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The Gnostic



“Know Thyself”

7

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

ANNA H. KIMBALL-CHAINEY.

PROF. GEORGE CHAINEY.

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.

For all orders and business with the Gnostic,

Address the Presidents

Care Mrs. M. E. Cramer,

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Will all whose magazines have been wrongly directed please notify us.

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THE GNOSTIC.

"Intuition is the only faculty in man through which Divine Relation 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.*

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JANUARY, 1888.

NO. 7.

RELIGION.

Many attempts have been made to define Religion. It is, however, something like trying to define why flowers are beautiful, or to reduce to a cold and formal definition the unspeakable emotion of love. The word *Religion* comes from the latin word *Religere*. The root significance of this is "to bind back," or to "Relate." From this many *teach* that Religion is to be rebound or related anew to God. Some say Religion comprises man's sense of relationship and obligation to the laws of God or of the Universe. Others that it is the sense of duty heightened with emotion. It is doubtless all this and more. It is to be rebound in our own inner consciousness, to our own Higher and Immortal Self. It is to find a perfect correspondence in our own nature with all the laws of the Universe, for man is truly the microcosm of the macrocosm—meaning the Universe in Little. In finding this man becomes a law unto himself, and obedience to that law becomes at once a joy and duty. This it is to find the kingdom of Heaven within you. How shall we escape from the burden and strife, fret and worry of life, into the rest and calm of that peace and power born only of a complete at-one-ment of duty and inclination? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no way of presenting and applying the principles of a Divine Life so that all shall seek after it as eagerly as most seek for gold and earthly power? Surely there is need of it. Look at the world to-day. Everywhere the love of the outward and external prevails. Though the breath of a new springtime has quickened in some latitudes the blossoms of the soul into new life, yet the winter

of doubt and despair still possesses the largest part of the earth. Look at so-called Christian nations lying over against each other, like so many wild beasts of prey, just ready to spring at each others throats. Look at the remedy offered for this in the blind fury of nihilism, and the awful programme of anarchy with its dynamite and secret assassinations. Look at our prisons glutted to repletion with men and women who are treated worse than the wild beasts of prey gathered from the jungle. Look at our insane asylums full of poor wretches whom medical science with all her boasted skill gives up to incurable madness. Look at our hospitals bubbling over with disease and untimely death. Look at the pain and misery that must hold high carnival in our midst, as long as every corner in all our cities supports either a liquor saloon, tobacco shop, or drug store, the three modern furies who daily scourge the backs of the majority who live and breathe. Look at our Universities and Colleges given up mostly to dead languages and dead knowledge, searching forever among tombs, and never once finding the spirit that lived and rejoiced in the hearts that are now dust. Look at our common schools cramming the memories of our children, and murdering their understandings, persecuting Culture in the name of Education. Look at many of the streets in our large cities swarming alive at night with prostitutes, the night turned into day with the gleaming lights of the gaudy palaces of lust, holding high revel in its shame without blush or fear of either Church or State. Look at the open and defiant practice

of falsehood and bribery all through the political world. Look at the power of money in society, and many of our law courts, to cover a multitude of sins. Look at the daily purchase and sale of human bodies, the license by law to live in prostitution, and sanctioned by the blessing of the Church, and cloaked under the Sacred Name, and Divine Ordinance of Marriage. Think of all the work done, and money spent to sustain religion, and yet remember that all this evil and suffering is simply the result of a neglect of religion. True religion will save us from it all. How is this religion to be given to the world? Who shall deliver us from the body of this death—How shall the desire of all hearts, the theme of every poet, the burden of all prayer be fulfilled, and the hope of the world, instead of floating dimly on the far horizon of the future, take up its abode in the living present. The world certainly cannot be as bad as it is for the want of being told there is a better way. It is the daily business of hundreds of thousands of well trained minds, and ready tongues to show us the way of Salvation. Still, the Church and the brothel stand side by side, and the daily newspaper is mostly a record of national and personal crime. People go to Church Sunday after Sunday, and hear enough Truth in the poorest sermon, to those who having eyes to see, *see*, and ears to hear, *hear*, to save a world, and yet life continues mainly at the old tune. Men buy and sell, not to advance the progress of virtue, but to get rich. How much is there in it? is the cry that confronts every enterprise. Fashion and talking, simply for the sake of filling up the time underlies much that is said and done in the social world. The majority of society people remind us of Gratiano, of whom Antonio said "He speaks an infinite deal of nothing, his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day 'ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search." Some tell us that devotion to science is adequate to change all this, yet I observe that one may be a great Scientist, and yet be as cruel as a tiger and relentless as the grave. The altar of the Scientist is often the bloody table of the vivisectionist. The finest and most important

side of our nature may remain untouched, and uncultivated, after the most complete scientific training. When science becomes religious, and religion becomes scientific, what we glory in as civilization will be known as barbarism. Others tell us that the cultivation of what is beautiful, will set all these wrongs right. In these days we have much devotion to Art, and many fine things are said by its devotees about sweetness and light. Hundreds of young men and women are worshipping with boundless enthusiasm at the shrines of beauty in form and color—yet even here life of itself continues, generally when viewed in its relations to the whole of humanity, most unbeautiful. Is there then no healing balm, no power of restoration? No adequate response to the earnest cry, what must we do to be saved? Is all Religion a mockery and a snare, leading us to neglect the good we have in a vain search for what can never be found? There was a time when the writer thought so—I had sought for peace and Truth in devotion to the Creeds, and accepted standards of Religion, and found it not. I tried the pleasures of sense, I plucked largely of the fairest flowers of earth, and yet every rose had its thorn. The sweetest, rarest blossom of to-day in the world's garden of pleasure, fades and disappoints tomorrow.

I have known also the pleasures and victories of thought. I have fed on the stormiest applause of thousands in the intellectual Athens of America. But what did it all amount to? when I had dissected the rag dolls and puppets of ecclesiastical Religion, and tried earnestly to find the truth through the intellect, I was like one who is lost in a dark night, led into swamps and bogs by following the fitful fires of a "will 'o the wisp." I pondered long and deeply on systems of philosophy, principles of morality, and methods of external artistic culture, to little purpose. The mind grew weary, and lost the power to rejoice in its destructive and exploring work. The applause that many gave to mere regations sounded like the laughter of a condemned man at his own sentence of execution. All the grace and beauty seem to have gone out of life, and I was rapidly sinking into a state of moral apathy and in-

tellectual despair, when I was roused out of it by a series of experiences that demonstrated to heart and mind the reality and certainty of the spiritual life and world. No longer listening to the clamorings of sense, nor the denials of the intellect, but taking council of my own soul, I found peace, light and truth: in that light, though heartily ashamed of what I had been, I found all my being thrilled with joy and enthusiasm for any task, however, difficult and arduous it might be, that would help me towards the heights of the ideal. I began to see with other eyes, and hear with other ears, and to receive strength from other sources, so that I could run and not grow faint, walk and not grow weary. Across the disc of memory I found there began to flit strange scenes and incidents from a larger, richer, grander, life than this of earth. I began to perceive principles and truths, such as no experience in this life could account for. Through the quickening of this *light within*, which in a former article I have spoken of as Intuition, I found the peace that passeth understanding, and the solution of all unsolved problems. I had found a key that unlocked the meaning of all Religions, and brought me into conscious communion with and at-one-ment with all redeeming Christ's and Wisdom Teachers of the past. I saw at once that all evil and unhappiness in the world prevailed in exact proportion with man's neglect of this *inner light*. I saw quite clearly that there could be no salvation from present degradations and miseries, save through a reversal of the whole tendency of modern life, teaching mankind to look within instead of without for all good. To do anything else but consecrate the whole of life to this end was utterly impossible. I saw many other brave

toilers in the same field—Theosophy, Hermetic, Philosophy, Spiritualism, Faith, and Mental Cure, all are turning man's attention from the outer to the inner, from the external to the subjective side of life. Questioning experience and intuition, seeking earnestly light from the Divine Centre of Being how best to revive Religion and bring joy to earth, there has been revealed to us the methods of the Gnostic Society and School. Every day's work witnesses to the divinity of this method. Every hour we feel that our feet are planted firmly on the rock of ages. Look down the dim vista's of the past—where and when has human life been full of mercy and gentleness, radiant with truth, and glorious in righteousness, sweet as the perfume of flowers, and bright as the shining stars. History records many such examples, they were always such as dared to *be themselves*, daring to be *true* to self, they sought to *know* self questioning eagerly, the voice within they found themselves to be conscious of an immortal destiny, knowing this they have lived in the world as God's, revealing to others the way, the truth and the life. To them we are indebted for the spiritual knowledge that has kept us from sinking further than we have into the black depths of materiality. Among these shining lights in the Spiritual Heavens are:—Hermes Trismegistus, Pythagoras, Zoroaster, Confucious, Buddha, Apollonious, Porphyry, Plato, Jesus, and all those Radical Reformers, Martyrs, and Freethinkers, whose aim it has been not simply to teach, but also to be the truth. How they lived and taught and died is the symbolism of Religion. To follow their glorious example, and like them be true to the voice of the Inner and Higher Self, is to be *Religious*.

THE TEMPLE OF ETERNAL BEAUTY.

“Who builds the Temple of Eternal Beauty,
 With colour fair, inlaid with precious stones,
 Lays down his life before the feet of duty,
 And cares not where shall rest his weary bones;
 To seek and find that kingdom of great worth,
 With scrip and staff content he fares him forth.

He feels not pain, he feels not body's fasting,
 His joyful spirit heavenly visions sees,
 Enamoured is he of the everlasting,
 And worshipful he bends upon his knees;
 On noble deeds his mind is fixed intent,
 In frequent prayer his head and body bent.”

 ROSY CROSS SERMONS.

 BY F. B. DOWD.

Philosophers and teachers of the young told me that "Like attracts like," that "Love begets love," that "Birds of a feather flock together," that "Iron attracts iron," &c., &c., to the end of creation; and I believe it to be true. But one day, a young man of a warm, gentle, loving heart committed suicide, simply because the girl he loved with his whole soul, did not, could not, and would not, love him in return. This set me thinking that possibly these apparent truths may be false after all.

I questioned many, and they all agreed; till at last I met an aged man whose kindly thoughtful look won my heart at once, who said, "Young man trust not Nature too far, for she is deceiving beyond a certain limit. She shows fair on the surface—her speech sounds well to the ear; dig not too deep, or she may disclose her ugliness—listen not too intently, or her speech may lose its melody. She *appears* as one thing, while in reality that which is *not* seen, and often is *unsuspected* is the very reverse of that which appears as truth. Truth lies deep, buried beneath the surface; and it takes labour and patience to unearth it. Everything is true at the bottom depths; but there is very little truth upon the surface. Nature seems to have made Man after her own image, inasmuch as he always puts the fairest face outwardly. Nature puts on her fairest robes to please her children, and loves them to labour or to play with the toys she gives. The absolute truth is too strong for immature minds; as meat and coarse food will not do for babes. The great powers of Nature, viz., Attraction and Repulsion, are obscure and silent in their operations. A proper study of these two laws will lead you to the comprehension of a third, which seldom enters into philosophy in the least. These two are constituent elements of everything that exists; and the saying "Male and Female created He them" is based upon the recognition of this truth. But even this is only a *partial* truth, for all things are *triune* in Nature and operations. Had God not breathed His life and spirit into His creations, they could

not have possessed the conditions necessary to feel sympathy and antipathy *inwardly*, nor manifest *outwardly* Attraction and Repulsion. Now, spirit does not feel—but it being power, furnishes conditions whereby Soul becomes a conscious, feeling entity—or "A Living Soul," in contradistinction to a *dead Soul*, thus demonstrating that Spirit or God is full of *Dead Souls*; for a Soul without conditions is unconscious, or dead.

Between Sympathy and Antipathy or Attraction and Repulsion (which are merely the condition of things) there exists that which feels not—nor does it move—a something standing guard, so to speak, regulating, preserving, and directing the motions of the thing in which it exists, or in other words that which is neither male nor female; neither sympathy nor antipathy. A falling apple suggested the law of Attraction; but the tendency of matter towards a centre, though very apparent, does not demonstrate that Attraction is the only law operating to produce such tendency. Attraction is a downward or centralising operation, while Repulsion is an outward or diffusive tendency of matter; but neither operates independently of the other. Repulsion forces vegetation, trees, and mountains upward, and compels them to be, while Attraction holds them in their places, and feeds them with that which they need of the elements. What power is it, think you, that prevents the tree from assimilating Mineral into its structure? Simply the antipathy of the tree for Mineral, holds Mineral elements at a distance. And it is just so with everything else, trees, grass and flowers, breathe as well as men and animals; but the transmutation of the air into matter in one form differs from that of another, because in one certain elements remain, and enter into the structure while others are driven off or held away by repulsion. Repulsion is the *Father*, the providence, the strength, the protection; while Attraction is the *Mother*, the nourisher, the builder of atoms, the timely, careful manipulator and nurse of the growing thing. Growing

things are negative, *i.e.*, reception; while the spirit that enters into the structure is positive. Spirit is as much matter as the tree, or the form into which it enters, but one is in an *opposite condition* to the other; hence, I say that opposites attract each other. Male and female are different conditions of the same thing—but the thing that sustains the conditions, the thing that holds them apart and prevents them from blending in one, that is, eternally destroying the harmony and balance of these two opposites—What is it? Names prove nothing, —let us call it God. Opposites, not only attract or love each other, but they *produce* each other. Love does not produce love, no more than wood produces wood, or iron produces iron. An empty stomach attracts and loves a certain amount of food, but if too much is taken a sickness and loathing is produced,—the very opposite of the hunger or attraction first felt. Long fasting, or a violent purgative (which is only an excess of repulsion) on the other hand will produce a love of food corresponding thereto, which will continue till an equilibrium is established or approximated between the two. A calm produces a storm, Vacuums produces tornadoes. Heat produces cold, for by excess depolarization takes place, and an opposite effect is produced.

Birds gather in flocks; sheep gather together, and so do human beings. But this proves nothing. The strong are attracted to the weak, and the weak to the strong always. All domestic animals are attracted to man, and man to them. Swine would soon cease to exist were it not for their attractiveness to man. Man would soon cease to be were it not for the lower orders—and these are opposites. Even wild beasts have an attraction for the hunter, and the charm increases according to the ferocity of game and the danger to the milder nature (the man). The rich combine—not that they love *each other*, but in order to keep poverty down,—for the rich love poverty for it feeds their pride and arrogance. The strong despise the strong, and they fight for the mastery. The poor love the rich, whom they serve, and are flattered by friendly recognition; but they love not each other. Men associate together as geese do; but they do not love each other; neither does woman love woman. Wood does not adhere to wood, nor stone to stone.

Forest trees associate with each other, and rock accumulates in places, simply because they grow there, being *forced* to do so by the conditions of their being—soil, water, air, &c. Does the water of a creek attract the trees, and coax them to grow on its bank? Water is not like wood, but the very opposite. Water drawn into wood becomes wood, into grass becomes grass, into stone becomes stone, &c. Fluid becomes solid, and solid becomes fluid, simply through the operations of sympathy and antipathy. Man, called out of himself in a great love of a woman loses his self love, and if the woman gives not her love to the man, his love is thrown back upon himself through repulsion, and his self-love turns to self-hatred. Suicide is the result.

Unrequited love is humiliating—it destroys ones good opinion of himself. When this is gone, the person is fitted for any crime. Self-love is the foundation from which all other loves spring—some in an upward direction, others in a lower. The upward increases love; but the lower decreases, as it narrows to the going out.

Intense love increases to a certain point in intensity, when it either vastates itself entirely, and becomes purely unselfish; or, it returns upon self with an overwhelming force of bitterness and gall, to fall into disgust and hate. Love cannot increase love in another so long as it is tinctured with self; and, when it has lost this, it has become something else—*indifference*. Love does not attract love—but indifference does, for it is empty of repulsion. If two hearts warm with love rush together, they repel each other very soon; but, if one be full and the other cold, they draw closer and closer till both are full. The female is cold till warmed into life and love by the male. This is often done unconsciously—for love penetrates to the heart that is empty, without volition or effort. There are hearts that are so full of self-love, vanity and pride, as to be incapable of real love for another. Such often present a beautiful exterior and fascinating manner—and *deformed* nature loves beauty, often to its cost. The false and the true are wedded, and hand in hand wander as human beings, adown the valleys, and over the mountains of Eternity. The false is *repulsive* to the thoughtful, thus forcing them closer to the true. Wrong and its victim are

inseparably connected. For them there is no divorce.

Many fancy that in the beautiful fields of Aiden—on the other side of the great darkness—they will be attracted to genial surroundings; that there they will associate with those like themselves—for they say “like attracts its like.” But be not deceived! Your love points the place you fain would be in—but can you always get there? You long for other company! Why? Because you are *averse* to your present

associates—you despise them! Don't you know that this dislike and aversion shows that you are no better than they? That you *are of* that crowd that forces things disagreeable to be? Your attractions are elsewhere—but repulsion is the strongest, and you must abide with them, till you by effort produce an equilibrium or harmony in yourself. When this takes place you will love to stay there and labour for God and love. There is no life without labour.

SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

I walked in the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim voiceless valley alone
And I heard not the sound of a footstep
Around me, but God's and my own:
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown.

Long ago I was weary of voices
Whose music my soul could not win,
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din,
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly,
Yet I craved what the world never gave,
And I said, in the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave,
Is thrown on the shores of the real
And sleeps like a dream in the grave.

And still did I pine for the perfect,
And still found the false with the true;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
And caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I sighed when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human,
And groaned 'mid the masses of men;
Till I knelt long ago at the altar,
And heard a voice call me. Since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond human ken.

Do you ask what I found in the Valley?
'Tis my trysting place with the Divine,
And I fell at the feet of the Holy

And around me a voice said: “Be mine.”
And then rose from the depths of my soul
An echo, “My heart shall be Thine.”

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep, and I dream, and I pray,
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses of May;
And my prayer like a perfume from censer,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I hear all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim Valley
Till each finds a word for a wing;
That to men like the doves of the deluge
The message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach,
And I have heard songs in the silence
That never shall float into speech,
And I have had dreams in the Valley
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley,
Ah, me! How my spirit was stirred?
They wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass down the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of this Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and his angels are there;
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow
And one the bright mountain of prayer.

—FATHER RYAN.

THE IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

CHAPTER V.

I was led into the hall where the priests had been taking their morning meal. The room was almost deserted now; but Agmahd and Kamen remained talking, in their low subdued tones, by one of the windows, while two novices led me to a place by the table, and brought me oiled cakes, fruit and milk. It was strange to me to be waited on by these youths, who did not speak to me, and whom I regarded with awe, as being more experienced than myself in the terrible mysteries of the temple. I wondered, as I ate my cakes, why they had not spoken to me, any of the novices whom I had seen; but, looking back over the brief time which I had spent in the temple, I recollect that I had never been left alone with one of them. Even now, Agmahd and Kamen remained in the room, so that, as I saw, a silence of fear was upon the faces of the youths who served me. And I fancied it to be fear, not as of a schoolmaster who uses his eyes like ordinary mortals, but as of some many-sighted and magical observer who is not to be deceived. I saw no gleam of expression on the countenances of either of the youths. They acted like automata.

The exhaustion which had again taken possession of my frame was lessened by the food, and when I had eaten, I rose eagerly to look from the high windows to see if Seboua were in the garden. But Agmahd advanced, stepped between me and the window, and gazed upon me with the immovable look which made me dread him so deeply. "Come," he said. He turned and moved away; I followed him with drooping head, and all my new energy and hope departed; why, I knew not; I could not tell why I gazed upon the embroidered hem of the white garment, which seemed to glide so smoothly over the ground in front of me, with a sense that I was following my doom. My doom! Agmahd, the typical priest of the temple, the real leader among the high priests, my doom.

We passed down the corridors till we entered upon the wide one which led from the gate of the temple to the holy of holies. A horror filled me at the sight of it, even with the sun-

light streaming through the gateway, and making mock of its unutterable shadows. Yet so deep was my dread of Agmahd, that, left thus alone with him, I followed him in perfect obedience and silence. We passed down the corridor—with each reluctant step of mine I drew nearer to that terrible door whence, in the darkness of the night, I had seen the hideous form emerge. I was scanning the wall with the kind of terror with which a tormented soul might gaze upon the awful instruments of spiritual inquisition. It is impossible, once looking upon some impending doom with open eyes, not to remain gazing thereon with abject yet riveted attention. Such did I in my blind fear bestow upon the walls of the long corridor, which, to my fancy, as we moved down it, seemed to close upon us and shut us out from all the bright, beautiful world which I had lived in until now.

Scanning thus intently the smooth and terrible walls, I perceived, as we approached it, a little door which stood at right angles with the door of the sanctuary. It would have escaped any observation but one unnaturally tense; for the darkness at this far end of the corridor was deep indeed, by contrast with the glowing sunlight we had left at the other.

We approached this door. As I have said, it stood at right angles with the wall of the sanctuary. It was close to the door of it, but it was in the wall of the corridor.

My steps seemed to be taken without any volition now; certainly my will would have carried me back to the sunshine which made the world beautiful with flowers—which made life seem a glorious reality, and not a hideous and unimaginable dream! Yet there it was—the door—and Agmahd stood, his hand upon it. He turned and looked at me.

"Have no fear," he said, in his calm, equable tones. "Our sanctuary is the centre of our home, and its near neighbourhood is enough to fill us with strength."

I passed through the same experience as when first Agmahd encouraged me by his voice in the garden. I raised my eyes, with an

effort, to his, that I might discover whether there was the same encouragement in his beautiful countenance, but all that I saw was the intolerable calm of those blue eyes; they were pitiless, immovable: my soul, aghast, beheld in them at that moment fully the cruelty of the beast of prey.

He turned from me and opened the door; and passing through it, held it open that I might follow him. I followed him—yes, though my steps seemed to recoil upon myself and lead me to the deeps.

We entered a low-roofed room, lighted by one broad window, high in the wall. It was curtained and draped with rich material: a low couch stood at one side of the room. When my glance fell on the couch I started; why, I know not; but I at once thought it to be the couch I had slept on in the last night. I could look at nothing else, though there were many beautiful things to look at, for the room was adorned luxuriously. I only wondered, with a shrinking heart, why that couch had been removed from the room in which I had slept. While I looked on it, lost in conjecture, I suddenly became conscious of silence—complete silence—and of loneliness. I turned with a sudden alarm. Yes! I was alone. He was gone—the dread priest Agmahd—he had gone without another word, and left me in this room.

What could it mean?

I crossed to the door and tried it. It was fast, closed and barred.

I was a prisoner. But what could it mean? I looked around the massive stone walls—I glanced up at the high window—I thought of the near neighbourhood of the sanctuary—and I flung myself upon the couch and hid my face.

I imagine that I must have lain there for hours. I did not dare to arise and make any disturbance. I had nothing to appeal to but the blue, pitiless, eyes of the priest Agmahd. I lay upon my couch with fast, closed eyes, not daring to face the aspect of my prison, and praying that the night might never come.

It was yet the early part of the day, that I felt sure of, although I knew not how long a time I had passed in the garden with Seboua. The sun was high, and streamed in at my window. I saw this as, after a long time had

passed, I turned and looked around my room with a sudden and alarmed glance. I had the idea that some one was in it—but, unless hidden behind the curtains, no visible form was in the room.

No, I was alone. And as I gathered courage to look up to the sunlight that made my window a thing glorious for the eyes, I began to realize that it still veritably was in existence; and that, notwithstanding my recent hideous experience, I was nothing but a boy who loved sunshine.

The attraction grew very strong, and at last fanned itself into the wish to climb up to the high window and look. The passion which caused me to desire so ardently to do this, having once thought of it, I can no more account for than I could for most of the inquisitive and headstrong purposes of a boy's brain. At all events I rose from my couch—casting all terror of my surroundings to the winds, now that I had a purpose sufficiently childish to absorb me. The wall was perfectly smooth; but I fancied that, by standing on a table that was beneath the window, I could reach the sill with my hands, and so raise myself up to see out. I soon climbed the table, but I could barely reach the sill with upstretched arms. I jumped a little, and just catching hold of sill managed to draw myself upwards. I suppose that part of the enterprise must have been the delight to me; for I certainly did not anticipate seeing anything but the temple gardens. What I saw, though there was nothing perhaps very startling, sobered my enjoyment.

The gardens were not there. My window looked out upon a small square piece of ground, which was surrounded by high blank walls. I soon saw that these were evidently walls of the temple, not outer walls. The piece of ground was enclosed in the very heart of the great building, for I could see its columns and roofs rising beyond each side, and the walls were blank. Mine was the only window I could perceive and trace of.

At that moment I heard a faint sound in the room, and, quickly letting myself drop, I stood upon the table, looking round in consternation. The sound seemed to proceed from behind a heavy curtain that half covered one wall. I stood breathless, and, even in this broad day-

light and gleaming sunshine, somewhat in error of what I might see, for I had no idea that there was any mode of entrance but that door by which I had come, so that I scarce dared to hope for a wholesome human presence!

These fears soon vanished, however, for the curtain was drawn a little back, and a black-robed novice—whom I had not seen before—crept from out his shelter. I wondered at his stealthy manner; but I had no fears, for he held in his hand a glorious blossom of the royal white lotus flower. I sprang from the table, and advanced towards him, my eyes upon the flower. When quite close, he spoke very low and quickly.

"This," he said, "is from Seboua. Cherish it, but let none of the priests see it. Cherish it, and it will help you in hours when you will need help; and Seboua urges that you remember all the words he has said to you, and that you trust, above all, to your love for the truly beautiful, and to your natural likes and dislikes. That is the message," he said, stepping back towards the curtain. "I am risking my life here to please Seboua. Be careful that you never come near this door, or show that you know it exists; it opens into the private room of the high priest Agmahd, into which none dare enter save on peril of intolerable punishment."

"And how have you come through?" I asked in great curiosity.

"They are engaged in the morning ceremonies—all the priests—and I succeeded in escaping unseen to come to you."

"Tell me," I cried, holding him even as he endeavoured to hurry through the door, "why did not Seboua come?"

"He cannot—he is closely watched that he may make no effort to get near you."

"But why is this?" I exclaimed in dismay and wonder.

"I cannot tell," said the novice, extracting his garment from my grasp. "Remember the words I have said."

He hastily passed through the door and closed it behind him. I found myself half smothered by the heavy curtain, and, as soon as I could recover from my amazement at this sudden appearance and disappearance, I moved it aside and stepped out, the lily in my hand.

My first thought—even before I would let myself think over the words which I was to remember—was to place my precious flower in some safe place. I held it tenderly, as though it were the breathing form of one I loved. I looked around anxiously, wondering where it would be both unseen and yet preserved.

I saw, after a few moments spent in hasty inspection, that just behind the head of my couch there was a corner which the curtain fell a little way from. Here, at least, I might place it for a while; it would have room to breathe, and would not be seen unless the curtain were moved away—and behind my couch seemed a less likely place for it to be discovered than in any other. I hastily placed it here, afraid to keep it in my hand lest the ceremonies should be over and Agmahd enter my room. So I hid it, and then looked around for some vessel of water in which I might place it, for it occurred to me that, if I did not supply it with some of that element which it so dearly loved, it would not live long to be my friend.

I found a little earthen jar of water and placed it in it, wondering all the while what I should do if the priests, discovering its absence, should ask me for it. I could not tell what to do in such an emergency; but, if the flower were discovered, I could only hope that some inspiration would be given me by which I might avoid showing further blame upon Seboua; for, though I could not understand why or how, it was very evident that he had been blamed for something in connection with me.

I went and sat on the couch, to be near my beloved flower.

How I desired that I might place it in the sunshine and revel in its beauties.

In this way the day passed. No one came near me. I watched the shadows of evening descend upon it. I was still alone. I do not think I grew more terrified. I do not remember that the coming night brought with it any agony of fear. I was filled with a deep calmness, which either the long undisturbed hours of the day had produced, or else it was wrought by the beautiful though unseen flower; for that was ever before my eyes in all its radiant and delicate beauty. I had none of the intolerable

visions which I had been unable to drive from me in the former night.

It was quite dark when the door which communicated with the corridor opened, and Agmahd entered, followed by a young priest, who brought me food and a cup of some strange, sweet smelling syrup. I should not have stirred from my couch had it not been that I longed for food. I had not thought of it before, but I was indeed faint and fasting. I rose eagerly therefore, and, when the young priest brought the food by my side, I drank first of the syrup—which indeed he offered me first—for my exhaustion suddenly became plain to me.

Agmahd looked on me as I drank. When I had put down the cup, I raised my eyes to his with a new defiance.

"I shall go mad," I said boldly, "If you leave me in this room alone. I have never been left alone so long in all my life."

I spoke under a sudden impulse. When I had been passing the long hours in solitude they had not seemed so terrible; but now, with a quick apprehension of the evil of solitariness, I spoke out my feeling.

Agmahd said to the young priest—"Set the food down, and fetch hither the book that lies upon the couch in my outer room."

He departed on his errand. Agmahd said nothing to me; and I—having said my say, and not having as I rather expected, been annihilated for it—took up an oiled cake from the platter, and cheerfully went on with my meal.

Five years after I could not have faced Agmahd in this way. I could not have eaten my fill having just defied him. But now I was elated by the supreme ignorance and indifference of youth. I had no measuring line for the depths of the priest's intellect—the wide embracingness of his stern cruelty. How should I have? I was ignorant. And, moreover, I had no clue to the mode of his cruelty—the purpose, the intention of it. I was in the dark altogether. But I was well aware that my life in the temple was not what I had looked for if it was to be like this, and I already cherished boyish notions of escaping from it

(even down the terrible corridor) if I were to exist after such an unhappy fashion. I little knew when I thought of this how well I was guarded.

Agmahd said no word while I ate and drank, and presently the young priest opened the door and entered, bearing in his hands a large black book. He placed it on a table which Agmahd told him to draw near to my couch. A lamp was then brought by him from a corner of the room and placed on the table. He lighted it, and this done, Agmahd spoke.

"You need not be lonely if you look within those pages."

So saying, he turned and left the room, followed by the young priest.

I opened it at once. It seems, looking back on that time, that I was to the full as inquisitive as most boys; at all events, any new object rivetted my attention for the time being. I opened the black covers of the volume and gazed on the first page. It was beautifully coloured, and I looked in pleasure at the colours a little while before I began to spell out the letters. They stood out from a grey background in letters of so brilliant a hue that they seemed like fire. The title was—"The Arts and Powers of Magic."

It was nonsense to me. I was a comparatively uneducated boy, and I wondered what companionship Agmahd supposed such a book could afford me.

I turned idly over its pages. They were all unintelligible to me, by very reason even of the words used, apart from the matter. The thing was ridiculous, to have sent me this book to read. I yawned widely over it, and closing the book was about to lie down again on my couch, when I was startled to observe that I was not alone. On the other side of the little table whereon my book and lamp were, stood a man in a black dress. He was looking earnestly upon me, but when I returned his gaze he seemed to retreat from me a little. I wondered how he could have entered so noiselessly and approach so near me without a sound.

(To be continued.)

PEARLS ON LIFE'S ROSARY.

WRITTEN DOWN BY MRS. GERTRUDE B. CLARK.

Alcestæ touches the chords of her Soul's harp to thereby awaken the diviner music of Higher Soul-land in connection with the heavier undertone of materiality, which will stand in relation to the former of Bass to Soprano.

The master is known by the harmony that is evoked from the vibrating chords.

Listen then while the echoes of a far away time touch the realm of the present, like the chiming of bells of the infinite.

The Path over which pilgrim feet have wandered to reach the sands of the present, winds far back through many mist-hung valleys and over many cloud-capped mountains that border the wondrous divisions of existence. This Path touches even the hem of the Deific robes, known to some as the Love atmosphere of the Father, in which, for a time, have been cradled all the children of his love awaiting the call to material conditions through which the Soul's possibilities could alone be proven and recorded. Over this far reaching Path I will go no further than a beautiful and much loved home Planet, which proved the first material page of a waiting constellation.

Here, I tarry for a time finding even now, in this gathering together of life lines for a new and strange piece from the loom of cause and effect, deep wells of peace from which it is sweet to drink again and again; and while in thus doing, I would press my cup to other lips, that they too may drink and smile in gladness of heart; while their lips say that the wine of the God's was not equal to this.

In this far away home planet to which I refer there shone a great light, that indicated the Soul-power of the children. It must be understood, that all planets at their birth are not equal in their possessions; and if they be not, it follows as a natural consequence that in radiatory power they must also differ.

Between mind and matter there must be an exact measurement. I refer now, by the expression of mind, to a constellation of individualised Twin-Souls; while, by the expression of

matter, I would be understood as speaking of a planet to which the Twin-Souls are heirs through a bequeathal of the infinite. In this, is there supreme justice that betokens the All-Father; there is wisdom in thus understanding ones relation to the Universe, when, instead of looking upon ones selves as a chance wave from the infinite source there comes home to the Inner Self the diviner assurance of the Soul that is in truth but a love-echo from the All-Father's heart, and breathes the hallowed assurance that the twin sparks or stars cast from the centre of light are most sacredly related to the heart of Deity through the divine magnetic cords, that may be elastic, but are never severed.

You understand there are always preparatory lines to an arch, and the more exalted—the more complete the arch—the further must the lines reach in a Deity-ward direction.

In this arch of my Soul, with which I would span the Thought-world of the present, the preparatory lines must run far into the unseen, bearing thither the electric light of the Soul, that the Paths thereof may be illumined, till they who follow through the unmistakable links of Soul science feel that they stand at the very door-way of the Infinite.

I would not give to the hungry famishing children of this Planet a mere recital of any ones existence; a recital in which self-writ, self-interest, self-pleasures, self-honours—filled every niche. The loves and agonies of the Soul, are the Soul's sacred land-marks toward Deity, and there exists no child of the Father, either in the Here or There, whose memory recalls not low valley mounds where the Soul's tears were crystallized through keen experience; that was the master's chisel. No! I would give to this Planet's Thought-world no fine spun and well-woven tale of events, such as comes to one and all as the great inner Wheel turns; but instead, I would weave in connection with incident, as a minor yet all-needed thread, the cause and result of the waves of circumstance that have broken at the feet of the home-

journeying children to whom in my pen-pictures it will be my province to give both name and constellatory record.

In silence have I many times traversed the winding Paths of this Planet's Soul-land, measuring that which was with that which had been, and comparing the result with the shadow yet to be that was cast on the dial of Time not yet revealed. Then have I said when will this great surging sea of the Soul be of sufficient volume to bear aught save childish bubbles! when will its undimmed gems of holier realms be bound on brows and be most royally worn?

Full to the brim are the oceans of Truth—full to the brim the Seas of Love—luminous the higher Path-way with the diviner light. Yet, to the Earth-sands creep but slowly the Truth-waves. In Earth-hearts but low echoes of the more exalted love-strains are heard; while beneath the Soul's arch shines but dimly the heaven-born light of the higher realms.

Seeing and sensing all this, I feel a triumph of Soul in being able to stand on the dividing line that makes of the seen and unseen separate fields of labour. Here with my Soul lamp-lighted for the eternities will I tarry till I reveal some of the mysteries of the unseen. Mysteries that become rocks in the Path-way of many who seemed masters, but who failed in the far-reaching power of the Soul, and were therefore in bondage to their own conclusions, that seemed as a high wall built around the Soul's possessions, that hindered the trespassing of others and at the same time shut out the higher tide that flowed from the realms of proven truths.

Do I write blindly, and as one who knows not for what purpose they have been called? Come with me then a long, long way to the very Planet of which I have already spoken, and of which I shall have much to say before I relate myself specially to the life-line I am to travel in its strange windings. Come with me and together we will read from its material page; and, in so doing, will become the gleaners of sacred harvests, the golden grain of which can be sown in the Thought-fields of this Planet, and bring forth an abundance for those who hunger for that which is not here found.

I have said that all Planets at their birth were

not equal in their possessions; therefore, many have heavier burdens to bear than others. In this, to those who look not far into the future where compensation—the Grand-Master under the governing mandate of the Creative Power—corrects all seeming blunders and adjusts the scales most righteously, there may seem injustice. Reaching the Planet to which I have referred, we find it many times the size of this, and, as I have already said, a land of wondrous light in which was record of more unfolded Soul-power than is found on minor Planets. It must be understood that there are Planets that are termed leading Planets, and are in fact the pioneer Planets in the world-fields of the Infinite. Planets endowed with advanced thought and proven truths, that are in time to be transmitted to Planets of lesser unfoldment—the Transmission to be in accordance with the unfoldment and soul demand of the children.

I know there is much to say—or many words to use as a frame to thought—before I reach the basis I seek and from which alone I can work, and therefore I bid you be patient; and to the niche of the present will I bring the Grand Master Truths of the far away Planet, and with the light of my Soul-lamp reveal the same to your inner selves.

I will now speak more definitely concerning this pioneer Planet, though it is not needful that I go back to its growth prior to the embodiment thereon of the Creative Law in an atomic structure, such as defined man. Other redeemed Souls there are in whose mission to this Planet these points will be given to the world-seekers for Truth. Though I touch not upon the embodiment of Creative Law as related either to the Vegetable or Animal Kingdom; I feel it wise to speak of the relation of the Twin-Souls to the Planet prior to the call of the same for its children.

The Creative Law which must be two-fold because of its chemical basis, while it bestowed on the growing Planet its possibilities, also gave to the constellation whose attributes were Love, Innocence and Immortality, the needed baptisms of a transmittible power I find it impossible to name, because language on this Planet holds no term that enshrines the exact signifi-ance. This transmittible power through

the avenue of the yet uncalled constellation reached the building Planet, every atom of which came under the benedictory influence of the same. In this way—impossible as it may seem to those who reason but little in advance of the Seen—each atom became wedded to the waiting Souls. In this way, too, were they, when they reached their material inheritance, brought more into harmony with the Paths over which they must journey towards the Infinite. With this unnameable baptism transmitted to the growing atoms, to which in itself was also two-fold, there was borne planet-ward (from the constellation) the very chemical atoms that in the fulfillment of time formed the basis from which was to be evolved the Twin forms, that being under the governing power of the law centered in the constellation, took the form as like unto the form of a full-statured Soul as was possible to record in material structures.

This is carrying the line of possibilities far back into the Unseen. Yet the Unseen must be reached, and its fields gleaned, or they who seek for the unquestionable truth must go begging to the very door of the Master's House. There must have been possibilities within the enfolding power of the Planet that quickened in the fulness of time by mind, individualized as Twin-Souls—that resulted in a record in material type of forms in the semblance of the highest attainable possibility of Creative Law as related to the Animal kingdom. This is not in accordance with the Theology of the Planet; but instead, finds its recording page in the higher Science that relates itself to that which is as yet unexpressed in material land because of the lack of language that holds proper significance.

In the relation of the constellation to the Planet in question—which in this point is in exact line with the unfoldment of all Planets and Constellations belonging thereto—it will be seen that Mind individualized holds power over Matter individualized, and transmits thereto through the line of the law of both magnetic and electric attachment the very unnameable power that in time becomes an incentive to evolution by which the Soul atoms of the Planet are borne to their exact point that corresponds with the centre of attractive force

enshrined in the material Planet. Then it is the Soul-world also, because a building world that is to become in fulness of time the home of the Souls bound together by constellatory record, and not only the home or abiding place of such, but the land of all their Soul's possessions to which they have earned an endless inheritance, and recorded the same in material type, and when Soul power is once thus recorded, the highest Angel cannot question the completeness of the record.

Mind related to Matter from the first hour of its relation is even struggling to become in all points superior thereto, until after repeated attachments to material forms it redeems itself, and at the same time furnishes the land of Souls with Soul-radiance and Soul-land appointments—until each child of the Planet becomes, through the exactness of law that is never turned aside, an equal inheritor of their own Soul-land powers, possibilities and possessions—to all of which they have given their Soul force while yet related to Matter.

I am aware of having said much—or of having used many words—to show the relation of Mind to Matter; and to show how through Mind as a Constellation of Twin-Souls a Planet becomes the recipient of that nameless power that is in itself based on chemicals—that places it in the rank it must occupy—and also records it as a Thought-leader or otherwise. And I have also led you over this highway of the Unseen to show how, while yet in Constellation, the Twin-Souls belonging to the radiant Planet, to which I specially refer, and of which they, as Mind, were a complete measurement—I say I have led you thus far to show how the Twin-Souls previous to their attachment to the same (*i.e.*, Planet) through material relations did transmit the radiatory power they inherited from the heart of the Infinite to the material atoms of the Planet whereby it became a leading Planet, a pioneer in the Thought-fields of the untold cycles.

I will now speak of Planetary duty, as it forms one of the indispensable rocks upon which I lay the platform for the Thought-structure I am planning to raise. It is well known by those who have dwelt long in the higher and more exalted realms for ever redeemed from the power

of Matter, that between Planets of one brotherhood or otherwise the Missionary Principles of the higher and Universal type are ever in the ascendancy, and will thus remain until all Planets have reached the specified high tide mark in their own material unfoldment; from every atom of which will be evolved the Soul-atoms for building purposes in the Soul-land of the same. While in connection with the material unfoldment, Soul growth will be recorded in exact harmony with the unfoldment of Matter. These Missionary Principles result in groups of full-statured Souls leaving their own inheritance in quest of others not yet ascended to higher conditions of unfoldment; by which I would be understood as saying, such spirits attach themselves to the Soul-lands of needy Planets, and thereby transmit their higher truths just in proportion to the unfoldment of the receptive oneness through which they must reach the many. These avenues become receptive in exact proportion to the unfolding or refining of the Soul chemicals that constitute the Soul

atmosphere or aura, and as this refining takes place there can be an assimilation between the Soul chemicals of the Teachers and the Avenues of communication thus opened between higher and lower conditions of Soul life.

I may seem not to be nearing the life line or Rosary whose shining Pearls of Spiritual experience, I wish to count from the far away past to the present. Yet I had somewhat to do previous to taking up the incidental line which when once grasped cannot be left.

The Architect, if he would prove himself masterful, must lay all his foundations before raising the frame-work of the structure. If he would have it a thing of beauty, and be therefore a constant appeal to hearts less masterful, he should also leave the surrounding grounds smooth and sloping from the high bank of cause to the peaceful valley of effect.

This have I endeavoured to do; and from this will rise the structure to which I have referred, over which will be seen the Grand Arch of Twin-Souls.

PROVERBIAL WISDOM.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

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| <p>“True Religion—’tis not blindly prating what the Gurus
prate
But to love as God hath loved them, all things be they
small or great.”</p> <p>“And true bliss is when a sane mind doth a healthy
body fill,
And true knowledge is the knowing what is good and
what is ill.”</p> <p>“Poisonous though the tree of life be—too fair blossoms
grow thereon
One the company of good men, and sweet songs of Poets
one.”</p> <p>“Give and it shall swell thy getting, give and thou shalt
safer keep
Pierce the tank—well on it yieldeth when the water
waxeth deep.”</p> <p>“When the miser hides his treasure in the Earth, he
doeth well
For he opens up a passage that his soul may sink to hell”</p> <p>“He whose coins are kept for counting not to barter, nor
to give</p> | <p>Breathe he like a Blacksmith’s bellows, yet in truth he
doth not live.”</p> <p>“Gifts bestowed with words of kindness making giving
doubly dear,
Wisdom, deep, Complete, benignant, of all arrogance
clear.”</p> <p>“Valor never yet forgetful of sweet mercy’s pleading
prayer,
Wrath, and scorn of wealth to spend it oh, but these be
virtues rare.”</p> <p>“Sentences of studied wisdom, nought avail they
unapplied,
Though the blind man hold a lantern, yet his footsteps
stray aside.”</p> <p>“Would’st thou know whose happy dwelling fortune
entereth unknown,
His, who careless after favor, standeth fearless in his
own,
His, who for the vague to-morrow bartereth not the sun
to-day
Master of himself, and sternly steadfast to the right-ful
sway.”</p> |
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MURU AND TAPU.

RELIGIOUS RITES OF THE MAORIES.

From a work called *Old and New Zealand*, by a Pakeha-Maori (meaning white man living on friendly terms with the Maories) we copy the following interesting account of some of their strange religious rites and customs. These still prevail, and as it is the English custom not to interfere with their Religion, beyond trying to convert them to Christianity, they give rise to some very complicated questions in the law courts—when some Maori who has accepted more fully than his neighbours the customs of the English, objects to be robbed after the pious usage of his Forefathers.

The Author of the book referred to, says:—There were in the old times two great institutions, which reigned with iron rod in Maoriland—The *Tapu* and the *Muru*. Pakehas who knew no better, called the *Muru* simply “robbery” because the word *Muru* means to plunder, a system of plundering as penalty for offences, the offences for which people were plundered were sometimes of a nature which, to a mere Pakeha, would seem curious. A man’s child fell in the fire, and was almost burned to death. The father was immediately plundered to an extent that almost left him without the means of subsistence; fishing nets, canoes, pigs, provisions,—all went. His canoe upset, and he and all his family narrowly escaped drowning—some were, perhaps, drowned. He was immediately robbed, and well pummelled with a club into the bargain, if he was not good at the science of self-defence—the club part of the ceremony being always fairly administered one against one, and after fair warning given to defend himself. He might be clearing some land for potatoes, burning off the fern, and the fire spreads further than he intended, and gets into a *Wahi Tapu* or burial ground. No matter whether any one has been buried or not for the last hundred years, he is tremendously robbed. These executions were never resisted. It would have been felt as a slight, and even an insult not to be robbed; sacking of a man’s establishment being often taken as a high compliment, especially if his head was broken into the

bargain, and resistance would have been looked upon as mean and disgraceful in the highest degree, because it would have debarred the individual of robbing his neighbours, which was the compensation of being knocked down, and robbed. And yet, odd as it may seem, actual robbery or theft was less frequent than in any country I have ever been in, although the temptation to steal was a thousand times greater. I must now notice the other great institution—the *Tapu*. Earth, air, fire, water, goods and chattels, growing crops, men, women, and children, everything was subject to its influence, and to new Pakehas who were continually from ignorance infringing some of its rules, the most perplexing puzzle. The original object of the *Tapu* was the preservation of property, and consisted in a certain sacred character which attached to the person of a chief, and never left him. It was his birth-right, in fact, part of himself, of which he could not be divested. The fighting men, petty chiefs, indeed anyone who could by any means claim the title of *rangatira* (gentleman) were all in some degree possessed of this mysterious quality. It extended to all their movable property, especially to their clothes, weapons, ornaments, and tools, and to everything that they touched. This prevented their chattels from being stolen, mislaid, or spoiled by the children, or used or handled in any way by others; and, as every kind of property was precious, the consequence of the great labour and time expended in their manufacture, for want of iron tools, the *Tapu* was of real service. An infringement of it subjected the offender to dreadful imaginary punishments, of which deadly sickness was one and the law of *Muru* another. If the transgression was involuntary, a priest or *Tohunga* could by certain mystical ceremonies remit the doleful and mysterious part of the punishment, but the law of *Muru* would have to take its course, though in a mitigated form. I have said that the punishment in this form of the *Tapu* was imaginary, though not less a severe punishment, there was scarcely a man

in a thousand, *if* one, who had sufficient resolution to dare the shadowy terrors of the *Tapu*. I have seen the offender killed stone dead in six hours by the effects of his own terrified imagination, but what all the natives believed to be the terrible avenger of the *Tapu*.

Some of the forms of the *Tapu* were of a most virulent kind, of this kind was the *Tapu* of those who handled the dead, or conveyed the body to its last resting place. This *Tapu* was in fact the uncleanness of the old Jewish law, and lasted about the same time. The person who came under this form of *Tapu* was cut off from all contact and communication with the human race. He could not enter a house, come in contact with persons, touch food, without utterly bedeviling them. Food would be placed for him on the ground, and he would then sit or kneel down, and, with his hands carefully behind his back, would gnaw it in the best way he could. In some cases he would be fed by another person, who would manage with outstretched arm to feed him without touching the *Tapu'd* individual. But such a one was ever after the *bete noir* of the whole tribe, old, withered, haggard, clothed in rags, and daubed with red paint (the funeral colour) he would sit silent and solitary at a distance from the common path of the village. Twice a day some food would be thrown at him to gnaw best as he might. The *Tapu* enters into a man's body and slowly eats his vitals.

There were many forms of *Tapu*, the war *Tapu* included fifty different "Sacred Customs." One of which was this—often when the fighting

men left the *Pa* (the fortress) they being *Tapu* or Sacred, all those who remained behind, old men, women, slaves, all non-combatants were obliged to fast while the warriors were fighting, even to smoke a pipe was forbidden. The *Tohunga* or priests presided over all these ceremonies, they also pretended to have the power of prophecy, by means of certain familiar spirits, they foretold events, and in some cases controlled them. The belief in this power to foretell events was very strong, and I must allow that some of their predictions were of a most daring nature, and turned out unsuccessful. The *Tohungas* were believed to be inspired by the familiar spirit. This spirit entered into them, and I have known them when unsuccessful to attribute the failure to "trickey spirits." The *Tohunga* still holds his ground, and Oracle is as often consulted as one hundred years ago, and as firmly believed in, and this by natives who are professed Christians. A certain *Tohunga* has recently been paid a large sum of money to give a prediction, it was this—a chief had a quarrel and left his tribe, saying he had cast them off and would never return. After a time the relations began to wish for a return of the head of the tribe, so enquired of the Oracle whether he would return. At night the *Tohunga* invoked the spirit, he became inspired, and in hollow whistle came the words "he will return, but yet not return." Six months later his relations brought home his corpse, they sought him, and found him dying, now all understood the Oracle, "he will return, yet not return."

A LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of the great Amen.
It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;

It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.
It linked all perplexèd meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.
It may be that Death's bright angel,
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE ANNIE PROCTOR.

THE SACRED HEART.

THE HEART OF MAN.

CHAPTER I.

Open the map of the world. Think of this Planet of ours with its Continents and Oceans, Seas and Rivers, not as a mere unconscious mass of land and water, but as a living, breathing, thinking, feeling Being.

For such it undoubtedly is to the Wise.

True that which we see and explore is only the Body. One of the greatest Truths underlying all Religions, taught by all Adepts in spiritual knowledge, is that our world has a Soul that stands in the same relation to it as man's Soul does to his Physical Body. It is not our purpose here to defend this Truth. Let those who can accept it, and those who cannot wait until they can. We write for those who have come to believe that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of any sceptical Horatio.

Many in entering the spiritual or soul plane of life have become so enraptured with what they found beyond "The Gates of Gold" that they have forgotten the body through whose life they have gathered at last the flower of existence.

Unless they remember in time, the beautiful blossom will soon fade in their grasp. So many who are seeking the Celestial Realms of the Upper Air are forgetting all about the mutual relations of our visible earth with the invisible yet real home of the Soul.

Look again at your map of the world and think of what it represents beneath all the horizons that earth and sky blend into. Think not to unveil Iris and yet despise Osiris. Think not to scale the shining heights of the Ideal without traversing the dusty plains of the Real. Flee into no desert cave to shut your eyes to the morning and evenings hush, the splendour and glow of night, the first faint delicious odours of spring, the summers effulgence, the autumnal splendour, the keen delight of winter with its myriad wonders of snow and ice, the flow of a river like a stream of silver across the landscape of a peaceful valley, the solemn, mystic, music

of the Oceans roar, the uplifted majesty of a mountain, for all these are Hieroglyphs of the Soul, and only as you learn to cipher their meaning shall you stand face to face with your Eternal Bride.

Look again on the map of your own Planet and think of the teeming millions of your Fellow Beings sharing with you all the pleasure and pain of existence. Remember that each separate people is a part of the whole, and that only as you include in your completeness the excellencies achieved by each can you enter the kingdom of Peace. This kingdom still suffereth violence or rather earnestness, and the earnest take it by their earnestness. The failure of the many is due to their indolence and lack of courage in grappling with the problem of existence. Whoever is desperately in earnest confronting life with a bold front, saying—What right is before me that will I do? What Truth I see that will I obey? What beauty I see that will I enjoy—without reckoning with profit and loss, pleasure or pain is at once at the *heart* of the Mystery?

Look again at your map and try to survey in your mind and heart the great Religions that divide the globe between them, and remember that the question of life's sphinx will only be answered when you have lost sight of all their external differences by penetrating to their internal unity, for one *Sacred Heart* or centre of Truth animates them all. Who has escaped from all external limitation, prejudice and strife into this eternal peace.

Again look at the map and think of the path of life over some portion of which all earth children must journey from the cradle to the grave. Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Womanhood, on into the sear and yellow leaf of life's autumn of riper years to be nipped at last from life's tree by the frosty hand of death. Are you preserving as you pass along the trodden path, the innocence and teachableness of Childhood, the sentiment, enthusiasm and romance

of Youth; and are you cultivating, whether man or woman, the strength and nobility of Manhood with the grace and refinement of Womanhood. How shall this be done without the lessons that are learned in loves young dream and perfect fruition when little hands are clasped about your neck, and soft kisses are pressed on your cheeks, and two hearts grow into one as they are centred in that new world of Home. In the first breath of a new interest in the subjective or soul life, many "have thought to find *the path* to the within by fleeing the common experiences and every-day duties of life. Free your life from the false at any cost—separate yourself from anyone who will not seek with you the golden gates—sacrifice any and every source of gain that does not administer to the well being of Humanity, but learn that no one whose life is selfishly bound with self can take the first step into the path that is at once "the way, the truth and the life."

Does a clearer light now fall on your map. Do you feel a new interest in the Planet on which you live. Would you be no longer a Citizen of the United States, an Englishman or Colonial, but a Citizen of the world, no longer Protestant or Catholic, Buddhist or Christian, but a disciple of all Wisdom and Love, found in every system of Religion the world over. If so to you it is given to be one of the Builder's in the perfect Temple of Truth, to lay the foundations of the new Heaven and new Earth, commencing with a pure white stone long since rejected by those who sought to build this Temple on other foundations.

What is this corner stone? The ecclesiastic would say The Lord Jesus Christ. In one sense he would be right, but only symbolically. This dogma of his devotion is the Hieroglyph of the true Divine Life.

It is the *heart* of man, of the world and of God. It has been the mission of the church to enshrine and preserve this *Sacred Heart*, to hold in trust this precious symbol, until that which has been so long hidden could be safely revealed. During the world's childhood the church has been the kindergarten of the spiritual life. The time, however, has come to put away childish things. Thousands have

outgrown the external interpretation of Historic Christianity.

The fields are already white to the harvest for the inner and more Spiritual interpretation of the *Sacred Heart*. Let us not, however, undervalue the past, let us not slight the body because we have found the Soul. In finding the mystic and true Christ, I see no reason to slight the real and actual Christ, who lived and taught the Divinest Truth by the Sea of Galilee, and the Hillsides of Judea, with a lilly by the wayside as his text.

Yielding to none in the value we set on the Spiritual interpretation, we yet feel that the shrine that has held the Truth, is the external *heart* of the world. History moves in cycles of material and Spiritual progress. At the commencement of a material cycle, a few earnest souls in advance of the rest of mankind anticipate the great Spiritual Truths and Principles that are eventually to triumph over Material Conditions. In order that they may be preserved for this future hour of victory, they must be veiled in allegorical and outward form, so as to win the adherence of the generations that must intervene—before any large number will come up to the point of receptivity of the Truth, already reached by those advanced Souls. But among these Souls, there must have been one pre-eminent who led all the rest, and whose life was the most perfect embodiment of the Truth taught. This one we identify as Jesus, who proclaimed that the Kingdom is within, teaching in the guise of parables and healed the sick in body and mind, through Magical or Divine power. He was called the Christ, meaning one anointed with his Own Divine Spirit. Being conscious of this, he said, "I and my Father are one." He had escaped from the incompleteness and limitation of the Sense Ego, or lower self into the universality, and absolutiveness of the Higher Self—He who had found this peace, taught others how to enter these haleyon days that are the eternal summer of the Soul's at-one-ment with the body and Spirit. The central Truth of all he taught, repeated in a thousand forms, was that the true interpretation of Religion, was of the *heart*, rather than of the *head*, of Intuition, rather than of Reason; and that the

true life was the consecration and sacrifice of the life of Sense to the Divine and Spiritual Self, until the world of Sense had no more dominion, and all thoughts and actions were brought into such harmony with the Divine, that the will of the Father or Higher Self, was done on earth as it is done in Heaven. It is not our purpose at this time to elaborate fully this interpretation of the Gospel—as we have set ourselves rather the task of showing how this is at once the heart and centre of all things. What is the *heart*? In all sacred literature, this word is synonymous with all that is most Sacred and perfect in human life—“Out of the heart are the issues of life.” It is the most common word on the lips of evangelical Religionists. To become Religious, is to have a new *heart*. We are told by every Revivalist and Salvation exhorter, to give God our *heart*, but how if there is none to give him. What does it all mean? We fear that but few, who talk so glibly about it, have any true or perfect idea of its real significance.

Let us see—man is made in the image of the Divine. Nearly all the Religions teach the Trinity in Unity of God—so man is also a Trinity in Unity of Body, Soul and Spirit. Corresponding with this, he has an outer body, an invisible Spirit, and a Soul which when perfect, will be the at-one-ment of the sense and spiritual life. In the body this Trinity is repeated many times. In each finger there are three joints in one, in the arm and in every form and function of the body—as we show in our lessons for Psychic and Physical Culture—this same law holds. In the brain development it is found in the cerebrum or intellectual brain, the cerebellum or physical brain and the Solar Plexus or moral brain. This is the *heart* of man. Weakness here means weakness everywhere. Strength here means strength everywhere.

This is well called The Solar Plexus, for to clairvoyant vision it shines like a Sun, while to all other moral centres of the body it maintains the same relation as the Sun does to the

Planets. Physiologically this is the centre of the great sympathetic nervous system, and so is the centre of all our emotional life.

Recall to your mind sometime when you received suddenly some very distressing news. Did you not feel a blow in the region of the heart. It was not the Physiological Organ called the heart, but the great Solar Plexus located near the heart.

This is the heart or centre of gravity in the body. This is also the ruling agent of all poise of body, perfection of carriage, and grace of gesture. All emotion starts from this centre. Gesture is the language of emotion, and therefore any gesture that is not controlled from this throne of power is false. Our physical health is more dependent on strength here than on all other functions of the body. Had we space we could give a thousand proofs of this law. Beyond and above this, here is the point of union between us and all Souls whether bodied or disembodied.

All Psychics think from this centre. All Soul messages come as feelings from *heart* to *heart*. Here is the mystic telephone against whose sensitive membrane beats the unseen message of the Soul. Here also are mirrored through the undulatory waves of the Soul ether the pictures that instruct the Spiritual Seer. As the front brain or cerebrum is the physical organ of thought from the external world, so is the Solar Plexus the organ of intuition as point of communion between the Body and Soul. This is the closet of which Jesus spoke when he said, “But thou when thou prayest enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.”

To know how to keep the body positive, the mind passive, and at the same time to enter this inner chamber and hold communion with your Divine Spirit the celestial Father of your Being, is the road to all spiritual knowledge and power.

(To be Continued.)

AS A MAN THINKETH, SO IS HE.

“The universal life principle, or ground of our existence, is feeling. But being of itself, and standing alone, it is without form and void. It takes form, or, what means the same thing, quality, from thought.” Hence it is a law as fixed as the eternal law of mathematics, “that as I think, so am I.”

Thought shapes our whole existence, and determines our course in life. When this is once perceived and intuitively realized in all its bearings, it is sufficient within itself, to completely turn the whole tide of what we are in the habit of calling fate; and as we become conscious of the truth, that we, the, I am, the real self, stands behind thought, and all expressions, that we can control them, it arouses us to a critical self examination to see what kind of thought tendencies we are encouraging; for then we have come to know that the thought tendencies that we encourage and dwell in and upon, bring to us the experiences of our earthly life, either of pain or pleasure, wisdom or ignorance, sunshine or shadow; and as our perception clears, and we see the oneness, harmony, and perfection of all nature, and realize the great truth of the evolution of the Soul, we see clearly that we make our own fate, and that character is destiny, and it is by our own hands (or our own thoughts) that our lot is cast in pleasant places, or in unpleasant ones. We receive from infinite justice full payment for services rendered. The great universal first cause—God, the, All, from which all things have evolved, and in which all things live and move and have their being “is perfect will, and perfect love, perfect knowledge, and perfect wisdom, perfect intelligence, and perfect sympathy, perfect justice, and perfect mercy, perfect power, and perfect goodness.” These, I like to term, the eternal principles of spirit, or life essence. And, as we are in the image and likeness of God, these immortal principles are necessarily potential within us; and as they are universal and eternal in their nature, they require, through individual life, a *free* and *universal* expression of themselves, toward all manifested life, before we can consciously realize harmony.

It is an unchangeable law, or tendency of theirs, to seek an external expression, first in thought, then in action. If we work not against these tendencies, but guide our thoughts in the light of truth, which will enable us to live them out in word and deed, they will prove themselves, by the harmony and power they bring: for to live them is to make the immortal manifest. We should draw without ceasing, upon our limitless heritage, and give it forth freely to universal life.

This is the only way to adorn our outer self with the perfection of immortal life, from the inexhaustable fountain of wealth, the only stream which never ceases to flow. For it is the law, of spirit, that as we give we receive, the more we give the more we have. Each principle, or attribute, has a language (as a quality) of its own, and each speaks the language and blends with the quality of them all. We can hear them *all*, through the still small voice of the Soul which ever whispers truth and justice in the heart. If we obey the promptings of this silent voice, and guide our thoughts by its wisdom, we will come into a normal condition and cease to produce effects, which make us unhappy in our sense life. The living out of these innate principles is the natural road to happiness and wealth of soul power. When the mind is free from false beliefs and judgments, it is open to truth, and truth will flow in upon the mind from the silence, from whence all things come, and the God within will consciously blend with the God without (so to speak).

There never was a time when this union did not exist, but a false, or illusive way of thinking has prevented us from being conscious of it.

All truth is eternal and comes from the deep hidden centre of silence.

“In the hush of the valley of silence,
I hear all the songs that I sing,
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing.”

How beautifully this expresses our conception of the way the thought attribute (so to speak), flows into the mind and forms itself into words.

M. E. CRAMER.

REVIEW.

* GEOMETRICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY F. E. COOTE.

The appearance of this book is another of the many signs of the advance of Science at the present day into the realms of the Spiritual. The Science of Representation, as expounded in this work, may be termed the Mathematics of the esoteric; it is, we think, capable of Universal application. In it the Author deals with Internal Truth as expressed in Form. Mr. Betts' attempts to represent the successive stages of the evolution of man (human consciousness) by means of symbolical mathematical forms. These forms represent the course of development of human consciousness from the animal basis (pure sense-consciousness) to the spiritual or divine consciousness. Mathematical form with number supplies the symbols. The symbolic forms which Mr. Betts has evolved through his system of Representation represent where developed in two dimensions *leaf* outlines; when in more than two dimensions they approximate to the forms of *flowers* and *crystals*.

Throughout the book are inserted twenty-one plates of diagrams, drawn with much exactness, of some of these different forms. As to these the Author says in a letter, "I imagine the difficulty you find in understanding the metaphysical sense of the forms to arise from the strange revelation that our thinking capacity (which you are aware is the only real thing about us) takes the forms of leaves and flowers. If you consider that our present personality is only a form of time and not of eternity, also that the subjective thinking Universe evidently takes these forms, then you may be able to discern in the distant future of each of us an objective sphere of such thinking forms in which our personality in regard to its form will merge in an Infinite Form, while in regard to its essence (as we see in our Solar Universe) such a condition would be one in which Reflection itself (which we are) would no

longer present an impenetrable barrier between us and the Infinite, but would be thoroughly transparent to itself and rendered sensitive to the tones of an infinite harmony. I have often stated that I was not looking for leaves or flowers when I commenced my studies, and the coincidence of their forms with the laws of representation struck me as very remarkable, and then it at length became clear that these forms have all along been showing to us the secret which all have been trying to arrive at, viz., the laws of being manifested in existence."

In the diagrams the path of the monad is traced through five planes or standing grounds of human evolution.

The first standing ground is rational self-consciousness; on which self-gratification is the predominant motive of life. Here the mere impulses of volition can scarcely be called Will at all, and no morality is possible except as obedience to external law; and no Religion is possible except through the affirmation of those Egos who have attained a higher stage of progress. On this plane the ideal is HAVING (the passion of personal possession) Egotism.

The second standing ground is the ground of the lower morality, whereon Will is developed as distinguished from the mere impulsive volition of the first ground. Here the prominent motive of life is self-control; a kind of inverted Egotism; realised sensuous activity partly repressed. On this plane the ideal is NOT HAVING—the first imperfect impulse of sacrifice.

The third standing ground is that of psychical activity; whereon consciousness dimly feels the presence of a plane of life higher than the physical—soul consciousness.

The diagrams representing the first two grounds are of two dimensions; in this third ground they are of three dimensions, for consciousness now has depth as well as surface.

* Geometrical Psychology or The Science of Representation, an abstract of the theories and diagrams of B. W. Betts by Louisa S. Cook (George Redway).

Here the predominant motive of life is Work. The ideal is *DOING*—Altruism. The sensuous activities have free exercise as servants not masters. Still the attempt of the Ego to realise its ideal by work undertaken for humanity is a failure. Although first impulses generate activity promising success, the result is imperfection in every effort of usefulness. The refuge in action fails.

The fourth standing ground is that whereon the predominant motive of life is a yearning for union with the Infinite. Humanity have scarcely entered it. It is the sacrifice of the Personal Will, from which is reborn a Spiritual Will. It is a state of sorrowful passivity of not *DOING*, because the desire is no longer to act, but rather to sacrifice. "The Ego has given itself up, the personal desires are quenched, and the whole desire of the Soul is poured forth in a despairing cry for knowledge—life. Desire compels fruition; and when the Soul, from the depth of its sorrow and despair, flings itself forth into the Infinite in an infinite passion of longing, then, when the battle of life seems lost, all is won." In the appendix attached to the book the Author writes—"I am firmly of opinion that all sickness and constitutional weakness are very quickening of spiritual impulses; all the essentially human, as opposed to the animal qualities, are mainly strengthened or may be so; and I think sickness might almost take the place in human evolution that natural selection does in the animal world."

Direct perception of the psychical or astral plane becomes possible now. Man's consciousness on

this plane is intermediate between a third and fourth dimensioned development. Space will not permit us to give Mr. Betts' theory of a fourth dimension in space, for which we must refer our readers to the book itself.

The fifth standing ground is the ground of intuitive knowledge of the Occult. The consciousness is of Spirit, or God-consciousness. The ideal on this ground is *BEING*—Unity. Man recognises his personality as not himself but one particular expression of the forces of Nature. His personality does not act for its own sake, for he has passed the stage of personal doing impelled by personal desire; Nature acts in and through him for he has become a conscious part of Nature.

In the passage of the Ego from the first to the fifth standing grounds, ignorance gradually becomes replaced by knowledge. The Ego perceives that its Oneness with the Universal has been gained; first by Faith through Revelation, second by Reason through inference, and finally by active perception through the purified and exalted faculties of the Higher Self.

For the Author's remarks on the complimentary Science of Determination—yet to be written—and probably by a woman—we have no space; but it is with pleasure that we commend the hundred pages which comprise this Book to all thoughtful minds for study.

To W. Cook a debt of gratitude is due for having been instrumental in giving Mr. Betts' thoughts to the world and in so convenient a form.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
 Across to that strange country—the Beyond;
 And yet, not strange, for it has grown to be
 The home of those of whom I am so fond,
 They make it seem familiar and most dear,
 As journeying friends bring distant regions near.
 So close it lies, that when my sight is clear
 I think I almost see the gleaming strand.
 I know I feel those who have gone from here
 Come near enough sometimes, to touch my hand.
 I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
 We should find Heaven right round about us lies.
 I cannot make it seem a day to dread,
 When from this dear earth I shall journey out
 To that still dearer country of the dead,

And join the lost ones, so long dreamed about.
 I love this world, yet shall I love to go
 And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.
 I never stand above a bier and see
 The seal of death set on some well-loved face
 But that I think, "One more to welcome me,
 When I shall cross the intervening space
 Between this land and that one 'over there';
 One more to make the Strange Beyond seem fair."
 And so for me there is no sting to death,
 And so the grave has lost its victory.
 It is but crossing—with abated breath,
 And white, set face—a little strip of sea,
 To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
 More beautiful, more precious than before.

ELLA WHEELER.

A SONG TO THE ANGEL OF THE MORNING.

BY VIRGINIA CHAUNCEY FORWARD.

Behold the Spirit of the Morning! The Sun ascends into the heavens, illuminating the earth, warming the air, as he rises—so that the air moves over the lowlands, and along the foot-hills and upwards to the mountains—stirring all the branches of the trees and awakening the birds—so that they carol unto their mates and unto all things—filling all the earth and the heavens with the voice of their song.

Arise ye with a song in the morning. As the low hills and the mountains are clothed in garments of fresh glory, so be ye clothed in the beauty of joy and thanksgiving—Warmed in the lowlands of gratitude, let your joy ascend unto the heights of thanksgiving, and be heard upon the mountains of worshipful love—Let its currents so touch the responsive chords of your whole body that it shall be as a forest of awakening song-birds, and shall resound with the voice of love and of melody.

Sing to the Angel of our Annual Morning, the Morning of the year—heralded by reviving airs, by the fall of rain and by the fragrance of humid earth—and ushered in by the twittering of birds and the sounds of awakening life.

Bring offerings of song and melody, and sound the glories of a joyous messenger—who reigns over blossoming gardens, smiling in genial sunshine and breathing in fragrant life—Sing to the Angel whose coming the earth welcomes—the bringer of good tidings—the harbinger of new joys—who wreathes our mangers with flowers fresh from the open sod of our green valleys—who clothes our Christmas Temples with a garment of roses and lillies—and who makes the groves of our undulating plains and the thick forests of our hills and mountains to exhale a sweet incense of spices and odorous balms—of pines and cedars, of bay-trees and eucalypti.

I sang the song of the Morning and of the annual Morning—I knew the joy of awakening out of darkness unto light and out of sleep unto consciousness—I loved the earth, the sky and the material Universe—I told of the beauty of every flower of the garden and of its perfume—I told of the glory of the forest and of its purity—I told of the serenity of the fields, of the grace of the wild field and of the sweetness of the cultivated field—I told of the repose of the valleys, of the shrubs and aromatic plants that line the sides of the valleys, and of the solemnity of the deep valleys and of the awful music of their water courses.

But my Beloved was not with me—neither upon the mountains, nor in the valleys—neither in the wild fields nor in the garden—and I called unto my Beloved—and the voice of my song and the voice of my prayer went out over all the earth and unto the Heavens.

My Beloved lived—could hear me? Could he not answer me? Why could I not hear the voice of my Beloved?

And when darkness covered the earth, and I lay alone, and in a weary land, and in the terror of the grave and of death, he came to me—he came to me beneath the shadow of a great rock.

Arise, oh my love, in the joy of the morning, for thou hast heard the voice of thy Beloved—Arise and sing and be glad in the joy of new born song.

Entering the flesh, man descends like the seed into darkness, and his life is in a pit and within an encasement—Like the life in the seed, he knows nothing of the hereafter—he dwells in the shadow of the grave and of death wherein the beauty of good tidings, the feet of angels are like the light of morning upon the mountains, and herald voices carol songs of awakening to the sleepers in the clay, he breaks the bonds of darkness, and rising into communion with the life above the earth, he is set on high. “Sown” into corruption, —“Sown in weakness, he is raised in power”—“Sown in dishonour, he is raised in glory”—Sown into a natural body, he is raised into a spiritual body—Sown into mortality, he is raised into immortality—Sown into “the image of the earth earthly,” he is raised in “the image of the heavenly.”

Sing unto the angels of the Morning—unto the angels of Spirit or Truth, life or love, and of resurrection or liberty—who with rain prepare the earth, and make a pathway for the life in the earth—who open the door of the cell, and set the captive free—who give light to those who are in darkness and in the shadow of darkness and in the pit and set them on high—who deliver the prisoner from the Lord of darkness and of the grave and of the cerement and make him to rejoice in his deliverer.

Sing unto the angels of the Morning—unto the angels of the Morning of the spirit, and in the spirit of the morning—sing new songs.

Let the fir-tree and the orange, the palm tree and the cedar of the north break forth into rejoicing.

“UNFOLDED OUT OF THE FOLDS.”

BY WALT WHITMAN.

Unfolded out of the folds of the woman man comes unfolded, and is always to come unfolded.

Unfolded only out of the superbest woman of the Earth is to come the superbest man of the Earth.

Unfolded out of the friendliest woman is to come the friendliest man.

Unfolded only out of the perfect body of a woman can a man be formed a perfect body.

Unfolded out of the folds of the woman's brain come all the folds of the man's brain, duly obedient.

Unfolded out of the justice of the woman, all justice is unfolded.

Unfolded out of the sympathy of the woman is all sympathy.

A man is a great thing upon the Earth and through Eternity, but every jot of the greatness of man is unfolded out of woman.

“First the man is shaped in the woman he can then be shaped in himself.”

Unfolded only out of the inimitable poems of woman can come the poems of man (only these have poems come).

THE WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF THE ABBE LAMENNAIS.)

“Everything which happens in the world is preceded by a sign. When the Sun is about to rise, the horizon is covered by a thousand hues, and the east appears to be on fire. Before the approach of the tempest you may hear a dull murmur on the shore, and the waves appear to be stirred by their own impulse. The diverse and innumerable thoughts which cross and blend with each other on the horizon of the spiritual world, are the sign which announces the sunrise of the infinite mind. The confused murmur and the internal movements of the agitated people are the precursors of the tempest which will soon pass over the trembling nations. Be ready, for the time is close at hand; in that day there will be great terrors, and such an outcry as has not been heard since the days of the deluge. Kings will be hurled from their thrones. They will clutch frantically with their hands at the crowns which are being borne away by the wind; but they will be swept away with them. The rich and the powerful will rush out naked from their palaces, in fear of being buried in the ruins. They will be seen wandering along the road and importuning the passer-by to bestow upon them a few rags to cover their nakedness, and a little black bread to appease their hunger; and I know not whether they will obtain it. And there will be men who will be seized with the thirst for blood, and who will adore death. And death will stretch forth its bony hand as if to bless them, and that benediction will descend upon their heart, and they will cease to beat. And the wise men will be troubled in their science, and it will appear to them as a small black spot when the Sun of the Infinite Mind shall arise. And as that Sun ascends into the heavens, its heat will scatter the clouds which have been riven by the tempest, and they will be no more than a light vapour which a gentle breeze will waft towards the west. Never will the heavens have been so serene, nor the earth so green and fruitful. And instead of the feeble twilight which we now call day, a pure and brilliant light will radiate from on High. And men will behold that light, and they will say, “We know it not, neither ourselves nor others.

Neither did we know what is man. But now we do know.” And each will love himself in his brother, and will esteem it his greatest happiness to serve him; and there will be neither great nor small, because love levels all, and families will constitute but one family, and all nations but one nation. This is the sense of the mysterious letters which the blind Jews attached to the cross of Christ. That which your eyes see, that which your hands touch, is only a shadow; and the sound which strikes your ear is but the gross echo of the inner and mysterious voice which adores and prays, and groans in the bosom of creation. For every creature groaneth, every creature travaileth in childbirth, and pains to be delivered, so as to be born into the veritable life, and pass from shadows into the light, and from the reign of appearances into that of realities. The sun, so brilliant and beautiful, is only a garment, the dim emblem of the true sun, which illuminates and warms the mind. That earth so rich and so verdant is but the pale winding sheet of nature; for nature also fallen, has descended into the tomb, like man, but, like him, it will arise from thence. Under that thick envelope of the body, you resemble a traveller, who at night, and in his tent, sees, or believes he sees, phantoms glide past him. The real world is veiled from your eyes. He who retires within himself, forsees it afar off. Secret powers which slumber in him, awaken for a moment, and lift up a corner of the curtain which time grasps in his wrinkled hand, and the inner eye is ravished with the wonders which it contemplates. You are seated on the shores of an ocean of being, but you cannot penetrate its depths. In the evening you walk along the margin of the sea, and all that is visible to you is the form which floats upon its surface. To what further can I compare you? You are like an infant in the womb of its mother, waiting the hour of its birth, like a winged insect which is as yet enclosed within the worm that crawls aspiring to quit this terrestrial prison, in order that you might ascend into the bright and buoyant air.

 PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

LESSON III.

Harmony. I write down this word and try to think how best to impress it upon the mind of each student. The purpose of these lessons is to teach the lessons of harmony between body and soul. A beautiful statue is harmony in form. A beautiful painting is harmony in color. Poetry is harmony of language. Health is harmony of all the bodily functions. Perfection is harmony between body, mind and soul, or at-one-ment between the Lower and Higher.

Order or harmony is said to be Heavens first law.

Go into a room. Everything is at sixes and sevens. There is no harmony between the colors of the furniture, curtains and paper on the wall. If you are at all sensitive you soon begin to feel the discord in yourself. Go into another room, in which fine taste has selected colors that are harmonious and so artistically placed the various articles, as to please the sense of order. How delightful and restful the feeling. Go into some frontier town in a newly opened territory, where there is no order in the buildings, and every piece of property is separated by a differently constructed fence, and how dreary and desolate it all looks, you may not know why you feel uncomfortable, still you are subject to law, and reflect the discord and chaos that prevails. Go into a New England town where generations of cultivated people have lived, and the spirit of order has been expressed in the beautiful shaded streets, and the removal of all unsightly fences, causing the whole place to appear like a beautiful park, and how soon the harmony around finds answering music in your Soul. Look at the people there hurrying down the street, you gaze at them in a sort of listless curious way. Nothing attracts or pleases you. Why? There is no harmony in their movements. They go shuffling or hurrying by, the legs or head projected in advance of the chest which always leads in a true walk, because they are either living on the intellectual or physical plane. One is going to his work, another to a shop to buy something, another for a doctor. You only feel the limitation and mechanical humdrum of their daily drudgery,

because in their eagerness and selfishness the majority have sacrificed the God within to the wants of the animal, instead of exalting the animal to the plane of the Divine Soul. I see your attention is roused, you see someone who awakens and secures your full interest. Others see him and turn to look. He is the observed of all observers, and yet is entirely absorbed in himself. No matter on what mission he is bent you find it impossible to think of anything small or mean about him. You wonder not where he is going, nor from whence he is coming. You simply see and feel him. In some strange mystic way you feel a new glory and joy in life. You feel that here is a man, and that man is in some way related to the Gods. What makes this impression—Harmony of movement in which the chest, the moral centre, has been developed, and the whole body made to express the glory and beauty of the Soul. This gives physical poise. Poise of bearing keeps the body in harmony with the law of gravitation, and instead of having to carry himself along he seems to be carried by some subtle magical power. We are told that spiritual beings fly. Next to flying is a graceful and natural walk. The one who walks thus, seems to make no effort, and so seems to float. For such a one to walk out and breathe the air is to be almost intoxicated with joy. A sense of harmony pervades his whole being. When you look at him you become a sharer of his joy, because he mirrors for you this Universal Divine law.

If you observe closely this walk you will discover the following points:—

1. The chest seems to carry him along by its expansion, as a vessel is carried along by the filling of the sails before a favoring breeze.
2. The weight seems to rest lightly on the balls of the feet, the heels scarcely appearing to touch the ground.
3. You will observe a slight roll from side to side, like a ship breasting the waves, caused by the transference of the line of gravity from right to left every step he takes.
4. The power or physical effort that moves

the body seems to be located at the hips.

You may, however, watch a crowd of people a long time before you find one who illustrates all these laws.

Be ye perfect, said the great Teacher. This command is echoed from every pulpit in Christendom, and yet who is perfect. There are plenty who are willing in spirit, but the flesh is weak, and they are ignorant of anyway in which they can make it strong. We meet those every day who having caught a glimmer of light from the spiritual side of life are aspiring to be Gods before they are men, or even good animals. They commence to build for eternity on the sands of physical debility and nervous prostration. Before such can reach any great results on the spiritual plane, they must be content to rebuild the outer walls and defences of life in the mortal body. Do the duty that lies nearest is the royal road to power. Before you can follow Christ into the kingdom you must prepare the way of the Lord by following John the Baptist in the work of physical regeneration. To help earnest Students we give these lessons. Having made yourselves familiar with the exercises given in lessons one and two, practice the following:—

1. Place feet again at an angle of forty-five degrees, feel weight centered on balls of feet, place hands on chest and expel all the breath from the lungs.
2. Take a full breath and square the shoulders, making them as broad as possible and at the same time being careful not to shrug them.
3. Bring the right shoulder under the chin, keeping the face to the front.
4. Repeat with the left.
5. Compress the muscles round the waist, bend forward, carry body from the waist upwards to the right, and then back and around in a circle, going around three times.
6. Repeat going this time to the left.
7. Stand upright, bring arms perpendicular above the head, bend down and touch the floor in front, at the same time keeping the knees perfectly stiff.
8. Let the arms hang loosely by the side, and bend backwards, bending knees at same time.
9. Repeat 7 and 8 at an angle—to the left front and back.

10. Repeat the same at angle to the right.

11. Stand with weight of body on right foot, and bring left out two feet to the side, bring right arm above the head, pressing out with the hand, and pulling in opposite direction with the left foot.

12. Repeat standing on left foot.

13. Repeat with right foot at an angle of two feet to the front—weight thrown on to foot as in exercise 11, leaving left foot to pull with, in opposition to right hand.

14. Repeat with left foot to the front.

15. Take as nearly as possible the position seen in the statue of the Gladiator, standing first on left foot, stepping out on right at an angle, and pressing with right hand, repeating the same to the right.

In this exercise the whole body is thrown into the strongest position. The Gladiator is supposed to have taken this position, in order to catch some wild horses as they come by that have run away in the Arena. He therefore plants himself in that position, from which experience has taught him he can exert the most strength. In taking such strong positions you will grow strong, and in growing strong you will grow calm, peaceful, and harmonious. Physical weakness, fidgety and shattered nerves, are at the bottom of much of the discord and insanity that fills the world today. Could the exercises taught in these lessons be introduced into all public schools they would revolutionize the world in the effect they would produce in creating harmony. Do we hear you ask, dear Pupil, how all this applies to Psychic Culture. We are laying the foundation of the superstructure, we hope to rear of Soul knowledge and power. Remember that all you have, you must possess in yourself. If you would relate yourself to Omnipotent strength, you must be strong also in yourself. If you would hear the music of the spheres, you must have an answering chord in your own body as well as Soul. Man is made—or rather is in the process of being made—in the image of the Divine on all planes of Being. "God made Man upright we are told, but he has sought out many inventions." Instead of building after the Divine standard, he has shaped his life in accordance with con-

ventional and external usages.

All conventionality of character is crystalized into some physical idiosyncrasy or imperfection. These must be broken up and thrown away before the Soul or Divine Self can express itself perfectly. This is a Truth so many aspirants after Psychic power have neglected to recognise, and in consequence have failed in their endeavours. See to it, however, that you do not make the means the end—set not your affections on the clay, out of which you mould the vessel that is to hold the water of life.

Do all for the Soul, keep the mind centered in the Higher Self—the Divine Ego of your Being.

So many are seeking simply to acquire power, they want to work wonders and astonish the world with their superiority. An insurmountable barrier to progress stands in the way of all such. This worship of Self must be torn out of the heart at any cost. While you are seeking to bring the body into equilibrium and harmony with Divine Law, bring the mind also into subjection to the Divine centre, the point of all moral equilibrium. If you are working simply to acquire power, you may gain what you seek, but it will take you away from the centre, not towards it. You must work rather to be Perfect, because your whole being is thirsty for the All-good. If you seek from every quarter methods of growth, it must be, as the flower drinks in the dew and sunshine of Heaven. While practising these exercises, some time should be given every day to meditation, listening to the voice within, mak-

ing the acquaintance of yourself as a Divine Soul. Here you will feel the hollowness and emptiness of external life, you will feel all love and sympathy towards your fellow beings in the great struggle of life. The more you work from this centre, the more will you lose Self in the Universal—The more you work alone on the external, either in perfecting the body or disciplining the intellect, the more will you feel yourself separated from and above others. Culture on this plane is productive of an insufferable egotism. Some of the most unbearable tyrants we have known, have been those, who have obtained Superior power by a constant attention to mental and even psychic unfoldment. An interest in Occult science may be just as selfish, and even more so, than the art of pocket-picking. The great Teacher Jesus, said—“Unless ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom.”

Practice these exercises then in the joyousness and abandon of children at play.

When you have thus made the body strong and graceful, compel body and mind to sit (as it were) at the feet of the Soul. As Edwin Arnold says, so beautifully in “the Secret of Death.”

“Look on the Spirit as the rider (take the body for the Chariot, and the Will as Charioteer,) regard the mind as reins.

The senses as the Steeds; and things of Sense.

The ways they trample on. So is the Soul. The Lord that owneth Spirit, body, will, mind, senses—all; itself unowned.”

HER PET NAME.

I, on a hasty errand bound,
To a bright room, a stranger came,
The master was from Home; I found
There ladies three who bore his name.
Life was cold, here was a glow,
In one young face a shine-like flame;
Her mother and sister speaking low,
I overheard her sweet pet-name.
My business there was nigh forgot
In thinking, with a sudden shame—
A stranger,—what would be my lot,
Were I to call her that pet-name.

Once more I had to pass that way,
The spell came o'er me just the same:
My leaping heart now dreamed a day
When I might give her that pet-name.
The bright sweet visions would not fade;
Shall any say I was to blame,
Of errand some excuse I made
To hear once more that sweet pet-name.
Then I grew bold with hot despair,
My heart forced to my lips its claim;
Her eyes spoke out, her heart was there,
I dared to whisper that pet-name.

ORCUS, OR PAST AND FUTURE.

BY C.J., F.T.S. (FROM "THE THEOSOPHIST.")

It was almost midnight, I was sitting in the parlour of a quaint old ivy-clad house, over whose high gabled, red tiled roof, rose the tower of a church, the side of which formed the wall of the room in which I sat.

I had been reading, but had closed my book, and now sat on a low chair before the fire, gazing into the red embers, my head resting on one hand.

The house was still, no sound was heard but the faint low peal of the organ for some midnight vigil.

The lamp had burned low, and the room was only lighted by the faint glow of the fire on the oak ceiling. Outside a pale moon shone fitfully through drifting vapours.

The casement of lozenge shaped panes opened outward into a little garden with low ivy-draped wall, beyond which lay the churchyard with tombstone gleaming white in the moonlight, and a gaunt bare chesnut stretching its long black arms up into the night.

I was gazing into the fire listening to the faint music of the organ stealing from the church, when suddenly a smothered sob at my side startled me.

I looked up and saw on the chair beside the fire a white figure just visible in the faint light; it seemed to be draped in a robe of some dull, white lustreless material, hanging in stiff folds down to the floor; the thin, white, nerveless, and almost skeleton hands were clasped together convulsively. I then glanced up to the face; it was pallid, emaciated, and terribly drawn, as if in great pain; the eyes seemed to peer from the great round sockets like the eyes of a death's head; the hair falling round the neck seemed stiff and dull, and lifeless.

It was the figure of a woman, a woman who must once have been beautiful, as the clear outlines of the face showed.

She was convulsed with an expression of intense supplication, and looked at me beseechingly.

At last a voice, like the night wind moaning among the trees, issued from the parched lips.

I caught the words, which sounded like a despairing cry. O listen to me, listen to me; perhaps if I tell it I may be able to endure it a little. I have been wandering on and on, madly eager to escape from it; but it always pressed in on me to overwhelm me. O listen, listen; if I can tell it once it will not be so terrible.

Here she stopped and seemed to be gathering strength, her hands clasped over her eyes. She shuddered as if some dreadful memory were haunting her. The only sound was the faint and distant pealing of the organ, as some solemn chant rose to Heaven. As I gazed on the agonized face, she again gathered strength to speak.

If you will listen to me, I will tell you all from the beginning. O alas! alas! the terror and the horror have never left me. I do not know how long ago; but the first thing I remember I was lying, as if stunned, on some hard, cold, rocky floor; all was darkness around me, and a deep, terrible pain was pressing on my brow.

I gradually became more conscious; a regularly recurring sound broke in upon the stillness, like a dropping of water oozing from a fissure of rock; it fell on me and on my face, ice-cold and thick, like drops of blood. Gleams of faint phosphorescent light occasionally appeared, only deepening the black darkness when they were gone.

I cannot tell how long I lay there; it may have been years, or days, or minutes; all was dark, cold, and hard as rock; only the drip, drip of the water kept for ever falling.

While lying thus in dull stupor of pain, I gradually perceived dim rugged walls and roof, as of some gloomy corridor, looming out of the darkness. I was lying on the floor of this passage, which stretched into black night on each side. The floor, the sides, and the roof were wet and slimy, and from the slime the faint phosphoric light now and then gleamed, making the desolate picture gradually visible to me, little by little.

At last I arose, and leaning against the dripping wall for support, I tried to collect my strength. I was cold, cold to the very soul.

After a time I went forward a little way along the passage, feeling my way in the murky darkness. When my hand touched the slime on the dank wall, a dull gleam of lurid light shone out, I roamed on and on, ever in the same darkness, and hearing only the drip of the falling water. The air was heavy and laden with a damp, close, chanel vapour.

The sharp pain on my brow remained ever pressing on me; at last I knew it was there because I had forgotten, O I had forgotten, forgotten, forgotten. . . .

Here she broke off, burying her face in her hands, and now and then torn with a convulsive sob.

The organ had ceased; the moon was clouded over; nothing was heard but the wind moaning in the church tower. The lamp went out; the red embers in the fire still cast a fitful light on the ceiling and walls.

Her sobbing ceased, and she seemed again preparing to speak.

I went on and on, trying to remember, the pain still pressing on me. Gradually I became too weary even to try; I could only grope my way along the winding, never-ending passages, slipping on the damp, uneven floor. I once started; I heard some sound, not now the dripping water. I heard a sharp cry, as of pain, and hoarse laughter. O joy! I shall be no more alone. I ran towards the sound, tearing myself upon the jagged rocks, and slipping and stumbling on the broken path. I came nearer; the shrieks and laughter grew more distinct. I ran on. At last I thought I was just about to reach the voices, when I fell sharply against a wall of rock, barring my way; the way was closed, the passage was ended—there was no outlet. Both voices now changed to mocking laughter, hoarse and cruel, which gradually receded and died out in the distance.

I fell fainting in agony on the floor, and lay for a long time silent, unable even to weep. At last I arose, hopelessly, wearily, and slowly retraced my steps. The passage was endless, and from it on every side branches of other passages, stretching into the darkness.

She continued speaking. Hitherto I had been watching her face intently; I now moved my eyes to a carved crest in the old oak mantle-piece before me, on which I kept them fixed while her story continued.

Her figure seemed gradually and imperceptibly to change; what had been before hard and singular, softened into beautiful curves; the voice grew rich and strong, and swelled into a full strain of silvery melody, though, oddly enough, I seemed unable to understand what she was saying. Her face gained colour and light; the eyes, formerly dull and sunken in their hollow sockets, grew clear and bright, and from their dark and liquid depths, a world of passionate love seem to pour. The hair, which at first was dull and lustreless, now seemed to hang in rich dark brown glossy curls round her temples, and to fall in rich profusion round her neck. Her complexion seemed to grow to a rich rose and brown, a beautiful brunette. The robe too, before lank, fell now in flowing grace.

As the new appearance gradually developed, a likeness grew ever more perfect to a beautiful girl I had once known, years before. Even the voice gradually moulded itself to those well known tones; but now she seemed to speak in some strange and unknown tongue. I had met her in France, and again in the South of Germany, where she was travelling with her invalid mother. She had gone to Eisen Gebirge, and had just agreed to settle on the border of a great dark forest of pines, which stretches up to the inaccessible crags of the mountains.

On the evening of the day they arrived, leaving her mother comfortably settled on a sofa at a cosy fire, she had gone a little way into the forest with her maid, as she loved to walk over the elastic fir-needles which carpeted the forest, and to breathe the rich aromatic odour exuded by the pines. Her maid stooped for a moment to pick up some curious fir-cone; while stooping she felt a chill dread creeping over her, she knew not why; she seemed paralysed and rigid, unable to move or speak. At last, by a supreme effort, she raised herself, and looking up, saw her mistress already some distance from her, moving as if in obedience

to some inexorable power which dragged her on. A terrible dark figure went before her—black, indefinite, horrible; her mistress seemed to clasp her hands before her eyes in agony, unable to cry out or stop!

The maid stood rooted to the spot, watching her young mistress gradually receding among the pines, dragged on by this terrible inexorable power. When she was at last lost to sight, the maid fell in convulsions, and was found lying insensible by a search party at midnight.

When she recovered consciousness, she was in a raging delirium of fever, which lasted upwards of a month; at last recovering, she told what has been related of her mistress's disappearance. No trace of her was ever found either by the search party that night, and the next day, or ever afterwards. I had instituted enquiries for her all over Europe, but had never found even the slightest clue to her fate.

An impenetrable veil of the darkest mystery hung over it. While these memories rushed over me, the melodious voice, so like that which I had known so well, still continued to pour out its passionate strain.

I was spell-bound, I could neither turn nor speak. I kept gazing fixedly at the oak carving. At last a pause came in her words; I exerted my will to the utmost, and crying, "O, my love! my love!" I turned quickly towards her with outstretched arms, and gazed full in her face.

O horror! What dreadful transformation was there!

No sooner did I look her full in the face than the beautiful form changed at once into the dreadful and agonised figure I had seen at first; the rich brown complexion and glossy curls, changed into the dreadful pale and livid face, and dark colourless masses of hair.

The dark brown eyes lost their brilliancy, and became once more dull and cavernous. Even the soft creamy white of the robe became again hard, dull and rigid. The dreadful moaning voice seemed to resume the tale of woe just where it had broken off.

I traversed several of the other passages, but all were the same black, dripping, endless. I wandered on in dreadful loneliness; purposeless, despairing. Whenever I sank down exhausted, the fearful echo in my head—"For-

gotten, forgotten, forgotten"—grew ever louder and more awful; at last seemed about to crush and overwhelm me, till I started up in agony and ran on and on, trying to escape from it, and rushing madly against the protruding rocks. It seemed a vast dark network of infinite corridors leading nowhere, and steeped in impenetrable night; the loneliness was terrible, and weighed down on my very Soul; I could not think, I could not feel; I cried out in terror, but the hollow echoing of my voice was more terrible than the silence, broken only by the eternal drip, drip, of the water. Once again, when traversing a long passage which seemed to be alone and had no branches from it, I heard whispering voices just before me; I rushed on to where they were; immediately they receded into the walls and became silent. After waiting for some time I went back to where I had heard them first. They were again audible; I hastened forward as before, only to lose them again, as they shrank into the walls. In my agony I tried to knock myself against the walls—to force myself through the rock after the mysterious whispers. All was in vain; I was unable even to stun myself; I only felt my dreadful terror more keenly. At last I retreated a few steps, and crouched down against the wall, trying to press my heart into silence that I might overhear the whispers. I heard them approach; I felt them come nearer. Oh! if I can only overhear—they are speaking the words of fate. If I can overhear, I shall remember and be released. Oh! alas! alas! they speak too low; Oh! speak louder! louder! I have forgotten! Oh! I have forgotten! . . .

She ended with a bitter cry of pent up sorrow and agony, and her whole frame seemed to be convulsed with heart-rending sobs.

As she had been speaking, I had gradually released my fixed gaze on her face; I felt unable to speak or rise, but again my eyes slowly returned to their former position, fixed on the oak mantlepiece.

As my eyes gradually left her, the subtle transformation again took place.

The beautiful girl was again sitting there, as she had often sat beside me, in the long summer evenings, talking over her hopes, and

pleasures, and plans, or relating some beautiful legend which she had learned from the superstitious peasantry. Her hands were folded in her lap, just as she used to fold them, when beginning a tale. I'll tell you a beautiful story I heard of the Rose Maiden, who was a beautiful princess. For we were collecting together a series of stories of the old folk lore.

The whole scene came back with such vivid reality, but all the while a dread, chilly doubt, paralyzed my heart.

I felt that some terrible doom was hanging over her; what, I knew not. I felt stunned. The scene grew dark and indistinct.

I was called to consciousness by a groan at my side. On looking round, that other terrible figure was sitting as before; she had grown calmer, and seemed about to speak.

At last, tortured beyond endurance, I left the dreadful whispers, though I knew they were my only hopes; I knew that they only could quench the fierce cry in my brain—forgotten! forgotten! forgotten! and release me from my pain. I wandered as before, through dark dripping passages, till at last I could go no further. I sank down utterly worn out and exhausted; even the fierce voice could not rouse me; the water dripping on me and around me, every falling drop caused a momentary flash of phosphoric light; a new horror menaced me; the walls seemed to approach, to descend, to lower, ready to fall on me; they come nearer! they fall! Oh! horror!

I am crushed, overwhelmed, suffocated.

When my stunned, crushed mind began to be conscious, a faint, steady light seemed to approach. It came nearer, gradually expand-

ing and growing more defined; in it I saw a shape slowly becoming more visible; it grew clearer, and seemed to be a figure sitting reading by a fire. It gradually came closer, till I could almost touch it. It was *you*; I knew somehow that you might be able to make me remember, and then I would no longer be alone and desolate.

But you would not look round at me; and at last I grew almost hopeless, full of fear that you would never look round at all. At last you did, and I told you all, and I can now endure it better.

But you cannot speak to me: Oh! you can never answer me; you cannot make me remember; all is useless, and I have forgotten for ever. Oh! I am lost! I am lost! I am lost!

While speaking she had gradually grown fainter and more distant, till at last she disappeared, uttering one piercing shriek, so full of heart-rending sorrow that the sudden shock, stunned me, and I fell senseless!

While in this dream I saw the figure sink back and fall on the rocky floor, where she had described herself as lying. One or two lurid gleams showed me her eyes, gradually closing; then all was dark.

* * * * *

It must have been some hours later when I again opened my eyes, and found myself lying before the fireplace, which was filled with grey, cold ashes, while the faint grey dawn stole in the window, the only sound which broke the stillness, being the cawing of the awakening rooks in the old church tower.

FAR AWAY.

Like clouds I drift, though fiercely seeking wings,
Throughout the fairy universe to speed,
Conscious that somewhere the sky's paths will lead
To a cloud-veiled form on kindred wanderings:
Thence life will tremble like to budding things,
The mist disclose a bosom that doth bleed;
And my heart know its life is come indeed.

Fixed by new sun and fed by bursting springs,
Long lonely ways converge, and home is near,
As each heart's beat to other's pulse is wooed:
We were one alway but for foolish fear
Which casts out love that is beatitude;
Sweet heaven, blend both of us to make one sphere,
That we may win at last Angelhood.

THE SUNLIGHT OF THE SOUL.

The comparison has been frequently employed that God is to the Soul what the sun is to nature. This is a most fitting comparison, for we all know that when the Sun's rays fall most obliquely upon the earth it is winter—the chill and ice of arctic regions advance towards the equator, vegetation withers at its approach, and the icy mantle of desolation enfolds the earth. We are in the habit of thinking and speaking as though it was the Sun that had departed—gone from us. Such, however, is not the case. The hemisphere in which we dwell has simply been turned away; and when the Earth in its revolutions begins again to turn our hemisphere toward the Sun the ice melts away, the cold retreats northward, and spring advances. The same is true regarding light and darkness. It is not the Sun that comes and goes, but the Earth that turns from and to the Sun. There is a great deal in our speech, that is from appearances, and thus people often speak of God as being absent, or as having departed from the Soul, but such is never truly the case. It is the Soul that turns away, and thus brings to itself cold and darkness, and that is what distresses the Soul and the world at large. We turn into negation when we are privileged to dwell in the presence of light, life and Divine Power. God is the luminous principle and fact of the Universe, and is to the Mind and Soul of man far more than the Sun is to nature. When we turn to Him darkness flees away. The selfish chill of the Soul's winter cannot abide in His presence. The fragrance and fruitfulness of summer take the place of coldness, greed, disease, and desolation. The Soul needs the presence of God as virtually as the earth requires the Sun, and can only be fruitful and happy in the presence of its native element. But, being something more than a dead orb, we can, of our own choice, elect to have perpetual peace and summer in the heart."

This brings us to Self-Culture, but where shall we begin this Culture towards our ideals. We must begin to increase the quality of the life-essences, this will bring us more into the interior, into closer communion with our real-selves, and knowledge of what we really are.

And here let me emphasise the importance of controlling the reproductive principle, conserving the life-essences, transmitting all into highest spiritual energy, this brings man into a perfect oneness with God. These Physical bodies of ours received their life-essence from the parental germ, and after passing through a long series of incarnations, not as persons, but essences, they become able to create a Soul which will be immortal, *it will be*, it is not so now, out of consciousness of eternal things, will come an eternal Soul. There can be no such thing as an immortal Soul, an entity that will ever continue to be the conscious, *Ego*, until man, by the culture of his own body, refines the essences of his being, enlarges and intensifies his susceptibilities, so as to be able to *see* and *feel* the Infinite life, the eternal thought, the potencies of spirit, with the same clearness and certainty that he sees Physical things. Now, the Soul-powers are dull and unrefined, Spirit is too subtle for our discernment, this Divine-essence passes through us, as through vapour, and we feel it not, have no consciousness of its having touched us, or of its existence. There is a way by which we can attain immortality. We must begin with the source of life itself, we must change the directions and currents of our being, and make them all flow to the centre—not from it. "The greater the alacrity with which the Soul throws off the old, the sooner does it enter new conditions, and grow towards the Infinite. The live-man forgets the past, reaches out to the future. Like the plant, he grows from the inner, and casts aside the old and useless. Such natures are like the tree that is ever rising into the heavens up towards the light. The immortal element is made up of a tendency to let go of the past and grasp the Infinite-light, that we may become conscious parts of the Tree of Life, which has its roots in earth, its branches, flower and fruit in Heaven. I illustrate this thought thus:—Man has a common destiny and origin, this consciousness alone can bring men together. Take six balls which have been attached to a string, and then drop them on the floor in front of me. When I want those balls to come together all I have to

do is to raise the string, and they immediately conform to my desire, so long as they are held by the string they are not easily thrown out of position or order. But suppose I should take six balls unconnected with any string, I might succeed in bringing them together, but the least jostling would throw them apart. So it is with men, they fly off in a tangent unless held together by the string of some grand and common idea. Hence I regard that Soul as greatest which keeps its attention fixed on its highest idea of God, its aspirations are ever fresh, and its thought alive. Such a Soul will know no limit to its growth. Having entered this inner-light he will reach the consciousness of God which is the consciousness of his relation to the Whole, of all being, thought and spirit, and have perpetual peace and summer in the heart." At the present time we hear a good deal said about Psychometry or the power of measuring Soul. Now I maintain that it is not the proper term that should be used to denote such a power, it should be *Psychognomy*; as it has reference to that refined, enlarged nature and exalted conditions of Soul which has been attained through suffering and trial, through the many phases of life and especially by coming in contact with our fellow-men. Such a condition the Ancient Magi and Oriental Masters enjoyed, and the powers which they possessed, in consequence, are spoken of as the ten-senses. He who had the tenth-sense was regarded as being in the God-condition. Accordingly, there was in this sphere the sense of sight, and the sense which beholds that which transcends the sight, and which spiritualists term clairvoyance, or clear-seeing, the sense of hearing, and that which hears sounds that transcend the natural ear, which spiritualists denominate clairaudience, the sense of feeling and that which senses objects that transcend feeling, which power spiritualists have named Psychometry, but which I designate by the word *Psychognomy*.

We take these beautiful thoughts from the "Esoteric."

As the result of many years experience in intuitive-interpretation, we know they are true, and that the Student of Psychic-Culture has many unseen helpers, each step you take

towards the Celestial or permanent life, they take two towards you. They are our guardians, and their mission is the illumination of Earth-Souls. Every human-Soul has a Celestial Guardian Angel attached to his system, whose office it is to transmit light from your own Divine Ego. Pure living so strengthens the bond of Soul-substance that unites the Guardian and Earth-Charge that it is seen as a thread of golden-light mingling with the physical and mental emanations. Impure habits weaken this bond and will at last destroy it, such persons have a cloudy and most repulsive aura.

This Celestial Guardian is not one of our Earth-loves, the Souls of the good are all our helpers, but none can illumine the mind of the Intuitive-interpretor as the Guardian can, for their light emanates from God, the real Ego or Spirit. "The Perfect Way" thus expresses this sublime truth. "The object set before the Saint is so to live as to render the Soul luminous and consolidate with the Spirit that thereby the Spirit may be perpetually one with the Soul, and thus eternise its individuality. For individuality appertains to the Soul. Thus the Soul acquires individuality by being born in matter and time, and within her is conceived the Divine-element, which divided from God, is yet God and man. To this image she gives individuality, in her it is focussed and polarised into a perpetual and self-subsistent person, at once human and Divine, Son of God, and of man, from her triumphant springs the Man-Regenerate. The true Soul and Spirit of the man are not in this Astral Sphere, but are of the higher altitudes. Wherefore, for man to "know himself," is to know God. Self-consciousness is God consciousness. He who possesses it is a Mystic."

The Mystic is an intuitive interpreter of all planes, but especially the inner or Soul-World planes. His Celestial Guardian is his initiator into the higher mysteries as well as the lesser or the outer plane. Psychometry is the accepted name of this crowning gift of Soul-reading, and we think a good one. We wish all who possess it, would bear these suggestions in mind, and so make it their crown.

"THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD."

A FRAGMENT OF THOUGHT.

BY MISS MABEL COLLINS.

REVIEW BY F. E. COOTE.

The Authoress of this work, who is also the writer of those excellent and helpful books "Light on the Path" and "The Idyll of the White Lotus," defines a true Philosopher as one who would lay no claim to the name whatever, who has discovered that the mystery of life is unapproachable by ordinary thought, just as the true scientist confesses his complete ignorance of the principles which lie behind science. The work of such a one should be a true Philosophy. Judged from her own stand point "Through the Gates of Gold" is an exposition of what may be termed the Philosophy of Equilibrium applied to Pleasure and Pain.

Each phase of life, such as Pleasure, with its opposite, forms a unity, symbolised by a rod or staff, whose point of equilibrium may be found by balancing such staff.

Pain and Pleasure stand apart, as do the two sexes; and, it is in the merging, the making the two into one, that joy and deep sensation and profound peace are obtained. If a man is looked upon as a powerful consciousness, which forms its external manifestations according to its desires, then it is evident that physical pain results from deformity in these desires. The arbitrary and cruel Creator who inflicts pain and pleasure at will then disappears from the stage. The man of the world, pure and simple, will be always found to believe that as a man sows so shall he reap. And this is so evidently true, when it is considered that if one takes the larger view, including all human life, it makes intelligible the awful Nemesis which seems to consciously pursue the human race, that inexorable appearance of pain in the midst of pleasure. Where there is neither male nor female, neither pain nor pleasure—that is, where the centre of Equilibrium has been found—there is the God in the man dominant, and then is life real.

As is pointed out towards the conclusion of her book, our progress must ever be towards something more and more real; and this, those who have passed through the Gates assure us, is so. The great battle against Self

must end in victory for the successful pilgrim, for those only over whose temple is written "Know Thyself" can pass through the Gates.

The Authoress tells us that the Gates of Gold do not admit to any special place. What they do is to open for egress from a special place. They admit us to the sanctuary of man's own nature, to the place whence his life-power comes and where he is priest of the shrine of life. There life is universal and coherent: it is meaningless unless we maintain our existence by reason of the fact that we are part of that which is not by reason of our own being. This is one of the most important factors in the development of man, the recognition,—profound and complete recognition of the law of universal unity and coherence. The separation which exists between individuals, between worlds, between the different poles of the Universe and of life, the mental and physical phantasy called space is a nightmare. One vital mistake Religion makes is that of distinguishing between Good and Evil. Nature knows no such distinction.

There is nothing to make one suppose that the pathway leading through the Gates of Gold ends at a certain point, except that tradition which has declared it so, and which men have accepted and hug to themselves as a justification for their indolence. "Indolence is the curse of man. The drinking of fine wines, the tasting of delicate food, the love of bright sights and sounds, of beautiful women and admirable surroundings,—these are no better for the cultivated man, no more satisfactory as a final goal of employment for him, than the coarse amusements and gratifications of the boor are for the man without cultivation. There can be no final point, for life in every form is one vast series of fine gradations; and the man who elects to stand still at the point of Culture he has reached, and to avow that he can go no further, is simply making an arbitrary statement for the excuse of his indolence. What good has the drunkard obtained by his madness? None. Pain has at

last swallowed up pleasure utterly, and death steps in to terminate the agony. The man suffers the final penalty for his persistent ignorance of a law of nature, as inexorable as that of gravitation; a law which forbids a man to stand still."

The man who chooses the way of effort and refuses to allow the sleep of indolence to dull his soul finds in his pleasures a new and finer joy each time he tastes them. He recognises the soul within the woman he loves, and passion becomes peace; he sees within his thought the finer qualities of spiritual truth, which is beyond the action of our mental machinery, and then, instead of entering on the treadmill of intellectualisms, he rests on the broad back of the Eagle of intuition and soars into the fine air where the great poets found their insight.

The first thing which it is necessary for the soul of man to do in order to engage in the great endeavour of discovering true life is to be able to stand—to obtain power of equilibrium, of concentration, of uprightness in the soul. To remain still amid life and its changes and stand firmly on the chosen spot is a feat which can

only be accomplished by the man who has confidence in himself and in his destiny.

"There is no doubt that a man must educate himself to perceive that which is beyond matter just as he must educate himself to perceive that which is in matter. It is vain to expect to be born into great possessions. In the Kingdom of Life there is no heredity except from the man's own past. He has to accumulate that which is his."

What, you ask, does this Philosophy of Equilibrium aim at teaching us? and the answer is, to Know Thyself; which, as we have seen, is no mere intellectual task; but one in which the intuitions play an *equal part*. When Man does wake up to a knowledge—more than belief—of his Destiny, Soul and Body (not necessarily Soul in Body) the secret of Truth has been found; Vistas of the hitherto Unseen spread out before him without limit; the Real becomes apparent.

In conclusion, we hope that "Through the Gates of Gold" will find its way to every Students library.

GARIBALDI'S LAST VISIT TO ROME.

Italy mourned her fallen hero (Victor Emmanuel); but when the time had come to lay away what was mortal of the beloved son, she rose and clad herself in garments of sombre splendour, and made for him a funeral the like of which the world has not often seen. It was rumoured that his old lieutenant, Garibaldi, was coming from rocky Caprera to take part in the obsequies. The estrangement between the two of later years—it had never been of the heart, but of the head—was utterly forgotten, will be forgotten in history, and Garibaldi, who had set the Crown of Italy upon the head of Victor Emmanuel, was coming to look once more upon the face of his old companion in arms. This was whispered on the Corso, but

few people gave credence to the rumour. It was said that Garibaldi would never walk or stand again. He, too, was laid low by a grievous illness, and his death could not be far off.

It was by a very singular series of chances that I happened to go on that soft afternoon, when the air was full of the whispers of the spring, up to the great railroad station somewhere in the new part of the city. Some friends were going to meet a young lady who was about to arrive on an incoming train. As we drew near the depôt we found it surrounded by a dense mass of humanity. Policemen and soldiers were on every side to maintain an order which no one seemed in the least inclined to disturb. It was a very quiet serious-faced

crowd, and no one laughed or jested. For more than a week in all that great city I never heard a laugh. We asked an officer of the Berceieri, who was standing near us, what the people were all waiting for. "Some people say," he answered, "that Garibaldi is to arrive on the train which is now due; but who can tell? They have been waiting for him for two days past, and looking for him on every train." We decided to wait until the train should arrive, and a place was made for me on a step inside some railings, where I stood a better chance of keeping a little breath in my body. Those who were nearest caught the roar of the incoming locomotive, and the tidings spread that the train had arrived. A shiver of excitement shook the crowd, which stirred and swayed and then stood silent again and waited. All eyes were fixed on the impassive front of the great stone station. A man, who must have been a sailor, had clambered high up to a place from which he could command a view of the station. He it was who had announced the coming of the train. It was he who, from his high place, could overlook the heads of the people, and who cried aloud, in a hoarse whisper—"He has come!"

The news was felt, rather than heard, and when the gens d'armes and the military guard of honour appeared, and the order was given to make room, the crowd shrank silently back on either side of the roadway, leaving a path wide enough for the line of horsemen, four deep, to pass. These went on unsaluted, though there were officers among them who were the heroes of the people, but, when the carriage appeared, the crowd pressed forward, and a murmur was heard which sounded like a great sigh. A few men shouted out the patriot's name, but for the most part there was a grieved silence, broken only by sighs and exclamations of pity. Men and women wept as the large carriage made its way slowly past them. I was standing on some steps a little higher than the mass of people, and a young woman who was standing below me with her child upon her shoulder asked me to lift the little fellow up that he might look upon the face of Garibaldi. The officer who had befriended us lifted up the child, who was too much awed to cry, over the railings and into

my arms. I remember the mother stretched her hand through the grate and patted the fat little leg reassuringly. The carriage was almost on a line with our vision, and in a moment more had crossed it. Lying upon a pillowed litter, with closed eyes and clasped hands, I saw for the first and only time Garibaldi. He wore the old red shirt and the wide soft gray felt hat, and there was a sash about his waist, just as I had seen it in a thousand pictures, but the beauty of the face I had never seen suggested, and was all unprepared for. The features, refined by suffering, were faultlessly and delicately moulded, the hair and beard were of the colour of silver, and the white and rose complexion was as delicate as that of a child. The expression was very wonderful, and moved me strangely. The mother turned and lost sight of that face on which every eye was fixed, in order to make sure that her child was seeing.

"Look," she said with an awed face, "look on Garibaldi; look, and never, never, never forget that you have seen him." When she turned to the street again the carriage had gone by, and the people who had stood bareheaded and silent where the hero passed put on their hats again, and the great crowd melted away.

We followed in our minds the progress of the sad cortège through the thronged hushed streets to the place, to the chapel, where the conqueror lay, as we had seen him a few hours before with his ermine robe about him, his crown and sceptre at his head, his good sword at his side. The chapel was lighted by a blaze of waxen tapers, and in each of the four corners kneeled a cowed monk, praying for the newly-fledged soul. This was what the patriot saw; but of what he felt one can but imagine.

All the wonderful ceremonies that followed in quick succession—the funeral of the King, the death of the Pope and his lying in state at St. Peter's, the crowning of the new King, the advent of the new Pope—I saw with these eyes. But as I look back upon these acts of the great drama of Italy, what I see most clearly is that wonderful white face of Garibaldi, with the heroic past stamped on its features, as it lay among the cushions of the litter.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Gnostic SCHOOL OF PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

FACULTY.

MRS. ANNA KIMBALL-CHAINNEY, Honorable President and Instructor in Mental Therapeutics,
Psychometry, Medial and Soul Culture.

GEORGE CHAINNEY, President, Professor of Æsthetic Physical Culture, Physiology and Voice
Culture, Elocution, Oratorical and Dramatic Action (Delsarte Method).

In early life Mrs. Chainey owed her Psychic unfoldment to attending and graduating in Dr. Dio Lewis's celebrated school of Physical Culture. After a mental and physical breakdown in Boston, as the result of overwork, Prof. Chainey was completely restored to health through attending the Monroe College of Oratory, conducted by Dr. C. W. Emerson. In teaching Mental and Psychic Culture Mr. and Mrs. Chainey discovered that many made but slow progress through abnormal and undeveloped physical conditions.

After careful study and experiment they found the best results were achieved by a wise combination of Psychic and Physical training. Influenced by this they founded in San Francisco The Gnostic School of Psychic and Physical Culture. During their absence from San Francisco Fellows of the Gnostic Society have conducted classes on the lines laid down by Prof. and Mrs. Chainey. Since its commencement upwards of four hundred Students have received instruction from Prof. and Mrs. Chainey. As soon as possible, it is their intention to charter the school and make it a permanent College of the highest and most complete Physical, Mental and Soul Culture.

DESIGN OF THE COLLEGE.

To demonstrate that there is a perfect system of education through which body, mind and Soul can be unfolded in harmony and completeness, to cultivate Intuition, Psychometry and all other Psychic Faculties, ignorance and neglect of which is the cause of so much disease and unhappiness in thousands of lives, and to meet the wants of a large class of people growing daily larger, who finding no help in the present conventional systems of Education and Medicine, are looking earnestly for some one to

lead them to the Fountains of Divine Life and Truth. The methods taught will qualify Students to become teachers of the same system, and to open similar schools in all parts of the country, thus opening an Ideal Source of living, whereby they can devote their whole time to the most perfect Culture, and at the same time live lives of noblest and most practical service to others. It will also fit those who prefer either the specialty of Oratory, Dramatic Reading, or Mental Healing, to become proficient either as Teachers or Workers in any of these departments, and so to meet the ever growing demand for such service.

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warmer, they will learn to love and hold thy service in highest esteem. Even here in the far Islands of the Pacific, we have found a few whose hearts warm at the mention of your name.

OUTWARD BOUND.

The hour has come, strong hands the Anchor raise,
 Friends stand and weep along the fading shore ;
 In sudden fancy that he safer stays
 Who stays behind, that some new danger lays
 New snare in each fresh path untrod before.
 Ah foolish heart ! in fates mysterious lore
 Is written no such choice of plan and days ;
 Each hour has its own period and escape
 In most familiar things familiar shape,
 New danger comes without a sight or sound ;
 No sea more foreign rolls than breaks each morn
 Across our threshold when the day is born
 We sail at sunrise daily "Outward Bound."

The above sonnet, from the pen of Helen Hunt Jackson, is truly an expression of her great faith and confidence in the invisible side of life. Writing to a friend a few days before her transition to the higher life she says, "There is nothing to be done, and I suppose I have but a few days to live. I shall be thankful to be released. Good-bye, many thanks for all your long good-will and kindness. I shall look in on your new rooms some day be sure, but you won't see me." In speaking of her principal work *Ramona*, she says, "I did not write that book. It was written through me. I wrote it faster than I can copy." Such has always been the confession of genius that all their best work seemed to be written through them by some power outside of their own consciousness. This, however, is not necessarily a foreign control, but the true Soul or Higher Self of the writer.

Lawrence Oliphant is said to be busy with his pen, at his home in Haifa beneath the slopes of Mount Carmel. He lives in a comfortable villa of white limestone, surrounded by a beautiful garden, and offering a lovely view. He never, says a recent writer who had seen him in his home, finds his life monotonous, and says emphatically, that there he enjoys peace and sunshine, neither of which he could ever obtain in England. He adds that it is his desire and intention to spend the remain-

ing years of his life there. He has another house among the heights of Carmel, which he visits in hot weather, he says that Palestine has unbounded resources, and needs only the removal of existing obstructions to develop into one of the richest and most fruitful territories in the world.

If the following description of the approach to a Druse village a short distance from Haifa, is at all representative of the surrounding country, it is a wonder more do not follow Mr. Oliphant's example. He says, "We wound upwards through groves of olives and mulberries, through gardens where peaches and apricots were in full bloom, where the fig trees gave promise of a luscious harvest, where the whole atmosphere was redolent of the delicious odours of orange and lemon trees white with blossom. Along terraces where grain crops were waving, and the dark green of scattered pine trees contrasted with the brighter foliage, across sparkling rills of purest water gushing from the hillsides, where women were filling their water jars before nightfall, while the view of the rich plain we had left bathed in a sunset hue, grew even more extended as we mounted higher, and the tints which played over it more exquisitely soft and varied, as the rays became more widely diffused."

The following is a description of some of the women in Palestine from the same pen:—

Their faces were of the purest Grecian type, their eyes large and lustrous, nose, mouth, and chin classical in their outline, their complexion a light olive, and the symmetry of their figures, as far as one could judge, corresponded with the beauty of their faces. Their habit of carrying water jars, rendered their carriage easy and graceful. On the chin just below the under lip, they were usually tattooed with a blue mark like a small gridiron, which no doubt lends an additional charm when your taste has been educated to it, and is quite as attractive as the small round piece of sticking plaster called a beauty spot, which they may hope to arrive at when they get to tie-backs, instead of the loose blue drab gowns which now form their only garments.

BOOKS FOR GNOSTICS AND STUDENTS OF SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.

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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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Professor William Denton said of Mrs. Chainey: "I have found her a Psychometer and Seer of wonderful power and reliability."

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