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The Gnostic



"Know Thyself"

8

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 KIMBALL-CHAINEDY.

PROF. GEORGE CHAINEDY.

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

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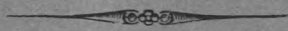
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THE GNOSTIC.



"Intuition is the only faculty in man, through which Divine Revelation comes, or ever has come."—*W. F. Evans.*

"Intuition is the seed of the tree of life, and the various attributes of the mind, which lead to gifts of the Spirit, are its trunk and branches."—*F. B. Dowd.*

"Intuition, being the knowledge which descends into the soul from above, excels any that can be attained by the mere exercise of the Intellect."—*The Perfect Way.*

VOL. 1.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

NO. 8.

THE PRIEST AND PROPHET.

Wherever we find the religious instinct in either its lowest or highest development there we find either Priest or Prophet. Each class comes in power as representatives of either the Material or Spiritual plane of consciousness. The Priest represents the Material age, the Prophet the Spiritual. In writing against the Priest we do not wish our readers to give our words a personal interpretation unless it be to direct them against whatever in their own lives helps to feed and keep alive this abomination of desolation that is defiling the Holy Temples of God, the living hearts of men and women.

The Priest could not exist if there was no demand for him on the part of the people. We cannot divide and parcel up responsibility in the way that now generally prevails. If a low order of amusement obtains at our theatres the theatrical manager is not the only one to blame. The manager tries to please his patrons and if they demanded the Sublime, Spiritual and Legitimate Drama he would soon provide it. But as long as the public demand mere buffoonery, blood and thunder and mechanical ingenuity of stage scenery, he will of course provide it, so it is in Religion.

The form of Religion that triumphs is that which finds the greatest response in the hearts and lives of the people to whom it is presented.

It is the same low order of development that crowds pit and gallery at the minstrels or high coloured melodrama that is caught on the Religious plane with the Red Spirit and tin pan music and blood-dripping theology of the Salvation Army. Priest and Prophet are always representatives of prevailing conditions in society at large. If the people are material-

istic, living for that which is outside of them, grasping after gold and lands, finding their chief enjoyments in eating and drinking meat and wine and securing fine raiment and gorgeous palaces, then they demand and sustain the Priest.

If on the other hand the people are devoted to culture, to understanding themselves, to simplicity of life to all that concerns health and sanity, to the doing away with crime and to the putting away of all that is beastly and unclean, then they gladly receive the Prophet and forsake the idolatries and vain ceremonies of the Priest. The nature and work of both Priest and Prophet is found in the essential nature of Religion. Religion is to relate back, to rebind, to feel related to and at one with God. Man can know no true peace save through reconciliation or at-one-ment with God. If in looking within himself he finds in conscience and intuition the voice of God, then he sees and feels that God is the life of all, that God is in all things and that to know and be at peace with himself is to know and be at peace with God. For all such the true Minister is the Prophet, the one who speaks under the burning inspiration of his own Soul, who, heedless of creeds and dogmas, proclaims directly that living word of Truth that is like fire shut up in his bones, saying thus, saith the Lord, who feeling his at-one-ment with the Divine Soul and Life of all, dares to say, "I and my Father are one, ye also are Gods."

The gratitude of all such to God is expressed by the sacrifice of the Lower to the Higher Self—the suppression of the dominion of sense in order that the Divine may reign in and

through him. He also gives to God the All Good that course of life whatever it may be for him which he sees will best help to develop the Spiritual consciousness of those about him. He will starve before he will maintain his life by doing ought that will cloud the Spiritual consciousness of himself or of the race.

If on the other hand he neglects to look within and looks only without and sees God as an external power who shakes the world in the mighty earthquake, who rides upon the hurricane and speaks in the awful voice of the thunder, then he demands to know how he can purchase the favour of this mighty Being or Beings. As he is pleased himself with wine and flesh he offers it in plenty, the best he has. Before he spreads his own table he prepares one for his God or Gods to which purpose he consecrates the best of his sheep and oxen and the choicest wine from his vineyard. Being afraid of his God he employs someone to make the offering for him. Those who perform this service are Priests. The Priests finding that the Gods fail to come and eat the flesh and drink the wine think it a pity to go on wasting such good meat and liquor soon take to eating and drinking it themselves. As they grow fond of this fine living and their numbers increase, the free will offerings of the people fail to satisfy them and so they devise all manner of commands and regulations from God to increase the supply. Nor are these commands to the shedding of blood altogether without invisible authority which the deluded Priest actually believes to emanate from God. Mere inventions from duplicity would never have attained to such mighty power in the world as have the bloody and cruel ceremonies and dogmas of the Priesthoods. Invisible influences are no more all pure and Divine than external ones. Systems of Religion that have for their central ideas such vicious principles as human or animal sacrifice, Polygamy and other degrading forms of Sensuality are often the product of invisible agents and accompanied in their commencement with such startling and wonderful phenomena as to impress many ignorant people with the idea that they must be Divine when they have only originated from a low form of astral

influences who are sustained by the fumes of blood and the strong magnetisms that are thrown off from intemperate indulgence in the relations of the sexes. Seers and Clairvoyants of a high order tell us that slaughter houses and scenes of blood attract these influences just as carrion will attract vultures and buzzards. Some of these influences on the astral plane are so powerful that under certain conditions they can make themselves visible, and by assuming to be greater than they are introduce into the world their systems of cruel slaughter and degrading sensuality. But they can only do this when they find in the priestly nature of their agents that which corresponds to the rites they prescribe.

In understanding a subject of this kind the mind is often aided by comparisons. In nature we have frequent dualisms, such as day and night, heat and cold, land and water, health and disease, life and death. In the metaphysical world we have truth and falsehood, hope and despair, mercy and cruelty, sanity and insanity. In the greater sphere of Universal Life we have God and Devil, Heaven and Hell, Saint and Sinner, Prophet and Priest. Wherever we find this dualism in general it is capable of almost infinite extension. Applying this to our subject; the Priest is the voice of the past, while the Prophet is the oracle of the future. The Priest serves at the Altar of Memory, the Prophet at the Shrine of Hope. The Priest Repeats, the Prophet Creates. The Priest is Stationary, the Prophet Revolutionary. The Priest is the Sear and Yellow Leaf, the Prophet the Bud and Blossom. The Priest first conquers the Prophet, though later on the Prophet rises like a Phoenix from its ashes and conquers the Priest. The Priest hates and fears every live Prophet and worships every dead one. As Jesus said to the Priests of his time, Woe unto you, for you build the Sepulchres of the Prophets and your Fathers killed them.

But all the opposition of Priest to Prophet can no more prevent the coming of new Prophets than the frosts of winter can repress the bursting forth the flowers of Spring.

While the Priests are exalting and worshipping the past, walking amongst its dry bones and building the Sepulchres of former

Prophets, some new one will be wrestling first hand with the problems of life and eternity, opening his heart to the fresh influences of nature the truth that blooms in the lily by the wayside, thrills in the songs of the birds, shines from the distant stars; or casting aside the illusions of sense, cultivates the subject faculties unfolding intuition until the world of Spiritual reality is discovered, and he bursts forth to startle into hate, fear and persecution the Priestly Class; with a new, thus saith the Lord — The origin of Christianity was the bursting forth anew of the ancient spirit of prophecy. Instead of being the work alone of one man, it was no doubt the Spiritual efflorescence of a group of earnest Souls of all who in that age lived from within instead of from without. It was a fresh and clear discernment that the kingdom of God or of the Spirit is within, and that heaven was to be won not by external rites and ceremonies but by the cultivation of Psychic or Soul Faculties. This Spirit of Prophecy was the life and Soul of the Ancient Gnostics.

This name — synonymous with Intuition, meaning, knowledge of the Soul, was taken by such of the early Christians as claimed to know for themselves. Of course they were constantly denounced as heretics and persecuted by those who went no further than the letter. Still they existed long enough to give a new Spiritual impulse to the world and to embalm in certain exoteric forms, the esoteric or true doctrine of the Soul.

When Spring approaches there is a faint, delicate perfume in the air, telling of swelling buds and returning life and joy in the world of nature. So before the full advent of the Souls Springtime and Summer, there are many signs that Spring is near. The study of the Gnosis of Truth through the Culture of Soul Faculties is pressing rapidly to the front. Thousands are satisfied with the lust of acquirement and the dreary formalities of the orthodox Priesthood and crying out from the depths of their Souls, give us of your oil for our lamps have gone out.

To all such we would say with Lord Buddha,
 Within yourselves deliverance must be sought,
 Each man his prison makes,

Everyone is subject to Priest or Prophet according as he lives, from the Within or the Without, the Spiritual or the Material, the Sympathetic or the Selfish, the Intuitional or the sensible planes of being. The Prophet cultivates the intuitions and the sympathies by appealing directly to the Soul and God, represents the Spiritual side of man's nature, while the Priest cultivating forms and ceremonies appeals to the senses and the external Self, and so represents man's Material and Lower Nature. Thus the Priest by representing and interpreting from the selfish plane of being has made God selfish, a lover of blood and sacrifice, a despot and a Cannibal, who can only be appeased with an offering of flesh and blood. Under the teaching of Priests Humanity, imitating their God, has deluged earth with the blood of beasts and of his fellow man.

In every age the Priest has been the agent, and in some form or another the upholder of bloodshed, while in every age the voice of the Prophet has been against it. Hence we find the Hebrew Prophets exclaiming, thus saith the Lord, I am full of the burnt offerings of rams and the fat of fed beasts, and I delight not in the blood of bullocks or of lambs or of goats. When ye come before me who hath required this at your hand. So Buddha, when he came unto the Temple and saw the Priest about to strike, stopped the blow and set the victim free, and spoke of life which all can take but none can give.

Life which all creatures love and strive to keep,
 Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
 Even to the meanest.

He who would be a Prophet must not sustain life by the murder of our weaker brethren, the animals beneath us.

As long as we consent to do this the Spirit of sympathy and Love cannot make perfect Heaven in our hearts nor on our otherwise beautiful earth.

As long as we do this the purest and highest Spirits cannot penetrate our darkened Souls as they lay bound in the prison house of sense.

May the day soon come when there shall be no more Priests because all the people have become Prophets.

FORSHADOWINGS OF CHANGE IN EARTHLY CONDITIONS.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT, FROM "LIGHT."

As before some expected birth, faint stirrings or strong upheavals are felt in the expectant Mother, so in our times, in the world's spirit-womb—in those depths where the great mysteries and essences of life principles are wrapt away from the profaning ken of fleshly doings—are now felt the great activities and convulsions; preparatory, as it would seem, to the breaking of its way through flesh and becoming the joy of our earth made glad by this new birth.

Fresh discoveries are made by man, new physical conditions and great political changes are craved by him; nor can we logically doubt, when arguing presumptively from previous causes producing in a given time such and such effects, that we are not nearing as yet the end of the circles of knowledge and change that will be man's final heritage. Rather should we judge that as yet we stand at the threshold only of the now opening door through which man will pass into unknown mansions, stored and garnered with the manifold riches that are needed to fulfil his wants and ultimate his own royal humanity.

No! for man the *end* can in no proper sense be near, for man to live once is to live for ever; in change, in progress (man's God be praised, in whose image the earth-man was made), aspiring and yearning, loving, hoping, and believing also ever—believing in no one faith of formulas and creeds, unless indeed in that one Christ spoken creed, which, in its few all-containing words, fulfils all the law and the prophets. But in progress and in faith humanity lays hold of a new earth whose powers unknown first, then rejected and denied are growing akin to those of Heaven. Religions which were as the husk enveloping the good grain of truth, are too narrow and dried up longer now to imprison the ripened and outbursting food of life that man hungers for. God-bidden, man now seeks to free himself from, and to set himself above, those self-seeking doctrines, so long miscalled Religions,

which teach him from fear of a Hell to act so as to win for himself a Heaven. Change! great change in this also there is. Now truth, lovely truth, for its own high delights alone, and for its bettering gifts to all mankind—the good of all as clearest duty to be followed patiently and unswervingly, without recompense, needed to unite men thereto—this is now the new faith of humanity, and this added change in belief, will be imperatively and irresistibly imposed upon man's improved impulses; or to speak more nearly the great truth, man will have become more apt now to hearken to the God within him, owing to change ever going on in himself. The God in man—that *Daemon* with whom wise Socrates held high converse, who shielded him from harm, and guided him aright—that Divine Spirit that spake in Prophets, Kings, and Sybils, in great men we revere and in teachers of men—yea! and that speaks likewise in one and all of us (poor sons of clay that the Divinity fashioned in His own high image) when we voluntarily turn from the wide and easy road leading to self-satisfaction to follow the stormy and weary paths of self-denial, and seeking other's weal. And yet another change there is—the change of all changes in man—the change that is now in the throes and pangs of the birth-hour, the change to the full development of the Divine that is in all men, the complete attainment of that God-like nature to which the Creator had destined the created, made as he was, rich in a share of the every quality essential to the God-head, the man as he was made like even unto God. God is a Spirit—and God is love. Man made in His image is therefore a Spirit, and is also love.

It is this God-like Spirit in man—a pure Spirit of love, on which long cycles of mere brute-living have accreted a gross animal and carnal prison of low earth tendencies; it is this struggling, sore-suffering, but undying spark of God's nature in our changed and

fallen natures that fresh changes in our common humanity are to bring to a new birth:—Change even in the outward and visible fleshly covering, thus inflicted, by our own doings, on our once fluid and spiritual bodies. And let not Science sneer at such changes as though they were mere imaginings, as fantastic as they are impossible.

Science, if it knows ought, knows at least how small is the fraction of the vast stores of knowledge that it is as yet possessed of. From gross darkness of utter ignorance, step by step, with slow and hesitating degrees, has it added one small advance to another. Often in error, often doubting, denying to-day the truth ascertained to-morrow, but holding ever, as the key-stone, faith in evolution and progress; in progress positive, as regards the world of things and of men; in progress relative, as regards its own patient searchings and questionings and findings. Science is the last who may dare speak the words of the Creator, when ruling and regulating His mighty works. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," for Science must change her limits perpetually, must advance with advancing and improving man, or else drop behind, as a bare memory of a state of things long gone by.

For Science there is no point which men's minds may conceive, that may be discussed or discovered, of which she can venture to say, "this cannot be—this is impossible!" From the horrid struggle for existence, which was the limit of man's (pre-historic man's) aspirations and wants, when fighting for food and for his very life, he met unarmed the monsters then extant in the primeval earth, down to the ultra-civilised man of our own times, with his facile life of ease and indulgence, re-acts by miraculous prompting of the God-spirit within him, to aspirations, not for ease but for suffering, for a life, or for a death (if needs be) for his fellow-men; from the ignorant denial in Galileo's times of elementary cosmographic truth down to the elaborate calculations of our own days, which accurately measure and tell of the winged flight of some particular Star through those incommensurable depths, that we call "the infinite," at the rate of 30,000,000 miles per day, whirling thus as does also our

planet, this small and poor earth of ours, around our equally whirling sun, whose attraction bears us along with him towards a new constellation—(namely, that of Hercules)—for what dread purpose? (who may tell?) the moon, our follower, sharing our fate, whirling round us the while, at the same fantastic rate—and other suns, with their million attendant stars, at the same time rushing noiselessly likewise, all towards an unknown part of infinite space and a veiled future of which no Science can tell us ought; from the first childish attempts to heal by charms and sorceries, by wild panaceas and superstitions, herb gatherings under the light of the full moon, or on the blood-soaked grave of the murdered; from early babblings of mediæval art, down to the daily discoveries now-a-days of curative science and its powerful drugs and appliances; from the cruelties and torturings of man by man in the Dark Ages, down to his honest endeavours in these more spiritually enlightened times to allay all pain and suffering; from the gropings of man's first searchings of self-knowledge, down to the latest discoveries made in his flesh, bone, nerves, brain, and blood, as well as in his mind and spirit; from such beginnings, but little removed from the Animal world's capacities as to powers, and below it as to instincts, down to the precursive dawn of the man in God's image, who is the man of to-day. Science should have learned this one lesson at least, and that well and thoroughly, that, change and evolution being the law of the world, the word "impossible" is no word for her. Why strain at a Gnat, O Science? The changes that have been seen, made, and proved are such as to authorise belief in still greater and better changes yet. Such changes we foresee, and over-shadowed by their near presence. Surely, when man is told that this spark of Divine essence smouldering within him, which has enabled him to rise to all present knowledge and moral improvement, is now developing, like a rich harvest within him, sunned by the great prototype's approving glance, watered by the sweet floods that feed and swell his growing Spirit, he may not deem such change impossible. Why, by the power of the Spirit's

expansion, may not the outward husk be riven and dropped, whilst the true man, in God-like seeming, steps forth; man the Spirit, the man of God's earthly paradise appears?

Yesterday's changes in cells and formations become established as the habit and new form of to-day; so Science herself teaches us. Her scalpel, for instance, has shown humanity that certain brain regions are the seat of certain physical emotions, and that certain forms of exaggerated cerebral excitement superinduce a new formation of the brain, transmissible in far-reaching generations, to the descendants of these possessors of abnormal formations. An unknown and unusual supplementary fold has, in some cases, we are told, been found coming from one lobe of the brain, which is abnormally thickened or weakened; this or that circumvolution is interrupted, whilst such and such regions are either raised or depressed: malformations or improvements in the material and outward frame work, which enwraps the Divine in man are therefore produced and producible to an astonishing degree by a direct effort of the Spirit within him. Change in this way also is man for ever undergoing. Man's Spirit, even in the remotest periods, notwithstanding the thick clouds of ignorance which hid from his knowledge its very existence, had been enabled to pulse its life-beats upon man's very elementary consciousness of those days. For we know that in all times those who lived the closest to this their holy fount of spiritual being, saw visions, dreamed dreams, scorned the flesh, its privations and martyrdom; that with them God spake, and His word of inspiration was transmitted by many a prophet and teacher, who retired to the wilderness and mountain as did Moses and John the Precursor, as did Buddha and our own Christ, He who, by His incarnation once more united in Himself the earthly man with the Spirit of God, which is Love. Men and women, later on, were burnt as witches because of this same Spirit in them which transcended the then powers of humanities general understanding; and yet these long-ignored and persecuted forces, of healing, of electricity, of magnetism, of polarization of fluids, capable of directing and controlling man's whole powers of body

and mind, are now become acknowledged facts in hospitals, where medical science, long scornful, is now diligently experimenting upon them, trying, though but clumsily, to utilise these unknown and, in inexperienced hands, unquestionably very dangerous powers. Wide will the echoes roll that tell of these great changes made, and of changes greater still that are to be granted, of powers mightier awarded to the new and more spiritually dominant man. Once his life was in and for his flesh. Man neither knew nor needed any duty of love towards his brother man. Hardly he knew whether in him there was ought beyond and superior to his fleshly garment; anything better than satisfaction given to that body, which he must needs feed and clothe, and house, and give rest to. Now all is changed! the hitherto enchained God within him bursts his fetters and outward comes. Thanks to the long, slow, patient years of constant small strengthenings of the Spirit, in triumph achieved over fleshly greeds and brutal instincts the flesh now yields obedience, doubtful irregular, and strange, almost questioning to believe at first, but none the less change has come, and the beginning of the Spirit-man's control over the carnal man is established. The Christ-like command has gone forth, "Love one another," and the flesh has answered the Master's voice, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," and the Divine within answereth, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." And hearing now, man, the new man, changed man, steps forth at God's command, casting aside the many luxuries of the worldly life, thrusting them on one side unheeding—or with a pang which but enhances the merit of willing self-sacrifice, and thus the Divine grows, at every one of its triumphs the fleshly prison is worn thinner. God be praised for change that is coming! Give it complete. Break forth and shine on our half-enlightened and still groping world, Emanuel, God with us! Change all in us, and in our frames, as in the world that yet resists the great law of love and brotherhood, and teach how best we each may be "Our brother's keeper," casting from us once and forever the Cain-like spirit of indolence, hatred, and murder, which questioned this Divinest of human duties. By the

Spirit of love which is ours in our hidden but holiest depths; ours by direct gift from our God in Whose Divine Image we should—and shall—in some blest and approaching time, both live and move and have our being; by that spirit we abjure you, brotherly men, strive yet, strive we all for the best in each of us. Listen for the low, sweet promptings of the God that is closer and nearer to each and all of us than are our nearest and dearest friends or kin, for He and we are One.

O men! O Spirits! great and small, who in a powerful or in a lesser degree have denied, totally or somewhat, only your lower impulses giving within scope only to your truest and noblest. O kings amongst men, who by your strivings have given food and life to the Angel in you unawares, and who by thus doing have restrained the evil and developed the good of the universe. O all unknown but patient host of sufferers for the truths dear sake, whose

ignored agonies of battle made against the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, have none the less done the great Work, and have through much tribulation liberated the imprisoned Godhead within the man. O saints, angels, and spirits, who have fought against those that fought against us, sound loud the note of triumph now; the night is retreating, the daybreak is nigh, the change is now here! Change in our faiths enlarged and in vain formularies that now we cast aside; change in vast powers that now are given in knowledge of all kinds now taking wider and yet wider-reaching sweeps; change, and great change likewise, in our fleshly tabernacle now wearing thin, for the God-force to win freely through to let the God-made man—God's likeness here on earth—man the Spirit—man all love—shine through the rent veil of the earthly tabernacle in glowing essence pure Divine. This change, likewise, is near.

GOING HOME.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Kiss me when my spirit flies,
Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death,
While I draw my parting breath,
And am borne to yonder shore,
Where the billows beat no more,
And the notes of endless spring,
Through the graves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night,
Out of blindness into sight,
Out of weakness, war and pain,
Into power, peace and gain,
Out of winter gale and gloom,
Into summer breath and bloom;
From the wanderings of the past,
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go,
Nearer swell the solemn glow,
Of the wondrous stream that rolls
By the border-land of souls,—
I can catch sweet strains of songs,
Floating down from distant throngs,
And can feel the touch of hands,
Reaching down from angel-bands.

Anger's frown and envy's thrust,
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting ship and darkened sea,
Over these will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet,
Let the song of two worlds meet—
We shall not be sundered long—
Like the fragments of a song,
Like the branches of a rill,
Parted by the rock or hill,
We shall bend in tune and time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the noon-tide of your days,
Yields to twilight's silver haze,
Ere the world recedes in space,
Heavenward lift your tender face,
Let your spirit call you mine,
And my own will answer you,
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight,
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land,
Where our loved ones waiting stand,
And the legions of the blest
There shall welcome you to rest—
They will know you when your eyes
On the tales of glory rise.

When the parted streams of life,
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay,
Blossom in immortal May,
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear—
We shall feel and know and see,
God knew better far than me.

THE NEW ILLUMINATION.

FRAGMENTS OF A PAPER READ BEFORE THE LONDON HERMETIC SOCIETY BY EDWARD MAITLAND.

The first form of the protest of the Spirit of Humanity against extinction has been phenomenon—at once startling, grotesque, and incredible—which has now, for several years, sorely perplexed and irritated the world, the portentous phenomena known as modern Spiritualism. Just when the science of the day had demonstrated to the satisfaction of its professors the non-being of God, the soul and immortality, and moral responsibility, and when the world was on the point of accepting, and to a vast extent had accepted, its conclusions, and was just subsiding into a blank, hopeless pessimism. In this stupendous juncture there has come from far and wide on all sides, from persons reckoned by millions, a large proportion of whom are of high-culture intelligence, gravity and station—declarations positively affirming the receipt of experiences of such a kind and number as to constitute for their recipients absolute demonstration, of the reality and accessibility of a world at once spiritual and personal of the manifestation of life, intelligence, and force, by entities devoid of material organism, and by the survival of death by the dead. And with these tokens of the soul's reality and persistence, are conjoined others, no less convincing to their recipients, which exhibit man's character and condition in a future life as dependent upon the tendencies voluntarily encouraged by him in the present life—thus demonstrating also his moral responsibility to the utter discomfiture of the system in vogue. Such are the nature and results of modern-Spiritualism, and yet it comprises but a single zone—and this an inferior one—of the world so newly opened to us, a world which comprises many zones. The Science of this world is Occultism, and to it we must look for an explanation alike of the phenomena of Spiritualism and of the other allied zones, the order of entities disclosed by Spiritualism not sufficing for this. Though constituting a Science apart and by itself, Occultism is an indispensable adjunct both to physical and physiological science, and only by means of it are these completed. The revival of this Science is a con-

spicuous feature of the present illumination, as it was of previous illuminations, notably in lands subject to our own race, the token being the multiplication of associations having for their express purpose the culture of knowledges, which being of the transcendental and substantial, are subversive of materialism. Such is the significance of the societies everywhere springing up—called Spiritualist, Theosophic, Psychic, Gnostic, Hermetic, and the like. But the revelations of the regions open to the cognisance of the Spiritualist and Occultist does not exhaust the achievements of the New Illumination. Being extraneous to the individual, and constituting but a medium and an environment, those regions appertain rather to the objective than the subjective, to the phenomenal than to the noumenal, even though the faculty to which they appeal be itself interior to ordinary consciousness. The true and ultimate object of man's quest is to be found, not in any region extraneous to himself, how sublime soever it be, but in that "kingdom within" the kingdom of his own higher Selfhood, to reach which he must climb the ladder within himself—the ladder whose steps are the constituent zones of his own system, having its lowest round planted in matter, and its topmost one in Divinity. Two extremes are these, which, notwithstanding the stupendous interval which separates them, have between them no boundary line, and both of which are in man. The experiences I am about to relate belong to the category of the mystical, rather than the spiritualistic or occult, and represent the entry into the world variously called exemplary and celestial, the world of pure thought, yet not the less personal and real because spiritual and ideal. Access to it is attained only when the perceptions, sensible and mental, of the interior man are at their zenith, all the consciousness of his system having polarized to their highest point, that which lies within and beyond the Astral—or Etherial. The Biblical term for this elevation in man is the "Mount of the Lord," and for the kingdom on its summit the "City of God."

In Hermetic lore it is called the "Mount of Regeneration," and also of "Beatitude." To attain it is to "see God," and the Gods—or Divine Principles manifested as Persons "to know as we are known" and to enjoy communion of Saints." To have surmounted the spheres material and intermediate, the elemental and purgatorial, and wholly transmitted into, and consolidate with spirit—have become indefectable members of Divinity itself, never again to descend into phenomenal bodies, but capable, nevertheless, of commingling with the pure souls of others, embodied or disembodied, and of serving to them as agents of Divine Illumination. To receive instruction thus and thence is to be entitled to appropriate the Scripture terms "God spake," "The Lord said" and "taught of the Spirit." Nor is the voice that utters itself less the Divine voice when the ministrant vehicle is of human origin and aspect, since man perfected is God individualised. For God is pure spirit, and pure spirit is not less God for being individualised. Moreover, the spirit itself has an image-creating power by means of which it can manifest itself in forms to the interior sense. The avenue to experiences of this order lies, as I have said, within the recipient himself, since only by the sun of a man's own system can he be illumined, and only by ascending his own ladder can he obtain access to his center. From without comes no Divine Illumination. The point of radiation is within. Such experiences may be attained alike through the act of the man from below, and of the spirit from above. Either may take the initiative, but the spirit must be willing. The man cannot coerse the spirit, but the spirit may coerse the man, as by withdrawing him from preoccupations the most engrossing, or no less vividly impressing him when sunk in slumber—realising for him in such case the expression—now admitted into the margin of the Bible as a true reading—"He giveth to His beloved in sleep," and that which is thus imparted ever surpasses, both in substance and in form, the utmost capacity of

the recipient to devise himself.

Among the tokens which abound of the new and divine influence operative among us, are to be reckoned the enhanced manifestations of a spirit of charity and justice. All this points to some new and blessed Avâtar which has unlocked and expanded the heart and conscience as never before—prompting to the recognition of all existence as but a larger self. In it we may see the Supreme Alchemist accomplishing the "Great Work," the redemption of spirit from matter—on a vast scale according to the mystic formula "*Solve et Coagula*." Dissolve and resume: "Disintegrate and Reconstruct." The present Pope Leo XIII. signalled his accession to the chair of St. Peter in 1878 by the assumption of a title and emblems, at once Hermetic and Zodiacal in character, denoting the term of his Pontificate as that which was to witness the initiation of the event, called mystically the "Exaltation of the Woman," and signifying the rehabilitation of the Soul, and consequent restoration of the intuition, and as the sequel of this, the restoration of the Gnosis, and the establishment of a reign of truth and justice.

"The scholastic philosophy was the outcome of the great revival of Mysticism and Occultism which represented the illumination of the ninth and last cycle—that which dates from the thirteenth century to the present time. And the Pope, by his reinstatement of it, as well as by his choice of insignia, has shown that he has come within the influence of the New Illumination and is under impulsion to promote it. I believe that for those who have studied with ordinary intelligence and candour, the nature and history of man on his spiritual side, the marvel would be not occurrence—but the non-occurrence at this time, of an illumination of the kind in progress. Its failure to take place would constitute an irregularity as perplexing—not to say disastrous—as would be the failure of the day to follow the night, or of the summer to follow the winter.

 LESSONS IN PSYCHIC AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

 LESSON IV.

THE MAGIC SQUARE.

LIGHT.

BLUE.	YELLOW.	RED.
MIND.	SOUL.	LIFE.
INTELLECT.	MORALITY.	PHYSICAL.

REASON.	INSPIRATION.	WILL.
PERCEPTION.	PRESCIENCE.	CONTINUITY.
WISDOM.	INTUITION.	LOVE.
JUDGMENT.	LOYALTY.	SYMPATHY.
DRAMATIC POWER	PURITY.	POWER.
INSTINCT.	TEMPERANCE.	HEALTH.

CEREBRUM.	SOLAR PLEXUS.	CEREBELLUM.
THE HOLY SPIRIT.	THE SON.	THE FATHER.

OM.

"KNOW THYSELF."—This means to know your real or Divine self, and to be at one with it in your lower or physical self. The purpose of this lesson is to make plain and simple the way that will lead any earnest student to this desirable goal—the true kingdom within, the Heaven of the Christian and the Nirvana of the Buddhist.

The preceding diagram is a magic square, because it represents man developed up to the plane of the magical, complete, Divine Man.

LIGHT.—The three primary colours, blue, yellow, red, together constitute light. These three colors represent respectively man's intellectual, moral, and physical qualities. The blue of the sky is the result of distance, and corresponds with vision or intellectual perception. It is the horizon, or point of rest; so mind can go only to *its* horizon. It is limited. Thus far and no farther. Blue is also soothing and restful. It is well in our present state that vision is bounded with horizon. Could we see all things in the world at once we would be rendered unfit for our daily duties. We can only escape from the limitations of mind through penetrating into our Divine centre or real self. All who are decidedly intellectual are instinctively fond of blue. In America intellectual activity and general mental smartness has reached its highest level. Blue dominates in our flag, and the uniform of our soldiers is of the same colour. A portion of the country, through climatic and social conditions, not so intellectual as the rest, rebelled, and opposed grey to blue. For a neutral colour and condition of life to overcome the positive primary and active force represented by the blue is utterly impossible. All outward and objective things are the hieroglyphs of inward and subjective states of being.

In China we have a further illustration of the truth of this symbolism of colour. Intellectual superiority is there the only aristocracy and ruling power. All honor, power, and position is there attained by the superior of mind. Their prevailing colour is blue. Their priests are even clothed in blue, denoting that even in religion they are intellectual—morality and worship being with them a thing of routine, not of free impulse. Yellow is the moral or

subjective colour. It is the golden light of the soul. Aspiration towards the Divine is symbolised by the aspiring flame.

The streets of the New Jerusalem are said to be paved with gold. We are so far away from that condition of peace and joy that the principal use of our gold is to make it into money in order to keep up the wasteful and cumbersome system of barter. Were our streets paved with gold we should rush at them with pick-axe and shovel in order to convert them into specie. Yet our bankers, brokers, merchants, and hucksters expect that the simple fact of dying will enable them to step from a city of iron safes and burglar-alarms into one wherein the streets are paved with the precious metal. That they know not the meaning of these things shows how much need there is of the *New Illumination*.

In India where the subjective life has been most unfolded, gold is used principally for adornment, while the favorite and most revered colour is seen in the yellow robe of the Devotee. That the one who wears a yellow robe carries also the begging bowl, denotes that he who is represented by this colour is the owner of all things, and that to give to such is but to render to them their own. In the West we are so ignorant of this law that such would be treated as tramps. In all our churches we worship as God one whom our laws and social conditions would arrest and send to prison as a vagrant. The true son of man and of God with us has yet no place of peace in which to lay his head. God of all forgive us our sins!

The red is the physical colour. The blood which is life is red. Shake a red rag at a certain physical animal and you know the consequence. Man in his animal nature is much the same. Soldiers fight better when they see plenty of red. Red is the colour of "The Brother of the Shadow."

These three colours together make the pure white ray of light. Whoever establishes equilibrium between the mental, moral and physical powers, is a part of the light of the world—a ray from the Eternal Fount or Sun of light.

Let there be light—can only be well answered by making ourselves light. Whoever knows

the truth, loves the good and does the right is "Light." Notice now our ninefold square or triple Trinity. The first Trinity is that of Mind or Intellect. Mind acts on three planes, mental, moral and physical. Mind acting on the mental plane gives us perception and reason; acting on the moral plane it gives us judgment and wisdom; and on the physical plane instinct and dramatic power. Pure mentality perceives and reasons—but we only perceive wisely and render righteous judgment when the mind descends and acts through the emotional or moral nature. So we may be ever so intellectual, and be destitute of instinct and dramatic power, for these are intelligence distributed throughout the physical consciousness.

The second Trinity is that of the Soul constituting our morality. The moral nature acting on the intellectual plane gives us Prescience that is perception of the moral consequences of Personal and National conduct. It also gives us Inspiration or clear vision of Universal, Moral and Spiritual Truths. This is the plane of the Prophet and Seer.

The moral nature acting on the moral plane makes us Loyal to self humanity and God. It does this because it is the plane of Intuition wherein we are under the Light of our own Soul or Higher Self. He who has this Light knows that he is One with God. Realizing his Divinity he becomes Godlike in his loyalty and devotion to the good of all. As the sun shines and the rain falls on the just and the unjust, so does he seek to do good to both the evil and the good.

The Moral nature on the Physical plane gives Temperance and Purity. The Trinity of Physical Life gives us through great strength applied to the Intellect, Continuity and Will. Strength on the Moral plane makes us sympathetic, causing us to readily feel with others, not only with those of our own family or nation, but with all mankind, and this is *Love*, or what the Apostle Paul called *Charity*. Strength added to strength gives us Health and Power. All these qualities are essential to the complete man. To neglect or to be weak in anyone of these Nine Squares of Being is to Sin, and to come short of the Glory of our own Godhead.

Now these qualities are latent in all, but unmanifest, because we do not embody them in our methods of Mental, Moral, and Physical Culture.

In our schools we simply cultivate the first intellectual square, unfolding Perception and Reason. As a consequence we have a high state of intellectual sharpness and a social state that is the apotheosis of cruelty and selfishness, wherein the strong everywhere devour the weak, and business is mostly conducted on the fierce and heartless principle of competition, instead of the loving helpful one of co-operation.

When we give any attention to Physical Culture in our gymnasium and popular sports it is in such a way as to weaken and deplete both the intellectual and moral faculties. Corresponding with this threefold nature, we have a threefold brain development, namely, Cerebrum, Solar Plexus, and Cerebellum. Education ought to be equally devoted to the culture and equalisation of these three. The exercises and methods prescribed in these lessons are all given for this purpose. The Physical and Dramatic exercises do this because form corresponds with function. We can always read the character of any person by observing the outward form.

Having done this with a pupil we know just what exercises they need to pay most attention to, in order to remedy any defect of character, for by strengthening a weak form we at the same time cultivate the function that corresponds thereto. But the higher and quicker method of unfolding all these qualities of life is psychic or spiritual, and comes only by faith in your own divinity, standing in the central square of intuition and loyalty, and believing that all these qualities are in the soul, though unmanifest. He who comes unto the soul must believe in it and in all its divine potentialities. Though in your real self you have all these beautiful and Godlike attributes, yet you can only know them through first being loyal and then arriving at intuition or reaching a state of unfoldment, wherein the soul can communicate to you the wisdom gleaned in all past lives. But how can we be loyal unless we know what to be loyal to. This is the question

constantly arising in the mind of the would-be Neophyte in the Halls of Learning. To all such we say: The soul sends out in response to your desire wise Teachers and Guardians, who impress you and light you in the path over the threshold. If you cannot Sense their presence, and feel sure that you are in *the path*, then seek out some-one who can see and hear them, and let them be to you an Interpreter. This for many is the only way in which they can be loyal. If some one is found who sees and hears the Wisdom Teachers about you, be loyal to the instructions until you can see and hear for yourself. A little time should be spent each day in listening for the voice of the Soul. In doing so abstract the mind from the outer world; keep the body positive, and think of yourself as a Divine Soul—one with all other Divine Souls. Think of all the qualities and powers of the Soul, and so impress your mental and physical consciousness with them that they may become your normal manifestations of life. Think of all the sin and suffering in the world as the result of unloyalty to the Soul, and make your life so luminous that you may attract many to seek this source of all true light, for in this

light there is no darkness. You know only what you are; you possess only what you are.

To live in this centre is to be a King. To live out of it is to be a slave. To be in it is to be wise. To be out of it is to be foolish, no matter how learned you may be in the wisdom of this world. To be in it is to be graceful and dramatic. To be out of it is to be awkward and commonplace. To be in it is to be temperate, pure and chaste. To be out of it is to be intemperate, unchaste and filthy. To be in it is to be prescient and spiritual. To be out of it is to be infidel and materialist—not in the popular—but moral sense. To be in it is to be healthy and powerful, to do good in the world. To be out of it is to be sick and helpless. To be in it is to have great continuity of thought and strength and strength of will. To be out of it is to be vacillating and impotent. To be in it is to know yourself as Immortal and Divine, to know and feel that back of all is Infinite and Eternal Love and Wisdom.

To attain to this is to understand the Magic Square by becoming a Magician, a Divine Man, a God. *Om.*

Y A D A L L A H .

WRITTEN FOR THE Gnostic.

Some day, where Eastern fountains ceaseless pour
Their fragrant confluence over fragrant flowers,
I lived, I loved through bright, warm tropic hours,
Grew fair and faded like a rose—no more.

Jewels of fire flashed on my dusky arms,
From brow, and breast! anklets of gold I wore,
Chains of delight that for my love I bore;
His prisoner though he bowed before my charms.

Ah! proudly moved I 'mong the women then,
Queen of the passionate heart of him who reigned;
O'er him, my lord, a victory strong I gained,
His leash my passionate soul in body fair.

Along the marble corridors again I hear
Voluptuous swell of music, languid feet,
Their slim shapes tinkling with the small bells sweet—
Of dancing maidens, bright slaves drawing near.

I scent rare, spicy odours, borne on wings
Of sensuous influence; blossoms—strange perfume,
Born of the heap in some moist spot of gloom—
Wreathed by the naked bays, fair gambolling things.

I dream, I swoon upon my Leopard skin,
Fanned with the scented feathers of the swan;
The gay-plumed birds and butterflies wax wan;
The noon-hours die with the twilight dim.

Music is hushed. I hear the acacia leaves,
Murmuring low melody to sleepy day;
Venus is come and moves down purple way;
The nightingale through dusk his lone song neares.

Why comes he not, my Emperor, my King,
Sun of my Soul, lord of my throbbing heart?
I yearn, I die; great fears about me steal.
Haste! Haste, my love, and life unto me bring!

Cease maidens To the starlit gardens haste
And sue unto sweet Venus and the rose;
Till he, my lover, bring me love's respose,
My world of beauty is but dreary waste!

MARIE LE BARON.

PEARLS ON LIFE'S ROSARY.

WRITTEN DOWN BY MRS. GERTRUDE B. CLARK.

CHAPTER II.

On the planet of wondrous light, that be-tokened leading power—that must in time, be felt as a baptism on other worlds—dwelt I, Alcestæ, with my soul's truest self Alcestis, Twin-souls of the Infinite, where, and are we, and as such, with power gained and cherished, will we seek to make plain many unseen paths of the wonder-realm to which we are related. In the far away time, on the love-bathed planet that claimed us as children by virtue of constellatory law, we dwelt beneath the same home shelter, while there came to us through the fulfilment of law that relates itself both to material and soul realms, sweet soul-children, in whose eyes we read the tender love-lessons of the Infinite, in whose soul auras we read though indistinctly the heights to be attained in soul unfoldment, and recorded in material type. It is of these children, cherished "Pearls on Life's Rosary," that we have much to say, as in them have we seen reflected the soul-light to which we, as father and mother, have attained. Love, born in the hearts of father and mother, ceases never to be the guiding power of the souls entrusted to their care, and as the mighty cords uniting each heart to the Central Heart vibrate with Infinite love, so correspondingly vibrates the soul-lines that unite the hearts of true parents and children. In the far away time to which I refer, this planet—on which some of my children now dwell, and where others have most nobly fought life's battles—was unknown to us—it not having, at that time, become unfolded to the point where highest creature saw and sought embodiment in material forms—consequently the harvest fields of existence lay elsewhere for us and our children, the sowings and reapings of which I will in part record. Love unending and unchanging, only to grow more God-like, was the sun of our souls, consequently the children who revolved around this luminous centre, felt the harmonious peace-lines in the great deep of their souls' sea, and because of

this inheritance, became most sacred mes-sengers to, and helpers of, Planets, the soul realms of which told not of great unfoldment. May mornings bespeak June roses, which in turn breathe out the sweetness, of withered and crumpled leaves, that point direct to wintery snows, that completes a certain cycle. With us, at the time to which I refer, it was the May-morning of the soul, and we looked forth toward the coming time, with the assurance that the June roses were blooming for our coming. I have spoken of our home-planet as being one of rare unfoldment, thereby making it a leading, or, in other words, a Star planet, the children of which are natural travellers over and through what seems a realm of space, pathless and echoless, yet in the real is a realm lighted from the central heart, and filled with the wonder records of the unseen. Here I tarry for a little time to particularize, by way of still farther preparatory premises, regarding life in its ascendant scale, as seen and recorded on the Planet in question. At the time to which I refer, the wisdom children of our luminous Planet (by whom I mean those most rounded out in soul growth) had gained such heights in Soul-Science that even when related to material forms they were able to glean from the soul realm to which they belonged by virtue of soul growth. Life in this dear home-land became in all its expressions grand and God-like, to the extent that the lesser good, which is both the soul's enemy and friend, stood abashed like a baffled and defeated enemy. Here, beneath the sacred influence of the greater good, we, with our soul's pearls, our children, drank from the clear waters of truth fountains, and felt within our souls the Deific power of the universe. I particularize, not with special design regarding my own experience as attached to materiality, nor do I come to prove materiality alone, but to give to the breezes of your earth-land full floating banners of soul-land truths. With life

rounding out toward angelhood, with all our motives for good in the ascendancy, we completed our material pilgrimages on our own home planet, and in peace awaited the outward flowing of time's tide, that would bear us elsewhere as heralders of imperishable truth. While yet we tarried in our soul-land home, a still more luminous orb, evolved and obedient to evolved law, Soul-culture, which signifies soul power, was still the central desire of our being, and that which we grasped as our life food would in the chilling soul atmosphere of the land to which I now come be like ancient Hebrew to babes. While yet we waited, there came to our ears, echoes from other realms, from far away planets, where soul power was as yet unknown, where materiality like mountains, hid within its shadow the diviner light, which must illumine the life paths of all the Father's children, and by which they must gather holy sheaves for their kingdom in the coming eternities. In our soul land homes much thought was given to the necessities of others from whence to us came the echo of great demand. Let it not be understood that in our unfoldment we had passed the Grand-arch, the glory of which falls only on immortal robes, the wearing of which bespeaks souls forever redeemed from matter. Not thus far had we traversed over the wondrous highway, yet we had reached soul ground, where all within us aspired toward the ascendant good. Purposely have I left untouched the many paths that from our first attachment to matter had led us onward toward the diviner realm of the soul, for so widely does our home planet differ in all points, from the one to which as messengers some of my children have come, that no wisdom by correspondence would have resulted, by a recital of the many circumstances that weave the threads of cause and effect in our life-paths. I will return to the point I left in my needed digression, and relate myself more particularly to that which we found was to be our future life-line. As I have already said, deep thought for the unfoldment of other planets children, dwelt in many hearts, and in response to the call of wisdom voices, councils were held, in which the great needs of others was the one special point of interest. Hearts

of love and sympathy were ready to weave into the lives of others the glory of their own. Each planet and soul-land evolved therefrom has its special points of difference from all sister worlds, and to this universal rule, ours was no exception. The one application I would make here is this—Family ties had become sacred bonds, not the bonds of slavery, but the bonds of liberty through the tenderest love, in and through which, the star of wisdom shone. Families were known as groups, both on the material world and soul orb, the Father and the Mother of each group being the central sun around which the children as planets revolved, and from whence they received the light of wisdom and the warmth of love. The voice of a group thus harmoniously related, held in it no half notes but with fullness of heart all responded as one. Thus it was, that in response to the call of sister planets, our family groups responded as only those can respond, from whose inner being, loves circumference gleams a luminous line, far out on the deep sea of humanity, where soul necessity is the weary burthen of all. Many planets were calling, many groups responded in fulfilment of duty, and great were the vibrations in all our soul realm, till the breezes thereof bore the echoes of love notes, blended equally with the notes of pity. This grand lifting of love's banners throughout our Soul-land realms was the first movement of the kind recorded on our home planet, therefore, none will wonder that the waves of thought and feeling rose high on the sea of hope rock,—reefed on all sides with obstacles to be overcome, in the fields that were waiting, the helpers' uplifting power. In looking back from the shores of the present, fairer grown with greater fulfilment, to the mentioned time, I feel as I did then, my whole being thrill with holy promptings for good to others. Great was the glory of the time and hour, as the groups whose love and pity had been their holy incentive, met beneath the luminous dome of the Seers' Temple, for words of wisdom, and for an assignment of their special fields of labour, where love was to be the illuminating torch. Are there hearts who would question the justice of unfolded souls, seeking those less rounded out in their Diviner selves?

Then they accept not the truth of the twofold power of law that gives in the exact proportion that it takes that which will be an exact equivalent for that which is taken. All hearts in whose pulsations were thrills of unselfish love for others, would in the coming time, receive that which had been tried in the fires of the crucible and found without dross or other perishable element. Among the assembled ones were our own family group, in whose hearts dwelt no broken lines of willingness, in whose soul offerings were no scrimped loaves. Peace, like a breath from the soul's inland sea, touched each heart wherein burned the fires of unselfish love, such love as fills to overflowing the hearts of martyrs, and weaves for them robes all luminous with celestial glow. Like unto our group were all others triumphant, like unto ours were all, unwavering in purpose, that laid its plans, in symmetrical lines, in the far fields that were calling. Thus waiting, words of wisdom, through which love, like the breath of summer wafted, touched our soul consciousness, making more unwavering our hope, more unyielding our determination. There is nothing within the limits of the land to which I have now come, with good yet to be accomplished, to which I can compare the grandeur, the harmony, or the sublimity of that far away time. But all hours, strung like beads on the thread of time, come and go. There are hours that announce and hours that fulfil, yet unnumbered by waiting hearts they pass, while the shining thread that held them remains unbroken and unweakened by the weight it has borne. Thus passed that far away waiting time, in which wondrous plans were laid in patient loving hearts—plans that in their fulfilment wove into the existence of others many lines of light, the reflection of which shone in the soul realms like arches, resplendant. In the hands of each group of central souls was placed a scroll, on which was found an assignment of the field to which they seemed most fully adapted. In connection therewith was bestowed also a chart of the planet to which they were to minister, together with a chart of the Soul-land of the same. Thus ended the great Temple meeting, from which were to

depart to other lands the willing workers of many fields. At this time, back and forth, over the strange paths of the unseen realms, passed the messengers from the needy planets, receiving and bearing peace tidings from our home land groups, whose soul power was to be as a free-will offering. The children of each planet have, as their inheritance from the Central Heart, a leading attribute that constitutes them ascendantly masterful in one special direction, wherein they become teachers of others. This attribute is called the planet's star of destiny, the glory of which breaks on all who are first cradled beneath its ascendant glow. The star of our home planet, beneath the sheen of which we stood, was Soul-science, and its relation to physical science; consequently wherever we labored we carried with us a power or force—not found outside the circumference of this most worshipful science—that through the presence of our children on this planet, is breaking through the uncertain shadows, as breaks the glory-tinted dawn where the darkest hour drops its mantle, but of the present I speak not until after a time, as the line I followed reaches back among the ages unnumbered by mortal. Because of the ascendant soul power that was ours by virtue of our inheritance from the Central Heart, and which we had sought to unfold, we became the swift travellers of the unseen realms, to the extent that far away worlds were by us reached with little thought of aught save pleasure—in truth, the shimmering paths that wound here and there felt oft the presence of our planets children who have proven themselves helpers to many planets through the complete charts they have made of worlds and paths leading thereto, thereby giving birth to what in the language of your present home planet might be called, the Higher Geography. Because of our acquaintance with the realm paths of vast provinces of the universe, we trembled not when we received the chart that unfolded to us our waiting field, but with hearts strong in purpose, brave in daring, we said as with one voice, "It is well."

(To be continued.)

SUGGESTION.*

A NARRATIVE OF OCCULT SCIENCE IN THE XVITH CENTURY.

BY THE DUC DE POMAR.

I.

It was during the winter of 1512. The army of Henry VIII. of England was besieging the town of Ferouenne, and the French nation was terror-struck at the sight of the power and resources of the English monarch.

In Paris itself the agitation was indescribable, the anger of the town and University had come to a climax, and King Louis XII. hardly dared leave his palace or brave the fury of the mob. The King, the Queen, and the Premier Georges d'Ambroise, Archbishop of Rouen, were holding counsel in the great hall of one of the towers of the ancient Louvre, whose Gothic windows overlooked the Seine. The Queen, Anne de Bretagne, one of the most beautiful women that have ever graced the throne of France, was daughter of the last reigning Duke of Bretagne. Her first husband was Charles VIII. of France, predecessor of Louis XII., who divorced his first wife, Jeanne de France, in order to marry her.

"Sire, we are lost," said the Archbishop after a long silence. "Not only shall we lose Guienne, but the entire kingdom will be ruined also, for we can never stand against the powerful alliance that his Holiness Julian II. has contracted with Spain, Germany, England, and Venice."

"By St. Louis you speak the truth," said the King, raising his arms and letting them fall again heavily on the table. "We are ruined; all the enemies of France prosper at the expense of our kingdom. Ferdinand of Aragon has become the most powerful prince of Europe owing to his marriage with Isabella of Castille and his conquest of Granada and the New World. The Emperor of Germany, traitor that he is, has broken his treaty and has joined forces with the Pope against us. On one side the Spaniards invade and trample down the country of our kingdom of Navarre, whilst on the other Henry of England makes

war against our fatherland without any provocation on our part, in the hope of usurping our own especial title of 'Most Christian King;' his Admiral, Edward Howard, infests our shores, and has won the fatal battle of Brest, which we cannot but allow has been a total defeat for our navy. You are right, d'Ambroise; this time we are lost indeed! Never has France fallen so low, no, not even during the reign of Charles VII."

"Our fate would probably have been different if your Majesty had taken my advice, and if we had not attempted the conquest of Naples, and, by our imprudence, added this kingdom also to our immense possessions in Spain. But after all perhaps my sovereign has acted rightly in so doing."

"No; I was wrong, d'Ambroise," sighed the unhappy king. "I ought never to have followed the plan of my predecessor in Italy. That campaign, although it gave the Duchy of Milan to France, was the beginning of all our misfortunes. And now the English march victoriously across France, and the proud Henry Tudor will enter Paris, never—while there is life in me. I will fight him to the end."

"But what is the use of arms, sire?" said the Queen, who had kept silent till that moment. "What can your troops do against the Sacred League formed by the Pope and the Emperor against your Majesty? Perhaps money and diplomacy might succeed better than fighting in such a crisis as this, for your army will not be of much use in a struggle with the whole of Europe, however brave your soldiers may be individually."

"Can my beautiful Anne still think that there is a chance of saving France?" cried King Louis, who had great faith in the talents of this remarkable woman twice wedded to the throne of St. Louis. "Can heaven send us a second Jeanne d'Arc, who will deliver the

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fatherland as in the time of Charles VII?"

"Sire, my courage never fails me. Perhaps your Jeanne d'Arc is nearer to you than you think."

"By St. Louis we will listen to your counsels," cried the King. "We will obey your Majesty in all her commands, for too well we know the intelligence and code of honour of the Queen of France to fear for an instant that she would ever endanger her royal kingdom."

"Quite the contrary, my liege—I will save it."

II.

The Queen rose and retired to her oratory, which in those days took the place of the boudoir of our modern "grandes dames;" then, without hesitation, she called one of her ladies in waiting, and bade her send for Cornelius Agrippa. This strange and extraordinary man had at this period made a great sensation all over Europe. Born of a noble family at Cologne in 1486, he taught philosophy and medicine for some years at Dôle in Franche-Comte. His lectures had been much in vogue and well attended, but after a time he gave up his classes, and for some years before the occurrence of the events narrated in this paper, he had consecrated his life to the study of Alchemy and the Occult Sciences. Louise de Savoie, Comtesse d'Angoulême, who was a dabbler in magic, a very fashionable amusement in those days, took the learned professor under her protection and attached him to her service in the quality of physician.

When the grand Hierophant, for such was the proud title that he gave himself, was ushered into the Queen's presence, she greeted him in a familiar way, as one whom she was often accustomed to see; then, having motioned him to a seat near her own before the lofty Gothic fireplace, she immediately commenced the subject on which she wished to consult him. Speaking rapidly and in a low voice she said, "You know the state of affairs and the dangers which surround France on all sides I wish to know the future, can you help me?"

Cornelius Agrippa did not answer for a short time, and appeared lost in thought; when he roused himself he said, "Yes, I can help your Majesty if she has faith in my power."

The Queen replied, "I have no doubt whatever that you possess great Kabbalistic and magic powers, although, at the same time, I must confess that I cannot understand them. Some say you are only a charlatan. I cannot tell, but at all events I wish to test your powers. I am superstitious, perhaps."

The Hierophant drew himself up haughtily at these words. "Alchemy is no superstition, it is a science. The Ars Magna of the ancient races is the most noble of all sciences, by it one can throw light into the hidden depths of arcane synthesis and unlock the doors leading to the most carefully veiled mysteries." Suddenly he took a large ball of rock crystal from under the folds of his long black velvet robe, and carefully rubbed it with his handkerchief; this operation ended, he drew a small phial from his pocket, poured a few drops of its colourless contents on the crystal ball, and then handed it across the table to the Queen. "If you deign to look in this ball, Madame, you will see the future. Behold!" Whilst the Queen was intently occupied in looking into the ball which she held in both hands in the red light of the wood fire, Agrippa approached, and standing close behind her, made some mysterious passes above her head.

She trembled suddenly. "What do I see? Frances! Frances, the son of Louise de Savoie, your protectress, will be indeed the King of France after my husband. That can never be," she added with a smile, "the King has children. However, that was not what I wished to see. I do not care for the distant future, cannot you show me what will happen during the next few months?"

The magician made some more passes above Anne de Bretagne's head. "Behold!" said he. The Queen, again fixing her eyes intently on the crystal ball saw, or thought she saw, a lion caught and held in a trap of complicated cords which were knotted round him.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "that is truly the situation of France, and this lion caught in a trap is very symbolical of our King; but who will deliver him?—who will be strong enough to free him from his bonds?"

"See!" replied the magician, and whilst he spoke the Queen saw a little mouse nibbling

the cord that was holding the lion; then suddenly the cords appeared to relax, and the lion with a bound recovered his liberty.

"We know that a mouse can do many things that are impossible for stronger and larger animals," said the Queen. "But who is the mouse that will deliver the lion of France?" As she spoke she suddenly recognised in the mouse before her the handsome features of the King of Scotland. They were familiar to her, thanks to the many portraits that the vain young King had sent her during the past few months.

"The King of Scotland! impossible. Yet, why not? Perhaps there is a lesson to be learnt in this fable of the mouse who is able to serve the king of beasts; but the question is how to gain influence over the King of Scotland, what forces can I bring to bear on him? The brother-in-law of the King of England would surely never be so rash as to quarrel with such a powerful country simply for the sake of pleasing us? Alas! if it could only be done! If a Scotch army were to invade England in the north during the great crisis, Henry Tudor would be obliged to recall some of his troops from France, and then our fatherland might be saved."

Anne de Bretagne returned the crystal ball to the magician, and seemed for some instants to be lost in thought. She looked up suddenly and said, "Can you suggest any plan by means of which I can influence the King of Scotland?"

"Yes;" replied the grand Hierophant. "My study of occult science has taught me the art of influencing the minds of men, and has given me power to guide their actions. By means of a strong effort of will I can project a fluid which acts on the astral currents, and thus make myself master of a man's mind and suggest to him whatever ideas I wish."

"Do you speak in earnest?"

"Yes! I can do this in the same manner as all those who know the secrets of nature and have studied occult science. It is no supernatural power. By the simple force of my will-power, guided by my Kabbalistic science, I can make any one, it matters not whom, see a person or an object that is not before their

eyes. By creating a picture in the brain I bring into existence an hallucination of the sight and I can then suggest actions which the person will be obliged to perform, even against his will and in defiance of his efforts to the contrary. These hallucination and mental suggestions of acts to be performed can be inculcated a long time beforehand, for that which the psychic organs forget can be re-found by the automatic action of the brain even a long time afterwards."

"Do you wish to go to Scotland and work these miracles?" The grand Hierophant smiled. "That would awaken the suspicions of the King; besides I cannot quit my protectrix the Comtesse d'Angoulême. However, your Majesty can send another person to Scotland and who can do the deed quite as successfully as myself."

"Who?"

"What would you say if it were one of your ladies in waiting?"

"One of my ladies! What do they know of your magic arts?"

"One of them has consecrated several years of her life to the study of occult science and to the grand mysteries of the magic of Hermes Trismegistus. She is far advanced, and is sufficiently initiated in the art to be able to do all that is necessary at the Court of Edinburgh, for she possesses the key of the hidden synthetic mysteries.

"And who, may I ask, is this marvellous woman? One of my ladies in waiting did you say?"

"Yes; the Comtesse de la Tour."

"Berthe! Berthe de la Tour-Marie! Never could I have believed such a thing,—she a magician, it is impossible?"

"Nevertheless she is one. She has been a pupil of the Abbé Trithem, author of 'Steganographia,' and she has also studied with me and my illustrious brother-worker, Paracelsus. I believe she is a descendant, on her mother's side, of the famous Nicholas Flamel, who was the most celebrated among the modern alchemists, and doubtless for this reason her spirit is attracted towards occult study."

As soon as Anne de Bretagne had asked a

few more questions of Cornelius Agrippa, she sent one of her pages in search of the Comtesse de la Tour-Maries, a young widow, who was one of the most beautiful women at her Court. The Queen had a long consultation with the arch-sorcerer and his beautiful pupil, and when at last it was over and they had quitted the royal apartments, Anne de Bretagne cried with a sigh of satisfaction, "Yes, France will be saved—and by me!"

III.

James IV. was one of the best Kings that Scotland had ever had. He was much beloved by his people, and quite deserved his popularity. Owing to his marriage with Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., he had been able to make a lasting peace with England, and he could therefore give up all his time to looking after the interest of his kingdom, which the long and frequent wars of his predecessors had left in a deplorable state.

He had more power than any of the monarchs who reigned before him, owing to the great care he took in fulfilling all his royal duties.

His court was one of the gayest and most brilliant of its time, and he used in the most generous and royal manner the large personal fortune that had been left him by his father. Added to this, he was a gallant cavalier, a great lover of fêtes of arms and very proud of the victories he won at the tournament. He often issued proclamations through all Scotland, inviting all those Lords and cavaliers, who desired to win fame and honours, to come to his Court and take part in tilting with the lance, combats with the axe or two-handed sword, in fact, in contests of strength of every sort in which he himself excelled.

The fame of his victories had spread even beyond the seas, and he flattered himself that he had won respect and admiration of all the other monarchs of Europe.

When the French Ambassador arrived with his suite in Scotland the King, who at the time was residing at the Royal Castle in Edinburgh, received him with all the ceremony and honours that were due to the illustrious King that he represented. On the termination of the official presentation, a messenger

came to inform the King that the niece of the Ambassador had a mission to confide to him which was of the greatest importance. The gallant prince made an immediate reply, and hastened in person to a private apartment where the French lady awaited him. On entering the room he stopped suddenly, so greatly was he struck by the beauty and grace of the woman who stood before him. Anne de Bretagne had known well how to choose her messenger. Berthe de la Tour-Marie was undeniably one of the most lovely members of the Court of France, so celebrated at all times for the beauty, the grace, and the charm of its women. She was tall and a blonde, and her natural charms were heightened, if such a thing could be possible, by the exquisite taste of her costume. The gracefulness of her manner was such as could only be attained by the height of Parisian culture. Therefore there was nothing astonishing in the fact that the young King should be struck dumb with admiration at the first sight of this young widow who was as beautiful as she was attractive.

"Sire, my mistress, Queen Anne de Bretagne, has given me a message for your Majesty," she murmured.

"So the echo of my victories has come to the ears of the most beautiful princess of all Christian countries?" replied the King, whose vanity was greatly flattered.

"Yes, sire, and she has listened with the greatest interest to the recital of the courage, gallantry, rare qualities, and personal charm of your majesty, and to this end has she sent me to your Court, that I may judge of everything for her, in order that she may know through me what to think of the gallant knight who so much occupies her thoughts."

"In truth," cried the King, "she does me more honour than I merit. But I pray you, sweet lady, do not keep me in suspense, but tell me what answer you will give the Queen? You have seen and doubtless judged me already. Tell me frankly your opinion of me."

"I hardly dare answer you, sire, lest you should think that my words are prompted by flattery or ambition," answered the cunning diplomatist. Secretly amused at the King's vanity, she added, "I have seen you, sire, and

I have only the one answer to give my mistress."

"What is that?"

"It is, that all the flattering reports that circulate in Paris concerning the King of Scotland are very much beneath the truth."

"By St. Andrew, you flatter me," replied the King, who was more pleased than he cared to show; "To win the favour of Anne de Bretagne is more than I deserve, for I do not consider any man brave enough to be worthy of her. Is it true that the Queen is so wonderfully beautiful? You know her well, and therefore you can tell me more about her than my Ambassadors, who are not always the best judges of feminine charms."

"I have brought a portrait that the Queen herself gave me telling me at the same time that I was only to give it to your majesty, if I found that the report we had heard was really true. I hardly like to offer it to you, sire, it does so little justice to the Queen! It would not be possible for a painter to give any idea of her beauty."

Whilst saying this she put a miniature into his hands. It was a pleasing and rather flattering picture of Anne de Bretagne, and it is hardly necessary to state that the King was enchanted with it.

"She ought to be very lovely," cried he, "Oh! if I could only see her in reality!"

"You can, sire, if you wish it," replied Agrippa's pupil, with a mysterious smile.

"I can see her? What do you mean? Certainly by going to Paris I could do so; but alas! that is quite out of the question. I must not leave my kingdom."

"It is not at all necessary to leave Scotland in order to see my lovely Queen. If you will give me the guidance of your thoughts and fix all your attention on me for a few minutes, without any fear of my intentions towards you, I can by the aid of a secret power that I possess, transport you in the spirit to Paris, and allow you to contemplate the beautiful Anne de Bretagne."

"In a dream that will be forgotten as soon as I wake!"

"No, you will remember everything, if you wish it; but have you no doubts?"

"Are you ready to put yourself under my

control for a few minutes?"

"I fear nothing, beautiful enchantress," replied the King of Scotland. "Give me a vision of the Queen of France, and you will make me the happiest of mortals. How could I mistrust any magic you might use to attain such a result?"

The pupil of Agrippa and Paracelsus begged the King to seat himself in a large arm-chair, and when she had arranged a velvet cushion under his head, she placed herself on a low seat in front of him and began some mysterious passes with her hands. After a while she took his hands in hers and gazed into his eyes with much intensity. "Do you sleep?" she asked in quite a different tone of voice to the one she had hitherto used.

"No," murmured the King, but his eyes closed in spite of his efforts to keep them open, and very soon he fell into a state of trance, which the doctors of the present day have named suggestive catalepsy.

With a commanding voice she said, "Go to Paris. Enter the Louvre."

"I am there."

"Behold the Queen of France."

The King uttered a cry, and opened his eyes wide as if he was in an ecstasy. To his great astonishment he saw, or thought he saw, which, after all, comes to the same thing, the beautiful Anne de Bretagne, the lady of his thoughts.

However strange this at first sight may appear, and however much the superstitious minds of the 16th century may have attributed it to the agency of the devil and sorcery, the conscientious student of hypnotism and magnetism will have no difficulty in understanding the reality of this phenomenon, for thanks to the discoveries of modern science and to the results of experiments by Braid, Charcot, Bernheim, and Ochorowicz, we *know* now that "hypnotism affects the brain to such an extent that an idea suggested to that brain will act with overpowering force, and will, by means of the automatic cerebral action, produce a corresponding motion, and therefore the whole organism of a person subjected to such an experiment will become a mere machine that can be entirely directed by the will of the operator."

In this state all illusions, all hallucinations become realities, and all acts are performed as ordered. The subject on awaking does not remember what has happened, but the ideas that were suggested to him during the trance, remain engraved in his memory with all the appearance of reality; he forgets their origin, but believes in their spontaneity, and he will perform all the acts that have been suggested to him without quite knowing why he does so.

The King of Scotland remained in this state for some time under the influence of the powerful magnetism of the clever Parisian, who was enabled by the help of her secret science to suggest to his mind all she desired. It was not a cataleptic sleep, but rather a peculiar psychic state mentioned by Dr. Bernheim in his work entitled "De la Suggestion." Such a state lessens the strength of the cerebral resistance and renders the brain amenable to suggestions,—a phenomenon which was attributed to the powers of darkness in the 16th century.

Van Helmont writes in his 'Operà Omnia'—

"I deferred till now the unveiling of a great mystery. It is the fact that man has an inner force, by means of which, and when aided by his power of will and imagination, he can act on a substance that is foreign to or apart from his own body, and he can also obtain a lasting influence over some other person who may even be at a great distance from him. This mystery alone throws a great deal of light on several facts that were difficult to understand, especially on those relating to the magnetic power of all substances, to the will power of man, and to all that has been written and said concerning magic and its domination of the Universe."

This truth, stated as we see, even as far back as the 17th century, is included in the scientific formula of Dr. Ochorowicz in his remarkable work on "Mental Suggestion." He says:—

"It is enough to suppose that the electric currents of the atmosphere modified by a psycho-physical transmission, as the ray of light in the photophone is modified by a word, transmit this modification to the electric current of the brain, which, under these conditions, are liable to be influenced by the slightest pressure."

It is possible, as Dr. Ochorowicz himself points out, that such occurrences may not take place, but that they do sometimes happen, nobody at the present time can doubt, and up to the present speculative science has given us no further explanation of the subject. To return to our story:—When the beautiful adept thought that her experiment had lasted long enough, she made some magnetic passes before the eyes of her patient, and then, rising from her seat on which she had been sitting all the time, she said, "It is enough for to-day. Rouse yourself, sire."

After this first attempt, Madame de la Tour often threw the King into a magnetic sleep, almost always at his own wish, and little by little she gained great power over him. Naturally during these hypnotic trances she had no difficulty in suggesting to him the idea of making war on England in the interest of his lady-love, the Queen of France. As soon as she saw that this idea had taken firm root in his brain and was constantly occupying his thoughts, she gave him a second portrait of Anne de Bretagne in a golden frame, on which the following words were written in precious stones—the original medallion is preserved in the Royal Treasury at Edinburgh:—"He who loves me must prove his love. I adjure my favourite knight to march three leagues on English territory for love of me."

"By St. Andrew I will do it!" swore the King, when he read these words. "I understand the meaning of my beautiful princess! Henry Tudor insults her, and her lands are trampled on by English feet, all the crowned heads of Europe are leagued against her, whilst I, her adorer, her chosen knight, stay at home without stirring hand or foot to save her."

Madame de la Tour was delighted to see her mission was so successful. "Sire," she cried, "you are truly a brave and noble knight, and you well deserve the love that my mistress has for you. But have you no fear of the consequences? Think of the powerful armies of Spain and Germany. Think of your wife, the Queen, who is Henry's sister. What will the world say, what will your people think, if you

put an end to your alliance with England?"

"The world can say what it chooses, I am the favourite knight of Anne de Bretagne, and I will not allow fear to have any influence over me. No earthly power shall prevent me from meriting the love that the most beautiful princess of Europe has deigned to bestow on me. Could I possibly refuse the only request she has ever made me? No; the honour of James Stuart binds him to listen to her prayer." The chivalrous King kissed the beautiful Parisian's hand. "And what can I do for you, fair lady? How can I ever thank you for the delightful hours you have given me

by bringing within my sight the object of my true love?"

"I only did that which the desire of serving my mistress dictated to me, sire," replied Madame de la Tour with an enigmatical smile.

"I will take care of your future. We cannot permit such a charming lady to leave our country. You are a widow. I will marry you to one of the nobles of my Court, and you shall be the faithful messenger between me and your royal mistress. You shall be first among Scottish ladies, for are you not the friend of *Anne de Bretagne*?"

To be continued.

THE VISION

BY ROBERT BURNS.

After a day of toil, the poet sat in his smoky hut bewailing his unkindly lot, when the vision appeared to him of a handsome young woman, who thus addressed him:—

All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low!
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

Know, the great genius of this land
Has many a light, aerial band,
Who, all beneath his high command,
Harmoniously,
As arts or arms thy understand,
Their labours ply.

They Scotia's race among them share;
Some fire the soldier on to dare:
Some rouse the patriot up to bare,
Corruption's heart:
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
They, ardent, kindling spirits, pour,
Or, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
They, sightless, stand,
To mend the honest patriot-lore,
And grace the land.

And when the bard, or hoary sage,
Charm or instruct the future age,
They bind the wild, poetic rage
In energy,
Or point the inconclusive page
Full on the eye.

The lower orders are assign'd
The humbler ranks of human-kind,
The rustic bard, the lab'ring hind,
The artizan;
All choose, as various they're inclined
The various man.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come, ye have heard me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step by the wakening earth,
By the winds that tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.
I have looked on the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot has been.
But for ye—ye are changed! and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year!
There were graceful heads with their ringlets bright
Which tossed in the breeze with the play of light,

There were eyes in whose happy laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay!
They are gone from amongst you, the young, the fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair;
But I know of a land where falls no blight,
I shall find them there with their eyes of light;
Where death 'midst the blooms of morn may dwell;
I tarry no longer—farewell! farewell!
The summer is coming, on soft wings borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn,
For me, I depart for a brighter shore,
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved who left you, dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's, fare ye well—
farewell!

FELICIA HEMANS,

THE IDYLL OF THE WHITE LOTUS.

CHAPTER VI.

"Have you any wish?" said the man in a clear, but very low voice.

I looked at him in surprise. He was a novice, it seemed, by his dress; yet he spoke as though he could gratify my wish—and that, too, without the tone of a mere servant. "I have just taken food," I answered. "I have no wish—but for freedom from this room."

"That," he answered quietly, "is soon gratified. Follow me."

I stared in astonishment. This novice must know my position—must know of Agmahd's will with regard to me. Dare he thus defy him? "No," I answered; "the high priests have imprisoned me here. If I am found escaping I shall be punished."

"Come!" was all his answer.

And as he spoke he raised one hand commandingly. As in physical pain, I cried aloud; why, I could not realise. Yet my sense seemed to be that I was held as by a vice—that some intolerable power grasped my frame and shook it. A second after I stood beside my mysterious visitor, my hand tight clasped in his.

"Look not back," he cried. "Come with me!"

And I followed him. Yet, at the door I desired to turn my head to look; and by what seemed a great effort, I did so.

Little marvel that he bade me not look back! Little marvel that he strove to hurry me from the room, for when my eyes had once turned I remained spell-bound, gazing—resisting his iron grasp, I saw myself—or rather my unconscious form—and then, for the first time, I understood that my companion was no denizen of earth—that I had again entered the land of shadows.

But this wonder was wholly swallowed up in a larger one—one sufficient to make me strong against the effort of my companion to draw me from the room.

Leaning over the couch, standing behind it and bending forward, in that delicious drooping attitude in which I had first seen her when she

stooped to drink the water, I saw the Lily Queen.

And I heard her speak. Her voice came to me like the dropping of water, like the spray of a fountain.

"Wake, sleeper—dream no more, nor remain within this accursed spell."

"Lady, I obey," I murmured within myself, and instantly a mist seemed to enwrap me. I was but dimly conscious, yet I knew that, in obedience to the wish of the beautiful queen, I was endeavouring to return to my natural state. I succeeded by degrees, and opened my eyes wearily and heavily, to behold a desolate empty room. The novice had left me—of that I was glad—but, alas! the Lady of the Lotus had left me also. The room seemed empty indeed, and my heart was heavy as I looked around me. I felt the sweet Lady of the Flower more as a beautiful mother in my childish heart, than as a queen. I yearned for her soft presence, but it was not there. I knew only too well that she was not in the room hidden from me. I felt her absence with my soul as well as perceived it with my eyes. I raised myself languidly enough—for, indeed, this last struggle had out-wearied me—and went to the corner behind my couch where my dear flower was hid. I drew back the curtain a little way, to look at my treasure. Alas! it was already drooping its lovely head. I sprang forward to assure myself that I had indeed given it water. Yes, its stem was deeply plunged in its loved element. Yet the flower drooped like a dead thing, and the stem bent inertly over the edge of the vessel. "My flower," I cried, kneeling down beside it, "art thou too gone? am I quite alone." I took the languid flower-form from the vessel and placed it upon my breast, within my robe; and then, wholly disconsolate for the moment, I flung myself again upon my couch and closed my eyes, endeavouring to make them dark and visionless.

How! who knows the way to hide visions from the inner eye, that eye which has the terrible gift of sight which no darkness can

blind? I did not, then, at all events.

The night had descended on the earth when I aroused myself from my long and silent rest. It was moonlight without, and a silvery streak of light entered at the high window and streamed into my room. Just within that streak of light came the hem of a white garment; a hem gold-embroidered. I knew the embroidery. I raised my eyes slowly, for I expected to recognise Agmahd, as indeed I did. He stood just within the shadow, but his bearing was not easily confused with that of another man, even if his face were unseen.

I lay perfectly still; yet he seemed immediately to know that I was awake. "Rise," he said. I arose, and stood beside my couch with eyes, wide with fear, fixed upon him.

"Drink that which is beside you," he said. I looked and saw a cup full of red liquid. I drank it, blindly hoping it might give me strength to bear whatever ordeal the silent hours of this night might be destined to bring me. "Come," he said; and I followed him to the door. I half unconsciously cast a glance up to the window, in the thought that perchance fresh air and freedom lay before me. Suddenly I felt myself blinded; quickly I put my hand to my eyes, a soft substance was bound over them. I was silent with the silence of wonder and fear. I felt myself supported and led onward carefully. I shuddered as I thought that it must be the arm of Agmahd which upheld me, but I submitted to the contact, knowing that I was powerless to resist it.

We moved slowly onwards. I was conscious of leaving my own room and of traversing some distance beyond it, but how far or in what direction I was unable to guess, bewildered as I was by my blindfold state. We paused in utter silence; the arm around me was removed, and I felt the bandage taken from my eyes. They opened upon a darkness so complete that I raised my hand to assure myself that the kerchief was not still upon them. No; they were free—they were open—yet they gazed upon nothing but a blank wall of deep and total darkness. My head was full of pain and dizziness—the fumes of the strong syrup that I had drunk seemed to have filled

it with confusion. I remained motionless, hoping to recover myself and realise my position. While I waited, I suddenly became conscious of a new presence beside me. I did not shrink from it. I seemed to know it to be beautiful, to be friendly and glorious. I was thrilled with a yearning, an indescribable sense of leaning in spirit towards the unknown presence.

Amid the silence suddenly came low, sweet speech close to mine ear:—"Tell Agmahd that he disobeys the law. One priest alone may enter the holy of holies, and no more."

I recognised the liquid water-like voice of the Lilly Queen. Although I was unaware of the priest's presence I unhesitatingly obeyed my queen.

"One priest alone may enter the holy of holies," I said, "and no more. Agmahd being here the law is disobeyed."

"I demand to hear the utterance of the Queen," came the reply in the solemn tones of Agmahd.

"Tell him," said that other voice, which thrilled my soul and made my frame vibrate, "that had I been able to reveal myself in his presence I had not waited for you."

I repeated her words. There was no answer, but I heard a movement—footsteps—and a door closed softly.

Immediately a soft hand touched me. I was simultaneously conscious of the touch, and of a faint light upon my chest. I felt in a second that the hand was put within my dress to draw forth the withered lily which I had hid there. But I did not attempt to hinder this, for, looking up as a light attracted my eyes, I beheld standing before me the Lily Queen. My Queen, as in my boyish heart I began to call her, I saw dimly and as enveloped in a shadowy mist, but yet plainly enough to make me rejoice in her near presence; and as I looked I saw that she held close to her bosom the withered flower which she had taken from mine. And I saw, wonderingly, that it faded yet more, grew dimmer, and wholly vanished. Yet I did not regret it, for, as it died away, she grew more bright and distinct to my sight. When the flower had wholly disappeared she stood beside me, clear and distinct, illuminated

by her own radiance.

"Fear no longer," she said; "they cannot harm thee, for thou hast entered within my atmosphere. And though they have placed thee in the very dungeon of vice and falsehood, have no fear, but observe all things, and remember what thine eyes perceive."

The darkness appeared to become illumined by her confident and gracious words. I grew bold and full of strength.

She held out her hand and touched me gently. The touch filled me with a fire that excelled any warmth I had ever experienced.

"The royal flower of Egypt dwells upon the sacred waters which in their purity and peace fitly form its eternal resting place. I am the spirit of the flower; I am sustained upon the waters of truth, and my life is formed of the breath of the heavens,—which is love. But the degradation of my earthly resting-place, over which my wings of love yet brood, is driving from it the light of heaven,—which is wisdom. Not long can the spirit of the royal lotus live in darkness; the flower droops and dies if the

sun be withdrawn from it. Remember these words, child, grave them upon your heart, for as your mind becomes capable of grasping them, they will enlighten you in many things."

"Tell me," I said, "when may I again visit the lilies? Will you not take me there in to-morrow's sunshine? Now it is night, and I am tired; may I not sleep at your feet, and to-morrow be with you in the garden?"

"Poor child," she said, stooping towards me so that her breath fanned me, and it was sweet like the scent of wild flowers, "how hardly they have taxed thee! Rest here in my arms, for thou art to be my seer, and the enlightener of my beloved land. Strength and health must dwell upon thy brow like jewels. I will guard thee; sleep, child."

I lay down at her bidding, and though I knew that I was upon a cold, hard floor, I felt my head rest upon an arm soft and full of magnetic soothing; and I fell into deep, dreamless, undisturbed slumber.

There was writ in Agmahd's secret volume of records but one word that night—"Vain."

ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

Thou and I in Spirit-land
One thousand years ago
Watched the waves beat on the strand,
Ceaseless ebb and flow,
Vowed to love and ever love,
One thousand years ago.

Thou and I in Greenwood shade
Nine hundred years ago,
Heard the wild dove in the glade
Murmuring soft and low,
Vowed to love for evermore,
Nine hundred years ago.

Thou and I in yonder star
Eight hundred years ago,
Saw strange forms of light afar,
In wildest beauty glow.
All things change, but love endures,
Now as long ago.

Thou and I in Norman Halls
Seven hundred years ago,
Heard the warden on the walls,
Loud his trumpet blow,
"Ton amons sera tojors,"
Seven hundred years ago.

Thou and I in Germany
Six hundred years ago,
Then I bound the red cross on,
True love I must go,
But we part to meet again,
In the endless flow.

Thou and I in Syrian plains
Five hundred years ago,
Felt the wild fire in our veins,

To a fever glow,
All things die, but love lives on,
Now as long ago.

Thou and I in shadow-land
Four hundred years ago,
Saw strange flowers bloom on strand,
Heard strange breezes blow,
In the ideal love is real,
This alone I know.

Thou and I in Italy
Three hundred years ago,
Lived in faith and deed for God,
Felt the faggots glow
Ever new and ever true,
Three hundred years ago.

Thou and I on Southern seas,
Two hundred years ago,
Felt the perfumed even—breeze,
Spoke in Spanish by the trees,
Had no care or woe,
Life went dreamily in song
Two hundred years ago.

Thou and I in Northern snows
One hundred years ago,
Led on iron silent life
And were glad to flow,
Onward into changing death,
One hundred years ago.

Thou and I but yesterday,
Met in fashion's show,
Love, did you remember me,
Love of long ago;
Yes: we kept the fond oath sworn
One thousand years ago.

THE SACRED HEART.

THE HEART OF THE PLANET.

CHAPTER II.

We have already treated of the heart of man finding it physically in the Solar Plexus. We shall yet point out the significance of this centre in its relation to our moral and spiritual development. In the meantime the question arises—If man is the Microcosm of the Macrocosm as the Ancients taught and all analogy indicates, and if the physical earth on which we live—of which our bodies are composed—maintains the same relation to a Planetary Soul as man's body does to his Soul, then there must be some point in the Physical World that corresponds in function and importance with the Solar Plexus in the Physical Constitution of man. A wonderful law of Analogy runs through the whole of nature relating the smallest to the greatest. The mighty Oak is repeated in outline in the fibres of every leaf; the majestic palm in the moss at its root; the vast Ocean in the single drop of water; the formation, life and death of man's body in every infinitesimal physiological cell. The Oak cannot be separated from its foliage. Leaf and tree are mutually dependent. So is man physically allied to the Material Earth and the Soul of man to the Soul of the Planet. As man physically is the sum total of the cells that make up his body, so by the universal law of analogy is the physical globe related to the physical bodies that are a part of the same, living on and being nourished by it; even so on a higher plane must the Soul of the Planet—the Anima Mundi, the Adam Kadman, the Over Soul—be made up of all Souls related thereto. Following up this same law of analogy, may not the Souls of all Planets be to the great Soul of God as the Soul of each Cell is to the man's Soul—or of each Human Soul to the Soul of the Planet. If man's Spiritual health is intimately related to the states of his body may we not logically infer that the Soul of the Planet is equally related to the Physical well-being of the Earth. In healing the sick in body and mind we have the greatest success when we go at once to the centre of both Soul

and Body. In Physical Culture we strengthen the Solar Plexus and by feeding the central fire restoring the king to his throne we put down rebellion in other parts of the body. By turning the Patients gaze within to the Soul, by teaching him to think of the Soul as related to all other Souls, and through such thoughts developing the love, nature, the holy passion and enthusiasm for Humanity, kindled by a clear perception that the good of each is the good of all—we help to purify and redeem the body through the baptism of fire that descends from the Soul upon all who thus become universal. This it is to find the kingdom of Heaven, of Love, of Peace of Nirvana within. But man has so long looked without instead of within, so long tried to acquire instead of to become, that the great majority are sick from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet. Mankind gorge and stuff themselves morning, noon and night without any thought of the appropriateness of what they eat to the refinement and spiritualization of the body. In our systems of education we have no endeavour to develop and perfect the body, as the temple of the Soul in which every physical form has a separate and special spiritual function. Much less have we any conception of the relations of different countries and People's, their social and moral conditions, to the health, harmony and completeness of the Body and Soul of our Planet. Nor scarcely a thought of any union of effort on the part of those who have in charge our Spiritual health and growth to give to each separate nation and phase of religious development its appropriate sphere and work in relation to the perfection of the whole. That this has been done to a certain extent without any co-operation on our part shows that

“There's a Divinity shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we may.”

But would it not be better to throw away this ignorance and slow method of growth through a wise superintendance of our blunders, because God makes even the wrath of man to praise

him, and so add our wisdom to the Divine wisdom as to make the perfect music that shall fill the earth when the prayer of the Divine man shall be answered and the will of God shall be done on earth as it is in Heaven. That these thoughts may help us nearer to that day of perfect Truth and Love is the earnest cry of heart and brain. O, Soul of our Planet, God of the Land and the sea, of the Mountain and the valley, of the snow on the summit of one and of the violet nestling among the grass in the other. Of the spring that bursts from the mountain side and the river that waters the plain, of the shining diamond and brilliant ruby, of the blending hues of the Opal and the deep blue of the sapphire, of the veins of gold and of silver, of the Cattle on a thousand hills and the sheep in a thousand valleys, of the Oceans and the ships thereon, of the Continents and the People's thereof, of their laws and policies, of their Arts and Sciences, of their Temples and Schools and all things of which their life is made. Eternal Spirit over all and through all, illuminate our minds, kindle the flame of our hearts so that our words may be thy words helping to disperse the darkness that clouds the brightness of thy glory to so many of the sons of man. Burning upon heart and brain, growing ever more one with our daily consciousness, is the conviction that we have found the centre of our Physical world, the *heart* of our Planet and the point of greatest importance, both for our Physical and Spiritual well-being; and that present weakness and neglect of this centre in the Planet as well as general neglect thereof in the individual in all our systems of education, is largely the cause of most of the vice and crime, national and theological hatred and strife that disgraces our otherwise beautiful earth.

It is not necessary to our purpose to enumerate all the Physiological functions of the various parts of our Planetary Body. To the intelligent it will be quite sufficient to point out a few of the most salient and striking facts that seem to us to confirm this principle of correspondence. Let the reader then once more spread before him a map of the world (Mercator's Projection). Let me say, however, that it is not so important to find resemblance

in outline as in function, the Body of the Planet being more in the form of a sphere than that of man's. Still a general resemblance will be found even in Physical outline. In India we find the highest elevations above the level of the sea corresponding with the head. Here systems of thought have attained to their highest development. Tracing back our greatest conceptions of man and the universe and his relation thereto—represented by Philosophy and Theology—we are surely led to these high places of the earth. Nor is it without a deep and profound significance that in this age of revealing of making known we are again pointed to the Himalayas as the abode of those who have attained to the loftiest heights of Spiritualized Intellect. Great good is to come to the world through this discovery. In such works as Esoteric Buddhism, Fragments of Forgotten History, the Western Mind has presented an interpretation of many unsolved problems that are the necessary counterparts of the equally transcendent and more Spiritual Intuitions of Esoteric Christianity, the pure teaching of the ancient Gnostics. This restoration of the sublime teaching of the ancient Rishis of India has come to us when most needed, and is an important part of the world's Spiritual awakening to the new earth and new Heaven. It should be kept in mind, however, that the most perfect unfoldment and spiritualization of our intellectual powers, even to the knowledge and mastery of Occult forces does not constitute our full redemption. It is well that our Nineteenth Century intellectual egoism should be sobered by being confronted with a knowledge that soars as much above our boasted Science and Philosophies as the Himalayas do above our lowlier Mountains. This is good. The head is native to the heart and thought needs to be led up to these loftier heights. Let us be careful that this shining light of victorious mind, these uncovered stores of Occult wisdom, these far reaching and all embracing systems of Philosophy, do not entice us into losing sight of the Clearer Intuitions and more practical methods of culture on all plains unfolded out of "*The Sacred Heart.*"

Continuing our Analogy, China may be said

to be intimately related to India and also of the head, only of the back more than of the front, including as she does with her worship of intellect a rigidity and slowness to change such as characterizes those in whom this brain is the controlling force. This brain being also the centre of animal affection, the love of Parent and offspring corresponds with the strength of their ancestral devotion and worship displayed by this remarkable people. A diseased condition of the back brain is an element of danger in the individual productive as it is of vice or crime. That the Chinese are capable of a depth of vice beyond almost any other people, not as an abnormal, but rather as their natural condition, is seen at a glance by anyone familiar with the Chinese Quarters in San Francisco. Though we have no sympathy with our present penal institutions, yet we believe that the sane have a right to protect themselves from the insane, and those who are under the dominion of the back brain are morally insane. But instead of giving them over to incurable madness or making their last condition worse than their first as we do under our present laws, we should make it our business to restore the lost balance between the front and back brains. So while we deprecate the unjust laws and unhuman treatment often imposed upon the Chinese, still we hold it necessary to place some stricture on their emigration into America and the British Colonies. Crime is energy misdirected and filth is matter out of place. So properly and wisely directed the Chinese might be made to fill as useful position in the world as the back brain does in the economy of a perfect body. An inflammation and over development of back brain left to itself is bound to result in crime. So the Chinese, unwatched and unrestrained by wiser Peoples, might over-run the earth; but, properly guided, their strong motive power and endurance may be one of the principal factors that shall make the wilderness blossom as the rose.

In North America on the one side and Russia on the other, we have the right and left lungs of our great Planet body. The vast Steppes of the one and Prairies of the other are the breathing spaces of our earth. The

geographical conditions as well as the nature of the people indicate most forcibly their respective places in our general constitution. There is a remarkable sympathy between Russia and America. Though so unlike each other in Political Institutions they have always shown an affection for each other. It is quite evident that one lung is diseased and highly inflamed with a despotic form of Government exciting the fever and violent throes of Anarchy and Nihilism. As fast, however, as they seriously disturb her she heaves with violence and throws them out into her cold Siberian lands or sends them to the gallows with as little emotion as a man coughs out the flem that disturbs his breathing. That this condition of things is dangerous to the peace and well-being of the world at large is just as true as that any weakness of one lung is dangerous to the health of any individual. Let us hope and trust that this consumption may be arrested, and Russia by internal reform serve her true function in promoting the general health and peace of the world at large. So let us as Americans see to it that we keep our own part of this vitalizing process free from any dangerous disturbance. That there are dangers ahead in some conditions of life among us I scarcely need to indicate. The work of the lungs is to purify the blood. Who then among the Countries and Peoples of the earth represents the Physiological Heart that is constantly supplying the world with fresh blood. Does not every one say at once England? Do not her Red Coats, the ruddy countenances of her people, their love of blood in rare roast beef (as a diet), their irrepressible vitality, her disposition to colonize and revitalize other parts of the earth, peopling the islands of the sea, uniting all parts of the world with her vast naval arteries and commercial veins, bear witness to this truth? As the lungs purify the blood pumped into them from without, so does the freedom and vitality of America on the one side and the jealousy of Russia on the other keep the heart up to its work.

Others can easily find the points of comparison between Germany and the Liver, France and Sex, Africa the Abdomen, Polynesia, Australia

and New Zealand, on the one side and South America on the other, the lower limbs of this great body. Most striking Analogies are to be found in each. I only cite these functional laws of other parts of our common body to make more certain the truth that in Palestine we have the correspondence of the Solar Plexus or the true heart of man, and so the heart of our Planet. While India has given us Philosophy, England Vitality and Strength of Iron and Oak, Palestine has been the point of Union between Soul and Body, and so from here have flown forth the great waves of emotion that have fed the fires of love and sympathy on the altars of the human heart. Here have centred the most vital and subtle currents of moral and Spiritual awakening. Here have been heard the oftenest clearest voices from the Unseen. From here have emanated the Love Currents of Human Brotherhood that are quickening the Divine growths of justice and mercy, truth and righteousness, breaking the fetters of the slave, exalting the lowly and emancipating woman. From here have emanated the highest conceptions of the Unity of God and the Brotherhood of Man. Here have oftenest parted the curtains that hang between the Seen and the Unseen while mortals and immortals communed with each other. Here in Spirit if not in deed the Wisdom of the East, led by the star of the World's best hope, has gladly bent the knee and poured forth its treasures to the service of the *Heart*. Here have lived and taught the greatest Prophets who have voiced most articulate the will of the Eternal. Here have been written the sacred books that have furnished the Religious Symbolism of the West and a large portion of the East. Here originated the Avatar of Spiritual Light which entombed like some mystic lamp in the external rites and letter of Christianity is now

to shed its bright radiance fully upon the world in the gospel of interpretation, the restoration of the Gnosis, the recovery of the Esoteric, and through this new revealing, the supplanting of the letter that killeth with the Spirit that giveth life.

Think of what the world owes to this land. Returning to our Analogy of the Physiological functions of various countries and peoples, we find that the Solar Plexus is connected with a system of nerves that cover the whole body. So we find going out from this centre into all parts of the inhabitable earth the Jew the ancient inhabitant. The nervous system attracts and assimilates the finest essences of which the body is composed. So we find this people attracting and possessing the finest metals and rarest jewels found on our Planet. God makes the wrath of man to praise him, and out of this wealth, often obtained by questionable means, is yet to come a great service in the work of Human redemption when the Soul of the Planet shall once more express itself clearly through this people. The Jew will yet learn to value his own land as the centre of the world's physical and moral health. He will then consecrate his wealth to its physical redemption and the propagation in all lands of the great truths of "The Kingdom Within" the Humanity of God and Divinity of Man. The time was when all roads leading to Palestine were watered with the best blood of Christendom in the hope of rescuing this land from the Saracen or Turk. History repeats itself not on the same level, but by passing from the physical to the spiritual plane. The Crusade of the past will be repeated, only this time. Love shall take the place of the sword, and what could not be gained by violence shall be granted freely to truth and right.

(To be continued.)

FAITH AND WORKS.

J. C. BECKWELL.

No answer comes to those that pray,
And idly stand—
And wait for stones to roll away,
At God's command.
He will not break the binding cords,
Upon us laid—
If we depend on pleading words,
And do not aid.

When hands are idle, words are vain,
To move the stone—
An Aiding Angel would disdain,
To work alone.
But he who prayeth, and is strong,
In faith and deed—
And toileth earnestly, ere long
He will succeed.

INCARNATIONS AND MOTHERS.

I do not wish to express myself in obscure language on so grave and important a subject, but I will relate a personal experience that may meet the eye of some young mother who has never given the subject a serious thought.

I invited a lady to visit me, a perfect stranger, who had come all the way from America to Australasia to try and initiate those willing in occult mysteries. Having investigated Spiritualism so far as I had been able, I was deeply interested and very desirous to meet this lady, who was reported to be a reliable psychometer. On the evening of her arrival at my house, after travelling by railway nine hours, she was very tired, and our conversation was devoid of personal matter such as ladies at times indulge in. Next morning after breakfast the Seeress was reclining on a couch in my own sitting-room, resting after the long journey. I took a seat and sat beside her, we were very quiet; she turned her impressive, pale face towards me, with a far off look in her blue-grey eyes, and spoke so calmly:—"There is a beautiful girl standing there," pointing to the foot of the couch, "she has a beautiful face and form, very fair wavy hair, and wonderful large blue eyes. I cannot say what age she is—something between twenty-four and eighteen—she may be more. She is just a beautiful young woman, and says that she is your sister; also that you have another sister in spirit life much older and very dark complexioned." The descriptions corresponded to the likeness of my two sisters, who passed away years ago in England, the fair one being a little girl of three years when she passed away, and her principle features were her large blue eyes and flaxen curls; had she been among us still, she would be about twenty-seven years of age, the dark sister fifty-three, and it is forty years since she left us, so that the seeress could have no personal knowledge of either of them. Then she proceeded: "There is also a little girl with large violet

eyes and fair wavy hair, with a Grecian cast of face. The child says she is your daughter." The seeress looked at me enquiringly, but I did not speak, only shook my head. I readily recognised my sisters, but was at a loss to account for a baby girl. However, the seeress went on: "The child was prematurely born here, some shock—accidental or otherwise—broke the outward bond between you long before the little form matured, but it is the *soul* incarnates the body, and it lives and unfolds in soul-life, you give it your magnetism unconsciously. She wants you to love her, to think of her every day. Your loving thoughts will greatly enhance her soul-growth, this will in some measure compensate for the premature breaking up of the earth-form, which must ever be a misfortune." Then the truth dawned upon my mind, a careless act of mine had deprived me of my much longed for daughter—on this outer plane at least. What a wave of emotion swelled up within my heart, as I thought of the many mothers who destroy these buds from soul-life, never thinking there is the least responsibility attached to the act. I tried to be outwardly calm, while I asked, "Can you see others?" "No; but your pretty daughter says she has two brothers with her." I knew of these, but alas! not a word of the truth that there is individuality from the moment of conception—and it was a revelation to my heart that will never be forgotten. I had hindered the souls, celestial mothers had sent to bless my home and incarnate in matter—for experience and perfection—but I will tell all mothers and abjure them to think many times before they assume these grave responsibilities, unless quite able to go through the loving duty, who that has a loving heart could thus put obstacles in the way of their own *own* lambs.

MATER.

IN MEMORIAM OF HAROLD LONSDALE BOLD,

SON OF S. B. AND E. H. BOLD.

BY D. CHAMMIER.

To the drear gloom of Ignorance comes Death;
And frail Humanity trembles at the parting,
At the harsh Severance of the ties of Love,
At the cold, vacant place within the Home,
At the dark, grim, Unknown, Unspeakable,
And lives in terror at the Dweller on the Threshold;
But to those Blest ones, on whose happy task
The break of the Day of Ever-Living Truth,
And Wisdom, smiling, dawns its Ray of Light,
The pang of grief gives place to Thankful calm,

The cry of Anguish, to content and Resignation,
Age, Joy, and Gladness sweet, that a soul, at last
Hast cast away its cumbering Earthly shackles;
Burst off the bonds of sense and Real Lust,
And wafted, sweetly, into spheres of Happy Space,
There, Spirit essence floats with *All-Pervading*
Prayer, and with ever-rising, deepening Love,
Until it merges into, —Nirvana one with
God, Prince of Universe, Star of myriad worlds,
Vast, All-comprehensive, Limitless *I am*,

THE NATURE AND CONSTITUTION OF THE EGO.

FROM THE PERFECT WAY.

Evolution as revealed by the facts of physical science is inexplicable on the materialistic hypothesis, as also are the facts of occult experience and science. This is because, by its failure to recognise consciousness as subsisting prior to organism, and inherent in substance, that hypothesis ignores the condition essential to Evolution. But for Evolution something more even than consciousness is requisite—namely, Memory. For Memory is the condition of segregation: the cause and consequence of individualisation. Hence every molecule, both in its individual and its collective capacity, is capable of memory; for every experience leaves, in its degree, its impression or scar on the substance of the molecule, to be transmitted to its descendants. This memory of the most striking effects of past experiences is the differentiating cause which, accumulates over countless generations, leads up from the *Amaeba* to man. Were there no such Memory, instead of progress, or Evolution, there would be a circle returning into and repeating itself; whereas, the modifying effects of accumulated experience convert what would otherwise be a circle into a spiral, whose excentricity—though imperceptible at the outset—becomes greater and more complex at every step. Consciousness being inherent in substance, every molecule in the Universe is able to feel and obey after its kind—the inorganic as well as the organic—between which there is no absolute distinction, as ordinarily supposed. For even the stone has a moral platform, embracing a respect for and obedience to the laws of gravitation and chemical affinity. Wherever there are vibration and motion, there are life and memory; and there are vibration and motion at all times and in all things. Herein may be seen the cause of the failure of the attempt to divide the Ego from the non-Ego. Strictly speaking, there is only one thing and one action; for unconsciousness is no more a positive thing than darkness. It is the privation, more or less complete, of consciousness, as obscurity is of

light. We come now to speak of the substantial Ego, the Soul or *Psyche*, the superior human system. In every living entity there are four inherent powers.

We are speaking now not of component parts, but forces. The first and lowest mode of power is the mechanical, the second is the chemical, the third is the electrical—an order which includes the mental, and the fourth is the physical. The first three belong to the domain of physiological science; the last to that of spiritual science. It is this last mode of power which belongs to the “Immaculate and Essential.” It is inherent in the Substantial, and is, therefore, a permanent and indefeasible quantity. It is in the *Arche*, and is wherever there is organic life, thus is *Psyche* at once the “living mother” and “mother of the living.” And she is from the Beginning latent and diffused in all matter. She is the unmanifest, by the Divine will made manifest; the invisible, by energy made visible. Wherefore every manifested entity is a Trinity, whose three “persons” are—that which makes visible, that which is made visible, and that which is visible. Such are Force, Substance, and the expression or “Word” of these. Of this Energy, or Primordial Force, there are two modes—for everything is dual—the centrifugal, or accelerating force, and the centripetal, or moderating force; of which the latter, in being derivative reflex, and complementary, is as feminine to the other’s masculine. By means of the first mode, substance becomes matter. By means of the second mode, substance resumes her first condition. In all matter there is a tendency to revert to substance, and hence to polarise Soul by means of Evolution. For the instant the centrifugal mode of force comes into action, that instant its derivative, the centripetal force begins also to exercise its influence. And the primordial substance has no sooner assumed the condition of matter than matter itself begins to differentiate, being actuated by its

inherent force—and by differentiation to beget individualities.

Then Psyche, at once abstract and universal, becomes concrete and individual, and through the gate of matter issues forth into the new life. A minute spark in the globule, she becomes—by continual accretion and centralisation—a refulgent blaze in the globe. As along a chain of nerve-cells the current of magnetic energy flows to its central point,—being conveyed, as is a mechanical shock, along a series of units, with ever-culminating impetus,—so is the psychic energy throughout nature developed. Hence the necessity of centres, of associations, of organisms. And thus, by the systematisation of congeries of living entities, that which in each is little, becomes great in the whole. The *quality* of Psyche is ever the same; her potentiality is invariable. Our souls then are agglomerate essences of the numberless consciousnesses composing us. They have *grown*, evolving gradually from rudimentary entities which were themselves evolved, by polarisation, from gaseous and mineral matter. And these entities combine and coalesce to form higher—because more complex—entities, the soul of the individual representing the combined forces of their manifold consciousnesses, polarised and centralised into an indefeasible unity. While the material and the psychical are to each other respectively the world of Causes and the world of Effects, the material is, itself, the effect of the spiritual, being the middle term between the spiritual and the psychical. It is therefore true that organism is the result of Idea, and that mind is the cause of Evolution. The explanation is, that mind is before matter in its *abstract*, though not in its *concrete* condition. This is to say, that mind, greater than, and yet identical with, that which results from organism, precedes and is the cause of organism. This Mind is God, as subsisting prior to and apart from creation, which is manifestation. God is spirit or essential substance, and is impersonal if the term *person* be taken in its etymological sense, but personal in the highest and truest sense, if the conception be of essential consciousness. For God has no limitations. God is a pure and naked fire burning in infinitude,

whereof a flame subsists in all creatures. The Cosmos is a tree having innumerable branches, each connected with and springing out of various boughs, and these again originating in and nourished by one stem and root. And God is a fire burning in this tree, and yet consuming it not. God is *I AM*. Such is the nature of infinite and essential Being. And such is God before the world's. What then is the purpose of Evolution and separation into many forms—the meaning, that is, of Life? Life is the elaboration of soul through the varied transformations of matter. Spirit is essential and perfect in itself, having neither beginning nor end. Soul is secondary and perfected, being begotten of Spirit. Spirit is the first principle, and is abstract. Soul is the derivative, and is therefore concrete. Spirit is thus the primary Adam, and Soul is Eve, the "Woman" taken out of the side of the "Man." The essential principle of personality—that which constitutes personality in its highest sense—is consciousness, is spirit; and this is God. Wherefore the highest and innermost principle of every monad is God. But this primary principle—being naked essence—could not be separated off into individuals unless contained and limited by a secondary principle. This principle—being derived—is necessarily, evolved. Spirit, therefore, is projected into the condition of matter in order that soul may be evolved thereby. Soul is begotten in matter by means of polarisation; and spirit, of which all matter consists, returns to its essential nature in soul—this being the medium in which spirit is individualised—and from abstract becomes concrete; so that by means of creation God the One becomes God in the Many.

PART II.

We have spoken of an outer personality and an inner personality, and of a material consciousness as differing from a spiritual consciousness. We have now to speak of a spiritual energy as differing from a material energy. The energy whereby the Soul polarises and accretes, is not dependent upon the undulations of the ether as are material energies. The astral ether is the first state of matter. And to the first state of matter corresponds the primordial force, the rotatory

or centrifugal and centripetal in one. But before and within force is Will; that is, Necessity, which is the will of God. It is inherent in substance, which is the medium in which it operates. Such as the primordial will is in relation to the primordial substance, the individual will is to the derived Soul. And when the current of spiritual energy, or will, is strong enough in the complex organism to polarise and kindle centrally, then the individual Psyche conceives Divinity within her and becomes God-conscious. In the rudimentary stages of matter, this current is not strong enough or continuous enough thus to polarise. When Psyche has once gathered force sufficient to burn centrally, her flame is not quenched by the disintegration of the physical elements. These, indeed, fall asunder and desquamate many times during life; yet the conscious and memory remain the same. We have not in our physical bodies a single particle which we had some few years ago, and yet our ego is the same and our thought continuous. The Psyche in us, therefore, has grown up out of many elements; and their interior egos are perpetuated in our interior ego, because their psychic force is centralised in our individuality. And when our Psyche is disengaged from the disintegrating particles of our systems, she will—after due purgation—

go forth to new affinities and the reversion of matter to substance will still continue.

It is asked—If the Soul be immaculate, how comes she to be attracted by material affinities? The reply is, that the link between her and earth is that which the Hindus call *Karma*, namely, the results of past conduct, and consequent destiny. Immaculate though she be in her virginal essence, Psyche is not the “espoused Bride” until the bond between her and the earth be severed. And this can only be when every molecule of her essence is pervaded by spirit, and indissolubly married therewith, as God with *Arche* in the Principle.

The Soul, like water, can never really be other than “immaculate,” and hence the peculiar property of water as the mystical symbol for the Soul. Being a chemical combination of two gases—hydrogen and oxygen—themselves pure, water itself also is pure, and cannot be otherwise. The condition called foulness occurs, not by the admission of foreign substances entering into combination with it, but only by mechanical admixture with these, and the holding of them in suspension in such wise that they may be eliminated by distillation. Such is the relation of the Soul to “sin.” When regeneration—the equivalent of distillation—is accomplished, “Karma” is no longer operative.

A SPIRIT GUARDIAN.

I think that through the dismal night
A spirit robed in purest white
Is walking, veiled from mortal sight.

A figure, which I cannot see,
And yet its hand all tenderly
Is in my own, and leadeth me.

I cannot see it, yet I know
The spirit by my side; and lo!
Its light is with me as I go.

An inward light of love and peace
That follows me, and will not cease,
But strengthens with a fond increase.

A light that sometimes, when my fears
Are blinding me with mist and tears,
Like an unclouded East appears.

And though I stray in lands unknown,
That spirit-hand within my own
Will never let me feel alone.

For, when the way is dark and long,
And spectre forms around me throng,
To still my laugh and hush my song.

When through a weary desert land
I falter, and can scarcely stand,
I feel the comfort of that hand.

What though there spreads a mist to hide,
The figure walking at my side,
The gulf is neither deep nor wide.

And when at last my journey done,
Shall bring the setting of the sun,
And end of labours now begun.

I think the close of life will be,
A Sundered veil, when I may see
The spirit-guardian leading me.

ARTHUR L. SALMON,

OCCULT PHENOMENA.

The Rev. Charles Beecher says—My Mother was frequently absent minded, and would do strange and unaccountable things, and wonder why she did them. Once, while sitting quietly in her room, she felt impelled to leave her chair and open a door. Having done so, she waited a moment, and then felt a second impulse to open an outside carriage door. Having done this, she ran rapidly to an old carriage house, and arrived just in time to save the life of her youngest child, who had fallen through an old carriage, and was caught in such a way that he could not extricate himself, and must soon have strangled.

Dr. George Wyld in writing of Anaesthetics says: The grand facts are that, when under the complete influence of Anaesthetics the *body* is as dead, for you may cut it to pieces without producing any pain, while at the same moment the mind *seems to itself* to be outside the body and revelling in the most ecstatic visions and delights.

These great facts seem to me to demonstrate the existence of the Soul as a reasoning faculty independent of fleshly organization; and if so, they go to prove that the Soul lives when the body is dead. If this can be maintained, then the demonstration of the existence of the Soul is as provable as the complex structure of physical compounds is provable by chemical analysis; and if so, then we have a psychology amenable to exact science.

The following is related of Schopenhauer, the great German Pessimist and Author;—while engaged in Literary work:—He emptied his inkstand by mistake instead of the sandbox on a freshly written page. The ink flowed down upon the floor and the chambermaid was summoned to wipe it up. While doing so, she remarked that she had dreamed the night before of wiping up ink from the floor of that room. When Schopenhauer questioned her statement, she referred him to the maid who had slept with her and to whom she had related the dream on awaking. He called the other maid, and before she could communicate with her fellow servant and asked her. What did that girl dream of last night? "I don't know." Yes you do, she told you her dream in the morning. Oh I remember. She told me she dreamed of wiping up ink in your library. If this was a solitary instance of the sort it would be too trivial to notice. But thousands of such dreams on record prove the Clairvoyance of the Soul.

Dr. Peebles in giving the results of his voyage around the world tells the following experience with an Indian Yogi:—The old man said, "If you will take your seats I will say my prayers; then I think I shall have power to move any object in this room." He prayed. I saw on the table a manuscript book, also some peacocks feathers. Having gone through the prayers, and burned incense; "Now," said he, "I have the power to move by my will. If you please to call it, I will command anything in this room to move." I said will you please to move that book on the stand. He pointed to it, and said, "come this way." The book trembled, fell to the floor, and slipped along the floor to his feet. He told the feathers to come. They leaped around the room. I was astonished. I said tell me how you do this. He said, "you, an enlightened man, ask a poor Brahmin Heathen how he does this! I believe in Brahm, the one living and true God. He moves all material things, and just as far as I become Brahm like, just so far as I control my passions, subdue my earthly nature and live in the divine, in the same ratio have I power to move anything within the range of my voice or my radiations." And so, said he, "by prayer, by holy life I obtain this divine power from Brahm." And then he told me how he lived; about his bathing, about his food, about his prayers; a most devout life.

In confirmation of the doctrine of Re-incarnation as believed in by the Druses, Laurence Oliphant relates the following remarkable circumstance:—He says, a Druse child, five years old, complained of the life of poverty which his parents led, and alleged that he had been a rich man in Damascus, that on his death he was born in another place, but lived only six months; that he was born again among his present friends, and desired to be carried to his native city. He was taken there by his parents, and on the way astonished them by his correct knowledge of the names of the different places which they passed. On reaching the city he led the way through the various streets to a house which he said had been his own. He knocked, and called the woman of the house by her name, and on being admitted, told her that he had been her husband, and asked after the welfare of the several children, relatives and acquaintances whom he had left. All was found to be strictly true, except a small sum of money which he said a certain weaver owed him. The man was called, and on the claim being

mentioned to him, he acknowledged it, pleading his poverty for not having paid it to the children of the deceased. The child then asked the woman, who had been his wife, whether she had found a sum of money which he had hid in the cellar, and on her replying in the negative, he went directly to the place, dug up the treasure, and counted it before them. The money was found to be exactly of the amount and kind of specie which he had specified.

In an old number of *Chambers' Journal* we find the following interesting case of mental prescience related by a writer who says: At the time I have alluded to, I attended a Church among the members of which a certain question was then causing a great amount of excitement. Feeling ran very high and meetings were called time after time to discuss the matter, which touched upon the acts of certain officials. An anti-official party was formed, and I took an active part in its movements. I thought a great injustice was being done, and I did all I could to right matters. Well a meeting was called one evening in a room not connected with the church, and we malcontents were to be present to discuss the matters in dispute. Our Clergyman was exceedingly anxious that party feeling should not run so high as to cause any rupture in the church. That anxiety on his part was put very strongly to me a few hours before the meeting, at which he was not expected to be present; hence, I was exceedingly anxious that we should not do anything to give him personally any offence. I attended the meeting, having had to hurry from my business to be there in time. The meeting was an exciting one. I spoke in it. I know I had an excruciating headache; and when I sat down another speaker followed. I listened to him for a minute or two when such was the pain in my head, that I rested it on my hand and my elbow on my knee, and pressed my aching brow. I at once fell into a semi-conscious state, or a kind of half dream. Call it what you like. I was perfectly unconscious of what was going on around me, though I felt I was in the meeting. In that state I saw as in a vision, our Clergyman walk in, and of course his presence under such circumstances created some little excitement. He told us why he had come, and indeed, spoke, as I thought, for about a quarter of an hour, and then bowed himself out. On that, I again, as it were came to myself.

Now to show that I had only been an inappreciable small time in that semi-conscious state, I may mention that I found that the same speaker was on his legs, and that I had

not lost a single sentence of what he said. Of course, up to that time our minister had not been in. But the marvellous part of the story is, that a very short time afterwards, and whilst the same speaker was still addressing the meeting, the minister came in just as I had seen him in my "vision," and delivered precisely, the same speech as I had heard him deliver when I was in the state described, and went out exactly as I had seen him do before.

In a work called "Far Out," by Colonel Butler, we find the following narrative:—On the banks of the great Mackenzie River (Canada) were two groups of wooden houses occupied by some half-dozen white men, the only denizens at that time for hundreds of miles. In one of these huts some twenty years ago an old man—a Scotchman from the Isles—lay dying. It was the depth of the dead winter, and those who dwell in less rigorous climates can form little notion of its intensity. The whole waste of earth and water was locked in the embrace of frost and snow. As the old man felt himself going, he called to his bedside a kinsman of his own, a young Scotchman, and made him promise solemnly that he would carry his body and lay it in the graveyard on the island at Fort Simpson. It was many a long day's journey, and the road was rough and, in winter, well nigh impracticable. He promised nevertheless, and the old fur-trader died content as the sun rose. "Daylight," he said; "get the snow shoes ready, the road is long; it's time to start." And so he died. The promise must be kept. The dead body was placed on a narrow sledge, wrapped in canvas; another sledge carried necessary provisions, and eight dogs were selected for the long haul. The young Scotchman and his French-Canadian companion set out on their desolate journey. All went well till the seventh evening, when all the efforts of the dogs were unavailing to drag the heavy sledge containing the dead body of their master up the steep hill that intervened before the camping-ground was reached. Precious time was being lost, and it was determined to leave the sledge till daylight should enable the march to be resumed. What evil could happen to the dead in that vast solitude? The camp was made, trees felled, snow cleared, and the evening meal was being prepared when the young Scotchman ceased his work, and listened as though he heard some sound. "Gaudit, did you speak?" "No; what did you hear?" Before the other could reply there passed through the forest as distinctly as human voice could utter the sound, the word "*Marche!*" a word uttered often enough in dog-driving, but

said now in a tone of deep suppressed suffering, in an accent strangely familiar to both men. It was the voice of the old master, of the man whose dead body they were bearing to the grave. A third time the word was repeated in the same agonised tones, and the very dogs rose from their lairs in the snow and listened with ears erect to the well known sound. Instinctively the two men moved towards the river and looked for the sledge which they had left half-way up the hill. There it lay in the cold moonlight, and beside it was crouched a large wolf, whose saw-like teeth were busy in cutting the lines that bound the body to its bier. Startled by their cries, it made off, and the cause of the weird order was manifest. A third of the journey only was completed, and the remaining two-thirds were fraught with peril and with dire scarcity of food. The distance had been under-estimated, and the dogs were so ill-fed that at length starvation drove them to a mad intensity of fierceness. The twentieth night found the camp within 20 miles of Fort Simpson. The last morsel had been flung to the starving dogs, and all was quiet. It was about the middle of the night when a sharp cry echoed through the forest, and brought both men to their feet, "Marche!" "The same voice again," said the Scotchman; "something is wrong." As he listened he heard the snarling and snapping of teeth that told him the dogs had got something which they were tearing. It flashed upon him what had happened. The sledge was empty. They had dragged the body into the forest. Plunging down the steep, they drove the maddened beasts away, and found that it was even so. The canvas coverings had been torn to shreds, and nothing but the marble substance of the frozen flesh had saved it from destruction. The next day the fateful journey was accomplished, and the body of the old hunter, which his spirit had watched so well, was laid in the spot that he had selected.

SUPERNATURAL VOICES.—Dante in the 1st canto of the *Inferno* or *Divina Comedia* meets a ghost, whom he thus addresses—

I pray thee pity me, whate'er thou art,
A shade or living man! I was thus, I cried.
It answered: "No man am I, I was a man."

Dante's conversations with the shade of Beatrice, whom he had loved in life are proverbial. Tasso had a warning spirit like Socrates, and like him, underwent the severest persecutions and imprisonment for conscience sake. "Tasso sometimes questioned and sometimes answered, and by his answers I guessed the meaning of what he had heard. The subject of this conversation was so elevated that I myself fell into a sort of ecstasy."

Milton had a spirit monition, whom he thus apostrophises in *Paradise Lost*—

Descend from Heaven, Monia, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine I was
Following, above the Olympion Hills,
Above the flights of Pegasean wing.

Charles Dickens, in a letter to Forster, the author of the *Life of Charles Dickens*, says:—
When in the midst of this trouble and pain, I sit down to my books, some beneficent power shows it all to me, and tempts me to be interested; and I don't invent it—really I do not—but see it and write it down.

James T. Field, Dickens' American publisher, says Dickens told him that when writing *The Old Curiosity Shop*, little Nell was constantly at my elbow, no matter where he might happen to be, claiming his attention and demanding his sympathy, as if jealous when he spoke to anybody else. When he was writing *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mrs. Gamp kept him in such paroxysms of laughter by *whispering to him* in the most inopportune places—sometimes even in church—that he was compelled to fight her off by main force, when he did not want her company, and threatened to have nothing more to do with her unless she could behave better, and come only when she was called.

Mrs. W. H. Beecher Stowe tells us that she did not write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it was given to her, it passed before her. She had to tell it as it came and suffered in so doing.

George Elliot declared that her best work was done when there was *a not herself which took possession of her*, and that she felt her personality to be only an instrument through which this spirit was acting.

Longfellow says of a Poet, himself most likely—

"Far voices pursue him by day,
And hunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey
When the Angel says Write."

George Fox, the founder of the Quakers, heard voices which told him of the faults of society and how to amend them. Neipio Agricanno, on the authority of Cicero, affirmed that he was guided by supernatural beings, and conversed with them. Mahomed heard an angel speak to him when living in a cave in the deserts of Arabia, who sent him on his mission.

Socrates had his Daemon who instructed him, and Joan of Arc her voices. A great religious festival is to be held in the Cathedral at Rheims, to commemorate the exploits of the *Maid of Orleans*. A special mass being composed for the occasion by M. Gounod, in which he has introduced a solo for the violin with *obligato* organ accompaniment, intended to represent those *interior voices* which Joan always professed to follow.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Thos. Lees, in writing from Cleveland to the *Banner of Light* concerning mental cure, says:— "Already we have had, and have yet, several professors and teachers in this city. Many, mostly ladies, have joined classes, and some few have visited other cities (mostly Chicago and Boston) to study the same. Several clergymen are reported to have preached on the subject. Occult literature is in demand, and Theosophy and Gnosticism are everywhere discussed.

The Two Worlds is to be the name of a new paper published in Manchester, England, of which Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten is to be the editor. With Mrs. Britten's long experience in the study of the Occult, and world-wide acquaintance with the most advanced minds in this field, the paper cannot fail to be one of great interest to all earnest Spiritualists and Occult students.

In passing from town to town and city to city in different parts of the world we are often led to enter the Catholic Church or Cathedral for a little rest and quiet reflection—that, unlike Protestant churches, always stand open and accessible to everybody—a sanctuary of silence and meditation and repose, except when—

"Through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the notes of praise."

This is a beautiful custom of the Catholic Church, and should be copied by all denominations. The Church of the future, through all its life and activity, will be thus forever open and hospitable to all men and to the spirit of all Truth. As we have sat in these churches observing, here and there, a poor, hard-working servant girl telling her beads and crossing herself before the blessed Virgin, or a child kneeling in devotion, and a priest entering the confessional, we have thought of the words of Emerson—

I like a monk, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the Soul,
And on my heart monastic ailes
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowed Churchman be.

To Emerson had come a larger Faith and a clearer knowledge, and so while we see the clearer light, yet like him, we can love any place where our fellow-men go to think of and pray to God.

Count Leo Tolstoi, of Russia, has written two wonderful books—*My Confession* and *My*

Religion. As they have made a deep impression on the reading public, the Rev. Minot Savage, of Boston, has made them the subject of a sermon. When Tolstoi repeats the precepts of Christ and insists that each man and the whole world should be ruled by them till the life of the race realises the Saviour's ideal of meekness, of forgiveness, of charity, of humble toil and contented poverty, Mr. Savage answers—Yes, these are unquestionably the precepts of Christ, but Christ believed that even in His own time the world was near its end, and His precepts were never meant for the founding of a civilisation but for the government of the little body of His immediate followers. Christ, he says, was a Supremely Good Soul, but He was an inferior intellect; and Tolstoi, in attempting to rehabilitate Him as a practical reformer, is a still lower intellect. Mr. Savage is generally regarded as the leader of the Radical and advance wing of the Unitarian body. He has done much good work in the way of emancipating men's minds from the Old fears and superstitions, and yet holding them with hard-set faces Godward. But from such expressions as these, we see how little the New life and true reading of the Christ life and teaching has to hope from those who have set up the Intellect as High Priest in the Temple of Religion. Tolstoi approaching the subject of Religion through his own heart experiences has done much more to quicken the religious life of the world than has been achieved by all of the same school as Mr. Savage. Every day we meet with those who have approached the subject of the religious life only—on the Intellectual side—who seem to us to be farther off from the solution of the problem than the most ignorant Salvation Army exhorter. Many have made the same mistake in their studies of the Occult and Esoteric side of Truth. We would not undervalue intellectual power and culture. But when it is made the shore of life and we say to the heart and Soul "thus far shalt thou go and no further," we put up a barrier to all true progress. The results of this method on the plane of external Religious study are egotism and injustice, while on the subjective plane they are insanity, obsession and spiritual impotence. If Mr. Savage ever comes to understand the Christ-Truth he will find that the light of Intuition is as much brighter than that of the Intellect as the sun is brighter than the feeble glimmer of a glow-worm.

The World's Advance Thought is calling upon all sorts and conditions of men to combine on

the 27th day of each month in Soul-communion at an hour corresponding to midnight at Salem, Oregon, U.S.A. The object is stated to be—"Through unity in aspiration and co-operation of thought to seek higher truths and secure universal peace." "Self must be lost sight of during the half-hour of communion, and every Soul must be given up to Universal Love." No student of the Occult can refuse to admit that in such communion as this we place ourselves in relation with the world of Spirit in a way that opens out indefinite possibilities that may raise and ennoble the aspiring Soul. We welcome this sign of spiritual development.

Thomas Lake Harris, in *The Wedding Guest*, says:—Strength and valour, intelligence and usefulness, the inspiration and persistence both of man and woman in the kingdom of the new life, are dependent on the incarnation of the counterparts, dependent on the invigoration of the feminine in the masculine and the invigoration of the masculine in the feminine. Woman truly and fitly insexed in her counterpartal frame finds for the first time an organic basis for her intelligence. These superior beings reveal themselves in the Soul-life of incarnate human beings objectively to the inner sight and even to the sense-sight of the outer.

Since writing the second chapter of "The Sacred Heart," we have received Laurence Oliphant's "Haifa," his new book on Palestine. In it are many things quite apropos to the geographical importance of this long reputed Holy Land.

One thing especially noteworthy is the Temple Society, a religious body of more than 5000 members, of whom more than 300 are in America, 1000 in Palestine, and the remainder scattered over Europe, principally in Germany, Russia, and Switzerland. The founder of the organisation is Prof. Christophe Hoffman, of Wurtemberg, a Lutheran minister and Principal of a College in Switzerland. Prof. Hoffman, who was an ardent opponent of the modern and sceptical tendency of German thought, attributed its growing influence to the feeble opposition offered to it by the Church, and maintained that its impotency to arrest the evil arose from the inconsistent practice of its members with the moral teaching which they professed. An earnest study of the Scriptures led him to regard the present as the time prophesied for the return of the Christ. We are not informed whether he penetrated below the surface to the spiritual

meaning of this great Truth or not. It became, however, in connection with the need of a reform in the Church in the direction of a greater consistency between the profession and life of its members—the ruling conviction of his life. For this he suffered persecution. For this he was tried and expelled from his Church for heresy. For this he laboured with constant zeal and unflagging enthusiasm. Believing that in some way Palestine was to be the centre of the new Spiritual dispensation, in 1868 Mr. Hoffman and some of his followers started a colony in this country, and selected as a place of settlement some of the fertile lands at the foot of Mt. Carmel, near Haifa. After overcoming many difficulties, these courageous settlers hold hundreds of acres of fine arable and vine land, free of all encumbrance, and their well cultivated fields, trim gardens, and substantial white stone mansions form a most agreeable and unexpected picture of civilisation upon this semi-barbarous coast. Their influence has also been felt by the Arabs, who have adopted many of their improved methods of life and farming. Unlike many other bodies, they have wisely refrained from meddling with the religious convictions and customs of the people of the country. Their whole effort has been to commend their religion by scrupulous honesty in their dealings, by the harmony and simplicity of their conduct, and by the active industry of their lives. We hail this information as a Star shining in the East, pointing us to the speedy regeneration of the World's Heart in Body, Mind, and Soul, and with the author of "Haifa." Let us hope that the sixty or seventy substantial houses of the new colony are but the outward and visible signs of that moral edifice which these good people have gone to Palestine to erect, and that amidst and from the ruins of a crumbling ecclesiasticism they may build a temple worthy the worship of the future.

Concerning progress in Palestine we learn the following interesting and suggestive facts: Almost every acre of the plain of Esdraelon is at this moment in the highest state of cultivation; that it is perfectly safe to ride across it unarmed in any direction; that so far from plundering and despoiling villages the few Bedouins, whose "black tabernacles" are now confined to the Southern margin of the plain, have, in their turn become the plundered and despoiled, for they are all reduced to the position of being subject to inexorable landlords who charge them exorbitantly for the land which they occupy, and for which they pay in hard cash, under penalty of instant ejection, which is

ruthlessly enforced so that the inhabitants of the villages, with which the plain is now dotted, live in perfect security; though more than twenty years have elapsed since it was predicted that "in ten years more there will not be an inhabited village in Esdraelon." It looks today like a huge green lake of waving wheat, with its village-crowned mounds rising from it like islands. The prevailing opinion that Palestine is a barren waste is ardently combated. Our Author says, few travellers see more than the beaten routes, where the hills happen to be unusually stony and barren; but the extent of the population which once inhabited the country furnishes the best evidence of what it is capable of supporting, and its capacities in this respect have been most forcibly dwelt upon by the Officers engaged in the survey of the Country for the Palestine Exploration Fund, who have enjoyed unequalled opportunities of judging upon the question. The fact that the resident Jewish agricultural population of Galilee alone amounts to over a thousand souls, is probably one which will astonish Western Jews more than any one else, but I have verified it by actually visiting myself the localities in which they are engaged in their farming operations, and am not giving the number without having arrived at it upon sure data.

This increasing tendency to flock into the Holy Land is not confined however to Jews alone. There is an annual augmentation in the number of pilgrims who invade it, of nearly all the Christian sects, besides those who establish themselves here under the influence of various religious hobbies. Thus the foreign and Jewish population of this country is constantly increasing, and the effect of this influx is more strikingly marked at Jerusalem than elsewhere. There is probably no city in the dominion of the Sultan which has undergone more change during the last few years than Jerusalem, and as any change which implies progress, implies also the increase of foreign influence, and is always viewed with suspicion by the Porte; the march of events in Palestine is watched by Turkish statesmen with a jealousy which finds its expression in a persistent effort to oppose it. As, however, the basis of the movement to which Jerusalem owes its increase during recent years is a religious one, and is founded upon a sentiment which proverbially thrives by opposition, all efforts to retard the influx of

population and capital into the Holy City have proved unavailing. Owing to increased facilities of travel, the pilgrimages both of the Greek and Latin Churches have been more numerous. A new feature is that some of the richer pilgrims from time to time establish themselves here. The Protestant sects are constantly enlarging the field of their operations, and new charitable and educational establishments are springing up from year to year. An American Society of Second Adventists has been resident here for some years, while isolated religious enthusiasts find in the Holy City an appropriate dwelling place. The price of land has risen fifty per cent., and is still constantly rising. New hotels and shops have been opened to meet the increasing demand. Within the last twenty years the population of the Holy City has doubled.

Among all the different Nationalities and Sects now resident in Jerusalem, which as a rule hold each other in holy abhorrence, it is singular that they all have one view in common, or rather perhaps, it should be said that they all seem to labour under one impression or presentiment, and that is that before very long the Holy City will undergo a change of some sort. This expectation is of course colored by the national and religious proclivities of those who cherish it. But whatever our sympathy may be with these views the mere fact that so many nations and races of diverse religions, from one point of view or another, centre their political and religious aspirations upon this spot, makes it the most interesting City upon the earth's surface.

All this we believe points to a new and blessed Avatar of Spiritual Truth once more about to visit the earth, and that as this new illumination is to consist in the unfolding the Gnosis or Esoteric significance of a former Avatar that had its origin in Palestine, this land is again to become the centre and radiating point of the new dispensation.

It is reported that Professor Huxley has made some extensive investigations into the phenomena of Spiritualism, and has expressed a wish to continue his inquiry.

Wm. A. Mansfield, so well-known at Cassadaga Camp and through Michigan as a psychographic medium, has gone to Boston to attend the Monroe College of Oratory.

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

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

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