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The Gnostic



“Know Thyself”

5

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE Gnostic is a Monthly Journal of Spiritual Science published under the auspices of the Mystic Lodge, Gnostic Schools and Societies of Psychic and Physical Culture; edited by the Presidents.

It will appear each month, and contain not less than forty pages pertaining to the work of the Mystic Lodge, Gnostic Societies and Schools, and all kindred interests that have for their end the study of Esoteric Christianity, Psychometry, Occult Science, Mental Therapeutics, Human Liberty, and the Culture of all that is Divine in the Human Race.

During the temporary absence of the Editors from the Head Quarters at San Francisco, all orders and business with THE Gnostic in America and other countries (except Australia and New Zealand) must be conducted with

Mrs. M. E. CRAMER, 324, 17th street, San. Francisco, Cal.

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To all New Subscribers two numbers will be sent, containing the cabinet photographs of the Editors, and the same to all present Subscribers who renew their subscriptions before January 1st, 1888.

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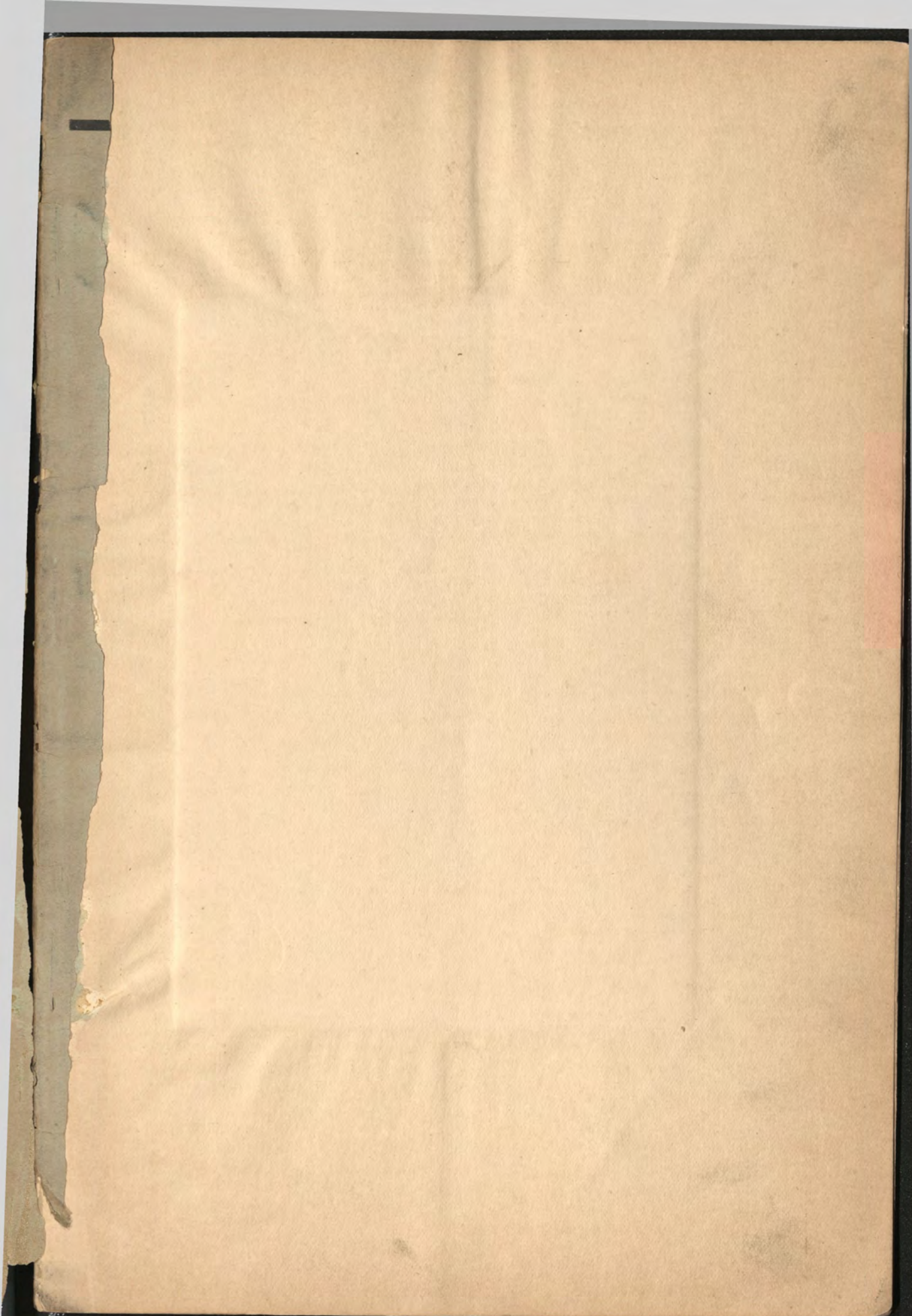
There will no doubt have been some changes of address during our suspension. Will all who receive the magazine wrongly directed please notify our American agent of this change.

All exchanges must be sent to our American Agent. No sample copies will be furnished.

The story of "The Idyll of the White Lotus" will be continued after our Christmas Number.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

	PAGE.
INTUITION (G.C.)	88
SHOW ME THE WAY (Ella Wheeler)	89
PSYCHOMETRY (A.K.C.)	90
AFTERWARDS (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps)	93
ROSY CROSS SERMONS, No. 1 (F. B. Dowd)	94
VASTNESS (Tennyson)	96
THE DUALITY OF THE SOUL (Edward Maitland)	97
THE INFINITE MOTHER (James G. Clark)	99
DIVINE SCIENCE (Anna Kingsford)	100
WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL	101
INSPIRATION (Lawrence, Oliphant)	102
AUTUMN RIVULETS (Wal Whitman)	105
A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO HOLYROOD (by Marié, Lady Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar)	106
BELIEVE IT NOT (Mrs. Hemans)	108
GREAT SOULS (Selections)	108
SELF CULTURE (F. Marion Crawford)	111
THE REFORMER	111
HAVE ANIMALS SOULS (A.K.C.)	113
DREAM OF AN IMMORTAL	113
CEREBRAL SCIENCE	114
A DREAM (F. E. Coote)	115
THE BISHOP'S STORIES (Charles Webster)	116
FROM EONA TO ANNA IN EARTH LAND	118
PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL CULTURE Lesson I (E.)	119
STATUVOLENCE (Fahnestock)	121
A CHANGELING (Adelaide Anne Procter)	122
TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS (E.)	123
DR. ANANDIBAI JOSHI (E.)	125
NOTES AND NEWS (E.)	126





THE G N O S T I C.

"Intuition is the only faculty in man through which Divine Revelation comes, or ever has come."—*W. F. Evans.*
"Intuition is the seed of the tree of life, and the various attributes of the mind, which lead to gifts of the Spirit, are its trunk and branches."—*F. B. Dowd.*
"Intuition, being the knowledge which descends into the soul from above, excels any that can be attained by the mere exercise of the intellect."—*The Perfect Way.*

Vol. I.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 5.

I N T U I T I O N .

In the ancient days of Israel's national life, when the people had gone far away from the spirit of religion into the sensuous and external rites of idolatry, Elijah, one of the true prophets of the spiritual life, had been compelled to flee into the wilderness, in order to save his life from the murderous intentions of the reigning Jezebel. While hiding here in despair over the situation, a voice commanded him to arise and stand in the mouth of the cave in which he had found refuge, for the Lord would speak to him. "And behold! the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice, and the still small voice was the voice of the Lord." In this hieroglyphic we have embodied a great spiritual truth, representing a condition of things in the sphere of religious thought that prevails above all other conditions in the world of to-day. All about us are thousands who have lost all faith in God—who no longer feel that a divine heart of love above that of man's in any way keeps care of ought that breathes. Why is this? Because in shaping their philosophy of life, they have consulted only the intellect and the testimony of the physical senses. They have looked for God only in the wind, earthquake, and fire. In the past the destroying wind has swept over the life of man, rending the rocks, hurling the

proudest nations and civilisations into oblivion, strewing the earth about us to-day with the withered leaves of literature which we call history. You scan the records they bring you of the king on his throne and the beggar in his hut; of nation warring with nation, and brother fighting with brother,—and the Lord is not there. Earthquake after earthquake has turned up the strata of earth full of the fossils of age after age, stretching far back beyond all the traditions of man, until the mind is weary with calculating the age of our planet, and though as you have followed the anxious and amazing discoveries of the geologist you have found much food for thought. Still the Lord is not in the earthquake. You have gone into the laboratory of the chemist and dissolved the elements with fire, reducing the hardest substances to a gas, separating hydrogen from oxygen, and both from nitrogen. You have fished up from the deep sea the simplest form of life in the proto-plasmic jelly. You have thrown every metal and substance into your furnace of investigation, and still the Lord was not in the fire. Instead of waiting for the still small voice, many have said "Lo, we cannot find him," and though they have tried to revive their drooping courage with romantic illusion, and all manner of impractical and utopian schemes of bringing happiness to earth in the forcible establishment of liberty, equality, and fraternity, still liberty has degenerated into licence and anarchy, equality into the despotism of a Robespierre, and fraternity into the sublime egotism of ignorance

and selfishness. Theology as well as science has sought to find the Lord in the wind, the earthquake, and the fire. To the orthodox interpretation of religion all is outward external—historic—God might indeed have died on Calvary, and never been resurrected for ought he has to do with the world to-day. According to this teaching the world knew nothing of the love or Fatherhood of God, save as it was expressed through the lips of one man two thousand years ago. All the great nations and civilizations of the past, stretching back into many thousands of years prior to this time, were destitute of this true light of life. Before Jesus came, God had never spoken clearly to any soul on earth, and all that is saving and spiritualizing in the life of to-day is traced to the historical Christ. It is sometimes admitted that a few shadows from the Fatherhood of God have fallen upon some of the other religions of the world, but nothing clear enough to be of any moral or spiritual service to mankind. Buddhism representing one-third of the human race, into whose hearts has fallen so much of the love of God, that they kill nothing for sweet pity's sake, is brushed aside by orthodox ministers as worthless in the spiritual development of the race. I do not write this in the spirit of the iconoclast. We have had enough of destruction. What we want now is construction. But suppose, as the churches claim, Jesus did teach two thousand years ago; that God is our Father; that not a sparrow falls without his notice; and that the very hairs of our head are all numbered. In the name of that fatherly love, earth has run red with blood because many would not change their faith for that which has been called Christian, millions have been heartlessly butchered. Jesus himself taught far other doctrines than those that have been embodied in the Creeds. If one, teaching as Jesus taught, the divinity of every soul, the sweet gospel of naturalness proclaimed by every lily by the wayside, the independence of every soul from forms and ceremonies, creeds and dogmas, the ministration of angels, the eternal life of the soul in successive generations, the power of the soul to heal the sick, and to forgive or save others from their evil ways, think you he

would be received in any reputable Orthodox Church in Christendom? If the world ever comes to know, from East to West, and North to South, that the soul of man is immortal and that God is Love, it will not be through the agency of the Creeds. Looking along the track of history filled with ruins like the path of a fierce tornado: Gazing upon the remnant of cities shaken to the ground by earthquakes, or into the yawning mouth of a fire vomiting volcano, is it any wonder that many see no God of Love in the wind, the earthquake, or the fire? Who, by searching, can find our God? Think of the battlefields covered with the dead and dying, the lash of the slave driver, the bleeding back of the slave, the pangs of hunger and the biting sting of poverty, the wail of the orphan and the desolation of the forsaken, the hot breath of pestilence and the slow ravages of disease, the betrayal of the innocent, and all the long martyrdom of man as he has struggled upwards from the animal to the human in form. Because here and there in the history of the world one has risen to say above all this there reigns a God of love, can we believe it on such authority? Nay, not though his words be accredited with far more astounding miracles than those ascribed to Jesus. As long as the religious teachers of the world make the knowledge of God's love by anyone to depend on the revelation of that love through any other soul, there will be Infidels and Atheists to the end of time. The only way for anyone to know that there is a God of Love is for him to become a Man of Love through living from the heart. To know God you must know yourself as a divine and immortal soul whose every impulse is one of love. That soul is your own Higher-Self. It was said by Jesus, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." What did He mean? The Ancients said to know God you must first know yourself, for thou thyself art God. To know thyself is to know your real and spiritual-self. To be pure in heart is to make your lower and outer-self so pure and perfect that it mirrors to your consciousness in this terrestrial life the glory and perfection of your Celestial or Higher-self. The philosophers and most advanced minds of every age have

taught that there is in man a higher source of knowledge than that of our intellectual and sense experience. The name given to this faculty is that of "Intuition." The Gnostics of old were those who predicated their knowledge of God and immortality on this faculty. Instead of establishing creeds they urged each one to seek for and know these things in himself. Instead of establishing churches they established schools of true physical and psychic culture. That part of the Church that took the external method, made such constant and bitter war against them that they were mostly destroyed from off the face of the earth. A few mystics and spiritualists in every age have cultivated this faculty and taught that it was the memory of the soul, and that the soul of each is one with God, or with every other soul, God being a multitude of souls no man can number. There is no separateness in God, each soul or Higher-Self is universal in love, omnipresent in thought, and omnipotent to do all that is good to be done. We can only feel thus, think thus, and act thus, when we have made the consciousness of our Higher-Self that also of our Lower-Self. This is the true at-one-ment, and to point the way to this end is the mission of "The Gnostic." I want to make this matter of Intuition quite plain and

level to all my readers. Do you not know many things for which you can give no reason why you should know them? *That is Intuition.* Do you not find that when you sit quiet without any effort at thought that many things flow into your mind like the wind of which you know not whence it comes nor whither it goes? *That is Intuition.* Have not coming events oft cast their shadows before in strange presentiments causing you to exclaim with Hamlet, "Oh, my prophetic soul!" *That is Intuition.* Do not strange scenes as if from another life or world sometimes flit across the disc of memory? *That is Intuition.* Do you not suddenly, when confronted by some striking conditions or strange experiences, find yourself trying to remember how the same thing has happened to you long ago? That is the soul suddenly connecting with the present what it foresaw long ago must happen. *That is Intuition.* All prophecy is the fruit and pledge of the soul's divinity and foreknowledge. That which says of the eye it is mine, of the thought I think, or of the emotions I love, is the eternal soul owning all, itself unowned. Whoever seeks to walk in the light of his own soul rather than follow the external standards of Creed and Dogma—the same is a "Gnostic." G. C.

SHOW ME THE WAY.

BY ELLEA WHEELER.

Show me the way that leads to the true life,
 I do not care what tempests may assail me,
 I shall be given courage for the strife,
 I know my strength will not desert nor fail me;
 I know that I shall conquer in the fray:
 Show me the way.

Show me the way up to a higher plane,
 Where body shall be servant to the soul.
 I do not care what tides of woe, or pain,
 Across my life their angry waves may roll,
 If I but reach the end I seek some day:
 Show me the way.

Show me the way, and let me bravely climb
 Above vain grievings for unworthy treasures;
 Above all sorrow that finds balm in time;
 Above small triumphs or belittling pleasures; [play;
 Up to those heights where these things seem child's
 Show me the way.

Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace
 Which springs from an inward consciousness of right;
 To where all conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
 And Self shall radiate with the Spirit's light.
 Though hard the journey and the strife, I pray,
 Show me the way

PSYCHOMETRY.

"THE DIVINE SCIENCE."

Dr. Buchanan, the modern discoverer of the Psychometric Faculty, says:—"Its imperial rank among sciences entitles it to the post of honour." "Like astronomy, it borders on the limitless; like geology, it reaches into the vast undefined past; and like biology, it comprehends all life science; but, unlike each, it has no limitation to any sphere. It is equally at home with living forms and dead matter; equally at home in the humbler spheres of human life and human infirmity, and in the higher spheres of the spirit world, which we call Heaven. It grasps all of biology, all of history, all of geology and astronomy, and far more than telescopes have revealed. It has no parallel in any science; for sciences are limited and defined in their scope, while Psychometry is unlimited." Transcending far all that collegians have called science, and all that they have deemed the limits of human capacities; for in Psychometry the divinity in man becomes apparent, and the intellectual mastery of all things lifts human life to a higher plane than it has ever known before. "Prophecy is the noblest aspect of Psychometry, and there is no reason why it should not become the guiding power in each individual life, and the guiding power for the destiny of nations."

Professor Wm. Denton says, in "The Soul of Things," "it is a record of research, without crucible or chemical, which excels in interest and importance every discovery in the science of objective phenomena reported by any learned association." Professor Denton's sister, Annie Denton Cridge, his wife and several of his children were superior Psychometers. His sister possessed this intuitive faculty in a marvellous degree. In his travels over America, Europe, and Australia he found by experimentation several hundred good psychometers, some of whom have since become famous; any bit of clothing, fragment of rock, curio, or autograph would at once bring them into sympathy with the soul of the article or person, and enable them to describe its history with remarkable accuracy. We are indebted to

both of these distinguished scientists for aid and instruction in Psychometry, and cherish grateful, loving memories of every step their wise minds illumined for us. "Step by step these researches proved that the Ether or Astral light enveloping all forms is the cradle and the grave of objective nature, and that it holds the imperishable records of everything that ever existed, every phenomenon that ever occurred in the outer world. Thus the "unfathomable chasm" seen by the great physical scientist, Tyndall, to lie between the visible and invisible worlds has been bridged, and science can carry on its research without resorting to vivisection or even the magnetic sleep."

"The Sensitive, or Psychometer, is generally a merely passive spectator, like one who sits and observes a panorama; but in time he becomes able to influence the visions—to pass them along rapidly, or retain them longer for a close examination. Then the psychometer at times dwells in that past whose history seems to be contained in the specimen—at least he becomes released even from the specimen. At will he leaves the room, passes out into the air, looks down upon the city, sees the earth beneath him like a map; or, sailing still higher, beholds the round world rolling into darkness or sunlight beneath him. He drops upon island or continent, watches the wild tribes of Africa, explores the desert interior of Australia, or solves the problem of the earth's mysterious poles. He can do more than this: he becomes master of the ages. At his command the past of island and continent come up like ghosts from the infinite night, and he sees what they were and how they were, what forms tenanted them, and marks their first human visitants, seeing the growth of a Continent, and its fruitage in humanity, within the boundary of a little hour. The universe scarcely holds a secret that the freed spirit cannot behold with open eye. Professor Denton estimated that the Psychometric faculty is possessed by at least four females in ten, and one man in ten. The Psychometer

needs no magnetic aid, he clasps the article to be examined in his hand—or holds it against the forehead—over the organ of wisdom, when he at once comes into sympathy with the soul of person or thing with whom the object had been in relation, and delineates the same. "He appears to be in a perfectly natural condition" says Professor Denton, "during the time, and can readily notice what takes place in the room, frequently laying down the specimen, joining in conversation, and drawing objects seen, and then going on with the examinations. When the specimen is in powder, it is merely necessary to stroke the forehead with as much as will cling to a damp finger, and where heavenly bodies are examined the rays are allowed to shine upon the forehead."

Professor J. W. Draper, one of the ablest scientists, and most brilliant writers of the present age, says "A shadow never falls upon a wall without leaving thereupon a permanent trace—a trace which might be made visible by resorting to proper processes—upon the walls of private apartments, where we think the eye of intrusion is altogether shut out, and our retirement can never be profaned, there exist the vestiges of all our acts, silhouettes of whatever we have done. It is a crushing thought to whoever has committed secret crime, that the picture of his deed, and the very echoes of his words may be seen and heard countless years after he has gone the way of all flesh, and left a reputation for 'respectability' to his children."

To students of the mystic this truth should come home with great force, since they live, act, think and speak under the observation of *spiritual preceptors* from whom no secrets of nature can be hidden if they choose to explore her "Temples of Truth." This must act as a stimulus to self-reformation when all precept and example fail, "for it is proved that not only are the images of the past in the fadeless picture galleries of the Ether, but also the sounds of the past arise, even the perfumes of archaic flowers, withered ages ago, and the aromas of fruits that hung on trees when man was but a mumbling savage, and polar ice a mile thick covered what are now the fairest countries under the sun." Many of the mem-

bers of the Gnostic Societies are learning how *thought* can be sent out as messenger doves, to comfort and heal those who need.

In his letters to Mr. A. P. Sinnett, Mahatma K. H., says "Every thought of man upon being evolved passes into another world, and becomes an active entity by associating itself, coalescing we might term it, with an elemental—that is to say, with one of the semi-intelligent forces of the kingdoms. A creature of the minds begetting for a longer or shorter period, proportionate with the original intensity of the cerebral action which generated it. Thus a good thought is perpetuated as an active, beneficent power, an evil one as a malignant demon. The Hindu calls this *Karma*. The adept evolves these shapes consciously, other men throw them off unconsciously."

Among the lectures given by Professor Denton in Australasia published, we find one on Psychometry in the 'Sydney Liberal,' a condensed report of which we give.

Professor Denton said that during the last 300 years the universe had been enlarged to our comprehension more than a thousand-fold. The heavens had been expanded, and Geology took in ages on ages further back, to seek for the beginning of our planet, than it did 300 years ago. Just as the exterior universe had enlarged, so the interior universe of man had enlarged and become infinitely grander. There were heavenly bodies revolving within the mind of man, and this universe of ours was to be expanded, as the interior one had been by the exercise of science and intellect. If we examine the eye of a man who is looking at a landscape, we can see the picture in miniature. Now we have generally supposed that when a man turns his face to one side the image is entirely eliminated and cannot be renewed. He was satisfied that this was not correct. Sir Isaac Newton, who spent a great deal of his time examining the sun, declared that he could see it distinctly whenever he thought about it, even when he was in bed. The lecturer knew a great many persons like this. If they were handling objects during the day, picking berries or grapes, just as soon as their eyes were closed at night, they could see the object with startling vividness. Niebhur, the great Danish traveller, talked to

his friends after he was blind of the beautiful scenes he had gazed upon in the east. They asked him how he could describe them so minutely, he said "I can see them and describe them as no other man without this could do." We read of a painter who drew 300 accurate likenesses in one year; on being asked how he did this he replied, "When a man comes to me for his portrait I look at him and draw for half-an-hour, and then tell him to go and he need not come back to sit again?" Now how could he finish the portrait? He says, "When I took out my canvass and wished to proceed, I saw my subject although he was not there; thus saving me trouble and permitting me to make a perfect likeness. By this means I finished a great many portraits in a short time, and saved money for my children." These pictures of what we have seen remain in us, and we only become aware of this when we are sick. Thus we find Hugh Miller relating, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," that when he was a boy of fourteen, he saw at Edinburgh a play with a singular drop scene. He tells us that when he had a fever various images began to pass before him like the figures in an itinerant showman's box. He was well enough to know they were idle unrealities; but curious to know if his will would affect them, he wished for a death's head; instead there came a kettle on the fire, that changed into a cataract with white foam and blue water, and then the whole came dashing down into one frightful sea of blood. The cataract was in every detail exactly coincident with the incantation scene in the theatre at Edinburgh. He further says, "I suspect that there are provinces in the mind that physicians have not ventured into." There was not a beggar upon the street that does not bear away in his mind more pictures than the best galleries that exist in the world. They are as indestructible as his soul, and will endure for ever. Not only did we daguerreotype what we saw, but everything does the same to everything that is in its vicinity. You sit down to have your photograph taken by the old process. The operator says "I have got you and you can go." You say "Let me have a look at it before I go." "No, I can't; there is nothing to be seen." "But didn't you say you had

got me?" "Yes, but it has to be developed. And you learn that your portrait may be taken and yet nothing seen of it. What man would have believed that a plate of metal could carry your photograph without being visible? Take a penny; let it lie on a plate of polished metal for a little time, and toss it off again. Now breathe upon the plate, and an image of the penny will be visible. Put it away for a year and the ghost of the penny will come out when breathed upon. Now he would show how the images of other things could be brought out by the sensitive mind, and the grand universe of knowledge revealed to the human soul. He made the discovery through previous discoveries made by Dr. Buchanan, who in his turn was led to this study by a bishop of the Church of England, who was himself a sensitive, and could taste brass by touching it with his finger. Dr. Buchanan thought other people might be similarly constituted, and began to experiment with his students. Some of them could tell the different metals which were put into their hands without letting them see or know what kind they were. Then he tried them with medical substances: when it was an emetic they could only keep from vomiting by throwing it away. The lecturer knew some of those students, now practising medicine in the United States. They could also diagnose a sick person by taking his hand, and subsequently write out his character by the same means as correctly as a phrenologist could do it. Then it was found that when a person wrote a letter, he permeated the paper with his influence; and he knew more than twenty people who could take that letter, place it to their forehead, close their eyes, and delineate the character of the individual who wrote it. When he determined to test these facts he began at home. He found that his sister could delineate the character of the writers of letters which he gave her, nay, even see their physical surroundings; and, in the case of a well-known lady, predicted the breaking of an abscess on the lungs, which was borne out exactly. What enabled the sensitive to do this? While they were writing nature was drawing their image upon the letter, and when the sensitive got it, out came the image

that told the story. He was now determined to go one step farther. If letters photographed why not fossils? He was then in the fossil line, so he gave his sister a specimen from the carboniferous formation: closing her eyes, she described those swamps and trees, with their tufted heads and scaly trunks with the great frog like animals that existed in that age. To his inexpressible delight the key to the ages was in his hands. He concluded that nature had been photographing from the very first. The black islands that floated upon the fiery sea, the gelatinous-dots, the first life on our planet, up through everything that flew or swam, had been photographed by nature. Since that time 10,000 experiments had confirmed the theory. It was because he had the facts behind him that he came to tell them these truths. He got from a missionary a specimen of the lava that flowed from Kilava, in Hawaii, in 1848. His sister by its means described the boiling ocean, the cataract of molten lava, that almost equalled Niagara in size. A small fragment of a meteorite that fell in Painesville, Ohio, was given to his wife's mother, a sensitive who did not then believe in psychometry. This is what she said—"I seem to be travelling away, away, through nothing, right forward. I see what looks like stars and mist. I seem to be taken right up; the other specimens took me down." His wife, independently, gave a similar description, but saw it revolving, and its tail of sparks. He took

steps to prove that this was not mind-reading, by wrapping the specimens in paper, shaking them up in a hat, and allowing the sensitive to pick one out and describe it, without anyone knowing which it was. Among them were a fragment of brick from ancient Rome, antimony from Borneo, silver from Mexico, basalt from Fingal's Cave. Each place was described correctly by the sensitive in the most minute detail. A fragment from the Mount of Olives brought a description of Jerusalem; and one from the Great Pyramid enabled a young man of Melbourne to name and describe it. There was a practical side to the question. His wife had, from a chip of wood, described a suicide; this was subsequently confirmed. Females were more sensitive than males. The influence of people who had lived in a house would remain in it, and could be sensed by women, who would declare that they could never be happy in that house. These were generally thought to be women's whims. A number of experiments from a fragment of Kent's Cave, fragments from Pompeii and other places, brought minute descriptions from the sensitive. The lecturer concluded by declaring that these were scientific facts which could be verified at any time. He knew of their truth as well as he knew he lived. These faculties belonged to the spirit. We are not to die and be kicked into a hole; we are men and women with immortal spirits that can range the universe when death shall take our bodies.

A. K. C.

AFTERWARDS.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

There is no vacant chair. The loving meet—
A group unbroken—smitten. Who knows how?
One sitteth silent only; in his usual seat
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
He needed it too often, nor could we
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best,
Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
The mood to listen mutely, be it done,
By his least mood we cross, for which the heart must ache,
Plead not nor question! Let me have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life reticence. Still audible to Him
The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort will
We hold him by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not then he cannot. Try!
Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
Because we love he is. Then trust awhile.

ROSY CROSS SERMONS.

BY F. B. DOWD.

"In the beginning God created . . . and (Gen. i., 1-2) said: 'Let there be light; and there was light.'" Remember, kind reader, that the above sentence was written by a human being, such as you and I are. It is assumed that there was a "beginning" of light, of time, of sense, and of things. Before this God dwelt alone in the unfathomable darkness of a boundless abyss of nothing. No one was there to hear the spoken word—"Let there be light!" No sound could interrupt the awful silence of eternity, for there were no walls to echo—no breath to carry sound—no ear to hear. Time was not; colours did not exist; no thing of beauty or of ugliness broke upon the sight, for there was no eye and nothing to see. Even the condition we call darkness could not have been. But here—beyond the light—we meet the darkness, and here we must halt: the human mind can go no further. Why? Because Mind is light, and it cannot work in darkness in any other way than to banish it. Upon the approach of light, darkness disappears; upon the approach of mind, ignorance departs. Inspiration is of the mind—as a breathing in of thoughts, as the lungs breathe in the air; and as we may breathe in a foul stench into the lungs, so may the mind be infilled with the untrue and poisonous. But all thought, no matter of what its nature may be is inspired and life-giving. But some thoughts have more life in them than others. This is in proportion to the truth they contain. Truth is that which harmonises with the highest light of the mind that thinks. Hence, as the mind progresses, that which harmonises with the light to-day may not harmonise to-morrow. So truth to one mind may not be truth for another: the truth for one age may not be truth for another. A witness testifies of a fact—the judge believes he has told the truth; another witness is called, who testifies in a little different manner, and the judge's opinion is modified. Just so it is in the mind. The writer of "Genesis" testifies of the sayings and doings of God. We

believe his ideas were inspired, and have inspired untold thousands of good and true men; but his ideas have ceased to be in harmony with the higher light of to-day. Why? Because he assumes too much; or at least *the interpretation* the orthodox world gives to his words puts his stories in a false light. God is unchangeable; His laws are stable and immutable. And if we will consider we are driven to the conclusion that the writer was either ignorant of this truth, or else we have failed to grasp his meaning. We have the utmost respect for these ancient writers and good men of the past, but we have no reverence for anything but truth. The truth, as they understood it, was for the past ages: will it do for us? Truth is for all time: it is of God, and, like Him, unchangeable. Moreover, Truth is *God in us*; it changes not, but *we* change; and in every change we get a different view of the creator—Truth. The Hebrew writers were *Cabalists*; they wrote allegorically—i.e., they materialised their ideas in fables or stories; and this story of the Creation—simple and childlike as it is—contains beneath its surface gems of great truths which are for all time; but, taken literally, they do not harmonise with the greater thought of Isaiah, of Jesus, of Plato, of Socrates, or of Gauttama. A beginning of creation is an absurdity; but the beginning of *man's existence in light* on this earth, at birth, is a fact. The author of "Genesis" was trying to portray man's spiritual creation and existence on this earth. The sacredness—or, in other words, the *secret-ness*—of the Scriptures is fully recognised by me; and while I try to elucidate this subject partially, I ask the reader to bear in mind the folly of giving thoughts to the non-thinking heart, for there are men who think from the heart as well as from the mind. To such a hint is a volume, and I can only hint at some things. The first and second chapters of "Genesis" seem to be two accounts of the Creation, but this does not matter: that it is an allegory must be evident to every thinking

man. The assertion that God became wearied and rested on the seventh day is certainly not complimentary to the Infinite; it shows man's weakness. The hint in Gen. c. ii., 4th, explains the Creation partly: it was a *mental conception*, a creation in spirit before it became material. "In the beginning God created"—*i.e.*, in His mind He saw things in spirit before they were material. The ancient philosophers knew no more of how God created the earth than we do; but they knew this, that the work of creation is constantly going on, and that the very same methods are in operation now that have been from all eternity, and that the creation of a human being involves the same operations or laws as the creation of a world. Consequently they studied the reproductive laws closely, and applied the principles of it to the creation of a world, as set forth in "Genesis." The laws of reproduction are the same now as they ever were, and the truths relative thereto are eternal. Erroneous views, like all darkness, change upon the approach of light. Then let us see. The *fœtus* in the womb is "without form and void" of shape; "and darkness was upon the face of the *Deep*;" "and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." *Deep* here means womb; Earth is that formless substance which in process of time becomes a human being. The waters upon which the spirit moved are in the womb. Darkness is there also. And God said: "Let there be light," &c. Now, this was prior to the creation of the sun, consequently the light spoken of here means something different from sunlight. Note the regular order of creation—First, the heaven; second, the earth. But the earth (the embryo) was void; not so the heaven (the womb), in which it existed. Third, darkness existed there; fourth, waters; fifth, God's spirit moving them; sixth, light flashes there, and the darkness recedes from the light. Does this not show plainly enough that the light here referred to means magnetic action, or the creation of positive and negative conditions? Seventh, the waters are divided by the formation of a *firmament*. Now firmament does not here signify the vault of heaven, but it means something firm and substantial—that formed

in the water and divides the waters above (within the embryo) from those which are beneath (or without). This firmament is oval or globular as the sky appears to us, or like an egg; within was a fluid or liquid substance which this writer calls waters, above the firmament. In cabalistic parlance, above means *within*; while beneath means that which is *without* us. Now, this was "the second day;" but if you will read it *second month* in the gestation of an infant you will understand me. After this there was a steady growth of the *fœtus* into form and human shape, and the production of that which corresponds to grass and herbs, &c., upon the earth. This is during the third month. Now, in the fourth month, the foundations are laid for the growth of mind. The firmament is lit up with the sun, moon, and stars, in the light of which all things are clothed in colours and beauty adapted to the eye and mind. Jesus said: "The kingdom of Heaven is within you." So the firmament of heaven is there also. It is the first thing that forms in the waters of the womb in obedience to the action of that light—first, of creation—which separated itself from the darkness. And in this firmament, surrounding the soul of an infant in process of gestation, there is, in the fourth month, placed a spiritual sun, moon, and stars corresponding exactly with the visible vault of heaven, which is common to all physical eyes. This spiritual firmament contains the sun, or that light which feeds the *mind* during life, and furnishes the intelligence that rules the day, the hours of active life, of labour, and recreation. This is the male part of humanity—the mind, the sun. The moon, the feminine, is also there that rules the night, the hours of unconscious sleep and rest—when the mind has closed the door of thought and laid the body trustingly in the arms of its maker—then it is that the stars speak to the awakening soul, and the feminine—moon—or loves of the individual hold high carnival in this human world we call our existence. Did you never think what a strange thing the night is? Then that primal darkness out of which the voice of God spake—and *still speaks*—things into existence comes closer to us, folds us in its dark embrace, steals away our

thoughts, and lulls us to sweet sleep, in which we are refreshed, built up anew for the morrow's struggles. Then it is that love rules us, and we *are* what we love. The angels come from the stars which look so intelligently at us, and teach us many things that our minds, or the day, could not. Then it is under the soft, mild light of the moon that beings from other worlds visits this; and sometimes the soul goes out of the unconscious sleeping body, and, guided by the moonlight, our love nature—the angel in us—visits those scenes or persons it loves. Ah! who can tell us the mysteries of the night? From it comes that incomprehensible spiritual body Paul speaks of that renews youth and immortalises man. From it come trooping devils, who hatch crime in the sleeping brain of him who loves not his kind. During the fifth day (or month) the earth, the

waters, and the air was filled with moving living creatures—that is, our flesh is made up of animalcula: our blood is full of monsters that correspond with those of the great deep; the air we breathe is alive with such as correspond to the fowls of the air. On the sixth day man was created—that is, during this month God's spirit fully enters into the embryo child, and, no longer moving upon the waters, it rests on the seventh day or month within the child. He is no longer a spirit, but has become human. God has become flesh, and no longer works outside or beneath, but within and above him. Understand: this *spirit* is *formless*, as the air, sunlight, the aroma of flowers; or as anger, pride, avarice, love, or anything that may *be felt*, but not seen. In the work of creation spirit condenses, or transmutes into form, then into matter.

TENNYSON'S NEW POEM ON "VASTNESS."

Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face, Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race.	Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots; Flattery gilding the rift of a throne; Opulent Avarice, lean as Poverty; honest Poverty, bare to the bone;
Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs, What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?	Love for the maiden crown'd with marriage, no regrets for aught that has been, Household happiness, gracious children, debtless com- petence, golden mean;
Lies upon this side, lies upon that side, truthless violence mourn'd by the Wise, Thousands of voices drowning his own in a popular torrent of lies upon lies!	National hatreds of whole generations, and pigmy spites of the village spire; Vows that will last to the last death-ruckle, and vows that are snapt in a moment of a fire;
Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet, Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat;	He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it, flesh without mind; He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out in the love of his kind;
Innocence seethed in her mother's milk, and Charity setting the martyr aflame; Thralldom who walks with the banner of Freedom, and recks not to ruin a realm in her name.	Spring and Summer, and Autumn and Winter, and all these old revolutions of earth: All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide —what is all of it worth?
Faith at her zenith, or all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken the schools; Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, follow'd up by her vassal legion of fools;	What the philosophies, all the sciences, poesy, varying voices of prayer? All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is fair?
Pain, that has crawl'd from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which writhes all day, and at night Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the curse of the light;	What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last, Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the depths of a meaningless Past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a mom-
ent's anger of bees in their hive?

Peace, let it be! for I loved, and love him for ever: the
dead are not dead, but alive.

THE DUALITY OF THE SOUL.

(From "The Soul, and how it found me.")

BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

The one universal object of aspiration and worship, whether for individual or for race, is Existence; but it depends, both for individual and for race, upon the stage of development of the consciousness in what Existence is held essentially to consist. The course of that development comprises many stages, but it is always in the same direction—namely, from the recognition of the outward, natural, and sensible to that of the inward, spiritual, and real, as the constituent of the true self. Progress consists in rising from the recognition of the physical to that of the spiritual life. It was, therefore, no arbitrary rule that dictated the divisions of religious doctrine and practice into esoteric and exoteric—the inner and the outer—formerly any more than now. The souls of the individual and the universal are ever seeking mutual recognition. But while the universal soul is constant in its divine and absolute plenitude, it depends on the degree of its development in the individual how far or under what mode or grade it is cognisable by the individual. The man living wholly in sense, and recognising the physical life as the sole or chief good, adores the universal existence under those aspects in which it ministers to him physically. Thus in all ages have the Sun and Sex, as the agents of physical existence, been the prime objects of worship. As the consciousness unfolds, and man passes through the intellectual and moral into the spiritual part of his nature, he learns to recognise in the existence shared by him, elements transcending the merely physical. Only when he has attained the full development of his spiritual consciousness, and by his satisfaction therein has learnt that he has reached not only his own true self and centre, but the true self and centre of existence itself, does he relegate the physical life and its material agents to the category of the phenomenal and transient, and make the supreme object of his culture his spiritual life, together with its source, the spiritual sun and soul of all, whose power, wisdom, and love he formerly adored under

their material symbols of light and heat, and the attributes of Sex, though he did so unconsciously, through mistaking the symbol for the substance—"Nature" for God.

All religious history, whether of the race or of the individual, shows that it is not with "Nature," the outward, phenomenal, and derived, that the developed consciousness can rest content as the ultimate object of culture and aspiration—this suffices the worshipper who is outside the sacred mysteries—but the animating soul of Nature, the infinite, eternal spirit, at once immanent in and transcending Nature as a body voluntarily and for a time and purpose assumed. Only when man recognises a portion of that spirit as subsisting in and constituting his own true substance and self; only when he has received demonstration of his essential oneness with the universal substance, even God, does he find satisfaction and content. To him, then, the material and phenomenal are comparatively as nought, for he does not consist of them, enter though they may for a time and purpose into association with him. Rather are they apt to minister to the obscuration of his spiritual perceptions, and of his attainment of that peace which, by virtue of its appertaining to the spiritual and not to the intellectual part of him, "passes understanding." Such temporary obscuration, however, must be regarded as constituting an essential stage in his development. Even the soul-germ must be nourished in darkness.

The doctrine of correspondence between the spiritual and physical regions of existence once suggested to me, it soon proved to be the key not only to the relations subsisting between the individual and the whole, showing man to be in very fact but a repetition in small of the universe at large, and of the solar system in particular, but also to the history of the race. Following this clue, I was led to see in Israel a typical or solar people, whose history represented a series of solar cycles corresponding with the "days" of the earth's physical creation as given in Genesis. And it was the

examination I made of the course of development of the religious consciousness of the Hebrews that led me to the threshold of the discovery of the place of the present epoch in the scheme of the world's development as set forth in my book. I had ascertained, as I believe, indubitably, that while a close correspondence subsisted between the stages ascribed to the earth's physical and those of its spiritual creation, as exhibited especially in the religious development of Israel—as representative people of the dark races—the process had not been completed in Israel; but that, in consequence of the rejection of Jesus, who represented for them the full manifestation of the soul, it had been transferred to another race and people; so that the development of man's religious consciousness was still proceeding, in the same order and under the same impulse, towards its ultimate completion, although the people originally chosen to be the medium of its development had forfeited the distinction—that is, while a few in Israel had carried the culture of the true self, or soul, to such perfection as to have received in Jesus the demonstration they sought of the substantial identity of man and God, of the individual and the universal soul, the nation at large rejected that demonstration, and thereby forfeited its share in the full consummation of its spiritual development. This revelation of "Christ," as the fullest expression in humanity of the nature and character of the supreme spirit of the universe, at the end of what I had found to be the "fourth day" of the world's spiritual creation, corresponded with the apparition of the sun at the end of the fourth day of the world's physical creation. The "fifth day," during which we specially, as representative people of the white races, have "peopled the waters" with our own highly vitalised race, and thus fulfilled, the correspondence with the fifth day of Genesis is now completed. And it is upon the "sixth day" of its spiritual creation that the world is now entering. That day, in the physical creation, was devoted to the making of man "in the image of God, male and female." It is, I was shown, the spiritual correspondence to this that has now to be fulfilled. Hitherto, during the spiritual "fifth day" under the sacerdotal

degradation of the character and doctrine of Christianity, the idea of "Christ" as a "man-child" has "ruled the earth with a rod of iron"; so terrible a foe to the true development and regeneration of the world has been the system which has usurped the name and authority of Christianity. Now, as all signs show, the time is approaching for the recognition of the element in the nature and doctrine of Christ, hitherto so fatally neglected. Not as a "man-child" or with a "rod of iron" is "Christ" henceforth to be known; and not by the sacrifice of others, but by "love," will the world be saved. Hence the doctrine of the "sixth day," on which we are now entering, will consist in the practical recognition of the divine nature as comprising the feminine as well as the masculine elements of existence; and in accordance to both sides of the dualism of which Existence consists, that equal rank and influence which are essential to the full constitution of man "in the image of God," and of the true Christ, "male and female." The "man-child" régime of force and will, and the sacrifice of others to self, and of intuition to reason, of sympathy to selfishness, of the feminine to the masculine, has but plunged the world deeper and deeper into evil. It is by the exaltation of the other side of the dualism to its proper place, by a régime of love and sacrifice, and the subordination of our own lower to our own higher, and the culture of the intuitions and sympathies of the soul, that the world's redemption is about to be accomplished. The race is approaching that stage which in the individual corresponds to maturity, even the maturity of the spirit, in which man recognises woman, not as his servant and plaything, and companion on but one and that the lower plane of his nature, but as his complement and supplement on all planes. . . . It is by a regular law of growth that man attains the knowledge of the nature of the individual, and thence of the universal soul. Only in an advanced stage does he discover the correspondence between his inner and outer nature, and finds that as is the body so is the soul—as is the individual so is the universal. The knowledge which is of the intellect alone will lead him to regard the soul that he has

come to discern as the source of all as one and single. Only when he reaches the stage at which the affections are developed does he find that duality is essential to production, and that therefore the soul, individual and universal alike, must be dual. It is still the soul of the universal that is manifesting itself in humanity, as that of the sun does in the planet. It is the spiritual sun of suns that is seeking to suffuse with a higher life the world that has been projected from its physical counterpart. But man must first recognise the existence of that spiritual sun, the universal soul, and his own portion of it, before he can proceed to the comprehension of its nature. To do this, he must turn his gaze inwards, where it shines in his own inner self, precisely as he must look from

the earth to the physical sun if he would learn concerning the system, and step thither in idea. So far from being competent now to discern the nature of the soul, man has almost lost his consciousness of existence. To this end a new dispensation is requisite, even one which, while it shall repeat and renew the work of old, will also complete and fulfil it. The spiritual sun has now to re-manifest itself to man's darkened gaze, and to do this in such guise that man shall recognise both its existence and its nature. Learning from the individual and universal, or from the universal and individual soul, he learns at once himself and God, and completes the cycle of his development by ascertainment of their essential oneness.

THE INFINITE MOTHER.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

I am mother of Life and companion of God !
I move in each mote from the suns to the sod ;
I brood in all darkness, I gleam in all light,
I fathom all depth and I crown every height ;
Within me the globes of the universe roll,
And through me all matter takes impress and soul ;
And without me all forms into chaos would fall ;
I was under, within, and around, over all,
Ere the stars of the morning in harmony sung,
Or the systems and suns from their grand arches swung.

I loved you, O earth, in those cycles profound,
When darkness unbroken encircled you round,
And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
Was only a dream in the Infinite Mind ;
I nursed you, O earth, ere your oceans were born,
Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
When naked and helpless you came from the womb,
Ere the seasons had decked you with verdure and bloom,
And all that appeared of your form or your face
Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.

When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms
I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms ;
I sung o'er your pillow the song of the spheres
Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast.
As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest.
When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
And kissed you with cloudlet and rainbow and flower.
Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
In garments of purple, of gold and of green,
From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
For the mother of nations and bride of the sun.

There was love in your face, and your bosom rose fair,
And the scent of your lillies made fragrant the air,
And your blush in the glance of your lover was rare
As you waltzed in the light of his warm yellow hair,

Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
Or slept neath the gaze of the passionless moons ;
And I stretched out my arms from the awful unknown,
Whose channels are swept by my rivers alone,
And held you secure in your young mother-days,
And sung to your offspring their lullaby lays,
While races and nations came forth from your breast,
Lived, struggled and died, and returned to their rest.

All creatures conceived at the Fountain of Cause
Are born of my travail, controlled by my laws ;
I throb in their veins and I breathe in their breath,
Combine them for effort, disperse them in death ;
No form is too great or minute for my care,
No place so remote but my presence is there.
I bend in the grasses that whisper of Spring,
I lean o'er the spaces to hear the stars sing,
I laugh with the infant, I roar with the sea,
I roll in the thunder, I hum with the bee ;
From the centre of suns to the flowers of the sod
I am shuttle and loom in the purpose of God,
The ladder of action all spirit must climb
To the clear heights of Love from the lowlands of Time.

'Tis mine to protect you ; fair bride of the sun,
Till the task of the bride and the bridegroom is done ;
Till the roses that crown you shall wither away,
And the bloom on your beautiful cheek shall decay ;
Till the soft golden locks of your lover turn gray,
And palsy shall fall on the pulses of Day ;
Till you cease to give birth to the children of men,
And your forms are absorbed in my currents again,—
By your sons and your daughters, unconquered by strife,
Shall rise on my pinions and bathe in my life
While the fierce glowing splendors of suns cease to burn,
And bright constellations to vapor return,
And new ones shall rise from the graves of the old,
Shine, fade and dissolve like a tale that is told.

DIVINE SCIENCE.

(An Address before the Hermetic Society of London by the President, ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.)

In this age the word "Science" is readily understood; not so the word "Divine"—the hidden interior and primal quality of existence, the nomenal as opposed to the phenomenal. Our relations to the Divine we hold to be relations not to the exterior, but to the within; not to that which is afar off, but to that which is at the heart of all being, the very core and vital point of our own true self. To know ourselves is, we hold, to know the Divine, and renouncing utterly the vulgar exoteric, anthropomorphic conception of Deity, we renounce also the exoteric acceptance of all myths and legends associated therewith, replacing the shadow by the substance, the symbol by the significance, the great historical by the true ideal. We hold that the science of the Divine is necessarily a science of such subtle meanings and transcendent verities that common language too poorly conveys them, and they have thus by universal consent throughout the world found their only expression by the medium of types and metaphors. For metaphor is the language of the poet and seer, and to him alone it is given to know and to understand the Divine. In the picture-world in which he lives and moves all interior and primal verities are formulated in visions rather than in words. But the multitude for whom he records his visions takes the metaphor for the reality, and exalts the idolon in the place of the God. One of the efforts of our Society will be to restore to sacred things sacred meanings. Religion is the science of binding together Earth and Heaven, the science of correspondencies, of sacraments, or, as they were called in ancient times, the mysteries; and the religious man is he who is bound together, in whom heart and head have equal sway, in whom intellect and conscience work together in harmony, who is at unity with himself, and at one with the whole world of being. In this sense we are a religious society; for one of our avowed aims is the promotion of universal brotherhood. We proffer an erienicon to all churches, claiming

that once the veil of symbolism is lifted from the divine face of Truth, all churches are alike, and the basic doctrine of all is identical. The guest of the evening who stands beside me is a Buddhist. I am a Catholic Christian; yet we are one at heart, for he has been taught by his Oriental Gurur the same esoteric doctrines which I have found under the adopted pagan symbols of the Roman Church, and which esoteric Christianity you will find embodied in "The Perfect Way." Greek, Hermetist, Buddhist, Vedantist, Christian, all these lodges of the mysteries, are fundamentally one and identical in doctrine; and that doctrine is the interpretation of Nature's hieroglyphs, written for us in sky, and sea, and land; pictured for us in the glorious pageantry of night and day, of sunset and dawn, and woven into the many coloured warp and woof of flower, and seed, and rock, of vegetable and animal cells, of crystal and dew-drops, and of all the mighty phenomena of planetary cycles and solar systems, and starry revolutions. We hold that no single ecclesiastical creed is comprehensible by itself alone, uninterpreted by its predecessors and its contemporaries. Students, for example, of Christian theology will only learn to understand and to appreciate the true value and significance of the symbols familiar to them by the study of Eastern philosophy and pagan idealism. For Christianity is the heir of these, and she draws her best blood from their veins. And forasmuch as all her great ancestors hid beneath their exoteric formulas and rites—themselves mere husks and shells to amuse the simple-minded—the esoteric or concealed verities, reserved for the initiate; so also she reserves for earnest seekers and deep thinkers the true interior mysteries, which are one and eternal in all creeds and churches from the foundation of the world. This true interior transcendental meaning is the Real Presence veiled in the elements of the Divine Sacrament—the mystical substance and the truth figured beneath the bread and the wine of the ancient Bacchic orgies, and now of our own

Catholic Church. To the unwise, the unthinking, the superstitious, the gross elements are the objects of the rite; to the initiate, the seer, the son of Hermes, they are but the outward and visible signs of that which is ever and of necessity inward, spiritual, and occult." "Human evolution has always followed the course of the Sun, from east to west, in opposition to the directions of the planet's motion on its axles. If at times this evolution has appeared to return upon its steps, it has been only the better to gather power for some new effort. It has never deviated from its course in the main, save to the right or left, south or north, in its orderly march westward, and slowly but surely this great wave of human progress has covered the earth in the wake of the light, rising eastward with the dawn, and culminating mid-heaven with the Catholic Church. In India, first at the beginning of the cycle, rose the earliest glory of the coming day, thence it broke on Syria and on Egypt, where it gave birth to the Kabbalistic Hermetic Gnosés. Passing thence to Grecian shores, the mysteries of the gods arose among the myrtle and olive groves of Thebes and Athens. And these mysteries, imported into Rome in their turn became merged in the symbols and doctrines of the Christian Church. And as the cyclic day of human development draws on towards its close in the western Hemisphere, the light fades from the Orient, and twilight gradually obscures that Eastern half of the globe which was erst the spring of dawn and sunshine. What then, when the round of the ter-

restrial globe is thus accomplished, when the tidal wave of evolution has swept the whole expanse from India to America, it arrives once more at its point of departure. Scarce has day dipt beneath the horizon of the occident, when lo, again the east begins to glow anew with the faint dawn of another cycle, and the old race, whose round has now been accomplished, is about to be succeeded by a race more perfect, more developed, wise and reasonable. There are indications that our epoch has seen the termination of such a planetary cycle as that described, and that a new dawn, the dawn of a better and clearer day, is about once more to rise in the sacred east. Already those who stand on the hills have caught the first grey rays reflected by the breaking sky." Who can say what splendors will burst from among the mists of the valley westward, when once the Sun shall rise again. Some of us have dreamed that our society is destined to become the ford across the stream which has so long separated the east from the west, religion from science, heart from mind, and love from learning. We have dreamed that this lodge of the mysteries set here in the centre of matter of fact agnostic London, may become an oasis in the wilderness for thirsty souls—a ladder between earth and heaven, on which, as once long since in earlier and purer days, the gods again may "come and go twixt mortal men and high Olympus." "Such a dream as this has been mine. May Pallas Athena grant, me the humblest of her votaries, length of days to see it, in some measure at least, fulfilled."

WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL ?

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes, where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn low.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudencé girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On heavenly ministries to and fro,
Down lovliest ways, if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful eyes are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose fountain only a few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal of race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where rifts lie deep,
Over worn hands—O, beautiful sleep !

INSPIRATION.

We copy the following excellent remarks on the conditions of inspiration as expressed by Sheikh Mohanna, of the Druse Religion, to Santalba, a student of Oriental philosophy, from Lawrence Oliphant's new book, "Masolam."—"O, friend of my soul," said the Sheikh, lifting his hand with a solemn and impressive gesture, "I feel moved to acknowledge openly in your presence that, since we last met, now nearly twenty-five years ago, I have at times yielded to doubts of my own higher inspirations—in other words, I doubted God. I did so, not I trust from any desire to escape responsibility, but because my internal perceptions became confused, by reason of a conflict between the gifts and faculties which have been entrusted to me. You are aware that these gifts, and the remarkable power which I exercise through them in the healing of disease, the foretelling of future events, and the influencing of individuals sympathetically or antipathetically towards each other, were being developed in me to a very marked degree when we parted, as they were frequently a subject of earnest discussion, and even of experiment between us. For many years my power continued to increase. I was finally introduced into the society of beings not visible to the natural human eye, and maintained a daily and almost hourly intercourse with them, and, as I had reason to believe, the power which they exercised through me was the means of enabling me to effect much good both physically and morally among those of my nation who applied to me for medical or spiritual advice. Then arrived a period during times of fasting and abstinence when a new and more powerful light seemed to burst in upon me, revealing, as it were, traps and pitfalls, and the heat and radiance of it were so great that the invisible beings were unable to support it, for the light which suited them best was a dim and uncertain twilight; and this I could insure by resisting, with all my power of will, the ingress of this brighter effulgence. Nevertheless, whenever I obeyed the impulse to make this effort, for the sake of regaining the communion from which it debarred me, I

became conscious of a certain sense of sacrifice, and of a voice scarcely audible to my internal sense of hearing, which warned me against certain dangers incidental to the exercise of power under these conditions. And now there took place within me a conflict of the most painful character. If I listened to this voice, which seemed to be the voice of God speaking to me out of the depths of my own nature; if I invoked the light, which seemed to be the brightness of His glory illuminating my very being—then farewell to my visitants from the unseen world, and with them farewell to those gifts which I owed to their presence and their potency. No more could I bend the wills of my fellow-creatures to mine, and attract them to, or repel them from, one another. No more did I receive those bright rays of inspiration in which, as in a mirror, I caught glimpses of the future; no more could I bid the sick to rise, and restore the insane to reason. As I had no other desire in seeking these powers but to exercise them for divine ends, could it be possible that I was mistaken in thinking that deep internal voice, so faint and low as to be fairly audible, was the voice of God? Might not the glow which banished the ministrant beings be in fact the fiery ray of a nether region, which simulated the divine effulgence for the purpose of deceiving me, by revealing danger which did not exist, and thus paralyse my power for good? O, foolish theologians of all religions?" burst out the sheikh, breaking suddenly into the thread of his confession with fervent apostrophe,—“ye who patter so glibly about the inspiration of your sacred books, if you had ever sought the highest inspiration yourselves, you would know how difficult it is to tell the true from the false. You who have no doubts, did it never occur to you that the inspired writers themselves had reason occasionally to doubt exceedingly?—that the more sincere they were, the more devoted as receptacles of the divine afflatus, the more subtle were the temptations, the more insidious the devices of those infernal influences which seek to mislead and confute that poor human faculty which is

the only channel through which all revelation, of whatsoever kind, can be conveyed to man?—that each erring mortal has nothing but his own finite faculties wherewith to judge whether the inspiration he receives is divine or not? If he be honest, the first discovery he makes in the searching analysis upon which he enters with regard to the revelations that flood his soul, is that they are conditioned upon his own moral state,—that it is no more possible for an absolutely pure revelation to issue from a mortal in which a taint of impurity exists, than for clean water to stream through a dirty pipe; and as no human beings are untainted with impurity, and as all are finite, they can under no circumstances become the media for Infinite truth in its Infinite and unsullied purity. The next discovery that he makes is that, owing to his limited and imperfect faculty, he is unable at times to distinguish between the truth and the simulation of it, presented to him in specious guise by an agency which has been so active in the propagation of error in all religions, that the rival inspirations thus given to man have been the cause of more wars, of more crimes, and of more infidelity than the passions, cupidities, and lusts of men themselves. Hence it happens that the amount of the divineness in the inspiration must ever be dependent on the amount of divineness in the inspired man. And it needs as much inspiration in the reader to judge what is divine in an inspiration as in the writer of it; for in one sense no man can either write, or speak, or think, except under inspiration of some sort. That inspiration may be true to the full extent that man, as at present constituted, can bear truth, and yet that it should differ in the mode of its presentation, is certain. That an inspiration may be so remarkable in its presentation as to create the impression that it is a divine revelation, and yet be in all essentials false, is ever certain. . . . In this conflict of doubt and difficulty to which I have alluded, I came under the spell of other and more potent influences than that of those gross and superficial beings whose co-operation in my healing and other efforts I have just described. In a fatal moment I fell back upon the arcana of our own Druse religion—those more deeply hidden mysteries which but few even among

our own initiated are conversant, but which, thanks to the early training of our old friend Masollam in India, to his subsequent investigation of existing forms of Asiatic mysticism, to your researches into the occult records of the past, and of my familiarity with the esoteric side of my own religion, we were enabled to systematise; until at one time it seemed as though we should be able to use the hidden wisdom of the ancients as the foundation of a faith which should meet the wants of the age,—a project which has a peculiar attraction to me, for it must have resulted in that apotheosis of the Druse religion, which has in fact been the repository of occult knowledge ever since the days of Hamze, who intrusted the key of it to the safe keeping of the faithful. . . . But, in this conflict I was describing, I once more fatuously turned to the old quarter for light, and stumbled into a pit as black as night. Dissatisfied at last with the ignorance, frivolity, and shallowness of many of the invisible beings I have already alluded to with whom I came in contact, and finding to my dismay that those of a higher class whom I at first met were leaving me, while others of a lower class were increasing in overwhelming numbers, and that my failures in healing were more frequent and my powers declining, and yet not having strength of purpose to follow at once the still small voice I seemed to hear, I invoked the forces of that profounder magic known to the mystics, as I had done with comparative success in those early days of our experiments; but ah, how different now were the results! Then my powers of will were unimpaired, and I could, under great pressure, still retain control of my faculties. Now, weakened by the contact I had been having with inferior beings, I was swept out of myself by unseen influences into unknown regions; for days I remained in trances, until at last I became conscious that I was enslaved. It is true that during these periods I was lifted into conditions of supreme exaltation—that I lived in a world in which the senses were gratified, and in which knowledge abounded—that I received marvellous inspirations; but I was deprived of the verifying faculty. I could not tell what was real

and what was phantasmal, what was true and what was false. Impressions succeeded impressions, until at last my real existence seemed merged in that of one who was not of this world; and when I returned to outer consciousness, though I ate and drank and went through all the routine of daily life, I did it as one in a dream. I knew then that I was taken possession of. Fortunately the possessing influence acted through me in a manner which did not give rise to suspicion as to my sanity; but I lived in constant dread that under its impulse I should be made to act insanely. So far from such being the case, my reputation for wisdom and sanctity increased; and I became the author of a treatise which contains the hidden meaning of the first book of Hamze, which had never before been revealed. . . . Its tendency was to destroy the dogma of the existence of celestial beings, and of their ministering function to man on earth, and of the existence of a God. The marvellous skill with which this interpretation was constructed, in the exactly opposite sense in many instances to the outward meaning of the words, yet retaining throughout their correspondential signification, was so great that I did not wonder at my audience being transfixed with amazement at a production so far transcending any human power of composition, and accepting it as absolute truth. My God!" exclaimed Sheikh Mohanna, interrupting himself, while the drops of perspiration stood on his forehead at the bare recollection of his suffering, "what a moment of agony that was! Have you ever dreamt in a nightmare that you were in your coffin, about to be buried alive, and that you were unable to call out or make any sign of life? If you have, you can form some notion of the effort I made to break the spell which paralyzed my faculties when I saw my beloved friends accepting from my lips a revelation of deepest hidden truth, which I knew to be a lie. You ask me how I knew it. Because my underlying consciousness was still awake. I knew that I was speaking from a surface consciousness which I could not control, because it was controlled by another, who stifled every attempt I made to give utterance to the voice which whispered within. Oh, my friend, think

of the agony I have endured, when I think how that lie is spreading! That I, who sought but to elevate and purify the faith of my nation, should be the means of giving to it, in the guise of occult science, a production so skilfully worded as to deceive, as it were, the very elect; and that, like some foul miasma, it is spreading silently and secretly, contaminating with its touch the best and noblest seekers after truth, and poisoning with its atheistic virus the choicest spirits of my people. I dared too much. I strove to force my way into regions which are locked and guarded; I turned a deaf ear to the voice of my Lord and Master; I quenched His Spirit, and He has laid His hand heavily upon me."

At this point the voice of the speaker sank so low as to be barely audible, and as he murmured the last words, he shivered slightly, and stretched out his hand to San talba, whose responsive grasp seemed to give him a new accession of power. "And yet," he resumed, "my Lord did not leave me comfortless. Oh, what internal resistance I have to overcome to tell you what follows! Reinforce me, my friend; invoke the mighty agency you serve to come to our support, for all the powers of darkness are combined against me, to stifle my utterance. "When," he continued, "I had sufficiently woven the web of mystical delusion round my hearers to satisfy my infernal master, he left me comparatively at peace. I still walked as one in a dream, I still knew I was not free; but I rested—rested with a horrid dread that worse was to follow. I was watching one night in the depth of my despair, resisting sleep, because I feared it might lapse into trance, and I had begun to conceive a horror of all conditions in which my senses were not on the alert, when suddenly I became aware of the bright light which had never visited me since I had invited the gloom of mysticism. It was such a light as arrested Paul on his way to Damascus. And I prostrated myself before it; and I felt a slight touch, and heard a voice saying 'Look up, for your deliverance draweth nigh;' and I looked up, and beheld a figure of radiant loveliness, the effulgence of which was so dazzling that I could scarcely bear it, and the form was that of a woman, and I was inwardly prompted

to enquire of her nature, and I was answered by internal perception, according to the dogmas of my own religion; for, as you may remember, we believe that the Deity is in His own essence Light, from which emanated the male principle, which we call the 'Universal Mind' or Intelligence, and the female principle, which we call the 'Universal Soul,' and which latter, conceiving by the action of the 'Universal Mind,' brought forth the 'Eternal Word;' and I now perceived, what had been hidden from the faithful till now, that the 'Eternal Word' was twofold, masculine and feminine, and the feminine principle was shown to me that I might understand this, and I was further made aware that my apprehension of this truth would constitute my deliverance; and as I pondered thus, the figure placed her finger on her lips, and seemed to melt into the brilliancy of the light which blinded me, so that I was compelled to close my eyes, and when I opened them again, the light had vanished. But I buried these things in my heart, and when I compared this vision with my first experience of intercourse with the gross and superficial beings in the unseen world, who had helped me to work wonders and perform acts of healing, and with my second experience of those profounder and subtler intelligencies of a more nether

sphere, who delude men with the specious phraseology of occult science, and seek to draw them away from the practice of true religion, by the substitution for it of esoteric dogmas, I was able to perceive the difference between the true and false; but I also perceived the distinction was one which was impossible to describe, and which could be apprehended only by experience; and that as my people were not yet ready to receive this truth, I must be silent in regard to it, and that the gesture in the vision had been to warn me of this; but I derived comfort from the thought, that though I was still in bondage, and had been used as a medium for propagating error, it might still be reserved to me to be the means of communicating a truth which should not merely be the antidote of error among a small and obscure nation, but a great and saving message to humanity at large. So I bowed my head and suffered patiently, and awaited the day of my deliverance." Thus speaking, Sheikh Mohanna opened his arms. "And it has come," he added, as he locked Santalba in his embrace.

In our next issue we will give an account of Santalba's experiences in regard to Inspiration.

AUTUMN RIVULETS.

BY WALT. WHITMAN.

"I lie abstracted and hear beautiful tales of things, and the reasons of things.

"They are so beautiful, I nudge myself to listen. I cannot say to any person what I hear; I cannot say it to myself—it is so very wonderful."

It is no small matter, this round and delicious globe moving so exactly in its orbit for ever and ever, without one jolt or the untruth of a single second.

I do not think it was made in six days, nor in ten thousand years, nor ten billions of years; nor planned, and built, one thing after another, as an architect plans and builds a house.

I do not think seventy years is the time of a man or woman.

Nor that seventy millions of years is the time of a man or woman.

Nor that years will ever stop the existence of me, or anyone else.

Is it wonderful that I should be immortal, as every one is immortal.

I know it is wonderful, but my eye-sight is equally wonderful; and how I was conceived in my mother's womb is equally wonderful.

And that my soul embraces you this hour, and we affect each other without ever seeing each other, and never perhaps to see each other, is every bit as wonderful.

And that I think such thoughts as these is just as wonderful.

And that I can remind you, and you think them and know them to be true, is just as wonderful.

And that the moon spins round the earth and on with the earth, is equally wonderful.

And that they balance themselves with the sun and stars is equally wonderful.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO HOLYROOD.

BY MARIA, COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS, DUCHESSE DE POMAR.

"Men said that I was mad—because I saw
A woman glorious, her veil withdrawn
From off her lovely face, and a new law
Unfold, in snowy whiteness, to mine eyes,—
Because she said to me, 'Come forth, to be
A handmaid and a finger unto me,
And I will brother, sister, be to thee ;
Come forth, and speak my word, and make man wise !"

"And on her head there was a diadem,
And oh, the tenderness of her sweet eyes,
They drew me forth from death, with sweet surprise.
How could I but obey and quickly rise,
And putting off all fear go forth to them
And speak her words—speaking as one who dreams,
In fiery phrases and in molten streams,
Of thoughts unknown to me, of mighty scenes,
Of God, to perfect and make fair men's souls.
I spoke in fragments—for the mighty whole
Was as a tossing sea with ceaseless roll."

"The story I have to tell of my personal experience of the sweet and gentle influence of Scotland's former queen," "so intensely interesting to myself, and which has hitherto been so sacredly preserved even from the ear of friendly curiosity" "can offer but little interest to the minds of others, who have never been brought into immediate and direct experience of the possibility of the return of a spirit to earth, and of the constant telegraphic communication which has been established between not only some, but many of the *so-called living* inhabitants of this world, and those of the spiritual spheres which immediately surround us." I use the words *so-called living* inhabitants of this world advisedly, because from what I have gathered from those dearly loved ones on the other side of the dense curtain which surrounds us, and conceals them from our mortal sight, I have learnt to understand that we are at present but the shadowy actors in a passing scene, and on a very little stage of our immortal career, which we call *life*, whilst they are the living realities ever lasting on. Only when we throw off the several disguises of queens, countesses, or country lasses, and passing through the dark waters of the death-like river that divides us, from that land of the living, whom we call the

dead, shall we know how small has been the size of the stage on which we have played our several parts." "He must, indeed, be an earth-bound spirit who will not cultivate that sixth sense, *Spirituality*, which is destined at last to gather up all the revelations of mere sensuous perception, in the one grand realisation of its own spiritual nature, and its alliance with the Great Spirit. It is only as the divine spirit within that stolid fortress shall be warmed and lighted by the Divine fire, by Him whose is the true Light of the World, and from a little black and lifeless speck which it now is, and which dear Marie has often compared to a half-withered-up chestnut—in, alas, how many, shall kindle and expand and finally burst forth into a living flame, filling the whole body full of light and love, that they will be able to comprehend the things of the Spirit. "Should my feeble words, or some of the living ones which fall from the more spiritual lips of Scotland's now sainted queen," "stir into life that fire which is now smouldering in the" "Holy of Holies, of anyone who may read what I write," may it fan the little spark into "the Holy flame, and fill their whole body with light," "a work to which she and the good angels of her band are so deeply and earnestly devoted." "It is now nearly eight years since I was first made aware of her connection with me," "only three since I have enjoyed the happiness of communion with her." "She makes it known to me in many ways." "She has come to me amongst the wild hills of Scotland, or when seated on the high cliffs of Caithness, overlooking the stormy Pentland Firth," "but only when the wild waves have been at rest"—no sign of life around, save the white sea Gull sailing majestically overhead between earth and sky, and the crisp little white-crested waves called "*The Merry Men of Mey*," tumbling over one another in mad glee at my feet, have I felt her gentle presence, heard her precious words. "On some of these occasions I have asked her to speak of her past life on earth, and still have her promise that

she will do so." "These incidents she calls the Pearls of her Rosary, which she says she will drop into my hands one by one, and leave me to string them together."

"My midnight visit to Holyrood was made on an intensely dark night. The brightness of the stars above only served to make the darkness more visible. Never, never, I thought, could this once lovely chapel have looked more beautiful than it did at the moment," lighted alone by the stars of heaven, that looked in upon me from all sides through the Gothic windows, and from the deep blue of the canopy that was my only roof, and their vast dwelling place. Thus thinking, I reached the glorious Eastern window, where the high altar once stood, but which now looks down upon the green grass and a few broken stones. On one of these I knelt, "and lifting my thoughts to Heaven, prayed fervently for my sweet guardian who had once knelt on this very spot, decked in all the bravery of a bride, to plight her troth to the handsome Darnley." "His grave now stood" close at my right hand, and that of poor murdered David Rizzio I had passed near the door. "Where are they all now, where are you, my ever beautiful," "precious Marie?" "Here, with you," said a voice, and as I turned I saw a faint and shadowy form, more like a cloud or mist than a living being, but which soon assumed a more tangible appearance. "You see I have kept my word," she said, and from that moment she commenced and poured out the most sublime and glorious address I have ever heard. Vainly did I afterwards try to record what she had said, though the spirit of it will ever live in my memory, and bear its influence on my future life. "Suffice it to say, not one word of the time when she had last stood on that sacred spot, the Sovereign of the land, sullied the calm midnight air, or the purity of the overshadowing heavens, not one word but what angels would love to listen to." The Marie who spoke was the Marie of the "Star Circle," of which she had before declared to me she was one of the messengers,—a circle of pure, great, and holy ones, whose most earnest endeavour is to unite man to God, to bring Heaven nearer to earth." "She stated that representative spirits from all

times and all nations of the earth have organised in the form of a star." "This glorious circle inaugurated on earth under the simple title '*Star Circle*' is the *Christ Circle*." "I continually meet with those whom I recognise as belonging to this circle," sometimes by perceiving a glittering, six-pointed star hovering over their heads, "or again resting upon it." "Through my frequent intercourse with this sweet and gentle messenger, who comes from the glorious "Christ Circle," "I have been made sensible of a love so tender, and so intense, so beautiful, pure, and sweet, towards us poor, frail, weak, fallen children of earth, who are for this reason confined to the lower plane of material existence, as to utterly transcend all conceptions of mortal man on earth." This love towards the inhabitants of earth is as the love of a Divine mother for her children. Descending like gentle dew, it will penetrate thousands of hearts, and will unfold kindly, loving, and fraternal sentiments. Under its sweet influence the once beautiful Marie of Scotland forgot all her triumphs and sorrows, "and devoted the hour she passed by my side," on the very site of her former earthly splendour, "in speaking of the sweet influence of that glorious "Star of the East" "which shines over every Divine child, and guides to perfect stature and fulness as it did *Him* over whom it shone in Bethlehem, and guided watching shepherds and wise men to find *Him*."

"The masses will not perceive or receive it at first," but under the direct guidance of the Spirit those who open themselves to its influence and inspiration will become schools of the *New Dispensation*, centres of *Divine Love*, for the power at work is the mighty power of God, and the hearts and minds of all who are touched by it are illumined with new light. They feel the presence of the Angel-World, and are filled with universal love. "It was while suggesting to me such reflections as these that Marie suddenly paused and said: 'It is now more than twenty years since you were first chosen by that great band of the Christ Circle,' 'selected and chosen because of your well-balanced nature, which enables you to see and embrace all truth.' 'The voice of the Eternal hath called thee, 'Come up

higher, for I have need of thee.” “The time has now come when I can ask thee solemnly,” “Canst thou consecrate thyself to God’s service from this hour?” Her words and tone were so solemn that I felt at once in the presence of a superior being. My heart was full of love to God and humanity, “and my aspirations such that it seemed as if I could rise at once and soar away on the wings of Divine love, that pervaded my whole being;” “but instead of rising, I again sank on the green sod above the gravestones, and looking heavenward, exclaimed,” “Here, in the presence of the angels and before God’s holy altar I swear to devote myself to Him, and to consecrate my life and all I have received from Him to His service henceforth and forever. Amen and Amen.” “As I uttered these words I felt a warm kiss imprinted upon my upturned brow,” “and Marie’s solemn words again addressing me” —“I charge thee as my earthly representative to hold firmly the pure white banner of Truth I now place in thy hands.” “Not my will but Thine be done,” must be henceforth thy prayer, “knowing that all will come clearly to thine own perceptions. Fear nothing, but failing in this,” “we have laid upon thy shoulders the mantle of Truth, setting a seal upon thy forehead, as one upon whom the dews from higher spheres must continually descend, thus impregnating the physical with such elements as are essential to the unfoldment of all Divine qualities.” “The ways and means will be hidden from thee, since the inner

circle demand trust and confidence,” “ever upward aspiration, and ever-increasing confidence.” “Learn that aspiration is *inspiration*; without aspiration there is no growth.” Inspiration is from God. Our every breath is an aspiration; and every inspiration is its reply. “Our every act should be a prayer.”

“Men are asleep over the material triumphs they are crowning their brows with, or so buried amid the burdens of life, they cannot be still and listen to the voice of Deific forces. But woman, the earth’s mothers, must do so.” “Material burial is the fate of all who are not every whit whole, who cannot bring new bodies into the Heavenly kingdom. These forms will be freed from the dominion of old things, bound to the spheres of love and wisdom. Angels will sustain and keep them, putting into their hands golden keys that unlock all mysteries” “Marie my beloved one, the faith you have espoused possesses the rarest casket of jewels the world has seen. Add something grand to its now fast-advancing literature, its steady tidal wave of sweetly unfolding inspiration. Be brave, be true as steel to the guard of honor appointed for you by the Star Circle. Listen to their counsels. Advance into the very heart of the enemy’s appropriations, and sow the seed of well-tested truths. ‘Covet earnestly the best gifts.’ He you name Master possessed them, so shall you. It is His Father, and our Father, who is ever ready to bestow them upon those who sincerely desire and seek them.”

BELIEVE IT NOT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne
The dark way never hath allowed return?
That all which tears can move with life is fled,
That earthly love is powerless and dead,
Believe it not; there is a large lone star
Now burning o’er yon woe-ern hill afar,
And under its clear light there lies a spot
Which well might utter forth—Believe it not.”

I sat beneath that planet,— I had wept
My woe to stillness; every night wind slept;
A hush was on the hills; the very streams

Went by like clouds, or noiseless founts in dreams;
And the dark tree, overshadowing me that hour,
Stood motionless, even as the grey church-tower
Whereon I gazed unconsciously;—there came
A low sound, like the tremor of a flame,
Or like the light quicksilver of a wing

Flitting through the twilight wood, across the air;
And I looked up,—oh, for strong words to bring
Conviction o’er the thought,—before me, there
She, the departed, stood; aye, face to face—
So near, and yet how far.”

GREAT SOULS.

"A spiritual guide is absolutely requisite on the path to Perfection. This guide is not a human being, nor a spirit-guide, but the Divine Soul within us,—that is, our better half, our higher-self,—and we should place ourselves unreservedly under her guidance. Let us give *her* a name, and call *her* at once *The Intuition*."

One who aspires to become a Gnostic, or interpreter of mystic science, the gnosis of all forms, should act in strict conformity with the law of reason. Every act has a Divine and ultimate object, which we must recognise and act in accordance with. The methods that predispose the soul to re-birth are well given in the following extracts from eminent text books of occult science. The following is from a valuable work by Mrs Chandos Leigh Hunt Wallace, who says:—

"The primary qualifications are, a great and good spirit, and great powers of mental concentration. A great and good spirit, of course, cannot be imparted. Its development means the development of the holy seed within us, or the outward expressions of the Divine within. The greatest recognised example of such development in this and other Protestant and Catholic countries has been in the miracles performed by Jesus Christ. An adept of this description is known to the true occultist as the 'Red Magician.' To become a 'Red Magician,' you must strictly follow Christ's laws, and imitate his life, both in the *letter* and in the spirit, till it is your very nature to be good, and there is absolutely *no evil in you*. Your physical life must be entirely subservient to the spiritual; your observations of externals must be simply to make a right use of them. Food and drink must be taken merely as necessary supports to the body. Fish, flesh, fowl, alcohol, drugs, tobacco, mineral substances, and every such perversion of the natural appetite must be religiously abstained from, and your tastes therefore re-directed into their proper channels. *Good* cannot be *good* if it be joined to one particle of evil. It is then only a mixture of good and evil. To become a 'Red Magician,' therefore, you

must become all perfect, even as God within you is perfect—I do not say *all powerful*. You are always perfect, as long as you absolutely act up to the light within you, and ever pray and strive for more light. This light will grow infinitely. This light cannot die, because it is life, and there is no death in life. Decay of the body is destruction only of the machine, and not death to life. God, Life, Light, and good, in this sense, are synonymous terms. Good is *immortal*; evil is *mortal*, and there is no satisfaction in it. This light is fed only by constant prayer or desire for good. I am explaining facts to you, not mythical imaginings. If you wish to become a 'Red Magician,' mount the ladder, and you will find your Kingdom of Heaven, which is 'within you,' and 'Our Father who is in Heaven,' and then you will be *at one with God*."

We take the following from "The Perfect Way":—

"To attain to the perfection of the Christ—to polarise, that is, the Divine Spirit without measure, and to become a "Man of Power" and a medium for the Highest—though open potentially to all,—is actually and in the present, open if to any, but to few, and these are necessarily, they only who have passed through many transmigrations and advanced far on their way towards maturity, have sedulously turned their lives to the best account by means of the steadfast development of all the higher faculties and qualities of man, and who, while not declining the experiences of the body, have made the spirit, and not the body, their object and aim. Aspiring to the redemption in himself of each plane of man's fourfold nature, the candidate for Christhood submits himself to discipline and training the most severe, at once physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual, and rejects as valueless or pernicious whatever would fail to minister to his one end, deeming no task too onerous, no sacrifice too painful, so that he be spiritually advanced thereby; and how varied soever the means, there is one rule to which he remains constant throughout—the rule, namely, of love. The Christ he seeks is the pathway

to God, and to fail in the least degree in respect of love, would be put himself back in his journey. The sacrifices, therefore, in the incense of which his soul ascends, are those of his own lower nature to his own higher, and of himself for others and life itself, it seems to him, would be too dearly bought, if purchased at the expense of another, however little or mean,—unless, indeed, of a kind irremediably noxious whose extinction would benefit the world. For be it remembered—though always Saviour, the Christ is sometimes also Purifier, as were all his types, the Heroes—or Men Regenerate—of classic story. Enacting thus, when necessary, the executioner's part—he slays for no self-gratification, but in 'the name of the Lord.'

"They who have trod this path of old have been many, and their deeds have formed the theme of mystical legends innumerable, Epitomising these, we find that the chief qualifications are as follows:—In order to attain to 'Power and the Resurrection' a man must, first of all, be a *Hierarch*—this is to say, he must have attained the *magical* age of *thirty-three years* having, been, in the mystic sense of the terms, immaculately conceived, and born of a king's daughter, baptised with water and with fire, tempted in the wilderness, crucified and buried, having borne five wounds on the cross. He must, moreover, have answered the riddle of the Sphinx. To attain the requisite age, he must have accomplished the twelve Labours symbolised in those of Heracles and in the signs of the Zodiac, passed within the Twelve Gates of the Holy City of his own regenerate nature, overcome the Five Senses, and obtained dominion over the Four Elements. Achieving all that is implied in these terms, 'his warfare is accomplished, he is free of Matter, and will never again have a phenomenal body.'

"He who shall attain to this perfection must be one who is without fear, and without desire, save towards God, who has courage to be absolutely poor, and absolutely chaste, to whom it is all one whether he have money or whether he have none, whether he have house and lands or whether he be homeless, whether he have worldly reputation or whether he be an outcast. Thus is he voluntarily poor,

and of the spirit of those of whom it is said that they inherit the kingdom of heaven. It is not necessary that he have nothing, it is necessary only that he care for nothing, against attacks and influences of whatever kind and coming from whatever quarter without his soul's kingdom he must impreguably steel himself.

"If misfortune be his, he must make it his fortune; if poverty, he must make it his riches; if loss, his gain; if sickness, his health; if pain, his pleasure. Evil report must be to him good report; and he must be able to rejoice when all men speak ill of him. Even death itself he must account as life. Only when he has attained this equilibrium is he 'Free.' Meanwhile he makes Abstinence, Prayer, Meditation, Watchfulness, and Self-restraint to be the decades of his Rosary. And knowing that nothing is gained without toil, or won without suffering, he acts ever on the principle that to labour is to pray, to ask is to receive, to knock is to have the door open, and so strives accordingly. To gain power over Death, there must be self-denial and governance. Such is the 'Excellent Way,' though it be the *via Dolorosa*. He only can follow it who accounts the Resurrection worth the Passion, the Kingdom worth the Obedience, the Power worth the Suffering, and he, and he only, does not hesitate, whose time has come.

The last of the "Twelve Labours of Heracles" is the conquest of the three-headed dog Cerberus. For by this is denoted the final victory over the body with its three (true) senses. When this is accomplished, the process of ordeal is no longer necessary. The Initiate is under a vow. The Hierarch is free. He has undergone all his ordeals, and has freed his will. For the object of the Trial and the Vow is Polarisation; when the Fixed is Volatilized, the Magian is Free. Before this he is 'subject.'

"The man who seeks to be a *Hierarch* must not dwell in cities. He may begin his initiation in a city, but he cannot complete it there. For he must not breathe dead and burnt air—air, that is, the vitality of which is quenched. He must be a wanderer, a dweller in the plain and in garden and the mountains. He must commune with the starry heavens, and maintain direct contact

with the great electric currents of living air, and with the unpaved grass and earth of the planet, going barefoot, and oft bathing his feet. It is in unfrequented places, in lands such as are mystically called the "East,"

where the abominations of "Babylon" are unknown, and where the magnetic chain between earth and heaven is strong, that the man who seeks Power and would achieve the 'Great Work' must accomplish his initiation."

SELF-CULTURE.

YY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

The expression "Self-control" is daily in the blatant mouths of preachers and moralists, the very cant of emptiness and folly. It means nothing, nor can any play of words or cunning twisting of conception ever give it meaning. For the "self" is the divine, imperishable portion of the eternal God which is in man. I may control my limbs and the strength that is in them, and I may force under the appetites and passions of this mortal body, but I cannot control myself; for it is myself that controls, being of nature Godlike and stronger than all which is material. And although, for an infinitely brief space of time, I myself may inhabit and give life to this handful of most changeable atoms, I have it in my supreme power and choice to make them act according to my pleasure. If I become enamoured of the body and its ways, and of the subtleties of a fleeting bodily intelligence, I have forgotten to control those things; and having forgotten that I have a free will given me from heaven to rule what is mine, I am no

longer a man, but a beast. But while I, who am an immortal soul, command the perishable engine in which I dwell, I am in truth a man. For the soul is of God and for ever, whereas the body is a thing of to-day that vanishes into dust to-morrow; but the two together are the living man. And thus it is that God is made man in us every day.

All that we know by our senses is but an illusion. What is true of its own nature we can neither see, nor hear, nor feel, nor taste. It is a matter of time, and nothing more, and whatever palpable thing a man can name will inevitably be dissolved into its constituent parts, that these may again agglomerate into a new illusion in future ages. But that which is subject to no change, nor disintegration, nor reconstruction, is the immortal truth, to attain to a knowledge and understanding of which is to be saved from the endless shifting of the material and illusory universe.

THE REFORMER.

Aloof he stands and talks with God,
A Moses understood by none;
And men who trade and men who plod
Reville him fiercely, or but shun;
But he cloud-wrapt and victory shod,
Abides his time till right be done.

Poor task it were to stop and heed
The senseless sneer, the empty joke
While truth unfolds the coming creed
That yet shall sever error's yoke;
Absorbed in one prophetic deed,
He hath no time for meaner stroke.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

The above question is being discussed in spiritualistic and occult circles. We clip the following items in reference to it from the "London Light," adding at the close in corroboration an experience of our own. A. J. Penny, of Culloompton, says J. S. Mill, in his admirable work on "Mental Evolution in Animals," at the end of a logical argument bearing on their having reason, says: "*Mind is everywhere one.* Without reference to the theory of evolution, it is available to argue that there is no difference in kind between the act of reason performed by the crab and any act of reason performed by a man." (P. 337.)

That animals have imagination also is shown with much force in the same book. Dogs barking, and gently flapping their tails while asleep on our rugs, prove it to us every day; as those expressive tails, index alike of conscience and the more or less of cheerfulness, prove an inner life very clearly felt.

Two habits with regard to animals have for many years past surprised me. First, that no one, to the best of my knowledge, has ever accounted for singular decrees of faculty in some of them by the theory of mediumistic reciprocity, though to it Swedenborg attributes all instinct, saying of "every beast, bird, fish, and reptile" that "by means of the brain the spiritual world has an immediate influx into their bodily senses, and thus determines their actions, which is the reason why their bodily senses are far more exquisite than those of men. This influx from the spiritual world is what is called instinct." ("True Christian Religion," p. 335.) But this bears upon habitual, not occasional, demonstrations of mentality, which among dogs have been sometimes quite as wonderful as the conduct of Balaam's ass, though not accompanied with articulate speech.

In a work by Mr T. L. Harris, entitled "Esoteric Science," he reports that deceased dogs, as elementaries, simulate the appearance and actions of men and women to whom they have been attached here, thus misleading the unwary at many a séance. I should have given dogs credit for too much independence

of character for that. And Böhme asserts that human beings who have sunk to dog-level of morality in this world, appear in the next like dogs. We shall all know in due time, and when that time comes the madness of mad dogs will surely be explained by something more than physical causes. Perhaps then some eminent dog make take M. Paul Bert and M. Pasteur in hand and teach them a little of the psychology of dogs; it would be at once mercy and vengeance.

Anna Kingsford expresses herself on the same theme as follows:—"I should like to relate a pathetic little story which I heard from a well-known spiritualist in Paris. At a certain séance held in that city, a clairvoyante saw and described spirits whom she beheld present. Among the sitters was a stranger, an English gentleman, unknown to anyone in the room. Looking towards him the clairvoyante suddenly exclaimed: "How strange! Behind that gentleman I see the form of a large setter dog, resting one paw affectionately on his shoulder, and looking in his face with earnest devotion." The gentleman was moved, and pressed for a close description of the dog, which the clairvoyante gave. After a short silence he said, with tears, "It is the spirit of a dear dog which, when I was a boy, was my constant friend and attendant. I lost my parents early, and this dog was my only companion. While I played at cricket, he always lay down watching me, and when I went to school he walked to the door with me. He constituted himself my protector as long as he lived, and when he died of old age I cried bitterly." The clairvoyante said: "This dog is now your spirit guardian. He will never leave you; he loves you with entire devotion."

Is not that a beautiful story?

"I don't think, however, that I should have been moved to give it here but that, while I was at Nice a few days ago, someone sent Lady Caithness a new journal just issued by an "occult" society, or lodge, in which there was a passage which deeply grieved both of us. It was a protest against belief in the survival of the souls of animals. Such a passage

occurring in any paper put forth by persons claiming to have the *least* knowledge of things occult is shocking, and makes one cry, "How long, O Lord, how long?" The great need of the popular form of the Christian religion is precisely a belief in the solidarity of all living things. It is in this that Buddha surpassed Jesus—in this divine recognition of the universal right to charity. Who can doubt it who visits Rome—the city of the Pontiff—where now I am, and witnesses the black-hearted cruelty of these "Christians" to the animals which toil and slave for them? Ill as I am, I was forced, the day after my arrival, to get out of the carriage in which I was driving to chastise a wicked child who was torturing a poor little dog tied by a string to a pillar—kicking it and stamping on it. No one save myself interefered. To-day I saw a great, thick-shod peasant kick his mule in the mouth out of pure wantonness."

Edward Maitland, speaking on this subject, draws from it the following needed lesson:—"Though many of us do, indeed, hope for them some better and happier state of existence than can ever be possible for them here, where those upon whom they are so dependent are too often so cruel.

"Shall man the oppressor hope Heaven to win,
And they the oppressed hope not?"

But our plain and simple duty in regard to them is to do all in our power to help them *now*; and as I read the mistaken but too prevalent idea, that "humanity, meaning men and women, can be benefited by merciless inhumanity to poor dumb, helpless animals," I thought how in our selfishness we had narrowed the very meaning of the word humanity, and opening my dictionary read of it these wider and truer definitions: "The kind feelings, disposition, and sympathies of man by which he is distinguished from the lower order of animals;" "kindness and benevolence—especially a disposition to relieve distress and to treat with tenderness those who are helpless and dependent."

And now to come to our own experience:—While in Washington city a few years ago, I made the acquaintance of the wife of Hon. R. G. Riddle, of Ohio. She called on me one day when I was very ill, and as she sat near my bed I saw a large St. Bernard dog close beside her. He licked her hand, and expressed all the delight visible dogs do to loving mistresses. Then a voice whispered, "Say it is Adam." Mrs. Riddle almost screamed with joy. "Oh, our dear faithful Adam lives, and we shall see him too in the Better Land."

A. K. C.

DREAM OF AN IMMORTAL.

Out where the vines are creeping
Over a lattice white,
I dreamt as the flying daytime,
Greeted the coming night,
Far in the blue east trembled
The light of a cream-white star,
And the rims of the clouds at sunset,
Were pink as the sea shells are.

The eyes of my life were open,
The seams of my heart leaped high,
Though my outer form was lying,
As moveless as when we die,
Down through the twilight distance,
Floating like song along,
Came one whom the world has worshipped
For the mighty gift of song.

At length in the grapevine shadows,
Near by my side he seemed;
But, oh! what a far-off beauty
Over my spirit beamed.
I was grasping a spot of moonlight
Or holding a song most sweet,
So subtle, so bright, so heavenly,
He seemed from head to feet.

I looked in his face a moment,
So mighty, so all complete;
I bowed to its burning glory,
And tried to kiss his feet.
Back from my touch he vanished
Saying, "not so, not so,"
But raise up thy soul to meet me,
That I need not come so low.

Then with a graceful motion,
Over my neck he threw
A scarf on which stars were sprinkled
Over a ground of blue,
Reaching a fair hand forward
Holding a glove of white,
"Wear it, oh, earthly sister,
Wear it," he said, "and write."

Now when the snowy gauntlet
Presses upon my hand,
Then I can write the sweetest
Tales of the Better Land;
Angels seem all about me,
Guiding my mind and pen,
And telling the truths of heaven
Unto their fellow men.

CEREBRAL SCIENCE.

FROM BUCHANAN'S JOURNAL OF MAN.

"The spiritual and material worlds unite in man, in whom the Eternal Spirit is combined with a transitory material body, and the law of their inter-action is the law of the universe." "The law of the coronal region is upward, that of the vasilar downward upon the body, rousing the muscles and viscera to activity, but exhausting the brain and spiritual life. Hence, while they vitalize the body, they are the source of all that is sensual, violent, beastly, and criminal," "when they become the controlling power, which is an abnormal condition."

"The coronal organs lead upward; they originate all noble and lofty impulses, the performance of every duty, the perfection of health and enjoyment on earth of a life resembling Heaven, thus bringing us into sympathy with holy influences." "Their tendency is to draw life upward from the body to the brain and upper part of the chest, thereby energizing the soul, which has its home in the brain, the essential seat and source of life, and is in interior connection with the infinite source of life." "The coronal brain is the home of spiritual life, the antagonist of disease, promoter of longevity, by which the harmonious love of the upper world is realized on earth, and that divine quality which frees it from disease and death is to a limited extent imparted to the human brain." "The excessive actions of the vasilar region exhausts the brain, degrades the soul—gluttony, drunkenness, sensuality, passion, and violent exertion are the processes that exhaust the soul power." "The normal action of the vasilar organs is essential to life, and maintains the union of soul and body." "Excessive predominance of the coronal region heightens the spiritual nature, and induces trance, ending in death by the ascension of the soul from the body." "So long as the vasilar organs have sufficient energy to maintain the connection of the soul with the body, the most powerful action of the coronal region increases the power of the brain, brilliancy of mind, and perfection of

health, the moral power and greatness of the person."

"The law of antagonism or opposition is universal, in the physical as in the psychical nature." "The joint action of the two produces the infinite variety of life, which moves on like pendulums in continual alternation. We can conceive of no faculty which has not its opposite, no faculty which would not terminate its own operation if there were no antagonist."

"We hold our destiny in our own hands. If we will cultivate the faculties which are most in need of cultivation, their organs, receiving more blood, will grow faster than any other portions of the brain, while the organs that are kept in check and deprived of activity will gradually decline in power and size, so that the character will become essentially changed. It is in the power of every individual who has the necessary determination to change essentially his own nature for better or worse, as well as to modify and enlarge his capacities, changing the structure of his brain, and this should encourage every young man and woman to make for themselves a noble destiny." The present status of humanity above the animal kingdom was attained not by a sudden burst of creative power, making a distinct and isolated being, but by the gradual and consecutive influx, which evolved new faculties and organs—a process called *Evolution*. How slow or rapid this process may have been science has not yet determined; but it would require incalculable millions of years if nothing but the common exciting effects of environment and necessity have been operative in *Evolution*, and science has utterly failed to discover any power which could carry on developement so effectively as to produce an entire transformation of species, and overcome the vast differences between the oyster and the bird, the fish and the elephant."

"But such transmutations of the nervous system do virtually occur in man before birth.

We cannot say that they are *impossible*, for that which occurs in the womb under influence of parental love, may also occur in the womb of Nature under the influence of Divine love, for love is the creative power; and as the maternal influx may determine the noble development of humanity, or the ignoble development of monsters and animalized beings, it is obvious that the formative stage of all beings is a plasmic condition in which the most subtle or spiritual influences may totally change their destiny and development. That such an influx may come to exalt or to modify the animal type is by no means

unreasonable, for human beings in vast numbers are liable to such influences from the unseen, which exert a controlling influence; and many animals are as accessible to invisible influences as man, while their embryos are vastly more so than the parents." "Why is it that a simple speck of protoplasm, void of visible organisation,—a mere jelly holds the invisible spiritual element, the destiny of myriads of animal beings,—and according to the nature of that invisible spiritual element it may develop into a Humboldt or an oyster, an elephant, a humming-bird or a serpent."

A D R E A M .

F. E. COOTE, F.G.S.

At first thought one is very likely to feel that the difficulty of treating the subject under consideration lies in the supposed fact that the religions of the world are so numerous and so different from each other. On maturer consideration, however, you will find but half-a-dozen *true religions* in the world, and that the real difficulty in the way of comparison lies not in their difference, but in their similarity.

A true religion! What is it?—A man, under the spur of that which is within him, starts off on a pilgrimage in search of truth. . . . "I have sought Jesus in all books and from all men that I came across; and the opinions and teachings I found were all a muddle. Alas! I know not whether ever Jesus was. And now I almost fear to seek God, lest I should not find even Him. But, O my soul! surely truth must exist somewhere. Show me *that*, whatever it is. I will not live an untruth. Being weary and oppressed with an agony of doubt, I fell asleep, and dreamed I saw a ray of light proceeding from me and stretching in a straight line before me further than the eye could reach. At intervals, lesser rays branched out to the left; and while I still wondered what this meant, a strange thing happened, for the end of the ray within me whispered, 'Keep to the straight path.' And the whisper was like the breath of sun and air that bids the spring flower open. So I arose, and trudged along the straight path, making for the first of the lesser rays. . . . I would be able to rest there. But no effort

on my part brought me one step nearer. . . . And the clouds gathered above. . . . And the storm broke over me and I fell exhausted. But amid all the noise and the rumbling thunder I could hear the same soft whisper—louder than thunder, by reason of its very softness—'Walk from here.' . . . Then I knew I must advance, not from or by means of the exhausted body, but from where the living voice grew. Then indeed I saw—I saw that at the junction of the straight path and the first lesser ray was a bright light, and its name was Mosaism. At the second ray was a similar light, and its name was Zoroastrianism. At the third left-hand ray was a similar light, and its name was Confucianism. At the juncture of the fourth ray was another similar light, and its name was Buddhism. A longer journey than I had been before brought me to two other lights—the first was called Christianity, and the second Mahometanism, and a left-hand path branched from each of these centres. And I looked back along the path I had come, and the name of that path was Truth. And there was no right-hand path at all, but only the straight path. And when I saw the names of the left-hand paths I turned my face whither I was going, and beheld a light seven times brighter than any one of the lights I had already seen, and the name of that light is intuition. Then my own voice, something like an echo, or rather materialisation of that other, said to me —'Walk the whole Path. No part is All truth.'"

THE BISHOP'S STORIES.

BY CHARLES WEBSTER, F.T.S. (FROM "THE THEOSOPHIST.")

It was at the dinner table of one of the highest dignitaries of the Church—a man whose name, were I at liberty to mention it, would command recognition and respect wherever the English language is spoken—that I heard the stories which I am about to relate. I am aware that to give the name of the narrator would add greatly to the value of the account with many minds; and, indeed, I have no reason to suppose that there would be any objection to my mentioning it; but I did not ask permission to do so (having at the time not the slightest idea of ever publishing the tales), and therefore I refrain. Whether the stories have been given to the public before, and if so where and in what form, I cannot say; the distinguished narrator was of opinion that they had become the theme of common talk, and seemed much surprised that no one present had heard them; but since they were entirely new to the forty or fifty persons gathered round that table, and since I myself have never seen them in print, though I have read most of the extant collections of such stories, I run the risk of repeating what may, perhaps, be to some people an oft-told tale. For the sake of clearness I shall in each case call the chief actor in the story "the bishop," though, of course, in the first of the cases related, his episcopal honours were far in the future.

The first of his ghostly experiences occurred while "the bishop" was still at college. It seems that one night he had retired to bed somewhat earlier than usual, having locked the outer door of his sitting-room, but leaving that between the latter apartment and his bedroom standing open. In the sitting-room a large fire was blazing brightly, flooding the place with its cheerful light, and rendering every object as distinctly visible as at noon-day. It was half-past ten, and the bishop had just laid himself down in blissful expectation of a long and uninterrupted sleep, when, standing in the doorway between the two

rooms, in the full glare of the light, he saw the figure of his father. Surprise held him motionless for a few seconds—nay, he thinks that he must have watched the play of the fire-light upon that sad, earnest face for a whole minute—when the figure raised its hand and beckoned to him to come. This dissolved the spell which seemed to hold him in his grasp, and he sprang from the bed and rushed towards the door; but before he could reach it the figure had vanished! Startled beyond expression, he searched both sitting-room and bedroom thoroughly, but easily convinced himself that he was entirely alone; there was nowhere for an intruder to hide, and the outer door was securely locked, as he had left it. Besides, the figure had been distinctly and unmistakably that of his father, looking—except for the intense yearning expressed in his face—exactly as when he had last seen him only a few weeks before; and he was quite convinced that no college joker could have deceived him on this point. He was at last forced to conclude that he must have been the victim of an illusion, hard though it was to bring himself to such an opinion when he recollected the natural appearance of the figure and the play of the firelight upon its face; so he once again composed himself to rest. The shock, however, had banished sleep for the time, and he lay watching the flickering shadows on the wall for more than an hour before he felt himself sinking again into unconsciousness. Whether he had actually fallen into a doze, or was only on the point of doing so, he was unable to say; but he was suddenly startled into complete wakefulness by the re-appearance of the figure in the doorway, with the same intense expression on its face, and beckoning him, if possible, even more earnestly than before. Determined that this time, at least, it should not elude him, he sprang with one bound from his bed to the door, and clutched violently at the apparition; but he was again doomed to disappointment: the appearance

seemed exactly the same, even when he was within a yard of it, yet his outstretched hands grasped only the empty air, and once more the strictest search only confirmed what was already certain—that it was utterly impossible for any bodily presence to have either escaped from the rooms or concealed itself in them.

Like most young men he had been more or less sceptical upon the subject of apparitions, and, though seriously startled by what he had seen, he endeavoured to reason himself into the belief that it was due to a mere trick of the imagination, arising perhaps from some unexpected bodily ailment. After bathing his forehead with cold water, he therefore retired to rest once more, firmly resolving not to allow his mind to dwell upon what he considered the dream of a distempered brain. As he lay down the various college clocks chimed midnight, and, with visions of early chapel in his mind, he made the most strenuous efforts to obtain the sleep of which he felt so much need. At last he was successful, but it seemed to him that he could have been but a few moments unconscious when he awoke with a start, with that feeling of causeless terror at his heart which so often overcomes persons of highly nervous organisation when suddenly roused from deep slumber. The fire in the sitting-room had burnt low, and instead of the cheerful dancing light as he had seen as he fell asleep, there was now only a dull red glow upon wall and ceiling; but there in the doorway, clearly defined in the midst of that glow, stood his father's figure once more! This time, however, there was a distinct difference in both its expression and its action; instead of the intense yearning which had been so closely visible before, there was a look of deep though resigned regret, and the raised hand no longer eagerly beckoned him to approach, but slowly and sorrowfully waved him back as he fixed his horror-stricken gaze upon the vision. Instead, too, of vanishing instantly, as before, its outlines became indistinct and it seemed to fade gradually away into the dull red glow upon the wall. Only upon its disappearance did the bishop recover the power of motion, and his first act was to draw forth his watch and look at the time. It was ten

minutes to two—far too early either to arouse any one or to obtain any sort of conveyance for his homeward journey—for home he at once resolved to go. His father—the rector of a distant country parish—had been perfectly well when he left him a few weeks before, nor had he since heard anything to alarm him in any way; but, profoundly impressed as he was by the recurrence of the vision, and convinced at last that there was in the matter something of what is usually called the supernatural, he felt that it would be impossible for him to rest until he had satisfied himself by ocular demonstration that his father was alive and well. He made no further attempt to sleep, and at the very earliest moment when he thought such an application possible, he sought an interview with the head of his college, explained his fears to him, and set out for home without delay.

The day of rapid travel somewhat weakened the impression that the events of the night had produced upon him, and when, as the shades of evening were beginning to fall, he drove up the well-known lane leading to the rectory, it was scarcely more than a latent uneasiness which clouded his pleasant anticipations of the astonished greeting of the home circle. It gave him a sudden shock, on coming within sight of the house, to see that all the blinds were drawn closely down; true, it was already growing dusk, but he knew that his father loved the twilight hour, and would never admit candles until they were absolutely necessary; and a nervous apprehension of he hardly knew what, overpowered him so completely that for some moments he was unable to knock at the door. When at last he summoned courage to do so it was opened by the butler—one who had served in the family for many years—whom he had known since childhood; but the first glimpse of this old retainer's face revived in a moment all his worst apprehensions.

"Ah! sir," said the man, "you are too late! If you could only have come last night! Yes" (in answer to the bishop's horrified enquiries), "yes, the master is gone; and almost the only words he spoke after he was taken ill were to say how he longed to see

you. It was ten o'clock last night when the fit took him, and half-an-hour afterwards, as soon as he was able to speak, the first thing he said was, 'Send for my son; I must see my son once more.' We told him that a message should be sent with the first dawn of day, but he scarcely seemed to hear us, for he had fallen back into a kind of trance, like. Then at a quarter to twelve he roused up for a few moments, but all he said was, 'How I wish my son was here!' And again just the moment before he died—ten minutes to two it was—he opened his eyes and seemed to know us all, though he was too weak to say much; but he just whispered, 'I am going; I should like to have spoken to my dear son once more, but I shall not live to see him now.' And then he passed away so peacefully, it seemed as though he had but fallen asleep."

Such was the bishop's first experience of

life on the super-physical plane—one of a class by no means uncommon, though perhaps an unusually perfect and striking example of its kind. At any rate, it is not difficult to believe the remark of the narrator, that it produced on him an impression which time was powerless to obliterate—an impression which coloured his whole after-life.

How many there are among us who have been profoundly affected—nay, whose entire characters even have been changed—by one short glimpse of that world which is even close around us, though commonly veiled from our eyes! Few people care to speak of such things in this blind and sceptical age, but any one who takes the trouble to make quiet and earnest enquiries among his friends will be surprised to discover how much more common than he had supposed such experiences are.

FROM EONA TO ANNA IN THE EARTH LAND.

BY MRS. G. B. CLARKE.

I was listening in my bower,
That stands where the sacred light
From the holy heavens falling,
Beats forever back the night.

Listening to the tender echoes,
That in harmony divine,
Rose and fell like tidal billows,
When up to this heart of mine,

From the earth life came a whisper,
Like a prayer it fell on my soul,
'Till love in a sweet baptism
Through the earth land shadows stole.

It reached a heart in the mist-land,
A heart that is true and tried,
Whose peace like a rippling river
Flows to meet the deep main tide.

Brave heart in the land of shadows,
Gather the luminous sheaves,
They'll be thine in the sweet forevers,
Nor change like the tinted leaves,

That down in the dust-paths falling,
Speak not of the real or true,
Point not to the real all fadeless
'Yond the earth lands grey and blue.

Fill up to the brim the chalice
That is yours by right divine,
Bid others drink from its fullness,
And far up the mountain climb.

There are truths full worth the seeking,
There are gems of angel lore,
That await the willing worker
While yet on the mist-clad shore.

Go on, dear heart, through the shadows,
The path leads up to life's day,
Where, 'mong the waiting, I'll greet you,
The fearless, redeemed Eona,

PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

LESSON I.

Physical Culture hitherto has been mostly treated of in two ways: wrongly by the athletic class, and totally neglected by those who have cultivated the spiritual life. Athletics, by making the body the end of culture, defeats its own aim by depleting the moral functions of the body for the purpose of enriching the physical or muscular. Our professional Athletes, as a consequence, nearly all break down early in life by some failure of the vital organs. Thus the gymnasium has fallen into ill-repute. To entirely neglect the body is equally unwise. Our Physical life is our chamber of ordeal. Through all its experiences we are initiated into the knowledge of the soul. He who would prevail against the invisible foes that block the way to the soul's true heritage needs strength of nerve and health of body as well as enthusiasm. The ancient baptism of water administered by John symbolised Physical Regeneration and Purity. It meant giving up all habits that defile the body, and going into the wilderness of the flesh, and cutting out all the old dead protoplasm so as to prepare and open the channels of Being for the Lord and Spirit of Life to flow in. Three laws are to be observed in Physical Culture:

1st. Strengthening the centre and freeing the circumference.

2nd. Harmony between the physical, mental, and moral centres.

3rd. Freeing the body from all personal idiosyncracies so that it corresponds with and reflects the universal.

Every physical form and power of expression relates us to a universal function or spirit of life. To assume an attitude of strength and then to mentally relate yourself to all strength, is to come into rapport with Omnipotence. Every time this is done the body will grow stronger. The same is equally true of despair and weakness. If you take a weak and despondent attitude the despair of the entire world will flow in upon you in such overwhelming floods as to cause you in thus sharing universal woe to adopt the creed of

the Pessimist, and swear that this is the worst possible of all worlds.

The main purpose of these lessons is to point out to all earnest students of Divine Science physical means to moral and spiritual ends. All Physical Culture, with the development of mere bodily strength as the end in view, cannot be too earnestly condemned.

Let the student now return in attention to our first principle—"Strengthening the centre and freeing the circumference." By the centre we mean the chest or Torso of the body containing the vital organs. By the circumference we mean the limbs, and especially all the joints. All Physical Perfection is in proportion to the health and functional activity of the vital organs and the flexibility and freedom of action in the joints and limbs. This corresponds with the law laid down by Herbert Spencer, who declares that all progress is in proportion to the development of what he calls "Heterogeneity with Homogeneity," or, in other words, Unity and Diversity combined. Thus the most perfect governments are those that have the strongest central power combined with the largest amount of local liberty in the outlying states or provinces. So the most perfect man physically is the one who is strongest in the centre of being with the largest amount of free activity in all other parts of the body. The head, eye, hand, foot—each has a language of its own; but while these should act independently, their expression must be in harmony with the central emotion located at the Solar Plexus. The Solar Plexus is the largest and most important nerve centre outside of the brain. It is in many respects a true brain in itself. It is the centre of all emotional or moral life, and is therefore most important. Being in the region of the heart, it has been spoken of in all literature as the *heart*. It is the heart and citadel of being, man being the microcosm of the macrocosm, or the universe in Little. This Solar Plexus bears in him to all other functions the same relation the sun does to the other planets. It is the Ruling Power. It

should have the first consideration in all physical culture. The chief evils that afflict the world to-day are the result of devoting nearly all our education to one brain,—the cerebrum,—instead of distributing it equally over the functions of cerebrum, cerebellum (the back brain), and the Solar Plexus, or moral brain. The strength and health of the Solar Plexus is largely dependent on the activity of the diaphragm, and that in its turn is dependent on our method of breathing. Unless we breathe deeply, the diaphragm remains inactive. When it is active, every time we breathe it presses down gently on the stomach and liver, promoting their health, keeping us from dyspepsia and biliousness. More than this, however, it stimulates and vitalises the Solar Plexus, and so in turn contributes to the health and development of the entire nervous system. By a few simple exercises we have seen many invalids, given up by the doctors as condemned to death by incurable consumption or dyspepsia perfectly cured.

The first lesson we give, then, must include these exercises:—

1. Place the hands on the hips—breathe deeply, expanding the muscles to their utmost at those two points. Now expell the breath and contract the muscles to their utmost. Repeat three times.

2. Place one hand to the right, a little back of the hip, the other hand on the abdomen in front on the left side. Repeat as in No. 1, three times inhaling and expelling the breath.

3. Repeat the same by reversing the hands to left and right.

4. Place both hands in front on the abdomen, and repeat as before three times.

5. Place hands in the small of the back and repeat three times.

6. Place one hand on the right breast and repeat three times.

7. Remove to the left.

8. Repeat, right and left at the same time.

9. Lift up the chest and let it fall. Repeat three times.

10. Place the hands at the diaphragm and draw it in at this point as much as possible push-

ing in with the hands, then throw it out suddenly with an explosive movement, at the same time making the vowel sound of O, as though pronouncing who, then repeat the same on all the vowel sounds.

In pronouncing the vowel sounds be careful and throw them well to the front of the mouth, keeping them out of the throat. If troubled with dyspepsia go through this exercise directly after eating; if afflicted with any weakness of the lungs, take the exercise the first thing after rising in the morning, either in the open air or with the window of your room open. If moral and spiritual power is desired, think while your are exercising that the Higher-Self is perfect, and that you are doing this simply to make the body a perfect instrument for that True and Spiritual-Self. The Ancient Occultists and Adepts like Von Helmont and Paracelsus located the soul at the pit of the stomach. We all speak of conscience as the voice within. Those who develope communion between the Lower and Higher Dualism hear a voice that talks to them from this point. When Jesus appeared to some of his disciples after the resurrection, they said, "Did not our hearts burn within as he communed with us by the way." As you unfold the Psyche, your immortal self, you will feel this burning, warming glow within. The Kingdom of Heaven is within. Let whoever would know its power and feel its peace and joy, practice faithfully the exercises given in this our first lesson in Psychic and "Physical Culture."

STRAWS tell which way the current is flowing; but to-day clearer signs than straws are telling the discerning eye that the Gnostic is to displace the Agnostic, and the Spiritualist the Materialist. The continued progress and triumph of Mental Healing—the chartering of schools—the conversion of physicians—the many talented and cultivated people who are consecrating their lives to the new order—the publication of many new journals devoted to the subjective rather than the objective—the popularity of all books treating of the Occult,—all indicate that the new earth and new heaven have come at last.

STATUVOLENCE.

Among other things successfully taught and practised in the Gnostic School of Psychic and Physical Culture in San Francisco is the principle of Statuvolence, discovered and published to the world in a volume under that name, by Dr. William Baker Fahnestock, of Walhalla, S.C. Since the last appearance of 'The Gnostic,' Dr. Fahnestock has ascended to the Higher Life. His last act on earth was to write a letter to thank us for teaching Statuvolence in our school.

We had intended to publish the letter in this number. In some way we managed to save for this purpose the wrong letter. We hope, however, to find it among our papers at home and yet print it. Dr. Fahnestock was one of the Prophets of the world's new Hope and life.

The Principles he discovered and taught will yet be included in the curriculums of many schools and colleges. As a loving tribute to his memory, we print here the following experiments in Statuvolence, written out and sent us by himself shortly before his birth into the world of freed souls:—

TELEVOLENS, OR FAR WILLING.

Dr. O., an M.D. as well as a Methodist minister, who became a Statuist, under my care, years ago, could will his daughter (who was a sensitive or *natural Statuist*) to get or do things for him at any distance, as the following brief detail of a circumstance in point will show:

Upon one occasion, after his daughter had departed in the cars for Lancaster Pa., some twenty miles distant, he remarked to his wife that he was sorry he forgot to tell "Phene" (Josephene, his daughter) to bring him an E string for his violin; but, said he, it will make but little difference, as I can impress her to do so mentally. To which his wife replied that "You must be beside yourself to believe that such a thing is possible." "You will see," he replied, "when she returns whether I can do so or not." His wife, though incredulous, was curious to know the fact, and awaited the

daughter's return impatiently, and before she could enter the house, called out to her, "Did your father impress you to bring anything along for him?" "Yes," she replied, "he wanted me to bring him an E string for his violin," and (holding it up) said, "Here it is."

I have but to add, that there seemed to be a reciprocal mind-reading between them at all times; and there is little doubt that such a mind-reading between sensitives in the East constitutes the "HINDU," "SECRET MAIL."

SEEING THE PAST.

I have lately had two remarkable instances of seeing the past, in that of a gentleman who became clear-minded, or a Statuist, under my care some five years ago. The facts are briefly as follows:

After a visit to Walhalla, where I received a letter and obtained a supply of postage stamps, which were enveloped, and with the letter, placed in the side pocket of my coat. The sequel will show why this fact is stated.

As I did not wish to remain in town until my son was ready to return home. I concluded to walk there (some three miles) by the way of Mr. B——'s. I had proceeded but a short distance, when I was overtaken by a neighbour, who took me into his buggy, and sat me down where he was to leave the road I had to go. As the day was warm, I took off my coat, and throwing it over my arm, started off on foot; but soon feeling that I was not going the right direction, I sat down upon a stump in a quandery as to the way I should take. Here I was again taken up by another gentleman and sat down at the cross roads, and directed to take a bye path as the nearest way to Mr. B——'s, which I soon reached; and after concluding my business with him I went home, where I soon discovered that I had lost my letter, as well as the envelope containing my postage stamps—but where I had done so I could not surmise. Next morning, with the hope of finding them, I went back as far as Mr. B——'s, but did not find

them; and upon stating my loss to Mr. B——, he said that he thought he could find them clear-mindedly, but that it would be necessary for him to trace my steps from the post office to where I might have lost them, wherever that might be.

Next morning he surprised me by an early visit, and after handing me the lost letter and the envelope containing the postage stamps, he stated that after I had left him, he concluded to look for them at once, and accordingly traced my steps (clairvoyantly) from the post office, and saw the road I had taken; where I was first taken up and set down; then where I mistook the road, and sat down upon a stump in a quandary as to the right road; then where I was again taken up by another gentleman, and set down at the cross roads—where, he said, the letters fell from my pocket, and where they were soon after picked up by a woman going the road, and as she could not read, took them to a neighbour's house, where she left them, and where he, next morning, obtained them. The above facts were some time after stated in a letter to Lady von S——,

of Vienna, Austria, who in a return letter requested me to get Mr. B—— to look for two packages of M.S. that were lost for her; and as he had visited the lady clairvoyantly, at her request before, he did so willingly. and stated that one of the packages was left at a restaurant by her brother, and was there destroyed. The other reached its destination, but as the gentleman to whom it was addressed not being there when it arrived, it was laid away by the person in attendance, and was still there, and could be obtained if looked for at a certain place which he designated. This was stated to the lady, and by a return letter I was informed that the M.S. was found at the place designated by Mr. B——. This is the more extraordinary as Mr. B—— had no clue whatever as to what had become of them. Many other seings of a like nature have frequently been made by Mr. B—— at shorter distances, and it is difficult to say what may not be effected by educated Statuvists in the future.

WM. BAKER FAHNESTOCK, M.D.

A CHANGELING.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

A little changeling spirit
Crept to my arms one day,
I had no heart or courage
To drive the child away.

So all day long I soothed her,
And hushed her on my breast;
And all night long her wailing
Would never let me rest.

I dug a grave to hold her,
A grave both dark and deep;
I covered her with violets,
And laid her there to sleep.

I used to go and watch there,
Both night and morning, too:
It was my tears, I fancy,
That kept the voilets blue.

I took her up, and once more
I felt the clinging hold,
And heard the ceaseless wailing
That wearied me of old,

I wandered, and I wandered,
With my burden on my breast,
'Till I saw a church door open,
And entered in to rest.

In the dim, dying daylight,
Set in a flowery shrine,
I saw the Virgin Mother
Holding her Child Divine.

I knelt down there in silence,
And on the altar stone
I laid my wailing burden,
And came away—alone.

And now that little spirit,
That sobbed so all day long,
Is grown a shining angel,
With wings both wide and strong.

She watches me from Heaven,
With loving, tender care,
And one day she has promised
That I shall find her there,

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—If during the short life of 'The Gnostic' you learned to love our purposes and feel an interest in the success of our journal, you must have long mourned our enterprise as among the dead. But things are not what they seem. We die only that we may live again more gloriously. So is it with our 'Gnostic.' The eloquence of silence was forced upon us so far as our printed message was concerned. But our voices have borne the new message far away to the Antipodes.

In beautiful Sydney and fair Melbourne, Queen City of the World's New South, and now here in Dunedin, one of the principal towns of New Zealand, we have laboured constantly in public lectures and private classes to open a path for Truth through the wilderness of error. The wave of Psychic interest and spiritual revival sweeping over Europe and America has hardly yet touched these shores. Though unrecognised by the great multitude, we are serving here as the *avant couriers* of this new coming of the Lord of Life. Others came on the same errand, and went back empty-handed of results. Determined to take no denial, we have laboured on almost night and day, and now begin to see the first fruits of our toil. Having already told the story of our journey in the Banner of Light and Golden Gate, together with some descriptions of the external world in Sydney and Melbourne, which doubtless most have seen, we will not waste valuable time and space with vain repetition.

The voice of the Spirit called us to these distant shores. It has been our flight into Egypt to save the life of our young child of the Christ Truth. The one great joy in our hearts to-day is that for such coming we can again send it forth with full hands laden with the great Truths and purposes that are to be the Alpha and Omega of the New Earth and New Heaven that is to be.

We trust that this time we shall be able to continue until the seed is sown in many lands, and a great harvest of souls gathered into

Nirvana from out of this weary and toilsome strife of earth life.

It is now more than a year since we passed through the Golden Gate outward bound from the land of our adoption. Most of our Fellow Gnostics were at the pier to bid us *bon voyage*. In our absence they have most loyally and faithfully carried forward the work we had commenced in the Society and School, so that to-day we are stronger in San Francisco than when we left.

Though 'The Gnostic' has been suspended, 'The Golden Gate,' in its Catholicity and true spirituality, has done much in supporting our members by publishing many of the papers read at their weekly meetings. The ability of these articles, their clear and strong grasp of the Truths that underly all health and perfection of body, mind, and soul, are in themselves a justification of the Truth and Divinity of our work. We thank with all our heart the editors of 'The Golden Gate' for this good service, and at the same time congratulate our fellow students in the evidence thus afforded us of their growth and progress.

Of the time spent in the Colonies, two months were given to Sydney, eight to Melbourne, and we have now been two in Dunedin, New Zealand. At some future day we hope to give our readers some extended impressions of this new world. Taking our departure from Sydney sooner than we had expected, we were prevented from organising a Society. Still we hope that a few of the earnest students from our classes will yet do so. In Melbourne a Branch has been formed and a School started on an independent basis by two of our Fellows. Here in Dunedin we have formed large classes, and hope to leave here a Society and School.

New Zealand is just now under a dark cloud of financial depression and political turmoil. Still, with its vast natural resources, temperate and genial climate, and unrivalled beauty of scenery, a great future must await this New England of the Southern Pacific. We feel as though we had come here to plant the standard

of the world's new hope and spiritual awakening in the revival of the School of The Gnostic. We have met here many progressive and earnest thinkers, and trust that in time their freedom of thought will complete itself in the awakening of Intuition. Sir Robert Stout, the Premier of the Colony, did us the honour to take the chair at one of our lectures. He is a man of the people, full of the true spirit of democracy. The country is indebted to his ardent championship of education for the liberal provisions made by the Government to this end. He has also introduced to a certain extent a system of land nationalisation, together with village settlement—schemes for the purpose of inducing the people to settle on and cultivate the land instead of cutting each other's throats in competition by overcrowding the cities. Though a self-made man, having risen to the highest position in the Colony from that of a school teacher, he is second to none in intellectual power. Though perfectly independent in thought in matters pertaining to religion, and President of the Dunedin Freethought Association, he has, nevertheless, by his devotion, won the respect of foe as well as friend.

Mrs. Logan, the mother of Mrs. Stout, is one of the most cultivated and spiritual-minded ladies we have met.

On the whole we think that New Zealand is in advance of the Australian Colonies in spiritual development.

We have seen as yet nothing of the Maoris, the natives of New Zealand. We trust that

we shall be able to do so before leaving the country, and give our readers the benefit of the same. From all we can gather they are familiar with many of the occult laws, such as Thought Transference, Form Materialisation, Faith Cure, and other things we are only just beginning to learn. They are evidently, together with the inhabitants of other islands, the remains of what was once a great people and a great continent, contemporary with the lost Atlantis.

Students of that wonderful little book, "Fragments of Forgotten History," would find in these Islands of Oceana many facts corroboratory of its truth.

Continents and nations come and go as humanity sweeps onwards in its mighty spiral pathway towards the Heights of Divinity—through storm and calm, night and day, winter and summer. Let every heart rejoice that once more we are sweeping out of the shadow and gloom, the night of Faith's eclipse, and the winter of doubt and denial, into the light and breath of a new day and spring time of spiritual regeneration.

We send forth our 'Gnostic' to help to widen these skirts of light. We organise our Societies and Schools to increase the labourers in this field of work. We would in this way clasp the hands and touch the hearts of all who have felt this new awakening, and by proclaiming results encourage others to pass out of the Shadow into the Shine—out of ignorance into the Gnosis of all Truth.

THE PERFECT WAY.

A new edition is out of "The Perfect Way," revised and enlarged. Unlike the first edition, it is no longer anonymous, but bears on the title-page the names of the gifted and inspired writers—Anna Bonus Kingsford, M.D., and Edward Maitland, M.A. Numerous changes are made, including the substitution of another lecture for No. V., together with eight new appendices. This book is indeed, as the authors claim to all who are familiar with the mode of its production, an absolute confirmation of its own teaching and therein of the

Recovered Gnosis, and is indeed well designed to meet the peculiar circumstances of the times, so aptly described by Mr Matthew Arnold when he says that "at the present moment there are two things about the Christian religion which must be obvious to every percipient person—one that men cannot do without it; the other, that they cannot do with it as it is. To enlarge the number of readers and earnest students of such books as this is a part of the mission of "The Gnostic."

DR. ANANDIBAI JOSHI.

Our readers will remember seeing in our pages some earnest, thoughtful letters to the editors from Gopal Vinayak Joshi, a young Hindoo Brahmin who spent some time travelling through America. He came to this country in order to meet and accompany his wife back to India, after she had spent two years studying and graduating as a physician in The Woman's Medical College at Philadelphia. The heroism displayed by both Mr. Joshi and wife in order that she might thus fit herself to better assist in the great work of emancipating her countrywomen is truly refreshing and inspiring. When quite young Joshi, through following a course of study with his sister, came to the conclusion that the female mind was capable of as much development as man's. When he was married he resolved to give his wife the highest education he could command with his limited resources. Though this is utterly opposed to the general opinion and usage of his countrymen, he was fortunate in securing a wife who shared with him this opinion, and who was ready to undergo any hardship to put it to a practical test. It would be impossible to relate all that this young couple underwent to carry out their purposes, embracing as they did the coming of Mrs. Joshi to America to study medicine. Being in the Civil Service, Joshi first had himself transferred from one Presidency to another, in order to escape the ridicule and mockery of his friends, which he well knew would be levelled at their endeavours.

After much self-sacrifice and effort a way was opened for Mrs. Joshi to go to America, whither her husband followed her in time to be present at the graduation exercises. In order to do so he walked many hundred miles on foot. We had the pleasure of meeting him shortly after he landed in San Francisco, and derived much benefit from his instructive conversation and descriptions of life in India. Through introductions we could furnish him and other friends in San Francisco, he made his way to Philadelphia by lecturing on the route.

It is now our sad duty to write that,

notwithstanding the heroism exhibited by these two young hearts, Mrs. Joshi only lived a few months after her return to India. Though surrounded in America by kind and loving friends, her severe study and discipline for a number of years (she being only 23 years of age at the time of her death), her absence from husband and all companions of her own country, the difficulty of finding proper food for a Buddhist, who declines to sustain life by sacrificing the lower orders of life, in a country where almost every dish is either made of or flavoured with what would be as objectionable to her as it would be to have our food made of or flavoured with human corpses, caused the young doctor to bear to her home, along with her honours and triumphant spirit, a body that had been worsted in the fight from which the freed and heroic soul took its flight. From one point of view, we might be tempted to mourn the sacrifice as in vain. A larger faith sustains us. The women of India are sunk in the deepest ignorance. She gave her life to do what she could to free them. Who could do more? Had she lived a long and useful life, she might have achieved far less than she has done now. All great reforms and victories are achieved by such sacrifice and self-denial. Arnold Winklereid makes way for Liberty by gathering a sheaf of Austrian spears into his own breast, thus opening a gap in the solid phalanx of the enemy's ranks, through which his countrymen rushed to victory. It required equal courage for Anandibai Joshi to break down all the mighty barriers of caste—national opinion forged in the fires of many centuries of fixed habits—and to exile herself from home, husband, and friends, and in a strange land and among strangers, work out her steadfast purpose: to lift above the darkness of ignorance in which the many millions of her countrywomen are sunk the beacon light of knowledge. Thou hast done well, our sister. We do not mourn, but rejoice. Thou also, our brother, should be comforted, for future generations shall know you as one of the saviours of thy people.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE are glad to inform our readers that from a private letter of Mr Dowd we learn that he is just bringing out a revised edition of "The Rosy Cross." All who desire a copy of this remarkable and helpful book should address F. B. Dowd, Hempstead, Texas.

AMONG the many works of fiction now appearing for the purpose of teaching Occult Truth, we have read none so truly helpful and inspiring as "Sinnett's United." We would like to put a copy in the hands of every young person in the world who weary with the empty social follies of the age, and unattracted by the external platitudes of orthodoxy, is yet feeling dimly the unfolding capacity within of a higher and nobler order of life. This book treats with the problem of the Higher Self, one of the most distinct doctrines of the Ancient Gnostic.

F. MARION CRAWFORD is doing grand work in this same field. "With the Immortals," now appearing in Macmillan's Magazine, bids fair to rank with his former success's in this field Mr Isaacs and Zoroaster. We copy a few lines in this number from another work of the same author—"The American Politician."

WE have received a copy of Lady Caithness' new work, "The Mystery of the Ages." Our next number will contain a review of this splendid book. It is one of the most valuable and timely books we have yet seen. It is a perfect Cyclopædia of information on all subjects of interest to the Gnostic student. Its gifted authoress has laid the world under a great debt of love to her for this work. Everyone who would stand on all the Heights of Spiritual Truth saints and seers have reached in the past, should obtain a copy of this book.

SINCE our last issue two of the lady members of the Gnostic Society and School, have been liberated from their earth work, and gone on into schools in the Soul World, Mrs. Foote, and Mrs. Watson, both of these much loved

sisters were earnest students of Universal Truth. Mrs. Foote was a Seer, and often held communion with the great Souls, who are the friends and helpers of all intuitive minds. We have had many messages from her through Thought Transference, and not one of our fellow students of the G.S. are forgotten, or their *thoughts* and prayers at each re-union for absent members, lost "or idle words," every one pushes on some kindred soul here, or beyond the gates.

MADE ONE.—Hon. E. Owens, of Frankton, Nevada, and Miss Mattie J. Aylesworth, of San Francisco, corresponding secretary of the Gnostic Society, were recently united in marriage at Reno, Nevada. The ceremony was performed by Judge W. H. Young in the presence of a small circle of friends, after which the bride and groom took the train for Frankton, their future home. Mrs. Owens is a most charming lady, of a truly refined nature, and to know her well is to know all her noble qualities of mind and spirit. We most heartily congratulate Mr. Owens, for "she will bring him good, not evil, all the days of her life." Though our congratulations are rather late, we know that none have wished her more earnestly all good and blessing in her new life. We trust, though we shall miss her sadly from our little group of loyal souls in San Francisco, that she will become the starting point of a like group in her Nevada home.

WE have also to report the joyful news of the happy union in marriage of our friends Dr. Stansbury and Mrs. Herman, at one time students in our classes in San Jose. Dr. Stansbury's name is no doubt familiar to most of our readers through his marvellous achievements in Psychography, obtaining the messages as he does frequently in the presence of large audiences. Mrs. Herman Stansbury is a lady of culture and consecration to spiritual truth, and while wishing them all joy and blessing in their united lives, we feel sure that a career of great usefulness lies before them.

BOOKS FOR Gnostics AND STUDENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

When known prices are given. The prices quoted are publishers', and when the book has to be imported the cost of postage will have to be sent in addition on receipt of the book. Any of the books named below, or any other book wanted, may be ordered of Mrs. M. E. CRAMER, 324, 17th street, San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.

Publishers of all such works are respectfully invited to send to the Editors of "The Gnostic," care of the above address, copies for announcement and review.

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