

OTHER MEN'S BIBLES.

The Elements Shall Melt With Fervent Heat.

When by dearth and fire all the worlds and Patalas (hells) are withered up . . . the progress of elemental dissolution is begun. Then, first the waters swallow up the property of Earth (which is the rudiment of smell), and Earth deprived of this property proceeds to destruction—and becomes one with water . . . when the universe is thus pervaded by the waves of the watery element, its rudimentary flavor is locked up by the elements of fire . . . on account of which the waters themselves are destroyed . . . and become one with fire; and the Universe is, therefore, entirely filled with flame (ethereal) which gradually overspreads the whole world. While Space is one flame, the element of wind seizes upon the rudimental property or form, which is the cause of light, and that being withdrawn (pralina) all becomes of the nature of air. The rudiment of form being destroyed, and Vibhavasū (fire) "deprived of its rudiment, air extinguishes fire and spreads over space, which is deprived of light when fire merges into air. Air, then, accompanied by sound, which is the source of Ether, extends everywhere throughout the ten regions. . . until Ether seizes upon cohesion (Sparsa—Touch) its rudimental property, by the loss of which, air is destroyed, and KHA remains unmodified; devoid of form, flavor, touch (Sparsa), and smell, it exists, embodied (murtimat) and vast, and pervades the whole Space. Akasa, whose characteristic property and rudiment is sound (the "Word"), occupies the whole containment of Space. Then the origin (Noumenon) of the Elements (Blutadi), devours sound (collective Demiurgos); and the hosts of Dhyan Chohans (Arch angels), and all the existing elements (Angels, etc.) are at once merged into their origin. The primary Element, Consciousness, combined with tamasa (spiritual darkness) is itself disintegrated by MAHAT (the Universal Intellect), whose characteristic property is Buddhi (wisdom) and earth and MAHAT are the inner and outer boundaries of the Universe. [Thus as in the beginning] were the seven forms of Prakriti (nature) reckoned from MAHAT to earth, so these seven successive re-enter each other.

The Egg of Brahma (Sarvamandala) is dissolved in the waters that surround it.

with its seven zones (dwipas), seven oceans, seven regions, and their mountains; the investure of water is drunk by the fire; the (stratum of) fire is absorbed by (that of) air; air blends itself with ether (Akasa); the Blutadi (the origin, or rather the cause, of the primary element) devours the ether and is (itself) destroyed by MAHAT (the Great, the Universal Mind), which along with all these is seized upon by Prakriti and disappears. The Prakriti (Nature) is essentially the same, whether discrete or indiscrete; only that which is discrete is finally absorbed by and lost in the indiscrete. PUMS (Spirit) also, which is one, pure, imperishable, eternal, all-pervading, is a portion of that Supreme Spirit which is all things. That Spirit (Sarvesa) which is other than (embodied) Spirit, and in which there are no attributes of name, species (nama: and jati, or rupa, hence body rather than species), or the like—remains as the sole Existence (Satta). . . . Prakriti (Nature) and Purusha (Spirit) both resolving finally into SUPREME SPIRIT.

Translated from the Vishnu Purana, a Hindu Scripture, in "The Secret Doctrine." Vishnu is the second Person of the Hindu Trinity.

SPARKS.

It is more blessed to give than receive—especially when its only trouble.

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Do the political reformers of all kinds ever remember that "My kingdom is not of this world?"

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If the revelations are continued Toronto will soon have nothing to hide her shame with but the little fig-leaf apron of Sabbatarianism

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"Cycle finish" is offered by THE LAMP as a translation for "fin-de-siecle." You apply it like stove polish, and you are not up to date if you are not smeared over with it, but you must go on wheels to fully appreciate its value.

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"We don't believe in distinction of races," cried the orator, as the man with the horse-shoe pin in his tie passed the crowd at the corner. "That's me every time, now. I do like steeple-chasing, but I make no distinctions. Jumping or running, trotting or pacing, I don't care which, so long's I can see them go."