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“Know

The Occultic

Thyself.”



Vol. I.

August, 1885.

No. 2.

Published and Edited by

George Chainey and Anna Kimball,

1002 1-2 Broadway,

Oakland,

California.

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While lecturing for the present in San Francisco on Sundays, I would like to make arrangements to deliver Courses of Lectures on week nights in other towns in the State of California.

SUBJECTS OF LECTURES: 1. *My Religious Experience.* 2. *The Ideal Man and Woman.* 3. *Through Day to Night and Night to Day.* 4. *Medusa and Perseus; or, The Tragedy of the Soul.* 5. *The Prodigal Son.* 6. *Leaves of Grass.* 7. *"The Sphinx."* 8. *"Occult Phenomena" in Shakespeare.* 9. *The Religion of All Sensible Men.* 10. *Church and the Theater.*

GEORGE CHAINEY,
Oakland, Cal.

TESTIMONIALS.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL says: "Mr. Chainey is one of the best thinkers in this country. He has a wonderful command of language, is full of imagery, comparison, antithesis, logic and beauty. He feels what he says with his whole heart, and perceives it with his entire brain. He is perfectly honest, and for that very reason is intellectually keen. Downright honesty in such a man is genius. He gives a true transcript of his mind, and gives it with great power. His lectures stir me like trumpets. They are filled with the loftiest spirit. Eloquent, logical and poetic, they are as welcome and refreshing as the breeze of morning on the cheek of fever."

"Mr. Chainey is a large, well-formed though round-shouldered man, wears no beard, and in these days of crops would be called a long-haired man. He has a big head and a broad face. He is an orator. His eloquence is his chief fascination. His periods are models of oratorical beauty, and though ordinarily unimpassioned, he occasionally becomes intensely strong in his dramatic effects. He is singularly graceful of gesture. His methods inspire one with a conviction of his honesty. His elocution is masterly. His voice is magnetic, powerful, flexible, very pleasing. He would make a famous actor."—*Scranton Daily Republican.*

"Mr. Chainey has great ability, a most vivid imagination, and a vast poetical capacity, a marvelous power for word painting, a command of the choicest flowers of rhetoric that language can furnish, together with high moral culture, a generous disposition and a loving heart."—*Charles Watts.*

THE G N O S T I C.

“Learn to know all and keep thyself unknown.”

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1885.

No. 2.

OCCULT PHENOMENA IN SHAKESPEARE.

Horatio.—“O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet.—And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Horatio and Hamlet are represented in every city and town of our land.

Strange sights and sounds are heard,
Canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements while the sepulcher
Wherein we saw them quietly inurned,
Hath open'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast them up again.

Sceptical Horatio simply exclaims :

“O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!”

While the more thoughtful and penetrating Hamlet extends to it such welcome hospitality as every true heart extends to a stranger. Things new and strange should never be condemned until we have made their acquaintance. Nor should we be content until we do understand. But how many are like Horatio, who when told of the strange sight that had surprised their watch, by Marcellus and Bernardo — would not let belief take hold of him. When the same tale was unfolded to Hamlet he instantly gave it credence. Who do we admire most, while witnessing this play, Horatio or Hamlet? When speculating at the grave of Ophelia over the skull of Yorrick, Hamlet said : “Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?” Horatio replied: “’Twere to consider too curiously to consider so. “No, faith,” answers Hamlet—“not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likeli-

hood to lead ; as thus : Alexander died ; Alexander was buried ; Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam ; and why of that loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?”

Imperious Ceasar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away ;
Oh ! that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw.

You see at once that Hamlet, who entertains belief, though in doing so he contradicts his own reason which, when in the ascendant, speaks of death as “The undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns,” is possessed of a far nobler mind than Horatio. No one can occupy a truly noble and commendable attitude intellectually who does not give royal welcome to that which transcends all present knowledge and former experience. Shakespeare himself is such a stranger to most of us, and even though he out-tops the tallest, should be hospitably entertained. Many feeble minds like Horatio are trying to reason him out of existence. The traditional Shakespeare, according to Ben Johnson, knew little Latin and less Greek, and so some think they must find an author like Bacon who had been to school. Your critics may dig and delve at this subject until doomsday. Shakespeare is absolutely unexplainable, save by the student of the occult, and esoteric, who, through knowledge of the Spirit, has risen above the mists of time into the light of eternity. Shakespeare, though a writer of plays, of comedies and tragedies, can no more be compared in his work to a modern play-writer than a Pyramid to an ordinary grave vault. It is true many suppose the Pyramids to be no more than large

sepulchers. But all those who have studied Occult Science to any purpose, know that they were constructed as external symbols of spiritual truths, and that all those tortuous passages and secret chambers were used in the initiation of a candidate into the esoteric knowledge of the soul's incarnation in matter—regeneration and redemption again into the spiritual world. In those secure retreats the Gods or inhabitants of the spiritual world imparted wisdom to such as had proved themselves worthy and well qualified to receive. The Master's Chair was there occupied by such as indeed might sit bonneted in any presence. A faint shadow of what transpired in those ancient temples lingers in Masonry to-day, but it is only the shadow of a shadow that has long since parted company from any substance of truth. Still, even in Masonry, there is a thread, which followed patiently, might lead you through the weary labyrinth of our materialistic ignorance back again into the sacred presence of eternal truth. Even so, when we interpret Shakespeare from the spiritual standpoint, we may, once more, stand face to face with God. Every true ray of genius is a ray from the torch that illuminates the world. It is a part of the eternal spirit of God, creating for itself an habitation and a name. It takes ages of evolution through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, besides many generations of right-living to produce the perfect human form. So, through ages the spirit is striving to purify and refine matter so as to make it a medium of communication for its eternal knowledge.

Shakespeare was one of these perfected instruments. Hence, we may look to find in him the omniscience of God. He will bring forth things new and old; he will speak familiarly of a world of which we have no knowledge; he will pass at will from the visible to the invisible; he will compel admiration and respect from friend and foe; he will write not for an age but for all time.

One of the first facts that strike us in the study of Shakespeare is his horror of death. The adept of all ages works to free himself of pain and death. He knows that this is the path that alone leads to life. None the less is it the part of a wise man to enter the path. No one has

Painted more vividly the gloomy chamber of death. The sepulchre is the type of all we fear. When Richard is uncrowned by Bolingbroke, he says:

“Let's talk of graves and worms and epitaphs,
Make dust our paper and, with rainy eyes,
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.”

When Juliet would paint all that is revolting to human imagination as preferable to a marriage with the County Paris, she exclaims:

“Hide me nightly in a charnal-house
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow, chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that to hear them told have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.”

Shakespeare sees clearly the gloomy and sombre portals of death, but he also sees the light that gleams beyond; for, at Juliet's apparent death, the good friar says:

“Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,
And better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most ye sought was her promotion.
* * * * *
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,
Above the clouds as far as Heaven itself?”

And further on Balthasar says:

“Her body sleeps in Capulet's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.”

The same immortal hopes shine beautiful in the words of Lorenzo:

“Look, how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold!
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

In this passage we come upon the confines of the occult and the source of Shakespeare's remarkable power. He was a spiritual seer—an inspired bard—penetrating with his soul-sight far beyond the knowledge obtained through the five senses. All seers and clairvoyants tell us that the stars as worlds go leap-

ing and singing through their mighty orbits, like some mighty being, rejoicing in the consciousness of their wondrous life and power. All worlds and stars have their planetary spirits who inform and express themselves through them. In one of those remarkable visions given to the author of *Ghostland*, he saw that every sun, star, planet, comet, moon, every fully-formed body in space was a living being—a body and soul—a physical form, destined to sustain a transitory material existence, composed of infinitesimal physical beings of its own grade and order. An immortal spirit moulded and grown through the formative element of matter, destined to survive its dissolution, and live eternally as a perfected soul, carrying with it all the freight of soul-atoms which it has sustained and unfolded like the leaves and blossoms of its own parental germ-seed.

Each world is, therefore, through the law of evolution, unfolding a soul world that is to be the home of the souls that are related to it. In harmony with this, psychometrists always in reading a planet find it has both a physical and spiritual existence.

It will be no news to anyone who has read Shakespeare, to say that several plays are full of the beings which the Adepts of all ages have called elementary spirits, who preside over and correspond to the air, fire and atmosphere—some of these have often been attracted to mortals, and in order to gain certain benefits, have faithfully served them. Such a one was Ariel, who so faithfully served Prospero, responding to his summons with

“All hail, great master; grave sir, hail. I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong-bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality.”

Such also are Puck and Oberon of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, as they in part explain when Puck says:

“My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home: * * * * *
For fear lest day should look their shapes upon.”

To which Oberon replies:

“But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.”

Almost every good clairvoyant sees, at times, these spirits of another sort, corresponding with every force of nature. Shakespeare is full of reference to them. Their sayings and doings are the substance of the folk-lore and fireside tales of every nation. Do you think all these creatures have no existence outside of a poet's imagination? I confess there was a time when I myself was dull-witted enough to think so. Now I not only believe but know from experience that they have just as objective an existence as we ourselves. My own experiences have been amply confirmed by the visions of seers and revelations of psychometry. The author of *Ghostland* says: “In hundreds of clairvoyant visits made by my spirit to the country of the elementaries, it was given me to perceive that their collective life-principle, that which clothes their spirits and forms their rudimentary bodies, is in the aggregate the life principle of the earth and all that composes it, or that mysterious realm of force, which by some is erroneously supposed to be a mere attribute of matter. Again and again it has been shown me how the germ of soul thought, an infinite succession of births, lives, deaths, and incarnations in elementary existence at last attains to that final spiritual state from whence it becomes for the last time attracted to matter and is born into the climax of material existence—manhood. I believe that Shakespeare saw into this world of elementary life and from thence obtained much of this strange and marvelous power. Shakespeare must have also had knowledge of the power acquired by spiritual adeptship, or he could never have created such a master of Occult power as Prospero, who at the close of a most bewitching entertainment could say:

“These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a track behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

But as Hamlet says:

"To sleep:—

To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come."

All those who come back from the grave to speak to mortals reveal the fact that the next state to this is not always one of pure delight, but that the evil deeds done in the body have to be atoned for until they are forged and burnt away. Like the Bible, Shakespeare also reveals the world immediately following this as a fiery or purgative world. This also corresponds with our knowledge of that world.

A little before the assassination of Julius Cæsar, hundreds of frightened women saw men, all on fire, walk up and down the streets. These are the astral magnetic or fiery bodies which are separated from the physical body at death. The astral world is a fiery or magnetic world. On its light are pictured all the deeds of our past lives, whether good or bad. This is the book opened by the Angel of Life, out of which we are to be judged. Let us remember that we are all hastening to death and that after death comes the judgment. Not the theatrical, spectacular extravaganza and burlesque of orthodoxy, but the solemn excise before the tribunal of your own immortal spirit, examining to see if that astral body has in it the element of immortal life. If it has not, then must you suffer the penalty of the second death. The only way to avoid this, is to so order our lives that there shall be atonement or at-one-ment made between body, soul and spirit. As Cæsar says: "Cowards die many times; the valiant never taste death but once." This is true in a larger sense than Cæsar meant it. Be valiant. Open your mind without fear, to eternal truth. Bid things, though new and strange, like Hamlet, "a stranger's welcome." When one comes to you from the other world with a message of duty, dare to say:

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace."

Live so that when you fall, those who remain can say, as they did of Hamlet:

"Now cracks a noble heart,"

and for you there shall be no more death.

Some people foolishly suppose that the phenomena of Spiritualism are of a modern origin entirely. Not so. Every nation and age of the world has had them. Shakespeare is full of Spiritualism in all its forms. Owen Glendower could call spirits from the vasty deep and though young Hotspur mocked him by saying:

"Why, so can I, or so can any man,
But will they come, when you do call for them?"

Still Glendower's superior knowledge enabled him to avoid the battle in which young Hotspur lost his life.

Though sufficiently imbued with English prejudice not to do justice to Joan of Arc, still he finds the source of her power to lay in her spiritual gifts, as she says:

"Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated."

The English also acknowledge her mediumship when they say:

"Well, let them practice and converse with spirits,
God is our fortress in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks."

In many of the plays the veil is parted between the living and the dead. Hamlet learns in this way of his father's death and his uncle's guilt. Richard sees the forms of those whom he murdered, the night before his death, causing him to exclaim:

"By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof."

While the same forms appeared to Richmond and cried on victory, so that he could say:

"My soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream."

There is a similar lapping over of the next life on to this in the experience of Clarence, who says:

"My dream was lengthened after life.
O! then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cried aloud,—'What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
 And so he vanish'd. Then, came wandering by,
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and shriek'd out aloud,—
 'Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
 Seize on him, furies! take him unto torment!'
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, about and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd and, for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made the dream."

Brutus is represented as twice seeing the spirit of great Cæsar. The first time he is reading in his tent, and as the ghost enters, he exclaims:

"How ill this taper burns.—Ha! who comes here?
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.
 It comes upon me.—Art thou a thing?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?"

Even so Hamlet cried out:

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee."

But though the message he received was clear and pertinent, still he afterwards reflected:

"The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be the devil; and the devil hath power
 'T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

I will not assume that Shakespeare meant to teach us this lesson. Still there is suggested to me the importance of coupling every revelation from the spirit world with our own best efforts, to arrive at the truth from our own experience and endeavors. No matter how beautiful and rich your inspiration may be, you should still do all in your power to cultivate

your own intellectual powers. There has been far too much neglect in this direction by many so-called spiritual teachers. As a consequence, while they please your ear with the rhythm that belongs to all fluent utterance, they seldom impart anything to your understanding. One of the most striking features of an occult nature found in Shakespeare is the general use of that spiritual gift we call prescience. Romeo on his way to the Feast at Capulets', where he meets his fateful love in Juliet, says:

"My mind misgives,
 Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
 Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
 With this night's revels, and expire the term
 Of a despised life, clos'd in my breath,
 By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
 But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
 Direct my sail."

While Juliet, bidding him farewell, exclaims:

"O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
 Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
 As one dead, in the bottom of a tomb."

The next time she saw him her vision was fulfilled. We have a more remarkable quality of prescience in Romeo's reflections just before hearing of the death of Juliet, as he says:

"If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
 My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
 My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne;
 And, all this day, an unaccustomed spirit
 Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
 I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
 Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think
 And breath'd such life with kisses on my lips,
 That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
 Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
 When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?"

That night his love kissed his dead lips and died upon his corse. I think also that the rest of his dream was true and that he could think, though dead, and awoke to find himself an emperor. For a true love he gave all. Such take the kingdom of heaven by storm.

Julius Cæsar was bid beware the Ides of March. The night before his assassination he was waked thrice with his wife Calphurnia crying out in her sleep:

"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"

Many other similar illustrations of this power

of pre-vision might be given from Shakespeare. We find also numerous illustrations of and reference to clair-audience and clairvoyance. Queen Katherina a short time before her death saw and heard beautiful things from the spiritual side of life, to which she refers, when she says to Griffith:

“Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear.”

Romeo says to Julie :

“O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.”

Surely he who wrote this must have seen a messenger from heaven. I quote this passage in order to call your attention to a remarkable experience recorded in *Ghostland* by its author and vouched for to be true. The Chevalier was engaged with a party of astronomers in making observations. One night he was surprised to see, moving across the face of the heavens, the *shape of a human profile*. Fascinated and wonder-struck, he says: “I still retained the calm and fixed purpose of continuing my observations, and in this way I distinctly saw a gigantic and beautifully proportioned human face, sail by the object glass, intercepting the view of the stars and maintaining a position in mid-air, which I should judge to have been some five miles above the earth's surface. Shortly after this the same form re-appeared on the opposite side of the glass.” The other persons present, all of them men eminent in the scientific world, observing his agitation, questioned him as to what he had seen. Before he could answer, one of them stepped to a cabinet in the observatory, where he kept his memoranda, and drawing forth a package, said: “Chevalier, what you may have seen to-night, I am not yet informed of, but as something remarkable appears to have struck you in the observation you have made, we are willing to place ourselves at your mercy and

provided you will reciprocate the confidence we repose in you, we will herewith submit to you some memoranda which will convince you some of us at least have beheld other bodies in space than suns and planets.” “I then narrated what I had seen, confessing that I was too doubtful of my own powers of observation to set down such a phenomena as an actuality unless I could obtain corroborative evidence of its truth.” “Receive it then, my friend,” cried the Professor, in such deep agitation, that his hand trembled violently, as he unfolded his memoranda and raising his eyes to heaven, gleaming through an irrepressible moisture, he murmured in deep emotion: “God, God! then it must be true.” These memoranda contained the exact data of numerous observations made at different times by different individuals, when there had appeared between the object-glass and the stars, such “winged messengers of heaven, bestriding the lazy pacing clouds and sailing on the bosom of the air.”

There is also in Shakespeare much of witchcraft, sorcery and black magic. The invisible world is the correspondence of this and so contains much of evil as well as good. But evil spirits are to be known by their fruits. They always incite to evil. They capture their victims by revealing to them some glittering prize of power or fame that fills them with burning desire and makes them rash in the means they use to reach the goal of ambition. They entice them to their service by the use of more than mortal knowledge. They win with honest trifles in order to betray in deepest consequence. But the end of following the inspiration of all such generally leads their victims to exclaim with Macbeth:

“Be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That patter with us in a double sense,
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.”

Beware how you seek the help of the spiritual world for any selfish end. Never study the Occult for evil purposes. If you do, a terrible fate awaits you. Thousands have lost all their possessions through the deceitful promises of professed spirit friends. Whoever seeks guidance from such for mere selfish ends will surely attract to them evil and deceptive promises.

Like always attracts like. The use of secrecy among all students of the Occult is for the purpose of keeping this knowledge from all who would use it for any but unselfish ends. The Oriental adepts never use their powers save for Spiritual ends. They live in quiet and seclusion, cultivating themselves. Nothing could tempt them to exhibit their powers for money. While then we seek to scale these tremendous ladders of Occult truth, let us be quite persuaded that our motive is neither gain nor idle curiosity, but a burning thirst for truth and righteousness and desire to do good to our fellow-men. I have coupled this subject in your minds with the words of the inspired bard, because I have learned to deeply believe that communication between us and the inhabitants of the spiritual spheres constitutes the highest, purest, most normal and healthful exercise of the soul's religious faculties, and as Hamlet says:

"What is a man,

If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike power,
To fust in us unus'd."

THE IDYL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

CHAPTER II.

"What is it?" asked the man querulously, as he looked at us through the gate. "I sent fruit and to spare into the kitchen this morning, and I can give you no more flowers to-day; all I have to pluck will be wanted for the procession to-morrow."

"I am not wanting your fruit or your flowers," said my guide, who seemed fond of adopting a lofty tone, "I have brought you a new pupil, that's all."

He unlocked the gate, motioned me to pass through, and shutting it behind me, walked away down the long corridor (which now, looking back from the garden, seemed so dark), without another word.

"A new pupil for me! And what am I to teach you, child of the country?"

I gazed upon the strange man in silence. How could I tell what he was to teach me?

"Is it the mystery of the growth of the plants you are to learn? Or the mystery of the growth of sin and deceit? Nay, child, look not so upon me, but ponder my words and you will by-and-by understand them. Now come with me and fear not."

He took my hand and led me under the tall-leaved plants towards the sound of water. How exquisite it seemed to my ears, that soft, bright, musical rhythm!

"Here is the home of our Lady, the Lotus," said the man. "Sit down here and look upon her beauty while I work, for I have much to do that you cannot help me in."

Nothing loth, indeed, was I to sink upon the green grass and only look—look in amazement—in wonder—in awe!

That water—that delicate-voiced water—lived only to feed the queen of flowers. I said to myself, thou art indeed the queen of all flowers imaginable,

THE WHITE LOTUS.

And as I gazed dreamily in my youthful enthusiasm upon this white bloom which seemed to me, with its soft, gold-dusted heart, the very emblem of pure, romantic love. As I gazed the flower seemed to change in shape, to expand, to rise towards me. And lo! drinking at the stream of sweet sounding water, stooping to take its refreshing drops upon her lips, I beheld a woman of fair skin, with her hair like the dust of gold. Amazed, I looked and strove to move towards her, but ere I could make any effort my whole consciousness left me, and I suppose I must have swooned away. For, indeed, the next that I can recall I lay upon the grass, with the sense of cool water upon my face, and, opening my eyes, I beheld the black-robed, strange-faced gardener leaning over me.

"Was the heat too much for thee?" he asked, his brow knit in perplexity. "Thou lookest a strong lad to faint for the heat, and that, moreover, in a cool place like this."

"Where is she?" was my only reply, as I attempted to rise on my elbow and look towards the lily bed.

"What!" cried the man, his whole countenance changing, and assuming a look of sweetness that I should never have supposed could

appear upon a face so naturally unbeautiful. "Hast thou seen her? But no, I am hasty in supposing it. What have you seen, boy? Do not hesitate to tell me."

The gentleness of his expression helped my startled and scattered senses to collect themselves. I told him what I had seen, and as I spoke, I looked towards the lily bed, hoping indeed that the fair woman might again stoop to slake her thirst at the streamlet.

The manner of my strange teacher gradually changed as I spoke to him. When I ceased describing the beautiful woman, with the enthusiasm of a boy who has never seen any but his own dusky-skinned race, he fell upon his knees beside me.

"Thou hast seen her!" he said, in a voice of deep excitement. "All hail!" for thou art destined to be a teacher among us—a help to the people—thou art a seer!"

Bewildered by his words I only looked upon him in silence. After a moment I grew terrified, for I began to think he must be mad. I looked around wondering whether I could return to the temple and escape from him. But even as I debated within myself whether to venture upon this, he rose and turned upon me with the singular sweet smile, which appeared to cover and hide the ugliness of his strongly marked features.

"Come with me," he said, and I arose and followed him. We passed through the garden, which was so full of attractions for my wandering eyes, that I loitered on my path behind him. Oh, such sweet flowers; such rich purples and deep-hearted crimsons. Difficult I found it not to pause and inhale the sweetness of each fair-faced blossom, though still they seemed to me, in my so recent adoration of its beauty, to but reflect the supreme exquisiteness of the white lotus flower.

We went towards a gate in the temple, a different one from that by which I had entered the garden. As we approached it there issued forth two priests, clad in the same white linen robes as I had seen worn by the golden-bearded priest Agmahd. These men were dark, and though they moved with a similar stolidness and equilibrium, as though indeed they were the most firmly rooted growth of the earth, yet to

my eyes they lacked something which the priest Agmahd possessed—a certain perfection of calm and assuredness. They were younger than he, I soon saw; perhaps therein lay the difference. My dark-visaged teacher drew them aside, leaving me to stand in the pleasant shadow of the deep-arched doorway. He spoke to them excitedly, though evidently with reverence; while they, listening with quick interest, glanced ever and anon towards me.

Presently they came to me, and the black-robed man turned and moved over the grass, as though returning on the way we had come together. The white-clad priests, advancing under the doorway, spoke together in low whispers. When they reached me they motioned me to follow them, and I did so; passing through cool, high-roofed corridors and gazing idly, as was always a foolish habit of mine, upon everything I passed; while they, still whispering together as they preceded me, would now and then cast looks upon me, the meaning of which I could not understand.

Presently they turned out of the corridors and entered into a large room similar to the one I had already seen, where the old priest was instructing the copyists. This was divided by an embroidered curtain which fell in majestic folds from the lofty roof to the ground. I always loved beautiful things, and I noticed how, as it touched the ground, it stood firm with the stiffness of the rich gold work upon it.

One of the priests advanced, and drawing back one side of the curtain a little, I heard him say:

"My lord, may I enter?"

And now I began to tremble a little again. They had not looked unkindly upon me but how could I tell what ordeal awaited me? I looked in fear upon the beautiful curtain, and wondered, in some natural fear, who sat behind it.

I had not over-long in which to tremble and be afraid of I knew not what. Ere long the priest who entered returned, and accompanying him I saw was the golden-haired priest, Agmahd. He did not speak to me but said to the others:

"Wait thou here with him, while I go to my brother, Kamen Baka."

And saying this, he left us alone again in the

great stone room. My fears returned trebly upon me. Had but the stately priest given me a glance which held kindness in it, I had not so yielded to them, but now I was again plunged in vague terrors of what next should come upon me, and I was weakened also by the swoon which had but so recently prostrated me. Trembling, I sank upon a stone bench which ran around the wall, while the two dark-haired priests talked together.

I think the suspense would soon have brought another lapse into unconsciousness upon me, but suddenly I was again awakened to the doubts and possibilities of my position by the entrance of Agmahd, accompanied by another priest of most noble appearance. He was fair-skinned and fair-haired, though not so fair in either as Agmahd. He shared with him the stately immobility of appearance which made Agmahd an object of the deepest awe to me; and in his dark eyes there was a benevolence which I had not yet seen in any of the priests' countenances. I felt less fearful as I looked upon him.

"This is he," said Agmahd, in his musically cold voice.

Why, I wondered, was I thus spoken of? I was but a new novice and had already been handed over to my teacher.

"Brethren," cried Kamen Baka, "is it not best that he should be clothed in the white garment of the seer? Take him to the baths; let him bathe and be anointed. Then will I and Agmahd, my brother, put upon him the white robe. We will then leave him to repose, while we report to the company of the high priests. Bring him back here when he has bathed."

The two younger priests led me from the room, I began to see that they belonged to an inferior order in the priesthood, and looking on them now, I saw their white robes had not the beautiful golden embroidery upon them, but were marked with black lines and stitchings around the edges.

How delicious, after all my weariness, was the scented bath which they led me to! It soothed and eased my very spirit. When I left it I was rubbed with a soft and sweet oil, and then they wrapped me in a linen sheet, and brought me refreshment—fruits, oiled cakes

and a fragrant draught that seemed to both strengthen me and stimulate me. Then I was led forth again to the chamber in which the two priests awaited me.

They were there with another priest of the inferior order, who held in his hands a fine linen garment of pure white. The two priests took this, and as the others drew away the sheet from my form, they together put it upon me. And when they had done so, they joined their hands upon my head, while the other priests knelt down where they stood.

I knew not what all this meant—I was again becoming alarmed. But the bodily refreshment had done much to soothe my soul, and when, without further ceremony, they sent me again with the two inferior priests, with whom I felt a little familiarized, my spirits arose, and my step became light. They took me to a small room, in which was a long, low divan, covered with a linen sheet. There was nothing else in the room, and indeed I felt as if my eyes and brain might well remain without interest for awhile, for how much had I not seen since I entered the temple in the morning! How long it seemed since I let go my mother's hand at the gate!

"Rest in peace," said one of the priests, "take your fill of sleep, for you will be awakened in the first cool hours of the night."

And so they left me.

(To be continued.)

GOOD AND EVIL.

BY FREEMAN B. DOWEL.

It has been said by the greatest men that have ever existed that "GOD IS GOOD." If this be so, then GOOD IS GOD, and the all—the INFINITE—in which there is no place for EVIL, or the DEVIL. I have written, and maintain, that good and evil are merely *our estimate* of the phenomena of existence. If this be true, they are *products* of judgment—and the thing that judges. The thing that suffers and enjoys must be superior to either. We learn of good and evil by our feelings—but they do not exist outside of our senses at all, because, without feeling, one thing is as good, or as evil, as

another. But, be not deceived in this! We are INFINITE in judgment! *i. e.* not limited by anything outside of ourselves, for everything *assists* the judgment. Now, the first principle of judgment is the universal instinct of all animate life—that principle that *enables us to judge*. Now, what is it? *It is the good of all life*. We all *feel the good* of existence. Undoubtedly the first wave of sensation is that of pleasure. Of this we may only know by induction. Some things may be deduced, however, from nature in support of this great truth. For instance: The universal instinct of the lowest orders is dread of death; and, no matter how miserable the life may be, the rule of animate life is to prolong existence. It is only from life that we know death. Death could not exist if life did not precede it. So pain could not exist if pleasure did not *first* exist, as a foundation for the judgment to stand upon. Inharmony could not exist if harmony did not first exist; and this harmony is found in all inanimate nature—in the teeming earth, the starry worlds of space, the rolling ocean, the silent sunshine, the falling dew, as well as the wild-rushing wind, the howling tornado, the thunder's roar, the lightning's rending, or the awful earthquake; for, indeed, all these things come in obedience to law—immutable and *mutable* law—which is only a *mode* or *method* of action, *which is for the production of sensation* IN THE THING THAT ACTS. Out of harmonious action comes inharmonious action, which we judge to be evil, because we suffer therefrom. Out of silence comes noise. Out of the *silent* force of the eternal sun and stars comes the heat that burns, the colors that delight the eye, the aroma that delights, and the aroma that disgusts the senses. The antagonism of good and evil is the antagonism of the strong with the weak—a mere play for the amusement and *benefit* of the *players*. We cannot suppose, for a moment, that good and evil both exist as God, for HE that knows does not need to learn; and evil or pain does not exist except to such as need chastisement to compel them to see, to persuade them to the good of knowing. Out of the silent will come physical motion, and this motion is pleasurable; but when prolonged beyond a certain limit it becomes painful—but

the will does not suffer. Thus it may be seen that we, as actors, are the *enactors* of our pleasure and our pain. It is well to ponder these things deeply. If there is a portion of ourselves that does not enjoy nor suffer—the beginning and source of all motion *in ourselves*—this must be the noblest and best of us, the root of our very life, analogous to the sun, out of which pours all motion, all growth and all change in the physical world—*itself unchangeable and eternal*. Do not the sun and stars speak to us of eternal duration? Do they not always call us upward—cause us to *look* upward—to elevate the face, and to stand erect; and not, like the brute, always look downward to the earth for an inspiration in the shape of food and the track of trade, but to look to the unchangeable and eternal for the inspiration of truth? No man acts except from the inspiring ideas of good. Self-good is the main-spring in every human soul—in every human timepiece. Good is always good, no matter how small it may be; and self-good is an atom in the universal and eternal good; the source of all action, of all *motives*, and of all pain. No man acts against himself if he knows it. All we want is self-good; and the reason we act against others is because we have been taught so long that self-good is increased by the evil of others. To rise upon the ruin of others is the instinct of all carnivorous animals—to fatten upon the dead is the instinct of the lowest. The greatest lesson the world has ever taught, and the one it still teaches, is the doctrine of force. Resistance of evil has been universally practiced since the murder of ABEL. Motion is good, and force is good in the overcoming and removing of physical barriers, or obstructions, but it belongs to the nature of matter and of physics. But motion, becoming *force* in mind, is painful. Mind *directs* motion, but force confuses and overwhelms the mind to the destruction of its directing power. That is why those, under the influence of any passion, are blind. All the passions spring from self-love, which are all good in the gentle, silent motion of primitive elements (such as sunlight and starlight), in which the warmth of a healthy growth may be found; but when motion ceases to be *regulated* there is a great and burning

heat generated, the fumes of which cloud the intellect and confuse the judgment, and the man, thus bewildered, does wrong to himself and others. The wrong was first in allowing the passions to become heated. All the crimes committed spring from the darkness of ignorance, not from any desire to do wrong to self. Our civilization is founded in force. All the moral ethics of the day are darkened and clouded by the physical life of force. The heat of passion is consuming the very vitals of humanity till there is no real health or life left. Pride, lust, temper, avarice, envy, hatred, malice, all spring from one cause—want of *light*, want of the true knowledge which permits the heat to become an uncontrollable conflagration of force. Force added to force increases in an unknown ratio. Evil cannot be made less by resistance, because resistance is a force, therefore an evil itself. Evil added to evil is like adding fuel to fire. And yet, with this simple, but great truth staring us in the face, all laws are made and enforced of a vindictory character, founded upon the false doctrine of DIVINE justice, being based in force. The true knowledge teaches SELF-CONTROL as the beginning, aim and end of all human growth. The idea that greatness is based upon the ruin, or destruction of anything, is a false idea. Self is all there is of our little universe until there is found some one else to love. Behold how much nobler the person becomes whose love has enlarged by the addition of another universe of self-love to his own! Who can fathom the depth of pleasure the true lover feels? And the sinner, when *first* baptized with the spirit of love, feels nothing but forgiveness for all, his charity embraces all. Oh! why can this feeling not last? *Because of the force of doctrines*, of creeds and dogmas false, and at variance with the Infinite GOOD—taught from every pulpit of the world, and *practiced* by all the fathers and mothers and teachers in every-day life. Everything seems to teach the doctrine of force by constant *practice*, which is the real teachings the youth of our world take to the most naturally, because of their physical nature being in the ascendant, and the love nature—the GOOD—not yet developed. Don't tell me of the spirituality of children! There is no

spirituality but love! and this begins in the selfhood, as a sensation or gentle throbbing of the heart, and an accelerated motion of the blood. This soon increases, if not checked and controlled, till it becomes an uncontrollable passion—an infernal conflagration consuming the judgment and all moral principles. At first it was spiritual and good, afterwards it became hellish. Good is always silent and gentle—there is no boisterous good. All good is the same, and connects every particular good with the universal good. Thus it is readily seen that the good of one is the good of all. If Liberty is good for one, it certainly is good for all—the same as food, water, air and sunlight. This explains why there is so little Good in the world. Force has turned it into evil. The force of opinions begins the strife, which ends in bloody war. Sex-love springs from self-love, and from this we may know the real nature of self-love. The lover is always modest, respectful, shy, and not at all self-assertive. He feels a holy joy—a divine reverence for the object loved. So the self-love that takes in the nature of pride, envy, contempt, or any of those ideas which come through the intellect in being taught is not self-love at all, but the *inverted* self-love, which has become such through the training of force. Self-love prompts a person to love and respect, to reverence and deal gently with the body which nature has given into his care and keeping. But the moment a young person imbibes the idea that they are better looking, or smarter, or more favored by nature or fortune than another, then comes a force that prompts to all manner of abuses, for instance—tight lacing among females, and all the follies of fashion. Thus we may trace the fall of the divine Good—self-love—down to all the hellish arts and practices of individuals. Societies, nations, governments, churches, aristocracies, king-craft, priest-craft—up to the pope, who embodies all hell in one individual. I say all hell because the man who stands upon the consciences of mankind, while he binds them hand and foot with the superstitions of ignorance and fear, embodies all that is diabolical in that which was made divine. He uses the force of Fear upon which to rear his throne, and to tax and bleed the people to

build palaces and churches for the aggrandizement of the church. Alas for us! Oh, the force of pride and ambition! Why do men look coldly and contemptuously upon others? Why do men hunt for the weakness and follies of others, and retail them, not merely in whispers, but herald them abroad in the press? Yes, and do this under the pretense of the public good! The spirit-language of the world is simply this: Your life is not according to my rule—let me measure you in my cup. Did you ever think, kind reader, that when you measure another you essay to measure God himself? Judge not, condemn not, but teach the good of life and light. There is good in filth, but it don't look well for one person to throw it upon another. And a truly good person will never do it. To increase self-respect, is to cultivate respect for others. How good you feel when others are glad to meet you, but how bad you feel when people avert the face as if in contempt of your rags or condition! Why do people always want to appear better than they are? Simply so that they may borrow or steal the respect, admiration, or love of others—to strengthen their own feeble self-love. The knowledge of our own weakness makes us doubt the strength of others. To make dim the light of another is to make *ours shine brighter*. Such is the language of the world. It is a false idea that "what is good for one may be poison to another;" that which *seems* good may be the blackest evil; that medical treatment that is good for one man is good for the entire race; that which gives pain is not good—it is evil. The day of purging, blistering and cauterizing is nearly ended. The knife and the lancet have had their day. The good treatment of physical and moral diseases is silent and painless. It is not that of Force, but of gentle, healthful motion. Any act which wounds, and gives pain to others, is evil. It may give you a transient pleasure, but the pain you cause others to feel will certainly return to you with tenfold force. To increase good in yourself do good to others, and it will return to you an hundred fold. It is truly "more blessed to give than to receive." That man, whose time is spent in giving sunshine from his soul to others, is the happiest. It requires no force,

or effect, to do this. First get the sunshine *in yourself*, and it will pour out spontaneously. Do good that good may increase! Do good so that evil may *decrease*! GOD will not remove evil from us. We must do it ourselves. How? By contemplating the good, not in ourselves, but in others; and, by so living, that the good may be manifest in yourself as a light set upon a hill. To increase in good is to become more and more Godlike.

OCCULT PHENOMENA AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An interesting incident is given in the *Granite State News*, published at Wolfboro, N. H., the substance of which is that a gentleman by the name of D. E. Caverly, who had passed the winter in Florida, was not expected home until June. In connection with his residence at Melvin was a store, attached to the door of which was a bell located in the house. May 4th, at 4 P. M., the store-door opened, ringing the bell, in answer to which Mrs. Caverly passed to the store expecting to meet a customer, but instead of doing so met her husband, who had unexpectedly returned.

At the same hour a daughter of Mr. Caverly at school in New Hampton, *twenty-five miles distant*, sitting in her room studying, ignorant of her father's intention to come home before June, heard the store-bell ring at Melvin, jumped up from her chair and cried, "Papa has come." She looked at the time of day, compared it with the time her mother wrote to her a few days afterward, and found it the same hour. The correspondent of the *News* states that the family of Mr. Caverly are among the first for truth and veracity.

The *Plaindealer* (Cleveland, O.) relates that two little girls were playing at a centre-table, when it was noticed by one of them that when she placed her hand on it the table would rise and fall. She called others of the family to witness the strange movements. After continuing the experiments some time the little girl climbed upon the table, saying, "Now, let's see if you can move." To their astonishment the table began to move along the floor

with the little girl on it. She jumped off, saying, "Now, move yourself, if you can." The table started off, moving across the floor, no one touching it. "If you can move so well," said the little girl's mother, "move into the next room and kiss the baby in the crib there." To their amazement the table started off, moved across the floor, through the door into the room where the babe was sleeping in the crib, and tipped up with its edge as close to the babe's face as it could get.

THE HINDU "SECRET MAIL."—It would seem that in the far East among those people whose civilization belongs to the past—to antiquity rather than to the present, there exists a culture of the mental perception that is capable of strange achievements. The phenomena of what is known in India as the "secret mail" have puzzled Europeans for many years, and eluded all efforts on the part of government officials to discover their source.

An editorial in the New York *Tribune* briefly alludes to it as follows:

"Anglo-Indians and all who have lived in Asiatic countries, are aware that the natives have means of conveying news which at important junctures enables them to forestall the government. Thus throughout the Indian mutiny, the intelligence of all the important events—such as battles, captures of cities, massacres, and investments—was in possession of the bazaars usually hours and frequently days before it reached the authorities, and this notwithstanding the fact that the latter had often taken special measures to insure the quickest transmission possible. And it is also well known that this 'secret mail' is so trustworthy that the natives invariably act upon it with implicit confidence—speculating, for example, to the full extent of their fortunes. How the news is sent, however, has never been discovered, or at least no explanation comprehensible or creditable by the average western mind, has been reached.

The late developments, through special inquiries by the London Society for Psychical Research and through a similar line of investigation undertaken by the New York Academy of Anthropology, have well nigh satisfied us

that the claim of the Indian natives is true, and that they are in possession of a system of thought-transference or mental telepathy that has advanced beyond the stage of mere experiment as with us. The "sixth sense," if the reader will, or the "seventh," as Dr. William Thompson thinks, is here brought into active exercise.—*The Phrenological Journal*.

The following story is taken from the "Life and Times of Brougham," written by himself: In the first volume Lord Brougham says, that after he left the High School of Edinburgh to go to the University, he had there a very intimate friend, Mr. G., and that in their lonely walks round Edinburgh and at other times they frequently discussed such subjects as the life hereafter, the immortality of the soul, and the possibility of spirits revisiting the earth and appearing to the living. They even went so far as to draw up an agreement, signed *with their own blood*, "that which died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts entertained of the life after death."

Mr. G. went to India, and, after years had elapsed, Brougham had almost ceased to recollect that such a person existed, when one day near Christmas time—the 19th of December—when Brougham was taking a warm bath, he happened to turn his eyes toward the chair on which his clothes were put, and there sat his old college friend G., looking him quietly and mournfully in the face. Lord Brougham swooned, and, when he came to, found himself lying on the floor of the bath-room. He made a note of the occurrence, thinking perhaps it was a dream, and yet, when he thought of the compact, believing that even in that case G. was probably dead, and that this appearance, whether dream or not, was to be looked on as an evidence of a future state. Sixty-three years afterwards Lord Brougham wrote the following words:

"Brougham, October 16, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream, *certissima mortis imago* (the undoubted semblance of death.) Soon after my return there arrived a letter from India announcing G.'s death, and stating that he died on the 19th of December!

Singular coincidence! Yet when one reflects on the vast number of dreams which night after night pass through our brains, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are perhaps fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect."

Speaking of Victorien Sardou (regarded as the greatest, next to Victor Hugo, of living French dramatists, author of "Fedora," now being played in this city), the *Pictorial World* says: It is very strange and worthy of note that this Parisian of the Parisians is a firm believer in Spiritualism. Yes, Sardou is a skeptic and a realist, a man who knows life in every phase, and human nature in its degradations and corruptions, as in its nobilities and innocences, and yet in spite of his keen wit and logical understanding, he will deny the existence of God, while affirming his belief in the supernatural. And for the reasonableness of this belief he will, with all gravity and earnestness, adduce proof after proof. For example, he will tell you he cannot make a sketch to save his life, and then produces a copper-plate on which is engraved a drawing, representing with great exactness part of the house in which Moliere lived. Of this Sardou tells the following story: "Seated at my table one day, with this plate before me, I fell into a reverie. Unconsciously I took up the graver, and, as if impelled by some secret influence, let my hand follow its own direction over that plate. The engraving you see here is the result of several hours of unconscious and purely mechanical toil." With intense and manifest conviction he asserts that this work would have occupied a professional engraver for at least a month, and calls upon you to notice that all the ornamental lines in it are made up of crotchets and double crotchets so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye. Clearly enough, continues the *World*, Sardou recognizes that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his philosophy, and we doubt not that this state of mind is a great advance upon that blameless ignorance of conceit which denies all that it cannot explain.

TESTIMONIALS OF EMINENT MEN CONCERNING PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

J. H. FICHTE, *the German Philosopher and Author*.—"Notwithstanding my age (83) and my exemption from the controversies of the day, I feel it my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN, *President of the Mathematical Society of London*.—"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS. "I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and, when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters."—*Extract from a letter to A. Russell Wallace*.

PROFESSOR HARE, *Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania*.—"Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations, of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last nine months (this was written in 1858), had more striking evidences of that agency than those given in the work in question."

PROFESSOR GREGORY, *F. R. S. E.*—"The essential question is this: What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I cannot say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. * * *

I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena, alluded to, I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging of the truth of the spiritual theory."

PROFESSOR CHALLIS, *the late Plumerian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge*.—"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. * * * In short, the testimony has been so abundant and contemporaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."—*Clerical Journal*, June, 1862.

LORD BROUGHAM.—"There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this work foreign to our materialistic, manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which divers circumstances produce are found those who cultivate man's highest faculties; to these the author addresses himself. But even in the most cloudless skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is modern Spiritualism."—*Preface by Lord Brougham to "The Book of Nature."* By C. O. Groom Napier, F. C. S.

THE LONDON DIALECTICAL COMMITTEE report: "1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room—the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force by those present, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and, by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications."

PROFESSOR BARRETT, *F. R. S. E.*—"I know and rejoice in the blessing Spiritualism has been to my own faith, and to that of several dear friends of mine. Moreover, I cordially recognise the fact that in bereavement and deep distress numbers have been cheered and consoled by the hope that Spiritualism had set before them * * * So far from materialism being true, I do not believe a single person has ever yet lived on this earth who has truly and heartily desired to know if an intelligent and personal existence be possible without our present bodily organism, and has steadily set himself to solve this supreme question with all the help he can gain from every source. I say, I do not believe any such earnest seeker after truth has ever failed to obtain a clear and definite answer in the affirmative."

DR. LOCKHART ROBERTSON.—"The writer" (*i. e.*, Dr. L. Robertson) "can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of (*so-called*) Spiritualism than he would any other fact, as, for example, the fall of the apple to the ground, of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place, or chance of any legerdemain or fraud, in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of convincing anyone, by a mere narrative of events apparently so out of harmony with all our knowledge of the laws which govern the physical world, and he places these facts on record rather as an act of justice due to those whose similar statements he had elsewhere doubted and denied, than with either the desire or hope of convincing others. Yet he cannot doubt the ultimate recognition of facts of the truth of which he is so thoroughly convinced. Admit these physical manifestations, and a strange and wide world of research is opened to our inquiry. This field is new to the materialist mind of the last two centuries, which even in the writings of divines of the English Church, doubts and denies all spiritual manifestations and agencies, be they good or evil."—From a letter by Dr. Lockhart Robertson, published in the *Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism*, p. 4.

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THE RELIGION OF ALL SENSIBLE MEN.

The sensible man in religion is universal in his comprehension and use of all that is good in every phase of religious thought. He belongs to no sect nor party. If born and educated in the church he will outgrow it, not to despise nor scorn it, but to transcend and improve it. With the Universalist he will reject with all the energy of mind and heart the monstrous dogma of eternal pain. It will, however, be impossible for him to narrow himself down to this one issue. For the honor of our common humanity, let us say that there is little need of making this protest any longer. To preach against hell-fire now reminds one of the nervous young minister, who, at the close of the funeral exercises said: "Friends, the corpse will now pass around and take a last look at the mourners." A sensible view of religion will include all that is valuable in Unitarianism. It will reject the doctrine of total depravity and affirm the right of private judgment, freely criticizing the Bible and all sacred books, so-called. A sensible man will also admire and strive earnestly to emulate the example of this denomination's devotion to refinement and personal culture. With the free religionist he will pass away from its denominational boundaries into the universal spirit of religion. The value, however, of free

religion is largely negative. While rejecting the Christian name it still clings to the Christian ideal of a meek and lowly spirit. In its intellectual attitude it points the way to the future, while in its sentiment it is only a feeble shoot from the tree that has been hewn down. Its good will and toleration are beautiful, but the idea that religion can be divorced from opinion is a great mistake. We value free religion for its will rather than its deed. But, however poetical and beautiful it may be, it is the duty of those who know what lies beyond on the mountain heights of the esoteric teaching and unity of all religions to point out its limitations.

Free religion is a pleasant resting spot but no place for work. You can no more build here a great home for the thought and love of humanity, than you can build a great city by one well and a few palm trees in a desert. The sensible man will pause and refresh himself here for an hour and then pass on. He will also include in his faith the spirit of the religion of humanity. He will accept the principle of the solidarity of the race. Instead of worshipping God afar off on a great white throne, he will worship him as manifested in the flesh, not of one man but the entire human race. It is a beautiful and noble thought to conceive of the race as our mother. The one who through all the ages has cared for us. This is the religion of humanity. The sensible man accepts it, but not alone. Standing by itself it is weak as a motive power to the largest enthusiasm for humanity. Here and there one with a great brain capable of realizing human history and perfectly familiar with all the achievements of man in science, art and literature may find a beautiful consecration in it, such as George Eliot expressed when she sang:

Oh may I join the choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again,
In minds made better by their presence true,
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude in scorn.
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.
So to live is heaven,
To make undying music in the world;
Breathing as beautiful order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.

While a few will always find this worship of humanity adequate as a motive and inspiration, coloring every prosaic duty with the rainbow hues of emotion, the great majority need the faith and knowledge that scales the heavens and establishes the continued existence and identity of the soul after what we call death. A sensible man will also be largely hospitable to whatever is practical in the work of the secular and free-thought party. He will never think of spending his entire time and strength in destroying the dogmas of the past. He would as soon want it to be winter all the year round. The spirit of Iconoclasm may temporarily take hold of even a sensible man. Individuals as well as nations have their periods of storm and zest. It is by no means the noblest or the most sensible man who never feels his blood boil with rage at the shams and falsities of superstition. The sensible man must also find some place in his thought for the facts of Spiritualism. Any one may be justly excused if, for a brief period, he is indifferent to this subject. It has been so often presented to the world in such a crude and offensive way as to fright from its consideration many very sensible people. But who ever thinks for a moment of all the great religions of the world, each more or less founded on the mingling of the immortals with mortals, of the power of this subject to sway the human heart, the strength of this sentiment in all literature, of the millions who testify to the reality of spirit phenomena, must sooner or later accord to it an honest and candid investigation. As surely as he does so he will be convinced that there is a great and glorious truth in this direction. Some say the sensible way is to let men of science settle this question. Shall we do so? Nay! Scientific men are mostly specialists. They can tell you all about their study, be it Botany or Biology, and then are often perfectly ignorant of anything outside of it. Their very pursuits causing them to deal only with the material, makes them poor judges to decide in reference to the Spiritual. Others say, let a class of specialists, eminent for critical ability, be delegated to investigate and explore these phenomena. As well turn them over to the inhabitants of another planet. If it were pos-

sible for any class of individuals to stand outside of the heart of our great Human Brotherhood, I think it would be your professional critic. Your critic by nature and profession has generally so long explored the warts and wens, the imperfections of humanity, that he has become a kind of exaggerated wart or wen himself, and is nothing if not critical. He is generally a kind of intellectual file, that never moves without rasping and tormenting all the finer feelings of the humanized heart. He may be useful as a kind of a human ferret to occasionally scent out fraud. Your true critic has generally a kind of a ferrety look about the eyes. I always know him when I see him. He will, under the appearance of the most disinterested friendship, with smiles and words of love on his thin, bloodless lips, say words that he knows will stab you to the heart, and poison all your peace. While engaged in the work of destroying the reputations of the innocent and pure, he will Iago-like say:

“Good name in man or woman,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash;
’Tis something—nothing!
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

All such professions are wise words he has conned out of a book without having once realized what they mean. He generally carries on his work so plausibly as to win a reputation for candor and honesty. Even his victims, sometimes before they find him out, say with Othello:

“This fellow is of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings.”

But those who know his scurvy, base, cogging, insinuating nature, exclaim with Emelia:

“O heaven, that such companions thou’dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east unto the west.”

There are others of this same tribe, who elect themselves to the office of superintending the opinions of the world on this subject, who may

be useful as garbage carts, and serve a similar use in the moral world to those who empty cesspools and clean sewers in the physical world. But such cannot be leaders. They are not fit to act as judges where the heart must play the umpire as well as the head.

Spiritualism has, unfortunately, thus far been mixed up with many fraudulent practices. Quite recently I have seen enough fraud and smoke and bedlam let loose to make one exclaim: "My God! Hell with the lid off." I have visited mediums who would smile and smile and yet play the villain, and cheat me to my face, though they must have known that I saw through their tricks. I have heard the most absolute unintelligence and insanity put forth in the name of some of the brightest intellects that have yet graced our planet.

Certain phases of mediumship seem to destroy the moral nature. It is no use wreaking our vengeance on these poor creatures, whom, after careful observation, are, I am sure, often more sinned against than sinning. It is far better to spend our time in trying to understand the true nature of these phenomena, so as to save others from becoming the victims of lying and deceitful influences. We must bring to this investigation a loving, aspiring heart as well as a critical mind.

Any sensible man will see at a glance that much that passes under the name of Spiritualism cannot possibly be true. Jesus, Zoroaster, and Buddha are not murdering grammar and sense and talking absolute rot and drivel. Emerson and Parker, Paine and Philips have not degenerated by dying into imbeciles who go around the country dictating discourses, of which any sensible man can only say, "Words, words, words." Ancient spirits of wisdom and love are not making a circus of themselves at a dollar a head in an atmosphere often reeking with the fumes of alcohol, tobacco and onions. Revelations and tokens from the unseen world that cause squabbles, exposes and law-suits, had better tarry a while until they can find a more satisfactory channel of communication. Sensible men and women will never shut their eyes and swallow all that claims to come from the angel world. Any sensible man or woman who receives one single

proof that life continues beyond death, will seek then to cultivate those powers that constitute our immortality. Having, through occult phenomena, taken one step into the invisible, he will at once call a halt and begin to marshal all material forces at his command into the service of the spiritual, and instead of despising this world he will see in it new beauty. Every flower will speak to him of the immortal life into which the soul blossoms after striking root into the earth. The love-light in the face of friend or lover will seem to shed a brighter radiance as he reflects that life is lord of death, and love can never lose its own. Your truly sensible man will now find it impossible not to widen out his spiritualism into the investigation of psychical and occult phenomena the world over. He will open all books and search all lands for gems of soul truth. He feels now for the first time the meaning of this great Human Brotherhood. For him there is now neither Jew nor Gentile, Pagan nor Christian. He therefore aims to establish the nucleus of a Universal Brotherhood. No church or circle that is not as inclusive as humanity will ever again serve his turn. New senses now begin to unfold themselves to his consciousness. He becomes aware that the eyesight has another sight, the hearing another hearing, the voice another voice. He desires to cultivate these best gifts of the soul. He discovers that yonder in the East is a great people who have cultivated the intuitions for thousands of years beyond all the memories of our western world. He naturally looks in that direction for light and guidance. In all these powers of mind exhibited in the mind and faith-cures and occult phenomena of every kind, he perceives a great and glorious principle of truth. Through these flashes of a power, as yet but little understood, he becomes interested in the study of the psychic powers as yet latent in man. What sensible man who has eyes to see or ears to hear can neglect either of these studies? None whatever. These are principles. They have nothing to do whatever with individuals or any isolated instances of occult power, whether true or false. No truly sensible man can stop short of such an interest in the universality of truth, for such is the religion of all sensible men.

LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

One year ago last Thursday I confessed publicly my conversion to the cause of Spiritualism. After having lectured for three years steadily to a large audience of Boston sceptics, and won, among that class throughout the country, the reputation of being a sensible man, I suddenly found that in the opinion of most of them I had unfortunately lost my wits. A few of them were mad enough to think that I had turned my coat in order to enlarge my income, but the majority were charitable enough to set it down to a softening of the brain from too much mental labor. When I left the Methodist ministry, and finally the Unitarian, it was a sign of a strong mind, while when I left the Materialists' platform to proclaim my faith in, or rather knowledge of, the truths of Spiritualism, it was the mark of instability. Many prophesied that I would be back again in a year, while others thought my next move would be back into the Church. As the anniversary of this experience came around, my mind has naturally reverted back over the events of the year, and from them gathered certain valuable suggestions as to the future.

The moment I positively knew that life continues beyond what we call death, the entire purpose of existence seem to me to be changed. I felt like a bird let loose from a prison house, rejoicing in the recovered freedom to soar above the dull earth in the free air of heaven. The stars, instead of paralyzing and perplexing me with the thought of their immensity and distance, seemed only to reflect my thoughts and harmonize with my aspirations. A universe less than illimitable would have seemed a very prison-house. Every night I was absent in a fairer and better world. Instead of saying, "One world at a time," I said "All worlds concern us now and forever."

Instead of simply trying to improve external conditions, I saw that the true way was to arouse men to a knowledge of the boundless treasures they possess on the Spiritual side of life. I saw that in the world's mad struggle to simply acquire, that both rich and poor were about equally miserable. I saw that a dime in the pocket with a clear conscience and

faith in the eternal life was to be better off than a millionaire living for his own selfish gratification. *

When I stood on the platform and spoke of my experience, the heavens seemed to open and throngs of bright and beautiful beings surrounded me. I felt their touches, and seemed to feel them moving about me, rejoicing in my deliverance from the black night of doubt and despair. Those who listened were entranced. Hundreds wept for joy. Men and women went about the camp-ground embracing and congratulating each other. It was not my words alone. There was a joy in the air, whispering from the leaves of the forest, breathing from the flowers, that came from an invisible presence. But the same lips that then only gave voice to praise soon breathed forth the poison breaths of slander. When heaven opens, hell always seems to rally an extra force for the subjugation of any revolting province. From various independent sources—as well as to myself—in strange dreams, came the command to devote my life in company with the one whose hand had first unfastened the Golden Gate to the organization, better understanding and study of these truths.

In studying the various phenomena I found that they all hinted at a set of senses on the spiritual plane, corresponding to our external senses. Beyond these five subjective senses there seems to be a sixth sense dawning in some people, giving them psychometric power, and in rare examples prescience or fore-knowledge. Now the world is full of methods for the education of our external senses, while the more important soul faculties are left almost unheeded. Everything seemed to point to an effort in the direction of a systematic attempt at their culture, as the need of the hour. From that day until now this duty has been growing clearer and the ways and means to its achievement brought nearer. In looking around I saw that the only attempt at study or systematic work in this direction had been planned for in the theosophical organization. Two courses presented themselves. Independent action, or to connect ourselves with their movement. Mrs. Kimball favored the former, myself the latter. I persuaded her to the latter

course. Whenever we have followed my reason instead of her intuition we have gone wrong. She had then laid the foundation of a society in various pupils, whom she was instructing by letter, in different parts of the country. In order to carry out our plans we stopped on our way to Boston, and joined the Theosophical Society at Rochester, New York.

We found a small number of earnest, sincere workers, and saw striking evidence of the good work done in the culture and enthusiasm of the young people connected with the Lodge. We communicated our desire to found a lodge in Boston, and asked for instructions how to proceed. We were told that there was an American Board of Control who would grant us a temporary charter, and that afterwards we would receive one from India. We learned, also, that this charter had to be signed by each member of the Board, living in various parts of the Union. We were also advised not to wait for anything but to commence work at once. On reaching Boston we found suitable rooms for a lodge, and immediately gathered together a few pupils who desired to become Theosophists. We selected as a name, "The Boston Hermetic Lodge of Theosophy." I rented the best hall in the city for public lectures, and soon discovered that the majority of Spiritualists and Liberalists think that Theosophy is a mixture of imposture and black magic. As fast as we found anyone worthy we gave them the same simple initiation we had received at Rochester, taking the regular initiation fee to send to India, as soon as we should receive our Charter. We kept the Rochester Lodge informed of all our actions, receiving from them congratulatory messages as to our progress, and one time the personal presence of one of their members, sent to instruct us more fully concerning the signs and pass-words.

Several months went by, and we began to wonder why it took so long to secure a Charter, but were repeatedly informed that it would come in good time, and at last learned from one member of the Board that it had been signed by all but one.

During all this time Mrs. Kimball was constantly dreaming of and longing for California, and finding everything in Boston detestable,

declaring that instead of being, as some think, the most spiritual, that it was the most unspiritual place; and that, though the people were keenly intellectual, they were not intuitive. I must confess that I was forced at last to agree with her judgment. When I went to Boston, as a sceptic and turbulent Iconoclast, nailing the black flag to the mast by publishing my lectures, under the title of "The Infidel Pulpit," I was greeted with enthusiasm. The large daily papers reported my lectures, and public marks of appreciation were constantly shown me. The first few lectures after my return were welcomed by large audiences. But, as soon as I began to talk of Theosophy and Occult Science, people shook their heads and said, "What a pity, the poor fellow has quite lost his wits."

Experiences of this nature finally induced me, when the opportunity suddenly came to transfer myself to California, to accept the opening. The suddenness of our departure broke up our plans somewhat in reference to Theosophy. After reaching San Francisco we found that we had been denied the Charter. Most of the people who had connected themselves with us had done so because they wished to be under our instructions, especially that of Mrs. Kimball, many of them having been her pupils for years. Quite a serious muddle has risen out of this affair which, however, we hope in time to be able to adjust satisfactory to all. The whole matter has been appealed from the American Board of Control to India. We earnestly hope that the final settlement will leave us free to co-operate with the Theosophical Organization. As we cannot allow our hands to be tied, nor our great work to pause, we have decided to organize an Independent Society of a parallel nature to that of The Theosophical Organization. We hope, that, when our full purpose is understood, to receive their recognition and approval.

We shall, in the meantime, give all aid and assistance in the way of advice to any one preferring to join at once The Theosophical Organization. We are receiving daily letters of inquiry concerning these subjects, and have found it a labor of love to assist such seekers for light; but, at the same time, many say,

“Why cannot we organize for the same purpose here? We want you to instruct us in these principles. When we know more of them we will then decide as to whether or not to join the Theosophical Society.” We have, therefore, decided to organize what we hope may prove a tributary stream to that glorious river of life, taking its rise in the Himalayas, a Gnostic Society and School of Psychic Culture. We think that it is especially appropriate that an effort of this kind should be made in California.

Here nature is most fruitful and bounteous. Here she has treasured her golden sands and purest gems. Here she opens her arms the widest to give us her glad embrace. Here her temper is at all seasons the sweetest and sunniest. Here she takes the least time to bring things to perfection. Here she does every month what most other climates can only perform in twelve months. Here she decorates herself with garlands of beauty every month in the year. The same law that binds the lower binds also the higher. As is the outer so is the inner, is the teaching of the most ancient hermetic philosophy. Here, also, the life of the senses is the most intense and vivid. Hence here men and women will the soonest exhaust and become satiated with their pleasures. Rich idlers, who live for pleasure alone, cannot stay here long. They soon have to go elsewhere, in order to prolong their existence. Should they remain here, they would either commit suicide or radically change their method of life.

I believe that a well conducted effort, in this direction of rational spiritual culture, would prevent many a future suicide. Here, also, the fires of love burn the fiercest, and, while it is through sins against love we sink the lowest, it is through obedience to her laws we rise the highest.

Considering all these things we have, therefore, decided to organize here the Gnostic Society. A thousand unseen hands and forces seem to be urging us forward in this direction. The plan, of course, is as yet immature; but the following is the outline of the method we propose:

NAME.—THE GNOSTIC SOCIETY.

MOTTO.—*Know Thyself.*

OBJECTS.—*First.*—The recovery and promulgation of the Esoteric Truths of all religions.

Second.—The culture of the Subjective or Soul Faculties.

Third.—The study of Occult Science and all psychic phenomena that we may the better fulfill the motto of the society “*Know Thyself.*” In the pursuance of these ends we invite the co-operation of all who desire thereby to do good or get good to themselves, irrespective of race, creed or color; according to each perfect freedom of opinion and expression, relying solely on the spirit and purpose of the society to inspire in each that just toleration of opinions of others he wishes for his own. Having no arbitrary standards of conduct, becoming no man’s judge, we rely solely on the natural law of attraction to bring to us such as need our co-operation, and to repel from us all who are not in harmony with our spirit and method.

METHODS.—*First.*—Publication of the GNOSTIC as the official organ of society.

Second.—The establishment of a library containing a complete collection of all works treating on subjects pertaining to the aims of the society—for the use of all fellows who pay not less than \$5.00 annually into the treasury—providing that no one keep any book longer than two weeks at one time, and that borrowers pay cost of postage.

Third.—The education, authorization and employment of lecturers and teachers to engage in the propaganda of the society’s principles.

Fourth.—Giving aid and encouragement to local societies adopting the society’s name and general aims.

Fifth.—The establishment of one or more schools of psychic research and culture.

Sixth.—The holding, in some desirable location on the Pacific Coast, a summer school and encampment, where healthful and outdoor enjoyment can be combined with the advocacy and study of our principles.

Seventh.—The encouragement in every possible way of all movements in favor of justice, mercy, physical, intellectual and spiritual liberty.

RULES.—The society, believing in the spirit, rather than the letter, will establish no arbitrary rules, simply advising the following method of procedure, to be carried out as near as the wisdom of the hour may suggest.

OFFICERS.—The officers of the society shall consist of an Honorable President, Working President, assisted by a Council of seven, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, Treasurer and Librarian. These officers to be subject to change at the Annual Camp Meeting on a day set apart for enquiry as to what changes are required to promote the society's best interests.

Isolated individuals may join the parent society, but whenever three or more in any place, are agreed touching the work of the society, they are urged to organize. All local societies are requested to send monthly reports to headquarters of any results gained in psychical study, that they may, when judged of sufficient importance, be communicated to the other societies.

MEMBERSHIP.—This shall consist of three grades, Fellows, Teachers and Lecturers. On first joining all enter as Fellows. Whenever any Fellow contributes an original paper, or any valuable instruction to the Society, for which he receives a vote of thanks, he shall pass to the degree of Teacher. Any Teacher who conducts a public meeting, interesting and instructing an audience, may be elected to the degree of Lecturer by a two-thirds majority vote of the Society. No Lecturer shall officiate away from home without credentials from headquarters. Introduction to any degree of membership shall be conducted publicly according to the forms prescribed by the Council. Teachers and Lecturers at large may be appointed by the Council.

In the next number of *THE GNOSTIC* we hope to be able to report the names of officers and completion of this organization. In the meantime all who desire to enroll themselves as members, are invited to send us their names and addresses. Any one sending us \$5.00 can commence at once to draw books from the library. Whoever wishes to avail themselves of this privilege should send with their remittance a list of such books, of an occult nature,

as they have already read, and also mention any subject they are most interested in. We have already the principle works on occult matter, and as fast as possible will add to our list all works inquired for. After a while a catalogue will be printed with price of postage given, and each book numbered, so as to simplify the work of ordering.

We wish all to understand, however, that true Spiritual knowledge is not to be learned out of books. These are only guide-posts directing us in which direction to look for the truth and life. Many, we are sorry to see, foolishly suppose that these truths are to be apprehended through the intellect alone, hence they are founding psychical research societies without any question of cultivating the subjective faculties. You might as well try to raise roses by planting them in snow-drifts. We believe we are to live forever. Let us then seek to know and cultivate that part of us, which, as the ancient of days, inhabiteth eternity. I, for one, don't wish to be born into the next life deaf or dumb, blind or halt and maimed. As is the outer, so is the inner. That such things happen here, proves that they may have their spiritual counterparts. With Walt Whitman:

"I do not doubt interiors have their interiors,
And exteriors have their exteriors,
And that the eyesight has another eyesight,
And the hearing another hearing,
And the voice another voice."

"But having eyes," as the Bible says, "Many cannot see, and having ears cannot hear." This is what is implied by "He that hath ears, let him hear."

The freeing of these senses is a great work. The world may laugh us to scorn. Many will say we are mad. Such has been the fate of all who have climbed the heights, proclaiming to the weary watchers below the dawn of a new day. Many such will bless us and when that light greets our vision, we will forget that it was oft with bleeding feet and torn hands, we crept up the perilous mountain side. In looking back over the short space of a year, we are amazed to see what has been done.

In San Francisco we have at least three hundred interested in this movement. After publishing, less than three months, *The Inde-*

pendent Pulpit, and one month THE Gnostic, we have almost a thousand subscribers. This insures at least three thousand readers—truly a goodly number. We believe that these represent many of the most spiritual-minded, earnest and progressive people in America. I have lectured two hundred times, all the way from Maine to California, while our co-laborer, Mrs. Kimball, has done quite as much, if not more, in her private classes, written readings, and public lectures. We have kept in circulation many books and sent out at least twenty thousand printed pamphlets, besides nearly two thousand letters, written mostly by our own hands. During the next twelve months we expect to complete our organization, make at least a trip to Australia, if not around the world, and push the subscription list of the Gnostic up to five thousand. This would be done at once if all our subscribers would send us four new ones each. One lady in a country village in the east has sent us twenty, while a San Francisco lady secured us twenty-five and declares that it gave her no trouble, as all who saw it wanted it at once. We wish a few more of our friends would make the experiment. While we are deeply concerned in this direction, we are more concerned that all our readers should aspire to be "TRUE GNOSTICS."

A Gnostic is one who knows things spiritually. The ancient Gnostic knew of the true nature of man and the various hierarchies of angels, because in their spiritual meetings the angels revealed themselves. The work of eternity is to acquire this knowledge and fit ourselves for such companionship. Let others cultivate and live, if they please, only in the outward senses, the outer court of the temple. Let us purify ourselves and enter into the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies. Let us study to quicken our vision until it pierces the veil of eternity or stretches on into distant lands, bringing before us ever the forms of our beloved. Let us quicken our hearing until we can hear the music of the upper spheres, or sense whispers of love coming to us from every direction over the invisible telephone wires of the soul. Let us cultivate our feeling until we can leave the body and clasp the hand of our friend in the hour of need at any distance. Every day I feel such

invisible touches. I believe that our feeling can be thus elongated as well as our sight. I believe that we can inhale, through a spiritual sense, the perfume of paradise and taste the food of gods, and so say with Jesus, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

LEAVES FROM MY LIFE BOOK.

When about twelve years of age, I learned that I could, at will, induce clairvoyance or that clear-seeing state, wherein I could see the soul of all things. Secret things seemed clear to me at those hours and memory quickened. I frequently recalled scenes and experiences of former lives. I saw a sweet and most tender soul-mother and father in that all radiant Inner land, who seemed then and now to have been my parents from eternity. They lived in a world of perfect peace and indescribable beauty, a land as real and objective as this. It was during these visits to that inner world, that I received most of my knowledge and training in psychometry, in schools in which everything was imparted through this intuitive faculty.

In after years when I read the history of planets, physically and spiritually, I seemed to recall much that I then learned in these schools. It was here, also, I learned that the soul is unborn, simply coming into rapport with earthly and physical life, in order to express its powers in matter. When I read psychometrically I always see the soul's possibilities to be achieved rather than those physically. I have often found beautiful soul natures attached to debauched and depraved physical conditions, as we sometimes see a flower growing on a muck heap, turning filth into exquisite color and perfume. I find the soul attached to external conditions of a revolting nature as if to show us how it can translate grossness into gems of transcendent beauty. It is said that it is a wound that produces the pearl in the oyster, so the soul seems to attach itself willingly to some physical condition in which it must be constantly wounded and hurt in order to adorn itself with pearls of spiritual lustre. It was this truth that was esoterically taught by Jesus, when he represented that publicans and

sinner, drunkards and harlots, would enter the kingdom of the soul before the Scribes and Pharisees.

In my experience I have often met with little children who seemed all wise, and who were constantly asserting things contrary to orthodox and conventional standards, confounding and astonishing the most learned with the wisdom of their questions and answers. These are such as who, having come desired and welcomed into life, through the garlanded gates of love, are from the very commencement, controlled by their souls. All such have the sixth sense, or intuitive perception, and are always Psychometers. You cannot conceal yourself from them. They see through every mask of deception and know at once who to trust or shun. But, oh! the pity of our ignorance when parents, instead of honoring and educating this soul-sight or intuition, suppress and destroy it by compelling them to accept conventional and false standards. All our education seems to have been invented to quench this light that lighteth every one who cometh into the world instead of kindling it into a mighty flame.

Thousands of children who at six are divinely wise and mediative, at twelve have become mere parrots, repeating lessons learned on the external plane without any understanding of their true meaning. Nothing can be understood on the external plane alone.

Every fact of history, every law of physiology, or of botany, has its real meaning in the spiritual world, that can only be perceived through the intuitions. It is because of this that I have prayed for, and tried earnestly for years, to have a school for the culture of soul faculties. I have often entreated spiritualists to establish opportunities for this culture at their camp-meetings instead of giving up all the time to generalities, controversy and seeking after external phenomena. I make public these leaves from my life-book, not from any feeling that they are of more value than the experiences of others, but simply to arouse attention to this all-important subject.

In another part of the GNOSTIC, will be seen our plans for the establishment of such a school so much needed. If others have bet-

ter plans and better ways, for truth's sweet sake and humanity's, let them make them known and put them into execution. It seems to us a time for action, rather than criticism of false methods. These soul-truths have been settled by countless phenomena. Let us therefore try and walk in the light.

There is a general feeling of interest being awakened in this direction.

Many sensitives who, through false education, have been psychologized with the idea that they have been inspired by spirits, are coming to know that trance can be induced by their own souls, and it is the mediation of the spirit, the eternal verity of themselves. This is the result of a well trained will, and by it are we able to come *en rapport* with the "Wise ones," those who are, indeed, our best and only instructors.

To assist sensitives to enter "The Path" is one of my prayerful efforts in all written and oral interpretations.

Occult students, after a few lessons, have been enabled to enter with ease into this illumined state. Such generally feel as though some celestial sun was wrapping its rays about their heads, causing a sensation of thrilling ecstasy to permeate the entire body.

This is "the baptism of Fire," that always comes after the finding of the Christ, that is, our own soul. Many in these times, finding the need of a spiritual awakening, are going into caves seeking to find their souls by mortifying the flesh. I would advise, however, to keep the body in the best physical condition, and to live an active life in the service of truth, or some useful employment—Some time can be found each day for quiet meditation, in which to listen for the inner voice.

But instead of retiring from the world, it is rather our duty to keep ourselves and others from evil in its very midst. I think it the duty of all who would know the truth to serve their fellow-men. He that doth the will of the Father, that is the spirit, shall be brought by the spirit to know of the doctrine.

Instead of keeping these truths esoterically among a secret few, hiding our light under a bushel, seeking our own unfoldment, I feel it a living duty to unfold power to interpret

esoteric knowledge, by the use of our intuitive faculties on all planes, and refuse to accept authoritative interpretations from any one.

We cannot know truth save by living in the soul-life, as well as here, going into ourselves, taking counsel of the soul, the medium of the spirit. Wed body, soul and spirit by constant mental at-one-ment in a sphere of use, and we shall never be guilty of hiding the truth. The hour of making known is now at hand, to all who perceive with spiritualized perception, let us respect each thought that is intuitively perceived, and to exalt the soul, the mediator and Savior of the world.

ANNA KIMBALL.

MONROE CONSERVATORY OF ORATORY.

We would direct the especial attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Monroe School of Oratory, to be found in another column. We firmly believe this, at present, to be the best school in existence in the world. If we wished to equip a young man or woman for a successful career in life, we would rather give them two years in this school than one hundred thousand dollars. We have not space in this number to commend it as we would wish. Should we do so, the world is so given up to false methods in education as well as religion, we fear our words of praise would fall upon mostly inattentive ears. If one or two read this who are dissatisfied with the prevalent methods and earnestly aspire to have their sons and daughters return from school unfolded and symmetrically developed in every faculty of body, mind and heart, we say to them—write at once to Doctor Emerson.

THEOSOPHY.

Theosophy has crept into thousands of hearts like a beam of golden sunlight, a rift in the black cloud of doubt. Blessings upon those masters who saw our necessities and helped us to enter the safe path. The woes of humanity are myriad, but Theosophy, giving wisdom, reduces their sting to the minimum, and such as it cannot remove it teaches us how to bear with courage and hope. The wisdom of the ages, the priceless heir-loom left us by the (Pitris) spirits—come brothers of many nations, tongues and faiths, let us pledge our best efforts to the cause of Universal Brotherhood and the propagation of truth whencesoever we may be able to derive it.—*Col. Olcott, P. Z. S.*

The Chariot of the Soul.

Look on the Spirit as the rider! take
The Body for the chariot, and the Will,
As charioteer! regard the mind as reins,
The senses as the steeds; and things of sense
The ways they trample on. So is the Soul
The Lord that owneth Spirit, Body, Will,
Mind, senses—all; itself unowned. Thus think
The Wise!

He, who is unwise, drives with reins
Slack on the neck o' the senses; then they ramp,
Like restive horses of a charioteer.

He that is wise, with watchful mind and firm,
Calms those wild Five, so they go fair and straight,
Like well-trained horses of a charioteer.

The man unwise, unmindful, evil-lived,
Comes not to that fixed Place of Peace; he falls
Back to the region of sense-life again!

The wise and mindful one, heart purified,
Attaineth to the changeless Place, wherefrom
Never again shall births renew for him!

For who so rides this chariot of the flesh—
The reins of mind well grasped; the charioteer
Faithful and firm—comes to his journey's end.

E. ARNOLD.

The Voice of the Rain.

And who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,
Which, strange to tell, gave me answer, as here translated:

I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,
Eternal, I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,

Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether
changed, and yet the same,

I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the
globe,

And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent,
unborn,

And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my
own origin, and make pure and beautify it;

(For song, issuing from its birth-place, after fulfillment,
wandering,

Reck'd or unreck'd, duly with love returns.)

WALT WHITMAN.

There, where a sorrow comes upon thee, where
Thy tears are made to flow, there certainly
A treasure lies waiting thee, which shall
Richly repay thy sorrow and thy tears;
Some true thing hast thou there to find, something
Of beauty there to see, some good to do,
Some wrong to right, or at the very least,
Thou hast the fairest recompense of all
To learn what life is and to try thy heart,
And freshly, freely, to look out on heaven!
Thy very tears shall open wide thine eyes,
Thy very sorrows shall wake up thy heart;
Then mark the heavenly signals and be glad,
And where thou suffer, feel a joy to come!
In woe be glad, glad of thy woe.
That thou canst prove by it thy happiness,
Strength, wisdom, love tranquility and toil;
Then, and not till then, art thou truly man;
Then is thy happiness a steadfast thing.
So shall thy spirit lightly, bear thy pain
That nature gave thee for its health. How blessed
Is he who only wills that which is good.

LEOPOLD SCHAFER.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

CAMDEN, New Jersey.

DEAR FRIEND: So you have settled like in California. Rather think you belong there, anyhow; sometimes wonder if I don't. The Gnostics have reached me all right. Thank you deeply for your bold, sweeping, affectionate championship of my book. I hope I include the whole world, markedly the new world, in my poems; hope, too, there is something in them specially for the Pacific slope (see song of the "Redwood Tree").

I am getting along about as usual, keeping comparatively well, and positively in good heart and spirits.

Best wishes to you and to your new venture.

WALT WHITMAN.

PALAIS TIRANTY, NICE.

DEAR FRIEND: Yours of the 13th of last month was most welcome. I hoped to have replied to it before now, but like you I am always fully occupied. I am so glad to hear that you are happy in your theosophical pursuits and studies, and that you have so intelligent and congenial a co-laborer, as I am sure Mr. Chaïne must be, from all you tell me, and from all I read from his pen. Thank you much for sending me his lectures. My book on theosophy you will receive in due time, when, I cannot say. It seems to me eternal, as I dare say it does to you, but the subject is a vast one, and it is written under unheard of difficulties, in the midst of continual changes, from Paris to Nice, and Nice to Paris, and Paris to Vichy, and Vichy to Biarritz, and back to Paris, then London, then Nice, and now Paris. It will be a thick volume for I keep adding to it as it goes through the press, because I get so excited and so enthusiastic over the subject, and as I see proof after proof appearing to me, and all fitting so beautifully into each other, that it seems a pity not to let others see them as I do. Oh, but the question is, will they and can they see them as I do? I always forget that I have been growing up to perceive them by degrees, and through many years of constant study. My mental eye has been educated up to see them, or rather the sixth sense—that of *Spiritual perception*, which is the next sense, Human-

ity is destined to develop on earth, as they raise to the *sixth state* (for each of the five senses have been *developed* in their career through the five states we have so far traversed). But not all have reached the fifth state, that of the human soul, and are still lingering on the *kama rupa*, or animal soul plane. How then can I expect them to have acquired spiritual perception which is the sixth and now dawning sense, and which only those who have been living on the topmost towers and on the summit of the high mountains have as yet attained. Well, then, my book will be a forerunner of a better time, which is coming, just as the Perfect way, was not at all understood at first, but is now beginning to be eagerly inquired after.

Thank you again, dear friend, for sending me *The Independent Pulpit*. How I would like to read the two special lectures on the "Whence and Whither," and "Magic," which I see Mr. Chaïne is about to deliver, but not to publish. Alas! However, no doubt they will be published in the course of time and after he has delivered them in the different towns you are about to visit, so I shall hope some day to enjoy them. I begin to take the deepest interest in his lectures since I have read how he "Became a Spiritualist," part of which was published in a London paper, and I read it before receiving it in its entirety from you. I can imagine that you must be very happy in his company, and I know by experience how much you must contribute to his inspiration, for you know how to draw it down on those you surround with your sweet sympathy. You brought it deeply to me once.

With best wishes for you both, believe me, affectionately yours,

MARIE,

Duchesse De Pomar and Countess of Caithness.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

HELEN TO ANNA—Dear: I greet you with rose-leaves with my kisses upon them, and wish with them all the life and bloom and aroma of this most perfect June day, to encompass you about with its sweetness.

Don't talk to me of the perfect skies of California, or of its vernal beauty and wealth of

color. Had you come to Washington on a May day, instead of going to Oakland, you might have witnessed the Resurrection and the Life in all its divine glory right here. It is worth an aeon in Avitchi to once, even *once*, behold Nature's great transformation scene in the month of May. Has the unseen world anything more soul satisfying, I wonder?

Lady C. takes my heart, as you knew she would, not only because she arouses an instantaneous interest in her own personality, but because she writes on matters that greatly interest me; and she proves my own intuition true as to the availability and fitness of Western methods to give to us the needed light on Occultism. I think I can see why certain societies have withdrawn from the Eastern fold for more freedom—freedom to *shed light* on the world. I have grown steadily in the thought that the answer to the anguished cry of our souls for wisdom and knowledge will come from these Mahatmas and adepts of the *West*, who, to the stores garnered in the mystic mother-land of Occult treasures, shall add thereto the broad sympathies and true altruism of humanitarianism which Christian Spiritualism is shedding over Gnostic Theosophy.

Lady C. is herself more liberal than her masters. Tell me more about her book.

Who is Chevalier Louis D. B., that wonderful being from the radiant spheres, who has been sent to this earth for a little span of a life; he who wrote *Art Magic* and *Ghostland*? He still lives in the flesh somewhere on this earth. Do help me to discover him. Just now I am a worshiper at his feet, for he has done my soul a great good in making many things clear to me.

I think I must have been born crying for the moon, for I cannot remember when I have not reached out for unattainable things of the heavens, and now I am forever bumping my head against the stars to find myself stranded on the echoless shores of the illimitable.

You said my letter was sad, and, with pitying tenderness, you try to comfort me. I do not mean ever to reflect anything but brightness on another's life. Nor am I sad, but I am *very alone*, and people are *so* disappointing and hug the earth so; and I think the deeper one

looks into the Realm of Spirit the sadder one feels over humanity. The larger my interest grows in the world *en masse* the more disappointed and grieved do I feel over individuals. I can well understand that the Christ never smiled. And yet life, human life, on its *purely animal* plane, is full of deliciousness. So good is God, and here my spirit bids me correct myself to say, that this deliciousness of life is *in the Spirit's Consciousness of Power*. If only we recognised that herein lies *all*, how richer would be our days.

You are a treasure to me, my sister. How few, how very few, do I find that care for these wondrous powers or possibilities of the soul. The blossoms of the Spirit that you and I find so necessary to our daily existence are *veritable stinging weeds* to many who are by far my intellectual superiors, and who I would gladly turn to for mental strength.

Ah! me. Why can't we ascend some hill of Zion and leave the illusions of sense for the beautiful realities of Spirit? What Spirit of unrest possessed you to make you accept an engagement in Australia? You speak of going to A. in October for six months, thence to India, as if this earth was a foot-ball for you to roll over *ad libitum*. And how *can* the new paper prosper while your bodies and souls go floating through space in such inconsequent manner—as to Australia? I would say a big *d-o-n-t*, but when you write the magical word, India—ah! how old romances pale before that weird, mystical land and its wonderful people. If you get *there* once—well, look for my "Doppel Ganger" to follow. Shall I stop? I have but begun *my* talk. But good bye, for a time.

Yours,

HELEN L. SUMNER.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

By mistake of printer this edition was printed wrongly paged. Some more will be printed numbered continuously. All who desire to bind will receive a copy for that purpose by sending us a postal card. For Freeman B. Dowel, on page nine, read Freeman B. Dowd.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND NEWS.

The *Carrier Dove* prints a full report of our last lecture in the Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco. Send ten cents for a copy to Mrs. Schlessinger, 854½ Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

The *Golden Gate* is the taking title of a new journal whose initial numbers we have received and perused with interest. It is published by J. J. Owen, the experienced journalist. It is devoted to the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of a life beyond. A noble mission, and we would say to its talented editor, concerning it, thine own wish, wish I thee, in every place. This means, of course, along with all other things, many needful new subscribers. Any of our readers needing a good family literary, liberal, Spiritual and entertaining weekly paper cannot do better than to send for *The Golden Gate*. Address, 21 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

We hope many of our correspondents will forgive us for not sending the personal letters of acknowledgment they have looked for. We are compelled to lessen our labors in this direction until we can afford to hire assistance. To help in this, we will acknowledge the receipt of a remittance by sending a copy of THE GNOSTIC in a white wrapper. If you have already the same copy you can give one away as a sample copy. All GNOSTICS not paid for will be sent in a pink wrapper, so that all may know in this way whether their money has been received or not, and also when due.

All subscriptions to *The Independent Pulpit*, commencing with No. 1, will expire with GNOSTIC No. 8, published in February, 1886. We had quite intended to be East this month to fill some engagements at the camp-meetings. But after working day and night and turning every stone we could think of, we found it impossible to raise the only form of exchange railroad corporations receive for transportation. We are deeply disappointed in thus being compelled to disappoint others.

The question has been asked, How did you expect to be in Australia and the East both? It looks from the papers that we were insane enough to engage to perform this impossibility. This, however, is the true state of the case.

The engagement at Lake Pleasant was made subject to cancellation. The others were made after we had given up going to Australia through not receiving a cablegram at the time expected. Later on, finding ourselves called to San Francisco, we purposed, if suitable arrangements could be made, to go later, holding our camp-meeting engagements over, as there was still a strong chance that we might fill them. Unfortunately, on reaching San Francisco, we trusted an important Australian letter to an hotel clerk, who placed only ten cents on it instead of twelve, and so, long after we supposed that all was understood at the antipodes, this letter is returned to us from the dead letter office, and we suddenly discover that we are looked for and advertised in Australia. The offer that we made Mr. Terry was confined to Melbourne, but in his advertisement we find that he took the liberty to sub-let us at other points, Sydney and Auckland. We had offered low terms at Melbourne in consideration of our passage being paid, expecting to make the trip profitable by lecturing independently at other points. We have written to Mr. Terry explaining these matters and if our conditions are accepted we shall yet visit Australia. We make this explanation public, because this matter has been the cause of some wonder by editors who have seen the conflicting reports between American and Western papers concerning our movements. During our absence we shall continue our usual work on THE GNOSTIC, leaving it in the care of a trusty and able representative. We hope also on return to find a number of names enrolled in The Gnostic Society. If fortune speeds us we hope to earn money enough to then carry out our plans in reference to a School of Psychic Research and Culture.

"Adventures in Ghostland" is crowded out this month through press of business pertaining to The Gnostic Society. We shall certainly have them in September. Our readers will see that we have enlarged. We hope our friends will work earnestly and secure us enough subscribers to maintain thirty-two pages instead of twenty-four. As soon as we have two thousand subscribers we intend to have in each number a fine engraving of some celebrity in our field of work. Some of the cabinets, as premiums, have been sent, the others will be mailed about the last of the month.

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

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