

# The LAMP

A THEOSOPHICAL MONTHLY

CONDUCTED BY

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

I press God's lamp  
Close to my breast: its splendour, soon or late,  
Will pierce the gloom: I shall emerge one day.  
You understand me? I have said enough.

*—Robert Browning.*

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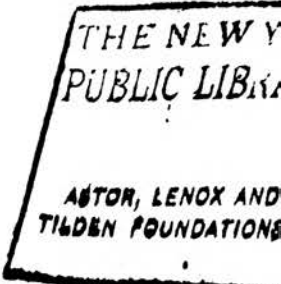
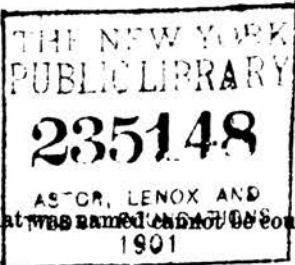
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# THE LAMP.

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"CAST NO ONE OUT OF YOUR HEART."

"The illuminated sage regards with equal mind an illuminated, selfless Brahmin, a cow, an elephant, a dog, and even an outcast who eats the flesh of dogs."—*Bhagavad Gita*.

ONLY a few years have passed since one who was called "the greatest of the Exiles" said, "Cast no one out of your heart," and to-day, as these words recurred to my mind, I thought what narrow dwelling places our hearts often are, and through what strange happenings we come to widen them. The other day I saw a look of such utter tenderness flash across a flower-girl's face as she glanced at her little infant, and covered it up more closely from the cold wind, that I felt compelled to question her about it, and when I said; "Is it not rather a trouble to take the little one about so?" She answered, with a little laugh and another loving look at the child, "Ah, sure, no, it's a blessing to have it to care for." This was a revelation to me of a heart fashioning itself as a dwelling-place for that divine compassion which at last will enfold all beings, and to-day, as the great exile's half-forgotten teaching returned to my memory, it seemed inseparably linked together with the poor flower-girl's words, and pondering over this I thought that perhaps the same tender spirit in both hearts formed the link.

I wondered, also, why these words should haunt me with such a strange persistency; had they a new significance for me, for often I have found that when a wise sentence lingers and floats about me it has been an interior voice recalling me to something which, though familiar to the mind, had been strange to the heart and unpractised by the will. Almost accusingly the voice continued to murmur, "Cast no one out of your heart," and as I walked through the city streets I sought for the meaning of the Exile's words, and thought that perhaps they applied to a certain contemptuous mental attitude to others I allowed myself to drift into sometimes.

The Ancient Wisdom declares we all have birth from one divine source; in that inner world of our inception there is perfect unity, though for a time we forget it in this external

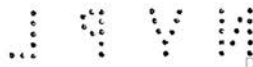
sphere. Perhaps there is something else we often forget also—that we only behold in others what we possess in ourselves. We love or hate in others what is developed or in the germ in ourselves; it is only when the divine eye is unclosed that we can sense the spirit in all, passing from the illusive light of the mind into the primeval darkness wherein is God.

“I am the origin of all; all things proceed from me,” Krishna says to Arjuna. Any utterance contrary to this, tending to produce disruption or severance, finds no spiritual echo within me, no sanction from my heart; nor do I find that anyone charged with a spiritual message to mankind—from Krishna down to the Exile whose words came into my mind—has ever taught that alienation one from another is necessary for those who desire to become messengers of the divine in time to come. Yet we are all messengers now; whatever of truth we have seized we must transmit to others, either in thought or word or deed, for a divine chain of influence extends through all degrees of humanity, and its links are formed of souls.

The universality of this old teaching cannot be excelled; but there are those who belittle it, who say that comradeship can be too “broad.” Whoever teaches this I proclaim to be a false teacher, with no understanding of either the letter or spirit of the Ancient Wisdom. No comradeship can be too broad, too high, too deep; all, from the spirits in the highest spheres to the devils in hell, are included in a vast unity, and at no one’s command can anyone be exiled from the heart, nor has any true messenger of the spirit ever issued such a command. The teaching has always been to “raise the self by the Self,” to transmute personal feelings into a fervent desire to know the Supreme Spirit residing in the hearts of all, for the spirit cannot be restricted, no matter who may command; it shines on the just and the unjust alike, it uses all things and beings as its dwelling place, manifesting itself in a myriad ways, and we cannot refuse to enter any house where it may abide. It may be a sigh in the heart of the criminal, a longing to scale the heights in the fallen or the outcast of the schools; or it may come as a place in the starlight, an exultation in the mountains, a gladness in the running waters, or as love and compassion in a human heart, but however it comes, “This is the Real, this the Self. THAT THOU ART.”

LAON.

Dublin, Ireland.



## THE VOICE OF THE WATERS.

Where the Greyhound River windeth through a loneliness so  
 deep,  
 Scarce a wild fowl shakes the quiet that the purple boglands  
 keep,  
 Only God exults in silence over fields no man may reap.

While the silver wave with sweetness fed the tiny lives of grass  
 I was bent above, my image mirrored in the fleeting glass,  
 And a voice from out the water through my being seemed to  
 pass.

“ Still above the waters brooding, spirit, in thy timeless quest !  
 Was the glory of thine image trembling over east and west  
 Not divine enough when mirrored in the morning water’s  
 breast ? ”

With the sighing voice that murmured I was borne to ages dim  
 Ere the void was lit with beauty breathed upon by seraphim,  
 We were cradled there together folded in the peace in Him.

One to be the master spirit, one to be the slave awoke,  
 One to shape itself obedient to the fiery word we spoke,  
 Flame and flood and stars and mountains from the primal waters  
 broke.

I was huddled in the heather when the vision failed its light,  
 Still and blue and vast above me towered aloft the solemn  
 height,  
 Where the stars like dewdrops glistened on the mountain slope  
 of night.

Æ.

DUBLIN.

## THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

“ Some have made them Gods of love,  
 Sun Gods; Givers of the rain;  
 Deities of hill and grove.  
 I have made a God of Pain.”

THE mystery of pain is by no means a lost one; we need not search for it among antiquities, or erect schools for its revival. Ah! no, the God of Pain is omnipresent, and at times, it would seem, omnipotent also; but this is not so, for pain is the rough pathway which leads to bliss—the thorny tree on which the white flowers of peace bud forth and blossom. We must learn to regard pain as a means, not an end, before we can recognize this Deity in disguise. The soul returns to earth-life thro’ the gateway of pain; thus at the very threshold of life the divine mystery is enacted—joy springing from anguish; Peace, pain’s sweet resultant.

See the helpless babe nestle close to the mother’s heart. Watch the tender light illumine the mother’s eyes. Think of the patient care, the self-denying love, on which that fragile life depends, and then commune with thine own soul on the silent ministry—the mystery of pain. Manifold are the desires of man; countless his aims and ambitions. Self-centred, he strives to seize and hold the good things of life—wealth, fame, power, pleasure. Silently the God of pain draws nigh, to withhold the longed-for possession; to remove the dearly-loved object. Thus one by one the illusions which men call joys are withdrawn. Then the man stands empty-handed, awaiting his destiny. It is in such a moment as this that the eternal mysteries of life and death are unfolded and the true meaning of existence made manifest. Have you watched some dearly-loved one grow weaker day by day, until hope is slain by its intensity? or, harder still, have you seen the one you love racked with pain, longing for release, which seems so cruelly denied? The wistful pleading of those suffering eyes haunt you by night and day; yet ’tis in this valley of humiliation you are taught the poverty of wealth, fame and power when compared with the faith which accounts the suffering of the present as not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall follow.

When the bitter Karma of nations finds its vent in war; when men arm themselves to kill and plunder their fellowmen, then pain, relentless pain, reigns supreme.

Thousands die ere their time, whilst tens of thousands weep in anguish for their return. No wonder we ask: Is war

ever necessary? Can aught of good result from so much of evil? We believe war is necessary even as the surgeon's knife is necessary, when the disease, deeply rooted, cannot otherwise be reached. Humanity is not a perfect body, each part harmonizing and working in accord with the whole.

Unbrotherliness or separativeness, the lust of power and possessions, are deeply-rooted evils which take strong measures to discover, and, in time, to heal or eradicate. War represents the surgeon's knife, used by Pain—not in anger or wild unreason, but with forethought, and intent to cure.

When men realize that they are united on every plane of being, the need for wars shall cease, and pain no longer prove a mystery; for the hidden Deity will stand revealed in all His beauty. Till then, life will be o'ershadowed by Pain and wild unrest, for so the Gods decree.

Know ye the morning glories which spring where the Love-God passes? Heard ye the laughing waters which whisper of love's strange ways? Saw ye the white clouds flying with messages love-laden? If not, of a truth "Ye must be born again;" for love is life, and its divine interpreter.

She loved him; her life, her thoughts, her very being, had been yielded to him unreservedly. Then he who held this priceless treasure played with it awhile, then threw it lightly aside, and went his way unheeding. She, in sad amaze that the sun of life had set in mid-heaven, faded silently ere the spring flowers could whisper hope. In another life, no doubt, she was taught the meaning of pain; but in this one the lesson was too hard for her to learn, so she fell asleep ere its mystery was discovered. And the man, what of him? Unheeding, too, he went his way; but Pain met him, and anguish proved his saviour.

Why did we choose earthly existence? Was it not to learn by experience that humanity is One Divine Being whose mission it is to restore and redeem. Pain and pleasure are opposite poles of experience. We learn from both. Joy and beauty are humanity's birthright; 'tis we who have sold our royal heritage for "a mess of pottage," and now we awake to find ourselves in a strange land, where joy is but an angel visitant sent to remind us of our olden home, where sin, pain and death were unknown, because men lived in Unity with each other, and with the Father of Lights, even the Spirit of Truth.

There are some who follow beauty, and find in it such deep abiding joy that unconsciously they have left the prison home of self behind, ere they know of their release. Happy souls, if they live to scatter beauty's offerings over life's pathway! For such as these pain proves but the shadow which



makes the picture more perfect. Others learn early to obey the voice of Truth, seeking only to know and do the will of the Father. These earnest souls suffer, even as the Christ did, for the sins of the world. And there are others, who through love prove more than conquerors. Yet still a mighty host remain who must learn by Pain to suffer and grow strong. Truth, beauty and love cannot prove guiding stars to such, until pain has first removed the bandages from their eyes, enabling them to see into the limitless vistas of eternity, where abide the mysteries of the Uncreate.

ELEANOR DUNLOP.

London, England.

### UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

#### I. DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

WHEN Madam Blavatsky's message came to us, fifteen or twenty years ago, we were impressed with its unifying design more than by its intellectuality, by its satisfaction of our yearnings for brotherhood, rather by any quenching of our cravings for knowledge. We had more knowledge already than we knew what to do with. Religion, philosophy, science, psychic phenomena, and the ordinary knowledge of affairs had made us wise unto death, and we longed to be wise unto salvation. We saw, as we still see, men and women in every walk of life doing their duty and the will of God as far as we can trust ourselves to judge in such matters, and at the same time deploring each others' eternal loss, and exhibiting the utmost reluctance to be concerned with any improperly credentialled fellow being.

Among these, and underlying their efforts, we had discerned, dimly perhaps, a uniformity of purpose and inspiration which they themselves generally declined to recognise, and which seemed to indicate that the diversities and even the hostilities of life might after all be ordered in the victorious march of the universal purpose for a more triumphant harmony than we had dreamed. *The Secret Doctrine* unfolded something of the magnitude and beauty of this idea, and there were those who banded themselves together with no other bond than the recognition of this common brotherhood of destiny, the closing in of every interval, the fulfilment of every inadequate relation.

It was a joy to these to think that outside their ranks there were those who excelled their precept and bettered their example. Blavatsky herself declared that there were better Theosophists outside her Society than in it. For many of us this was our only comfort.

Having broken away from the pettiness of sects and the domination of hierarchies, having abandoned the limitation of creeds and the narrowness of the worldly wise, and having outgrown the conventions of the schools, nothing less comprehensive than humanity, nothing less catholic than the Universe itself, could satisfy the unslaved. Never again could the taper or the torch serve as an acceptable substitute for the sun.

The attempts in recent years to erect platforms from which special, and in the opinion of each builder, always the finest view of the Universe might be obtained, has led to some grotesque results. It is not the building of the platforms, so much, as the digging of foundations, that mankind needs. All our efforts and aspirations proceed from one source, and if we can in the faintest measure attain to an appreciation of that, we shall find ourselves enabled to understand all that is being done by our fellows. For we are all rooted in one Nature.

It has been said by a Master Builder of old, "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ." As we build on this foundation, whatever our conception of it may be, "each man's work shall be made manifest." In Krishna the Hindu sees "of the whole Universe the origin and the end." Whether as a fact or as an image of fact, there lives in the mind of all spiritually minded men the conception of That which underlies and outlasts all that exists. As men find this Truth dwelling in their hearts they cease to trouble about the Name that their fellows may give it. The spirit of its wisdom and power raises their lives above the special Name by which they know it, and the image of their devoted service conforms more and more to the divine reality.

When we contemplate life as we have been enjoined to do, we cannot fail to be impressed with the power of those men who live from within, and who deliver themselves to the manifestation of an inner purpose. Lord Rosebery recently spoke of the strength of the man who was at once a mystic and practical, and to the extent that any one has attained the equipoise in which this centre and periphery have become a unity, in which the heart and the hand suffer not the divorce of earthly judgments, to that extent he has built upon the sure foundation.

In humble and private life are to be found those who according to their opportunities and under differing devices have achieved this degree of mastery. An already conspicuous example will better serve to illustrate the possibilities of such a character, and the spirit of the brotherhood of recognition which sees the Mind of the Master striving through the acts of every apostle.

W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D., was born on the 10th

October, 1851, at the Free Church Manse, Auchindoir, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. He studied at the Aberdeen University, and became editor of *The Expositor* in 1884. In 1886 he founded the *British Weekly*, thereafter residing in London, and taking influential part in the literary life of that greatest of literary centres. In spite of exceedingly delicate health he has accomplished an astonishing amount of work, and all his undertakings have been crowned with very notable success. In October, 1891, he commenced *The Bookman*; in 1893, took part in founding *The Woman at Home*, and two years ago became editor, in addition to all these other trusts, of *The Christian Budget*. Besides this he is literary critic to half a dozen leading organs, to which he contributes his reviews under various pen-names, a practice not long since openly objected to by a number of writers, led by a prominent Roman Catholic novelist, who believed that it was not fair for any one man to have so great a share in moulding public opinion. In addition to all this Dr. Nicoll may be heard of almost any week as having preached a special sermon in some English or Scotch city, generally hundreds of miles from London. If all this activity had been exercised in such body as the T. S. or the U. B. he would have been considered a Mahatma long ago, and when his influence is taken into account, the status of an avatar would have been scarcely too great. Fortunately Dr. Nicolls is unsusceptible to any but the seductions of duty, and may serve us well as a stimulus to our imagination of that Society from which none such will be cast out.

We have forgotten nowadays that the Teacher is the man who teaches, whatever be the title he bears. The newspapers have taken the place of the pulpit, and their sermons are on every breakfast-table, and daily. The novelist, also, proclaims his gospel, whatever it be, with more acceptance and more lasting impression than the priest. Through the *British Weekly* and *The Bookman* Dr. Nicoll has made the reputation of very many modern novelists and poets, of whom Barrie, Jane Barlow, Crockett, Ian Maclaren, and Pett Ridge are among the most notable of the story-tellers. What Stevenson owes to him probably will be more easily estimated than admitted. When it is considered that the influence of these writers, under Providence, as he would be the first to say, is directly due to Dr. Nicoll, something of the greatness of the hero as a literary man will dawn upon the ordinarily careless reader.

*The British Weekly* is the organ of English non-conformity. In it Congregationalist, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist meet on equal terms, and nowhere does the Established or the Roman Church receive fairer treatment. *The British Weekly*

is distinctly a unifying influence. It bears "a message of goodwill, of cheerfulness, of gratitude, and of hope."

Possibly Dr. Nicoll would be horrified if he ever heard that a Theosophist looked upon him with favour, but probably not. No man is altogether indifferent to appreciation, though he may be fastidious about the medium. Lest there be any misunderstanding it may be well to say that the present writer understands Dr. Nicoll to be of the most orthodox order, and entirely without intellectual sympathy for esotericism in the sense of the *Secret Doctrine*. Nevertheless, in the spirit of his work and writings there is the toleration and impulse towards unity which was the life of the movement for brotherhood inaugurated by Madam Blavatsky. Not long ago he quoted with approval FitzGerald's remark that the "children who are great in the Kingdom of Heaven are all for blurting out what they mean." I know no writer who does so more graciously. He expects the next revival of religion to concern itself more with the perfecting of the saints, with ethics, more deference to be paid to the claims of the intellect, self-development, and the revival of justice. Whatever formula may best accomplish these ends will be acceptable to any of us.

Perhaps some extracts from an address to a body of young men just entering the ministry of the Church will illustrate Dr. Nicoll's ideas of the duty of a servant of the Lord, and what he is intended to accomplish. These paragraphs are taken from the *British Weekly* of 21st September last:—

"No doubt for most what is called a commonplace career is appointed, and many times a commonplace career is peculiarly honourable. There is nothing more sound and salutary in the teaching of Thackeray than his persistent inculcation of the fact that commonplace qualities which lead to commonplace success are by no means matters of course, but require strenuous, long-continued efforts, the results of which are thoroughly worthy of respect and admiration. Still, few things have struck me more deeply than the contrast you often see between the eager and enthusiastic student and the same man when he has been for some years a minister. A young man will be the light of his class, the hope of his teachers, full of energy and brightness and devotion. Somehow circumstances prove too strong for him. His curiosity ceases, his perceptions are dulled, and he seems tossed from year to year in a quagmire. It is not our duty to be ambitious in the poor sense, in the sense of caring for power and position and wealth, but it is our duty to labour with courage unabated and indomitable to make the very best of ourselves. In this world it cannot be said too often that it is not enough to have ability. You must also have fight and

mastery. A man must be hammer or anvil, and too many make up their minds early that they will be anvils. They almost part with the belief that they are fit to do anything, or that they owe any duty to the world. Most of us, in truth, are able to do very little, but none of us should be satisfied to do less than our best. Wherever you may be placed, you have the opportunity of proving yourselves.

"If your minds are not to harden, you must know what is best in current literature, in poetry, in fiction, in criticism, in every department. You must know it so well as that your mind shall receive the first sharp impression from every writer. You must be aware of the subtle changes that are always taking place in the use of words. You must, if you are to win a hearing from those who are not already convinced, be able to wield the weapons of your opponents, to express yourselves lucidly, flexibly, articulately. There is no way to this except the patient and loving study of our great English literature.

"I venture to think that any man whose vision of the other life is steadily certain and childlike, will not err essentially in any doctrine of the Christian faith.

"Never forget the wise words of Hutton, 'Till thought becomes a passion it hardly ever becomes a power.'

"Finally, gentlemen, find what you can do and do it. We are too much under the influence of conventionalities and routine. These men bravely broke away from these things, and if you are to do your work you may have to break away also from the prescribed course and do things which persons of a narrow prudence condemn. You are pledged to give Christ's cause your life and all you have. Whatever line of service you pursue you have the same duty of devotion and self-discipline, stern, real, persevering, almost unintelligible in its methods to ordinary men. But find your calling and make it sure. Some of you are called to be missionaries; some of you are called to be popular preachers; some of you are called to be students; some of you are called to be teachers. Do not yield to narrow conceptions of life. Rather look upon life as sacramental in this, that it is all to be transformed into a perfect expression of the mind and will of Jesus Christ. You are no less a faithful minister of the New Testament if you serve it by the pen rather than by the voice. There is abundant room for all the orders of gifts. 'He made some apostles and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.' We trust and pray that you will live not unworthily to fulfil these noble offices."

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Nicoll's theology the dullest must perceive that in his life and work there is a power for which we must account, and quite apart from his great scholarship and literary distinction, those who study the present trend of religious thought in England and the new anointing of the ancient faith, cannot ignore this amiable pontiff of dissent.

BEN MADIGHAN.

“SHE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH.”

IN *The Path* in 1892 were published some extracts from private letters of Madam Blavatsky which had been read at the White Lotus Day celebration in New York. A contemporary recently re-printed a portion of these extracts, but with so many omissions from the various paragraphs and sentences, and without any indication of such omissions, that readers will do well to refer to the original when possible. Those who have not a copy of *The Path* for July, 1892, may wish to have the omitted passages which follow :

“The Esoteric Section is not of the earth, earthy ; it does not interfere with the exoteric administration of Lodges ; takes no stock in *external Theosophy* ; has no officers or staff ; needs no halls or meeting rooms. . . . Finally, it requires neither subscription fees nor money, for ‘as I have not so received it, I shall not so impart it,’” etc.

“A man of means, independent and free from any duty, will have to move about and go, missionary like, to teach Theosophy to the Sadducees and the Gentiles of Christianity. A man tied by his duty to one place has no right to desert it in order to fulfil another duty, let it be however much greater ; for the first *duty* taught in Occultism is to do one's duty unflinchingly *by every duty*. Pardon these seemingly absurd paradoxes and Irish Bulls ; but I have to repeat this *ad nauseam usque* for the last month. ‘Shall I risk to be ordered to leave my wife, desert my children and home if I pledge myself ?’ asks one. ‘No,’ say I, ‘because he who plays truant in one thing will be faithless in another. No real, genuine MASTER will accept a chela who sacrifices *anyone* except himself to go to that Master.’ If one cannot, owing to circumstances or his position in life, become a full adept in this existence, let him prepare his mental luggage for the next, so as to be ready at the first call when he is once more reborn.”

After quoting “To thine own self be true,” etc. : “The question is whether Polonius meant this for worldly wisdom or for occult knowledge ; and by my ‘own self’ the *false Ego* (or

the terrestrial personality) or that spark in us which is but the reflection of the 'One Universal Ego.' But I am dreaming. I had but four hours' sleep. . . . Give my sincere fraternal respects to . . . and let him try to feel my old hand giving him the *Master's grip*, the strong grip of the Lion's paw of Punjab (not of the tribe of Judah) across the Atlantic, To you my eternal affection and gratitude. Your H.P.B."

"I am the Mother and the Creator of the Society; it has my magnetic fluid, and the child has inherited all of its parent's physical, psychical and spiritual attributes—faults and virtues, if any. Therefore, I alone and to a degree . . . can serve as a lightning conductor of Karma for it. I was asked whether I was willing, when on the point of dying—and I said yes—for it was the only means to save it. Therefore I consented to live—which in my case means to suffer physically during twelve hours of the day, mentally twelve hours of the night, when I get rid of the physical shell. . . . It is true about the Kali Yuga. Once that I have offered myself as the goat of atonement, the Kali Yuga recognises its own—whereas any other would shrink from such a thing—as I am doomed and overburdened in this life worse than a poor weak donkey full of sores made to drag uphill a cartload of heavy rocks. You are the *first* one to whom I tell it, because you force me into the confession. . . . You have a wide and noble prospect before you if you do not lose patience. . . . Try . . . to hear the small voice within."

"Yes, there are 'two persons' in me. But what of that? So there are two in you; only mine is conscious and responsible—and yours is not. So you are happier than I am. I *know* you sympathise with me, and you do so because you feel that I have always stood up for you, and will do so to the bitter or happy end—as the case may be."

"He may be moved to doubt—and that is the beginning of wisdom."

"But do, do remain true to the Masters and *Their* Theosophy and the *names*. . . . May *They* help you and allow us to send you our best blessings. . . ."

"But no Theosophist or other has the right to sacrifice himself unless *he knows for a certainty* that by so doing he helps some one and does not sacrifice himself in vain for the empty glory of abstract virtue. . . . Psychic and vital energy are limited in every man. It is like capital. If you have a dollar a day and spend two, at the end of the month you will have a deficit of \$30."

In the sentence "One refuses to pledge himself not to listen without protest to any evil thing said of a brother," the word

“worthy” was interpolated before “brother,” H.P.B. not having used it.

“No man will ever speak ill of his brother without cause and proof of the iniquity of that brother, and he will abstain from all backbiting, slandering and gossip.”



#### THE ACCOUNT OF EVERY WORD.

**M**AN forgets that, where the substance of his words disperses in the air, it is not destroyed; that it does not therefore evaporate, but that it forms a mass and corrupts the spiritual atmosphere, as our putrid exhalations corrupt the atmosphere in our dwellings; he forgets that every word that man's tongue pronounces will one day be produced again before him, and that the air which our mouths make use of to form our words will restore them just as it received them, as every element will restore what is sown in it, everything after its kind; that even our dumb speech, pronounced tacitly only in the secret of our being, will likewise reappear and resound in our ears; for silence has also its echoes: and man cannot produce a thought, a word, an act which is not imprinted on the eternal mirror on which everything is engraved, and from which nothing is ever effaced.

The holy dread of an oath originally derives from a deep sentiment of these principles; for, when we penetrate to the ground of our being, we find that we can unite ourselves by our word with the ineffable source of truth, but that we can also, by its criminal use, unite ourselves with the awful abyss of lies and darkness.

There are savage nations, who, though without our science, have gone less astray than we have, who estimate nothing so much as our oaths; whilst, amongst civilized nations, the use of oaths is little more than a form, the moral consequences of which appear to be of little importance.

But, letting alone these false oaths and perjuries; when we see the great evils that result daily from the mismanagement of our words, is not this enough to teach us wisdom?

O, man, if the care of your own spiritual health is not enough to induce you to condescend to watch over your words on your own account, watch over them at least for the sake of your fellow creatures; and be not satisfied no more to abuse them, as you do every day, with barren words of no profit, which drag them into all manner of doubts and illusions; but do in such sort that your words may be at once a torch to guide



them and an anchor to steady them and secure them through the tempests.

All speech can but be the fruit of a thought, and every thought the fruit of an alliance; but as the alliances we make are so different one from another, it is not surprising that our speech should likewise take so many colours. In fact, it is only through our alliance, or, if you will, our contact with God, that we have any divine thoughts. Our contact with Spirit gives us spiritual thoughts; our sidereal or astral thoughts come from our contact with the astral Spirit, which is called the Spirit of the Great World; our material and earthly thoughts come from our contact with earthly darkness; our criminal thoughts from the Spirit of lies and wickedness. We have power and are at liberty to contract any of these alliances; we have only to choose.

But what ought to keep us constantly active and watchful is, that, from the very nature of our being, the fire of which cannot be extinguished, we are, every instant, pressed to contract one or other of these alliances. What is more, we never are without contracting one, of one kind or another. In short, we never are without engendering fruits of some kind; since we are always in contact with one of these centres, divine, spiritual, sidereal, earthly or infernal, which all surround us.—*E. B. Penny. Translated from the French of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin (Le Philosophe Inconnu).*



MAGAZINES and papers received: *Citizen and Country*, *Boston Ideas*, *Meaford Mirror*, *North-Ender*, *Prasnottara* (Benares), *Light of Truth* (Madras), *Theosophical Gleaner*, *Review of Reviews*, *Events*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Flaming Sword*, *British Weekly*, *Weekly News*, *The Free Man*, *The World's Advance Thought*, *Lyceum*, *Unity*, *Star of the Magi*, *The Abiding Truth*, *The Rainbow*, *Nya Tiden*, *Occult Truths*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Expression*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Teosofisk Tidskrift* (Sweden), *Christian Messenger*, *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne), *Notes and Queries* (Manchester), *The Philistine*, *The Morning Star*, *The Literary Digest*, *The Theosophic Messenger*, *Light of the East* (Calcutta), *Theosophical Chronicle*, *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (Leipzig), *Home Circle Leader*, *Beltaine*, *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau* (Berlin), *Field of Progress*, *Magnetic Healer*, *Hypnotist and Mental Therapeutist*, *Spirit Fruit*, *The Adept*, *Book and News Dealer*, *Progressive Preacher*, *Spirit's Voice*, etc.

## TWO BOOKS ON REBIRTH.

*The Memory of Past Births.* By Charles Johnston. Paper, 20 cents; cloth, 40 cents. From the author, Flushing, N.Y. Six copies for \$1.

*Reincarnation or Immortality?* By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Cloth, \$1. The Alliance Publishing Co., New York City.

NOTHING so encouraging to the Theosophical worker can be instanced as the increase in our literature of "works of weight and fair authority," such as that of Mr. Pryse and Mr. Smith, noticed in our columns in the past two months, Dr. Anderson's book, also recently reviewed in THE LAMP, and others which will occur to the reader. No other single teaching of the great religions has made such a profound impression upon western thought since 1875 as Rebirth. The Theosophical Movement is responsible for this reassertion of man's immortality, and from the students of the Movement we have a right to expect as much assistance in understanding it as they can give us. This has not been withheld, and future writers, and even present investigators, will find the material which relates to this tenet surprisingly abundant. With very few exceptions, the active workers in the Movement have expressed their entire concurrence with this view of life, and an exception such as was indicated on pages 262-263 of the *U.B. Magazine* of August last is not the result of a settled or well-considered conviction. Indeed, the same journal announced in its January issue that it expects soon to publish from the "actual experience" of "a writer of note," "A Strange Story of Facts in Two Lives."

At the same time, we must not forget the entirely non-dogmatic character of the Movement, and the fact that no belief in any particular doctrine of life or death is required of those who join the various Organizations which compose it. All earnest and impartial students will therefore hail with pleasure any attempt to consider the idea of rebirth from an honestly hostile standpoint. There have been many who have met it with scorn, and its advocates with vituperation. This has not helped anybody or cleared up any difficult points. Ridicule has fallen flat, inasmuch as it has nearly always been directed against non-existent but supposed beliefs. Merely dogmatic opposition is naturally unfruitful. I had hoped to find in Mrs. Gestefeld's book an intelligent and reasonable survey of the whole question, and a careful summary of the objections which may occur to one well acquainted with the hypothesis. It is

with very considerable disappointment, therefore, that I fail to find even that familiarity with the literature of the subject which one might naturally anticipate. Mrs. Gestefeld's position, recurred to again and again, is simply that she does not observe "the practical outcome of the theory of Reincarnation" to be satisfactory. She quotes no authorities, and invariably refers to her expositions of the theory which she combats as founded on the popular conceptions of it, or upon views generally entertained. I do not think she could support any of these views from any of the standard books on Reincarnation, and if it does nothing else, this will encourage us all to continue the preaching of Rebirth. If Mrs. Gestefeld's view of it is unpopular, all the more reason that the real teaching should be widely disseminated, for we can blame no one, but rather compliment those who refuse to accept the illogical and foolish beliefs which Mrs. Gestefeld declares have been taught. When one thinks, however, on the number of readers who will accept Mrs. Gestefeld's account of Reincarnation as a fair one, the result must appear grievous to the interests of truth and right thought.

Did space permit, and it would fill many pages, nothing would be more enjoyable than to take up Mrs. Gestefeld's book in detail and point out how far from appreciating the idea of Rebirth as set forth in current Theosophical literature she really is, and the extent to which she unconsciously draws upon the system in her proposed alternative. A little Theosophy, and a little mental science, and a little Christianity are incorporated upon a basis which is sufficiently oracular. "All that is, is in me, for all is contained within the boundaries of 'being. All is relative to me, I am relative to the Absolute. I am absolute to all that is in me, and there is naught else but God." This, as the man says in Sardou's *Robespierre*, should remove a weight from the mind of the Supreme Being. But Mrs. Gestefeld, like most of the Christian and mental scientists, insists on concreting the Absolute, and brings all manner of finites into the most intimate relations therewith. Modifying Dr. Crozier's plum-pudding allegory, she adopts a cake as an illustration of the method by which men are differently mixed out of the same materials, and then appropriating Du Maurier's idea in the ever delightful *Peter Ibbetson*, declares man to be "a curious compound. His father and grandfather, remote uncles and aunts are reincarnated in him. Traits, tendencies, characteristics belonging to them appear in him."

The inequalities of life are disposed of by Mrs. Gestefeld in a chapter on Justice. In the case of one born to poverty as contrasted with one born to wealth we read: "He is not born to the same set of circumstances, yet he is born with the same

latent capacity for dominating circumstances by using them, whatever they may be, to the end for which existence and all it includes is a means. This capacity is the equal of the capacity belonging to one born in the avenue, for it comes of individual relation to First Cause, and not from the fleshly parents or the circumstances they have helped to make for their children. Is not this Justice?" It appears to me that this is begging the whole question. To relegate the responsibility to the First Cause, or the "Great Push," as Mrs. Gestefeld calls it, is not far from the kingdom of orthodox Providence. "The Great Push impels ceaselessly," (p. 81). No doubt.

Mr. Johnston's argument is partly historical, but speedily directs itself to the main issue. How to remember past lives is the question on the lips of every early enquirer. For the first time in clear and direct language the simple method by which memory is trained to the one-pointed penetration of the past is set before the reader. The very simplicity of it will minimise its importance to many. Memory is strengthened merely by remembering, just as life is sustained by eating, and thought-power increased by thinking. But Mr. Johnston's book is a great deal more than a mere elaboration of this idea. With wonderful conciseness he has massed almost every fact and principle of practical importance bearing on the recollection of past births. Nor has he forgotten to point out that this is an incidental step in the journeying towards deity, but in noble and inspiring fashion we are directed to the lofty aims of the eternal quest. Mr. Johnston's familiarity with the Upanishads and other mystical Hindu literature lends his work a scholarly force which we can expect from few, but there are none who more carefully avoid pedantry, or do so much to transmute the sacrifice of knowledge into the refreshing rain of an intelligible message. The beauty of his prose style is one of the graces and distinctions of the Theosophical Movement, and should the present work fail of a very large circulation those who call themselves Theosophical workers will have to shoulder the heavy responsibility of a lost opportunity.

No better reply could be rendered to Mrs. Gestefeld's volume than this lucid and charming essay. A single paragraph is almost sufficient to indicate how utterly she has misapprehended the true nature of the philosophy which has implanted the knowledge of Rebirth in so many western minds. Mr. Johnston says (p. 27); "We must first try to understand and constantly keep in mind that the Eastern doctrine teaches that the soul of every man is already perfect, and perfectly endowed with all its infinite powers, being one with all other souls in the highest life; so that no growth is possible for the Infinite; nor any gain

thinkable for that which is the limitless all. What we can do is, not to add to the powers of our souls, but to come to some perception, dim and vague at the first, of the tremendous powers our souls already possess. We are not the patrons of the soul and all its magical powers, to develop this, and call out that, as the humour takes us, and at last to turn the whole into a means of complacent self-glorification. We are rather humble beneficiaries of the divine Life; quite unable to save our souls, which need no saving; yet by great good fortune not debarred from the possibility that our souls may save us."

#### INDIAN MAGIC.

WHEN in India, Lord Lytton often sought out conjurers, but never saw any but the usual feats, such as the mango tree trick and the basket trick. On one occasion Lord Lytton liked something in the looks of the conjurer who was performing in the open space before his house. After the ordinary exhibition his Lordship asked the magician if he could not do something more out of the common way. The man said he would try, and asked for a ring, which Lord Lytton gave him. He then requested an officer to take in either hand a handful of seeds. One sort was sesame; the name of the other sort my informant did not know. Holding these seeds, and having the ring between his finger and thumb, the officer was to go to a well in the corner of the compound. He was to dispose of the seeds in a certain well, into the depths of which he was to throw the ring. All this was done, and then the mage asked Lord Lytton where he would like the ring to reappear. He answered, "In my dispatch box," of which the key was attached to his watch chain, or at all events he had it with him on the spot. The dispatch box was brought out, Lord Lytton opened it, and there was the ring. Lord Lytton then asked the juggler if he could repeat the trick. He answered in the affirmative, and a lady lent another ring. Another officer took it, with the seeds, as before, and dropped the ring into the well. The countenance of the juggler altered in the pause which followed. Something, he said, had gone wrong, and he seemed agitated. Turning to the second officer he asked: "Did you arrange the seeds as I bade you?" "No," said the officer, "I thought that was all nonsense, and I threw them away." The juggler seemed horrified. "Do you think I do this by myself?" he said, and, packing up, he departed. The well was carefully dragged, and at last the lady's ring was brought to the surface. That ring, at least, had certainly been in the water.

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“SAINTS are we, prophets, heroes, if we will.”

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“THE soul is a crystal ray, a beam of light from God.”

\*

“SAID the Lord of the Shining Face: ‘I shall send thee a fire when thy work is commenced.’”

\*

“AWAKE thou that sleepest; arise from the dead; and The Christos shall shine upon you.”

\*

“THINE eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold a land that is very far off.”

\*

MISS FIONA MACLEOD has a new volume of stories ready for publication by Chapman & Hall, *A Divine Adventure*.

\*

The Convention of the Theosophical Society in America is to be held at Cincinnati in the last week in April.

\*

A SOUTHERN preacher is said to have declared: “If the Lord tells me to go through a stone wall, I’ll go at it. Goin’ at it’s my business. Gettin’ me through it’s His business.”

\*

THE *Star of the Magi* maintains a most commendable standard. Capital articles on occult topics, reincarnation, and psychic matters generally, must attract many subscribers and do good work.

"RUSKIN said: "If I could only read English, and had to choose, for a library narrowed by poverty, between Cary's Dante and our own original Milton, I should choose Cary without an instant's pause."

\*

IN reporting a Theosophical meeting in an Ohio city the local paper furnished the cheerful intelligence that the principal doctrines of the Theosophical Society were Karma and Recrimination. Good old printer!

\*

PROF. WENLEY, of Ann Arbor, identifies St. Catherine of Padua with Hypatia and believes "there is no doubt that Hypatia was a martyr for Christianity's sake." Such martyrdoms are scarcely to the credit of Christianity, however.

\*

IT APPEARS to be a happy coincidence that the opening of the new volume of THE LAMP should synchronise with the beginning of the zodiacal year. Under the sign of The Ram we may make a fair start after the Golden Fleece at any rate.

\*

WHEN I say that I do not agree with a man I would just as soon have it understood as a confession of my own ignorance as an impeachment of his. I desire nothing more earnestly than the appearance of one capable of judging between us, and making clear what is wise and true.

\*

HERE are two ways of doing a thing. The *Theosophic Gleaner* paid us the compliment of copying our article in October on "Meditation," giving THE LAMP credit as well as our contributor. The *Light of The East* copied the same article, changing the signature, and ignoring the source.

\*

Mrs. E. H. Baillet, secretary of the Lily Dale T. S., reports that a series of meetings are being held during the winter for the reading and discussion of the Vedanta philosophy. They are held on Sunday afternoons and Wednesday evenings, and are well attended. Vivekananda's lectures on "Man's Abilities and Possibilities" serve as a basis at present, to be followed by Raja Yoga.

\*

THE Pacific Coast Committee for Universal Brotherhood reports disbursements for the year just closed exceeding \$2500, which cover the securing of an additional room, new library cases, decorations, &c. The Committee also issues a monthly report of activities among the Lodges under its jurisdiction. H. H. Somers is now secretary at Room 30, 819 Market Street, San Francisco.

ONE of the most excellent bulls I ever heard was perpetrated lately. A devoted follower of a Theosophical Leader wrote to her in sympathy and encouragement over certain defections and concluded: "But the names of those who know you and are back of you are Legion." Perhaps the best of the joke is that the recipient of this doubtful compliment had it printed and widely circulated.

THE Beaver Theosophical Society held its annual meeting on the 7th inst., and re-elected its old staff of officers. Future plans of work were considered and a committee appointed to give them shape. The average Sunday evening attendance for the past year was 63, an increase over the previous year. The local expenses are contributed by the members, and public collections are wholly devoted to the special object for which they are made.

THE editor of *The Philistine* said some smart things last month at the expense of Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost. Several of the Pentecostal throng immediately denounced the bitter, acrid, vindictive, venomous, etc., and stopped their papers. Rev. Mr. Pentecost, who is a man and a brother, wrote to enquire if the diatribe "was personal or a literary exercise?" As a result of the reply Mr. Hubbard has an engagement to dine with Mr. Pentecost when he next visits New York.

The work of the Theosophical Movement in Germany and Austria is progressing. Mr. Edwin Boehme has been lecturing in Germany. The Leipzig Society has over a hundred members, and that in Vienna eighty-six. Both Societies meet twice weekly. *Etidorhpa* has been translated into German. The members send hearty greetings to all Theosophical workers, and all free and independent Societies are invited to send their addresses for publication in the *Theosophischer Wegweiser*, Inselstrasse 25, Leipzig.

THE *Theosophic Messenger*, which represents the American Section, T.S., gives some excellent suggestions for the conduct of meetings and study classes and continues to answer questions on the philosophy. The National Committee reports that "congregational singing and a few minutes of silent prayer are of great value to Sunday meetings," and one branch found that closing without discussion was best. Scott's *Manual of Questions*, a book I do not remember having seen, is recommended for study classes.



THE *International Theosophist* has been having some good articles in the last few numbers. A particularly practical and clever one by H. T. Edge appeared in November, entitled "Lords of Mind." A startling statement is made in the December number in a letter. "In my opinion," says the writer, "the Leader treats each one who stands nearest around her in such a way as to wake up all the evil in him." Kenneth Morris is contributing a Welsh drama—"Blegoorid," and each of the recent issues has contained a pretty children's song with music.

\*

ALL READERS desirous of congratulating THE LAMP through the medium of the mails will kindly enclose subscription for their best neighbour. Let us send him a sample copy anyway, so that he can see our new type. There are eleven points about it. We cannot affirm that the point of fusion is one of these, but we have points of contact. In point of fact this depends on the point of view, which is of course a moot point. We have scored all the other points, but the most important is the point of circulation, a centre point, really, which it is hoped will not be forgotten.

\*

SEVERAL correspondents have written to ask what is "The Fellowship of the Three Kings?" One asks if it is a degree in an old pseudo-occult order. Another if it is connected with the Temple. So far as I know it is merely an association of literary men and women who have mystical aims. There is nothing secret about it, but the meetings are attended by invitation. At a recent meeting Mr. W. B. Yeats read a paper on "The Symbolism of Shelley." It has been organized since Mr. D. N. Dunlop went to London, and has no connections outside the Imperial city.

\*

I AM not quite sure if they all know it, but it will do no harm to remind the various leaders of the Theosophical organizations that when they are ready to unite or affiliate or co-operate with each other, they have only to say so to the members. If they would all exert as much diligence in discovering reasons for getting together as has been spent in finding reasons for keeping apart, I will undertake to say that the reasons exist. Both ways, if you like. We are only human. I know it is for the salvation of our souls that we are isolated. But most of us have already taken our lives in our hands when we escaped from sundry orthodoxies, and we are willing to risk as much once more in the good cause of Brotherhood.

MRS. OSBURN, of Winnipeg, has sent me some letters from the Doukhobor settlements in Alberta, showing most pitifully the trials a pioneer people have to endure in their first winter. The *Toronto Globe* kindly published some of these letters with the result that a considerable sum has been contributed for the benefit of the aged and impoverished. Mrs. Fitzgibbon has received the greater part of this, which will probably be applied to the purchase of milch cows, the Doukhobors being vegetarians. A special collection was taken up on the 12th inst. by the Beaver T. S., and over \$25 has been sent to Mrs. Osburn.

\* .

I WONDER where people get the ideas about Theosophy which they do? In protesting against fatalism the editor of the *Field of Progress*, and he is only a sample of many others, fairly screeches at us in small caps. "You think that somehow your suffering is a judgment upon you for some unknown 'sin,' or, if a Theosophist, you think it is the natural working of 'Karma,' and you submissively bow to a supposed superior power over you. Man! Woman! IT'S ALL A LIE!!! It is a FEAR arising from a wrong conception." If fear arise from wrong conceptions, the editor of the *Field of Progress* should be nearly scared to death.

\*

THE annual Convention of the T.S. was held on the 27th December and the three succeeding days. Mrs. Besant's lectures on "Avataras" were the most attractive features of the gathering, and Sir Arthur and Lady Havelock and the staff attended at the opening one. Col. Olcott was to commence his globe tour on the 17th February, and will visit Italy, England, the Scandinavian countries, and France, and preside at the English Convention in July. After the Paris Theosophic Congress he is to visit America, and make a tour of all the branches, winding up with California, whence he will return to Adyar in November via Honolulu, Hongkong, and Colombo.

\*

MR. H. G. HUTCHINSON has classified his Dreams and writes about them in a recent *Longman's*. Ordinary explanations are so inadequate that he finds it necessary to go back to our anthropoid experiences in the early stages of our alleged evolution. When we lodged in trees and got too sleepy to hang on there were imprinted upon our ancestral cells the sensations of falling down and bringing up with a jerk such as now occasionally enlivens the first stages of slumber. When we dream we are flying it is merely a memory of flitting from bough to

bough in a tropical forest. It appears to me that the theory that we have the power in our inner or psychic bodies to do that which our brains get the dream impression of doing is no more difficult to accept than Mr. Hutchinson's.

\*

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, of East Aurora, and *The Philistine*, lectured in Toronto on the 2nd inst. A brilliant and cultured audience greeted him, and bore away some stirring and radical impressions, for the most part with great favour, and with a sense of the genial fellowship and good humour which wins more triumphs than the sword. Mr. Hubbard spoke on the making of books, but held that a man is greater than a book, and that the production of art and its cultivation consisted in the production and cultivation of men, the unfoldment of the soul, and the development of character. The Art Work done at the Roycroft Book-shop was therefore subservient to the Life Work done among those who took loving part in the making of the beautiful things for which East Aurora has become famous.

\*

THE *Field of Progress* has an interesting letter from Jas. U. Spence, of Suisun City, Cal., describing the case of a Spiritualistic medium who had an Indian guide who "was very positive in his statement that there was no truth in re-embodiment and of course held his medium to the same thought?" As time went on, however, an old friend in spirit life made such progress that the Control declares he actually saw the whole process of his friend taking on again the conditions of earth-life, by being the soul of a new born infant. "One remarkable result has been that whereas, his medium was before at a standstill; since that time she, having of course also realized the truth, has made really wonderful progress in the unfoldment of her psychic powers." The editor of the *Field of Progress* is not convinced, however, and we are not surprised. Mr. Bain relies too much on Mrs. Gestefeld's arguments, though, to even touch the theory of rebirth as explained by Madam Blavatsky in the *Secret Doctrine*.

\*

*Beltaine* is the name of the organ of the Irish Literary Theatre, and Mr. W. B. Yeats is its editor. The performance of original plays by Irish writers in Dublin has met with great and encouraging appreciation, and the Irish Literary Society in London promises to exercise much influence in English literature. Perhaps they do not aim at that, but surely it must be as an influence in English literature that the Keltic spirit may best incarnate, just as it is in the domination of the British Empire that the Irish mind, could it be content and discerning, might

find its supremest destiny. The mission of Keltic art is to redeem, to spiritualise, and it has served the apprenticeship of sacrifice. It is better that Ireland should live for the world than that Irishmen should live for Ireland, and they will succeed best when they do both. It is a curious paradox that Ireland should be the most cosmopolitan, and the United States the most provincial of nations.

\*

WE were reading the story of Perseus and the Gorgon's head last month to the children's Sunday class, and it was a new idea to some that this was a Bible story. Not a Jewish or Christian Bible story, but a Bible story from one of the old peoples who really believed in their sacred books, and tried to live according to the examples set them. Is it better to have an incomparable Bible and not to mind in the least what it teaches, or to be very faithful and true to a less excellent one? One cannot help thinking, however, that the fine old Greek mystic and Master Builder, whom we know as St. Paul, had the story of Perseus in his mind when he wrote to the Ephesians about the armour of God in which they should take their stand against the principalities and powers and world-rulers. I remember what odd ideas I used to have as to what the "preparation of the gospel of peace" might be, and I am afraid John Bunyan did not help me any. The Greek word translated "preparation" means "equipment", and after reading about Hermes and all the gifts he procured for Perseus, and remembering those winged slippers which enabled him to soar above the clouds, a Keshara or sky-walker indeed, it seemed certain that here at last was what Paul intended. And so the sword of the Spirit and the shield of faith also brightened with new meaning.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—F.D.—I believe the Shamrock as a religious emblem in Ireland antedates Christianity. The very ancient initiation crypts at New Grange and elsewhere are built exactly on the plan of the three-leaved symbol with a long narrow entrance corresponding with the stalk. If St. Patrick held up his Shamrock among the initiated tribesmen, it would have been sure to attract their attention. L.T.—Every man his own guru, is an admirable sentiment, but it requires something else—every man his own chela, also. R.B.—Laocoon is pronounced Lay-ock-o-on, with the accent on the second syllable. W.T.S.—The Phi-Beta-Kappa is a secret society to which only University students are admitted. The pass-word is said to be *Philosophia Bion Kubernetes*, philosophy is the guide or rule of life, the initials of the Greek words

forming the name of the society. The order was introduced from Bavaria to America, 5th December, 1776. E.R.—E.W. Howe is the author of *The Story of a Country Town*. U.B. Brother, Portland, O.—Subscription received. Write Mercury Publishing Office, 7, Oddfellows' Building, San Francisco, for T.S. badge. Sundry Lady Correspondents.—“The Vampire” is certainly not intended by Kipling to be generic, but applies only to a fortunately rare type. J.A.Y. Toronto.—Your contribution for the Doukhobors has been sent to Mrs. Osburn, Winnipeg. B.H.—Congratulations.

\*

M. HENRY CONSTANT has made a profound impression on the thinking world by his new book, in which he champions the philosophy of the Neo-Platonists and the farther East, and combines the latest conclusions of science, the new psychology, and spiritualism. The result is practically what is known to us as Theosophy. He states: “The soul progresses in its corporal and spiritual states. The corporal state is necessary to the soul until it attains a certain degree of perfection; it is developed by the tasks to which it is adjusted for its actual needs, and here it acquires special practical knowledge. A single corporal existence would be insufficient for these ends. Hence it takes up new bodies as long as it finds them necessary, and each time it advances with the progress acquired in earlier existences and in its spiritual life. In the intervals between these corporal existences the soul lives on in its spiritual life. That life has no fixed limit. The happy or unhappy state of the soul is inherent in its own degree of perfection. The soul suffers from the very evil it has committed. Because its attention is incessantly directed to the consequences of this evil it understands the pain and is stimulated to correct itself. It forms strong resolutions, and, the time having arrived, descends again into a new body, to improve itself by labour and study. It always preserves the intuition, the vague sentiment of the resolutions formed before its rebirth.” *The Literary Digest* copies a summary of M. Constant's views from *The New York Herald*.

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I HAVE much pleasure in printing a second letter this month from The Temple, and all the more gladly since it serves to illustrate that THE LAMP is quite willing to give expression to all honest opinion whether it accords with the editor's views or not. I cannot say that my opinions have been at all modified about the introduction of politics into the Theosophical Movement. Politics can never be other than local, and we want an international brotherhood. The appearance of a political saviour

in the United States may be highly desirable, but we cannot unite Russians and Chinese and Boers and Cingalese and Canadians on any such issue. Our work is bound to affect politics in the abstract, as every movement tending to the elevation of humanity must eventually find expression in the national life, but if we set ourselves to that task alone we shall fall into the old mistake, and give up to party what is meant for mankind. Suppose the Italians started a Temple, and invoked the good people of the United States to give themselves up to securing a man for the hour, such a man as Garibaldi for instance, to what degree do you think it would further Theosophy in America? "People, monuments, and governments disappear; the Self remains and returns again." I trust these remarks may not be considered unsympathetic. I hope I will not be understood as frowning upon every effort of a social or political nature. I think I can repeat with Mr. Stead's "Julia," that I am "interested in this as in all that stirs the heart and moves the soul of man." But when there are so few to devote themselves to "the mighty art," to the Science of the Self, it seems a pity that any force should be expended on temporary issues.

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I BELIEVE a great deal of the prejudice against the idea of rebirth arises from ignorance of the Theosophical teachings about heaven. The average Christian thinks that rebirth will rob him of his heaven, and he revolts against the very thought. And quite rightly. Madam Blavatsky had good reasons for calling heaven devachan, not the least of which was to escape the usual associations which the word calls up. But for all ordinary purposes devachan is heaven pure and simple. Hear what she says: "As to the ordinary mortal, his bliss in devachan is complete. It is an absolute oblivion of all that gave pain or sorrow in the past incarnation, and even oblivion of the fact that such things as pain or sorrow exist at all. The devachani [heaven-dweller] lives its intermediate cycle between two incarnations surrounded by everything it had aspired to in vain, and in the companionship of every one it loved on earth. It has reached the fulfilment of its soul-yearnings. And thus it lives throughout long centuries an existence of unalloyed happiness, which is the reward for its sufferings in earth-life. In short, it bathes in a sea of uninterrupted felicity spanned only by events of still greater felicity in degree." It is not too much to say that this conception of heaven is that which more or less clearly fills the heart of every expectant Christian. His only difficulty is about the possibility of leaving this blessed state. No earnest soul that realises what the sacrifice of Christ was and is can

turn away from the Example that stands in the renunciation of the heaven-life, and the taking up of the cross, even the crucifixion of the flesh. We must follow as well as believe.

\*

THERE IS, of course, another side to the question why there is not more co-operation among the different Theosophical organizations. If we met all events with the confidence that under the Law they were indeed that which we most desired, we might better understand the need of diverse activity. A correspondent in California writes upon this point, beginning with the quotation:

“While the lamp holds out to burn  
The vilest sinner may return.

“Now what I want to know is, Where are we to return from? Is it we who have strayed away? Suppose we stay right where we are, and have been, all the while, on true Theosophical lines, and give the wanderers a chance to return, as they will all do when they find out for themselves that they have been led away from the true path, the path of self-conquest and enlightenment. It does one's heart good to see so many of the old workers looking about for congenial grounds on which to stand. I have been contending all the while, with several of the doubting ones, that the real workers in the Theosophic cause would find opportunity to come together on an amicable basis and go on with the work, but selfish ambition must be given time to run its course and destroy itself, before definite plans can be made. Why repeat the errors we so greatly lament? There are a great many people who need to learn that the managing of the Theosophic Movement on the original lines requires a knowledge not found in books nor acquired by observation; an insight from a higher source; though it need not necessarily be infallible, it should be free from those elements which brought the Movement to its present condition. When some one shall be found who will always listen to the voice of the Master, there will be hope for a permanent revival of that which was inaugurated in New York City in 1875 as the Theosophical Movement. There must be no forcible wrenching of leadership from anyone. If a capable leader is not forthcoming at the proper time, we may know the cause. It seems to me that we under-rate the wisdom and ability of the Masters, when we attempt to put our choice in authority instead of waiting a reasonable length of time in which to satisfy ourselves of what is proper to do. It is well for each one to bear his part in this matter and profit by the lesson. I have always contended that when there shall be a real need of a leader, one will be found. Whenever the ‘children of Israel’ shall be true to their vows, a ‘Moses’ will be found to

lead them to their Canaan. Bear in mind the prophecies by H.P.B., in 1891. 'A Lover of Theosophy' in THE LAMP for October, may find a little light, at least, on his question. See Convention Report, page 19. I am not one who contends against the inevitable. My duty is to maintain that 'perfect calm' and wait with patience the outcome of the contending forces. There will be time for work after the storm shall have spent its force: the conditions will be better and all hearts will be stronger for having had the experiences, which, in the very nature of things, seemed inevitable. Only good can come from good intentions, to the doer, in the end, as we shall see in time. 'Eternal justice rules the world,' and patient endurance of all trials will bring its reward. Work and wait as your light directs. If you have no light, do the best you know, until your light comes, then you will not be at a loss as to what your proper duty is. . . . I have been studying, meditating all these years on my handful of books: the *Gita*, by Chatterji, *Voice of the Silence*, *Light on the Path*, *Yoga Aphorisms*, and *New Testament*. . . . I have been studying on the same lines I began with, and have no reason to change, for the experiences I have had prove all I can ask." This is the testimony of one of the mystics, of whom there are not a few, who have found the secret of action in inaction, and of inaction in action.

\*

I HAVE been asked why I do not adopt "American spelling." Chiefly because I think the present system is quite embarrassing enough. The dual arrangement, by which in England people excuse their errors as American, and Americans commit every conceivable orthographic crime, and discomfit the English protester with the plea of reform, does not appeal to me in the least. I want spelling reform *as is* spelling reform. People who spell fizikal in that way spell Philistine without an F. They may say it is a proper name, but then why leave out the second E in Waverley? It is proposed to leave the final letters off words ending in *gue*. But surely rog and vog are poor substitutes for rogue and vogue? The *our* group of words are most in evidence, but if I make any change I prefer honur, which preserves the sound, to honor which does not; and when spelling reform is really adopted we shall omit the useless H,—Onur. The more the problem is botched and tinkered with the less likely is a real reform to be adopted. We need a phonographic system such as the Germans brought into use by the act of their Government. If a set of phonotypes, like Pitman's, was adopted I would hail it with pleasure. Even then we should have tremendous conflicts with those who do not know the value of R, and like Mrs. Stetson, rhyme Year with Idea, or do not see any difference in



pronouncing khaki and kharki, or with those who are unable to tackle a guttural, as in loch, or lough, as we spell it in Ireland, or in sough, which never gets its proper value now. Many gutturals now extinct in ordinary usage, survive provincially, and it is difficult to say what would be the result of the adoption of phonetic spelling in such instances. The Scotch would certainly have a mighty protest to make. Every year renders the question more complicated. The Chicago University has forced the pace with the adoption of a list of what all the leading English papers are pleased to call barbarisms. It appears to be quite overlooked that the plea for revised spelling which carries most weight is really one in which lies one of the chief objections. Those who are familiar with the score of dialects spoken in the different parts of the English-speaking world know that to give the language a phonetic form would be to render it unintelligible to many of those who can now read it in their own dialect, though they could not understand it if written as spoken by one with a different patois. Sanscrit, the most perfect of languages, is written phonetically, and the objection made by etymologists that we shall lose the pedigree of words in changing their spelling, may be compensated for by the gain to the philologist in tracing his phonetic roots.



### THE TEMPLE.

*To the Editor of THE LAMP:*

DEAR COMRADE:—Believing that a few explanatory notes relative to what has been termed by some, “the political aspect of The Temple,” and which has been in many instances entirely misunderstood, might not come amiss at this time, I have decided to ask our brothers the Editors of THE LAMP to kindly publish this letter to them, and to all our comrades and friends.

We have been told that “right politics were the natural sequence to right philosophy,” and in reality identical. If unity in diversity exists as a law, this must follow as a matter of course; for surely, if there is one thing more than another in which the diversified elements of our common humanity are necessarily concerned, it is in the conditions for the growth and development of the individual and collective lives of that humanity. If its politics are corrupt to the core, as at present in many parts of the world, no well advised man or woman can deny, its ethics and all that concern its real development are corrupt.

We were also told “that if sufficient support could be gained from the various philosophical and ethical elements in the

United States, the man for the hour, such a man as Abraham Lincoln, for instance, would appear and take the helm of this government."

For the purpose of doing all in our power toward educating the people, by showing the need for reform, by convincing men and women that we might have what we all ardently desire, a pure government by and for the people, if we would work unselfishly to that end, we decided that we would organize an outer work with a free platform for the discussion of all national, social, ethical and economic subjects, to be known as the Temples of Brotherhood; but which should not be connected with or controlled by any inner or outer organization, and that we would affiliate with all other similar organizations and work for the unifying and purifying of all reform elements in whatever direction such might lead. For the purpose of organizing this movement, we had decided to call a convention to meet on the 15th of April. Recent events have rendered it impossible to do this at the anticipated time, and we are reluctantly obliged to postpone it until later in the year. But I cannot too strongly assert, that aside from the beliefs and reasons outlined above, The Temple as a body has nothing to do with present political parties or methods. It is one body of students of occultism under the teaching of one whom we have had ample reason for believing a true leader and teacher of mankind, and who is one of the seven Masters, four of whom are known to some extent to many true students of occultism. With all such students, we believe that in order to further our own evolution, if for no higher motive, we must lose no opportunity for furthering the evolution of all the atoms of "the great Orphan" Humanity, with whom we may be able to come into contact or to influence. We have also been told that, "while all the great teachers or Masters work incessantly to benefit humanity, each one has his cyclic opportunity for engaging more particularly in each division of the great work;" and the teacher above mentioned is simply using his own cyclic opportunity in the outer work, at present assisted by the others on inner or more secret lines of work.

We cordially invite correspondence from all our comrades of all divisions of Theosophical thought, and cannot too strongly reiterate our former statements of a hearty desire to co-operate with any and all who hold to the belief in the Brotherhood of Man and the Father-Motherhood of God or the Higher Self.

Trusting I have not infringed upon the good nature and time of our friends of THE LAMP.

I am, in all sincerity,

Your Comrade and Sister

Syracuse, N.Y., Feb. 28.

"B. S."

## SOME LEAVES OF GRASS.

Of obedience, faith, adhesiveness ;  
 As I stand aloof and look there is to me something profoundly  
 affecting in large masses of men following the lead of these  
 who do not believe in men.

\* \* \*

I do not affirm that what you see beyond is futile, I do not  
 advise you to stop,  
 I do not say leadings you thought great are not great,  
 But I say that none lead to greater than these lead to.

\* \* \*

We consider bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are  
 not divine,  
 I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you  
 still,  
 It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life,  
 Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the  
 earth, than they are shed out of you.

\* \* \*

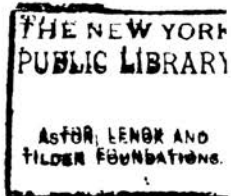
I will sing the song of companionship,  
 I will show what alone must finally compact these,  
 I believe these are to be found their own ideal of manly love,  
 indicating it to me,  
 I will therefore let flame from me the burning fires that were  
 threatening to consume me,  
 I will lift what has too long kept down those smouldering fires,  
 I will give them complete abandonment,  
 I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love,  
 For who but I should understand love with all its sorrow and  
 joy ?  
 And who but I should be the poet of comrades ?

—*Walt Whitman.*



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# THE LAMP.

CONDUCTED BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

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“I have the idea of all, and am all and believe in all.”

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"I have the idea of all, and am all and believe in all."

# THE LAMP.

Vol. IV.—No. 2.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1900.

No. 38.

## THE GREATER MOOD.

**H**AS your pledge been recorded?

One who was wise said: "The pledges of those who are sure of the strength of *moral power* alone are recorded."

Are you trying to make the narrow path a public thoroughfare?

The Master was wise when he traced the *original* lines. Why, then, have you and I had so little faith?

When the wind blows, look, and you will see only the grain remaining. Do not grow sad and morbid when the clouds gather, and the storm arises, and the winds blow.

Trouble arises through being unbrotherly to those who differ from us. Humanity is more than any Organization. It is the great organization of which you and I are a part. You and I point toward all corners of space, and our sympathy reaches its furthestmost parts. When we think of this we can only look back with pity to the time when we quarrelled over trifles. Realize that you are truly great, and that all things are small, and you will find it more and more difficult to do mean acts.

Come with me, and cease to worry about the little discussions of recent times, as to this Society, and that. Let us talk together about our dreams. We need not be ashamed of them. Sincerity is the great thing. That we have, and in moral courage we are not altogether lacking.

Have we set a target for our aim? Assuredly. We aim to act together for the accomplishment of ends which concern us all. What lies near our own door has for us its special meaning and significance. But in essentials the need of one is the need of all.

The years have made wholesale slaughter among us. Between us and the realization of our hopes lie many broken images. Though our knees are feeble, our hopes never die. They are imperishable as our ideals. Through many long night watches the fire within has been our only light. It remains with us still, unquenched, undying. Though far removed from each other in space, we have watched together

under the same stars—symbols of our brighter selves. We know that there are many who share our watch, their hands outstretched, waiting the clasp of recognition.

Did we expect an easy victory, soon to be achieved? The enthusiasm of the Titan is not so kept alive. Our affections are not won by promises, our loyalty not thus secured. The immortal love was awakened by the greatness of the task to be achieved. Our enthusiasm will live till it is accomplished.

Tell those who advocate "non-committal," paralyzing effort, that they have misunderstood us. They cannot lame the will to do, while there is work to be done. We came out for a different purpose, and we will come out again and again, each time renewing our strength.

I dream of a world federation of mystics—the brotherhood of silence. The name of Blavatsky is great, the name of Judge dear, to many. They are but two of a mighty host. When we are fit companions for the great, we will find them by our side.

In many small societies we have shaped our own characteristics and idiosyncrasies. In emphasizing the importance of B.A. and A.B., U.B. and B.U., the essential greatness has become less in exact proportion. Each has had opportunity to choose a Teacher, to leave and join many societies. The eye of One who has watched the birth and death of worlds, has not been closed any part of the time. The pages of the register are dear to Him; He knows only one Society, the members of which have *moral power*. They are of the brotherhood of silence.

Sitting, at dusk, steady-eyed, you and I have gazed out from the inner centre of peace far into the regions beyond the remotest confines of space. We have toyed with great speculations, never ill at ease. Beauty in her many changes of form and colour, Truth in her varied garments, we have reverently worshipped. Some of these garments and forms, long outworn, we have passed by, and gazed at with tender longing—they were so dear, so familiar. We have walked gently over the ashes of past effort, and summoned before us the great ones as we passed round the circle of time. One by one they have told us the same story, for there is but one story to tell.

If the light of the greater mood illuminates our common hours, the future shall be freighted with significance, the divine task somewhat nearer accomplishment.

London, England.

D. N. DUNLOP.

## "THE UNDIMINISHED FAITH."

THE glory of the moon-path shone on the waters, and was lost in the far depths of the night. There climbed from the end of the glory up to the shining of the globe a pillar of purple, deeper than sea or sky. In the lone land under the stars there was one who wandered. She sought the Eternal beauty.

And she thought: "The waters are troubled, and the glory is a passing gleam; the pillars of heaven dissolve in the radiance of the daystar, and daybreak weaves but new sorrows for the blind." And she desired peace passionately.

Now, the beginning of peace is the passion of life. And the end of it is death.

But of peace there is no end.

On the path she trod she came to a temple. And there was no name of it. Through the great arch and in the midst of the columns she saw the altar ready. And she went before it.

The priest was waiting. White-robed and comely he stood. And when he made an end of waiting she knew that it was for her that the temple was open, for she was alone before the altar.

He said: "I will make a sacrifice."

So he waited for her offering, But she had no offering.

Then he took a sharp knife, whetted with Love, and with set face, but illumined eyes, under cover of his robe, he carved the sacrifice from his own breast. And he set the heart upon the altar.

She thought: "Without his heart he could not live. It is the heart of a lamb." For there were no stains upon his robe, nor weakness in his hand.

Then from the vials of the altar he poured forth flame upon it, and it began to be consumed. And he chanted: "You shall have life more abundantly."

Her thought was: "It is my right."

Again he chanted: "Evil and bitterness shall be your crown, but your sceptre shall be a rod of power."

She thought: "Can chance give warrant of destiny?"

Still the heart burned upon the altar.

Again he chanted: "There is no death but failure, and there is no life but change. The shadow of the past and the image of the future are one, and the Light is over all, now and for evermore."

She thought: "It is the echo of the wind as it moves in the branches of the tree of fate."

And the little flames flickered over the ashes of the heart,



and died away. And as he had made an end of waiting, so he made an end of chanting.

He came and stood before her.

And he said: "Your eyes are the eyes of an angel, but your heart is your own."

Her eyes wondered, but her heart said: "Not so."

She asked him: "What is love."

And he said: "It is the enduring of life, and the meeting of death. It is the strength of sorrow, and the gentleness of joy. It is the ease of battle, and the mightiness of peace. It is a wandering together in strange ways. It is entering together into new worlds, and tasting together of uncertain fruit. It is the child of mutual purpose."

She asked him: "Where was it born?"

He answered: "It was never born, nor shall it ever die. It became a yoke as we journeyed. We joined hands in passion and strove with pain. We bowed to duty and surmounted fate. We met through lives unreckoned, and lost the grossness of the body in many valiant deaths. Our hearts invoked the beauty of the world."

She besought him: "What is it bears this love?"

And he declared to her: "The Soul."

She cried: "I know it not."

"In all the change," he told her, "this Soul enduring, passes towards perfection. This looks upon the scenes of life and learns the use. This knows of faith and trust and help and promise. This survives failure and outlasts the old shames that are buried and forgotten in ancient graves. And the Soul sings to its comrade Soul, and the song is Love."

Then the woman hid her face, and cried: "I cannot hear it; I cannot hear it." And she turned away, and went out into the darkness.

Then was there a great stillness, but the voice of the sea stirred through the silence. And he stood in the arch of the temple and looked upon the stars. And it was as though the Eternal had set an hour of peace.

And a new heart began to swell in the hollow of his breast. Whereat he rejoiced. And he thought: "There are many sacrifices, and the offerings fail, but Love remains. Yet is my Soul gone forth into the darkness."

IRIS H. HILL.

## THE GOD-HEAD IN SHAKSPERE.

IT is common among Theosophists to regard Shakspeare as the great unknown of Avatars. It is felt that he ranks with the supreme manifestations of the Divine in the Human, yet who and what he was, his exact place in the spiritual realm, seems involved in mystery. I have been at great pains, in recent years, to make clear the mystery, to define Shakspeare, to bring him out for the world from his works, as he is to be discerned there by a critical eye, in the statutesque outline of a Buddha or a Christ.

The Avatar does not appear except in conjunction with new spiritual forces in the world. He includes those forces most completely in his spirit; he has a full instinct of the purpose of God; "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming of things to come" is in him; and he presents himself as the incarnation and symbol of the new-born, Divine, creating and shaping ideas, as the new Adam of the Spirit that has been brooding on the deep.

That Shakspeare presents himself as such an incarnation and symbol is the capital fact of his life and genius. He thus presents himself both in Prospero and in "the beautiful youth" of the sonnets. Each of these is but a mask of his own soul, and they represent respectively the Spirit of the Reformation and the Spirit of the Renaissance—Spirits of Shakspeare's age—that found in him their home and reconciliation, with which he identified his own spirit, and which he commingled in his Muse, and united for posterity.

This double self-identification of his spirit must be understood in connection with the poet's view of human history, as I have gathered it from the symbolism of *The Tempest*, *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline*, to be much as follows:—There was a time, the beginning of our era, when the World-Spirit seems to have paused and thought: My world is growing in knowledge of the Truth, and growing in Beauty; it is replete with schools of philosophy; it is covered with monuments of art; but it is not growing in virtue; it is a selfish, cruel, lascivious world; its moral fibre has not proved strong enough to support so much Truth and Beauty; therefore I will destroy this world with all its art and philosophy, and in its place construct a world, of which the sole ideal shall be morality; let that exist for a season, then with strengthened fibre the world may burgeon again in Truth and Beauty, in philosophy and art.

Then from the luxuriant shores of Asia Minor was heard the voice proclaiming, "Great Pan is dead." Then in the manger of Bethlehem was Christ born. A new spirit of Love,

clothed in "sweet religion," with irresistible force, overspread and submerged the ancient world. Art and philosophy disappeared. Morality itself, in becoming more intense, became also contracted. Justice, upon which the State depends, seemed, as involving punishment and a measure of cruelty, no fit virtue for the Kingdom of Heaven. It was a mere secular virtue, a function of the Emperor, upon whose neck the Pope set his foot. The man supposed dearest to God lived in a cloister, and held up the banner of the Ideal of unqualified Love, self-sacrifice and non-resistance. The Church's moral effect upon the European man, though gradual, must finally have been immense, and by the dawn of the sixteenth century the purpose of the World-Spirit, to strengthen the moral fibre of humanity, was sufficiently achieved. But in the absence of art and philosophy, Europe remained uncultured and superstitious, and, through a cloistered virtue, the self-seeking and ambitious were left to govern the world, and even the Church itself. New needs had thus arisen for mankind, and there followed those great spiritual movements called the Reformation and the Renaissance. The Reformation, while it was a return to primitive Christianity, was also a movement for justice. The monks came out of their cloisters and thundered in the market-place against wickedness in high places. The people, in sympathy, rose and brought war about the ears of Machiavellian popes and princes. This universal tempest was the moral law of love avenging itself, or, in symbolic language, Christ coming to judge the world. The promised signs and wonders of his second coming were interpretable in terms of natural events. And as Christ came again with the Reformation, so great Pan lived again with the Renaissance—the wonderful revival of the art and philosophy, of the universality, of the ancient world.

But where, in this outbreak of new spiritual forces in the sixteenth century, was the Avatar? Where was the person of Christ come to judge the world, where was the visible presentment of great Pan?

When the writings of Shakspeare are surveyed in their order of production, it will be found that about the year 1597 a great change took place in his spirit. Before that date he had written joyously; only one tragedy—*Romeo and Juliet*, in which the joy is more than the sorrow, and the sorrow itself is a high and holy joy—had proceeded from his pen. With this exception, happy love-plays and comedies had followed one another, and histories crowded with the splendour and the glory of life. But from 1597 the poet becomes grave, satirical, and, finally, the great tragic poet, whom Victor Hugo has compared to Isaiah and Ezekiel. A close inspection of the textual evidence

leads to the conclusion that Shakspeare, towards the year 1597, had become deeply possessed in spirit by the Ideal of Love—in a word, by Christ. He had become a man resembling his own Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice*. He was prepared to lay down his life for his friend, yea, for the world. But whatever the moral progress of the world during the fifteen centuries of Christianity, it had not attained to this level, nor does it seem desirable that it ever should, since such a disposition, if it were general, would be incompatible with human existence. The “folly of the Cross” the world still treats as folly, repays it, not with gratitude, but with scorn and injury. This Shakspeare learnt by experience, and his realization, in consequence, of how far this world was still short of the Ideal, how far it was still lying in iniquity, turned him into the tragic poet of *King Lear*. He no longer had the heart to prophesy smooth things, to write joyous comedies and beautiful dreams. He felt it his duty to take his stand for morality, to “show vice its own feature, scorn its own image,” to show the Nemesis, the Judgment that awaits upon wickedness, and from the stage, and according to the method of his art, to appeal to the world’s conscience. As in the Reformers, so in him, the Spirit of Love changed to a Spirit of Justice, in other words, Christ became Judge of the World. At the conclusion of his tragic work, the poet stepped upon the stage, under the mask of Prospero, at one with the Spirit of the Reformation, as Christ come to judge the world. Prospero’s tempest is the tempest of the Reformation, his magic art is the art of appeal to the conscience, especially through the drama, Ariel is human thought through which the Spirit acts, the Island is the Kingdom of Heaven amid the raging sea of human life, and those characters of the play upon whom Prospero works and whom he converts by his art, constitute humanity divided into certain classes. These are represented as reformed by the Spirit of Justice, and the world so brought near to the millennium, and made fit for the reign of Miranda, the Ideal of Love. The signs and wonders that were to attend Christ’s second coming are referred to in the play as fulfilled in a natural sense. For example, Prospero says, “I have bedimmed the noon-tide sun.” He means, I have clouded the Sun of Love with the wrath of Justice.

As Shakspeare thus identifies himself, in Prospero, with Christ, so he identifies himself with God, for it will be found that the tempest is referred to indiscriminately, now as raised by Prospero, now as raised by Destiny, Fate, Nature, the Powers, Immortal Providence—in a word, by God. Thus Prospero is a Trinity in Unity of God, Shakspeare and the

Spirit, the old Trinity in Unity, however, of God, Christ and the Spirit; for Shakspeare, therein, is Christ at His second coming.

The "beautiful youth" is in the very first sonnet addressed as representative of the Renaissance:—

"Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,  
And only herald of the *gaudy spring*."

He is the poet's Ideal of Beauty, Truth, and Love in one (sonnet cv.):—

"Fair, kind, and true is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
And in this change is my invention spent,  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Fair, kind, and true have often lived alone,  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one."

The poet formally adds Love to the Beauty and Truth of the Ancient Ideal revived at the Renaissance; so that his Ideal might be called Pan-Logos, to borrow a term from Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*, but it is simpler to regard it as the completion of Pan, and the Love as latent in the Ancient Ideal. This three-fold Ideal it is that inspires the poet's works. In Sonnet xxxviii. it is proclaimed to be his Muse, and in Sonnets xxxix. and lxii. to be his "better part" and very "self." It is the soul and genius of the poet. In Sonnet cix. it is further identified with "the sum of good" and the All of Nature:—

"For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my All."

In the sonnets, then, Shakspeare figures in another Trinity in Unity, of God, Shakspeare and the Spirit of Beauty, Truth, and Love. He figures as the Pan of the Renaissance.

The slow results of time and the achievement of the poet's life are summed up in *The Winter's Tale*. After the long winter of the middle ages, during which the Idealists (represented by Leontes) have lived in Seclusion, the Ideal or Spirit of Primitive Christianity and of the Reformation (Perdita) reappears in Bohemia, and the Ideal or Spirit of the ancient world (Hermione) steps down from the pedestal, a statue come to life in the Renaissance. These two unite in an embrace which is the combined Hellenic and Christian culture of the modern world, and is the art and religion of Shakspeare. Thus upon the threshold of our era appeared its Avatar, Shakspeare, combining and commingling its Spirits of the Reformation and Renaissance, in a joint incarnation in himself of Christ and Pan!

CHARLES DOWNING (CLELIA).

London, England.

## UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

## II. PRESIDENT DIAZ.

MADAM BLAVATSKY once wrote : " Any person of average intellectual capacities, and a leaning towards the metaphysical, of pure, unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbour than in receiving help himself ; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his own pleasures for the sake of other people ; and who loves Truth, Goodness and Wisdom for their own sake and not for the benefit they may confer—is a Theosophist." It is on these grounds that I believe the practical side of Theosophy may best be illustrated in the lives of men who are in no way identified with the Theosophical Movement, but whose place therein would be unquestioned were the ideals it sets forth properly understood. Theosophy is a system which embraces every aspect of life, but unfortunately its conceptions have been limited by the purviews of those who have undertaken in recent years to expound it. I see no remedy for this but to hark back continually to Madam Blavatsky's writings, not as infallible authorities, but as clearly indicating what was intended at the inception of the Movement. All that have followed her are but Blavatsky-and-water.

The belief in the supervision of human affairs by Divine Men, Prophets, Masters, either individually, or collectively as what is known as The Lodge, is one which has attracted many students. The great unfoldments in human history which serve to mark our epochs and eras are held to be the fruit of their unseen and unacknowledged guidance. With hidden hands they have directed the course of events and aided those who have lent themselves as agents for the service of the race. Never interfering with the liberty or free will of any, their labours are as impartial as the shining of the sun or the shock of the storm. Men who have willingly and designedly co-operated or who have unconsciously acquiesced in the plans of Nature for the working out of human destiny, are frequently known as Lodge Messengers. Columbus is a notable example of such cases, and while utterly unaware of the true nature of his discoveries, there can be no doubt that his effort to find a western passage to India and his theory of the earth being much smaller than was usually supposed, were used by those behind the scenes as a means, while leaving him perfect freedom of decision, to accomplish a world-purpose.

America to most people means the United States. In Mexico it means more than that. The first book printed on the continent appeared in Mexico City in 1537. It was *The Spiritual*

*Ladder for Reaching Heaven.* To-day the greatest man on the American continent is the Mexican President.

Those who know Mexico by rumour may be surprised at this, forgetting everything but the fact that between 1821 and 1884, sixty-three years, Mexico had fifty-five presidents, two emperors and one regency. Like some great chemical solution, a seething mixture of heterogeneous elements, during all those years the subtle combinations had been proceeding which have resulted in the crystallization of a new nation. The languages spoken among these twelve millions give one a faint conception of the diversity that more and more tends to unity. Nahuatl (Aztec), Zapotec, Otomi, Mixtec, Huastec, Miju, Tarahumar, Tepehuan, Totonac, Cora, Cac-chiquel, Matlazinga, Tarasca, and Maya are some of these strange tongues. But now Spanish has spread everywhere, and English is compulsory in all the myriad schools. "So when we old are gone," touchingly remarks the President, "Mexico will have two idioms."

At No. 10, on the south side of the Street of La Soledad, in the City of Oaxaca, Porfirio (Porphyry) Diaz was born on the 15th September, 1830. His great-grandmother was a Mixtecan Indian. He attended a primary school till he was seven, and then became an errand boy in a store, but attended the secondary school subsequently until he was fourteen. At the seminary which he entered at his mother's wish he supported himself by teaching. He determined however to adopt the legal profession and graduated after a four years' course. Having entered the law office of Juarez he became professor of law in his College. At seventeen he had joined the National Guard, and from being Mayor of Ixtlan he became a Captain and served in crushing the rebellion of Jamiltepec. He had studied military science under Commandant Uréa, and during this campaign "he distinguished himself by his zeal as a patriot, and his consummate skill in organizing troops." In 1858 he defeated Cobos, and for two years he was Mayor of Tehuantepec. The disturbed state of the country afforded him constant experience on the field. In May, 1860, he had pacified the rebellious State of Oaxaca. It is said his characteristic tactics were a night march and a day-break assault. He took part in continual military actions for several years and on the 5th May, 1862, defeated the European troops with his raw recruits. Previous to this he had been promoted to be colonel and lieutenant-colonel, and in 1861 had been elected deputy to Congress. In his campaign against Marquez, the "Panther of the South," he gained such a victory that his superior General Gonzalez Ortega petitioned the Government for the rank of General for him. After his victory over the French he was appointed Governor and military command-

ant of the State of Vera Cruz, but at his own request was restored to the army. During the desperate struggle that followed with the French he passed through many vicissitudes. On one occasion in 1866 the French offered him the Presidency as a reward for his submission. To this he did not even reply. He finally triumphed when the capital surrendered to the patriot forces, 21st June, 1867. On the 15th July he married, and settled on his estate, La Noria, in Oaxaca. Here he remained till 1874, when Lerdo, then president, proscribed him. He had unsuccessfully contested the election against Juarez in 1867 and 1871. The campaign which followed his proscription resulted in the proclamation of the "Plan of Tuxtepec" in 1876 and the revolution which succeeded in the following year, when Lerdo and Iglesias fled and Diaz assumed supreme power.

There is no test for man like the possession of power. Diaz became the vehicle for the genius of his nation. It is recorded that a change came over his appearance, as though a new man had been revealed. He has been a willing and a worthy avatar.

What he has done for Mexico by the peace that he has imposed upon her boundaries will be better appreciated by most men in the language of the counting house. In 1878 the revenue was \$16,128,807; the expenditure was \$22,108,046. In 1899 the revenue was \$52,500,000; the expenditure was \$52,672,448. The internal customs tariffs which separated State from State have all been abolished, and internal commerce has grown accordingly. The public spirit which led men like Don Luis Terrazas to lend money for public purposes without interest, has been fostered. The retention of the silver standard has had the effect of an enormous protective tariff under which the manufactures of the country have grown to an extraordinary extent. Double prices are secured for everything exported, and only native products are in demand as they cost but half the price of imported articles.

President Diaz's policy of railway and harbour building has opened up the interior and afforded opportunity for over-sea commerce with the most wealthy of sub-tropical lands. Everything that could contribute to the prosperity and intelligence of the population has been done. Schools of every description abound, and not an Indian village, it is said, but has its public school. The old world courtesy and good feeling between all classes is maintained, and it is noted by a United States writer that the negro is "held to be human in all the republics." The condition of the peasantry is better than it was in the beginning of the century when Humboldt wrote that "the Indian labourer was poor but free. . . His condition is much preferable to that of the peasantry of a large part of



Northern Europe." There are beggars, but they are voluntary, and are decreasing. Motherhood is not looked upon as a degradation, and infanticide is absolutely unknown. Government orphanages (from which the suspicious reader need not argue a prevalence of immorality) are maintained, where the children are kept until they are able to go to the primary school. From this they pass to higher schools, and finally into the fine technical schools which have been established. Here they are taught a trade and thoroughly trained until they are twenty-one. Missions are tolerated but no religion is given any preference. The laws are just and well administered. No hanging or capital punishment is permitted except in the army and in the case of brigands. Brigandage, which used to be the curse of the country, has now however been almost abolished.

In the midst of all this marvellous development and activity Diaz is a Master. With his "inscrutable face," and air of reserve and sincerity there is none but loves him. He has no vices. Perfectly unselfish in his acts, he subordinates all personal affairs to the public interest. His justice to his foes is characteristic, and it was said that "all a *revolucionario* had to do to be a *persona grata* was to turn his talents to the uplifting of Mexico." His voice and speech are pleasing, almost fascinating, and his sentences so "marvellously diagrammatic" as to indicate unusual mental powers. While his knowledge of detail is another marvel, no fact or figure relating to Mexico appearing to be outside his knowledge, he is not yet afraid to say, "I do not know."

In his home-life Diaz has been singularly fortunate, though the loss of his first wife in 1880 was a great blow to him. The beautiful and clever woman who is known as the "idol of Mexico," and whom he married in 1883, is a devoted companion and helper in all his labours for the people who look to him as their ruler. He has been re-elected to the Presidency four times and will undoubtedly hold the office while he lives. And yet no simpler man dwells in all Mexico. He walks unattended, or takes the street car like an ordinary mortal. "They may do as they please," he said, "so long as they do not shoot me." And the graces of life naturally flourish under such auspices. When we look for great artists and poets and musicians and sculptors let us not forget to look in Mexico. It is a favoured land in which such a great Soul has found its epiphany.

BEN MADIGHAN.

## THE BIG PASTURE.

**B**ELIEVING, as we do, that every "good and perfect gift cometh down from the Invariable Father of Lights," where can gratitude be found if not in the effort of due appreciation?

Colourless curiosity has kept many of us, like Philip, darkly standing in the Light of the World for so long a time.

And in view of the above text there is danger of its continuing to be so while men expect to find these gifts otherwise than in the form or the terms of pure Nature and pure Humanity?

One might borrow the eyes of Bartimæus for a little to determine, if possible, how the old time Communion of the Saints tallies with the firmament. It is useless to ask can any good thing come out of here or there. Though it is certain that no poet ever tabulated an inscription to the Unknown Absentee.

Let the poet therefore take his rank above the common people.

That supreme bounty in which he lives, moves, and has his being, as elsewhere recorded, makes him a capitalist, not only rich, but easy to draw from.

Upon the harp of life he plays an accord whose tones pierce the far western passes. Then stately requires some heavenly music to effect his end.

It is uncertain what aspect of religion might yet be introduced into the public school in order to cool swelled headgear at the fountain of the heart. How and if it were shown that the magic garment of Prospero is a Saxon screen behind which Ariel demonstrates the wisdom of Job's best counsellor?

For the brotherhood of Shakspeare and Elihu was not a brotherism of mutually interested parties, but of Man. Simply and purely as such, eyes to the front, hands to the plough, and with right ear to the conch of life.

Not only does the poet "strew with flowers the hard rocks of fate;" he is both miner and florist. There are for him sermons in stones, and a jewel in the toad's head that hops about the garden.

Perhaps some wise one will tell us how much iron capping Jacques in the Forest was enabled to strip from a large mineral claim, or if Touchstone had the gait of an assayer.

Beside the infinite brave ocean shall we scorn the moorings of some, to us, bright bay or inlet, where among the isles such "voice of melody" as Isaiah, and the "hidden soul of harmony"

that Milton knew, stir together in strains like those the Psalmist heard ?

Shakspeare, Nature's sweetest child, pours into the unworthy ear of Achilles that which sounds like the required prelude to the fourteenth chapter of St. John.

“The providence that's in a watchful state  
 Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,  
 Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,  
 Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
 Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
 There is a mystery (with whom relation  
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,  
 Which hath an operation more divine,  
 Than breath, or pen, can give expression to.”

Scarboro, Ontario.

A.J.C.



#### THE WORD OF LIFE.

The mighty ocean's sacred song,  
 That from its depths comes ceaselessly,  
 Maketh me evermore to long  
 To be at-one with Thee ;  
 To be at-one with Thee and rest  
 Within Thy holy Aum—  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 Life's grand and solemn psalm,  
 The Aum—Aum—Aum.

The forest woos me with the same  
 Sweet song sent forth in harmony ;  
 Its rustling leaves breathe forth Thy name,  
 The self-same name of Thee  
 Which Nature everywhere reveals  
 That Man may know the Aum—  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 The lofty soul—Great Brahm,  
 The Aum—Aum—Aum.

And from the vaulted dome on high  
 The starry hosts send joyfully  
 The heart-note of the deep blue sky,  
     That draws us back to Thee—  
 To Thee, remaining through all time,  
     Unchanged and ever calm,  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 That singeth, "I am Aum,"—  
     The Aum—Aum—Aum.

And when upon the mountain height  
 I stand in awe and silently,  
 My soul doth wing its upward flight  
     Responsive to Thy call,  
 Again within the vastness floats  
     The song of songs, the Aum—  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 For all life's ills a balm,  
     The Aum—Aum—Aum.

So when death summons to go hence,  
 And ebbs the life-tide steadily,  
 May then my soul remember whence  
     It came, and sing Thy song,  
 That it may reunite with Thee,  
     And be the holy Aum—  
 The Living—One—Reality,  
 The Aum, the Aum, the Aum,  
     The Aum—Aum—Aum.

Cincinnati, O.

M. A. P.



THE true soul-children are free from external limitations of law or ceremonial; they companion the lilies, and share with the birds the protection of a Universal Father. They have entered into the great Brotherhood of Nature. Members of the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all lawful things are theirs by right of divine relationship. The children of the Kingdom bear the simple yoke of the soul.—*Scribe No. 70 in the New Century Series, Script No. 1.*

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“WHAT a man thinks, that he is: this is the old secret.”

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“WE do not need to pass through death to dwell within the skies.”

\*

YOU CANNOT pass any false coin in the commerce of the higher life.

\*

“THE SPIRIT of God is a flame of fire which the Word of God divideth into many.”

\*

“AS A SINGLE SUN illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the One Divine Spirit illumine everybody.”

\*

ANOTHER effort has been made to enlighten the world in the publication of *The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*.

\*

THERE are so many things to be thankful for that it is much easier to think about them and forget the others than to grumble about them.

\*

IT IS NOW STATED that Col. Olcott will be unable to visit America before 1901, and that he may then spend two years in travelling over every part of the country.

\*

A RECENT critic has spoken of the “good grey poet” as “the half-great Whitman.” This man has only one eye open. When he opens both he will be able to see the other half of Whitman’s greatness.

MR. ALEXANDER FULLERTON, General Secretary of the American Section of the Theosophical Society, has moved to a new address at 46 5th Avenue, New York City.

\*

A SECOND EDITION of Mr. Charles Johnston's *Memory of Past Births* has been printed. Larger type and special paper add to the attractions of this brilliant and wholly satisfying book.

\*

MISS MARIE A. WALSH spoke in Lowell, Mass., for the Theosophical Society on 20th March, on "The Religion of the Future," this being the third of a series of addresses given there by her.

\*

A NEW YORK paper announces that Karma died with Madam Blavatsky. We may add that Evolution expired with Charles Darwin, and Gravitation passed away with Sir Isaac Newton. Alas! Alas!

\*

THE Buffalo Theosophical Society has resolved to make an attempt to organize a Theosophical Congress on the plan of that held at the World's Fair in 1893, on the occasion of the Pan-American Exhibition during next year.

\*

MR. G. E. SUTCLIFFE'S paper on "The Dawn of a New Era," delivered to the Blavatsky T.S., Bombay, and dealing with the cycles and planetary conjunctions, has been issued in pamphlet form. Mr. Sutcliffe lays some stress on the S.D. reference (I. 378) to the prophecy about the restoration of the Kshattriya race, by Moru, the son of Sighru, who is still living.

\*

ONE SORROW or trouble often supplants another, so as to be a blessing in disguise in obscuring an otherwise insupportable affliction. In the passing away of the lighter shadow we realize how much we have still left of the heart of life. It is one of the processes of cyclic law, by which, in other fields of action, habits may be overcome by the inauguration of new and counter impulses.

\*

TWO SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUMES of *Notes and Queries* have been issued to fill the blank caused by the suspension of this valuable periodical during 1898-1899. The volumes are packed

with good things. Theosophists will be glad to have Col. Olcott's Inaugural Address at the first regular meeting of the T.S., 17th November, 1875, which appears in the number for September, 1899.

\*

THE suggestive article on Shakspeare which appears in this issue may interest readers to pursue Mr. Downing's ideas further. Luzac & Co., of London, publish several of Clelia's works, *God in Shakspeare* being the chief. *The Life and Personality of Shakspeare* is a smaller work. *Great Pan Lives* deals with the sonnets, and the "poet's self-identification with Beauty, the Art of Nature, and supreme reason of conduct."

\*

THE Seven Deifying Practices are stated by *The Prophet* to be the practice of the Presence of God; putting yourself in other people's shoes; sober realization of the coming of death; the contemplation of the joys of heaven; tongue-bridling; compassion for the world's suffering; self-examination to avoid hypocrisy. It is recommended that one day in the week be devoted to each of these in succession, so that each week will cyclically re-enforce the next.

\*

THE *Spectator* of 10th March speaks of Belfast as "that wonderful Northern city," and the "districts that surround it,—the home and reservoir of more natural human energy than is perhaps to be found elsewhere on the globe's surface. We are not exaggerating. Considering its population, the Ulster of the Settlement can boast a greater output of human force during the past century than any other place of its size. Wherever you find a human steam engine in America or India or Australia, it is ten to one on his being an Ulsterman, though it ought, on the population odds, to be a million to one against."

\*

THE MONTHLY meeting of The Fellowship of the Three Kings was held in London on the 10th March. Mr. Basil Crump gave an address on "The Symbology of Wagner's Dramas." It was illustrated by diagrams, and by the playing of the leading *motifs* on the violin by Miss Evans. Dr. Todhunter occupied the chair and opened the discussion, which was continued by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mrs. A. L. Cleather. All the literary mystics in London appear to be interested in the Fellowship, the gatherings of which are very brilliant. Mr. George Moore is to contribute to an early meeting.

MR. J. W. GRAHAM reports a conversation with John Ruskin in *The Literary World*, during which Ruskin said: "I like you Friends very much. But why don't you call yourselves friends of all the world? Ah! why cannot we drop our little sects and call ourselves simply a God-fearing people. When I am at Rome I do as the Romans do; when among the Turks as the Turks do, for you know each religion sees clearly one great and valuable truth, and makes it specially its own. The other religions do not see this truth, and then they fight about it."

\*

HERR GLUCKSELIG of Nurnburg writes to ask me to "please stop for your [my] own sake." He thinks "a real Theosophist should really not care what he gets, but what he is able to give, since such giving alone can make him rich and pay him automatically a hundredfold for all his labours. We don't become any poorer if the whole outer world despises and harasses us, as long as we give it of our pure heart force." The assumption that THE LAMP has any other opinion than this appears to be gratuitous, and it would be well for Herr Gluckselig to point out the warrant for his view. Not that it matters in the least to us whether he misjudges us or not, but does it not matter to him?

\*

WE ARE always being deluded by epithets. We go off on a still hunt after "spiritual" "things" simply on account of the name. It is not so very long since I began to understand why orthodox people look on Nirvana as annihilation. The priestly systems are all materialistic, and are concerned with forms and the duration of things, when the essence of all spiritual teaching is that nothing endures. This escapes them. They are glad to let it go. No wonder that the Masters keep out of sight. Were they publicly among us we would worship their persons, deify their bodies, glorify their garments, and—forget their philosophy. As it is we strive to supply visible substitutes, and anathematize all who do not accept our own particular counterfeit.

\*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—I. S.—Anna Kingsford was born 16th September, 1846, and died 22nd February, 1888. N. G.—You will find another version of Patanjali in Vivekananda's *Raja Yoga*. S.P.T.—Compare Exodus xxiv: 9-11, with John i: 18. Californian.—You may get further information on Mr. Frank Pierce's theory of our living inside a hollow earth by writing to *The Flaming Sword*, 314 W. Sixty-Third Street, Chicago, Ill. You can hear about Osteopathy, by writing to J. M. Smith, the Institute of Osteopathy, 419 Medical Block, Minneapolis, Minn., or to *The Journal of Osteopathy*, at The



American School of Osteopathy, Kirksville, Mo. S.T.N.—*The Bible of Bibles* by Kersey Graves might suit you.

\*

A GREAT deal of what is taken for the inner life is more or less morbid intellectual self-analysis and speculation. By living the inner life I mean the continual reference of every thought, speech and action to the standard of the Soul, or genius, or whatever we may call the silent Witness and Judge which stands behind the merely sensuous and intellectual life. No one can maintain this reference to an interior standard for any considerable period without becoming permeated in life and character with an easily recognizable effluence. This may be styled spiritual, or divine, or religious, or Christain, or occult, or anything else that suits, but it is possible to everyone, whatever his religion or lack of it, if he only have faith in a better self in his own heart.

\*

MR. CARL AHRENS has been exhibiting some new pictures in the Ontario Society of Artists' Gallery. His theories of art are blended with a deeply spiritual mysticism which has derived much from Swedenborg and his teachings about correspondences. Mr. Ahrens believes that what is in ourselves is to be discovered in Nature, and nothing else. The atmosphere of the artist exists in his own character and thought. He can create the lights and shadows of the soul and clothe the outer world in radiance or in gloom as the mood may dictate. Mr. Ahrens' paintings present many of those subtle appreciations of the colour world which visitors to Ely Place in the old days well remember. But these pictures bring the spirit of the inner world into an illumination of and an outshining through the scenes of the commoner day. A country home at night-fall, clustered round with trees, grows wierd in the mystic intensity of the dream-world of which it speaks. At first no strong colour may be distinguished, but gradually the most vivid and translucent tints grow up out of the mist and shadows and give a profound but tender sense of depth and sweetness.

\*

A VERY GOOD IDEA has found realization in Victoria, B.C., in the establishment of "The Century Reading Room." It is situated in the Salmon Block, on Government Street, and is maintained by some generous and devoted friends of the greater moods. The Reading Room is open daily, and is free and welcome to everybody, and is not encumbered with any shibboleths. "This Reading Room will afford through its books and periodical literature an opportunity of keeping in

touch with the best that is being thought and said in the world. During the last quarter of a century the frontiers of human thought have been steadily extended and a literature has rapidly grown up which represents, as it were, the high water mark of achievement. It will be conducted on strictly non-sectarian principles. It cannot be too explicitly said that the express object is to keep thought free and fluid; to keep the mind receptive to the high ideals which are daily finding larger expression. In this way the exultant optimism of our Emersons and Whitmans may be realized. Life may be rounded, harmonious and complete, and the new century bring in blessings beyond hope and thought." The Buffalo T.S. leaves the door of its Reading Room in Ellicott Square open all day long, anyone who wishes being at liberty to enter. The room is unguarded, but no injury has been suffered, though many take advantage of the opportunity to study the literature provided.

\*

MAGAZINES and papers received: *The Abiding Truth*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Teosofisk Tidskrift* (Sweden), *Ideal Review* (Dr. Hartmann contributes a paper on "The Symbols of the Bible"), *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Theosophic Gleaner* (Madras), *Righteousness*, *Psychical Science Review*, *Boston Ideas*, *Occult Truths*, *Neue Metaphysische Rundschau*, *International Theosophist* (this issue has the music of the final march and chorus written by Mr. Raboch for the "Eumenides" production, and an exquisite poem, "The Gods," by C.M.), *Light of Truth* (Madras), *The Vegetarian*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man*, *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi* (has a letter from Swami Abhedananda refuting erroneous statements about Hindu customs, infanticide, suttee, Juggernaut, &c.), *Mimer* (Christiana), *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (Leipzig), *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Light of the East* (Calcutta), *Prasnottara*, *Golden Chain* (children's paper of the American Section T.S.; Miss L. R. Benton contributes a charming story), *Nya Tiden*, *Progressive Preacher*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Forum* (which diagnoses our case as Prarabdha Karma; we didn't know it was as bad as that), *The Christian Life* (organ of the National Purity Association, 84 Fifth Ave., Chicago, which sends samples of its literature on application), *The English Theosophist* (which is suspended with the March issue), *Pathfinder*, *Bobcaygeon Independent*, *Psyche*, *Expression*, *Faith and Hope Messenger*, *The Prophet*, *Citizen and Country*, *Lyceum*, &c.

THE THEOSOPHICAL view of Spiritualism is stated with considerable breadth in Section II. of *The Key to Theosophy*. Here are some extracts: "We assert that the spirits of the dead can not return to earth, save in rare and exceptional cases, of which I may speak later; nor do they communicate with men except by entirely *subjective* means. That which appears *objectively* is only the phantom of the ex-physical man. But in psychic and, so to say, *spiritual* Spiritualism we do believe most decidedly. . . . We assert that, the divine spark in man being one and identical in its essence with the Universal Spirit, our 'spiritual Self' is practically omniscient, but that it cannot manifest its knowledge, owing to the impediments of matter. Now the more these impediments are removed—in other words, the more the physical body is paralyzed as to its own independent activity and consciousness, as in deep sleep or deep trance, or, again, in illness—the more fully can the *inner* Self manifest on this plane. This is our explanation to those truly wonderful phenomena of a higher order in which undeniable intelligence and knowledge are exhibited. . . . In the cases of purely *psychic and spiritual manifestations* we believe in the intercommunication of the spirit of the living man with that of disembodied personalities. We say that in such cases it is not the spirits of the dead who *descend* on earth, but the spirits of the living that *ascend* to the pure spiritual souls. In truth, there is neither *ascending* nor *descending*, but a change of *state* or *condition* for the medium. The body of the latter becoming paralyzed or entranced, the spiritual Ego is free from its trammels, and finds itself on the same plane of consciousness as the disembodied spirits. Hence, if there is any spiritual attraction between the two *they can communicate*, as often occurs in dreams."

\*

ODDLY ENOUGH, the point that seems to appeal most forcibly to the critics in Mrs. Gestefeld's book noticed last month, is one which appeared to be so entirely trivial in its presentation as not to merit attention. "However many times we may have been in the world before, there must have been a first time," says Mrs. Gestefeld, and all the critics chorus: "There now, that settles it. What have you got to say now?" Does any one suppose that the problem is simplified by commencing the life-cycle in one's present birth, instead of going back into the eternities? Or does anyone suppose that it is any easier to account for the first appearance of a human being than to account for the first appearance of a universe? Mrs. Gestefeld herself answers her own difficulty in her twenty-second chapter. "Because all possibilities of existence are involved in its first

stage ; because, therefore, ' all men are free and equal,' the hereafter, next year, and to-morrow are one. They will be for each what each makes them, through ignorant or enlightened choice of means." Again she states in the following chapter, " Each living soul with its clothing of flesh is as a globe turning slowly on its axis." Twelve years ago we read in the *Secret Doctrine* that " The first lesson taught in Esoteric philosophy is, that the incognizable Cause does not put forth evolution, whether consciously or unconsciously, but only exhibits periodically *different aspects of itself* to the perception of *finite Minds*." We cannot do better than apply the principle to the personal incarnation. As Anna Kingsford has it : " As is the Outer so is the Inner. He that worketh is One. As the small is, so is the great ; there is one Law. Nothing is small and nothing is great in the Divine Economy." To return to the *Secret Doctrine*, " Tacitly admitting the All-Presence of the boundless Circle and making of it the universal Postulate upon which the whole of the manifested universe is based, the Sage keeps a reverential silence concerning that upon which no mortal men should dare to speculate." Certain shallow minds may object that this would shut off investigation and set up priest-craft. To these is commended a study of the axioms and postulates of Euclid.

\*

PROF. ELMER GATES contributes an interesting paper to *Success* on the subject of training the will. While he does not mean just what the modern Theosophist means by will, the article is none the less interesting and valuable. He enters " an emphatic protest against all modes of so-called ' will-training ' which claim to lead people to success by a simple exercise of the will alone. It matters not how strong or obstinate the motive of will may be ; if the person does not possess accurate and sufficiently extensive knowledge of the thing he is about to undertake, he cannot meet with real success. If the images, concepts, ideas, and thoughts about a subject are erroneous, the motives and methods will also be wrong. Scientific knowledge of the subject in which success is sought is the first prerequisite to success in that domain. The second prerequisite is a normal emotional life. If the emotions are abnormal or insufficiently developed, the person will not have normal likes and dislikes, and, consequently, the choice will often be abnormal. If both these prerequisites are combined with several others, I may say that the moral life must be normally poised. The person must be in love with truth and right ; with truth for its own sake, and with right for its own sake ; must have the welfare of others at heart ; otherwise conduct will often be guided by con-

siderations that are not ultimately moral and ethical, and all lines of conduct that are based on motives which are not just and true will ultimately fail, and cannot lead to real success, either for the individual or for others. . . . The power to discriminate energy-differences underlies all muscular skill. Of course, speed-differences are another factor, and direction-differences still another; and experiments upon these two factors prove that the mind can be trained to will a series of volitions involving minuter discriminations of speed-differences and direction-differences than have hitherto been possible to the human race. My experiments have led me to explain this by the fact that to discriminate least-noticeable differences of muscular motion creates brain changes; and these new growths in brain-cells and fibres constitute new capacities; and these structures, when re-functioned, enable small discriminations to be made in the energy by which a movement is performed. That is, the mind-activities create brain structures which are the embodiment of these mental capacities. . . . The same law applies to the higher mental functions. When I first began to measure my imaging-speed, it required an hour and a half to visualize one thousand given images, so that each particular of each image was equally visualized each time. But, after several months' training, I was able to visualize the same number of images more completely and more vividly in sixteen minutes. The imagining function had been increased in its celerity and in its accuracy."

\*

A GREAT deal of prejudice has been cultivated between Theosophists and Spiritualists by a certain assumption of superiority on the part of either the one or the other. Probably most of the divisions that exist in matters of religion are perpetuated by this attitude of swelling importance on the part of those who learn something they did not know before. The knowledge or experience which does not contribute to humility is not to be desired. The knowledge or experience which does not set one in judgment over one's fellows is a rare and spiritual gift. To the impartial observer, the outsider, there is hardly a button to choose between the revelations of the foremost spiritualists and the revelations of the foremost theosophists at the present time. If you read both sides of the question you will be impressed with the difficulty the man in the street must have in distinguishing between, for example, the "invisible helpers" of Mr. Leadbeater, and the "guide" or control of Mr. Colville, Mr. Thurstan or Mrs. Piper, or, for the matter of that, the "guardian angel" of the Church. The average Theosophical investigator, I regret to say, harbours the idea that no truth is

to be found anywhere but in the ranks of the Theosophical students, and in direct contravention of the Theosophical philosophy he narrows down the channels of divine illumination to the dribblets of humanity who may have had the fortune to get, according to his allegiance, some one of the half-dozen diplomas that are issued under various Theosophical auspices. There is no doubt that every body of seekers after truth will, in the measure of their devotion, receive the knowledge or illumination which they need, and this altogether independently of the error that is mixed with all human thought. We keep on repeating that "all human acts are surrounded by error as a flame is surrounded by smoke," but we also keep on deluding ourselves that *we* have really achieved the quest of the pure fire, and that *our* souls shine with unclouded illumination. This is the crowning illusion of all, and it means stagnation and decay and death. It is this which we have rebelled at in the Churches and the creeds and the dispensations of the past. Wherever the Spiritualist or the Theosophist has begun to dogmatize there has been a failure of interest and a cessation of progress. The greater spread of Spiritualism as compared with Theosophy may be attributed to the greater degree of liberty accorded to the individual spiritualist. It is not that Theosophy does not permit the very widest and freest thought and research, but in practice, from one cause or another, the study and thought of the members of Theosophical Societies have been restricted and circumscribed. You do not need to belong to a Society to investigate Spiritualism. You do not need to belong to a Society to read and study Theosophy. But if you decline to join the local Theosophical Society you run the risk of being labelled "black magician," "pratyeka buddha," "dad-dugpa," or some other pleasant epithet, synonymous with the "other man" of the Pharisee. In Madam Blavatsky's writings there does not appear that exclusiveness, founded perhaps on the theory of an elect Israel, which is certainly to be found in some other Theosophical authors. Anna Kingsford displays the same generous catholicity. The more the general public can be induced to read the works of these writers apart from any Society associations the better will the cause they laboured for be served. Some Theosophists do not seem to be willing to allow people to make acquaintance with our literature without a careful supervision. It is our earnest belief that a man's own soul is his best guardian and guide.

\*

THE UNEXPECTED DEATH on the 2nd inst. of Dr. St. George Mivart, following so shortly after his inhibition by Cardinal Vaughan, will be adduced by many as a "terrible example" of the natural result of defying the constituted authorities. It is to be regretted that there is frequently a basis of truth in such suggestions, and there are not a few who are glad to claim such incidents as the result of either their mediatorial or their delegated powers. The real sorcery of any conscious alliance with the destructive agencies of nature is too well known to students of the occult to render it necessary to dwell upon the matter. It is quite probable that Dr. Mivart's death may emphasize the discussion which he had raised on the questions of belief and authority, his position on which has led to a refusal to permit his body to be buried in a consecrated cemetery of the Roman Catholic Church. With this custom itself I have no quarrel, although it is difficult to understand the reason of such prohibitions. I respect the wish of a Chinaman to be buried in the Celestial Kingdom, and can understand his aversion from having the carrion of "foreign white devils" polluting the sacred soil of the Flowery Land. There should be no more difficulty in respecting the feeling of the devout Roman Catholic. Both practices are doubtless rooted in a common origin. The tombs of the ancient Egyptians and other early necropolists testify to some reverential regard for the resting-places of the remains of the departed, based on a knowledge of the facts concerning the magnetic and karmic bearing these might have on the future incarnations of the dead, but in the failure of such knowledge modern graveyard sentiment appears to have degenerated to superstition. In 1893 Dr. Mivart startled the orthodox world by his allegations in the *Nineteenth Century* that the Church had never taught her people about hell as it is now understood. The state after death is really much preferable to what precedes it. But a further and a higher state beyond the first is so immeasurably superior that gradually the teachers, in the endeavour to depict its greater attractions, began to depreciate the first stage, and finally, in the effort to obtain a sufficiently vivid contrast, represented it in the horrible and revolting aspects of the hell which impresses the minds of pious believers to-day. The series of articles in which Dr. Mivart disclosed these views, and supported them with references to the Church Fathers of the early centuries, drew upon him the censure of the Church authorities, and the articles were placed upon the *Index*, not, as was explained, because they were untrue, but because it was inexpedient that such views should gain a general hearing. As a congenital heretic, I believe they should

on that account receive as wide a hearing as possible. Dr. Mivart submitted at the time, but after six years' consideration he determined to reassert his opinions, and he withdrew his submission. He wrote in the *Fortnightly*: "What, in my opinion, is the great peril which Catholicity now runs is occasioned by the deep and appalling disregard for, if not sometimes positive aversion to, scientific truth which is exhibited by Catholic advocates, and, high above all, by the Roman Curia, whereof some of the most recent manifestations would seem to imply that, if only power can thereby be retained, any amount of deception and of terrorism over weak, credulous minds and tenderly scrupulous consciences is abundantly justified." In reply to this, the *Ave Marie*, of Illinois, deploras the inadequacy of religious instruction and its supersedure by science. "We all know that criminals who are educated are the most dangerous on that account, and the same is true of apostates." A perusal of the profession which Cardinal Vaughan called upon Dr. Mivart to sign will make it clear why a "religious education" is necessary to prevent apostacy. Anna Kingsford remarked in her last illness that "St. Peter had not lost the habit of cutting off other people's ears." Suppress investigation or the study of anything outside a prescribed rut, and faith and loyalty and submission (of a kind) are always possible. The conservatism and inevoluntary nature of the Church is indicated in a clause of the profession Dr. Mivart refused to make: "I reject as false and heretical the assertion that it is possible at some time, according to the progress of science, to give to doctrines propounded by the Church a sense different from that which the Church has understood and understands, and, consequently, that the sense and meaning of her doctrines can ever be in the course of time practically explained away or reversed." It is evident that excommunication and the refusal of Church rites had lost any terrors they may have possessed for Dr. Mivart, as he closed his last article with the glad cry, in which so many of us can sympathize, "*Liberavi animam meam!*" Dr. Mivart was an authority on physiology and anatomy, of which he wrote a text-book; he had been lecturer on zoology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, and professor of biology at the University of Louvain. As the leading Roman Catholic scientist in England, it is possible that his reputation in science may have been slightly adventitious, but he stood high in an era of giants. His novel, *Castle or Manor?* which has just been published, will be read with interest.



## OCCULT ETHICS.

*Editor THE LAMP :*

DEAR BROTHER :—Will you kindly grant me a word in reference to the article by Jasper Niemand, page 201, February LAMP. As a whole, it is timely and good, but according to the teachings which have ruled my life for several years, there are a few points in this article somewhat misleading. I will mention but one, by way of contrast, as others will appear when carefully considered. On page 205 Mr. N. is quoted as saying : “So long as a single human heart looks to some other as a leader and light, all is not lost for that leader, however he may err.” Compare this with “It were better to remain ignorant than to be taught wrong.”

“Until your own life shall be free from regrets, you are not competent to advise others.”

“Right thought will bring right action.”

“Only the doer of the law can know the force and effect of the law.”

“Only the humble and earnest reasoner is capable of entering the ‘Hall of Learning.’”

“All wish to be credited with honesty of purpose, but many are far from granting the same to others.”

These and hundreds of others point the way too plainly for anyone of moderate comprehension to go astray if they will heed them.

Every act of one’s life has an approval or disapproval from this same source and a quotation of a few more may not be out of place in this connection.

“You get rid of error only by an acceptance of truth : he who knows no truth is yet in the night of delusion.”

“Do not lay yourself liable to suspicion by accusing others : to suspect another is to acknowledge your own weakness.”

“When once you become competent to receive truth, error will disappear, but you must first learn to distinguish the two.”

“Many persons think they were born to rule others. What fools : they are not yet capable of governing themselves.”

“To the pure all things are pure, and to be looking for impurity in others is certainly not the best recommendation for oneself.”

“Your greatest enemy is *yourself* : conquer him.”

All these are lessons which anyone may take to heart and profit thereby, if they are ready for such teachings, for they are

in perfect accord with the *Gita* and other books on devotion. All truth is profitable for reproof, correction and instruction, but let *truth* be adhered to under all circumstances and we can afford to await the outcome and complete vindication of the stand we have taken.

Yours in the belief that *right*, only, will prevail.

A. B. ZINN.

Nordhoff, Cal., March 8th, 1900.



### THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

*Editor of THE LAMP :*

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—Can you find space for a few remarks from an obscure straggler in the Theosophic field, bearing upon a question that now seems to me of paramount and vital importance?

While H.P.B. declares in the *Key to Theosophy* that the Masters do not guide the society, it must seem clear to all who have believed in the genuineness of her message from them that they furnished the aim and ideal upon which the T. S. was originally founded.

Let every one who would know what that aim really was, carefully study her leading article in *Lucifer*, for April, 1888. Referring to the first object of the T.S. and what it had accomplished in overcoming bigotry and intolerance in India and bringing Brahmins, Buddhists, Jains, Mahometans and Parsis in friendly and tolerant relations, she says: “. . . All the visible or objective works, whether of charity or any other kind, must pale before the results achieved through the influence of the chief, universal and ethical aim and idea of our Society. Yes, the seeds of a true *Universal Brotherhood* of man, not of brother religionists or sectarians only, have been finally sown on the sacred soil of India.”

Having lately taken to a more careful study of H.P.B.'s kind and sensible words about tolerance as the highest expression of the chief aim of the T.S., I have come to see that myself and perhaps a few others need a sort of Keely cure for our wild-eyed fanaticism about infallible gurus and occult tests—in short, that the whole T.S. movement now most needs not a Peter the Hermit, but an Uncle Remus. There should be less of those unkind hints that those who do not endorse our own opinions or swear by our favourite guru are mere rubbish on the theosophic stream who have failed for this incarnation. The prime object and ideal of the T. S. should be our Leader,

evoking our loyal support for all who are working for that end. It is perfectly plain from a perusal of H. P. B.'s various articles and essays, that no other leadership was either vouchsafed or intended, except what might naturally arise in members of exceptional ability. Had we kept this in mind, most of our past dissensions might have been averted, or more easily healed. Supposedly infallible leadership has been the chief source of bigotry throughout the religious history of the world, and when once we stop to consider the import of H. P. B.'s words it is as plain as the sun in the heavens that the specific aim of the T. S. was to weaken dogmatism, authority and leadership so that all opinions would find their authority in the moral intuitions of the members, and she placed her own teachings on that basis. It was intolerance that placed the thorns in her pathway. The essence of bigotry is an unwillingness to hear all sides of a question, whether from friends or supposed enemies, nor did I ever suppose myself to be showing a wonderful loyalty by going into a tantrum even when I heard people rake up old refuted charges against H. P. B. herself.

So the T. S. set out by tolerating members who looked to Jesus, Krishna, Buddha, Mahomet and Huxley as leaders, but we now see a state of things that puzzles the fair-minded outsider, who asks: "Why is it that you, having first set out with a declaration of universal tolerance, cannot now tolerate each other? Why do you chatter so much about brotherhood and altruism, while in our town are three or four rival branches all in a weak and almost moribund condition? Where does the tolerance and brotherhood come in while you are firing into your own ranks and exterminating each other?"

Never will we gain the respect of the thoughtful portion of the public until we make an effort for re-union all along the line. That would accomplish more than ten years of preaching a brotherhood we do not practice. We have come to the last barrier athwart the path of the movement. Have we the loyalty to H. P. B. and the Masters to broaden out and realize the grand ideal of the T. S.? Or must our universal brotherhood remain an astral spook for another century without a fitting body on the outer plane?

If the T. S. fails let no one foolishly dream that the T. S. movement and its literature will not quickly disappear from public view as it always did before. United we will stand, and if we have enough sense of brotherhood in our hearts we will overcome the obstacles to re-union. You can always tell which member of a family has the most affection for the others. It is ever the one who is willing to make the greatest concessions, who is most loath to lay blame on the others, who thinks least

of self vindication and who is most anxious to minimize the faults of beloved brothers and sisters. Such a one can rebuke wrong doing without imputing wrong motives.

After all it is not with the head but with the heart that man "believeth unto right conduct," and if we fail to gain enough *occult* perception to understand how one would act when guided by a good heart, I fear our *wisdom* will prove to be mere foolishness. If we are to become more inveterate in our opposition to each other, more harsh and unforgiving than the advocates of endless hell fire, the salt will have lost its savour and will shortly be cast out and trodden under the feet of men. On this subject of tolerance and reunion let THE LAMP shed no flickering light.

Will some one kindly inform me why those interested in Theosophy need remain perpetually divided and thus betray the chief aim of the T.S. because certain prominent members have had misunderstandings? Is loyalty to the clearly expressed wish of the Masters less binding than adherence to persons? Some may perhaps answer that it is all right for the movement to segregate itself into bodies composed of those having similar tastes and ideas. To this I will again point to what H.B.P. herself says about the fundamental idea of the T.S. was to realize universal brotherhood by bringing together people of the most divergent tastes and ideas to learn to tolerate and understand each other. This she points out as the distinction between the ideal of the T.S. and a narrow and bigoted sectarianism.

Hoping the guru-fever, with which myself and perhaps not a few others have been afflicted will soon subside, and give place to sane and sensible efforts to realize the ideal and purpose of the Masters and H.P.B. I remain, fraternally yours,

A. F. ABBOTT, M.D.

Frances, Colo.



## SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

O the blest eyes, the happy hearts,  
That see, that know the guiding thread so fine,  
Along the mighty labyrinth.

\* \* \*

All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears ;  
A strong being is the proof of the race and of the ability of the  
universe,  
When he or she appears materials are overawed,  
The dispute on the soul stops,  
The old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back, or laid  
away.

\* \* \*

Already a nonchalant breed, silently emerging, appears on the  
streets,  
People's lips salute only doers, lovers, satisfiers, positive knowers,  
There will shortly be no more priests, I say their work is done,  
Death is without emergencies here, but life is perpetual emer-  
gencies here,  
Are your body, days, manners, superb? After death you shall  
be superb,  
Justice, health, self esteem, clear the way with irresistible power;  
How dare you place anything before a man ?

\* \* \*

Who is he that would become my follower ?  
Who would sign himself a candidate for my affections ?  
The way is suspicious, the result uncertain, perhaps destructive,  
You would have to give up all else, I alone would expect to be  
your sole and exclusive standard,  
Your novitiate would even then be long and exhausting,  
The whole past theory of your life and all conformity to the  
lives around you would have to be abandoned,  
Therefore release me now before troubling yourself any further,  
let go your hand from my shoulders,  
Put me down and depart on your way.

—Walt Whitman.

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“ All, all for immortality, Love like the light silently wrapping all.”

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" All, all for immortality, Love like the light silently wrapping all."

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, MAY, 1900.

No. 39.

## THE ONLY REALITY.

I HAVE often concerned myself about the wants of Unity. Now I begin to realize that there is nothing but Unity. The great moods and emotions of the soul have always been the same. Wherever I turn I find evidence of that. I see that wherever you are, you cannot escape me ; I am with you always. Are you a specialist, confining your attention to the study of local traditions? Whatever race you belong to, whatever country interests you, endears you to me ; I claim you too. You cannot limit yourself from me. The student, pouring over many books, correlating the ideas of many minds, shares his labours with me ; I benefit by all. If the morning glories on the hills of your native land delight you more than the most rapturous descriptions of other lands, although I may seem far away from you, I share your delight ; it reaches further than you think. In whatever way you give of your best, you cannot keep it from me. I am so much a part of you that you can do nothing that does not affect me.

A friend grieves that there should be so many Societies, when, with identical aims, one would be sufficient. But I am enriched by all ; the scope and variety of each gives me experience I would otherwise have lacked. It is impossible to exhaust me. If you feel the need of another Society, it will form at your bidding. Do not hesitate, thinking you will hurt me or any one else. I would not be satisfied if your need remained, the longing unfulfilled. The vesture of the Shining One is without seam throughout. The garments we clothe ourselves by are left aside before we robe ourselves in the heavenly vesture. Wherever you are, whatever path you travel, you are close to me, you are my fellow traveller.

The limitations of others ! They are my limitations too. How could I otherwise know the boundless ? However vast the Universe, the suns and systems of worlds, they are still within the limits of any imagination. The narrowest channel leads to infinitude if I will. If you are in bondage to a small conception of life I have built a bridge over which you can walk and obtain freedom.



Do you think some one is greater than you? However great you think them, you are just as great. There is something about every phase of life that is sweet to me. The lurid lines do not hide the White Light from my vision.

The most ardent Nationalist, the most enthusiastic Imperialist, are alike to me. What the one does well for his own nation reaches out to all nations; it cannot be confined. What the other does well with the broader field in view benefits the narrowest boundaries also. The good cannot be restricted, it always expands, and includes all.

Whether you acknowledge it or not, there is but one religion. You know there cannot be two. By whatever symbol you approach God, you do not approach Him alone. If you go up to the mountain top and hear His voice, and look upon His face, I am there too and share the beatitude. Nor are those in the valley excluded from the sky.

If some place is to you more sacred than any other, it is sacred to me also. You cannot confine it to yourself and your relatives. No one is nearer to you than I am.

There is no outside to life. The Master Soul is One. The great Imagination is the only reality.

London.

D.N.D.

#### THE MAN OF COMMON SENSE.

“TWICE five are ten,” said I to the Kaffir.

The Kaffir looked at his fingers. “Yes,” said he, after a pause.

“And two tens are twenty,” I said.

The Kaffir hesitated.

“Count it on your fingers and toes. “Yes,” said he, doubtfully.

“Then,” I continued, “five tens are fifty.”

“Oh, no,” said the Kaffir, “that’s sheer mysticism; no one has so many fingers and toes as that.”

He was a Kaffir.

—*Bolton Hall in the Ideal Review.*

## THE GODS.

The wealth men seek, the selves they serve, the fame  
 They long for, come and go and leave no name.  
 Though they bowed down to many an earth-born queen,  
 The Mother reigns wherever grass is green.  
 And, though no temple floor by knees be press'd  
 Her temple is the land where all dreams rest,  
 Where, though by none her splendour may be seen,  
 The tired heart reaches towards the green-veiled queen.  
 It knows not whom it reaches to, nor whence  
 The balm that says to sorrow, *Go thou hence,*  
*And lose thyself within the blueness, where*  
*The daily stars hide in the Sun's long hair.*  
 And though old thrones and empires passed away  
 Alawn the Harper lives and reigns to-day.  
 I know his music in the roaming wind,  
 I know his music in my heart and mind,  
 When in the deepness there, a wonder-note  
 Scatters the mists that round God's visage float.

Nor is it only in the mountain caves,  
 Or chained in the long music of the waves,  
 That the Gods dwell, but in their chosen day  
 They come to earth to point anew the Way.  
 Embodied, knowing all such ills as we,  
 And suffering birth and death to make men free.  
 To labour as they labour, is the prayer  
 They hear; their lover, he who will not dare  
 To set up dying gods upon the throne  
 Where the High God of old time dwells alone.

Lay thou whatever gifts thy heart may give  
 Upon the altar of the GODS THAT LIVE.

—*Kenneth Morris in March International Theosophist.*

## IS PAIN COMPULSORY ?

A FRIEND to whom I had expressed the belief that the idea of the necessity and advantage of pain is too much insisted upon, has been telling me what's what. There is a kind of misery, I am told, consequent upon those soul-throes no upward tending mortal can escape. Dr. Hartmann is quoted: 'There is no salvation except through suffering. Pains accompany man's entrance into the world—pains accompany his spiritual regeneration.'

There is a basis of truth to all beliefs, but I am strongly of the opinion that the necessity of misery has been overdone. I am not quite sure that it is not supported or perpetuated by those who find such beliefs serviceable in holding bodies of people together and at the same time separate from other similar bodies. It was a teaching of my youth that an agonizing parturition was the God-ordained experience of every mother. Now we know that painless parturition is possibly as frequent, if not more so, than the suffering. There actually are those who argue that this is flying in the face of Providence, but I have a reverent faith that Providence is able to deal with the facts without loss of prestige.

It has been widely and anciently taught that the parallels on physical and other planes are exact. The birth of a new condition of consciousness or of a spiritual body is but the sloughing off of an old sheath, the emergence from a matrix. If this process can occur painlessly on the physical plane, and the serpent is an occult symbol of the skin-shedding, may we not also slough off our out-grown and out-worn mental encumbrances quite as easily? When one is good and ready to split up the back and feel bigger and better than ever before, I see no reason why we should suffer over it, rather than go through the operation with infinite satisfaction. If we try it before we are ready, I grant that the undeveloped cuticle beneath the prematurely abandoned pelt may smart in the new atmosphere, but each man has to determine for himself when he is good and ready.

So I am prepared to think that all painful progress is the result of effort to transcend the natural order, or of effort to restore the natural condition of a previously violated ordinance. The change from youth to puberty is not a painful one, yet can anything be more radical? The change from a lower to a higher consciousness ought not to be one of pain, but of joy, and the gladness of wider, fuller, freer life.

The endeavour to uproot our habits and tendencies and desires by violence will almost inevitably give pain, but is this the best or wisest way? In the parable the tares were to be allowed to grow with the wheat till the harvest, and then they were to be burned in the bundles of which we all find so many when we go a-reaping. It is not by killing the bad, but by cultivating the good, and having it choke out the bad that we prosper most. Paul laid aside the childish things of his nature when he became a man, and I don't believe he intended to convey the idea that it hurt him a little bit. As we grow and get wiser we can abandon whole universes without a regret. To say that it is a trial to do so is only a touch of that affectation or self-deceit from which we all suffer. I used to go six times a week to the theatre, and now I don't care if I never see a play-bill. It would be mere folly to say that I wrestled with this "sin" and overcame it. I merely got interested in what appear to be better and more enduring matters, and the old desires fell away like the bundle from Christian at the foot of the Cross in the *Progress*.

The true doctrine of renunciation is one of supplanting. The Buddha did not make any progress along the mortification lines. He quit the Brahmin plan and sat down under a tree and worried the thing out in a night session. And the gist of his message is that we are not bound; the soul of things is sweet. We abandon one book for a more interesting one; an occupation for one more lucrative; one diet for another more nutritive or more palatable. Romeo jilted Rosaline when Juliet appeared, or rather he forgot all about her. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." That is the basis of our salvation, and sight is the means of it. All we need is to have our eyes opened. Then we turn from artifice to nature, and finally from Nature to the Spirit of Nature.

Most of our pain arises from self-deception and hypocrisy. People pretend to themselves that they like to be good and virtuous, and affect a yearning for the ways of righteousness. But all the time they are thinking how very disagreeable it is, and how much nicer it would be if virtue was as pleasant as vice. Then they talk impressively about mortifying the flesh. These self-hypocrites have given the Path a bad reputation. When a man finds it is a pain and a grievance to him to be good, he may just as well face the fact that he takes pleasure in iniquity. The cold shock of this truth will do him more good than all the virtue and admonitions of the saints. He will gradually begin to understand that he lives in his body rather than his soul, or indeed that he knows nothing about his soul. He may be rather proud of his ignorance for a while. But once

he comes to understand the true nature of his heritage, the poverty of his hired lot will discover itself to him.

There is another magnificent fallacy connected with this side of the question, and it has done as much as anything else to scare people away from "wisdom, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace." We are told that the facetting of the jewel alone makes it of worth, and that till we are cut and polished we have no good in us. With all of this I take issue. The teaching is part of the old artificial ways of looking at everything. The cut and polished diamond of commerce is a purely artificial creation, and I protest by all the Gods against the idea that man's soul or man's virtue is an artificial product. The real diamond of nature crystallizes on its own inherent plan, and is, theoretically, at least, to be found flashing in the most perfectly symmetrical purity. The soul is just such a pure diamond, and needs no cutting nor polishing, though the mud and mire of earth may need to be wiped from its lustre. But this can cause no pain to the diamond, and there can be no pangs in parting with its clay. Good brothers all, when you discover the jewel of life flashing in your breasts, we shall hear less about the vale of tears and the shadow of death, and there shall be less inclination to hunt for heaven at the back end of the cosmos.

We do not need to suffer in order that we may enjoy, and the endless declaration that we could not appreciate sweet if we had not tasted bitter is confuted every time the baby gets its first candy. It is another of the lame old devices of the philosophers to juggle us out of our common sense to tell us that we could not understand good if we had not first experienced evil. You cannot inhale the fragrance of the rose till you get your fingers full of thorn-pricks! You never can enjoy ripe apples till you have gone through colic with green ones!

It may be well, when I have gone thus far, to state again that I am objecting to the idea that pain is necessary, not that it does not exist. I have had to bring all my philosophy to bear on jumping toothache many a time and oft, and on the most outrageous indigestion many a time and oftener, and the nett result may have been to strengthen my patience and endurance. But there are admittedly other ways of strengthening will-power.

Physical pain is probably what makes most of us fear death. If we could be assured that there was no "last agony," death would lose most of its terror. Yet science has assured us to this effect over and over again.

The truth is that most of our pain is in anticipation, that is, mental, and need not be indulged in at all, if we used our reason. It is impossible to convince people of this at first. But when we see parents suffer just as poignant grief on the report of the death of a child, which proves afterwards to be erroneous, as in the case of the actual death itself, we must surely understand that it is in ourselves and not in the circumstance that the cause of sorrow exists. A man who does not know he has lost his purse will not be affected by the event. It is the coming to know it, and decreeing himself a sufferer that gives him all his trouble. He was just as poor before the knowledge as immediately after, and should not have been in the least degree more affected, but having created a certain mental condition for himself and feeling the stringency of that, he next proceeds to put the blame on the outside world, and hold fate responsible. He is also less capable of dealing with the newly-discovered adverse conditions.

Occultism consists, in a large measure, of self-control, and there are not more than traces of occultism to be discovered yet among the alchemical constituents of society. The Book of Devotion tells us that the Love-life is not for him who feasts, nor for him who fasts, nor for the slothful nor the over-watchful. Pain ceases in the Love-life for him who controls his appetites and his pleasures, his exercise and his labour, his slumber and his vigilance. When the heart-governed man rests in the Self alone, his longings all restrained, exempt from all desire, steadfast in mind, he stands a Saint. As a lamp burns where no wind blows, unflickering, so have they pictured him who lives the Love-life in the Self. Seeing the Self by Self, his mind refrains from struggle, and in the Self is satisfied. Joy infinite, bliss absolute is his, and no more is he moved from Truth, the one Reality. Nought else can lift him higher, no grief can cast him down. To be thus sundered from union with pain, one must seek the Love-life with determination and with trust.



It is interesting to hear that the Buddhist Mission in San Francisco, 807 Polk Street, celebrated recently the two thousand five hundred and twenty-third anniversary of the birth of their Lord. Rev. S. Sonada, assisted by the Rev. K. Nishijirna, officiated. Dr. R. Guelph-Norman preached both afternoon and evening. The subject was "Buddha's message to the world and what it has accomplished." The message is Love Universal, and 40% of the population of the earth abide by it.

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, MAY 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“THE way to final freedom is within thy Self.”

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“EARTH CHANGES, but thy soul and God stand sure.”

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“HE who would be Master must first learn to serve.”

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“THAT is greatest which, departing, leaves the body worthless.”

\*

A SCORE or more of new volumes are to be added to the valuable Humboldt Library, which has been re-established. The first new issue is Proudhon's *Economic Contradictions*.

\*

Mr. S. LINCOLN BISHOP, who, with Mrs. Stella C. Bishop, has removed from Daytona to Seabreeze, Florida, will shortly resume the publication of *Universal Harmony* in an enlarged form at \$1 a year.

\*

REV. H. R. HAWEIS gave an address of a highly interesting nature on “Spiritualism and Christianity” before the London Spiritualist Alliance on the 20th April. There was a large attendance and the address was enthusiastically received.

\*

WHITE LOTUS DAY was observed by the Beaver T. S. in Toronto on the 13th inst. Addresses were given, and musical selections contributed. The usual readings from the *Bhagavad Gita* and *The Light of Asia* were not forgotten.

ONE of the best of our exchanges is the *Star of the Magi*. The number for May continues a series of articles on Reincarnation, and contains many other interesting papers. Address, 617 La Salle Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for a sample copy.

\*

OUR article in the series of "Unenrolled Theosophists" is unfortunately crowded out this month. The subject is Mr. Standish O'Grady, and it will appear next month. As our circulation increases we shall be able to enlarge our space and omit nothing.

\*

JOHN M. WATKINS has issued his ninth catalogue of rare and standard books on Theosophy, Mysticism, and the Occult Sciences. It is one of the most complete he has compiled, and will be indispensable to students and collectors, who may get it on applying to 53 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C., England.

\*

THE Annual Convention of the American Section T. S. will be held in Chicago on the 20th inst. Very satisfactory progress is reported for the year as the result of vigorous propaganda measures, to which Mr. F. E. Titus, of Toronto, materially contributed for several months past in the Western and Middle States.

\*

MR. HENRY WESTERN MILLER has published a volume, *The Custom of Barter*, being a consideration of various economic problems with a view to the discovery of the "law of compensation in the social world." I hope to refer to it again. Meanwhile it may be had from the author at 1535 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo. Price is not stated. Paper covers. 242 pages.

\*

THE Eclectic Theosophical Society of New York announce as a result of a canvass of the votes of the members the election of Mr. John M. Pryse as President; Mr. J. H. Connelly, Vice-President; Miss E. A. Berry, Treasurer; and as Directors the President, Mrs. Julia H. Coffin, Mr. Arthur Firth, Miss E. A. Berry, Mr. Frederick W. Flint, Mrs. Rena T. Keith, and Mrs. Vittoria Cremers.

\*

THE new *Magazine of Poetry*, published by Daniel Mallett at 253 Broadway, New York City, for one dollar a year, is now being circulated, and is one of the most attractive of the bibelot magazines, with its red double rules and old-fashioned paper. Over fifty poets are represented in the first issue, and the



selections are made with good taste and judgment, though objection may be taken by some to the partial quotation of such poems as *Annabel Lee*. The authors range from Shakspeare down to the present day.

\*

AN exceedingly valuable contribution to the marriage discussion has been made by Babu Dhana Krishna Biswas, B.L., in a series of papers which appeared in the *Prasnottara* and are now reprinted in pamphlet form under the title *Marriage*, at a price of about five cents. The author fully discusses the question, Why should a man marry? and points out the duty of marriage for all who are not called to the mystical life.

\*

THE Emperor Menelik has issued an order strictly forbidding the importation of absinthe and all spirituous liquors into his dominions, and has prohibited his people the use of tobacco and snuff on pain of severe penalties. He has further informed the foreign representatives that he attaches the greatest importance to these edicts, and expects to receive the greatest assistance of friendly powers in his efforts to keep the "curse of intemperance" out of his empire.

\*

THE French Scientific Commission, as a result of two years' excavations among the sites of ancient cities in Persia, report the existence of civilisations far exceeding that of Chaldæa in antiquity. The opinion is based on the discovery of cuneiform characters on tablets which prove that the Chaldæans were not the inventors of written language. There is nothing new in this to students of Theosophical literature, as witness the article in *Five Years of Theosophy*, "Was Writing Known Before Panini?"

\*

THE Universal Brotherhood Organization did not hold any regular Convention this year, and no reports have been presented by its officers since its institution. A series of "New Cycle Unity Congresses" has been held by local branches to celebrate the "immense possibilities," as the San Francisco *Lodge Report* has it, in which the members can participate by the "contribution of thought, energy and money." At Point Loma, on the 14th April, a mystery play was performed, entitled "The Travail of the Soul."

\*

THE death of the Duke of Argyll on the 24th April at the age of 77 removes one of the most active of the orthodox debaters from the field of the "heavy controversialists." He

was undoubtedly loyal to truth as he saw it, and was not afraid to break with his traditions when his convictions impelled. His *Reign of Law*, published in 1866, passed through several editions, and was followed, among many other works, by a sequel, *The Unity of Nature*. History and science, geology and evolution were his favourite studies.

\*

THE editor of the *Morning Star*, Loudsville, White Co., Georgia, invites correspondence in connection with a letter from one of his readers on the "changes in the appearances of the myriads of invisible Hosts that are to be seen by Lucids at sunset. For some time past there has appeared to me a strange order of entities mingled with the Glorious Bright Ones; they have a similar appearance to a very small grey filmy cob-web, and their motion is erratic. . . . I am inclined to the opinion that they are creations of an evil nature, and another sign of the day that is almost at our doors."

\*

THE charming article by Mr. W. B. Yeats which we copy from the London *Speaker*, will be read with interest by those who look to the early days of the Theosophical Movement for an explanation of its more recent developments. "The velvet robed Brahman with glossy tresses and dusky face and big luminous eyes," as a writer in the *Forum* describes Mohini M. Chatterji, is a mysterious figure to many, and few understand why the translator and commentator of what is really the most satisfactory version of the *Gita*, and the joint author with Francesca Arundale of *Man: Fragments from Forgotten History*, should have dropped out of sight as he has.

\*

HERE is a paragraph from a political article with the political names left blank. Substitute Theosophical or Christian or any other terms and try and understand the unity of all human striving after truth. "True . . . attach less weight than ever to labels. Many of the best . . . are now out of the camp, while some who have renounced almost every principle of freedom, are inside. There are others in whom personal spite has taken the place of . . . zeal. Such conditions must pass. The real line of cleavage will again show itself. The armies will re-form under capable leaders, and the old long battle will be visibly resumed, the battle for civilization and freedom."

\*

MR. T. B. WILSON, who recently left Kansas City for Chicago, is proving himself one of the most active workers of

the U. B. Organization. By invitation he has addressed the Society of Anthropology three times, on "Heredity," "Ethical Causation," and "The Mission of Woman." At the metaphysical society of the Order of Eden he has also spoken on Theosophical topics. The Pure Food Club invited him to speak on the Heart Doctrine recently. Dr. Gregory, of the Liberal Society, has also invited him to occupy his platform and discuss the Immortality of the Soul. As Mr. Wilson is on visiting terms with the Chicago Theosophical Society, one is almost inclined to hope that the true spirit of Universal Brotherhood is gradually lifting the more influential members to the plane of fraternal effort and mutual cordiality.

\*

THE unexpected death of Frank Hamilton Cushing of the Smithsonian Institute last month will be somewhat of a shock to many students of occultism. He was comparatively a young man, having being born at Northeast, Pa., in 1857. His recent explorations in the keys of Florida are fresh in the minds of us all, but he had already established his reputation as an archæologist and ethnologist. In 1879 he investigated the Pueblos of New Mexico on behalf of the Institute, and then, at his own request, was left for six years among the Zuni Indians who adopted him and taught him their language. He was also initiated into the secret order of their Medicine Men, the "Priesthood of the Bow," and, as Madam Blavatsky said in the *Secret Doctrine*, "learned more about them than any other man now living."

\*

*Occult Truths* (943 Massachusetts Ave., Washington, D.C.) for April is a specially good number. It opens with a capital article, "Ignore Rudeness and Avoid Ill-feeling." The purport of it is that every annoyance we are subjected to is the direct return of some similar act of our own. "No one can possibly make an exhibition of his own rudeness, suspicions, distrust, uncharitableness, such as to in any way displease or offend him whose life is pure, whose eyes are open to truth, and whose ears can hear only harmonies to which his heart responds." The editor speaks very highly of Dr. Buck's *Mystic Masonry*. He says that if he had to part with two of three books, the Bible, Shakspeare, and *Mystic Masonry*, he would keep the last, as he remembers most of the other two, and Dr. Buck's book is new to him and contains the keys of all knowledge.

\*

THE Universal Cosmo-Planetary CONSTANT, the Crown and Capstone of the Mento-Scientific Pyramida, the æonic

efflorescence of destinal decree, after slipping a couple of monthly cogs, turns out a very lively number for April, in which Prof. Bjerregaard is disciplined, and one of the most extraordinary manifestations of human consciousness of our day plays with language as a Japanese juggler with his glittering spheres. Brother Burns professes to have blown "the cock-eyed demon of Karma" into thin air; and after "dissipating the delusion of duty," he informs us that "no individual exists on this planet with a stronger will, a more developed mentality, clearer psychological faculties, or more powerful concentrative ability, than the Man from Venus." Brother Burns publishes the *Psycho-Harmonic Scientist* from Box 189, Pueblo, Colorado.

\*

"LIGHT," of 21st April, has an account of a series of seances held with Mrs. Corner (the Florence Cook of Prof. Crooke's narrative) as medium, by Miss Mack Wall. The object of these was to throw light on the cabinet procedures in the case of materializations and physical phenomena. In every case the results were conclusive as to the correctness of the explanations given by Madam Blavatsky. One of the facts brought out was the inability of the medium to govern the operations of the spirits, and in the case of a spirit unacquainted with the method of using the astral body of the medium, her physical body was itself obsessed, and being released from the sealed fastenings which secured it by an intermolecular osmosis which left the fastenings intact, in deep trance was flung forward on the floor. The undesirable character of many of the "controls" is freely admitted by Miss Wall.

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*The Theosophic Messenger* is printing lists of references to topics for study drawn from standard theosophical literature. "A set of questions on the *Ancient Wisdom* was prepared and sent out to all members-at-large with a letter requesting that they send references to other books, or magazine articles, where these questions are answered or light thrown on them. . . . The results of the work in a consolidated form will be published monthly in the *Messenger*." Mr. Alexander Fullerton writes to the members of the American Section of the T. S. recommending the study of Mr. Charles Johnston's *Memory of Past Births*. He says, "It is, in my judgment, one of the most able, instructive, and remarkable contributions ever made to Theosophical literature, and I think that every Theosophist should read and re-read it, and should also take special steps towards its circulation." It is to be hoped that this advice will be everywhere accepted.

THE latest of the new institutions of advanced thought has been founded by the Mental Scientists at Seabreeze, Florida, with the name of "The Scientific, Philosophic and Ethical School of Research." It has been duly chartered, and Mr. C. C. Post and Mrs. Post (Helen Wilmans) have donated real estate towards its endowment to the amount of \$200,000. "It is the intention to temper the whole student life from the view-point of the belief in the God-like qualities and absolute mastery of man—self-reliance, independence of thought and action, original thought, self-development." Julius A. Dresser has written *The True History of Mental Science*, dealing with the facts concerning the discovery of Mental Healing, and showing that the doctrine and methods originated with Dr. P. P. Quimby. It may be had for 20 cents from the Office of *Unity*, 1315 McGee Street, Kansas City, Mo.

\*

MR. FRANCIS THOMAS in *The Academy* declares that the mystic is not "a student of mysticism, any more than a scientist is one who studies books on science. Not yet is he a *devotee*, a devout practiser of religion. Mysticism is an interior ladder, at the summit of which is God. The mystic endeavours, by a rigid practical virtue, combined with prayer, meditation, and mortification of the senses, to arrive at a closer union with the Creator. Union with God is proposed as the state of the future life, and therefore the ultimate end of the Christian. But mysticism holds that some degree of such union is possible in this life. It is the belief of Plato no less than St. John of the Cross. There is an indwelling of the Divinity in every Christian, 'Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?' But the gradual purification of body and soul, with the turning of the whole man towards God, permits the Deity to flow in with a greater closeness, until there is finally accomplished, if not the spousal union of the next life, at any rate a betrothal union, we may say."

\*

As we anticipated in our January issue, "Ixion" has dropped into poetry, though, unlike Mr. Wegg, not at all in a friendly way. The salutation to the *THE LAMP* which appears in the April *International Theosophist* under the title of "The Eagle and the \* \* \* \* " should be read by all who are interested in the evolution of myths, though it may be well to warn students that the effort savours rather of the vulture or the buzzard than of the eagle. Walt Whitman gives us the advice "Do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something else," and doubtless the editor had this in view in

printing these lines from the father of the Centaurs. Our Dublin contemporary's usual literary standard is much higher, as witness Mr. Kenneth Morris' beautiful lines which we copy elsewhere. One must not be too critical of early poetical efforts, still we feel sure that a stricter fidelity to nature than "Ixion" seems to approve has been characteristic, even in their earliest efforts, of all really great writers. When one reads of Toronto as "a dark and frost-bound, sterile, northern town," the accuracy of subsequent statements is supplied with a gauge which cannot fail to be applied. The only force which satire has is its truth, and when those who feel the need of this weapon have to fall back upon invention, the fair and gracious figure of the Ideal, could they but see it, already beckons another way.

\*

DR. JOSIAH OLDFIELD is making the most of his opportunities as editor of the *Herald of the Golden Age*. He has stirred up a good deal of interest over his suggestion of a new word to take the place of "vegetarian," with its associations of boiled cabbage and turnips. Most people think that vegetarianism means living on vegetables, whereas such food plays a minor part in the vegetarian's diet. To convey the idea of living on the best natural food, Dr. Oldfield has coined the word "aristophagy," and sent it out to find favour in the world. At first sight it appeared to me to have a flavour of anthropophagy, and I had visions of the House of Lords done to a turn. This particular association of ideas will doubtless die away, and the word will gradually come to summon up conceptions of ambrosial banquets, the most delicious fruits, the most palatable nuts, the choicest cereals. "Man's best food does not consist of the dead bodies of slaughtered animals. . . . Flesh food is not necessary to the highest development of mind or body." So Dr. Oldfield, and by-and-by everybody will agree with him. "Slavery once was moral. One higher tone is reached, and slavery becomes immoral. Butchery is still moral. One higher tone is being reached, and butchery shall become immoral."

\*

A FRIEND tells me that some readers of THE LAMP took decided exception to Mr. Downing's article on Shakspeare last month. This is as it should be. I don't think I agree with Mr. Downing altogether myself, but I feel sure that he knows his Shakspeare better than most of us, and he presents his views moderately and attractively. As toleration is the basis and the summit of Theosophy I take it that editorial toleration of a Theosophical character must follow the lines laid down by

Madam Blavatsky, who admitted all sorts of views to her columns so long as they were intelligently presented. The majority of readers wish to have themselves bolstered up and supported in some set of views they have convinced themselves are conclusive. Egotistic editors naturally wish to keep their pages free from any views but those which endorse their own beliefs, or which are likely to be popular with the majority. How long must it be insisted that one must see all sides, know all views, hear all the evidence, before one is able to render judgment? It is not by our inclinations but by our reason that we are to be guided. To hear all sides does not mean to believe all sides. To be all-embracing does not mean to be all-accepting. "Do I contradict myself?" asks Walt Whitman, and answers, "Very well then, I contradict myself (I am large, I contain multitudes.)"

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THE DEATH on Easter Day has been announced of Frederic Octavius Crump, Q.C., at the age of fifty-nine, from a chill brought on by over-severe bicycle exercise. For thirty years he had been editor of the *Law Journal*, and he died in harness. Tighe Hopkins pays him a most touching and affectionate tribute: "A man healthy and wholesome to the very core of him—whose mind never harboured a noxious thought, and in whose mouth there was never a noxious word—he was at one with nature from his boyhood till his death. . . . He was a man who beamed on you—he was one of the happiest men alive; and he liked you to know that he found life good and grateful. . . . His mind and heart seemed absolutely stainless; and, let the theme of talk be what it might, there never was the smallest dissimulation in him. This native height of character naturally owed something to religion; but it shall suffice to say that F.'s was as unaffected as it was deep-rooted and enduring: at no single hour of his life would the summons yonder have reached him unprepared. It may be added that he died as he would have asked to die; suddenly, among his own, in the midst of work, and on the day of a sublime and animating festival of the Church." The many friends of his only son and eldest child, Mr. Basil Crump, in sympathizing for his loss, will appreciate the solace to be found in the contemplation of the memory of such a parent.

\*

THE San Diego *Union* has the following advertisement: "All-the-Year-'round Resort, Point Loma Homestead, situated on Point Loma, overlooking Ocean, Bay, City, Valley, and Mountains. 70 Rooms and Suites, with Universal View. All

improvements. Tally-ho meets trains. Rates \$2 to \$14. Special prices per week. Address Point Loma Homestead, Point Loma, San Diego, Cal." Brother Amos McAlpin writes: "The Homestead house is filled with guests and students, and is under superior discipline; and to the members of the Universal Brotherhood Organization who are here, it affords especial advantages. Opportunity is given to identify oneself directly with Brotherhood work, and to attach himself to the discipline and executive features, already established. Thus the rare chance, that comes only once in milleniums, is with us, and the visible Temple is once more in process of erection." Brother McAlpin also conveys a word of warning to those who "in fancied devotion to the work, but having small means, beyond the bare expense of the trip here, might come, and then, when want and privation overtake them, as they must, they will on the ground of 'sentimental' brotherhood expect, often demand, support from our Organization and its members: this would have, very properly, to be denied them, and they would become a burden upon the public, and greatly injure, discredit, and obstruct our work."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:—Enquirer.—The names adopted by Mrs. Besant for the seven principles are Atma, Bliss Body (Buddhi), Causal Body (Higher Manas), Mental Body (Lower Manas), Astral Body (Kama), Etheric Double (Linga Sarira), and Dense Body (Sthula Sarira). See *The Ancient Wisdom*. All names are arbitrary. N.G.—Charles F. Lummis' *The Awakening of a Nation*, will give you further particulars. *Face to Face with the Mexicans* is also full of domestic detail. Western Saxon.—Read Anthony T. Trollope's Barsetshire series, *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, *Framley Parsonage*, *Dr. Thorne*, *The Small House at Allington*, and *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, for example, and learn what different worlds English-speaking people may live in. M. B.—W. B. Yeats was born 13th June, 1865. D. B.—Read any ordinary text-book on geology. It is easy to trade on ignorance. The oldest strata in America are in Canada. Yes; Ontario is exceedingly healthy. The death-rate last year was ten in the thousand. The population of the province is about two millions and a quarter. You can help by getting subscriptions or advertisements, or by sending addresses for sample copies, or by correcting misrepresentations. Do not seek advice from others, but do what you feel right after earnest consideration. You have no right to follow THE LAMP any more than any other organ. Follow the light within. It will not separate you from anyone, but show you the common nature on which we all rest.



MAGAZINES and papers received: *The Abiding Truth*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Ideal Review* (Dr. Hartmann contributes an unusually interesting instalment of his papers on "The Symbols of the Bible"), *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Theosophic Gleaner* (Madras), *Psychical Science Review*, (this is a capital astrological medium, 1804 Market St., San Francisco, \$1 a year), *Boston Ideas*, *Occult Truths*, *International Theosophist*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man* (this magazine has absorbed *Ideal Man*; \$1 a year from C. W. Close, 124 Birch St., Bangor, Me.), *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi*, *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (Leipzig), *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Prasnottara*, *Nya Tiden*, *Progressive Preacher*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Theosophical Forum*, *Psyche*, *Expression*, *Faith and Hope Messenger* (W. J. Colville, is Associate Editor; 50c. a year, Atlantic City, N.J.), *Citizen and Country*, *Lyceum*, *Light*, *Magazine of Poetry*, *The Book and Newsdealer*, *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne), *Spirit Fruit*, *Theosophic Messenger Psycho-Harmonic Scientist*, *Theosophy*, *All Ireland Review*, *Meaford Mirror*, &c. We have to acknowledge with thanks the kindness of the *Star of the Magi*, the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Light*, *Current Literature*, and other journals for their comments and publication of selections from our columns.

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MR. ANDREW ELVINS writes to the *Toronto Star* of the 1st inst. pointing out the probability, according to Bode's Law, of discovering another small planet, or a swarm of such, between the orbits of Venus and Mercury, and suggesting investigation during the approaching eclipse directed to this end. "Vulcan," he says, "is not the only planet to be searched for; the zone between Venus and Mercury may furnish one or more small planets." It is not generally known that the orbits of the planets lie in distances from the sun which conform to the proportions dividing the notes of the musical scale; which regulate the light vibrations distinguishing the colours of the prismatic scale; which govern the atomic combinations of the chemical elements; and which enter into all the other harmonies of nature. Vulcan, the planet alluded to by Mr. Elvins, is one of the two mystery planets for which the sun and moon stood as substitutes in ancient teachings and in modern astrology. In the *Blavatsky Lodge Transactions*, H.P.B. declares: "There is no secret in it, though modern astrologers are ignorant of these planets. One is an intra-mercurial planet, which is supposed to have been discovered, and named by anticipation Vulcan, and the other a planet with a retrograde motion, sometimes visible

at a certain hour of night and apparently near the moon. The occult influence of this planet is transmitted by the moon." This was printed in 1890, and last year the small planet named Eros was discovered and is depended upon by scientific investigators to supply a means for the rectification or confirmation of all the most important solar measurements. It is not settled whether the orbit of Eros is inside or outside that of the moon. Nor is it entirely clear that Eros is the planet mentioned by Madam Blavatsky.

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In an interesting review of Mr. J. M. Pryse's *Reincarnation in the New Testament*, Mrs. Vera Johnston in *The Forum* for April remarks that he has shown—"and that above any doubt—that to know anything of the Gospels or Epistles, the whole Bible or the whole life of man, one has to consider them in the light of reincarnation." Elsewhere in the same issue attention is called to the passage in John's Gospel where Jesus said: "Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day: and he saw it, and was glad. Then said the Jews unto him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am." With this, *The Forum* couples Genesis xxi: 3. "And Abraham called the name of his son that was born unto him, whom Sarah bore to him, Isaac." This, it is pointed out, was 1898 B.C. In addition to this, the Scripture Dictionary of Names is called upon for the meaning of Isaac, which is laughter, sporting, or rejoicing. The idea is that Isaac was one of the incarnations of the Spiritual Being "over which, so far as one can judge, all the covenants between God and man are made to this day." This identity of Isaac with Jesus is taught by Dr. Anna Kingsford, as well as by more ancient authorities. We have not heard of anything serious having yet befallen the editor of *The Forum*, but anxiety may be excused after reading the following: "For our own part we must confess that, though we have often enough met women who intellectually could compete with any man, as man goes, we have seen little spiritually amongst them in any country or continent. The enormous failing of modern women most assuredly is the great materiality of her tastes and even her aspirations. In that respect she is a drag on man, who, though having a better sense of the true value of things, has not half her motive-power." In Egypt, in days of old, the spiritual help of the woman was needed by the man in his work of spiritual alchemy. Have we changed all that?

THE Beaver Theosophical Society of Toronto sent a special greeting to the Convention of the T. S. in A., desiring as an independent local body to express the heartiest sympathy and willingness to co-operate with all Theosophical Organizations. The Address read in part as follows: "Our success in Toronto encourages us to lay before you the ideas which have inspired our work locally, loyalty to which appears to have been rewarded with a similar result wherever it has been displayed. We believe no briefer and more able summary of these can be furnished than in two passages from Madam Blavatsky's message to the American Convention of 1890: "The Masters require only that each shall do *his best*, and, above all, that each shall strive in reality to feel himself one with his fellow-workers. It is not a dull agreement on intellectual questions, or an impossible unanimity as to all details of work, that is needed; but a true, hearty, earnest devotion to our cause, which will lead each to help his brother to the utmost of his power to *work* for that cause, whether or not we agree as to the exact method of carrying on that work. The only man who is absolutely wrong in his method is the one who *does nothing*; each can and should co-operate with all, and all with each, in a large-hearted spirit of comradeship, to forward the work of bringing Theosophy home to every man and woman in the country. . . . What I said last year remains true to-day; that is, that the ethics of Theosophy are more important than any divulgement of psychic laws and facts. The latter relate wholly to the material and evanescent part of the septenary man, but the Ethics sink into and take hold of the real man—the reincarnating Ego. We are outwardly creatures of a day; within, we are eternal. Learn, then, well the doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, and teach, practise, promulgate that system of life and thought which can alone save the coming races. Do not work merely for the Theosophical Society, but, *through* it, for Humanity." (*Report of Proceedings*, 1890, pp. 29, 30.)

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*The Religio-Philosophical Journal* of 26th April prints a suggestion of a reasonable form of belief in reincarnation. The view came through a "well-known medium" whose name is not mentioned. "Such spirits," it is said, "will not be born of woman again, but will have dominion over certain minds to control them. Now, when they shall have perfected a sufficient number of mortal minds to an upward desire, their crime will be expiated. . . . If they succeed in their efforts during a natural pilgrimage they will be allowed to advance when the mortals they control prove satisfactory; otherwise they will

return again and be permitted to continue their efforts until they succeed." It is commented by a contributor to the *Journal* that "this sounds more reasonable than the Theosophic idea that a full-grown, disembodied spirit lies in wait for an opportunity to dislodge an incipient one from the germinal spot of the ovum and thrive upon its crushed-out existence." We keep on enquiring where people get the notions about Theosophy which they rightly say are so ridiculous. They are not to be found in our literature, and it can only be supposed they gather these views from the accounts of those in the Churches and elsewhere who are interested in misrepresenting Theosophical teachings. As a matter of fact the idea of a supervision of the "spirits" spoken of above is merely a version of the Theosophical idea of the guardianship of the Higher Ego or Soul over the lower and earthly personality. When the Ego has "perfected a sufficient number of mortal minds to an upward desire," to use the phrase of the well-known medium, it is released from the cycle of necessity, as we would say. These mortal minds are simply its own self-embodiments, and there is no lying in wait to deprive another Ego of a body which in every birth it carefully develops under its own direction and according to its own self-acquired powers and resources. This is the meaning of that parable which so many find difficult: "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Spirits are never born of a woman. That which is born of the flesh is flesh. That which is born of the spirit is spirit. It should not be so difficult to understand the parable in the light of a knowledge of the real relations of the Self to its successive bodies.

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DEAN WILLIAMS, of Cleveland, the prominent Single Tax advocate, will visit Toronto on the 20th and 21st insts. He will lecture in Zion Church on the Monday evening, and it is hoped a good audience will assemble to hear his exposition of Henry George's principles. I am glad to have this opportunity of expressing my sympathy with this particular aspect of the social reform movement, for there appears to be an impression abroad that students of Theosophy neglect everything pertaining to what are called "practical" measures. Personally, I take a hearty interest in all the advance movements, and see admirable features in the programmes of Socialists, Nationalists, Communists, Co-operators, and a dozen other more or less political parties; but I cannot avoid regretting that all these earnest men and women are usually more or less opposed to each other's methods, so that vast energies which combined upon

any one point of reform would almost certainly carry it to a successful issue, under the guerilla systems in favour are now spread almost unavailingly over the whole field. The Theosophical is distinctly a unifying movement; and while it teaches its students the value of all work for humanity, its principles would lead them to seek for united action among those who have the welfare of humanity at heart. They naturally seek for an expression of that force which is greatest in human affairs, and hope, by evoking its action, to most effectively contribute to the general aim. Madam Blavatsky writes in *The Key to Theosophy*: "Selfishness, indifference and brutality can never be the normal state of the race; to believe so would be to despair of humanity, and that no Theosophist can do. Progress can be attained, and only attained, by the development of the nobler qualities. Now, true evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism; and in the strictest sense this is true with regard to man. Every Theosophist, therefore, is bound to do his utmost to help on, by all the means in his power, every wise and well-considered effort which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of the poor. Such efforts should be made with a view to their ultimate social emancipation, or the development of the sense of duty in those who now so often neglect it in nearly every relation of life." When it is enquired what force will do most in bringing these things to pass, Henry George answers in his eloquent way: "If you would move men to action, to what shall you appeal? Not to their pockets, but to their patriotism; not to selfishness, but to sympathy. Self-interest is, as it were, a mechanical force—potent, it is true; capable of large and wide results. But there is in human nature what may be likened to a chemical force, which melts and fuses and overwhelms; to which nothing seems impossible. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life'—that is self-interest. But in loyalty to higher impulses men will give even life. . . . Call it religion, patriotism, sympathy, the enthusiasm for humanity or the love of God—give it what name you will: there is yet a force which overcomes and drives out selfishness; a force which is the electricity of the moral universe; a force beside which all others are weak. Everywhere that men have lived it has shown its power, and to-day, as ever, the world is full of it. To be pitied is the man who has never seen and never felt it. Look around among common men and women, amid the care and struggle of daily life, in the jar of the noisy street and amid the squalor where want hides—every here and there is the darkness lighted with the tremulous play of its lambent flames.

He who has not seen it has walked with shut eyes. He who looks may see, as says Plutarch, that 'the soul has a principle of kindness in itself, and is born to love, as well as to perceive, think, or remember.'—(*Progress and Poverty*.) In these two quotations we see two leaders of thought, each insisting upon that which is popularly supposed to be most characteristic of the other's teaching, as being essential to his own. Let us close up our ranks, my brothers, and march together. We all love each other. Let us not be ashamed to confess it.

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THE Annual Meeting of the Theosophical Society in America was held in Columbus, Ohio, on the 29th ult. About fifty delegates were present, and the meetings were very good, a public assembly in the evening being addressed by Dr. Buchman, Mr. Pinckham, and the President. Dr. J. D. Buck, though desirous of retiring, was re-elected President. Dr. Stewart, of New York, was elected Secretary and Treasurer, and Messrs. G. E. Harter, Chicago; Main and Phelps, New York; Gen. Ludlow, Rhode Island; Dr. Buchman and J. D. Bond, Fort Wayne, to the Executive Committee. One of the earliest acts of the Committee was to elect Mrs. Vera Johnston to the editorial chair of the *Theosophical Forum*. Dr. Buck's Presidential address briefly reviewed the outlook of the Movement, and considered the causes which militate against its greater progress. With regard to organization, he said: "Between the two Organizations existing to-day in America and Europe, calling themselves Theosophical, there is not an issue that is not childish or absurd, and there ought never to have been any issue at all, nor would there be any if earnest students and workers pledged to restrain from condemning others would get together for ten minutes in the right spirit. . . . The real question is, How long will professed Theosophists who know something of the Secret Doctrine, who believe in the existence of Masters, who honour the memory and work of H. P. B., and who are, or ought to be, appreciative of all who have tried their best to aid the great work, whatever mistakes they may have made, those who believe in Karma, Reincarnation, and in Brotherhood as a fact in Nature, how long will these combine to condemn others, instead of uniting as one man, to present a solid front to the world?" While the Society had not made any advance in numbers during the year, "the real Theosophical Movement has not gone backward by any means; it has, on the contrary, gone ahead as never before." This Dr. Buck attributes to the increase in the sale and study of Theosophical literature. "Here lies the strength and perpetuity of the work inaugurated by H. B. P. and her

associates and students. . . . In the meantime, the doctrines for which we stand have become the real issue in Church and State. The Brotherhood of Man gives colour to every issue in ethics, economics, and politics; and I believe that, if the census could be taken, a majority would stand for real Brotherhood in the name of common justice. There is lacking only co-operation to make it effectual. . . . Nor is this all. In the metaphysical or subjective realm, whence spring all causes of action on the outer plane, the Secret Doctrine is known and felt. Occultism is in the air, as never before since the Schools of Pythagoras and Alexandria and the days of the Neoplatonists. Fantastic, sensational, pretentious and absurd, and at times even dangerous as are many of these organizations, and short-lived as most of them are doomed to be, they none the less represent the awakening and transition period between the old crass materialism and the rehabilitated and divine spirit of man. If we are not ready to organize, let us remember all these things, and never despair."

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THE English Theosophist has been replaced by *Theosophy*, which is to be issued, like *The Philistine*, every little while at 141 Alderney Street, London, S.W., England. The issue for 13th April is devoted entirely to W. Q. Judge. I hope I will not be misunderstood if I ask for some limitation of the application of the following declaration: "When the outer facts of life do not seem to fit into our beliefs, we are prone to abandon the latter. It were wiser to let go our hold upon the apparent bearings of the outer facts as they seem to us to be, and to seek within for some explanation more in accordance with our previous belief." I think I know what the writer means, but to place this before the public as a Theosophical position is simply to invite the enemy to blaspheme. The publication of extracts from Mr. Judge's unpublished letters is continued. A few selections are appended: "I am glad that you have such a faith in the Great Workers who are behind us. They *are* behind us, to my personal knowledge; and not behind me only, but behind all sincere workers. I know that their desire is that each should listen to the voice of his inner self, and not depend too much on outside people, whether they be Masters, Eastern disciples, or what not. By a dependence of that kind you become at last thoroughly independent, and then the unseen helpers are able to help all the more." "Many of those matters which we call the woes of others are really nothing at all, and only 'skin deep'; the real woe of the race is not that." "It is better to acquire a lot of what is called carelessness by the world, but is in reality a calm reliance on

the law, and a doing of one's own duty, satisfied that the results must be right, no matter what they may be. Think that over, and try to make it a part of your inner mind that it is no use to worry; that things will be all right, no matter what comes, and that you are resolved to do what you see before you, and trust to Karma for all the rest." "The A B C of Theosophy should be taught all the time, and this not only for the sake of outsiders, but also for the sake of the members who are, I very well know, not so far along as to need the more elaborate work all the time. And it is just because the members are not well grounded that they are not able themselves to get in more enquirers." "All members who work hard come at last to the notice of the Lodge; and the moment they do so the Black Lodge also takes notice, and hence questions arise, and we are tried in subtle ways that surpass sight, but are strong for the undoing of him who is not prepared by right thought and sacrifice to the higher nature for the fight." "Men and women are complementary in character, and therefore adapted to each other. It is natural that each sex should enjoy the company of the other, and what is natural cannot be wrong. Moreover, it is perfectly proper that, when a suitable mate is found, a man should marry and settle down as a householder, bringing up a family with right views and high purposes. He contributes a service to humanity who puts, to take his place after his death, children who reproduce his true and altruistic life. Consequently, if you find a suitable match and desire matrimony, there can be no possible reason why you should not carry out such a purpose. Like the abstention from meat, celibacy is essential to advance after a certain stage, but that stage has not yet been reached by you, and you cannot, therefore, be subjected to its conditions. There can be no one rule laid down for all human beings, inasmuch as the temperaments and desires are so different. Each must work out the problem of life in his own way. If your aspirations are so set on higher things that you find the lower a hindrance, it is evident that you should not indulge in the latter; but if you are not so hindered, then no less a duty is yours. You are right in thinking that the essential to all true progress is a wish to conform utterly to the Divine Will, we being certain that we shall be helped in proportion as is our need." Subscriptions to *Theosophy* should be sent direct to the London Office in postage stamps, 75 cents for twelve issues.

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Not for years has there been so much agitation in Church circles over matters of belief and doctrine as at the present time. Probably the publication of Dr. Farrar's sermons on



Eternal Hope was the last occasion of such an effusion of feeling. Since then there has been a continually growing sense that all is not right with the Church, and it now appears to be approaching a culmination when something must be done. No section of the Christian faith is free from tremors, but the Protestant sects naturally give most evidence of the awakening. In England the chief controversy is over the question of miraculous change in the substance of the bread used at the Communion Table. In America the controversy centres around the creeds. The Methodist Church is troubled over its rules of discipline which are now thought antiquated and over stringent. Everywhere the tendency is to permit men and women to conduct themselves according to the dictates of their consciences rather than to bind them by artificial rules; to give them the liberty of intelligent agents rather than to treat them as ignorant and naturally depraved subjects. One speaker at the Methodist General Conference at Chicago said: "Our twenty-five articles of religion keep many thoughtful and conscientious persons out of our church. Why not allow men to differ about all obscure and uncertain points of theology and shorten the creed?" Among the Presbyterians the discussion is much more acute, and both Prof. A. C. McGiffert and Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis have withdrawn from that Church in protest against the damnable clauses of the Westminster Confession. "I would rather shake my fist," declared Dr. Hillis, "in the Face of the Eternal, and fling every vile epithet toward the Stainless Throne, where eternal Mercy sits with the world's atoning Saviour, than lift my hand with that creed towards God's Throne and affirm that I taught or believed it." Dr. Parkhurst speaking on the same question said: "One of the most unfortunate mistakes ever made by the Christian Church was to slide into the habit of identifying Christianity with theology. . . . When we Presbyterians convict a man of heresy we do not ask what the man is or whether what he believes is true, but what does the Confession of Faith say?" There is some difference of opinion as to whether a revision of the creed is desirable or if an entirely new one should be formulated. The balance of opinion seems to be in favour of evolutionary measures, letting the old stand as a landmark, while more enlightened views are given expression in more acceptable terms. Prof. McGiffert and Dr. Parkhurst both appear to accept this solution, and the *Independent* of 19th April apparently also advocates it. "There is a vitality," it says, "about the right that will not allow it to remain put down. . . . An illustration of this eternal principle appears in the renewed strength of the movement for Presbyterian Creed revision. . . . Let the old Confession

stand as an historical document. It expressed the views of the Westminster Assembly. . . . They did grandly to express their own faith, but they had no right to enslave our faith, any more than God has a right to enslave our will. . . . A man of intelligence ought never to tire of making creeds for himself. He ought to revise his creed every year." Professor McGiffert holds strongly that unity cannot be achieved by going backwards. Whatever unity the Church may attain "it must be a unity which shall take account of all these centuries of disunion and discord, of individual and separate development and growth." There seems in this policy to be more of the recognition of one of the great facts of the spiritual life, over which there is almost necessarily a great deal of stumbling. As Dr. Robertson Nicolls puts it: "Religion is not our choosing God, but his choosing us. That He is able to keep—not that we are able—is the secret of Christianity." But it is exactly out of the perversion of this thought that have arisen the damnation dogmas which repel people from the Calvinistic Churches. Even the Westminster Confessors themselves, in their celebrated (or notorious) Article in the third chapter of the Confession admit that "the doctrine of this high mystery of predestination is to be handled with special prudence and care, that men attending the will of God revealed in His Word, and yielding obedience thereunto, may, from the certainty of their effectual vocation, be assured of their eternal election. So shall this doctrine afford matter of praise, reverence, and admiration of God; and of humility, diligence and abundant consolation, to all that sincerely obey the Gospel." Whether the "special prudence and care" required is ever exercised may be disputed. At all events no one seems to have considered the contradiction in terms in the Confession itself, which speaks of those who are "fore-ordained to everlasting death." "Death" here is evidently not what is usually meant by the word. To be everlastingly dead is quite a different thing from passing into another state of existence to suffer eternal torments. If there be anything everlasting about us it is life, and whether that life be in the body or out of the body, it cannot possess the qualities of both immortality and mortality. If we be mortal and are extinguished that is the end of us. If we are only apparently extinguished to be afterwards revived, we cannot be held to be dead in the interval. We are merely in another state of existence. As this life is of the Spirit of God itself we should be able to understand what is meant by God choosing us. He lives in us, or we are not alive at all. If it be indeed He that is the Life within us, are not the creeds of death but very feeble measures of our praise? Believing, as I do, in the

immortality of the Soul, and its rebirth again and again in fleshly bodies of short duration, there seems to be no difficulty in understanding the possible failure and utter condemnation of any one of those bodily experiences, a fate indeed of everlasting death, since God was not present with it. But for the Soul, the Christ within, can we dream of any close but that of Divinity? For "this is that Light which lighteneth every man which cometh into the world." Madam Blavatsky, in writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury, said: "Theosophy is not a religion, but a philosophy at once religious and scientific; and that the chief work, so far, of the Theosophical Society has been to revive in each religion its own animating spirit, by encouraging and helping enquiry into the true significance of its doctrines and observances. . . . A community must have a religion, that is to say, a *uniting bond*—under penalty of social decay and material annihilation. . . . The 'Christ Spirit' is even now potentially present in all men, and it will be developed into activity when human beings are no longer prevented from understanding, appreciating and sympathising with one another by the barriers of strife and hatred erected by priests and princes." When men resolve to combine together to build a creed of action, in which they shall determine how best to help each other, and serve God at the same time in doing so, they will find that the old creeds of belief may shine with a new glory. Let us say with Oliver Wendell Holmes,—

"Our Father! while our hearts unlearn  
 The creeds that wrong Thy Name,  
 Still let our hallowed altars burn  
 With faith's undying flame.  
 Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath  
 Our souls Thy Face shall see;  
 The star of love must light the path  
 That leads to heaven and Thee."



## THE WAY OF WISDOM.

“As for living, our servants will do that for us.”—

Count Villiers De L'Isle-Adam.

**M**OST of us who are writing books in Ireland to-day have some kind of a spiritual philosophy; and some among us when we look backward upon our lives see that the coming of a young Brahmin into Ireland helped to give our vague thoughts a shape. I had thought to write of one to whom I, at any rate, owe more than to any book years hence, when our little school had done something worthy of remembrance, or had faded in the impersonal past; but it is better to give my words time to come to his ears, perhaps, by some long and unlikely road. Even if it were no better than prudence it were well to praise the wise voices that none among them might grow weary of wisdom and not to keep silent because one's praise might have little of their wisdom. When we were all schoolboys we used to discuss whatever we could find to read of mystical philosophy and to pass crystals over each others' hands and eyes and to fancy that we could feel a breath flowing from them as people did in a certain German book; and one day somebody told us he had met a Brahmin in London who knew more of these things than any book. With a courage which I still admire, we wrote and asked him to come and teach us, and he came with a little bag in his hand and *Marius the Epicurean* in his pocket, and stood with one of us, who gave him a plate of rice and an apple every day at two o'clock; and for a week and all day long unfolded what seemed to be all wisdom. He sat there beautiful, as only an Eastern is beautiful, making little gestures with his delicate hands, and to him alone among all the talkers I have heard, oratory, and even the delight of ordered words, seemed nothing, and all thought a flight into the heart of truth.

We brought him, on the evening of his coming, to a certain club which still discusses everything with that leisure which is the compensation of unsuccessful countries; and there he overthrew or awed into silence whatever metaphysics the town had. And next day, when we would have complimented him, he was remorseful, for it was an “intellectual lust.” And sometimes he would go back over something he had said and explain to us that his argument had been a fallacy, and apologise as though he had offended against good manners. And once when we asked him about some matters of fact he told us what he seemed to remember, but asked us not to give much weight to his words, for he had found that he observed carelessly. He said, “We

Easterns are taught to state a principle carefully, but we are not taught to observe and to remember and to state a fact carefully. Our sense of what truthfulness is is quite different from yours." His principles were a part of his being, while our facts, though he was too polite to say it, were doubtless a part of that bodily life, which is the one error. He certainly did hold that we lived too much to see the truth or to live long, for he told us that his father, who had been the first of his family to leave his native village for two thousand years, had repeated over and over as he lay dying, "The West is dying because of its restlessness." Once when he had begun to tell us of some Englishman who had gone down the crater of Vesuvius, a stranger said, "We like men who do that kind of thing, because a man should not think too much of his life," and was startled into silence by this answer: "You do not think little of your lives, but you think so much of your lives that you would enjoy them everywhere, even in the crater of Vesuvius." Somebody asked him if we should pray, but even prayer seemed to him too full of hope, of desire, of life, to have any part in that acquiescence that was his beginning of wisdom, for he said, one should say before sleeping,—

"I have lived many lives. It may be that I have been a slave and a prince. Many a beloved has sat upon my knee, and I have sat upon the knees of many a beloved. Everything that has been shall be again."

Beautiful words that I spoilt once by turning into clumsy verses.

Nearly all that we call education seemed to him but a means to bring us under the despotism of life; and I remember the bewilderment of a schoolmaster who asked about the education of children and was told to "teach them fairy tales, and that they did not possess even their own bodies." I think he would not have taught anybody anything that had to be written in prose, for he said, very seriously, "I have thought much about it, and I have never been able to discover any reason why prose should exist." I think he would not have trained anybody in anything except the arts and in philosophy, which sweeps the pathway before them, for he certainly thought, as William Blake did, that the imagination "is the man himself," and can, if it be strong enough, work every miracle. A man had come to see him in London and had said, "my wife believes that you have the wisdom of the East and can cure her neuralgia, from which she has suffered for years." He had answered, "Are you certain that she believes that, because if you are, I can cure her." He had gone to see her and made a circle round her and recited a poem in Sanscrit, and she had never had neuralgia since. He recited the poem to us and was very disappointed because we did not know by the sound that it was a description

of the spring. Not only did he think that the imaginative arts were the only things that were quite sinless, but he spent more than half a day proving by many subtle and elaborate arguments that "art for art's sake" was the only sinless doctrine of art, for any other would hide the shadow of the world as it exists in the mind of God by shadows of the accidents and illusions of life, and was a blasphemy. Religion existed also for its own sake; and every soul wavered between two emotions, the desire to possess things, to make them a portion of its egotism, and a delight in just and beautiful things for their own sake—and all religions were a doctrine or symbolical expression of this delight. He would not give his own religion a name for fear he might seem to admit that there could be religion that expressed another's delight, and if one urged him too impetuously he would look embarrassed and say "this body is a Brahmin." All other parts of religion seemed to him unimportant, for even our desire of immortality was no better than our other desires. Before I understood him I asked what he would answer to one who began the discussion by denying the immortality of the soul, for the accident of a discussion with religious people had made him build upon this foundation, and he said, "I would say to him, 'what has that to do with you?'" And I remember these phrases and these little fragments of argument quite clearly, for their charm and there unexpectedness has made them cling to the memory; but when I try to remember his philosophy as a whole I cannot separate it from what I myself have built about it, or have gathered in the great ruined house of "the prophetic books" of William Blake; but it seemed then that he taught us by what seemed an invincible logic that those who die, in so far as they have imagined beauty or justice, are made a part of beauty or justice, as, indeed, Shelley believed, and move through the minds of living men; and that mind continually overshadows mind even among living men, and by pathways that lie beyond the senses; and that he measured all our labours by this measure, and put the hermit above all other labourers, because, being the most silent and the most hidden, he lived nearer to the Eternal Powers, and showed their mastery of the world. Alcibiades fled from Socrates lest he might do nothing but listen to him all his life, and certainly there were few among us who did not think that to listen to this man who threw the enchantment of power about silent and gentle things, and at last to think as he did, was the one thing worth doing; and that all action and all words that lead to action were a little vulgar, a little trivial; nor am I quite certain that any among us has quite awoken out of the dreams he brought among us.

—*W. B. Yeats in The Speaker.*

## SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

I conn'd old times,  
 I sat studying at the feet of the great masters,  
 Now if eligible O that the great masters might return and  
 study me.

\* \* \*

And now gentlemen,  
 A word I give to remain in your memories and minds,  
 As base and finale too for all metaphysics.

(So to the students the old professor,  
 At the close of his crowded course.)

Having studied the new and the antique, the Greek and  
 Germanic systems,  
 Kant having studied and stated, Fichte and Schelling and Hegel,  
 Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato,  
 And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ divine  
 having studied long,

I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and Germanic systems,  
 See the philosophies all, Christian churches and tenets see,  
 Yet underneath Socrates clearly see, and underneath Christ the  
 divine I see,  
 The dear love of man for his comrade, the attraction of friend  
 to friend,  
 Of the well-married husband and wife, of children and parents,  
 Of city for city and land for land.

\* \* \*

This day before dawn I ascended a hill and look'd at the  
 crowded heaven,  
 And I said to my spirit *When we become the enfolders of those  
 orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in  
 them, shall we be fill'd and satisfied then?*  
 And my spirit said *No, we but level that lift to pass and  
 continue beyond.*

—Walt Whitman.



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# THE LAMP.

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## DO NOT BE AFRAID.

**T**HE majority of people go through life slaves to fear.

Declare your freedom from this servitude and face the world with optimistic eyes and heart.

Do not fear poverty. Make up your mind that plenty is to be your portion. Work for it and expect it. Whatever your occupation, become interested in it—concentrate your mind upon it and try to excel in it. This you will not do unless you love it. Love is the "Open Sesame!" to every success in life. If you hate your work set yourself about finding the work you could care for. If you are so situated that this is absolutely impossible, then put all your force into a philosophical interest in what you are obliged to do. If you haven't what you like, like what you have. I heard that sentence very early in life, and it made a great impression upon me.

I discovered that as soon as I set myself the task of finding something to like in a situation which had seemed insupportable, a way out of it opened for me. As long as I felt only blind, bitter hatred of it, no relief came. When we hate anything, we make the worst of it. When we begin to care for it in any degree we make the best of it, and that shows us a way to better things.

Do not fear harm or injury from enemies. No one can harm you if you do not harm yourself by selfishness, uncharitableness, or jealousy. Live up to the best that is in you—and remember that every good quality is in you—and give no thought to what anyone attempts to do to injure you. The man whose mind is utterly free from evil thinking is impervious to evil influences which others may strive to throw about him. A lie will fall dead at his feet and scandal will perish in its own flames before it scorches his garments. Wish no man harm and no man can harm you. If one attempts to do so give him thoughts of pity and kindness, and do him a favour if it falls in your way. Put him out of your thoughts otherwise, and go about your business unafraid and unresentful. Imagine that God has drawn a great holy circle about you which no evil can cross. Walk always in the thought that this circle surrounds you, and have no fear. You will be protected and cared for. Do not fear disease.

Think health and expect it. If some malady befalls you or yours, think lightly of it and do not get in a panic. Be sensible in your treatment of it, and expect it to pass away soon. Then forget it and stop talking about it.

Do not all your life live in fear of death. Think of it as an interesting voyage which awaits you, and be prepared to go when the pale boatman calls for you. Give all the pleasure you can to others, and get all the happiness you can out of this life and rest assured that God will make a room ready for you in the next world. He sent you into this world without any trouble on your part, and as long as you trust Him and do your best here, be assured that He will look out for your welfare when you are called away from earth.

Fear is man's greatest insult to his Creator.

—From *The Illustrated Weekly News*, 12th May. *The News has a circulation in England of about a million and a half.*



MAGAZINES and papers received: *The Abiding Truth*, *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Ideal Review*, *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Boston Ideas*, *Occult Truths*, *International Theosophist*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man*, *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi*, *Theosophischer Wegweiser* (Leipzig, April and May), *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Prasnottara*, *Nya Tiden*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Theosophical Forum*, *Expression*, *Citizen and Country*, *Light*, *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne), *Theosophic Messenger*, *All Ireland Review*, *Meaford Mirror*, *The Temple Artisan*, *The Prophet*, *Theosophical Reprint* (owing to postal regulations this little sheet is to be discontinued with the July number), *The Christian Life*, *The Search Light*, *The New Age* (Calcutta), *Der Wahrheitspiegel* (Leipzig), *Brotherhood* (J. Bruce Wallace's social reform organ, published in London, 50 cents annually), *Secular Science and Common Sense*, *Secular Thought*, *Douglas Island News*, *Journal of Hygeio-Therapy*, *Appeal to Reason*, *Literary Digest*, *Preacher's Magazine*, *Field of Progress* (Mr. Bain wants to know where the souls came from during the first five hundred years of man on earth. The beginning of earth is a sorry horizon for pre-existence), *Light of Truth* (Madras), *Theosophic Gleaner* (Bombay), *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society* (Calcutta), &c.

## UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

## III. STANDISH O'GRADY.

The Keltic Renaissance, as it has been called, has done more than anything else in recent years to bring mysticism and occult philosophy before the public. It is true that the public generally has not been aware of the fact, but has accepted the grand old teaching in the beautiful forms in which it has been clothed without enquiring whither it might lead. As a rule the members of the several Theosophical societies have stood aloof, and in some cases even disparaged the work thus being done. Others have felt the charm and the magic of it, and been aided in realizing the ideal of the Theosophical Movement itself, which was to bind together all those who sought the welfare of humanity, and battled for the good, the beautiful, and the true. To restore the Garden of Eden where all manner of fruits were to be found of which we might eat and be satisfied had been an aspiration which almost saw promise of realization. But the keepers of all the new Church and Society Edens, less bountiful than Him of old, declare to their innocent charges, "Of none of all the trees of the Garden may you eat, save only of the tree that we have planted in our own particular plot." It is not strange that under these circumstances the very serpents begin to speak the truth.

The strength of the Keltic Renaissance undoubtedly lies in its political significance. Not professedly so, but in its very nature it bears upon the kind of people, and on that side of their character, which must inevitably influence national development. It is true that politics of this sort is far removed from mere party issues, but those who are pinning their faith to party politics for the welfare of humanity have lost touch with the world of realities. In discussing the relation of Theosophy to politics Madam Blavatsky says that much must be left to the individual judgment in deciding whether social efforts are wise or unwise. "One general test may, however, be given: Will the proposed action tend to promote the true brotherhood which it is the aim of Theosophy to bring about? No real Theosophist will have much difficulty in applying such a test; once he is satisfied of this, his duty will lie in the direction of forming public opinion. And this can only be attained by inculcating those higher and nobler conceptions of public and private duties which lie at the root of all spiritual and material improvement." She also says "no Theosophist has a right to the name unless he is thoroughly imbued with the correctness of Carlyle's truism, 'The end of a man is an *action* and not a thought, though it

were the noblest,' and unless he sets and models his daily life upon this truth."

Standish O'Grady says: "We shall evolve a race of practical men of our own who will respect other forms of thought and emotion than the leading articles of popular newspapers." Men of this order "stand for the imagination, and the imagination is the faculty by which man communicates with the unseen powers which are guiding human destinies." He says elsewhere: "My way is the way of the literary man, the way of my order; it is through the heart and imagination of the people of Ireland." Of the translation of this power of thought into action he never loses sight. It is the need of this translation and the capacity for it that forms one of the strongest arguments for the solidarity of the race. His dream of a union of All Ireland he believes will come to pass when the stream of imagination begins to flow into the channels of Northern activity—"In the North, where action follows swiftly and inevitably on the heels of perception. There the imagination, the understanding, and the will stand to each other in the nearest and most fruitful relations, and pour themselves forth ceaselessly into the world of sensible things. From time immemorial, Ulster has been the leading province of Ireland through the possession, in a supreme degree, of this faculty of swift transition from perception to action. In the North, meditation and imagination are not ends, but means: talk is not an end, action is the end."

Something of the power of imagination as it passes into active energy, and as it appears to the perception of men like O'Grady, may be gathered from his appreciation of James Fintan Lalor. "From the brooding brain of the Tipperary recluse, from some fiery seed dropped there by the genius of the age, sprang forth suddenly an idea full-formed, clear, mature, clad as if in shining armour, and equipped for war. Something very new and strange, something terrible, as well as beautiful, there emerged." Lalor's idea was the Right of the People to the Land. It "took root in the minds of Mitchel and others. With them it passed into America, propagating itself there in the Irish-American press, and from America it has come back upon Europe, advertising itself as *Progress and Poverty*. Lalor's idea now well clad, that is to say, well-printed, well bound, less Irish, and more nice, possibly, but beyond question robust and vehement, walks abroad everywhere to-day, button-holing and interrogating all earnest young people, and not infrequently making them mad."

O'Grady refers the student to Carlyle, particularly *Past and Present*, Book iii., chapter 8, for the view that the land belongs "not to the people, but to the best of the people, dead, living,

and to come. . . . I gather, too, that in Carlyle's opinion the land question will be fought out on the Lalor theory first, before the true theory is discovered and applied."

The failure of those who occupy the places that ought to be filled by the best people, their failure to assume their responsibilities, their failure to recognise the duties of their stations, their failure to perceive, as Carlyle puts it, the wisdom of doing nothing rather than doing wrong, their failure, total and complete, to understand the unity and brotherhood of the race, is not to be explained away by any charge of depravity or selfishness, or lack of willingness to do right. O'Grady traces it, in the language of older wisdom, to the effects of "the Great Enchantment." "In primitive literature we read much about enchantment; in our own, instances that come readily to mind are the 'Stupefaction of the Ultonians' and the enchantment of Finn and his Fianna in the wierd Palace of the Quicken Boughs. I always thought such tales to be mere exercises of the imagination; but it is not so. Enchantment is a fact in nature. Through suggestion or self-suggestion, a man may be flung into such a condition that his senses will cease to discharge their normal functions; in a stone he will see a flashing diamond, and in a flashing diamond a stone; in discord he will hear music, and in the sweetest music a jarring discord. Nations, too, like individuals, may, as the punishment of their crimes and follies, find themselves flung into such an enchanted condition, and suffer that worst loss of all, the loss of reason."

Edward Carpenter's Gnani expresses the idea of the rule of the best people from his oriental point of view. "States must be ruled by justice, and then they will succeed. A king should stand, and did stand in old times, as the representative of Siva (God). He is nothing in himself—no more than the people—his revenue is derived from them—he is elected by them—and he is in trust to administer justice—especially criminal justice. . . . Justice or Equality is the special attribute of God; and he who represents God, *i.e.*, the king, must consider this before all things. The same with the rich people—they are bound to serve and work for the poor from whom their riches come."

The opportunity for the best men to get and fill the places where the best men are needed is evidently what is desired, but there is no general agreement yet as to how this condition of affairs is to be arrived at. Equal opportunity only harmonises with equal capacity. That which will induce men of equal capacities contentedly to occupy the places for which they are best fitted will alone secure the stability, the happiness, and the continued welfare and progress of society. Every man is best when he finds his own place.

In all the ancient literatures and scriptures we hear of a time in the past when such conditions prevailed. In all of them we have forecasts of the unfolded future, when all the new and disturbing features of our progress shall have been assimilated, when evolution shall have become orderly, when growth shall imply balance, when power shall be self-governed, when there shall be no wealth but the achievements of virtue and knowledge, and no rank but the rank of a Man. By many paths and devious we travel towards this goal. Through many births we have reached thus far, and we are not yet touched with weariness. And we shall go on while the sun shines.

In the Christmas number of the *Irish Homestead* last year Mr. O'Grady gives an account of the incident which brought him to devote himself to the study of the ancient Irish literature. A wet day in the west of Ireland gave him an opportunity to read O'Halloran's *History of Ireland*, and this led to further study in Dublin, where Mr. MacSweeney, librarian of the Royal Irish Academy, assisted his researches. O'Curry's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish* and *MSS. Materials of Irish History* introduced him "for the first time to the wonder-world of Irish heroic and romantic literature. This indeed was a revelation." From these studies there came the *History of Ireland: Heroic Period*, treating in epic style the great story of Cuculain, that marvellous and enchanting figure of nineteen hundred years ago. This has been long out of print, but is being republished in the pages of the *All Ireland Review*. The first volume of the critical and philosophical *History of Ireland* followed, and has been succeeded by a large number of works of historical fiction, *Finn and his Companions*, *The Bog of Stars*, *The Coming of Cuculain*, *Ulrick the Ready*, *The Flight of the Eagle*, *Lost on Du-Corrig*, *The Chain of Gold*, etc. Besides this Mr. O'Grady has edited the fine edition of *Pacata Hibernia*, with an introduction and notes.

The spirit of the large life of the ancient Irish is to be found in all these. There is a certain cosmic sense of inexhaustible time, a certainty of ultimate achievement, which relies on the final justice and rightness of the soul's resolves. Patience is a petty virtue in the face of this quality, for there is no sense of suffering or bearing or enduring about it. Applied to petty ideals the same spirit would be intolerable and intolerant, but, active only in the service of the wise purposes of the Gods themselves, it compels like sunshine, it accepts as does the ocean. It has scarcely even a disdain of ignoble and small and mean creatures. They have their day and pass away from before the face of this enduring greatness. And the sweet and gracious justice of it draws the hearts of men into a

harmony of the spheres. The old heroes could weep over the loss of a brave and virtuous enemy. And so in lives to come they would stand together and fight side by side.

Little men, narrow minds, circumscribed hearts, respond to this spirit as the sands on the shore respond to the sunshine and the tides. The life is not yet in them.

That men should not see or understand the identity of their interests and the unity of their lives is a very strange and terrible thing. Mr. O'Grady recognises it as the result of a Great Enchantment. Classes and individuals are led to separate and stand apart under the delusion that they are enemies. That all kinds of men are necessary to each other, just as all kinds of cell-life are necessary to the body, fails to be understood. Sometimes the little differences for which men and women yelp at each other make one hopeless, but the Gods have seen these things ever since the Dawn. Even some of our darlings are not delivered from the power of the snarler, and are more concerned over the issue of a day than the triumph of an age. But the acts of the doers gradually fall into the plans of those who dream, and the great cause of human solidarity goes forward.

"The dreamer lives forever, but the toiler dies in a day!"

In Mr. O'Grady's *Story of Ireland* this larger outlook on life as applied in one national instance is admirably illustrated. How bitter enemies and loyal friends all contribute to the onward march of events, how there are good and evil qualities in men of all parties, and how these same men would dearly love and respect each other but for temporary influences of the Great Enchantment, are lessons to be learned from every epoch. To erect an ideal of unity and united action, taking some common point of interest as a rallying centre, has been the aim of all Standish O'Grady's work as I have read it. His little book, *All Ireland*, published two years ago, has been followed by the *All Ireland Review*, a weekly journal of modest pretensions, but extraordinary significance and temper. The quaint and gentle humour of the editor may deceive a few, but the strong and tender earnestness of his heart will be clear to every lover of men.

Standish O'Grady was born on the 18th September, 1846, and was educated at Tipperary Grammar School and Trinity College, Dublin. He was a Classical Scholar, silver medallist in Ethics and Psychology, and in Oratory, and gold medal essayist in the Philosophical Society. He gave up the bar for journalism and literature, and his works in ancient Irish history are admittedly the origin of the Keltic Renaissance. The mysticism and spirituality which distinguish it, and which are so widely influencing the young writers on both sides of the



Atlantic, and not in English only, characterise one of the greatest manifestations of the genius and inspiration which brought the Theosophical Movement into being. The eyes are dim indeed which do not perceive the spiritual unity of the race, and slow of mind are they, who, labouring for Love, fail to recognise their comrades.

BEN MADIGHAN.

#### OUR FIRST DUTY.

FROM experience and from observation I should say the cause of so few members of the Theosophical Society taking interest in the devotional part of our philosophy is because they have not seen fit to live that life necessary for an understanding of it, and while their higher faculties are permitted to lie dormant they must be content to remain on the intellectual plane. The requirements for psychic development are not understood, and until one understands the requirements for growth of the *Astral* body and the preservation of the *physical*, it were better not to undertake the development of psychic powers. I know, personally, of disastrous results arising from a change of Hatha Yoga, to that of Raja, and where no form of Yoga, either of postures or of meditation, has authoritatively been indulged in, better results have been obtained. I like naturalness in everything. No artificial means can bring about the soul's requirements. The head may be satisfied, but wisdom is not gained, and the soul still hungers for enlightenment; for the heart is so filled with worldliness that there is no room for anything sacred. Who is there that can teach a doctrine without knowing it? and can know a doctrine without living it? The most essential part of the philosophy is to know one's self, and this must be done before we can understand the requirements of others. To induce people to begin at home before attempting to "regenerate" humanity has always been a failure, consequently the "regeneration" has been minus.

To begin rightly, in anything, is of first importance, and all have a chance to choose, since no one may become responsible in choosing for another. Prayers, by proxy, won't answer; each must sow for his own harvesting. The allegories of olden times must be understood by the disciple passing through something similar now. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the spiritual man, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." The Apostles were not authorized to teach until they had received the "Holy Ghost," and I do not understand that these things have changed so greatly that a three-year-old

“Theosophist” is duly competent to expound the Brahminical Law to his hearers.

For the sake of the cause, let us wait until we get out of the “wilderness” of the lower self, before trying to enlighten others. An understanding of what the higher consciousness is, would put many to shame, but one must first come into the condition itself before it can be understood. The personality must be forgotten, the intellect set aside, the reason ignored before anything can be given by the true Teachers, and only by patient humility in right meditation can this ever be accomplished.

Nordhoff, Cal.

A. B. ZINN.

#### AN OCCULT LESSON FROM THE GOSPELS.

“I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter that he may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you . . . Nevertheless I tell you the truth: It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you. . . .”  
John xiv, 16, 17, xvi, 7.

Thus spake Jesus, the adept from Galilee, to the little band of ragged fishermen he had chosen as his pupils and disciples. As the adepts of the right hand path have ever taught, so taught Jesus of Nazareth; and now at the prospect of his departure his disciples were cast down in spirit, not knowing what they could do without a teacher on whom to lean—one who could explain every lesson and resolve every doubt. Nor was this attitude of his disciples different from that of their countrymen who leaned upon a priesthood for instruction respecting every duty of life and looked forward to the promised reincarnation of Elijah, who they thought would come, giving signs of his occult power, to be received by the loud acclaim of the people, over whom he was to assume sway as a religious and political guide surrounded by priests, Levites and scribes amid the pomp and splendours of their temple. Him the people were to obey even though they perished on bloody battle fields to throw off the yoke of the hated Romans.

To the last hour of his life, the disciples of Jesus insisted that he ought to show his magical powers to the rulers of the Jews, gain their adherence, and take the direction of the affairs of the nation into his hands instead of remaining in obscurity, teaching only a few disciples. Almost in vain did Jesus show

them that a Christ or Master, by the very law of his nature, could not do such a thing. Herod was far better fitted than he to rule a people incapable of being guided by moral suasion. Herod combined the cunning of the fox with the ferocity of the hyena, amid the plottings of priests and the craftiness of unscrupulous politicians, playing the selfish interests of class against class, thus preserving the equilibrium of the state amid a hell of selfish passions. Thus must it ever be until the slowly revolving æons could dispose of earth's heaviest Karma and bring forth a race of men who could understand the Masters of Compassion.

Even in the midst of this little band of disciples stood a Master, but they could not hear his voice or catch the true import of his words. They understood not even their own natures, but, filled with jealousy, they strove among themselves respecting which of them should have the most conspicuous positions in the expected kingdom which they still believed their Master could be persuaded to accept, and wade through rivers of blood like a Maccabean prince to reach. To bring this about they finally raised a riot before the gates of Jerusalem and involved their teacher in a seeming act of rebellion against the power of Rome. Just before this Jesus had warned his disciples that the spirit of truth and self knowledge could not develop within them until the illusion of worldly leadership had been broken; then, only, would the Comforter or Sustainer come. He warned them that many false Christs or Masters would come. Men would say to them, "Lo, here is the Master," or "Lo, there," but Jesus said to his disciples, "Believe them not," for the real Master or Son of Man that was to come, should dwell within them and reveal himself to them as the lightning is seen to flash athwart the sky. Authority and succession have ever been the idea of the priest and persecutor of the prophets, but a true adept more often comes amid humble surroundings, strikes the key note and departs, leaving his followers to test their ability to hear his voice and profit thereby. Jesus had warned his disciples to call no one *Kathegetes* or Leader, and thus they addressed him either as *rabbi* and *didaskalos* (teacher) but never as *kathegetes*. The disciples understood not the spirit of this saying, and after his departure Peter set up an autocracy or a sort of authoritative occult succession, but the young rabbi from Tarsus challenged their right, and declared that in conference Peter, James and John could add nothing to his knowledge of the teachings of Jesus. The conscience must be free, and if a child would learn to walk it must use its legs though it stumbles often. Thus, too, must we find within ourselves the

rule of duty and responsibility. Again and again must we test our ability to stand alone instead of leaning on others.

Had the early Christians continued to hold fast the lesson that Jesus taught, and continued in the liberty that acknowledges no authority in spiritual matters outside the voice of the Christ or Master within, the world and later ages had been saved the sorry spectacle that the pen of Gibbon so vividly portrays.

MACARIUS:

Colorado.



### THE UNIVERSAL LOVE.

THE Golden Age will never be ours till men have learnt in no way to attribute worldly success to spiritual supremacy. There is absolutely no connection. The difference is infinite, and he who will persist in looking for the material manifestation of the spiritual movement can never lose the scales that cloud his higher vision.

The Christ within is as the Incarnated Word "despised and rejected of men." It is but a still, small voice heard in the silence. That voice goes out to all the worlds of spirit, and is felt and read there, and *there* alone. It is there that the great unity exists; there that each one of us belongs in universal brotherhood; there where no separateness, and no untruthfulness can dwell, but we know as we are known.

Only the materiality of our carnal environment hides for a time the thought that is behind it, but in the spirit world which now exists, and will ever exist as it has been from all ages, the Universal Love envelopes all, and each has its wholeness, as each is but a part of that Whole.

Wherein can there be any parallel between earthly riches, honour and appreciation, and this absolute equality of Love. Let us not strive to lead or be lead, but let us give our best, seeking for no result in our limited personality, only for that great harmony of the spiritual re-union which in the evolution of time must infallibly embosom all creation.

As says Pascal: "La distance infinie des corps aux esprits figure la distance infiniment plus infinie des esprits à la charité, car elle est surnaturelle. . . . Tous les corps ensemble, et tous les esprits ensemble, et toutes leurs productions, ne valent pas le moindre mouvement de charité; cela est d'un ordre infiniment plus élevé: 'De tous les corps et esprits on ne saurait tirer un mouvement de vraie charité; cela est impossible, et d'un autre order, surnaturel.'" ["The infinite distance existing between bodies and spirits represents the infinitely infinite

distance between spirits and Love, as Love is supernatural. . . . All bodies together and all spirits together, and all of their productions, are not worth one single impulse of Love, which is a thing of an infinitely higher order: 'Of all bodies and all spirits one could not derive an impulse of true Love; that is impossible, and of another order, supernatural'"]

MADGE HOLME.

"A VISIT TO A GNANI."

**A**LICE B. STOCKHAM & CO., of Chicago are to be congratulated on the production of this attractive little volume, a portion of Edward B. Carpenter's well-known *From Adam's Peak to Elephanta*. Probably no better idea could be given to a beginner of what the mystical life aims at than he may gather from a perusal of these pages. The perpetual taunt of the outsider that mysticism is not practical is met out of the actual experience which is here depicted. We have not space to do more than quote a few passages, disconnected and from various parts of the volume, but they will indicate the value of the complete work. The volume is beautifully printed and bound, and is illustrated with a number of interesting illustrations, including a portrait of a Gnani or adept.

"It is one of the remarkable points of Hindu philosophy that practical knowledge of life is expressly inculcated as a preliminary stage to initiation. . . . There is no sudden leap out of the back parlour on to Olympus; and the routes, when found from one to the other, are long and bewildering in their variety. And to those who do attain to some portion of this region, we are not to suppose that they are at once demi-gods, or infallible. . . . there are cases, well recognised, in which persons of decidedly deficient or warped moral nature attain powers which probably belong to a high grade of evolution, and are correspondingly dangerous thereby. . . . There is nothing abnormal or miraculous about the matter; the faculties acquired are on the whole the result of long evolution and training, and have distinct laws and an order of their own. They recognize the existence of persons of demonic faculty, who have acquired powers of a certain grade without corresponding moral evolution; and they admit the rarity of the highest phases of consciousness and the fewness of those at present fitted for its attainment. . . . There are four main experiences in initiation, (1) the meeting with a Guru, (2) the consciousness of Grace, or *Arul* (which may perhaps be interpreted as the consciousness of a change—even of a physiological change—working

within), (3) the vision of Siva (God), with which the knowledge of one's self as distinct from the body is closely connected, (4) the finding of the universe within. . . . What the Gnani seeks and obtains is a new order of consciousness, to which for want of a better we may give the name *universal* or *cosmic* consciousness, in contradistinction to the individual or special bodily consciousness with which we are all familiar. . . . As a solid is related to its own surfaces, so, it would appear, is the cosmic consciousness related to the ordinary consciousness. . . . Though holding and teaching that for the mass of people caste rules were quite necessary, he never ceased to insist that when the time came for a man (or woman) to be 'emancipated' all these rules must drop aside as of no importance—all distinction of castes, classes, all sense of superiority or self-goodness—of right and wrong even—and the most absolute sense of Equality must prevail towards every one, and determination in this expression. . . . The yogi, by immense persistence in his practices, and by using his own will to effect the change of consciousness, instead of surrendering himself to the power of another person, seems to be able to transfer his 'I' or ego into the new region, and to remember on his return to ordinary consciousness what he has seen there; whereas a hypnotic subject seems to be divided into a double ego, and as a rule remembers nothing in the primary state of what occurred to him in the secondary. . . . Thus the methods that are mainly physical produce certain results—clairvoyances and controls—which are largely physical in their character, and are probably for the most part more or less morbid and dangerous. . . . The Gnani-yogis (so-called, to distinguish them from the Karma-yogis who rely more upon the external and physical methods) adopt two practices, (1) that of intense concentration of the thoughts on a fixed object, (2) that of the effacement of thought altogether. . . . To concentrate at all times wholly and unreservedly in what you are doing at the moment is, they say, a distinct step in Gnanam. . . . If a pebble in our boot torments us we expel it. We take off the boot and shake it out. And once the matter is fairly understood it is just as easy to expel an intruding and obnoxious thought from the mind. About this there ought to be no mistake, no two opinions. The thing is obvious, clear, and unmistakable. It should be as easy to expel an obnoxious thought from your mind as it is to shake a stone out of your shoe; and till a man can do that, it is just nonsense to talk about his ascendancy over Nature, and all the rest of it. . . . If you can kill a thought dead, for the time being, you can do anything else with it that you please. And therefore it is that this power is so valuable. And it not only frees a man from mental

torment (which is nine-tenths at least of the torment of life), **but it gives him a concentrated power of handling mental work absolutely unknown to him before.** . . . A man never feels less alone than when he has **ceased to think** whether he is alone or not. . . . Gentleness, forbearance **towards all**, abstention from giving pain, especially to animals, the **recognition** of the divine spirit in every creature down to the lowest, the **most absolute sense of equality** and the **most absolute candour**, and undisturbed serene mind, free from anger, fear or any excessive tormenting desire—are all insisted upon. . . . On no word did the 'Grammarians' insist more strongly than on the word Non-differentiation. You are not even to differentiate yourself in thought from others; you are not to begin to regard yourself as separate from them. Even to talk about helping others is a mistake; it is vitiated by the delusion that you and they are twain. So closely does the subtle Hindu mind go to the mark!"



#### MYSTICISM.

**F**ROM the days of the New Testament prophets Mysticism has never been wholly absent from the Church. It has manifested itself at times in wild revolt. But for the strong hand of St. Paul the Corinthian prophets would have rent the Church into pieces; and the history of the Montanists, of the Fraticelli, of the Anabaptists shows how fiery and explosive the Inner Light may be when heated by contagion and opposition. Mysticism is always a protesting spirit. But in our western world it has shown, upon the whole, neither the taste nor the capacity for organizing multitudes; it is too fastidious, too sensitive, too fond of reverie. The Church would be nothing without it, for it is the spirit of the prophet and the saint; but it can neither form nor sustain a Church, for this is the work of the priest. There is, properly speaking, no history of the Mystics; only biographies. They are like a chain of stars, each separated from the other by a gulf. We can trace resemblances, even connections; but they themselves tell us, that the light comes direct from the sun, and is not passed on at all. Yet the Mystic usually reads books; and the beacon of Dionysius, or Joachim, or Tauler wakes the kindred soul across the centuries.

—*Neoplatonism, by C. Bigg, D.D.*

## THOUGHTS FROM ANNA KINGSFORD.

**I**T is not necessary to have nothing ; it is necessary only to care for nothing.

Redemption consists in the recovery of the power once more to apprehend, to love, and to grasp the real.

Let a soul but be on the upward path, no matter at how low a point, and for Him it takes rank with the highest.

God, who is before all else Love, is also before all else Justice, and this because God is Love ; for *Justice is Sympathy*.

Prayer means the intense direction of the will and desire towards the Highest, an unchanging intent to know nothing but the Highest.

That from which man requires to be redeemed, is not the penalty of sin, but the liability to sin. It is the sin, and not the suffering, which is his bane.

Wherever we find a systematic depreciation of woman, advocacy of bloodshed, and materialisation of things spiritual, there, we may be confident, does astral influence prevail.

True love is stronger than a thousand deaths. For though one die a thousand times, a single Love may yet perpetuate itself past every death from birth to birth, growing and culminating in intensity and might.

No sooner is the Reason suppressed and cast out, than madness, folly, and evil of every kind step in and, taking possession, bear rule, making the last state—be it of community or of individual—worse than the first.

The problem of the ego in man is the problem also of God in the universe. The revelation of one is the revelation of both, and the knowledge of either involves that of the other. Wherefore for man to know himself, is to know God. Self-consciousness is God-consciousness. He who possesses this consciousness, is, in such degree, a Mystic.

Not until a man has accomplished his regeneration, and become a son of God, a Christ, can he have these memories of his past lives. Such memories as a man, on the upward path, can have of his past incarnations, are by reflection only ; and the memories are not of events usually, but of principles and truths and habits formerly acquired.

Reincarnation pertains only to the true soul. The astral soul or fluidic envelope, does not again become incarnate ; so that they are not in error who assert that a *person* is never twice incarnate. That which transmigrates is the essential germ of the individual, the seat of all his divine potencies. In some this exists as a mere dim spark, and in others as a luminous sun.



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TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“Look one step onward and secure that step.”

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“The dreamer lives forever, but the toiler dies in a day.”

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“The soul cannot be hurt but through thy erring body.”

\*

“To them that love God all things work together for good.”

\*

The apathy of our friends hinders us more than the hostility of our enemies.

\*

The Brooklyn Branch of the Eclectic T. S., meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at 130 Underhill Avenue. Mrs. Vittoria Cremers, is secretary.

\*

At the Boston Congress of Religions Dr. Lewis C. Janes said: “We are beginning to see that the chief object of life is not so much the intellectual as the practical solution of its problems. Religion is life itself.”

\*

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD recommends as the best books for the study of the Bible, Harnack's *History of Dogma*, Caird's *Evolution of Religion*, Schürer's *Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ*, Hausrath's *New Testament Times*, and Gardiner's *Exploratio Evangelica*.

LACK of space quite prevents me dealing with Major Smith's trenchant new book, *Coming Democracy*. Everybody who loves his country should read it. I have also to hold over a communication disagreeing with last month's article "Is Pain Compulsory?" Both items next issue.

\*

ATTENTION has been redirected to Origen on the discovery of some sermons by him in Orleans. His spiritual and mystical interpretation of the Scriptures ranked him with the Gnostics, and the *Literary Digest* looks on Swedenborg, Robert Taylor, and Edward Maitland as followers and interpreters.

\*

THE *Appeal to Reason*, with a circulation of over 99,000, wishes to send a special commissioner to New Zealand to report on the practical working of the socialistic measures in force there, and will be able to do so when the circulation reaches 150,000. Send 50 cents for a year's subscription to Girard, Kas.

\*

THE quarterly issue of *The Christian Life*, the organ of the National Purity Association, is to hand, and has the usual complement of able articles on chastity, ante-natal culture, wiser parentage, etc. "No one is so hopelessly wrong as he who is conscientiously wrong," is a sentence from a paper on "Motherhood." 50 cents a year, Morton Park, Ill.

\*

MISS MARY H. KINGSLEY, who has just died in South Africa, contributed some valuable material to our knowledge of the religious ideas of the natives of the West Coast. She recently completed a volume of *Notes on Sport and Travel*, in which her father receives much attention. He was the third of an exceptional family, Charles, Henry, George Henry and Gerald.

\*

COL. OLCOTT, Mrs. Besant, Bertram Keightley, Dr. Franz Hartmann, and Mr. and Mrs. Chakravarti and daughter all met in Florence at the beginning of May. Addresses were given at the residence of Lady Paget and elsewhere. An International Theosophical Congress is to be opened in Paris on 24th June under the presidency of Col. Olcott. The address of the T. S. in Paris is 52 Avenue Bosquet.

\*

ESOTERIC colonies are increasing. The Koreshan Unity has three established and in operation. The third of these is San

Estero, in Florida, and is said to be situated at "the vitellus of the great cosmogonic egg, the site of the city of the New Jerusalem, extending to the islands of the West Indies." Between Florida and California and their various colonies the world ought soon to show sensible signs of improvement.

\*

THE "Union Idealiste Universelle," of which *Notes and Queries* is the American organ, has just reissued O. B. Frothingham's lecture *The Secret of Jesus*. This fine utterance anticipates Drummond's *Greatest Thing in the World* by nearly a quarter of a century, and there is little to add to it to-day. Love is the Secret, and "it substitutes a principle for a rule." Dr. Edouard Blitz, Nevada, Mo., is Secretary to the Union.

\*

THE Temple Artisan is the title of the new organ of the Syracuse Temple, and is issued from 239 W. Onondaga Street there for a dollar a year. Twenty-one Squares, as the local branches are denominated, have been established to date. It is to be hoped that the members do not really believe the announcement on page 8, that the "Judas power of treachery and betrayal is as necessary to the testing of the disciple striving to hold his vantage ground, as is the power of John or devotion." Those who go out looking for trouble are sure to find it.

\*

THE death of Mrs. A. P. Stevens, at Hull House, Chicago, closes a career which should be an encouragement to all who take interest in the social status of women. Beginning at the age of twelve in a cotton mill, she became a printer at eighteen, and finally arrived at the editorial chair. As a labour leader and member of the Every Day Club, the Hull House Club, Special Economic Club, Municipal Science Club, Union Labour League, the Cook County Educational Committee, the Ethical Society, and other bodies, she exercised wide influence, and exhibited versatile talents.

\*

MRS. M. F. LANG contributes an incisive reply to Dr. Henry M. Field under the caption "Ingersoll's Influence," to *Secular Thought* of 2nd inst. Ingersoll's position as the pioneer protestant against popular dogmatism is well presented, and in his impersonality and devotion to truth and principle is found his chief power. "He was the last man living to say to any other, 'Follow me,' or 'Believe what I tell you.' His dependence—his weapon—his shield—his torch, was logic. His supreme object in life was to lay bare the want of logic of the orthodox creeds, and by so doing to liberate the minds of people from dogmatism."

MISS FIONA MACLEOD in her new book, *A Divine Adventure*, gives her views of the Keltic movement in literature. "It is obvious," she says, "that if one would write English literature, one must write in English and in the English tradition." *The Academy* remarks: "The Keltic movement, then, according to her view, is a movement in English literature, and its object is to infuse that literature with the qualities of vision, subtle emotion, intimacy with nature, and aspiration toward the spiritual world, which the Kelt possesses more singly and tenaciously than other races, though they do not belong to him exclusively."

\*

THE annual convention of the T. S. in Germany was to have been held on the 4th inst. in Leipzig, and we hope to have good reports of the proceedings next month. Dr. Hartmann expected to be present. The secretary, Arthur Weber, Inselstrasse 25, Leipzig, would like, in order to become acquainted with the work in other countries, to exchange pamphlets, short glossaries, programmes, constitutions, etc. The T. S. in G. holds that the aim of the Theosophical Movement is to form the nucleus of a spiritual brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, nation, confession, state, sex, or Theosophical organization to which the workers belong.

\*

THE Theosophical Unity Club is a new federation in Boston formed with a view to "grounding its members in the great truths of the Wisdom Religion, and that they may learn to live the life of devotion to truth, tolerance and compassion which it so clearly teaches." The secretary is Mrs. J. V. Whittaker, 29 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., and correspondence is invited, associate members being received. The Club is strictly non-partisan, members of all Theosophical bodies being welcome. There is no president, members taking turns in conducting the meetings. It is hoped to make the Club a meeting place for old comrades, as well as a social centre for friends and well-wishers of the philosophy.

\*

I wish all the boys from fifteen to twenty could be thoroughly impressed with the truth that ideals last, and that ideals are the only things that do last. So very often our ideals fail to be realised as we may have wished that we are disposed to relinquish the ideal with the broken expectation. Sometimes we spend years before we again discover that the ideal nestles in our central heart as perfect and as inspiring as ever. To be

able to turn at once to the living ideal from some fading outward illusion is one of the great powers of life. The soul itself must return to earth birth after birth still dauntlessly resolved, however often failing to purify and redeem that world which must ultimately embody its ideal.

\*

*The Preacher's Magazine* has a capital article by the Rev. J. J. Pool on "Pulpit Preparation." The necessity for making ample preparation for an address is just as urgent for the Theosophical speaker as for the clergyman, and I have little doubt that the failure to interest audiences more keenly in the Ancient Wisdom is to be attributed as much to lack of study and command of the subject in hand as to anything else. Cotton Mather said once: "I should blush at the incivility of treating so great and wise a people with anything but what shall be studied." Dr. Magee declared: "True extempore speaking is either a necessity or a crime." All the notable preachers had their sermons in mind all the week through.

\*

A SUMPTUOUSLY designed magazine has been established by Raoul Renault, at Quebec, to be devoted to literature, history, biography, bibliography, archæology, ethnography, folk-lore, numismatics, philately, curiosa, and general information, and its range and aims are indicated in the title, *North American Notes and Queries*. The size is 11 x 8 inches, and it extends to 40 pages, the subscription being \$3.00 a year. An interesting article by George Johnson identifies Annapolis Basin in Nova Scotia with the Vinland of Thorfinn the Iclander, who settled there in 1006 A.D., and became the father of Snorro, the first white baby born on the Continent. The descendants of Snorro are scattered all over northern Europe, and Thorwaldsen, the great sculptor, was one of them.

\*

It has been generally misunderstood in Theosophical circles, as I happened to remark last month, that Miss Francesca Arundale was the joint-author with Mohini Chatterji of *Man: Fragments of Forgotten History*. I was so informed in 1894, and have been labouring under this, along with many other delusions, ever since. A friend of the learned Brahman comes to my rescue, and tells me that the joint author was an American lady, who also helped Mohini to edit and publish *Five Years of Theosophy*. This lady's name has never been known in connection with T. S. work. It cannot be given without her permission, and I myself do not know it. With regard to the true

inwardness of things this appears to me to be about the most satisfactory paragraph I ever wrote for THE LAMP.

\*

THE International Spiritualistic and Occult Congress in Paris has been fixed for the 15th to 26th September. The five sections with addresses of the Secretaries, are as follows: (1) Spiritist: M. C. Duval, 55 Rue du Chateau d'Eau. (2) Magnetic: M. H. Durville, 23 Rue Saint-Merri. (3) Hermetic: M. Papis, 10 Avenue des Peupliers. (4) Theosophical: M. P. Gillard, 38 Rue de Verneuil. (5) Spiritualistic (independent): M. C. Duval. The spiritistic section will devote special enquiry and consideration to the evidence for reincarnation, and every effort will be made to collect documents referring to personal reminiscences of past existences; the testimony of spirits that they have passed more than one life on earth; and evidence that predictions of reincarnation have been realized.

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*The Morning Star* gives currency to the tale which has been floating around the English and Continental papers to the effect that a dying Hussar at the Battle of Dundee asked a burgher named Botha, who, stopped to give him a drink, who were the two Boer generals in white uniforms, riding on white horses, and carrying an unknown flag. The story has appeared in other forms, but this appears to be the original. When Mr. E. T. Hargrove returns from South Africa he will perhaps be able to give further information about these mysterious leaders. None of the occultists seem to doubt their identity with the highest powers on earth. Narada must be about somewhere, but it will disappoint not a few if they find he has not taken a personal interest in Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener.

\*

A line of steamers is to ply on the waters of the Dead Sea. If the sacred books of the world had to be written under modern conditions the images and allegories employed would be of a more startling character than those we are familiar with. The finest allegory must always be drawn from Nature, but the influence of mechanical and artificial civilized life upon the literature of its time is deeply marked. It may be objected that an inspired scripture is an impossible outcome from our conditions, but Nineveh and Babylon were no less artificial than London or New York, and the outer form of the national life of those cities has left its impress on contemporary inspiration. A steam-boat is not less impressive than an ark, anyway. Elijah's fiery chariot might have borrowed verisimilitude from a modern motor-car.

*Popular Science* for June has a letter from L. M. Fuller on "dowsing," or finding water by means of the divining rod. Several instances are given of the discovery of wells in this way, and the account of the methods of one operator is more than usually circumstantial. A forked rod of hazel or peach, some three feet long, is used. When rubber shoes were worn the rod was ineffective. The writer thereupon connects the force with electricity. "Granted that the subterranean stream starts a strong current of electricity. Why should this affect the stick held in the hands? Plants grow one way and can't be made to grow any other, and that is, with their axis of growth perpendicular to the surface of the earth. They are as true to the great earth magnet as the magnetic needle to the pole. In the case of the divining rod, the peach switch is turned upside down, and is thus under the strongest possible necessity of turning with the passing current of electricity until the stem is right side up in its natural relation and parallel with the electric flow."

\*

"Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord," is a text on which Ian Maclaren preached a few Sundays ago, and he took occasion to say some stirring things about the cultivation of pluck and cheerfulness. It helps the rest of the world wonderfully if we bear our burdens courageously. The public parade of our griefs or discomforts is an inexcusable injury inflicted on our fellow-creatures. Dr. Watson counsels as to private sorrow, "Cover it over, I beseech you, and speak not of it to any man. If the trouble be in your home and you tell it to a stranger, unless he be a doctor or a clergyman, I tell you plainly you are a coward. Consuming your own smoke is a duty of life, and blackening the blue sky for your neighbour by public lamentations, either over your sins or over your sorrows, is a downright sin. The more deadly your wound, conceal it the more carefully with every honourable pretence. If you have wept in secret with tears of blood, smile before the world and show a good face." Thus Zeno and the noble red man receive common justification in the new pulpit.

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*THE Harbinger of Light* in an article on "An Advance in Theosophy," thinks that under the influence of Mrs. Besant, Theosophy "is gradually ascending to a more elevated plane of thought and doctrine, and is approximating more and more closely to the Higher Spiritualism." Whether this opinion is not the result of a misconception of Theosophical literature in

general may at least be suggested. "It is the privilege," continues the *Harbinger*, "of earnest and right-living students of the Higher Spiritualism to receive this esoteric philosophy, as we have said, direct from its earliest promulgators on the earth, so that Theosophy may be regarded as a kind of preparatory teaching; and hence those who now acquire its beautiful truths from the 'Hierophants, Mahatmas and Masters,' specified by Mrs. Besant, are no longer necessitated to have recourse to their intermediation; useful and valuable though it may be for the time being." So far as I can see *Harbinger's* "earliest promulgators" and the "Hierophants, Mahatmas and Masters," are identical, and the only difference between the Higher Spiritualism and Theosophy in this respect is one of terms.

\*

DR. FITCHETT in his fourth volume of *How England Saved Europe*, adds his judgment of Napoleon to those we quoted some months ago, and at the risk of still further offending some of our readers, his verdict may be given. "The secret of Napoleon's blunders is moral rather than intellectual. He is the supreme example of intellectual genius absolutely divorced from conscience. He scorned truth. He worshipped force. He was absolutely pitiless. He erected selfishness into a law. He counted himself apart from morality or above it. Religion was to him a tool, and capable of being used for very irreligious ends. He poured out human blood like water. He was responsible for more slaughter than perhaps any other character known to history. He covered Europe with battle smoke. He taught that worst of creeds, the worship of war. He substituted 'glory' for 'duty' in human ethics. He slew his own conscience, and did much to slay the conscience of the world. Yet all this when seen in retrospect failed to stir him with a thrill of pity or prick him with a pang of self blame." It is not difficult to decide what kind of magic this is.

\*

I have been reading a paragraph about a baby, four months old, who has six servants to wait upon her and two men to attend to the Alderney cow which supplies her milk. Some people think this is very dreadful, and so it is. But it is not half so dreadful as the fact that ninety-five per cent. of the mothers in existence would have their babies treated in the same way if they had the opportunity, quite regardless of what other little babies might suffer. Rich men's wives are responsible for a good deal of the rich men's wrong-doing. I never heard of a man, on the other hand, who was great and good and



generous who did not give his wife credit for most of the inspiration. Do not let us forget, however, that there are eight people making a living through that baby, which constitutes for them the working plant of a somewhat precarious enterprise. When the baby's grandmother was taking in washing, the soul of the future baby had its affinities with those who now wait upon it, and with its present surroundings, and these moral affinities will accomplish themselves just as surely as chemical affinities do. Let us not dwell too much upon the pestle and mortar, the retort and the alembic, but follow where we can the subtle transmutations of the process of life. It is not the golden spoon but the golden heart that can give the baby any real power.

\*

People will never learn to endure the intolerable wrongs of our social conditions. That is the only hope of finally remedying them. But it is merely ignorant folly to continue howling about wrongs the sources of which exist in those who contribute to their perpetuation. I hardly ever hear any reformer take note of the fact that while the ranks and classes of society remain practically the same for long periods, the individuals who compose these classes are constantly changing, the higher being recruited from the lower, while successive generations maintain the general stock. The great majority, especially in America, of those in authority or rank or power or the possession of dominant wealth have risen from the ranks, and they now act in accordance with the principles and aims which they imbibed and cultivated when in obscurity. The agitators of to-day are frequently the oppressors of to-morrow. One of the strongest pleas made for our free and domestic institutions is the fact that they afford the easiest path to power for the ambitious. The selfish pauper is as great an enemy to the state as the selfish millionaire. The accident of circumstance may endow him with enormous wealth or power in a little while, but his nature will not change except through his own effort. Thirty years from now a new set of rulers will have risen from the ranks. What are they learning in the ranks to-day?

\*

I gave an instance last month of the easy application of political utterances to conditions in other movements. Here is another from *Events*, the bright and independent Ottawa journal. "The man who joins a party kills himself, and lives only in the party. If he believes in all it does, and all its professions, he is all right, but away down in his heart, what man does believe in *everything* in his party? . . . If a man has

not that greater faith that makes him subscribe to everything, he has no business in the party? It will drag him down, and make him despise himself. I am speaking now of partyism as we know it in this country, where a man has to swallow everything, or be read out of the ranks, where if he dares to criticise, the cry of traitor is raised at his heels. It is this hard and fast, unbending, uncompromising partyism that we have which enslaves its adherents and turns intelligent men into mere tools." This is just as true of religious sectarianism, or of any other type of exclusiveness. The folly of this antagonism among men striving for identical aims should be more insisted upon. A prominent literary man recently indicated this unity. "To-day we call ourselves by many names, . . . we differ widely as to ways and means; but we are all practically agreed about one thing—that the art of politics is the art of making the world happier. Each politician who has any aspirations beyond mere ambition desires to leave the world a little better than he found it."

\*

The creed revision question has been hoisted for another year by the Presbyterian Conference. There is the wisdom of Time in this. There will be much education during the coming year; many will be encouraged to say what they have hardly dared to think. Prof. Slosson, writing in *The Independent*, says that "it is a noticeable thing about popular movements that the aim is usually good, but the arguments for it are generally wrong." "This is an age when only the Gospel of the Agreeable is permitted to be preached." He points out that we cannot exceed the limitations of our own natures. We simply have to reap as we sow, and even our sowing is restricted by the season and the soil. This is the law of Karma in its most disagreeable form. There are those who would have us believe that this is all nonsense, and that we can plant wheat in the sands of the seashore and gather bountiful harvests in due course. There are also those who declare that Karma means that you have no power to choose between the seashore and the ploughed field, Mrs. Geste-feld, Mr. Bain, and others to wit. Karma means, however, no matter what people say, that you must abide by the result of your own decisions and works. If you choose to reverse these there is nothing to prevent you but your own previous tendencies in the opposite direction. "Modern science," says Prof. Slosson, "is thoroughly Calvinistic as far as it goes." Predestination, and that is merely the conditioning aspect of Karma means that a man "cannot do voluntarily what he does not

want to do—that is, that his voluntary acts are controlled by his character, desires, beliefs, temperament, reason ; in short, by his whole personality, just as much as the movement of the earth is controlled by forces acting upon it.” When we remember that the earth evolved itself in harmony with the forces around it, and that man is his own creator, we can understand that Freewill and Predestination are but two aspects of one truth, and that Karma includes both.

\*

*The Harbinger of Light*, all the way from Melbourne, Australia, is, next to London *Light*, the most interesting and best edited of the Spiritualistic papers. The May issue, just to hand, is full of instructive matter. Dr. Audollent's testimony to the Human Magnetic Aura is noted. The Doctor first observed it around the head of “ a young man who was giving an animated recitation of a pathetic poem. This bluish aureole appeared to vary in intensity and density from time to time.” He also states that “ spirits, wishing to communicate with you, stand in your aura ; and wherever you go, they can accompany you ; but they cannot continue on the earth outside of the human aura, any more than a fish can live out of water.” It is remarked in this connection that “ the bright and shining aura, which surrounds a truly good man or woman, is declared to be synonymous with the whole armour of righteousness referred to by Paul, for it actually does envelope such a person as with a coat of mail. In Edward Taylor's version of Boehme's *Forty Questions of the Soul*, a copy of which I have, printed in London, in 1691, this is gone into more fully. “ The Soul is a Fire-Globe, with a Fire-Eye, and a Light-Eye.” Defoe's views on Spiritualism are treated under two heads. A quotation from this “ spiritualist and medium,” as the *Harbinger* terms him, is taken from his *Treatise on Apparitions and Spirits*, where he declares: “ I must be a confirmed atheist if I do not believe that there is a converse of spirits, I mean those unembodied and those encased in flesh.” But it does not follow from this that all modern spiritualistic views would be endorsed by Defoe. Elmer Gates discovery that by directing the thought to any part of the body the blood is induced to flow to that part, is noted. If the arm is placed in a jar of water, quite full, and the thought directed to the arm the water will presently overflow, the increased amount of blood in the arm being the cause. Any part of the body lacking in vitality may thus be re-enforced by directing the blood to it by concentrated thought. This is evidently the basis of the development of latent organs as a result of concentration.

The relationship of Theosophy to social problems appears to have been less satisfactorily dealt with by the writers<sup>s</sup> of the Movement than any other of the many-sided aspects of the Ancient Wisdom. Theosophists themselves claim that the treatment of the subject has been perfect, and that the fault lies with the students. If there be anything in Theosophy at all, however, it must be possible to make it clearly intelligible, and what is more, acceptable to all who are earnestly seeking to understand the question. I have no hope of being able to place my ideas more clearly than other people, but the repetition of our views from the varying points of observation which every individual possesses assists others in correcting their impressions. Theosophy postulates a reign of justice in the cosmos. As justice is quite evidently the last thing anybody expects under the present order, it is believed that men have themselves to blame for disturbing the natural order. If we all desired to re-establish the natural order that could speedily be accomplished. There seems to be a fear in the hearts of some that they might lose or be injured under a rule of justice, and what may be attributed to an instinct of self-preservation leads them to oppose any measure tending in that direction. How to arouse the sense of justice to that degree of keenness or devotion that it shall inspire to action and the restoration of the balance in human affairs is the problem. Of the methods proposed the principle of one set is Love, and of the other Compulsion. There are extremists in the advocacy of both sets of systems. It is evidently the fear of compulsion in any proposed plan that incurs hostility towards it. Liberty, freedom, whatever we may conceive of their possibility, are even more desired by men than justice. The inauguration of disharmony may thus be held to have had a noble basis. When it is understood thoroughly that the dispensation of absolute justice is at the same time perfectly consistent with all the liberty and freedom that mortal beings can possess, I believe one great step will have been taken towards the emancipation of humanity. We shall be relieved from fear. Now it is held that the world around us is but the image or realization in such imperfect ways as the limitations of matter permit, of a diviner and ideal world which is constantly present to the consciousness of the heart,—a world, in fact, into which men usually enter at death, and which may be entered during life by those who have attained to what has been styled cosmic consciousness. In this world we have the model or plan, the very being, of what our outer world is gradually evolving towards. In that world there are two great aspects of Life, which we dimly recognize here in the play of the forces of nature, divided as they always are into positive

and negative. Moral associations have changed these into good and evil, and we have come to look upon light as a good thing, and darkness as an evil thing, although we are aware that darkness is necessary to our lives, and also that there is no real darkness, what seems so being merely the blindness of our senses to that which would appear as light to more sensitive organisms. These forces are continually acting under the conditions of three great principles, which are generally recognized in philosophy as Time, Space and Causality. In another sense they correspond with Force, Matter and Consciousness. In the social life of humanity then, we have to try to understand what it is in our world that corresponds in the ideal world to these several factors and principles. For my part I see society so constituted by these things, and we call them Men and Women, and Communication, Transportation, and Action. There will never be an ideal society until men and women are justly and harmoniously related to each other, until they are free and just in their associations. Woman is the inspiring influence, and man is the creative influence. Women represent the character of Society, its being; men represent the action of society, its doing. So long as women are selfish and inspire men to narrow and personal views of life, so long as they are unable to widen their outlook beyond their own immediate interests, we can have neither justice nor freedom. We must not make the mistake of blaming women, as such, for their short-comings. Men are equally wrong in the lack of control and restraint which, as the active agents of nature, they must possess to preserve the balance. It is not of the slightest use, I believe, in trying to coerce men and women into doing justice and loving mercy. They must learn it, and then their highest pleasure will be in giving effect to the exquisite harmonies of their own moral natures. Love, founded on the perception of our unity and the identity of our interests, will be paramount. There seems to be a difficulty for some in the command: Resist not evil. If we accept it as having a purely personal application it should be easy to practise it. There seems no ground for the idea that we should permit injury to others which our interference might avert. And it is here that the freedom of our moral choice is guaranteed. We are left the opportunity of developing our own intuitions. Socially, then, men and women, once free in their inner life will seek to give expression to that freedom in the external world. What will freedom in time, space and causality mean socially? Our advancing civilization gives us some hints. In communication we are practically abolishing time.

Rapid transit postage, telegraphs, telephones, wireless telegraphy, and other devices still to come, simply reflect those conditions of consciousness in other stages of existence where thought is directly or almost directly transferable. All the services of communication should be free, or as nearly free as is practicable, as in penny postage. The annihilation of space is one of the marvels of the next stage of consciousness. Our modern methods of transportation are the parallels of this principle. To our railways and steamships will one day be added the marvel of the air-ship. The postage-stamp principle will be applied to transport, and just as we are conveyed in our cities ten or twelve miles for five cents, we shall traverse the continent for a dollar. This is quite as practicable as penny postage. Gifted with the mobility of the birds, most of our social problems would disappear. Freedom in complying with the laws of Causality must be allowed in our every day actions, that is, in the conditions of labour. As a matter of fact, those who have to work, have to work too much. When all men work righteousness the conditions of labour will be a blessing and not a curse. The Single Tax and other movements aim at the removal of the restrictions placed upon man's right to reasonable labour, and the aspiration is a natural, a just, and a thoroughly Theosophical one. Why the various social reformers differ over the details of their plans when they are all one in heart as to the goal which they desire to reach, is perhaps the result of over anxiety that any opportunity of advance might be lost. Let us trust each other and the Law of Justice in the cosmos, and when we unite in our social and political ideals, when we insist on having our wishes properly represented in our governments, when we agree to accord to all the rights we claim for ourselves, we shall not need to turn our eyes from earth to think of heaven.

## JONAH AND THE MYSTERIES.\*

THE author claims to put forward a new theory as a suggestion for interpreting the story of Jonah, one which will in many ways find ready acceptance by students of Theosophical literature.

Legends are represented as stories that have grown out of the practice of ceremonies, which were often dramatic; the story having later been woven into history as events that had actually occurred. The story of Jonah is a legend which has grown out of the ceremony of initiation.

Several chapters are devoted to showing that rites of initiation are very ancient and widespread, and that they were regenerative in their symbolism. Also that the novitiate went through rites that implied a simulating of death; often this was symbolized by pretending to descend into the underworld and returning again from it.

The Christian story of the resurrection is also mentioned as probably having been derived from a ceremonial performance, which was later told as history. Similar initiatory rites are known to exist among the primitive tribes in Australia, Africa, America and Melanesia, the ceremonies of which imply the notion of a death and a rebirth. The author quotes several authorities to show how general was the spread of initiatory rites in olden times. Among them were the ancient mysteries of Eleusis, the Dionysian, the Orphic, the Kabiri, the Samothracian, and the Mithraic, and many others. The death and resuscitation of Osiris is in itself a perfect type of an initiation legend, and taken in connection with the remarkable details of the "Book of the Dead," the evidence becomes very strong.

The name Enoch means "initiated," and explains the legend of his translation to the other world. The translation of Elijah in a chariot is another instance of initiation. The Widow's Son restored to life by Elijah was Jonah, "The Companion of the Fish" as related by Mirkhand. The initiatory rite of the Christians is stated to have originated with John the Baptist, who appeared in the spirit and power of Elias or Elijah.

Although Jonah was supposed to be inside a fish, we have the distinct statement that he was at the same time supposed to be in Sheol, (ii: 2) which is translated in the authorized version as Hell, which might be rendered Hades or the grave. A suggestive connection here arises. Baptism is an initiatory rite

\**The Jonah Legend*, by William Simpson, member of the Royal Asiatic Society, London. Grant Bros., 1899.

at the present day, and that ceremony is declared to contain the symbolism of a death or burial and a resurrection, the same as that of Christ's. Christ himself identified His own burial and resurrection with that of Jonah's three days and three nights in the "Womb of Sheol," so that the story of Jonah is still amongst us as a legend of an initiatory rite.

It was upon the face of the deep that the breath of Elohim brooded, and in ancient symbology the watery abyss was the source of all things. The fish, the living thing within this element, became the symbol of divine beings. All of this, which has but been hinted at here, is worked out by the author very carefully and with the true humility of a searcher after the truth, and forms a very interesting volume.

An excellent reproduction of the Pérétié plaque is shown in a page engraving. This bronze tablet is at Beyrout, and its genuineness is vouched for by eminent archeologists. The front is divided into five horizontal compartments. In the upper one are represented the seven planets, the moon, sun and symbols of evolution, the circle, the one becoming the two, the three, and the four in the form of a square. The second compartment contains seven human figures with heads of birds and animals. The third compartment is very interesting and might represent an initiation. Three figures represent the lower principles, another lies upon an altar, at the head and foot of which are two figures clothed in fish skins, which might typify the higher and lower Manas. Below is a lion-headed Goddess, holding a serpent in each hand, who kneels with one leg upon a horse, which rests on a boat floating upon water. Around are figures emblematical of the lower kingdoms, including Satyrs.

B. H

Pittsburg, Pa.



## "SOME LEAVES OF GRASS."

Come said the Muse,  
 Sing me a song no poet yet has chanted,  
 Sing me the universal.  
 In this broad earth of ours,  
 Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,  
 Enclosed and safe within its central heart,  
 Nestles the seed perfection.

\* \* \*

I say I bring thee Muse to-day and here,  
 All occupations, duties broad and close,  
 Toil, healthy toil and sweat, endless, without cessation,  
 The old, old practical burdens, interests, joys,  
 The family, parentage, childhood, husband and wife,  
 The house-comforts, the house itself and all its belongings,  
 Food and its preservation, chemistry applied to it,  
 Whatever forms the average, strong, complete, sweet-blooded  
     man or woman, the perfect longeve personality,  
 And helps its present life to health and happiness, and shapes  
     its soul,  
 For the eternal real life to come.

\* \* \*

What do you think has become of the young and old men?  
 And what do you think has become of the women and children?  
 They are alive and well somewhere,  
 The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
 And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait at  
     the end to arrest it,  
 And ceas'd the moment life appear'd.  
 All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
 And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.

\* \* \*

The cause is asleep, the strongest throats are choked with their  
     own blood,  
 The young men droop their eyelashes toward the ground when  
     they meet;  
 But for all this Liberty has not gone out of the place, nor the  
     infidel enter'd into full possession.

—Walt. Whitman.



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“ Here the idea, all in this mystic handful wrapt.”

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"Here the idea, all in this mystic handful wrapt."

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, JULY, 1900.

No. 41.

## A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

A MISUNDERSTANDING of Jesus' statement about the grain of mustard seed is apparently essential to an orthodox Christian. I cannot recall any instance in which I have heard a parson refer to the passage in which he did not interpret it to mean that we should have at least a speck of faith in us as big as a grain of the seed, as though we could measure out faith in drachms and pennyweights, or mark it with carats.

To learn that faith is one of the principles of life, by which the mustard seed grows, a principle which we possess and may exercise in common with it, so that we too may grow, is to know one of the mysteries of the kingdom. A new order of philosophers who flourish under various designations as mental or Christian healers or scientists—and I class them together although they are all particularly careful to repudiate each other—has attained to some appreciation of this fact, with the result the ancient *Gita* promises in declaring that a very little wisdom will deliver from great evil. I am not a mental or any other kind of a scientist, for I perceive that the wisest men do not know anything, and are always looking out for the latest news from Nature herself. For the knowledge that it is summer to-day will avail but little if we shut ourselves off from any new impressions when the winter arrives.

I think that ten thousand years ago I may have considered myself a very wise man—even a Mahatma, as I perceive some of my pleasant comrades think themselves to-day, but I really know better now, if I can consistently say that I know anything at all, and I am quite pleased to be nothing more than a seed, and put out rootlets and leaflets and branchlets, and other lets and hindrances to chaos and confusion. The fowls of the air will take due notice.

I am not a mental or any other kind of a scientist, I was about to say, but without fees or prices I believe the worthy reader can get as much help out of these lines as though he had swapped large circular pieces of the immetallized sweat of his brow for them. These things are without money and without price, and the greatest danger in connection with all the metaphysical and occult movements is the traffic for lucre they are

identified with. I do not intend this as an indiscriminate condemnation, for there are worthy teachers of all kinds who have to live. But a teacher must look well to his motive, and remember always that he is to live to benefit mankind, not that mankind has to live to benefit him.

We are all seeds, cast down in the soil, not of the infinite, as some would have us believe, but in the soil of the finite, and capable of developing into anything for which that soil provides material. To be sure the limitations extend far beyond the range of our imagination, but it is well to keep the limitation in mind as a circumference. You can think of it as God with great comfort and edification, remembering that He also is a seed, (*Gita* x. 39) out of which proceed all things.

If you will examine the motions of a healthy seed you will observe that it is not scared of anything, it will grow anywhere it gets the chance, and it is impervious to the laws of property. It takes all it needs from what it can get. In a bad location it dies, just like a human creature. This is not very encouraging, perhaps, for the human creatures.

If you study botany a little you will discover that there are plants suited for existence in every kind of a location which the earth provides, short of the crater of an active volcano. Now man has the capacity of becoming any kind of a seed he likes. The plants have to grow along the lines of the spark of God-life attached to their different seeds. The whole of the God-life is attached to each human seed, so that if one kind of life is not suitable for the location in which the seed finds itself, it can choose another kind.

Each grain of mustard seed is surrounded by a vortex of marvellous magnetic, electric and vital forces, which always conform to the same general plan. Inaugurate the necessary conditions and these forces immediately become actively associated with the materials with which they are in contact. The invisible forces playing around each human seed are of such extraordinary complexity that almost any condition will provide a possible field of activity. There is this difference between the human and the mustard seed, that the latter has no choice, but grows according to its set plan, while the human must determine for itself what particular forces it will choose to set in motion out of the vast net-work which vibrates around it.

You can do anything of which you believe you are capable. If you have the faith of the mustard seed you will reach out into the universe around you and build into yourself all the constituents you require. They are all there, for the limitations out-run your imagination. Mustard seeds do not spring up into trees in a night, and you will not bloom forth in a year,

for you are a perennial. Nor would the mustard seed provide lodging for the fowls of the air if it decided half-way along its development to become a water-lily or a cucumber. And so you must keep right along on the path you have set yourself if you ever expect to get twigs on you. The persistent unchanging **steadiness** of the mustard seed is the power of faith, and if you have **this faith** and use it in your own garden people will by-and-bye begin to **recognize** you as one of the Kingdom.

For the Kingdom of **Heaven** is likened unto a grain of mustard seed.



## UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

### IV. ELIAS HICKS.

**I**T is interesting to note how comparatively brief is the time required for the heresy of one period to become the orthodoxy of another, and also how many lapses from so-called orthodoxy have been through the path of mysticism.

When, in 1382, John Wickliffe declared that prescribed forms of prayer were contrary to Christian liberty, and that each person should approach and address God in accordance with the dictates of his own heart, he paved the way for the subsequent utterances of Martin Luther.

When, in 1521, Luther substituted justification by faith for justification by works, this was once more an effort to come into direct rather than indirect relations with God.

In 1646, George Fox, meditating \* upon the text, "God who made the world dwelleth not in temples made with hands," had it "opened to him" that the temple of the Lord is the heart or soul of man, and should be dedicated to His service; and that when so consecrated God will indeed enter into His kingdom. There were many to persecute the gentle Quaker, but the divine presence was to him a reality.

And when, in 1827, Elias Hicks, following still deeper the shining of the "inner light," declared that all men are divine, and that through this divinity all may have immediate revelation of truth, he was only following to a further analysis the declaration of the first departure—earlier by many years than Wickliffe—from the first orthodoxy.

There is no reasoning upon ordinary lines that will account for Elias Hicks. He was born in 1748 in Queen's county, Long Island. His father and mother were not especially interested in religious matters, nor associated with any religious organiza-

\* "The silver thread that runs through all men's lives is the mysterious power of meditation."—*Old Tibetan Verse*.

tion, until, within a few years before the birth of Elias, his father was received into the Society of Friends. He seems to have been quite the ordinary boy in his tastes and tendencies—fond of horses and horse-racing, somewhat given even to the frivolous pursuit of dancing, and also of “singing vain songs;” quite fond of hunting and fishing. When, later, he came to realize the injustice of depriving defenceless creatures of life, he was apt to ascribe to the quiet and solitary hours spent in these sports, the habit of introspection which led to the revelation of truth in his mind.

He began to learn the trade of a carpenter in his seventeenth year, though a few years later this was relinquished for the occupation of farming. Soon after his apprenticeship began, while attending a dance, he became suddenly aware that the time had come for him to make a definite choice between a life of pleasure and one of service. He sat down and declared his intention of never dancing again. The Lord, he tells us in his Journal, had often opened the door of reconciliation to his soul before this, and now he seemed to have realized that if he did not accept the light that was offered, it would become permanently obscured. His companions reasoned with him, declaring that dancing was an innocent amusement, but he remained firm, for, “what,” he asks, “are all these carnal reasonings worth when weighed in the balance of the sanctuary against one single conviction of the divine light in the secret of the heart?”

Elias Hicks has left very little record of his life beyond a Journal which is now out of print. It is written in quaint stilted style, and though glowing with light, that light is forced to shine as best it may through the somewhat blurring influence of dogmatic devotion to his own conception of truth, and his too conscientious adherence to modes of expression handed down from less liberal religious societies.

Listening to the “heavenly call,” which he tells us he always found ready to speak when he would “quiet his mind,”\* he learned to depend more and more upon it, and he expressed great disapprobation of any one who would be so mechanical and conceited as to commit to paper what he wished to say, instead of allowing the Lord to show him the truth, and to speak it freely through him.

He began giving “testimony” when a very young man, and it is said there was a wonderful force in his presence and words. In 1779 he began to travel to neighbouring meetings, and his testimony and exhortation were everywhere favourably received. His journeys grew longer, sometimes lasting several months, and

\* “The golden vase which hides the secret sun is periodically drawn away for him who watches.”—*Old Tibetan Verse*.

covering several hundred miles. He travelled as far west as Indiana in 1828, including in this journey visits to Friends in the compass of the yearly meetings of Philadelphia, Baltimore, Ohio, and Indiana—always on horseback, always bearing the expense of his journeys himself, for the testimony of Friends has always been against a paid ministry, which they regard as traffic in spiritual truth.

It was in 1813 that we find the first mention, in his Journal, of Jesus Christ as a man. No especial stress is laid upon the expression, but its use at all is worthy of notice.

A careful reading of his Journal fails to corroborate the charge, frequently made, that he denied the divinity of Christ. He exalted Christ the man as divine, but also everywhere asserted the divinity of all mankind. As he grew older, he dwelt with more and more force and clearness upon this. In his record for First day, 6th of 7th month, 1817, he wrote: "Soon after I took my seat in our meeting to-day, my mind was opened into a view of the great need man stands in of a Saviour and that nothing can give him so full and lively a sense thereof as a true sight and sense of his own real condition; by which he is not only brought to see the real want of a Saviour, but is also shown thereby what kind of a Saviour he needs. For it must not only be one who is continually present but who is possessed of a prescience sufficient to see at all times, all man's enemies, and every temptation that can or may await him, and have power sufficient to defend him from all and at all times. Therefore, such a Saviour as man wants cannot be one without him,\* but must be one that is always present, just in the very place that man's enemies assault him, which is *within* in the very temple of the heart: as no other Saviour but such an one, who takes His residence in the very centre of the soul of man, can possibly produce salvation to him: hence, for man to look for a Saviour or salvation anywhere else than in the very centre of his own soul is a fatal mistake, and must consequently land him in disappointment and error."

Naturally such statements brought upon him much severe criticism "from Friends calling themselves Orthodox," and we find that partisan feeling ran high at times. The records of his Journal are wholly free from unkind criticism of those who opposed him, and even when his meetings were disturbed and broken up by the "Orthodox," he seems to have been calm and patient.

\* "Know that there is no enlightenment from without; the secret of things is revealed from within. From without cometh no divine revelation, but the spirit heareth within. Do not think I tell you that which you know not; for except you know it, it cannot be given to you. To him that hath it is given, and he hath the more abundantly."—*Hermetic Philosophy*.



In Walt Whitman's *November Boughs* is a sketch of Elias Hicks that is appreciative and doubtless true, as the families of Whitman and of Hicks were neighbours on Long Island. Among other notes Whitman says: "The division vulgarly called between Orthodox and Hicksites in the Society of Friends took place in 1827, '8 and '9. Probably it had been preparing some time. One who was present has since described to me the climax, at a meeting of Friends in Philadelphia crowded by a great attendance of both sexes, with Elias as principal speaker. In the course of his utterance or argument he made use of these words: 'The blood of Christ—the blood of Christ—why, my friends, the actual blood of Christ in itself was no more effectual than the blood of bulls and goats—not a bit more—not a bit.' At these words, after a momentary hush, commenced a great tumult. Hundreds rose to their feet. Canes were thumped upon the floor. From all parts of the house arose angry mutterings. Some left the place, but more remained with exclamations, flushed faces and eyes. This was the definite utterance, the overt act, which led to the separation. Families diverged—even husbands and wives, parents and children, were separated."

At this distance, one can only wonder why they should split upon such fine distinctions. All admitted that God constantly spoke to all who would listen. Elias Hicks, questioning more deeply the how and why, declared that God spoke through a universal divine Saviour whom we may call Christ—Lord—Master, as we please, and that when that principle is awakened, when the illumination comes, we, too, are sons of God. His great effort was to persuade people to do away with rites and ceremonies and all intermediary and vicarious influences, and to come at once into direct relation with God, which was only possible because of the Saviour in the heart, and only to be accomplished by keeping the mind centred there.\* He constantly asserted (though personally limited in his verbal expression) the fact of universal divinity, and one is reminded of the older declaration—"That which shines glorious above yonder heaven, above this world, and above all others, large or small, is the same as that which shines within mankind." (*Chandogyia Upanishad*).

Altogether Elias Hicks has a claim to recognition as one in whom shone the interior light of truth, and who, through a long life of service and self-sacrifice, constantly endeavoured to point that light to all. His method was destructive as well as constructive. The philosophy which he taught was but the logical

\* "That subtle self is to be known by thought alone; for every thought of man is interwoven with the senses, and when thought is purified, then the self arises."—*Mandukya Upanishad*.

outgrowth of already existing beliefs, and his constant protest against creed—form—ceremony—a paid ministry—war—the slave trade—the unnecessary taking of life—and in short any injustice or infringement of liberty—or, more properly speaking, his conception of liberty—was always forthcoming, and always based upon the fact of individual divine right. It is probable that few men have inspired warmer devotion or more violent opposition. His life included a time of great historical change, and among the many factors which, during that period, served to mould men's minds, he stands out as one of the strongest, albeit not one of the best known.

MARY FOLGER LANG.

### SYMBOLS AND SYMBOLISM.\*

TO-NIGHT, under, I hope, good auspices, we inaugurate "The Fellowship of the Three Kings." The name is of course itself symbolic; meaning that we are united in a quest similar to that of the three Magian Kings, Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, who having seen the mystic Star in the East—the Morning Land, the Land of aspiration after the spiritual ideal, followed it into the West—the Land of the Incarnation, or of the practical ideal. There, in Bethlehem of Judea, they found the Messiah, a new-born babe, lying in a manger, because there was no room for his mother and her husband in the village inn.

This village, Bethlehem, was the predestined place of his birth, as its name denotes, Beth Lehem signifying, first, the House of Flesh, secondly, the House of that flesh which is sacrificed on the altar as a burnt offering, and thirdly, the House of Bread, of that upon which mankind are fed. Whether there is any mystical significance in the fact that the English have come to make the name of this village synonymous with *lunatic-asylum* I am not prepared to say.

There is a small chapel in Florence, the chapel of the Riccardi Palace, the walls of which were in the 15th century painted in fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, for the Medici Family, to whom the Palace then belonged. On the east wall, over the altar, is the Nativity, with multitudes of angels moving like rainbow-winged pigeons over the penthouse which represents the stable. On the other three walls is seen the journey of the Three Magian Kings, in whose persons, Benozzo has left us portraits of three members of the Medici Family—Cosimo figuring as Caspar, and his grandsons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, as Melchior and Balthazar.

\*An Inaugural Address, read at the first meeting of "The Fellowship of the Three Kings."

This journey here assumes all the pride, pomp and circumstance of an early Renaissance procession, and Benozzo has painted it with his usual imaginative energy and delight in the pageantry of life. Each of these three kings is a typical personage—what Jacob Boehme calls “a Spiritual State”; that is to say, an incarnation of the creative mind in one of its phases. Caspar represents the Soul or intellect; Melchior, Spirit, internal energy or emotion; Balthazar, Body, or sensuous perception and the outward radiation of practical energy. The three together represent the Logos; that visionary faculty of the human mind which we call Imagination, and which is in fact the supreme energy of mind when it puts forth its total activity, to conceive and to bring to birth its conception. What we call *will* is the intellectual direction of this activity for the practical attainment of an end conceived and desired. In the fresco the Kings move through an elaborate landscape, with mountains, hills, rocks, grassy slopes, roads, streams, castles, towns and villages; trees and flowers, birds and beasts. This is the phenomenal world, or Nature, which mystics, anticipating modern science, regarded as the Divine Imagination reflected in the *Mysterium Magnum*, or ether—that darkest Africa of the brain of God as He exists in creation, which is now being more precisely charted by modern chemistry and modern mathematics. These two fundamental sciences are becoming more transcendental every day, until the wall which parts religion and science, mystical adumbration and experimental demonstration, if not down, is at least getting more transparent as “the limit of opacity,” as Blake called it, is being passed, and men learn to look “through, not *with* the eye.”

Benozzo has given an artistic characterization to each Magus. First, riding, as well as I remember, on a very sleek, well-groomed and aristocratic white ass, comes Caspar, wearing like the others an artistically designed combination of turban and crown. He is a venerable old man, strong and hale, with white beard flowing over his breast; and might pass for a figure of Blake's Urijen before his fall from the zenith to the nadir. He rides on with downcast eyes, unconscious of his surroundings, as deep in contemplation as St. Bernard when he rode all day beside Lake Lemane, and never saw it. He is the Sage who has evolved wisdom from the mystical science of the past. He is typical of imagination in its activity as intellect.

Next Melchior, a man of some thirty years of age, in the noontide of his passionate manhood, rides on a great white stallion of stately pace. On his head, wound around the diadem, or circlet of his crown, is a magnificent turban of two colours, between the folds of which this jewelled circlet shows for a

wide space upon his forehead; and the long flame-like points of the crown, also jewelled and tipped with gleaming pearls, or perhaps opals, rise high above his turban. He is clad in a long-skirted coat of rich-coloured stuff, brocaded with flowers. One hand rests on his hip as he rides. His dark, crispy, curling hair flows down to his shoulders from under his turban. His ardent, olive-coloured face, with short, crisp, dark-brown beard and moustache, is raised, his dreaming yet eager eyes fixed upon the sky, gazing probably upon the Star, which he alone seems to see going perpetually before them. He is the Poet or Prophet—imagination as vision, and his crown is the crown of inspiration, the long points of which bring down the fires of God.

Last comes Balthazar, ambling upon a high-stepping palfrey, white like other "vehicular forms" which carry the Kings in their progress through the earth. This third King is a mere boy, alert as Chaucer's Squire, wearing a short riding-coat with double sleeves, the external ones hanging loose from the shoulders; and, like the squire, he is:

"Embrouded as it were a mede

All fulle of freshe floures, white and rede."

His turban is tight and trim, showing the jewels of the diadem all round; and the spikes of his crown are much less important than those of Melchior's. As he rides he is enjoying the sports of hawking and shooting. Behind him one of his attendants is chasing a stag with greyhounds, galloping full speed upon a precipitous crag, while he poises a javelin in his hand, aiming it at the stag. The young King looks out of the picture with a half smile on his face, intensely interested in all that is going on around him, full of the joy of life. He is not, as in the work of some of the Flemish and Italian painters who saw in the three kings types of the three sons of Noah, Japhet, Shem and Ham, represented as a negro, whose black colour was emblematic of the fallen and accursed flesh. Benozzo himself enjoyed life, and was on good terms with the despised body; and his Balthazar is an embodiment of the sensuous imagination.

I have dwelt thus long on this mythical presentment of the story of the Three Kings, conceived at a time when even the artizan painter, whose business was decoration, was still an instinctive symbolist; partly because it was recalled by the birth of our Society, partly because it seemed a good introduction to my immediate subject, Symbols and Symbolism.

This is a great subject, and difficult to handle in a brief space. Many people regard Symbols as the toys of idle dreamers, who, not being able to think clearly, and express their thoughts in definite language, call themselves mystics, assume superior

airs, and amuse themselves with foolish speculations about the mysteries of the universe, which they clothe in symbolic, that is in *vague* forms of expression, meaning everything or nothing.

There is some truth in this view. There will always remain a certain vagueness in imaginative or poetic symbolism; for a symbol is not a definition, but, to use a word of Sir Thomas Browne's, an *adumbration*—that is to say, a *suggestion* which excites the imagination to contemplate the thing suggested by it. Symbols are the natural language of the imagination, and all language is symbolic. It is hard to give an adequate definition of the word *symbol*. Perhaps we may say that a symbol is the representation of a mental conception or emotional state by a sensuous image; for as we know the external world through the medium of emotional states and mental conceptions, so we know mind and its phenomena only through the external world. In psychological language we know the objective by the subjective, the ego by the non ego, and *vice versa*; and all things by their contraries, which bound and define them. Seal up the five gates of sense, and if consciousness remained it must live either in the dreams of memory or by the communications of some inward sense. Imagination is life and memory personality.

Symbols are either purely *arbitrary*—such as musical notes, which suggest sound because musicians have agreed upon an intellectual system perfectly intelligible when its rules are known, each note's pitch being determined by its position in the octave, its duration by its shape, its accent by its position in the bar; or they are *analogical* or representative, as when natural phenomena are taken as representations of conditions, emotions or conceptions of the human mind—darkness for ignorance, fire for passion, crystal for purity, and the like. Such symbols are emotional as well as intellectual, being in fact the product of imagination which always leaps from analogy to analogy by a process of perpetual visionary reminiscence and symbolization.

There is a third form of symbol produced by fancy, fancy being the middle term between intellect and emotion—a mechanical mixture of the two, as imagination is their perfect synthesis or chemical combination. In this fanciful form of symbol there is a less profound analogy, eked out by an element of arbitrary choice, as when a lion is taken as a symbol of royalty, because what we fancy the lion to be, strong, courageous and noble, a king *ought* to be. All allegory is of this semi-arbitrary and fanciful nature, and thus limited in meaning.

Perhaps we may add a fourth form of symbol, one suggested by an accidental association of ideas; as the cross for self-sacrifice and martyrdom because of the Passion of Christ.

Magical symbols—talismans and the like, and religious

symbols, such as vestments and ritual, may belong to any or all of these forms, some being very complex in their modes of suggestion.

It may be laid down as a rule that the more arbitrary the symbol the more definite and limited in its range of meaning it becomes. Imagination, the great outlaw of time and space, is confined in it, loses its wings of emotion, and appears as the pedestrian intellect, stepping carefully in one direction and counting and making sure of each step as it goes. Hence the Priesthoods of all mystical systems have always endeavoured to give definiteness of meaning to their doctrines by means of the multiplication of more or less arbitrary symbols, and the rubric of carefully systematized rituals; but with imperfect success; for while any religion is alive new meanings perpetually bud and flower from the old roots. The heretical prophetic spirit bursts the old bottles of dogma with its new wine of inspiration. Creeds and dogma are the Holy Sepulchre in which the dead body of the God reposes, still, it may be working miracles, and the Priests are its guardians; but the Prophet leaves the tomb at the voice of the Resurrection Angel, to find the God reborn. Yet both Priest and Prophet, tradition and intuition, antagonistic as they seem, are necessary factors in the world's progress towards wisdom.

And here, in illustration of my statement that symbols are the language of imagination, let me reiterate my heretical doctrine that imagination is the supreme faculty of the human mind; not, as the psychologists would have us believe, a mere dweller in some æsthetic suburb, or madman's cell. The most prosaic of us is, like the Poet, "of imagination all compact." We live in imagination, of which intellect and emotion are the two focal points around which all our sensuous perceptions revolve, like nebulous seas of matter gradually forming into a solar system. Each of these two focal points, or centres of polarization, is constantly irradiating and interacting upon the other. They are as intimately connected as heat and light. Emotion, with its boundless desires and aspirations, is always seeking to extend the bounds of experience and self-expression, and, as Shelley says of his Prometheus, who is Imagination chained to the Rock of Destiny—the law of the created universe, it lives by "defying power which seems omnipotent" and "hoping till hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates." Intellect, the later-born twin of emotion, the weighing, measuring, comparing, contrasting and abstracting faculty, defines, draws outlines, shapes precise conceptions, and thus giving form to chaotic force, it arranges all that it has defined in intelligible order and sequence.

All that phenomenally exists defies definition, because it is perpetually becoming, perpetually changing. Its identity is a mystery of the imagination, involving a series of developmental changes between life and death. What we call a tree or a flower is our sensuous perception of an immense number of those focal points which we call *atoms*, playing for a while with each other as they fly through space, and temporarily arranged in that condition of more or less stable equilibrium which we call *form*, or, in the language of artists, *pattern*; and every atom in this pattern is a focus to and from which that mysterious influence we call force radiates. Every atom that exists radiates influence to every other atom, even to the ends of the universe, the more stable the equilibrium of forces, the longer the pattern will last, but the less life it will have—other conditions being the same, the less vividly will it radiate force. A crystal of spar once formed may last as long as the world; it has enclosed its forces within it, to protect its form. Its perfection of shape and purity of substance are the expression of this latent energy. It does not change, and therefore does not waste and requires no food. It is the Holy Sepulchre of the sleeping God within it. A flower or a man dies at last, food or no food, in the mere process of growth and the exercise of the activities of a more vivid personality.

• JOHN TODHUNTER.

(*To be concluded.*)



#### THE WAY OF THE MASTER.

I know the Master walked on earth,  
 For I've heard the tale of His human birth,  
 And all that He did would I have done  
 Had He been mortal and I God's Son.

I know that His heart was crushed and wrung,  
 For I've cherished that which has turned and stung;  
 And He could not help but love us all  
 Though some are held in an evil thrall.

And I know that His law was Brotherhood,  
 And His life was gentle and kind and good,  
 And all that the sad earth needs this hour  
 'To bring men peace, is to use that power.

I have overtaken many a band  
 Of pilgrims following Faith's command,  
 And journeyed awhile where their prophet led,  
 Then, passing on, found the Path ahead,

With the Master's guide-marks, true and just,  
 And His foot-prints marked in the clay and dust,  
 But over-trodden, effaced and blurred,  
 By those who followed some lesser Word.

I may pass them all in the years, perchance,  
 And reach new realms of the soul's expanse,  
 And many may follow where I have gone—  
 But the Master still will be leading on.

For the best I know of His heart to-day,  
 When I've bettered that, will have sunk away  
 In the knowledge gained from my higher place  
 Of His endless love, of His boundless grace.

O comrade mine, we shall never part  
 In the living way of the loving heart,  
 Where the lust of gold and the wanton's guile,  
 And the cup of the curse will not defile

For I know the Master walked on earth,  
 I have heard the tale of His human birth,  
 And all that He did would I have done  
 Had He been mortal and I God's Son.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.



SAYS THE *Philistine* on the changes taking place in the character of Church teachings and social ideas: "General relaxation was in order to meet the competition of rival sects and independent preachers that were springing up; for although creeds never change yet their interpretation does, and liberal sects do their work, not by growing strong, but by making all others more liberal."



## PLEASURE AND PAIN.

## I.

**E**VIDENTLY the writer of the article entitled "Is Pain Compulsory" in the May LAMP has not looked upon all sides of the question, nor has he looked within, or, at least, had not gained sufficient insight to answer the question satisfactorily to all.

The cause of all suffering, misery and pain lies in the desire to live for enjoyment. Buddha, during his meditation discovered: 1st, the miseries of existence; 2nd, the cause productive of these; 3rd, the possibility of the destruction of this cause; and 4th, the way to destroy it. He then saw and taught that every being, high or low, human or animal, semi-material or non-material, is subject to alternative misery and illusive or impermanent happiness, and, that lasting bliss is to be found only in Nirvana. He saw that the cause of transmigration, with its miseries lies in the desire to live for enjoyment, and that when through enlightenment, this desire ceases, Nirvana is attained. *Justice* was the chief doctrine of Buddha and this includes equal-mindedness, tolerance and non-attachment to objects of sense. Enjoyment, happiness and pleasure are synonymous. Pleasure and pain, love and hate, liking and disliking, attraction and repulsion are corresponding pairs of opposites from which we should free ourselves. To gain one or any of these, we must necessarily, sooner or later, experience the other. One cannot exist without the other. When we move from the centre, the point of right or equilibrium, toward one of these, we produce a cause for going to its opposite, even as a pendulum oscillates from one side to the other. Pleasure and pain, as good and evil, are a pair of opposites. One is as far from the centre, or as far from right as the other. Both are necessary for our enlightenment and for our attainment of knowledge, but the place of rest, of peace, is at the middle point or at the centre where there is neither pleasure nor pain, neither sorrow nor enjoyment, neither good nor evil, neither attraction nor repulsion and neither liking nor disliking.

The *Gita* says: "All beings fall into error by reason of the delusion of the opposites which springs from liking and disliking." Again it says: "In every purpose of the senses are fixed affection and dislike. A wise man should not fall in the power of these two passions for they are the enemies of man." "Good and evil experiences are the bonds of action." He also is worthy who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault, who neither

lamenteth nor coveteth, and being my servant hath forsaken interest in both good and evil results." The *Gita* also says: "He who performs necessary actions unattached to their consequences and without love or hatred is of the nature of the quality of truth." It is clear from the above, that we cannot enjoy unless we suffer and that we cannot have pleasure without its counterpart, pain. Therefore, "permanent removal of pain necessitates the permanent removal of enjoyment." This being true, it will be seen that the words "Love-life," in the last paragraph of the article referred to, are not synonymous with Yoga, Devotion, or the divine discipline of Krishna. When a man says: God, or the Supreme Being is good, he has only spoken half a truth. God cannot be good unless he is also evil; evil is as necessary to goodness as the darkness is to the light. The Devil is only God inverted, the opposite pole of one and the same thing. It would be as near right to use the words Hate-life as Love-life to express Yoga. Yoga is skill in the performance of action, Yoga is right action, or justice.

No man desires to see the light of his soul until pain and sorrow and despair have driven him away from the life of the ordinary humanity. First he wears out pleasure, then he wears out pain till at last he attains "an equilibrium which cannot be shaken by personal emotion."

Now, as to man's soul or any other soul being perfect, pure and requiring nothing to improve it; one who sees thus is indeed short sighted. Vivekananda is one of those who teaches that the soul is omnipotent, and omniscient, or that the soul is all-wise and all powerful and unlimited. This is something like the Christian who declares that God is omnipresent, infinite, and at the same time denies that man is a part of God, and that God is in all creatures. If the Soul is all-wise, why should it manifest itself in matter; why should it materialize itself and become partly material? If it is already infinite in knowledge, power and space how can it be benefited by all this experience? No one with any degree of wisdom seeks for what he is already in full possession of. One may seek to awaken, develop or unfold some latent or dormant quality in himself, but he would be foolish to pass through all of these experiences and trying illusions if nothing was to be gained by it, and if he was already perfection and in the full possession of all knowledge power, wisdom, satisfaction and bliss. Is it not true that the soul is in bondage to matter through ignorance or lack of realization of its powers still latent, and that it is seeking freedom? Not freedom from matter, as so many suppose, in the sense that it would be separate from or destitute of matter, but freedom from matter in the sense that it can dominate and

rightly and thoroughly control and govern it; seeking to express itself in matter. That is to my mind the freedom that the Soul is striving for, and what it has not yet attained, as we know. "Ignorance is like unto a closed and airless vessel; the soul a bird shut up within. It warbles not, nor can it stir a feather." "Alas, alas, that all men should possess Alaya and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!" "Alas, that so few men should profit by the gift, the priceless boon of learning truth, the right perception of existing things, the knowledge of the non-existent."

Many hold to the idea that man's beginning was pure and perfect, and that he degenerates until he cannot degenerate further, and then he shoots upward again to complete the circle. To hold to the above is to hold that the soul of man was pure, all-wise, all-powerful or perfect and that it periodically degenerates from choice, knowing that it can gain nothing by its degeneracy, and that there is in reality no continuous progression or unfoldment. This is all wrong. The soul of man has without doubt very great knowledge, wisdom and powers, for it is eternal and has been gathering knowledge through experience throughout the past ages, but at no time in the past was it all wise and perfect for it is subject to the law of constant progression. And if the Soul can be thought of as having been pure at sometime in the far past this can only be thought of in the sense that the Soul through ignorance of sin, was innocent and inexperienced. It cannot have been that purity which knows, and yet abstains because it is right to abstain.

It is always well to keep in mind that the purpose of existence is to enrich the whole through the individualized experience of its parts.

Patanjali held that nature exists for the soul's sake. The knower and experiencer is the soul. "There is in the spirit a natural tendency throughout a Manvantara to manifestation on the material plane, on and through which only the spiritual monads can attain their development," says the commentator in *Yoga Aphorisms*. Aphorism 31, Book II., says: "For the sake of the soul alone, the Universe exists." The commentator adds: "Nature in energizing does not do so with a view to any purpose of her own, but with the design, as it were, expressed in the words, 'let me bring about the soul's experience.'"

"The mind is merely a tool, instrument, or means, by which the soul acquires experiences and knowledge,—the mind operates or exists for the carrying out of the soul's salvation and not the soul for the mind's sake." (Page 61, Y. A.)

Charles Johnston has it nearly right in his *Memory of Past Births*, page 8, where it is stated that "the soul does not only

receive from the spirit, it also gives to the spirit; brings to it the harvest of its best hours in life; the knowledge it has won; the sense of the beauty of the world; the sense of human life, with its loves and its efforts; the sense of toil well done, of difficulties overcome. For if the spirit soars angelic above our life it is thereby cut off from many a secret that every mortal knows; and these are the messages it learns from the soul in return for the power and peace it breaths over the soul in Paradise."

Syracuse, N.Y.

M.W.D.

## II.

It would be easy to retort upon "M.W.D." that, as he charges the writer, he had himself failed to look on all sides of the question "Is Pain Compulsory?" but it will be more to the purpose to consider his position. To suppose, as "M.W.D." does, that one is in ignorance of the various elementary propositions that he makes with regard to the divine Being or Life, is surely a gratuitous limitation to begin with. As all misunderstandings and disagreements are the result of a difference in the point of view, or in giving a different meaning to terms employed, there should be no difficulty in discovering where an indiscriminate condemnation of my article has its inspiration.

First of all, "M.W.D." admits the whole case in accepting Buddha as an authority. "The cause of all suffering, misery, and pain," he declares, "lies in the *desire* to live for enjoyment." Now "M.W.D." makes the common error of confusing the desire for enjoyment with enjoyment itself, just as some other people are always telling us that money is the root of all evil, on the authority of an apostle who really said that the *love* of money was a root of all evil. Sat, Chit, Ananda, Being, Consciousness, Bliss, are the three terms of the Buddhist trinity, and if Bliss is not synonymous with enjoyment in ordinary parlance we must revise our dictionaries. Again "M.W.D." declares that love and hate are opposites. He has abundant authority for this, but he surely knows that it is desire and not Love in the great sense that is the antithesis of hate. There is no opposite to this Love, and so when I speak of the Love-life, a phrase which I am by no means alone in using as equivalent to Yoga, I simply emphasize the Unity of Being. Similarly there is no opposite to Being. We talk about non-Being, but it is merely a way of talking. Non-Being is not, and that which is not, cannot *be*, either as an opposite or an absolute. Being is itself absolute, or if Be-ness, Madam Blavatsky's term, be preferred, it may convey the idea better.

Many of our difficulties in these questions arise from mixing

up moral considerations with states of consciousness. Pleasure and pain are associated with good and evil. Presently we hear that the centre is good and the circumference bad, or that north is right and south is wrong. It soon follows that the oscillating pendulum is righteous when it wags to one side and wicked when it wags to the other. As soon as people learn that these are purely artificial standards, and that the morals of place and time, nation and period, are like unto them, they will be on the way to the Secret of Buddha. Nearly all the misery I have ever witnessed has been the result of endeavours to impose arbitrary restrictions upon other people's actions. Personally I never had any trouble or sorrow that was not the result of an attempt to square my conduct with other people's ideals or with traditional standards which are certain to be changed as the centuries proceed. Pain that I have suffered from physical causes has invariably been the result of ignorance which should have been remedied by my guardians or by society. In the severest illness I have endured I suffered no pain whatever, and if I had died, as the doctor expected at one time, it would have been without any kind of suffering. A personal experience of this kind is, of course, of no value, except as it confirms previous testimony.

To quote the *Gita* piecemeal, is as bad as going to the Bible to prove a sectarian argument. The *Gita* is entirely synthetic, and will prove anything you want if you take it in pieces. The whole value of the *Gita* consists in its demonstration that all men who mind their own business and strive either for work or for knowledge, or who rest satisfied with what they have, will attain to wisdom. I do not at all see from the quotations made that it follows that we cannot enjoy unless we suffer. Yoga, the condition of the Love-life, is skill in the performance of action, but it is also skill in the performance of inaction, or in the non-performance of action. In this sense "M.W.D." is utterly wrong in ascribing duality to my conception of the Supreme. I have refrained from making any statements about the Supreme in any case, and only recognize its manifestation in the three principles above mentioned. But it is clearly absurd to say that we cannot have light without darkness when we know that what we call darkness is merely an illusion of the sense of sight, any extension of which would prove the darkness to be as luminous as the day. This confusion of our perception of things with their real nature lies at the root of all our religious and philosophical squabbling.

"M.W.D.'s" own confusion is well illustrated by comparing two of his sentences. "If the soul is all-wise," he asks in one place, "why should it manifest itself in matter; why should it

materialize itself and become partly material? If it is already infinite in knowledge, power and space, how can it be benefited by all this experience?" Further along we read: "It is always well to keep in mind that the purpose of existence is to enrich the whole through the individualized experience of its parts.' We may well exclaim with Epictetus and other sages "Alas'! that all men should possess Alaya, and that possessing it, Alaya should so little avail them!"

"Ye are not bound! the soul of things is sweet,  
The Heart of Being is celestial rest;  
Stronger than woe is will: that which was Good  
Doth pass to Better—Best."

"M.W.D." fails entirely to perceive, or else to mention the most important point in the whole matter. And it is this. If effort and desire for any condition always produces a reaction, if the desire for pleasure always produces pain as a future certainty, why is there an exception made in the case of those seeking liberation or equilibrium? As surely as they seek the centre will they not as surely swing back again to the periphery? If the law be universal they undoubtedly must. And so we are brought back to the Buddhist belief that it is in the extinction of desire that we may find bliss. And this is merely harmony, the perfect adaptation of every creature to its environment. As we already have this in part, it is quite conceivable as existing for the whole, and consequently for evolution to be orderly and painless. Pain, therefore, is not compulsory.

BEN MADIGHAN.



"IN HIS remarkable essay on the Ancient Stoics," writes Dr. Robertson Nicolls, "Sir Alexander Grant rightly lays stress on the profound truth which Seneca perceived, the truth namely, that the mind and the will evoked into consciousness and provoked even by suffering are a greater possession than the blessings, if they were attainable, of a so-called golden age and state of nature. The old picture of mankind in a state of innocence, dwelling together in some far-off island where every impulse was virtuous and every impulse was to be obeyed, was rejected by the Stoics. They said that in these primitive times there was, in fact, no wisdom. If men did wise things, they did them unconsciously. They had not even virtue; neither justice nor prudence, nor temperance, nor fortitude. Seneca railed at the actual state of the world, but he saw that the remedy was placed rather in the power of the will in the effort to progress than in dreams of a bygone state of innocence."

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, JULY 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

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“A MASTER HAS ARISEN, a Master of the Day.”

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“THE less we have to do with our sins the better.”

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“MEDITATION is the inexpressible yearning of the inner Man to go out towards the infinite.”

\*

“STAND ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.”

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The excellent and charming prose version of the Iliad and Odyssey, by Andrew Lang and other scholars, has been issued in a cheaper form.

\*

A FINE PHOTO-ENGRAVING of Mr. Clark Thurston, the most influential of the remaining members of the U. B. Cabinet, appears in the current *U. B. Path*.

\*

THE BODEN PROFESSOR OF SANSKRIT, Arthur A. Macdonell, has written the History of Sanscrit Literature for Edmund Gosse's series of Short Histories. The volume is a 12mo. of 472 pages, published at \$1.50 and I hope to refer to it next month.

\*

THE MARRIAGE IS ANNOUNCED of Charlotte Perkins Stetson and George H. Gilman, in New York, on the 11th June. The marriage is also announced of Mrs. Elizabeth Churchill-Mayer, late of the Point Loma Conservatory of Music, to Mr. A. G. Spalding, the Chicago base-ball magnate, on 24th June. Mr. and Mrs. Spalding will spend their honeymoon in Paris.

IT IS with very great regret that I have to record the death of Mrs. M. B. Beach, of Aspinwall, Pa. On the several occasions of my visits to Pittsburg she was invariably the gentlest and most considerate of hostesses and the most cordial of friends. Her devotion to Theosophy is of long standing, and the loss caused by her transition will be by no means confined to her sorrowing family.

\*

GEO. A. BACON, in *Boston Ideas*, of 23rd June, answering the enquiry of a correspondent "What is Spiritualism?"—replies that "it is a demonstration to-day, under circumstances that can be easily established, of the truth of Angel Ministration, a doctrine clearly taught in the Bible and accepted by the Church for centuries." This is a testimony to the correctness of the Theosophical position that every ancient creed and dogma had an underlying basis of fact. Mr. Bacon merely follows the Authorized version. (Psalm civ: 4; Heb. i: 7.) and "maketh his angels spirits."

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PUBLIC interest, at present, seems to be entirely centred on the various war crises, and on politics, with any intelligent residue remaining devoted to literature. The overwhelming anxiety for the security of one's soul that was characteristic of the generation of fifteen years ago, seems to have been appeased, and with the pleasant consciousness that hell has been abolished, and that things can be no worse than they are, people go about minding their own business with cheerfulness and alacrity. The only question now needing to be solved is the important one—What is your own business? This, of course, never presents any difficulty to readers of THE LAMP.

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"ADMIRERS OF OMAR KHAYYAM should read the interesting analysis in detail of the Ruba'iyat, which appears in the *Universal Brotherhood Path* for July. The writer, "An Omarite," holds that Omar "was a spiritual poet, a saint in his life," and used the imagery of the Vine, the Wine, and the Cup, as it is used in other religions, the True Vine, the Holy Grail, and other instances being familiar. The Wine is the Wine of Oneness, and the mystic life the daughter of the Vine, and the popularity of the quatrains is ascribed to their mystic quality. Fitzgerald's own particular temper is to be held accountable for the materialistic interpretation usually put upon Omar's thought. Whether acceptable or not, "An Omarite's" views must be read by all students of the Tentmaker.



THE Metaphysical Publishing Co. has conferred a favour upon students by the re-issue of the Occult Series published some years ago by the Lovell Co. Four of Dr. Hartmann's works, three of Mabel Collins, Walker's *Reincarnation*, Maitland's *Pilgrim and the Shrine*, Anna Kingsford's *The Perfect Way*, and Jaccoliot's *Occult Science in India*, are included. The edition is not a cheap one, but is handsomely and enduringly produced, and will doubtless command a large sale. This firm has also issued two new works by Mr. Charles Johnston to which I hope to refer at greater length. These are *Karma: Works and Wisdom*, and *The Word of the New Cycle*.

\*

THE DEATH of Mrs. Gladstone draws attention to the character of one of the very highest examples of the great and wifely womanhood which it is a distinction of our times to have cultivated as an ideal. Mrs. Gladstone was not intellectual, or at least she did not claim to be, and she had little opportunity for much reading, but her "pure and courageous spirit" was the guiding star of her husband's fortunes, and the mutual love and devotion that blessed their long union is a better lesson to humanity and a stronger inspiration than all our religion, philosophy, and science can furnish unaided. Mr. Gladstone wrote in his will: "I desire to be buried where my wife can also lie." And so Westminster Abbey holds the tomb of two true lovers.

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MAGAZINES and papers received: *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Ideal Review*, *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Prophetic Messenger* (which appears as a large quarto of 8 pages), *Boston Ideas*, *Occult Truths*, *International Theosophist*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man*, *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi*, *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Prasnottara*, *Nya Tiden*, *World's Advance Thought*, *The Theosophical Forum*, *Citizen and Country*, *Theosophic Messenger*, *All Ireland Review*, *Meaford Mirror*, *The Temple Artisan*, *The Prophet*, *Theosophical Reprint* (discontinued with this number), *Brotherhood* (J. Bruce Wallace's social reform organ, published in London, 50 cents annually), *Secular Thought*, *Appeal to Reason*, *Literary Digest*, *Light of Truth* (Madras), *Theosophic Gleaner* (Bombay), *Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society* (Calcutta), *Spirit Fruit*, *Faith and Hope Messenger* (April and May), *The Occult Review* (which makes over a column of quotations from our late issues), *Union Agent*, *Book and News Dealer*, *Righteousness*, *The Adept*, &c.

THERE IS AN interesting passage in the June *Forum* recording Madam Blavatsky's testimony about Jesus. Speaking of the Masters she said that Krishna was one, and Zoroaster, and Buddha, and Shankara Acharya, the great sage of Southern India. "So also was the Nazarene. He went forth against the counsel of the rest, to give to the masses before the time, moved by a great pity, and enthusiasm for humanity; he was warned that the time was unfavourable, but nevertheless he elected to go, and so was put to death at the instigation of the priests." When asked if the adepts had any secret records of his life, she answered, "They must have, for they have records of the lives of all Initiates. Once I was in a great cave-temple in the Himalaya mountains, with my Master; there were many statues of adepts there; pointing to one of them he said: 'This is he whom you call Jesus. We count him to be one of the greatest among us.'"

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IT IS FREQUENTLY REMARKED how much like each other old married couples have grown. The thoughts and mental operations are held to affect the physiognomy, and the Geneva Photographic Association has recorded in its Transactions the results of observations made upon the photographs of 78 pairs of an advanced age. *The Theosophic Gleaner* states that out of these it was found after a careful examination that 54 pairs, a ratio of 69 per cent., exhibited a similarity of features almost like that of brothers and sisters, though there were no next-of-kin marriages among them. It was the power of thought, the oneness of purpose in life, the parallel lines in which their thoughts flowed, and the absence of discord and disharmony in the ordinary ways of their conduct, that had thus moulded their facial expressions in the same cast. "Such is the mighty power of mentality over physicality, and still greater is the power of spirituality over mentality."

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THE HERETICAL CHILDREN who are or have been in the habit of ranking Robinson Crusoe, the Arabian Nights, Gulliver's Travels, and the Old Testament as of equal authority and delight will be pleased to hear Dr. Lyman Abbott's opinion on Hebrew Fiction. For the "more conservative reader" Dr. Abbott indicates that there is "some" fiction in the Bible, instancing the story of the trees in Judges ix. From fiction to parable, and from parable to folk-lore are easy stages of—shall we say—descent. Of Samson, he says, that "found anywhere but in Hebrew literature, we should assume it to be that half-fiction, half-history of which such stories in primitive literature are always composed; not only we should, but we do assume it.

to be such; for the story of Samson in Hebrew literature and the story of Hercules in Greek literature remarkably parallel each other." It is their ethical significance and not their historical truth which is important. In my own experience no sensible child ever thinks of discriminating among the volumes above mentioned, except with a slight preference, perhaps, for the Arabian Nights, a work with more occultism in it than in all the occult brotherhoods in America.

\*

IT MAY BE WELL to remind subscribers to THE LAMP that their names are dropped from the mailing list immediately on the expiry of their subscriptions. Anybody who cannot afford to pay for THE LAMP and yet desires to read it, if it be not accessible at the nearest public library, has merely to signify his wish to have it and it will be sent to him. With the present issue are completed the obligations of the paper to its twenty-five cent subscribers of three years ago, and it is to be hoped they feel repaid for the delay in the extra value given them. As THE LAMP depends very largely for the increase of its circulation upon the kindness of its readers, it is requested that they will assist as far as they may feel disposed in introducing it to their friends. I have been told by a number of people that I do not push my wares sufficiently, nor clamour loudly enough about the merits of the dollar's worth offered, but I think these matters are sufficiently evident to those concerned. For the rest, a forced development is unwise, as an arrested development is well-nigh hopeless, and readers and subscribers will duly assemble as our cycle expands. The privilege of subscribing for THE LAMP is every day becoming better appreciated.

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IN A RECENT ISSUE of *Secular Thought* the editor deals with a question which frequently comes up for discussion. A correspondent had declared that "all a man's energy is consumed in a conflict for a coarse and scanty existence." To this our contemporary replies: "There is in this statement a fallacy, and in our view, a total misconception of the problem, that Mr. Ratcliffe shares with most Socialists of our acquaintance. The fallacy is that the ignorance of the labouring classes depends upon the alleged fact that all their energies are exhausted in the struggle for existence. This, we suppose, is based on the dictum of some up-to-date economists,—that the wages of the labouring classes must necessarily, by the struggle for existence, be brought to a point just barely sufficient to sustain life, the capitalist making a rake-off of all the rest as profit. Any one who looks at the streets of a modern town must certainly see

the absurdity of this idea. Who supports all the beer, whisky, tobacco and cigar stores, the candy and fruit shops and ice-cream parlours, and the stores full of articles of various degrees of luxury and utility that crowd our towns? It is plain that these stores can only be maintained by a mass of people who, on the whole, have a large reserve over and above the mere necessities of existence. That the masses should make the best—the most human and civilizing use of this reserve is the object of Secularists.”

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SPEAKING at the State Convention of the Ohio Christian Endeavourers, during the last week of June, Morgan Wood, who recently left Toronto for Cleveland, made an address which indicates that through the young people's movements in the churches there is working a more radical leaven than many non-church-going reformers are aware of. In the course of a brilliant half-hour's speech Mr. Wood took the ground that this was not the age of doubt, but the age of investigation. It is the age when one will not accept opinions and judgments ready made. He must stand by his own conscience. If he can not still retain his admiration for time-honoured customs he is not necessarily a doubter, but instead he is a seeker after truth, that blessed attribute which is greater than Christ himself. Truth is not truth because Jesus spoke it, but Jesus spoke it because it was the truth. Christ himself did not make truth; he embodied it. No man has an absolute patent right on the perfect standard of right. Men don't make truth, but truth makes men. The average man outside of God to-day does not believe that you and I believe what we say we believe. We must break down this barrier between us, and how shall we do it? We must not believe too much. What you think, that you are. Action is only thought in concrete form. The love of the good and the love of the beautiful go hand in hand. Do your own thinking. Truth, not men, is what you want. Good can be found in all things if you seek for it. In everything you will find the germ which God plants within us. Nourish it, water it with all the great thought of the day, and thus educate your conscience to a point where you may judge for yourself. Keep the windows of your soul open for the east and west, and the north and south wind. Each one will refresh you.

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LARGE bodies of people who come under the shrewd classification of “Dear Hearts,” are wondering why we do not have more peace, less war, more results from Peace Conferences, less from military bureaus. The simple reason is that scarcely any-

body believes in Peace Conferencés. When the delegates attend they all take their weapons with them, and alternative schemes of campaigning. With all the talk about peace ninety per cent. of the people do not expect peace nor believe in it. It is the thought of the heart and not the word of the mouth that is really effective. A Chicago bishop has just been telling us that he would consider no expenditure of blood or treasure too enormous that would enable the Gospel and Jesus to be brought to the hearts of the millions of China. Now what is a peace conference going to do in the face of a preponderant public opinion of that sort? And it is a preponderant opinion, for, depend upon it, the bishops know their people, and tell them what they like to hear. We all do. Editors write what their readers wish to read. Preachers accommodate themselves to the popular yearnings of the day, and while the majority of the people are willing to spend blood and treasure to bring Jesus to the hearts of the heathen, we are going to hear about it. If it is not Jesus it is the old Flag. If it is not the Old Flag, it is Commerce, or the Open Door. The heathen, it is well-known, are going to perdition for want of these blessings, and as long as we can get men to spend our taxes in spreading the good news with gun and bayonet, are we going to hold back in the great cause? In their dumb way the heathen no doubt long to supply us with their own national blessings, and if the Boers could manage it they would bring Jesus to our hearts in their peculiar style. And so would the Russians, and the Germans, and the French and the Chinese, for the races of the world are consumed with the desire to confer salvation on their brethren. Some of us ought to be old enough to see the joke.

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A LADY correspondent confirms the opinions of the writer in the *Theosophical Forum* about women. "Don't tell me," she writes, "that you understand women, for I'm sure you don't, not one bit." I humbly submit that I never was guilty of this astounding claim. "The most of us," she continues, "are selfish, cruel, and mean—the average woman has positively no sense of honour. The trouble with you is that you idealize us, you dream of what we ought to be and then you pin that on to us and say, 'now there's a woman,' while in fact, it is not at all; it's only a Dream-woman. A woman is naturally shallow and deceitful. If I were Mr. Weller I'd tell Samivel to beware of *all* women—they are bad." I need hardly quote Mrs. Poyser, "There's no doubt but women are bad. God made them to match the men." Were it not that I can truthfully testify to this conviction I would never dare to reproduce these hard sayings about our dear sisters. My faith in women is the faith of

Ruskin to whom it chanced "to see the utmost evil that is in women, while [he] had but to believe the utmost good." But if there be one good woman in ten thousand, and there are at least as many, our dreams are fully justified, and the world feels their influence while they are the stronger for our adoration. "The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know," Ruskin goes on to say in the later Preface to *Sesame and Lilies*, which I trust all my lady readers will procure on the spot and peruse; "they are recognized chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children; they are only to be divined, not discerned by the stranger; and, sometimes, seem almost helpless except in their homes." There is only one hopeless aspect in any woman's character, and that is when she makes up her mind that she is thoroughly satisfied with herself as she is, that she has no desire to change or improve, and that the world must accommodate itself to her. When a woman falls into this frame, she may well be delivered over to the Apostle Paul and his fellow misogynists. But I continue with Ruskin, "believing, yet, that no man ever lived a right life who had not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion." Aspiration is the very Breath of Life, and lacking it, woman is but an image of clay, however lovely.

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THE ANNUAL REPORT of the American Section T. S. has been published and is more than usually interesting. Of the four leading Theosophical bodies in America this is the only Report issued, which probably indicates that the others are too weak to make any showing. The General Secretary admits his disappointment at the comparative stagnation of the Society, 1286 members appearing on the roll, against 1248 last year. Nor does he "perceive the exact reason." Hundreds of us who wish to be in the T. S. could tell him. A writer in the *Theosophical Forum* for June says: "The only question is, who are ready to unite? Who will help to form a more perfect union? on a basis so broad as to open wide the door for every sincere student of the Secret Doctrine, for every believer in Theosophy in the world, with tolerance for every one and everything but intolerance, and with blind loyalty to nothing but the simple Truth, each for himself *as he sees it*. For such a more perfect union I, for one, am ready *Now*." As soon as Mr. Fullerton feels that he can endorse this position there will be an end of stagnation. As it is, the work is really suffering. Only six Branches on the roll date earlier than 1894. Only four have Madam Blavatsky's signature on their charters, and I am still rather proud of having my name on one of these. The con-

vention in Chicago was not exciting but there was much of genuine interest. Greetings were received from the European and the Dutch Sections. Col. Olcott's tour was discussed. He will arrive in Boston early next year and cover the Continent during the spring and summer. Mr. Leadbeater is also expected for a three months' tour during the present year. The General Secretary thinks that "if an advanced Being, far higher than any mere member of the T. S., had desired to confer at this particular time a very special impetus to T. S. interests, he could hardly, one would say, have suggested a more effective step than this tour by Col. Olcott—and, indeed, it is conceivable that such may have been its genesis." Mr. Fullerton also records himself as recognizing the present as the last year of the century. In the National Committee's Report, Bible Class work is referred to, and believing "that the interpretation of the Christian Scriptures offers a field of work that would bring large returns," the members hope to hear from those who have undertaken such study. With 1286 members in the T. S., about 600 in the T.S. in A., and perhaps 800 more between the U.B. and The Temple, it may be estimated that with the independent Societies there are somewhere in the neighbourhood of 3000 people working along more or less Theosophical lines in America.

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THE SUDDEN DEATH from brain fever on the 6th inst. of Franklin M'Leay is a distinct loss to the English stage. Mr. M'Leay was a Canadian, born at Watford, Ontario, and he was educated at Woodstock Baptist College, and took a scholarship at Toronto University. Through James E. Murdock, whose really occult methods have exerted wide influence, he was induced to study the drama, in which he rose to the very first rank. Some silly people who have scarcely ever been in a theatre, have recently been taking credit to themselves for inaugurating a revolution in theatrical affairs, and I read an article a few days ago setting out some rather absurd claims in this direction. The drama, like every other department of human activity, is a study by itself, and the scholarship and genius that have been devoted to it in the last twenty years have produced results too notable to be appropriated by outsiders. Henry Irving was perhaps the first to bring the forces of modern culture to bear upon the stage of this generation, but he has had many able allies both in America and England. Wilson Barrett, Beerbohm Tree, F. R. Benson are among those who have contributed to the academic value of the stage, the Shaksperian productions of the last named throughout the British Isles being worthy of especial esteem. Percy Compton has done similarly for Shaksperian comedy and the Sheridan

and Goldsmith school. When I saw Franklin M'Leay in '98 as Cassius I had had no previous knowledge of his powers, but the performance, the most finished, perfect and satisfactory characterization I ever saw, ranked him for me with the classical actors. The unity and completeness of his work was what struck me, not a gesture or an inflection but added to the sense of consummate but wholly natural art. Nor was there any "starring," the character being harmoniously restrained within its proper limits. I am glad to associate M'Leay with *Julius Cæsar*, one of the most mystical of Shakspeare's plays. It is said that this young actor in his brief career had taken over forty important parts. The thought has frequently occurred to me that there can be no better training in yoga or "detachment" than the work of the actor. As one after another various characters are assumed, the result for an earnest student must be akin to what we are told each incarnation is intended to effect for the soul. And the greatest actors have told us that they considered it a weakness when they wholly identified themselves with the part they were impersonating. They gave the impression of complete identification, and yet remained separate, masters of the situation. It is true that many actors are swayed by a lower order of art, and governed by the magic of abandonment, a temporary obsession which opens the way to domination by the Great Enchanter, the Astral Light. The nervous attacks, the use of stimulants, and other symptoms of reaction are clearly traceable to this subtle influence.



#### THE COMING DEMOCRACY.\*

"LET us go down to the rock. Let us make men free, and then trust them." This is Major Smith's proposal for political reform. In its cheerful optimism, and hearty belief in humanity it conveys much encouragement to those who have been thinking that politically men are a hopeless quantity. If it be really the artificial restrictions which are imposed upon us by the systems of our forefathers, and the incompleteness in which we adopt any new method, which prevent the working out of our own best impulses, and give the opportunity for the activity of the worst elements in society, then the sooner we get to a point of the freest and most mobile government the better. There is, apparently, a conservatism in society which clings obstinately to old things simply because they are old, even when admittedly bad, and as piecemeal reform defeats the objects it attempts, by retaining elements which neutralize those newly

\* The Coming Democracy. O. J. Smith. 162 pages, 8vo. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50c. New York: The Brandur Company, 220 Broadway.



introduced, it is only by very radical measures that rapid improvement may be expected.

Governments are either evolved or created, and the manufactured or created ones are failures to the extent they fail to respond to evolutionary influences. "The principle of democracy is one thing, and the machinery by which Democracy can be put into practical use is another thing. The principle may be sound, and the machinery unsound. . . . A Democracy is a state which is ruled by a majority of its own people." "America," Major Smith charges, "has the forms, but is lacking in the fact of Democracy. England has the forms of monarchy and the essential fact of Democracy—that the voice of the people can be expressed quickly and effectively whenever an issue of importance is reached, and that their will is supreme and final." "In only seven years in the last quarter of a century has the government of the United States responded to the will of the people." "It takes an average of 20,121 Democratic votes to elect a member of the lower house in the present congress from the South, while an average of 98,922 Republican votes is required to elect a member of the house from the same section. On the other hand, the Republican senators from the North represent an average of 106,093 votes, while the Democratic senators from the North represent an average of 2,185,050 votes."

"It has not been claimed that our people are suffering from decay in any quality save in public spirit. In all other respects the American people rank at this time as being active, enterprising, daring, quick-witted and aspiring in a marked degree." The cause of the manifest evils existing in political affairs Major Smith finds in the fact that the government is not a true Democracy, but "is a government which, as a rule, denies and defies the people; it is a defective and perverted Democracy."

Major Smith believes that "as we are trusting to the honesty and intelligence of the poor and ignorant every day of our lives—in the trains, on the streets, in all the minute ramifications of work and trade, in places of pleasure, even in our sleep," so we might well trust these "men to whom Fate has denied favour and opportunity, but whose souls are as white and clean as the soul of any king," with their due and equal share in the government which it is their own greatest interest to have perfect. "The fault is not in the indifference, nor in the dishonesty, of the people; it lies in the complexities which are at war with all sound methods of business organization. No one prefers bad government, save its beneficiaries. All sane men are naturally honest, and prefer right ways to wrong ways." He points out that at present men chosen to office do not represent

the whole people, but a party, which means a dishonest machine. Out of this source it is absurd to expect good results. A direct trust from the people would be observed with that fidelity for the peoples' interests which distinguishes all service. As people are now faithful to party, so they would be faithful to the people directly if the opportunity offered, for "treachery is that offence which ranks a little lower in the minds of men than any other crime."

The means suggested to secure direct service from the people's representatives is a method of proportional representation which Major Smith styles the Free Man's Ballot. It is practically what is known in Canada as the Hare-Spence system of voting. Its simplicity and its absolute fairness must commend it to every honest and liberally minded man, and the only question we may ask about it is whether men really wish to have a fair government, in which the wishes of the people will be directly obeyed, and in which the majority shall always be able to make itself heard. Those who are unwilling to trust the people will prefer to continue under the complicated system through which by various safeguards and provisos the wealthy or the crafty are enabled to circumvent the wishes of the majority.

Those who fear that the negro, or the Catholic, or the Methodist, or the Mormon, or any other class or interest should obtain the voice in the councils of the nation, to which its proportions would entitle it, may be averse from this plan, but it is to be hoped that they will recognize the inconsistency of posing as supporters of Democracy. And it must not be forgotten that many so-called reformers fear being swamped under the will of majorities adverse to their particular plans.

The reader must be referred to Major Smith's volume for his brilliant handling of these topics and dozens of others. The absurdity of splitting up the direction of public business into several conflicting departments, the necessity of a unity of policy in all matters of government, the relation of corporations to the public welfare, and the effect of their actual "immortality," a factor not often considered, the value of the Single Tax and of state ownership, the basic fact that behind all honest systems of production and exchange there is but one thing—labour, are a few of the matters discussed. I am glad to see also that he anticipates an age of cheap transportation. The actual cost of carrying a passenger from New York to Chicago need not be more than \$2. A universal rate of \$1 will be a feature of the advent of the Brotherhood Millenium.

*The Coming Democracy* is a wonderfully sensible and attractive book.

## SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
 Healthy, free, the world before me,  
 The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am good-fortune,  
 Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,  
 Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous criticisms,  
 Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient,  
 I do not want the constellations any nearer,  
 I know they are very well where they are,  
 I know they suffice for those who belong to them.

(Still here I carry my old delicious burdens,  
 I carry them, men and women, I carry them with me wherever  
 I go,  
 I swear it is impossible for me to get rid of them,  
 I am fill'd with them, and I will fill them in return.)

\* \* \*

Who learns my lesson complete?  
 Boss, journeyman, apprentice, churchman and atheist,  
 The stupid and the wise thinker, parents and offspring, mer-  
 chant, clerk, porter and customer,  
 Editor, author, artist, and schoolboy—draw nigh and commence;  
 It is no lesson—it lets down the bars to a good lesson,  
 And that to another, and every one to another still.

The great laws take and effuse without argument,  
 I am of the same style, for I am their friend,  
 I love them quits and quits, I do not halt and make salaams.  
 I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things and the  
 reasons of things.  
 They are so beautiful I nudge myself to listen.

—Walt Whitman.

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# THE LAMP.

CONDUCTED BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR: D. N. DUNLOP, LONDON, ENGLAND.

“Have I no weapon-word for thee—some message brief and fierce?”

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"Have I no weapon-word for thee—some message brief and fierce!"

# THE LAMP.

VOL. IV.—No. 6.

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1900.

No. 42.

BE OF GOOD CHEER. .

"IT is essentially the philosophy," said a great teacher of her system, "of those who suffer and have lost all hope of being helped out of the mire of life by other means." Surely such is the system which above all things the world needs in this present year of disgrace, Nineteen Hundred.

The wars and slaughters, the earthquakes and pestilences the famines and drought, the conflagrations and railway and marine disasters, the assassinations and murders and suicides, all these are prominent in the public mind, but they do not represent a tithe of the actual misery of what we call civilization.

The principle of isolation has appealed to and is being adopted by many who despair of effecting anything in the way of reformation among existing social organisms. Various kinds of colonies, settlements and communities are springing up in different parts of the country, and meeting with more or less success, according to their disinterestedness. The attempt is merely in miniature what the nations have tried and failed at. It is the same character and disposition which make a successful and happy home which are required to govern the larger issues and more complex relations of all other societies, whether tribe, city, or nation. The most isolated prairie farmer cannot cut himself off with his family entirely from the outer world. Sooner or later he discovers its duties to him, if his duties to it do not force themselves upon his mind.

Man and man, family and family, community and community, state and state, nation and nation, must harmoniously adjust themselves to each other if we are ever to have the Will followed on earth as it is dreamed to be in heaven. Life is a unity which we cannot escape from, and the Law of the Unity must be observed to achieve Peace.

"A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another."

The old condition, which still prevails, is to live in fear of one another. In the days of their weakness men were accustomed to kill each other directly lest the competition

become too great. Since men have grown very strong and attained to great power, they do not kill directly. They give their fellows a choice of methods of suicide. This is not merely rhetoric, but cold, hard fact. Men can starve or drown or take poison. There was a time when men assumed the odium of owning their fellows as slaves. They repudiate such methods now, and the slave has nominally the choosing of his own master. It matters little who drives when the whip cracks. The condition of slavery is a condition of lovelessness. The employer who does not love his servants keeps slaves. The master who loved his slaves had the willing service of freedom. We do not give our children stones when they ask for bread, but we give them money to buy stones, and mock them when they find that to buy bread they have too little. It is the gospel of economy, providence, thrift.

In politics instead of uniting to do what is politic, we divide and abuse those among our opponents who are most esteemed by them, or who may have been most prominent in public affairs under their auspices. In economic politics we band ourselves together to insist that only those things shall be done which we authorize under penalty. And as between nations we act on the principle that none has a right to exist whom we can over-reach by strength, or by the craft and cunning which we glorify as commerce.

In religion we quarrel most bitterly on matters of which we have no actual knowledge, and ignore entirely the matters on which our experience agrees.

In the world of knowledge where its application is attended with practical results, leading to inventions and discoveries of value to all men, we reserve the use and the profits of these to a minority, so that few men can tell whether knowledge is a curse or a blessing.

It is not surprising if those who have the chance try to escape to some haven of rest and peace. But those who go out of the crowded life of the world can do little from their secluded communities unless they exhibit to the world around them the same spirit which they display to their community mates, the fellowship without which success is impossible. "Thou shalt not separate *thy* being from Being, and the rest."

It is not enough to love some one and live in solitary abnegation. We must love one another. The living presence of a comrade is as necessary to the ordinary man, is as much the virtue and potency of his sacrament of life, as the Heart of God is essential to the banquet of the soul. The bodies of men are but the material elements in communion with which we should partake of the very Spirit of the Divine. When I take the

hand of my comrade, when I look in his eyes, in the embrace of lovers, in the parent's caress and the child's response, in all real human fellowship, God has arrayed Himself in the shining garment of transfiguration.

What shall we do for the desolate and distressed? And the pain-stricken and miserable, the outcasts and the fallen? We have been as they, and after many births they may shine as the stars if we do not stoop to occupy their places, but give them of the wine of our heart's love. He who loves will be loved, and he who loves and is loved is of the Kingdom, and knows its joy. After thousands of years the world has no other wisdom to offer. This is the Way of the Master.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." What He did we must do, and by the same means. When all are as dear to us as our dearest we shall walk in the light of perfect day. Nor do we need to go in search of the poor and the oppressed. Our duties are within and around our own doors.

These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full."

TO A FRIEND.

You think I do not understand,  
 But I have read to your boot-tops,  
 No farther, because I deal not with feet,  
 And though you will not let me live in your house,  
 And keep me on the outskirts of your garden,  
 Still I have looked into your soul,  
 Entered your darkest night, and understood.

The mob glorify you,  
 The few are waiting,  
 But you are strong,  
 And I have no fear.

CARL AHRENS.

East Aurora, N.Y.



## SYMBOLS AND SYMBOLISM.\*

*(Concluded from page 140.)*

ONLY the abstractions of the intellect can be absolutely defined, because they are permanent, having no phenomenal existence, but measuring all things that exist with mechanical precision.

We can define a point, a line, a triangle, a circle, a square, a polygon, etc., for these are intellectual concepts that have no real existence except perhaps in the boundary lines that apparently mark the limits within which the forces of crystallization are equilibrated; and the line or circle we draw is a perfectly adequate representation or symbol of the concept. We can carry out a long process of reasoning concerning them, and by measuring and comparing arrive at an absolutely valid conclusion—just as we can in the operations of arithmetic or algebra. But such conclusions are of no practical value until they are applied to the concrete things of the phenomenal world, where they are only approximately true—true enough for all practical purposes, because such intellectual concepts underlie the phenomenal world. They are God Almighty's mechanical drawings, which, being an artist, He does not follow, but always dexterously evades.

We thus measure the things that exist by the things that do not exist except as mental conceptions. We draw outlines where none exist; for

“ All things by a law divine

In one another's being mingle.”

We seek to define the indefinite, and thus we gain more and more knowledge of the mechanism of the Universe, more and more power over the mechanical forces of Nature. This power we gain by working with intellectual symbols. But this does not satisfy us. We are still on the plane of what the Mystics call Black Magic. There is another side of our personality which demands satisfaction, the sympathetic, emotional side, which is not satisfied with such mastery, but aspires after a higher spiritual life: to penetrate appearances, to raise the Veil of Isis, to learn the meaning of our brief adventures here; to know the gods and God, to pass the limits of definition which they evade, to wing the region of mystery, which is the region of awe, love, worship, adoration. To attain this we need to use another kind of symbols—the symbols which are the language of imagination in its highest form, symbols which are sensuous images of super-sensuous conceptions, and serve as records of our visionary

---

\* An Inaugural Address, read at the first meeting of “The Fellowship of the Three Kings.”

moods. There is an imaginative correspondence between the inner life of our minds and the phenomena of external nature. In the language of Mystics, the Microcosm reflects the Macrocosm. In imagination sensuous perceptions are translated into thought and emotion, and thought and emotion clothed in sensuous imagery. The vibrations which come to us from the external world become in the mind first sensuous perceptions, then thoughts and emotions. The special senses are the instruments by which the mind communicates with the external world. The eye is but a telescope which would only focus, not see, but for the mind behind it. But without memory the mind would have no consciousness of continued existence, and the imagination no series of sensuous images to work with. Memory was therefore called by the Greeks the Mother of the Muses. This is true, though Blake indignantly denied it, because he believed in an inner sense independent of the five senses. Yet if there was no memory attached to this sense, it would remain a helpless babe. It is upon memories that imagination works, and exercises its creative power; for it is always re-creating both itself and the world it lives in. Just as before you can build a house in the external world you must imagine a house and accommodate your imagination to the laws of the external world, by means of the knowledge gained by the intellect, through observation, experiment and thought; so, before you can build a temple in the inner world of your mind, you must imagine this temple and accommodate your vague imaginations to the laws of the unseen world of the spirit. And the fashion of the temple depends upon the nature of the god or daemon for whom you build and to whom you dedicate it; and in the fashioning of it you are fashioning your own personality. "You become what you contemplate," as Blake says. But the world of imagination swarms with gods and daemons; and most of us, like our primeval ancestors, who dwell in us still, worship many gods in turn, and the fashion of our temple is always changing, moment by moment, like a cloud.

We worship the things we fear as well as the things we love. We get but occasional glimpses of the supreme power, in those brief moments which come to us, we know not how, when the daemons hide themselves and the lower gods bow down and are still, and power from on high seems to descend upon us, and we cease to struggle and to build; for then we are lifted up and transfigured, we are clouds in the sunrise, and the angels of creation build in us and for us, singing as they build. We are swept from harmony to harmony.

The history of religion is the history of the spiritual progress of mankind from the worship of the lower to the wor-

ship of the higher gods, and so on in a search after the Most High God, of Whom all the others are but broken lights and shadows, the demons no less than the angels. This progress is necessarily a very slow one, with many pauses, perplexed wanderings, and bad eddies. All mystical systems, all forms of religion, have for their object the recording of our spiritual discoveries in these supreme moments of imagination, and making them the starting-point for new ones. Just as musicians have invented a system of symbolism by which musical inspirations are recorded, and fresh inspirations giving rise to new artistic forms suggested, so Mystics have invented systems of symbolism to record and co-ordinate their spiritual discoveries, and carry them farther. Many of their symbols are just as arbitrary as musical notation; and their object is to play with precision upon the stops of imagination, and induce vision. There is a technique of religion, as there is of music—a technique of religious exercises, rituals, contemplation of symbols; recitation of sacred poems which record spiritual experiences and aspirations; and prayer and fasting, which promote aspirations and aim at subduing the flesh.

I cannot now say much about these symbolic systems, interesting as they are. There are many here who know much more about them than I do. I shall merely say that for the Mystic the forces of the Universe are not regarded, as modern science regards them, as merely mechanical, but as directed by personalities with intellect, emotions, and will of their own; and the dream of the mystical adept is to subdue first his own body, and secondly the adverse forces of the Universe by the direct power of his own will, brought into harmony with that of the higher Powers by use of the right symbols and rituals, and flashed through the ether by the use of the right spell or incantation. There are great possibilities for wireless telegraphy through the ether, and we ourselves are powerful batteries, always radiating force. So much even materialistic science acknowledges. But it takes an adept to direct these radiations at will, and to see the effect of his shot. Even religious and mystical science must be directed by observation and experiment. "Everything that can be imagined, may be," as Blavatsky says, "an image of truth"; but not all images of truth come to be born as truths in the phenomenal world. Imagination has its crude sketches which have, like other things, to struggle for existence. The imagination which has become what we call materialized in the phenomena of nature has for some centuries been tempered with a good deal of common sense, and does not care to have its modern habits disturbed by traditional methods of procedure, which may have been

valid in byegone ages, but are now out of fashion. Still we cannot afford to neglect tradition, though imagination in seeking truth is always falling into error, blundering along in Nature's own hap-hazard way; and the gold of truth is always alloyed with the dross of superstition in ancient as in modern systems.

And now let me say a few words about Eastern and Western mysticism. In the far east, in India, we find a people with great subtlety of intellect, whose imagination has become subtilized, analytic, sceptical, almost attenuated into pure reason, which in its final analysis annihilates the Universe. The world is *Maya*, illusion; life, with its sensations, emotions, passions, the great evil; creation, the sin of sins, which our phantom personalities must expiate, by means of ascetic practices, through a long series of incarnations, until, purified from all passion, they plunge back into God, who is non-entity. This system is in its essence rational rather than mystical. The idea of God as a formless Unity is a concept of the intellect, like a mathematical point. In getting rid of the world of the five senses, it does not become spiritual but mechanical. It is a crude form of abstract, mechanical science. The conception of the inbreathing and outbreathing of God in creation is the diagrammatic equivalent of the nebular theory. Given a finite Universe, and anything else is rationally inconceivable, with conservation of energy; and you have the perpetual motion of a huge machine which winds itself up again by running down. There is more imagination in the doctrine of reincarnation, which is a scientific hypothesis to account for the facts of life. The monad of personality does not become thoroughly sickened of illusion in one incarnation, but has to be replunged into the evil condition many times before it recognizes the evil and takes the pains to deliver itself.

The Greek religion is almost the opposite of this. The Greek intellect was not so subtle as that of India, but it was much more robust and sane. It was synthetic and constructive, not analytic and destructive. It cared nothing about a formless unity, but much about that unity in variety, that subordination of parts to the whole which is Beauty—the idea of the cosmos, harmony. They were not at logger-heads with Nature and human nature. They were artists, and worshipped God in many particular manifestations. Their Pantheism did not seem inconsistent with their Polytheism. Nature treated them well, and they were filled with the joy, and the joyous activity, of life. Their asceticism was the training of body and mind in harmonious fellowship. Their virtue was embodied in the formula *Méden agan*—nothing too much. It was, in fact, the virtue of the healthy, unsophisticated animal, temperance. From the

Greeks we get a whole series of the most beautiful nature-myths, and a nature-poetry which is full of imaginative delight in the beauty of nature. This love of nature, not merely as a bountiful mother, but as a goddess of joy-giving grace, is, I think, characteristic of the Western mind.

Midway between these two great Aryan religions is that of the Hebrews, who were of the race of Shem, that is, of the Spirit. Here we are in a new atmosphere; not of intellectual concepts or of nature-myths, but of pure mystical vision. Imagination is not divided into intellect and emotion. It is a living spirit, all sense, sight, hearing. It feels and thinks in a thousand ways at once. Induction and deduction are one in intuition. The world is not illusion but mystery—at once reality and symbol. It is Beth El, the House of God, where the angels are always ascending and descending. I cannot now do more than allude to the very complex system of symbolism evolved by the Jews from a very simple formula. *They* also had their idea of beauty, not merely sensuous, and intellectual, like that of the Greeks, but spiritual. It was the Beauty of Holiness they sought to attain. Beauty was in the midst of the Sephiroth. It was the equilibration of all forces, the Reconciler, the middle term between God and Man, where aspiration from below was made one with inspiration from above.

In Christ the line of the Jewish prophets culminated; but he was not merely a Jew, not merely an oriental, but the Son of Man, coming to save the world, not any nation or section of instructed persons. His religion was neither a creed or system of philosophy, nor a system of natural observances, but a divine life attained not through the medium of a Priesthood, but through that awakening of the divine spirit within us which leads through repentance to regeneration, and gradual growth in grace. He was not an ascetic, preaching mortification of the flesh, and separation from the world but initiating a new life *in* the world. He came not to destroy but to fulfil the old Law, by substituting the spirit for the letter; not to abrogate tradition, but to absorb and renew it; to do away with the mediatorial office of Priesthoods, and bring the spirit of man in direct relation with God. Who can alone forgive sins; to found not a new Church but "the Kingdom of Heaven" in the great modern religion of the brotherhood of all mankind. He was the Light of the World, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

And now, in conclusion, a word more about the Three Kings. There is a little poem of Heine which gives his version of the story of their quest, and which I have thus translated:

The Holy Three Kings from the Morning Land

Still asked in sorrowful cadence :

“O which is the way to Bethlehem,  
Ye beautiful youths and maidens?”

The young nor the old, they knew not the way,

The Kings fared further, weary,

They followed, followed a golden Star

That shone for them bright and cheery.

The Star stood still over Joseph's home,

They entered with wistful faces,

The oxen bellowed, the Babe it cried.

The Holy Three Kings sang praises.

What is the Star they followed? It is the same Star we follow: the Star of Manifestation, which leads from the Land of the Spiritual to the Land of the practical ideal. The Babe which the Magi found in the manger taught us the great paradox that he who would save his life must lose it, that we must die daily to be born again. The consummation of his incarnation was his crucifixion. The darkness which fell upon the world at his death has persisted through the ages, and the terrible cry of his last hour: “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me,” has found its echo in the hearts of his most spiritual followers. There has been a groaning and travailing of creation in this darkness, and the Most High has hid His face. The Prince of Peace has sent a sword, and the House of Christ has been divided against itself; fighting against everything it considers error, instead of reconciling the new aspect of faith with the old. But the spirit of Christ has been secretly working in the world, like the leaven in those three measures of meal, Body, Soul, and Spirit.

And now this Star, which has circled the world, while God has enlarged Japhet and made him to dwell in the tents of Shem, is again in apparition. It is the Star of the Divine Beauty, the Star of what Goethe calls “the most beautiful of things, Reconciliation.” It means that we are passing through the zone of analysis, of the falling into division, and enlarging the zone of imaginative synthesis, and spiritual harmony in diversity. By its light, dim though it be as yet, those who can see to read by it, see in the flux of things the stability of great laws—all error a wandering in search of truth, all evil a discord of transition in the great symphony of creation. Every one of us is a gate through which a particular aspect of truth shines, a broken light, a particular prismatic hue of the great white light in which all merge, when, as Tennyson sings of the coming of a summer morning:

“ East and West without a breath  
 Mix their dim lights like Life and Death,  
 To broaden into boundless day.”

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in !

JOHN TODHUNTER.

London, England.



#### UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

V. MARK TWAIN.

THE extraordinary delusions that have grown up around the conception of a Master or Mahatma, or Elder Brother, have resulted in the creation of an image in the minds of most people which, if not actually repulsive, is of such an incredible character as to be wholly unacceptable. Yet, twenty years ago the idea of a Mahatma was merely the crystallization of a number of ideas that have been held in all ages, which are familiar to almost everybody, and which are indispensable to all religions.

One of these Masters, writing to the author of the *Occult World*, said then, and twenty years has made no difference in the facts: “ I hope that at least *you* will understand that we (or most of us) are far from being the heartless, morally dried-up mummies some would fancy us to be. Mejnour is very well where he is—as an ideal character of a thrilling, in many respects truthful, story. Yet, believe me, few of us would care to play the part in life of a dessicated pansy between the leaves of a volume of solemn poetry. We may not be quite ‘ the boys,’ to quote ——’s irreverent expression when speaking of us, yet none of our degree are like the stern hero of Bulwer’s romance. While the facilities of observation secured to some of us by our condition, certainly give a greater breadth of view, a more pronounced and impartial, a more widely spread humane-ness—for answering Addison, we might justly maintain that *it is* ‘ the business of “ magic ” to humanize our natures with compassion’—for the whole mankind as all living beings, instead of concentrating and limiting our affections to one predilected race—yet few of us (except such as have attained the final negation of Moksha) can so far enfranchise ourselves from the influence of our earthly connection as to be unsusceptible in various degrees to the higher pleasures, emotions,

and interests of the common run of humanity. . . I confess that I am not yet exempt from some of the terrestrial attachments. I am still attracted toward some men more than towards others. . . .”

It is pointed out in the same passage that finally all personal feelings must give way “to become blended into one universal feeling, the only true and holy, the only unselfish and eternal one—Love, an Immense Love for humanity as a whole.” It is not hard to see how much darkening of counsel there has been by writers, preachers, enemies and injudicious friends, since these words were written, but for the earnest and sincere there will be no difficulty in getting back to the broad and inclusive platform whence the Theosophical Movement took its rise. It was never necessary to belong to a Society or to hold a diploma to be a fellow-worker with those who wrote in the spirit of the foregoing sentences. It is just as certain that their help and co-operation was and is at the disposal of all who are doing what is in them to benefit the world of men.

Among public men whose “facilities of observation” have given “a greater breadth of view, a more pronounced and impartial, a more widely spread humaneness,” there are none more conspicuous than Mark Twain. If the Theosophical Movement had been the success it was expected to be, such men as he should have been attracted to it, and its ranks have been full of those whose association and co-operation might have established a standard of good common sense, high ideals, the widest toleration, and the most practical humanitarian service. It is now clear that for generations yet such effort must continue to be individual, keeping the hope of collective action in view as something for which to strive. All good men and women, whatever their outer distinctions, are united by ties of soul and character on interior planes of consciousness, or in the more enduring world of mind subsisting the physical one. That our mind-bodies should exist and perform their duties under their own conditions may be a novel idea to many, but any man who thinks and has studied the sources of his thought, is aware that some entity other than his physical body, supplies ideas and knowledge to the physical brain. Those who have not read Mark Twain’s articles on Thought Transference and some other psychic phenomena may get some hints from them on the activity of the mind-body. There are twenty other names for the mind-body, and the prophets always insist that their particular name is the only useful one, but if you call it a daimon, like Socrates, or a Thing, like a youthful modern philosopher, it will not interfere with the nature of the body itself, and every man may invent an entirely new name for his



own satisfaction. As a Dream-body, many are familiar with its strange properties, its ability to fly, to be in several places at once, its incapacity for wonder, its utter indifference to "facts" or the affairs of earth, and other interesting qualities.

When a man has a well-developed mind-body, or when he has become conscious in his waking moments of possessing it, or has learned in some degree to control its actions or take advantage of its genius, he has become an "adept." The duty of such a man is entirely to "humanity which is the great orphan." "It is the duty of every man who is capable of an unselfish impulse to do something, however little, for its welfare." As these unselfish efforts tend to still further develop the mind-body and its powers, there should be no difficulty in understanding the evolution of those who are called Masters.

It is held by some that only a special course of more or less artificial training will ever enable a man to arrive at the climax of evolution. It is held by others that the varied experiences of life itself, consummated in some particular birth, of which all men pass through many, will afford him the necessary discipline and opportunity to achieve the self-conquest which is the condition of living in a mind-body. Which is most in accord with Nature's methods each must decide for himself, though there is this to be said for the advocates of artificial systems, that any forced development necessitates the adoption of unusual means. But stricter attention to ordinary means may also account for those who outstrip the multitude.

Few lives have yielded more varied experiences than that of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, who was born on 30th November, 1835, in Missouri. His childhood on the banks of the Mississippi, amid all the picturesque surroundings of western life in slavery days, a boyhood that ended at twelve on the death of his father and with the necessity of earning his own living, which he did as a printer in different parts of the States, finishing up in New York and Philadelphia at the age of fifteen; then as pilot on the great river till he was twenty-six; afterwards in the mining regions of Nevada and California, working on newspapers in Carson City, Virginia City, and San Francisco, and halting at one time between literature and the career of a Government pilot; meeting with Bret Harte in '65, and visiting Honolulu in '66; returning to California and publishing his *Jumping Frog* sketches in '67; travelling by Panama to New York; taking the *Quaker City* trip to Europe and the Holy Land in '67; back to San Francisco in March, '68, and in New York in the following August, publishing *The Innocents Abroad* in the face of repeated publishers' refusals; in Buffalo in '69 as an editorial writer on the *Express* there; married at that time

to Miss Lizzie Langdon, of Elmira: removing to Hartford in '70; writing *The Innocents at Home* and *Roughing It* in '71; on a trip to England in '72; publishing *The Gilded Age* in '73, and gaining dramatic experience therefrom; publishing *Tom Sawyer* in '76; undertaking the European tour described in *A Tramp Abroad* in '78; and then for a number of years publishing the series of volumes: *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Huckleberry Finn*, *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, *Joan of Arc*, *More Tramps Abroad*, and several volumes of short stories; reading with George Cable in '84; involved financially by the failure of the publishing house of Charles L. Webster & Co. in '94 and clearing off the whole vast liability by dint of constant literary effort, and the proceeds of a reading and lecturing tour around the world in which Australia, India and South Africa were visited; losing his favourite daughter on his return; residing in Austria, Germany, England, etc.; and continually and persistently aiming at higher and higher achievements in literature; all these incidents and the innumerable attendant circumstances, the recapitulation, as it were, of many previous lives, have secured him as rich and diversified a training in the great school of life as our modern civilization and its complexities are capable of rendering. What use it has been to him must be judged from his work. By his fruits he shall be known.

The verdicts of literary critics are not generally of much importance. Those which are of most value are based on the judgment of several generations who have left a reliable opinion behind to guide the intelligent critic. Very few modern critics treat Mark Twain seriously, or as more than an irresponsible joker. But the common people hear him gladly, and he has laid a deep mark on the thought of his time. His cheerful irreverence in *The Innocents Abroad* has done more for the cause of emancipated thought than can ever be estimated. In England, where Twain is becoming a classic, his influence has sunk deep. But even by literary standards he will justify those who rank him high among English writers. *Joan of Arc* is one of the great books of the period. As a humanitarian document few productions can be placed beside *More Tramps Abroad*, or as it is known in the States, *Following the Equator*.

One can imagine the absurd nonsense Twain would construct out of the technicalities of occult literature, and what a mine of mirth he could excavate in the *Secret Doctrine*. Yet of the spirit of these matters there are no Theosophical writers who display so keen an appreciation. For practical occultism, the knowledge of life and its ways, no book can give a student more assistance if he knows what to look for, than *Life on the*

*Mississippi*. I can understand the horror of the professional Theosophic frauds at such statements, but the evocation of such horror is more or less of a duty, and I would prefer to coax a man to read *Pudd'nhead Wilson* rather than to lead him into the esoteric toils of any hierarchic sharper alive. *The Prince and the Pauper*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *A Yankee at King Arthur's Court*, each have particular lessons of life of the highest importance to serious people, and withal, no lesson more important than that of not taking themselves and their lessons too seriously. This is the equilibrium, the balance, the self-poise, the sphericity, which distinguishes the true occultist's character.

After reading *Joan of Arc* if any one fails to realize that Mark Twain is essentially a mystic, he should make a study of Twain's humour. It is essentially sympathetic—which is in Greek what compassion is in Latin, and compassion is the law of laws. Twain is not at all bookish, and never pedantic, though information galore is scattered over his pages. What he tells he knows, and could tell again, for it is necessary knowledge. So his work is original, and bears the direct impress of the soul. It is the work of his mind-body, delivered through the medium of a cultured brain. No modern writer shows such an appreciation of animal life and habit, not even Kipling, and his descriptions of nature are the caresses of a child for its mother.

Humanity, as far as it knows him, is the saner and wiser and the more cheerful for what Mark Twain has said to it. From a heart that has endured its own bitterness there has come nothing that has not been sweet and kindly. The atmosphere is purer where the breath of his spirit has passed, and none has consulted with him and not taken a broader and a braver outlook for the counsel. The soul that does these things is of the company of the apostles. In the inner world of the mind-body the Master may be nearer than men dream. One of the old Scriptures tells of "that highest Person, who is awake within us while we are asleep, shaping one lovely sight after another, who is indeed the Bright, who is the God-like, who alone is called Immortal." And the laughter of the Gods is not for men's undoing.

BEN MADIGHAN.

As a large number of our readers' subscriptions expire with the present issue, it may be well to remind them that it is not necessary to pay ten cents for a post-office order when a dollar bill will do as well.

## THE BUTTERFLY FALLACY.

THERE are few writers or speakers on the subject of the re-birth of the human soul who do not use the illustration of the caterpillar becoming a chrysalis and changing into a butterfly as an evidence that re-birth is a law of nature. While it is an example of re-embodiment, it is of course incorrect to speak of the process as a re-birth, and it is in no true sense an example of re-incarnation.

Good causes suffer much from bad arguments, as a clever clergyman recently insisted, and many might be repelled from the idea of re-birth on hearing the false analogy of the butterfly's metamorphoses put forward as an argument in its favour. If we could prove that a butterfly, after its death, inspired the formation of another butterfly's egg, and that its vitality, life-force, and animating intelligence became those of the egg, through all its changes into another caterpillar, a subsequent chrysalis, and a new butterfly, which thus possessed all the experience of the old one, and now had a further opportunity to gain other experiences in its new form, we should then have an example of re-incarnation as it is taught by modern writers. But no one has attempted this, for ordinary people, impossible task.

What the changes in the career of the butterfly really illustrate is the life-cycle of the human being. And it cannot be too frequently shown that it is with the life-cycle alone that the religious writings of the world chiefly deal. This is especially the case in the New Testament. It is certain that without a knowledge of the fact of re-birth, the New Testament is a sealed book of mysteries, but at the same time a knowledge of this important fact is almost entirely taken for granted in the reader. As a consequence, those unfamiliar with the idea of progression and evolution through successive incarnations of the soul in bodies whose formation and development the soul itself conditions and superintends, fall into error by mis-applying statements in the New Testament which refer to the life-cycle. This life-cycle of birth, evolution, disembodiment, and re-embodiment, consists normally of twelve hundred and sixty years. Instead of confining the statements made to the time, times, and half a time of the mystical cycle of life, and to which, except by analogy, they alone apply, the teachers of the churches lead their hearers to regard them as descriptive of the conditions of the forever and ever eternities of illimitable and inconceivable duration. Truly, as St. Paul says, we know what we are, but it does not appear what we shall be.

The ancient Greeks appear to have found the changes in the life of a butterfly so apt as illustrations of the changing conditions of the human soul, that they actually used the word *psyche* as the name of the soul as well as the name of the butterfly. Other nations did this also, and you may hear old Irish people, even in the United States, cry, when they see a butterfly, "There goes a soul." For science often fades into folk-lore. The ordinary man is really rather afraid of his soul, and regards it as a disagreeable subject. Those who likened the soul to a butterfly rejoiced in its grace and beauty, and in the brightness of the world to which it belonged. Few who read the New Testament reflect that, if they were reading the original Greek, every time a soul was mentioned, they would be reminded of a butterfly.

If not to successive re-births, it may be asked, then to what do these stages of insect life, the egg, the larva or caterpillar, the pupa or chrysalis, the imago or perfect insect, correspond in human development? Opinions undoubtedly differ on this point, and students may prefer one correspondence to another. But if the soul is to be likened to the butterfly, then while in the body man is either in the larval or chrysalid state. If we study the insects which weave cocoons around themselves, we may add still further to our natural symbolism. Each of us is surrounded by a cocoon-sphere, as it were, of psychic vibration.

And we may be sure that the ancients had a clear idea of all those changes through which we pass before, during the course of, and after our mortal life. It is the soul itself which prepares and manipulates the materials out of which it is finally to fashion the glorious body of its regeneration. It is in the confusion of regeneration with re-incarnation that we may discover the source of the error in misapplying the butterfly metaphors.

When the soul descends upon the physical world, or emerges from the inner to the grosser external world, it attaches itself to one of the innumerable germs which await development, the selection being determined by the affinities of the soul itself. It becomes a seed, really, and laying hold of the elements it requires and which it finds at its disposal, it builds them up into the organism whose pattern exists in the sphere of its influence, just as the pattern or plan of the plant exists in latency about the germinating seed. But the building of a physical organism is not the main object. The body is a secondary consideration, and is merely intended as a means by which contact with the phenomenal world can be maintained, and as an alembic in which can be carried on the transmutation of the grosser forms of matter into those more subtle conditions out of which may

be built still finer and more delicate organisms, to serve in their turn as vehicles of rarer experience and more ethereal transmutations.

The egg or germ is used as a nucleus from which is developed the worm or physical body. This assimilates gross matter, digests, transmutes, and sublimates it until sufficient has been acted upon to enable the creation of a new organism, more ethereal than the first. In the human being this process is frequently carried on consciously, and it is a regeneration. In the butterfly the corresponding metamorphosis occurs in the chrysalis, but this is merely a physical parallel of the human psychic process. The new ethereal body may be completed during the mortal life of the physical body, and the consciousness transferred to the new vehicle. This is the resurrection of St. Paul's teaching, generally misunderstood as referring to the physical body, which is the "grave" in which the soul or seed is sown at birth, and from which it springs. Sown in corruption, it rises incorruptible. Perhaps it was of the failures to rise incorruptible, to attain the freedom of life in the high sense, that Jesus thought when He spoke of a class of whom "their worm dieth not." The body of desire, failing to effect the great change, perpetuates itself in gnawing misery, until a new cycle opens.

The physical body is of no more importance to the real man after death than the chrysalis case is to the butterfly after it emerges therefrom. During life there is a connection of the nature of an umbilicus. The ancients were aware of this, and were accustomed by special symbolism to distinguish those men who had attained the use of the ethereal body. In the *Oxford Helps to the Study of the Bible*, one such symbol is given on Plate xxiv., but for some reason or other an essential portion of the Egyptian painting has been mutilated, and a misleading note obscures the truth. The process of regeneration is often spoken of as initiation.

Most of us are in the grub or caterpillar state now, but we can keep crawling along in the right direction, and we will have many opportunities to return and assimilate things earthy. There are some very exquisitely coloured caterpillars, and many that can perform gymnastic feats, or hump themselves in the middle like the geometrids or loopers, but the very smartest of them, before they can sport wings, must burrow in the ground or hang up in a crevice, and become as nothing in the dormancy of the chrysalis. After that the glory of flight and freedom. And the least of these winged ones is greater than the greatest among the crawlers. He that would save his soul must be willing to lose it.

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“The flower of all—rarest to attain—is in the power of all.”

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“Thou seest, O Child, how many bodies we must pass through, and how many choirs of daemons, and continuity and courses of the stars we must accomplish, that we may hasten to the One and Only God.”

\*

“They who zealously perform the mystic practices, in faith, in forest, at peace, with wisdom, keeping to the beggar’s rule—they, free from stain, fare forth, by the sun’s gate, to where there is that deathless Man, the very Self that no man can exhaust.”

\*

Mr. William Johnston, M.P. for South Belfast, the father of Mr. Charles Johnston, has been visiting New York, and was to have been in Toronto on the 17th inst. His engagement has been cancelled, however, by the very sudden death of Mrs. Johnston at Ballykilbeg, Co. Down.

\*

A timely article on Taoism and its Tenets appears in the *Star of the Magi* for July, a journal which maintains its popular and instructive character. The *Star* has absorbed the *Psychical Science Review*, whose editor, Ernest S. Green, will in future contribute to the columns of the *Star*.

\*

Dr. J. D. Buck spoke last month in Cincinnati on the subject “Why I am a Theosophist?” in a course of lectures in which he had been preceded by a Unitarian, a Jew, a Quaker, a Catho-

lic, &c. Dr. Buck had the largest audience but one of the series, and his address was so well received that it is likely to be published.

\*

Mrs. E. B. Lyman, the lecturer, now over seventy years of age, has prepared a book entitled *Hermaphro-Deity, the Divine Man*, and she is having it published under the auspices of Mr. Frank A. Burrelle, 32 Park Row, New York City. Those who desire to subscribe for a copy should send One Dollar to this gentleman.

\*

I am congratulating myself on the possession of a file of the *All Ireland Review* by the courtesy of the brave and kindly Knight of the Laburnum Banner. "I wish my friends to understand clearly," he says, "that I intend to emerge out of this business either in ruins or as the absolute commander of a centre of Irish independent intellectual light and influence."

\*

Mr. W. H. Terry, the editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, has been made the recipient of a flattering testimonial from his Australian friends on the occasion of the consummation of the thirtieth year of the publication of the *Harbinger*. The enlightened character of Australian Spiritualism and its progressive spirit owes much to the influence and scholarly guidance of Mr. Terry.

\*

"It is because there is one soul common to all men, that brotherhood, or even common understanding is possible," Madam Blavatsky is reported to have declared, in an article in the *July Forum*. "Bring men to rest on that, and they will be safe. There is a divine power in every man which is to rule his life, and which no one can influence for evil, not even the greatest magician. Let men bring their lives under its guidance, and they have nothing to fear from man or devil."

\*

Major James Albert Clark, president of the Washington T.S., has a volume in preparation on Theosophy, written with a view to reach the ordinary man or woman. Major Clark has followed scientific lines in his public speaking, and finds that it attracts thinking people, and in his book he will embody the ideas that have made the clearest and deepest impression. Those who wish to assist in the publication of the volume should communicate with the author at 9 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.



The work of the T.S. in India appears to go along smoothly. The Central Hindu College, which is now the chief activity of the Theosophical Society there, has been enlarged by the addition of sixteen new class-rooms. The boarding-house opened with thirty students, instead of the fifteen at first intended. The Headquarters Building at Benares was also progressing briskly, and was expected to be open in July. The White Lotus Day celebrations were extensively held, and at Calcutta special commemoration exercises were gone through, in which Mr. Hevavitarana Dharmapala, the General Secretary of the Maha Bodhi Society, took part.

\*

*The Temple Artisan*, the organ of the Syracuse Temple, has issued its third number. The organization of the 23rd Square, with twelve charter members, at San Diego, is announced, while the members of the Headquarters staff to the number of 27, have been picnic-ing at Baldwinville. Is this the classic locality with which the great Showman has made us familiar? Truly the sacred spots are increasing. I still cherish a secret yearning for one spot, unnameable here, whose inaccessibility surpasses even that of Point Loma, and whose normal temperature, in these days when Toronto thermometers stand at 98°, tempts one to immediate exploration. It may be well to wait for the next shift, however.

\*

Some people wonder why astrology went out of fashion, and why more people do not study it. Its occasional inaccuracies are hardly sufficient reason, but the *Harbinger of Light* throws a flood of radiance on the problem. These inaccuracies are due to the seekers after the mysteries of the future themselves. They do not furnish correct data to go upon. Thus the whole science is brought into ill-repute, for "incorrect data, would, of course, tend to a false start in erecting the house of the querent, and bring the hyleg into a maleficent sign among the triplicities, from which the actinobolia of the alcoholoden would meet with the anaretic point in its sesquiquadrate." Now that we know what is really the matter with astrology we shall have no difficulty in pursuing it—or its devotees with a club.

\*

S. Lincoln Bishop, who has gone to Rico, Colorado, from Daytona, Florida, issues an attractive series of pamphlets in the Universal Harmony Library, of which one or two have come to hand. *Heart and Brain* is an examination of some of the Mental Science theories, and displays abundant common sense.

“These ‘new thought’ books about curing poverty might all be summed up in a few words,” it is said. “Use your brains and hustle some scheme to attract the dollars out of the other fellow’s pocket into your own so that you can gratify your desires.” The moral is that “mental unfoldment has been carried so far as it is possible to go with it without taking into calculation the higher unfoldment of the spiritual forces of the soul. We must no longer content ourselves with learning facts, we must *be* more.”

\*

*Notes and Queries* for August gives a short account of the various Theosophical Societies now operating in America. It is stated that the first branch organized was the Rochester T.S., 27 July, 1882. William B. Shelly was president, and Josephine W. Cables, secretary. For the second time *Notes and Queries* has given currency to a claim by Geo. Waldo Browne to be the author of the ideas expressed in Francis W. Bourdillon’s beautiful lines, “The night has a thousand eyes,” a poem sufficiently well-known, one would think, to be safe from plagiarism. Mr. Browne printed a paraphrase of the lines as an inspirational poem in *Spirit*, in April, 1891. If he had really got these lines psychically it is an interesting case of thought-transference. They were included in *Everybody’s Book of Short Poems*, published in 1890, but were well known for years previously and have several times been set to music.

\*

*The Flaming Sword* makes an interesting comment in its issue of July 27, on the text “I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh.” This is usually understood to refer figuratively to a man’s disposition, as represented by his blood-propeller. The *Sword*, however, quite obviously refers it to the pineal gland or conarium, the “heart” of occultism. The awakening of the functions of this organ endows its possessor with the occult powers of insight and knowledge which so many hold to be fabulous. Those who have not experienced the marvellous results of the use of this “inner eye” can hardly be blamed for incredulity, and on the other hand, those who have had some glimpse of these marvels vouchsafed them personally can almost be excused when they fall into the opposite error of believing they have attained to absolute wisdom. The man who can see has the advantage of the blind man, but his real status depends altogether on the use he can make of his advantage.

The editor of *The Herald of the Golden Age* moralises on the fact of the Society for Promoting Kindness to Animals requesting "the pleasure" of his company to see some animals slaughtered by a new process. When people have to slaughter their own beef we shall have more vegetarians. Dr. Oldfield cleverly overturns the argument of some people that it is natural to eat meat, by suggesting that horse-flesh, which is cleaner than cow's, be set down to them. Eating dead cow is a matter of training, and is no more natural than eating dead horse or dead dog. A writer in the same journal declares: "The flesh-eating nations do not endure. They are quickly burnt up by the fire of their own internal passions, and their short-lived glory passes away. But the eastern nations, which are practically vegetarian, and are meek and unaggressive, persist through the ages, in spite of slaughter, slavery, and conquest. Here we have an inkling of the prophecy which is to be fulfilled, 'The meek shall inherit the earth.'"

\*

Mr. Charles Johnston, in an article on "The Romanoffs as Reformers," in *The Ideal Review*, writes: "For the Teutonic nations, the ideal, the keynote of life, is individualism, a commonwealth built on personal rights, on the largest assertion of self, by each man in the state. The Teutonic nations are a web of forces all tensely straining the one against the other, and thus maintaining a more or less stable equilibrium of political life. . . . The Slavs, on the other hand, are born Socialists, in the best and mellowest sense of the word. Indeed, all Socialistic theories are more or less successful attempts to assimilate modern nations to the traditional village communities of the Slavs, where all the property was owned by the whole village, considered as a single family; and where if there was no such thing as individual wealth, there was no such thing as individual debt. Among the Slavs, the unit is the whole people and never the individual. Nowhere among the Slavs is there any keen consciousness of individual life, or any of that restive worship of one's own personality, which distinguishes the Teutonic race."

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The *Theosophischer Wegweiser* makes a useful suggestion, and gives an example in practice, desiring that magazines in French or German should furnish a synopsis of their contents in English, and a short report of the Movement in their country or neighbourhood for the benefit of their foreign exchanges. The *Wegweiser* for July has an article on the *Gita*, a letter from Dr.

Hartmann to the T.S. Convention, and a report of the Convention of the German Societies as held in Leipzig at Whitsuntide. Edwin Boehme has been making lecturing tours and visited a score of cities in Saxony, Northern Germany, and Silesia. Col. Olcott was in Hanover and Leipzig in June, and The T.S. in G. made a proposal to him with a view to co-operation with the Adyar Society, and to show that it is in no opposition to any person or organization. A telegram of greeting was also sent to the International Theosophical Convention in Paris (which was, in fact, confined to the Adyar Society), through Col. Olcott, with "best wishes." Herr Weber, the editor of the *Wegweiser*, prays: "Let us overcome anger by love, evil by good, greediness by liberality, lie by truth." Amen, amen!

\*

A paper from the Old Country gives some account of "that mystery of South Africa," as it styles Mr. E. T. Hargrove. The British Government Blue Book, lately issued, amply confirms, says the Edinburgh *Evening Dispatch*, "the suspicion that Mr. E. T. Hargrove's conduct needed explanation and justification." Mr. Hargrove approached President Kruger under the auspices of Dr. Leyds, and represented himself, or was understood by President Kruger to represent himself, as an agent of Messrs. Sauer and Merriman, two of the South African Ministers of the Crown. On being given an opportunity to purge themselves of what was virtually a charge of treason, these gentlemen repudiated Mr. Hargrove, Mr. Merriman writing that he had not given him "any authority to use his name in the way he seems to have done." Mr. Hargrove claims to have been misrepresented or mistranslated by Mr. Reitz, but Mr. Schreiner does not think this explanation satisfactory. High Commissioner Milner remarks that Mr. Hargrove is well satisfied with his own account of his doings, but "doubts whether anybody else is likely to share that satisfaction, and especially the gentlemen of whose political attitude and whose relations to himself he appears to have given so totally false an impression to President Kruger." We shall now look with interest to the Chinese telegrams for news of Che-Yew-Tsang. The Empress is nearly as badly in need of assistance as President Kruger.

\*

The postage-stamp principle of railway travel takes hold of every one as soon as he hears it. The only objection, that it cannot work at the rate proposed, is the same objection Rowland Hill had to fight sixty years ago, and which has been successfully overthrown in the matter of two-cent ocean postage two

years ago. The principle of the postage stamp is that the short journeys pay for the long ones, for the simple reason that the short journeys so largely preponderate. In Australia you can ride 1000 miles for \$6.50, first class. Working men can ride six miles for two cents. In Hungary you can ride six miles for one cent. In Germany you can ride four miles for one cent. Wages have been increased on all these lines at these rates. In America it will be possible, as soon as people can get down to business, to have a universal rate of one dollar for all distances over a hundred miles, 25 cents all distances above twenty-five miles and up to a hundred, and ten cents for less distances outside city limits. The street-car companies can coin money at three cent fares with transfers in any direction, and in Toronto one can travel about ten miles for that amount. It may be objected that this is only possible where there is abundant traffic, but cheap fares make their own traffic, as every railway man knows, but for some occult reason is unwilling to admit. Freedom in transit is the conquest of space. Time and consciousness are the other two grey sisters. Let us have their secrets, and be civilized.

\*

Magazines and papers received: *Religio-Philosophical Journal, Flaming Sword, Ideal Review, Christian Messenger, Review of Reviews, Prophetic Messenger, Boston Ideas, International Theosophist, The Philistine, Morning Star, Free Man, Notes and Queries, Unity, Herald of the Golden Age, Belfast Weekly News, Star of the Magi, British Weekly, North Ender, Rainbow, H. C. Leader, Prasnotara, World's Advance Thought, The Theosophical Forum, Citizen and Country, Theosophic Messenger, All Ireland Review, Meaford Mirror, The Temple Artisan, The Prophet, Brotherhood, London Secular Thought, Appeal to Reason, Literary Digest, Light of Truth (Madras), The Adept, Abiding Truth, Dominion Review, Secular Science and Common Sense, Ideal Love (May), Harbinger of Light (Melbourne, June and July), Radiant Centre (June), Progressive Preacher, Light (London), Weekly Sun, Theosophischer Wegweiser (June and July), Harriston Tribune, &c. Several new magazines have come to hand this month, including *The Eagle and the Serpent, Life and Beauty, Ideal Love, The Modern Mystic, &c.*, which lack of space deprive of further notice at present. I am indebted to the Superintendent of Immigration for copies of a Canadian Atlas for use in schools and a Descriptive Atlas of Western Canada, issued by the Department at Ottawa, and containing in attractive form a*

marvellous amount of information adapted to intending settlers. The slow and natural growth of Canada indicates a future of vast and enduring importance.

\*

The Chinese Minister to the United States recently expressed his ideas about religion. "I have no quarrel," he said, "with any religion that is based on a foundation of virtue. If they all bid one to do good and deter one from doing evil, I say let them all go on. If there is a reward in some future life for good deeds done on earth, if there is a heaven for the righteous, there must surely be many ladders leading up to it, just as there may be many staircases in a house. To say that there is only one ladder is too narrow for me. If there is any reward for any, I believe it will be for all good people. Some Christians say that except you believe in Christ you cannot be saved. I am broader than that doctrine. My religion comprehends them all." Narrow-minded people will still declare that there is only one ladder, only one staircase, only one way, in their bald literalism failing entirely to distinguish between the metaphor and the truth set forth. What people call Christ or Jesus or Salvation is the Universal Life by which all men are regenerated and without which they cannot see the Divine. But narrow-minded people must learn to distinguish between this Divine Life and their own little idea about it, whether they have derived that idea from a Bible or from some other source. We might as well quarrel about Air as the principle of physical life, and insist that unless a man called it Air, and not Breath, or Life, or Pneuma, or Atmosphere, or some other sacred epithet, he could not live. If a man breathes he will live, whatever he may call his Air. And he is not necessarily the least degree stronger when he discovers that it consists of nitrogen, oxygen, and a little of the Devil in the shape of carbonic acid gas. If a man lives the Christ-life, whether on the model of Jesus or Buddha or any other Saviour, he is in the state of Salvation, and the spiritual elements of the Christ-nature of the Universe will penetrate him and edify him, and raise him into the realm of just men made perfect.

\*

The Teaching of Rebirth in the Bible has so frequently been confused with the doctrine of regeneration that it is not surprising when students find some difficulty in reconciling the current views of theological authorities with the conception of an immortal soul or spirit in man which descends from the state of existence generally known as heaven, and dwells in a human

body on earth for purposes of experience and development. Some people profess to find this idea inconceivable, while at the same time they make it an article of faith that Jesus Christ existed in heaven before His descent on earth, and that He entered into the baby form of an infant and grew in wisdom and stature. What is conceivable and acceptable in respect of Jesus Christ cannot present any intellectual difficulty as regards the vast multitude of people whose natures are far more fitted and adapted to earth-life than was His. And indeed we are taught that it was only by the exercise of His will that He came into the world. He voluntarily did that which ordinary men are forced to do by their baser nature. Jesus referred to the belief in His previous earth lives when He asked His disciples (Mathew xvi. 13, 14) "Whom do men say that I the Son of Man am?" They had various thoughts about it, but Peter identified Him as the Anointed One, a title applied to only one character in the Old Testament. In Matthew xi. 14, 15, and xvii. 10-12, there is a record of His teaching them about the rebirth of the prophet Elijah as John the Baptist. John came in, or with, the spirit and power, or as we might say to-day, with the life and character of Elijah. That the belief in rebirth was general at the time of Jesus' incarnation is clear from John ix. 1-2, where the possibility of the blind man having sinned in an earlier life and incurring punishment for it is suggested. The need and the object of these repeated earth-lives is the perfecting of the soul in wisdom and power. "Be ye perfect," says Jesus, "not as I am perfect, but as your Father in heaven is perfect." And it is promised that when this has been accomplished the need for rebirth will cease. "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out." (Rev. iii. 12.) The Old Testament contains many allusions to the pilgrimage of the soul.

\*

On a bronze plate from an ancient Babylonian city covered with mystical designs, one of the departments or registers contains "seven mythical creatures with the bodies of men and the heads of beasts." These are respectively a serpent, a bird, a horse, a ram, a bear, a hound and a lion. Seven-fold classifications are to be found in every ancient religion, and no attempt has been made outside the Theosophical literature to relate them to actual conditions of being and consciousness which they denote, and which were evidently within the experience of the ancient symbolists. In the series of Books on Egypt and Chaldaea, the volume on *Babylonish Religion* would afford sufficient material for any earnest seeker after truth to convince him that

the records of the Pentateuch are by no means original, and that the antiquity of sacred records has been underestimated to an incredible extent. One cannot help wondering at the reluctance to accept the age of the world and the antiquity of the human race which church people frequently exhibit, but the real reason is intimately connected with the dogma of eternal punishment. It is difficult enough to accept six thousand years of damnation, but six millions is too great a strain for any but the most ignorant to whom centuries and eons mean much the same thing. Believing in the immortality of the soul as the Babylonians did one has no compunctions about accepting the eternal plan of evolution and progress, in the course of whose development we return again and again to earth to fulfil that in which we are lacking. One of the finest of the legends noted in the volume concerns the descent of Ishtar, the Queen of Heaven, into the underworld. At each gate she passes she is required to lay aside one of her garments until having passed the last of the seven, she stands naked before Allatu, the Queen of the underworld. I do not know why the scholars always represent the gods and goddesses as making their descents from earth to an underworld below it. If they are descending from the Land of the Gods, then our earth is the underworld, the hell of all religions, the abode of the spirits in prison. The descent into the underworld is achieved by all the Christs and gods of the various religions, and is always followed by their re-ascent to the heavenly places. A very complete account and analysis of the Chaldean legends of creation and the deluge are to be found in the third and fourth chapters of this book, for which Mr. L. W. King, though writing with some preconception, deserves much praise. When it is remembered that these translations are of hymns and records which date before the church-suggested date of creation the necessity for frank investigation and honest study will be apparent.

\*

Now that the year has turned winter-wards once more the working Theosophists are beginning to think about propaganda again. The most contradictory opinions are being expressed on the subject, some believing that no further attempt should be made to enlighten humanity. A correspondent in Holland has some good ideas on this point. "I have come to the conclusion," he writes, "that this breaking up of the Theosophical Movement into so many small groups ought not to be considered as a failure, but as the proper way to spread the teachings broadcast without putting the mark of dogmatism upon them (as happens in the larger ones of the existing Theosophical bodies);



in this way only could be effected the training of individuals. The Movement is still in its *involution*, I believe, and it is only after the individuals have been obliged to stand on their own feet and to make up their own minds as to what Theosophy is in their lives that the process of evolution will begin, and the building of the real nucleus for the next 75 years. There must be a time when those individuals stand more or less apart from each other, and that each of them finds out his real place and work and capacities. I am in that state of mind and many with me, I think, and I have made up my mind to refrain from propaganda work during that period of contraction." There are others, however, who feel a vocation to continue the work that has so long been dear, but to continue it in their own way, and as their best judgment and past experience dictate. Several cities have to report the formation of independent Societies, and the opening of rooms which shall be absolutely without barrier to any seeker after truth. From one of these cities a worker writes to ask for information on the following points. "1. Should the name *Theosophical* be used for the Society? 2. What is the best order for conducting public meetings? 3. Are lectures and papers, followed by questions, preferable to class study, or vice versa? 4. What can be done for Children? 5. What other means are there for spreading the philosophy besides public meetings? 6. What text-books are best?" Any hints or suggestions about these matters will be noted next month. Workers should never forget the universality of the Movement. In shutting out anything or anybody the original intention has been strayed away from. It has thus come to pass that other bodies, once jeered at, are now doing the work for which the T. S. was instituted. Anyone who has read the fine address of Mr. F. W. H. Myers as President of the Psychical Research Society in succession to Sir William Crookes, must feel stirred with gratitude that the good Law does all things so well, and that the Son who refused, is yet toiling so faithfully in the Vineyard. Those of us who have never wavered in our loyalty to the real Founders of the Movement know that the only tie that holds the actual workers together is an interior one. The only pity is that any should be discouraged in any degree by appearances.

\*

*The Pantheism of Modern Science* is the attractive title of a new pamphlet by Mr. F. E. Titus, published by the Theosophical Book Concern of Chicago, at ten cents. Following the method of the *Secret Doctrine*, and availing himself of several of the illustrations made use of by H.P.B. elsewhere, Mr. Titus gathers

in these 56 pages an array of testimony which illustrates the conservative position he adopts. Science is always changing its conclusions, therefore "the tendency of the trend of scientific thought is always a more profitable object of study than the consideration merely of accepted theories." The tendency is to recognize a unity in the gradations of the manifestations of matter, force and consciousness, and a fundamental unity in the operation of these three aspects of the One Life. The marshalling of the various extracts and quotations is very careful and systematic, and the reader should have no difficulty in following the thread of argument. Different readers may make different deductions, but a most obvious one to me is the power that mind may exert over matter. Mr. Titus leaves the point to the intelligence of his readers, but having read the pamphlet, and then turning back to Professor Thompson's declaration, as quoted on page 22, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that science has demonstrated, even though she has failed to acknowledge it, that in the power of imagination, in will and concentration, man, even according to the most materialistic view, acts through consciousness, by subtle mental, magnetic and electric forces, upon the atoms, changing their chemical nature, and actually producing their transmutation. Professor Thompson says: "It would seem that we can tear off minute chips from atoms, and that the chips so torn off lose identity and cannot be distinguished from one another. Of course, the suggestion naturally follows, as a matter of speculation, that if we could tear off a sufficient number of chips from the atoms of any substance, it might be possible to rearrange or reconstruct the chips in a new way, and possibly produce an atom of a new substance." This is clearly and unmistakeably what occurs in the subtle processes of the human body, in the changes and metamorphoses which produce new forms of cell-life, and new products in the chemistry of physiology. And the more ethereal vehicles of life, psychic bodies, astral doubles, and what not, are certainly organized through some such means as the disintegration of the atom of which Professor Thompson speaks. The fact that science has to abandon its irresolvable atom is in itself a sign of advance, and recourse is again had to the scientific imagination. From an atom which could not be divided, to the ion, or unit of matter considered in its relation to electricity, there is a long journey, especially when we have to conceive of the ion as seven hundred times less than the atom. No force less subtle than consciousness is at all adequate to deal with such infinitesimals, and the approaching acceptance of that force as a reasonable means of explaining otherwise insoluble cosmic problems implies the simplification of many of our religious difficulties. God is Life,

and Matter, Force and Consciousness are His Triune manifestation. Man is made in His image.

\*

A lady correspondent writes me from Michigan as follows: "In your editorial notes of July 15th, attention was directed to a lady correspondent who, in dealing with the subject of women says: 'The most of us are selfish, cruel and mean—the average woman has positively no sense of honour. . . . A woman is naturally shallow and deceitful.' Instead of such sweeping and unqualified denunciations against her sex, had your correspondent stated that the average society and church woman is weak and selfish, that through her environment she has become shallow and deceitful, the truth of her remarks would scarcely have been questioned, but it is to be doubted if those persons who have given any degree of attention to the facts underlying human development, and especially to those truths connected with the development of the two diverging lines of sex differentiation, will agree with your correspondent when she declares that women are naturally shallow and deceitful. Neither will they applaud her actions when, without any word of explanation regarding the unnatural development of her sex, she openly charges most of us with selfishness, cruelty, and meanness, and with an utter lack of a true sense of honour. A careful study of the scientific truths connected with the development of sex, reveals the fact that the fundamental characters which underlie human progress are indelibly stamped upon the female constitution; in other words, Nature has confided to woman the work of leading in the higher evolution of the race. We should not lose sight of the fact that women have had no natural development. Masculine religion, masculine laws, masculine ideas of justice and morality, masculine conceptions of womanhood, and last but not least, masculine support, are largely responsible for the creature which we are pleased to call woman, a creature, however, which bears little resemblance to the woman which will appear under higher conditions—conditions under which she is permitted to develop according to the laws of her own being. The present disordered state of human society is the legitimate result of the over stimulation of the animal instincts in men caused by the enforced weakness and degradation of women. The vices and follies of the former, and the shortcomings of the latter, are exactly what might be expected. 'Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?' That men of a certain type feel called upon to criticize and condemn their victims is perhaps to be expected, but for women, even in their present masculinized condition, to follow their

example, is an anomaly in human events. It is an act which the thoughtful and worthy of either sex will not readily condone." I am afraid that my present correspondent is more severe upon the sex than either myself or the previous writer. "The creature that we are pleased to call woman," indeed! It never seems to occur to Theosophical writers that sex is characteristic of one life only at a time. The female creature of this incarnation may be a male creature in the next, and possibly was in the last, and is now making good the deficiencies of that experience, and adding balance and sympathy to an unequally developed character. No one is a victim, either male or female, without having incurred the situation, and to understand that would help to solve the sex problem. There is not a pin to choose between men and women, or else in the very nature of things sex would become extinct. But if we get in the habit of considering men as reincarnated women and women as reincarnated men, we shall the more readily distinguish the few adorable ones who embody the best characteristics of both sexes.



"UPASIKA."

I taught while fettered by my earthly state  
 A thousand truths that mortal men knew not ;  
 Yet few would listen, and my mission great  
 Was by the world discarded and forgot.

These truths were older than the Vedas were  
 And perfect wisdom dwelt in every line,  
 Such truths as should the human bosom stir,  
 Great thoughts that bear the stamp of the Divine.

And still I am the bearer of a Torch,  
 A star that men will follow from my height ;  
 I lead earth's thought in its unending march  
 Myself enveloped in eternal light.

In this vast sphere I bear the sacred fire  
 Of many altars ; I, a servant stand  
 Of mighty masters ; and when souls aspire  
 To lofty heights, I lead them by the hand.

The sun of progress sets to rise anew,  
 And day has followed night since time began ;  
 As ages roll they bring to nearer view

The Universal Brotherhood of Man.

Providence, R.I.

MRS. EMMA R. THURSTON.

## SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

I have press'd through in my own right,  
 I have sung the body and the soul, war and peace have I sung,  
 and the songs of life and death,  
 And the songs of birth, and shown that there are many births.

\* \* \*

I announce natural persons to arise,  
 I announce justice triumphant,  
 I announce uncompromising liberty and equality,  
 I announce the justification of candour and the justification of  
 pride.

\* \* \*

If we are lost, no victor else has destroy'd us,  
 It is by ourselves we go down to eternal night.

\* \* \*

Yet soul be sure the first intent remains, and shall be carried out,  
 Perhaps even now the time has arrived.

After the seas are all cross'd, (as they seem already cross'd.)  
 After the great captains and engineers have accomplish'd their  
 work,

After the noble inventors, after the scientists, the chemist, the  
 geologist, ethnologist,

Finally shall come the poet worthy that name,  
 The true son of God shall come singing his songs.

Then not your deeds only O voyagers, O scientists and inventors  
 shall be justified,

All these hearts as of fretted children shall be sooth'd,  
 All affection shall be fully responded to, the secret shall be told,  
 All these separations and gaps shall be taken up and hook'd and  
 link'd together,

The whole earth, this cold, impassive, voiceless earth, shall be  
 completely justified,

Trinitas divine shall be gloriously accomplish'd and compacted  
 by the true son of God, the poet,

He shall indeed pass the straits and conquer the mountains,  
 He shall double the cape of Good Hope to some purpose,  
 Nature and Man shall be disjoin'd and diffused no more,  
 The true son of God shall absolutely fuse them.

—Walt Whitman.

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“You will come forward in due time to my side.”

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"You will come forward in due time to my side."

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 43.

"HELP ME TO UNDERSTAND YOU."

A VERY dear friend said to me not long ago: "I do not think anybody understands me—not even you." It is a bitter saying, and stabs to the heart.

There is no desolation in life like that of being misunderstood or not appreciated. When our nearest and dearest fail to see the light in our eyes, the world has grown very dark and cold, and we are apt to lose hold of faith and hope.

But Love remains. When we see nothing but the night we know that Love is bringing the dawn. Joy cometh with the morning.

Poor mortals that we are, we cannot understand ourselves; how much less any other. And that which we try hardest to understand is the unintelligible speech of appearances. In straining to make meaning of the outer noises we are deaf to the music of the inner sense.

Love is always true, and the heart ever faithful. The Life of the Master is our assurance of that. He has interpreted that which we could not have understood. Now we must speak this divine language of ourselves. We must help each other to be understood. We must have Love enough to explain ourselves where there has been confusion. We must interpret our lives to each other. Without Love we cannot speak the words. And we cannot speak them to any other than Love.

If we could always be sweet and gentle and tender there could be no puzzle in the ties that unite us. The sunlight of life would flash and sparkle between us, and we would see what is so often veiled. When we Love, if Love be true, it is the Master in each other which we seek. When we are not understood, it must be because Love has not found what was sought.

If we are willing to help and be helped, as it is the joy of Love so to give and partake, we shall find each other's ideals the more easily brought into being. Every loving effort we make to reveal our aspirations to each other, to make clear what may have been misapprehended, to enlist support and sympathy for our soul's aims, in word or act or embodiment in character, widens the sacred way that leads to the Heart of the Master.

Such things can be wrought by Love only, and the Master is Love incarnate. We shall never find Him if we cannot find Him in each other.



## APOPOMPOEUS.

## THE SCAPE-GOAT.

*Apopompeus*.—A name given by the Jews to the scape-goat, which, when loaded with all their maledictions on its head, was driven away into the desert.—*Quotation*.

As forth into the wilderness, of old,  
 With all their sins and failings on its head,  
 The men of Jewry drave, with visage dread,  
 The unresisting brute: even so, behold!  
 The weight of all mine errors manifold,  
 By long-enduring time and custom bred,  
 Would I cast off, and welcome in their stead  
 Those dim-seen purposes of loftier mould.  
 Away! away! into the desert flee,  
 Thou apopomp, encumbered with the load  
 Of mine iniquities! nor ever more  
 Do thou retrace thy wayward steps to me,  
 But let me walk in that diviner road  
 That leads to life eternal, I implore!

Chicago, Ill.

SAINT-GEORGE BEST.

## THE TREE OF LIFE.

MUCH that is interesting, and much that is incomprehensible, has been written about The Tree of Life, and there are many aspects that it is impossible to touch on in so short a space, but I hope to put before my readers a few practical suggestions with regard to its mysteries.

I must, however, in order to make my meaning clearer, deal shortly with the nature of trees, before approaching the myths and symbolism of The Tree of Life.

Now the nature of a tree is in all essentials the exact reverse of the nature of an animal. It is quite possible to imagine substance in such an exceedingly primitive state that the only sensation it enjoyed was attraction or repulsion. A secondary state then evidently arose in which substance was separated into vegetable stuff, which plunged its head into the earth, and animal stuff which reared its head into the air. If we think for a moment of the general structure and functions of animals and vegetables we shall see that the root and branches of a tree correspond to the head and limbs of an animal, and are placed relatively in opposite directions. An

animal is more inclined to make an art of the way it devours its food; while the vegetable devotes its whole faculty for making life beautiful to the reproduction of itself and its kind, and conversely we find the neighbourhood of the earth in both cases is productive of useful rather than ornamental results.

One is perhaps apt to be a little bitter against the average cocksure opinion that the biped animal is the finest thing that Nature has achieved. We look out of our windows at the tall, silent trees which stand unmoved for hundreds of years, making no sign of what we call intelligent life, and in our pride because we can move, because we can speak and so endeavour to conceal our displeasing thoughts, because of our railways, our commerce and our wars, because of our capacity for abasing our minds before the superstitions created by our imaginations, because of the necessities of our existence which are so shameful Schopenhauer has wondered how we dare face each other; because of all these things we stand self-crowned as the Kings of Creation. Are we so sure that we are really in a higher, holier state than the patient watchers who uncomplainingly permit us to cut them down and hack them in pieces in order that we may build ourselves dwelling places in which to cover up our shame?

That we have a great spiritual destiny I believe, but I do not believe that our animal form will remain for ever the most satisfactory vehicle in which our spirits can press forward in their search for The Great Peace. I can even imagine that in some other world, under more favourable conditions, the Vegetable kingdom has attained to that perfection or immaculate state in which the Spirit of Life and Wisdom can be received. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, has described his visions of distant planets in which this inversion of life, as we know it, has taken place, and it is not difficult to conceive that in such a world bees and ants, although here they have constructed the most elaborate social systems we know, may there be the mere ministrants of the holy Dryads and wise beings who manifest themselves in the form of trees. The Tree Spirit would rest in the Temple Nature had constructed for it, absorbed in the idea of the beauty that is beyond form, while the winged creatures would come and go among the flowers in faithful worship of the highest.

Plants were the first form of organic life in our world, for without them life of any other sort is impossible. All living matter is manufactured by plants under the influence of sunlight out of material floating in the air, and animals can only exist by eating what the plants have laid by for their own

use. This is a very important point and cannot be sufficiently realised in treating of The Tree of Life. Plants are, in fact, the only things that know how to make living material from inorganic substance.

Before dealing directly with the myths of The Tree of Life, I will quote some passages from Mr. J. F. Hewitt's interesting book on the *Ruling Races of Prehistoric Times*. He says:—

"In India we find the village of the aboriginal tribes invariably arranged so that the Sacred Grove in which the trees of the primitive forest are still left standing, is the central point of the place. It is here that we find the explanation of the reverence for the tree, the parent tree of all the early races of India. . . . The earliest villages were those founded by the Dravidian races who called themselves sons of the tree. . . . They made the village and not the family their national unit, and made it a rule that the mothers and the fathers of the children born in their village should never belong to the same village, and that the children should be brought up by their mothers and maternal uncles without the intervention of their father, and should be regarded as the children of the Sacred Grove near which they were born. These tree worshipping people were the ancestors of the Amazons of Asia Minor, of the Basques and of the agriculturalists of the Neolithic age."

"The village makers of the early stone age carved their villages out of forests just as their successors do now by stripping the trees of their bark with their stone celts and burning the timber when dried. The holy shrine or grove, dedicated to the Gods of Life, was cut off from the unproductive forest, the abode of demons and malicious ghosts, by the cultivated land which surrounded it—which represented the encircling and guarding snake. Under the shade of the grove the village maidens danced the seasonal dances with the young men of the neighbouring townships and in this way the birth of children was made possible. The children were called the sons and daughters of the Mother Tree and the Saturnalia celebrating the union of their parents were looked upon by the statesmen of Matriarchal times as a safeguard of the national welfare. The children were brought up by their maternal uncles who taught them their duties as members of the tribe and village. It was the influence of the Matriarchal tribes that reproduced everywhere the Holy Groves consecrated to the gods of Greece, Rome, Palestine, and Asia Minor together with the worship of the Dryads or spirits of the woods. It was their influence which sanctified the Mother Tree, the Tree of Life, the palm tree of Babylonia, the sycamore or fig-mulberry of Egypt, the

fig tree of the Bible, the olive tree of Greece, the pine or Christmas tree of Germany, and the Tree which is still planted on the top of every house built in South Germany.

Maya, the mother of Buddha, went to the sacred grove when her son was to be born, and sought the protection of the tree god by grasping the sacred Sal Tree while her son was brought forth. The same incident is reproduced in the story of the birth of Apollo at Delos.

These interesting details lead us naturally to the inquiry into the ancient Myths regarding the Tree of Life. In the first book of the Vedas, Hymn cxxxv., the earth is called the Island of the Tree Yambu. Siva is the Lord of the Yambu Tree that grows in the centre of the plateau which crowns Mount Meru. It yields the Soma drink of immortality to the gods. Its roots are in the world of Death, its shadow is on the moon. It reaches to the Heaven of the Gods and its trunk is the sustaining axis of the universe. It sprung from Amurnam when churned by the gods in the heaven of Indra. Yama, the god of the Shades, sits at its feet.

The Soma juice, or Elixir of Life of the Hindu, answers exactly to the Haoma of the Persians. Su and Hu were the Gods of wisdom and power in Egypt, while the words Su, Hu and Khu all imply shining spirit of life. Another Hindu tradition has been handed down to us that the name of the head of all initiated hierarchies is the Ever-Living-Human-Banyan-Tree.

The ancient inhabitants of Chaldea, now commonly called Akkadians, possessed a hymn which sings of a dense pine tree growing in a holy place. Its fruits of brilliant crystal extend through the liquid abyss. Its place is the central spot of the earth, its foliage is a couch for the Spirit of Peace, Zicum. In the heart of this holy tree, which casts a shade like a forest that no man has entered, dwells the great mother who is over the heavens; and in the midst is Damu-zi, the son of life. At the vernal Equinox a pine tree was cut so that the sap of life flowed from it, and the image of Damu-zi was hung on it, and the whole carried into the sanctuary of the mother of the gods, adorned with woollen ribbons and spring violets.

*(To be concluded.)*

London, England.

FLORENCE EMERY.



## UNENROLLED THEOSOPHISTS.

## VI. DR. GEORGE MACDONALD.

WHEN Theosophy as a system was put before enquirers in the last fifteen or twenty years most of those who took it up did so in the so-called scientific spirit. They wanted an explanation of their own experiences, or they were curious about the experiences of others. The diseases they suffered from prompted them to seek remedies, and they were also pleased to have names supplied them for their various symptoms, so that they could discuss them with others, and recognize the developments, or learn what new diseases might be contracted. Theosophy to these was an affair of the laboratory and the dissecting room and the museum. The knowledge of dry bones was the most distinguished benefit it could confer.

Too much time has been spent on the skeleton. Life is more than a knowledge of femurs and scapulæ. Theosophy is not anatomy nor physiology nor psychology. The diseases of life are not to be cured by a recognition of their symptoms. As a consequence the interest in these theoretical matters has proved to be ephemeral. Life still remained to be lived. People turned away as they will ever do to duty and the realizations of the unfolding Will.

Those who brought some of the Wisdom with them to these studies have taken away more than they brought, and some who came learned where rightly to seek it, but for the rest a great darkness has fallen upon them, and where there was once a living spirit there only remains a skeleton system.

The Wisdom and Power which at all times, but under very different conditions, have been recognized as necessary for those who would follow the Perfect Life, are presented generation after generation by those who have trodden the Path to those who would listen. The influence of these can never be estimated, for it is indirect, and the teaching is as frequently by contraries and avoidances as by precept or injunction. The souls of men crave for light, and the Master Soul shines through many a vessel and with various gleamings. Art, and poetry, and the drama have from time to time served to convey these transmitted glories, but in our days the literature of fiction has been a vehicle more sustaining in certain respects than any other. There have been false lights and flashes of the light that has been darkness in our fiction, but where the true Light has shone the radiance is immemorial.

Among those who have taught the Doctrine of the Heart to those who did not care for the glitter of eye-wisdom there are

but few with a clearer, purer voice than George Macdonald. Born in Aberdeenshire in 1824, of unmixed Celtic descent, he possessed all the hereditary elements of the modern prophet. More than prophet, he was also poet and perfect lover of men, and the mystical silence of the Divine life dwelt with him from the first. Studying for the M.A. degree at King's College, Aberdeen, and achieving that distinction he went to London to Highbury College to study for the Congregational ministry. He married in 1850 Miss Powell, of Hampstead, but his ministerial life did not long continue. His deacons in 1853 invited him to resign. "To something of the knight-errant," it is said, "he added true chivalry, tenderness for suffering, scorn of insincerity, and strong love of right." "He was often so mystical as to be quite unintelligible to a congregation of humble people," is another criticism from the same pen. And yet none have understood better or more truly sympathized with all humble folk.

Leaving London he settled for a time in Manchester, where his son, Dr. Greville Macdonald, the specialist, was born in 1856. Ronald, another son, has recently published a notable novel. His father's first book was published in 1856, and was called *Within and Without*. *Phantastes* followed in 1856. After this the series of novels which laid the foundation for the present school of Scotch-English story-telling was written, and has not yet been excelled, though less known than the imitations of Ian Maclaren and others. It is remarkable perhaps that American readers are not more familiar with these works, but their keynote is personal religion, and if there be any quality in American religious thought less pronounced than another it is the personal quality. The idea of vicarious atonement has transferred itself from the theological ideal to a national one, and men take refuge in the virtue of their nation as they used to do in the virtue of their God. To take refuge in his own heart is the goal of the mystic.

Macdonald's books treat of commonplace men and things, the ordinary life of our day, but there is a strange wild beauty of heroism and compassion in them which reveals the light that never was on sea or land. He writes out of his own knowledge of people, and we are moved with the vivid vitality of the friends we make in his pages. Let the student take *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, *Robert Falconer*, *Sir Gibbie*, and *David Elginbrod*, reading them in the order named, and if he does not feel at the end that he knows somewhat more of the kingdom of heaven than he did at first, or than he could get by a year's study of *The Secret Doctrine*, he may conclude that he is not yet of those who are seeking above all things for the

Way. The *Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood* was the most successful of his books pecuniarily, and it will be enjoyed by those who have read the others. Dr. Macdonald's writings for children are of peculiar merit. The impressions made upon most little folks by *Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, or *At the Back of the North Wind* are ineradicable and not the less because they are of the world of the heart. His poems are numerous and highly appreciated, and he has written profusely on many matters of the inner life. Early study of the Gnostic mystics, Boehme, and other early Theosophists, contributes a constant influence to his thought, while the idealistic pantheism of Hegel is considered by many to hold a ruling sway in his teachings.

The original of Robert Falconer is probably the friend he speaks of as "the noblest man he has ever known." In this character we have a picture of what is possible in living the life of the Christ in our own age and surroundings. It is the personalizing of the Christ character in the heroes and heroines of his stories that enables us to understand what the life of the Divine Man was intended to be, and what we in our own person may make it to-day.

One of Dr. Macdonald's antipathies is the liquor habit, but he distinguishes between drink and the drinker. "Drunkards and sinners, hard as it may be for them to enter into the kingdom of heaven, must yet be easier to save than the man whose position, reputation, money, engross his heart and his care, who seeks the praise of men and not of God." This breadth of sympathy appears continually. "Did you ever observe," it is asked, "that there is not one word about the vices of the poor in the Bible—from beginning to end?" He has abundant faith in the outcome of things. "To the true heart every doubt is a door," and yet "In the end, those who trust most will find they are nearest the truth." So we are "saved from the perplexity which comes of any *one* definition of a holy secret, compelling a man to walk in a way between walls, instead of a path across open fields." "Sorrow herself will reveal one day that she was only the beneficent shadow of Joy, Will Evil ever show herself the beneficent shadow of Good?" Good and Evil are in ourselves. "As to the pure all things are pure, because only purity can enter, so to the vulgar all things are vulgar, because only the vulgar can enter. Wherein then is the commonplace man to be blamed, for as a man is, so must he think? In this, that he consents to be commonplace, willing to live after his own idea of himself, and not after God's idea of him—the real idea, which, every now and then stirring in him, makes him uneasy with silent rebuke." This uneasiness become a soul-

hunger, "the vague sense of need which nothing but the God of human faces, the God of morning and the starful night, the God of love and self-forgetfulness, can satisfy." So men begin to seek the Christ. "They who speak against the Son of Man oppose mere distortions and mistakes of him, having never beheld, neither being now capable of beholding him." Men arrive at "the greatest need that the human heart possesses—the need of the God-Man. There must be truth in the scent of the pine wood: some one must mean it. There must be glory in those heavens that depends not upon our imagination; some power greater than they must dwell in them. Some spirit must move in that wind that haunts us with a kind of human sorrow; some soul must look to us from the eye of that starry flower. It must be something human, else not to us divine." So "there is no forgetting of ourselves but in the finding of our deeper, our true self—God's idea of us when he devised us—the Christ in us. Nothing but that self can displace the false, greedy, whining self, of which most of us are so fond and proud. And that self can no man find for himself; seeing of himself he does not even know what to search for. 'But as many as received him to them gave he power to become the sons of God.'"

Modern Theosophic ideas are to be found in simple, untechnical language all through the novels. Of rebirth there is a quaint and amusing dialogue about the resurrection in *Alec Forbes*. How is a man to be resurrected properly if he has only one leg? "George! George!" said Thomas with great solemnity, "luik ye efter yer sowl, an' the Lord'll luik efter yer body, legs an' a'. Man, ye're no convertit, an' hoo can ye unnerstan' the things o' the speerit? Aye jeerin', and jeerin'!" "Weel! Weel! Thamas," rejoined MacWha, "I wad only tak' the leeberty o' thinking that, when he was aboot it, the Almichty micht as weel mak' a new body a'thegither, as gang patchin' up the auld ane." There is no stronger argument for re-incarnation. It is said of death that "on either hand we behold a birth, of which, as of the moon, we see but half. We are outside the one, waiting for a life from the unknown; we are inside the other, watching the departure of a spirit from the womb of the world into the unknown. To the region whither he goes, the man enters newly born. We forget that it is a birth, and call it a death. The body he leaves behind is but the *placenta* by which he drew his nourishment from his mother Earth. And as the child-bed is watched on earth with anxious expectancy, so the couch of the dying, as we call them, may be surrounded by the birth-watchers of the other world, waiting



like anxious servants to open the door to which this world is but the wind-blown porch."

The power of the inner life is recognized. "No man can order his life, for it comes flowing over him from behind." Surely out of previous existence. "The one secret of life and development, is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work—to do every moment's duty aright—that being the part in the process allotted to us; and let come—not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the eternal Thought wills for each of us, has intended in each of us from the first." And so also "there is no saying to what perfection of success a man may come, who begins with what he can do, and uses the means at his hand. He makes a vortex of action, however slight, towards which all the means instantly begin to gravitate."

All this is of the real living essential spirit of Theosophy, stripped of the technical garb (or garbage) in which it is often presented. Love is the heart and the light of it, and in the ideal characters portrayed in Macdonald's tales we see what not only the glamour of art makes us feel as we read to be possible for all who strive. In *Robert Falconer* there is a summary of what Jesus taught. "First,—that a man's business is to do the will of God; Second,—that God takes upon Himself the care of every man; Third,—therefore, that a man must never be afraid of anything; and so, Fourth,—be left free to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himself."

BEN MADIGHAN.

#### PRAYER.

**M**OST people pray more for opportunities to evade their burdens than for strength to bear them.

The only kind of prayer that is sanctioned by the God-Men has to do with inner gifts and powers which are to be laid hold upon in no other way than by that spiritual exercise.

When ye pray, said One, enter into your closet and pray to your Father which is in secret. And He prayed to Our Father which is in Heaven. Then He told those who heard Him that the kingdom of Heaven was inside them. Prayer must be directed inside to reach its mark.

It is thought that a prayer for daily bread could not be for merely interior gifts. Yet this was the most spiritual petition, perhaps, in the series. It was not the loaves of wheat or the cakes of barley that were prayed for. They could be had by work or outward suing. And all the genuine mystics have been

intensely practical. They do not ask for that which can be had without asking. The prayer is for the bread from heaven, the food of the soul, the heavenly manna, the "bread of the coming day."

Paul tells Timothy about four kinds of prayer. There is aspiration. When we feel small and mean and unworthy for the first time, we may lift up our hearts to an ideal, or cast our eyes on some of the glories around us, and pray the prayer of aspiration. There is true devotion in it. It is the beginning of love.

This is followed by the sense of need, the desolation and emptiness of the soul unfilled with its own merits. There is a supplication, **deep and earnest**, in those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, and their **supplications** bring them to that table which is never bare.

Drawing near to God in His kingdom within requires the confidence of one who is sure of his need. The intercession and communion of the soul with its divine Father is only possible for those who have purified their hearts to the point of vision.

There is a fourth condition of prayer which Paul speaks of as the Eucharist, thanksgiving. There is peace and joy in it, and the rapture of the saints. It is an exalted state of consciousness, and there are many names used for it in the east and elsewhere.

Those who despise prayer and even ridicule it can never have experienced the sustaining comfort that distressed souls and anguished hearts have gained in every age and religion through the appeal of the finite mind in prayer to the infinite resources and powers of the unseen and unknown. All that is now once was not, and has come out of the Unknown. He who prays allies himself with life and growth and manifestation, and resolves that what is not shall begin to be. The Will is active and the Way possible in him.

Prayer is concentration. The infidel or the free-thinker prays more earnestly in the sincerity of his convictions and effort to establish his ideals than the miserable pious creature who has neither will to oppose nor wisdom to co-operate with the Divine purpose. When a man acts, either for good or apparent evil, he is at least becoming the agent of the Highest. All men pray when they love and when they work. God is not distinct from men, but is in them as he is in all things. To pray is to seek within for knowledge of his nature.

Prayer will thus become "an occult process bringing about physical results." But we must not expect other than ordinary channels to be used. The Cosmic Mind has no finer instrument than the human creature, and when we learn that we are gods we shall accomplish our own prayers. For to pray like gods

we must act like men. Prayer is the action of the soul in its own sphere, as physical labour is the exertion of the body. And love unites these two and makes one strength.

THE RESURRECTION OF LILITH.

I.

From what old life of ours long over-past  
 And buried in the deeps of time and change,  
 From Banba, Khem, or what dawn-land and strange,  
 To these sad eyes, dim-peering through the vast—  
 Enchantress, risest thou, thus late and last,  
 And luring me from wonted ways to range—  
 From vows and dues of minster, mart, and grange,  
 Into that doom where sorrow holds men fast ?  
 Lo ! I have seen the petals, one by one,  
 From th' unblossomed bud of Love's red rose  
 Torn, till the tender crimson core lies bare  
 And blenching from the passionate summer air ;  
 Thou !—wilt thou take it, ere the withered close,  
 And shadows gloom the garden of the Sun ?

II.

Or beest thou all I read upon thy brow—  
 The world surmounted, Faith to con thy chart,  
 With crystal virtue for thy valorous art—  
 Thee their bright wisdom will the Gods allow,  
 Self-rule besides, and patience, and the vow  
 Of reverence, and the less and greater part  
 Of Love, till the starred heavens of thy heart  
 Unroll the seven splendours of the Plough :  
 And I shall serve thee on a sterner quest  
 Beyond the shores that compass mortal might,  
 Where on the verges of the broken world  
 The storm-crests of eternity are hurled,  
 Out-launching through the surfs of death to breast  
 The darkly heaving floods and dare the Night.

## LILITH REGENERATE.

## III.

Nay, rather, lord and lover, cast thy rose  
 On the high altar of the Sun's white flame,  
 And let it shrivel like the thing called Fame,  
 Or hiss and vanish as hot Sorrow goes  
 Before swift Joy, or, as at battle's close,  
 We fling the broken weapon with no blame  
 Upon the bonfire piled in Victory's name,  
 For Honour's love, and not for hate of foes.  
 No idol I, nor angel, but a soul,  
 A fellow-servant with thyself and all,  
 Save that my soul's face thou hast seen unveiled—  
 There read some fragment of life's backward scroll,  
 Or caught some shaft of mirrored glory fall  
 Revealing God between us—and not quailed.

## IV.

The lover and the hero bear one heart;  
 Hold thyself high and wear the double crown,  
 And suffer not at all the world's renown  
 To set great Nature and thy soul apart.  
 There is a love beyond the grange and mart—  
 Above the range of vows, for which the frown  
 Of custom sets no pale, whose Word brings down  
 Th' ineffable power of Life whence all things start.  
 And with that Love I woo thee to this breast,  
 And with that power I join thee on the height  
 And draw thee from the deeps to make one life  
 Between us, rich for our fellows, God-possessed—  
 An ageless unity of man and wife  
 Unsunderably true as sight and light.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

# THE LAMP.

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

“LOVE and the gentle heart are one same thing.”

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“BE thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.”

\*

“THE man who doeth that which he hath to do, without attachment to the result, obtaineth the Supreme.”

\*

“THE light from the ONE MASTER, the one unfading light of Spirit, shoots its effulgent beams on the disciple from the very first.”

\*

IT IS reported that a Theosophist stated recently that he would not read THE LAMP because he “did not like to introduce antagonistic forces into his aura.” The cell-contents in this case are homogeneous. Evolution has not commenced.

\*

IN connection with the visit to America of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater I was interested in finding on a second-hand book-stall the other day a volume of Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion*, published at Chester, in England, in 1797, by C. W. Leadbeater. Does this betoken a mystic heredity?

\*

MISS M. A. WALSH has left Boston for the Pacific Coast. She will visit Chicago and Denver en route. Her stay in the east has been much prolonged to the great satisfaction of her numerous friends there, and with very marked benefit to the Theosophical Movement for which she has been lecturing.

NO ONE interested in Spiritualism, Theosophy, or any of the prevailing psychologic systems should fail to read Professor Joseph Jastrow's article on "The Modern Occult" in the September *Popular Science Monthly*. It is a fine study, and will give all who are inclined to stick in the ruts new points of view.

\*

THE Chinese do everything by methods the reverse of those adopted by Europeans and Americans. They sew and plane in the opposite way to ours. A coffin is a highly esteemed present, while to enquire for your health is an insult. They nod the head as a negative sign, and shake it for an affirmative. They believe in God; we believe in the Adversary.

\*

ACCORDING to *Boston Ideas* the Socialists of New York are as badly divided as the Theosophists or the Christians. There are De Leonites and anti-De Leonites, there are eight sections of Debsite Social Democrats, and nine of the Butcher stripe, Barondess Social Labour men, Fabians, Schwab's "passive socialists," Most's anarchists, Cuno's Collectionists, and Newton's Christian Socialists, and besides these main divisions there are many smaller ones. We need a man to make faggots out of all the sticks that lie around.

\*

IN THE epidermis of men and mammals, Professor L. Ranvier has recognized seven distinct layers, which are described to the Royal Microscopical Society, says *Popular Science*, as stratum germinativum, filamentosum, granulosum, intermedium, lucidum, corneum, and disjunctum, in the order of their development. The limits are well defined, each layer having distinct physical characters and chemical re-actions. These layers are not formed by special elements, however, and a cell originating in stratum germinativum becomes changed and passes into stratum filamentosum, and so on through the series. This is quite an interesting confirmation of Secret Doctrine teaching, and the seven-fold correspondences should be noted by students.

\*

The *Light of Truth*, in a sketch of Tamil literature, incidentally gives an analysis of the sentiment of love, which consists of true or natural, and of unnatural love. Natural love is considered under five aspects—Intercourse, Separation, Patience, Wailing, and Sulking. These, unfortunately, appear to be the aspects of love best known in the West. There are two other varieties, "Furtive Love" or Courting, and "Wedded Love." "'Furtive Love' is real love between the champion and the

made unknown to the world at large. The discovery may bring about the wedding, or if frustrated, bring about the voluntary death of both the parties, as their love was chaste and dignified. . . . It should also be particularly remembered that there is an undercurrent of divine philosophy in Love chalking out the path to salvation."

\*

DR. JOSEPH PARKER came out recently in support of one of my favourite ideas. He said: "In my judgment the true journalist is as far as possible from being a mere newsmonger. He is a seer and leader and a just man." The journalists take the place in our day of the ancient priests—the real, genuine teachers. The editors mould the opinion and thought of their readers, and preach to them every morning. One editor has more influence than scores of parsons. It is the men who are listened to and followed who are teachers and leaders, not the men who take the credit of doing what the people have discovered they want done. The teaching priests of the old temples are paralleled in the newspaper offices of to-day, and the more fully they appreciate their responsibilities the sooner we shall get society reformed. Unfortunately most of them no more understand their opportunities than do the pulpiteers.

\*

MAGAZINES and papers received: *Philosophical Journal*, *Flaming Sword*, *Ideal Review*, *Christian Messenger*, *Review of Reviews*, *Boston Ideas*, *International Theosophist*, *The Philistine*, *Morning Star*, *Free Man*, *Notes and Queries*, *Unity*, *Herald of the Golden Age*, *Belfast Weekly News*, *Star of the Magi*, *British Weekly*, *North Ender*, *Rainbow*, *H. C. Leader*, *Prasnottara*, *World's Advance Thought*, *Theosophical Forum*, *Citizen and Country*, *Theosophic Messenger*, *All Ireland Review*, *Meaford Mirror*, *Temple Artisan*, *The Prophet*, *Brotherhood* (London), *Secular Thought*, *Appeal to Reason*, *Literary Digest*, *Light of Truth* (Madras), *The Adept*, *Dominion Review*, *Secular Science and Common Sense*, *Radiant Centre*, *Light* (London), *Weekly Sun*, *Saturday Night*, *Theosophischer Wegeiser* (Leipzig), *Harriston Tribune*, *Our Race News Leaflet*, *The Free Life*, *Progressive Monthly*, *Theosophic Gleaner* (Bombay), *Union Agent*, *Book and News Dealer*, *Teosofisk Tidskrift* (Stockholm), *Forward Movement Herald*, *The Open Door* (a new venture by the Founder and Organizer of a Brotherhood of Immortals in the flesh, who says everything in italics), *Spirit Fruit*, *Expression* (London), *Oswego Palladium*, *The Spiritual Review* (London), *The Sermon*, *Prophetic Messenger*, *Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne), *Nya Tiden*, *Light of the East* (Calcutta), etc.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the subjoined poem by Julia Larned from the *N.Y. Independent*, as giving, if understood Theosophically, one of the best answers to the problem of pain, and suggests that another is "that in this world, made up of pairs of opposites, we cannot have the fire that heats without the fire that burns, nor shadows without lights, and a world made up of goodness alone would be mere stagnation; life would be impossible without both forces, or rather both manifestations of the one great force."—The poem is entitled "God's Answer."

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God :  
 " Lord, take away pain !  
 The shadow that darkens the world Thou has made,  
 The close coiling chain  
 That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs  
 On the wings that would soar—  
 Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,  
 That it love Thee the more !"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world ;  
 " Shall I take away pain,  
 And with it the power of the soul to endure,  
 Made strong by the strain ?  
 Shall I take away pity, that knits heart to heart,  
 And sacrifice high ?  
 Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire  
 White brows to the sky ?  
 Shall I take away love that redeems with a price  
 And smiles at its loss ?  
 Can ye spare from your lives that would climb unto mine  
 The Christ on his cross ?"

A WRITER in the *Temple Artisan* states that the Roman and English empires "more than all others were potent causes of the slavery and misery of their particular eras." Canada abolished slavery in 1793 by Act of Parliament, those who had slaves being permitted to keep them, but not to acquire others, the children becoming free at twenty-five years of age, and their children free-born. England abolished slavery by paying an idemnity, 1st August, 1834. The United States abolished slavery by confiscation during the war on 1st January, 1863, by President Lincoln's proclamation. But this slavery is "a slavery different from, and not so cruel as that of commerce," as William Morris says, and it is difficult to see what the Roman empire had to do with it, or the English either, more than the other European nations or America where the present commercial system is carried to a climax. It is said that



Ireland is the only non-commercial nation in the west, but there is no tendency of emigration in that direction. While the slave nature exists in men they will seek the opportunity to barter their freedom and independence for the precarious sustenance doled out to wage-workers under commercial methods, and this is simply a characteristic of the Black Age of Sudras, and of every race and nation that belongs to it. Even the Theosophists of the day appear to be unhappy unless they can yield themselves and their souls to the control of somebody else. The Sudra nature will out, and the Vaisiyas take what advantage of it they can.

\*

THE most Theosophical utterance I have read for many a day appeared in the *Forward Movement Herald* of 18th August, and the following extract will indicate something of the power of the ideas which twenty years ago distinguished the Movement. The spirit has fled from the old body, but the seed has fallen on good ground, and it can never die. Of course there are many of us identified with Theosophical, Spiritualistic, Mental Science and other "forward" organizations, who recognize the central unity just as well as the *Herald*, but the majority are as narrow in their ways as other sectarians, and these sentences are commended to their study:—"We behold to-day each denomination, each form of faith, insulting high heaven with the audacious claims that they are the 'only and original' institution especially endowed with power to behold the truth and standing at the only gateway of eternal life. The various religious denominations of every name, the Theosophists, the 'Scientists,' the Spiritualists, the hundred and one organizations whose name is legion, each claims that it is the especially endowed minister of God, and that wisdom verily will perish unless its ideas are carried out. They fail to see that they stand each at their own little centre and look out, as we stand upon the earth and look up at the sparkling stars above. They fail to recognize that God is the centre and that only as we stand with him, only as we let his truth possess us, only as his truth makes us free are we able to lead or teach. No man, no system of philosophy or teaching which springs from earnest souls is wholly in the dark. We ought to be united. We are all brethren. We each have some truth. None of us have it all. We must learn of each other, and love each other. God is love, and without the spirit of love in our hearts, which is the spirit of honesty and toleration, we shall wander into deeper darkness rather than towards the light."

THE German Exploration Expedition recently discovered a well-preserved Greek inscription of eighty-four lines in the city of Priene, Asia Minor. It is remarkable for the language used in describing the introduction of the Julian Calendar on the birthday of the Emperor Cæsar Augustus, 23rd September, 46 B.C. Had it been 46 A.D. we should be undoubtedly told that it had been imitated from the New Testament. Mommsen, the Berlin historian, and his colleague von Wilamowitz, has edited the inscription which is translated in part by the *Literary Digest* as follows: "On this day the world has been given a different aspect. It would have been doomed to destruction if a great good fortune common to all men had not appeared in him who was born this day. He judges aright who sees in this birthday the beginning of life and of all living powers for himself. Now at last the times are past when man must be sorry that he had been born. From no other day does the individual and all humanity receive so much good as from this day, which has brought happiness to all. It is impossible to find words of thanksgiving sufficient for the great blessings which this day has brought. That Providence which presides over the destinies of all living creatures has fitted this man for the salvation of humanity with such gifts that he has been sent to us and to coming generations as a Saviour. He will put an end to all strife and will restore all things gloriously. In his appearance, all the hopes of ancestors have been fulfilled. He has not only surpassed all former benefactors of mankind, but it is impossible that a greater than he should come. The birthday of this God has brought out the good news of great joy based upon him. From his birth a new era must begin." This may seem pretty strong language to those who are unfamiliar with the terms in which Official Heads and Emperors were accustomed to be addressed, but it seems clear that no originality can be claimed for sentiments which require identical language for their expression. In the British Museum there is another inscription, found at Halecarnassus which reads: "Since the eternal and immortal nature of All has graciously bestowed upon mankind the highest good for their surpassing blessings, and, in order that our lives might be happy, has given to us Cæsar Augustus, the Father of his Country, which is the divine Rome; and he is the paternal Zeus and the Saviour of the whole race of man, who fulfils all the prayers, even more than is asked. For land and sea are in the enjoyment of peace; the cities are in a flourishing condition; everywhere are harmony and prosperity and happiness."

I HAVE to acknowledge the prayers of the *Temple Artisan* for the "best success of THE LAMP in every unselfish effort that it makes for radiating light and truth," and that we may be "spared the spectacle of seeing its light grow dim and smoky." This is so ambiguous that I am almost moved to prayer myself. The *Artisan*, like all the genuine Theosophical organs, is a little thin in the skin and accuses me of misquoting last month, because my paragraph giving the number of people at the Headquarters picnic gave the impression that they were all workers. This oppressive dignity which shrinks from the slightest familiarity is distinctly a morbid and unhealthy attribute. I thought that the older organizations had monopolised it, but it appears there is always enough left over and to spare. The Movement or Society that cannot stand being talked at in a friendly way, is likely to fare badly when it falls among the Amalekites and the Hivites and the Amorites and the other hordes of fighting gentlemen. I believe it all comes of trying to support the dignity of adept leadership. But if that be genuine it does not need to be supported. And, by the way, there is some very bad grammar in the last paragraph of Hilarion's letter on page 51, to which I hope he will excuse me calling attention. I use bad grammar myself and know just how it feels. "B. S." has some good ideas on "Sympathy." The occultism lately dispensed to the occultizing West has been of hardening, not to say petrifying tendency, and it does us harm to get the notion that we are miserable atoms in the Inane which have no relation to each other, but should seek to get out of each other's way as rapidly as possible. There is an increasing tendency to kill out the higher attributes of pity and sympathy, says "B. S.," "mistaking them for sensations of the lower man." "They have given to the term *indifference*, as used by the older mystics, a wrong interpretation, and are many steps on the road that leads to a state of callousness and heartlessness, and they have not yet awakened to the danger of destroying the only attributes by which it is possible for them to reach perfection, Mastery." This may be a little over-stated, but it is worth attention. Mr. Sinnett has dealt with this point in the *Theosophic Messenger*. "The one feeling which can find free expression in earth-life and also free expression on the spiritual plane, is the love emotion, and though that is no doubt a very different feeling on the higher plane as compared with what it is down here, if it finds no expression down here one may entertain serious doubt as to whether it can do so elsewhere. Certainly for the common run of human beings a loving nature is that which gives rise to the most vivid consciousness during the devachanic period, and capacity for a richer devachanic period [heaven-life] must be taken as forecasting true spiritual growth."

MR. J. C. KENWORTHY has written a handbook combining the views of Ruskin and Tolstoi as a socialistic presentation of economic questions. It is entitled *The Anatomy of Misery* and has entered a second edition. The *Review of Reviews* gives some account of it. Mr. Kenworthy starts with the principle that society should be organized for the equal welfare of all. The purpose of human life, he maintains, is happiness, development, pleasureable activity. Self-interest, he explains, if intelligently understood, would lead us to accept as our first principle in economics, "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and interpret this as Simon did, "from each according to his ability to each according to his need." He accepts the definition of Ruskin as to wealth comprising only those products of labour which are good to be enjoyed by men, while false wealth covers those articles which are bad to be used or enjoyed, such as adulterants of food, unhealthy luxuries, pestilential dwellings, bad books and pictures. His deductions from the fact that out of 11,000 recruits applying at Manchester to be enlisted, only 1,072 were fit to be passed into the regular army, the others failing to come up to the not very exacting tests, are more than alarming, and the *Spectator* declares that unless the slum question is seriously dealt with in the next twenty years England will be undone as a great nation. Mr. Kenworthy proposes the Theosophical remedy—reform yourself. "In the Society that is to be, which we idealists imagine, certain rules of conduct must needs be observed by each individual. For our own, and for our neighbours' sakes, the laws of health must be followed—temperance, cleanliness and activity." The Eleventh Commandment is repeated with its corollary, as above stated. "Only persons who are simple, truthful, kind and unselfish, can obey these laws. Through disobedience to these laws, our Society is perishing; the only hope of salvation is in returning to them. There is one person—yourself—whom you can at once bring to that allegiance. In your own person you can set an example of the true life. By example and precept you can win others to the truth." Professor Alfred Russell Wallace is hardly satisfied with this. "To me," he says, "any exposition of evils without showing that there is a real thorough practical remedy is all waste of time." He wishes to nationalize the railways and the land, paying all existing owners a life-income only; to adopt the principle that the unborn have no property rights, and abolish inheritance: and give to all children in future equality of opportunity to the fullest extent." Mr. Kenworthy supposes his readers asking "Must we cease to struggle for Money and Property as other men do? Must we refuse the aid of the Law, in defence of our

rights and property?" He replies that the answer will depend on your conception of the purpose of your life. "Economic principles are, as we have seen, governed by moral considerations. Morals are finally dependent upon our conception of the solution of the great mystery—What is to become of us hereafter? That is, Morals are based upon religious belief. Which is as much as to say, that Economic questions are, finally, religious questions."

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THE editor of the *Free Man* thinks that any philosophy that teaches that "sex is an accident of this incarnation" is "begotten of idiocy and expressed in folly." Furthermore he declares that "a man is a man for all eternity and a woman is forever feminine," etc. As there is only the potentiality of sex in children, and in more rudimentary forms of life it is in many cases impossible to determine which sex will ultimately be developed, and as in the case of the bees, sex may be artificially produced, and as the sex function entirely ceases in woman long before the natural end of life, and as it is inhibited to the point of atrophy in the advanced occultist, it may appear that the language of the *Free Man* is just a trifle freer than the occasion requires. That man is man to all eternity is true in the primary meaning of "eternity," a period of some fifteen hundred years for the average mortal. The human race has gone through in the last few million years all the various processes of reproduction which are still illustrated in the lower life-forms, fission, budding, hermaphroditism, sex-differentiation. In a few million more years we are just as likely to have three sexes or seven sexes as to continue as we are, and the assumed intimacy of the *Free Man* or anyone else with the eternal plans must not prejudice us against the probabilities. Anything that exists here on the physical plane is but a reflect of what exists or has existed on higher and more ethereal ones. We know that the perfection or regeneration of man depends now on the descent of a third or even fourth power from on high to complete the present economy of human mind and body. It is not difficult to conceive of these hypostatic operations becoming specialized in parallel functions peculiar to physical forms of the future when evolution has proceeded to finer issues. The elemental beings of the four kingdoms, fire, air, water, and earth, are now represented in the two sexes, man giving scope to the evolution of salamanders and gnomes, and woman to the sylphs and undines. There seems no reason why each of these kingdoms may not eventually be represented by a sex of its own. The ideal is a perfect being in which all the elemental kingdoms will be represented in harmonious co-operation. This

is what nature is apparently striving for, and when we declare that the sexes are complementary we express an ideal, not an actual condition of affairs. Unhappily the essential truth of the unity of the divine in our consciousness is too frequently obscured by such considerations as the present. To know the very Self amid all the changing aspects of consciousness and the attributes of life in physical embodiment is to have subordinated the phenomenal to Truth. In the eighteenth chapter of the *Gita* the different points of view are classified into three divisions. There is the knowledge by which the one incorruptible Being is perceived in all beings, undivided in things divided; there is the knowledge which, through the sense of separateness, sees various beings of separate essence in all beings, apparently referring to the knowledge of the elemental kingdoms; and there is the knowledge, or ignorance rather, which clings to one single effect as if it were all, without reason, having no real object, and narrow. This last is the product of the Tamasic quality, the quality of darkness or ignorance in consciousness, and it certainly seems to include the ideas of those who expect the conditions of our earth-life to be perpetuated for ever and ever.

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I REGRET that lack of space prevents me doing justice to the number of pamphlets that have come to hand during the month. Among these the first in importance is Mr. Charles Johnston's *Karma: Works and Wisdom*. This is a performance fully worthy of his reputation, and there is no other writer on Theosophical subjects who has the same ability, not only in literary quality, but in scholarship, in lucidity, in earnestness, and insight. This essay, the fifth chapter of which is worth many contemporary volumes, should have as large a sale as the *Memory of Past Births*. It is published by the Metaphysical Co., at 35c. Mr. Johnston has also issued through the same firm, *The Word of the New Cycle*, the kernel of which is that the religion of the New Cycle will be Salvation by Work. Two essays on Emerson have reached me. One is by the Pandita F. K. Lalana of Bombay, and is to be had for ten cents from Mrs. J. L. Hooker, 1596 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N.Y. The Pandita, who is a Jain, views Emerson with an Oriental eye, and to be introduced to Emerson, he says, is to be introduced to the Divine Reason. Mr. J. J. Langham, M.A., of Cambridge, writes an attractive appreciation of the New England philosopher from an Old England stand-point. He emphasizes his independence as "a prophet who taught men to be brave and true, trusting themselves, thinking for themselves, telling their own thoughts instead of being mere echoes of other

men." Morang & Co., of Toronto, publish this essay. The Order of At-One-Ment issues *The Book of Genesis, or The Beginnings*. This is a version of the early chapters of Genesis, "amended, revised, and restored" by the "guidance of the same Spirit which inspired all Scripture of God." The most interesting thing in the little book is to be found in the commentary, and consists of the magic squares of 111 and 369. The first is the Solis Sigillum. These squares give the ratios which control the Pythagorean table to be found in *Magic White and Black*, and supply the key to the rates of vibration which govern evolution. The measurements of Noah's Ark are shown to conform to these proportions. The pamphlet may be had from 3 Evelyn Terrace, Brighton, England, for 15c. A very readable *Outline of Buddhism* has been published by the Buddhist Mission, 807 Polk Street, San Francisco, Cal. (15c.) The author is Skesaburo Nagao. The historical treatment is especially interesting and should command a wide circulation. The philosophy and religious teaching of Buddhism is dealt with under Doctrine and Practice. Students may be surprised to learn that there are four sects of Buddhism in Ceylon, two in Tibet, thirteen in China, and thirteen in Japan. And yet does not this also testify to a certain faithfulness to the eternal freedom of the Soul, which we find also in Christianity, and which was enjoined by the great Teacher himself? "Therefore, O, Ananda, be you lamps to yourselves. Rely on yourselves, and do not rely on external help. Hold fast to the truth. Look not for assistance to any one beside yourselves." Dr. J. D. Buck's fine address in the Cincinnati Lecture course has been printed and should be read and distributed by Theosophical workers. The religious, philosophical, scientific, social, and economic conditions of the time are reviewed, and the advantage of a synthetic system such as Theosophy presents clearly indicated. In describing "Why I am a Theosophist" he appeals to "reason, history, and the facts of common experience."

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ONE of the things that the Rev. Charles Sheldon remarked during his visit to England was that the nation was going to the devil through liquor. Everybody is so well aware of the fact in England that it does not call for such emphatic comment as a stranger deems fitting. One of the few things, perhaps the only thing about which I am an extremist, is the liquor habit, so that I rarely trust myself to speak upon it lest I be guilty of the intemperance which I deplore. I am not a prohibitionist, but if there were a protectionist party to warn the innocent and the unwary I would like to join it. So many dear and

noble and beautiful ones I have seen dragged down into the gulfs through this great ensnarer that I find it difficult to keep silence when I see parents sowing the seeds of possible ruin, or young people taking the first steps on a path the end of which they know not. It is certain that no one ever expects to "exceed," but the subtlety of alcohol in destroying the moral sense and the finer instincts which would otherwise preserve from danger, makes it impossible for any who have once begun to be certain of their own future self-control. Under these deadly influences the things that appear as though they were not, and the illusions of the tainted and excited mental vehicles are accepted as normal standards. Alcohol acts upon the astral body, with the result that all impressions coming to the brain, and requiring, as they all have, to pass through this perverted medium, are coloured by the impurities stirred up by the "evil spirit" from the lowest depths of each person's character. Even the purest who drinks alcohol looks through smoked glasses upon the Inner Light. When it is remembered that seven years are necessary to entirely eliminate the traces of alcohol from the constitution, care should be taken to avoid such prolonged bondage. A writer in the *British Weekly* states that "The verdict of impartial science is evidently more and more against the use of alcohol in health. Professor Victor Horsley has recently expressed himself emphatically to this effect, and an eminent American physician, Dr. John Madden, who has just published a work on the subject from an entirely judicial standpoint, is of the same mind. He forcibly presents the modern view that the well-known effects commonly called stimulating are hardly so at all in any true sense, being due almost entirely to blunting of the feeling of fatigue and paralysis of the critical judgment. Dr. Madden also concludes that alcohol is a proved poison when taken continually in moderate amounts, and probably poisonous even in very small amounts, and that the habitual drinker never reaches 'the highest possible plane of his capabilities.'" The last remark is that which ought to have most weight with people of intelligence. It is so difficult to get the best out of ourselves, and our true humanity so entirely consists in living up to our highest ideals, that we must be above all things careful not to blunt our perceptions of things spiritual. "No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven," the kingdom of the inner world, and simply because alcohol blinds the organ of spiritual vision. It is not so much a sin as a calamity. Dr. Clouston testifies that "excess of alcohol led to a condition of brain which frequently led to suicide. It was not so much worry as drink that was the prevailing incentive. Alcohol, over-indulged in, produced the paralysis of the great



human vital instinct of self-preservation." I would not like to give the impression that the liquor-habit is a hopeless one. Fortunately we are divine as well as human, and there is no drinker so weak, no drunkard so low, as to be unable to call upon the God within him and shake himself free from the clinging devilry.

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AMONG the suggestions that have been offered in reply to the questions of last month as to the best way to carry on Theosophical propaganda, there are none which vary in any important way from the methods laid down twenty years ago and which met with marked success until their abandonment wholly or partially since 1891. Absolute freedom was the foundation of all the early methods, and the recent stagnation in the Movement is clearly due to the attempt to fetter and confine the activities of members within limits. It is not at all a question as to whether the limits are desirable or not. Human nature will break out of Paradise if given to understand that it is there by compulsion. It is generally agreed also that methods are to be adapted to the locality in which they are employed. One city will be attracted by the word Theosophy ; another will be repelled. Some believe that the word has a special power in itself to gather the right sort of people. Similarly, meetings must be adapted to the audience. Beginners must be instructed in classes and reading circles, the latter a form of activity too much neglected. Simple talks by people who know what they are talking about, and who avoid abstruse metaphysics as they would the devil, are far and away better than papers which by the very study crystallized in them make difficult hearing for those unfamiliar with the subject. That which is written is really intended to be read. That which is to be listened to should be spoken. There is an art of "preaching" defined as "that rare speech of a man to his fellow-men whereby in their inmost hearts they know that he in his inmost heart believes," which here and there may be exercised by those who have read and thought and lived Theosophy. But those who merely think they have done these things are to be carefully guarded against. The intelligent and courteous answering of questions at public meetings is one of the most attractive items in the work of some Societies. Some believe that questions should be written, but this shuts off interest, and in its distrust of the public, erects a barrier which is rarely crossed. If a question cannot be answered, it is always easy to say so ; we do not set up as Omniscients. On the other hand if the Society has not a chairman capable of controlling unruly visitors it is wiser to meet privately until one arrives. Class study of some sort should

certainly be kept up. The tastes of the students should be consulted in the choice of books, and no outside suggestions should be permitted to out-weigh local preferences. The people on the spot are the people that wot. Children's classes are in the experimental stage. The ordinary church Sunday school should be studied, for it attracts, it holds the children, and it teaches them. Of course the parents are in league, but if they are not in league with the Theosophical children's class there will be no class, except, perhaps in the large cities where slum children may be had for entertainment. Great use was made of the newspapers at one time, by correspondents, reports of meetings, items of eastern philosophy, etc. More recently the papers have been exploited for personal ends, and the result has been discouraging. In dealing with the papers let contributions be as impersonal as possible, but let their origin be apparent for the sake of enquirers. Placing books in public libraries has always been fruitful of the richest returns, and magazines should be kept on file wherever possible in public places. Each local body should make it a point to see to these things. A book a month placed in a public library will burden no society, and will by and by constitute a fine memorial of unselfish effort. I think it is unwise to specify text-books, but I am confident that until a Society knows the *Key to Theosophy* it is premature in studying other books. But there should be no censorship, and if I could I would have all Theosophists read all the books written by everybody on the subject, orthodox or heterodox, friends or enemies. Societies should beware of political entanglements, and avoid giving offence to the church people. Theosophy teaches that all religions have truth in them, but some people prefer to think it teaches that all religions have falsehood in them. Earnest members can do splendid work even if unattached to central Organizations, but whether independent or not there should be nothing but good feeling for all. It is to be regretted that there are not more who share the views of the *Prasnottara*, whose breadth is worthy of the sacred traditions of India. It remarks that "as Theosophists, what concerns us vitally is not, as the world may think, the enrolment of men of light and leading in the Theosophical Society but the spread of those ideas by whatsoever outward agency . . . ."

## PARABLE OF THE GOOD PHILANTHROPIST.

A Doubtful Person went up from Jericho to Jerusalem, and fell among Pious People, which deprived him of what little reputation he had, and stabbed him in the back, and departed, leaving him socially dead.

And by chance there came across him a certain Parson, and when he heard about him, he deeply regretted the circumstances.

And likewise a popular Preacher, when he heard of him, looked into the affair, and made a strong illustration of it in his next sermon.

But a certain Philanthropist, as he did the bountiful, became aware of the case; and when he had considered it, he patronized him, and exhibited unbounded condescension, and took him to a restaurant, and dined him.

And on the morrow when he met him, he took out his visiting-card, and asked him to be sure to call and see him occasionally, and shook hands with him.

And it came to pass that the Doubtful Person made his way in spite of everything, and lifted himself up in the world, and the Philanthropist pointed him out to all his friends, and said, "Look at that man that I took out of the gutter and made what he is." And the Philanthropist's friends all said, "What an amiable character! What generosity! What virtue!" And to himself they said, "We implore you not to let this person's ingratitude affect you!"

It was after this that the Doubtful Person went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, and met with the Good Samaritan.

A.E.S.S.

## A PROPOS TO NIETZSCHE.

THE death of Friedrich Nietzsche at the end of August is likely to bring his writings into even more prominence than they have been attaining. Prof. Bjerregaard has just been saying that he is the embodiment of a fundamental principle. He teaches Individualism in opposition to Collectivism, and "gentleman-morality" in contrast with "slave-morality." "An idealist is necessarily an individualist and of aristocratic notions; his aristocracy is, however, not the same as oppression and tyranny; it means higher type and profounder recognition of duty. Nietzsche condemns democracy, by which he understands the 'vulgar equal-making' of to-day, that kind of universality which is attained by levelling downward but not upward. He says that that kind of

democracy has always been the downward steps of a degenerating power. Against democracy he places individual will, instinct and command. He admires the 'lordly nature.' He is 'lord' who has power to realize his will. He is 'slave' who is weak. He looks upon Napoleon as 'lord' and the 'criminal is the type of the strong man under unfavourable conditions.' Notions of this kind place him in strong antagonism to Christianity. He hates Christianity and calls its morals 'slave-morals.' The true man is the individualist and Nietzsche calls him the 'Over-man.' Nietzsche is in his own eyes the hero of the ideal man and his leader. He has dreamed himself into a world beyond 'good and evil,' has risen to the state of the 'Over-man,' acts 'lordly morals' and is an embodiment of the 'spirit of Zarathustra.'"

All this is capable, like every other good thing, of the most flagrant misconception, and the vagaries of his followers will as usual be attributed to Nietzsche, while the fact that he died in an insane asylum will serve the shallow-pated as reason sufficient to ignore his writings.

There can be no doubt of the need of a reaffirmation of the virtue of self-reliance and independence. "In our day when so many false movements are set agoing and when effeminacy and weakness of character are so prevalent among those tired of the old order of things, it is imperative that the doctrine of individualism and self-reliance should be taught and should get prominence. It is a doctrine thoroughly Anglo-Saxon and congenial to Americans." It is in fact the doctrine which distinguishes the life of the new age from the life of the old. "The man of the old world," says Goldwin Smith, "is born subordinate. The man of the new world is born independent, with a tendency to insubordination."

The recognition of these things, and perhaps their acceptance, is what one finds in Nietzsche, rather than any attempt to change them. As this is the nature of life, we can best succeed by accommodating ourselves to it, and trusting nature to work out the correct result. The danger of this position for the weak or ignorant is manifest, and with the repudiation of ethics and morals, and the adoption of personal standards, it is not surprising if some find Nietzsche a blind guide. The unscrupulous and the bully is more likely to flourish under such auspices than more refined types. But there is a certain optimism in trusting nature to achieve the highest which is very attractive.

Dr. Redbeard has written in *The Eagle and the Serpent*, an English Nietzschean organ, that "the business of 'Superior Persons' is to 'discover' themselves by their own aggressive virility. They are under no obligation whatever to be selected

by 'less superior persons.' Their strength and will is their all-sufficient warrant. The victor *is* ruler by the very fact of his victory. It is non-essential for superior persons to be 'placed' in the position of rulers. They invite themselves, and inaugurate themselves."

The difficulty and the danger which beset this position have never been provided for in any other way than that of the underlying principle of Christianity, the foundation of occultism and Theosophy, the principle that all man's powers, the very highest, are a trust and must be used in service. The service need not be ignoble, there need be no slavery about it. But if it cannot be accorded in the true spirit of service, if government itself cannot be rendered in the selflessness of true service, then there is no hope for the weak and the pitiful and the simple.

Madam Blavatsky recognized the facts of human inequality. "Logical and scientific observation of the phenomena in Nature, which alone leads man to the knowledge of eternal truths—provided he approaches the threshold of observation unbiassed by preconception and sees with his spiritual eye before he looks at the physical aspect—does not lie within the province of the masses."

It is this knowledge which gives power, and the use of that power makes a man either a governor and Master in the great sense, or an oppressive tyrant. All the experience we have had in recent years in the development of "occult" rulers and guides, goes to prove the utter inability of the ordinary "leader" to avoid enslaving his or her followers. Now the object of occultism is to make free men and women. "But in order to achieve this reform," it is said in the *Secret Doctrine*, "the masses have to pass through a dual transformation: (a) to become divorced from every element of exoteric superstition and priestcraft, and (b) to become educated men, free from every danger of being enslaved whether by a man or an idea." Again and again have we insisted on this necessity for freedom, but men forget its value, or fail to understand the necessity. They fling away their freedom, and seem to think that the favour of another may confer that which they are unable through their own weaknesses to cultivate or use.

In the realm of the gods all yield the noble service of freedom, and it has been grandly said of such that they never do anything that they have not first perceived in the heart of another. It is this law of consideration for others which obviates another weakness of the system of "lordly morals" and the "Over-man." However high our inner ideals may be, they are still the product of finite imaginations, and will well

bear checking by comparison with other standards of worth. "Try ye yourselves if ye are in the faith, prove yourselves," says Paul; and elsewhere—"we are not bold to number or compare ourselves with certain of them that commend themselves; but they themselves, measuring themselves by themselves, and comparing themselves with themselves, are without understanding."

There is no more marked tendency among those who have shaken themselves free from some of the conventional forms of thought or action, than to lose sight of everything but their own self-constituted standards. Is it any wonder that such are without understanding, or that the essential fact of the unity of human interests is forgotten in the magnified importance of their own aims? Can we help each other to be free and to become Over-men, or are we so concerned in our own development, and so anxious for the opportunity to display our own kingly qualities that we merely demand of others their blind and slavish obedience? Not so is freedom attained, for he who would enslave another is already a slave in his own soul.

There has been no higher ideal conceived since its enunciation than that which declared that he who was greatest must be servant of all. No man can undertake the discharge of such transcendent obligation without an inherent greatness which the mere quality of the "Over-man" alone will not supply. Love, the inspiration of life, must be added to genius, before even the greatest can willingly, ay, joyfully, take up the burdens which weigh down his weaker fellows. Without Love, the "Over-man" may be a monster. With Love, the "Over-man" becomes a Man of God.



*Spirit Fruit* is a little sheet issued at Lisbon, Ohio, by J. L. Beilhart & Co., as a free gift in the interests of Love. The editor remarks that he would "not say that the great and good men of past ages cannot come and live on earth again, but when one of those spirits do come, they will not parade the personal Self before the world and fish for compliments, or repeat what is said of them either good or evil." We should all paste that in our hats, for which of us was not a great and good man in past ages?

## GUARD THY THOUGHTS.

As our thoughts, so are our actions ;  
 As we travel o'er life's plain  
 Evil thoughts cause evil doing  
 And are followed e'er with pain.  
 But if thoughts are pure and noble  
 Holy lives shall then be led,  
 And the sunshine of love's kindness  
 All around us shall be shed.

As the sowing, so the reaping  
 In our lives shall ever be.  
 If rewards of peace and pleasure  
 For our souls we wish to see,  
 Then let all our thoughts be noble,  
 Dwelling on the higher life ;  
 So our souls will not be trammelled  
 By the bonds of mortal strife.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Moorestown, N.J.



## FROM "LEAVES OF GRASS."

This moment yearning and thoughtful sitting alone,  
 It seems to me there are other men in other lands yearning and  
 thoughtful,  
 It seems to me I can look over and behold them in Germany,  
 Italy, France, Spain,  
 Or far, far away, in China, or in Russia or Japan, talking other  
 dialects,  
 And it seems to me if I could know those men I should become  
 attached to them as I do to men in my own lands,  
 O I know we should be brethren and lovers,  
 I know I should be happy with them.

*Walt Whitman.*

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