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“Know

The Occultic

Thyself.”



Vol. I.

Sept.-Oct., 1885.

No 3-4.

Published and Edited by
George Chainey and Anna Kimball,
112 McAllister Street,
San Francisco, 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. *Chnrch and the Theater.*

GEORGE CHAINEY,

112 McAllister St., San Francisco, 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 GNOSTIC.

“Learn to know all and keep thyself unknown.”

VOL. I.

SEPT.-OCT., 1885.

No. 3-4.

WHENCE AND WHITHER.

We stand to-night in the presence of eternity and ask in time the old, old question of millions of throbbing hearts. Of all that has engaged the thought of man on this bank and shoal of time, nothing has seemed to him of such large import as this. No one has risen above the dull animal plane into the consciousness of himself, saying *I am*; feeling the sense of his individuality without saying whence am I or whither am I going. We are afloat, as it sometimes appears on a shoreless sea. Did we start from nowhere, and are we simply making a return voyage? Surely we are something more than the froth that is blown up by each wind that blows.

When ships meet and pass at sea, they salute and, by signals, inform each other whence they come and whither they are going. So we send up many a signal of inquiry to fellow voyagers on the vast sea of life, and receive various and conflicting reports. Some tell us they can remember no beginning and expect no end. Others declare that they started from the fair haven of birth and expect to land only at the somber port of death. Some think that though the voyage had a beginning, it certainly can have no end. Many say I don't know and I don't care. I am not responsible for being here, but seeing I am afloat I'll just go on as long as the ship holds out. Many claim to have met voyagers who have passed on far beyond the shores of death, bringing fruits and flowers from islands of beauty, in fairer seas, where the breath of love fills every sail and joy dances on every wave.

All kinds of opinions of former voyagers are

eagerly thrust upon us. An endless variety of works on navigation are offered us. Now, were we in reality about to sail forth on an unknown sea, what would be the wisest course for us to pursue? I think all would agree with me, as to the wisdom of the following course: First—Provide ourselves with the best ship we could find. Second—Read the opinions of the most experienced former navigators. Third—Educate ourselves in order to be able to take observations so as to steer our course and avoid the dangers by the way. Last, but not least, take on board a cargo of that which will be in greatest demand at the port we hope to make. The ship we sail is the body. Our physical life is no more us—our real self—than is the ship the passenger on board.

Our first care in life is a sound body. Unfortunately, others seem to control this matter, and many seem to be launched on the sea of life in an imperfect and leaky vessel, through the follies of their parents. But, as the poet says, things are not what they seem. If birth is the beginning of our career, then this seeming injustice is a reality. If the materialistic hypothesis is true, nature is a monster of injustice, and there is good ground for the theory of the pessimist, who says that instead of being the best this is the worst possible of all worlds.

I believe, however, that we are laboring under a mistake when we say, “I came into this world without my consent;” or, “If I could have had my choice I would have selected another father and mother,” or, “a different condition in life.” I believe that we make our choice, or, that we are controlled in this mat-

ter by the merits or demerits of our former life, being irresistibly attracted to such conditions as furnish compensation, good or evil for former acts. I believe, also, that the soul often descends into a lowly condition for the express purpose of making more rapid growth in the spiritualization of matter. It is said the wound makes the beautiful pearl in the oyster. So the soul seems to accept the most revolting conditions in order to produce therefrom radiant gems of spiritual beauty. Psychometers and seers tell me that they often see beautiful soul-natures attached to sadly imperfect physical conditions, as we sometimes see a most beautiful flower growing on a muck heap, translating filth into the most enchanting color and exquisite perfume.

Seers of all ages have advanced the idea of the pre-existence of the soul, declaring that this physical life is not our true self. The myths and their esoteric interpretation of all religions teach this doctrine of pre-existence. The spiritual nature is attracted to matter through desire in order to make man in its own image, that is, to translate and spiritualize material forces.

Many who believe in the future immortality of the soul have no faith in this immortality of the past. In this they are most inconsistent. Can something be made out of nothing. There is just as much proof that we lived before birth as that we exist after death. This is the fundamental doctrine of all religions. The Hindoo scriptures teach:

"Never the spirit was born, the spirit shall cease to be never;

Never was time, it was not; end and beginning are dreams.

Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit forever.

Death has not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems."

So, even, does a sage of China teach:

"Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body for a time and leaves it again. The soul is myself, the body is only my dwelling place. Birth is not birth, there is a soul already existing when the body comes to it. Death is not death, the soul merely departs, and the body falls. It is because men see only their bodies that they love life and hate death."

In the Buddhist scriptures we also read:

The soul is not born; it does not die. It was not produced from any one, nor was any produced from it. It is born eternal; it is not slain, though the body is slain. Subtler than what is subtle; greater than what is great. Sitting, it goes far; sleeping, it goes everywhere, Thinking of the soul as unbodily among bodies, and firm among fleeting things, the wise man casts off all grief."

Every philosopher worthy of the name, taught that the spirit of man was pre-existent. "The Essenes," says Josephus, "believed that the souls were immortal, and that they descended of their own choice from the ethereal world to be chained for awhile to bodies." Philo Judæus says: "The air is full of souls seeking bodies, desiring for purposes of their own to live in them." While visiting among the Mormons, I learned that the doctrine of polygamy was inspired by the anxiety of souls to secure bodies, in which to work out their redemption from matter. The Mormon religion deals largely with direct communications from the invisible side of life.

Logic and reason, history and nature, all require us to believe that we all stand related to a former eternity, and that instead of one we have many births and deaths. This reduces by billions, of course, the number of individualities. It gives room for the imagination to inhabit eternity. The esoteric teaching of Buddhism is that we inhabit many different planets.

The doctrine of pre-existence has its physical counterpart in the principle of evolution. The one implies the other. As is the outer so is the inner. If, then, this doctrine is true, we are building our ship, that is, laying the foundation of our future conditions in the measure of our merit or demerit.

In speaking of this subject the author of the "Rosy Cross" says: "I saw a judge pass sentence of death upon a poor wretch. The wretch hung. The judge, in his pride and his self-sufficiency, died. Afterwards, I saw him in the spirit world the same as he was here, but constantly haunted with the poor wretch he had hung. In the course of time the murderer was born again on a low physical plane, and the judge, who could not escape him, was born upon the earth with the wretch as his father. I saw him a full grown man, helplessly lying in

his cradle, a driveling idiot, fed by his mother. This was shown to Mr. Dowd in vision. I have seen glimpses of this great truth myself. I feel perfectly sure that it is the true explanation of many things that would otherwise be fearfully unjust. That which we sow we must reap. All spiritual seers and prophets have proclaimed this law. That we may search it out, and so apply our hearts unto wisdom is the chief good we can derive from the question we have asked to night concerning our destiny. Poverty and hardship, persecution, slander, malice and misinterpretation are no signs of demerit. They may be the voluntary conditions selected by the soul for purposes of its own.

But I am inclined to think that all unsoundness of body or mind are the fruits of former evil sewings. I believe that if we would be born right, free from all physical evil, we must make perfect our bodies and die of ripeness rather than of disease.

All physical disease has somewhere its counterpart in our spiritual condition. The best physician for the body is the one who can teach you most of the laws that underly, spiritual growth, or rather the one who can teach you how to make atonement, or, at-one-ment between body and spirit. Every true teacher will in this way heal the sick as well as Jesus.

Let us remember, that to day we are building the ship in which we must sail over many seas and through many a fierce storm of temptation.

The next mark of wisdom is to read well and study carefully, the standard works on navigation. These are the scriptures, the sacred writings of all peoples and times.

These are written from the spiritual standpoint. We can never read them aright until our own spiritual vision has been quickened. If we read them without such intuitive perception we are in danger of taking the symbol for the substance, the letter that killeth in the place of the spirit that giveth life. Interpreted, as the church asks us, to receive them on the external plane, they are full of contradictions, absurdities and immoralities. But when we get at their real meaning from the spiritual standpoint, we find them full of harmony,

logic, beauty and goodness. One of the greatest needs of the hour is the recovery and promulgation of the esoteric truths of the sacred writings. The church is doing little in this direction. The average sermon finds one response in the mind of the average listener. It is the mental exclamation, What nonsense!

The orthodox Sunday school, is a hotbed, devoted mostly to the production of infidelity. It was the study of theology, that made me an infidel and agnostic. How important then that we, who know ought of the spiritual life should interpret these works on spiritual navigation. Now, in regard to the whither of our subject most of these authors are agreed. We have already seen that the Chinese and Hindoo scriptures both teach the future as well as the past existence of the soul. On the walls of one of the most ancient of the Egyptian tombs, it was written: "These dwell in the abodes of glory, where the heavenly life is led." The bodies while they have abandoned will repose forever in their tombs, which they will enjoy the presence of the great God.

Plutarch said, "The soul is incapable of death." Thales, "Death does not differ at all from life." Zoroaster said: "The man who has constantly contended against evil, morally and physically, outwardly and inwardly, may fearlessly meet death; well assured that radiant spirits will lead him across the luminous bridge into a paradise of eternal happiness." Pythagoras said: "When thou shalt have laid aside thy body thou shalt rise, freed from mortality, and become a God of the kindly skies."

Plato said: "This doctrine is not new, but has been long known, both to Greeks and other nations. The soul of each of us is an immortal spirit, and goes to other immortals to give an account of its actions."

Cicero said: "When I consider the faculties with which the human soul is endowed, its amazing celerity, its wonderful power of recollecting past events, and its sagacity in discerning the future, together with its numberless discoveries in the arts and sciences, I feel a conscious conviction that this active, comprehensive principle cannot possibly be of a mortal nature."

While Socrates, just before he drained the fatal cup, said: "Is it not strange, my friends, that after all I have said to convince you I am going to the society of the happy, you still think this body to be Socrates. Bury my lifeless body where you please, but do not mourn over it as if that were Socrates."

Christian Ministers will tell you that it is only in the New Testament that life and immortality are brought to light. But these were all heathens, most of whom lived long before the Christian era.

It seems almost as though the first men who incarnated themselves into this life, brought with them memories of the immortal life, from which they came, and to which they knew that after a time they would return. In no age, has God, that is the immortal spirit of man, been left without a witness. I know that it has become the custom to doubt the testimony of these ancient wise men. Science, it is supposed, has explored this subject, and fully settled the fact, that this idea of an invisible existence, is all a mistake.

In the last number of the *GNOSTIC* you will find, however, the testimony of a large number of scientists to the continuity of life after death, as demonstrated by the occult phenomena of Spiritualism. It would seem as though these had come forward to counteract this skeptical tendency of materialistic science. For this purpose they cannot be valued too highly. I gladly chronicle them and report them to the world.

The very absurdity and extravagance of the claims set up for these phenomena are a proof of their reality. They are too numerous to be all false. Millions of reasonable men and women do not give way to collective hallucinations, nor combine together for purposes of fraud. The deception and fraud connected with them are their legitimate fruit. They are produced as the sign to be given to an evil and adulterous generation. If we lived more on the spiritual and less on the material plane, we would not need them. Any one who has been convinced in this way of the fact of immortality, should make haste at once to unfold himself spiritually, so as to pass beyond their need. If I am not right in this, I have studied in vain

to understand the spiritual history of man. It is not enough that we accept the testimony of others, be they among the living or dead. The wise navigator must be able to take observations for himself, and from the sun, moon and stars take the latitude and longitude of his position. Even so must we of ourselves learn to know how to steer wisely our course on earth by penetrating the secrets of the heavens. As is the outer so is the inner. As our earth is related to other worlds, so also are its inhabitants. It is not enough that Jesus knew of the glory he had with the Father before the world was; that Paul was caught up in the heavens and saw and heard unutterable things; that Swedenbourg penetrated into many secrets of the spiritual realm; or that Davis and many modern seers have had revelations from this Inner Land. We also, if we would direct our course aright, should aspire to direct knowledge. Nor should we depend solely on the words of those who return from the next life. We can be no more certain that they will speak the truth than we are the things that are written. The contradictory nature of much that they bring is certainly sufficiently manifest to make us careful whom we trust. Is not the better way to know these things for ourselves? To do this we must cultivate our intuitions—that is, all our subjective faculties. When we come into rapport with our spiritual and true self, then the soul-senses are unloosed. These are as yet only possibilities in us all. We only know what they are from the law that tells us the inner is as the outer, the invisible things of God or the spirit being revealed by those that are manifest. There is a temporal body and an immortal body. There is an earthly passion and a heavenly love. There is a knowledge of things material and an understanding of things spiritual. As each sense here finds use, so each spiritual faculty will find ample scope for largest activity. To unfold them to this service in this life is to become a spiritual adept. Are you sensible of these faculties? Having eyes, do you see? Having ears, do you hear? Have you been fed from an invisible source until you could run and not faint, walk and not grow weary?

Does there sometimes flit across the disc of

memory strange scenes and incidents from a larger, richer, grander life than this of earth? Do you, in your prophetic soul, anticipate coming events? All this betokens the stirring within you of your intuitions or soul-senses. I asked of my own spirit how I should cultivate these soul faculties. A feeling of drowsiness came over my physical senses; then a bright star seemed to come and shine above me and slowly settle down until it rested on my forehead, penetrating my whole being, thrilling me through and through with indescribable ecstasy, illuminating my mind so that I seemed to grasp the sense of myself more fully, and to see the uses of all the experiences through which I have been led; while a still, small voice seemed to whisper, "I am thy spirit; to be sensible of me you must believe in me, and often meditate upon the greatness of your destiny as an immortal soul. I am thy God, and thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou must have no fixed image of me, for I am greater than thine utmost dreams. I am always more than thou thinkest, and shall always go before thee. All that prevents you from making me first in your thought and devotion must be set aside. I am the voice of the fire; I purify and redeem the body; out of its refinement I create the substance of an immortal body. Only as I am desired and welcomed can I reach you. I must be worshiped in spirit and in truth—that is the understanding. You must know the law, and be enamored of my beauty. Only when your mind is centered on me intelligently and sincerely can I, as now, wrap myself around your brain and blend my eternal life with that of your mortal body. To know me, think less of your work in time and more of its relation to eternity—less of how you appear unto men, and more of how you are known by me; less of pleasing the imaginations of your hearers with beautiful word paintings, and more of making them acquainted with these spiritual beauties. Haste not too much, nor tarry not, but go steadily onward. Many who hear you to-day are joined to their idols, and will return to them again. The way of the soul is hard and steep, that of astralism and external phenomena broad and easy. Many are saying he teaches not in accordance with

our beautiful philosophy; let us, therefore, combine against him. Tell them plainly that all who seek after inspiration from another, depending on controls, are murdering their souls, wasting their substance, and will soon be led captive through spiritual want, by some elemental power who will employ them to feed swine, and that the only way to avoid such a condition, to keep from being wrecked in this way, is to take daily observations of the stars; that is, to seek by daily meditations to be led by the light of their own immortal spirit."

The next mark of wisdom is to take with us on this voyage such substance as will be most in demand at the port for which we are bound. There are certain things we can carry no farther than death. We should, therefore, sell all such and buy that which can be kept eternally. This means to make culture the purpose of our life instead of acquirement. How shall we do this? A great many, realizing their spiritual poverty, are anxious to run off and live in a cave, and by fasting and perpetual introspection make the acquaintance of their true self. Some would select a few congenial minds devoted to the same end, and retire from the world into some beautiful retreat, study the occult and spiritual, and keep their experiences a profound secret from the world at large. Some have done this, in this country, and called it Theosophy or divine wisdom! This method may have answered in the Orient. There doubtless have been times in the history of the world when this was the only way in which the sacred fire of the spirit could be kept from going out altogether. This was esoterically taught in the flight of Moses out of Egypt—the world of sense—into the wilderness or spiritual retirement, in order to save his life. But there came a time when he had to return, and with signs and wonders, a high hand and outstretched arm, led the people of God from the Egypt of sense to the Canaan of spirituality. But there is no demand for such a flight to-day in order to preserve the truth. The Occident is not the Orient. The methods appropriate to the East are foreign to the West. That which would gain you the highest reverence there will only secure you irreverence here. There you must live the life of an ascetic in order to

be received as a spiritual guide. The people will only be instructed by such. They will journey on hands and knees to find them. You are in no fear of want. You have only to put on the yellow robe and go barefoot, and plenty of hands will be outstretched to feed you. The same course here would rob you of all influence and make you universally despised as a crank and a tramp. These people love the subtleties of metaphysical analysis. Here we are more in love with the grandeurs of heroic action and the mighty pulsations of stirring emotions.

There egoism or strict devotion to your own spiritual growth produces the highest results. Here altruism, or the most active service for the good of others, is the way to the kingdom.

We must blend the light of the Orient with the practicality of the Occident. If we follow the East alone, we will simply hide our light under a bushel of secrecy, and, by fearing to take part in the great battle of truth and falsehood, establish an intellectual aristocracy, which, however charming to the elite few, from its occult and mystical lore, and picturesque sentimental wretchedness for fear of losing cast by breaking bread with a brother of low degree, will, for all that, be only a sickly, abortive birth, through its own impotency unable to perpetuate its own existence. We want no such theosophy, nor psychic research here in the West. If we would be useful here, we must first, above all things, preserve our physical strength. We must elbow our way into the market-place, the crowded city—not flee into a wilderness or mountain solitude—and lift up a voice, strong and deep as roar of lion and soft and sweet as cooing of doves, that shall be heard above the harsh, discordant din of buying and selling alone for temporal gain. We must go into the highways and by-ways, and compel others, by the force of our downright earnestness and red-hot enthusiasm that will take no denial, to take heed to these things. We must largely forget self in our desire to save others. Only thus can we load our vessels with such jewels as will not be confiscated by the greedy and sharp-eyed custom-house officers that board every ship at the port of death.

It is time for a militant movement here in the West, that shall move with combined power on to the works of the enemy. Of course the East has its value as well as the West. The work of the hour is the blending of the Orient with the Occident. This is the marriage of intellectual and intuitional forces.

The hour has come for revelation, instead of concealment. All spiritual laws and phenomena must alike be used, with which to impel all to cultivate, to unfold their own spiritual powers. Only thus can we sail prosperously and wisely across the sea of life, and find, at last, that death is but the entrance to a haven of rest for a little while, from which we are to sail forth again on larger seas, bound on more adventurous and more prosperous voyages—voyages without end, over the vast ocean of infinite space, incarnating into many different forms, on worlds of infinite variety and more in number than the sands of the sea shore, and, by every fresh experience, enlarging and expanding our senses, increasing their number and power until sight widens into omniscience, hearing into omnipresence, and will strengthens into omnipotence, causing us to ascend above all principalities and powers to sit down on the throne of Divine Majesty and Glory, and so, by inhabiting eternity, ask no more Whence and Whither.

OCCULT PHENOMENA AT HOME AND ABROAD.

SLATE WRITING.—The following is a good description of W. A. Mansfield's work as a medium for slate writing: "Around the entrance to his room there is always a throng. Men and women carrying slates, going in with eager expectancy; coming out, some puzzled, some weeping with joy, but all satisfied that they have seen manifestations of a power strange and unaccountable under any known natural law. Let us investigate. We will go to the store and buy two new slates, and taking them to the pump, scrub and wash off every mark and blur. We go to his room, a bare, unplastered one, well lighted, door and window wide open. Examining carefully, we find no chance for hidden machinery. We are told that here

is a kind of telegraph station, and we are to write messages to our spirit friends. We take a little slip of paper, write thereon the name of some one in spirit life and a question. This slip of paper we fold and roll into a hard pellet. We are allowed to write five or six of these. They can be prepared as well before coming, and on your own paper. These (you still holding the slates to prevent all chance of fraud) you mix up until they have no more individuality to you than sugar-coated pills. While you are thus engaged Mansfield is out of the room, spinning over the ground, joking with one, racing with another friend. By the time the paper pellets are prepared he rushes into business, A power siezes him. He breaks off a morsel of slate pencil not larger than a wheat grain (you can bring the pencil if you choose), tells you to hold it in your closed hand for a moment and then place it between your slates yourself. At his bidding you pick up one of paper wads and hold it in your closed hand. Now he asks where you will have the slates—over on a board fastened at the side of the room for a shelf, or in the middle of the table, or where? No, you will hold them as you have been doing all the time. You lay them on your arm, holding them there with your hand. Mansfield touches them lightly with his fingers, or, if the power be strong, leaves them to your entire guardianship. In a moment you hear the sound as of hurried writing between the slates. You feel the pressure on your arm; then come three distinct raps on the slate. The medium says the paper ball in your closed hand is a question asked of some spirit friend, speaks that friend's name, says you will find the answer to it on your slates, and asks you to look between them. You do so, and find on those slates, so conscientiously scrubbed, so devoutly clung to, a written answer to one of your questions on paper, and the name of the spirit you addressed signed to it; sometimes even the *fac simile* of your friend's penmanship. You unroll the paper you have been holding in your hand all this time, and find the question and name tally with the answer on the slate." While attending a camp meeting at San Jose we heard the following experience related by Mrs. Whitney, of San Francisco: "Three

years ago, the 24th of October, my only child, my son Harry, was killed on the Narrow-gauge railroad. Harry was in the habit of kissing me when he left home, but on the day this terrible accident occurred he started away without doing so, being in a hurry to catch the train. I called him back, but he said, 'Never mind, mother, I will give you two kisses when I come home.' That night Harry came to my bedside and kissed me twice. I told my husband, and he said I was mistaken, that Harry was not there. I got up and looked at the clock, and it was just ten minutes past two. At five o'clock a messenger came, saying Harry had been killed on the road. At the inquest it was ascertained that the accident occurred at 2:10 A. M. His last words were, 'O! my mother!' I was not permitted to see my boy, although I was assured that he looked 'just as if he were asleep.' About five months afterwards I was sitting alone in my room one afternoon, when suddenly it became very dark, then came a bright light, and in the light stood Harry. He was wrapped in a sheet below the waist; above he had on a dark coat and vest. His face was cut, his chin discolored, and his hand and wrist crushed. I said, 'Harry, can't you speak to your mother?' He shook his head, but did not speak. When my husband came home I asked him if he would tell me the truth about it if I told him how Harry looked and where he was hurt, and he said, 'Who has been talking to you about Harry?' I said, 'No one, but I have seen him.' Again the room darkened, and again came the bright light, and in it stood my son, as before. I then described his wounds to my husband, and he said it was correct. I told no one except my husband and one lady friend, and they thought I was losing my reason. Soon after this my son again appeared to me, at the same hour of the day and in the same manner as before, but oh! how changed! This time the sheet which had wrapped his crushed limbs was gone; the face, which was gashed and disfigured, was now animated and beautiful. The eyes sparkled, the cheeks glowed, and Harry, my son, my beautiful child, stood before me, arrayed in the glory garments of immortality. I could weep no more, for why should I? My child still lived, and I

could see and converse with him. This time my little daughter Maudie, who passed away when but fourteen months old, came also, but was now apparently about six years of age."

HINDOO PURANAYAM.

To persons unaccustomed with the wonderful feats of imitation of death practiced by the fakirs of Persia and Hindoostan, and by Oriental mystics in general, many of the stories related by English officers resident in India will appear incredible.

One of the most wonderful cases of imitation of death on record occurred at Lahore, in 1837, while Sir Claude M. Wade, who tells the story, was political resident at Ludianah, and agent of the British Government at the court of Runjit Singh. The fakir was buried alive for forty days, then disinterred and resuscitated.

"I was present," says he, "at the court of Runjit Singh, at Lahore, in 1837, when the fakir mentioned by the Honorable Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and though I arrived a few hours after he was interred, I had the testimony of Runjit Singh, himself, and others, the most credible witnesses at his court, to the truth of the fakir having been so buried before them."

When the forty days were ended, by invitation of Runjit Singh, Sir Claude accompanied the rajah and his suite to the spot where the fakir was buried. It was a square building, styled a barri durri, in the midst of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore. The exterior of the building presented no aperture whatever by which one could possibly be admitted, any communication held, or any food conveyed to the torpid experimentalist. The walls and door-ways bore no marks of having been disturbed.

Runjit Singh identified the impression of his seal as the one he had affixed; and, as he was personally somewhat skeptical as to the fakir's experiment, he had, during the forty days kept two companies of his personal escort stationed near the building, from which four sentinels were furnished and relieved every two hours, night and day, to protect the fakir from intrusion.

On the door being thrown open, nothing was visible except a dark room. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude entered, the servant of the buried fakir accompanying them. A light was brought and they descended into a cell about three feet below the square apartment. In this cell was a wooden box, four feet in length by three in width, with a square, sloping roof. It stood upright, and its door was locked and sealed in the same manner as the door of the barra durri. This box was the coffin of the fakir.

Upon opening the box the body was exhibited, inclosed in a white linen bag, drawn together at the top, and securely fastened with a string. The grand salute now shook the garden air, and the hovering multitude came crowding to the door to witness the spectacle. The servant first removed the body of his master from the box, and placed it against the closed door of the receptacle, in a squatting posture. Runjit Singh and Sir Claude then descended into the cell, which was so small that, when they tried to sit down on the ground in front of the box, their hands and knees came in contact with the person of the seeming corpse.

The servant now commenced to pour warm water over the body of his master; but as it was the purpose of Sir Claude to detect any fraudulent practice, he objected to this, and proposed to Runjit Singh to have the bag torn open, so as to inspect the person of the fakir before the process of resuscitation was initiated. This was accordingly done, the bag being so considerably mildewed as to render it but the work of a moment.

The legs and arms of the fakir were shriveled and stiff, but the face was full as in life, the head reclining on the shoulder, like that of a corpse. Sir Claude called to a medical gentleman, who was in attendance to descend and inspect the body, which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, temples or wrist. There was, however, a heat about the coronal region of the brain, which no other part of the person exhibited. This is one of the facts which establish a resemblance between the imitation death of the Hindoo fakirs and catalepsy. In this disease, the flushing of the

face has often been noticed, while the trunk and extremities remained cold. In perhaps the majority of cases, however, the face is pale and at least as cool as the rest of the body.

The servant now commenced bathing his master in hot water, the arms and legs gradually relaxing from the rigid state in which they were contracted. Runjit Singh assisted the servant by rubbing the legs and arms of the dead man, while the latter put a hot wheaten cake on the top of the fakir's head—a process which was twice or thrice repeated before any result was apparent.

He next removed from the nostrils and ears of his master the wax and cotton plugs with which they had been sealed, then opened the rigid jaws by inserting the point of his knife between the teeth and prying them apart. Then, holding the jaws open with his left hand, he drew the tongue forward with the forefinger of his right, that usual flexible member flying back to its curved position, so that its tip closed the gullet repeatedly during the process. He now rubbed the fakir's eyelids with clarified butter (ghi) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening one of them. The eyeball was still glazed and motionless.

The next process was to renew the hot wheaten cake on the top of the head. At this instant the body heaved convulsively, nostrils became violently inflated, respiration was resumed, and the lips began to assume their natural fullness. The servant, at this stage, placed some clarified butter on the tongue of the fakir, and made him swallow it. A few minutes afterward the eyeballs began to dilate slowly, recovered their natural color by insensgradations, and gleamed with intelligence; and recognizing Runjit Singh, who sat facing him, the fakir commenced to articulate in scarcely audible tones, inquiring whether he was now convinced.

Runjit Singh answered in the affirmative, and then began the ceremony of investing the daring experimentalist with a pearl necklace, a pair of superb gold bracelets, shawls and pieces of silk and muslin, forming a full khilet or regalia.

The period that elapsed between the opening of the box and the recovery of the voice was

about half an hour: and in half an hour more the fakir was enabled to talk freely, though feebly with those about him.

Sir Claude remarks, concluding his narrative, that he now took some pains to investigate the manner in which this result was effected, and was informed that the rationale of the process rested on the view of the Hindoo physiologists, that heat constitutes the self-existent principle of life, and that, if the functions even be so far as to leave this one perfect purity, life can be continued for long periods, without air, food, or other means of sustenance.

THE HIGHER ASPECTS OF VEGETARIANISM.

[A Speech Delivered at Exeter Hall, London, January, 1885, at the Vegetarian Society's Public Meeting.]

I purpose in the present article to consider an important but, I think, insufficiently appreciated aspect of our movement. I mean the School to which it belongs and the Philosophy which it represents. By doing this I shall show conclusively that, so far from our practice of rejecting flesh as an article of food being, as some allege, a senseless and mischievous innovation, it has the sanction of the profoundest—because the mystical and occult—wisdom of all ages, from the remotest antiquity to the present day. For the school to which it belongs is that of a Hermes Trismegistus, a Pythagoras, a Buddha, an Appolonius, a Porphyry, a Plotinus, and all those really radical reformers whose aim it has been to reform, not institutions merely, but men themselves. It is the school of all those earnest seekers after perfection whose devotion to the highest ideals has made them—each in their degree—the redeemers of their kind, by showing men how to dominate and rise above the lower elements of their nature and become truly human.

Though so lofty in its aims, the philosophy of this great school was none the less founded on experience and in accordance with common sense; only not of the merely conventional kind, but something far superior. In its usual acceptation common sense means the *consensus*, or agreement, of people in general, and represents, therefore, the opinion of those

who—although they are the great majority of mankind—are, through want of the development possible as yet to only a few in any one age, possessed of the consciousness only of the outer and lower planes of human nature, the physical and animal, and who cannot, therefore, be regarded as constituting the measure of humanity.

The common sense of the school I am describing is altogether independent of such popular majorities. For the agreement it represents is that, not of *all men*, but of *all parts of man*—of body, mind, soul and spirit; and therein of the *whole man*, and it belongs, for that reason, to those alone who have developed in themselves the consciousness of all those regions of our nature and become mature, complete, or whole men, and are competent, therefore, of themselves to represent humanity, as no majority, however large, of undeveloped, or rudimentary men, could do.

Being thus whole men themselves, our teachers and exemplars were in no danger of falling into that stupendous and disastrous blunder by which those who have dictated the philosophy of the present age, and who form the chief obstacle to our movement, have demonstrated their immaturity. This is the blunder which consists in confounding form with substance, and mistaking the physical and phenomenal part of man for man himself, and assuming that to gratify such part is necessarily to benefit the man. With the school we follow, the human form, to be valid, requires, like any other form, to be *filled up*. It must have the *man* inside it. It is not the form, but the character, that makes and *is* the man. And hence their prime care was to perfect this inside and real man, knowing that the rest would duly follow. Intelligent and reverent students of Nature, and able therefore to discern the spirit through the form, they recognized her perfection and carefully observed her method. And finding that she works from within outwards, they did the same; always in love and justice, regarding all existence as but a larger self, and remembering that righteous means are indispensable to righteous ends, and that to seek any end by unrighteous means—such as the infliction of suffering on others for one's own advantage—is to descend and not ascend the ladder of evolution, and to

become degraded from the human to the sub-human.

Their method was at once simple, uniform and capable of universal application. And it was comprised in a single word—a word to pronounce which is to sound the keynote of all genuine reforms, dietetic and other. It is the word *Purity*. For every plane of man's fourfold nature they insisted, as the condition of perfection, on purity. On purity of blood, as meaning health, strength, activity and endurance of body. On purity of mind, as meaning clearness of perception, intellectual and intuitional. On purity of soul, as meaning fullness of sympathy and loftiness of aspiration. And on purity of spirit, as meaning righteousness of intention and fearlessness of will. None of these could be defective, they held, without the whole suffering thereby.

It was their aim, by cultivating purity on every plane of man's system, to raise each part to its highest perfection; to bring all parts into harmony with each other; and to subordinate whole to the will of the highest. This was the spirit—which they called the God of the man, and which would thus, as his central and radiant point—the sun, in fact, of his system (for, in accordance with the universal law of heredity, we all take after our great parent, the solar system) vivify and illumine the whole man, unobstructed by any impurity, binding him together, and drawing him inwards and upwards, and making him one with itself. In this way they sought to accomplish within the individual that which religion and science agree in regarding as the consummation of perfection, namely, the complete reconciliation, unification, or *at-one-ment* of all parts of the man, and their entire suffusion by a perfect will and spirit. By the school to which I am referring—the Hermetic—this was called the Great Work, or the Redemption of Spirit from matter.

To come to the point to which all I have said leads. The very first step on which these profoundest of all professors of the science of man insisted with their disciples, was the total renunciation of flesh as food. This was in order, first, that their blood might be cleansed, and their systems built up anew of the purest

materials, materials derived at first hand from Nature, and undeteriorated by passage through other organisms, and which could, to a great extent, be used in their natural state and with their vitality unimpaired by fire. And, next, that they might live as indicated, alike by our physical and our moral constitution, man is intended to live, and as, to be fully and truly human, and realize all that is implied in the term man—he *must* live.

Their object in all this was, not to increase population, but to improve the race. It was at producing a better quality, not a larger quantity, of men that they aimed. It was not men and women that the world needed; but humanity, and men and women did not, for them, constitute humanity. These were but humanity *in the making*. And when made, man was not simply a particular arrangement of organs, limbs, and other characteristics merely physical and wholly perishable. They had a higher and truer standard of definition than physiology can supply. They had a definition, the recognition of which, for all who accept it, makes of existence a new heaven and new earth. For, man, with them, was nothing less than the manifestation, in the individual and finite, of all those principles, attributes, and qualities, at once human and divine, which appertain to the universal and infinite, and which, in their original, undifferentiated perfection, constitute the nature of God.

And they did not merely *suppose* these things. They *knew* them. For, living purely as they did, they developed faculties and powers surpassing the ability of man flesh-fed even to believe in, the foremost of which is that supreme faculty, which, by its addition to the intellect, converts man into an instrument of perception, capable of discerning positively the loftiest truths. This is the faculty called the Intuition. By it man obtains access to his innermost and permanent self, and learns that which, in her long past, his soul and true ego has acquired of infallible knowledges concerning the nature of the universe. For all knowledge is by experience, and intuition is the memory of the soul. And being of the soul, this faculty and these knowledges are possible only to those who live as the soul approves,

and who accordingly eschew violence and bloodshed as a means of sustenance or gratification.

Such is the system from which Buddhism and Christianity alike sprang, and of which they were intended to be expressions, the latter being the higher, because the more interior revelation. When the silence of the Christian Scriptures on the subject of flesh-eating is adduced as an argument against our rule, the reply is, first, that this rule was already so fully recognized as essential in the same system as not to require reiteration. And, next, that it is involved in the spirit itself of religion.

All that I have claimed for our practice in the fact finds full confirmation in the experience of the present. For those of us who, having made fair trial of it, know its virtue by experience, it is a matter of certainty that the general adoption of it would be, not only the most efficacious remedy for all our difficulties, domestic, social and national, but would so enhance our intelligence and moral conscience as a people, as would lift our country to an elevation hitherto unimagined, making her, in the highest sense, the enlightener and exemplar of the nations.

EDWARD MAITLAND.

THE IDYL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

CHAPTER III.

I lay upon my couch, which was soft enough to make it very welcome to my weary limbs, and before long I was buried in profound sleep notwithstanding the strangeness of my surroundings. The health and faith of youth enabled me to forget all the newness of my position in the temporary luxury of complete rest. Not long afterwards I have entered that cell to gaze upon that couch, and marvel where the peace of mind had flown that had been mine in my ignorant boyhood. When I awoke it was quite dark, and I started suddenly to a sitting posture, vividly conscious of a human presence in my room. My wits were scattered by my sudden awakening. I thought myself to be at home, and that it was my mother who was silently watching beside me.

"Mother," I cried out, "what is the matter?"

Why are you here? Are you ill? Are the sheep astray?"

For a moment there was no answer, and my heart began to beat rapidly as I realized in the midst of blank darkness that I was not at home; that I was, indeed, in a new place; that I knew not who it was that thus silently watched in my room.

For the first time I longed for my little homely chamber, for the sound of my mother's voice. And, though I think I was a brave lad, and one not given to womanish weakness, I lay down again and wept aloud.

"Bring lights," said a quiet voice, "he is awake."

I heard sounds, and then a strong fragrance crept to my nostrils. Immediately afterwards two young novices entered at the door, bearing silver lamps, which threw sudden and vivid light into the room. Then I saw—and the sight so startled me that I ceased to weep and forgot my homesickness—I saw that my room was quite full of white-robed priests, all standing motionless. No wonder, indeed, that I had been overpowered by the sense of a human presence in my room. I was surrounded by a silent and statuesque crowd of men, whose eyes were bent upon the ground, whose hands were crossed upon their breasts. I sank back again upon my couch and covered my face. The lights, the crowd of faces overpowered me, and I felt strongly disposed, when I had recovered from my astonishment, to begin weeping again from sheer bewilderment of ideas.

The fragrance grew stronger and more intense; the room seemed filled with burning incense, and, opening my eyes, I saw that a young priest on each side of me held the vases which contained it. The room, as I have said, was full of priests; but there was an inner circle close about my couch. Upon the faces of these men I gazed with awe. Among them were Agmahd and Kamen, and the others shared with them the strange immobility of expression which had affected me so deeply. I glanced from face to face, and covered my eyes again, trembling. I felt as though walled in by an impenetrable barrier; I was imprisoned with these men around me, by something in-

initely more impassable than stone walls. The silence was broken at last. Agmahd spoke:

"Arise, child," he said, "and come with us."

I arose obediently, though truly I would rather have remained alone in my dark chamber than have accompanied this strange and silent crowd. But I had no choice save silent compliance when I encountered the cold impenetrable blue eyes which Agmahd turned upon me. I arose, and found that when I moved I was enclosed by the same inner circle. Before, behind, and at the side of me they walked, the others moving in orderly fashion outside the center. We passed down a long corridor until we reached the great entrance door of the temple.

It stood open, and I felt refreshed as by the face of an old friend by the glimpse I got of the starlit dome without. But the glimpse was brief. We halted just inside the great doors, and some of the priests closed and barred them; we turned toward the great central corridor, which I had observed on my first entrance. I noticed now that, though spacious and beautiful, no doors opened into it, save one deep-arched, one right at the end, facing the great temple avenue. I wondered idly where this solitary door would lead.

They brought a little chair and placed it in the midst of the corridor. On this I was told to sit, facing the door at the far end. I did so, silent and alarmed. What meant this strange thing? Why was I to sit thus, with the high priests standing around me? What ordeal was before me? But I resolved to be brave, to have no fear. Was not I already clothed in a pure white linen garment? Truly, it was not embroidered with gold, but yet, it was not stitched with black, like that of the younger priests. It was pure white, and priding myself that this must mean some sort of distinction, I tried to sustain my failing courage by this idea.

The incense grew so strong that it made my head confused. I was unaccustomed to the scent which the priests so lavishly scattered. Suddenly, without one word or any sign of preparation, the lights were extinguished, and I found myself once more in the dark, surrounded by a strange and silent crowd.

I tried to collect myself and realize where I was. I remembered that the mass of the crowd was behind me, but in front of me the priests had parted, so that, though the inner circle still separated me from the others; I was looking, when the lights were put out, straight down the corridor, toward the deep-arched doorway.

I was alarmed and miserable. I curled myself together on my seat, intending to be brave if need be, but in the meantime to remain as silent and unobtrusive as possible. Much did I dread the calm faces of those high priests, whom I knew to be standing immovably beside me. The absolute silence of the crowd behind filled me with terror and awe. I was at some moments so full of alarm that I wondered whether, if I arose and moved straight down the corridor, I could escape from between the priests unnoticed. But I dared not try it; and indeed, the incense combined with the subtle drink and the quiet were producing an unaccustomed drowsiness.

My eyes were half closed, and I think I might soon have fallen asleep, but my curiosity was suddenly aroused by perceiving that a line of light showed around the edges of the doorway at the far end of the corridor. I opened my eyes to look, and soon saw that slowly, very slowly, the door was being opened. At last it stood half way open, and a dim suffused kind of light came forth from it. But at our end of the corridor the darkness remained total and unrelieved, and I heard no sound or sign of life save a low, subdued breathing from the men who surrounded me.

I closed my eyes after a few moments, for I was gazing so intently out of the darkness that my eyes grew wearied. When I opened them again I saw that there stood a figure just outside the doorway. Its outlines were distinct, but the form and face were dim, by reason of the light being behind; yet, unreasonable as it was, I was filled with a sudden horror; my flesh crept, and I had to use a kind of physical repressive force in order to prevent myself from screaming aloud. This intolerable sense of fear momentarily increased, for the figure advanced toward me slowly and with a kind of gliding motion that was unearthly. I saw now,

as it neared, that it was robed in some kind of dark garment which almost veiled form and face. But I could not see very clearly, for the light from the doorway only faintly reached out from it. But my agony of fear was suddenly augmented by observing that, when the gliding figure nearly approached me, it kindled some kind of light which it held, and which illumined its dim drapery; but this light made nothing else visible. By a gigantic effort I removed my fascinated gaze from the mysterious figure and turned my head, hoping to see the forms of the priests beside me. But their forms were not to be seen; all was a total blank darkness. This released the spell of horror that was on me, and I cried out—a cry of agony and fear—and bowed my head in my hands.

The voice of Agmahd fell upon my ear: "Fear not, my child," he said, in his melodious, undisturbed accents. I made no effort to control myself, helped by this sound, which savoured at least of something less unfamiliar and terrible than the veiled figure which stood before me. It was there, not close, but close enough to fill my soul with a kind of unearthly terror.

"Speak, child," said again the voice of Agmahd, "and tell us what alarms thee."

"What!" I exclaimed, "do you not see the light from the doorway and the veiled figure? Oh, send it away; it frightens me!"

A low, subdued murmur seemed to come from all the crowd at once. Evidently my words excited them. Then the calm voice of Agmahd again spoke: "Our queen is welcome, and we do all reverence."

The veiled figure bowed its head and advanced nearer. Agmahd spoke once more, after a pause of total silence: "Cannot our lady make her subjects more open-eyed, and give them commands as before?"

The figure stooped, and seemed to trace something on the ground. I looked and saw the words in letters of fire, which vanished as they came: "Yes; but the child must enter my sanctuary alone with me."

I saw the words, I say, and my very flesh trembled with horror. The unintelligible dread of this veiled form was so powerful that I

would rather have died than fulfill such a command.

The priests were silent, and I guessed that, as the figure, so the fiery letters were invisible to them. Immediately I reflected that if, strange and incredible as it seemed, it were so, they would not know of the command. Terrified as I was, how could I bring myself to frame the words which should bring upon me an ordeal so utterly dreadful? I remained silent. The figure turned suddenly towards me and seemed to look on me. Then again it traced, in the swiftly vanishing, fiery letters: "Pass on my message."

But I could not; indeed horror had now made it physically impossible. My tongue was swollen and seemed to fill my mouth. The figure turned to me with a gesture of fierce anger. With a quick, gliding movement it darted toward me and drew the veil from its face. My eyes seemed to start from their sockets as that face was upturned close to mine. It was not hideous, though the eyes were full of an icy anger—an anger that flashed not, but froze. It was not hideous, yet it filled me with such a loathing and fear as I had never imagined possible, and the horror of it lay in the fearful unnaturalness of the countenance. It seemed to be formed of the elements of flesh and blood, yet it impressed me as being only a mask of humanity—a fearful corporeal unreality, a thing made up of flesh and blood without the life of flesh and blood. Into a second were crowded these horrors. Then, with a piercing shriek, I swooned for the second time in that day—my first day in the temple.

(To be Continued.)

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

A FAIRY TALE FOR THE TIMES.

I.

Once upon a time there was a Princess. Now, this Princess dwelt in a far-off and beautiful world beyond the sunset, and she had immortal youth and an ancestry of glorious name. Very rich, too, she was, and the palace in which she lived was made all of marble and alabaster and things precious and wonderful. But that which was most wonderful about her

was her exceeding beauty—a beauty not like that one sees in the world this side of the sunset. For the beauty of the Princess was the bright-shining of a lovely spirit; her body was but the veil of her soul that shone through all her perfect form as the radiance of the sun shines through clear water. I cannot tell you how beautiful this Princess was, nor can I describe the color of her hair and her eyes, or the aspect of her face. Many men have seen her and tried to give an account of her, but though I have read several of these accounts, they differ so greatly from one another that I should find it hard indeed to reproduce her picture from the records of it which her lovers have left.

For all these men who have written about the Princess loved her; none, indeed, could help it who ever looked upon her face. And to some she had seemed fair as the dawn, and to others dark as night; some have found her gay and joyous as Allegro, and others sad and silent and sweet as Pensive. But to every lover she has seemed the essence and core of all beauty—the purest, noblest, highest and most ideal being that he has found it possible to conceive. I am not going to tell you about all the lovers of the Princess, for that would take many volumes to rehearse, but only about three of them, because these three were typical personages, and had very remarkable histories.

Like all the lovers of the Princess, these three men were travelers, coming from a distant country to the land beyond the sunset on purpose to see the beautiful lady of whom their fathers and grandfathers had told them—the lady who never could outlive youth because she belonged to the race of the everlasting gods who ruled the earth in the old far-off Hellenic times.

I do not know how long these three men stayed in the country of the Princess, but they stayed quite long enough to be very, very much in love with her, and when at last they had to come away—for no man who is not "dead" can remain long beyond the sunset—she gave to each of them a beautiful little bird, a tiny living bird, with a voice of sweetest music, that had been trained and tuned to song by Phœbus Apollo himself. And I could no more de-

scribe to you the sweetness of that song than I could describe the beauty of the Princess.

Then she told the travelers to be of brave heart and valiant hope, because there lay before them an ordeal demanding all their prowess, and after that the prospect of a great reward. "Now," she said, "that you have learned to love me, and to desire to have your dwelling here with me, you must go forth to prove your knighthood. I am not inaccessible, but no man must think to win me for his lady unless he first justify his fealty by noble service. The world to which you now go is a world of mirage and fantasies, which appear real only to those who have never reached and seen this realm of mine on the Heavenward side of the sun. You will have to pass through ways beset by monstrous spectres, over wastes where rage ferocious hydras, chimeras and strange dragons breathing flame. You must journey past beautiful shadowy islets of the summer sea, in whose fertile bays the cunning sirens sing; you must brave the mountain robber, the goblins of the wilderness, and the ogre whose joy is to devour living men. But fear nothing, for all these are but phantoms; nor do you need any sword or spear to slay them, but only a loyal mind and an unswerving purpose. Let not your vision be deceived, nor your heart beguiled; return to me unscathed through all these many snares, and doubt not the worth and greatness of the guerdon I shall give. Nor think you go unaided. With each of you I send a guide and monitor; heed well his voice and follow where he leads."

II.

Now, when the three travelers had received their presents, and had looked their last upon the shining face of the donor, they went out of the palace and through the golden gate of the wonderful city in which she dwelt, and so once again they came into the land which lies this side of the sun.

Then their ordeal began; but, indeed, they saw no sirens or dragons or gorgons, but only people like themselves going and coming along the highways. Some of these people sauntered, some ran, some walked alone and pensively, others congregated in groups together and

talked or laughed or shouted noisy songs. Under the pleasant trees on the greensward were pavilions, beautifully adorned; the sound of music issued from many of them; fair women danced there under the new-blossoming trees, tossing flowers into the air; and feasts were spread, wine flowed, and jewels glittered. And the music and the dancing women pleased the ear and eye of one of the three travelers, so that he turned aside from his companions to listen and to look. Then presently a group of youths and girls drew near and spoke to him. "It is our festival," they said; "we are worshipers of Queen Beauty; come and feast with us. The moon of May is rising; we shall dance all night in her beautiful, soft beams." But he said, "I have just returned from a country, the beauty of which far surpasses that of anything one can see here, and where there is a Princess so lovely and so stately that the greatest Queen of a'l your world is not worthy to be her tiring maid." Then they said, "Where is that country of which you speak, and who is this wonderful Princess?" "It is the land beyond the sunset," he answered, "but the name of the Princess no man knows until she herself tells it him. And she will tell it only to the man whom she loves."

At that they laughed and made mirth among themselves. "Your land is the land of dreams," they said, "we have all heard about it. Nothing there is real. And, as for your Princess, she is a mere shadow, a vision of your own creation, and no substantial being at all. The only real and true beauty is the beauty we see and touch and hear; the beauty that sense reveals to us, and which is present with us to-day."

Then, he answered, "I do not blame you at all, for you have never seen my Princess. But I have seen her and heard her speak, and some day I hope to return to her. And when I came away, she warned me that in this country I should be beset by all manner of strange and monstrous spectres, harpies and sirens, eaters of men, whom I must bravely meet and overcome. I pray you tell me in what part of your land these dangers lie, that I may be on my guard against them."

Thereat they laughed the more, and answered him, "Oh, foolish traveler, your head is certainly full of dreams! There are no such things as sirens; all that is an old Greek fable, a fairy tale with no meaning except for old Greeks and modern babies! You will never meet with any sirens or harpies, nor will you ever see again the Princess of whom you talk, unless indeed in your dreams. It is this country that is the only real one, there is nothing at all beyond the sunset."

Now all this time the little bird which the Princess had given to him was singing quite loudly under the folds of the traveler's cloak. And he took it out and showed it to the youths who spoke with him, and said, "This bird was given me by the Princess whom you declare to be a myth. How could a myth give me this living bird?" They answered, "You are surely a madman, as well as a dreamer. Doubtless the bird flew into your chamber while you slept, and your dreaming fancy took advantage of the incident to frame this tale about the Princess and her gift. It is often so in dreams. The consciousness perceives things as it were through a cloud, and weaves fictions out of realities."

Then he began to doubt, but still he held his ground, and said, "Yet hear how sweetly it sings! No wild, untaught bird of earth could sing like that." Whereat they were vastly merry, and one cried, "Why, it is quite a common '*tweet-tweet!*' It is no more than the chirp of a vulgar, every-day thrush or linnet!" And another, "Were I you, I would wring the bird's neck; it must be a terrible nuisance if it always makes such a noise!" And a third, "Let it fly, we cannot hear ourselves speak for its screaming!" Then the traveler began to feel ashamed of his bird. "All that I say," he thought, "appears to them foolish, even the Princess's gift is, in their eyes, a common chirping chaffinch. What if, indeed, I had been dreaming—what if this, after all, should be the real world, and the other a mere fantasy?"

The bird sang, "Away! away! or you will never see the Princess more! The real world lies beyond the gates of the sunset!"

But, when the traveler asked the youths what

the bird sang, they answered that they had only heard "Tweet-tweet," and "Chirp-chirp." Then he was really angry, but not with them, as you would, perhaps, have thought. No, he was angry with the bird, and ashamed of it, and of himself. And he threw it from him into the air, and clapped his hands to drive it away; and all the youths and girls that stood around him clapped theirs too. "Sh-shsh," they cried, "be off, you are a good-for-nothing hedge-finch, and may be thankful your neck has not been wrung to punish you for making such a noise!"

So the bird flew away, away beyond the sunset, and I think it went back to the Princess and told her all that had happened. And the traveler went and danced and sang and feasted to his heart's content with the worshipers of Queen Beauty, not knowing that he really had fallen among the sirens after all!

III.

Meanwhile, the two other travelers had gone on their way, for neither of them cared about pleasure; one was a grave-looking man, who walked with his eyes on the ground, looking curiously at every rock and shrub he passed by the wayside, and often pausing to examine more closely a strange herb, or to pick to pieces a flower; the other had a calm, sweet face, and he walked erect, his eyes lifted towards the great mountains that lay far away before them.

By and by there came along the road towards the two travelers a company of men carrying banners, on which were inscribed as mottoes—"Knowledge is Freedom!" "Science knows no Law but the Law of Progress!" "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" "Utility is Virtue!" and a great many other fine phrases. Most of the persons who marched first in this procession wore spectacles, and some were clad in academical costumes. The greater number had gone past, when the grave-looking traveler—he who had interested himself so much in the stones and foliage by the wayside—courteously stopped one of the company and asked him what the procession meant. "We are worshipers of Science," answered the man whom he addressed; "to-day we hold solemn rites in honor of our deity. Many orations will be

made by her high priests, and a great number of victims slain—lambs, and horses, and doves, and hinds, and all manner of animals. They will be put to death with horrible torments, racked, and maimed, and burned, and hewn asunder, all for the glory and gain of Science. And we shall shout with enthusiasm as the blood flows over her altars, and the smoke ascends in her praise."

"But all this is horrible," said the grave man, with a gesture of avoidance; "it sounds to me like a description of the orgies of savages or of the pastimes of madmen; it is unworthy of intelligent and sane men." "On the contrary," returned his informant, "it is just because we are intelligent and sane that we take delight in it; for it is by means of these sacrifices that our deity vouchsafes her oracles. In the mangled corpses and entrails of these victims our augurs find the knowledges we seek." "And what knowledges are they?" asked the traveler. "The knowledge of Nature's secrets," cried the votary of Science, with kindling eye, "the knowledge of life and death; the magic of the art of healing disease; the solution of the riddle of the universe! All this we learn, all this we perceive, in the dying throes of our victims. Does not this suffice?—is not the end great enough to justify the means?"

Then, when the second of the travelers heard these words—he whose face had been lifted as he walked—he drew nearer and answered:—

"No; it is greater to be just than to be learned. No man should wish to be healed at the cost of another's torment." At which the stranger frowned, then retorted impatiently, "You forget, methinks, that they whom we seek to heal are men, and they who are tormented merely beasts. By these means we enrich and endow humanity." "Nay, I forget not," he answered, gently, "but he who would be so healed is man no longer. By that wish and act he becomes lower than any beast. Nor can humanity be enriched by that which beggars it of all its wealth." "Fine speeches, forsooth!" cried the worshiper of Science; "you are a moralist, I find, and doubtless a very ignorant person! All this old-fashioned talk of yours belongs to a past age. We have cast aside superstition, we have swept away the

old faiths. Our only guide is Reason, our only goal is Knowledge!" "Alas," returned the other, "it is not the higher but the lower Reason which leads you, and the Knowledge you covet is not that of realities, but of mere seemings. You do not know the real world. You are the dupes of a Fantasm which you take for Substance." With that he passed on, and the man of Science was left in the company of the traveler who had first accosted him. "What person is that?" asked the former, looking after the retreating figure of him who had just spoken. "He is a poet," replied the grave-faced traveler. "We have both of us been beyond the sunset to see the lovely Princess who rules that wonderful country, and we left it together on a journey to this world of yours." "Beyond the sunset!" repeated the other, incredulously. "That is the land of shadows. When the world was younger they used to say the old Gods lived there." "Maybe they live there still," said the traveler, "for the Princess is of their kith and lineage." "A pretty fable, indeed," responded the scientific votary. "But we know now that all that kind of thing is sheer nonsense, and worse, for it is the basis of the effete old-world sentiment which forms the most formidable obstacle to Progress, and which Science even yet finds it hard to overthrow. But what is that strange singing I hear beneath your cloak?"

It was the bird which the traveler had received from the Princess. He drew it forth, but did not say whose gift it was, nor whence it came, because of the contempt with which his companion had spoken of the mystic country and its rulers. Already he began to waver in his loyalty towards the Princess, and to desire greatly the knowledge of which the stranger told him. For this traveler, though he cared nothing for pleasure, or for the beauty of sensuous things, was greatly taken by the wish to be wise; only he did not rightly know in what wisdom consists. He thought it lay in the acquirement of facts, whereas really it is the power by which facts are transcended.

"That is a foreign bird," observed the scientific man, examining it carefully through his spectacles, "and quite a curiosity. I do not remember having ever seen one like it. The

note, too, is peculiar. In some of its tones it reminds me of the nightingale. No doubt it is the descendant of a developed species of nightingale, carefully selected and artificially bred from one generation to another. Wonderful modifications of species may be obtained in this manner, as experiments with fancy breeds of pigeons have amply proved. Permit me to examine the bill more closely. Yes, yes—a nightingale, certainly—and yet—indeed, I ought not to decide in haste. I should greatly like to have the opinion of Professor Effaress on the subject. But what noise is that yonder?"

For just then a terrible hubbub arose among a crowd of people congregated under the portico of a large and magnificent building a little way from the place where the scientific man and the intellectual traveler stood conversing. This building, the facade of which was adorned all over with *bas-reliefs* of Liberty and Progress, and modern elderly gentlemen in doctors' gowns and laurel wreaths, with rolls of paper and microscopes, was, in fact, a great Scientific Institution, and into it the procession of learned personages whom the travelers had met on their way had entered, followed by a great multitude of admirers and enthusiasts. In this edifice the solemn rites which the votary of Science had described were to be held, and a vast congregation filled its halls. All at once, just as the sacrifices were about to begin, a solitary man arose in the midst of the hushed assembly, and protested, as once of old, by the banks of the far-away Ganges, Siddartha Buddha had protested against the bloody offerings of the priests of Indra. And much after the same manner as Buddha had spoken this man spoke, of the high duty of manhood, of the splendor of justice, of the certainty of retribution, and of the true meaning of Progress and Freedom, the noblest reaches of which are spiritual, transcending all the baser and meaner utilities of the physical nature. And when the high priests of Science, not like the priests of Indra in older times, answered the prophet disdainfully and without shame, that they knew nothing of any spiritual utilities, because they believed in evolution and held man to be only a developed ape, with no more soul than his ancestor, the stranger responded that he, too,

was an Evolutionist, but that he understood the doctrine quite differently from them, and more after the fashion of the old teachers—Pythagoras, Plato, Hermes and Buddha. And that the living and incorruptible Spirit of God was in all things, whether ape or man, whether beast or human; aye, and in the very flowers and grass of the field, and in every element of all that is ignorantly thought to be dead and inert matter. So that the soul of man, he said, is one with the soul that is in all Nature, only that when man is truly human, in him alone the soul becomes self-knowing and self-concentrated, the mirror of Heaven, and the focus of the Divine Light. And he declared, moreover, that the spiritual evolution of which he spoke was not so much promoted by intellectual knowledge as by moral goodness; that it was possible to be a very learned ape indeed, but in no wise to deserve the name of man; and that, inasmuch as any person was disposed to sacrifice the higher to the lower reason, and to rank intellectual above spiritual attainment, insomuch that person was still an ape and had not developed humanity.

Now, the stranger, who was brave enough to say all this was no other than the traveler poet, and all the time he was speaking the bird, which the Princess had given him, lay hid in his bosom and sang to him, clear and sweet, "Courage! courage! these are the ogres and the dragons; fight the good fight; be of a bold heart!" Nor was he astonished or dismayed when the assembly arose with tumult and hooting, and violently thrust him out of the Scientific Institution into the street. And that was the noise which the other traveler and his companion had heard.

But when the greater part of the mob had returned into the building there was left with the poet a little group of men and women, whose hearts had been stirred by his protest. And they said to him, "You have spoken well, sir, and have done a noble thing. We are citizens of this place, and we will devote ourselves to giving effect to your words. Doubt not that we shall succeed, though it may be long first, for indeed we will work with a will." Then the poet was glad, because he had not spoken in vain, and he bade them good speed, and

went on his way. But the scientific man, who was with the other traveler, heard these last words, and became very angry. "Certainly," he said, "this foolish and ignorant person, who has just been turned out of the assembly, must have insulted our great leaders! What presumption! What insolence! No one knows what mischief he may not have done by his silly talk! It is deplorable! But see, here comes Professor Effaress, the very man I most wished to see. Professor, let me present this gentleman. He is the owner of a rare and remarkable bird on which we want your opinion."

The Professor was a very great personage, and his coat was covered all over with decorations and bits of colored ribbon, like those on a kite's tail. Perhaps, like a kite's tail, they weighted and steadied him, and kept him from mounting too high into the clouds. The Professor looked at the bird through his spectacles, and nodded his head sagaciously. "I have seen this species before," he said, "though not often. It belongs to a very ancient family, indeed, and I scarcely thought that any specimen of it remained in the present day. Quite a museum bird; and in excellent plumage, too. Sir, I congratulate you."

"You do not, then, consider, Professor," said the traveler, "that this bird has about it anything transcendental—that it is, in fact, not altogether—pardon me the expression—a *terrestrial* bird?" For he was afraid to say the truth, that the bird really came from beyond the sunset.

The decorated personage was much amused. He laughed pleasantly, and answered in bland tones, "Oh, dear, no; I recognize quite well the species to which it belongs. An ancient species, as I have said, and one, indeed, that Science has done her utmost to extirpate, purposely in part, because it is proved to be a great devastator of the crops, and thus directly injurious to the interests of mankind, and partly by accident, for it has a most remarkable song-note, and scientific men have destroyed all the specimens they have been able to procure, in the hope of discovering the mechanism by which the vocal tones are produced. But, pardon me, are you a stranger in this city, sir?"

"I am," responded the traveler, "and permit me to assure you that I take a lively interest in the scientific and intellectual pursuits with which in this place, I perceive, you are largely occupied."

"We have a Brotherhood of Learning here, sir," returned the Professor; "we are all Progressionists. I trust you will remain with us and take part in our assemblies." But, as he said that, the fairy bird suddenly lifted up his song and warned the traveler, crying in the language of the country beyond the sunset, "Beware! beware! This is an ogre, he will kill you, and mix your bones with his bread! Be warned in time, and fly; fly, if you cannot fight!"

"Dear me," said the Professor, "what a *very* remarkable note! I am convinced that the structure and disposition of this bird's vocal organs must be unique. Speaking for my scientific brethren, as well as for myself, I may say that we should hold ourselves singularly indebted to you if you would permit us the opportunity of adding so rare a specimen to our national collection. It would be an acquisition, sir, I assure you, for which we would show ourselves profoundly grateful. Indeed, I am sure that the Society to which I have the honor to belong, would readily admit to its Fellowship, the donor of a treasure so inestimable." As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on the traveler, and bowed with much ceremony and condescension. And the traveler thought what a fine thing it would be to become a Professor, and to be able to wear a great many bits of colored ribbon, and to be immensely learned, and know all the facts of the universe. And, after all, what was a little singing bird, and a fairy Princess, in whose very existence the scientific gentlemen did not, in the least, believe, and who was, perhaps, really the shadow of a dream? So he bowed in return, and said he was greatly honored; and Professor Effaress took the bird and twisted its neck gravely, and put the little corpse into his pocket. And so the divine and beautiful song of the fairy minstrel was quenched, and instead of it I suppose the traveler got a great deal of learning and many fine decorations on his coat.

But the spirit of the slain bird fled away from that inhospitable city, and went back to the Princess and told her what had befallen.

IV.

As for the poet, he went on his way alone into the open country, and saw the peasants in the fields, reaping and gleaning, and gathering fruit and corn, for it was harvest time. And he passed through many hamlets and villages, and sometimes he rested a night or two at an inn: and, on Sundays, he heard the Parish parson say prayers and preach in some quaint, little Norman or Saxon Church.

And at last he came to a brane-new town, where all the houses were Early English, and all the people dressed like ancient Greeks, and all the manners, Renaissance, or, perhaps, Gothic. The poet thought they were Gothic, and probably he was right.

In this town, the talk was mostly about Art, and many fine things were said in regard to "sweetness and light." Everybody claimed to be an artist of some kind, whether painter, musician, novelist, dramatist, verse-maker, reciter, singer, or, what not. But although they seemed so greatly devoted to the Graces and Muses, it was but the images of the Parnassian Gods that they worshiped. For, in the purlieus of this fine town, horrible cruelties and abuses were committed, yet none of the so-called poets lifted a cry of reform. Every morning, early, before daybreak, there came through the streets, long and sad processions of meek-eyed oxen and bleating lambs, harried by brutal drovers, with shouts and blows—terrible processions of innocent creatures going to die under the poleaxe and the knife in order to provide the "pleasures of the table" for dainty votaries of "sweetness and light." Before the fair faint dawn made rosy the Eastern sky over the houses, you might have heard on every side the heavy thud of the poleaxe striking down the patient heifer on her knees—the heifer whose eyes are like the eyes of Here, say the old Greek song books, that were read and quoted all day in this town of Culture and of Art.

And a little later, going down the by-ways of the town, you might have seen the gutters run-

ning with hot fresh blood, and have met carts laden with gory hides, and buckets of brains and blood, going to the factories and tanyards. Young lads spent all their days in the slaughter-houses, dealing violent deaths, witnessing tragedies of carnage, hearing incessant plaintive cries, walking about on clogs among pools of clotting or steamy blood, and breathing the fumes of it. And scarce a mile away from the scene of all these loathsome and degrading sights, sounds, and odors, you might have found fastidious and courtly gentlemen, and ladies all belaced and bejeweled, sentimentalizing over their "aspid de foie gras," or their "cotelettes a la jardiniere," or some other euphemism for the dead flesh which could not, without unpardonable breach of good breeding, be called by its plain and true name in their presence.

And when the poet reminded them of this truth, and spoke to them of the demoralization to which, by their habits, they daily subjected many of their fellow-men; when he drew for them graphic pictures of the slaughter-yards, and of all the scenes of suffering and tyranny that led up to it, and ensued from it, they clapped their hands to their ears, and cried out that he was a shockingly coarse person, and quite too horribly indelicate for refined society. Because, indeed, they cared only about a surface and outside refinement, and not a whit for that which is inward and profound. For beauty of *being*, they had neither desire nor power of reverence; all their enthusiasm was spent over forms and words and appearances of beauty. In them the senses were quickened, but not the heart, nor the reason. Therefore the spirit of the Reformer was not in them, but the spirit of the Dilettante only.

And the poet was grieved and angry with them, because every true poet is a Reformer; and he went forth and spoke aloud in their public places, and rebuked the dwellers in that town. But, except a few curiosity hunters, and some idle folks, who wanted higher wages and less work, and thought he might help them to get what they wished for, nobody listened to him. But they went in crowds to see a conjurer, and to hear a man who lectured on blue china, and another who made them a long

oration about intricate and obscure texts in a certain old dramatic book. And I think that, in those days, if it had not been for the sweet and gracious song of the fairy bird, which he carried about always in his bosom, the poet would have become very heart-sick and desponding, indeed. I do not quite know what it was that the bird sang, but it was something about the certainty of the advent of wisdom, and of the coming of the perfect day; and the burden of the song was, hope for all the nations of earth. Because every beautiful and wise thought that any man conceives is the heritage of the whole race of men, and an earnest and fore-gleam of what all men will, some day, inviolably hold for true. And, forasmuch as poets are the advanced guard of the marching army of humanity, therefore they are, necessarily, the first discoverers and proclaimers of the new landscapes and ranges of Duties and Rights that rise out of the horizon, point after point and vista after vista, along the line of Progress. For the sonnet of the poet, to-day, is to furnish the key-note of the morrow's speech in Parliament, as that which yesterday was song is to-day the current prose of the hustings, the pulpit and the market. Wherefore, O poet, take heart for the world; thou, in whose utterance speaks the inevitable Future. Who art thyself God's prophecy and covenant of what the race at large shall one day be! Sing thy songs, utter thine whole intent, recount thy vision, though to-day no one heed thee, thou hast nevertheless spoken, and the spoken word is not lost. Every true thought lives, because the Spirit of God is in it, and when time is ripe it will incarnate itself in action. Thou, thou art the creator—the man of thought. Thou art the pioneer of the ages!

Somewhat in this wise sang the fairy bird, and thereby the poet was comforted, and took courage, and lifted up his voice and his apocalypse. And, though people cared to hear, and many jeered, and some rebuked, he minded only that all he should say might be well said, and be as perfect and wise and worthy as he could make it. And when he had finished his testimony he went forth from the gates of the town and began once more to traverse the solitudes of moor and forest.

But, now the winter had set in over the land, and the wastes were bleak, and the trees stood like pallid ghosts, sheeted and shrouded in snow; and the North wind moaned across the open country, and the traveler grew cold and weary. Then he spoke to the bird and said, "Bird, when I and my companions set out on our journey from the land beyond the sunset, the Princess promised us each a guide, who should bring us back in safety, if only we would faithfully heed his monitions. Where then is this guide? for hitherto I have walked alone, and have seen no leader."

And the bird answered, "O, poet, I, whom thou bearest about in thy bosom, am that guide and monitor! I am thy director, thine angel, and thine inward light. And to each of thy companions a like guide was vouchsafed, but the man of appetite drove away his monitor, and the man of intellect did even worse, for he gave over to death his friend and his better self. Gold against dross, the wisdom of the Gods against the knowledges of men! But thou, poet, art the child of the Gods, and thou alone shalt again behold with joy the land beyond the sunset, and the face of Her whose true servitor and knight thou art!"

Then the traveler was right glad, and his heart was lifted up, and, as he went, he sang. But, for all that, the way grew steeper to his feet, and the icy air colder to his face; and on every hand there were no longer meadows and orchards full of laboring folk, but glittering snow wreaths, and diamond-bright glaciers, shining hard and keen against the deeps of darkening space; and, at times, the roar of a distant avalanche shook the atmosphere about him, and then died away into the silence out of which the sound had come. Peak above peak of crystal-white mountain ranges rose upon his sight, massive and still, and awful, terrible affirmations of the verity of the Ideal. For this world of colossal heights and fathomless gulfs, of blinding snows, of primeval silence, of infinite revelation, of splendid light upon manifold summits of opal, topaz and sardony. All seemed to him the witness and visible manifestation of his most secret and dreadful thoughts. He had seen these things in his vision; he had shaped them in his hid-

den reveries ; he had dared to believe that such a region as this might be—nay, ought to be—if the universe were of Divine making. And now it burst upon him, an apocalypse of giant glories, an empire of absolute being, independent and careless of human presence, affirming itself eternally to its own immeasurable solitudes.

“I have reached the top and pinnacle of life,” cried the poet ; “this is the world wherein all things are made !”

And now, indeed, save for the fairy bird, he trod his path alone. Now and then great clouds of mist swept down from the heights, or rose from the icy gorges, and wrapped him in their soft gray folds, hiding from his sight the glittering expanse around him, and making him afraid. Or, at times, he beheld his own shadow—a vast and portentous Self—projected on the nebulous air, and looming in his pathway, a solitary monster threatening him with doom. Or yet, again, there arose before him, multiplied in bewildering eddies of fog-wreath, a hundred spectral selves, each above and behind the other, like images repeated in reverberating mirrors—his own form, his own men, his own garb and aspect—appalling in their omnipresence, maddening in their grotesque immensity as the goblins of a fever dream. But, when first the traveler beheld this sight, and shrank at it, feeling for his sword, the fairy bird at his breast sang to him, “Fear not, this is the Chimæra of whom the Princess spoke. You have passed unhurt the sirens, the ogres, and the hydraheaded brood of plain and lowland. Now, meet with courage this phantom of the heights. Even now thou standest on the confines of the land beyond the sunset. These are the dwellers on the border, the specerès who haunt the threshold of the farther world. They are but shadows of thyself, reflections cast upon the mists of the abyss, phantoms painted on the veil of the sanctuary. Out of the void they arise, the offspring of Unreason and of the Hædan Night.”

Then a strong wind came down from the peaks of the mountains like the breathing of God, and it rent the clouds assunder, and scattered the fog-wreaths, and blew the phantoms hither and thither like smoke ; and like smoke

they were extinguished and spent against the crags of the pass. And after that the poet cared no more for them, but went on his way with a bold heart, until he had left behind and below him the clouds and mists of the ravines among the hills, and stood on the topmost expanse of dazzling snow, and beheld once more the golden gate of the Land that lies beyond the Sun.

But of his meeting with the Princess, and of the gladness and splendor of their espousals, and of all the joy that he had, is not for me to tell, for these things, which belong to the chronicles of that fairy country, no mortal hand in words of human speech is in any wise able to relate. All that I certainly know and can speak of with plainness is this, that he obtained the fullness of his heart's desire, and beyond all hope, or knowledge, or understanding of earth, was blessed for evermore.

And now I have finished the story of a man who saw and followed his Ideal, who loved and prized it, and clave to it above and through all lesser mundane things. Of a man whom the senses could not allure, nor the craving for knowledge, nor the lust of power, nor the blast of spiritual vanity, shake from his perfect rectitude and service. Of a man who, seeing the good and the beautiful way, turned not aside from it, nor yielded a step to the enemy ; in whose soul the voice of the inward Divinity no rebuke, nor derision, nor neglect could quench ; who chose his part and abode by it, seeking no reconciliation with the world, not weakly repining because his faith in the Justice of God distanced the sympathies of comen men. Every poet has it in him to imagine, to comprehend, and desire such a life as this ; he who lives it canonizes his genius, and, to the topmost manhood of the Seer, adds the Divinity of Heroism.

ANNA KINGSFORD, M. D., Paris.

Wakefield, Mass.—I did not understand your reading when I first read it, but the more I ponder over it the more golden truths I find in it. Your soul prophesied truly of my future. I want to know more. How incomplete I feel.

C. A. B.

CLOSING WORDS

Of an Address, Delivered to the First Initiates into the
Gnostic Society.

In seeking to restore this method of arriving at the truth, through our intuitions, we have every reason to believe and know that we have been led by the Ancient Gnostic Fathers.

In the strangest and most incredible ways, we, who are thus laboring, have been led together. Everything that man can do in this age to confound and prevent us in this work, has been done.

But, once again the truth is founded on that rock, against which the gates of hell cannot prevail. Former methods have had their day. It is now time for the gospel of interpretation once more to appear on the earth.

The new heaven and earth has already commenced. Nothing can now stop the advancement to power and influence of the spirit and method of the Gnostic. In various parts of the world the same light is bursting through the black clouds of ignorance. We toil not alone. Many noble fellow-workers hold out to us hands of brotherly greeting and generous fellowship. Those who have sat so long in darkness, have seen a great light. For all to whom this knowledge has come it is the great day of the Lord. Heaven has come down to earth. The cry has gone forth, Behold! the bridegroom cometh. The harps shall no longer hang silent on the willows. Songs of joy and gladness burst forth on every hand. As yet we have nothing to boast of externally. Our little unpretentious hall here will seem to be nothing with the great temples that stand for the gospel of creed and dogma. But well do we know that they shall decrease; we must increase. The temples we find are the bodies and souls of our students. Our reward is in your joy, and new-born enthusiasm. What care we for the misinterpretations of ignorance, when all who accept these truths find that time flies by on golden wings, that life once more seems to be divine, and that they have found the last bowers of childhood, wherein faith has climbed to knowledge and prayer turned to praise.

With joyful hearts, then we turn toward the

future, receive you to-night as Fellow Gnostics.

This Society, we expect, will be the Parent of many more, while we wish carefully, to shun the arbitrary methods of past organization, we know that some method is essential. What ever we do in this direction our first and last aim will be never to interfere with the personal liberty of any one who enters this Society. We believe that if God made us he meant us, and that our first and highest duty is to belong to ourselves. We therefore demand of you no assent to any creed or system of bondage, but receive you into perfect, spiritual liberty.

We receive you in the name of God, our infinite Father and Mother. Not the anthropomorphic deity of the past, sitting on a great white throne, but the infinite soul that is through all in all, and over all the eternal truth, love and power, the divine heart of love that blossoms in every flower, and shines in every star, the celestial and all-radiant life in which we all live, move and have our being, and whose glory is only discerned through the vision of the soul. We receive you also in the name and spirit of Christ. Not the Christ of history; not the Christ of tradition; not the Christ of Calvary—an innocent and bleeding victim, suffering for the sins of the guilty—but that true Christ of every human soul; the birth in us of the divine life; the recovery of the knowledge of the soul that enables us to confound the wisdom of this world—the baptism and enthusiasm of physical and spiritual regeneration—the gethsemena of strife through which we bring our human will into harmony with the divine and central will of the spirit and the crucifixion, or death of the body in order to be resurrected into the life of the soul, to make known this esoteric meaning of Christianity is pre-eminently the work of this society of the Gnostics.

We receive you, also, in the name of humanity. Not humanity cabined, cribbed and confined with the dogma of an orthodox fear and spiritualist limitations, but to an ideal humanity, set free from every bond through the liberty of the spirit. It is written, ye are Gods. We believe that we are divine, and that we may do in the body all that has been done by

the spirit out of the body. We therefore study the occult; the knowledge of those laws by which we may heal the sick; annihilate time and space and live at will either in the visible or invisible world.

We receive you in the name of Truth. Not the truth of Methodism, or of barbarism; not the truth of Spiritualism or of materialism; not the truth even of Buddhism or of Christianity, but the truth wherever it may be found in every system. Our Bible is the sacred and inspired writings of every age and people.

We have commenced to establish a library containing all the choice books of an occult and inspired character. This will be our Bible. We receive you not simply into our society but into the communion of all saints, and the recognition and love of all that is worthy, whether in heaven or earth. We say no one has worshiped half enough; no one has begun to think how divine he himself is. The spiritual communion we seek is not a message from some dead grandmother, uncle or aunt, or even father, mother or child, but to come in the spiritual rapport with the entire world of spirit—to feel even here a foretaste of that Nirvana which we seek; to rise into that divine love and universal life that makes us to feel all love, share all joy and know all truth.

Though our numbers are small and means limited, we have hitched our wagon to the stars; we have enlisted on the side of victory. The truth we teach is that which is plumb to the law of gravitation, old as eternity, and large as space. There is no flower that blows that does not adorn it; no star that shines that does not proclaim it; no wind that blows that does not whisper it; no river that flows nor tide that swells that do not bear it on their fluid footsteps forward to its eternal victory.

FORMATION OF THE Gnostic SOCIETY.

INITIATION, EXERCISES, ETC.

Gnostic Hall never seemed so happily magnetized as on Wednesday evening last. What with its blue-tinted walls, rich, warm arras and carpets and the stands of fragrant flowers, it took on a new beauty. Two well-executed

paintings by Miss Penniman, a member of the school, were placed in good light upon the stage easels. One, a beautiful figure rising from the sea, was mythological and had reference to the soul. The other a vase of geraniums.

The audience consisted of about fifty guests, who came to witness the initiation of a dozen students into the Gnostic Society.

Much interest was manifested, this being the first movement of the kind on the Pacific Coast.

The number should have been thirteen, but one lady withdrew for the present. Mrs. Kimball, however, included herself in the mystic number.

It is noteworthy that the band was composed entirely of women.

At 8 o'clock the curtain was raised, and from behind the ante-room portiere, the twelve ladies filed out and down into the hall, where they occupied a semi-circle of chairs.

With two exceptions the initiates were elegantly arrayed in white dresses, with corsage bouquets of natural flowers.

Professor George Chainey occupied a chair on the stage, while Mrs. Kimball, in a tasteful toilet of white nun's veiling and lace, was seated to his right.

The gentleman, after explaining the operations of the Society, its prospects two months ago, and the surprising success attending it, proceeded to address the class. He enlarged upon the possibilities of the Gnostic Association, and elucidated many not-generally understood points, concerning what the people are pleased to speak of, as the new religion. He spoke of the earnest purposes of life, the necessity of possessing one's self; of attaining to the highest self-possession; declaring that no one person nor set of beings have a monopoly of wisdom; that every student should, herself become knowledge and so attain the Divine; that the soul, the perceiver and revealer of truth, may be so unfolded as to enable us to even here, enjoy a foretaste of the blessed Nirvana; and that by spiritual culture we may reach out and touch and influence for good, our friends at a distance. His remarks were impressive, en-

couraging and glorious. He asked each disciple to give some expression of the hope that was within her, concerning this faith, which was done intellectually and happily. He, in conclusion, took each one by the hand, welcoming them all as Fellows, uttering telling remarks the while.

Mrs. Kimball then extended them welcome, in an inspirational address. She at first seemed overcome by the solemnity and grandeur of the occasion, for it was the realization of her prayer and dream, and hope of twenty years. However, she soon regained her mastery of eloquence, and was listened to with spell-bound attention.

While Professor Chainey had led them in physical training and oratory, and by Sunday Lectures, she had for two or three months been their intimate companion and instructor in psychic culture, psychometry and mind cure.

In touching humility, she spoke of herself as simply a fellow-student with them, and gave those intellectual ladies grateful thanks for having by their intelligence, sympathy, quick perception and loving communion, aided her spiritual advance. She talked entrancingly of the possibilities of the soul, even unto the joy that comes of sorrow and suffering, of the soul's communication of truth, when it passes into and becomes the being whom it enlightens, of the baptism that would now bring them into a close walk with God; that each one was in her at-oneness with the Divine, her own Savior, her own soul, her only mediator; that with the quickening of the spirit, the new influx of light, and power, the inspiration and ecstasy they will realize the Kingdom of God within them.

The gifted speaker's pearls of thought ran along so rapidly that one could not remember all, but the earnest initiates wore shining countenances and assimilated the beautiful truths she proclaimed. Following her address Mrs. Hill improvised the following poetic tribute to her instructor, Mrs. Kimball:

"BE PERFECT IN SPIRIT."

Be perfect in spirit thou hast said,
Knowest thou all it implies?
To drink of the cup, e'en its dregs,
In sorrow and tears purified;

In Gethseme's garden to walk,
To surrender all earthly ties.
Has thy soul caught "the gleam of eternity's sun"
That be perfect in spirit implies?

O, teach us, if so, that we, too,
May stand on the heights all alone,
Till the echo of words thou hast spoken
Fills our soul with its musical tone;
Till our faltering steps are strengthened,
By the gleam thou hast caught of the sun;
And more perfect each day, we answer,
Though alone the heights are won.

Miss Aylesworth then gave a recitation,
"The Song of the Mystic."

Mrs. Cramer added an original poem,
"Could We but See and Know."

Mrs. Flagg's selection was, "God is Nowhere."

Mrs. Parker gave Edwin Arnold's "Secret of Death."

Mrs. Aylesworth's recitation was, "The Spirit of Nature," and Mrs. Clark concluded with a recital of "Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer."

The ladies acquitted themselves creditably. A half hour was then spent in a social way, and everybody seemed very happy.

A PRAYER.

Spirit, source of all being,
My soul turns to thee.
O, Father, All Seeing,
Thy grace set me free.
From night
Unto light,
O, show me the way
Which still leads to Thee.

From doubt and perplexity
That circles my life,
From anguished complexity
Of earth's toil and strife.
Thy kindness
My blindness

Make haste to relieve,
And illumine my life.

From thy wisdom's immensity,
Lord, give me large part.
Let thy love, with intensity,
Glow in my heart,
Upholding,
Unfolding

My soul to thy sight,
My heart to thy heart.

Great source of my being,
My soul turns to thee.
Imploring,
Adoring,
Thy care over me,
Entreating
Thy care over me.

HELEN L. SUMNER,

811 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

THE Gnostic.

*A twenty-four page Monthly Magazine,
Devoted to*

*Theosophy, Spiritualism, Occult Phenomena and
the Cultivation of the Higher Life.*

Publishers and Editors:

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MAGIC.

Mysterious word, eloquent with the wonders of the mighty past, the unsolved problems of to-day, and the brightest hopes of the world's to-morrow; the trust of the wise and the fear of the ignorant; as deep as hell and as high as heaven; including, at once, that which is divinest and most diabolical in the life of man, in thy fascinating realm. Magic is the sphinx of history. Wrongly interpreting her riddle, she slays us. Rightly solved, the strange mystery of life is unravelled, and victory, hence for the smiles. Magic is the true science of religion. The magicians of the world have been its redeemers. Those who have risen above the common level of mankind, like mountains, towering above the plains, whose brows have been wreathed with the light of eternal truth, while all others were shrouded in the darkness of error, have known and practiced magic. The debris of magical power is all that remains worth mentioning of the past. The Bibles of the world have been preserved at an immense cost of life and labor, because they contain rare and radiant gems of magical truth. Magic is the one window a kind providence has placed in the prison-house of time through which we may cheer ourselves, with a glimpse into eternity.

The study of magic is the study of that

world that lies out of the reach of our material senses. The practice of magic is the achievement of results through invisible means. Of course, this can be either good or evil. Still, I think it would be nearer the truth to speak of the latter as sorcery. Originally, the term magic, related only to what was good; and it is the confounding of magic with sorcery that has made it repellant to even good and sincere people. The word magic is derived from the Ancient Sanscrit Mahajz, meaning the great, one anointed with divine wisdom. The chief priests of Zoroastrianism were called the Magi, meaning the anointed.

The ancient Gnostics in all their lodges and schools made magic their chief study. They also taught that these truths, or laws of the invisible world, were communicated first to man by certain angels or planetary spirits. This same truth to-day is taught by the Mahatmas of the East.

Now, there is a great deal of error prevalent in reference to magic. Some have supposed that it simply related to communion with elemental spirits. Others have thought that a magician is one who retires from the world in order to study and practice occult science for his own selfish unfoldment. Such a one is a sorcerer, not a magician. The very nature of the word magic is synonymous with that of Christ, and means soul strength and soul wisdom, or the divine anointing.

Magic is spiritual wisdom, warm and invigorating to the mind and heart, as the rays of the sun are to the earth. The study of magic is all that can give you a solid plane for your feet to rest on in the cultivation of religion. If you neglect this then whether you are in the church or out of it, you are simply Agnostics, or know-nothings, until such time as you come, as true Gnostics, to the knowledge of your own soul, and so to a knowledge of those laws that underlay the realm of invisible existence. To do this you must know yourself.

The reason so many enter the path only to stumble and fall is because they come without the requisite preparation. He who would fight against and prevail over the principalities of the air, must be armed at all points, and able to look behind as well as before. This is

the meaning of Simon, Son of Jonas, or Janus, upon whom the Christ founds, the church against which the gates of hell cannot prevail; Janus looks before and behind. This is the reason for calling the opening month of the new year, when we look before and after, January. Whoever would conquer the dwellers on the threshold of invisible existence must be armed with a two-edged sword, having a stout heart as well as an aspiring spirit. The central sin of the physical system, the solar plexus, must burn up strong and bright, sending its light through all the body before we can endure the lonely watches of the soul's search to know herself, and so recover the memory of her former experiences. This means that we must be impelled in our search for spiritual wealth by strong and fervent sympathy for our great human brotherhood, as well as by hunger and thirst for personal, spiritual life and power for ourselves. One of the best methods to gain this is through such physical culture as I have urged so frequently upon your attention. So many are cabined, cribbed, confined and bound hand and foot in the dark prison-house of sense by all sorts of physical strictures, forged by conventional living and years of selfishness, and painful corroding, self-consciousness. These barriers must be broken down; the prison door must be thrown open.

It is true, physical education has other and higher relation to soul or divine magic than many dream. We say, of some people, they are magnetic. This means they are larger than themselves. By some subtle power they seem to reach out and touch us with an invisible aura. This is akin to magic. A result is achieved without too many visible ends. There are, of course, laws underlying this power, known to certain persons. But those who know them as a science, and can apply them to the culture in others of this power are as yet comparatively few. We know more about why we are warmed by a senseless stone than by a living, breathing, conscious man or woman. The reason for this is not sufficient to find. To explain the laws that underly this subtle power is almost impossible, save by repeated illustrations and experiments in the workshop or the school-room.

The master artist cannot teach you how to make a statue in a lecture. But if you will enter his school, follow day after day, week after week, month after month, his instructions, he will enable you to take the rough, unsightly block of marble, and free from it the angel or hero it contains. So, only by such teachableness, can you be taught how to unfold the perfect and God-like physical form. This study and work is all based on the principle, that physical magnetism is developed by freeing the individual from all that prevents him from being the mirror of universal laws—that is the true image of God. It was not alone thousands of years since, that the Gods said: "Let us make man in our own image." They have been saying it every minute since. While it is true, that the perfection of the outward form is the work of the spirit, it is equally true, that after long living on the material plane, you can only return to the Spirit or Father of your being, by getting on your feet physically.

By perfect, physical praise we proclaim the perfection of divine rectitude, declaring that the statues of the Lord are right—delighting the eyes. By perfect learning, we exercise the omnipotence of mind, which, in its grasp, encompasses the wide horizon of human thought. By weight that is revealed in the ease and self-possession of our movements we reflect the omnipotent power that holds the universe in its grasp. If we cannot yet be magicians wielding the thunderbolts of invisible power, we can become personally magnetic, by bringing our bodies into universal law. He that is faithful over these few talents of the physical body will soon be made ruler over those mightier faculties of soul. To him that hath, shall be given, while from him that hath not, shall be taken that which he has. If we cannot yet penetrate into the holy of holies the inner asylum of spiritual power and return to the world with face radiant with celestial light, we can at least clean out the outer court of the temple, and make it possible for us when we do enter the inner sanctuary to go with clean hands.

Then, before you ascend into the hill, that is, undertake to be a magician, see that your own body is every whit whole—a true temple

of the spirit. Many, in these days, need to be reminded of the injunction, "Physician, heal thyself."

In this sudden revival of magical knowledge, many, like fools, rush in where angels fear to tread. I hope the time will soon come, when in this Gnostic school the highest gifts of magical power will be known and used. But our first aim is to prepare the way of the Lord. I commend the study of magic to all, because this is the known ledge that sustains, by making assurance doubly sure.

While the eye sees and the ear hears and the heart feels the realities of the invisible world, you can endure hardness as a good soldier, when you would, otherwise, falter and faint. He who would cross the threshold of the astral world safely into the soul-world must first be blind to the allurements of sense, because his mind is polarized to the greater joys of the spirit.

Let no one undertake the study of magic, the cultivation of soul-power from any other motive. If you are simply interested in these things as a curious study or as a means of astonishing the world, making money, or revenging yourself on an enemy, then, instead of becoming a God, you become a devil, instead of obtaining life you sentence yourself to eternal death. The only motive in which it is safe to enter the path is to lift yourself and humanity out of the pains and limitations of sense and time into the joys and infinity of spirit.

To become a true magician is to enter into the life of the spirit, to make atonement between our human and divine life. He who dwells in the spirit becomes one with God, and is, indeed, a Divine Magician. He can now see all that is written in the astral light, and so is omniscient. He now can transmit his thought at will, and heal the sick in any part of the world, and so, is truly omnipotent. Such are Mahatmas, divine magicians. They are the health and the light of the world. They stand daily at our doors and knock, seeking to come in and instruct us in the mysteries of the spiritual life. They bring with them the baptism of fire that is of spirit.

If you would have such a master, you must first become as a little child. This means the

refining of your body, and next the study and development of your latent psychical faculties sufficient to enable you to feel your need to seek and find this higher instruction. To furnish this preliminary education is the work of this school. We know that our feet are on the truth. We know this is indeed the rock on which the soul builds its secure haven, and against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

Enter the path! there is no grief like hate,
No Pains like passions, no deceit like sense.

Enter the path! Far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offense.

Enter the path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst; there bloom the immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy; there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours.

TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS.

This is the title of one of the most remarkable books we have ever read. It embodies what we believe to be much of the rarest and noblest philosophy of this and all ages. We make the following extracts: "He who limits things by his own narrow sense is a fool," says Hargrave Jennings, one of England's great Rosicrucians; and I say whoever limits the possible, shows his weakness and want of comprehension. We do not know what exists in nature. We know very little and that little is a damage to us save as it shows us our weakness, and the power and infinitude of the possible. * * * There is such

a thing as chemical affinity: and the earth being prepared by heat or in any other manner makes 'conditions' for new forms of vegetable to come into existence. The earth's atmosphere is ALL ALIVE WITH IDEAS, ideas of vegetables, animals and men, all waiting for favorable conditions that will enable them to be born into existence."

"It is the weakness of matter that compels it to lie dormant and still in one place; this it is which causes it to fall down when not supported. Gravitation is only another name for weakness. So it is with mind. That which is under law is weak, and the more materialistic the mind is the weaker it is, and the more bound by law. Mind is law, but the thing governed and moved is matter. To fulfill the

the law, then, to perfect the mind, and the matter under it; for law makes matter, and imparts every quality to it—motion, weight, buoyancy, etc. To the perfected mind all mundane things are under, or enclosed in it as a large circle encloses smaller ones. There is no such thing as perfecting nature—it is already perfect. Neither can an imperfect thing generate a perfect thing. The imperfect changes by rising up to, and receiving the perfect within itself. Thus the wise man works through nature, not against it; and mastering its modes, methods, laws and minds, transcends them all; and looking back, becomes a spectator rather than an actor. This is the fulfillment of law, or in other words, the being filled full of mind. For as we ascend in the scale of power, we become more and more involved, or enveloped in mind, which, penetrating through and through, illuminates the spirit, and gives buoyancy and fluidity, or malleability, to the matter composing the body: thus connecting it with other matter, to influence, control, mold and fashion it for use as one uses his hands.

* * * Mind is that which determines. Some minds are of no account; fate determines. The truly generated mind may, and does, regenerate the man, and endow him or her with supernatural power and immortal life here on this earth. That which ensues at the death of the body is simply generation, and not a regeneration; for in regeneration the body is changed in quality consciously, by the joining to it of the Divine Mind. There is no sleep or trance in this; it is effort; not physical, but mental effort, in the destruction of things that disturb the mental harmony.

“Revelation may be known by it imparting a great satisfaction, rest or joy to man. Joy is prolific, since it is the feminine of ideas. As revelation drives away ignorance, so joy drives away sorrow—or prepares the mind to resist sorrow, and to be self-sustaining in its completeness—to stand calm and tranquil amid life’s changing scenes, and be content and happy despite adversity. Temperance in all things is revealed as the source of health, and immediately is seized upon by the mind, and when it has grown apace, continence, the feminine of it, is evolved. And they two drive away in-

temperance and concupiscence. When this is accomplished the mind is as clear as a polished mirror. The turbid waters of selfishness and lust have subsided, and justice, stripped of vindictiveness, stands revealed as mercy, and becomes the ruling power of the mind. Then comes communion, the feminine of justice, and injustice and covetousness flee away. There is now no feeling of ‘mine and thine’ left in the mind. All things are pure, and all things are common. The communion of the sexes, of races, of spirits, angels and gods is effected, and the mind trembles with its fullness upon the confines of absolute truth or oneness of being. The soul has now ascended to the seventh sphere, and is pregnant with male and female twins—the Truth of Good, and the Good of Truth,’ which, in due time, are born into the conscious mind, whereupon deceit and envy take their departure. In the light of truth all distinctions and differences disappear, and all things are good. But this light reveals another light—dimly seen at first—far away upon the backgrounds of the soul—fitful and fleeting, obscured by passing shadows, it grows brighter and comes nearer—an immortal light, in the centre of which is the germ of another life—of an immortal substance called the ‘tree of life.’ It slowly enters into the mind, and, descending from thence, enters into and transforms the changeable matter into a substance at once homogeneous and not particled. The man is no longer in light and in life, but light and life are in him. The infinite is no longer without and far away, but it is within; not divided and separated from him, but the integral part of all being—tangible, visible and intelligible. The impossible does not belong to this life, and flees away upon its approach, or is not. The darkness and ignorance which forms the background of the soul, in which we are hidden from ourselves, has been withdrawn, and we are revealed as the oversoul itself, containing all life and forms within. We are no longer involved in law or mind, for we contain all of these, and are conscious thereof. And we use them as we now do our hands and feet. Man is master of all his soul embraces. This is the proper generation of the mind, wherein the body and spirit are regenerated. To such death

is not, for death is a weakness. The institutions of a ripened mind are as broad and deep as the universe, but those of a small or unripe mind are weak and shallow. Hence the necessity of mutual culture—not in the acquisition of earthly knowledge, but in the effort to grasp creative power—philosophy, astronomy, etc., in their broadest and deepest aspects. Philosophy is the highest of all studies. It wings the soul. Truth is so little known that it is folly to waste words in argument; but speculate, think, entertain and master all ideas thereto; imagine, grasp at the infinite Mind, and bring it into yourself, for in the effort the mind expands, stretches out and grows. What if you accept an error to-day? You can change your opinion to-morrow! Above all things, beware of fossilization.

“Jesus did not teach worship, but manhood, as a divine thing. He taught salvation as flowing from works, and not from his merits or blood, or from the worship of him, or anything else but principle. He taught the influence and value of belief. He said he was the bread of life; to eat thereof was to be immortal. Now, the truth is, he was teaching the same thing I am trying to illustrate, and his apostles got it mixed up and distorted, in order to deify him. He said the bread of life came from heaven, and also that the kingdom of God is within you. He also spoke of another birth, and of sight, as a result of that birth. Baptism with water is a symbol of purification, in order to the reception of another baptism, viz., that of fire. The baptism with water is typical of the softening and the making tender (as the seed) the natural mind, so that it may expand or revolve in its growth towards rationality. The softened, tender, sympathetic, opening mind, inhales the fragrance of another life, and it buds, blossoms and bears fruits which are a blessing to all. Its blossoms are a sight of the kingdom of God, and its fruit is an entering into the spirit of all truth, and the birth of a divine body, indestructable and eternal. Bathing assists the will in the healing of the body, and in the subduing of the heat of passion. Water opens the pores of the body—belief opens the mind; the first for the reception of magnetism (spirit), and the latter for the recep-

tion of ideas, which are, indeed, of the soul (Holy Ghost).

“This is the building up of a divine body of a supernatural substance, from the atmosphere of a thought-world. We need not die if we only know how to live. * * * The Hermetic philosophers—the Alchemists and the Rosicrucians—have all believed in and taught the doctrine of eternal youth, and sought for the ‘philosopher’s stone,’ and the ‘elixir of life;’ and Jesus taught that life was within the kingdom of heaven, which ‘is within you,’ and laid the foundation stone—BELIEF.”

THE Gnostic SCHOOL OF PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

In the last number of THE Gnostic, we spoke of the importance of establishing a School for Psychic Culture. We thought then that it would be at least a year before we could commence to fulfill this needed desire.

Mrs. Kimball, however, had organized some classes for the study of mind cure, psychometry, and other soul faculties.

Happening to speak, one Sunday, of the relation of physical faculties to psychic, and the importance of founding a school based on the Hermetic law, as is the outer so is the inner. Friends said, why not start it now? The promise was made to do so, should a dozen pupils come forward.

As twice that number volunteered immediately, the hall was rented and the school started the next week. The first term opened August 31st, and closed October 23d.

The second term opens November 9th and will close December 24th. During the last term, classes have met each morning, during five days of the week and three evenings. The course of study includes physical culture, oratory, dramatic art, reading prose, poetry and dramatic, æsthetic art, gesture and dramatic action, art criticism, original authorship, psychometry, metaphysical healing and the unfolding of psychic faculties.

During the term, a free, public meeting has been given every Wednesday afternoon, at which, under Mrs. Kimball’s direction, the class have healed many sick, gratuitously, and

revealed remarkable psychometric gifts. Two public entertainments have also been given, at which the pupils have revealed, to the delight of their friends, the wonderful progress they have made in the other branches of study.

Many who had never read a line in public, nor ever dreamed of making a speech, are now both good readers and speakers. In this way we hope to educate many teachers and lecturers for our Gnostic Society.

At the last morning service for the term, each pupil made a speech to the school, confirming, with tears of joy and most vivid enthusiasm, the great good received from the instructions, physically, mentally and spiritually. Could any approximate idea be given of the benefits received, Gnostic Hall would not hold the pupils seeking admission next term.

A circular will be sent, giving further particulars, to any one desiring them. But please don't send out of mere curiosity, as we have no time or stamps to throw away. If you are sick and want to be well, ignorant and want to be wise, at unrest in your spirit and want to feel your feet on the eternal rocks, to grasp fully the meaning and possibilities of life and see the way clearly before you, and can devote a little time and means to this end, then write to us and we will gladly counsel with you as to what can be done for you, more fully.

“KNOW THYSELF.”

The oldest religious philosophy of the world teaches that there is nothing higher than the attainment of the knowledge of the self. This self is the Veda, the silent thinker, or inmost source of all thought. To recover conscious memory of this eternal one, is the summit of all spiritual knowledge. We cannot know our real self until, by earnest culture, we become conscious of pure being, and rest in it “*The Over Soul.*” A wise proverb says: “God comes to us without bell.” In our teachable states, we lie open to the deeps of our spiritual nature, and knowledge flows in upon all our outward being, knowledge of ourselves; for to know self is to know the source of being, and to act in harmony with it. Will-culture is the royal ladder, anchored in this eternal veri-

ty, reaching to every soul. To increase your consciousness of this truth, expand the soul by action, and in some avenue where good results to all who share your purposes or the fruit of your deeds. This is merit, it is expansive. Demerit is contractive, narrowing, shortening. To become conscious of your spirit, to recover intuitive memory of its past experiences, cultivate will. Will is, if used in the right direction, positiveness—productiveness on planes of goodness. “He that doeth the will” hath the results.

I know we may recall the experiences of past lives, as readily as we do those of our life here, by continuity of will, clingingness to our Spirit in whom all knowledge is treasured and all spiritual gifts, as bloom and fruit are hidden within the bud. The true illuminati are the soul illumined or inspired. Seership is a mental faculty, attained by the centralization of the outer with the inner; it is the fruit of the spirit, the Ineffable One.

The power of healing diseases, called Mind-cure, is the first bloom of aspiration Heavenward, combined with action and a sympathetic wish to bless. He who loves humanity can claim kinship with God, aye, and hold sweet converse with God in the deeps of his own all-healing, intuitive, mediative soul.

To become a mind-cure healer, cultivate activity of the nervous system and its source, the brain. Meditate often upon the central cause of all outward phenomena, think, read, study and fix your thoughts upon the spirit within you, and the soul will begin to do its work: to impress the outer how to heal. The will needs such an incentive to its culture. Every effort we make in this direction doubles our power of goodness; this power is latent in all forms, and unconsciously expressed in all at times. Socrates said: “They who have knowledge, know that the soul is absolutely bound up in the body and glued fast to it, compelled to survey the things that *really exist* through it, as through the bars of a dungeon; and that she is wallowing in all ignorance as in a mire, not aware that the strength of her prison comes through her own desires, so that she conspires to her own captivity.” To release the soul from this prison-house, make it one of the halls

of learning, the mind should encourage her to retire into herself, and think and act for herself, believing none other, for the sin of the soul consists in making the material the real in the loss of intuitive reason or memory, whereby she knows she may have boundless freedom, with an unlimited range of faculties, no longer a subject, but earth's rightful sovereign. Such liberty "the sons and daughters of God" enjoy, and have in all ages. Such are the adepts of all countries. To "know thyself" is to know this as the perfect path.

A. K.

SOUL-CURE HEALING AND PSYCHOMETRY.

The ancient Gnostics healed by command by their divine will, never by imploring and supplication. Real power is repose, confidence, satisfaction, belief in the possibility of doing all you wish or see as essential to be done. To the perfect man, there is no knowledge but that which is each hour revealed to the outer from the eternal verity of self in Heaven. To be perfect, give yourself not up to please others. Be yourself, think for yourself. Build from your own revelations which the Supreme Architect reflects for you. Secure your own respect, and the respect and trust of others is certain. We are the creators of our own laws; they are our interpretations, our acts; they flow from the ego of the spirit, the central will. Perfect man was the elohim of God—the first emanation of the central sun. Imperfect beings are fallen gods. Every thought and act that debases us debases God, clouds the pure white ray that unites us to the primal cause. Our Masters know how to create men. They will teach us how to become perfect, to turn all base metals into gold that has been refined by love, and dissolved in its own divine flame. Spirit obeys mind, and mind is directed by a well-trained will. Continuity is intensity. Fix the mind upon the ideal man you would become, and believe you can attain. 'Tis this inward effort by will that achieves, not outward acts. Will burns out all the dross within our bodies. Our own will is an accumulation of power within. This fire is

kindled by centrativeness in one ray—convergence to it, not divergence from it.

The will is the magical power in soul-cure, and we cannot have a perfect will without a perfect body. To those who live the life, walk in the perfect way, the incitement to all such works is loving sympathy for the sick, a desire to scatter light and knowledge of the true way to happiness. The will is the handmaiden of God. It prepares the body to yield fruits sweet and life-giving, or death-dealing, for as the mind, or imagination, so is the garden of life. No prayers are answered, save those of will. We have power to be and to do, to be perfect—to do rational, natural deeds. Disease is unnatural, abnormal, degrading. "Will culture" is the royal ladder God reaches down to the soul, whose office is to create—make perfect. Purity feeds the soul, will evolves the fire-mist, to quicken latent energies. The way once learned, the heights once ascended, thought comes upon us like the dew upon the flower. The spirit, under the control of will, can travel any distance—produce any effect desired. Healing the sick seems its natural ministry. Cultivate and expand the soul, for she is the greatest of magicians. The great souled are our natural physicians.

A. K.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

EDITORS OF THE Gnostic: I have just received the first copy of your paper, and hasten to congratulate you upon its appearance and matter. It has the true ring, and your courage, culture and experience cannot fail to meet a glorious reward.

The interest in Spiritualism is widening and deepening. Every convert is a missionary, and he seldom returns to us without bringing friends.

Our recruits are largely from the old and established churches, and in our ranks are found hundreds who were, until quite recently, organized against us. Thus, the readers of such papers as the Gnostic, are constantly increasing, and I think you are particularly fortunate in your appeals to the public at this time. Your paper appears to me the overflow of a

rich culture and a warm heart. This is what we need; not mere *facts*, but *facts* told by those who feel them to be *facts*, and worth stating.

Many lines cannot better state my appreciation of your paper, your purposes and plans, kindly place me on your list of friends, and be assured I shall lose no opportunity to present your claims and add to your circulation.

Assuring you of my admiration and sympathy, believe me,

Your friend and co-worker,

M. E. WILLIAMS,
Editor of *Beacon Light*.

SAN JOSE, Cal.

DEAR MRS. KIMBALL: Many thanks for your very kind letter, which has impressed me very strongly with the faith, that you can lead me through the wilderness, in which I cower, even unto the beautiful land, in the "green pastures and beside the still waters."

The sweet bells of life are very much jangled, so much so, that I sometimes despair of ever receiving any harmony from their tones.

I intend to visit some friends in Oakland, soon, and will see you. I am strongly impressed with the necessity of going to you, sitting at your feet and learning "the Way, the Truth and the Life."

I feel that I must have help from some source or the over-drawn thread of vitality may snap asunder. I feel toward you, stranger as you are, that I could lay my head upon your lap and receive surcease from ails physical, spiritual and mental. I have asked the blessed powers to aid me, and I believe they will, but sometimes I feel that I have encountered a *dead wall*, upon my line of march, whose height is too great for climbing, whose depth for burrowing under is too deep, and whose hard impenetrability is too flinty for my piercing.

I do not intend to let go my hold of you, but shall persevere until I bring about the more permanent relationship of teacher and pupil, physician and patient.

With me (pardon my *personal* intrusion, which *must* seem egotism, but ISN'T),—the forms and chains of society and custom seem

often so very unjust and cruel. I beat the air for freedom; I feel through my veins, fiercely coursing, the blood of those heathen who are a law unto themselves, therefore, I suffer. I *am* an Oriental, who, through some mischance, perhaps the too rapid whirling of the planet, has missed the proper longitude by many degrees, and shivers in the West, without the Western covering to protect. I can well believe that my guardian is an Oriental. There are moments when I long fiercely for the heart of Africa, where my body may be undefiled of covering, and revel in the sun-heat and palpitating glory of the equator, never to encounter the chilling paralysis of the North and its icy customs, and *forms*, and *laws*, again.

I heard Mr. Chainey on "Walt. Whitman," and intend to have "Leaves of Grass."

I endorse his views upon Life and its issues, and duties.

Pardon my too free expression of the inner life. It is only what I feel, yet not the half.

Sincerely your friend,

CARRIE STEVENS WALTER.

LOS ANGELES, August 25th, 1885.

DEAR ANNA: A lovely visitor—THE GNOSTIC, the August Lotus—made me a surprise call a few days ago. Many thanks for this thoughtful courtesy. It is a beautiful Magazine! Its outer self of most esthetic, significant beauty—its inner self of esoteric, most significant truth. May its starry columns illumine

"Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
The noble eight-fold path."

I would gladly *become* a subscriber, but not one silver-made disc is mine to exchange for the silver-rayed GNOSTIC. If, without too great loss to you, at present, you could spare it to me till my earning-time return, I would then gratefully reimburse you with a golden half-eagle for a year's silver light. If you can send me a package of the prospectus it will be a pleasure to transmit them to some students of spiritual science, who may delight to open hospitable doors to this exquisite occult guest.

Your devout thoughts, and your co-workers' dauntless words, will be rays of truth to many a struggling soul; and I am glad to see the

field of work broadening before you. If, in your new "labor of love," tears sometimes fall, you can—

"Take comfort still in deeming there may be
A way for peace on earth through woes of ours."

Yes, the very woes of human hearts are "steps up to heaven." Who would not be willing to do and endure, to weep and work, and, *working*, to *wait*? That is the hardest trial of all, if only so there come to needy lives the light and truth, the comfort and strength they crave. Blessed be tears, if they bring light to the Path for any pilgrim-soul. And, thanks be to heavenly Law, true Light and true Love are growing in the world, and true Life, too.

With all my heart I say, "God speed THE Gnostic," and every hand that strives to help humanity in the great conflict with *kamarrupa*, so that each soul may more swiftly rise into life-saving oneness with its own eternal *Atma*.

Over Liddartha's last battle-ground
Bent mother-arms of the Bodhi-tree;
Comforted so, and shielded around,
He won his sublime soul-victory
By the might of his will won gloriously.

So every soul in its fateful fight
With Mara's minions, can have the shield
Of heavenly arms of Love and Light;
And so be strengthened to never yield,
But, by might of will, to win gloriously.

With love, and a prayer for your happiest success, believe me always

Yours Affectionately,

JENNIE LEYS.

MR. CHAINEY, Oakland, Cal.,—Dear Sir : Yours received ; also, the *two* copies of THE Gnostic, for which, in addition to the regular subscription price, receive *earnest* thanks.

I assure you that if any effort on my part can increase the list of subscribers, you can have my hearty co-operation, believing it to be a work well worthy the attention of progressive minds.

It came to me as a dear friend from the land of flowers, and, like them, may it bloom with increasing vigor from year to year, carrying upon its pages blossoms of truth and spiritual light.

I believe with your Bombay friend, that you

and Mrs. K— are rare examples of humanity.

May success attend your efforts is the desire of your friend and well-wisher.

MISS M. SMITH.

MY DEAR SISTER: Nay, I would like to address you as my mother, you have done me an immense service. When in your company I felt as if I were caressed by mother, sisters and brother. Your kindness puts me in mind of a dear friend of mine, who sat near me and fed me, with a tender heart, when I was traveling in Madras Presidency, India. She spread a plantain leaf before me, served all things on it specially prepared for me, and sat asking, "Do you like this? Do you like that thing? Eat well, don't feel shame. This is your house; we are your sisters and brothers." Kind and full of meaning as they were, these expressions touched my heart. I looked at her with watery eyes and downcast. Silence conveyed my gratitude. I could not speak, I bent my head and quietly withdrew.

Such was my state of mind when I called on you and Mr. Chainey. People talk of wickedness in the world. They have no eyes to see. They go far and wide in quest of adepts and Mahatmas. They don't know that such holy personages are located near, and close by in their neighborhood. Don't think I am flattering anyone. This is the outpouring of my conscious heart.

Mr. Chainey has no idea of the intense reverence and highest respect I have for him. He did it as his usual act of charity and benevolence. He has been exercising his disinterested philanthropy wherever he goes and towards whomsoever he meets. But it was a rare treat to me. How kind and generous was his action when he gave me his own bed and retired into another room. It is a great and singular trait in one's own character to quit his bed for the sake or gratification of another. God bless you both! You are my father and mother. I thank God that he has inspired me to visit this land of holiness and piety. You may forget me but your noble deeds have tied me with adamant chains.

GOPAL VINAYAK JOSHEE.

BOSTON, July 24, 1885.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter is most gladly received, also is the GNOSTIC, for which, many thanks. I know not well how to express my delight with the GNOSTIC. It is like a flash of light through a dark cloud—so fresh, so breezy, so full of hope, humanity and enthusiasm.

Materialism crowds us to the wall, and it sometimes seems as though all the affirmations of the soul must succumb to its icy hand. Strange to say that, although I am entirely unprepared to receive the mystic doctrines it hints at, and, to a certain extent, teaches, yet I feel myself greatly helped by the loving and courageous spirit shining through every page.

I cannot enough praise your lecture on Walt Whitman. Your thought, combined with his, has been with me in thousand associations ever since I read it. Dear Brother, go on. I bid you good speed. You are doing a glorious work by your spirit, and also by teaching people to think outside the much-worn ruts of tradition, and, what adds more to the worth of your teaching is, you are true to the doctrine of evolution, not trying to prove the past all wrong, and the instinct of generations past all bad, but you throw such light on the page of history as to enable the world to see the finger-points of history.

You may think it strange that I can say all this while yet all the visions you have are shut entirely from me. While I have my senses I shall pray earnestly to keep so free from bigotry that I can see and hail with gladness and brotherly love every earnest worker for humanity, such as I am fully assured you are. God bless you for your holy enthusiasm is the prayer of your appreciative and faithful friend,

C. W. EMERSON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The great anxiety and press of work upon us in the inauguration of our school, the fitting up and furnishing Gnostic Hall, and at the same time keeping up our Sunday lectures, has made us appear very negligent of the favors of our friends. Had we time, we would gladly write to all, personally. We take this opportunity of responding to a few:

S. P. P.—Letter received. Voucher sent. Will write soon.

J. P. H., Leicester, Eng.—We shall most gladly exchange.

ANGELIA, Piermont.—You are not forgotten, but you must try and feel our loving sympathy in the cold type.

WARREN, A. R.—Times are harder here and almost all work more crowded than in the East.

LYDIA, Evansville.—Money received and books sent. Love to father. Picture soon.

M. C. B., Cleveland—Your pains are written where, everyday, I turn to the leaf to read them. G. C.

M. A. G.—Your most kind remembrance received. The clouds are lifting. Will write soon. G. C.

S. M. C., Richburg.—You are often remembered. How goes the world with you?

MRS. M. E. W.—Will change ad. in our next.

E. F. W.—You can join our Society and receive books through the mail, on payment of \$5.00. We hope soon to come and do some work in your town.

SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Col.—Why do we receive no paper?

C. R.—Photos are delayed through having to use all our cash on Gnostic Hall. Be patient.

H. J. W., Athens.—Mrs. K.'s circulars are all out, and as she has no time to spare from her home labors in school, it is useless to print more.

JENNIE R., Boston.—For all, accept both our thanks. G. C. and A. K.

A. LANSDELL.—Delay caused by letter getting into wrong pigeon-hole.

P. H., Portland.—Subscriptions received. Hearty thanks. Pictures will be sent soon.

W. P., Perry Center.—Your kind remembrance gratefully received.

J. T. D., Eng.—No British agent at present; will have one soon.

F. C. A.—If any fail to receive the GNOSTIC, send full address and we will try again. Now is the time for Mrs. A. to come to California. The school would do her great good.

LITTLE JULIA LUND.—You are a seer; your pure soul reflects those lovely pictures. It will receive thoughts as you grow older from “the wise ones.” A. K.

A. N. B., Lancaster, Pa.—Please accept full reciprocity for “the Trinos” of all so kindly transmitted. A. K.

H. B. C., Santa Barbara.—Come and visit the metropolis of the Occident. What a long wait! A. K.

J. L.—I shall place my telescopic vision at the disposal of your *Guru* soon. A. K.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OUR DOUBLE.

With joy we once more present our shining face to our readers. We know many have grown impatient with our long silence—delay. But circumstances over which we had no control—a rush and change of events, entirely unexpected, demanding all our means and time elsewhere, have caused us to break the letter of our contract. We now make what expiation we can, by fulfilling the spirit, by sending you a double number laden with precious treasure.

We promised originally twenty-four pages. The first number contained twenty-six, the second thirty-two, and now forty, for September and October, makes exactly the twenty-four each month.

We are delighted that this larger space enables us to present our readers Mrs. Kingsford's charming fairy story for the times. I am sure all will pardon the delay for this alone.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

A remarkable little work under this title has been published in England. It has been republished in this country at fifty cents a copy. In order to give all our readers this work, we have decided to make our next appearance shortly before the holidays in a large, double number, including the whole of this work.

We intend to make this number of exceptional value; single copies will be twenty-five cents. As many will want extra copies, it will be well to order in advance, so that we may know how many to print.

INDEPENDENT PULPIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We announced that these would be entitled to one number in 1886, if, however, they give us the benefit of the four months' vacation, arranged for this year, they will be due on receipt of our next double number. As then, we shall be greatly in need of funds, we sincerely hope that each will send us one dollar for 1886.

If any can spare the money before, the favor will be appreciated.

GNOSTIC HALL.

In order to preserve ourselves from bankruptcy, by paying for furnished halls, we have furnished a hall for ourselves. A description of it will be found in a report by a member of our school, of our first initiation service into The Gnostic Society. Some of the friends have assisted us quite materially. We are still under a debt of about five hundred dollars. As this is quite a heavy load for us to carry we trust some of our readers will lend a hand. Any donation to this end will be thankfully received and acknowledged.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO PHILANTHROPISTS., ETC.

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The above notice has been sent us by a friend in the Old World, a life-long student of the Secret Doctrine and a member of several Occult Societies in Europe and Asia. We have been favored with a list of the books, and can assure all our readers that this is a chance of doing a good work that will bring valuable results, both now and forever, as is not offered more than once in a life time.

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

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
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