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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.

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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.

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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.

DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 6.

THE CHRIST CIRCLE.

The Countess of Caithness, Duchesse de Pomar, in "The Mystery of the Ages," says:—

"The Christ Circle in the Heavens is the sphere of Truth, the offspring of Love and Wisdom—the Dual Life, because fully blended in celestial being; and from that sphere the Divine Love and Wisdom is constantly impelling pure and holy souls to embody themselves for man's redemption. Angels, who think nothing of their own glory, are continually impelled to go forth to benefit the multitudes on earth who need such instruction and assistance as can reach them when heaven comes down to earth in order to draw earth up to heaven, the Christ sphere being composed of myriads of souls whose special work is to protect and guide the earth. The impediments of those who are mediators between the lower states on earth and the celestial spheres are many; but once in a period or cycle 'a Leader of the Angel Hosts, a Ruler of the Christ Circle of Angels is born on earth for an especial mission, and the birth of such an one is in reality the manifestation of God, or a Son of God, to the world, in no ordinary degree.'

"The *inner light*' signified to the Gnostics, at the head of whom stood Marcion, the author of the Fourth Gospel—He who had earned a full right to be called Christ, having attained to the Christhood or Divine Humanity, *when he received the Logos into his own spirit*, and thus became the Anointed, or Chrestos. The Logos is the Adonai, the *Voice of Divine Truth*. Adonai is celestial, man is terrestrial, and the

Christ is their point of junction, without whom they would not meet; for man only understands God when he receives the Christ-Spirit into himself. Then he can say: 'The Father and I are one.' He must become a Son of God before he can say this or feel it; for Christ is the perfected Spiritual *Man*, Son of God. The Jesus of the Gospels is one of the great souls who are at the centre of the *Celestial Star* which rules and shines on this otherwise forlorn and benighted planet. The Christ-name may be fitly borne by those who, while on earth, live in perfect union with celestial spheres, and are, in a peculiar sense, the messengers of the heavenly guardians, who, though always keeping watch over humanity, at frequently recurring intervals depute one of their number to inspire an earthly teacher with a fuller measure of celestial wisdom."

We cull from the pages of "The Spirit of the New Testament," by "A Woman," the following passages:—

"Look deep enough, and that which seems a myth or world-wide legend—a scripture of the skies—is 'a voice crying in the wilderness,' which is the herald of some eternal truth, born in a moment of inspiration, and winged with life to live in many forms in the minds of millions. A great event is, indeed, vaguely shadowed forth in many phases of religion, and for centuries before it occurs.

"Every lesson that could teach man how to conquer self, and to conquer matter, was to be taught. The kingdom so eagerly looked for by Jewish priests and rabbis, and which had been the hope of Israel for more than fifteen

hundred years, was to be that of the interior life—the royalty of the spirit, strong in the strength of love and the divine law of its incarnation—and it was to crush and cast out all selfish expectations of that time or any other. And this was the design:

“Woman was to be an instrument in the work.

“She was to become a mother in pure liberty, which acknowledged neither human laws nor rites of priests.

“The very birth of the *Man* was to be a hushed-up reproach.

“His cradle would be a manger.

“A carpenter’s workshop would be the scene of his childhood.

“His home would be among a despised people, and in an uncultured province.

“Seclusion was to be his lot until manhood.

“The knowledge of his mission would be awakened by a reformer outside of the Jewish Church.

“That reformer would be a martyr, who would taste of prison and of death.

“Evil influences would assail him, though they should not prevail.

“Dishonour and insults were to attend the success of his three years’ mission.

“He was to associate with publicans and sinners, and women of no repute.

“To outrage orthodox and revered beliefs.

“To be charged with selfishly seeking an earthly crown, while absolutely disappointing the self-same persons in his work for a kingdom not of this world.

“To be homeless, doubted by his own family, and to know not where to lay his head.

“To be called ‘mad,’ a ‘deceiver,’ a ‘Sabbath breaker,’ a ‘blasphemer,’ and one in league with evil spirits.

“To be betrayed as disreputable by an apparent follower.

“To be forsaken of every friend and falsely accused.

“To be disgraced and convicted as a common criminal, and to be crucified outside the walls of Jerusalem between two poor thieves.

“And to achieve the result of the Sacrifice in the eternal victory of the Lord.

“After this it is almost unnecessary to point

out that the details of the life of the Nazarene, as an ideal man, contains a symbolical history of the destiny of the human race.

“The Virgin Woman represents the Soul of Man.

“The visit of the Spirit—the growth of Seership which awakens her consciousness.

“The immaculate conception—the infusion of the spiritual into the external, vitalising it with new life.

“The birth of the Christ—the spiritualisation of man, or the ‘seed of the woman,’ who conquers the ‘dragon,’ or physical matter, and its evils.

“The voice of the Baptist—the recognition of the coming development of Man, through prophesy, and minds free from creeds.

“The wilderness—the lonely warfare of the spiritual before it can enter on its divine mission.

“The works of love and mercy—the living and awakening power of the Soul.

“The trial—the arraignment of the illuminated soul by the reason.

“The crucifixion—its temporary rejection, and final struggle with the blindness of the material nature.

“The manifestation or at-one-ment—the union of the twain, the harmony of the inner and the outer, the open proof of immortality and of the way of life.

“The ascension—the passing beyond the spheres of planetary life and the eternal reign of the soul.

“All Nature tells this beautiful story. The very husks of the seed dissolves as it bursts from the dark soil with its new germ of life. The very winter heralds its victory. The death of the body sets free the spirit, and at last the penetration of the physical by the spiritual produces the final liberation of man.”

Joseph Rhodes Buchanan says: “Christianity has a meaning which all history cannot destroy. ‘Christian signifies resembling Christ, connected to Christ.’

“Christ is an adjective expressing the quality and character of the inspired teacher.” It comes from the Greek, and is not a proper name, but an adjective, which may be applied according to merit. Find all the Christs you

can in history, and give them love and honour, assist their works—become if possible a Christ yourself—that which constitutes the Christian is the following of heavenly-inspired teaching, or the highest teaching of heaven to mortals.

“‘Chres’ or ‘Chris’ is the Greek expression for that which is just, good, and beautiful, or which comes from Heaven; and the word ‘Chrestos’ was so closely associated with divinity that it was often applied by the Greeks to Apollo and other gods. ‘Chreses’ or ‘Chreseos’ signifies anointing; and ‘Christerior’ the ointment; and the words ‘Chrisma’ and ‘Chrism’ are used for the oil of baptism, ordination, and unction, which was anciently used all over the body, and not confined to the head.”

In like manner the physical process of anointing, which carries with it the magnetism of him who anoints and leaves the oil to retain it, corresponds to the spiritual process of anointing or imparting spiritual power. And this process is peculiar, as it differs from Inspiration, which may be inspired to-day, and to-morrow in the gutter. The medium may be grandly eloquent, but when left to himself puerile and unreliable. Thus Inspiration is variable and unequal, and comes to many; but the anointing which makes the Christ is a permanent development of the god-like elements in man, possible only with those who have been born with the noblest capacities. It becomes a part of his nature and never leaves him. He walks with God in all things, and becomes a safe and reliable leader for humanity.

“In this we see that Jesus was not only an Inspired Medium, but a Christ or Messiah—a Man fitted to call men up to a divine life.

“I do not reject history because it is mingled with myth; I have a profound reverence for Quetzacoatl, for Krishna, and for Jesus; for these were real men, real heroes, real Christs, fitted to lead us to a higher life. But the Man of Nazareth is the one who comes nearest to us as an inspired teacher. My soul goes out to him in love, and I hope to see the Church of Christ, the martyr, yet rule the world; for I see the mighty Church of Constantine, the murderer, is tottering to its

fall, and upon its ruins the good men of all nations who look to heaven for guidance may unite in the true church universal.

“Christianity in Palestine, Christianity in India, and Christianity in Mexico are all inspired from Heaven through a grand leader or Christ, and are all substantially the same thing, and all running through human debasement into the same forms and errors, but perhaps less debased in that most ancient Church in Mexico than in any other; for there was not wickedness enough in the original Mexican nature to suggest the idea of hell, which has been the debasing element of the Church of Constantine. We thus arrive at the conclusion that there is one great religion of all humanity, and that its proper name is Christianity.

“When we revert to fundamental principles, when we follow the principles of Christ in their purity, and open our souls to the direct influence of the Divine and all the hosts of Heaven, which is the aim of spiritual religion, we have relieved ourselves of errors, solved the problem, and established the Universal Church of Humanity.”

J. W. Colville, says:—

“The Christ is a priest forever of the Order of Melchisedek. ‘The priests of that Order being without beginning of days or end of life’ because they deal with the eternal principles of right, which are ever the same throughout all dispensations and cycles of change. It is indeed time that the reign of the Spirit of Truth should come, who, Christ told us will ‘*guide us into all truth.*’ ‘He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance.’

“Jesus is only one out of many highly inspired and wondrously developed teachers, who have from time to time blessed the earth with revelations from the spheres supernal.

Whosoever the ‘parents of Jesus may have been, and whoever Jesus may have been Himself, even if He were “God the Son” the Second Person of the ever blessed and Eternal Trinity, assuming flesh for man’s redemption, as orthodox Christians teach, may not His conception have been immaculate, and yet in all things *natural.*’ The Romish Church teaches

the 'immaculate conception of the blessed Virgin Mary,' and thereby brings before us a truth that Protestantism has not admitted, and that is the possibility of a child having parents, and yet coming stainless into the world. Joachim, her father, and Anna, her mother, are said to have been, saints, holy people, and that the immaculate conception of their daughter was accomplished through a special operation of the Holy Spirit. Why then should it not be credited that the time has been, and may be again, when a child could be born without hereditary taint, free from the evils occasioned by thoughts, words, and deeds of impurity? In the Apocalypse we are told of a company of men who were 'Virgins,' because their lives were pure. 'Virgin' does not necessarily mean a woman at all, only a pure minded, pure living soul, and we deduce the following eminently instructive lesson from it, that through perfect purity of thought and will, parents may attract to themselves a spirit from the celestial spheres, who may be born to them as a son or a daughter, in the ordinary course of nature, and yet so developed morally and spiritually that their child shall indeed be a Saviour of men in the highest sense."

Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland say in the "Perfect Way."

"The Logos or Adonai, is God's idea of God's self, the formulated personified thought of the Divine mind. 'Man made in the "image" of Adonai, is the expression of God.'

"Sensibly and actually God as the Lord is present and cognisable in each individual, ever operating to build him up in the Divine Image, and succeeding so far—and only so far—as the individual, by making the Divine Will his own will, consents to co-operate with God. Adonai is dual, comprising two modes of humanity, and appearing, masculine and feminine, 'while one is manifested exteriorly, the other appertains rather to the interior of, and shines through its fellow, itself remaining meanwhile in close contiguity to the heart and spirit, and of these forms the inner is feminine, womanhood is the nearer to God.' In Adonai dwells the infinite sea of power and wisdom which is God. All of God can be revealed, all that the soul can grasp, be her powers expanded as they may, is revealed in Adonai."

Krishma says:—

"He whose works are done for *me* alone, who serves me only, who dwelleth among men without hatred—He alone cometh unto me.

"As Adonai, the Lord is the manifestation of God in substance, so Christ is the manifestation of the Lord in humanity. The former occurs by generation, the latter by re-generation. The former is from within outwards, the latter is from below upwards. 'Reaching this point by re-generation man is at once son of man and of God, and is perfect, receiving in consequence the baptism of the Logos or word, Adonai.' Being now 'Virgin' in respect of matter and quickened by the 'one life' that of the spirit, man becomes like unto God, in that he has the 'gift of God' or eternal life through the power of self-perpetuation.

"The Logos is celestial, the man, terrestrial, Christ is their point of junction, without whom they could not touch each other, 'attaining this by means of inward purification which is the secret and method of the Christs, the man receives his suffusion by an 'anointing' of the spirit, and forthwith has, and is 'Christ.'

"Attaining to this union, man becomes 'Christ Jesus;' 'he dwells in God, and God in him;' he is 'one with God, and God with him.' 'The man is finally made in the image of God,' and 'God as the Lord is eternally manifested in him, making him an individualised portion of Divinity itself, this is 'The most perfect glory of the Soul.'"

M.C., in "Light on the Path," says:—

"Within you is the light of the world, the only light that can be shed upon the Path. If you are unable to perceive it within you, it is useless to look for it elsewhere. It is beyond you, because when you reach it you have lost yourself. It is unattainable because it for ever recedes, you will enter the light, but you will never touch the flame. 'Each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life.' 'Steadily as you watch and worship the dim *star* within, its light will grow stronger, and then you will know you have found the infinite light;' but not until the whole nature has yielded and become subject unto its Higher-Self, can the bloom open, make branches, buds and leaves.' 'Again and again the battle must be fought and won, then will come a calm,

and in the deep silence the mysterious event will occur which will prove that the way has been found. Call it by what name you will, it is a *voice* that speaks when there is none to speak, it is a messenger that comes, it is the power of the soul that has opened, 'Those that ask shall have.'

" 'Thou who art now a Disciple,' who hast seen thy soul in its bloom, heard the voice of the silence, 'have entered the Halls of Learning.'

"Dear fellows of the G. S., cultivate body and mind, that this light may flash out of the darkness and illumine the way. Obey the

voice of the Heaven-sent messenger, for it is your own Higher Soul, and infinitely strong and wise. Only occasional flashes may reach you, but these are your first initiations, cherish all you see and hear, as this star-flower opens, as the most precious mundane experiences and ministering angels and loving, tender, Christ Souls, will suffuse you with the sweet influx of their love, and woo your soul on in the way until you no longer require guides, masters or spiritual preceptors, for you have learned that all external experiences are manifestations in greater or less degree of the One Central Sun—Adonai."—E.

SPIRIT AND STAR.

J. BRUNTON STEPHENS (AUSTRALIAN POET).

Through the bleak cold voids, through the wilds of space,

Trackless and starless, forgotten of grace;
Through the dusk that is neither day nor night,
Through the grey that is neither dark nor light;
Through thin chill ethers where dieth speech,
Where the pulse of the music of heaven cannot reach,
Unwarmed by the breath of living thing,
And forever unswept of angel's wing,
Through the cold, through the void, through the wilds of space,

With never a home or a resting place;
How far must I wander? Oh, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

Once on a time unto me was given
The fairest star in the starry heaven—
A little star, to tend and to guide,
To nourish and cherish and love as a bride.
Far from all great bright orbs, alone,
Even to few of the angels known,
It moved; but a sweet pale light on its face
From the sapphire foot of the throne of grace,
That was better than glory and more than might,
Made it a wonder of quiet delight.
Still must I wander! Oh, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

On the starry brow was the peace of the blest,
And bounteous peace of the starry breast;
All beautiful things were blossoming there,
Sighing their loves to the louder hymn:
No creature of God such fragrance breathed,
White-rose girdled and white-rose wreathed;
And its motion was music, an undertone,
With a strange, sad sweetness all its own,
Dearer to me than the louder hymn
Of the God-enraptured seraphim.
How far must I wander? Ah, Heaven! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

In a round of joy, remote and alone,
Yet ever in sight of the great white throne;
Together we moved, for a love divine
Had blent the life of the star with mine;
And had all the angels of all the spheres
Forecast my fate and foretold my tears,

The weary wand'ring, the gruesome gloom,
And bruited them forth through the Trump of Doom
Hiding a smile in my soul, I had moved
Only the nearer to what I loved.
Yet I must wander! Oh, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

* * * * *

On sleepless wings I have followed it
Through the star-sown fields of the Infinite,
And where foot of angel hath never trod
I have threaded the golden mazes of God;
I have pierced where the fire-fount of being runs,
I have dashed myself madly on burning suns;
Then downward have swept with shuddering breath
Through the place of the shadows and shapes of death,
'Till sick with sorrow and spent with pain,
I float and faint in the dim inane!
Must I yet wander? Ah, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

Oh! could I find in uttermost space
A place for hope, and for prayer a place;
Mine were no suit for a glittering prize
In the chosen seats of the upper skies;
No grand ministration, no throned height,
In the midmost intense of unspeakable light.
What sun-god sphere with all-dazzling beam
Could be unto me as that sweet, sad gleam?
Let me roam through the ages all alone,
If He give me not back my own, my own!
How far must I wander? Oh, God! how far?
I have lost my star! I have lost my star!

In the whispers that tremble from sphere to sphere,
Which the ear of a spirit alone can hear,
I have heard it breathed that there cometh a day
When tears from all eyes shall be wiped away,
When faintness of heart and drooping of wings
Shall be told as a tale of olden things,
When toil and trouble and all distress
Shall be lost in the round of blessedness.
In that day when dividing of loves shall cease,
And all things draw near to the centre of peace,
In the fulness of time, in the ages afar,
God! oh, God! shall I find my star?

INSPIRATION.

An account of the experiences of Santalba in regard to Inspiration, as expressed to Sheikh Mohanna; from Lawrence Oliphant's new book, "Musollam," continued from page 105.

"You asked me," said Santalba, "how I could judge in regard to the character of a revelation, and what was the test to be applied to Inspiration whereby its recipient might estimate its value. First, let him distrust it absolutely if he is not in full possession of all his faculties. He must not produce abnormal conditions by fasting, or unnatural diet of any sort, calculated to damage the healthy action of all animal functions. On the contrary, he should feel that all his senses are exceptionally on the alert, and that his brain is free, clear, and vigorous. Secondly, let him reject all such Inspiration as worthless, unless the revelation it contains has a direct bearing upon the practical solution of the world-problem. If it propounds a method of grappling with the universal misery of to-day—if it suggests the discovery and application of forces hitherto unknown in nature, by which moral and physical disease may be attacked in their secret strongholds—let him not be deterred by the sneer of science or the bigotry of theologians from boldly searching out such forces and experimenting with them. They lie literally in the womb of nature, for they are its procreative and reconstructive vigours. Thirdly, let him strive to maintain a moral condition which may correspond as nearly as may be to the most lofty ideal which a conscience in hourly relation with the Deity can suggest; and lastly, let him associate himself devotionally and interiorly, in absolute purity, with one of the opposite sex, animated by like aspirations, and equally desirous with himself to become receptive to the divine afflatus, regardless of the tremendous sacrifices which such a determination must necessarily involve. If, with these precautions taken, and these preliminary conditions observed, one of the co-workers, being in full natural consciousness and intellectual vigour, receives mental images

of methods, hitherto untried and unknown, for grappling with the universal humanitarian need, by the invocation and application of forces in nature which have never yet been developed; and if such images are confirmed by the mental consciousness of the other co-worker, they may be safely regarded as revelations coming from a source which may be trusted; and the pair may then formulate them for their own guidance in such poor and inadequate language as our vocabularies supply, and may present them to their fellow-creatures in the form which seems best adapted to the limited scope of their apprehensions."

"At this moment," continued Santalba, "the centre of the world's civilisation seethes with corruption of the foulest description, arising from the perversion of those passions which were implanted by the Deity in the human breast for the maintenance and preservation of the race. Infernalized, the forces—of which these passions are the external manifestation—contain potencies which, if unrestrained, would destroy that race. Celestialized, they contain the only potencies which will renew it. . . . At this crisis of the world's history the human race is brought face to face with two alternatives—union in impurity, which is infernal; or, union in purity, which is divine. Yet so strangely perverted has the social moral sense become, that we who seek to prepare it for the mystery of the sacred nuptials dare only whisper in trembling accents the cry which we should shout with joy—'Behold! the bridegroom cometh.' The very idea of divine espousals would be considered immoral by the dwellers in the modern Babylons of this poor distraught world." . . .

"But you will pardon me," replied the Sheikh, "if I make a personal application, and ask whether those who, like yourself, are deprived of the co-operation of an earthly associate cannot expect to be thus inspired."

"She who was my associate on earth, and who has passed into higher conditions, is not prevented thereby from co-operating with me, in many respects far more effectually than she

could otherwise have done," answered Santalba; "but this is due to the fact that during our external union we had, by long and arduous effort and ordeal, arrived at a consummation, whereby an internal and imperishable tie had been created, the mystery of which I dare not enter upon now. Hence our mental consociation differs altogether from such intercourses as you have experienced with the gross spirits of the lower regions of the unseen world, and who, in some countries, seek to communicate with man by rapping on tables, writing on slates, or even appearing in so-called materialized forms, while their human agent is a medium whom they control—a mere funnel through which they pour into the world their moral or immoral platitudes, as the case may be. I have passed through both experiences, and the difference between being a 'medium under control' and arriving at a permanent condition of free and independent mental association, with a pure intelligence of the upper region, is greater than can be described. To be appreciated it must have been felt. It is the difference between liberty and slavery, between health and disease, between darkness and light. In the one case, one is conscious of being not merely a machine which weakens and decays under the strain to which it is subjected. The bodily health is injured, the intellectual faculties are enfeebled, often to the point of impairing the mental balance, and life but too frequently is at last rendered miserable by the invasion of influences which torture both the mind and body which they have made their abiding-place, and from which they cannot be ejected. It is the penalty which poor mortals pay for attempting to pry, by disorderly methods, into the secrets of nature which they are not meant to penetrate.

"In the other case, on the contrary, there is a constant sense of increased mental vigour and bodily strength—a consciousness of moral and intellectual freedom and spontaneity. The individuality, instead of being suppressed, is reinforced. With every accession of power there flows in a rushing current of love for the human race, and a desire to serve it. There is no longing to pry into mysteries, because knowledge seems to ripen in the mind more

rapidly than it can be acted upon. And knowledge which means dogma or theory, and does not compel to practical activities, is worthless. The benign operation of the associate intelligence is to reinforce, by means of a subtle impregnation, the moral aspirations and intellectual faculties of the co-worker on earth, and this is effected with such infinite wisdom and tenderness that no sense is produced of one intelligence coercing the other from without; but these derived impulses seem to spring from the man's own will—centre, so that he feels one with the being who produces them. But while experience has shown that neither the interpretations of nature's secrets by the mystics, nor the communications which have been received through spiritual mediums, have attempted to deal practically with the world's misery, we owe them this: that they have kept alive a belief in those latent forces in nature by means of which alone that misery can be attacked; they have been most useful in resisting the opposite tendency characteristic of the age—that of materialism. For if the spiritualist and the mystic wander into regions of phantasy in their attempt to construct definitions of the undefinable, and to base cosmical systems upon data which are not susceptible of scientific proof, and invent dogmas in regard to them which are of no practical utility in solving the problems of work-a-day life, the materialist, on the other hand, cuts himself off from the sources of that moral power which, if he is a good man, he most desires to possess by refusing to investigate its dynamic properties and the laws which appertain to them.

"Thus science alone does not enable men to regulate their emotions, because it declines to consider as within the scope of legitimate investigation the nature of the forces by virtue of which those emotions exist. If the circumstances that the phenomena connected with the operation of the moral forces in nature do not furnish facts which are of invariable recurrence, under certain given conditions, is sufficient to exclude them from any attempt at scientific analysis, then we may look in vain to science to furnish us with any one truth which will be of the smallest benefit morally to the human race. But if its devotees will

persist in limiting science to the narrow positive ground, which can never make men better, let them at all events treat with respect those who are engaged in the investigation of those vital moral phenomena, the manifestation of which in every human creature it is impossible for them to deny. For it is by the proper regulation of its vital forces that our only hope of regenerating humanity rests. At present civilised society is tossed like a shuttlecock mainly between three classes: those who devote themselves to mystical dogmatism and produce nothing practical; those who devote themselves to scientific dogmatism and produce nothing moral; and those who, steeped in rival theological dogmatisms,

Fight like devils for conciliation,

And hate each other for the love of God,

and produce a very poor standard of moral practice, but which for the present is all that the poor world has to go upon—with what result the seething vice and hideous immorality of the most populous centres of Christendom furnish a complete illustration. So long as these three classes are unwilling to grapple with the problems which are involved in the sex question, and to investigate the nature of the forces which produce depravity, with the view to the proper application of the laws inherent in those forces, and by which they may be regulated and directed, will they continue to run riot, in spite of mysticism, science, or theology. Dangers of another kind occur when these disorderly forces chance to be diverted into an opposite channel; when,

instead of running into vicious excess, they propel the ignorant and superstitious to devotional transports, excited by their credulous acceptance of dogmas which have been supplied to them by their theology; and the Church, finding itself unable to control the emotions it has itself aroused, is compelled to invoke the aid of the faculty.

“Meanwhile the religious instinct of the intelligent classes craves something solid to stand upon—a sure foundation upon which it can rear a new social superstructure. It has outgrown theological dogma; it rejects mystical hypothesis; it starves on scientific discovery. It demands moral fact—a demand which must remain unsatisfied so long as men continue to make arbitrary distinctions and retain antiquated definitions in regard to what they choose to call matter, soul, mind, spirit, substance, and so forth. There is one ground upon which they can all meet, and that is *force*; and one sentiment which they can entertain for each other, and that is *charity*. With this common ground to start from, and this common sentiment to hold them together, they may hope to arrive at humane results; while facts, whether in regard to the seen or unseen, if matter of individual experience, should be held as such by the experimenter, without any effort to force them upon the neighbour, in the firm belief and expectation that if they are true and likely to be of value to the race generally, they will be confirmed by the experience of others until they become finally and universally recognised.”

A F F I N I T Y.

(THOMAS BRACKEN A NEW ZEALAND POET).

Our souls are sisters! I have felt a thrill
 Of wildest joy rush through my every sense,
 When from thy liquid orbs my soul did fill
 Affection's cup, and quaffing it until
 Intoxicated with its influence,
 She offered at thy shrine, heart, mind, and will,
 Consuming them with passion's fire intense.
 All souls are kindred! each a mystic spark,
 Struck from life's anvil in the forge of God;
 Each sets aglow its own peculiar clod,
 And finds a shelter in its mortal ark.
 But some of these are fashioned in the dark,
 Mis-shaped, unfinished in the gloom of night,
 Whilst other frames are moulded in the light,
 With nobler impress and with brighter mark,
 The Maker seems unjust in our weak sight,
 But He knows what is wrong and what is right.

Twin sparks, our spirits had together birth—
 Yours tarried in the pure celestial way
 For years, whilst mine descended to the earth,
 And took upon itself its garb of clay;
 Since then, yours followed from the realms of mirth
 To this strange world, and thus we meet to-day.
 Thy soul took refuge in a lovely form,
 My spirit found a rougher dwelling place,
 But still they're *one*, impulsive, wayward, warm,
 Rash, wild, and generous, speaking through the face
 Their inmost thoughts, which, in life's mazy race,
 Are leaflets blown about by passion's storm,
 Not knowing where to rest in tranquil peace;
 Pursuing a chimera. . . . Souls, be calm,
 The by-and-bye will bring a sure release;
 I know not what you are, nor what I am,
 But in that by-and-bye our doubts shall cease.

CLAIRVOYANCE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

FROM "LIGHT."

The Baroness d'Oberkirch in her interesting memoirs—a day-by-day record of the scenes she passed through, and the people she new—gives some account of several sèances at which she was present when magnetism, as unfolded by Mesmer, became a subject of wonder, doubt, and ridicule, as people's minds were open or otherwise to accept its startling capabilities. It made a great stir in Paris previous to the French Revolution. The Duchess de Bourbon, sister of the Duke d'Orléans, was a firm believer in it, and many sèances were held at her house in Paris, an account of some of which Madame d'Oberkirch, who was her intimate friend, and shared in her beliefs, has recorded in her memoirs. "I have full faith in the science," she writes, "and am extremely anxious for its propagation, which I think must tend to a belief in a future life; therefore I make no further apology for recording some of my experiments."

A very successful experimenter was a certain Marquis de Puységur, whose powers, according to Mesmer, were almost equal to his own. One evening the Duchess de Bourbon held a sèance at which the Marquis operated on a "sommnambulist"—as Madame d'Oberkirch calls the clairvoyante—putting her into a mesmeric sleep. When thoroughly under his power, responding to all the motions of his wand, imitating his gestures, &c., the Marquis put the sleeping girl into communication with a gentleman present whom she had never seen before. He was secretary to the Spanish Embassy, and a spectator. The girl is described as very ugly, but no sooner was she put *en rapport* with this gentleman than her face changed and assumed a strange expression. Rising from her seat she went up to him and addressed him, telling him that she read his thoughts. It was against his inclination, she said, that he was put *en rapport* with her, but she bade him not to fear, as the contact would leave no lasting impression on his mind—in other words, he would not fall in love with

her. The young man laughed and confessed that she had read his thoughts aright, and his interest being aroused he asked her to tell him his thoughts further. "You are thinking of a woman that I see at a great distance from this place." She then gave a description of the lady, which space forbids our enlarging upon. On hearing what she said the secretary became pale and agitated, but did not speak. The Marquis de Puységur then asked him if she had described correctly anyone familiar to him, to which he replied, "Oh, how could she know all that?" At the secretary's request, the girl was asked if she could see the woman's thoughts and if so, did she love him. "She does not love you, she loves another," was the answer. "She is alone now, but will not be so soon. Listen to what I tell you and profit by it," she continued. "It is fortunate for you that you asked me what she was thinking of, otherwise you might have been destroyed. You have written to this woman. She received your letter this morning, and it is now in a small embroidered bag at her side." The secretary assented to what she said, and asked the clairvoyante if she could read the letter, to which she replied that she could, but that it would be both a difficult and fatiguing process. The Marquis de Puységur then came to her assistance, and by making some fresh passes infused strength into her, and commanded her to read the letter. "Ah! that is very painful; it will break my heart," cried the girl, in evident pain. "I see! I see! You are mad, Count, to promise to marry this woman, and to go for her in six months, when you will be twenty-five. Oh, my God! my God! she is a Jewess."

"It would be impossible to describe the effect that this announcement made on all present," says Madame d'Oberkirch. "The secretary became paler and paler, and could scarcely restrain his emotions."

The Marquis asked the Count if the girl should continue, to which the Count said

"Yes," declaring he wanted to know the worst. He then put the question: "If she does not love me, whom does she love?" "A man of her own nation—a robber. They hope to make you a prisoner and force you to purchase your freedom by consenting to sign some papers, and if you refuse, be on your guard." "But this woman—this unfortunate creature—I had her instructed—baptised. She is a Christian," said the Count. "She has deceived you in that as in everything. It was all acting. She is a Jewess still in heart and practice," returned the clairvoyante.

The poor secretary, whose love had infatuated him, could think of nothing but that the woman did not care for him, and then, in confirmation of what the clairvoyante had said, he told them the following story. It seems that the year before, he had been sent to Centa, and the day after his arrival he walked about the city to see its public buildings. The heat was oppressive, and he stopped at a fountain to drink. Ignorant of the danger he took off his hat and got sunstroke. Some Jewish women found him almost unconscious, when they came to the fountain to wash clothes, and judging from his costume that he was rich and could reward trouble, they carried him to the house of the one who lived nearest. The beautiful Jewess, his hostess, and heroine of this tale, took him under her special care, and when, through her remedies, he awoke from his swoon he found his head quite relieved. But, unfortunately, the malady went to his heart, and he fell desparately in love with the beautiful creature to whom he felt he owed his life. He became infatuated and enslaved by his passion; but the woman would accept no terms less honourable than marriage. He agreed to marry her if she would consent to become a Christian, which she did apparently. When he had fulfilled his duties at Centa he was recalled, and left her, promising to return when he should be of age, and lead her to Castile as his bride, and the mistress of his broad lands.

Warned by the revelations of the clairvoyante the Count caused inquiries to be made and discovered that all she had stated was perfectly true. He called on the Marquis of

Puységur afterwards to thank him for having saved him by means of clairvoyance from the terrible danger that must otherwise have overtaken him. "I was greatly struck," says Madame d'Oberkirch, "by this adventure, but it was not more extraordinary than many others that we either saw or heard during that winter (1788)."

Another interesting *séance* took place at the house of the Marquis de Puységur. It seems that a certain M. de Cazotte had been endowed with a certain spirit of prophecy and had foretold the tragedy that was about to occur in the coming Revolution. He foretold the execution of the King and Queen, and his prophecies were the talk of Paris, who regarded him as a dreamer. Some one present at the *séance* in question thought it a good opportunity to ask the clairvoyante who was acting under the magnetic influence of M. de Puységur if there was any truth in these prophecies. The Marshal de Staniville was the one who put the question, asking the girl to tell him of what he was thinking. "You are thinking of public affairs. You wish to know what will be the fate of France, and you are particularly anxious about the Queen." "Quite true," replied M. de Staniville surprised; "will the prophecies of M. de Cazotte ever come to pass?" The girl, after thinking, said, "You may believe them all." All present looked at each other in horror. She was then asked when these things would happen, to which she answered, "They commence this very year, and shall continue perhaps for a century." "We shall not see the completion of them they asked?" "Many of you shall not see the commencement." Madame d'Oberkirch describes their consternation on hearing this. "What is being done now in France?" asked the Marshal; to which the girl replied, "A conspiracy is on foot, and he who conspires shall be the victim of his own wickedness. For a while he shall triumph, but his fate shall be like that of his victims. Ah! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! What streams of blood! It is too horrible!" The Marshal then asked her if the violent deaths predicted for the King and Queen would be accomplished, and if he would share in the misfortunes predicted for his family.

She said that the King and Queen would die a violent death but that the Marshal would not. She refused for a long time, until pressed to do so, to declare the fate of the Marshal. Then she answered, "Poor monsieur, why does he ask me what he shall know himself in a few months?"

Some months later on the Baroness writes, in verification of the above: "I was sitting alone, when a servant came to tell me that Marshall de Stanville had been suddenly taken ill that morning. 'Ah, poor man,' said I,

remembering the prophecy of the somnambulist, 'we are about to lose him. As the day advanced his illness increased, and in the evening there was no hope of his recovery. He felt his doom was sealed, but he bore the conviction with the fortitude of a soldier. He sent a present to the somnambulist, through M. de Puysegur, with the message that he was extremely glad her prophecy had been fulfilled. In three days from the beginning of the attack he died."

A FABLE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Some cawing Crows, a hooting Owl,
A Hawk, a Canary, an old Marsh-Fowl,

One day all met together
To hold a caucus and settle the fate
Of a certain bird (without a mate),
A bird of another feather.

"My friends," said the Owl, with a look most wise,
"The Eagle is soaring too near the skies,
In a way that is quite improper;
Yet the world is praising her, so I'm told,
And I think her actions have grown so bold
That some of us ought to stop her."

"I have heard it said," quoth Hawk, with a sigh,
"That young lambs died at the glance of her eye,
And I wholly scorn and despise her.
This, and more, I am told they say,
And I think that the only proper way
Is never to recognise her.

"I am quite convinced," said Crow, with a caw,
"That the Eagle minds no moral law;
She's a most unruly creature."
"She's an ugly thing," piped Canary Bird;
"Some call her handsome—it's so absurd;—
She hasn't a decent feature."

Then the old Marsh Hen went hopping about;
She said she was sure—she hadn't a doubt—
Of the truth of each bird's story;
And she thought it a duty to stop her flight,
To pull her down from her lofty height,
And take the guilt from her glory.

But, lo! from a peak on the mountain grand
That looks out over the smiling land
And over the mighty ocean,
The Eagle is spreading her splendid wings:
She rises, rises, and upward swings,
With a slow majestic motion.

Up in the blue of God's own skies,
With a cry of rapture, away she flies,
Close to the Great Eternal;
She sweeps the world with her piercing sight—
Her soul is filled with the Infinite
And the joy of things supernal.

Thus rise forever the chosen of God,
The genius-crowned or the power-shod,
Over the dust-world sailing;
And back, like splinters blown by the winds,
Must fall the missiles of silly minds,
Useless and unavailing.

A MIDNIGHT VISIT TO HOLYROOD.

BY MARIE, COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS, DUCHESS OF POMAR.

(Continued from page 108.)

"Here my long story should end, but it would thus lose what to me is a subject of frequent and happy remembrance." A circumstance that occurred to me the next morning while reflecting, trying to recall some of dear Marie's sublime and eloquent words, when I was startled by seeing a bright red spot in the centre of my forehead of the size and circumference of a shilling, and looking for all the world like a red seal; and it was only as this incident occurred that I remembered the words I had heard, viz.: "That I had been called and chosen, and sealed on the forehead," and recalled the burning kiss she had impressed on my brow. It was the visible evidence of a most happy and deep truth, but even as I sat, resting my chin on my two hands and gazing earnestly at it, it commenced to fade away. Vivid and brilliant as it had been, it had quite disappeared from outward view, but never, never has it been effaced from my spiritual perception.

And now you will ask, Has Marie kept her promise? have you broken yours, so solemnly given at the foot of that altar, ruined and broken, beneath the witnessing stars of heaven, and in the presence of that bright cloud of witnesses whom I felt had surrounded me?

I will answer you, that both the Marie of the glorious Star Circle ("The Christ Circle") in Heaven, and the Marie of the "Christ Circle" on earth, have been true—true as steel to all they then offered and vowed to each other beneath those solemn stars, and in presence of that cloud of holy witnesses.

"Marie, my radiant and heavenly counterpart, has been more than faithful to her promise; and, to use her own lovely words, just as I have been able to hold my golden life-cup steady, that blessed ministering Spirit of Truth—'doing His will'—has kept it full to the brim."

In my interior life there is such a sweet

intensity of light, such a new-found joy, such a blessing throughout my whole being, I seem to be lifted out of myself, it is indeed a foretaste of the joy of Heaven—a bright ever-present exquisite and perfect *Now*, neither looking back to the past nor forward to the future, but feeling I am an heir of and dweller in eternity.

"Writing to a friend of the ever-glorious Christ Circle and its messengers, the Countess says: 'Dear Golden Lily, become universal, take from all, *for all is yours*; therefore cull the sweetest roses from all—nay, limit not your garland to roses alone, for God has sent many other lovely fragrant blossoms which deserve to be woven into it;' and, above all, say not 'ye are of Paul, or of Apollon, or Cephas, of things present or things to come, *for all are yours*, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Take all you can that is good and worthy from all systems, *for it is yours*; take it with thanks and kind words and deeds; speak well of all, but call none *Master*. I believe and expect much from your inspiration and your colleagues' eloquence in making the Star Circle and its mission to earth's children known. You have clasped hands with this heavenly *lanl* who represent Universal Truth, and know that your work is presided over by them, and they will sustain and give you the victory. Act in harmony with the spiritual influx which is now enfolding earth from the Star Circle and your task will be a light one, as well as a success in every sense. Obey your Spirit, for the *Spirit* is *Master* of our whole realm, and it will lead everyone, as it did a Jesus, to say, 'I and my Father are one.'"

All spiritual Seers not only commune with angels, but the pure souls or Higher-self of many mortals, and interpret many truths that they find it impossible to give through their own organic form. There are those who have the gift of Thought Transference largely

unfolded ; they see all forms here as medial and receptive to their tender love, so choose many souls as a loving charge, transferring thought to them and their life-giving influx. The beautiful Marie of the Christ Circle is one of these heavenly mothers ; her

pupils are the "pearls of her rosary." Blessed are they who have attracted the attention of this ever-glorious Christ Circle, and been adopted into their schools on Earth and in Heaven.

END.

TO MARIE, COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS, DUCHESSE DE POMAR.

(FROM THE STAR CIRCLE.)

"The angelic form, in its most perfect state
Of living beauty, is inferior far
To Truth, though clothed with raiment rough and
worn.

We come with this premise, beloved one,
For Truth the fairest of the fair doth seek
To be embodied more and more in thee.
Truth is thine ideal, leave her not for aught,
However beautiful, for thou must grow,
Through Truth's embodiment, to perfect states
Of Love and Life, which will thyself surprise ;
And from the Word such glory forth shall shine
Through thy clear eyes, that souls will turn thereto
As they have never turned in days gone by.
Deep down into the *Well* they first must go,
For Truth interior cannot else be found.
Let go all systems, creeds, and outward forms
Of earth's religions, for they all must die
And pass away, as God reveals His light
In its own brightness to the quickened soul.
The stepping-stones must all be left behind.
Fear not the depths of the Eternal Sea ;
Thou wilt behold within its mystic waves
The treasures that are hid from outward sight.
The natural mind can never there descend,
Because its deeps are heights, higher than Heaven,
Deeper far than Hell, wide as the universe,
And boundless as the light of the Infinite Eye.
Thou wilt not wander over shallow streams
When once thy spirit has plunged boldly in
To its own atmosphere of Truth, from Him
Who is the Origin of Being, and
The Life of Life, in all created forms.
The circles vast which round about thee flow
In their immensity, are specks compared with Him,
And all their bright inhabitants are nought,
Save as they draw thee to commune with God
Who is their Father, as He is thine own.
When thou dost yield thyself more fully to
The Lord's embrace, resting within the sphere

Of Love, forgetful of the world's comments,
Then shalt thou learn far more than can be given
Within the whirl of these external spheres.
Thy soul has risen and gone deeper far
Than many who may seem profounder in
Their wisdom ; but the Lord desires to draw
Thy being into His, that so thou mayest
Receive what never yet has reached the earth,
TRUTH IN THE ULTIMATES OF WOMAN. Not
Through her, as through the Mary who gave birth
To Jesus when he first became incarnate on
The external plane, but knit into her form,
And in that form becoming mother to
Myriads of children, who will people earth
With living joys which shall increase, until
No shadow of despair or pain is left ;
For Truth, embodied, bears all sin away.
Canst thou this comprehend, beloved one ?
Partly thou dost, but not in full, for none,
Save by experience, can lay hold on such
Interior revelations as are now made known
To those who watch thee from the golden bowers
Of Heaven's celestial spheres, where Christ, the Lord,
Unfolds the rich arcana of His Word.
The coming of the Son of Man is here
Heralded unto thee, for Truth alone
Must reign in woman, ere God's Love Divine
Becomes supreme, when all the kingdom is
Delivered up to Love, and Truth is then
Indrawn, and God remains the All in all.
This is the consummation sure ; and thou
Art being stripped of all the tinsel'd robes
Which have been thrown about thee from without,
That so the living Truth may naked stand
In native Purity thy form within.
Fear not to die, for Death an angel is ;
And thou must meet with Death in many ways
Ere the finality of Life begins to be a consciousness
Which shall increase for aye."

ASTROLOGY THEOLOGISED.

BY ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

"All the Illuminati of ancient and modern times, have recognised two natures or selfhoods in man." "The will of the lower-selfhood is always centrifugal, directed outward," "and contrary to the will of the higher-selfhood which gravitates inward towards its Central Sun." "Now the Ego or point of consciousness of the man resides, in the majority of men, wholly in the lower-selfhood, in the minority in the higher." The natural man "knoweth not the things of the spirit." "The Ego of the regenerate man must dwell entirely in the seventh sphere." The selfhood of the man must be lost in the selfhood of God, and become one with it. "Not until this final act of jointship is accomplished, is the man free of fate and Astral domination." "The ascended man has taken up his lower nature into the Divine." "Matter and fate, or Karma," are wholly overcome and can no more have dominion over them. "They are born again," and have severed the umbilical cord which once bound them to their mother, the earthy estate. "Do men become thus regenerate" and redeemed in the course of a single planetary existence? Assuredly not. Astrology, chiromancy, phrenology and other occult sciences, all inform us that every man is born with a certain, and determinate fate, which declares itself in his horoscope, on the palm of his hand, formation of his head, set of his face, features, limbs and aspect, all these determine Heredity, and belong to the accidents of evolution. "The immediate cause of a low and afflicted birth is obviously the condition physical and mental, of the parents." Therefore, regarding heredity as the ultimatum of causes immediate not mediate, they are themselves effects of previous causes, not belonging to the physical sphere, but to one next above and behind it, that is to the Astral, and this in its turn has been influenced by the Ego whose "nativity is involved." "Every man makes

his own fate;" "character is destiny;" "by their own hands are the lines of some cast in pleasant places, some in vicious." "For in what manner soever a soul conduct itself in one existence, by that order and habit it builds for itself its destiny in a future existence." "From a great heart," says Emerson, "secret magnetisms flow incessantly to draw great events."

The "*Katha Upanishad*" says:—"They who are ignorant, but fancy themselves wise, go round and round with erring step as blind led by blind. He who believes that this world is, and not the other, is again and again subject to the sway of death." It is instructive to note that this wonderful text furnishes also a definition of *Maya*—an illusion. It is not matter that is illusion, as commonly supposed by superficial students of Oriental Theosophy, but the belief that matter is a thing true and self-subsistent, without reference to any *Beyond* or *Within*. It is not fatal to deliverance to believe that this world is, but to believe that it *alone* is, and no other. This world in itself is certainly not illusion, for the matter which composes it is the last expression, centrifugally formulated, of Spirit, and in fact is Spirit, in a specialised and congealate condition. But the illusion of it consists in apprehending matter as eternal and absolute, and in seeing in it the be-all and end-all of Life and Substance. The image seen in the pool or the mirror is not illusion, but he would be deluded who should suppose it to be other than an image. "Matter as distinct from Spirit is an abstraction; and, if taken to be real, an illusion. The old Vedic sages saw the Mocking *Maya*, from which *Thought* alone can release. I am here reminded of the classic myth of the wandering Jew, the personified soul, pursued and afflicted by the Astral influences, under the Masque of Argus, the many eyed giant, and finally delivered from his tyranny by Hermes or *Thought* of Egyptian Arcana. The

process of Macrocosmic development is, properly, an out-going or centrifugal process; that of the Microcosmic an indrawing or centripetal process. The subjective evolution of man is really an *involution*, a gradual ascension upwards and inwards towards God, who must be thought of as the Central Point of a series of spiral orbits. Man, then, begins in the outermost or Saturnian circuit, the orbit of the Fallen One, and ends in the inmost or Solar (Christ) circuit, the orbit of the Ascended One. I beg the interested student of the Mystic to refer to Professor Haeckel's "History of Evolution," to his careful and instructive

series of plates illustrating the various aspects of the human egg in its virgin state. Too perfect a picture is here presented of the Microcosmic subjective development. Transferred to an hermetic treatise, it would represent the Magnum Opus of the inward development of man. As is the physical, so is the spiritual. "Atman is the Lord and King of all." "The world and the soul are alike centred in the One." "The wise who behold this One as the Eternal amidst transient things, as the single Ruler and Inner Life of all as dwelling within themselves, obtain eternal gladness."

This it is to *Theologise* one's *Astrology*.

"HE AND SHE."

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

"She is dead!" they said to him; "come away;
Kiss her and leave her,—thy love is clay!"
They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;
Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;
About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes,
Which were the whitest no eye could chose.
And over her bosom they crossed her hands,
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."
And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence; and scents of eglantere,
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."
And they held their breath till they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her to well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.
He and she, but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.
He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.
He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.
Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?
"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?"

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying dear?
"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?
"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?
"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?
"Did life roll back its records dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?
"O perfect dead! O! dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!
"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.
"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!
"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.
"I would say, though the Angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.
"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,
"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."
Ah! foolish world; O! most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?
Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:
"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

FRAGMENTS FROM THE HIGHER LAW.

BY EDWARD MAITLAND, B.A.

"My idea of friendship is to accept whatever of confidence may be freely reposed in me, without seeking to pry farther. That is, I accept my friend as he wishes to appear to me, and ignore his other side. In love I allow no limitations. There sympathy must be complete, and without reserve."

"I would not win a reputation by putting my name in a book I might write." "Truth and beauty need no name of priest or prophet to back them." "Beauty in heart, beauty in nature, beauty in character, these form the sole trinity of my adoration; they represent the infinite in the finite." Impelled by my mental constitution to seek toward the absolute and striving ever to see things in their highest or most complex aspect and relation, enables one to attain a patience almost Divine. "The mind that would perceive truth must remain at rest, ruffle its surface or agitate its depths, and the rays from the universe become broken and distorted, and form no definite image."

"Mankind is everywhere divided into two classes, the priesthood and the people. Persuasion may be better than force, but here the rulers have both. It was a great idea to govern men by means of their ignorance. Ignorance, veneration, fear, a whole trinity of fetters ready made to the rulers' hands, and warranted to outlast the ages. Luther but half did his work. He knew more than he dared to say. Had his successors but gone back upon their basis of operations, instead of attempting to advance beyond it, mankind would have been spared the waste of centuries. Luther saved Rome. Are men forever to go wrong when they seek to construct? Is man's sole function that of analysis? As it is, the reformation has given us a scarcely refined Hebraism instead of the scarcely refined Paganism that prevails here. Had it but substituted the Greek for the Ascetic and Indian element, it would have proved the resuscitation of art and beauty, and the parent of science in modern life, and by its encouragement of real knowledge have proved the interpreter and minister of nature. The Roman understands, and is silent. The Protestant is ignorant and argues. How must the initiated

laugh in their sleeves as they see the vain wanderings of blind leaders following blind! No wonder they are so irreconcilably hostile. The conflict which began thousands of years ago has become no better as its origin has been forgotten. Yes, since the day when it first occurred to man to make God in his own image has the feud existed, Cain and Abel, Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, under whatever name, the quarrel is one, and will last till—no, not ever, surely if man continue his progress, however slowly. But, the eternal must be patient."

"Self sacrifice for its own sake is not virtue. A thing is not wrong because it is pleasant. It is related somewhere, that a knight once set forth from his home, its duties, and its delights, in quest of the Sangrail. After undergoing incredible dangers and hardships, in a manner that stamped him a hero of loftiest prowess, he returned home without having been vouchsafed a glimpse of that which alone he cared to behold. In his dejection at his failure, he dared not lift his eyes from the ground to meet the loving glances which were ever gazing for him from his castle windows, reaching his gateway, he found crouching beneath it a group of starving people, who flying from the tyranny of a neighbouring lord, had just dragged themselves thither for succour. Seeing their misery, and hearing the dismal story of their wrongs, his compassion strove with his indignation for expression, and, wearied as he was, without even permitting himself to be attended on, he provided them with food and comforts, and vowed a solemn vow to lose no time in redressing their wrongs, and punishing the evil lord. As he raised his arm aloft in noble enthusiasm to swear his vow, his haggard face became transfigured into a glory, for he saw the heavens opened, and the Sangrail, bright and throbbing with beams of rosy light, descending towards him. Then he knew that he had been urged on in his far and venturesome quest, rather by the spirit of a selfish devoteism than by that of a sympathetic humanity. And so he learnt that his happiness, and his blessing lay in his duty, and that his duty was not far to seek."

EDUCATION.

New Zealand is just now passing through the throes of an exciting political agitation. Among other things brought to the front is that of education and its relation to religion. The main point of dispute seems to be one of comparative non-importance. The whole country is up in arms on the question of having the Bible read in the schools. Why anyone should object to a few verses from the Bible, if judiciously selected, is somewhat difficult to see. But what great reform is to be achieved by such reading is equally hidden from our comprehension. The defects in education lie too deep to be cured by reading a few verses once a day from the Bible. A lecture before a large audience by the Bishop of the English Church on this subject has recently attracted much attention. Many things in the Bishop's address are worthy of general approval. For example, he says: "Childhood is the early condition of a being fraught with illimitable capabilities, possessed of a soaring ambition, of subtle perceptions, strange intuitions of a nature so astonishing that there is in it not only that which is possessed of a will for example, but attributes so inconceivably stupendous that we failed to define them, and summed them up in a word — 'that it is capable of immortality of existence, having a spiritual nature, and therefore could never die.'" Education he declares to be the placing of the child under those conditions that would best fit it for the highest enjoyment of its future existence in relation to its endowments.

This he afterwards affirmed was to be accomplished by compelling the child, along with lessons in arithmetic, spelling, reading, grammar, to listen to the daily reading of the Bible. While we agree with the premises of the Bishop, we cannot endorse the conclusion. The end he has in view is good. The means he offers are to our way of thinking entirely inadequate.

If the Bishop really believes what he says of childhood, would it not be better for him to stand up and say like a man—"Brethren and

fellow citizens, let us be done with shams and mere make-believes. Let us throw away our rag dolls and ecclesiastical millinery and be men. This thing we call Religion is not Religion at all. Religion is not the repetition of prayers, the chanting of psalms, the reading of sacred writings, the listening to preaching, the belief in or performance of any external rite. Religion is to truly know ourselves—what we are, whence we came, and whither we are going. It is to relate our lower and external Self to our Higher and Subjective Self. Christ is not a Person who lived eighteen hundred years ago, but a Principle. He who binds his lower to his Higher Self, the same is a Christ, being anointed with His Own Divine and Immortal Spirit. The Bible is not an infallible revelation to be received as authority, to be learned by rote and obeyed blindly. It is this making a fetish of the Bible that has caused earth to run red with human blood. It was this that lit the fires of religious persecution in days of old. It is this that divides Christendom into so many opposing sects and warring factions to-day. The true Bible is the word of Truth written on every heart who seeks loyally to know the Truth, love the beautiful, and do the good. God is no respecter of persons. The same Heavens that opened to Prophets of old are equally accessible to us. As the sun shines and the rains and dews fall, as the seasons are renewed and day follows night, and the flowers blossom and shed their perfume as faithfully as they did when Jesus walked the earth and preached the Truth of the Eternal Spirit from a lily, even so will that same Spirit blossom forth in living and present inspiration to-day if we had but faith to trust it. Let us no more quarrel over the letter that killeth, but give lordly and generous welcome to the Spirit that giveth life.

But above all this, why does not this New Zealand Bishop and everyone who claims to see in childhood Divine and immortal possibilities stand up and say to all men, This thing you call Education is a sham and a lie.

It is a miserable abortion, that distorts and destroys alike the souls and bodies of men. It is a cruel and bloodthirsty Molech that is devouring and destroying all that is best in human nature. It simply crams the memory and sharpens up the wits so that men go forth as armed plunderers to fight and destroy each other in fierce, cruel competition instead of loving co-operation. It makes laws by which the rich grow richer, and the poor poorer. It upholds usury and devours widows' houses, and the portion of the orphans. It makes our business mostly a system of highway robbery whereby the strong prey upon the weak. Call you that education that simply crams the memory and makes you sharp enough to outwit and get the better of somebody else? Call you that education that neglects our bodies so that you may look all day in a crowd for one perfect physical form? Know you not that every physical function has a spiritual use, and that to neglect to understand and cultivate any power and grace of the body is to neglect and be deprived of its corresponding grace of the soul? Call you that education that when it does pay any attention to the body encourages an order of physical sport that brutalises and degrades? Call you that education that pays no attention to the education of our feelings, our affections, in one word, of our souls; that does nothing to teach us how to strengthen the will, how to unfold Intuition, or to cultivate any of our wonderful psychic powers that constitute at once our Immortality and Divinity. The mere reading of a chapter in the Bible will not go far to remedy the present defects in education. All must be made to know and feel that they are Immortal and Divine. The faculty that reveals this is Intuition. Up to their tenth or twelfth year most children have this faculty. Almost every influence brought to bear upon them in the name of both religion and education crushes and destroys it. All is external, outward; something to be added from without. Now all true growth is from within. Every plant grows from within. Every cell in your body grows from within. All physical growth is a materialisation of spirit. We have reversed Nature's universal law in both our religion and education, and are trying to grow from without instead of from within.

We speak earnestly on this subject because we have proved that there is a perfect system of education, which we have good reason to believe if put in the place of the present abortion that goes by that name would remove all our misery and make human life, like the stars above us, keep step with the blending harmonies of wisdom and love. We believe that this system would when understood reconcile Jew and Christian, Protestant and Catholic, resolve the doubts of the sceptic, make ignorance and hatred impossible, and unite all into one grand brotherhood of humanity. Just as we are sure that there are conditions that will produce perfect fruits and flowers, so do we feel sure there are conditions which will produce perfect men and women. The application of these conditions to the raw material of possibility in our children is education, and the gardens and nurseries in which they should be applied are our schools. Early in life we tried to find these conditions in the teachings of the Church. We asked for the Bread of Life, and received only a stone. If we threw it back rather savagely at the heads of those that proffered it, the impulse was born of the bitterness of our despair. We had grown terribly honest in accepting their methods, and when we found them false, we were equally terribly honest in denouncing them. We went then to the Freethinkers and said, "Come, the Church gives us stones for bread; let us feed the world. Thousands of our fellowmen are scattered like sheep without a shepherd. Let us study education, and save them, at least to the joy and good of this world, if not to another." They applauded lustily enough, but did nothing. They paid me handsomely two or three years to watch the pot of my indignation boiling over against the empty forms and ceremonials and rag dolls of ecclesiastical religion. But when it began to boil over at their do-nothing policy, they thought I was growing pious, and found no more fun in it. While we laboured among this class we did our best to solve the problem of education. But we had lost the key-stone of the arch. We worked out the problem on both the physical and intellectual sides. On the physical side we saw that form influenced and to a large extent governed function. We

saw also that on the intellectual side there could be no religion higher than truth. But we sought for truth only through the reasoning faculties of the brain. I say We here only in the editorial sense, for then I was not a We. No man has a right to say we until he has found his own feminine nature in Intuition, and a marriage has been duly celebrated between the Bride of Intuition and the Bridegroom of Reason. This Inner Self of the soul was found through finding the editorial *We*, who by long years of spiritual culture had unfolded Intuition. Intuition in anyone, be it man or woman, is as a burning bush that burns, and yet is not consumed, out of which God speaks to anyone who draws nigh with reverent heart. But before this good fortune came to me I built up on both sides of the Arch laboriously. But having no keystone to hold them together my labours were in vain. Suddenly the curtain swung back, and I stood face to face with the invisible life and world. Attracted by the light of Intuition I drew near its flame, and lo many signs and wonders gave me back faith in the reality of the spiritual life. In the faculty of Intuition and the culture of other subjective faculties, I found the keystone of the perfect Arch of life. I saw that henceforth at any and every cost of pain and reproach—of renunciation, of loss of friends, of misunderstanding on the part of those whom I loved—I must consecrate my life to the witness of this Truth and the work of actualizing it in some practical way for the good of humanity. To do this I must have the assistance and inspiration of the one whose light had revealed it to me, and from whose Intuitive Soul I could alone receive for a long time to come the Divine commands. So we laboured together to this end, and that we might avoid some of the cruel slanders of the world that commenced to assail us, united our lives in one, for the one great purpose of establishing the School of the Gnostic. Through this School we have cured without drugs invalids who had been given up to die by all the doctors. We have brought faith and knowledge of the immortal life to many a doubting one. We have saved many from intemperance and impurity. We have brought

back a joy and divinity to life beyond compare to many who long felt life not worth the living, and who have confessed to us that before they knew of these Truths they had lived in daily contemplation of suicide. We have plucked the insane from the doors of asylums opening to receive them. We have cast out devils from the obsessed; restored imbecility to strength of body and mind. We might print a whole volume of testimonials to this end received from our pupils far and wide; and yet this new Light and Truth, like one of old who taught the same, could scarcely find a manger to be born in. But with full faith in the divinity of our method we have held steadily to our purpose, knowing well that all Divine forces were fighting on our side. While our cause has continued to grow at home, we have here at the antipodes taught hundreds of pupils, and organised two new Societies and Schools to help to actualize the method of the Gnostic. In a short time we shall return to San Francisco, and near the Golden Gate of that beautiful land open for many thousands of souls the Golden Gates of Celestial Life and Power. While we have every confidence in the future, still our day of victory can be much hastened by the co-operation of our friends. This number of our "Gnostic" is the last those of our subscribers who commenced with the Independent Pulpit, and have not since renewed, will receive, unless they send their subscription for another year to our San Francisco agent. We hope no one will desert us, but rather that each one will so rejoice in sharing in the vast good to be achieved by our School and Magazine that they will not only renew themselves but persuade someone else to subscribe also. Friends and readers of "The Gnostic," the wisest of every age have said the end and purpose of life is culture, growth, manifestation, unfoldment equally distributed over body, mind, and soul.

We believe we have found for this purpose the most perfect system. We want to share it with all the world. Will you not help us to scatter abroad these precious leaves of Truth from the tree of life for the healing of the nations, and so show to all that there is indeed a perfect system of EDUCATION.

THE IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from page 64.)

When I awoke I felt my body to be covered with a cold dew, and my limbs seemed lifeless. I lay helplessly wondering where I was. It was still and dark, and at first the sense of solitary quiet was delightful. But soon my mind began to review the events which had made the past day seem like a year to me. The vision of the white Lotus-flower grew stronger in my eyes, but faded as my terrified soul flew on to the recollection of that later and most horrible sight—that which, indeed, had been the last before them, until now, when I awoke in the darkness.

Again I saw it; again, in my imagination, I saw that uplifted face—its ghastly unreality, the cold glare of its cruel eyes. I was unstrung, unnerved, exhausted—and again, though now the vision seemed but my own imagination, I cried aloud in terror.

Immediately I saw a light approach the doorway of my room, and a priest entered, carrying a silver lamp. I saw by its rays that I was in a chamber which I had not before entered. It seemed full of comfort. I saw that soft, falling curtains made it secluded, and I felt that the air was full of pleasant fragrance.

The priest approached, and as he neared me he bowed his head.

“What needs my lord?” he said. “Shall I bring fresh water if you are thirsty?”

“I am not thirsty,” I answered; “I am afraid—afraid of the horrible thing which I have seen.”

“Nay,” he answered, “’tis but thy youth that makes thee afraid. The gaze of our all-powerful lady is at times enough to make a man swoon. Fear not, for thou art honoured in that thine eyes have vision. What shall I bring to give thee ease?”

“Is it night?” I said, restlessly turning upon my soft couch.

“It is near morning now,” answered the priest,

“Oh, that the day would come!” I exclaimed; “that the blessed sun should blot from my eyes the thing that makes me shudder! I am afraid of the darkness, for in the darkness is the evil face!”

“I will stay beside your bed,” said the priest, quietly. He placed the silver lamp upon a stand and sat down near me. His face relapsed into instant composure, and ere he had been there a moment he seemed to me naught but a carven statue. His eyes were cold; his speech, though full of kind words, had no warmth in it. I shrank away from him; for as I looked on him, the vision of the corridor seemed to rise between us. I bore this a while, trying to find comfort in his presence; but I burst forth in words, forgetting my fear of giving offence, which had kept me until now so obediently quiet.

“Oh, I cannot bear it!” I cried. “Let me go away; let me go out—into the garden—anywhere! The whole place is full of the vision. I see it everywhere. I cannot shut my eyes against it! Oh, let me—let me go away!”

“Rebel not against the vision,” answered the priest. “It came to thee from the sanctuary—from the most sacred shrine. It has marked thee as one different from others, one who will be honoured and cared for among us. But thou must subdue the rebellion of thy heart.”

I was silent. The words sank like cold icicles upon my soul. I did not grasp their meaning—indeed, it was impossible that I should; but was sensitively alive to the chill of the speech. After a long pause, in which I tried hard to put thought out of my mind, and so to obtain release from my fears a sudden recollection seized me with an agreeable sense of relief.

“Where,” I said, “is the black man whom I saw in the garden yesterday?”

“What?—the gardener, Sebona? He will

be sleeping in his chamber. But when the dawn breaks he will rise and go out into the garden."

"May I go with him?" I asked with feverish anxiety, even clasping my hands as in prayer, so distressed was I lest I should be refused.

"Into the garden? If you are restless, it will soothe the fever that is upon your frame, to go among the morning dews and the fresh flowers. I will call Sebona to fetch you when I see the dawn breaking."

I heaved a deep sigh of relief at this easy assent to my prayer; and turning away from the priest, lay still with closed eyes, trying to keep all horrid sights and imaginings from me by the thought of the sense of delight which would soon be mine when I leave the close, artificially-perfumed chamber for the sweetness and free inbreathing of the outer air.

I said no word, waiting patiently; and the priest sat motionless beside me. At last, after what seemed to me hours of weary waiting, he rose and extinguished the silver lamp. I saw then that a dim grey light entered the room from the lofty windows.

"I will call Sebona," he said, turning to me, "and send him to you. Remember that this is your chamber which is henceforth to belong to you. Return here before the morning ceremonies; there will be novices waiting with the bath and oil for your anointment."

"And how," said I, much terrified at the idea of being, by some strange destiny, so important a person—"how shall I know when to return here?"

"You need not come till after the morning meal. A bell rings for that; and, moreover, Sebona will tell you." With these words he departed.

I was full of pleasure at the thought of the fresh air which would revive my unnaturally wearied body; and I longed to see Sebona's strange face, and the sweet smile which would now and again obliterate its ugliness. It seemed as though his had been the only human face I had seen since I parted with my mother.

I looked to see if I still wore my linen garment, so that I was ready to go with him.

Yes, it was on me, my pure white dress. I looked on it with a sense of pride, for I had never worn anything so finely woven before. I was so far restored to quietude by the idea of being again with Sebona, that I lay looking idly at my dress, and wondering what my mother would have thought, seeing me clad in this fine and delicate linen.

It was not long before I heard a step which roused me from my dreaming; Sebona's strange visage appeared in the doorway; Sebona's black form advanced towards me. He was ugly—yes; uncouth—yes; black and without any fairness of appearance. Yet as he entered and looked on me, the smile which I remembered again irradiated his face. He was human!—loving!

I stretched out my hands to him as I rose from my couch.

"Oh, Sebona!" I said, the tears rising in my foolish boy's eyes as I saw this gentleness upon his face—"Sebona, why am I here? What is it that makes them say I am different from others? Sebona, tell me am I again to see that awful form?"

Sebona came and knelt beside me. It seemed natural for this black man to kneel down when a sense of awe overcame him.

"My son," he said, "thou art gifted from heaven with unclosed eyes. Be brave in the possession of the gift, and thou shalt be a light in the midst of the darkness that is descending upon our unhappy land."

"I don't want to be," I said fretfully. I was not afraid of him, and my rebellion must out. "I don't want to do anything which makes one feel so strange. Why have I beheld this ghastly face which even now comes before my eyes, and blots from them the light of day?"

"Come with me," said Sebona, rising instead of answering my question, and holding out his hand to me. "Come, and we will go among the flowers, and talk of these things when the fresh airs have cooled thy brow."

I rose, nothing loth, and hand in hand we passed through the corridors until we reached a door that admitted us to the garden.

How can I describe the sense of exhilaration with which I drank in the morning air? It

was incomparably greater and keener a delight than anything in the world of nature had ever before imparted to me. Not only did I pass out of a secluded and scented atmosphere, different from any of which I had been accustomed, but also the terrified, over-excited mental state which I was in was infinitely cooled and reassured by the renewed sense that the world was still beautiful and natural outside the temple doors.

Sebona, looking in my face, seemed by some subtle sympathy to detect my vague thoughts and interpret them to me.

"The sun still rises in all his magnificence," he said. "The flowers still open their hearts to his greeting. Open thou thine, and be content."

I did not answer him. I was young and untaught. I could not readily answer him in words, but I looked up in his face as we moved across the garden, and I suppose my eyes must have spoken for me.

"My son," he said, "because in the night you have been in the darkness there is no reason to doubt that the light still is behind the darkness. You do not fear when lying down to sleep at night that you will see the sun in the morning. You have been into deeper darkness than that of the night, and you will see a brighter sun than this."

I did not answer him, though I revolved his words in my mind. I said nothing, for the sweet air, and the sense of human sympathy, were enough for me. I seemed careless of hearing words or understanding my experiences, now that I was out in the fresh air. I was but a boy, and the sheer delight of my reviving strength made me forget all else.

This was natural; and all that was natural seemed to me, to-day, to be abundantly full of charm. Yet, no sooner had I entered the natural once more and begun to revel in my return to it, than suddenly and unawares I was taken out of it.

Whither? Alas! how can I tell? There are no adequate words in the languages of the world to describe any real thing which lies outside the circle that is called natural.

Surely I stood with my own feet upon the green grass—surely I had not departed from

the spot whereon I stood? Surely Sebona stood by me? I pressed his hand. Yes, it was there. Yet I knew by my sensations that the natural had yielded me up, and that again I was within the world of feeling—sight—sound which I dreaded.

I saw nothing—I heard nothing—yet I stood in horror, trembling as the leaves tremble before a storm. What was I about to see? What was near me? What was it that drew a cloud across my eyes?

I closed them. I dared not look. I dared not face the dimness of the realities around me.

"Open thine eyes, my son," said Sebona, "and tell me, is our lady there?"

I opened them, dreading to behold the awful face which had filled me with fear in the darkness of the night. But no—for a moment I saw nothing—and I sighed with relief, for I always expected to see that face uplifted close to mine, with a grin of anger upon it. But in another second my frame thrilled with delight. Sebona had brought me, without my perceiving it, close beside the Lotus tank; and I saw, stooping as before to drink the clear flowing water, the fair woman whose long golden hair half hid her face from me.

"Speak to her," cried Sebona. "I see by thy face that she is before thee. Oh, speak to her! Not in this generation has she spoken with her priests. Speak to her, for indeed we need her help!"

Sebona had fallen on his knees by my side, as yesterday he had done. His face was full of earnestness and glow—his eye full of prayer. Looking into them, I sank back overcome—I could not tell by what, but it seemed as though the golden-haired woman called me to her, yet in my body I was no nearer to her; but in my consciousness I appeared to rise and move towards the Lily tank, until, leaning upon its ledge, I touched the garment where it fell upon the surface of the water. I looked up into her face, but I could not see it. Light radiated from it, and I could only look at it as I might look upon the sun. Yet I felt the touch of her hand upon my head, and words crept into my mind which emanated from her, though I was scarcely conscious that I heard them.

"Child with the open eyes," she said, "thy soul is pure, and upon it is laid a heavy task. But keep thou near to me who am full of light, and I will show thee the way to plant thy feet."

"Mother," said I, "what of the darkness?"

I scarce dared frame my question more plainly. It seemed that if I spoke of that terrible face it would appear in anger before me. I felt a thrill pass through me from her hands as I uttered the words. I fancied that it must be anger which was about to descend on me, but her voice passed into my consciousness as sweetly and softly as raindrops, and imparted to me the same sense of divine sending that we dwellers in a thirsty land associate with the advent of the sweet moisture.

"The darkness is not to be feared; it is to be conquered and driven back, as the soul grows stronger in the light. My son, there is darkness in that innermost sanctuary of the temple, because the worshippers therein cannot bear the light. The light of your world is excluded from it, that it may be illumined with the light of the spirit. But the blind priests, hid in their own conceit, comfort themselves with the brood of darkness. They mock my name by using it. Tell them, my son, that their queen holds no sway in the realms of darkness. They have no queen; they have no guide in their blind desires. This is the first message you are charged with—did they not ask for one?"

At this moment I seemed drawn back from her. I clung to her garment hem, but my hands were powerless; as I lost my hold upon her, I seemed also to lose the sense of her presence. I was conscious only of an intolerable feeling of physical irritation. My eyes had closed, helplessly, as I drew from her; I opened them with an effort. I saw before me only the Lotus tank, filled with blossoms of the queen of flowers—filled with blossoms which floated royally upon the surface of the water. The sunshine lay upon their golden hearts, and I saw in them the colour of golden hair. But a voice, full of wrath, though speaking slowly and with deliberate intonation, aroused me from dwelling upon the fringe of my dream.

I turned my head and beheld, to my amazement, Sebona standing between two novices; his head bowed, his hands crossed. Near to me stood the high priests Agmahd and Kamen; Agmahd was speaking to Sebona. I soon gathered that he was in disgrace on account of me, but I could not discover what he had done.

Agmahd and Kamen placed themselves on either side of me, and I understood that I was to walk between them. We advanced in silence towards the temple, and entered again its gloomy gates.

(To be continued.)

THE RE-BIRTH.

By LOUISE A. OFF (written for the "Gnostic.")

Why should I say the words "it was a dream"
 When all we think and do is dreaming,
 When all the world is but a hazy cloud
 A bit of concentration in a vast and mighty universe.
 Yet, such was this great *silhouette* or shadow of the real
 That I saw drawn upon the canvas of the ages
 A bit of solid form within Infinitude of thought.
 I struggled through a multitude, and every mind a shadow,
 And every man a shroud, and I the vaguest of them all,
 An essence, a desire asking for the dawn.
 Each man a bit of eagerness to know what is to be,
 Each man a power grown and trampling on past agonies
 That he might, standing higher, reach the skies.
 Ah! what a force there is where multitudes unite,
 A mighty waving sea that shapes the shores of worlds,
 To which e'en heavens must reply if they demand.
 For, see, the night doth stir once more

She that was held in black and purple clouds
 And cried from out the silence of her rest
 "Away, disturb me not lest chaos follow thee!"
 She sleeps no more but pure as rose leaf tint
 She trembles with the crimson hue of life
 How every pulse doth beat unto the rythm of the dawn,
 As joyful laughter springing from a melancholy sleep.
 How fair the undulation that marks *all consciousness*,
 That moves the snowy bosom and lifts the pearly lid,
 That leaps from wondrous deep blue eyes
 And stirs a thousand worlds.
 Why, it is dawn! The Spirit is re-born
 Into a new and greater cycle.
 And all this struggling mass has grown one sunlit mead,
 Where every soul glows with a vivid hue
 Reflected from above and each doth see himself in others
 And each doth know that *all are one*.

PSYCHIC, AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

LESSON II.

In lesson I. we gave as our first principle—strengthening the centre and freeing the circumference. In Physical Culture this means the removing all stiffness and inflexibility of the joints, so that the emotion as it arises at the centre of being may flow outward to the circumference without let or hindrance. In Psychic Culture it means the freeing of the body from the dominion of the senses making it subject to the Higher Self, and also the freeing of the Astral Soul, so that it can become the ready servant of the real Ego, acting as the point of equilibrium between the outer and inner self.

To unfold this law on the physical plane is the first step towards its fulfilment on the spiritual plane. To many, such physical culture is the only way in which they can be freed from obsessions. Every movement of the body must be controlled from the centre. Every movement in any part of the body must be felt sympathetically all through the physical consciousness. A movement of the little finger should send a thrill all over the body, as quick as a flash of lightning. This will be done if the central battery is strong, and there are no obstructions on the various telegraph lines. The nervous system is the exact counterpart of a great system of telegraphy. The two principal receiving stations are the brain and the solar plexus. The brain receives from the external world through the senses. The solar plexus from the soul or celestial world through the Psyche. When there is a break down on any of the lines running from these centres, it is frequently simply some obstruction in the joints. Aside from this you can have no grace of gesture nor harmony of movement without great freedom of articulation at these points of union.

What is called a wooden gesture is often caused simply by a stiffness in the wrist or elbow. All magnetic and pleasing movements must be revelations of life; life is always represented by the curved and flowing line; death by the straight or angular. Everyone who is perfectly alive will be truly graceful.

See that tiger in his native jungle full of perfect physical life. Every movement is one of grace and freedom. You cannot surprise him in an inartistic position. He is perfectly dramatic. Trap him and cage him and keep him for a few years in a menagerie and his movements will soon become stiff and angular. Through confinement, some of the muscles are unused, and the joints stiffened for lack of exercise. See that baby? How free and perfect are all his movements. Trap him and cage him and keep him a few years in what we call a school, and how stiff and awkward he becomes. Let him appear before company and he hangs down his head in shame, because he knows that his hands and feet are probably just where they ought not to be, and he wishes he could cut them off and put them in his pocket. Our boys have been caged so much that they have become proverbially awkward and gawky. The same applies also to girls, and in some respects they are worse off than boys, as they are not only caged in school, but, still worse, caged in that barbarous instrument of human torture and deformity called a corset. It has killed more people since its invention than all the standing armies combined. It has, I sometimes think, done more to destroy our divine nature than alcohol. In its relation to humanity, it is rather a curs'it than a corset. The women of the New Heaven and Earth will all consign it to the bottomless pitt. It does more than anything else to weaken the centre of being. Oh! woman, mother of God, Star of the Sea, Queen of Heaven, sibyl and oracle of the New Temple of Truth, your hour has come. The first is to be last and the last first. Your intuition is to be our beacon light to the heights of the ideal. But how shall it burn if you quench its flame in the centre of your being. When the Sun is darkened how shall we see. Throw away these horrid bandages, these destroyers of souls; give yourselves room to breathe so that by health and strength at the centre, the central flame of the soul at the solar plexus may burn clear and bright.

Learn to be strong and gracious in body, in order that you may be strong and gracious in soul. To be gracious as well as strong after you have practiced diligently the exercises given in lesson I,—be equally diligent in the following:—

1st. Hold the shoulders strong, arms extended from the elbows in front, hands hanging down with all the force withdrawn, then shake them up and down as though you would shake them off; now from right to left and left to right; now around in a circle, making them fly like the wind.

2nd. Still holding the shoulders strong, shake the fore arm from the elbow as rapidly as possible.

3rd. Bring arms above the head perpendicular. Let them fall to the sides of their own weight as if dead. Repeat quickly a number of times.

4th. Drop chin on chest, turn the head to the right, carrying it backwards and around in a circle, first slowly and afterwards rapidly.

5th. Repeat, starting from the left.

6th. Drop chin on chest and carry shoulders backwards until the head falls back of its own weight.

7th. Let the upper part of the body fall forward and downward to the front from the waist.

8th. To the right and left.

9th. Stand firmly on both feet, bending at the knees as much as possible, keeping rest of body upright.

10th. Stand on right foot and shake left leg, from knee rapidly, *vice versa*.

11th. Stand on both feet, toes turned out on both sides at an angle of forty-five degrees put the weight on balls of the feet, make knees stiff, whole body upright, and rise on toes three times, feeling as though someone lifted you up from the crown of your head.

12th. Sway straight forward and backward, without bending at any of the joints.

13th. Throw weight on right foot, throwing out the hip and head, leaving shoulder to balance the same. Repeat to left. Repeat the same from right to left a number of times.

This is a good exercise to finish our present lesson. You will find the law of opposition in the shoulder, balancing hip and head in all perfect works of art. To practice this movement gives a feeling of harmony and repose. If excited it will do much to subdue the agitation. I know one lady who says this one exercise saved her from insanity. Observe this law in the various works of classic art, and repeat the positions you find until you yourself become as a beautiful statue. Be sure and exercise the neck until all stiffness is removed and the head is perfectly poised. No one can be Godlike in appearance, nor in feeling with a stiff neck. It is not without reason that the Bible speaks of a stiff-necked and rebellious generation. Go into a prison and examine the necks of the inmates, and you will find that nearly all will have very stiff-necked. Take the stiffness out of your own neck and you will help to get it out of your disposition. Make yourself graceful and it shall help you to be gracious.

THE VOICE WITHIN.—By J. MASSEY.

There lives a voice within me, guest angel of my heart,
And its sweet lisping win me, till tears will often
start.

Up evermore it springeth, like hidden melody,
And evermore it singeth this song of songs to me—
"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

Oh! God, what hosts are trampled amid this crush for
gold;

What noble hearts are sapped of might—what spirits
lose life's hold!

And yet, upon this God-blessed earth, there's space for
every one;

Millions of acres wait the seed, and food rots in the sun.
Oh! "this world is full of beauty, as other worlds
above,

And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.

Let the grim halter perish, with cursed war's glory
splendour;

And men shall learn to cherish thoughts both kind and
tender.

If gold were not an idol—were mind and merit worth—
Oh! there might be a bridal between high heaven and
earth!

For the leaf-tongues of the forest, the flowerslips of the
sod,

The birds that hymn their raptures into the ears of
God,

And the sweet wind that bringeth soft music from the
sea,

Have each a voice that singeth this song of songs to
me—

"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

THOUGHT TRANSFERENCE.

"The emanative influence of the mind is as much a fact as is the odorous exhalations of the rose or the night-blooming Cereus." How few recognise the potential influence of *thought* for good or evil, or that "it is a fact as well established as any other principle in chemistry that one mind can impress its thoughts and feelings upon another mind without the intervention of spoken words."

The Society of Psychical Research in England, composed of men eminent in every department of science and literature, have recently published reports to this effect. "It has been demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that *ideas* in one mind can be reproduced in another mind, and oftentimes with perfect accuracy." To this influence of mind upon mind, these professors give the appropriate name of *Telepathy*.

Professor W. F. Barrett clearly stated that "more than a quarter of century ago he instituted a series of experiments, conducted with great care, and in some of them the subject was removed from him several hundreds of miles." The conclusion he arrived at was "that it is a law of our being, from the operation of which we cannot escape; that every time we think of an absent person we affect him for good or evil."

"How careful then should we be to think of the absent one kindly, charitably, *prayerfully*, and cheerfully." The experiments of the Society for Psychical Research were conducted thus: "A subject was selected who was supposed to be more or less sensitive. He was blindfolded to shut out of his mind images of surrounding objects, and left in his normal state. He is seated before a table with his back to the operator, pencil and paper before him. A curtain was sometimes drawn between subject and operator, so as to render all communication, except by *thought*, impossible. We then draw a picture on cardboard—say a triangle. We look attentively at it, then closing the eyes there arises in our minds a mental picture of the triangle; this is an *idea*. We now *think* intently of the sub-

ject, and in a minute or two he removes the bandage from his eyes, and with a pencil draws the figure on paper, copying it from the *idea* in his mind." "Contact with the subject was not found to facilitate the transference of thought." They also experimented with the names of persons and places; "even whole sentences" were reproduced correctly. "In impressing a sentence we form a distinct mental picture or idea of each word and letter, then the words arise in the mind of the sensitive with varying degrees of vividness." Says the learned Professor Bush: "I know that the conceptions of my own mind have been reproduced in another mind without any outward signs. I know I have not been deceived as to the facts averred."

The Divine Science of curing disease is the action of mind upon the mind—the transmission of *thought* through the universal Ether. The Hindoos denominate it the "Akasa"; the Rosicrucians, "The Astral Light"; the Platonists, "Anima Mundi, or World Soul." Jesus named it "The Holy Spirit," and said through it man may come into communication with great currents of truth and life, which forever flow from the Central Son, or *God*, and *Heaven* into the world of angels and men on earth. It was found by the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research that "strength of will" has no particular effect, save in fixing the *idea* we desire to transfer in our own mind. No intense mental effort is required to impress the subject, as has been proven by the experiences of many years in our classes of Psychic Healing and Physical Unfoldment. We have but to think the *Truth*, and under proper conditions to affirm it verbally, leaving the *Truth* to make its own way. This is the "Prayer of faith"—that is, faith that natural, healthful thought-elements bring strength, and will repair the racked and worn body, build it up even to perfection. "Be ye perfect" is not a meaningless string of words, but a "pearl of wisdom." Every Lily of the fields proclaim it; everything in nature whispers it to the intuitive mind. This power to

THE GOD-ORDAINED PHYSICIAN.

J. H. DEWEY.

"Now there are diversities of Gifts, but the same Spirit. * * * And there are diversities of workings, but the same God, who worketh all things in all. But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal. For to one is given through the Spirit the word of wisdom; and to another the word of knowledge, according to the same Spirit; to another faith, in the same Spirit; and to another gifts of healing, in the one Spirit * * * but all these worketh the one and the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally even as he will."—Cor., New Version.

It is evident from these words that Paul regarded the marked endowments of men for service to their kind, as the special gifts or manifestations in them of the One Omnipresent Spirit in all, over all, and through all, even "God who worketh all things in all." Among the "gifts" or "workings" of the Spirit specified is "Healing," thus implying that the healing of the sick, or the cure of disease, is a divine ordinance, and universal in its scope; and that the means of cure are spiritual in character and origin, God working in and through the human spirit, or the human spirit working in and through God to this end.

Jesus, the Great Physician, announced this as the divine means and method of healing as he went about doing good, teaching the laws of health, "healing all manner of diseases," and even raising the so-called dead to life. He directed his followers to "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation," saying: "And these signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out demons; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall in no wise hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover. * * * And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the

word by the signs that followed.—Mark, New Version.

The ideal "Healer" is described by Van Helmont, a seer and Mystic of the sixteenth century, as follows: "The God-elected physician will be accompanied by many signs and wonders for the schools; and whilst he uses his gifts for the alleviation of his neighbour's suffering, he will refer the glory of his cures to God. Pity is his guide. His heart will be truth and his knowledge understanding. Love will be his sister, and the truth of the Lord will enlighten his path. He will call upon the grace of God, and the desire of gain shall not possess him, for the Lord is rich and a free giver, and pays back an hundred fold with a heaped up measure. He will make fruitful his work, and his hand shall be closed in blessings. From his mouth shall flow comfort, and his voice shall be as a trumpet, at the sound of which disease shall banish. His feet shall bring gladness, and sickness shall dissolve before him like the snow in summer. Health shall follow his footsteps. These are the promises of the Lord to the holy one whom He hath chosen; these are the blessings reserved for him whose path is the path of mercy. Moreover the Holy Spirit shall enlighten him."

This Christ-established method of healing "all manner of disease," casting out the demons of lust, intemperance and every "unclean spirit," and attaining that perfection of health which stands secure above the power of malaria, contagion, and the most deadly poisons, was successfully carried out in the primitive church, and has been also to a great degree by a faithful few who, in all the centuries from that day to this, have been true to the teachings of the Spirit.

This transcendent possibility is based on the essential nature of man as a spiritual being, clothed upon with the divine attributes, and, therefore, capable of unfolding into all the

perfection of life and character which belong to the Divine Nature. Hence the injunction, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

The awakening of mankind to the full import of the Christ dispensation—the opening of the spiritual understanding—will indeed be "the dawn of a new civilization," the breaking light of a new and brighter day for humanity in which old things shall pass away and all things become new. It will be a day of spiritual light and universal liberty, a day for all mankind, in which case, creed and party lines shall melt away in the universal recognition of humanity and rights. It is the fulfillment of the one prophetic millennial dream of the ages, the coming day of the Christ, or God's anointing

presence in the thought and consciousness of human life, the day of human emancipations from the dominion of flesh and sense into the freedom of the Spirit, the glorious liberty of the "sons of God." It is the resurrection and transformation of humanity on earth.

Flesh and sense when subordinated to the Spirit within, become loyal to the emancipated and enlightened soul, which, holding dominion over self and the animal in man, shall also gain and hold dominion over the entire animal kingdom below man, and the rude forces of the world without. "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands: Thou has put all things under his feet."—"Mental Science Magazine."

SENT TO HEAVEN.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

I had a message to send her,
 To her whom my soul loved best;
 But I had my task to finish,
 And she was gone home to rest.
 To rest in the far bright heaven:
 Oh! so far away from here,
 It was vain to speak to my darling,
 For I knew she could not hear.
 I had a message to send her,
 So tender, and true, and sweet;
 I longed for an angel to bear it,
 And lay it down at her feet.
 I placed it, one summer's evening,
 On a cloudlet's fleecy breast,
 But it faded in golden splendour,
 And died in the crimson west.
 I gave it the lark next morning,
 And I watched it soar and soar;
 But its pinions grew faint and weary,
 And it fluttered to earth once more.
 To the heart of a rose I told it;
 And the perfume, sweet and rare,
 Growing faint on the blue bright ether,
 Was lost in the balmy air.

I laid it upon a censer,
 And I saw the incense rise,
 But its clouds of rolling silver
 Could not reach the far blue skies.
 I cried, in my passionate longing—
 "Has the earth no angel friend
 Who will carry my love the message
 That my heart desires to send?"
 Then I heard a strain of music,
 So mighty, so pure, so clear,
 That my very sorrow was silent,
 And my heart stood still to hear.
 And I felt, in my soul's deep yearning,
 At last the sure answer stir—
 "The music will go up to Heaven,
 And carry my thought to her."
 It rose in harmonious rushing
 Of mingled voices and strings,
 And I tenderly laid my message
 On the music's outspread wings.
 I heard it float farther and farther,
 In sound more perfect than speech,
 Farther than sight can follow,
 Farther than soul can reach.

And I know that at last my message
 Has passed through the golden gate,
 So my heart is no longer restless,
 And I am content to wait.

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WOMANHOOD IN GREECE IN HISTORY AND ART.

The above is the title of an earnest, graceful article in a recent number of the "Fortnightly Review," by E. Lynn Linton. It is so suggestive in the direction of the work of the Gnostic Societies and Schools that we cannot refrain from copying a few of the thoughts, and out of this glory of the past quicken the enthusiasm of our readers for the coming glory of the better future.

"All that we can conceive of beauty inspired that God-like race of the Hellenes. After generations can but faintly imitate that life, which shines in history as a star in the sky, during the best days of Athens. The men were virile, yet not rude; the women as essentially feminine, yet not weak." "No human existence was ever so perfect, so full of the conscious charm of existence; no petty cares existed;" all foes were overcome save that supreme destroyer—Death. And even death was the beautiful genius, twin-brother of sleep, who extinguished the torch as gently as the moon steals out when the sun has set. "He was the fair-faced, soft-fleshed, poppy-crowned who came with noiseless steps, and led the wearied soul to rest with a tender hand." The Greek filled up his rose-crowned cup to the brim and drank the wine of happiness to the last clear drop. The rhythmic harmonies of his early education penetrated his mature existence and made his whole world melodious. The glad worship of the gods—more dear than dread, more loved than feared—were public festivals. As the Occult Student penetrates to the esoteric side of the religion of Ancient Greece, he finds a knowledge and real communion with the unseen transcending far, anything we have reached as yet in our modern life. Their finest poetry and most beautiful and perfect art, roots itself in a direct and real communion between the seen and the unseen. Wherever and whenever this knowledge becomes actual, there is always a return to more naturalness and joyousness of life. Those who have attended a spiritual meeting know

that those who feel the breath of the immortal life fanning their cheeks find more joy in flowers and seem to live in closer communion with Nature than any other class of Religionists. This naturalness will be increased as we pass more fully into the noumenal side of spiritualism. The Greeks knew and understood Intuition as the descent of knowledge from the sphere of the gods. In their mysteries they gazed with unclouded vision upon the realities of the Immortal life. This pervaded the earth life with a peace and calm we can scarcely realise. Moderation was the supreme virtue, and virtue was the root of happiness." No grovelling servility at the feet of crowned kings hurt the self-respect of the free-born Greek. No passionate bewailings for inherent sin bedewed with tears the altars, where sacrifice was for tribute to loving greatness, not the appeasing of unending wrath, and prayer was for greeting, not penitence. The whole formula of life was one worthy of free men, worthy sons of the Great-Mother, worthy citizens of the State, torch-bearers of the race. They cultivated art and science, philosophy and love, and were as beautiful as their own gods and grand as their own ideals. Throughout Greek history are set bright gems of woman's love and heroism, where she never ceases to be womanly, and never fails to be strong." The honour paid to womanhood in its beauty, grace, and intelligence culminated in Aspasia—the Greek ideal of beauty and mind matching each other. "In a fair body a fair soul must dwell," says Socrates, had its fullest expression in Aspasia, the beloved of Pericles, himself the culmination of the most beautiful and the most honourable national ideal. She was his teacher in eloquence, and perfected his gift of verbal beauty. To her it was said was due that eloquence which "flashing and thundering like Olympian Zeus Shook all Hellas." For her he humbled himself to the people when she was accused of impiety—pleading her cause with prayers and

tears, and winning her pardon by the very agony of his love. He lived for Aspasia and Athens, "of which she was the human symbol." She was his love, his life, his soul, his glory. She gave him the best of her superb intelligence, and helped him to be the man he was. She was the friend of Socrates, to whom she taught the magic of her eloquence; also she taught it to Alcibiades, and her influence over such men as these, who honoured and loved her, proves her nobility of nature. Her voice was as sweet as the breathings of a box-wood flute; all turned to listen when she mingled in the talk. In Aspasia we have one in whom Intuition had been unfolded in all its beauty and divinity, clothing her mortal body with the beauty and her mortal mind with the knowledge of the Immortal. Never has the world seen a fairer womanhood, nor have men done homage to a nobler queen. Aspasia was a foreigner in Athens. "But after that first accusation of impiety—the usual accusation made against innovators of every kind—she lived in security and honourable repute." Aspasia was celebrated for her beautiful hair—that honey-colour which we should now call golden-brown—as well as her small, high-arched feet, and her silvery, musical voice.

"Service to the gods, joyous, confident, and glad, was part of the daily life of the Greeks. These sacred acts coloured every thought, and were the chief part of the beauty and holiness of the time. They lived in the presence of unseen Divinities, hidden from sight by the very excess of their glory. But Divinities who understood and sympathised with the human nature they had so often assumed, and to which they were so near akin." Students of the Gnostic, Hermetic, and Universal Schools of Mysticism will understand the significance of this ancient Hellenic Faith, as taught in the Grecian, and afterwards in the Alexandrian schools—a faith that unfolded men such as Pericles, Socrates, Plato, Æschylus, and Aristotle; such women as Aspasia and the heroic Hypatia—"the last incarnation of the dying beauty of the Greeks"—pleading in her virgin loveliness and enthusiasm for the old faith, and sealing with her blood her repudiation of the

new. The Pythoness ruled the destinies of empires then, and men lived in accordance with her utterances. The ideal wife was not fashionable; she was one for whom her "husband prayed daily to the gods for grace to instruct and train his shy young wife aright, and for his own share of 'sophrosyne' or mild right-mindedness." These women, destitute of political power, yet steadfast in virtue, have given the world men such as have never been surpassed or even equalled.

When shall we see such days again. When will life be once more joyous and beautiful. When shall the eloquence of the gods make mortal tongues fire-flamed. When shall we escape from the hard grind and unbeautiful sordidness of modern life, in which the be-all and end-all is found in, How much is there in it? When shall our worship once more be a sweet and real communion with the Immortal Gods. When will a wreath of flowers, expressing the love of a grateful people, be once more a reward to be coveted by the best and noblest. When will men and women learn again to live to be and to become great and divine in themselves, instead of to be feared and respected simply because they have acquired something external to themselves. To help to bring to earth such a return to Nature and God is the practical work of the Gnostic Societies and Schools. We would once more see fair bodies crowned with the grace and knowledge of fairer souls. Women, sad-eyed and dejected, broken in body and spirit, have come into our schools, and in a year or two, by following this method, they have become strong, graceful, beautiful, surprising all who knew them with a new-born eloquence and wisdom hitherto entirely unknown. Oh, women of America! we feel like taking you by force and compelling you to rouse yourselves to the grandeur and glory of life you are now so ignorant of. Ponder on these truths from Ancient Greece, and may Pallas-Athene, the fair goddess of that wondrous past, quicken in all your hearts a desire to once more do your share in making life free, glad, joyous, and exultant.

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A SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

THE belief in fairies still survives over in the Highlands and Hebrides; nor, if you can get into their confidence, are the people at all ashamed to avow their still lively faith in this the most poetical and beautiful of all their superstitions. Five years ago a young and very pretty girl from the Shiän Mór hamlet was one of a large party at a marriage supper in a neighbouring glen; and when in the course of the evening she was asked to sing a song, she, being young and bashful, at first declined on the plea that she did not know any song sufficiently well to sing before so many people. Being pressed, however, she whilst still refusing to sing a song with words to it in the usual way, offered to sing an air *canntaireachd* wise—that is, to musically hum or chant an air which she thought would please them, but an air without as yet any words attached to it. This proposal, odd and out of the common as it was, was nevertheless received with applause; and the girl, gifted with a magnificent voice, commenced to chant, bird-like, an air so beautiful—in parts so softly sweet, in other parts so strangely weird and wild—that her hearers, male and female, sat entranced under the spell of such a melody as they had never heard before. It is needless to say that when the girl had finished her *canntaireachd*, the performance, odd and unusual as it was, was awarded the loudest and heartiest possible applause; and then began the closest and keenest questioning of her as to when and where she had picked up that wonderful melody. She declined to give them any satisfactory answer; only replying that she supposed it must have been whispered to her in her dreams. This, of course, was unsatisfactory; and it was in truth a great puzzle where the girl could have picked up the air. She was born in the district, and had never been away from it for a single day. The melody of her *canntaireachd* nobody there had ever heard before; and for weeks afterwards the question continued to be asked, where did she get it? It was only after the lapse of

several months that at last under pressure from her uncle, with whom she was living, she made confession that her marriage party melody was a fairy melody, and that she picked it up directly from the fairies' own singing! In making this startling avowal, she explained that it came about in this way:—for two or three seasons she had to pass frequently over Shiän Mór ridge on her way to and from school. On her homeward way on the warm summer evenings she often ran up to the top of the Shiän, and on the round card-table summit would dance merrily to her own *canntaireachd* of some favourite reel tune. On one such occasion, as, having finished her girlish perisaltations, she was about to descend the grassy cone, she was first of all startled, and instantly afterwards arrested into the attitude of a spell-bound listener, fixed and statuesque, as if carved of stone, at hearing the most beautiful music that seemed to well up from the very heart of the knowe, and finding issue, as she persuaded herself through the rootlets and spiral filaments of the velvety moss, and by the tips of the million tiny grass blades that made the summit beautiful with a robe of emerald verdure. She stood and listened; she felt, as she expressed it herself—that she could not even if she would do anything else but stand and listen, as if rooted to the spot, so to speak, until the melodious strain slowly subsiding died away in deep pulsations of exquisitest music, like the tree-top hum of honey-sucking bees amongst the apple blossoms while summer yet is young. It was not the whole, but such parts only as she had picked up and could remember of this wonderful melody that she was persuaded at times to repeat thus in *canntaireachd* form; and as she refused to believe, as we suggested, that it could be the fruit and outcome of any musical inspiration of her own, or at all the reawakened echo of some long-forgotten melody of her early childhood, the fairy origin of the wild musical medley was at length universally accepted, and the air became known as the

Chant of the Great Fairy Knowe. The "lassie wi' the lint white locks," thus highly favoured as our local musical medium with fairyland, going soon afterwards on a visit to some friends in one of the southern counties, got happily married there, and is by this time, we suppose, the proud mother of little fairies

of her own. We are assured by one who saw her not very long ago that she still speaks with pleasant recollections of her girlish dancing days on the Shian, and the weird wild music of that never-to-be-forgotten midsummer eve.—*The Scottish Church.*

RESURREXI.

LIZZIE DOTEN.

From the throne of life eternal,
From the home of love supernal,
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—
Mortals, I have come to meet you,
Come with words of peace to greet you,
And to tell you of the glory that is mine for evermore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,
Did the purple, pulsing life tide through its fevered channels pour,
Till the golden bowl—life's token—
Into shining shards was broken,
And my chained and chafing spirit leaped from out its prison door.

Once before I found a mortal
Waiting at the heavenly portal—
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;
Then I seized his quickened being,
And through all his inward seeing,
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour!

But while living, striving, dying,
Never did my soul cease crying,
"Ye who guide the Fates and Furies, give, Oh give me, I implore,
From the myriad hosts of nations,
From the countless constellations,
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too, can adore!"

Now I come more meekly human,
And the weak lips of a woman
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings as of yore;
But in holy love descending,
With her chastened being blending,
I would fill your souls with music from the bright celestial shore.

Through this fervent aspiration
Found my fainting soul salvation,
For from out its blackened fire-crypts did my quickened spirit soar;
And my beautiful ideal—
Not too saintly to be real—
Burst more brightly on my vision than the loved and lost Lenore.

As one heart yearns for another,
As a child turns to its mother,
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth once more,
Where I drained the cup of sadness,
Where my soul was stung to madness,
And life's bitter, burning billows swept my burdened being o'er.

'Mid the surging seas she found me,
With the billows breaking round me,
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love upbore;
Like a lone one, weak and weary,
Wandering in the midnight dreary,
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the heavenly shore.

Here the harpies and the ravens—
Human vampyres, sordid cravens—
Preyed upon my soul and substance till I writhed in anguish sore;
Life and I then seemed mismated,
For I felt accursed and fated,
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the Stygian shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blending,
Like the prayers of saints ascending,
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls forevermore;
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,
But divinest love hath saved me,
And I know now, first and only, how to love and to adore.

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers!
We are each and all another's,
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure hath the more;
Would you lose your life you find it,
And in giving love you bind it,
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.

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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE tercentenary of Mary Queen of Scots is to be celebrated at Peterborough, and a collection is being made of relics of Scotland's unfortunate Queen. Among the rest the Queen has forwarded from Windsor a cabinet which had belonged to the unfortunate lady, together with a lock of her hair. Various other articles have been sent from other places, including the veil worn by the victim on the scaffold.

MR. AKSAKOFF has obtained under absolute test conditions a spirit photograph through the mediumship of Willie Eglinton. He has also taken by limelight a photograph of a materialised spirit-form holding the medium in a trance condition at his side. Copies of these interesting photographs are given in the "London Light."

"KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "She," and "Dawn" are stirring, popular romances written by Mr. Rider Haggard. The mind of the writer is that of a born Gnostic, Mystic, or Spiritualist, whichever our readers may prefer to call it. All his works are full of the dawn of the new age—in which She, man's Immortal Self, will discover to him long buried treasures. Though these books are thoroughly sensational, we are glad to see them generally read. We welcome every influence that rouses an age sunk into the lowest depths of Agnostic despair to any momentary interest in any supersensuous form of truth.

"HARPERS WEEKLY" says: Bishop Henry C. Potter is a familiar figure in the streets of New York, carrying a small purple bag that contains books and M.SS., and greeted by citizens of all faiths with the profoundest respect. In his first sermon since his return from Europe he told his congregation that, in order to believe, it is necessary to cultivate the spiritual sense of sight, just as a musical ear is necessary to the appreciation of Wagner.

AMONG the superstitions of the Seneca Indians is one of singular beauty. When a

maiden dies they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then, loading it with caresses, they loose it over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit-land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

GERALD MASSEY has started out in a general raid against Theosophists, Hermeneutists, Esoteric and Occult students of various Orders, declaring that he does not want to discover that he is a God in his inner consciousness. All he wishes is to explain intellectually all the mysteries of the past. Public experimental research, the printing press, and a freethought platform, he claims, have abolished the need of mystery. Mr. Massey's mistake is in overestimating the office of the Intellect. Every intuitive person is a mystery to every one who has not yet unfolded that faculty. If intellectual explanation would save the world, we should have been saved long ago. The greatest evil to-day is an excess of the gospel of criticism—such as Mr. Massey and many others are dealing out so plenteously. The hopeful signs of the times are the very influences he condemns so unsparingly. They are turning the attention of the world a little away from the external to the kingdom within—for out of the heart are the issues of life.

THE London "Light," in a recent review of the "The Perfect Way," says;—"The more this book is read carefully—as it deserves to be—the greater does the wonder grow as to its production and the interpretative genius that pervades each well-weighed sentence. The grounded staff, as it were, of an analytic faith, in perspicuous alliance with the substance dealt with, passes with no faltering step or ability to take up all that is capable of being assimilated to enlighten the path onward to its Christian goal. For the lead is Christian, albeit in a subjective and exclusive sense. It

is well to have something to cavil at in such a book as is this, be it only to escape a charge of indiscriminate admiration, which would be objectionable if it were discerned." Truly the world moves at a rapid pace, when a journal like "Light" can express itself thus concerning "The Perfect Way."

The "Golden Gate" comes to us with a perfect flood of remarkable phenomena and soul-stirring reading. Mr. and Mrs. Owen are doing a grand work by the able and catholic way in which they are conducting their paper. The work in Psychography done by the medium Fred Evans, under Mr. Owen's direction, seems to excell everything hitherto reported in this line. Slate after slate has been written full before crowded audiences in the various towns of California. The newspaper people in each place have been invited to a test séance, and in each case have been compelled to witness to the genuineness of the phenomena and admit their inability to explain it away on any ground of jugglery or trickery. Among other remarkable things, such as the production on the slates of writing in many different languages and various colours, has been the production between the slates of photographs in pencil of well known persons, including such names as Rev. John Pierpont, Professor Hare, and Professor Denton. These have been engraved and printed in "The Golden Gate."

PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES has resigned his professorship in the National Medical College at Washington, D.C. It appears there is a clause in the College charter forbidding all reference to religious matters, and this Dr. Coues was held by his colleagues to have transgressed. Yet at each commencement the exercises were opened with prayer. As Dr. Coues puts it: "If it be right and proper for one person to tell God what he thinks in the sight of a great audience, can it be improper in the sight of God for another person to tell the same audience what he thinks too?" The address is an eloquent appeal for the admission of women to equal rights with man in the study and practice of medicine. "Real know-

ledge is too precious a possession to be reserved for sex. True knowledge is too sad a burden to be borne by us alone." Great knowledge is a weapon too potent to be entrusted only to the hands of men. . . . Seek not abroad for that which you would possess, but find it within, or find it never. Whoso is lord of self has nothing to fear. To "know thyself" is the key to the Godhead. "Who that does not know the parts, powers, and principles of physical human nature is competent to have or give an opinion that is entitled to respect concerning the higher mental and spiritual aspects of existence." Dr. Coues has evidently given his colleagues too strong meat in pointing out the great stumbling blocks in woman's path—that of "Religious intolerance, scientific insolence, and social tyranny." The first says: "You cannot be trusted with your own soul; I will take charge of that, and tell you what to believe." The next says: "You cannot be trusted with your own mind; I will do the thinking for you." The last says: "You cannot be trusted with your own person; I will regulate your conduct."—This heroic vindication of woman by an earnest Occult Student like Dr. Coues is an important sign of the times. The Gospel of Interpretation will redeem the world by teaching Humanity to honour and cultivate the feminine half of human nature. The culture of Intuition will teach us to reverence and value woman as its external symbol.

ANNA KINGSFORD, in a recent number of "Light," continuing the subject of the souls of animals, of which we treated in our last number, says: "I will briefly state what my belief on the subject is, a belief spontaneously and logically arrived at by my own interior mental processes, aided by the "inner light" of which our good friends the "Quakers" make so much, and rightly; and also emphatically taught and maintained by the schools of Brahman, Buddhist, Platonic, and Hermetic, initiates whose humble disciple I am. I understand that the Theosophists also hold the same doctrine; indeed, I know of no "Occultist" really worthy of the name who repudiates it.

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The teaching of Hermetic science is in accordance with the tenets of evolution. It maintains that the 'soul' is elaborated, individualised, and made permanent by means of successive and progressive incarnations. Beginning in the realm of the elemental and inorganic, it gradually makes its way upward and onward, perpetually enduring and striving through the organic world—plant-life and animal-life—into the human. At every 'death' an astral relict or *persona* is shed, and this is progressively less and less evanescent as the selfhood ascends in the scale. . . . Thus all animals are potential men—men in the making—and must inevitably in process of evolution develop human conditions. No animals are immortal or 'glorified' as animals, but also no animal perishes—no, not even the lowest." . . . Mrs. Kingsford also says—"That flies and a whole class of creatures physically connected with them are regarded by Hermetists as 'debris,' and that they are included in the backwater stream of disintegrating 'soul.' If animals are soulless then man is soulless, for he is flesh of their flesh physiologically and essentially. Hence the very core and root doctrine of the new dispensation must be and will be the recognition of the Buddhistic precept concerning the brotherhood of all living things, based on the truth that the universe is one, and that one life (*Atman*) pervades and maintains it. Because *all* are eternal, *we* are eternal, and not otherwise. All things press towards the human. All evolution hastens to develop into MAN.

LAWRENCE OLIPHANT has recently published some of his personal experiences under the title "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," as a reason for retiring from Parliament and the abandoning of the ambitions that actuate most men of the world. He says:—"I had long been interested in a class of psychic phenomena which, under the names of 'Magnetism, Hypnotism, and Spiritualism,' have since been forcing themselves upon public attention, and had even been conscious of these phenomena in my own experiences and of the existence of forces in my own organism, which science was

utterly unable to account for, and therefore turned its back upon and relegated to the domain of the unknowable. Into this region—mis-called 'Mystic'—I determined to try and penetrate. Looking back upon the period of my life described in the foregoing pages, it appeared to me distinctly a most insane period. I therefore decided upon retiring from public life and the confused turmoil of a mad world into a seclusion where, under the most favourable conditions I could find, I could prosecute my researches into the more hidden laws which govern human action and control events. These studies have become so absorbing, inspiring as they have done the hope that a new moral future is dawning for the human race, that I find it impossible to relinquish them."—As, however, this latter conviction has not yet forced itself upon a majority of mankind, who continue to think the world is a very good world as it is, and that the invention of new machines and explosives for the destruction of their fellow-men is a perfectly sane and even laudable pursuit, he decides that it is not yet time to say much about his spiritual experiences. We are sorry that he has decided to wait until the world is better prepared to receive them. We should say the world needs just such revealings to hasten on the good time he is waiting for. This is the day of interpretation, and in the dawn every clear ray helps to dispel the night.

THE *North American Review* gives us a fine article on "Beecher's Personality," by his Physician. Two or three things are specially noticeable. Notwithstanding his miraculous capacity for intellectual work, his head, we are told, was quite medium in size. Though possessing a remarkable memory for facts of nature, persons and their history, phrases, sentences, isolated terms, dates, items were absolutely forgotten as soon as heard. This seems to be a prominent characteristic of all truly inspirational speakers. However many times they may express a truth, it is always new and fresh, clothed in the perpetual changing hues of the soul's vision that sees into infinite beauty. The intuitive mind is a

never-failing spring of life, while that of the merely logical and intellectual nature is only a cistern—small in some and large in others. A remarkable experience is given by Beecher to his Physician in relating the state of his health near the end of one of his hardest seasons of work. Mr. Beecher says:—"My general health is better than usual at this time of the year. I think I have come out of my labours and through the unusual mental strain and excitement of the past winter with more than my usual vigour. The subject upon which I wished to consult you is my mental state. Emotion with me works inward, not outward—often till it seems as if there were a vast gulf formed by it within me. My intellectual efforts are intuitional; my brain seems to open out, and inspired by which I preach. All this is customary and normal; but latterly, as a result I think of mental strain, there has come upon me a peculiar experience, which I clearly recognise as illusional, but which nevertheless is very real to me. I retire at night and sleep well until about 4 a.m., when I am startled from a sleep which has been dreamless by hearing my name called, and I lie awake, hearing distinctly and with apparent reality voices calling me in the sweetest and most inviting tones. Nothing of terror is experienced. On the contrary. My moral state is the most blissful and entrancing. I seem to be on the very borders of Heaven—I seem to have a double existence, as if another self were beside me in the bed." This state, the Physician says, was dispelled by administering

Haschisch. Yet this is the very drug used by Orientals to induce such states. If instead of regarding this as an abnormal condition, the great preacher had encouraged it, he probably would have given to the world some clearer truths about the Soul and its relation to the body than are to be found in any of his voluminous works.

Beecher was also passionately fond of gems. He was accustomed to say that they afforded him the same kind of pleasure that he derived from flowers, and that they excelled the latter in that they were fadeless. Their purity and colour had a never-satiating charm for him. Thousands of dollars he lavished upon them. His yellow diamond, of the purest canary colour, has a European pedigree and history. Not a stone with which St. John has embellished the walls of the Holy City are missing from his collection. It is doubtful if he was ever without unset gems in his pockets, which he would often exhibit for his own delectation or that of his friends. He haunted the shops of jewellers, and often borrowed from them gems of great value, in which he fairly revelled with delight. He took the greatest pleasure in those of richest and most gorgeous hues—the ruby, the opal, the carbuncle, and emerald. Doubtless this love of gems had an occult significance. They related him, no doubt, to sources of elemental life and power. The Ancients, who used gems as Talismans, put them to a nobler service than we do, by simply employing them as aids to personal adornment.

THE WAY.—By EDWIN ARNOLD.

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks,
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries—All
Will reach the sun-lit snows.

So is the eight-fold path which brings to peace,
By lower or by upper heights it goes;
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries—All
Will reach the sun-lit snows.

The First good level is *Right Doctrine*: Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate,
In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose*: Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die,

And greed and wrath, so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse*: Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the king within;
Tranquil, and fair, and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behaviour*: Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow;
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads,
Let love through good deeds show.

For Sun-ward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans,
Sweet is the lower air, and safe and known
The homely levels: only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

So shall ye pass to clearer heights, and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Enter the *Path*.

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OCCULT PHENOMENA.

UNDER this head we wish to give our readers from week to week some of the most striking facts of an Occult nature that are being reported from various quarters. We shall not always try to explain what we record, trusting to the intelligence of our readers to gather our opinion of them from the general purposes of "The Gnostic."

PROFESSOR WALLACE has recently given a lecture on "Spiritualism" in San Francisco, in which he refers to the various orders of Occult phenomena.

Chemical Phenomena.—Speaking of the above he says:—"These consist chiefly, first, protection from the effects of fire. Mr D. D. Home—recently dead, and perhaps the most remarkable medium that ever lived—used to take out fire, a brilliant red hot mass of coals, carry them about the room in his hands, and by his peculiar power could tell certain persons who were able to have them placed in their hands, and would place them in their hands and they would never feel them. On one occasion the well-known writer, Mr S. C. Hall, had placed upon his head a great mass of burning coals which shone through his white hair, and was witnessed by a large party present, and his hair was not scorched, and he felt no pain whatever."

In speaking of the usefulness of these phenomena Prof. Wallace says: Spiritualism demonstrates the existence of forms of matter and modes of being which are unacceptable from the standpoint of mere physical science. It shows us that mind may exist without brain, and disconnected from any material body that we can detect, and it destroys the presumption against our continued existence after the physical body is disorganised or destroyed. It further demonstrates, by direct evidence as conclusive as the nature of the case admits, that the so-called dead are still alive—that our friends are often with us, though unseen, and give direct proof of a

future life, which so many crave, but for want of which so many live and die in anxious doubt. How valuable the certainty to be gained from spiritual communications, removing all questionings as to a future existence.

A MEDIUMISTIC little boy of our acquaintance, under three years of age, sees and converses with his spirit mother, who passed over to spirit life a few months ago. A few days ago, while on a visit with his grandmother and aunt to the cemetery where the body of his mother lies buried, he astonished his relatives with his knowledge of the facts of life and death. He said: "Mamma's body in the ground, but mamma's not there. She is here with Harry." "Why, Harry," he was asked, "how do you know? Who told you?" "Oh, I see mamma, and she tell Harry," he replied in his baby way.

IN Dunedin Mr. Ruff, a good trance medium, often performs similar feats. A few nights since we saw him remove the chimney from a burning lamp and carry it all around the room, offering it to each person present. Had anyone else touched it for a moment it would have burnt them severely. During the evening Mr. Ruff was controlled by a Maori speaking the language fluently, and afterwards through another control translating, a Maori gave some ideas of the history of his people quite in keeping with what is taught in "Man; or, Fragments of Forgotten History." Mr. Ruff is a most earnest and enthusiastic Spiritualist, and we believe that as he becomes more under the direct control of his own Higher Self he will use his Psychic gifts for the advancement of the principle of self-culture and illumination, as represented by our Societies and Schools.

PROF. WALLACE, in speaking of mental phenomena, says: "Another of these curious mental phenomena is trance speaking. There are mediums now in all parts of the world who have this wonderful faculty. It begins

generally almost or quite involuntarily. The person goes into a trance, and then begins to speak without knowing it. After a time they gradually get to know they are speaking, but do not themselves voluntarily speak on the subjects that they are discussing. Many of these are, at first, ignorant persons, utterly without the knowledge and power to speak on the subjects they do speak on. One of these English trance speakers, Mr. J. J. Morse, is now in this city, and many of you no doubt will hear him. I saw him in London many years ago when he was first developed. At that time Sergeant Cox, a great literary man, said: "I have put to him the most difficult questions in psychology, and received answers always full of wisdom in choice and elegant language, yet a quarter of an hour afterwards he was unable to answer the simplest query, and was even at a loss for language to express a commonplace idea." There is another interesting little test in connection with this medium which I think I was the means of bringing forth myself. His spirit guide (whom I believe is so still) gave a Chinese name at the time, and claimed to be a Chinese philosopher; he gave the name of Tien Sien Ti. At that time, I believe, nobody knew what this meant. I happened to have a friend who had been an interpreter to the Government in China, and one day I asked him, without mentioning anything else, what this name meant. He answered, "Why, that means heavenly spirit guide." I think that is a wonderful test.

THE MEDIUMSHIP OF CHARLES FOSTER.—In the 'Brooklyn Magazine' (February), Mrs F. G. de Fontaine gives an interesting account of a séance she had with Charles Foster. She had gone with a friend, and they had considerable difficulty in finding the medium's house. They were, one may therefore presume, strangers to him. Raps came at once, and Foster declared that the room was filled with spirit-presences. The details of the séance had better be given in the words of the narrator:—

"Can you give me the names of any persons present?" was asked.

"Certainly," was his quick reply, and immediately taking up the pencil, he wrote the names of several who had been on the most intimate terms with my friend in years gone by; among others the name of his mother. The medium laid the pencil down, and, leaning back in his chair, steadily gazing at his *vis à vis* for some time, and upon being asked the cause, said, "I am looking at your mother; she stands behind your chair, leaning lovingly and confidingly on your shoulder, and gazing on your face with the old love, which you must recall."

"When and where did she die?" was then asked.

The answer named the place, day, and month of her death. Having his scepticism thoroughly aroused by this time the questioner asked for her maiden name.

Without hesitation Foster took the pencil and wrote in the familiar handwriting of the lady in question her full name, where she was born and when; also, the name of her son, his age, and place of birth.

These startling developments had the effect of partially unbinging the feelings of the questioner; but not willing to yield his faith even to such evidence, he resolved to test the powers of the medium in such a manner as would leave no room for doubt. Having travelled extensively, making acquaintances in foreign countries, many of whom were dead, he determined to apply a significant and most difficult test. As if his thoughts were instantly divined by the medium, he remarked, "There are spirits here whose manners are in strange contrast with those of our community, and they are making strange motions which I cannot interpret."

My friend then made a mental inquiry concerning a friend who had died in the East Indies. The answer came immediately, "Your friend who died in the East Indies is here," and he proceeded to describe minutely the personal appearance of one who had been dead six years.

"I would know her name," said the excited questioner. Foster instantly seized a pencil and wrote upon a piece of paper which he

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handed him, with a perplexed air, saying, "Here are some characters, sir, but I must confess that I do not understand them."

It was the name of the dear friend, in clear, beautiful Persi-Arabic characters, with the salutation, *Burrah Sahib, Salaam*, the name by which she called my friend, literally meaning, in the Oriental exuberance of politeness, Great sir, good cheer.

While regarding the inscription with silent wonder, the medium suddenly drew up his coat sleeve with the exclamation, "See here!" and there in red lines, on the fleshy part of the arm, standing out in bold relief, were the English initials of the lady's name. Not to be deceived, my friend caught the hand and held it for a few moments, during which time the phenomenon faded from sight.

Nonplussed not merely by the captivation of two of his senses, seeing and hearing, but by receiving a message in a language which not ten persons in the country could read or understand, and of which the medium had not the slightest knowledge, it was decided that only one more test remained. A secret involving the character of a third party was known only to the dead lady and my friend, who immediately resolved to penetrate this mystery if possible. He propounded the question, and requested that she would write the answer in her own hand through the medium. As before he seized the pencil, and carelessly and rapidly wrote the secret out, without knowing a word of the same. It was true in every particular.

WE publish the following letter to Mr Eglinton because we are personally acquainted with Mr and Mrs Hunt, and know them to be most intelligent and reliable people:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—Thinking a short statement from me of two sittings my wife and I have had with you might perhaps be acceptable, it gives me much pleasure to forward the following, to the truth of which I shall be pleased to make an affidavit before a justice of the peace if necessary.

"Before calling upon you for our first sitting, we purchased a slate at a stationer's. Whilst making a few preliminary remarks, you, in our presence, split a slate pencil into little pieces, having sharp, rough facets. One of these

pieces was placed upon my slate, which was then held under the table by my wife and yourself; at first there was no result, but after waiting some ten minutes or so, we heard the writing, which proved to be some personal messages. I then placed a £5 Bank of England note, and a chip of pencil between the locked slate, put the key in my pocket and asked that the number of the note should be written. *The slate was never out of our sight*, and my wife and yourself joined hands on the top as it laid on the table. In a few minutes the writing was heard. I unlocked the slates and found the number correctly written thereon. No one of us knew the number until after it had been written, and the note was securely locked between the slates the whole time. I then examined the chip of pencil and found the facets worn and smooth.

"The second sitting was, if possible, even more startlingly wonderful. This time we provided ourselves with two new slates, and received thereon several, to us, most interesting personal messages, signed by names quite unknown to you. I had previously placed a chip of pencil between the two slates, and you and my wife held them in full view on the table. Now came the final, crucial test. My wife's watch was placed, with the case closed, together with a chip of pencil, on a slate, and we asked that the number of the watch might be written within a small circle drawn on the slate, which was held with the watch by my wife and yourself, pressed against the under side of the table. *This was at once done*, and on opening the watch the number was found correctly written within the circle. Neither of us knew the number. The table was a plain deal one with no room for any machinery, and the slate never left my wife's hands.

"I must add that we were utter strangers to you and that we gave you no information of ourselves whatever. We are also strangers in London, having only recently come over from Australia. You have not asked me for this, but I feel bound to state the facts as they occurred and to give you liberty to make what use you please of this letter.—I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

"J. W. HUNT, J.P.

"13, Montague Place, Russell Square, London,
"July 3rd, 1886,

"Wm. Eglinton, Esq."

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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