although he was said to be a miser, half of his great wealth, but I refused in the name of my Master to accept a rupee.

The incident did not end here, however, for he determined that I should be rewarded, and a few weeks afterwards sent for me to say farewell, as he was making a voyage to Constantinople.

He then presented me with something which is now far more precious to me—a manuscript which had been saved from the Alexandrian Library, which proved to be a copy of the Alexandrian Septuagint, and with a Hebrew manuscript of the Kabbala.

He then handed me a case, sealed with seven seals, with the Sacred Name impressed thereon in Hebrew, and made me solemnly promise, in that Name, not to open it until the seventh day.

Judge of my surprise when, seven days after his departure, I carefully and solemnly broke the seals, to find the largest diamond I had ever seen.

Some of my yogi friends, who knew its value, declared it to be worth a lakh of rupees. When I realised the greatness of his sacrifice I rejoiced with exceeding great joy, not because of the gift, although it was sufficient to last me a hundred years, but because I saw what a tremendous uplift must have

taken place in the soul of the miser and usurer ere he could have voluntarily relinquished what must have seemed to him such a precious treasure.

I have always found that example is better than precept, and this is one reason why I have always given my services to men of every tongue and nation who have asked.

Nothing more than real need has ever been required to call forth my utmost effort on behalf of my brother man, without distinction of colour, creed, or nationality. I feel that I owe all that I have gained to my weaker brethren. I receive nothing for myself, except only as being a part of the Great Self. And this ideal lies at the root, not only of the Christian Religion, but of all religion.

Among my new friends whom I gained at Khizanattam was a Buddhist monk named Ananda. These monks are called Bhikkus or Bhikshus, meaning beggars, because, like Gautama, having renounced all that they possess, they live on the voluntary offerings of others, taking with them a bowl, into which the offerings of pious Buddhists may be thrown.

I enquired of him as to what was the most essential part of the teaching of the Buddha, and he replied—in one word—selflessness.

“Self,” said he, “is an illusion, and he whose mind is bent upon following self, follows a will-o’-the-

wisp, which leads him into the quagmire of sin. The illusion of self is like dust in your eye, that blinds your sight, and prevents you from recognising the close relations which prevail between yourself and your fellows, which are even closer than the relations which obtain among the various organs of the body. There is but one Self in the universe. You must therefore learn to trace the identity of yourself with the souls of all other beings." Do not esteem yourself as a separate entity, but only as a part of all that *is*. The great heresy is that of separateness—and thus

"Who injureth others, himself hurteth sore ;
Who others assisteth, himself helpeth more."

"How glad I am, my dear Ananda," I replied to him, "to hear you speak thus, for it shows that the children of the Highest are everywhere imbued with the same spirit, for the acme of Christian attainment is to cease entirely from the life of self; to abandon equally what we see and what we possess—our power, our knowledge, and our affections—to sacrifice, immolate and renounce our natural life and all the faculties with which it is endowed. But we gain thereby a happiness so intense that it is indescribable—a flood-tide of rapturous beatitude."

"Our salvation consists wholly in being saved from ourselves."

Shortly after this delighted confession, my faith in it began to be put to the test. One of those terrible famines which from time to time afflict this otherwise glorious land, now began to make itself felt. Through the drought the rice-harvest was a complete failure, and starvation stared the peoples of India in the face. As soon as I realised the needs of the people, I began to make preparations for systematic relief. I travelled overland in a bullock waggon to the nearest ports and purchased cargoes of rice and millet, wheat and barley, sparing no expense.

I was also fortunate enough to secure a large quantity of dried fruits. All these I had stored, and for the year during which the famine held sway, my whole household was engaged in the work of relieving the destitute.

The people gathered daily to my doors from miles around, and rations were daily dealt out according to the number in each family represented, and by this means many thousands of lives were saved. And daily did I pour out thanks to the Supreme for permitting me and enabling me thus to minister joy and comfort to tens of thousands whose lives would otherwise have been a misery.

CHAPTER VII

I embark for Constantinople, but am wrecked and cast on an Island ; from which I am rescued by the "Sardam."

THE famine was followed by abundant harvests, and a great plenty of all things, and it rejoiced my heart to see the people for whom I had laboured, again prosperous and happy.

Feeling that my work in India was accomplished, the desire for travel came again upon me, and I resolved to set out at the first opportunity for Constantinople.

In those days such a journey was a considerable undertaking, involving dangers of every sort, and sure to be at best a matter of months. My first care was to dispose of my estate. In this, however, I had no trouble, as, when I consulted Ramaswami, he informed me that there was a scion of that noble house whose patrimony it was who was intensely desirous of buying it from me, being moreover on the point of marriage, and desirous of settling down in life. To him, therefore, I offered to sell it at purchase price, at which he was not a little astonished, because I had

bought it at about a fourth of its value, on account of the ruined and dilapidated condition into which it had fallen. But now everything was in repair, the trees full of blossom, the gardens a perfect paradise of colour, and the fields bearing bountiful crops. He was intensely grateful, and would gladly have paid double what I asked ; but I was glad thus to be able to help to restore to this noble family its ancestral estate.

This matter having been settled, I now heard of a Dutch ship, the *Batavia*, Captain Van Tromp, which was to sail a week later from the port of Tuticorin, on which I engaged a passage. All went well until we passed Cape Comorin, but after this a terrific gale arose, and the ship lay to and was run before the wind until near the Maldivé Islands, when she was struck and damaged by a heavy sea. There was a concussion, followed by sounds of broken crockery, thundering fallings, and thumpings of heavy and dangerous things on deck. A great sea burst over the ship, and, laying her on her beam ends, set us all swimming for our lives, not knowing whether we were in the ship or out of her. This sea broke away the starboard gallery, and staving in the cabin windows nearly drowned some of the passengers who were still in bed. They now cut away the mainmast, but it was of little good, for it would not go overboard, but lay hampering the deck.

The captain, however, could make out two small islands close to us, and a larger one eight miles off. On these he determined to land the women, children and sick people, who were beside themselves with fear. Day dawned at last upon that terrible night. The master, who had been sent to examine the islands, returned about ten o'clock, and an hour later they began to take off the women and children, using the more diligence as the ship appeared about to break. About forty people were landed on the larger island, and ten on one of the smaller ones. The crew managed to land twenty barrels of bread, but only a little water, about eighty gallons. The people urged the captain to go in search of water, which he did, five days after the wreck, having put a deck to the long boat, and with a smaller boat in tow. After ten days' sailing he fell in with the *Sardam* frigate, which returned with him to the islands after an absence of a fortnight altogether.

In the meantime we on the island had been in great straits to find subsistence. We had built shelters for all, as far as possible, from driftwood and the branches of trees. In the day-time we wandered about the islands, searching for food and more especially water. We found some in pools, which we used for cooking purposes. We also found some sea-birds' eggs and various kinds of wild fruits.

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Some, however, notwithstanding all our efforts, died of want and exposure, and the very first to succumb was the ship's doctor. I felt now that the care of all these people had devolved upon me, and as I had been so fortunate as to recover my medicine chest, containing my store of the elixir, I compounded medicine for all the sick ones, and so saved very many who would otherwise have died. When our captain returned so happily with the *Sardam*, my fame as a healer had become so well known that I was asked to take the post of ship's doctor to the whole of the crew and passengers.

An ordinary ship would have been extremely inconvenienced at taking on board so large a number as still remained, but it happened that the *Sardam* had no passengers, and was very short-handed as to crew, so that the survivors of the crew of the *Batavia* were all engaged by the captain of the *Sardam*, who was part owner of the ship. I was delighted to find also that the cargo of the *Sardam* consisted of rice, sago, flour, dried tropical fruits and bananas.

I therefore agreed with the captain to purchase his share of the cargo, so that all of us were well fed for the rest of the voyage, and, owing, to the wholesome nature of the food, scurvy and other kinds of sickness were conspicuous by their absence during the whole of our long journey to Gibraltar, at which

port I disembarked, with many good wishes and prayers from the two captains and the rest of my *companions de voyage*. I had hoped to take passage in one of the ships of the Levant Company, who at that time carried on a brisk trade with Turkey. I was fortunate enough after two days to find an English ship, the *Ascension*, of London, commanded by William Broadbanke, and carrying a present from Queen Elizabeth of England to the Sultan at Constantinople, where we arrived on 1st of September, 1593.

CHAPTER VIII

I find Solomon—His Hebrew-Christian Church— Rabbi Eliezer and Doeg the Assassin.

ON my arrival in Constantinople I sought out my friend Solomon (or Salomone, as he wrote it), and easily found him, for he was well known in the Jewish quarter of Constantinople. I found that he had become not only court-interpreter or dragoman, but that he was also highly esteemed as a most learned Rabbi. But more than all was I glad to learn that his character had completely changed. From being a miser and usurious, he had now become one of the most benevolent of men. He was esteemed everywhere as the friend of the poor, not only by Jews, but by Moslems and Christians; for there were a few of these latter, mostly Copts, who had come from Egypt, in the service of Turkish merchants.

The very next day I called upon him, and seldom have I seen greater pleasure on any face than beamed from the face of my beloved Solomon. He embraced and kissed me as if I had been a long-lost brother. And, indeed, he proved himself to me to be something better and nearer than a brother of flesh and

blood, for he had become truly a brother in spirit—a lover of the erstwhile lowly, but now highly exalted, Jesus of Nazareth.

The day of my visit being Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, he had leisure and was able to tell me all that had happened since we parted at Tinnevely, and I spent the day of reunion with such pleasure as I have seldom experienced on earth.

In regard to his health, he told me that he abjured meat, and lived entirely on fruit and various kinds of nuts. He had never suffered any kind of pain or sickness since adopting the diet, and though advancing in years, being about ninety years of age, he looked the picture of health—a living monument and testimony to the value of a pure, holy and abstemious life. He invited me to stay with him as long as I wished, in the beautiful house provided for the Dragoman of the Grand Signior, as he was styled.

The next day being the Jewish Sabbath, I went with him to the synagogue, where he officiated, holding the position, as he did, of a Chief Rabbi. He also acted as interpreter when rabbis from foreign countries discoursed in the tongues best known to them. He was equally fluent in Italian, Spanish, Turkish, as in Yiddish and Hebrew. This morning he spoke in Yiddish, which I well understood, and I can truly say that no discourse has ever interested

me more than did that of Rabbi Salamone on that beautiful Sabbath morning. If my astonishment at his words was great, it was still greater at the calm and joyful way in which those Jews received it. It carried me back in spirit to the Sabbath on which the Blessed Master Himself preached at Nazareth, "and they wondered at the gracious words which proceeded from His lips."

He read in Hebrew from the very words quoted by Jesus at Nazareth, and showed how they applied to Him.

"Brothers, dearly beloved and longed for—my soul yearns over you all in love. But it was not always so. My heart and life has been renewed, revived, changed, and my ideals and longings exalted as high as the heaven is above the earth. And how? Well, first of all, by one who came to me as a saviour; who saved me from the jaws of death; who treated me better than I had ever been treated by my own flesh and blood! Who showed me the love of a thousand brothers, and refused to accept the slightest payment, although I begged him to take half of all I possessed. For all reason he gave me this: that he loved Jesus the Nazarene. To Him he attributed all his nobility and the esteem in which he was deservedly held by men of all nations. This led me to seek also to know Him. I pondered day

and night the words of Jesus of Nazareth and of our blessed countryman Paul, and of the Galilean fisherman who left all to follow Him. And I said, 'Never man spake like this Man.' What sweetness, what purity in His manners! What affecting goodness in His instructions! What sublimity in His maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind! What ingenuity of justice in His replies!

"Brothers, it is the glory of our nation to have produced such a man as this Divine Son of Man—the Messiah of the Gospels is the most beautiful incarnation of God, in the fairest of forms—God in man. For long ages yet He is King. His beauty is eternal. His reign shall have no end. He is the soul of our soul and the flesh of our flesh—as Rabbi Simeon said, 'a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of His people Israel.'"

When he ceased speaking, there was a silence as deep as the grave. Many were in tears, and I felt that, as of old, the power of the Lord was present to heal them.

Rabbi Solomon had indeed established a Hebrew-Christian Church—a people who, though lowly and despised, many of them were burning and shining lights in a very cesspool of sin and iniquity, and "lambs in the midst of wolves."

But there was a serpent in the grass, a Judas in the camp, in the person of a certain Rabbi Eliezer, lately come from Scutari, to fill the place of a deceased rabbi. His face made a strange impression upon me, as we listened to the powerful appeal of Rabbi Solomon, for it was full of a diabolical hatred. If looks could kill, I thought, my friend would be a dead man.

That night, as I sat musing on the events of the day, I had a vision, in which I saw this Rabbi Eliezer writing a letter to the Chief Rabbi at Scutari, in which he said that Rabbi Solomon had apostatized from the faith of his fathers; had become a disciple of the "accursed Nazarene," and was leading the whole synagogue of Constantinople astray. He begged that the Beth-Din would take action to condemn him to death as a traitor and blasphemer, and despatch Israfel Doeg to carry out the decree. This Doeg was a Nabathean, a man of infamous character, who was employed ostensibly to execute the decrees of the Beth-Din, or House of Judgment, but was really nothing better than a paid assassin.

He was charged to destroy the noble rabbi by any means, at any cost, but secretly, so as not to bring indignation on the Jews.

But before he arrived, judgment overtook the Rabbi Eliezer, for he was suddenly attacked with

a raging fever, under which he lay unconsciously raving; at times breathing out threatenings against Rabbi Solomon, at others confessing again and again the evil and treacherous action he had taken against the man who had received him as a brother.

Rabbi Eliezer had won the love of no one, and when it was known that the fever was contagious, he was forsaken by all. But now was the great opportunity of Rabbi Solomon to show his love to Christ, by heaping coals of fire on the head of his enemy. He begged three months' leave from the Sultan, and recommended me to him to act as Dragoman in his stead for that period; and going to the bedside of his mortal enemy, he served him day after day with all the tenderness of a mother for her only child, relieved only from time to time by an old woman who was not afraid of contagion, and came out of gratitude for the kindness Rabbi Solomon had shown her in placing her above want.

For weeks Rabbi Eliezer hovered between life and death; at times going over in his delirium all the black passages in his life; now confessing his burning hatred for that one who was striving by every means to save his life, and pouring out the details of his foul treachery toward him. Still the Good Samaritan laboured on, and was at last rewarded by seeing his

patient return to consciousness. When he at last recognised his deliverer, and realised what he had done for him, he was overwhelmed with remorse, and confessing his sin, he implored his forgiveness, which was readily granted. And, to the great joy of Rabbi Solomon, he began to see the need of a Saviour, and with deep contrition turned his back for ever upon the hollow and useless life which he had been leading, and said to his now beloved brother, "I cannot for a moment longer doubt One who can perform such miracles in the heart as must have been performed in your heart, dearest friend and brother, to enable you to do what you have done for me, and I therefore forsake all for His sake, and henceforth will make it my life-work to proclaim Jesus and His salvation, at all costs, to the world."

Doeg, the assassin, who had been waiting his opportunity, fled as soon as he heard of Rabbi Eliezer's confession, for such was the popularity of Rabbi Solomon in Constantinople, both among Moslems and Jews, that any injury done to him would have met with swift and certain retribution.

As soon as Rabbi Eliezer had fully recovered he departed for Damascus, where he had been brought up, and there proclaimed in the synagogues that Jesus was the Messiah, in the face of great opposition and tremendous persecution, which culminated in his con-

demnation in the Beth - Din for blasphemy, to imprisonment, and his secret martyrdom, by means of the dagger of the infamous Doeg, but not until he had brought light and life to many thirsty, weary souls.

CHAPTER IX

Appointed Dragoman to the Grand Vizier—Queen Elizabeth's Presents to the Sultan—Death of Sultan Amurath—Terrible character of his successor Mahomet—The Armada and Letter from Sir Francis Drake.

DURING all the time of Rabbi Eliezer's sickness I had called daily and prescribed for him, and as the knowledge of my medical skill spread abroad, I had a number of patients of the poorer classes of Jews and Moslems coming to me.

As I gave them advice and medicine absolutely without charge, and had no failures, I became one of the most popular men in Constantinople, and on the return of my friend Solomon to his post of interpreter, I was appointed Dragoman to the Grand Vizier, and which office afforded me abundant opportunity for observations of harem and court intrigues.

The Sultan who was reigning when I arrived in Constantinople was Amurath III. I had the opportunity of witnessing the State ceremonial on the presentation, by the English Ambassador, Sir Edward Barton, of the valuable gifts from Queen Elizabeth to

the Sultan. It was a very bright day, and the Ambassador presented a glorious appearance in a suit of cloth of silver, with an upper gown of cloth of gold, and followed by about fifty gentlemen in costly apparel. The *Ascension*, with her flags and streamers, came as near as possible to the Seraglio. On landing, Sir Edward was met by two Pashas and fifty courtiers, who came with horses richly caparisoned for the Ambassador and his gentlemen. On reaching the Seraglio, he was met by about two thousand courtiers, most of them dressed in cloth of gold, silver, velvet, satin and scarlet, who saluted the Ambassador as he passed between them. The Queen's letters which he brought were now very courteously received by the Grand Vizier.

Dinner being now prepared in the Seraglio, consisting of about a hundred different dishes, the Viziers and Ambassadors were accommodated at one table, and their gentlemen and retinues at others, being waited upon by forty or fifty courtiers. Their drink was water mingled with rose-water and sugar brought in a luthro (goatskin), which was carried by waiters on their backs, and run out of a spout underneath the arm.

After this, the Ambassador was led by the Grand Vizier to the Sultan, who sat in a chair of state—on a kind of platform, carpeted with green satin richly

embroidered with silver, orient pearls and large turquoises. The other part of the hall in which he sat was covered with a carpet of carnation satin embroidered with gold. The Ambassador and all his retinue as they were presented to the Grand Signior kissed his hand and retreated backwards to the door, as was the custom of the court.

After this he was presented to the Sultana or Empress, to whom also Queen Elizabeth had sent her portrait set with diamonds and rubies, with some pieces of gilt plate and garments of cloth of gold. It is said that Sir Edward Barton found a great friend and supporter in the Empress, and consequently English prestige had risen very high, for at that time she practically ruled the Empire.

I have always cherished a great respect and regard for the people of this remarkable nation, whose progress during these five centuries of my earthly existence has far outrivalled that of any other nation.

But now again did I begin to see the evils of polygamy. Mahomet had saved his followers from wine, but had left them a prey to a far more powerful source of destruction in his permission to have an unlimited number of wives and concubines.

In the case of the Sultan Murat (Amurath), he married his first wife when she was thirteen years of age, and for twenty years was happy and contented

with one wife, who bore him many sons and daughters, most of whom however died, so that only one son remained. He was persuaded on this account to take other wives, in order to be more certain of a male successor, as the succession depended upon one life. He then took so many wives that the exact number is now unknown, and died at the age of fifty, of kidney complaint and stone.

He was attacked with epilepsy while receiving the Chief Pasha in audience. It was followed by stricture, which caused him to cry out in pain, and on the top of the other illness carried him to the grave. Solomon told me that "even when in health his habit of life was strange, and that he would eat no bread, but lived on solid meats, thick soups, and sheep's marrow, and other aphrodisiacs, for he lay 'immersed in lust.'"

The eldest surviving son Mahomet, who succeeded Amurath under the title of Mahomet III., had the character of being both weak and timid, lazy and effeminate, but a veritable monster of cruelty. During his father's lifetime he so often plotted against him that from a very early age he became a great danger to his father, who therefore sent him, after his circumcision, to Magnesia, over which province he made him governor. He had hardly reached that place before that spirit, which could only breathe amidst

blood, led him to perpetrate all sorts of cruelties, such as putting two thousand students to death in a most cruel manner, because they showed signs of less modest demeanour than he thought correct in his presence, and that some of them had expressed their opinion too freely of him. He also killed many others for the slightest causes, caused the breasts of women to be seared off with hot irons, and being entreated with tears by one of his many wives not to adventure his person to the wars, killed her with the most barbarous cruelty.

Yet being but once on the field of battle, he retreated in the most abject terror. This inhuman tyrant likewise killed his grandmother with his own hands, and threatened his own mother with the like.

The death of the Sultan Murad was kept secret until the arrival of Mahomet. When he arrived at the Seraglio his nineteen brothers were brought before him one by one. The eldest, a most beautiful lad and of excellent parts, beloved by all, when he kissed the Sultan's hand exclaimed, "My Lord and brother, now to me as my brother, let not my days be ended thus in this my tender age." Nevertheless, as the custom was, he gave orders that they should all be strangled, and in nineteen coffins these unhappy victims followed their father to the grave.

I had now the privilege and pleasure of entering

into close relations with Sir Edward Barton, the English Ambassador to the Porte. Through his constant toil and energy and fearless diplomacy, he had made the name of Elizabeth and England to stand very high at the Sublime Porte.

Though he received no payment whatever from the Government, but had to depend upon the Levant Company for his small salary, yet his faithfulness to his Queen and country was an object-lesson and worthy of all praise.

He told me many stories of the almost miraculous way in which Spain had always been thwarted and defeated in its attempts to conquer and enslave his country, which, though so small and insignificant, had yet managed somehow to defeat the most splendid fleet which the world had ever seen—so proudly christened “The Invincible Armada,” obtaining even their food supplies and ammunition from the Spanish ships, and what the English failed to destroy was destroyed by the winds and the waves. Storm after storm drove the Spanish ships on the rocky coasts of Scotland and Ireland, so that only a few shattered ships reached Spain; and when they had collected a new Armada at Cadiz, the English fleet sailed into the harbour and destroyed or captured all the ships, though all the while running the gauntlet of a continuous fusillade from the guns

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of the fort. Sir Edward then read me a copy of a letter from Sir Francis Drake describing this very action, which he kindly permitted me to transcribe. It was addressed:—

“To the right reverend godly learned father, my very good friend, John Fox, preacher of the Word of God,” and continues, “Whereas we have had of late such happy success against the Spanyardes, I do assure myself that you have faithfully remembered us in your good prayers and I therefore have not forgotten, briefly, to make you partaker therefore. The 19th of Aprill wee arrived within the road of Calles, we found very many shipping, but among the rest thirty-two of exceeding burden, lade and to be laden with provision and prepared to furnish the King’s Navie, intended with all speed against England, the which when wee had boarded and also furnished our severall ships as we thought sufficient, wee burnt; and although by the space of two dayes and two nights that wee continued there, wee were still endangered, both with thundering shott from the towne, and assailed with the roaring cannon of twelve galleys, yet wee suncke two of them and a great Argósey, and still avoyded them with very small hurt, and so at our departure wee brought away foure ships of provision, to the great terror of our enemies, and honour to ourselves, as it may appear by a most curteous letter written unto

me with a flagge of truce by Duke Petro, Generall of the Galleys.

“But whereas it is most certayne that the King doth not onely make speedy preparation in Spayne, but likewise expected a very great fleet from the Straytes and divers other places, that should join with his forces to invade England, wee purpose to set apart all feare of danger and by God’s furtherance to proceed by all the good means wee can devise to prevent their coming; wherefore I shall desire you to continue faithfull in remembrance of ‘us in your prayers, that our purpose may take good effect, as God may be glorified, His Church, our Queene and country preserved, and these enemies of the trueth utterly extinguished, that we may have continuall peace in Israel.

“Fro aboard Her Majesty’s good ship the *Elizabeth Bonaventure*.

“Your loving freende, and faythfull

“sonne in Christ Jesus,

“FRANCIS DRAKE.”

This letter was to me a subject of profound interest, showing as it did the source and foundation of the superhuman courage which enabled these Englishmen to face danger and death with such utter disregard. Their exploits were as marvellous as those of the Biblical Israel, whose deeds they loved to

emulate, and the reading and narration of which no doubt inspired them with that faith in God, to which, as the Founder of their faith affirmed, "nothing is impossible."

The exploit described in the letter, which was only one among many, Drake referred to as "singeing the Spanish King's beard."

CHAPTER X

Cicala—Mahomet III.—Terrors of the Harem— Fruit Diet and Conservation—Character of Mahomet—Curse of Polygamy.

ONE of the most interesting of all those courtiers with whom I came into constant contact was Cicala Pasha, who, together with the Grand Vizier, Ibrahim Pasha, and Hassan Sokolli Pasha, were the principal commanders under the Sultan Mahomet III. Cicala was an Italian by birth. His father, the Vicomte di Cicala, commanded a force of privateers, which cruised against the Mahometan coasts and commerce. In conjunction with the Knights of Malta, in 1531, they attacked Modon in the Morea, and carried off among other prisoners 800 Turkish ladies, one of whom became the Vicomtesse di Cicala, who became the mother of Scipio Cicala, who was afterwards taken prisoner by the Turks, and, embracing Mahommedanism, rose through the patronage of Sinan Pasha to the high office of Aga of the Janissaries, and was married to the granddaughter of the Sultan Solyman. He gained a great victory for Mahomet III. at Cerestes, in which battle 50,000 Germans and Transylvanians perished.

For this victory he was promoted to the rank of Grand Vizier.

Mahomet III. died on 22nd December, 1603, after he had caused his eldest son Mahmoud, a prince of high abilities and courage, to be strangled, through that insane jealousy which so frequently has led to the destruction of the members of the Ottoman royal family, and brought the Turkish Empire to the verge of ruin.

Amid all the scenes of cruelty which I heard of at this time, and the bloodthirstiness which made my soul sick, there was one person whom I imagined incapable of any such deeds, he being, as I thought, of a most kindly and genial nature. This was a pasha who manifested great friendliness both toward Solomon and myself. But of him I learned, afterwards, that he had put to death with his own hand one of his odalisks, and a young secretary to whom he had seemed much attached.

He was walking one day in his garden, when he saw a rose thrown from a window in the harem. The flower was picked up by the secretary, who put it to his lips and kissed it passionately, as he looked up at the lattice. Burning with jealousy, the pasha rushed toward the harem, and saw a young slave-girl looking out of the window from which the rose had been thrown. Drawing his knife he crept softly

behind the unfortunate girl, and plunged it into her throat. Her death-cry startled the household, and the secretary, in his alarm, took refuge at one of the foreign embassies. He remained there so long that he flattered himself the affair was forgotten.

His treacherous master invited him back, and apparently forgave him. But one day when both were walking in the garden together, he requested the young man to gather a flower, and while he was stooping to obey, stabbed him to the heart.

An enquiry was made into this second murder, but he escaped by paying a heavy fine. But as to poor women, who, like this one, were done to death in the harem, no more account was taken of it than if it had been the death of an animal. Such of course was the natural outcome of the doctrine of Mahomet, that women have no souls.

The most common mode of punishment for women who were considered unfaithful, was to tie them up alive in a sack and to throw them into the Bosphorus, while infanticide was the rule rather than the exception.

During the remainder of my stay in this unhappy country, as a rule the Sultan came to the throne in boyhood, and died an early death. Achmet I., who succeeded Mahomet III., was fourteen when he began to reign, and only twenty-eight when he died. He was succeeded by his brother, Mustapha, who was

deposed in three months, and succeeded by Othman II., eldest son of Achmet, who, in less than four years after, was deposed and strangled in prison. Mustapha then reigned for one year, and being deposed a second time as a lunatic, was succeeded by Amurath IV., then a boy of eleven, who reigned only seventeen years, and died at the age of twenty-eight from fever, aggravated by his intemperate habits.

As might be expected the Turkish Empire was all this time going to rack and ruin, and as the English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Roe, said: "It had become like an old body, crazed through many vices, which remain when the youth and strength is decayed."

At this time my dearly beloved friend, Rabbi Solomon, who was one hundred and thirty-five years of age, passed away like a little child in his sleep.

There was great mourning among the Jews and Christians in Constantinople, and even among Moslems, for if ever a man deserved the epithet of the "Friend of Man," it was Solomon. All men, of every creed, who knew him, loved him.

On the reading of his will it was found that he had left me a hundred thousand pounds, besides his bequests to the synagogue, and to the Jewish community for the continuous relief of the poor.

For many years I had been his almoner, and had found such exquisite joy in relieving distress as is

only known to those whose privilege it is to be able to do this heavenly and glorious work. But as if this were not enough, I had the still greater joy of relieving pain and healing sickness of every kind by means of the elixir of life, the stock of which I had been constantly able to renew, so now at the end of these years I had a larger store than ever.

And truly they had been distressful times for the people of Constantinople; especially was this the case during the winter of 1621, in the reign of Osman II., which was a time of exceptional and terrible cold; both the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn being frozen over to such an extent that not only thousands of pedestrians crossed the ice from Asia to Europe, but teams of bullocks and hundreds of heavily-laden carts. The sufferings of the poorer classes were terrible, and many thousands died of cold and hunger. Not that Moslems fail as a rule to their own fellow-believers, but the poor are apt to be neglected in times of general stress and scarcity, and I was especially useful to Jews and Christians who would otherwise have escaped notice.

I was now about two hundred and fifty years old, still apparently youthful and full of vigour. Being always in an excellent state of health, I held before my mind the thought of life; and having learned how not only to conserve all the life in my

body, but how to transmute the pure gold of life into the vital essence or elixir of life, this pervaded and exhilarated my body, so that I always had abundance of life in every department. From the rule with which I had begun life as a Mahomedan, to abstain from alcohol, tobacco and drugs of every kind, I had never seen any reason to depart, and I now reaped benefits which, because they are unknown, would be deemed by the majority of men incredible. They are nevertheless true. I found myself well able to dispense with flesh foods, and that fruit and nuts were not only the most beneficial, but the most pleasant diet conceivable. Moreover, I had found that, when necessary, I could reduce food requirements to a minimum, by conservation of the vital fluid, and that a fast was actually extremely beneficial.

Many, especially among Jews and Christians, had adopted my views, and learned how to bring the whole body into subjection, and to have the mastery over every nerve and muscle, and so to enjoy life in a manner and degree which is inconceivable, except to those who, in some degree, have attained it, as I found many had in India.

But though Mahommed had taught his followers many useful virtues, such as courage, and charity, and abstinence in regard to alcohol, gambling, and other nerve-destroying vices, he left them a prey to lust,

and rather seemed to encourage vice in this form, which was indeed his own greatest failing. It is said that the two things he loved, and in which he most delighted, were women and perfumes. And so we have in the religion which he founded a reflex of his own character, the same virtues and the same vices.

From some points of view this great leader of men, who has thus impressed his own characteristics on thousands of millions, was high and noble and honourable. For he was wanting neither in charity to the poor nor in courage. He despised pomp, and was careless of luxuries. His familiar kindness extended to the meanest of his people. He courted no distinction beyond others in food or dress. Dates and water and barley bread were his usual fare. He disdained not even to mend his own shoes and his rough woollen garment. He milked the sheep, kindled his fire, swept the floor, and served the guests at his own table. Neither was he deficient in gratitude.

His love for his first wife, Khadijah, was evidently pure and lasting. For although she was sixty-five years of age when she died, and they had been married twenty-five years, yet he was inconsolable at her death.

He always regarded her with ardent and undivided

affection, and never grieved her by seeking the society of a rival. His regrets and lamentations for her wounded the pride of her successor, Ayesha, who asked: "Was she not old, and has not God given you a younger and better in her place?"

"No, indeed," said the prophet, "there can never be a better. She believed in me when men despised me. She was generous and gave me all she possessed, when the world hated and persecuted me."

Yet afterwards he did not even confine himself to the legal number of four wives, as provided in the Koran, but his seraglio contained from fifteen to seventeen.

This weakness has done more than any other thing to ruin Islâm, for polygamy is productive of more evils than it is possible to name. Wherever it has been adopted it has been the means of degrading women, and therefore of retarding the evolution of the race, for succeeding generations largely depend upon the status of the mother.

After the death of my beloved Solomon, the lust of travel came again upon me, and I determined to set out again at the first opportunity.

This I found in a Venetian ship, which was sailing for Italy.

CHAPTER XI

Corruptions of the Papacy—English Martyrs—The Papal States—Misgovernment and Bribery—Jansenius and St. Cyran—Our Mutual Love.

IN preceding chapters I have said very much about the corruptions of Islâm, but I had soon to discover that there were far worse things to be found in the so-called Christian Church.

For what I now saw in Rome and in the Papal States I was not altogether unprepared, for I had been very intimate with Sir Edward Barton and Sir Thomas Roe, the English Ambassadors, and both had told me much about the corruptions of the Romish Church and their persecution of Protestants. Sir Edward had lived as a boy in the reign of Queen Mary, and witnessed many fearful sights of the burning alive of some of the best men that England had ever produced. Such were Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, and Rogers (Canon of St. Paul's), Hooper (Bishop of Gloucester), and Ferrar (Bishop of St. David's).

Most graphically did Sir Edward describe what he had seen of the martyrdom of John Bradford and John Leaf at Smithfield in 1555. He saw Bradford

lying on one side of the stake and John Leaf on the other, lying flat on their faces, praying for about an hour. Then one of the sheriffs touched Bradford and said: "Arise, make an end; for the press of the people is great." Then he saw Bradford take a faggot in his hand and kiss it, and also the stake, and turning to the sheriff he asked that his clothing might be given to his servant, "for," said he, "he is a poor man and I have nothing else to give him." Then Bradford undressed and went to the stake, and holding up his hand, he said: "O England, repent thee of thy sins, beware of idolatry." Then turning towards John Leaf, he said: "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a happy supper with the Lord this night." And so both of them bore without fear, and even with cheerfulness, the pangs of this cruel martyrdom.

In no Mahommedan country had I witnessed such things as were done in the name of Christianity, although, at the same time, nothing has ever called forth such exhibitions of Christian fortitude as the Papal martyrdoms.

Sir Thomas Roe told me that his father, who was a Catholic, had witnessed scores of these exhibitions of devilish cruelty, the circumstances of which were sometimes aggravated by delay in consequence of green faggots being used, which had to be lighted again and again because they would not burn, and

sometimes the arms and legs of the sufferer would be consumed before life was extinct in the body. But, notwithstanding the frequent occurrence of these sights, by which the Papacy thought to extinguish Protestantism, they had the very opposite effect. Very few recanted, and, strange to say, one who did, was the very highest ecclesiastical authority in the land, Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury; but as the cruel queen still desired his death, when brought to the stake he held his right hand in the fire, crying out: "This unworthy right hand!"

He related also how his father was present at the burning of Bishops Ridley and Latimer, and how the blessed Latimer said, "Be of good cheer, brother Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle in England as I trust, by God's grace, shall never be put out." This was, indeed, truly prophetic, for England has ever since remained Protestant to the core.

This was how the Papacy treated the saints—men of whom the world was not worthy, because they protested against her abominations; but how she treated those who submitted to her, I had yet to learn.

On my arrival in Rome I found that the opinion was everywhere entertained that an ecclesiastical government was ruinous to its subjects. The adminis-

tration of the Papal States was compared, even by some of the cardinals, to a horse worn out with age and overwork until it falls exhausted by the wayside.

I found that the worst spirit that could possibly possess the officials of any government had long been clearly manifest at Rome. Each one considered the commonwealth as a something to be made subservient to his own personal interest.

Under Innocent X., his sister-in-law, the Donna Olympia, ruled as queen in the Curia, and provided applicants with offices on condition of receiving from them a monthly payment in money. Even the administration of justice was infected with the grievous plague of bribery. The poor were on every hand oppressed by the powerful and found none to help them. Appeals were utterly useless. Justice was continually prevented by the intrigues of cardinals, and those who ventured to appeal met only with violence and tyranny.

Oppressions exceeding those of Israel in Egypt were inflicted, and peoples not conquered by the sword, but subjected to the Holy See, either by their own accord or by the donation of princes, were more inhumanly treated than African slaves.

This oppression was felt also through the Church as well as the States, and extended from archbishops to the poorest priests; for the very fees of

poor country curates were charged with burdens; indeed, every benefice conferred by the Curia was burdened with a pension to one or other of the members of that body, and in one year no less than twenty-eight bishops and archbishops were ejected from their offices because they did not pay the impositions with which their sees were loaded.

The richest parishes frequently yielded their incumbents but a very slender subsistence, and many resigned their cures out of despair; but these were soon sold again to the highest bidders, which system resulted in the entire corruption of the parochial clergy and the utter neglect of their flocks, while men of eminent powers were very frequently excluded from the prelacy because they were too poor to comply with the regulations, and offices were granted to none except those who had revenues to support the dignity. In fact, Mammon ruled everywhere to the exclusion of God.

Nevertheless, I found here, as always, great exceptions, for as I travelled through the Papal States I found some who were the salt of the earth who, though themselves groaning under the oppression of poverty, yet were the fathers of the poor, and wearing out, as good shepherds, their lives for the flock. In every such place I not only removed immediate distress, but I placed in the hands of the

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good priests a sum of money to be placed out at interest for the poor, so that they might have a continual fund to draw upon. Thus I drew to myself many friends, and experienced much pleasure from the learned and pious fellowship of those I met in various parts of Italy.

Among these were Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, and Du Verger, Abbot of St. Cyran, who together brought about a great spiritual revival in the Romish Church. This movement produced some real saints, such as the honoured Pascal and many others of the same school in France.

In several interviews these beautiful souls explained to me their views, which are sweet and attractive, and worthy of every man's attention. Du Verger's conception of Christianity was a complete renunciation of the world and utter dependence upon God.

"When it is the will of God," he said, "to save a soul, the work is commenced from within; when the heart is once changed, then is true repentance first experienced: all else follows."

His whole soul was filled with the truth of what he uttered, and the impressions he produced were irresistible, and made many considerable converts, such as Le Maitre, Angelique Arnauld, and Dr. Andilly, a friend of Richelieu.

I had several times the pleasure of hearing Jansenius, who taught that man does not become good from the fact of his directing his efforts to the acquirement of any particular virtue, but by fixing his eyes firmly on the one unchangeable Supreme Good, which is Truth, which is God Himself. Virtue is the love of God. And in this love the freedom of the will consists, for its inexpressible sweetness extinguishes the pleasure derived from earthly gratifications: then there ensues a voluntary and ineffably blessed necessity not to sin, but to lead a good life. This, he said, is the true free will—a will freed from evil and replete with good.

I was glad to confess my most hearty agreement with him. Such views as these have been cherished by mystics in all ages, and have made religion to them a thing of joy and happiness too deep for words. Such a belief as this makes the service of God perfect freedom, being inward and spontaneous. For if we be truly joined to Christ, we are no longer left under the power of sinful inclinations, but are, on the other hand, powerfully endued with a power, bent and propensity to the practice of holiness, by the Spirit of Christ dwelling in us, and inclining us to mind spiritual things and not to lust after the flesh.

In consequence of the close agreement between

us, a great love sprang up in our hearts one towards the other. Our mutual regard was like that between David and Jonathan, for I loved him as my own soul. We had a mutual love for each other which was stronger than death; for though it is now over two hundred years since he passed away, yet I have still an affection for him "passing the love of women."

CHAPTER XII

My Life in a Monastery—Its complete transformation.

—Antonio and the other Monks cure thousands

—Lucretia and her Convent—I sail for London.

AFTER I had for a long time enjoyed at frequent intervals the society of Jansenius, and sometimes that of St. Cyran, as Du Verger was now called, I was introduced to an abbot who was a bosom friend of Jansenius, for in their boyhood they had played and attended school together.

This abbot, who was of noble birth, and had been trained to the profession of arms, had the misfortune to have killed a dearly-loved brother by accident. This determined him to retire from the world and to seek peace in a convent, of which he afterwards became the Father Superior. He was a man of a most kind and benevolent disposition, but the convent over which he ruled had, at this time, fallen into dilapidation through poverty, and the monks were mostly in ill-health because of the defective drainage and ventilation. As he told us of these things, I began to see my way clear to effect a change. In short, I offered to return with

the abbot as a lay-brother, and to spend some years with him. For I realised that life in a convent, where I could have powerful friendship and freedom of action, would afford me just that opportunity for uplifting, by the help of God, not only the forty monks of the convent, but many hundreds of the poor people of the district.

My first care, therefore, on arriving at the convent was to engage an army of workmen, not only to repair and renovate the buildings thoroughly, but to institute a new system of drainage, of which I had learned during my stay in India.

I determined also that ventilation should, for the future, be the result of design and not of chance, as formerly. The monastery was well-situated in regard to elevation, and was fortunate in having two or three wells of beautiful spring water, which could be drawn up from icy cold depths on the hottest day. The buildings also being spacious, I devoted one portion to a swimming bath, and private baths for all the monks—an innovation hitherto unknown in any monastery.

The gratitude of all the inmates of the monastery, and especially the love which the abbot had for me, prevented any objection being raised, and I came to be looked upon by the monks as a sort of Fairy God-father.

I was permitted also, because of my reputation with Jansenius and Du Verger, to give daily lectures, which I did not fail to utilise to the utmost. I taught them, first, the inner or esoteric meaning of the teachings of our Blessed Master; and how it was possible, in the most practical way, to live His life in that convent, which hitherto they had earnestly desired but utterly failed to do.

They were all celibates, of course, in imitation of the Master; but celibacy was to them, as to many others, in all ages of the world, a curse and not a blessing.

One of my first efforts, therefore, was to change all this, and to make them all sharers in the knowledge which had brought me such perfection of health and mentality as I now enjoyed, which was the envy of them all.

Not one of them knew anything of the power and energy which is the result of conservation. But this I had the opportunity of teaching them so fully that all understood. In a few months the monks, who had all been weak and sickly, were one and all in a robust state of health, and the monastery had become transformed from a lazar-house to a sanatorium.

Among other things I taught them how to breathe, which they in common with the rest of civilised

humanity had forgotten. Every day I devoted a large part of the time to those beneficial breathing exercises which I had learned among the yogis. I persuaded them also to abstain from meat, not only on Fridays and fast-days, but altogether, and to adopt a fruit diet, with nuts, cheese, butter and milk.

Owing to the monastery being situated in a fruit-growing district and having large grounds of its own, in which I cultivated vines and fruit trees of various kinds, we were very successful in regard to this matter. I was able to grow here, as in India, splendid figs and oranges, and the monks found themselves all the better in health for the useful exercise thus afforded in the profession of Father Adam.

To say that we were happy seems feeble, for that monastery became to us a veritable paradise—a heaven on earth, and the more so for what I am about to relate.

I must tell you, first of all, that the Franciscan friary, where we now lived, had been formerly the ancestral mansion of the abbot, who, though poor, was of very high and ancient lineage. Many of the monks had been connected with his family as retainers, or were the sons of such. One of them, who was a great favourite among us, very bright and

intelligent, and pious withal, was the son of a former steward. This young man's name was Antonio. He had made more progress in the esoteric life than any of the others, and being the youngest of all, his success in the regenerate life was greater. He ate very little—could exist, indeed, almost without food, and fast for periods of any length; but was, notwithstanding, full of a bounding and overflowing vitality.

Fra Antonio was one day sent for to the bedside of a dying woman. Her name was Lucretia Sforza; she was still young and beautiful, and had known Antonio from her girlhood. She had, indeed, loved him to distraction, and would have married him, but she had been forced against her will to marry a man of sixty because of his wealth and position. Thus she was left a widow at an early age, fell ill, and was now thought to be dying.

Our lesson for the morning of the day in which Antonio was thus summoned, was the last message of the Christ: "They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." These words returned to him now with power, and he felt compelled to lay hands upon the sick one in the name of his Master. The effect was astonishing. It seemed as if a flood of new life poured into her, and after two or three visits she rose up strong and well. It was like the

case in which the woman touched the hem of the garment of Jesus, for "there went out power from him and healed her."

The news spread all around of her marvellous recovery, and many sick ones sought the blessing of the laying-on of the hands of Antonio. And by his success in healing, the other friars were encouraged to follow his example, and many of the sick were healed through their instrumentality. The fame of our convent spread, and sometimes the sick were brought long distances that we might lay our hands upon them.

I myself had wondered, heretofore, why this promise had not been made good to the Church, and why most eminent saints had failed in the matter of healing. The reason now became apparent. It was those who had an overflowing abundance of life in the body, and who were able to conserve all their vital energy and were freed from any kind of waste; who were able, through contact by the imposition of their hands, to heal others by pouring into them from their own abundant store, so that there went out power *from them* and healed those that were sick, just as, during the earthly lifetime of their Blessed Master, multitudes who only touched the hem of His garment were made perfectly whole.

But a greater joy now dawned on us, for Lucretia

Sforza's gratitude to God and to Antonio for her recovery knew no bounds, and she now determined to use the great fortune which had been left by her husband for the good of suffering humanity. She determined, therefore, to turn the mansion in which she lived into a convent, in order to assist in the great work which she so rejoiced to see us doing.

By the time the convent was ready she had gathered round her a company of godly women who, like her, were determined to devote their lives to the service of God and humanity. Many of these gained and exercised the gift of healing, and their convent became a source of widespread joy and satisfaction, not only to ourselves, but to the tens of thousands who were benefited.

During the years that followed, many of those who were healed made large benefactions to our monastery and her convent, which enabled us amply to relieve the poor and destitute.

So the years flowed happily onward, until my dear old friend, the Abbot, passed quietly and peacefully away, without any sickness, in his hundred-and-twentieth year, and a new abbot was appointed in his place, who was a Jesuit, fresh from the Papal Court. I found that my peaceful reign here was at an end, and that my life and liberty were in imminent danger.

Having no desire for the dungeons of the Inquisition, I determined to make a move, and was extremely thankful to learn that an English ship was about to sail from the nearest port, on which I was fortunate enough to be able to engage a passage to London.

CHAPTER XIII

Cure of the Earl of Derby—Introduction to George III. and the Prince Regent—Sedan Chairs.

ONE could not avoid seeing the Hand of Infinite Wisdom in all this. My Guardian Angel had done all things well. Here was I, where I most desired to be at that moment, on board an English ship bound for London. A month previous I should have run the risk of a French dungeon if captured aboard an English ship; but now the Peace of Amiens had been signed, through which peace reigned for twenty months.

At the end of 1800 England's position, as I now learned, had been alarming. Not one country stood by her; Russia was hostile, Prussia took advantage of her position to wrest the Kingdom of Hanover. Italy, Holland, and Spain were subject to Napoleon, and even Austria had made peace with him. But after all, it was England that thwarted Napoleon, and made him, as he said, "miss his destiny."

In April, 1801, Nelson had destroyed the Danish fleet as completely as he had the French fleet three years before.

I had reaped one advantage in my retirement in the monastery; I had not been troubled by the war. Italy was not so much disturbed as the other countries of Europe, because, from the first, she had assisted Napoleon.

The ship in which I was now a passenger was the *Belvedere*, of London, commanded by Sir Robert Hardinge, having on board the Earl of Derby and his Countess, and their retinue.

As the Earl had been suddenly taken ill and brought down to death's door with typhoid fever, I offered to attend him, explaining that I had practised medicine for a long period. His recovery was almost miraculous, and mainly brought about by the injection of the elixir of life. His gratitude to me was deep and lasting, and he remained my friend all his life. It was through him that I was introduced to King George III. and to the Prince of Wales.

King George was a really good old man, but even then showing some of that weakness of mind which culminated in his madness and the formation of the Regency in 1810.

The Prince of Wales was altogether a different character. He was naturally clever, and had some kind of selfish good nature, but was of very uncertain temper. He was sometimes styled "the first gentleman in Europe," but, when angry, his

language was fearful. In his time the nobility swore at one another and at their servants. Even the ladies about the court swore. If this was the case in the highest society, what could be expected of the lower classes?

And the state of morality corresponded to the language. Prince George himself, is said to have been unfaithful in every sense to his marriage vows. His real wife, in the sight of God, was called Mrs. Fitzherbert; but this marriage had been set aside, and in 1795 he was united to his cousin, Caroline of Brunswick.

She came to England prepared to make him a good and faithful wife, but his treatment of her was cruel and heart-breaking, and such as drove her to despair.

But I was not really so much concerned about the court as about the people, so although I might have continued in court circles, I preferred to travel about the country. The methods of travelling were then exceedingly slow. The Sedan-chair was used for travelling through the streets. In more than one sense it was convenient. There were usually two bearers who constituted a bodyguard to the lady or gentleman in the chair. It was useful for attendance at balls and parties, because the lady or gentleman could pass in privacy, and in perfect cleanliness, from their own

domicile to that of their host. The Sedan-chair was taken from the hall of the one mansion to that of the other, so that there was no exposure to the inclemencies of the weather or the splashing of mud from the passing coaches or other vehicles.

The streets of London were exceedingly muddy, and at night only very dimly lighted, so that link-boys with lighted torches went about the streets with persons of rank.

You may still see outside some of the old London houses, sconces for the reception of the torches.

CHAPTER XIV

Travelling by Coach: Its difficulties and dangers— Terrible Laws and Prisons of England—My Escape from Highwaymen.

TRAVELLING by the coaches, though at that time the best known method, was anything but safe. Frequently they were held up by highwaymen, and the unfortunate travellers robbed of everything portable. One poor woman that I met at Portsmouth had just been robbed of twenty guineas, the savings of a lifetime, and the outcome of hard, unremitting toil. Her husband, who had been a sailor, was in the hospital, and her object was to take a little cottage and make his last days as comfortable as possible. Her misery so touched my heart that I not only replaced her little hoard, but bought her a cottage, where she lived happily for many years.

I had always from the time of Elizabeth taken an affectionate interest in the English people, and I now determined to make a thorough exploration of the country for myself. To facilitate this, I had a carriage built to my own design, which, for elegance, lightness and durability, exceeded anything hitherto seen in this country.

For constant travelling, I found this method far more economical than the stage coaches, though, to the occasional traveller, these were the best means of travelling about the country. I tested these and found that I could travel from London to Edinburgh, nearly four hundred miles, in about forty-three hours, and that I could reach Brighton from London in four and a half hours.

This was considered very quick travelling in those days. The fare, of course, was no trifle—it was sixty-five shillings from London to York, or, if one travelled outside, exposed to dust and rain and to all the inclemencies of the weather, jolting about on the top, or riding in the wicker-basket called “the boot,” the fare was about half that of the inside passenger.

Up to about twenty years before the time of which I am speaking (1804), some of the roads had been fearfully rutty and stony, but they had been greatly improved through the labours of Telford and Macadam. But even now the quaint spectacle might be seen of the country squire riding, with his lady behind him, on the pillion attached to the back of his saddle, and it had been a most picturesque sight to see trains of laden packhorses wending their way over devious paths in the hilly districts.

This and the carrier’s waggon had been at one time the only mode of conveyance for goods and

passengers. Three miles an hour was considered a fairly good rate of progress—taking a fortnight from London to Edinburgh, but the “express” waggons are said to have travelled at the amazing rate of seven miles an hour.

I was astonished at some of the sights of London. One morning, as I journeyed through the city, I passed through an immense concourse of people. I imagined at first that some great public celebration was taking place, but it was simply the pitiful and horrible spectacle of twenty people being hanged at Newgate. This sight led me to inquire into the laws of the country, and I was surprised to learn what trivial offences were punished by hanging; not only horse-stealing and sheep-stealing, but such minor offences as rabbit-shooting, writing threatening letters, cutting down young trees, appearing disguised on a public road, or stealing property valued at five shillings—the penalty for any of these was hanging.

I made a visitation of the prisons, and found many of the prisoners starving. The rooms in which they lived were small, dark, damp and usually crowded. No bed was provided, and no ventilation. They were swarming with vermin, and disease swept off those who were not hanged, and the latter appeared, after all, to be the more merciful fate than the living death of a prison. The terrible sights which I saw made

such a deep impression upon me, that I determined to do something to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners.

I had a conference with my dear friend, the Earl of Derby, and through him, privately and anonymously, I gave the sum of £100,000 to be invested for the purpose of improving the prison buildings, in regard to sanitation, and to provide decent fare and comfort for the prisoners.

I was well able to do this, because so long ago as 1750 I had deposited the bulk of my fortune in the Bank of England, which, even in the most troublous times, was the safest place in the world, and, together with the interest, which I allowed to accumulate, my capital amounted to half a million pounds. I was therefore free from all anxiety in regard to money, except that I wished to use it to alleviate the misery around me in the wisest possible way. To this end I travelled about the country in the carriage which I had designed. The roads were usually excellent, though occasionally we got into a deep bog or rut, from which we had to be dragged by the help of three or four stout farm-horses, or sometimes even of oxen. Some roads we found almost impassable, notably one between Horsham and London.

My two attendants were armed, and it was seldom

that we suffered molestation ; but on one occasion a strange thing happened : four stalwart men came out of a thicket suddenly, and covered both coachman and guard, so that they could not reach their weapons. Then one of the robbers opened the door and peered in. An expression of intense surprise appeared on his face, for he saw no one within. I had become invisible. Seeing no one, they imagined that I had escaped into the wood, and so the whole four rushed off to search the thickets. I quietly gave the order, the coachman put the horses to a good speed, and we arrived safe and unhurt at our destination.

CHAPTER XV

My Perpetual Youth—English Inventors—Lord Nelson and Trafalgar — Wellington and Waterloo.

I MUST now relate something concerning myself which you will possibly regard as incredible.

This was my fifth century (as you know) on earth. And I had now all the appearance of a man in the prime of life—in the heyday of health and strength. My teeth were white and pearly, and perfectly sound. At the beginning of each century of my life they were renewed.

In consequence of my pure diet and perfect health, my teeth did not decay, but simply wore away, and were replaced by a new set growing underneath the old one; gently and painlessly forcing out the old, just as the milk-teeth of a horse are replaced by the permanent ones. My hair, which was long and curly, was black and glossy as the wing of a raven. My cheeks were never pale, or too ruddy, but blooming with the hue of perfect health.

To the ladies of the court I had been a great attraction, but I held aloof from all, and revealed

myself to none, guarding especially the secret of my great age. The people that I talked with, as a rule, did not appear to me as men and women, but as children. There were some, however, far more advanced than the rest, who were pioneers of progress and helpers of the race.

I was delighted to make the acquaintance of Arkwright, the inventor of the "water frame;" of Hargreaves, the inventor of the "spinning jenny," and of Samuel Crompton, who invented the machine called "the mule," because it combined the advantages of two previous inventions.

Previous to these inventions, spinning and weaving had been done by hand-loom at a very slow rate; but by Crompton's "mule," 12,000 spindles could be worked simultaneously under the guidance of only one spinner. In 1811 more than four and a half million spindles were in operation in English factories.

I was well acquainted with Lord Nelson. A more beautiful unostentatious character it were impossible to conceive. Never shall I forget the mingled feelings of intense joy and sorrow with which the British people received the news of Trafalgar. His last message was the keynote of his life. "England expects every man to do his duty."

It was a perfect delight to me to make the acquaintance of Lord Wellington. There was none

of that lust of war about him which characterised Napoleon, although his genius was as great. He simply felt that he had been raised up and appointed the deliverer of his country in that most critical period of her history.

“I hope to God,” he said, shortly after the great battle, “that I have fought my last fight. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it, I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At that moment every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am now just beginning to regain my natural spirits, but I never wish for any more fighting.”*

His pious wish was granted, because there was the same finality and completeness about Waterloo that there had been about Trafagar, and these two battles have been the glory of all true Britons ever since. But it is marvellous to reflect, from the stand-

* Diary of Frances Lady Shelley.

point of a later age, on the crude and primitive instruments employed in these battles.

Ships such as those with which Nelson achieved such splendid results had undergone but little improvement for ages. They were sailing ships, very strongly built of oak—the largest being of 2500 tons, armed with 120 guns, which could throw solid shot of 60 pounds weight.

On land our weapons seemed even more primitive. It seems difficult to believe that at the world-famed battle of Waterloo the principal weapon was the musket, which was fired by a spark produced by flint and steel.

The French, however, had a wholesome dread of British bayonets, and these contributed not a little to their defeat at Waterloo. Artillery was used on both sides, but such as is now to be found only in museums.

It is worthy of note, that no other nation but the British produced a general who was able to stand before Napoleon; but that it was the British fleet and army that was made the chief means of the deliverance, not only of Spain and Portugal, but eventually of the whole of Europe.

CHAPTER XVI

Invention of Lucifer Matches—Low Condition of the People.

IT seems incredible that mankind could have reached the fourth decade of the Nineteenth Century before discovering any better means of lighting than that of flint and steel and tinder, while now lucifer matches can be produced by machinery in such quantities that the wholesale dealer can buy them at a penny a thousand.

Well do I remember the joy which the advent of the lucifer match caused to thousands in this country. Indeed it was a great pleasure to me, on their first introduction, to carry a quantity with me, and thus to introduce them into many a wayside cottage and farmhouse, where they had never before seen, or even dreamed of, such a thing.

Intelligence, of any kind, was very slow in reaching the outlying parts of the country. There were very few newspapers, and the prices placed them altogether beyond the reach of the poorer classes. Newspapers were taxed at fourpence a copy. Very few could read, and pains were taken to keep the people in ignorance rather than to enlighten them.

As I travelled about the country I found a terrible condition of things. The necessities of life were all taxed. Even the light of heaven was denied to many through the tax on windows. The worst time was from 1815 to 1848. At one time one person out of every eleven in the population was a pauper. The principles of drainage were not understood, agriculture languished, farmers were ruined in thousands. The workhouses were always full. The labourer's wages were not sufficient to procure even bread for a family of four or five. And bread was sometimes as much as one shilling and tenpence a quartern loaf. The high prices affected all classes, up to Royalty.

Queen Victoria herself wrote on 18th May, 1847, "The price of bread is so high that we have been obliged to reduce every one (in the Royal household) to a pound a day, and only secondary flour to be used in the Royal kitchen."

But, though bread was so dear, and the agricultural labourer had to exist on starvation wages, the condition of the mining and manufacturing districts was even worse than that of the agricultural.

In Manchester and Salford a large number of the population lived in cellars, and ten thousand of these wretched dwellings possessed absolutely no furniture at all. Workmen in Birmingham, with large families, I found, were receiving in many cases from six to eleven shillings a week only.

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Much of the work in coal mines was done by women and children, who dragged little waggons by a chain fastened round the waist.

Children of six were habitually employed fourteen to sixteen hours a day. They were brutally illtreated by the miners, sometimes mutilated and even killed with impunity.

It was the same in the factories, and the children grew up like savages, but worse, in that they were not only grossly ignorant, but stunted, pallid, emaciated, scrofulous, consumptive, and a ready prey to every kind of infection. Only a century ago nearly half the children of this country were growing up absolutely without education. The few books which were in existence were sometimes grossly indecent, but were sold openly and with impunity, side by side with Bibles and hymn-books.

CHAPTER XVII

Introduction of Railways—Steam and Electricity— God's Romance: The Destiny of the British Race to possess the World.

I WAS a passenger in my own carriage on one of the first railways opened to passenger traffic in England—the Liverpool and Manchester line, and since then I have seen this country gradually covered everywhere by a network of railways, until, having occupied all the surface of your great Metropolis, you now travel through the bowels of the earth.

I have seen first the gradual adoption of steam for all kinds of traffic and all kinds of machinery, and this being superseded by that much more powerful, clean and useful, force of electricity, until your modes of travel have become just moving palaces; and now no longer being content with the face of Mother Earth, you must needs fly through the air.

There is another thing I have observed, especially since the accession of that great, glorious and beloved Queen Victoria, the marvellous expansion of your country, not only at home but abroad. Always you

have been adding to your vast colonial possessions, until you possess all the richest parts of the earth.

I have seen it to be your inevitable destiny, together with your transatlantic brethren, to colonise the world; and the whole world is becoming Anglicised or Britannicised.

I have called this "God's Romance," for I doubt not that the Anglo-Saxon Race are really the chief part of the Lost House of Israel, whom God has brought to this appointed place, and will eventually, as events are proving, enable them to spread abroad to the north, east, south and west, pushing the nations as with the horn of the unicorn, to the ends of the earth.

This is why you have ever proved the undefeatable, the invincible nation, because, being Israel, no weapon formed against you can prosper.

To many of my readers this may seem an idle tale, but not to those who probe this interesting problem to its depths.

Your acquisition of fresh territory during the nineteenth century has been without parallel in the whole history of the human race. There are more than forty separate colonies, or groups of colonies—varying in size, from Gibraltar with its two miles, to Canada with three million and a half.

Their population is over four hundred millions,

and still continues steadily to increase. Even now Great Britain bears rule over more than one-third of the surface of the globe and one-fourth of its population.

But though this miracle of history has been taking place before your very eyes, there are few who are not entirely blinded to its significance. For while you cannot help seeing that one of the smallest nations has become the greatest—has become the Mistress of the Seas, possessing everywhere the gates, such as Gibraltar, Aden, Malta, and nearly all the isles of the sea—no one can deny that the British Empire is the greatest that the world has ever seen, and that the world itself is becoming Anglicised.

In all this you are fulfilling the rôle of Israel, who was to become a nation and a company of nations—a mother nation—who is to be “the mother of thousands of millions,” yet you have no belief or even conception that you *are* Israel. Yet the facts which go to prove it are infinite.

One of the simplest and most direct of these is the fact that your ancestors all came from Asia, and from that very district to which Israel was transported. Sharon Turner, the historian, was a great friend of mine, and we often conversed on this point, and he agreed with me that the ancestors of the British Race were called Kimmerians, and that they

passed out of Asia over the Bosphorus, and occupied land in Europe, north of the Euxine or Black Sea which tract was called after them "Kimmeria," or "Crimea."

The two great tribes, or nations, which occupied these islands before the Christian Era were called Goidel, which means "people of God," and the Brythons, or Covenanters. From the Goidelic tongue proceeds the Gaelic of Scotland and the Erse of Ireland; and the Welsh and Cornish from the Brythonic. These languages have much in common with the ancient Hebrew.

But if anyone doubts that the Kimmerians were Hebrews of the Ten Tribes, let him take a journey to the Imperial Museum at St. Petersburg, where he will find a collection of Hebrew inscriptions on gravestones brought from the Crimea, where they were found in great abundance. They are inscribed with the same kind of Hebrew characters as are found in the Hebrew Bible, bear Hebrew names, and give the date of their captivity thereon, corresponding to that of the Lost House of Israel.

And not only did the ancestors of the Ancient Britons come from Asia, but also those of the Saxons. They were Sakaisuna, and were so celebrated that the Persians called all the Scythians by the name of Sacae, and Pliny mentions them as

among the most distinguished people of Scythia. Having seized Bactriana and the most fertile part of Armenia, they called the district after their own name, "Sakasina." They even defeated Cyrus the great King of Persia, and while some of them settled in Armenia, another body established themselves north of the Black Sea.

It is very certain, then, that your ancestors were of the Hebrew race, to which all the promises of world-wide extension to the uttermost parts of the earth—north, east, south and west—are due, and are being fulfilled before your very eyes. And though you are also fulfilling your rôle by being blind to your origin, identity and destiny, yet it is being fulfilled, and the God of Israel is establishing among you a kingdom which shall not only be world-wide, of all peoples, nations, languages and tongues, but shall not, like the other nations, pass away, but shall stand for ever—shall endure as long as the sun, moon and stars.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Crimean War : its Terrible Results—The Ruin of the Ottoman Empire.

OF the Crimean War, which broke out in the middle of the nineteenth century, I had known for a long time beforehand, for among the manuscripts bequeathed to me by Rabbi Solomon, there was one which ran thus :—

“In twice two hundred years the Bear
The Crescent shall assail ;
But if the Cock and Bull unite,
The Crescent shall prevail.
But look in fourscore years again—
Let Islām know and fear—
The Cross shall wax, the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear.”

The document bore the date A.D. 1453. From this prediction I understood that a war would break out in 1853 between Russia and Turkey, the Bear and the Crescent, and that, if supported by France and England, represented by the Cock and Bull, the Crescent would prevail, as was actually the case in the end, although the struggle was one of the bitterest on record, and for long-drawn-out misery, as well as

for the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, for the valour, fortitude and endurance of the Russians as well as the Allies, it will ever remain one of the most memorable campaigns known to history.

From the time of my sojourn in India I had been able to acquaint myself with events transpiring at any distance by means of clairvoyance. By the use of this gift I was able to keep myself *au courant* with the progress of events at the seat of war. In trance I saw the ravages being made by the cholera in the French and English fleets and armies. I could see the corpses floating breast high which had been committed a few days previous to the sea for burial.

I afterwards learned that this terrible scourge continued to dog the footsteps of the fleets and armies during the whole of the campaign, and at last carried off the British Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, himself.

Day by day I followed, by means of this wonderful gift of clairvoyance, the fortunes of the war, seeing with all the vividness of a cinematograph display the marvellous panorama of events which led up to the victories of Alma, Inkerman and Balaklava, with the glorious charge of the Light Brigade.

The same feelings swayed me as if I had been on the spot. Never shall I forget the excitement and the tremendous thrill of admiration which ran through

all the spectators when the charge of the Light Brigade took place, when :—

“ Into the jaws of death
Rode the Six Hundred.’

It was indeed a marvellous exhibition of courage and discipline of which any nation might be proud. This was the dominant characteristic of the whole campaign. It does not seem to have been disgraced by one act of cowardice or mutiny. British, French, Turks and Russians alike maintained a desperate struggle against all kinds of perils. For not only was there the constant danger of being shot down without a chance of defence or avoidance, but disease was so rife among them all that there were thousands in hospital at one time.

Fierce storms also destroyed some of the finest ships of the British and French navies, and, worst of all, the fodder for the horses, so that many of these died of starvation; and during the terrible winter which followed the first part of the war, there was scarcely any kind of transport, for food or fuel for the men, who, after spending all day in the trenches, knee-deep in mud, returned to camp to feast on raw salt pork and rum. Can it be wondered at that more fell a prey to all kinds of diseases than were destroyed by the Russians?

It is said that the Czar Nicholas rejoiced when he

saw the havoc that the terrible Russian climate was working among the allies, remarking that two new Generals were fighting for him, whose names were Janvier (January) and Fevrier (February). At the beginning of the war he is said to have had an army of a million men at his command, and that from first to last the Russians lost half a million. So that there was little cause for rejoicing.

From the point of view of humanity, the Crimean War was nothing but murder on a colossal scale. And what led up to it? Ostensibly it was something which many in this age would think almost childish. It was the dispute, carried on for centuries, between the Greek and Latin Churches for the possession of the Holy Places in Palestine. On the part of the Czar, however, the pretext for attacking Turkey was the fact that the Sultan ruled over about eleven million Christians of the Greek Church.

For this reason the war was popular in Russia. They looked upon it as a Holy War of Christian against Moslem. The French engaged in it as the Champion of the Papal Church. Great Britain had a different motive, shared also by France, of maintaining the balance of power by preventing the aggression of Russia and her progress southward. The British nation, of course, had its eye on India, always considered "The brightest jewel in the British Crown."

And Russia, with its army of a million, had become altogether too big for the safety of Europe. If allowed to conquer Turkey, there would have been no end to her encroachments. So this terrible struggle seemed absolutely essential, not only to the safety of Europe, but to that of the United Kingdom and her colonies.

The same policy, continued, has saved the power of the Sublime Porte until now. But the prophecy given above will meet its fulfilment from 1914 to 1934 in regard to Turkey:—

“The Cross shall wax; the Crescent wane,
Grow pale and disappear.”

Already it has waned and is growing pale, but during the twenty years specified above, its ruin will be completed, and Palestine, which has been “trodden down” by them for so many centuries, will pass out of their possession, probably into that of the British, who will again make it free to its original owners—the Jews. This must take place, according to the Hebrew Scriptures, before 1934—that is, in fourscore years from the Crimean War—which is the date when Jerusalem shall have ceased entirely from being “trodden down of the Gentiles,” and Turkey will then be no longer one of the Powers of Europe, for the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire will have been by that time fully accomplished.

CHAPTER XIX

The New Age—A New Race—The Sixth Sense.

DURING the year 1881 I had a most marvellous experience. It will be remembered by those who know anything of the signs of the zodiac, and the movement of the Sun in regard to them, that the Sun passed out of the sign "*Pisces*," or "*The Fishes*," into that of "*Aquarius*"—the man pouring out water—in 1881. This marked the incoming of a new age, for the Sun had been in the sign Pisces for about 2160 years, and the Passover of the Sun, from one sign to another, marks always the end of one age and the inception of another. And during the age which was thus inaugurated in 1881 wonderful changes are to take place.

That which is called the "Millennium," or "Golden Age," will run its course during this period. It begins with Aquarius, the sign of the Son of Man in the heavens, and there will be, among many other portents, a world-wide outpouring of the Spirit. The Millennium which follows will be characterised by an increasing absence of sickness and death from the earth. The people shall no longer say "I am sick,"

and human life shall be lengthened till its duration will be like "the days of a tree," or "the days of the tree of life." So that I, living as I have done, for five hundred years, have but anticipated this period. I am one of the advanced guard, or pioneers of the New Age, and as such, at the beginning of this age, in 1881, another sense was added to my five senses.

This sixth sense is called the "Uniter," because it unites the five senses of the outward man, which constitute what is called the objective mind, to the five senses of the inward man, which are those of the subjective mind, and so harmonises the twain, that they can work in unison, and thus enable the objective mind to make use of the gifts which belong to the subjective—such as clair-audience, clairvoyance and telepathy.

Since this change has come upon me, I have become a powerful worker on the mental plane; being able, as I am now, to communicate thought, directly from my own mind, to those of persons at any distance, even thousands of miles away, whose thought-bodies the faculty of clairvoyance enables me also to see. By this means I have been able to render help to others in all parts of the world.

Often have I seen my friend Edison, and many another inventor, at a loss, and have showed him clearly the next step, and the way out of the

difficulty under which he then laboured ; for I am able both to see and to hear thought ; that is, I can see the whole body of the thoughts of the thinker, with whom I am *en rapport*, as well as the images of his individual thoughts, as they start off on their various missions. And not only do I see them as pictures, but I am also enabled to understand their purport. And thus I can see the difficulties as well as the successes of the thinkers of this Aquarian age, and I am one of those who are appointed by the Higher Powers to help on the world into the full summer glory of the age now dawning. We are peculiarly fitted for this office, and to render this service to mankind, because we are living as it were in two worlds, and are the connecting-links between the world of thought, which is invisible and intangible to the ordinary man, and the material world of which alone he is conscious.

We help forward every kind of invention, because these are essential to progress, and are leading up to the knowledge of the cause and cure of every kind of disease. We are the mediums and messengers who communicate knowledge from higher spheres, and from beings with whom the ordinary man has no contact. So the knowledge of dry-plate and instantaneous photography, the cinematograph, the phonograph, the telephone, wireless telegraphy and tele-

phony; Röntgen rays and radium, have all been rendered possible by means of the revelations made through us to men of science, and are all preparatory to the abolition of disease, and of grinding toil, inso-much that during this age all those prophecies of the Scriptures will be fulfilled, which speak of the duration of human life being so extended that "the period of youth shall be a hundred years," and that there shall be neither war, pestilence, famine, nor sickness; and that finally death itself, *the last enemy*, shall be annihilated.

You will observe that every age has had its pioneers, as Adam and the Patriarchs in the Age of Taurus; and Melchisedek and others in the succeeding Age of Aries. These are the ripe fruit of the harvest of a preceding age, and live in continual contact with both the visible and invisible worlds. Such was Melchisedek, King of Salem, who, so far as the age of Aries was concerned, was "without beginning of days," and who had become so spiritualised that he had the "power of an endless life." Such also were the angels who are called "men," who were travel-stained, so that they washed their feet, and "did eat and drink with Abraham."

I now see that there is a regular gradation of mind from the Absolute and Supreme, down to the animal man, and to the meanest creature that lives

and breathes, and there are among the heavenly hierarchy, who rule the worlds—"the principalities and powers in the heavenly places"—minds as high above the human as the mind of man is above that of the black beetle.

I see clearly that in the near future there will be terrible upheavals and cataclysms—physical, social and political; but beyond that era there is a good time coming—the Golden Age of the rule of the Kingdom of the heavens, of a stable Empire, which shall endure as long as the sun and moon—an Empire of God, in which there shall be no evil, but abundance of peace and truth, and "righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

AUTHORITIES

THE historical portions of the foregoing Romance are founded on the current history of the times with which they deal, such as Ranke's "History of the Popes;" Sharon Turner's "History of the Anglo-Saxons;" Foxe's "Book of Martyrs;" "Industrial Progress of the 18th and 19th Centuries;" and "Over-Sea Britain," by E. F. Knight; but the Author owes the highest debt of gratitude to the Royal Society of Literature, and to Dr. Rosedale, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.L., for the use of their unique work on "Queen Elizabeth and the Levant Company," which is edited from manuscripts preserved in the British Museum, H.M. Public Record Office, and the Archives of Venice. For their joint permission to use this work the Author returns grateful thanks.

HENRY PROCTOR.

Notices and Reviews

OF

"EVOLUTION AND REGENERATION."

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

"Mr. Henry Proctor, F.R.S.L., etc., in his 'Evolution and Regeneration' (L. N. Fowler & Co., 2s. 6d.) writes in extension of his conviction that there were two accounts in Genesis of the origin of man. In that opinion he may not find the majority of his readers in agreement with him; but he has much to say upon the subject of how to acquire and preserve good health, which should command the attention of those who are not the happy possessors of it; whilst his dicta upon how to remain in 'perpetual youth' cannot fail to excite the interest of those who feel the inevitable advance of years."—*The Pall Mall Gazette*, Dec. 2, 1911.

"Henry Proctor here publishes twenty-three lectures on the history and evolution of mankind, and the regeneration of the body by deep breathing, fasting, chastity, pure diet, and the 'Esoteric' life. The work is full of interest and valuable suggestions, from the interpretation of Genesis in the earlier chapters (after which the Author concludes that 'the sacred Book is in opposition to no branch of science or to any historical record') to the instructions in the following chapters. The warning to people to prevent the wrong sort of old age by means of timely and sensible health-measures, is enforced by a convincing quotation from Ptah-hotep:

'The progress of decay changes into senility. Decay falls [upon man], and decline takes the place of youth. A vexation weighs upon him every day; sight fails; the ear becomes deaf; the strength dissolves without ceasing. The mouth is silent; speech fails him; the mind decays, remembering not the day before. The whole body suffers. That which is good becomes evil; taste completely disappears. Old age makes a man altogether miserable; the nose is stopt, breathing no more from exhaustion.'

"Though we cannot altogether agree with the details of Mr. Proctor's advice as to diet, fasting, breathing, etc., *yet the book is well worth reading and re-reading.*"—EUSTACE MILES, from Christmas Number of *Healthward Ho!*

"A book that is the outcome of a conviction forced upon the author many years ago, that there were two accounts in Genesis of the origin of man. Also he advances a practical theory whereby disease can be eliminated from the body, and perfect health be obtained and maintained."—January No. of *Weldon's Ladies' Journal*.

"The object the writer has in view is highly spiritual and elevating, in that it sets forth from Old Testament and New the doctrine of an inner life brought about by 'conservation' and 'transmutation,' instead of giving way to the lusts of the flesh. To do this effectually there must be a great restraint put upon diet and a denial of what some imagine to be the luxuries of life. Our Author takes his examples from Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses and Caleb, as they followed Melchizedek, on the one hand; whereas the contrast is seen in Esau, Reuben, Judah and others. The 'Esoteric' Society, for which the book pleads, founds its principles upon the Word of God, and would promote its objects by every individual who claims to be a son of God and a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, submitting wholly to His will, with a full trust and confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. These being renewed in the inner man by His Spirit dwelling within them, being 'virgins and not defiled with women, but following the Lamb whithersoever He goes,' are 'the first-fruits,' and when their manifestation takes place the whole creation will be delivered from the bondage of corruption. Abstinence, self-denial, purity, continence, healthfulness, and holiness are the themes advocated for the regeneration of the human race."—Review by REV. COMMANDER ROBERTS, R.N., in *The Covenant People*, Nov., 1911.

"'Evolution and Regeneration' throws interesting light upon the world, from the point of those races which inhabited it or were supposed to have inhabited it, prior to the creation of Adam by God. The Author, in the course of twenty-three lectures, advances many theories in support of his argument, and he also brings to his aid certain physiological facts which would seem to confirm the belief that Adam was the last creation of five great races of men, and that he was made by God to be the first of the Christian races. The pre-Adamic theory, which certainly has much biblical support, is advanced by Mr. Proctor, who is an associate of the Victoria Institute or Philosophical Society of Great Britain. The psychological aspect of the book is one of *much merit and deserves deep study*."—*Sussex Daily News*.

"It is an important contribution to what might be called the evening winter course, which, despite occasional diatribes about 'popular culture,' transform year by year careless folk into real citizens."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

"It advocates various Esoteric methods of health, preservation, and soul development, like deep breathing, fasting, and nut diet."
—*The Morning Leader*.

"This book is a part of a series of lectures read before a Society for the study of the Esoteric or inner meaning of Scripture in the light of archæology and other sciences. The Author's view, the outcome of a conviction forced upon him many years ago, is that there are two accounts in Genesis of the origin of man, and that Adam was the progenitor of the white race, while the coloured races were anterior to Adam. He endeavours to show that by the elimination of disease and the propagation of a pure and holy life Paradise may be regained."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"A paradise regained is revealed to readers of this book. In it are found the highest spiritual attainment possible on earth, perfect health, and consequent longevity, with the possibility of escaping death 'by attaining a present immortality'; to which vast boons there is added the benefit of 'the cost of living reduced to the lowest minimum with the maximum of enjoyment.' This little heaven below is to be entered, we learn, through mastery of the body, restriction to the perfect diet, *vis.*, 'nuts and fruits,' and practices of a more curious nature, for which, however, reference must be made to the volume itself."—*Scotsman*, North Bridge, Edinburgh.

"The Author of this exceedingly interesting book has for basis of his work a concept which is extremely rational. It is that the Adamic race is identified as the Caucasian or White Race, and that all the coloured races, the Yellow, Red, and Black, were anterior to it. The two accounts in Genesis of the Creation uphold the theory that the first races were distinct from the Adamic. This concept is not, however, by any means so novel as the Author imagines to be the case. The Elohist and Jehovistic creations have already been distinguished by the same marks, scriptural and ethnological, as are employed by Mr. Proctor. It is old teaching among the Kabalists, but its modern scientific presentation is due to Dr. Philip Le Riche, who has brought a vast specialised knowledge of ethnology and geology to bear on the subject. The Author regards the Elohist race of Adamites as the product of the sixth creative era, and the Jehovistic Adam as the progenitor of the seventh era. There are, undoubtedly, two accounts of the Adamic creation, and until recently they have been regarded by commentators as being due to separate accounts having been incorporated in the same book, one being of Chaldean and the other of Hebrew origin.

"Very cleverly indeed does the ingenious Author dispose of the old error that the descendants of Ham are the coloured races of the earth. It is a scientific impossibility that the Black, Brown

Red, and Yellow Races can have descended from one man whose father and brothers (Shem and Japheth) were white, and who lived only 4000 years ago. The perfectibility of the human race was vested in the Jehovistic creation, in which the animal man was completed by the investing of the spiritual entity as explained by Jacob Boehme. The account in Genesis is upheld by reference to numerous scientific statements, and in a second section of his work Mr. Proctor shows by what means the redemption of man, which failed in Adam through the fruit of the 'tree of knowledge,' may be achieved by his descendants by means of the 'tree of life.' Pure living and the conservation of the vital fluid are, according to our Author, the means appointed to man for the attainment of a paradisaical life. Possibly there will be objections to the idea that emancipation can be effected by purely physical means, such as fasting, the adoption of a fruit diet and the control of the sex function; but if it should be shown conclusively that pure living renders man immune from disease, it is open to us to complete the scheme, and so meet all objections by affirming that pure thinking renders us immune from sin. To many who have held only orthodox views of Scripture interpretation, this volume will be a book of revelations, while to such as seek the practical application of Scriptural teachings it will prove equally a novel instruction."—SCRUTATOR, in the *Occult Review*.

Extract from letter from MARIE CORELLI, 19th Jan., 1912 :—
 "I have read with much interest your very interesting and curious book, 'Evolution and Regeneration,' and though I cannot agree with it on certain salient points, I feel we can shake hands on many things. Everyone engaged in the science of natural psychology must thank you for your clear views on many vital matters."

DR. THEOPHILUS PINCHES, LL.D., M.R.A.S., the Eminent Assyriologist, writes :—"What you say about the two accounts of creation seems to me to be quite correct, and it has the advantage of being very shortly and clearly stated. In most of the chapters I find points of view which are new to me."

REV. A. IRVING, D.Sc., B.A., etc., writes :—"My two sons (Cambridge graduates) and I have read your thoughtful, able, and suggestive book, and are discussing various points in it, with many of which we have been for some time familiar and have been interested in."

E. B., Sidcup, writes :—"I cannot refer to your work at this moment as I have lent it to a friend. All my friends want to read it at once, so I must buy a few copies to lend. You will be pleased to know that all who have peeped into it are so interested that they long to read it properly."

Extract from letter from PROFESSOR A. H. SAYCE, LL.D., D.D., D.Litt. :—"I have been much interested, and hope the young people of to-day will take to heart what you say about purity in word and deed. The human race, of whom Adam was the progenitor, certainly did not extend beyond the world known to the writer of Genesis, or include any but the white race. From the ethnological table in the tenth chapter of Genesis, even the negroes are excluded though they were well known."

"Most of our readers, no doubt, are familiar with the Author's name. The present volume before us forms a very interesting series of lectures read before a Society formed for the study of the Esoteric or inner meaning of the Scriptures, in the light of archæology and other sciences. Since Professor Henry Drummond wrote his 'Ascent of Man' and 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' we do not remember any scientist devoting his time and attention to a study of the Bible and Science. The most practical teaching that appears to us is that contained on the regeneration of the body; and methods are given whereby disease can be eliminated and perfect health maintained. The discovery made by the Author, in his own practical experience, of the extreme importance of chastity and the conservation of the vital fluid, led up to the formation of the British Esoteric Society, and in the concluding chapters some account is given of its aims and objects. We earnestly, therefore, request all students of religion, clergymen, teachers, and seekers of truth to study 'Evolution and Regeneration.' It is a most timely work, and of the highest and most momentous importance."—*The Oriental Mystic Magazine* (Calcutta).

"One of the signs of the times is that writers of every advanced school of thought are urging the importance of the control of the body and its functions by spiritual processes. Henry Proctor's book, 'Evolution and Regeneration,' shows that the bodily and spiritual degeneracy of the race, which is the despair of social reformers everywhere, is due to causes which cannot be removed until people have given up being 'slaves to every sense' and have made their bodies 'servant to the soul,' as Ella Wheeler Wilcox says. 'Know ye not,' said Paul to the Corinthians, 'that ye are the temple of God? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy: for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.'

"This is really the heart of the teaching of Henry Proctor's book. Many pages are devoted to the necessity of 'Human House-cleaning.' If our bodies are pure, as is so often pointed out by the editor of this paper, then the cleansing vital fluid, which we call the elixir of life, would begin to fill the body with a new life and thus expel disease. 'To this end, deep breathing, among other things, is recommended, but a spiritual direction must be over all.' IT IS A BOOK TO BE READ."—*The Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne, Australia).

“THE SECRET OF LIFE.”

BY SAME AUTHOR.

“In his work on ‘The Secret of Life,’ Mr. Henry Proctor, while bringing a high spiritual purpose to bear on the problems of our being, yet touches them with a truly human and practical spirit. All who read the discussions on ‘THE ORIGIN OF LIFE’ at the last Conference of the British Association would do well to follow the more exact analysis of the question in these pages, for Mr. Proctor expounds theories which may not be altogether new, but which seem nobly, beautifully true. His view is that life pervades all space and all matter, and that, therefore, dead, inert matter does not exist. This being so, as he points out in a foreword, if living organisms were produced in the laboratory, it need occasion no more surprise or alarm than the marvellous uses which science has made of electricity. The very simplicity of this standard renders it adequate for the probing of many mysteries of life. Man, the Author believes, is a triune creature, having a body, a spirit and a soul. And the object of his book is to present a triune Gospel, for, with the insight almost of a seer, the Author points out the essential unity of the ‘Law of God,’ written in the Bible, the Law of Nature, and the Heart of Man. The Gospel comprehended in each of them might be comprehended in the one word, Life. Then he shows how, in the perfect man, body, soul and spirit are in harmony, and how a fault in any may throw the whole into discord. It is thus he emphasizes the old lesson of the healthy mind in the healthy body. This book, unlike so many of its kind, is not a saddening work; it seems to be pervaded with a beautiful trust, a strong truth; it is merely the scientific expression of what Richard Jefferies, it would seem, expressed æsthetically.”—*Sussex Daily News*.

“The sound common sense and the depth of knowledge of Mr. Proctor is well known to our readers as he is one of our permanent contributors. The work before us is based on the Bible, the miraculous and inspired book of the Christians. He who has understood the Esoteric principles of the teachings of that Holy Book, or one who has grasped the right teachings bereft of all clothing, alone can understand the work before us. Mr. Proctor is in his element when he deals of vital fluid and its conservation; the book has some brilliant rules on this.”—*The Kalpaka* (India).

“This is a book dealing with the Regenerate life, and its results upon the individual. It is well and clearly written and quotes largely from Scripture to confirm the statements and arguments, and gives the quotations in many instances from the original Greek and Hebrew as the case may be. This book has its theme, Life. God,

the fountain of Life, the Source, is the Goal of Life. The life of which Mr. Proctor gives us a clear and learned discourse in the pages of his latest book is the life that flows through our own veins per medium of the waters of the river of life, or, in other words, the conserved forces of our own being. This is the river which is 'clear as crystal flowing from the throne of God and of the Lamb,' described in St. John's Revelations. And the conservation of this precious stream is 'The Way of Life.' To those who are coming into the regeneration we can recommend this book of our fellow worker and brother in the Christ Love, and feel that many more such works are needed to help humanity out of the slough of impurity and its consequent effect, disease. There are other sections in the book which will appeal to one and all, especially Part 2, 'The Origin and Functions of the Spiritual Life'; and Part 3, 'The Soul'; while for those who need to be instructed how to keep these pure and clean, so that they may in truth be what they were created for, 'Temples of the Living God,' the chapters in Part 4 will give clear and detailed instructions. May this little book pass into the hands of those who feel the need of such help, and prove the blessing that they are just waiting for, since it comes from one who lives and practises what he preaches. God speed the message of 'The Secret of Life.'—*The Truth Seeker* (London).

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