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"IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT MYSTIC VASE-MAN."

Truth is a mirror wherein every man sees his own face. The Bibles of the world are mirrors in which men read their own hearts.

Such a mirror and such a book is the reviewed of all reviewers—"Eti-dorhpa." Doctors of divinity, having perused it, thank God for "proof of the teachings of Christ as to the super physical world;" literary men talk about Dante, Bunyan, Goethe, Hugo, Hawthorne; philosopher-folk emit platitudes about horrible vices and transcendent virtues; physicists find Tesla and Roentgen forestalled; chemists get suggestions that a Crookes or a Rayleigh may spend an incarnation in determining; ordinary novel-readers receive unwonted and grateful stimulus; critics exhaust their adjectives and seek within their theme for a fresh supply;—the mirror reflects, indeed; and will reflect Heaven, should Heaven pore over it.

What more can be said of any book than that? And what in especial of this? Nothing which is not already contained in the volume itself. A hint perhaps of the special age to which it is addressed? But even that could serve those only who already understood. A word of endorsement? To paint the lily and throw another perfume on the violet. They who cannot sense the beauties of Aphrodite, however veiled, will listen no laudation.

"As time passes," says I-Am-The-Man-Who-Did-It, "investigation will show that every word I have read or uttered is true, historically, philosophically, and spiritually." These three keys are sufficient for the ordinary student. Pythagoras' triangle on the cover hints of others. And here, also, is a clue to

the settlement of that debate among the curious if the book be an allegory or a fact. O ye sons of men, are facts not the greatest of allegories, and did ye rightly understand that, had ye not understood all? "Existence is a theory, and man is incapable of demonstrating that he has a being." p. 320. And, to prove the paradoxical unproveable, men must undertake the journey to the Inner Circle.

Briefly, the book is the story of one who undertook the journey. "There were few evenings in which I did not give myself up for a brief period to quiet communion." A certain book led to his affiliation with an occult brotherhood, a fraternity of adepts, "who in secret circulate among themselves a literature." In the determination to devote the knowledge thus gained to the benefit of the race a course of training is involved, which is described, literally or figuratively, as the reader has a mind.

In the course of the narrative various interruptions take place which invariably prove, like the accidents of real life, as we call it, to be very much a part of the play. An instance of this occurs in the apparently unnecessary journey of chapter xxx, to try an experiment which might have been made at home, and by anyone. But the difficulty suggested and the warning given have their reason, one not entirely depending on the chapters omitted at this point, some of which have been read in public. The illusions of sight are demonstrated. "We see the sun in the sky, but there is no proof that it is where we see it. We may be looking at it along rays bent by some reflecting or refracting substance." And the intel-