

The Lamp

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No. 31.

"Allons! after the great Companions, and to belong to them!"

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LIFE.

There never was a time in the world when all the good people were so intent upon the salvation of their neighbours. Religions, fraternities, societies, orders, brotherhoods and individuals alike seem determined to fill the part of keeper to their brethren. But a little while ago everyone was looking after his own eternal interests; now the idea that these are wrapped up with those of other people has swung the thinking world round to the other extreme, and the impression has gone abroad that, provided one plays the saviour for others, it is quite legitimate to play the devil on one's own account.

As a general result, the men with halos on their heads are still largely restricted to the church windows. We have all been hoping for more than this. Halos were expected to have been as common as policemen's helmets. Sanguine and unsophisticated folks believe that it is the modesty of the owners that prevents their appearance, but virtue of that order would warrant a rainbow. A halo would be inadequate.

While most people and all religions talk about salvation, and it is understood that this has something to do with the soul, there are only about two men in a million who have the faintest glimmer of an idea as to what the soul is. In a general way people identify their souls with themselves; but as they change every year, and would not change back to be themselves of any former year, it is clear they have little knowledge of what it is they wish to have saved. Fifty years after they die they are unheard of and unthought of, and posterity is unani-

mous that there was nothing of them worth preserving—or it would have been preserved.

Salvation, whatever it may be, is particular to a man's self. No other can achieve it for him. He can only be helped to help himself. Everybody wants this unknown good, and many for a while seem to have grasped it; but presently it is seen that they, too, suffer and grieve with the rest of the world, and are not consoled. There are those who neglect, or scorn, or are utterly unaware of such an idea as salvation, or the soul, or halos. But none of these attitudes of mind affect facts. And there appears to be a solid foundation of fact to the belief of the ages in these respects.

This boon has been promised to men as a future reward which they should receive in heaven, or in another life in another planet, or when we are reborn to live on the earth after the rest of death and the heaven-world; but all these futurities are more or less unsatisfactory. I believe that what the heart of men is aching for is a very present help in the time of trouble, a salvation that will be effective here and now, a gift that will fire the heart, and stir the brain, and ennoble the body, till men see in the streets of their cities incarnate souls, and deem it fitting.

None who sincerely desire it can be shut out from a knowledge of the soul. More have gained that path than the world knows. There is a revelation of silence beyond that of speech.

The Tsar of all the Russias, at his coronation, takes the crown and sets it upon his own head. They who advance from among the listeners, to become

the elect, must crown themselves with the crown of soul-consciousness. Only they who wear this crown are of the Brotherhood of Life.

THE GROWTH OF LOVE.

SONNET 23.

O weary pilgrims, chanting of your woe,
That turn your eyes to all the peaks that
shine,
Hailing in each the citadel divine, [ago;
The which ye thought to have entered long

Until at length your feeble steps and slow,
Falter upon the threshold of the shrine,
And your hearts overburdened, doubt in fine,
Whether it be Jerusalem or no.

Disheartened pilgrims, I am one of you;
For, having worshipped many a barren face,
I scarce now greet the goal I journeyed to.
I stand a pagan in the holy place;
Beneath the lamp of truth I am found untrue,
And question with the God that I embrace. ;

SONNET 62.

I will be what God made me, nor protest
Against the bent of genius in my time,
That scence of my friends robs all the best,
While I love beauty and was born to rhyme.

Be they our mighty men, and let me dwell
In shadow among the mighty shades of old,
With love's forsaken palace for my cell;
Whence I look forth and all the world behold.

And say, These better days, in best things
worst.

This bastardy of time's magnificence,
Will mend in fashion and throw off the curse,
To crown new love with higher excellence.
Curs'd though I be to live my life alone,
My toil is for man's joy, his joy my own.

Robert Bridges.

"THE SET OF THE SOUL."

'Tis the set of a soul that decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

The world to-day needs men and women of large ideas, who will represent that genuine humanity that compasses all flags and all countries. The great are always universal.

The planet is covered with humanitarian organizations, large and small, but identity of ideas does not seem to soften the conflicting feelings existing between them, and the medley of men in the actual world remains to a large extent unaffected by a policy which is suited only to a picked membership.

The narrow spirit of dogmatism dies hard. Only a firm faith in the eternal verities will see us through with joy at the centre of our hearts.

The most intelligent men change their methods often, as the great wheel of life turns ceaselessly. The twentieth century will see the beginning of the greatest change that has yet come about. The best of our literature supports this idea. It is about the first time in history when men have been able to draw the horoscope for a coming century, to predict and frame an ideal for it.

What is the ideal? The welfare of each the concern of all, expresses it as well as any other phrase. There are everywhere phases of unchecked control, but this does not last. Organizations are stepping stones to the next development when every man shall worship in his own way, in his own heart.

We are breaking our way towards a broader tolerance and more kindly co-operation than the world has seen for many a long day. All obstacles will be gradually overcome by the larger knowledge and sympathy which is dawning. The links of love are real and golden, uniting many still unknown to each other in a silent bond of brotherhood which shall inaugurate a new era in the history of humanity.

We want a stronger hold upon our mighty hopes. We need them touched by the consecrating light of the imagination, and by the eternal splendour of poetry. Then our faith will not need constant stimulus, but we shall

Stand like a tower firm, that never bows
Its head, for all the blowing of the winds.

It seems hard to get the necessary tolerance aroused in the hearts of men. Among the most select, bitter suspicions arise, and the most eloquent plea for better conditions is too often a tirade against those who do not accept every plan of action suggested. This only goes to show that the earnest, self-sacrificing and sincere, are not always pleasant to live with.

The message of brotherhood has always been plain, and ever the same. It may be formulated in such a way that all men can accept it, but if ever it

becomes simply a creed to which all must yield unthinking obedience, new difficulties will arise.

Whether we will or not, circumstances compel us to stand forth for what we are, and nothing more. When we recognize this we shall lessen the tendency to be unjust to others, for only a hair line divides the good and the bad, and "obscurity covers the path of action."

If we must give way to our weaknesses, now and then, and condemn others, it is better not to do it in words, for that is uncharitable slander. And the more we do that, the less time have we at our disposal for the cultivation of the beautiful—the true.

Has anyone ever been made better by being continually reminded of their faults and failings?

"No one ever heard him condemn another" is a good thing to have said of us. Never was there a time when greater tolerance was necessary among lovers of truth. Truth is impersonal; let us be like truth. "There is no religion higher than truth."

We are working forward to a time when mind will become the reigning principle. We cannot, even if we would, evade the full responsibility which this development entails. Mind is like the ether—creative, correlative, immutable. We who love mankind must learn to think, and put into practice among ourselves what we preach.

On the way to that period we are largely controlled by sentiment, multifarious desires, and the influence of others. But we will save ourselves much heart-burning pain by realizing that discernment and discrimination are necessary to real knowledge and right living.

The first "matter" the great builders used was fire—was it not? Although the building is now at a different stage, we still need fire, for its sudden play turns darkness into day. Let, then, the fire of devotion to principle burn steadily through all changes. Let us follow the highest path, having at every step the affirmation of the soul, and all is sure to be well with us now and forever.

IAN MOR.

"TO FOUND A SUPERB FRIENDSHIP."

He who injures my ideals wounds my heart. He degrades my life. He has darkened my soul. We owe it to the world to sustain each other's virtue. If my trusted friend tempts me to be less worthy than I was, the gates of Paradise are more tightly closed against us all. It is vain to tell me that I am the stronger for resisting him, that I am wiser for the knowledge of his weakness. Did he think so poorly of me as to fancy I should fall into his snare? Would he prove my honour for the satisfaction of his own? If he has not trusted me to the full then were we never comrades. The Companions of the Heart do not play tricks upon each other's faith.

The Master Soul that knows the weaknesses of us all has a compassion and a magnanimity which broods not over our offences, but the light of his face shines upon the hearts that reflect his greatness. With no false tenderness does he deal with our faults, for the Law that bears us all alike in its embrace relieves him of the care of our errors. As he pours life into the efforts of our nobler hours the palsy of death falls upon the struggles of our baser nature. We are built up in the strength and comeliness of gods as the Great One relies upon us to play the hero and the warrior.

As I lay bare my heart to the Eternal and the glory of the Ineffable touches it, the man I am is shamed into the outer darkness, and the man I would be is born into a new world. New heavens and a new earth declare themselves whenever I enter into the knowledge that the Mighty One has trusted me. Do we not know that through us there is the image of this in the lives of those we have taken to our hearts? We are none of us too great to see ourselves reflected in the faith of our comrades, when the Lord of the whole earth has given his truth into our keeping, and seeks for the shining of his Word in our own forgetful breasts.

I avow myself at my best the peer of the whole earth. I confess myself at my worst a blot among sinners. And I

have met no honest man who bears another measure of himself. In the heights and depths of our being we span infinity, but he who tempts me to descend into the depths when I would reign with him on the heights has lost his way on the path of the everlasting. Out of the depths we have cried and we have climbed. As we disperse the clouds that hide the light the lowliest will be illumined, and the darkness of the abyss will pass into the dawn of deeper life.

There is calm and dignity in the ascending soul. It is not disturbed by the stings of circumstance. The heart may be hurt, but the elixir of Joy heals without a scar. Did you ask how this could be, great Nature bids us see the sunbeam's lance, the zephyr's dance, the ripple of the stranded wave. The secrets of the straining world are wrapped in these, and the graves and the sorrows are but moments in the ceaseless lapse of life and victory.

There is a time when it is revealed to a man that the brotherhood of life means Love. And "there is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear," and "he that feareth is not made perfect in love." There is no fear of misunderstanding, for the Masters of Love are pure, and "to the pure all things are pure." Only "to them that are defiled and unbelieving nothing is pure, but both their mind and their conscience are defiled." And there is no fear of harm. For the Masters of Love are just. We can suffer no loss that is not advantageous. "For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the vainglory of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

Come, brothers; we have put away fear and distrust, and the darkness of doubt. "Of Teachers there are many; the Master Soul is One." The Companions of the Path have heard the message, and the path of each is straight to the goal.

"Quand on veut tuer son chien, on dit qu'il est enragé."

PURITY AND OCCULT PROGRESS.

It cannot be too frequently insisted upon, in view of the many misconceptions and mis-statements with regard to it, that the study and practice of occultism, the development and control of the spiritual forces of nature in man, "the science of life and art of living," are impossible save in the presence of rigid sexual purity. Many forms of psychic attainment, mediumship, certain phases of clairvoyance and clair-audience, are not incompatible with loose moral habits, but to confuse these powers with the high spiritual attainments of the genuine occultist can only be the result of ignorance.

"Seek first the kingdom of heaven and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," was said of the lower psychic and other powers, so generally considered to be occult, but which are really more common than the gifts of intellect or genius, which are in turn but forerunners and adjuncts to real spirituality. There are some who, under the influence or example of supposed authorities, have been led to think that this strictness was of the letter rather than the spirit, and the result in many cases has proved disastrous. It is due to the high standard set by Madam Blavatsky and Those whom she represented to make this clear.

While many think such an ideal as a clean life and a pure heart is impracticable to-day, and a mere dream among the immoralities of the age, the real student of occultism, undeterred by the sneers of others, will do what he can to accommodate his own life to his beliefs, and show their basis to any who may be interested. The ancient teachings state (S.D., II., 410) that the curse of Karma was called down upon men "for abusing the creative power, for desecrating the divine gift, and wasting the life-essence for no purpose except bestial personal gratification." It is fully explained why the waste of the life-forces makes impossible the building of that inner body, the spiritual body, the gaining of consciousness in which constitutes the "perfecting" or

initiation of some writers, the "anastasis" of St. Paul.

One of the most diabolical arguments advanced for vicious indulgence is to the effect that the passions when indulged leave the mind less disturbed and freer for ordinary duties. In "The Voice of the Silence," p. 17, is written, "Do not believe that lust can ever be killed out if gratified or satiated, for this is an abomination inspired by Mara (the Tempter.) It is by feeding vice that it expands and waxes strong, like to the worm that fattens on the blossom's heart." Walt Whitman expresses the same truth.

"Allons! yet take warning!

He travelling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance,

None may come to the trial till he or she bring courage and health,

Come not here if you have already spent the best of yourself,

Only those may come who come in sweet and determin'd bodies,

No diseased person, no rum-drinker or venereal taint is permitted here."

Few who have read it can ever forget the tremendous indictment of those who prove false to the lofty principles of the occult schools; denunciations of persons "denying themselves nothing, even of luxuries, for the sake of helping poorer brothers; forgetting the cause in general and its volunteer hard workers,—and even debauchees guilty of secret immorality in more than one form."

THE DREYFUS CASE.

The trial of the French army officer which has been attracting the attention of the world has presented incidentally some important lessons to those who are interested in the working out of national character, and the evolution of national standards. What has been called national karma by students of eastern philosophy, the trend of a nation's destiny, the sum of its achievements in moral development, the resultant conditions of its social and political structure, are seen to be self-constituted fetters from which there is

no escape when a time of self-discovery and re-adjustment demands the utmost of the national life. What France, what any nation is to-day, is but the due effect of its past effort in either inner or outward growth, and if the two phases of development do not keep pace with each other, a breaking point will be finally reached, when the body, having lost its ideals, and therefore its organic life, must disintegrate; or having neglected its structural health, it becomes a prey to the stronger competitors around it which have incorporated and given manifestation to the ideals it has so weakly cherished. As with nations, so also with individuals or societies. For it must not be forgotten that the soul of the world is universal, and that so also are its inspirations, and they seek to express themselves impartially in the channels which admit them. The ideals of life are genuine forces, as the nations, the societies, or the individuals which entertain them well know.

France is being afflicted to-day with the harvest of her own national sowing. For two hundred years false and artificial conceptions of honour have been sustained in the persons of the nation's heroes to the exclusion of the sterling qualities of straightforward dealing, common honesty, and frank faith in one's fellows. Nor in recognizing this misfortune is it necessary to forget the many really noble and heroic souls that have graced the history of France during the period mentioned. But the great men in the conventional sense, those who have gained power and rule, and have set the key for the tone of the national manhood, have not represented the glorious virtues.

Two hundred years ago Lewis the XIV. assisted in creating the atmosphere which pervades the court-room at Rennes. Green describes him as "bigoted, narrow-minded, commonplace, * * * without personal honour or personal courage, without gratitude and without pity, insane in his pride, insatiable in his vanity, brutal in his selfishness," though "he had still many of the qualities of a great ruler; industry, patience, quickness of resolve, firmness

of purpose, a capacity for discerning greatness and using it, an immense self-belief and self-confidence, and a temper utterly destitute indeed of real greatness, but with a dramatic turn for seeming to be great. As a politician Lewis had simply to reap the harvest which the two great Cardinals who went before him (Richelieu and Mazarine) had sown."

For another century France struggled on under the load of her self-evolved burdens, and then in the blood and terror of the Revolution laboured to bring forth Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. But what she had conceived she brought forth, and Napoleon imposed his stamp upon the world as well as France. France still measures with Napoleon's wand, whatever the rest of the world may do. If the new nations can learn from her experience what to avoid much will have been gained for humanity.

Emerson tells us something of Napoleon's contribution to the Dreyfus trial. He declared once, "I must dazzle and astonish. If I were to give the liberty of the press, my power would not last three days." He did not believe in Love as a motive of action. "There are two levers for moving men,—interest and fear. Love is a silly infatuation, depend upon it. Friendship is but a name." Emerson says, "he was thoroughly unscrupulous. He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity; but mere vulgar hatred; he was intensely selfish; he was perfidious; he cheated at cards; he was a prodigious gossip; and opened letters, and delighted in his infamous police, and rubbed his hands with joy when he had intercepted some morsel of intelligence concerning the men and women about him, boasting 'that he knew everything'; and interfered with the cutting of the dresses of the women; and listened after the hurrahs and compliments of the street, incognito. His manners were coarse. He treated women with low familiarity. He had the habit of pulling their ears, and pinching their cheeks, when he was in good humour, and of pulling the ears

and whiskers of men, and of striking and horse-play with them, to his last days. It does not appear that he listened at key-holes, or, at least that he was caught at it. In short, when you have penetrated through all the circles of power and splendour, you were not dealing with a gentleman, at last; but with an impostor and a rogue; and he fully deserves the epithet of Jupiter Scapin, or a sort of scamp Jupiter."

"Only that good profits which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men."

GRACE HILL.

THE STAR-DAWN OF THE HEART.

One who had toiled desperately lay exhausted.

"I have spent my strength," he said, "and my work is vain, and the night is upon me, and the light of day and the breath of life leave me, and I have gained but the darkness and the end of toil."

And the man passed for a thousand years.

And he came again. And his arms were strong with the toils of old time, and his heart was rested.

And he said, "I will toil with my heart." And he wrought the magic of love with his heart. Some laughed, and some suspected, and many pitied him. And one hated the magic. The man, heart-broken, passed, and was forgotten.

And he came again. He said, "I will compel them. My heart is mighty, and my arms are strong, and the will is upon me to bend my kind." And he took power to himself, and ruled a nation. They brought him honours, but he sought obedience. When he craved love, they made him a crown. When he lay at death he heard the clanging of golden dishes, and a song of them that feasted. So he passed once more, and came yet again.

He sat on the hill-side by night, and he looked upon the heavens till all the throbbing stars lay burning in his breast.

Then One said to him, "There shall come a Star!"

"And he said "For this I have toiled; for this I have wrought; for this have I ruled. The stars are in my bosom, radiant all. But One shall come! My Star, my Star!"

"Not so," said He that stood with him. "Nay; not so. The star that cometh, cometh by thy power, and by the power of many like thyself. Not thine alone the Star."

The man grieved for his pride, and humbled himself. And he cried, "How long, O Lord, how long shall I delay the coming of the Star? For the world groans in darkness, and the nations seek for light."

The Shining One answered him, "Veil not the Star with self. Rend now the curtain of thy heart's desire, and give for all thy hoard."

The man lay prostrate. And he thought, "I strove for glory. I toiled for self." And he thought again. "Nay, not I. For all my strength was from within, and what am I but clouds and darkness? Let me be nought. Earth, take thy gifts, and Heaven, thy light of wisdom. Eternal Nature, all I am is wholly Thee!"

And he passed again.

And when he came once more, a simple peasant with his flocks, he kept a pure heart fervently. All the travail of all his lives was wrapped in Peace at last. Then the fulfilment of his days swept over him as a great wave in a whelming tide, and he saw the worlds as though they were not. Time sank away from him. The Vision of Beauty and Power and Wisdom shone upon him, and these became his life. Then men saw a Star in the East.

IRIS H. HILL.

PERUVIAN MYSTERIES.

The Incas, or rulers of Peru, boasted of their descent from the sun and moon, which, therefore, were worshipped, as well as the great god Pacha-Camac, whose very name was so sacred that it was only communicated to the initiated; it means, "He who sustains or gives life to the universe." No temples were erected to this deity. They also

had an idol they termed Tangatango, meaning, "One in three and three in one." Their secret mysteries, of which we know next to nothing, were celebrated on their great annual festival, held on the first day of the September moon, the people watching all night until the rising of the sun; and when he appeared the eastern doors of the great temple of Cuzco were thrown open, so that the sun's radiance could illuminate his image in gold placed opposite. — *Heckethorne's Secret Societies.*

THE PATH.

"Tis vain to school the weary heart
In cold philosophies;
I think he knows the better part,
Who God in all things sees.

And who heroic labour finds
In deeds of great or small,
Is likeliest unto Him who binds
The many unto all.

Who takes, nor murmurs, good or ill,
Has youth outlasting youth,
Who lives by what he knows, and still
Keeps open door for truth.

P. G.

A LESSON ON OCCULTISM.

Begin by trying to conquer the habit, almost universal, of pushing yourself forward. This arises from personality. Do not monopolise the conversation. Keep in the background. If someone begins to tell you about himself and his doings, do not take the first chance to tell him about yourself, but listen to him and talk solely to bring him out, and when he has finished suppress in yourself the desire to talk about yourself, your experiences and opinions. Do not ask a question unless you intend to listen to the answer and enquire into its value. Try to recollect that you are a very small affair in the world and that people around do not value you at all and grieve not when you are absent. Your only greatness lies in your inner true Self, and It is not desirous of obtaining the applause of others. If you will follow these directions for one week you will find they will take considerable effort, and you will begin to discover a part of the meaning of the saying, "Man know Thyself." WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE.

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who will be responsible for unsigned articles,
and to whom all communications
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

LIBERTY, Purity, Life!

THE way to gain trust is to be trust-
worthy. There is none other.

NO MAN can progress in whose life
fear has become an influence.

IT should not be forgotten that the
student may make mistakes as well as
the teacher.

"It is better to do one's own duty,
even though devoid of excellence, than
to perform another's duty well.

PROF. CARL DU PREL, of Munich,
author of "The Philosophy of Mystic-
ism," has died near Hall, in the Tyrol,
at the age of sixty.

MISS A. GOODRICH FREER (Miss
X—) has republished her contributions
to "Borderland" in a volume of "Es-
says in Psychological Research."

A NEW Australian poet, Victor J.
Daley, is attracting some attention.
He declares in one of his sonnets that
"Hell were too small if man were
judged by man."

REV. DR. AUSTIN, a recent convert
from Methodism to Spiritualism, having

stated that Joseph Cook, of Boston
Monday lecture fame, held similar views,
an enquiry directed to Dr. Cook elicited
the reply: "Spiritualism is Potiphar's
wife. I am Joseph."

REV. DR. WATSON, "Ian Maclaren,"
in speaking of telepathy, says he believes
that to be successful in sending thought
messages one must be unselfish and
filled with love for one's fellow men.
Dr. Maclaren has given an account of
some psychic experiences of his own.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Indiana, is having
some notoriety in England at present
through the action of the Methodist
Church library authorities there in hav-
ing banished Kipling's "The Drums
of the Fore and Aft" from their shelves,
on the grounds that it "fairly reeked
of profanity and the most outrageous
slang."

MRS. LEONORA PIPER, the well-known
medium through whom Prof. Hyslop
and others profess to have gained psy-
chological evidence of the highest value,
is receiving so much admiring attention
that the spiritualistic papers are hoping
she will have common sense enough
not to lose her head over it, or forget
that she is not the only cultivated psy-
chic. Modesty is going to a premium.

THE prophecy of St. Malachi iden-
tifying the successive Popes of Rome
centuries before their time by appro-
priate Latin mottoes is being recalled
at present by interested persons. The
present Pontiff, Leo XIII., represented
by "lumen de coelo," is to be followed
by "ignis ardens." What the fierce
fire may augur for the world the ninety
years of the Holy Father cannot give
long to speculate.

THE Editor of "Light," the leading
English spiritualistic journal, has been
entrusted by Mrs. M. A. Newton of
New York with the volume containing
the manuscript constitution, preamble,
and bye-laws of the original Theosoph-

ical Society. It is dated 30th October, 1875, and bears the signatures of H. S. Olcott, H. P. Blavatsky, H. J. Newton, G. Felt, Storer Cobb, Mrs. E. H. Britten, W. Britten, W. Q. Judge, Mrs. Newton, and others, fifty-five in all. Mrs. Newton desires to have it open for the inspection of everyone, but makes it a condition that it shall not be permitted to pass out of the hands of the Editor of "Light."

*

PROF. J. DYNELEY PRINCE, PH. D., has published a commentary on the Book of Daniel, and agrees with modern scholarship that the book was written in the second century before Christ, and of course after the events of which it is supposed to prophesy. Its most glaring historical error is that Darius the Mede ruled over Babylon after its capture. At the same time the occult symbolical teachings of this book, which even Dean Farrar dismisses in a foot note in his work on the same subject, render it of great value to the student. The book is chiefly an allegory of the "wheel of birth" of James iii: 6, the "circle of necessity" of older teachings.

*

A STORY is told of the late Master of Balliol, Prof. Jowett, that a young lady once had the effrontery to say to him: "I want to know, Master, what you think of God." "I am more concerned to know what God thinks of me," was the reply. His maxims are worth remembering.

Never quarrel.
 Never explain.
 Never hate.
 Never fret.
 Never disappoint.
 Never fail.
 I've fear.
 Never drudge.
 Never spare.
 Never detract.
 Never tell.

*

W. D. HOWELLS, quoting Edwin Markham's sonnet "Love's Vigil," says that it "is not an example of his range; that includes much clear thinking and

true feeling of quite other moods; a constant fellowship with the unfriended, a mystic insight, and a joy in the glad earthly frame, as well as faith in the just spiritual frame. . . . The

sense of fraternity as the element in which all life is embraced is the prevailing inspiration of the book. Mr. Markham loves nature, and he loves art; but above all, he loves men.

Mr. Markham is true to his time, and his poetry betrays its sad misgiving, its consciousness of things that have failed to come out well, and its reaching, in the failure, toward the unity among men which can alone right them and save them from one another."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—L. K. Y.—No, Brotherhood is not a proprietary article, and there is no royalty collectable upon it. I believe you may practice brotherhood as a member of almost any society, church, or religion under the sun. The difficulty is whether you wish people to be brotherly to you, or yourself to be brotherly to them. W. G.—Ecclesia is usually translated "church," but "assembly" in Acts xix: 32, 39 and 41. J. H.—I have read Mrs. Besant's "Ancient Wisdom," and think it much her best book, one of the best on the subject. M. M.—"Papus" is the pen-name of Dr. G. Encausse. J. J.—The Julia of Mr. Stead's "Borderland" is said to have been Miss Julia A. Ames, who, according to Lilian Whiting, was associated with Frances Willard. Black Magician.—We regret to hear of your case. There is no objection to your subscribing to THE LAMP. Have you tried Watts' Hymns? John W.—Gayley's "Classic Myths" published by Ginn & Co., is a good book. A. H.—Yes, it is possible to recollect past lives. Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, not to mention more, all remembered previous existences, and they were theosophists, "divinely wise." Dr. N.—The hypothesis of a hollow earth harmonises with the facts and the probability more nearly than any of the several other theories advanced. Have you read Prof. Lloyd's "Etidorhpa"? F. M. L.

C.—At 1st May the American Section, T. S., numbered sixty-six branches and 1,248 members, an increase of twelve and 213 respectively over the previous year. The other figures are not available.

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DR. REGINALD KOETTLITZ has recently returned from a journey across Abyssinia in company with Mr. Weld Blundell, Lord Lovatt and Mr. Harwood. King Menelik gave them permission to travel in portions of the country usually forbidden. Dr. Koettlitz visited the mysterious sacred mountain of the Abyssinians, Zouquala, forty miles distant from the capital. "It is 10,000 feet high, and in the form of a truncated cone at its summit. In the crater is a remarkable lake three quarters of a mile long, which is a veritable Abyssinian Lourdes, or Pool of Siloam. It is the belief of the natives that bathing in its waters will cure all diseases. The waters are regarded with the greatest worship, and must on no account be employed for cooking, or any other useful purpose. . . . A priest with great awe, drew my attention to a gaudy representation of St. George and the Dragon. I endeavoured to explain that St. George was the British, as well as the Abyssinian, patron saint, but the good man was very dubious until I hit upon the idea of producing a sovereign. This at once convinced him of the truth of my statement, and proved to his complete satisfaction that I was a Christian of a very high order. The whole mountain is curious in the extreme. I was shown one tree with three trunks united at the base, which is regarded as an emblem of the Trinity, and is hung with human hair and all sorts of trinkets." Students of the Secret Doctrine will remember that St. George represents the Kumaras, the spiritual selves of those who destroy the human passions and physical senses, "which are ever in the way of the development of the higher spiritual perceptions and the growth of the inner eternal man."

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THE publication of a little volume of essays contributed to the Dublin *Ex-*

press under the title of "Literary Ideals in Ireland," brings together the work of a few of the leading mystical writers of the day, John Eglinton, W. B. Yeats, "Æ", and W. Larminie. "Æ" points out that a literature loosely held together by some emotional characteristic common to the writers, however great it may be, does not fulfil the purpose of a literature or art created by a number of men who have a common aim, in creating a supreme ideal, "a soul for their country." Fiona Macleod, writing in the English *Bookman*, "hopes that someone, perhaps Mr. George Russell (who appears to be best able to understand and interpret what is apparently incongruous or irreconcilable) will write, not upon the literary ideals, but on the one inevitable and supreme literary ideal for Ireland. Born of spiritual suffering, sustained by spiritual longing, its road should be through the country of the spirit, its goal should be the Divine Forges where will be fashioned anew and with more wonder and beauty and extreme miracle of uplifting force, a Soul of Beauty and Hope, that shall not only be its own soul and the final and noble redemption of all Gaeldom, but be the spiritual spring and impulse in all ascendant peoples. Then only can the old prophecies be fulfilled, that out of the last leaguer of the Gael shall come a new redemption; thus only can the deeper, more insistent, the irrefutable, implicit prophecies of the common heart behold at last the revelation of the homeward way" Many will be reminded of Miss Macleod's ideal race type, compounded of the Scandinavian body, the Saxon mind, and the Keltic spirit and ideals of imagination.

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IN the second volume of Prof. Flinders Petrie's new History of Egypt, says Mr. William Oxley, there is given an account of the revolt from the Aménite priesthood at Thebes, and the establishment of a new state religion in which the worship of the Sun replaced the old one of personal Gods. Aménhotep IV. of the Eighteenth Dynasty was the chief factor in bringing about

the change. He adopted a title meaning "Living in Truth," and built a new capital and temple at Tel-el-marna about the year 1400 B.C. His religious system is described as Protestant, being both scientific and philosophical, and "not to be improved upon even in our own times." "No one sun-worshipper or philosopher seems to have realized until within this century the truth which was the basis of Akhenten's worship, that the rays of the sun are the means of the sun's action, the source of all life, power, and force in the universe. This abstraction of regarding the radiant energy as all-important, was quite disregarded until views of the conservation of force as a mode of motion, and the identity of heat, light, and electricity have made us familiar with the scientific conception which was the characteristic feature of the new worship." But it was not the physical sun that was accorded divine honours, but the power which the luminary represented. In a poem of the time, attributed to Akhenten and addressed to the Sun, it is said:

"Thou art in my heart, there is none that knoweth Thee

Excepting Thy Son [Akhenaten];

Thou causest that he should have understanding

In Thy ways and in Thy might."

"The Sun of righteousness with healing in his rays," of the Book of Malachi, is of a thousand years' later date than this.

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In the *Quarterly Review* for July appears an article on "Modern Mysticism" which every student of modern theosophy should read. The signs of the times are of a nature to encourage all earnest seekers after truth, but such a portent as a reasonably sympathetic consideration of mystical literature in the orthodox old *Quarterly* must stir the blood of every worker. The review is of Allen's translation of the "Autobiography of Madame Guyon," Charbonnel's "Les Mystiques dans la littérature présente," and Schuré's "La Vie Mystique." But besides these, there is a wealth of allusion to Kingsley, Maur-

ico, Maeterlinck, Shorthouse, Tolstoi, Vogüé, Ruysbrock, Huysman, Obermann, Behmen, Pascal, Carlyle, Emerson, Wordsworth, and hosts of others, which indicates something of what a really universal movement might do in recognizing the progress of the world's mind towards the race-ideal. The current apprehension of that ideal is indicated in the words of the "lucid Professor Jowett," speaking of General Gordon, whose character was rendered attractive by "the combination of religion and practical sense, of mysticism and efficiency, which I believe in his heart of hearts he regarded as the highest form of character attainable by human nature." The aim of the reviewer is indicated in the following sentences: "Scepticism saves mysticism from superstition, mysticism restores the balance in an age given to materialistic self-indulgence and critical destructiveness. The chief danger of mysticism has always been a tendency to be affected, to become a passing fashion, a vague dream. One cure of this is the application of pointed ridicule like that of Aristophanes in 'The Frogs.' Another remedy is a careful analysis which sifts the wheat from the tares, such as we have attempted in this paper. Neither ridicule or critical analysis will prevent the formation of a small set, or clique, of a select few embracing a creed of mysticism which marks them as a peculiar people. 'It is so pleasant,' says M. Renan in the Hibbert Lecture, 'to believe that one belongs to a little aristocracy of the truth—to imagine that, with only a few others, one holds the deposit of good.' There is not such a great difference after all between the *distingué* mysticism of Imperial Rome, to which he refers, and the mysticism of our day. This self-styled "aristocracy of truth," like some other aristocracies, is not always successful in establishing its right to the title, nor true invariably to its best traditions. Such is the common danger of all movements with an esoteric doctrine; the travestied forms of higher teaching, and the easy parodies to which they give birth, only prove once more, how short is the step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

BY NATURE AND GRACE.

Her creed was the most rigid. It was, indeed, positively non-humanitarian. The justice of an outraged God was all it contained. The beautiful love-meaning contained in the word justice—the justice of the All-Father—was perfectly unknown to her. "All had sinned and come short"; consequently all must suffer the penalty due to the sins they had committed. So far as she knew there was no hope for humanity except through belief in the Saviour's Name.

Her own heart was loving and kind. The shackles of her creed could not cover up her inherent humanity. While she regretted—nay, bewailed were a better word—that many loved by her in the flesh were doomed because of their unbelief she never questioned, intellectually, the justice which would bring them to everlasting perdition. She even went further than this. With tears in her eyes, with sweet clingings of her earthly arms, she would say that when they were in the torment she would see them, and even then would recognize God's justice to them.

There was nothing self-righteous in her demeanour as she said this. Indeed, not one of her hearers but knew that to satisfy God's justice she would, had it been possible, have provided the substitutionary sacrifice for them. The sacrifice, however, having been made once for all, that loving deed was denied her by the claims of rigid justice.

Sometimes I used to think, as I saw her about her daily avocations, that she was superlatively loving to those whom she accounted lost. Their ultimate fate was so awful in her sight that I think she thought that she might mitigate it by her gentle deeds and loving words in their behalf here below. She certainly never spared either. Wedded to a man whose belief was louder if not stronger than hers, she found in him the perfection of selfishness. Did she upbraid him? Did she point out that his deed must correspond to his word? Never. She bore not only her own burdens (and they were not few) but his, and by her tender thoughtfulness she cheered and brightened his life till

long past the three score years and ten of the Sweet Singer of Israel.

Questioned she used to say: "He's naturally a very selfish man, but he would be much worse had he not the Word of God shed abroad in his heart." In his case she was denied the satisfaction of knowing intellectually that it was possible for her to be a sacrifice for him; that her thousand-and-one loving deeds and words to her life-partner were not available in mitigating his future lot, for, was he not of the Kingdom? So she just performed them daily, without any recognition from God or man of the daily and hourly sacrifice of self she made that he and those around them might be made more comfortable and happy.

But she grew and mellowed as the years went by. He became more self-righteous; she became more humble. His creed widened with the process of the suns; hers grew if possible more rigid and firm. His spiritual arrogance became almost intolerable except to the sweet-souled woman by his side; her piety became deeper until one could almost hear heavenly bells ring soft and clear as she went her daily round of commonplace duties. A deeper joy took possession of her as she recognized ere his earthly career ended that they were one; and it was a sight to make the angels of God in heaven rejoice to see her oppose to some act of his a higher deed of love, and by it swallow up and hide from their loving God his increasing selfishness, which seemed to find new and unlooked for vents. Near the end she came to pray that God would take them both at once—would in fact regard them as one.

And God did.

Her creed was uncompromising and non-humanitarian; but her life was a series of loving deeds and tender words.

Many of us are apt to forget the latter in the expression of the former. But we ought not. Creeds are as nothing in the light of one's practice. This woman's creed to many was repulsive, but her life was one long sacrifice of self for others. Her husband's creed was more mobile; but his deeds had for their end and aim self, self, self.

Knowledge and faith are better than superstitious ignorance and belief ; but a life like hers is worth more than either or both.

Her life was love. Why not, whatever your creed, let yours be the same ?

PATHFINDER.

"THEIR ANGELS BEHOLD HIS FACE."

"The one absolute, ever-acting and never-erring law—which proceeds on the same lines from one eternity (or Manvantara) to the other, ever furnishing an ascending scale for the manifested, or that which we call the great Illusion (Maha-Maya), but plunging spirit deeper and deeper into materiality on the one hand, and then redeeming it through flesh and liberating it—this law, we say, uses for these purposes the Beings from other and higher planes, men or Minds (Manus), in accordance with their Karmic exigencies."

These ancient teachings, in their unfamiliar form, and cumbered with words which few dictionaries yet explain, are really simple enough, and are taught by various religions in one way or another. There is a fear in the minds of many devout people to translate their ideas from one set of words or phrases into another, and this has separated many whose ideas are identical, but whose language differs. It is this curious obstinacy which the story of the tower of Babel is meant to illustrate. Men prevent themselves reaching heaven by stopping to quarrel over their language, the set terms of their creeds and their sectarian shibboleths. Did they but try to understand each other's thoughts the broken tower of Babel might give way to the city of the twelve gates.

One of the ideas about which there has been such confusion of language is that of creation. One set of people say that to create means to make out of nothing. Another set say it means to cause to grow out of nothing. Both ideas imply the power to change or transform. Whether this is understood to be the changing of nothing into

something, or the transformation of the unseen into the manifest, will be regulated by the metaphysical ability of the thinker. But even the simplest mind can see that when it is said, as in the book of Genesis, that God said, "Let there be light," there was a change brought about in the previous condition of darkness. No mind can conceive a condition in which there is an entire absence of both light and darkness. So also the formless and void is changed into the formed and occupied. These changes are now seen to be incessant. Not for a single second is there a halt in the transformations of the universe. As the divine Will is now perceived to be acting through secondary powers and agencies, we cannot say that at any time in the past it was not so, or that it will be different in the future.

The nature of these secondary powers or agencies becomes then a matter of direct interest to all who are convinced of their own moral relations with the universe, and their responsibility to its laws.

All religions teach that man himself is, if not the most important, certainly one of the most important of these agencies. St. Paul declares, in Romans viii, that "the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." And he says in the same chapter that, "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these are the sons of God." It is clear from this that he considered the destiny of man and the world he lived in to be identical.

The nature of mankind has always been looked upon as complex and of commingled elements. We are told in various ancient scriptures that into the body of the first man was breathed the breath of life, constituting him a perfect animal being. St. Paul also tells us in I Corinthians xv that "the first man, Adam, became a living soul; the last Adam became a life-giving spirit." The title Adam here evidently refers to the class of men represented by the individuals. Humanity is to be changed, or to change from one condition to a higher one, and to benefit the whole creation by the metamorphosis, as St. Paul calls it in Romans xii : 2.

The very ancient teachings on these questions, which are to be found in "The Secret Doctrine," state that the Beings referred to in the quotation beginning this article are of many classes, and are divided into various groups, according to their nature, and subdivided again. Seven great classes are always spoken of, and they undoubtedly correspond to the seven Elohim of the first chapter of Genesis, who determined to make man in their image. These again are akin to the seven archangels of modern religion.

It is stated that two of these orders of Beings concerned in the evolution of man are called Agnishwatta and Barhishad Pitris, or Fathers. There are three classes of the one and four of the other. The Barhishad angels, for that is the nearest conception we have in ordinary life of these Beings, were possessed of "fire," the creative power in the material world. They superintended the corporeal development of humanity, and, if the idea can be understood, are really humanity itself in its physical and sensuous aspect. The three classes of the Agnishwatta angels are the spiritual fathers of the race, and become the saviours of animal man by incarnating in the physical bodies evolved for their reception. While these Beings are spoken of as separate in their natures, those who would understand the teachings must try to appreciate what Christ meant when he said: "I am the true vine; ye are the branches." There is a unity of nature in all these Beings which is often compared to the rays of the sun emanating from one source; but the idea of the vine, with its one life and root, and its many ramifications, is more easily understood. These spiritual Beings, then, the true selves of men and women, overshadowing them and seeking opportunity to enter into the hearts of all who yield to their "ever pure and innocent" influences, are "they alone who could complete man, *i.e.*, make of him a self-conscious, almost divine being, a god on earth."

It is these who are said by Jesus to "always behold the face of (the) Father which is in heaven." It is they who

constitute the "Heart" of our world and of our spiritual life, and it is the "heart-doctrine" which leads men to a knowledge of and a union with their divine selves, which the great ones of the world have taught as a way to salvation. When a man realises this inner power, the gift of grace, peculiar to himself, the material world and the vanities of things temporal assume their true value in his eyes, and he sets out to seek that unity with the divine in himself which is but a step towards the unity in Christ and God which is the consummation of the ages.

"As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

BEN MADIGHAN.

PROPHETIC VISION AND ECSTASY.

The Biblical World, issued by the University of Chicago, and representing the most advanced religious scholarship in America, has an article in its September number on "The Use of the Vision in Religious Teaching." It admits that it was by this means that Jehovah communicated to the prophets of the Old Testament, and declares "emphatically," that it is "possible for men to have visions of God to-day, such as those granted in past times." It considers that these visions are received in states of trance, or ecstasy, similar to the trance of the dervish, of the southern negro under religious excitement, of the Greek and Roman oracles, etc. It is not able, at present, at least, to distinguish clearly between the hypnotic trance and that of the prophet in self-induced ecstasy. In another ten or twenty years the Chicago University will find that there is a vast amount of information available on these subjects, all in technical and precise form, scientific in basis, and susceptible of investigation and corroboration. When the religious world awakens to the fact that the statements of the Bible are not merely to be believed, but to be actually known and experienced, Ezekiel's Valley will for the first time have realization.

There is no reason why every person of pure aspiration should not know of the possibilities of his spiritual nature, and knowing enter into their enjoyment. There are states of consciousness coincident with the excitation of certain organs in the head which only respond to the impulses aroused in the hearts of unselfish and pure and positively benevolent people, and while these states are closed by nature (or by God, if the conception is less difficult), to evil-doers and the spiritually indolent, no one not clouded by prejudice can fail to discover plenty of evidence in regard to them. In absence of a robust common sense, no one can deplore the scarcity of those who find their way to the inner sanctuaries of life, for as every one carries his limitations along with him, what he brings away from such trance experiences is invariably coloured with his own mental pre-conceptions, and his reports but go to colour the expectations of those who follow him. The report of a Hottentot on a modern Electrical Exhibition would only present a faint parallel to the report of one ushered for the first time and without previous preparation into the Land of Vision. As a consequence we find that the religious ecstasies of all faiths describe what they see just as they have been led to expect to see it. The Roman Catholic devotee sees the Virgin or a favourite saint in the little chapel or over the altar; the pious Protestant occasionally gets a vision of an angel, or perhaps of the Lord Himself; the Hindu meets his personal god or goddess. The red Indian, after his adolescent fast, sees his totem; the theosophical novice astonishes an incredulous public with mahatma visions; the spiritualists always meet the dear departed; and there is a large and irresponsible class who are never satisfied in their trances with anything less than God Almighty. When people grow tolerant, and agree not to designate the experiences of those with whom they have differences of creed, (matters wholly of intellectual opinion), as diabolical and of the evil one, much will be learned by the comparison of the testimony offered by so many vary-

ing witnesses. By and bye a competent and authoritative investigation will be organized, and religion will become scientific. I believe that such investigation has been independently carried on for ages, and the accessible results do so much to explain and harmonize the conflicting testimony furnished by casual observers, that I have no doubt that eventually these results will be recognized as affording a universal basis in this department of knowledge. Meantime, the world will only move along the lines laid down by inductive science. We must not be impatient with the researches of the scientist. Whatever is true will prevail, and will be determined. And every position yielded to the occult by science will be one lost to dogmatic superstition.

A Master in these pursuits has written that for students in this domain the first object "is philanthropy. The true Theosophist is a philanthropist, who 'not for himself, but for the whole world lives.' This, and philosophy, the right comprehension of life and its mysteries, will give the necessary basis and show the right path to pursue. . . . The moral and spiritual sufferings of the world are more important and need help and cure more than science needs aid from us in any field of discovery."

We can heartily join with the *Biblical World* in its editorial desire for "what is most greatly needed just at this moment in American religious and theological thought, the ideal combination of scholarship and genuine piety." But do not let us confine our scholarship to books, nor our piety to our religious observances.

BEN MADIGHAN.

QUATRAIN.

There is within us hid a magic mirror,
But ah! how oft its perfect face is flawed
And marred by intervening mists of error,
Till it no more reflects the Heart of God.

MABEL ROSE CARY

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD.

From this hour I ordain myself loos'd
of limits and imaginary lines,
Going where I list, my own master total
and absolute ;
Listening to others, considering well
what they say ;
Pausing, searching, receiving, contem-
plating ;
Gently, but with undeniable will, divest-
ing myself of the holds that would
hold me.

I inhale great drafts of space ;
The east and the west are mine, and
the north and the south are mine.

I am larger, better than I thought ;
I did not know I held so much goodness.

All seems beautiful to me ;
I can repeat over to men and women,
"You have done such good to me, I
would do the same to you ;

I will recruit for myself and you as I go."
I will scatter myself among men and
women as I go ;

I will toss a new gladness and rough-
ness among them.

Whoever denies me, it shall not trouble
me ;

Whoever accepts me, he or she shall be
blessed and shall bless me.

—Walt Whitman.

THE MODERN SAINT.

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immersed in walls remote from strife ;
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells ;
He looks humanely forth on human life.

In place of missals or of altar dreams,
He cons the passioned bark of deeds and
days ;
Striving to cast the comforting sweet beams
Of charity on dark and noisome ways.

Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
He walks a fellow of the scarred and weak ;
Liberal and wise his gifts : he goes to school
To Justice ; and he turns the other cheek.

He looks not holy ; simple is his belief ;
His creed, for mystic visions, do not scan ;
His face shows lines cut there by others' grief,
And in his eyes is love of brother-man.

Not self nor self-salvation is his care ;
He yearns to make the world a summer clime
To live in ; and his mission everywhere
Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time.

No mediæval mystery, no crowned
Dim figure halo-ringed, uncanny bright ;
A modern saint ! A man who treads earth's
ground
And ministers to men with all his might.

—Richard Burton in *The Independent*, 10th August.

THE EARTH'S POLES.

The two poles are called the right and left ends of our globe—the right being the North Pole—or the head and feet of the earth. Every beneficent (astral and cosmic) action comes from the North ; every lethal influence from the South Pole. They are much connected with and influence "right" and "left" hand magic.

Occult teaching corroborates the popular tradition which asserts the existence of a fountain of life in the bowels of the earth and in the North Pole. It is the blood of the earth, the electro-magnetic current which circulates through all the arteries, and which is said to be found stored in the "navel" of the earth. — *Secret Doctrine, II. Notes, p. 400.*

SOME MEN by meditation, using contemplation upon the Self, behold the spirit within ; others attain to that end by philosophical study with its realization, and others by means of the religion of works. Others, again, who are not acquainted with it in this manner, but have heard it from others, cleave unto and respect it, and even these, if assiduous only upon tradition and attentive to hearing the Scriptures, pass beyond the gulf of death.

Know, O chief of the Bharatas, that whenever anything, whether animate or inanimate, is produced, it is due to the union of the Kshetra and Kshetragna—body and the soul. He who seeth the Supreme Being existing alike imperishable in all perishable things sees indeed. Perceiving the same Lord present in everything and everywhere, he does not by the lower self destroy his own soul, but goeth to the supreme end. He who seeth that all his actions are performed by nature only, and that the self within is not the actor, sees indeed. And when he realizes perfectly that all things whatsoever in nature are comprehended in the ONE, he attains to the Supreme Spirit.

As a single sun illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the One Spirit illumine every body, O son of Bharata.
—*Bhagavad-Gita, xiii.*