

The Lamp

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No. 35.

"A word of the faith that never balks."

THE BROTHERHOOD OF POWER.

It is as easy for the Divine One to create a universe as for an infant to smile.

What we do with pains and toil issues from our weakness, not from our strength. Our exertions are the measure of our inability.

When I look at the Laocoon I can see only the unavailing struggles of an impotent victim. Effortless, resistless, here the serpent certifies his might.

I think when Samson walked away with the gates of Gaza on his shoulders, he walked upright and unburdened. It was after his betrayal that he had to bow himself to drag down the palace.

Feats of strength of which we hear so much are all gauged by the measure of man's feebleness. We establish the power of a horse to reckon the attraction of the sun and the stars. The force of the ordinary human creature is too inconsiderable for the purpose. An ancient singer tells us that the Lord delights not in the strength of a horse, nor takes any pleasure in the legs of a man. There is a deeper meaning in this than lies on the surface, and perhaps some of our Manxmen understand the rune. But for the ordinary reader it suffices to reflect how puny is the might of the so-styled lords of creation.

The resistless earth as it swings with the motion of the spheres fills the man of open heart and awakened soul with a shadowy sublimity. He stands on Phaeton's own chariot, and speeds upon a course unbridled. Yet none among the steadfast stars surpass the peace of his repose.

True peace arises out of power alone. He who seeks the power has lost it for ever. He who possesses it has nothing else, for his peace dwells with the company of his elect. Of such an one the great angel shall stand, one foot upon the ocean of the inner, one foot upon the shore of the outer life. But the man shall appear as nothing in the eyes of others.

The hearts of children are his, and the souls of women, and the minds of men. And nature weds him in the eternal wedlock, and dowers him with all her stores. He deceives not, and he desires not, and he determines not, for he knows. Death is gentle to him, as a mother to her babe.

The devices of the day are but little to the man of power. He can wield any weapon; he can obviate any failure; he can supplant any idler, he can support any weakling. Strong and terrible, he bears vengeance to the unjust.

There came to one of the Brotherhood of Power those who said: We would be your enemies. And he smiled. For we have dwelt together, he said, here on earth, for millions of years. Do you not yet know me? Life after life your petty strife disturbs you. Look at the stars. Think on God. Wrap your souls in peace. You are my brothers. My enemies are buried in a thousand graves, and my friends of old time wept above them. Their spirit lives redeemed in me. You are not foes, but phantoms. Stand in the light and be dissolved in Love.

THE FOUNTAINS OF YOUTH.

There's a cure for all things in the well at
 Ballykeele,
 Where the scarlet cressets o'erhang from the
 rowan trees;
 There's a joy-breath blowing from the Land
 of Youth I feel,
 And earth with its heart at ease.

Many and many a sun-bright maiden saw the
 enchanted land
 With star-faces glimmer up from the druid
 wave:
 Many and many a pain of love was soothed by
 a fairy hand
 Or lost in the love it gave.

When the quiet with a ring of pearl shall wed
 the earth
 And the scarlet berries burn dark by the stars
 in the pool,
 Oh, it's lost and deep I'll be in the joy-breath
 and the mirth,
 My heart in the star-heart cool.

—F.

WAR.

"When I tell you that war is the foundation of all the arts, I mean also that it is the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men. It was very strange to me to discover this; and very dreadful—but I saw it to be quite an undeniable fact."

If all the men and women in Christendom could be persuaded to read the lecture on "War," in John Ruskin's *Crown of Wild Olive*, from which these words are taken, they would receive and perhaps come under the influence of one of the noblest messages this age has heard, and one whose necessity becomes every day more urgent. There has been a crying of Peace, peace, where no peace exists on the one hand, and on the other a tendency to glorify the undoubtedly brutalising influences of thoughtless and ignoble strife. Those who consider the world as a whole and the race as a unity have a duty to perform in trying to understand and in explaining to those who are willing to hear what must be the consequences should the attempt be successful which many are making to divorce the cosmic forces which issue in battle and war from the control of the spiritual man.

There is need for great moderation in

considering the question at all. Some are ready to denounce at once as blood-thirsty cut-throats any who raise a protest against the wholesale condemnation of the art of war. There may be differences of opinion about Cæsar and Napoleon, but can any reasonable people see only evil in Washington and Wellington? It must at least be evident that these men saw the necessity for war, even though they might have preferred to dwell at peace. There is a certain narrow-mindedness which allows nothing for the point of view, and to this estimation Cæsar and Napoleon, Washington and Wellington, Gordon and Vicars, Cromwell and Kitchener—all alike are but a parcel of sorry and sanguinary butchers.

Much of this appears to be the result of a belief that Jesus Christ has by precept and example once and forever condemned all war and the practice of it. Strangely enough there is not one word in the Gospels which could be construed into such a condemnation. The repetition of the command not to kill must be considered in the light of the Old Testament and certainly did not apply to war, any more than it did to animals. The modern extension of the command into these wider provinces need not be based on the weak authority of an alleged utterance when the principles of humanity remain to sustain it. There are several references to war in the discourses of Jesus, and He appears to have been on good terms with one military officer at least, but He never shrinks from the facts of government and human organization, and the omission, if it be one, to characterize war as many modern Christians believe it should be characterized, is but another testimony to the transcendent common sense of the Master. "Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for these things *must needs* come to pass."

In living our lives we have to face things as they are, not as we may wish them to be. By overcoming present conditions and holding our ideals as we strive, the world will take on a mode of being under which no man will involve himself in the death penalty. But so

long as men do things worthy of death the Law of the Eternal will visit death upon them be it by fire or sword or deluge or other so-called natural cause. We must try to understand that the death man meets in battle is just as natural and just as much his due, if we are to recognise a Law in the Cosmos at all, as the death from fever or accident on the street or by stroke of lightning. The greatest battle that has been fought did not appreciably affect the death-rate of the world as a whole for its own year, and if we take one generation with another we shall see that war is the least of the causes of mortality. And yet it is the slaughter of war which people most profess to deplore. In 1898 1958 railway employees were killed by accident in the United States alone. Consumption kills vastly more than war, and the peace-lovers are those who contribute most to its propagation.

I am not arguing that war should not be abolished, but that there are other equally great and greater evils in the world than war. Let us not lose sight of any of them by laying undue emphasis on one.

There appears to be a belief in some minds that all weak and helpless things are necessarily virtuous and all strong and powerful things are naturally bad and vicious. It is not necessary to say that this belief is confined to the small and weak. The weak and helpless are by no means always virtuous, and fortunately the strong and powerful are not always vicious. The timid and peaceful by nature, and those who adopt pacific habits by choice as a rule rely on their stronger brethren for protection. A notable instance of this has occurred recently, when the Christians of the Universal Brotherhood, as they call themselves, better known as Doukhobors, who are endeavouring to practise a code of absolute non-resistance, and who found that in Russia this practically meant extermination, sought freedom for the exercise of their religious faith under the protection of British battalions on the prairies of Canada. There is probably no doubt that the men would have been willing

to suffer to the death in Russia, but the women and children have to be considered, and the limitations of the doctrine of non-resistance are demonstrated. The command not to resist evil, in the sense of pain, suffering or punishment, is a personal one to be personally followed. But when we see others suffer and have the power to interfere and end the suffering it seems clear that the ethics of Christ call for action. Fatalism teaches that a man may stand by and see his family slaughtered by the will of God, and he may refuse to interfere though having the power to shoot down the agent of the divine will and thereby save his children; but a juster estimate of the divine will would allow for the fact that his duty as a protector to those depending upon him might require of him this very act, and his fatalism be merely ignorance of his duty.

What is true of an individual in this way must also be true of nations. There is a duty upon them to protect their people. In the course of racial development there will come a time when peace at-any-price principles will vitiate the life of our present civilization. The vices of commerce and civil degeneration will sap the vigour and manhood of those sections of humanity who will then have touched the top mark of their cycle. The new forces arising in Asia or Africa will sweep over Europe, and the worn out stock will give way to a more advanced type. So has it been in the past, and if history does not repeat itself in the case of Europe it will be because the European nations become self-conscious in the matter of evolution, and determine to live according to the laws of the world-life. If they take power and reign "for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness," then of their kingdom need there be no end. Few are sanguine of such a consummation.

In the desire for the negative virtues there is a tendency to forget, as a modern writer has put it, that "there is a legitimate and necessary hatred, that of evil, which forms the salvation of nations. Woe to the people that know

not how to hate, because intolerance, hypocrisy, superstition, slavery are evil!"

(To be continued.)

BEN MADIGHAN.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

In this city where the fog is incomparable, the grim shadow of war looms visibly behind everything. Bereft of ennobling and spiritual ideas the primitive instincts act with unlesened force. The most trivial incidents yield a new significance against such a lurid background, and the comedy and tragedy of life are kindled to keener issues.

But one can see "above the flaming lamp of life, the boding shadow of infinity." There are many nameless heroes. One such finds himself in a hospital with an arm gone, and in the bed alongside a Boer in the same sad case. They look at each other, and the Britisher says to the nurse: "Give this poor chap two of my cigarettes, sister."

There are wars of another sort, waged with different weapons. One or two comrades of mine, who belong to a small sect of which I likewise was a member for a short time, have written me letters full of many unpleasant words. It would seem that they have many grievances against me, and that I am altogether a desperate character. I cannot, of course, please all my friends, even to oblige them. I know that I deserve some punishment for destroying my illusions, but would remind my friends who have not the "inner calm" to state their case pleasantly, that "nature punishes us more severely still for keeping up our illusions too long—after they are skeletons, and the brains are out." After all, organizations are of to-day—human nature is of Eternity.

Sectarianism evolves a distinct type. Its characteristics are well known, regardless of its outer name. But I have failed to meet any parallel to the gentleman who holds a "U. B." Diploma. One can imagine the following recommendations being endorsed

on applications for membership. "Applicant has not read the *S. D.*, and indeed knows nothing about Theosophy." "Applicant was walking down Street and saw a copy of *Isis* in a shop window. He did not buy it on the ground that he knew nothing about it, and had already burned most of the books he possessed."

The supremacy of intellect must be an indignity to the clumsy mind, and dialectical mastery act as an irritant to many a would-be master of men. The art of balderdash has its great masters too; they become superlative in four years—not seven. (Seven is for chelas.)

How trifling some of the most elaborate undertakings "for the benefit of humanity" sound to a "heretic." For him space usually begins where the little imagination sets a limit, and he knows that by the time the light of some of the remote stars reach this tiny planet, the grass will continue to grow and dwindle, the seasons come and pass away, and the world still be very sweet and very simple. Those who are troubled by their own importance may like to be reminded of this.

The "heretics" over here are having quite a good time. They laugh a lot when they think of the things they were not wise enough to see. I believe there are a large number in Holland, but the number here is small, so far. (England lately has gone in for Ritualism.) The other evening a few of the "heretics" were gathered together in a famous club listening to Mr. Yeats' lecture on "The Ideal Theatre." The address was most instructive and delivered in Mr. Yeats' most fascinating style. "Even if poetry were spoken as poetry," said Mr. Yeats, "it would still seem out of place in many of its highest moments upon a stage, where the superficial appearances of nature are so closely copied; for poetry is founded upon convention, and becomes incredible the moment painting or gesture remind us that people do not speak verse when they meet upon the highway. The theatre of Art, when it comes to exist, must therefore discover grave and decorative gestures, such as delighted Rossetti and Madox Brown,

and grave and decorative scenery that will be forgotten the moment an actor has said "It is dawn" or "It is raining" or "The wind is shaking the tree;" and dresses of so little irrelevant magnificence that the mortal actors and actresses may change without much labour into the immortal people of romance. The theatre began in ritual, and it cannot come to its greatness again without recalling words to their ancient sovereignty."

D. N. DUNLOP.

London, Eng., Jany. 1900.

A STUDY IN LEADERSHIP.

To the Editor of THE LAMP.

DEAR SIR,—In my first letter I gave a short account of the experiences of the Oliphants in the Lake Harris community. The following extracts from the book will give a very good idea of the objects, the methods, and the head of that community. The paging of the new edition is appended.

OBJECTS.

"We have no dogmas: our fundamental principle is absolute and entire self-sacrifice; our motive is not the salvation of our souls, but the regeneration of humanity; . . . all we claim is a direct consciousness of divine guidance" (206-7). The "guidance" was of course through Harris, as is shown below under the head of LEADER.

"Our maxim is, that the more spiritual we become, the more practical we must become also. We must meet the world in its own way and on its own terms, and conquer all uses, arts, sciences, industries for the City of our God, until the time comes of which it is written 'that the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour unto her.'"

A curious parallel to some recent private "teaching"—if one may use the term in such a connexion—is seen in the following: "I said in my former letter that the New Church renewed the body and mind as well as the soul. Now the influx of the Spirit, or internal

breathing of which we are sensationally and organically conscious, natural respiration undergoing a new change, begets a new ardour, a divine activity for all work."

"You are engaged in a stupendous work of religious and moral reform, which is destined by its irresistible, if slow and painfully developed, influence to penetrate the hardness of the world's selfishness" (247).

"We work in the garden, and help to mend the clothes of the gentlemen of the society. But we gained health of mind and body in our cottage experience. All we aim at is to become Christ-like, to get rid of selfhood in every form, so that He can use us as His instruments in helping to redeem the world, the work he has now come to do—for He has come, and has been seen and heard of some, and soon all will feel His presence, for great and startling events are at hand."

Methinks this has a familiar sound. Alas! for the gullibility of human nature which can be satisfied, even for years, with empty prophecies like this.

THE LEADER.

The description of "Father," as Lake Harris is called by his disciples, is full of interest. The biographer writes: "Outside enquirers received the somewhat equivocal answer that will and reason were submitted to no man, with the reservation that it was not Harris's will that was followed, but that of God expressed through him. But within the sacred enclosure there was no such pretence, and the reader will see hereafter that nothing less than absolute obedience was exacted. But he was there, among them, their absolute ruler, a divinely inspired man, full of the extraordinary dramatic attractiveness of a constantly changing aspect, which, even when seen from the darker side, is full of interest of the most exciting kind. . . . It is possible to understand how sometimes, when the other member of the little farming community, who knew life in different aspects from those it bore at Brocton, was assailed by sudden heartrending homesickness—doubts perhaps as to

whether he had sold his birthright for the merest pottage—there would come to him a sudden message, betraying absolute penetration of his thoughts, as clear as if they had been read by light from heaven. Laurence has told me that this had occurred again and again in his experience, giving him unlooked-for help when he needed it most. Who can tell how it came about? Perhaps a glance—as the leader, compelled to have his wits always about him, and who could only preserve his sway by perpetual watchfulness, passed the disciple, bent under his inappropriate load—betrayed a wavering, a sickening of heart, a dangerous recollection of other things, on the part of that disciple, to which the imagination and skill of the guide responded in instantaneous enlightenment. At all events, the presence of that evidently extraordinary intelligence, that keen and constant observation, that strong imperious will and purpose, goes far to explain how Brocton was made possible to Laurence” (219-20).

Further on (241) Mr. Oliphant is described as imploring his betrothed to endure the leader's ukase “with patience, to believe that it is the best, to trust in the perfect enlightenment of the leader, who cannot do wrong. The authoress calls the next extract (254-5) “this piteous plea of the vassal soul” and remarks on the vague sophistry of the argument, the desperate clinging at all costs to the spiritual despot.” Mr. Oliphant writes:

“The more responsibility of this sort we can take off Father the better. He has only been obliged to appear dictatorial to those who were unable to act for themselves, either from weakness or blindness; but he desires nothing more than that we should decide all these things for ourselves . . . and it would be so satisfactory to be able to answer those who accuse him of tyranny, and us of a blind and servile obedience, by saying that from first to last we have acted not under his dictation but according to the promptings of our own consciences, and independently of anyone.”

“Father's presence is an awful pres-

sure, though it is a blessed one. Because he feels our states so terribly, the watchfulness over ourselves has to be unceasing. So it should be always; but somehow I am so miserably finite, that I do not realise the divine presence checking me so much as the human one.” “Hence,” says the authoress, “by that subtle influence of ‘feeling their states so terribly’ the prophet kept them in awed subjection while in his presence, as well as absolute obedience out of it—a sway scarcely comparable to any other tyranny known to man.”

But for want of space there are many more passages which might be quoted. As it is the following pertinent observation by the biographer must suffice for this section of the subject: “The possession of power like this, so much beyond that which should be entrusted to any man, must be more demoralizing to the holder of it than to its subjects.”

The third set of extracts will describe the methods employed by the prophet:

BASIL CRUMP.

P. S. I have received a communication from an English U. B. official about my account of Oliphant's experiences last month. He seems to think that every detail had an exact parallel in my mind: he asks, Who was the young man with “exceptional literary ability?” Who was the lady? What was the manual work? etc., etc. Perhaps this and the next instalment will make it clearer to my correspondent that he is taking altogether too limited and personal a view. Naturally, in speaking of my experience I include my observation and knowledge of what a great many others have gone through, and I know of at least fifty persons who will find one or more details in what I have written to throw light on their own cases.

Harrow, England.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS.

From what was taught in the Mysteries, we are justified in believing that thousands of years ago men knew what follows; though the knowledge is already dimmed and perverted in the mysteries,

the phenomena of outward Nature only being presented in them, instead of the inward spiritual truths symbolized.

(i.) All around us we behold the evidences of a life permeating all things; we must needs, therefore, admit that there is a universal, all-powerful, all-sustaining life.

(ii.) Behind or above the primeval life which is the basis of this system may be beheld the "Unmoved Mover," the only supernatural *ens*, who, by the Word, or "Logos," has spoken forth all things out of himself; which does not imply any pantheism, for the words of the speaker, though proceeding from him, are not the speaker himself.

(iii.) The universal life is eternal.

(iv.) Matter is eternal, for matter is the eternal garment in which the life clothes and renders itself manifest.

(v.) That matter is light, for the darkest substance is, or can be, reduced to it.

(vi.) Whatsoever is outwardly manifest must have existed ideally from all eternity, in an archetypal figure, reflected in what Indian mythology calls the Eternal Liberty, the mirror *Maja* (Maya), whence are derived the terms "magus," "magia," "magic," "image," "imagination," all implying the fixing of the primeval, structureless, imperceptible, living matter, in a form, figure, or creature. In modern theosophy, the mirror *Maja* is called the Eternal Mirror of Wonders, the Virgin Sophia, ever bringing forth, yet ever a virgin—the analogue and prototype of the Virgin Mary.

(vii.) The eternal life which thus manifests itself in this visible universe is ruled by the same laws that rule the invisible world of forces.

(viii.) These laws, according to which the life manifests itself, are the seven properties of eternal Nature, six working properties, and the seventh, in which the six, as it were, rest, or are combined into perfect balance or harmony, *i.e.*, paradise. These seven properties, the foundation of all the septenary numbers running through natural phenomena and all ancient and modern knowledge, are; (1) Attraction; (2) Reaction or repulsion; (3) Circula-

tion; (4) Fire; (5) Light; (6) Sound; (7) Body, or comprisal of all.

(ix.) This septenary is divisible into two ternaries or poles, with the fire (symbolised by a cross) in the middle. These two poles constitute the eternal dualism or antagonism in Nature—the first three forming matter or darkness, and producing pain and anguish, *i.e.*, hell, cosmically, winter; the last three being filled with light and delight, *i.e.*, paradise, cosmically, summer.

(x.) The fire is the great chymist, or purifier and transmuter of Nature, turning darkness into light. Hence the excessive veneration and universal worship paid to it by ancient nations, the priests of Zoroaster wearing a veil over their mouths for fear of polluting the fire with their breath. By the fire here, of course, is meant the empyrean, electric fire, whose existence and nature were tolerably well known to the ancients. They distinguished the moving principle from the thing moved, and called the former the igneous ether or spirit, the principle of life, the Deity, You-piter, Vulcan, Phtha, Kneph.

(xi.) All light is born out of darkness, and must pass through the fire to manifest itself; there is no other way but through darkness, or death, or hell—an idea which we find enunciated and represented in all the mysteries. As little as a plant can come forth into the beauty of blossoms, leaves, and fruit, without having passed through the dark state of the seed and being buried in the earth, where it is chymically transmuted by the fire; so little can the mind arrive at the fulness of knowledge and enlightenment without having passed through a stage of self-darkening and imprisonment, in which it suffered torment, anguish—in which it was as in a furnace, in the throes of generation.

(The teaching) was summed up in the words of Confucius: "If thou be doubtful whether an action be right or wrong, abstain from it altogether;" scientifically, the principles were such as we have detailed above, with their natural and necessary deductions, consequences, and results.

—C. W. Heckethorn's *Secret Societies*.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

RUDRA-SIVA.

PRIEST OR HERO?

WISDOM and Beauty make the Age
of Gold.

WHOEVER thinks most exercises most
influence.

"LIFE is a song and a silence," sings
Edwin Lee Hamilton.

"THE Virtue of the Soul is true
Being : its Virtue is to be free."

OUTER Heads and brevet-Mahatmas
are increasing with the active demand.

MISS MARIE WALSH is expected to
lecture for the Toronto Theosophical
Society early in February.

THERE is a growing inclination in
Church circles towards the adoption of
the Revised Version of the Bible.

PROF. T. WITTON DAVIES has pub-
lished a book on *Magic*, Divination
and Demonology Among the Hebrews
and their Neighbours.

IN noticing Mr. C. W. Close's vo-
lume last month 32 pages were spoken
of as containing versés and advertise-
ments. It should have been 16 pages.

THE biography of Grant Allan is to
be prepared by Edward Clodd, than
whom no more sympathetic or better
equipped writer could have been
chosen.

GEORGE REDWAY announces two
new books by A. E. Waite, the *Life
and Doctrine of Louis Claude de Saint
Martin*, and *Doctrine and Literature of
the Kabbalah*.

PLOTINUS consoles us with the
thought: "The experience of evil
begets a clearer knowledge of the good
in those whose powers are too feeble
to discern evil scientifically without
experience."

THE first volume of the *Encyclopedia
Biblica* which was planned and partly
prepared by Robertson Smith, and now
edited by Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Suther-
land Black, has been issued by A. &
C. Black. The three remaining volumes
are to be published within two years.

THE Physical and Astronomical
section of the Canadian Institute dis-
cussed a paper recently in which it was
held that the bed of the Mississippi is
such that the waters of the river flow up
hill. Koreshan is the only person
likely to deal with this otherwise than
by a denial.

"THE more thou dost advance, the
more thy feet pitfalls will meet. The
Path that leadeth on is lighted by one
fire—the light of daring, burning in the
heart. The more one dares, the more
he shall obtain. The more he fears,
the more that light shall pale—and that
alone can guide."

MR. STEAD'S friend "Julia" gave
him this good advice which we could
all adopt with advantage. "You must
first have the child-heart, not because
credulous or ignorant, but as simple
and affectionate. Then you must also
be keenly reasonable and sensible.
And finally, you must be patient. But,
around and beneath and above and
within all, there must be Love."

C. G. LELAND has published a "Gospel of the Witches," containing a body of ritual and incantations derived from old Italian sources. *Aradia* is described as the daughter of Diana, who teaches her the traditional lore. A popular nursery rhyme is taken from part of the ritual.

R. L. STEVENSON wrote to Mr. W. B. Yeats that he had "fallen in slavery" to his poem "The Lake Isle of Innisfree." "It is so quaint and airy, simple, artful, and eloquent to the heart—but I seek words in vain. Enough that "always night and day I hear lake water lapping with low sounds on the shore."

The Star of the Magi is a new monthly journal of occult science, art, and philosophy, edited and published by News E. Wood, A.M., M.D., 617 La Salle Avenue, Chicago, Ill., at a dollar a year. A sample will be sent on application, and the contents will be found bright and interesting to enquirers.

BASIL CRUMP contributes an article on The Temple Knights to the Christmas number of the *Law Times*. He points out how their order was suppressed for the usual charge of heresy. "Like the Operatives who shared their fate, they had their own beliefs, and although they helped the Church they did not depend upon her."

MR. GEORGE M. COFFIN writes that he will be absent from New York on business for the next month or so, and will be unable to give his proposed Literature distribution plan personal attention before his return. Meanwhile those who desire to co-operate may send in their names, so that they can be notified when action is decided upon.

CLEMENT K. SHORTER, in the English *Bookman*, remarks: "Not the repose of manner that Canadian life engenders, nor the refinement that Oxford alone among our Universities can give, were more marked in Grant Allen than the fact, of which he was

eminently proud, that he was an Irishman. His Celtic origin was the key to his whole character, and explains many things that should not be ignored."

THE Theosophical Publishing Society have just issued a new catalogue of books and pamphlets extending to 32 pages. It should prove a useful guide to librarians, but is not so representative of all phases of Theosophical thought as one might desire. Mr. Judge's books are of course excluded, not even *Letters That Have Helped Me* receiving mention. The T.P.S. is to be addressed at 3 Langham Place, London W., England.

IN THE *Literary World*, Coulson Kernahan, asking where are the men who will sustain the great traditions of English dramatic poetry, declares: "In Mr. W. B. Yeats and in Mr. Stephen Phillips are centred all our hopes. Mr. Yeats, by his 'Countess Kathleen,' and his 'Land of Heart's Desire,' has shown himself to be a poet possessed of haunting beauty all his own, and in 'Paolo and Francesco,' Mr. Stephen Phillips has given us the noblest dramatic poem of his generation."

THOSE who read in 1893 the first part of a paper entitled *The Sleeping Spheres* and were told that it was too occult to conclude, will be eager to possess the second part now published. Since its appearance in *The English Theosophist* for October and November the complete paper has been issued in pamphlet form at 15 cents, and may be had from the W. Q. Judge Publishing Co., Box 1584, New York City. We commend it to readers as one of Jasper Niemand's most interesting messages.

THE extracts from the letters of William Q. Judge which were collected with a view to publication in the *Irish Theosophist* some years ago, are about to be published in *The English Theosophist*, one of the cleanest and brightest of new thought magazines. It takes rank with the contemporary issues of

the *Theosophical Forum* for well sustained and pure ideals. The subscription is only 1s. 6d. per annum, or 50 cents including foreign postage. Address H. P. B. Press, 65 Malmesbury Road, Bow, London E., England.

A NEW and enlarged edition of *The Sermon on the Mount*, translated by James M. Pryse (Aretas), has been published. The volume contains the Epistles of James and Jude and other extracts as well as the original selections. The notes to these translations are among the most valuable of occult writings given to the public, and as an introduction to a spiritual appreciation of the Bible nothing better can be found. The book contains 80 pages and is beautifully printed on fine paper with wide margins, in an illustrated cover for 25 cents, and in cloth, 50 cents.

IN a recent issue of *Light* "C.M.S.," a member of the Theosophical Society, taxes his fellow members with stupendous assertiveness with nothing to back it up in practical results. "I have heard," he says, "a great deal of talk about the development of the Higher Faculties of Man, but at present I have not had the privilege of meeting a partially-developed Theosophist, nor can I discover anyone who has been more fortunate: in fact, the majority of the sect seem to be only very average specimens of misguided humanity." Has no one anything to say in rebuttal?

THE most charming, successful and useful communistic colony in the world is to be found at East Aurora, N.Y., and Elbert Hubbard gives an account of it in *The Independent* of 14th December. The Roycroft Press is an evolution, and its good genius declares that "violence of direction is fatal to success, and too much anxiety to succeed leads straight to failure." The Roycrofters are making a most remarkable missionary offer, good only till 1st February. For One Dollar they will send *The Philistine* for a year, and also *The Little Journeys to The Homes of Great Authors* for the present year. Those who admire sumptuous printing, and really artistic taste in book-making

should send for this four dollars' worth without delay.

RECENTLY I read Dr. Biggs' clever little book on *Neoplatonism* in the S.P. C.K. series, and was struck with the fact that in it as in many others dealing with the same subject the word "Theosophy" was never mentioned. There is a magic in it, and no wonder its opponents dislike to mention it. Some of Dr. Biggs' ideas are very salutary. The Salvation Army and band-waggon side of religion, always in evidence in one form or another, elicits this comment on a phase of it present in the early centuries. "These maddening Oriental deities were not artistic and were not reasonable, and their worship was generally regarded by the heathen themselves only as a kind of safety-valve, a means of discharging the perilous accumulation of religious melancholy in the shortest and safest way, by noise, and movement, and temporary insanity."

WHILE reviewing Andrew Lang's version of the Homeric Hymns, A. S. Wilkins in *The Bookman* thinks "Mr. Lang can hardly be wrong in his general principle, to treat the phenomena of Greek religion as results of evolution from a prehistoric past, which, as it seems, must in many points have been identical with the historic present of the lowest historic races." The cyclic rise and fall of civilizations as taught in the Secret Doctrine is the natural explanation of all these entanglements. There have always been savages and there always have been superior races, the savages of one age being reborn later on in a better environment, their psychic evolution eventually fitting them to take their place in the civilization of some later time. We have all been savages and should have the more sympathy for the children of humanity.

DR. E. A. WALLIS BUDGE's new books on *Egyptian Religion* and *Egyptian Magic* have met with a warm reception. *Light*, in reviewing them admits that the Egyptian "sacred writings more nearly approach the

teachings of modern Theosophy in its minute division and sub-division of the human being. Thus, beyond the body was the KA, a kind of double, with an independent existence; the BA, or soul, which dwelt in the KA; the KHU, or celestial spirit. 'But the body of which the incorruption and immortality are so strongly declared is the SAHU, or spiritual body, that sprang into existence out of the physical body, which had become transformed by means of the prayers that had been recited and the ceremonies that had been performed on the day of the funeral or on that wherein it was laid in the tomb.'

*

DR. CHARLES BRIGGS resents the "efforts made in many quarters to get a Christian Socialism out of the teachings of Jesus, by reading into the term 'Kingdom of God' modern socialistic ideas, as if the Kingdom of God were a larger and more comprehensive term than the Church of God. I have no objection," he writes in *The Independent*, "to the application of the term Kingdom of God to the new social conditions and circumstances into which Christianity has come in our day, so long as this is recognised as a practical use of a Biblical term; but when they force this practical application into the original meaning of the term they are guilty of a wrong to Biblical Science which must be resisted to the uttermost. Students of the Bible not only have to battle against Conservatism, but also against Radicalism." This is a very fair illustration of what appears to the masses as a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels.

*

DR. CHARLES A. BRIGGS has been contributing some articles to *The Independent* on Scientific Study of the Bible. He thinks that "there are worse sins than Heresy, Rationalism, and Infidelity. It is far worse for a man, intellectually and morally, to shut his eyes to the truth for fear of being a heretic; or to avoid searching for the truth because of the perils of Rationalism; or to distrust the truth lest he should become an infidel." And some

people think Theosophy is not making headway! And hear further: "The promise is of milk for babes and meat for wise men. God's spirit does not feed babes with meat. He does not interpret the whole scripture to babes, but only those parts that will give them what they need for spiritual nourishment. Babes are not put in antithesis with wise men as such: but teachable, open-minded babes with unteachable, hard-minded wise men, who think that they know it all and have no need of further instruction."

*

CONRAD JOH. GLUCKSELIG, of the Universale Bruderschaft, at Nurnberg, writes me a nice post-card on my birthday, 27th December. He says: "The end of a man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest, and unless he sets and models his daily life upon this truth . . ." (Key, Am. Ed. pag. 205). "Why attack," he asks, where it would be noblest to double the example? Your paper is a true mirror of the disruptive force, which no true e. i. active Theosophist makes any use of. We must use magnifying spectacles in order to get a more correct state of mind. Our works show our intention! Please stop sending me your paper, it being without value for me." I have referred our German Brother to the volume from which he partially quotes, and think that pp. 222-229 will afford him food for meditation. "No Theosophist should be silent when he hears evil reports or slanders spread about the Society or innocent persons, whether they be his colleagues or outsiders." (p. 223).

*

MAGAZINES and papers received: *Citizen and Country, New Century, Boston Ideas, Meaford Mirror, North-Ende, Prasnattai (Benares), Light of Truth, (Madras), Theosophical Gleaner, Review of Reviews, Events, Herald of the Golden Age, Flaming Sword, British Weekly, Weekly News, The Prophet, The Free Man, Theosophical Forum, Co-operator, The World's Advance Thought, Lyceum, Unity, Star of the Magi, The Abiding Truth, The*

Rainbow, Nya Tiden, Occult Truths, Religio Philosophical Journal, English Theosophist, Expression, Light, Prophetic Messenger, Teosofisk Tidskrift, (Sweden), Intelligence, (Urbana), The U. of M. Daily (Women's edition), Christian Messenger, Theosophical Reprint, Theosophischer Wegweiser (Leipzig), The Honey Jar, Psycho-Harmonic Scientist, Harbinger of Light (Melbourne), Notes and Queries (Manchester), The Assayer, Dominion Presbyterian, Book News, The Crusader, The Law Times, The Philistine, etc.

*

GRANT ALLEN summed up the "Gospel according to Herbert Spencer," by which he ruled his own life, in these words: "Know yourself, and your own place in the universe about you. Fear no phantoms, but face realities. Understand your own Body, and the light cast upon it by the analogy of other bodies. Understand your own Mind, and the light cast upon it by the history and evolution of other minds. Understand the phenomena, organic or inorganic, physical or psychical, by which you are surrounded, and the laws to which they severally conform. Understand the Society of which you are a member, and learn from like analogies the origin and functions of its various parts. So, in your capacity as an individual, will you govern your own path through the world aright; so, in your capacity as parent, will you produce and bring up better units for the composition of the Society in future; so, in your capacity as citizen, will you help to mould the State of which you are a part to ultimate conformity with Truth and Justice."

*

THE Toronto Lodge of Universal Brotherhood, No. 49, was requested on the 7th December to pay its dues for the next year as soon as possible. It has been in the habit of remitting some forty odd dollars about the 1st of January, and concluded to wait. On the 18th December it received notice that its Charter had been revoked upon the 21st October. Some of the mem-

bers are thinking thoughts about this. In the *New Century* dated 23rd December there appears a paragraph by the Editor stating that "letters have been received from those in Toronto . . . asking for the reorganization of the Lodge, which will be attended to before long." None of the members in Toronto wrote any such letters, or expressed any such desire, as they will testify if required. As Mark Twain tells us, "Faith is believing what you know isn't so." The U. B. authorities have gone a step further and reduced it to a science. What a fine test of loyalty is involved here! Brother Willard can skip three incarnations if he will swallow the situation. "Ssst—one,—two,—three,—on guard!"

*

I HAVE been favoured with a communication from the Editor of the *New Century* and of the *Universal Brotherhood* requesting me not to mention those journals in my list of exchanges. As I have no list of exchanges I gladly accede to this request. *The International Theosophist* desires to be included in this arrangement, and we are happy to oblige. It appears that the proprietors of these journals are afraid that the impression might get abroad that they had been guilty of the courtesy of recognising the existence of THE LAMP. It is highly improbable that any one should be misled into imputing such a weakness to the leaders of the Universal Brotherhood. The attitude of that organization towards kindred workers is indicated in a paragraph in the *New Century* of December 9. The Editor says: "We are interested to find that the 'Theosophist' still exists. It makes an interesting relic of prehistoric Theosophy." It will now be in order for Col. Olcott to rise and remark that there is nothing prehistoric about the Theosophy of the *New Century*. It is a new creation. By the way, Miss Netta Weeks, of Chicago, has lately joined the staff at Adyar.

*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS —
W.S.T. — Adam Weishaupt founded the

Illuminati in 1776. He was professor of Canon Law in the University of Ingolstadt. O.B.—We have a series of papers in contemplation on Rebirth. J.M.—The whole of religion and philosophy is in Plato. “Zeus is the measure of all things, and to be dear to him strive to be like him.” A.W.—It altogether depends on where you begin to count from where your century ends. It really does not matter, as the real century is independent of the almanac, and the year ought to begin with the vernal equinox. S.M.—No; we have not heard anything drop yet. But keep your ears extended. E.S.—Perhaps some reader can tell you something of Seringham. It has a population of 19,000. J.F.—The Three Kings were Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar. D.A.—Certainly, I believe in the Masters, as facts and ideals, but I never gathered that it is their wish to cram their identity down any person’s throat. A.H.—Yes, dear heart: there is a faint possibility that some future birth I might be a Leader and Official Head and Mrs. Tingley edit a Lamp. The present experience would add tremendously to our capabilities. The infusion of Heiterkeit is highly profitable.

*

THE outside world is beginning to realize that Theosophy is worth consideration, and other writers than those in the ranks of the Theosophical Societies are taking up the tale. No better book on the subject of Re-incarnation, for instance, has been published for general readers than Mr. Orlando J. Smith’s, *A Short View of Great Questions*. There is nothing about it to repel the novice by association. It is a plain business-like statement, marvellously clear in expression, and so direct in its appeal to the experience and natural reflections of every man that no one can read it and fail to get a permanent impression. One would like to quote pages of it, but instead I appeal to readers to do what they can to circulate this volume. I never heard of Mr. Smith before and do not know who he is, but this book ranks him as a brother worker. There will be sure

to be some one writing during the month to say that Mr. Smith’s views of Karma and Nirvana are incorrect in certain particulars, and I do not agree with all he says in these and some other respects, but the book as a whole will supply its own refutation for any of these defects of presentment or definition. To use his own phrase, “The sound of a trumpet in a good cause is as inspiring as are the hymns of peace.” The book is published by the Brandur Co., 220 Broadway, New York City, for fifty cents in cloth.

*

THE author of the *Heavenworld and Studies in Borderland Occultism* has been writing down to the level of the Gospel of Blockheadedness. It would matter less in another, but it is an occasion for regret that such good material should be used to patch such an ancient garment. In a recent article he represents Madam Blavatsky as having obscured the message of Theosophy for lack of time and opportunity to make it clear. She taught, he would have his readers believe, that “Man is a ray from the Higher or Buddhi-Manas, known as Manasa-Manas, let down into an astral rupa and then known as Kama-Manas, which through that astral is brought into relation with the body.” Nothing could be better calculated to scare people away from H.P.B.’s works. The present Teacher comes with the inspiring message “Man is a soul in a body.” The brilliant originality of this sentiment will not give anybody a headache. The churches are hammering away at it week after week as they have been for centuries, and it has not made any deep impression yet. The very feature of Blavatsky’s teaching that brought Dr. Coryn and all of us into the movement was the clear and definite exposition which she gave us of the nature of the soul and its relation to its fellows and to nature around it. The difficulties of Manas and Kama and the rupas have been magnified by those whose studies have not embraced even the *Key*. Mrs. Tingley very naturally taboos such terms. No one ever did, or possibly ever will in this

brief incarnation, hear her declare the difference between Kama-Manas and Kama-Rupa. And though the knowledge as a matter of scholarship is not essential to life or affairs, yet when we look for a Teacher—well, we expect a Teacher.

*

REFERENCE was made in last month's LAMP to a "black-mailing cablegram." Quite a number of good people seem to think that I sit up nights during the month inventing falsehoods about Mrs. Tingley and the Universal Brotherhood. Let it be clearly understood that it was when I began, in company with many others, to criticise facts, that I was expelled from the U. B. If people object to have their actions criticised they should perform such deeds, not as shall be beyond criticism, for we are not unreasonable, but that are able at least to hear the light of day. The cablegram in question had attached to it the name of a member of the U. B. Cabinet, than whom there is no man I love and esteem more. I had the impression that his name was used either without his knowledge or against his better judgment, and wrote to ask him about it. Mrs. Tingley dictated his reply from New York, asking: "Are you being paid to destroy reputations and do you want money from me?" I naturally answered that only Mrs. Tingley or Mr. Pierce were capable of conceiving such a thing. In a mail or two I received a letter from Messrs. Kellogg & Beckwith, a firm of lawyers pretty well known in connection with U. B. affairs. It is dated January 5, and informs me that if I "see fit to adopt the course indicated in my letter of December 31st, it will be at my own peril." The cablegram was received in England in the last week of November, and reads: "Colonel Cleather care Howard Justice Earthstar Deliver Personally Masonic L'du Philo Tingley Insists Publishing Explanation Seeking Protection English Libel Law Disastrous Results To Alice Only Averted By You Both Coming Here Will Secure Passage For Both As My Guests Immediately You Wire Acceptance Cabinet Stands By You Both *Reply One*

Forty Four." The italics are mine and justify me, I believe, in omitting the name attached.

*

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS there occurred the death of Bernard Quaritch, at the age of 82, the most famous of dealers in old and rare books. Mr. Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, passed away on the 22nd December, aged 61, at his home in East Northfield, Mass. Very few men have exerted more direct personal influence in the world, and his earnestness and conscientiousness were always apparent. To say that he was wider than his creed is but to recognize the limitations imposed upon the soul by its physical encasement. Dr. Elliott Coues died at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore, on Christmas Day. He was born in Portsmouth, N H., 1842. "He was first and foremost an ornithologist, but several other branches of science occupied a share of his attention, and in later life he took up the subject of early history." His connection with the Theosophical Movement fills an exciting page in its history, and while his scientific contemporaries look upon it as a blot on his professional career, there is a great lesson in it for ambitious occultists. As an example of the knowledge of the Theosophical Movement which the public possess, when I was lecturing in Cleveland last winter, at the close of the meeting a lady asked the chairman if that was the section of the Society to which Prof. Coues belonged. A more interesting figure than any of these, perhaps, has disappeared in the person of Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, who died at San Jose, on the 26th December. Dr. Buchanan was violently opposed to the Theosophical Movement so far as one can judge from his writings, and yet few have entered more fully into the spirit of Theosophical teaching. Dr. Buchanan's own contributions to mystical and occult literature are very considerable, but are likely to be superseded, as his facts are embodied in broader lines of thought. The physiological side of psychic phenomena attracted his attention, and his *Thera-*

peutic Sarcognomy and his *Manual of Psychometry* are suggestive and interesting. Among many papers contributed to *The Arena* that on "The Coming Cataclysm of America and Europe" in August, 1890, is characteristic. In this he predicts before 1916 the devastation by tidal waves and earthquakes of the Atlantic Coast of America, and similar disastrous results on the Pacific, especially at San Diego and Coronado. "The destruction at New York and Jersey City will be the grandest horror." So many of his predictions have failed of fulfilment in the last ten years that it is safe to say that people will not worry over these. The death is also announced of the editor of *The Hartford Times*, Mr. Alfred E. Burr, on the 8th inst.



"FACTS."

"Wit should be a shield for defence and not a sword of offence."

—*New Century*, 23rd Dec.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
But we shall cherish Heiterkeit!"

—*Modern Hymn*.

As an Esotericist of the Universal Brotherhood I had placed in my hands on the 15th December, a brochure, 16pp. octavo, wire-stitched, published by F. M. Pierce, at 144 Madison Avenue, New York, and entitled "Facts." Although "published", with the delightful appreciation of the incongruous which distinguishes American humour, it bears upon the title-page an intimation that the statements contained therein are not for the public. As one of the public was kind enough to send me a copy from New York in addition to that conveyed to me by the ordinary occult channels, I make bold to avail myself of the privilege of using my discrimination in dealing with it. Mr. Pierce's literary efforts have not before, so far as I am aware, appeared otherwise than in scattered magazine articles. His style is clearly marked and recognizable under various pen-names. As "Libra" he discoursed upon "Woman" in the December *Universal Brotherhood*, and it is interesting to compare his present excursion into that difficult domain of literature the epistolary field.

There are pessimistic critics who declare that letter writing is a lost art. Mr. Pierce's effort to arouse interest in it is no doubt well meant, and we must not forget that some of the finest letters in the language deal with trivial themes. The present selection does me honour in selecting an example from my own pen. I confess I should have liked to see another specimen, and, if consulted, would have suggested that which gave rise to Dr. M'Alpin's collaborated reply. Exigencies of space, or other causes, probably the latter, have robbed me of this satisfaction. This, however, is one of the goads of the ambitious mind, and I must control myself until a later and enlarged edition includes a fuller collection. It is what is known as a "corker" anyway.

"Facts" is, of course, a realistic melo-dramatic romance. The author with the daring imagination which betokens the masters of historical fiction seizes upon a dramatic situation, and availing himself of every poetic (and other) licence, proceeds to make the most of it, and succeeds in producing a highly diverting performance. In respect of style Mr. Pierce's present opportunities are somewhat limited, but the fine rumble of his diction is fully in evidence, particularly in the 116-word consummation on page 4. Mr. Pierce's mechanical proclivities no doubt affect his sentences, in which hyphenated compounds are not uncommon, but who is not susceptible to the majestic roll of a distant train of box-cars as it sweeps over a culvert? The Automatic Coupling Law is not to be enforced for some time yet, and it may be well for Mr. Pierce to be careful lest he meet with a serious accident while coupling some of his empty verbal freight-cars, and so deprive us of the possible pleasure of hearing him break forth into ballads and blank verse.

There are five characters in the little drama. Pierce, leading heavy-weight, in the words of Mr. Gilbert, "as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship." Katherine, the heroine, a dear creature, whose reputation is being shielded (not without reason) by the hero. M'Alpin, a

doctor and confidential agent. Smythe, an Irish villain. Kellogg, an attorney. Kellogg indicates how far one may go without becoming libellous, and then the hero turns himself loose. Not so loose, perhaps, as might be desired from the point of view of high art, for the deeper infamies of the villain should be brought out more decidedly to strengthen the interest. The limitations marked by the attorney indicate how inconsiderate of high literary or artistic purpose this utilitarian age has become. But the intelligent reader will perceive in the subtle touches that do appear what a monster of evil the villain actually is, and members of the U.B. will shudder to think how for twenty years he has been worming himself into the heart of a great humanitarian movement for his own vile purposes, and they will experience thrills in their Brahmadas when he is finally and triumphantly unmasked along with his fellow conspirators by the heroic Pierce. It will be acknowledged that he must have been concerned in the Phoenix Park assassination, the Bulgarian atrocities, and the disappearance of Dr. Cronyn (not Coryn, Mr. Printer). As an emissary of the Transvaal and an agent of Aguinaldo he could be capable of any enormity, while in mere immorality, which is characteristic of all his class, he must easily outdistance the most abandoned of that fiendish gang, the late U.B. lecturing staff. The effrontery and heartless hardihood of the wretch may be conceived, when, after ten years residence in Canada, his wife goes to spend the winter with her relatives in England, and he describes himself as a "grass-widower." English proves inadequate. Heiterkeit! Wow!

Following Shakspeare's lead Mr. Pierce transposes incidents and traits of character to heighten the dramatic effect. He even divests himself of some of his own picturesque qualities for the purpose of drawing a strong type. For instance, on page 5, speaking of a letter the villain has written, he writes: "The subject matter of the letter referred to has been injected into the naturally pure and innocent minds of

some of the members abroad, and always under promise of secrecy. In my estimation no member's reputation is safe while these things go unnoted and unpunished. For the present it will be unnecessary for me to mention names, as those who have been communicated with know who the slanderers are." Mr. Pierce's dramatic resource will be appreciated in the skilful adaptation in this passage of a striking incident in his own career when he wrote to one of the "pure and innocent minds" in Holland a few weeks ago: "I assure you, dear sister, on my soul, that it is in *every case* true that the lives of the old prominent workers who have or are creating disturbance, or have gone out of the work, are *not* clean. I know them, every one, through and through, and they know it and fear that their sins will find them out." If anyone has a letter from the Irish villain declaring that the author of that assertion had no basis for it outside his own brothel-tainted imagination, he should send it to Mr. Pierce at once.

From the villain to the hero and heroine is a far cry. Here again to lend dramatic effect the device of distance is utilised to render the further device of correspondence consistent. The hero dates his billet-doux from Cortlandt Street, and the heroine hers from New York, though in real life both may be addressed at the Gramercy. His tender consideration will thus be appreciated in giving literary form to the table-talk of rare opportunities. Especially when the engrossing nature of the hero's self-devoted occupations are considered, which have prevented him, even yet, much as he has desired it, from making any report of the affairs, financial or otherwise, of the great Organisation of which he is Secretary General. The delicate reticence with which he restrains himself, at the wish of the heroine, from divulging a little more fiction about "two English comrades" (page 5) is undoubtedly a stroke of genius.

The late Mr. Samuel Richardson, could he return to create for us another

Pamela, might secure hints from the present heroine's letters. With commendable diligence she only kept the hero waiting her reply till next day. The dramatic unities are so far well observed. The action of the plot itself begins *in medias res*. The heroine having been assailed by the villain, she and the hero agree that he will take upon himself all the brunt of the attack, on the principle that Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion. The heroine is a saint (of the Order of the Woman o Samaria) and uses her saintly reputation to shield the hero from the aspersions cast against him. This is somewhat of a departure from dramatic tradition, but accords well with the new age of woman's rights. With great dramatic skill Mr. Pierce omits from the letter of the confidential agent a clause that might interfere with this artifice, and so concentrates the interest. On page 12 a sentence reads: "Your assertions in your letter of impurity in those who remain near the Leader," but in the original historical document deposited in the National Archives, the sentence reads: "Your assertions, in your letter, of perfidy in the Leader, and of impurity, etc." The omission of this little clause removes the shadow of imputation from the heroine's fair fame, so far as can be gathered from Mr. Pierce's "Facts."

The heroine's letters are full of such good advice that there can only be the deepest regret that these counsels are not more stringently followed. But even the exponents of these ideals do not appear to have completely apprehended them. The lecturers, as Mr. Pierce points out, have almost without exception fallen under the influence of some deadly blight. Some foolish people have supposed this to be the result of association with the hero and heroine. Others have declared that these lapses are purely imaginary, and as we know that Shakspeare would sacrifice any historical fact for the sake of dramatic effect, it is possible that Mr. Pierce, aiming at "the great literary touch" which the heroine speaks of, and following a high example, may thus have been induced to deal with

the material at his disposal. The depth of the fall of these minions, if there be a fall, can be judged from the terms of a letter addressed to the Irish villain in November, 1897. What deceit he is capable of is also clear when it is remembered that at this time even "the greatest adept in five thousand years" failed to perceive his true character. Thus tenderly she addressed him:—"There is a thrill in the heart for thee, son, after reading your letter of November the third. Ah, you do understand what I am driving at. I can assure you that if every member would grasp my plans as you do and work, that in the next ten years I could bind all the churches in one great whole—Universal Brotherhood. My heart grows sick when I look out over the world and see the millions of souls that are calling for help. The Masters have the help, but where are the torch bearers? So few, so few." The heart-sickness of the heroine seems characteristic. She gets sick over the villain's "hard and fast plan," whatever it is, on page 11. This, perhaps, should only be understood in a Pickwickian sense, for we know that adepts do not worry over the antics of the miserable little homunculi that ape them. As Maeterlinck has it, "What god, that is indeed on the heights, but must smile at our gravest faults, as we smile at the puppies on the hearth rug?" This is a weakness in portraiture which Mr. Pierce can remedy in future editions—we would suggest an illustrated one—and, as the letter in which this passage occurs was never received by the villain to whom it is addressed in print, no violence will be done to "facts." As the letter is dated the 16th September, and the "Scotsman" sailed on the 14th it cannot be said that it was lost in that wreck. Possibly we can appreciate the consideration which found time for an immediate and prolonged reply amid the excitement of meeting King Oscar.

"Facts" is really a most amusing document. It was impossible that I could take it seriously, although there are some who thought I should. To those who know the real facts, however, there

can be no doubt as to the futility of explaining the perfectly obvious. Those who refuse to listen to the facts under the delusion that a knowledge of the truth would injure their occult progress must learn their lesson their own way. I was myself very hard to convince, but I was not afraid of anything or anybody and see no reason to forbid or discourage the fullest investigation. But there is a limit to all things, and if there be no replies from the U.B. authorities to the subjoined letters before next month I hope to trouble the readers of THE LAMP no further with these matters.

A. E. S. S.

LETTER FROM DR. BUCK.

To the Editor THE LAMP:

The exchange of opinions and the different view-point represented by THE LAMP is favourable to adjustment of many misunderstandings that have been authoritatively encouraged between old comrades and co-workers. History records no such travesty on the name Theosophy as has been witnessed during these last two years of the 19th century. Those into whose hearts the germ of the true Secret Doctrine had entered will eventually recover their equilibrium. One by one they have been waking from the awful nightmare that they were made to believe was a dream of devachan. Had any old friend who had refused the poisoned cup tried to wake them earlier, the insanity of resentment and the anger of fanaticism only would have been the result, and they would still have remained under the fatal spell. Hence those who had escaped earlier could only *wait*. But the lesson has been learned by all. Every art of Jesuitism with every pretence of sanctity, and the profanation of every pure precept and divine principle have been made to do duty in the name of the Sacred Science. Even the rampant methods of the bully and the "knock out" of the prize-ring, with the most shameless impudence have been openly or secretly used by those who never knew the first letter of the alphabet of

occultism, and who are organically incapable of apprehending the Sacred Science. Nothing of the outer form of the Mysteries upon which bold and impudent adventurers could lay their unholy and polluted hands has been left unprofaned. Fortunately the inner temple is forever beyond their reach. Month after month as the disgraceful travesty went on, and the band-waggon and prestidigitators scoured the country and engendered strife, one would escape here, and another there. Then would come the glad cry—"O isn't it *good* to feel that you can breathe free once more!" Threats and intimidation, a system of spies, secret assassination of character, threats of law-suits and loss of whole incarnations, had all failed, and knowing that every device of Jesuitism would be used to crush them—still, better all this, than further service of the "veiled prophet," and participation in the shameless farce.

All have learned with a vengeance what Theosophy is *not*, and when the history of it all comes to be written, including the biography of its chief actors, it will be a lesson to all coming ages of the pitfalls that are to be avoided, and the signs of the agents of the real Lodge. This is a plain statement of facts which 'hundreds know to be true. When the chief actors are relegated to silence and oblivion, which they are rapidly approaching, we may leave them to that wise law that never fails of complete Justice. Those who have dealt justly and walked uprightly need fear nothing of threats of vengeance or anything they can do. It is all a sickly impotent "bluff," born of fear that the half of the truth might be told. One may know the whole truth regarding them, and yet withhold it for the sake of the Cause *till the time has come*. It is time for those who wish to be free to shake themselves loose from this awful travesty, and turn their backs on it forever. Let it sweep by like driftwood on the ever-living ocean of destiny while we keep steadily on our course towards the goal. Not one who has ever grasped enough of the real Secret Science to live by for a single day, that does not know deep down in

his secret soul that this shameless travesty of Theosophy is a *wicked lie*. Then drop it at once and forever, and come out into the sunlight of truth, and take a long full breath of the free air of heaven. The true "Leader," the "Witness," the "Warrior," is within your own soul. We have entered the New Age. Let us be worthy its priceless opportunities, and let us not forget the message of that Great Soul who made even this vulgar travesty possible by waking the sleeping giant in us all. Let us stand erect and face the rising sun as Brothers indeed, with clasped hands and onward march. Then indeed H. P. B.'s latest incarnation *will not prove a failure* through our slothfulness, childish intimidation, or vulgar pretentiousness. I know of Six Hundred who have not bent the knee to Baal, and early in this grandest of all centuries we shall meet in convention with *open doors* and a warm clasp of the hand, and a heart-welcome for any and all who *mean* Brotherhood and try to live it, whatever may have been their affiliations or sorrowful discipline in the past. Let our watch-word be Freedom, Light, and Duty. Fraternally,

J. D. BUCK, M.D.

P.S.—My solicitor's name and address on application.

116 W. Seventh Street, Cincinnati, O.

To the Editor of THE LAMP:—

I am in receipt of a very interesting circular from the Headquarters of Brotherhood in N.Y., sent out by Brother-General Frank M. Pierce.

I write to say that I hope no one will take this circular seriously.

A long experience and intimate acquaintance with the Brother-General in all his varied capacities—as Special Representative S.R.L.M.A., as Secretary-General of Universal Brotherhood, as brother Mason, as brother Engineer, as brother Spiritualist, as Star (and Garter) of all the personally conducted crusade tours, as—in short—as PIERCE, the bright particular Pooh-bah, has led me to the conviction that things are not what they seem, and he is never serious.

Does he seem harsh and cruel—vindictive and cutting? Not so. This is the simplicity and directness of a

"little one." He is the tenderest creature alive! Do his utterances savour of obscenity? No—a thousand times no! He is the quintessence of purity and refinement! All that would be expected of an occultist! Is there apparent an element of fear in this circular? Perish the thought. He has repeatedly assured us of his courage, and do we not see him bravely go forth to battle armed only with the simple weapon of asseveration, and with no shield but the secrecy of the E.S.T.? Does this circular seem profoundly serious? It is one of our Lotus brother's jokes! Another of these is occasionally to take himself seriously. No sooner does he do this than it is the greatest joke of all.

No, this Christmas greeting of his is purely a sweet, loving, brotherly bit of humour, admirably calculated to draw us all more closely together—in our search for damaging evidence.

A UNIVERSAL BROTHER.

ROAD SONG OF THE BANDAR-LOG.

Here we go in a flung festoon,
Half-way up to the jealous moon!
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?
Don't you wish you had extra hands?
Wouldn't you like if your tails were—so—
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?

Now you're angry, but—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,
Thinking of beautiful things we know;
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,
All complete, in a minute or two—
Something noble and grand and good,
Won by merely wishing we could.

Now we're going to—never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind.

All the talk we have ever heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird—
Hid' or fin or scale or feather—
Jabber it quickly and all together!
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!
Now we are talking just like men.

Let's pretend we are . . . never mind,
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

*Then join our leaping lines that scumfish through the pines,
That recket by where, light and high, the wild-grape swings.*

*By the rubbish in our wake, and the noble noise we make,
Be sure, be sure, we're going to do some splendid things!*

—Rudyard Kipling in the *Jungle Book*.

SOME "LEAVES OF GRASS."

Whoever degrades another degrades
me,
And whatever is done or said returns
at last to me.

* * *

To gather the minds out of their brains
as you encounter them, to gather the
love out of their hearts,

To take your lovers on the road with
you, for all that you leave them
behind you,

To know the universe as a road, as
many roads, as roads for travelling
souls.

* * *

Come, I will make the continent
indissoluble,

I will make the most splendid race the
sun ever shone upon,

I will make divine magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life long love of com-
rades.

I will plant companionship thick as
trees along all the rivers of America,
and along the shores of the great
lakes, and all over the prairies,

I will make inseparable cities with
their arms about each other's necks,

By the love of comrades,
By the manly love of comrades.

—Walt Whitman.



THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and
wattles made;

Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the
honey bee,

And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace
comes dropping slow,

Dropping from the veils of morning to where
the cricket sings;

There midnight's all a glimmer, and the noon
a purple glow,

And evening full of the linnets' wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and
day

I hear lake water lapping with low sounds
by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pave-
ments gray,
hear it in the deep heart's core.

—W. B. Yeats.

THOUGHTS FROM MAETERLINCK.

Can it be that man is nothing but a
frightened god?

Cannot we live as though we always
loved? It was this that the saints and
heroes did; this and nothing more.

In every adventure there is a brief
moment when our instinct warns us
that we are still the lords of destiny.

We must accustom ourselves to live
like an angel who has just sprung to
life, like a woman who loves, or a man
on the point of death.

Truly is it becoming difficult to
cherish hatred, envy, or treachery in
one's heart, secure from observation;
for the souls even of the most indiffer-
ent are incessantly keeping vigil around
us.

To go in search of destiny—what is
this but to seek all the sorrows of man?
There is no destiny of joy, no star that
bodes of happiness. The star that is
so called is only a star of forbearance.

There is one thing only that the soul
can never forgive; it is to have been
compelled to behold, or share, or pass
close to an ugly action, word, or
thought. It cannot forgive, for forgive-
ness here were but the denial of itself.

Even those who do not know you,
who are merely told of your acts of
goodness and deeds of love—if you be
not good according to the invisible
goodness, these, even, will feel that
something is lacking, and they will
never be touched in the depths of their
being.

Is it thoroughly clear to you—this is
one of the strangest, most disquieting
of truths—is it thoroughly clear to you
that, if there be evil in your heart, your
mere presence will probably proclaim
it to-day a hundred times more clearly
than would have been the case two or
three centuries ago?

In the life of every man there has
been a day when the heavens opened
of their own accord, and it is almost
always from that very instant that dates
his true spiritual personality. It is
doubtless at that instant that are
formed the invisible, eternal features
that we reveal, though we know it not,
to angels and to souls.