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LIFE AND LOVE.

S. NARAYANASAMI AIYER, B.A., B.L.

What do we know of life ? What language do we employ ? Life is heavy with me, I cannot endure it. Life runs smooth with me, I love it. And so we talk, as if we are not life, and life is independent of us.

Ourselves we do not owe. We originate, we end. Our little life is rounded with a sleep. End and beginning are dreams. Yet born in spite of us, removed in spite of us, we discourse of origin and destiny. Ourselves the only subject we do not and care not to know.

Δ2 m2 11.12.12
N13.8.1-12

A foolish compounded clay, man! But how infinite his faculty, how divine his discourse, in form and moving, how grand and beautiful! Still his end is dust and ashes. He dies of the fears he evokes, he is blasted by the ecstasy he creates. Man is a jest of fate's contriving, or he is the maker of his destiny. To true man, life is earnest; to others life is a dream.

What is truth in life? Life as it is embodied in the flesh is nourished, grows, decays and dies. Of it death is the destiny. Unto it it journeys on. In the flesh, life is uncomfortable; all its experiences are crosses, cares and woe.

But there is a life within life, a life which informs and guides. We call this conscience, God. An unquenchable fire, an unextinguishable light. We smother it, we cloud it. But struggling against our utmost efforts, it burns and glows. This is the "I," the Will, the Spirit; and if once it will stand for itself, destiny is in its control and sway.

The most puzzling of problems since man was born is Man. He has solved and is prepared to solve all problems. He writes the history of the Universe, prognosticates its fate, and directs its destiny. He passes his writ upon its end and beginning. But his logic avails him not. He is ruined out. Death he argues out palls on him. Conscience makes a coward of man.

It is good as it is. The great God has drawn the veil; the darkness out of which we emerge and the darkness into which we are to be absorbed, will and must remain dark; else knowledge will prove but the rotten apple, and wisdom which should guide knowledge will be mocked by it.

Knowledge is humble and reverential, is handmaid of wisdom. "Let knowledge grow from more to more, but more of reverence in us dwell, that mind and soul alluding well, may make one music as before" but vaster. Faith saves, life builded on it is truly built. A faithless soul is wrecked and lost.

In Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, Claudio says: "To sue for life, I seek death; and seeking death, I find life." In one of his poems it is written: "And now I lived and life was death's annoy; and now I died, and death is living joy." This is life's secret. Death once dead, there is no dying then.

We live, but must surrender life. To life ills belong. We speculate and are mocked out. We have desires, but they cloy. We get but enjoy not. We lose and repent. One lesson is true; the greatest need is the necessity, have only to enjoy, to wish is to waste, to be content is to be filled.

Life comes and parts like shadow. And all that belongs to life does so. Life is a long account of nothings paid with loss; and we are but the puppet shows of Fate. But life in life is real and the living will is dateless and uncompassed. The source of life is an immaculate and fresh, pure fountain, and it courses on to pay its tribute to its original cause.

It becomes man to know that his body is not nothing: It beams and glows. It can work. It is God's temple. It should be put to proper

work. Once started in honest work, flesh becomes ennobled, and it works out and triumphs in Love.

Love develops into Conscience. And Conscience is God.

How inapt and deluding is the human tongue, yet what have we but the human speech to render us? Love is paraphrased as passion, the tumult is taken for the depth. Conscience is translated as the coward's thought, the doubt that hangs on fear and pride; and our humour is exalted into worship, and ignorance and superstition are ennobled beyond simple Faith and Piety.

Life is simple and life is lovely. We do not have more power to pollute life than it has power to be ransomed. Vis, inertia, the vitality of life, as well in the flesh, as in the soul, is life's true vigour, more balmy than physic can make it, more holy than sin can corrupt it. A little rest of body brings it round from ailments, a little patience of the soul restores it to its haven of Calm.

Unrest is life's breach; excitement is not activity; the brain demands no over-taxation; the passions cannot stand strain to break. Moderation is the rule of life, it rests on concord. One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.

Love is the basis and the end of life. Life is love. Love is life. Each man is dependent on some others. Service is life's law. For life is a loan, and it is lent to those who are free.

With no capital, we may do infinite good. A look of sympathy is sometimes capital enough for endless blessings. With much we may achieve nothing, but often do great harm. We may smother the God within us, and tremble and rot in the hell we make; we may realize the light within us, and chase all shadows of hell and death.

Talk not of Fate, though Fate has brought you in. Triumph over Fate, for your will is free, the fated-sky gives free scope; work in the flesh, for it must work, but work it out to deliverance unto Love. Then are you realized, flesh is burnt, love is developed, conscience is born, and you are gathered unto your Lord.

The beauty of life is in us and surrounds us. But we see no beauty till we have it. The clownish nature belongs to us as well as the royal. And our realisation of each in our endeavour is the best witness of what humour we are in. Let us ever sink the beast and elevate the God.

We are our own true friends. No external help is necessary nor can be trusted. Man's true friend or enemy is Man. "To thine own self be true, it follows as night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Life is full of beauty. It beams with Love. The discord we think springs of our ignorance. With more knowing we discover more harmony. Differences, the birth of our ignorance, flow into harmony, and in better wisdom we learn them better. The one, the only, the such, the so, are the terms by which we learn to consecrate the Creator's name.

Learn wisdom by annihilating ignorance, peace by annihilating discord; cast off pride by learning humility, jealousy by knowing true

love, pray to be pardoned; judge in charity, let charity fulfil the law. Appeal to mercy. Show mercy. Then are you redeemed and you redeem.

Never fear to be lost. In our worst sins, our true penance cleanses and saves us. And ruined Love, when it is built anew, grows stronger, is fairer far than before.

BHARTARI BABA: OR, MY FAITH IN MY GOD.

(Written for "The Kalpaka.")

DAMODAR PRASAD SAKSENA, M. A.

In the course of one of my evening rambles along a rather sequestered road in the outskirts of the town, I once met a little boy, some ten years' old, pursuing the same direction I was following and chanting a merry carol. He had a bright and fearless countenance, and his light movements betokened a happy frame of mind. He evidently belonged to those good folks that lead a village life and support themselves mainly by tillage. Feeling strongly inclined to speak to him I stopped up and put him a question, which, he courteously replying, made us fall readily in conversation with each other.

We talked freely on a variety of topics, and the observations made by my young companion proved him possessed of the average understanding and wisdom.

We had by this time left the populous parts far behind and gained a desolate plain, close to which, as the boy informed me, his lovely cottage lay. This led me to admire his courage all the more in having ventured so far after dusk, when the boy told me he had passed that lonely way still later and could find nothing to be afraid of in moving about the place. I asked him if he could meet any wild beasts in the way, especially if those tracts were the haunts of the tiger. "The tiger"

he quickly responded, "Oh, yes! the tiger infests these parts, and nothing can be more natural than to expect him at night roaming on the plain in search of prey, but we care not much for him, and are ever prepared to meet him boldly, and beat him back. And then, there is Bhartari Baba. High on the mound, under the branching tree, stands His little dome, and the tiger dares not approach its sacred precincts. All-Powerful is He; we lie under His protection, and He guards us night and day against all possibility of harm."

True! An Athena was indispensable in days of yore to safeguard Athens, and so long as the Palladium remained standing there, Troy could not fall. From the remotest times in the past the human mind has been seeking the refuge of a great protecting power and following, under varying names, the "Father of all in every age and every clime adored." What gives strength to the spirit and thereby to the bodily powers and keeps the heart from drooping midst trials and dangers is the sense of protection by the Almighty. It was Bhakti, this devotion to the Supreme, this merging of Individuality in the Infinity of the God-head, that made the old Saints of India aim at gigantic spiritual power.

The instances of Prahlad facing torture and pain rather than renounce God's name he so fondly cherished, of Miran swallowing poison rather than forego her worship and her prayers, of how they faced the perils and did not come to grief by virtue of the earnestness of their conviction in the power of the Supreme, go to illustrate the potency of the Divine Hand to succour all placed under Its protection. Man's heart is feeble, and wants an invigorating influence from on high to brace up its nerves and strengthen its powers for notable deeds. When I surrender myself to the care of the Almighty all sense of danger leaves me, and I push on my work with a calm assurance in the realisation of my hopes and aims.

In the battle of the lake Regillus, in a fierce and bloody struggle with the Latins who had espoused the cause of the banished Tarquins and made an attempt to have them restored, the Romans imagined supernatural powers coming to their aid, "gained this battle by the assistance of the 'Great Twin Brethren,' Castor and Pollux, who were seen charging the Latins at the head of the Roman cavalry, and who afterwards carried to Rome the tidings of the victory. A temple was built in the forum on the spot where they appeared, and their festival was celebrated yearly."—(Dr. Smith: *Smaller History of Rome*).

It may have been their fancy, but the thought of the Divine help enabled them to pluck up courage, rush on their foes, and subdue them in the end.

When I find myself engaged in a worthy and righteous cause, and

the Lord of Heaven smiling on my endeavour, it is ten to one I would succeed.

Marmion, though a redoubtable warrior, is obliged to confess after his ill-fated fight with the Scots:

"Oh curse on you marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand,
A sinful heart makes failing hand."—
(Scott's *Marmion*—Canto VI.)

while Sir Galahad, the saintly knight of King Arthur's Round Table, who is entitled to a vision of the Holy Grail, says:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure"—(Tennyson).

What I desire to impress on my readers, then, is the importance of the cultivation of a religious spirit. The most trying difficulties have been smoothed by relying on this spirit.

'All-Powerful is Bhartari Baba,' or by whatever other name indeed you may prefer to call Him, for the light of the true God shines in all these forms of devotion, and the element of worship that calls forth adoration of the Supreme is akin in all such instances.

Under His strong protection no evil can befall me, and under His guiding hand I can never go astray. I have found out how great, good, and benevolent He is, and though the future is hidden from my gaze, I believe it can be in no wise but in accordance with the gracious plan He has in view. Relying on the strength of this spirit I can make my existence joyous and serene, and derive a calm satisfaction when life's drama would be drawing to a close.

"For though from out our bourne of time,
The flood may bear me far, [and place
I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar"—(Tennyson).

PSYCHIC FACULTY IN HYPNOTISM.

JAMES COATES, PH. D., F.L.L.C.

Hypnotism is employed mainly as a Therapeutic agent, and that most successfully in many so-called mental diseases and nervous derangements in which Medicinal treatment has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. An increasing number of medical men are employing Hypnotism in the cure of disease. As the majority of men and women are hypnotisable it would be a folly, if not a crime, not to employ hypnotic modes of procedure for their benefit. But on this I do not propose to dwell. Hypnotism has been employed in experimentation and many fantastic tricks played therewith, but in the main has been rightly employed in scientific research, cerebral exploration, and in human psychology, generally. It has also been employed as a means of entertainment, and many claims which are made in its name, cannot always be substantiated. The general public is not the best judge, and as it goes in for amusement for which it is willing to pay, it gets it in the form of graceful Magdalens in mystic dream dances, emotional expressionists who pose or abandon to the streams of music, play instruments, and others who play the buffoon, as may be deemed most necessary to excite and gratify the sense of the wonderful and love of tricks. These are served as an indiscriminatory music hall public demands and pass into oblivion with the changing freak to make room for other sensations. To these three phases of Hypnotism, the therapeutic, the experimental and the less important but always interesting phase of entertainment, there remains to be noted a fourth,

viz., the development and observance of Psychic Faculty [with the exception of a class of experimentators in Paris, of whom De Rochas is representative], this has been either ignored or neglected. The majority of modern Hypnotists plead for and go in for what they call "a purely mental basis, or for suggestion and its variant auto-suggestion"; and while this is now esteemed fashionable and correct, it is not without its limitations; and the greatest fault is that it ignores the very foundation of the mental basis in man, *viz.*, the Psychic Self.

The older experimenters were not so fashionable, pedantic and correct, but for all that the discovery of clairvoyance in artificial somnambulism was a notable advance on anything attempted by Mesmer, and subsequent investigation demonstrated man's possession of Psychic Faculties, and made it intensely credible; in sacred or profane history the recorded instances of the spontaneous play of these faculties in seer-ship, in visions and corresponding telepathic phenomena are numerous. Of innumerable recorded instances of the play of Psychic Faculty in Hypnotism, I can only furnish a few by way of illustration, but these few will be of service.

I had been lecturing in Blackburn, Bacup, Bury and other Lancashire towns in the seventies, and found many good sensitives and large audiences favourable for the expositions. I occasionally came across subjects who were sensitive to thought transmission,

but the first important case which came under my notice was presented to my attention by Mr. Lea of Bacup. This gentleman had been a pupil of one Moses Regg, a successful Mesmerist, and was himself a Healer of no mean ability. The clairvoyante was a relative of his good lady and resident in his house. When he put her into "the state," she at once became lucid. Her lucidity was shown in a practical way. She was able for a time to read any paragraph selected by me, at random, from any book available in the house. The reading was as facile when I was not looking at the page as when noting the contents myself. I was satisfied by numerous tests of this, and this accompanied by the united testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Lea fully convinced me of this lady's psychical powers. It was not necessary to call in telepathy, much less that of spirits, to account for her lucidity, her capacity for diagnosis, her prevision, and for the material demonstration of reading a book or other scrap of printed matter. The Psychic Faculty exercised was her own, Mr. Lea being merely the agent or magnetiser, who helped to place her in a suitable condition. That condition (of trance, semi-trance, hypnosis, akin to sleep and waking dream states) owing to the more or less partial inhibition of the senses, is favourable in the manifestation of the Psychic Faculty.

Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, M.S.T.E., at one time a member of the B.N.A.S., London, and who apart from his well-known scientific abilities was an experienced and convinced spiritualist, tells of an experience with H. E. Lewis, the Negro Mesmerist who has been

referred to by Professor Gregory, in his 'Letters on Animal Magnetism', as a powerful Mesmerist.

To summarise Mr. Fitzgerald's communication, I will omit references to all the ordinary experiments which took place both at the hotel where Lewis was stopping and those which occurred subsequently which took place in the hall next evening and give the following:—

"After the more ordinary experiments had been successfully exhibited, Lewis proceeded to illustrate some of the phenomena of clairvoyance and somnambulism, in the person of a young woman, a perfect stranger to him, who, with others had come upon the platform from amongst the audience. Whilst in the 'deep sleep' he ordered her to 'go home,' and describe what she saw there. She described a kitchen in which were two persons, occupied with some domestic duties. 'Do you think you could touch the person nearest you?' inquired Lewis. The only answer, I think, was an indistinct murmur. Placing one hand on her head, and the other over the region of the solar plexus, he then said, "I will you to touch her on the shoulder, you *must* do so, you shall do so!" Presently the girl laughed, and said, "I have touched her, they are so frightened!" Turning to the audience, Lewis asked whether any one in the hall knew the young woman, and, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, requested that a "deputation" should proceed to her abode, and ascertain the truth or falsity of her statement. The persons who went on this errand afterwards returned to the hall, and stated that everything described by the girl had actually taken place, and that the house-

hold in question was in a state of great perturbation, one of its members declaring that, whilst occupied in the kitchen, she had been *touched on the shoulder by a ghost*.

Mr. Fitzgerald adds: The young woman who was the 'sensitive' on this occasion was a servant to Mr. Taylor, Shoemaker, of Blackheath. In my note-book, I find likewise the name of Mr. Bishop, dentist, also of Blackheath, who offered to testify to the truth of the foregoing incident.

Here we have phenomena approximating to that of Modern Spiritualism and akin to much termed Telepathy. The Psychic Faculties of seeing, hearing and of sensing at a distance touch being manifested. Through experiments similar to this, we are able to realise how corresponding phenomena take place spontaneously and others, as reported in the Journals of the S.P.R. and by investigations in Modern Spiritualism.

QUID EST VERITAS?

HENRY PROCTOR, F.R.S.L., M.R.A.S., F.L.L.C.

The question of Pilate "What is truth" is the question which has agitated seeking souls in all ages, and men have sought an answer in an endless variety of ways. The Bible points out to us as the one infallible source of truth and fountain of knowledge from which no error can proceed "*the Spirit of truth*" which will, if we are submissive to its teaching, lead us into all truth and cause us to know all things. In the teaching of the Spirit there is no admixture of error; it is the truth and nothing but the truth. The teaching of man has to be sifted and we have to try the spirits as to whether they are of God. But if we have the gift of "discernment of spirits" we need never be deceived as to the source from which the teaching proceeds.

Our blessed Exemplar was never deceived. He always knew the will of God perfectly, and could say with certainty: "My doctrine is not Mine but of Him that sent Me." It was all "learned from the Father" and in no way or method which is accessible to us.

The Father wakened Him morning by morning, wakened His ear to hear as one that is taught. And it is absolutely certain therefore that we may have likewise, if faithful to Him, the ear of the learner and the tongue of the learned. Again and again they were astonished at His teaching saying: "How knoweth this Man letters, never having learned?"

How is it that His knowledge is superior to that of Gamaliel of Hillel and of all the Rabbis? How is it that a carpenter can teach these entirely new doctrines and do these great signs and speak with such authority? His answer was: "My doctrine is not Mine but His that sent Me. Even as my Father hath taught Me so I do." His education was continuous, moment by moment, line upon line, here a little there a little. So it should be with each one of us according to His own words: "They shall all be taught of God, all thy children shall be taught of the Lord." For there is no limit to what we may learn in the "School of the Holy Spirit." Infinite is the knowledge

promised us: "He shall teach you *all* things, and lead you into all truth.

Things which eye saw not,
And ear heard not
And which entered not
Into the heart of man.

Whatsoever things God prepared for them that love Him, God reveals them to us through His Spirit, yea even the deep things of God; that we might know the things which by God were given in favour (gratuitously, undeservedly) to us. In order to become our perfect Exemplar Christ was made in all points (except sin) like unto His brethren, emptying Himself so completely that He could say: "Of Myself I can do nothing. I do not speak from Myself: My words are not Mine but His that sent Me". And He places His disciples on the same level when He says: "As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you, and as I live by means of the Father, even so shall ye live by means of Me." Every one of us should be anointed by God the Father (2 Cor: I, 27) and the anointing should abide in us and teach us all things: so that we have no need.

Of Man's teaching (1 John, II, 27). This was fulfilled in the case of those who wrote the Scriptures, and there has been no change in Him. Christ is just the same to-day. "The Holy Spirit was promised to abide with us for ever." If we are straitened it is ourselves. His knowledge is infinite and His readiness to impart is infinite.

And from what cause does this limit arise?

Our knowledge of God's will is in exact proportion to our willingness to do His will; for if any man willeth to do His will he shall know."

In the surrender of the apostles there was no flaw or imperfection. They gave themselves to Prayer and to the ministry of the word. The great thing that God needs is capacity. The oil did not cease flowing till "there was not a vessel more." If the water is to come we must provide for its reception: "Make the valley full of ditches."

The second need is to lay hold. In the Kingdom of God we have only what we TAKE. God is waiting for men who will take the kingdom by storm—Men of violence who will take it by force. "(Matth. XI, 12). He will not rise and give because He is His friend but because of His opportunity." Every place that you set your foot upon shall be yours. Let us claim then a spirit of wisdom in the knowledge of Him that we, having the eyes of our hearts enlightened may know, what is the hope of our calling and what the exceeding greatness of His power towards us who believe, "that we being strengthened by might by His Spirit into the inward man; that Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith so that we may be filled unto all the fullness of God; so shall we grow up in all things into Him, who is the Way the Truth and the Life.

WHAT IS LOVE AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN ?

(LAUTU SINHA GAUTAM).

Now-a-days, the really cultured persons of different climes and nations have begun to realize that the true essence of religion lies in "loving all" and "hating none."

Love is a most wonderful word. It is so very mysterious that few have learnt its true meaning (I take love in the sense of the Sanskrit word प्रेम). There are two words Love (प्रेम) and Moha (मोह) Love minus rational intellect. The equivalent of मोह Moha is not found in the English language but the word most commonly used for मोह Moha is Delusion. Delusion has not the force of मोह.

Moha means Love divorced from reason, or rather blind attachment to a thing. Now love and blind attachment to a thing are seemingly one but really speaking different things. Let me explain to you the distinction between these two words by a very common instance.

Why does a mother love her baby? Why does she feel pained at the least trouble that the baby suffers? Why so? Because she has identified herself with the self of the baby. She very clearly sees that she to all intents and purposes suffers much if her child suffers. She identifies herself with the child, but unconsciously and without reasons. When her beloved child lapses into the Impersonal Brahman ब्रह्म or to use the material word, dies, she is beside herself with grief and seems ready to weep to death. Why so? Because she clung to the child blindly and her love for the child is not the real love about which so much has been said in religious books. She entertained मोह, i.e., love minus intellect

for the baby. Such a love is not the true love which has been made much of by religions. The woman saw that the self of the baby and her own were one and the same but she did not rise to the position of understanding things in their true colour. मोह Moha can be developed into Love by a process of moral development. Blind attachment leads to infinite pain. Seeing the Unity in diversity is Love. Seeing the difference between things or persons is hatred. When we see the unity between ourselves and some other objects we are said to love those objects. But the same love is turned into मोह Moha when we feel pained at the loss of those beloved objects. When we perceive unity, in the deepest sense of the word, why should we feel vexed at losing some dear objects? The Spirit is one and not many. The same Spirit runs through all. It does not die nor is it destroyed by any number of material weapons. It is simply changed from one form to another. Then why do the people feel sorry for this change? Because they have fallen into the grips of मोह (Delusion).

The assertion that "man is the temple of God" is true to the letter. It means that every man is the abode of God or, to say from the standpoint of Vedanta, that every man is the temple of a Spirit which pervades through the Universe. God or Spirit is one and not many. Please let me quote a few texts from different religions. These texts declare that God is one and not many.

"He who is the Lord of all that move and breathe, to Whom all

beings turn their constant thought, Him we invoke to be our friend".—Rig Veda I: C1 5, 6.

"Thyself alone, the Universe's Sovran"—Rig Veda III. XLVI 2.

"Mighty art Thou, there is not one equal to Thee. Dwelling in Heaven and listening to the prayer of men, Thou fillest both the heavens and the earth".—Rig Veda VIII, LIII 2 4.

"Thou God without a second"—Rig Veda I, XXXII, 12.

"Thou art the Lord of men without an equal; of all the world Thou art the only Sovran".—Rig Veda VI, XXXVI, 4.

"There is no God but God the One the Almighty"—Koran XXXVIII 65, XXI 87.

"The Lord our God is one Lord".—Bible, Mark XII, 12, 29.

Science also is trying to prove that there is one and no second. To come to the point, seeing this unity in all the objects is Love. When we see that we are identical with all the objects, we begin entertaining true love for them. Love should be entertained for its own sake. It is why that all the religions and ancient seers have emphasized the cultivation of Love. If the particular faculty of the body gets stronger than all other ones it dominates over all its bent. In the same way, if Love-power becomes stronger, it will undoubtedly check other bad emotions from leading persons to do wicked deeds. In my article 'How to conquer the Lower Nature' in the *Kalpaka* of December 1911, I pointed out the ways how this hardly controllable lower nature can be conquered. There is always a tug-of-war going on between the lower and the higher-natures, and between the good and bad emotions. Each of these is trying

to get the better of the other. When we see that a certain person is too full of his own affairs and is utterly selfish, we feel anger rise against him or oft and anon we are overpowered by wrath which makes humble slaves of us and leads us to bear a strong hatred against the selfish man. But after we have mounted a little higher our hatred is not excited so soon when we catch sight of an utterly selfish man. The emotions of Love and Hate commence waging a war between each other. If the Love-power is stronger than the Hate-power we do not hate the selfish person but rather pity him because he is a prey to a mental disease of selfishness. We love or hate him because of the love-power and hate-power. The best way to put force into one good emotion is to make constant use of that emotion and lull the bad one to sleep. When that particular emotion, say love, has become too strong to be dominated by the other bad emotion, it will become the guide of the person. Therefore the best piece of advice that should be driven home to the reader is that he should always entertain Love in its deepest sense for all, even the sinners, because the latter want it the more because of their being burdened with the heavy weight of the sin. If the emotion of love is cultivated it will give birth to many qualities of the first water. Love will purify both the lover and the loved. Love can make a heaven of the very world which appears to many even worse than the *avichi* hell. Readers, such is the emotion of Love, the cultivation of which is very desirable for all striving to achieve success, worldly or celestial. OM. I Shiva Shankar! Peace!

PHRENOLOGY AND LONGEVITY.

J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., F.L.L.C., Brighton (Eng.)

Address delivered at the British Phrenological Society's Congress, Essex Hall, London, November 9th, 1912.

As Phrenologists we are often asked the question "How long shall I live?" While it is quite impossible for any one to answer the question with absolute certainty, nature gives us many indications of Longevity, both physiognomically and in the shape of the head. The question having been asked me so frequently I have for many years been giving attention to studying the formation of the head to see what indications of Longevity we might find from this source; and I think I have met with sufficient evidence to have made the study worth while.

We recognise as Phrenologists the existence of a faculty which is called Vitativeness, located behind the ear in the immediate vicinity of the *Mastoid Process*. Dr. Andrew Combe has the credit chiefly for the discovery of this faculty. Whenever it exists in a fairly large degree the possessor has a strong hold on life, a real relish for living and a wonderful capacity to ward off disease. Doctors and nurses have ample experiences of patients possessing large vitativeness who recover from the most dangerous operations and dire diseases, while others possessing this faculty in a small degree easily succumb to far less serious illnesses.

Though apart from this faculty, which is an important factor in the preservation of life and health, I have observed that there is a particular formation of head which prevails generally in Longevity.

For very many years in the course of my practice, I have availed

myself of every opportunity possible of examining old persons; and I find that the prevailing type of head in persons attaining old age is narrow, or dolichocephalic in shape; and when examining and comparing the mental characteristics of this class of persons I find their characteristics more consistent with the attaining of old age than the characteristics of wide-headed persons.

Persons possessing long, narrow heads, proportionally well-developed in the frontal lobes, and having a fairly high moral brain, are more generally thinkers, cause seekers, reasoners, intuitive, concerned in the progressive welfare of mankind, moral-minded; perhaps a little impatient, eager of results, and wilful, but generally consistent, steadily persevering, refined in tastes, ambitions; having elevated, literary, artistic, moral and refined aspirations. If particularly large in the frontal lobes they are philosophic, far-seeing and prophetic. They may be minus the business instinct; but supposing that this same class of persons have fairly large degrees of Firmness and Conscientiousness they possess stability of character, adherence to principle, and are inclined to work very thoroughly in the pursuit of intellectual and moral attainments. They are interested in the study of humanity and the laws of health. The more mercenary concerns of life do not much appeal to them. Intellectually and morally they feel that they have something good to live for; and they have less

tendencies to excesses, over-indulgences or extremes. Characteristics of this kind contribute to man's well-being, and thus enhance his chances of long-life.

The generality of wide-headed persons are decidedly aggressive, acquisitive, forceful and passionate. They aim to acquire money, properties and possessions, which very often they never live to enjoy; for they tend to shorten their lives by the output of undue energy in the gratification of abnormal appetites and passions, and in their haste to get rich, and by other indiscretions.

Contention, passion, temper, greed and avarice, characteristics of the wide head, are frequently a great strain upon the mental and physical constitutions, and tend to shorten life by the development of heart failure, apoplexy, and kindred diseases; while abnormal Alimentativeness, often another characteristic of the wide head, is the source of innumerable internal and inflammatory stomach troubles. This type of head, too, is generally less interested in the higher spiritual and more elevating intellectual pursuits and studies.

Of course there are exceptions to this as to every other rule; and when we have a person possessing a very large head having all the intellectual and moral characteristics of the long and high head, together with considerable width, then we have a person of strong intellectual and moral qualities with great force of character and impetus and energy, enabling him to effectually carry out his strong intellectual and moral qualities. There is still the tendency, however, to over-strain.

Since I have made so decided a contrast of narrow and wide heads,

some of you will be considering the matter of fate. If by heredity we possess either the one type of head or the other, what can we do in the matter? I would say that while we have no participation in choosing the kind of head we inherit at birth, yet it is in our power to materially alter the shape of the head; and it is especially the work of the phrenologist to teach persons how this may be done. It would be quite impossible to develop one's head from one extreme to the other; as from a very narrow head to a wide one, or from a wide head to a narrow one, or from a very low to a high head; but by study and training, and especially during infancy and youth while the head is particularly susceptible to growth and development, very much can be done by way of modifying detrimental, abnormal or deficient tendencies, so as in time to be quite discernible in the alterations of the shape of the head.

We affect little or no surprise at seeing a person who was thin become stout, or a stout person becoming thin, yet it may much surprise some people to know that the head is also susceptible to alterations in its development; though not, of course, in the same striking degrees as in the physique; hence you will see that after all we are much more responsible for the kind of head we own and carry about with us than is generally supposed.

I may add that there is need of a fair amount of width of head immediately above, and a little forward, and also backward of the ears in the type of head I have described as predisposed to old age, to give love of life, sense of preservation, and of carefulness and economy, endurance and executive-ness of purpose.

The conditions favourable to the attaining of old age were perhaps never, in the world's history, better than at the present time. Health maxims and advice contributory to this end are almost superabundant. Notwithstanding recent and present wars among different nations, life is held more precious than formerly and in this matter there will yet be a greater realization and awakening. The great speed with which everything now-a-days is carried on is a strain on the nervous system, but to counteract this we have far better conditions for living, a larger choice of all that is best, and are better advised and more intelligent in the matter of choice.

That one may attain to the age of one hundred years or more is no visionary statement. According to physiological and natural laws the duration of human life should be five times the period necessary to reach full growth. This is a prevailing law which is constantly exemplified in the brute creation. The horse grows five years, and he lives twenty-five or thirty. The dog two, and he lives ten or twelve. All the larger animals live about five times longer than they grow. Man grows to about twenty or twenty-five years, but a centenarian among men is accounted more or less a rarity. Yet the very fact that there are men living in almost every community and nation who have reached that age, and some much older, is a sufficient proof that one hundred to one hundred and twenty years is the natural age of man.

The biblical idea of three score years and ten has limited and hindered man's hopes of living. If by chance he exceeds this stipulated age limit he has a sort of

notion that he has cheated nature. We shall live longer as we hope for a longer life, and live in accordance with nature's laws.

We have records of many persons who have lived to an extraordinary old age; and I have carefully examined the portraits of a large number of notable old persons, and I find that their heads are almost invariably of the long, narrow type.

Henry Jenkins, who lived to be 169 had this type of head, also Thomas Parr, 152, and Isaac Walton, the Angler, 90.

I shall have to commend the town of Brighton as having a good proportion of long-lived inhabitants. Brighton at the present time has two old gentlemen living in the town over 100 years of age; and only three weeks ago Mr. Isaac Oldaker died there 100 years old. Mr. Doughty, the oldest living clown, whose head I have several times examined, is now in his 95th year.

The Quakers who are very temperate in their habits and in the exercise of control over the emotional feelings are generally a long-lived people. As I come of a race of Quakers I am well acquainted with many well-known members of the Friends Societies and their heads correspond generally with the type I describe as long-lived.

An intellectual life, so long as it is not pursued too strenuously, is conducive to long life. We have instances of this in respect to many persons well known to most of us.

O. S. Fowler, phrenologist, lived to be nearly 87; his brother L. N. Fowler died in his 86th year.

George Combe lived to within two months of 70 years.

Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, America, who possessed a wonderful mentality, lived to be 85 years.

The late General Booth lived to 83.

Dr. Peebles, a most active worker and writer in the cause of Spiritualism, is still pursuing a vigorous career, and in prime health at over 91, and we might say the same of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, one of our Vice-Presidents, whose age is 89, also

Earl Roberts, V.C., of Kandahar, 80.

All these persons are of the long-headed type.

Dr. Gall, the founder of Phrenology, lived to be 70 years, in spite of his possessing a fairly wide head; and

Dr. Spurzheim, his co-worker, who also had a wide head doubtless cut short a most useful career at 55 years of age, by his enthusiasm and over-work.

The remarkable ages of some of the biblical patriarchs were most reverently recorded; and there is doubtless much virtue in the attainment of old age.

Our common ancestor Adam* lived 930 years, and his wife Eve lived to the same respectable old age. Some of their descendants lived much longer. Methuseleh, the longest liver on record, was 969 years old. I have no authentic portraits of these our first ancestors to show whether their heads were narrow or wide, hence, they afford one poor evidence.

In Great Britain, perhaps Ireland and Scotland afford us the highest statistics for longevity. The Scotsman is proverbially long-headed, and the Irish are certainly not a wide-headed race.

The Bulgarians, who are proving themselves such splendid fighters in the present war, have for many years been famous for their longevity. Professor Metchnikoff, principal of the Pasteur Institute, who lived and mixed with these people much, and studied their customs and habits, made the astonishing discovery that the deaths at the ages of 100, 15, and twenty years, were by no means uncommon, and what was even more remarkable the qualities of youth were preserved almost to the end. There are, he states, in proportion to its inhabitants 187 centenarians* in Bulgaria to every 1 in England; and he came upon centenarians performing duties which in this country would be considered strenuous for a man of seventy.

There are many maxims helpful to the attainment of old age. I will close with one or two which appeal to me as being useful.

Be hopeful. Dispel fear.
Be moderate in all things.

Avoid all excesses, passion and undue contention.

Keep both mind and body reasonably employed.

Cultivate self-control.

From choice or necessity most persons who have attained extraordinary old age have been very abstemious, simple and natural livers; and country life and regular but not excessive work or employment are favourable to this achievement. We must be useful if we would be healthful. In fact, Nature, like the bees, refuses to tolerate drones. Again, it is most natural to be regular; record-breaking is not conducive to stability of health or long life, and people who work excessively during

* Indian or rather Hindu legends have names of certain people who have not tasted death at all.—Ed. K.

one part of their lives with the idea of retiring later, only occasionally live long after abandoning their regular employment. The greatest and most compensative service, that which rebounds back upon ourselves with the most pleasurable remembrance and greatest profit, comes of the true and ungrudging service we render to our fellows.

THOUGHT-PROVOKING SUBLIMINAL PHENOMENA.

U. S. PRAKASA RAO.

(Continued from December 1912 "Kalpaka").

15. A New Year Present to Serum Advocates and Medical Men.

You, dear Editor of the *Kalpaka*, must excuse me for entitling this section as above. There are Doctors and Doctors; honest men who always stand by what they think is true are the monopoly of not any class in the world. Nor can any set of men say that all of their company are honest men. Users of Prussic Acid and other Aqua Tophanas as most of these modern Medicine-Men are and were, though many a man among themselves has said everything good about Psycho-Therapy, yet these licenced poisoners would strive to suppress the divine system of treatment of diseases. Reason was not, and is not able to get a hearing from them; there is but one way of making them hearken to it—hammering the new ideas into their heads in spite of them. We should do something, and that very quickly, for fast are they driving out all perfect health from the earth with their bacilli and cultures, with their serums and inoculations, and with their deadly drugs and Mannas O'St. Nicholas. Unfortunately for us, governments patronise these ignorant men who would inject a deadly, hateful poison into our system, for a man died of small-pox at the antipodes, or

because a rat died in Cape Town of the plague that is dreaded only by an uncultured, uneducated boor who was the victim of a delusion. Even such a deluded being will not, nay cannot be attacked by the plague except under certain conditions. Let these great Esculapines meditate on these lines till February and if they fail to come at the real origin of diseases, plague or pox or anything else, we will promise to treat on this subject in the *Kalpaka* for February. Meanwhile, let us return to our own subject.

A certain wise man named Herman Rocktoff has embellished his body with the scars of the bites of no less than 516 dogs, just to prove his conviction that hydrophobia is a disease generated for the benefit of some unknown beings. With all these scars on him, he not only does not get any disease of a nature which would require a stay at a 'Kasauli Institute' for a time, he continues merrily on catching more unlicensed dogs, "proclaiming all the time that science is not true, and that what is known as hydrophobia is a mere fiction." A certain Dr. Riley, a specialist on hydrophobia, after examining

Herman wrote to the *Popular Scientific Siftings* :—

"Science is coming more and more to know or realise that the condition of a patient's mind largely controls or affects the disease with which he is afflicted. I do not mean that an organic disease, a broken bone, or a poisonous snake-bite may be cured and healed by mere thought action" (we will have

something to say on this subject also in the February issue—*U. S. Rao*) "but, I do mean that if a patient's mind is cheerful, hopeful, confident and optimistic, the remedy for his ailment is aided a hundred-fold." He then gives us an example of a man who was several times bitten by a dog having rabies in an aggravated form. We'll give it under the following heading :—

16. Hydrophobia Defied off.

The subject in this case belonged to a good family and was a University man. Everything possible was done for him in the usual ways. But, yet, it was evident he was going to have hydrophobia. With rare intelligence and determination, he ordered a heavy cot from a hospital and three men to tend him.

As he felt the rabies stealing on his mind, he ordered himself bound hand, foot, body and head with strong straps to the cot. But the straps were unnecessary; as the first convulsion came on, he steeled his mind against it. The first spasm was a silent battle—his mind *versus* the poison in him. It lasted

for a half an hour. At intervals of two or three hours, he fought off the rabies for three days. It was a terrific fight—one which only one in a million could make.

Disease is a fiction invented for the especial benefit of those who do not know themselves or others, and other God-less men.

Just as we know nothing of electricity except through its effects on matter, we know nothing of the mind except through its effects on matter. We have given cases in which mind has brought out diseases and has cured the patients as well. Let us see if it has any other powers beneficial for us to know.

17. Painting Somnambulist.

"Education is the manifestation of the perfection already in man." —Swami Vivekananda.

Every one has heard of some cases of natural somnambulism. Persons subject to this aberration of the intellect "rise in their sleep, perform labours, and return to their beds without knowing it. In this state they have gone to the top of house-frames, walked on the ridge-poles, and safely descended. They have, in the darkest nights, walked over dangerous and rapid streams on a mere scuffling in

safety, where a slight loss of balance should have been death, and where it would be impossible for them to have crossed in their wakeful state. Women have arisen, and in this state have done the nicest needle-work. And how did these see? Surely not with the natural organ of vision?"

"A young lady at a boarding-school was learning to paint miniatures," continues Dr. Dodds, "and on preparing one for examination-day, found that she could be excelled by the other pupils. It

worried her much, and to her surprise she found in the morning, that her picture had greatly advanced under the delicate touch of some experienced hand. She charged the deed upon her teacher, who disclaimed all knowledge of the fact. But on the next morning the picture was nearly finished, but the transgressor could not be found.

"The Preceptress being strongly suspected, secretly sat up and watched. In the dead of night, when all was still, the young lady arose, and in a dark room arranged her work, mixed her colours and began to paint. Her preceptress lit a lamp, entered the room, and saw that lady finish her picture. She then awakened her.

"How did she see how to mix her colours, and to give the nicest touch with her pencil where not human eye in the wakeful state could discern an object?" This is an interesting psychological puzzle, as Professor Barrett would say, "as the colours of objects are due to their action on light rays, by selective absorption or otherwise," and in the absence of light, colour has no existence.

This need not be a case of spirits also. We do not mean that there are not some cases in which spirits do such things—only an ignorant man denies such to-day—but we say that our incarnate spirits can do as much as any dis-carnate spirit.

18. A Somnambulist Maid.

A commercial gentleman of my acquaintance, says the worthy professor, who was rather sceptical on the subject of double-consciousness—although, "notwithstanding," he said, "Mr. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews*, had turned an honest penny out of ghost, double-consciousness, and that sort of rubbish"

Grazzini hypnotised an uneducated person and had a painting made by the latter during hypnosis.

All knowledge is within ourselves; little by little we translate that knowledge into terms of the physical plane, and this is what we understand by education. We are one with Time; therefore, we can read the Past, Present and even the Future. Time is indivisible in itself; when we come to recognise this fact, we can read the Future as easily as we do the past.

To make the mental eye recognise an object on the earthy plane, we need these ordinary rays of light, not otherwise. The following from the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* is a case of a trance painting medium:—

"Le Messenger" announces the work of a new painting medium, Miss Frieda Gentes, of Berlin, who paints during a completely unconscious state with the left arm raised and bent. This curious posture is maintained rigidly for sometimes as long as eight hours without any obvious results of this apparently cataleptic condition. The paintings have apparently some relation to the work of Oriental artists.

Professor Coates tells us in one of his works a very interesting case of somnambulism. It is given below:—

—admitted to me, he had a maid, who had an awkward habit of rising in her sleep, carefully setting the fires, cleaning and dusting out the rooms, setting the breakfast table, and doing many other things which appeared important to the servant-maid. Her movements were watched. She slipped about with

eyes closed, avoiding obstacles, and doing her work systematically and neatly, and without fuss; when done, she would go to bed. In the morning, she had no recollection of whatever she had said or done.

From what the professor says this habit had not been simulated.

Conclusion.—Swami Vivekananda on Health, Disease and Sub-Consciousness.

We have been very careless in writing these articles, for which we crave the reader's pardon. Our purpose has any way been to show that man gets disease and gets cured, sometimes, through the mysterious ways of the Sub-consciousness. We have succeeded, we hope, so far—not only that merely, we have raised the question of why we cannot intentionally use the same power for getting rid of diseases.

"There are hundreds of thousands of microbes surrounding us," says the great Avatar* of the nineteenth century, "but they cannot harm us unless we become weak, until the body is ready and predisposed to receive them. There may be a million microbes of misery, floating about us. Never mind! **They dare not approach us; they have no power to get a hold on us, until the mind is weakened. This is the great fact: strength is life; weakness is death. Strength is felicity, life eternal, immortal; weakness is constant strain and misery: weakness is death.**

"We must learn that nothing can happen to us, unless we make ourselves susceptible to it. I have just said, **no disease can come to me until the body is ready**; it does not depend alone on the germs, but upon a certain predisposition which is already in the

body. We get only that for which we are fitted. Let us give up our pride and understand this, that **NEVER IS MISERY UNDESERVED**. There never has been a blow undeserved; there never has been an evil for which I **DID NOT PAVE THE WAY WITH MY OWN HANDS**. We ought to know that. Analyse yourselves and you will find that every blow you have received, came to you because you prepared yourselves for it... At the same time from this very analysis will come a note of hope, and the note of hope is: 'I have no control of the external world; but that which is in me and nearer unto me, my own world; is in my control. If the two together are required to make a failure; if the two together, are necessary to give me a blow, I will not contribute the one which is in my keeping and how then can the blow come? If I get real control of myself, the blow will never come.' "

He says elsewhere that our first task is to get control over the automatic movement in the body, control everything beneath consciousness, and then get at Super-consciousness. As for the cure of diseases when you invite them: "When the Yogis get control over their own bodies, if there is any disease in any part, they know that the Prana is not rhythmic there

* Works of Vivekananda: Mayavati Memorial Edition

and they direct the Prana to the re-established." Adieu, Readers, affected part until the rythm is till next time.

WHEN HUMAN AGENCIES FAILED.

J. C. NORTHROP.

"Only one cent at this hour", said the ticket-seller as he pushed three pennies toward the young man at the window who had attempted to correct what he thought was a mistake of the ticket-seller in thinking he only called for one ticket, whereas he wanted two, as he was accompanied by his sister, a very nervous little creature with jet black hair and eyes just as black. He picked up the pennies hurriedly as the others in the rear protested angrily about being detained so long, and joined his sister, who was waiting just inside the rail with a little scowl of impatience on her aristocratic little face.

"I'll be glad when this thing is over, and we are out of this place, with its rush and pandemonium," said she as she hurried along, trying to keep pace with the man at her side.

"Will you?" said the man. "Well, now, I rather like it. Where are you from, little girl?"

"Why, what are—oh, I beg pardon, I thought you were—oh, where is Albert? Where is my brother?" she cried excitedly, and began to run around among the crowd, attracting no little attention. The man to whom she had spoken immediately followed her, and gaining her side said to her very quietly:

"Now, now, don't take on like that; you'll find him all right, if you will just keep cool and let me help you. Your brother has proba-

bly boarded the ferry thinking that you were at his side, just as you mistook me for him. Just give me your name, and I'll phone over to Brooklyn to the ferry-house and tell them to hunt your brother up, and he will wait for you there and you take the next boat and meet him on the other side."

"Why, I thought he was right by my side. I don't see how I could make such a mistake as that; surely he would not go over there without me; don't you see him anywhere? He must be here somewhere!"

"Why, I wouldn't know him if I did, but I think that my first guess was the correct one, for if he was here he would be looking for you. Now give me his name and I'll see what we can do over the wire."

"His name is Albert Hazelwood; he is tall, rather dark, and about twenty-five years old. He carried a small leather grip and wore black clothes."

"Does he wear a moustache?"

"No, he is clean-shaven; that is why I thought you were he."

"Which ferry were you going to take? The Hamilton or the Thirtieth Street?"

"The Hamilton; we are going somewhere on Hamilton avenue. I don't know the number, for Albert has it on his papers, and I never thought to ask him."

"Well, you wait right here, and I'll see if I can locate him."

Now, don't get worried if I don't return for a few minutes, for I may have to make quiet a few enquiries; but we'll find him, never fear."

"You are very kind; I don't know what I should have done if you had not taken such an interest in me."

"It is nothing at all, it comes right in my line of work. You see I am a plain-clothes man." So saying, he hurried off.

Emma Hazelwood sat and wondered at the last remark of the man who was befriending her. "A plain-clothes man?" she murmured. "WHY, he seems to be wearing the same kind of clothes as the rest of the men here; they are all plain enough, I'm sure; I wonder what he meant?"

She sat for some time in an agony of suspense, and all the time a vague fear seemed to fill her heart that something was not right, and when at last the plain-clothes man made his appearance she was almost on the point of hysteria.

"Have you found him?" she cried excitedly. "Is he waiting there for me? You were gone an awful while; what did they say?"

"There, there, Miss Hazelwood, don't lose your self-control; no, I have not found him as yet, but we will find him in due time. You know this is a very large place, and it takes time to do anything here, but you must keep cool; he'll turn up all right. We'll take this boat for Brooklyn and see what can be done on the other side."

They boarded the ferry and were soon in Brooklyn; visited all the ferries running from the Hamilton ferry slip, but could find no trace of the missing man. Emma was

composed now with the composure that comes of despair. She showed signs of fatigue and the plain-clothes man, whose name was Harson, insisted on her going to his home and taking some needed rest, promising to find her brother for her if it were a possible thing. Mrs. Harson was a motherly woman of about middle age and did everything she could to make Emma comfortable and to dispel her fears. At last Emma fell asleep like a tired child, and slept while the machinery of the great New York Police force was put in motion to locate her missing brother. Messages giving his description travelled many miles of wire; thousands of blue-coats were notified to keep an eye out for him. All the hospitals were called up and enquiries were made about him but no word came, and it seemed that the great Police department would fail with all its wonderful equipments for locating lost persons. But a greater power was at work.

As Emma slept a drama seemed to be passing before her eyes. She saw a ferry-boat on a wide river; a man was pacing up and down the deck. It was her brother, and he was in despair. She tried to call him, but even as she did the scene changed and seemed to be a long way off. Another ferry-boat was approaching the slip, and presently she saw the crowds rushing ashore, men, women and children, and then the horses with their great, heavy trucks seemed to all coming tearing through together. Just then a man seemed to be returning to the ferry-house and was crossing in front of the horses; he fell, and seemed to be crushed beneath the feet of the first two horses. A few people gathered about him, but he

arose and seemed to walk away without much effort, but she thought he looked dazed; she tried to call to him, but her voice seemed faint and not above a whisper, and her brother was lost in the crowd. She made a last effort to call to him and then awoke. She lay very still for a time, and her dream ran through her mind and made her feel sick at heart.

How long she had lain she could not tell, but she was suddenly aware of a presence in the room. Someone seemed to be whispering to her very softly and she seemed to recognise the voice. There could be no doubt; it was her brother's voice, and he was calling her to come to him, but where she did not know. She felt that she must certainly be going mad. Soon a soothing sense of rest came over her, and she seemed to see a form in the room. It was the form of a woman, an old woman with a kindly face, and she thought that it resembled her mother's. But her mother was dead, so it could not be hers. The form became very distinct and presently spoke to her kindly:

"Arise, Emma, and follow me; Albert has need of you, and I will lead you to him." It was indeed her mother's voice, and it was her form that Emma gazed upon in the pale moonlight.

Emma dared not speak, lest the form should fade from her view. She rose and silently dressed herself for the street and followed her mother's form from the house without arousing any of the occupants. She remembered very little of the mighty journey, but at last she was ushered into a room where lay the pale form of her brother. There was a woman beside the cot where

he lay, but when Emma came into the room she silently withdrew and left the brother and sister together. Albert wept softly when he beheld his sister, but he was as yet too weak to ask many questions, but the nurse told her how he came to be there. He had missed her when he was on board the ferry, and when he reached the other side had attempted to return to her, but had been run into by a truck in trying to cross the road in front of the rush of horses coming from the ferry, and it had stunned him, but not sufficiently to cause the police to take note at the time. But he had taken the wrong ferry coming back, and the injury to his head continued to get worse until he had fainted in front of this very house, which happened to be a small private hospital; that was why the Police failed to locate him in any of the other hospitals.

While the nurse was telling Emma about Albert's injury the bell rang sharply and on opening the door a certain plain-clothes man entered the house and said he had traced a certain young lady to that house, and wished to see her. He was shown into the room where Emma sat by the side of Albert's cot, and when he had heard her story he gave a long, low whistle of surprise and said that he was willing to admit that for once the Police Department had been outdone. "But," he added, "not by human agencies."

"Why," he said, "when my mother found that you were gone she was sure that you had been taken with fever and that you would get killed or maimed roaming through the streets that way, and I was very much of the same opinion. But your dream! I never did put much faith in things like that, but

I must look a little deeper into these things."

When he left the house he had extracted a promise from Emma that she and Albert would make him a visit at his home before starting for their New England home.

Next morning Albert was able to start again on his journey, to transact the business which he had come to the city to do, but he made the nurse promise that when Emma and he visited Harson, the

plain-clothes man, that she would accompany them.

When Albert had transacted all his business there was a little gathering at Harson's, and there have been others since, and it is just possible that Emma will sometime have a plain-clothes man watch over her for life. And as for Albert, we think he will always find a nurse when he is ill, or otherwise; and a kindly spirit watches over them all.—*New York Mysteries.*

LITERARY REVIEWS.

Nerves and The Nervous:

By Edwin Ash, M. D., Lond., Assistant Physician, Italian Hospital, London; Assistant Physician and Physician for Nervous Diseases to the Kensington and Fulham General Hospital, etc., etc. Author of "Mind and Health." Mills and Boon, Limited, 49, Rupert Street, London, W.—Price 5s. net.

The present day world harps very much on the **nerves** and the **nervous system**. An authoritative work of this kind by a person of pronounced abilities as those of the author Dr. Ash is a godsend to the lay public. Every difficult case is plainly and elaborately dealt with in an absorbingly interesting way. Specially the Chapter on "Psychic Healing" contains many valuable hints regarding 'Suggestion.' The work is of immense value to parents and will be of use in the up-bringing of children. It is more of an instructive nature than of an exposition of set theories.

The Natural Food of Man:

By Hereward Carrington, London: C. W. Daniel, Amen Corner, E. C.—7s. 6d. net.

The name of the author is a sufficient guarantee to arouse an interest in the book. Though the subject dealt in is quite abstruse it is clothed in a choice lan-

guage which is forceful and incisive. No doubt every phase of the question,—comparative anatomy, physiology, chemistry, hygiene and above all **experience**—is brought into play in arguing "what is the natural food of man?" The author aims to solve the financial question in a queer and amusing way. This work—dealing with the qualities of food—seems to be a continuation of a former work—dealing with the quantity of food. Very great pains have been taken in the preparation of the work and the work is also very heavily priced. Had the author turned his attention to some other phase of the absorbing questions of the day he would have conferred a great boon on humanity. As it is, we, who are naturally inclined and brought to live upon a strictly vegetarian diet, consider the work of no practical use to us. However we commend the work to the notice of the non-vegetarian section of humanity.

The Bhuddha's Way of Virtue:—

By W. D. G. Wagarwara and K. J. Saunderson. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W.—Price 2s. net.

This is one of "The Wisdom of the East series." The work is no doubt a master-piece and the aims of the editors:—"These books shall be the ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West, the old world of Thought and the new of Action..... that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nations of another creed and colour" we believe are fully justified and the work will surely achieve their desire. As Mr. Saunders remarks, "to the worldling it holds out the promise of a truer wealth and fame and a more blessed family life; to the warrior it offers a higher chivalry and a more heroic contest; to the philosopher a deeper wisdom than much speaking; to the mystic a purer and more lasting bliss; to the devotee a more fruitful sacrifice; and to the Brahmin a more ennobling service and a more compelling authority." We wish every one of our readers has a copy of this.

A Catechism of Health:

By W. R. C. Latson, M. D. The Health-Culture Co., New York and L.N. Fowler & Co., London. Price cloth dol. 1.00; paper 50 c.

The work is a compilation or rather a reprint from the "Answers to Correspondents" column of *Health-Culture*, one of the best Magazines that reach our table. The book is very instructive and is a great necessity to the laymen of the world. As the author

THE DELHI OUTRAGE.

The crime deeped soul who aimed at the life of the most beneficent of Viceroys—Lord Hardinge—is beyond redemption. Relieve this mortal world of such wretches. They are fit to live only in Hell where Satan reigns.

OUR BLESSINGS TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES.

claims, the answers are made with a view "to make them a source of reconstruction, enlightenment and inspiration to the inquirer."

The Attainment of Efficiency:

By W. R. C. Latson, M. D. The Health-Culture Co., New York and L.N. Fowler & Co., London. Price cloth dol. 1.00; paper 50 c.

This is a most comprehensive work and in the space of 90 and odd pages the author treats of various things which go to make 'Success' of a man. The book is worth a careful perusal; as most American publications this is also priced very highly.

King Solomon:

By Mary, Princess Karatja: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner Co. Ltd. London.

The work is of great interest not only to Masons but also to those who are ever eager to know what Masonry is. This is a Mystic Drama in five Acts. The commentaries are quite lucid and inspiring. Such works will really benefit humanity.

Road to Freedom:

By Floyd B. Wilson, Macoy Publishing and Masonic Supply Company, 45-47-49, John Street, New York.

The whole book deals on the theme that "thought builds character and creates personality." This is one of the many good books available on the subject.

Antares Almanac for 1913:

By George Wilde, The Rexo Publishing Company, 8, Bride Lane, Fleet St., London E. C.

Is very amusive and interesting reading.

Germes de Vie de l'Astral.

H. Daragan, Libraire-Editeur 96, 98, Rue Blanche, Paris.

THE KALPAKA.

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IN THE PRESENCE OF DUTY.

S. NARAYANASAMI IVER, B.A., B.L.

Life is a bundle of duties, and its routine is done almost unconsciously. Habits render service easy and we feel alacrity in hardness.

But once we question about duty, and all possible temptations spring up to lure us from duty. Sloth comes, fear starts, pity shakes us. Then we talk of fitness and propriety, we are puzzled by conflicts and relations, we look to possible ends, we think of impediments and crosses. Like ill-mated lovers, we wonder at our unworthiness. Like dull, imperfect actors, we are put beside our part.

It is because we do not cultivate a true sense of duty, these difficulties are encountered. Duty looks stern and chides us for our hypocrisy, that we are not its mates but its victims.

To woo is not to win. Duty will not admit of questions and excuses. Commodity and compromise have no place.

In *Henry IV*, York asks: "Shall tender mercy make me suffer wrong?" In *King Lear*, Kent asks: "Do you think that duty shall dread to speak when peace to flattery bows?" To serve but to serve our turn is false service. To serve even in the teeth of death is true service. Duty is its own reward. The satisfaction of doing it alone belongs to us. The end of duty is with God. The course of duty will be moved according to the divine will. He sets the work; let us have the grace to do it without complaining.

Merit attaches not to our work. The acceptance of our work is the only merit. It is impudent to set any value on our work. Duty demands all our patience and we must wait and do our work under all conditions whatsoever. Just think what will become of you but for endless services on which your well-being is dependent. Then fret not that you are set to task. The soldier at his post, the dove over its egg at the gates of ruined Pompeii, are quoted as examples of duty and devotion; the lava poured, but the soldier moved not; the dove did not falter. Duty is the beauty of life and the glory of self is to subjugate the self to service. Place before you duty as the aim and the end of life. Rise to it, realize it.

Will is the Lord's name. His Will will be done. We have will too, but it must be willed unto the Higher Will. Make not the flesh your duty, render not Worship more than the God. Work in the flesh, but work it out. Dedicate yourself to your work and render it unto the Lord.

THE CASKET OF THE SOUL.

J. P. BLACKFORD, F.B.P.S., F.L.I.C.

Past President, British Phrenological Society, Incorporated, London.

(Written for "The Kalpaka.")

The connection between the mental and physical natures of man is so intimate that for every spiritual and mental expression there is a material counterpart. The knowledge of this connection and of the actual physical signs, or bodily formations, which correspond to the invisible life-forces, is a necessary part of the student's psychical outfit, and he who would fully qualify for entering upon the study of the highest philosophies must see to it that the foundation knowledge of man's physical endowments, especially those which subserve mental and spiritual processes, should be completely mastered, ere he seeks to pass on to greater themes.

Science, that revealer of material mysteries, has opened paths along which all may pass, but none of greater value or attractiveness to the

student of life than that which has been given to the world under the name of Phrenology.

It is evident that the ordinary man can know nothing of his fellow-men except that which reaches him through one of his senses—sight, hearing, taste, touch or smell. That which appeals to these senses must of necessity be material—for neither of the senses can cognise the spiritual. A soul cannot be seen, or heard, or felt, and all that we have to guide us in our estimate of its capacity for love or hate, for learning or imagination, for benevolence or cruelty, is the impression conveyed to our minds by the manifestations of the bodily organs, or the visible appearance of the person we are analysing.

We know the ordinary observer is often misled in his judgment. It is imagined that a particular person is honest, kind, and clever, but the manifestation of his personality shows him to be dishonest and foolish; proving that it is unwise to rely upon an impression formed from the mere appearance of a person, unless by necessary study the knowledge of how to judge has been acquired.

I wonder if my contemplative readers have ever thought of the marvels of the human brain. I do not now refer to its structure, which in itself is wonderful, but to its use or function. If not, let me direct attention to it. Reader, are you aware that it is the seat of the senses? Do you know that it is not the eye that sees, but the brain? The retina of the eye receives the impression of the scene to which it is directed, but cannot perceive it. The impression so created is passed on, through the optic nerve, to the brain which lies behind, and then comes the consciousness of the view. It is the brain which delights in the scene of beauty and not the eye. And so with sound. It is not the ear which is charmed with delectable music, but the brain, which is reached through the auditory nerves.

Eye and ear may be perfect, but if the brain with which they communicate be disordered the owner is blind to the delights of beauty, and deaf to the wonderful charms of music. No sensation of any kind can be conceived by any part of the body except the brain; and no sensation, whatever its nature, whether of pain or pleasure, can possibly be experienced, which has, not only its origin, but its entire existence in the brain.

These functions, however, are only a small part of the duty of the brain, for not only is it concerned with these, but it is at the same time the home of the intellectual powers, of the passions, the affections, and the sentiments. It is also the physical location of the man's moral and spiritual self. Here then we have the physical repository of our highest nature. The brain is the material casket in which dwells the Jewel of the Soul or Spirit. This dwelling has been especially adapted by nature, in the case of every man, to meet the exact and special needs of that man's individuality. Some men have greater needs than others, have nobler ambitions, higher standards of justice and truth, purer thoughts of virtue and gentleness, and here nature has expanded the brain in particular parts to give place to these greater souls. Others again are mentally stolid, dogmatic, selfish, contentious, or cruel, and these have the

special parts of the brain, which act as the instruments of these forces, so formed, that they too may have the means of acting, or manifesting, their fell designs. The phrenologist knows the location and size of the brain which are the special agents of the powers enumerated, and of the parts all others good or evil, and when he sees the development of any brain and its parts, he recognises at once the spirit of the man which dwells within. For instance, when he sees a man the upper part of whose front head is large, he knows that there is located that attribute of the spirit we call Benevolence, and that the man is a generous, charitable and sympathetic person, and so, right through the whole list of virtues and attributes. Where the brain is ill-proportioned vices exist.

My readers will please note that the head as we see it is almost an exact model of the brain which lies within it, so that by looking at the head we can rightly gauge the brain form and size. There are a few variations, which the student can readily master so as to be quite accurate, though they cannot be dealt with in a brief article like the present.

Every student of human nature will agree that it is not only desirable, but necessary, to know all that can be known of man's inner being, and self-examination does not reveal this. We are not the right judges of our own acts and thoughts; we cannot be impartial if we would; and it is therefore expedient that we adopt some system of study, which shall enable us to examine man from a standpoint apart from ourselves. Now our means of investigation on scientific lines are limited to the exercise of our senses, and the precision with which these can be brought to bear upon the object under examination.

We cannot see, or measure, or weigh the spirit; but we can see, and measure, and gauge the brain—its physical counterpart, which has been made for it, made to suit absolutely as to size, shape and quality of structure, in the exact proportion of the spirit's capacity, and needs.

Here then we have a reliable guide in which nature has given us the necessary measure of the soul, and it is ours to apply the knowledge which is so freely placed at our disposal. Let me urge every reader of this journal to apply himself diligently to the study of Phrenology, so that by means of the knowledge acquired, the material casket of the spiritual self shall be opened to him and its inmost treasure revealed in all its simplicity and truth.

PSYCHIC FACULTY IN HYPNOTISM.

JAMES COATES, PH. D., F. L. L. C.

During an early visit to London, among others I became acquainted with Mr. E. W. Wallis, then a psychic who was hesitating whether to remain one of the reputable, orderly members of society, or obey the promptings of his spirit inspirers, and forsake the then conventional ways of respectability and become a public lecturer and medium. I remember the meeting and the advice which was given the young aspirant. It was indicated as a career of hard labour, calumny and

little of this world's goods which is the usual reward of those who had the temerity to advocate Spiritualism thirty years ago. In sympathy with him and willing to accompany him through that journey of life was one Miss Eagar, a young and sensitive lady who had shown signs then that she was a "Psychic." They made their choice, and ultimately gave themselves up to the cause. No doubt they had their share of obloquy, ostracism from that class which views all professed spiritualists with suspicion, and of spiritualist mediums in particular. Since my first acquaintance with these young people, Miss Eagar became Mrs. M. H. Wallis, an inspirational medium, of marked ability, whose gifts have been well tested, and for moral, spiritual and intellectual worth is highly esteemed by all who know her personally. To spiritualists of Great Britain and the United States this lady needs no introduction. Mr. E. W. Wallis, her husband, published "The Story of my Life," some ten years subsequent to my first interview of him. That story in some detail bears out the forecast made of his career. He cast the die. With the exception of Mr. J. J. Morse, Editor of *The Two Worlds*, no lecturer, medium or psychic is better known in this country and abroad. Mr. E. W. Wallis adds to his other duties that of Editor of *Light*. As a lecturer, debater, and advocate of Spiritualism, his probity, personal character, needs no defence. This by the way.

From "The Story of My Life", published by James Burns, London. 1885, I take the following:—

"Being interested in Mesmerism, I tried an experiment once which was very successful. Visiting Miss Eagar (then living at Kingsland, N) one day, I suggested to her that we should visit our friend Cotterell, at Briston. She rather objected on the grounds that he might not be at home. 'Then I will mesmerise you, and send you to see first', I exclaimed. She doubted if I could do so, but agreed to my trying. After making passes she went into the sleep. I asked her to go and see him. She then stated that he was not at home but would be by the time we got there. We started at once; arriving at the corner of the Street we alighted from the 'bus and turned the corner when I exclaimed:—'There he is!' Mr. Cotterell was standing at the gate in front of the house. He was laughing when we got up to him and in reply to my inquiring why? he said 'I was in the city intending to call to see my friend, P, when a Briston 'bus passed me. I was irresistibly impelled to hail it and get inside. When seated, I asked myself: Why am I here? I felt that I must go home as some one wanted to see me. I had just walked up the street, got inside the gate, thinking to myself all the time that of course there would be no one in the house and I should find that I had come on a wild-goose chase, but turned to look up the street as a forlorn hope to see any one was there, when you turned the corner.' I laughed still more when we narrated to him our little experiment."

The points of interest in this incident do not require to be enlarged on. There is the hypnotic experiment with a purpose. The sensitive in the state induced is able to make a statement, not only of what is, but what will be, viz., "Mr. Cotterell is not at home but will be by the time we get there."

The sudden resolve of Mr. Cotterell to go home, not knowing why he thus acted on a vague impulse, which had popped into his mind. The incident is trivial but most interesting as illustrating the play of Psychic Faculty. Credit might be given to some unknown spirit, accommodating enough to carry the message to Mr. Cotterell in his unknown whereabouts and having done so, return and impress Miss Eagar that that gentleman was away from home, but—having seen on the 'bus *en route*—he would be there by the time we arrived.

I do not think calling in a spirit and crediting it with carrying the message, makes the incident any more effective. If spirit there be, Miss Eagar's own psychic self, in the exercise of her own psychic faculties, acting on Mr. Cotterell and gleaning information of his state, is the only one to be taken into account. Mr. Wallis did not create or develop psychic faculty in this lady; his assistance in inducing a state of trance helped the play on the sensitive's psychic faculties.

Mrs. Wallis has since then proved herself to be one who has exercised clairvoyance, clairaudience, impressionability, prevision, etc., etc., in similar states, induced by those intelligences recognised by Spiritu-
alists as her guides.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.*

HENRY PROCTOR, M. R. A. S., F. R. S. L., F. L. L. C.

The most fitting title for the Bible is "The Book of Life." It begins and ends with life. Its first chapter is of life given; its last, of life restored.

It begins and ends with Paradise. The Central Figure in the First Paradise is the Tree of Life, and the Great River that waters the Garden.

In the final Paradise this is again seen as "a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb . . . and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, producing twelve manners of fruit—month by month, severally, yielding its fruit; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

The Bible begins with the *Torah* or Books of the Law. The great promise of the Law was Life—"This do and thou shalt live." "For behold I set before you, this day, life and death. Therefore choose life."

The *Torah* is followed by the books of the *Neviim* or Prophets. Their message is summed up in one word, viz., *Life*: "Hear and your soul shall live."

So also with the *Hagiographe* or Holy Writings, such as the Psalms, Proverbs, *et cetera*—their one theme is *Life*.

The Gospel is summed up in this—that it brings life and immortality to light, and our Blessed Master sums up his Mission in these words: "I came that they might have life." "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world . .

* From "The Secret of Life" published by Messrs. L. N. Fowler & Co. London.

. . . I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever."

This does not mean, of course, that we should continue to live on for ever in a corruptible body of flesh and blood, but in spiritual and incorruptible bodies; into which our present fleshly tabernacles may be transmuted. For by living a pure and holy life, the spiritual body is formed within the natural, and when glorified becomes the Celestial Body or "House not made with hands; eternal in the heavens."

If we open ourselves to the inflowing of the Spirit of Life, that Ocean in which we live and move and have our being, we can breathe in fresh life with every breath, and have in us a fountain of life, which shall sweep disease away, and cause pain and sickness to be things of a dead, forgotten past.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BHAGVAD GITA.

P. S. CHARVA.

Lesson I. "On the Threshold."

"Just on the threshold! oh! why not come in,
Leaving the mazes of darkness and sin?
Forward,—the light and the glory divine;
Backward—the dangers and woes that were thine;"
A Christian Hymn.

"Wherever is Krishna, the Lord of Yoga, or wherever is Partha, the Archer,
assured are there prosperity, victory, happiness and firm morality."
Verse 78, Chap. XVIII, Gita.

The Bhagvad Gita is the book of books,—the Bible of Humanity. It is the loveliest flower in the whole enchanted garden of the Hindu sacred literature. The Gita is, indeed, the sacred scripture of India, the text book, as it were, of Sanathana Dharma, the Eternal religion of the Aryan sages and seers. It is admitted on all hands that the song celestial contains the "milk" of the Upanishads, the very essence of the Vedas, the life and soul of all Divine knowledge or Brahma Vidya. To day, when there is a conflict between reason and authority, when there is a struggle going on between modern science and the religions based upon mere blind, unreasoning faith, this Divine Poem is fast becoming a world scripture, in as much as it contains the rational philosophy of the vedantin in a nutshell, whose essence, both in the root of it and the fruit of it, is Yoga, in its most concentrated form, which leadeth to our God vision or the state of Exaltation, known as Samadhi, *i.e.*, just the sense of a spiritual union so intense as to supersede all that is commonly called consciousness—which stage of super consciousness or cosmic consciousness may be actuated by a slowly and steadily developed spiritual intuition. Hence, the Gita is properly called Yoga Shastra, the Scripture of Yoga, *par excellence*; and Sri Krishna, its Divine author, Yogeswara, the Lord of Yoga. (*Verse 75, Chap. XVIII*).

The Gita alone, of all the religious scriptures, proclaims a true world-philosophy, *i.e.*, a philosophy common to all races, ranks and

intellects, embracing the whole phenomena of humanity—a philosophy capable of being understood and practised in daily life by every man, woman and child, irrespective of caste, creed, color or position in life. (*Verse 23, Chap. IX*).

You may be a Karma Yogee, the practical mystic who gently lays the helping hand of love and sympathy on other beings; or you may become an ideal Bhakta, the lover of his kind, who passionately identifies himself with the object of his love; or a Jnani, the true sage who, rising on the wings of philosophy and analysis, soars into the pure ether of the free spiritual consciousness of the Eternal. Or, you may try to work out your salvation by assuming the rule of a Raja Yogee who always lives in the Ideal or some beautiful thought-form of the Eternal, ever on the border of that exalted feeling known as Samadhi, which, rightly viewed, ushers the aspirant into the very presence of the Deity.

But, above all and beyond all, you must never forget that the "Kingdom of God" is within you—that God can be seen in your own essential being. Closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands and feet—thus sings the poet. "Seek refuge in the soul; find there thy heaven." "Find in the soul full comfort for thy soul." "Unto pure devotion, devote thy self." (Second Chap. of the *Gita*: Sir Edwin Arnold's edition.)

Such are the Divine commands. Concentrate, therefore, your thought and will, upon the eternal spirit of Beauty and Light to be found in your own heart of hearts, that is, in the innermost secret place of your own nature—to the exclusion of every other thought. Such strong mental concentration abolishes all immediate sense of time and space, and Jivatma—the Human spirit, merges itself in Paramatma, the object of its desire,—in the unparalleled charm and dominating influence of the Divine Ideal. The self-absorption is swift and the whole nature seems absorbed in the Divine. And by communion with a spirit, greater, stronger, purer and more beautiful than your own, until a more or less complete assimilation of that larger spirit results and until the Ideal seems absorbed into your very nature, you feel that you are enriched beyond all previous experience, and the more you pass into self-forgetfulness, the more intense becomes the joy. With the passage towards self-forgetfulness there appears to be associated an indefinable sweetness, peculiar moral and spiritual satisfaction, and a strange indescribable pleasure—that are quite marked. Increase this joy to necessitate faith in the One Which is the Inspirer of it as well as its direct object—until you feel the nearness of God to the heart in thy heart, until you recognise his indwelling and inspiring presence, until you realise the actual kinship with the Divine. Live, thus, in conscious union with God. Wherever you may be and whatever your hands may be employed in doing, always be in tune with the Infinite; respond to the Divine Monitor within the Inner Voice of conscience; act, act in the living present, here and now, in harmony with the All-Loving Ishwara as revealed in nature and man. It is true that God is beyond the intellect—beyond reason. To the mere rationalist, He is the Unknown and the Unknowable, as the Upanishads say. Therefore, look within, and perceive by the lamp of your own self the Eternal presence of Paramatma,

the supreme self—"the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Unity in variety is the plan of the Universe; Philosophy declares it; Science acknowledges it. The junction of Pure Reason or Spiritual Intuition is to detect the One in the Many, to find the Unity amidst the Multiplicity—to come face to face, as it were, with the one Reality, hidden beneath the "magic veil of shows" or yoga-maya, as the *Gita* puts it. (*Verse 25, Chap. VII*).

With the patient Exercise of your Spirit, discern the Divine Krishna, in that brooding spirit of yours; and prepare your self by "quiet and detachment"—by constant prayer and meditation for an access to Him who is Love. Such or nearly such, is perhaps, as I take it, the central lesson of the Immortal, the incomparable teaching of Sri Krishna,—the Revelation of the *Gita*, in a nutshell; such, indeed, the culminating point of the Upanishadic thought—the all-embracing conception of Religion and Philosophy.

Do you understand this, reader? If you do, I hope and I wish that the sooner you make it your conscious possession, the better. Meditate deeply upon it. Realize it. Act up to it; practise it in your daily life; live by it; live the inner spiritual life, as painted for you by the Divine Painter in the immortal texts of the *Gita*. You will become, ere long, keenly conscious of the throbbing living spirit of God, in your heart of hearts,—which you will naturally and instinctively learn to recognise as the key that unlocks to you, such a world of spiritual treasure as will satisfy your highest aims and aspirations. Well hath the Bible said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added unto you."

HINTS ON MEDITATION

D. KRISHNA RAO—A STUDENT OF THE "LATENT LIGHT CULTURE."

Meditation is nothing but deep thinking. It is solely connected with intellect as thinking power is a function of the latter. As with thought we are mainly concerned, we will have to judge mostly intellect. A deep thinking man may enter into meditation but his deep thinking is not *all*. But he who has gone deep into meditation will outshout many intellects. Because this brings out many hidden truths that are not recognisable by many. It has a spiritual meaning attached to it and so it differs from other words of the same connotation. It not only requires intellect but also heart. Intellect and heart progress under it. In unfolding the man from what he was, a savage, to what he is, a civilised creature, it plays a prominent part. Man is not only a moral creature but an intellectual one. Though each of these differs widely in the degree present in man, this equalises both. And so when we come out of this, we become a 'new man.' It connotes something which is denied to many other words. It involves various sides of man's nature of thinking and reaches to higher altitudes, up to this time forbidden to many. It is united to pure reason (*Buddhi*) which gives us that frame of mind called discrimination—to choose between what is real and unreal. It is a contemplation by which you try to get at the nature of a

subject of thought hidden behind the appearance. Through it we arrive at Truth. When doubt arises in your mind about the nature of a thing, this doubt leads to more thinking—unless you are a deep thinking person—this thinking takes you to a deeper and deeper stage, and the deepest—meditation. In that you try to absorb yourself, so that you try to learn what its nature is.

Naturally we are not prone to think and it is especially due to the fault of the age. Yet we can by our little effort make ourselves better to rely upon our own experience and knowledge than to place faith in what books have said and what men have preached. So it is necessary to know

HOW IT IS.

It is not an object which we touch or feel but a state or condition in ourselves. This state is akin to that when we fall ourselves to deep and sound sleep wherein we find ourselves alone without any knowledge or consciousness of the outside world. It is only a realisation and not a thing communicative (as it exists in the experience of each person.) As such it is with difficulty we can explain it. This is only a trial to impart its nature. Therein we find ourselves in harmony with our thought, not felt on any other occasion. We find a blissful state—peace—men who were in it only can know. It does not allow any jarring or discordant thought or thoughts that are an hindrance to the primary one. But there is consciousness running through and through, which makes us realise more and more beauty and leads us to glorious visions we never imagined to take place. We try to abstract ourselves from all disorganising and ill-proportionate intrusions. It is closely related to the various vehicles of our consciousness in that it brings us to conscious relation with them. These vehicles are the effects of our thoughts and so our thoughts affect them. On this quality we depend for our development, as the latter consists in enlarging our consciousness from mere physical to higher mental and Buddhic states. And so we find

WHY IT IS.

It is only the same way of unfolding our consciousness and thus organising our vehicles. It is the definite and scientific method with a set purpose of organising our astral and mental bodies. Though these may be developed by some other means, this meditation hastens the process of development. It also aids us in rooting out those qualities we wish to avoid and in gaining strength in those qualities we desire to possess. It gives us a calm deliberation over that we intend to do, good or bad, and thus fortify our self against danger or yield ourself to higher emotions. By this we gain good or ill health, good or bad emotions, the result greatly depending upon the course of thought we wish to meditate. Why it is, we can understand but by our own experience. For our astral and mental bodies are of the nature of desire and thought vibrations respectively. Consciousness sets up vibrations and affects them both. So the impulses given to them meet a ready response if they are of the same vibrations as those of the impulses. If they are either slow or high, time is taken to shape them (in bodies) when, the matter occupies a position suitable to the rate of vibrations. So we see the

persistency in our efforts produces first the result of reconstructing the vehicles on the lines deliberately chosen, secondly of answering to our impulses. So the thoughts, if pure, higher doors will be opened to us; if not we will have only bad associations. Purity of thought, desire to attain the goal, must aid us all the more.

“Your thoughts must be pure, otherwise your mental body will be unfit for higher development; your desire must be pure, or your astral body will not be fit for that unfolding at which you aim, and the physical body must be pure, otherwise, when developed, mental and astral pour open their power on the physical, the physical will be unable to answer, and you will have hysteria, instead of wider consciousness.”—*The Inner Life* by C. W. L.)

For this some set words of power communicated through ear only, called mantras. These have definite vibrations and so the result must be definite. These can aid us only to a certain state, and, further than this, we have to forsake this and seek something more. They give us a desire result and I think it remains constant. But when we aspire to higher things, we must seek the expansion and cultivation of such qualities as are of a kind to give us an uplift, such as love, self-sacrifice, nobleness, etc.

The next thing to be observed is, regular practice in order to attain to what we hope. Practice, or persistence as we may call it, must be day by day, week after week, nay year after year. Irregularity in practice must be and is actually useless and fruitless. A week's meditation and its stop for a week, gives us much result as a clock which works but its hands never move. Many fail in this regularity of persistence, and complaints are afterwards heard of their unsatisfactory progress. Their little work may be to affect the rate of vibrations of bodies and may not be sufficient enough to give desired helps. Their little work may be to form newer vehicles when, it may be broken off again by irregularity. So irregularity leads to non-success. And if the complaints made are heard and examined, the conclusion is certain that in all cases the failure is the result of irregularity.

Irregularity is not only the cause of their failure, for many articles arise in the path of progress. Disease, dullness, doubt, carelessness, sloth, false notion, missing the point and instability of the mind are many. (*Patanjali*—30.)

Overcoming these, the student, in the second step finds difficulty, for he cannot fix and steady his mind. The more he tries to steady, the more he feels the difficulty. The difficulty of fixing his ideas is increased, when all other thoughts of other nature rush in.

“Without doubt, O mighty armed, Manas is hard to curb, and restless, but it may be curbed by constant practice and by indifference.”

“Yoga is hard to attain, methinks by a self that is uncontrolled, but by the self controlled, it is attainable by properly directed energy.”—(*Bhagavat Gita* VI, 33-36).

His steadiness is required, his patience and his energy too. And what does he gain by these? Strength of will and concentration of

thought. By indifference, *i.e.*, not busying with the things of the world, and disallowing the mind from being harassed by the intrush of these thoughts, he securely passes over the initial difficulties. His less anxiety makes him fit for meditation.

At times he is swayed away by his unruly outside thoughts, unconsciously. He wants to think in one line and he sees himself rushed on another. Why? It is because he has little power over his thoughts. He must check the horse ere it becomes useful to him. Upon this lies his strength of will and till he accomplishes it his meditation is ineffectual.

So this must be done regularly and with earnestness for he has in his hands to make or unmake his path in evolution.

Morning is best suited for this. As the ego has much less experiences of physical body during nights, in early morning the brain is capable of being readily impressed upon by higher thoughts. Sometimes we recollect the many experiences we had in sleep, for brain muscles are put into same vibrations as it had when we were asleep. So this may aid us in bringing to our waking consciousness, the impression most probably fading, which otherwise would have been erased for ever.

Moreover, what we intend to do at first, when we get up, lasts throughout the whole day and so it is good to make resolutions—worthy resolutions—to make our day's work easier and nobler every day.

So let each one try to do the exercises he is daily asked to do.

WHAT IS GOD?

J. M. Peebles, M.D., F.L.L.C.

Certainly no man, and in our opinion no invisible spirit of whatever rank, can so fathom a mystery as to fully describe, define and comprehend God. Mortals can describe and comprehend only what is inferior to themselves: and so, functioning upon the finite plane of existence, they can never grasp and define the infinite. In the conic sections, two mathematical lines may eternally approach and yet never meet.

But every man and woman has some opinion of God, and the inalienable right, also, to express that opinion. Hence the following:—

"God is Absolute Causation."—*Proclus*. "God is the Great Positive Mind"—*A. J. Davis*. "God is the Supreme Power of the Universe."—*A. R. Wallace*. "God is Love."—*The Apostle John*. "God is our Loving Father in Heaven."—*Canning*. "God is our Father-Mother."—*Ann Lee*. "God is the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."—*Spencer*. "God is that power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness."—*Arnold*. "God is absolute Being manifest throughout all nature as Energy, Life, and the Consciousness, as Love, Purpose and Will."—*Peebles*. "God is the Infinite Oversoul."—*Emerson*. "God the Supreme Being, is not God apart from the universe, but immanent and actually incarnate in it as Life and Will."—*Lodge*. "God the intramundane and transcendent potency, and life of all things that were and are."—*Sankhya*.

The conceptions of Proclus, Jesus and A. J. Davis, relating to the divine presence, are taken as the foundation of reasoning among Spiritualists because they are the most concise.

While there is everywhere manifest an infinite and eternal energy—God, pure spirit,—there is something that is not God. For the want of a better descriptive word we will term it 'substance,' the negative side of Being. If all is God, as the enthusiast sometimes states, then cause and effect are one, which negates all logic. This inconceivable realm of substance, that is, nebula, monads, atoms, electrons, fire, dust and infinitesimal entities when manipulated and moved upon by spirit force, become matter, a temporary appearance, cognized by the sense perceptions; we say temporary, because granite itself, submitted to a very intense degree of heat, melts, becoming a liquid, a gas vanishing into the invisible. Every appearance, however, must have a corresponding base—a reality. None will contend that the thing moved, moved itself, or that the thing developed, developed itself, or that the thing evolved, evolved itself, independent of some causative propelling power. Never a machine manufactured a machine of itself. Life, springing into conscious existence from non-life, is as irrational and as unthinkable as the derivation of something from nothing. Neither man nor ennobling religious emotions originated from the chance force friction of atoms, nor from any blind, polarized interblending of unreasoning molecules. These of themselves could never produce such desirable and magnificent fruitage as morality and religion,—that religion of love and truth that characterizes Spiritualism.

THE LEADING STRINGS OF LIFE.

PHILIP O'BRYEN HOARE, F. L. L. C.

Where'er you go: whatever your vocation
Look ye not back to things which might have been
But rather test each living thought vibration
Which comes to you from out the great unseen.
Knowing that as you journey; ever striving;
Tho' you be husband, mother, son, or wife,
There is a place for you—your soul conniving
Your hands upon the leading strings of life.
If you would gain the charm of all life's secret
Then come to know the law which holds you fast,
Secure, that in the knowledge of your battle:
The time must come when you shall win at last.
For then from out the very darkest blackness
Shall shine your star of hope in radiance bright,
Telling of Love to you—despite all sadness
And showing you Heaven: with all its glorious light.
How shall it come: this great pulsating feeling?
Which tells of Harmony twixt soul and soul,
And finding you in glorious silence—kneeling
Shall bid you look, and hope, and see your goal.

Not in the moving, vastly crowded places
 But in the stillness of your beating heart
 Where: in the midst of sundry kinds and races,
 You feel yourself of God's great scheme a part.
 For then it is that Harmony will tell you:
 Helped by desire, which springs from every Soul,
 That there exists for you some other creature,
 Man, God, or woman, who shall make you whole.
 And from that inmost longing which has oppressed you
 Shall come a heavenly peace—to banish strife,
 And find you standing Soul to Soul united,
 Your hands upon the leading strings of life.

THE POWER OF THE MIND.

Mind different from the Soul.
 Mind a material product.

Science shifting ground.
 Indian view comes out true.

The Will Power in Man.

We all pride ourselves, says a contemporary, upon our strong will power. We all feel that we can make a man sitting ahead of us in the street car turn around if we look at the back of his neck long enough and will him to turn. "See that pretty girl sitting three seats ahead of us? Watch me make her turn around!" we have all heard, possibly, and we thought nothing of it when the young lady in question did turn around in response to the silent will. Yet, if true, this fact is far more scientifically extraordinary, as Mr. C. J. Balfour indicated, than the crash of worlds and the end of our earth in space. For the latter events have analogies, the former none.

If, then, the human will can be exerted in the manner described, it is a remarkably important event, and still more important if it could be proved that the human will is a definite physical energy, capable of moving certain material objects, or of being registered by means of a moving needle or a scale. Yet this is what has been accomplished, and will, thereby proved to be a physical energy a new force, just as new as electricity or magnetism, but a thousand times more interesting, since we all possess it within ourselves.

That the human will is a physical energy can be proved by means of a specially constructed instrument. The instrument in question was invented by Professor Alrutz, of the University of Upsala, Sweden, known as a careful observer and for his works upon psychology. These instruments are not sold. Only two of them exist in the world.

One of these is in Professor Alrutz's laboratory and the other is in the possession of Mr. Hereward Carrington, a well known psychic investigator, who brought Eusapia Palladino for investigation several years ago. Ever since that time Mr. Carrington has been quietly carrying on a series of experiments in an endeavour to prove the reality of the Italian medium's manifestations by analogous methods; and he

believes that he has at last found an instrument which will demonstrate beyond all doubt that the will of a certain percentage of persons can be proved to exert a definite physical pressure, and he hopes to prove this to the sceptical world soon.

The appliance is simple enough, and lacks all the elaborate and delicate contrivance which one would expect in an instrument of the kind. It consists simply of two boards, one placed flat on the table and the other balanced on two wooden pins which project from the lower board. The long end of the upper board is supported by a string attached to a spring balance. In this position the upper board weighs five ounces. It cannot be made to weigh more. The hands are placed on the short end of the board. If any physical pressure be exerted on this end of the board it will have the effect of making the long end of the board go upward, which is precisely what is not wanted, for it will make the board weigh less. The greater the pressure of the hands the board will weigh. If the hands be taken off altogether the board weighs 5 ounces. It cannot be made to weigh six seven or more ounces.

If at any time the scale register a pressure of six or more ounces it must be due either to a pull upward by the ingress of a pressure exerted at the long end of the board. The fingers cannot pull upward by reason of their position on the board; the hands were always examined carefully to see they contained nothing sticky. It was always light enough to see that no threads or hairs were employed. Besides, these experiments were not conducted upon professional mediums, but with persons who were interested in the subject from a scientific point of view, who possessed the suitable temperament. Everyone cannot move the board; only a certain percentage of those who try possess the peculiar power, whatever it may be, to cause a definite deflection of the spring balance in obedience to their silent will.

Professor Alrutz tried the board with several of his friends, and among them found three or four who could cause definite movements of the balance. He then tried several women of good families and again he found a certain percentage who could move it. He then took the board with him to the Psychological Congress, at Geneva.

Of those who tried he found one in particular who could cause a continuous depression of several grammes, purely by an effort of will. She would look at the board, wait sometime to "charge it up," so to say, and finally look at the far end of the board and cause it to descend, as though invisible rays emanated from her eyes and pressed the board downward in response to her silent will; if she did not look at the board it was not depressed.

The following is an account of one of these trials with two women as subjects. Both placed their hands on the board together, and the depressions were of very long duration. In these experiments sooted paper was placed upon the hands of the experimenters. It was noted that better results were obtained if one of them cried "Now" when the board was to be depressed. The desire to sleep was strong after these trials, often noted in psychic experiments. In one instance the subject

really did fall asleep during the experiment. An old fact which should be noted in this connection is that no results were obtained unless the subject looked at the long end of the boards while the will was being operated.

Mr. Carrington believes the movements noted in connection with this board are extremely important scientifically and that the proof that the human will is a physical energy throws a new light on many obscure psychological and physical phenomena. He hopes to elaborate his theories at length and publish them in an exhaustive treatise later.

"I believe it is now proved beyond all doubt that certain human organisms can move material objects at a distance by the exercise of their will power," he said. "This has been established scientifically and on a firm basis by means of this little instrument, where all possibility of fraud and deception is absent. This new proof that the will is a physical energy is of great importance, for a variety of reasons. In the first place, it throws a new light on the nature of the human will which is not to-day considered to be an energy by psychologists, but rather an effort of attention coupled with choice.

"In the second place, we have here a new force, just as new as the other force, and the discovery of this energy will prove just as certain. Proof that the human will is a physical energy is also important as affecting the doctrine of the conservation of energy, for we should have here a new energy which must apparently be included in the law of conservation; yet it would be hard to see how this could be so, or how it is derived from other energies, or how transmuted in them, as the law says it must be.

"It also throws an entirely new light on the much disputed problem of free will; and seems to settle the question in favour of free will; for one of the chief objections to the theory always has been the apparent impossibility of conceiving the will, considered as an immaterial thing, affecting the brain, or altering the arrangements of its molecules or delicate nerve centres. But if the will be a physical energy it might thus affect them and the chief scientific objection to free will would have been abolished.

"Further the connection of mind and matter, brain and thought, would receive a new interpretation. This is one of the most disputed questions in the whole history of philosophy; but if analysed it would be found the objection is that the will, being a non-physical energy, cannot affect the brain. But if it is a physical energy this objection is at once removed. Finally the question of the origin of forces and the origin of our world receives a new interpretation.

"For the present, I would say that this fact that the human will is a definite force is one of the most important in the whole history of science; and it is a truth which will, I am persuaded, be proved before many months have passed by means of the little instrument which I have in my possession."— *The Review*.

THE PSYCHIC TELEPHONE MESSAGE.

E. ALLEN LUCY.

It seems to me I never endured a more tedious and distressing period than that Friday afternoon. All the stupidity of all the stupid children from civilization's dawn down to the present time seemed incarnated in the two-score pupils facing me. The reason was not far to seek. That noon I had received a letter from my sister Annie telling me that our adored brother Floyd was very ill with typhoid pneumonia, and for me to take the first train after four o'clock for home. Naturally my mind was torn with anxiety, and it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep my thoughts on my work.

When the grammar class was called I hoped its demands would divert my interest from home affairs, and they did in a measure. Freddie Wilkins, with a special inaptitude for the science of language asserted that "as" was a verb, and when I sarcastically called for a sentence illustrating the use of the word in that sense he gave: "I ast him for a bite of his apple."

The class in elementary geometry was no better. Minnie Hazlett, the star mathematical noodle of the aggregation, maintained stoutly that the three angles of a triangle were not equal to two right angles, and although I drew out a diagram on the blackboard and cut up paper to demonstrate the proposition, calmly informed me that it did not make any great difference anyway, and that her ma thought so too.

"And what did your father think?" I asked, hoping for moral support from the masculine head of the house. I spoke rather sharply.

"He said, perhaps it was right, but there were errors in 'most all books."

These were only two samples of what I had to contend with that afternoon. I was tempted to resign.

Four o'clock came at last, and with it my release, and I hugged myself to think I would not see any one of my blessed two-score till Monday morning. I really had not a single bad or vicious child in my school, but I was so unstrung with anxiety on account of my brother that their little peculiarities seemed monstrous crimes.

My home was in the city, and I was teaching in a suburban town twenty miles distant. I went home Friday afternoons, and Annie, who kept house for us, always planned to have a nice little hot supper ready when I arrived. How we enjoyed those Friday night suppers, Floyd, Annie and I; and now Floyd was seriously sick, and, oh, what would we do if anything happened to him? The thought turned me cold and sick. Our adored brother, the support of the house, brother and father in one to me in his loving and protecting care. How I wished I might annihilate time and space and fly to him that very minute, but I must wait for that 4-30 train which would set me down near my own door at 5-20.

Just before I was ready to start for the station I was called to the telephone.

"Hello Laura; do not take that 4-30 train. Wait and take the one leaving there at 5-15 that goes round by Westport."

It was certainly Floyd's voice.

"Oh, Floyd," I answered, "I am so relieved that you are able to telephone me. I have been terribly anxious about you. Surely you must be much better. But why not take the earlier train?"

"Never mind now. You will know soon enough."

"Say, Floyd," I called back, "what is Annie getting for supper?"

"Macaroni with cheese, hot baking powder biscuit, coffee, and the usual sauce, cake and other stuff."

"It makes me just ravenous to hear you tell it. I can't wait till half-past six for supper. And, oh, Floyd, get me some dill pickles, will you?"

But no voice replied. Evidently he had hung up the 'phone and gone away. I was vexed enough. I had my own way with my big brother so much that I felt myself shamefully ill-used in being cut off short.

After a fever of impatience the time came at last to essay a second part. As I asked for my ticket, *via* Westport, the agent, whom I knew quite well, remarked, "you are no end lucky that you did not take your usual train. I suppose you have heard of the accident?"

No, I had not heard a word.

"Head-end collision at Sagmore. Two engines reduced to scrap iron. Three passenger coaches derailed. Smoker telescoped into first car behind, and fifteen persons killed or fatally injured, so far reported. Full extent of the loss of life not yet known. Wrecking train just gone there now. All the doctors in town called for and others from the city."

He gave me my ticket and correct change, and I staggered away and mechanically climbed into the car going by the other road. I was too nearly stunned to think clearly. The car wheels as they turned kept repeating, "Head-end collision; fifteen killed. Head-end collision; fifteen killed." And I had escaped that frightful fate through Floyd's message. But how did Floyd know to send me the warning? I was half-way home before my mind got down to normal pitch. Then the thought of the improvement in my brother's condition came over me like a flood of sunlight, and the shock of the fearful tragedy faded away; so I was quite calm and cheerful when I reached home.

Annie met me at the door, and as I kissed her I said, "Such a load off my mind that Floyd is better."

"Why do you think him better?" she asked. "He is still very ill. The doctor brought a trained nurse at noon, and said he must have expert care."

"But he telephoned me this afternoon soon after four o'clock."

"Impossible. He has not been out of bed for forty-eight hours and is now lying in the stupor that follows delirium, unable to lift his hand."

"He certainly did telephone me," I insisted "and told me not to take the four-thirty train. He also told me what you were getting for supper."

Annie smiled incredulously and said, "Well, let us have the menu." I rehearsed what had come to me over the wires, and my sister knitted her brows and frowned in perplexity.

"Why did he advise you to take a later train?" she then asked.

"Oh, Annie," I cried, "did I not tell you? There was a collision at Sagmore, and the train I usually take was wrecked, and fifteen persons killed or fatally injured. I would certainly have been among them, as I always take the coach next behind the smoker, for I get home just the length of the car sooner."

My sister turned deathly pale and dropped into a chair.

"Oh, Laura! Laura!" she gasped. "Merciful heaven, what a frightful day! My sister escaping destruction by the merest chance and my brother lying almost in the very jaws of death. But how did Floyd know? What was his reason for telephoning you at all?"

"Go upstairs and look at him," said Annie, "and judge for yourself if he could have been able to send you word in any form. He has lain like this all the afternoon."

I went upstairs and tiptoed into my brother's room. How my heart ached to see the splendid length and breadth of him lying there prone and helpless like an oak tree uprooted and thrown down by a cyclone. His breathing was heavy and labored, and his face so altered by suffering that I would hardly have recognised him.

The nurse came to me and whispered, "The crisis comes to-night. The doctor says that if there is the least abatement of the bad symptoms, or even if he holds his own till morning there is ground for hope. He has seemed easier since four o'clock, and his fever does not increase."

She meant to be kind and encouraging, but her words were like a knife in my heart. I never knew till then what a place he occupied in the lives of us two girls. He was so big and strong and capable we never dreamed he could be sick like other people. And that his clear mind should be even temporarily clouded seemed incredible. What would the telephone company do without him, and the power plant? He had been advanced from one position to another, and now nothing but his youth kept him out of the most lucrative and responsible one in the gift of the company. He had completed his course in electrical engineering in half the usual time, and had then accepted a good position with the telephone people, spending part of each day with them and part at the big electric power plant in the east end of the city.

His was one of those rare, all-round minds that comprehend intuitively at a glance, without having to dig out the fact with pick and shovel, and he was as devoid of conceit and bigotry as of superstition. There was no room for meanness of any kind or of malice in that big, wide open mind and serene, kindly heart.

"Oh, dear Lord," I prayed fervently and frantically, "don't take him from us. We need him here more than any one else needs him elsewhere."

Does God hear and answer earnest prayer? Sometimes I think he does, and in this desperate case if there were a chance of blessing from above I meant to place myself in a position to receive it.

You may be sure Annie I did not go to bed at all that night, but stayed in the vicinity of Floyd's door and rendered such assistance as we were capable of to the clever woman inside. By morning the fever had

somewhat abated and his breathing was easier, and when the doctor came he was quite satisfied with the condition of his patient. Unless unforeseen complications arose, his recovery was probable. When Monday came I slipped into his room and kissed him, and he was able to say faintly, "Good-bye, little sis," with his dear old smile.

The week that followed was tedious in the extreme, but it came to an end at last, and I hastened home to find Floyd greatly improved and able to sit up part of each day.

During the time my brain was constantly busy trying to solve the puzzle of the phantom telephone message that had certainly saved my life. Nothing short of Floyd's express command would have withheld me from taking the usual train for home, and I determined as soon as he was so far recovered as to talk freely to learn if he could throw any light on what to me—and to Annie as well—was a profound mystery.

When I reached home I found him lying on the lounge dressed, and although weak, quite like the old Floyd I knew and loved so well.

We had our usual gay little supper and the whole three were devoutly grateful to kind heaven that our small family circle was still intact, although two of its members had been, for a time at least, not so very far from the point of departure.

After supper, while Annie was doing the dishes, I slipped down on the floor by Floyd and tucked my warm, little brown fist inside his big, cool, white palm.

He looked at me with those great clear intelligent eyes and said softly, "How fares it with my little sister? Has any fear or danger or special discouragement come to her during the past week?"

"No, dear," I answered, "but I am greatly puzzled about that telephone message from you a week ago to-day."

"Did I really telephone you?"

"It was certainly your voice. If you went for the occasion to a neighbour it must have been one sufficiently familiar with our family affairs to know to a dot what we were going to have for supper," and I repeated the whole conversation held over the wires exactly as it had occurred, and then told him of the railroad accident.

He was silent for a long time, looking out on the street where the arc lights were shining on the new-fallen snow, and in his eye that spiritual, far-away expression that always made me think his soul had left the world of sense and was gazing out on the limitless realm beyond.

"Oh, come back to forty-fifth street," I implored, "and tell me in what rosy fields your mind has been wandering."

"I was merely trying to marshal my thoughts in order, and to formulate a theory that would cover the facts in the case. To tell you the truth, little sis, this fits in perfectly with the only thing I can bring back from my delirium—anxiety for you."

"Friday afternoon I was tortured with apprehension, and I can now recall three harrowing dreams or visions, call them what you will. In

one I boarded an express train running at full speed, picked you up and jumped off just before the engine dashed over an embankment. In the next I found you among the debris of a railroad wreck, unhurt, but in danger of being burned to death, and in the third I seized you just as a locomotive was about to run you down.

"In each case a railroad train was the bold designing villain of this little psychic drama, you were the heroine, and your big brother the brave and resourceful hero, every faculty strained to the utmost to foil the vile machinations of the heavy villain."

"Now in trying to convey to you this warning I might perhaps have communicated with you telepathically, but as you are not in the least psychic I could hardly have done so with sufficient force to have exacted compliance with my commands."

"To really understand this implies a familiarity with the theory of the dual mind, and the possession by the subjective side of it of powers and potentialities akin to those of the divine intelligence of which it is an emanation. I have had experiences somewhat similar to this, but always heretofore directed by my conscious will. Still, the fact that the message was conveyed to you while my objective faculties were in abeyance does not in the least militate against the theory on which this explanation is based."

"Another faculty of the subjective mind called telekinesis which, loosely defined, is the power to move ponderable objects without physical contact, would be called into play in the manipulation of the telephone. This in its active form—we all have all these powers in latency—is quite uncommon, and I never knew before it belonged to me. Still, there is nothing at all miraculous about it, for, as you know, there are no miracles. This is as completely under the operation of cosmic law as the facts of gravitation."

"Had I passed out that Friday previous 4 P. M. the mysterious warning must have been attributed to my disembodied spirit, but as I was then as alive, if not as well as to-day, that possible explanation is ruled out. The dual mind theory and what it predicates of the mind in its subjective aspect is the only theory I can advance that will cover all the facts in the case. Do you follow me at all?"

I shook my head in very positive denial, then seeing the disappointed look on Floyd's face I answered, "No, dear; I cannot really say I understand it at all, for you know I am as dense as a block of wood, but it is enough for me to know that you comprehend it. I am more proud of you than ever to think that heaven had seen fit to entrust to you so amazing powers, and I know you will use this splendid gift as nobly and as unselfishly as you do all the others. Good-night, my dear, dear brother, and God bless you and give you many years to protect your foolish little sister."

I went away feeling a trifle dubious about my own condition, for I called to mind what I had heard Floyd quote as a saying of the holy Buddha: "There is no sin but ignorance."

LIFE.

J. A. THOMAS.

Life is persistent personality, either active, as under ordinary circumstances, or passive, as in trance. It ceases when that which we call the soul departs, leaving inanimate clay.

Though the highest form known exists in man, there are many stages of development, in so much that it is difficult to distinguish the superiority of the plane occupied by the lower types of men from the higher of animals.

Life is a series of sensations, which result from consciousness. The apparently unconscious often experience sensations in the mind.

The quality of these sensations supplies the atmosphere, and the circumstances produce both sensations and atmosphere.

The circumstances are environment, education, temperament, and opportunity.

Many people never live. Much of the cause of this lies at the door of those who do. The true measure of life is intensity, not extensity.

A day in the life of one man is the whole life of another, calculated from this standpoint.

The value of a life lies in its usefulness, and the purpose to which it is directed. What should be the true standard of measuring this value is a profound question. The theologian, the humanitarian, the sociologist and the philosopher, all have their answers. The first, the saviour of souls; the second, the reliever of suffering; the third, the improver of social conditions; the fourth, the teacher of true thought.

Perhaps the answer is contained in the sum of these. Some of them are impossible without the others.

Most thinkers agree that the present life is incomplete. Death often ensues at the highest stage of earthly development. Wrongs are not righted. Problems are left unsolved. The facts of life point to compensation as a measure of bare justice. The theory of annihilation seems untenable. One asks, with Judas: "Whence all this waste?" Theology, logic and philosophy unite in assuming that in the future life must continue on the lines followed here.

To make the best of life with the material available is the task of all. A poor job some of us make of it. Like most things in the world, we just get the true perspective when we are about to lose it.

What is the perfect life? Opportunity used rightly. Ability used properly. Authority used justly. Charity given freely. Humanity served faithfully. Reverence tendered dutifully. Love to the Creator and the created the highest expression.—*The Millgate Monthly*.

MENTAL DYSPEPSIA.

GRAHAM HOOD.

Years ago, when Prentice Mulford and other pioneers in the study of what we might term philosophical psychology began to talk about the effect of the mind upon the body, people who prided themselves upon their conservative orthodoxy laughed at them, and while some few individuals are so far behind the times that they are still making merry at

the expense of this theory the world's great scientists are one by one admitting facts that show conclusively that the old-time theorists were pretty nearly right after all.

Ask almost any reputable physician to-day, and he will admit that the mind has fully as much to do with the cures he performs as the medicines that he gives. Let the physician be confronted with a condition that defies his knowledge—especially if that condition be a mental one—and he will, if he is thoroughly up to date, have recourse to the treatment that he has denoted as psycho-therapy—the strange force that we commonly term hypnotism is used to day in many a first-class hospital, while pure suggestion without the hypnotic accompaniment, is being introduced successfully from one end of the land to the other.

In view of these facts it is interesting to note an article which appeared in the *British Medical Journal* from the pen of Dr. David Drummond, a distinguished English physician, for in this paper he frankly admits that "digestion is carried on at a high rate of excellence only so long as mental equanimity is maintained."

In other words, we are told by this eminent authority that there is no longer any doubt that Prentice Mulford was correct in the assumption that the emotions were responsible for much of the ill health of the human race.

According to Dr. Drummond, extreme emotional states are capable of bringing on severe and stubborn attacks of dyspepsia, even in a perfectly healthy person, and he adds that "depression is often the cause as well as the effect of dyspepsia," and that "grief, and that kind of self-torment that we call fretting, may produce it."

While there is nothing really new in Dr. Drummond's statements, those who have long maintained the truth of these theories will be glad to know that they have been scientifically demonstrated, not that such evidence will tend to increase their faith, but for the reason that it is only by such scientific verification that many doubting Thomases can be persuaded that the mind and the body have such an intimate relationship.

The trouble with many of these persons is that, while they know practically nothing about Christian Science, their knowledge of that faith is sufficient to tell them that it is in some way based upon the effect of mind over matter, and they fear that, if they permit themselves to be drawn into the acceptance of any such theories, they will, before they know it, be enlisted as disciples of Mrs. Eddy.

As a matter of fact, however, the relation of the mind to the body does not depend upon the assertion of any religious or philosophical body. That some of these faiths have embodied this fact in their tenets is quite another matter. The principle itself is a fact that needs no support from any religious society. It is not a matter of religious belief that a man who allows his affairs to harass him is certain to become a victim to dyspepsia; that the man who gives way to anger and who gets into states of irritability is morally bound to become a dyspeptic, and that worry and other exhibitions of an ever-present fear of consequences are equally as bad for the digestion. It is a scientific fact.

And if these facts are true it is just as true that it is to the mind that we must turn for the remedy to relieve such condition. To

this conclusion Dr. Drummond also agrees, for he advocates as a mode of treatment a stay in bed under circumstances of such tranquility that the evenness of temper may once more be restored. What is this but mental healing?—*Health Culture*.

LITERARY REVIEWS.

Hypnotism and Disease: By Hugh Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D., London: T. Fisher Unwin, Adelphi Terrace. Price 5s. net.

A sensible and rational view of Hypnotism in a way to appeal to the intelligent layman is aimed at in this work which is both authoratative and valuable. To the medical practitioner it teaches what relation Hypnotism has to disease or rather in technical parlance what Psychotherapy is. No less than the great medical authorities Sir William Osler, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir G. H. Savage and various others are quoted in full and the claim of Psychotherapy as one of the foremost healing science has been established. The history of hypnotism and the up-to-date scientific view of it is clearly presented in the work and elaborate instructions as to how to induce hypnosis in the treatment of diseases are given. A special chapter as to the treatment of organic diseases, as distinguished from functional, has been added to the work. To crown all a subject index and three important appendices are also added which go a great way to enhance its value.

Numbers: Their Meaning and Magic: By Isydore Kozminsky, F. R. H. S., "Braeside", Victoria Str., Pott's Point, Sydney, N. S. W. 1s. net.

This is a revised and enlarged edition of "Numbers: Their Magic and Mystery." The very fact of the work having run into four editions shows the popularity it has gained. It is a pleasing fact to see that the West has begun to learn that there is after all something in the so-called superstitions of the East. The author puts forth in a convincing way the necessity to pick up auspicious days to do or commence important works. To illustrate, the *Titanic* disaster has been referred to. Not only this, the importance of naming children; why even things and belongings both animate and inanimate are dealt with. It is shown what influence the name and numbers have on humanity. The book is very interesting and should be widely read.

The Secret of Life. By Henry Proctor, F. R. S. L. London: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Circus. Price 2s. 6d. net.

The sound common sense and the depth of knowledge of Mr. Proctor is well-known to our readers as he is one of our permanent contributors. The work before us is based on the Bible, the miraculous and inspired book of the Christians. He who has understood the esoteric principles of the teachings of that Holy Book or one who has grasped the right teachings bereft of all clothing alone can understand the work before us. Mr. Proctor is in his element when he deals of vital fluid and its conservation. The book has some brilliant rules on this.



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"THE PHOENIX AND THE TURTLE".

S. NARAYANASAMI AIYAR, B.A., B.L.

This poem is printed at the end of every edition of Shakespeare. It seems to be scarcely noticed by any commentator. But it seems to be the ground and crown of the philosophy.

In Sonnet CV Shakespeare has written:

Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so,
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;

One thing expressing, leaves out difference,
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument.
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,

In another Sonnet he has written:

That all his compilation was influenced
by God and born of God
"In others' works thou dost but mend
thy style,
But thou art all my art"

The Phoenix and the Turtle represents the Universal Spirit in love with the individual life. The object of life is achieved by its absorption in the Infinite. Love is the name of the Lord. Constancy is the addition of life. Devotion is the rule of life. And in constant devotion we live in the eternal.

So they lov'd as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none;
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight;
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded

That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none
If what parts can so remain.

Life is beauty and truth and the one is the other. Beauty without truth is but a painted beauty. Truth without beauty is but a seeming truth. And truth and beauty are knit in kindness and the world and life. Move in kindness unto kindness.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

SWAMI MUKERJI.

At the extreme poles we come across two special types of human development:—(1) the extremely material and (2) the extremely spiritual.

No. 1 may appreciate "culture" in so far as it bears upon his "creature comforts" without undue meddling with the inner man. No. 1 shall not care to go back a century and be deprived of all such comforts and enjoyments as could only be provided by the power of steam, electricity and navigation. No. 1 shall declare war against all such self-restraint, submission or religion as may have for their aim the scraping, polishing, reducing and so forth, of natural proclivities and hence the ultimate destruction of robust individualism. There!

No. 1 really stands for the Emancipation of the Individual. He will not think, act, breathe and move as part of "one whole" nor be bound with and hedged about with forced responsibilities and forced duties. He will not feel himself bound to follow the beaten track. He will not carry on his back every old Man of the Mountain who may choose to fasten on to his neck. He will rebel against all sorts of forced obligations, social, religious, moral and what not, imposed upon him by any and every self-constituted authority. With him self must be free to follow its own will wherever it may lead, free to strike out into any new path it may choose. No. 1 will insist upon comradeship, co-oper-

ation and equality. He will not easily submit to authority. He will be "his own boss" as an American would put it, because he sees that only such are happy as work, however hard, for self. Self therefore is his guide and prompter. This is the feature of the new civilization. We shall expose and criticize its vulnerable points later. Now let us view on No. 2.

No. 2 is the spiritual type, aiming at high refinement of mind, manners, body, soul, everything **on principle**, thus sublimating human nature to an essence, as it were, and striving to maintain his balance above the sordid atmosphere of material life and so live in the more rarefied regions of high culture, moral exaltation and lofty intellection. With No. 2 self comes last, if at all. No. 2 regards duty to an almost painful extent; attaches serious importance and value to all such moral strivings as aim to elevate and unite rather than to lower and disrupt; is highly conscientious, God-fearing, and recognises the existence of a "Spiritual Government" in nature. No. 1 typifies the New World, No. 2 the Old. No. 1 is the reaction of nature upon the old attempt to altogether annihilate the individual by giving prominence to the well-being and interests of the body corporate. We see clearly how these counter principles of thought are at work in different parts of the globe. We note how the Individual is trying to level down every resistance to his Will to live as a unit, his refusal to be wrought upon by the social machinery for its communal well-being. We also note the Old Idea—it belongs to India—at death-grips with this new view of molten, fiery, iconoclastic, twentieth century

individualism. The former has not quite lost its vitality, as some may think. The latter is not quite free to work its way all along the line, as it may find out by experimentation. Then, which shall survive the struggle? Would this new spirit, operating vertically, shatter the horizontal, superincumbent old lines of ethics (which we take to be the concentration of ages of wisdom and experience) or would it be itself subjected to a gradual and radical metamorphosis? Will the clash of these two opposite forces, by leading to a modification and alteration, produce a resultant altogether different from either and **partaking of the spirit of both**? We incline to this latter conclusion. We consider a new social departure imminent, specially in India. Nature does not seem to favour the old idea of self-sacrifice, self-suppression or anything tending to negate and nullify the individual **its special handi-work**. Nature has equally distributed its gifts. Let each human unit try to appreciate and avail itself of this fact. Let each human plant take root in Mother Earth and grow, physically, mentally and morally. Let every soul realize that it is against nature to lean or to be a leaning-post. If you want a prop, try to find it **within**, in God. Let every man recognize the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, not in the old sense of fusion and sacrifice but from the individual view point of co-operation, **detachment** and self-help. Love, sympathy and generosity; self-control and moral elevation; reverence and obedience—**by all means**. But not out of external compulsion and fear but because of the **inner recognition**, hence voluntary. Man has ceased, to some extent,

from being acted upon by nature. He can now co-operate with nature. Nature has changed its aspect of the stern taskmistress. With your recognition of the soul-sense you have ceased being a cat's paw. You see how everything, even spirituality, is in order that you may use it to the furtherance of personal weal, and, but nothing is too great to use you. We say therefore, emancipate the individual by all means but take timely heed that he does not degenerate into mean selfishness and gross materialism. On the other hand refine and spiritualize by all means but take care not to pass human nature through retorts and sublimate it till it is not, for that kind of highly-crystallized culture is sure to develop reaction. Do not stifle and mummify human nature to the point of annihilation nor condense and solidify to the extent of extreme grossness and narrow selfishness.

That there seems to be the psychological problem: the finding out of the *via media* between the utterly

material on the one hand and the utterly spiritual on the other.

Is this so very new, then? You might well ask. Has not the attempt been made ever since humanity appeared on this sphere?

We think it has been made but with partial success. We think we have come to a point in human evolution when the Idea seems to have a fuller chance of being worked out. The Transition stage is somewhere in the middle where the ascending and descending currents of evolution meet, giving rise to a new type. India, please note that your spirituality unless balanced by the sound material sense will surely lead to you mummification. Europe, your materialism shall surely be your undoing unless you acquire the direct spiritual sense and you and your imitator shall be like blindmen groping in the dark and clutching spasmodically at shadows. We need an interchange of ideals if we are to round out our angularities.

PSYCHIC FACULTY IN HYPNOTISM.

JAMES COATES, PH. D., F. L. L. C.

(Author of "Photographing the Invisible," "Seeing the Invisible," etc.)

As a lecturer on and a demonstrator of various phases of Hypnotism, I naturally had many opportunities of testing degrees of sensitiveness in subjects and of proving in private and public not only the value of Hypnotism—then called Mesmerism or Animal-Magnetism—as a Therapeutic agent, but as a means of developing and liberating the play of psychic faculty possessed by the sensitives.

It is true that for one good sensitive, manifesting genuine acuteness of the senses, community of

senses, susceptibility to thought transmissions and higher still of the possession of Psychic Faculty, such as psychometrical impressionability, lucid vision, clair-audience, etc., I came across hundreds who were only good enough for platform work. They were susceptible to suggestions, obeyed commands, "did what they were told"; their antics, poses, imitations and susceptibility up to a certain point, amusing and interesting enough but proved nothing of a psychic nature. However, it must in fair-

ness be pointed out that these performances were neither better nor worse than those which are put forward now-a-days by certain medical experts—at home and abroad—as evidences for Hypnotism.

Be this as it may, evidence then as now for the reality of Psychic Faculty, was rare and a good sensitive exhibiting the same was to be appreciated. There was no society for psychical research in those days and the person who ventured to prove that man possessed supernormal faculties, came in for some hard knocks. I suppose I had my share of them, but I was never a penny the worse for it and I have lived to see that much which was ridiculed then, is acknowledged and bowed to with becoming respect now. What is called Telepathy is now accepted everywhere, rapped up in pedantic jargon, recognised as the nomenclature of the science of Psychical Research.

On taking up my residence in Glasgow, I gave many public exhibitions of Hypnotism, and privately I had a large practice, in the course of which I came across the sensitive whom I will designate M. C. and her husband who were temporary residents there. Both were remarkably good sensitives, but for the exhibition of Psychic Faculty, M. C. was more reliable and satisfactory than her husband. After many private tests in Glasgow, before select circle of enquirers I determined to test her ability in the presence of one or other of those large public audiences, which were sure to come, when I proposed to give a course of lectures.

An opportunity occurred at Rothesay, and I was able to introduce Clairvoyance to public notice in a

course of lectures delivered in the New Public Hall there. It was a risky experiment; psychic phenomenon is mostly fugitive in character, facile perhaps in private and under suitable conditions, and nowhere to be found, in promiscuous and public audiences. In Rothesay in the year 1881, I found large and thoroughly representative audiences and for a fortnight the New Public Hall was filled—sometimes uncomfortably so—owing to the great interest all members of the community took in those lectures and the entertainment provided by them. It was during this course that I was able to submit Clairvoyance to public experiment. As the Clairvoyante described **material things** by some supernormal means, this exhibition of Psychic Faculty created a profound impression.

M. C., the Clairvoyante, possessed many phases and all the experiments with her, whether conducted before small and select numbers or before the public, were more satisfactory.

On the day of our first experiment there—as reported in the *Buteman*—M. C., the sensitive, with her husband arrived in Rothesay about four hours before the opening of the Hall and of taking her place on the platform. But, even although she had been resident there for years and intimately acquainted with the inhabitants, that would not account for what actually took place on the evening when her psychic gifts were demonstrated before audiences to which both the writer and herself were strangers.

To summarise what took place I will record here some instances to which the Press and many persons now living can bear testimony.

When the sensitive was hypnotised or passed into the somnambulistic state, and a brief statement made of the nature of the phenomena to be expected, the first thing done was to collect a number of articles from the audience and these were one by one silently held over the forehead of the blind-folded sensitive and were accurately described, such as a trinket, handkerchief, pencil or watch, telling the time, number and the appearance of the watch. While I knew and those on the platform knew how wonderfully correct and at the same time the abnormal nature of the performance, could not be esteemed convincing, as very much more interesting performances have before and since been given by "thought-readers" and conjurers, by means of pre-arranged codes. These experiments in objective clairvoyance were not only genuine, but the sensitive exhibited powers not explainable by what has since been labelled "Telepathy," such as, when telling the time on a watch when the experimenter had not looked and did not know it himself.

Experiments in what is called "Travelling Clairvoyance" were next attempted and proved most satisfactory and verified on the spot.

In these experiments there was no room for romance, soaring into ethereal regions of the unseen, and giving description of spirits and spirit life, to be received on faith and wholly unsubstantiated, but sober matter-of-fact description of material things, and easily verifiable by those present and they were.

Rothsay was then a well-known and fashionable sea-side resort and at this time there were many visi-

tors in the Hall and these with others desired—if the sensitive could do as I had claimed—that she should visit other homes, describe their state, some room therein and tell what it was like, etc. It mattered little whether their homes were in England, Jersey, Isle of Man or in Scotland, every description was acknowledged to be correct. The sensitive was a miner's daughter and not educated, and her descriptions given in homely and somewhat uncultured language, with the accent of the East Coast of the Tyne, certainly excited attention.

Among the well-known residents in Rothsay at that time were Dr. Maddever, M. D., M. R. C. S., and his sons Dr. John Maddever, and Mr. Maddever, the late Procurator Fiscal. These gentlemen were in the Hall and Dr. Maddever, rose and said "if I would send the sensitive to his house and describe a certain room in it, that would be a conclusive test."

Having ascertained where the house was and the room from the Doctor, the following directions were given to the sensitive as she sat upon the platform:

"You are to go out of the Hall, down the front steps; when out, turn to the right and proceed till you come to an iron-railed gate, on which there is a small brass-plate, with the Doctor's name on it. Go up to the door, enter the house, pass the first door to the left, and then turn into a passage to the left and enter the first door on the left of that passage and describe that room."

After a silence of a few minutes the sensitive gave her description which was to the following effect: "I am at the gate—at the door—

now in the Hall. I have found the room. I am now inside and stand with my back to the door." From this position, she fully and in homely phrases described the room. She said she stood with her back to the door of the room, and from this position, she indicated where the fire and mantel piece were, the position of the window, and from this to the description of the contents of the room. "It was a queer room" and at first seemed very puzzled at what seemed to her "glass-walls," but on inspection, she found the glass-walls to be the doors of extensive book-cases, which covered nearly three sides of the room. The clock on mantel piece, with its three faces, was well described, although she could not make out what the two additional faces were. They were not to tell the time like the centre one. The ornaments, the centre table, with its cover, books and oddments thereon were described. "A queer stand" in the window and flower vase and a variety of other particulars were given.

During the description the face of the doctor was a study, and the manliness of the man, showed itself at the conclusion of the experiment. He arose and said:—"Ladies and Gentlemen, Professor Coates is a stranger to me. I only know of him by report. The young lady on the platform I do not know. I have not seen either till this evening, and they have never been in my house. The experiment we have had is most remarkable, and should be of deep and profound interest to all. The young lady has described the room as far as I can remember, most correctly. In fact very much better than I could have done myself."

This statement was received with applause. As there were eleven hundred—the bulk of whom were Rothsay residents—the announcement of Dr. Maddever was not only calculated to arrest more thoughtful attention but further insured increased audiences during my stay.

There were a few more cases given that night but as the persons concerned were visitors their approval did not bear as much weight as did the statement of Dr. Maddever. After the lecture was over the two medical men introduced themselves and invited me to call at their residence, in Battery Place, next morning. I did so, and must record my own surprise, at the thoroughness with which this unique room was described. From that day till the day of his death, this old and honoured physician was a friend and supporter and sent me many cases for treatment.

I will now take another instance which occurred during these lectures, and quote it because of the circumstances and local testimony. Ex-Provost Millory, who is still to the front as a well-known public man, was at that time Senior Bailie of the Royal Burgh and at that time testified to a description, not of a house or a room, but of persons. The incident is as follows:—

A young gentleman, who from his manner suggested what he thought of the whole business, wanted the sensitive sent to a house situated in the Ardbeg Road near Marine Place. Directions were given to the psychic, and she was asked to find the house and describe it. In a little while she announced that she had found the house, but she shivered and appeared to draw back, and in

reply to enquiries, emphatically declined to proceed further. At first she would give no reason and said "I won't go in."

The young gentleman, who asked that she might be sent, averred:—"The whole thing is a swindle," and many in the audience laughed. But considering the success of the experiments that night, and the enthusiasm created, this opinion was not entertained. I counselled "patience," and told the young gentleman, we would try and get at the reason, and proceeded then and there to interrogate the sensitive.

When after some delay she did reply, her answer was to the effect: "The house was not one any respectable female would enter, and she would not"—a statement which was received with mixed feelings by the audience and created a sensation. This was intensified, when the Senior Magistrate of the Burgh, now Provost Millory, rose and declared:—

"The young woman is quite right, perfectly right. This house had been inadvertently let to persons of ill-fame, and I for one of the Magistrates, have had recently the facts of the case placed before me. I am most anxious that these people should be put out, and out they will be put, as soon as the proper steps can be taken."

To say that that young gentleman was sorry he spoke, is more than I can tell. He was glad to rise hastily and leave the hall amid the discomforting remarks, and the excitement and applause of the audience. I could relate many other instances of the play of Psychic Faculty, but these will suffice; a few well-attested facts are worth

hundreds about which there is something lacking of evidential value. To the members, both medical and lay, of the community I am well-known. For ten years I was a regular summer visitor and since retiral I have resided here for eighteen years, and I think there will be no difficulty presented in the way of verification of the foregoing facts.

Before leaving them I wish to mention that the sensitive was not a spiritualist; she neither pretended nor believed that she was controlled or directed by spirits, or that her Clairvoyance and Psychical sensitiveness was due to them. In her normal state she did not exercise supernormal faculty; of education she had none to speak of; was somewhat dull, and in no sense was she spiritually minded or remarkable in any way beyond her class. When hypnotised, she woke up as it were, and was more sprightly, mentally alert, and in this phase of Clairvoyance I never met her equal. Although a hypnotic sensitive, both before and after coming into my hands, I can aver most emphatically that neither Hypnotiser nor Hypnotism conferred these gifts upon her. They were as all Psychic Faculty are, innate, and in this case, Hypnotism the means by which they were educed. There are many phases of Clairvoyance, much of which is not demonstrable as this was. I will not say how far Thought-Transference, Mind-Reading entered into these experiments, but I do know this, that the sensitive was in no way influenced by me to see, what she described, simply because I did not know of their existence. The Doctor, in his test, did not for the simple reason that she described the room better than he could him-

self. No amount of trickery or collusion will explain. I do not pretend to explain; I know these and other facts occurred as stated. I also know that other phases of Psychic Faculty are exercised by many of my fellow creatures daily. Whether the reader of these pages believes in what is written or not, must be left to conjecture. I believe, therefore I have written, and further state my sincere conviction that the Play of Psychic Faculty in Hypnosis, being experimented and demonstrable, is evidence for its exercise in and out of mediumship. It seems clear to me those supernormal faculties are innate in all, latent in most of us,

exercised spontaneously in many proved cases of Telepathy, more or less naturally by many people, and largely among sensitives called mediums or psychics, who are influenced thereto, in passive, receptive, trance and semitranced states, allied to sleep. Sleep-states and hypnosis—whether caused by expectancy or as claimed in many cases by spirit—is a matter of little consequence; spiritualistic sight, hearing, sensation and awareness of that which happens beyond the range or play of the ordinary sense-faculties, can no longer be regarded as fairy-tales, Mal-Observation, or evidence for human stupidity and credulity.

ANGELS.

HENRY PROCTOR, M.R.A.S., F.R.S.L., F.L.L.C.

Believers who are "risen with Christ" and seated with Him in Heavenly places, know what it means to enjoy "days of heaven upon earth"; for there is a very literal sense in which it can be said that "Heaven is nearer to us than hands and feet"—for where God is, that is heaven, and while we dwell in love, we abide in God, and God in us.

We are come, therefore, unto Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, and we are already compassed about with innumerable hosts of angels—for are they not

ALL MINISTERING SPIRITS sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation? We must accept it as a comforting fact, that the hosts of God encamp around the dwellings of the just, and that our kind, loving Father still gives "His angels charge over us to keep us in all our ways." So that in

this real, literal sense, heaven is all around and about us and touches us on every side. How wonderful this is is exemplified in the case of Elisha.

The king of Syria, having heard that Elisha told the King of Israel what he said in his own bed-chamber, sent a large army to take Elisha, which when the servant of Elisha saw

HE WAS GREATLY ALARMED.

But Elisha said: "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they which be with them." And Elisha prayed that the Lord would open the young man's eyes that he might see the heavenly host "round about Elisha."

Elisha had spiritual sight and he himself could see the army of God, and he had therefore no fear of the Syrian army. Now if God does not permit us to see, we may all have, by faith, "the proof of

things not seen", the assurance that the heavenly host, the great cloud of witnesses, does continually encompass us, so that we need have

NO FEAR OF THE ENEMY

in the heavenly places, the principalities and powers, the world-rulers of the darkness of this age, because just as the Syrians were smitten with blindness at the prayer of Elisha, so is the angelic host close at hand, ready to help in every emergency, and effectually to answer every prayer (*Matt. xxvi, 53*) for they are never absent from us, and although God does not usually permit them to become manifest, we can still rejoice in their certain presence, and the thought that we live and move among hosts of ministering angels will help to

MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLIME

and heavenly. Throughout the whole Bible period, from *Genesis* to *Revelation*, they were ministering to God's people, and from time to time they were permitted to become manifest, as to Abraham, Lot, Hagar, Moses (*Exodus* III), Baalam, Gideon and Manoah.

To Elijah, when he had given up all hope for Israel, so that he wished to die, angels appeared and prepared his food (*I Kings xix, 7*). To Daniel appeared Gabriel and other mighty messengers, and showed him great and wondrous truths and gave him knowledge of the world's future for thousands of years to come.

Nor did this ministry cease with the Old Testament for the Angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias and to Mary; and to the shepherds a multitude of the

heavenly host announcing the fulfilment of

THE HOPE OF ALL MANKIND.

Twice they opened the prison doors to Peter (*Acts v, 19; xii, 7*) in answer to prayer. We ought therefore to believe and rejoice in the fact of their presence with us.

Man, as he originally came from God in His image and likeness was fitted to see and to converse with the holy angels, yea, and even with God Himself, as a man speaketh with his friend face to face. To the friends of God, such as Abraham and Moses, the glory of this privilege was in a great measure restored, so that we see Arahman in *Genesis* (Chap. xviii) conversing in this blessedly free and open manner with the blessed Jehovah.

The voice of God was as audible to Moses as any human voice. He continually speaks to Him as from

A PERPETUAL PRESENCE.

So we read in *Exodus xix, 3*: "God called to him out of the mountain," and Moses went up into the mountain, into the thick darkness, where God was, and continued there in His presence, "face to face", forty days and forty nights. The Lord also "talked with Moses" at the door of the tabernacle (*Exodus xxxiii, 9*). At another time he heard the Voice speaking to him from the mercy-seat, from between the two cherubim. And this blessed communion will be restored to men upon earth in the times of the

"RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS"

which man has lost "in the dispensation of the fullness of times" (plenitudinous temporium), when all things shall be reconciled to God through Jesus Christ (*Col. i, 29*).

In a natural sense, even now, all mankind "live and move and have their being" IN God, seeing that He gives them life and breath and all things, and He is so near to "every one of us" that any and every one might find Him, by feeling after Him. But in a spiritual sense, "the whole world (except the regenerate) lieth in the evil one," and are energized by the prince of the power of the air,

LED CAPTIVE BY THE DEVIL

at his will, for he hath blinded their eyes. If they knew that they were his slaves, they would endeavour to escape, but they think they are free, because of this very blindness, and the veil lying on their hearts. But when any heart shall turn to the Lord the veil is taken away from it, and the blindness removed.

To the ungenerate death is still death, for after death, as spirits, "they walk naked," and the believer likewise is exhorted to watch and to keep his garments, "lest he walk naked and they see his shame" (*Rev. xvi, 15*). For to him it will be a shame if he walk naked, though it may be only for a time.

Even the partakers of the First Resurrection have to wait until

the coming of the Lord for the resurrection of the body (*I. Cor. xv, 1; Thas. iv, 16, 17*).

This is called the "anastasis ton nekron," but there is also an "exanastasis," or

EXTRA-RESURRECTION

to which we may attain by conformity to the death of Christ by sharing His sufferings (*Phil. iii, 10, 11*), so that the power of His death energizes us and His life is manifested in our mortal body (*II Cor. iv, 19, 12*). This means the losing of our life for His sake, that we may keep it unto life eternal, but though our outward man be destroyed, yet our inward man is renewed day by day, and we know that if our earthly house, or bodily frame, which is no more than a tent, be dissolved, we have a spiritual body awaiting us, a house not made with hands, ETERNAL in the heavens. In other words, we shall be

CLOTHED UPON AT ONCE

with our celestial body, our habitation which is from heaven, and so being clothed, we shall not be found naked (*II. Cor. v, 1-5*, French ver. and R. V. marg.)

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BHAGVAD GITA.

Lesson II.—"The Path of Initiation."

P. S. CHARVA.

"I am thy disciple, suppliant to thee; teach me."—Chap. II, Verse 7, *Gita*.

"Now, Oh Lord! this very hour .
Send Thy Grace and show Thy Power;
While I rest upon Thy Word
Come and bless me now Oh Lord!"
—A Child's Prayer.

The Bhagavad Gita occurs as the central episode of the Mahabharata, the grandest and the most beautiful epic poem in the world. The

Gita is a discourse, or rather, a series of mystical discourses between Arjuna, the prince of ancient India, and his Divine Friend Sri Krishna, on the eve of a great battle, the battle of Kurukshetra. Historically, the story of the Great War was a struggle between two royal families—a fratricidal struggle. Philosophically, of course,

the Mahabharatha is the Holy War between Dharma and Adharma—Duty or Aspiration on the one hand, and Temptation on the other. Verily, it is the great battle of Life, in which the human soul Jivatma has to take up arms and fight against the lower passions in the physical body.

The Warrior prince Arjuna, or 'Nara' as he is called (which word simply means *man*) with his ensign-badge, the Monkey, becomes the type of the struggling soul of the brave aspirant or seeker after truth—firmly resolved, by the conquest of his restless mind, to overcome the world—aye, to "replenish the earth and subdue it," as we are commanded to do in the legended account of the Creation in the Bible. Prince Duryodhana, the "evil-minded" son of Dhritrashtra, (Chap. I, verse 23), with his mighty host, and with his crest the venomous reptile, represents the Prince of Evil or Darkness—perhaps, the Satan of Milton, or the Mephistopheles of Goethe—with the apparently unlimited forces and resources of Temptation at his command—the enemies which the aspiring soul meets in its 'Pilgrims' Progress'—in the "straight and narrow" path that leadeth, right through the Kurukshetra or the battle-field of the soul, to the "Promised Land" of Brahmanirvana—the Peace of God that passeth understanding.

Who, then, is Sri Krishna, the Teacher of the Gita, the Master that suggests, over and over again, to this royal pupil—and "therefore fight"? It is interesting to note that Krishna appears on the scene, with his ensign-badge the Divine Bird 'Vainatheya'—the arch-enemy of the vicious serpent (which symbolizes Duryodhana). Evidently

the epic poet Veda Vyasa introduces Sri Krishna on the stage as no less than the Supreme Being, wearing the humble disguise of his disciple's charioteer. It is quite fascinating, indeed, to study the Etymology of the word "Krishna." It really comes from the Sanskrit "karsha" (कर्ष) that which draws us to itself: that which attracts: Love. It is also derived from the roots "Kri" (कृ) all "na" (न) soul (atma)—which mean the soul of all: the soul of souls: that is, the soul of the Universe. The name "Krishna" is therefore pregnant with significance.

It carries with it, primarily, suggestions of love; Love the first of all things and the essence of all things; and again it means the self within the self; the spirit of love hidden within the spirit; the Divine Ideal of Beauty and Light to be found alike in every heart.

Indeed, the message of the Mahabharatha, nay, the peculiar mission of Vyasa, himself, appears to be to teach the world that there is in Krishna, as in no other, the most perfect incarnation of the Deity; that the Krishna of the Gita is none other than Para Brahman, effulgent with all the charms of personal attributes—the formless attributeless Being of the Upanishads, clothed in the mighty Form and Grace of the Shepherd of Brindhaban. Sri Krishna, according to Vyasa, and according to his own testimony, is the great Eternal Spirit; and the Gita, is therefore, the Gospel of the Greatest Divine Friend the world has ever had or the world will ever have. The Gods and Goddesses of the Hindu or any other pantheon are all but His Eternal manifestations—the

various powers and phenomena of the Universe, which are evoked in the Puranas and the Vedas, as Expressions of the one Divine Life whose essence is Love. Sri Krishna is the creator of all—the sustainer of the worlds—the moral Governor of the Universe. He is the King of Kings and the God of Gods. As the Gita says, he himself is Siva the Liberator (Chap. X, verse 23). He is the All-Powerful Allah of the pious Mussalman and he is, to the Christians, "Our Father which art in Heaven." For, did not the blessed Lord say unto Arjuna that "even the devotees of other Gods, who worship full of faith, verily worship Me"? (Chapter IX, verse 23.)

"The Divine Poem" then, is a conversation between the individual soul and the Universal soul; and strange to say the conversation was maintained in a bright war-chariot on the fateful field of Kurukshetra. What does this mean? The battle-field really represents the inner spiritual plane; the bright war-car, yoked with milk-white steeds, symbolizes, in the language of the Yogius, the mystic lotus of the heart where self with Self communes.

Like Arjuna, then ignorantly regards the forces of temptation and the lower passions as his own kith & kin—the blood of his blood and the bone of his bone—forgetting his actual kinship with the Divine—which kinship is symbolized by Krishna's gift of his sister in marriage to Arjuna. "How can I subdue and slay my foes which haunt me in fond shapes and would betray?" Such was the cry of Arjuna on the battle-field; such indeed the cry of many a modern seeker after truth, in East as well as in West. To all such aspirants

comes the Message of this Divine Poem; this sermon on the ancient battle-field.

The second chapter of the Gita strikes the key-note of this message, which vibrates throughout the whole poem. Arjuna's mind is confused as to duty; his heart weighed down with the vice of faintness. His limbs fail, his mouth is parched, his body quivers, his skin burns all over; his hairs stand on end, his mind seems whirling; the hero seems scarcely able to stand. He lets go his bow and arrow and sinks down on his chariot-seat, overborne by sorrow unspeakable—by grief that knows no bounds.

Could Arjuna slay his uncles, his grandfathers and grandsons? his fathers and fathers-in-law? his cousins and kinsmen, his comrades and benefactors, his sons, brothers-in-law and other relatives?—those to whom he owed love and duty. His conscience revolts, his heart rebels against the idea of mere possession of a kingdom stained with blood. And when he could find words to express himself, he begins to talk to his Divine companion and talks incoherently. He babbles about omens and the glory of renunciation, the ties of kindred and the doctrine of sin, caste confusion and family slaughter, dharma and the everlasting hell, the vice of avarice and the virtue of sympathy and passive suffering, rice balls and liberations and blood-besprinkled feasts—a concatenation of words, which as Krishna suggests (in verse 11, Chap. II, of the Gita) "sound wise but miss the deeper sense of wisdom." "My thoughts fondly turn to Thee, my guide, companion and counsellor, that I may counsel learn. Canst Thou not minister to a mind diseased?"—

If there is something real within the nature of man, something that lives and endures, though the physical instrument through which it expresses itself be decomposed, if there is something established, essential, naturally characteristic of man, something ingrained in his being as a living principle and a self-constituted reality, it can be realised only by applying the gentle methods of spiritual reasonableness and never by inflicting terror-inspiring and haunting creeds upon the weak will of the spiritually infant man.

Religion should be the bright torch shining in the path of the truth, dispersing the dark clouds of ignorance and worldliness. It should be the dawn of the day liberating the world from the night of fear and superstition. It should be the roseate morn of the spiritual day. It should be the maternal principle hovering over the child-like soul of him who has not yet awakened to the spirituality of this existence. Religion is the fertile soil, the soft rains and gentle warmth of sun nourishing the tender plant of spirit. It is the strong support that assists the awakening soul to grow into self-support and self-sufficient strength. It is the medium through which the soul is enabled to gain some sense of a larger perspective of its nature.

The pure divinity of the soul is like the pearl of the oyster, deeply buried in the very ocean of existence. It is like the precious ore hidden in mountain caverns deep below the surface of the earth. The real nature of man is like a light before whose splendour a heavy veil has been placed. That veil is the veil of ignorance. The

surface that hides from view the precious nature of the real "I" is the surface life men live and are content to live.

The drawing power of the soul is the spiritual life; it is spiritual principles realized in the careers of profoundly awakened souls, saints and sages, religiously inspired men and women, prophets and prophetesses, priests and priestesses worthy of the name, worthy of the service, worthy of the teaching, worthy of their calling, efficient in their duty, true to their responsibilities, devoted to their ideals, earnest in their efforts and glad in working out the measure that has been meted to them by the great law of retributive justice men have called Karma.

Each soul is relatively less progressive to souls who have realized a little more of the truth, the beauty, the goodness and the sacredness of life. Each soul is inferior to the soul who is a bit more sincere in its attitude to realization, in its attitude of penetrating a bit deeper into the sanctuary of the Infinite Presence. That surrounds nature and constitutes the charm and the life of all that is animate and all that is inanimate.

Calling on that Infinite Presence we are brought closer to the omniscient life; we are made more and more spiritual partakers of its bliss and peace; we are made communicators of its eternal knowledge and existence. What man cannot tell the soul, what man is incapable of expressing with regard to the realities of the real life of our lives, what neither the spirituality of character nor the teaching of the Masters themselves can do in the way of turning this

lower unto that Higher Self—prayer, love, the fulfilment of duty, service to our fellow-men, earnestness of heart and tranquillity of mind, these can and will unfold the spiritual truth concerning our real selves and they can and will reveal the hidden vision that shall be seen and afterwards always sensed.

Combinations of mind that form in time and combinations of substance that form in space—blind the view. The soul, ignorant of its divine nature, blindly identifies itself with the phantasmagoria, the phantom life and borrowed

light of mind and body, but pain and experience will teach and lead the soul out of the mire of its self-limiting identification. All that we need do is to open our spiritual eyes and we shall see the light. But so long as we cry out that we are weak, sinful, miserable subject to all forms of infirmity, so long as we belittle our nature by identifying it with this or that circumstance, declaring that with or without this or that we can only be happy, just so long do the iron links add themselves to the ever-lengthening chain that binds us with fetters of ignorance and darkness.

THE PSYCHIC DETECTIVE.

The third story of this remarkable character, who unravels problems by the exercise of his occult powers.

THIRD ADVENTURE.

The African Man.

LEWIS R. HILLIER.

"There is something wrong, Mr. Williams, I cannot understand what ails my friend."

"Please give me the particulars," said the psychic detective, as he puffed reflectively on his chibouk.

"My friend, Mr. Samuel Armstrong, I have always regarded as eccentric in his ideas on certain subjects. In regard to the everyday affairs of life, he is a reserved scholarly man and conducts himself as befits a gentleman of culture and leisure. I have been acquainted with him for several years, and have come to know some of his ambitions. He has most peculiar beliefs in regard to the nature of material and spiritual things. He spends a large part of his time delving into ancient philosophy.

Sometimes he invites me to his room and shows me strange experiments in chemistry. I remember one night he put a number of liquids into a glass basin, saying he would show me something a little out of the ordinary. I watched him closely. He delights in exciting my curiosity in this manner. Soon I noticed a cloud appear in the centre of the liquid. It was as if the liquid had thickened. Then there was a slight agitation and there seemed to be some process of growth and rearrangement of molecules. Then, to my surprise, there grew, there in that chemical mixture, a creature the like of which I had never heard. It was something that resembled large, round worm with the head and feet of an insect. It became com-

so speaks Arjuna to Hrishikesa the Lord of hearts, in the fulness of his surging emotions.

What does Sri Krishna reply? He answers Arjuna with a smile; a smile all his own, a sweet divine smile which suggests a museum of meaning. The calm moonlight of

His tender smile stills the storm of Arjuna's explosive 'feelings' and passions. And then like the sacramental harmony of some world far from ours, the Heavenly voice of Sri Krishna falls upon the entranced soul of Goodakesha (*i. e.* Arjuna who has controlled sleep).

(To be continued.)

ON "TEMPLE-GOING."

K. N. SARMA.

1. "Some go to temples for a walk
And some their friends to see,
While some their idle tales to talk
And spend their time in glee.
2. With great desire to temples some
Their gaudy robes to show,
And hear the music and the drum
In cheerful accents flow.
3. To choose their sweet-hearts some repair
In garments richly clad,
Where strumpets of complexion fair
By gestures make them mad.
4. Some go with quite dissembling zeal
To prattle and to grin,
Without remorse or shame appeal
To God amidst their sin.
5. To hear or sing melodious song
With wives and children go,
Alone or midst the motley throng,
And try their skill to show.
6. Some go to climb the towers high,
And raise a hue aloud,
While some repair to miss or die
Among the thronging crowd.
7. Some go to beg, while some to give
With joy and pity true,
While some to steal and some deceive,
To worship God but few.—*K. K. Aiyer.*

The temple of God is within you. God dwells within your body as the soul—"the omnipresent, the omnipotent and omniscient God whom men have put on a golden throne" far away from their souls where He dwells. The object of all

religions is to realise the truth of the identity of the soul with God. God dwelleth not in temples built by man's hand but He hath made His abode in the hearts of men. Our Shastras proclaim the universality of God, that is to say, God is here, there, everywhere, in your body, in mine, revealing Himself in different forms to different individuals. We have been taught that there is a realm above where God dwells, *viz.*, Heaven; but I tell you that no such thing exists. It is purely an invention of the brain, more or less a fabulous abode. Hell and heaven are but creations of our mind. The following lines from Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam* puts the whole truth in a nutshell:—

"I sent my soul into the Invisible,
Some message of the after-life to spell,
And by and by my soul returned to me,
And answered: "I myself am Heav'n
[and Hell.

The Inspired Apostle St. Paul has well expressed the same idea thus:—"Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you."

THE HIDDEN VISION.

W. W. KENILWORTH, F. L. L. C.

Author of "Thoughts on Things Psychic," "The Life of the Soul," Etc.

For ages man has been searching for something which his eye does not see, his ear does not hear, his tongue cannot describe—something which he cannot feel with the physical senses, nor touch, nor taste, nor sense—yet he is persuaded of its existence, its truth, its reality and its persistence. And the search of man for this hidden, indescribable something is also real, true and persistent. It is persistent because man cannot get away from the eternal search. He must ask the great queries and must answer them satisfactorily to himself. The search of man after this imponderable substance, this hidden existence, this deeper life, this more comprehensive and illuminating truth is the happiest duty in which he can spend his energies, because these are thereby called forth into their highest activity and directed to the worthiest end to which man can aspire.

The glory of all religion and religious feeling is this quest. The realization, however much in the degree, that a religious belief or religion is capable of expressing, determines the quality and the quantity of its influence and duration. Every religion aspires to teach man something that is apparently from "above" or apparently from without himself, that can redeem him from the hideous nightmare of sin and retrogression, something that can lift him beyond the ordinary limitations of ordinary life and give expression to the more real elements of his being, something

that can invigorate his soul with a divine power and call into play and power the potent, latent faculties of intelligence and truth resident within him.

Yet the world dreams on, satisfied with theories, content to adhere to dead formulas and passing forms of truth. It does not bother its head further than to acknowledge the existence of secret realities, but it is these blessed realities that can alone give colour and tone to the moral evolution of the race, that can raise mankind from the poverty of its self-consciousness and self-realization and place it on an elevated and established basis of evolving tendencies.

Every religion, even fetishism, has its range of moral education, however inferior this may be. It is only those who have arrived at a larger view of the truth and who have unfolded the vision of the awakened intellect that can perceive the flaws and superstitions in lower religious forms. It is not for these to criticize. They should lend the helping hand and not use their strength in violent fanaticism. They should assist, lend and guide, and not push, compel and scourge. They should be the masters, the instructors and protectors; but most of them are autocratic; they are theologians before they are spiritual teachers; they are theologians who believe in superposing hideous forms of belief and thought upon the minds of the ignorant in order to gain complete control over the psychic nature of communities, nations and races.

plete and crawled about on the bottom of the basin, a thing of the world yet only a product of chemical combination."

"Well, Bert, what do you think of that?" said my friend Armstrong.

"Wonderful as an experiment, but I cannot see the use of such a creature."

"He smiled enigmatically as he said: 'Just a simple experiment, Bert, but it points out the road to higher things. Granting the fact that life can be produced quickly by artificial means, many things heretofore deemed impossible are brought within the realms of possibility.'

"He took down a bottle and removing the glass stopper he poured out a quantity of a colorless liquid into a glass.

"Now watch. As we have seen chemical creation, now witness chemical destruction.' With these words he emptied the contents of the glass into the basin. As soon as the liquids were united there came a quick change in the appearance of the worm creature. It became quiet, lost its yellow shade and then dissolved into a milky white substance that mingled with the liquid. He poured the liquid down the sink and the experiment was finished."

"Interesting," said the psychic detective. "I have heard of the experiments in hatching fish eggs by artificial means, but your friend seems to have advanced considerably beyond that."

"Yes. Sometimes I fear he will get into some great trouble with his experiments. Why, there is no limit to Armstrong's ambition in this line."

"You stated that you were worried about your friend."

"Well there is something the matter with him of late. He doesn't seem well. He is pale and has a hunted look in his eyes. He grows thinner every day and it seems as if there must be some great trouble pressing upon him. I asked him yesterday if he were ill but he said he wasn't. The only thing I could get him to say, that might have a bearing on his present appearance, was that a man might make a mistake attempting too much. Then he branched off into a talk on ancient philosophy, and seeing he didn't care to make any confidences, I said no more on the subject of his trouble. I am sure something serious has happened or some calamity is impending. I have come to you, Mr. Williams. I have known of you through the press, as the psychic detective, who unravels mysteries that baffle ordinary minds. It is because of your peculiar profession and owing to your knowledge of those abstruse subjects, that I appeal to you in my present trouble, and I hope you will be able to solve the mystery and tell the reason of the strange alteration in my friend Armstrong."

"I hope you have not formed too high an opinion of me," said Williams, modestly. "I will do my best to relieve your mind of its present anxiety. To night the planets will be favorable to a trial of my new psychic detector. I have been using a crystal for the purpose of tracing people and finding out the conditions that surround them. I conceived and constructed, during the last few months, a psychic screen that would, when sensitized by an electric current, reflect the

pictures of the astral ether. I have not tried it yet. If you can find it convenient to be here at 10.30 this evening, we will see what the screen will tell us."

"Very well, I will be here."

The psychic detective shook hands with his visitor and bidding him be of good cheer, ushered him to the door. Returning, he seated himself, and taking down a book from his well-filled shelves he was soon deeply interested.

That night as the clock struck the half-hour, Mr. Reed entered the detective's studio and they quickly made their arrangements. The door was locked, the screen brought out and set up. The wires were connected and the two sat in the darkened room. The detective threw a switch and the screen became illuminated with a white light that played over it and then became still, except for an occasional wavy motion due to a fluctuation of the current. Then almost at once, pictures began to appear on the screen. Pictures of things in the room that came and went; mingled and dissolved, and then appeared again.

"The experiment is progressing favourably," said the detective.

"Wonderful!" said Mr. Reed.

"I must make the pictures more definite by focusing the ether waves upon the desired person. In this way I expect to get, by reflection, a true picture of his present surroundings." Opening a little door at the side of the screen he took out four coils of wire. At the end of each wire was a metal handle, the other ends of the wires being attached to a plate within the box. He gave two of the handles to his client and took the other two.

The picture now changed from things in the room to fleeting and confused scenes from the thoughts in the minds of the sitters.

"Concentrate your mind on Mr. Armstrong, and I will do the same," said the detective. They sat quiet, and soon upon the screen appeared the picture of a room in which sat a man at a table reading. "That's him! That's Armstrong!" said Reed excitedly.

"Be calm," cautioned the detective. "If you get too excited you will disturb the subtle currents and we won't get such good results."

As they watched Armstrong, he laid down his book, and rising, he unlocked an inner door that opened into an entry. Closing the door he carefully locked it behind him. Then he unlocked the door at the opposite side of the entry and entered a vault-like apartment. He switched on the lights and disclosed to view a room without windows. The walls were heavily padded and the air-shaft was so arranged as to prevent any sound from reaching the outer apartments. A table, two chairs, and a few other articles completed the furnishings of the room. In one corner was a large cabinet, enveloped in dark cloth. The man sank wearily into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"I wonder what is in that cabinet?" said the detective's companion.

"Be quiet, please, and watch. I am thinking that we will see something interesting before long."

Armstrong raised his head at a movement of the cloth covering the cabinet. The curtains were agitated and then a long, skinny arm

was thrust out, and gesticulated wildly. A look of fear and loathing came over Armstrong's face as he watched the waving limb.

"Good God, there is a human being in that cabinet! What can it mean?"

"Be quiet, Mr. Reed, or you may seriously interfere with the picture."

The hand was withdrawn and Armstrong stepped forward. There was a pause and then he swept aside the curtains and revealed the bars of a cage. Within the cage stood a being that seemed moulded in human form, and yet contained a great number of animal attributes. It was a tall, lean figure with arms and head enormously out of proportion to the other parts of the body. Its great eyes glared with a mingling of intelligence and ferocity. Distorted to a frightful degree, this caricature of a man seemed like some troglodyte of the times when the world was young.

"Heavens! What a creature! Is it a man or an ape?"

"Quiet, Mr. Reed. Please be calm."

Armstrong stood looking at the creature, his countenance revealing his anguish and disappointment. The creature's lips moved and Armstrong appeared to be listening.

"It is talking, Mr. Reeves. By heavens, it is human!"

"Probably another of your friend's chemical experiments," quietly observed the psychic detective.

The troglodyte became excited and shook its gnarled fists at Arm-

strong, who shrank back. The creature seemed to become enraged. His eyes snapped and he seized the bars of his cage and shook them. Armstrong became alarmed and turned to leave the room. Now the bars of the cage bent beneath the great strength of the thoroughly enraged occupant. The man fled through the entry, leaving the inner door unlocked. Before he could relock the laboratory door the thing was upon him.

The detective and Mr. Reed gazed in a strained way into the screen, and the action now moved to a startling climax. There was a struggle in which the troglodyte threw Armstrong into a corner. Then it seized a poker and began to demolish everything in sight. Finally it grasped a large bottle and poised it for a throw. Armstrong was crawling toward the outer door. He reached it unseen by the troglodyte, and, unlocking it, crept out. He relocked the door and supporting himself by the bannister, made his way painfully but rapidly down the stairs. He had barely reached the foot of the stairs, when the creature within the laboratory gathered its strength and hurled the large bottle at the desk before him. There came a blinding flash and then a shattering of furniture and falling timbers, followed by a burst of consuming fire.

The psychic detective and his client sprang to their feet with exclamations of horror. The current was shut off, the lights were switched on and they made a hurried rush for the street. Hailing a passing taxicab they were rapidly driven toward the home of the unfortunate Armstrong. Before they got there the fire bells rang. As they reached the last corner

they saw the house wrapped in flames. With the arrival of the fire-fighting apparatus the front door was beaten in and the unconscious form of Philip Armstrong was removed from the entry at the foot of the stairs. The fire being extinguished, another form was brought forth. The papers told of the burning of a large baboon that Mr. Armstrong kept for psychological study.

Armstrong recovered after a time, but seemed to have lost all interest

in that branch of chemistry that related to the artificial production of life. One day he called with his friend, Mr. Reed, to pay his respects to the psychic detective.

"Mr. Armstrong," said the psychic detective, "did you ever read that account of the ancient philosopher who made an artificial man?"

Armstrong made an evasive reply and as he seemed disinclined to say anything on the subject, the matter was dropped.

WHAT IS SUCCESS?

What is success? The accumulating of great riches? Securing high offices and gaining the applause of the public? Or is it giving the best that is in us, in a practical way, to the public for the good of mankind? For one to give to the world the best that is in him, in the most useful way, he must be able to make home what it implies, the happiest place on earth. Study to know how children can be born pure, healthy and loving, and apply the knowledge correctly. But remember, your lives as parents must be pure, healthy and loving, before these qualities can be given to your children or to others. Give your children a truthful, pure and worthy example to follow, with kind and loving words, and have their physical, social, moral, mental, spiritual and business natures fully developed by the right training and teachings.

Give the best that is in you in your every-day business affairs to your work, whether on the farm,

in the workshop, behind the counter, in the church or school room. Remember, the keynote is, seek the truth; know how to rightly apply it, and live it among your fellow beings with a pure and loving heart.—A. J. Umholtz, Linville Ark.

The Tripod of Success.

We must not alone believe in ourselves and our powers, but we must also "take stock" in the thing we are starting out to accomplish, and we must confidently expect success in our accomplishment. This, then, is the tripod—the three legs of this something which comes between desire and will. And yet when you come to examine the matter closely we will see that these three are indeed one. Think over this a little before we go on; (1) Faith in the Something Within; (2) Belief in the Thing Undertaken, and (3) Confident Expectation of the Successful Outcome.—*Washington News-Letter*.

NOTES.

We owe an apology to our readers for the extraordinary delay in the publication of the February issue of *The Kalpaka*.
The Kalpaka. This is due to our printers. Now-a-days every publicist is kept at the mercy of these men. Of course they have their own excuses and pressure from the outside public. With all, we have been able to bring out this March issue in the month of March itself. We trust our printers will enable us to be punctual in future.

A remarkable experience with a mysterious Indian powder is related by a Bradford correspondent of *Light*. A little while ago he received from a friend in India a package of powder, which he was assured possessed the extraordinary virtue of putting a person, who used it according to the conditions named, into direct communication with the "disembodied." Highly skeptical, yet very curious, the correspondent declares that he put the matter to a practical test, and that this is what happened:

"I was sitting in a room alone. Within a few minutes the walls of the room seemed to recede or vanish, and a beautiful flower garden carried out on a huge scale, and with well-laid-out pathways stretching away as far as the eye could reach.

"No buildings or habitations were anywhere visible, but of people there were crowds; thousands, I should think. These people were of both sexes, were clothed in ordinary attire, and moved in groups along and around the paths referred to.

"Some of the groups came face-to-face with me, and, among them, I recognised some as I knew them in life.

"I have since repeated the experiment with equally mysterious results. Furthermore, whenever I have made one of these tests, and have retired to rest, I have either found myself anticipating the contents or purport of letters in transit, or paying mysterious visits to the homes of acquaintances and also of strangers, and have afterward been able to inform them of what transpired at the time of my visits."

Julia was an American lady by birth and a journalist by profession. She came in contact with W. T. Stead in one of her visits to London. Both had high regards towards each other. On her return home she fell ill and died. About this time Stead who is an out-and-out skeptic came to discover his powers of automatic writing—Julia came to act here. The famous publication 'Letters from Julia' was then published. In the course of this writing Julia propounded her idea of establishing a Bureau of Intercommunication between the Two Worlds and it came into existence in 1909.

*Adapted from the Report of the Secretary of the Bureau published in the *Harbinger of Light*.

Stead though willing to establish the bureau pleaded financial poverty. Julia insisted upon the establishment and said that he will get the thousand pounds which he said would be necessary. Accidentally Stead chanced to write an article "How I know the Dead Return" which was published in almost all the periodicals of the day. Its consequence was the offering of £500 per annum by an American paper to Stead to be its special correspondent. Julia advised Stead to ask for £1,000 which he did not expect to get but he acted up to the suggestion. Strange to say the amount was offered and its result was the establishment of Julia's Bureau. The opening sitting on the 24th of April 1909 was held in the Cambridge House. From that time every night the sitting was conducted. Mr. Robert King figured as the leading member of the sittings, being a clairvoyant. He did very good services by interpreting the messages of various discarnate spirits who hovered there. Clear notes of the sittings dealing in religion, politics and ethics were recorded which are said to be very interesting. Mr. R. King writing on the first monthly report said: "From what I sense I feel that the friends on the other side are on the whole fairly satisfied at the progress made. There is no doubt that the morning key-note of prayer has a very powerful effect on the sets of vibrations which make for peace and calm. Prayer and meditation should undoubtedly be continued; they are most valuable. We have during the last month built up a very strong psychic centre, and one through which powerful forces of a very high and advanced order will manifest in the near future."

In the mornings also sittings were held at which private enquiries were attended to. Instructions as to how the cases ought to be conducted now and then were given by Julia. Each application passed through her. Once she refused the application of a gentleman who was quite eager to know about the bureau. Stead and others were at a loss to account for the refusal. Ultimately it was found the gentleman was a lunatic. An unscrupulous rich man wanted to bring some trouble on Stead and laid an ingenious plot; the attempt was frustrated. Even such a noble cause, a research work for the benefit of mankind, meets with plots of unscrupulous men.

An article "When the Door Opened" by Stead in the *Fortnightly Review* brought a challenge from the editor of the *Daily Chronicle* which led to the famous "Gladstone Interview." The press, pulpit and platform did their best to throw cold water on Stead and the Julia's Bureau; but it survived. Out of 600 applications during the first 3 years, 192 cases were most successful and the others fell through owing to the neglect and carelessness of the applicants. Within this period 1,300 sittings were given. Stead often said "Of all my work, the Bureau is nearest my heart." He has passed away. It is not known what momentous changes we may have.

REVIEWS:

Success:—How won through affirmation: Henry Harrison Brown, Glenwood, California, U.S.A. Price 50 cents.

This little work treats of the important phase of Auto-Suggestion and is good enough in its own sphere.

Illuminated Lessons and Treatments in the Science of Life:—Anna V. Harper Rutherford, 112 West 8th street, Pueblo, Colo, U.S.A.

This is based on the present day "New Thought" and deserves a reading.

The Winning of the Best:—Ralph Waldo Trine: Dodge Publishing Co., 220 East 23 Street, New York.

'As a man thinketh, so is he' is the theme throughout this work. A mere reading has an uplifting influence.

The World Real but Invisible:—Aziel. London, Charles Taylor, Brooke House, Warwick Lane, E. C. Price 3/6.

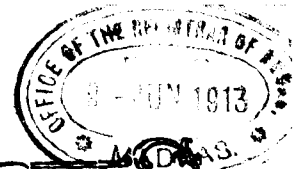
This is based on the message of one who has passed away. The teachings are such as to lead one to know what Truth is.

Spiritualism:—The Rev. Arthur Chambers, London: Published by Charles Taylor, Brooke House, 22 23, Warwick, Lane E. C. Price 6 d. net.

This is a lecture delivered to the Members and Associates of the London Spiritualist Alliance. It is full of high thoughts and inspires the reader.

La Magie Astrale.—par Jean Maveric.—Chez. H. Daragon, editeur, 96-98, Rue Blanche, Paris.—1 vol. de 100 pages. Prix: 2 francs.

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CHARACTER.

S. NARAYANASAMI IYER, B.A., B.L.

To say yes to everything, to plead for every cause, to excuse and extenuate faults, is reckoned good manners. But 'sparing justice breeds iniquity.' Call Hypocrisy a saint, it trades on the world. "It is phrase absurd to call a villain great." Let not free and plain speaking be discouraged as scandal, only let it find its honest occasion. "Truth for ever on the scaffold, wrong for ever on the throne", is no doubt realistic philosophy. But to realise philosophy, let us remember the other lines of the poet: "But that scaffold

sways the future, and behind the dim unknown, standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own." To see truly is to see far. Burke has said, "let us dispel the optical illusion which makes a briar at the nose of more

magnitude than an oak at a hundred yards distance." The great God will not admit error to be a rule of life. To set policy against principle is to mock the principles of Life and Truth. Trust and be saved. Be sustained and controlled. And peace be with you.

PURPOSE AND PURSUIT.

S. NARAYANASAMI IYER, B.A., B.L.

Purpose or *Vairagya* is of sudden birth, but has poor validity. Many purposes are ill-undertaken, and false vows are vowed. It is a blessing sometimes that memory makes slave of our purposes. But purposes honestly undertaken must be cherished, and we must make it our prayer divine to cherish it and to fulfil it. What mockery does memory make of life! You go to a friend, and not knowing his condition, which will, being known, excite your sympathy, tax him for his neglect. You meet a foe in a condition of distress, and his courtesy unexpected wins you into friendship. Fortune's wheel ever turns. Slippery are the turns of the world.

To undertake many things and to do nothing is man's lot and fate's jest. To be vowed to one purpose and to carry it through marks decision and character. To be resolved on a purpose and not to admit of discussion is faith. Faith guides to conduct. Intellect is often a snare and Reason and Knowledge, so long as they are not helpmates to Belief and Action, are mere encumbrances.

"One thing at a time and that done well is a very good rule as many can tell." A small lesson taught in infancy: but it ought to be remembered as a lesson for life. No great man became great but for some one good done by him. No man ever achieved greatness by undertaking many works. See Nature, how each is complement of other and all in concordance serve a united purpose.

Slowness, steadiness, steadfastness, go to the achievement of endeavour, and these must be cultivated as habits.

As Huxley says, Education consists in the perfection of Man into a machine. When he undertakes to do a work he must put body and soul in it. Instinct is the wisdom of the lower beings, but intelligence developed into instinct marks the higher beings.

Make everything you wish to be done a part of your nature, automatic, and let all good things be registered in memory, and let your will have the command and control of every faculty to carry out the ends and aims of your life with promptitude and vigor.

MAHATMA D. P. MUKERJI. *

SWAMI MUKERJI.

Mahatma D. P. is essentially divine. Calm, silent and steady, he has, in his own pithy words, "built the eternal Temple without the sound of hammer." He is a born Yogi and his is a nature which may well be called "spotless."

From his childhood he exhibited an extraordinary intelligence and Will. Serious and thoughtful he organised an orphanage, when himself a school-boy, on what he called the "pice-system," for the education of the neglected waifs of this country—which has ever been the queen of his love and adoration. The co-operators in the scheme were to go from door to door, asking of every householder "just one pice" for the maintenance of the orphanage. By main exertion he set the orphanage on its own merits and the scheme began working with full strength. It was an edifying spectacle—those roo boys trooping in and out of "Debi Prasad's" school, their little brains full of the fascinating things they had been taught, for even "education"—that *bete noir* of young men—can be rendered an amusement and a delight if the teacher knows his business. But the young and enthusiastic D. P. had not reckoned with India's ancient enemy:—Envy.

Some of his "friends" who are now growing shoals of children of their own and who are no doubt quite proud of their work began to feel the pang of jealousy and threw out sly in-

sinuations that Debi Prasad wanted fame and honour—a thing which is, and was, impossible with D. P.'s grave and earnest character. Severely conscientious, God-fearing, and with a heart bleeding with love for his country, this sensitive and haughty young man, who taught and led his "friends," like he would a pack of babies, gave up his place as President of the Orphanage and invited these enterprising and clever gentlemen to run the affair on their own responsibility. The orphanage, deprived of the tender and constant care of its young father, wailed out its sad isolation and died almost an instantaneous death.

A few years later heavy responsibilities and troubles confronted D.P. who was then barely twenty and he was altogether weaned away from all thoughts of his newly-defunct orphanage. When barely out of teens he took to Yoga and within six months developed startling Yoga powers. He could heal by a word, a touch, a glance, the worst of diseases; clairvoyant powers awoke in him: mesmeric and magnetic gifts of the highest order came to him and his power was so great that he could transfer himself astrally to any part of the globe. Once the writer of these lines saw *that* which has often been spoken of but seldom demonstrated. The Mahatma rooted a live and fierce Bengal tiger to the spot under his glance for full 15 minutes. The beast lay down and wagged its tail like an obedient

* Swami Mukerji's "Yoga Lessons for Developing Spiritual Consciousness" has been dedicated to this noble soul.—ED. K.

dog. The crowd who witnessed this were, however, so dumbfounded that before they could satisfy their ignorant curiosity as to this young man, D. P. had taken me by the hand and we were back home as if nothing had happened. But it is not our intention to speak of these wonderful things. If we have made any reference at all it is to show *how a man possessed of tremendous Power may yet retain his balance and humility.*

Of his penances in the forests of India for the attainment of that God-Vision which was his by right of his noble parentage, of his wanderings, adventures and experiences in many lands, we know very little, having been allowed only occasional glimpses, and these are of much too sacred an aspect to permit revelation. Now we shall tell you something of a memorable dialogue between the Mahatma and a Chaldean gentleman, his disciple, which took place in the year 1912 in the plains of Mesopotamia. The plains of Mesopotamia are full of multi-coloured tiny flowers giving a most impressive view in totality under the morning Sun. The Mahatma is there rapt in silent thought and the Chaldean gent. has followed him.

Chal. Gent: "What are you looking at so intently? I see nothing."

Mahatma D. P.: "I am looking at the God of my father."

Chal. Gent: "Some pagan deity, I suppose."

Mah. D. P.: "Yes, very pagan; is satisfied with nothing except idol-worship. His name is Mahatomachian chald."

Chal. Gent: "Leave joking. Do tell me some way of knowing God."

Mah. D. P.: "Why do you want to know God?" (The Mahatma's way of teaching is Socratic.)

Chal. Gent: "Oh I want to help Him in His works."

Mah. D. P.: stops and picks up a handful of the tiny beauties and holding them up says: "Here are His works. Help them."

Chal. Gent: "Oh this is trifling. Tell me something definite."

Mahatma: "My son, *the creator of the systems did not consider these flowers trifling things. He has bestowed all His love and care upon them.* You are not fit to know God yet."

Then writing to us the Mahatma says: "Since he took up these studies he has become a bit Clairvoyant. But do you think he can ever be a Yogi? Never; he may acquire all your catalogued Yoga Powers but a man who could not appreciate the beauty of the desert with his physical eyes can never become a Yogi."

This shows how lightly he holds these Yoga Powers. Indeed it is not his powers that impress you so much. It is his holiness. You feel that *this man is in touch with God* and all that that phrase means. Absolute conquest of the lower nature is almost unknown to mankind. Mahatma D. P. is a living exemplar of that. A man of gigantic intellect and Will, his heart has room for all. The absolute whiteness of his soul, his child-like simplicity and utter humility, go well with his masterly brain and capacity. For there is this about him. Whatever

he puts his mind upon turns to immediate success. It is our firm conviction that to-day in the occult world there is not one to compare with Mahatma D. P. Mukerji. Where others talk and fuss, he can strike a match and dispel darkness in a second.

The power that works in silence is infinitely superior to the noisy ways of undeveloped minds. It is these developed souls that are to be the inspiration of the future—of the ages: these who have conquered "the hunger of the heart." The Mahatma speaks many languages: Urdu, Sanskrit, Hindi, English, German, French, Arabic, Tamil, &c.; is a born scientist, philosopher and mathematician. Needless to say the Mahatma is a man of great personal attractions. He has the "Yogi eyes," which seem charged with the electricity of the spirit, large, thoughtful and fairly effervescing with intelligence and purity. His lofty brow reminds one of the great Rishis of India. The Mahatma does not belong to India only. The world belongs to him and he to the world. He: the first fruit of humanity. Should he be ever pleased to come to India—as he will—"the fair land of many attractions" (I am quoting his language here) will receive him with open arms. To whom else shall your hearts go out, children of philosophers, if not to

such? Are not these the souls that dignify your race?

Every nation has its individuality. So long as it maintains that it is respected and recognised. India too has a great blessing to bestow upon this world, sodden with materialism and gutted by blind desires, as it is. India alone holds the keys that shall unlock the mysteries underlying existence.

"To be or not to be"—India solves this eternal problem. For you all to forget your religion and philosophy is to degenerate into beasts, yea, brothers, nothing less than beasts. Assimilate all there is to assimilate in Western culture, eat with spoon and fork, if you find that to your comfort; dress according to the latest Parisian cut, if you please; but whatever you do—forget not that you are an Indian, the inheritor of the highest philosophical insight, the child of the ancient sages.

Insist upon that. There is the secret of national glory for India. How many of you shall appreciate what we say? *Every one, who has a jot of self-respect and manhood left in him.*

We conclude. Honour to whom honour is due. All honour to Mahatma D. P. Mukerji.

PSYCHIC FACULTY IN HYPNOTISM.

JAMES COATES, PH. D., F. L. L. C.

While writing on this subject, I will refer to two incidents which I obtained from an old correspondent—W. H. Terry of Australia. Before passing to them I may mention

that Mr. Terry is a survivor of that grand old guard which did such good service on the propaganda of Modern Spiritualism, when to do so, was to be ostracized and to

sacrifice all claim to be considered a normally balanced individual, all claim to respectability and comfort. Luther Colby, Col. Bundy, James Burns, Wm. H. Harison, W. Stinton Moses and Mrs. Hardinge Britten, members of the old guard, of whom he was one, have come and gone. To many in the present generation both they and their works are unknown, but to the cause they were both buttresses and valiant defenders. Mr. Terry, who had been for nearly forty years Editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, was, like many more intelligent Spiritualists, thoroughly acquainted with what is now called Hypnotism. In his early investigations he had many interesting experiences which demonstrated the possession of Psychic Faculty. The two instances quoted from his correspondence were the outcome of his perusal and interest in my book "Seeing the Invisible" and contained, among other things, appreciative references to the late Professor Denton and Dr. Rhodes Buchanan to whom more than to anyone else we are indebted for careful researches in Psychic Faculty. From a letter dated October 30th, 1907, I extract the following:—

"Your relation of Mrs. Denton's early experiments (p.p. 161 and 62 "Seeing the Invisible") reminds me of a similar case with a sensitive I was developing by Magnetism several years since. I had put her into the Magnetic or sleep waking state and was experimenting with her to test her reliability. Taking a letter from a pigeon hole in my desk I told her to hold it to her forehead and find the writer of it. This she professed to do and minutely described a person and surroundings such as did not fit. I asked her if she could tell me

the part of the country she was in and she replied "Gipp's Land", (South-East of Melbourne), quite the opposite direction to where the letter came from. I recalled her and told her to try again. She did so and found herself seemingly going in an opposite direction. She reached and described a house corresponding with that of the writer of the letter and then described an elderly man smoking a pipe, and having a bottle and glass by him, evidently not the writer. Suddenly she exclaimed, "There is another man just come into the room. Oh what a singular looking man; he has a very broad and high forehead and a narrow face, he is of fair complexion, thin in body, and much younger than the other man." I asked her, "If you were to meet him, when you are awake, do you think you would know him again?" She answered, "Oh I am sure I should." I then awoke her and remembering that I had a *carte de visite* photo of the writer amongst others in my desk I opened it and took out the pack to look for it. The sensitive (now in the normal state) seated some distance from me, asked were they photographs I was looking at and I answered, "Yes, do you know any of them?" (Spreading half a dozen of them out like a hand of playing cards) "yes" she said. "I know that one," pointing to the writer of the letter. "What is his name?" I asked. She did not know. "When did you see him last?" She could not recollect the day, but it was only a little while ago. I asked her had she been in New South Wales lately, and on her replying in the negative I told her that to my knowledge the gentleman had not been in Victoria for eighteen months. She was incredulous of course. But I am now coming to

the point of similarity to Mrs. Denton's experience. After the sensitive had left I took up the letter we had been using, to return it to the place I had got it from, and as I was laying it on the file I discovered that the letter next to it was from a Mr. Landy in Gipps Land and remembered that her first description corresponded with him. This you will recognise as a clear case of contagion.

Many illustrations of similar cases are given in "Seeing the Invisible"—only that the sensitives or Psychics were not in either a Hypnotised or in a sleep waking state analogous thereto. But whether called mediums, claiming to get their information from disembodied intelligences, or psychics merely obtaining their impressions from a clue, some article or letter impregnated with the contagion or *nerve* of the writer, the results are similar and the results clearly point out whether in trance or allied states mere reverie as in waking dreams, psychic Faculty—impressionability, intuition, awareness, clairvoyance—is manifested. I claim that all psychics are innate, and whether the sensitive be hypnotised, by either human operator, by a spirit, or thrown into an appropriate state by expectancy or desire, the results are similar. In the interesting case given by Mr. Terry, we see the Psychic Faculty in play, in the sensitive. In the first case she got her impressions from the aura of a letter she did not have, and knew nothing of its contents, and further the information given was not a rife of what was in Mr. Terry's mind. The results were interesting and unexpected.

The following is taken from a letter, sent from Belgrave, near

Melbourne, Australia, dated April 15, 1908:—

"I find it hard to see myself as you and some other dear friends and co-workers see me. Indeed I am often surprised at discovering that some little things I have done or some kindly words I have written and thought no more of were substantially helpful to some one and this reminds me of an incident that happened while I was developing a sensitive some years ago. I had given her (while in the magnetic sleep) a letter written by a widow lady whom I knew, asking her to make a certain examination on her behalf, but she (the sensitive) complained of a difficulty on account of a cloud in which the lady was immersed which obscured the clairvoyant's vision. I told her to try again as I felt a deep sympathy for the lady and was anxious to help her. Presently she said, "Oh the cloud is clearing away," and then she gave me all the information I needed. Relapsing into silence a few minutes later she turned to me and said: "I have learned a lesson." I asked her what it was and she replied that "no kind thought for another is ever lost. When you said you felt deep sympathy for the lady, a light went from you and swept away the dark cloud that enveloped her and she now looks cheerful and happy, and it is always so more or less whenever we send a kindly thought." Though I had ideas on this direction the reality never came home to me in force till then. If the world at large could only realise this truth, this power, what sorrow could be lifted, what suffering relieved! While the sentiments just expressed are worthy of the heart and judgment of the writer

the incident was quoted for another reason, namely, to refer to two prominent conditions under which the phase of Psychic Faculty, i.e., clairvoyance—plus insight into the mental condition and the surroundings of the widow lady—was manifested.

The clairvoyante was in a state of trance induced by a visible operator and her clairvoyance was stimulated and enhanced by the sympathetic manners and expressions of the Hypnotist, who was also the seeker for Psychical information. By keeping these two points in view, 1st., a proper receptive state in the sensitive, and, a sympathetic and patient attitude of mind in the enquirer, are favourable to the correct manifestation of Psychic gifts. As reference to these cases occurring in Hypnosis and allied states, showing some modes at least in which Psychic Faculty is manifested, is

intended to help the investigator of spiritistic phenomena. The former throws a light on the latter. Mediums not only require to be in an appropriate receptive state, sometimes trance, or quiescent states allied thereto and inquirers should be patient and sympathetic. Then we'll get good results. As to the far-reaching remark "that no kind thought for another is ever lost," I will not enlarge on this further than to say, that both from Hypnotic and Spiritistic experience, which throw such a light upon demonstrable thought transference, our thoughts are living and vivid realities, which for good or ill affect the living in the body, near at hand or at a distance, and do affect those who have passed out of the body and now live in 'other world states.' These are, although said to be risen, still human, companionable and linked to us by the subtle chains of love and fear.

THE MARVELS OF HYPNOTISM.

HENRY PROCTOR, M.R.A.S., F.R.S.L., F.L.L.C.

The practice of Hypnotism for the cure of diseases has led to many most remarkable discoveries, the accounts of which, as furnished to the Psychical Research Society and described at length in two enormous volumes by F. W. H. Myers on "Human Personality," read more like fairy tales than sober and literal fact.

Nothing could illustrate in a more remarkable degree, the power of mind over matter than these experiments in hypnotism. Dr. Backman thus describes the case of one of his subjects—Amelia Radberg:—

"In the middle of an experiment

I put a drop of water on her arm, suggesting to her that it was a drop of burning sealing-wax, and that it would produce a blister, which would, however, be healed after the third day. The blister which appeared next day, extended as far as the water had run, just as if it had been a corroding acid, and the wound healed on the night of the third day."

A patient of Dr. Krafft-Ebing "was much injured and offended by the culpable act of a medical student who laid a pair of scissors upon her chest, telling her they were red-hot, and thus created a

serious wound which took two months to heal."

In healing experiments duplex or multiple personalities are often developed. Dr. Osgood-Mason in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, November 30, 1905, thus writes:—

"Alma Z. was an unusually healthy and intellectual girl, a strong and attractive character, a leading spirit in whatever she undertook, whether in study, sport, or society. From overwork at school, and overtaxed strength in a case of sickness at home, her health completely broke down, and after two years of great suffering, suddenly a second personality appeared. In a peculiar child-like and Indian-like dialect she announced herself as Twoey and that she had come to help 'Number One' in her sufferings. The condition of 'Number One' was at this time most deplorable; there was great pain, extreme debility, frequent attacks of syncope, insomnia, etc., which rendered it nearly impossible for 'Number One' to take nourishment in any form. Twoey, on the other hand, was vivacious and cheerful, full of quaint and witty talk, and could take abundant nourishment, which she declared she *must* do for the sake of 'Number One.' Four years later, under depressing circumstances, a third Personality appeared and announced itself as the 'Boy.' This personality was entirely distinct and different from either of the two others. It remained the chief alternating personality for four years, when 'Twoey' again returned. All these personalities, though absolutely different and characteristic, were delightful, each in its own way, and 'Twoey' especially was, and

still is, the delight of the friends who are permitted to know her, whenever she makes her appearance, and this is always at times of unusual fatigue, mental excitement or prostration; then she comes and remains days at a time. The original self retains her superiority when she is present, and the others are always perfectly devoted to her interest and comfort. Another patient of Dr. Mason's, Fedila X., also developed a secondary personality—perfectly sane, thoroughly practical, and perfectly in touch and harmony with surroundings—which came to the surface, so to speak, and assumed control of the physical organization for long periods of time together. During the stay of the second personality the primary or original self was entirely blotted out, and the time so occupied was a blank. In neither of the cases described had the primary self any knowledge of the secondary personalities, except from the report of others or letters from the second self, left where they could be found on the return of the primary self to consciousness. The second personality, on the other hand, in each case, knew of the primary self, but only as another person, never as forming a part of, or in any way belonging to their own personalities. In the case of both Fedila X. and Alma Z. there was always immediate and marked improvement in the physical condition when the second personality made its appearance, and as it is so often the case that the secondary personality is free from the diseases to which the primary self is subject, many lives have been saved through hypnotic change of personality. This is further illustrated by the case of Marceline R., a patient of Dr. Jules Janet, who in January, 1886,

after a miserable series of hysterical troubles, was seized with insuperable vomitings, which became so bad that the very sight of a spoonful of soup produced distressing spasms. Artificial means of feeding were tried, with diminishing success, and in June, 1887, she was paralytic and so emaciated that her death from exhaustion appeared imminent. Dr. Janet was then asked to hypnotise her. Almost at once he succeeded in inducing a somnambulant state, in which she could eat readily and digest well. Her weight increased rapidly, and there was no longer any anxiety as to a fatal result. But the grave inconvenience remained, that she could only eat when hypnotised. M. Janet tried to overcome the difficulty; for a time he succeeded, and she left the hospital for a few months. She soon, however, returned in her old state of starvation. M. Janet now changed his tactics. Instead of trying to enable her to eat in her first or so-called normal state, he resolved to try to enable her to live comfortably in her secondary state. In this he gradually succeeded and

sent her out in October, 1888, established in her new personality. He again hypnotised her on November 14th, 1888, and left her in the secondary state till January 15th, 1889. He then "awoke" her but the vomiting at once returned, and she again applied to M. Janet for help. M. Janet adds that since she had been replaced in the second condition the loss of flesh had been rapidly repaired and she was again comfortable."

Now these indications of the existence of a Larger Self, of which only a part is at any time manifested, are intensely important from a spiritual standpoint, for the Larger Self would appear to represent our Central and Abiding Being, which, during the slumber of the Normal Self is left comparatively free, and performs functions of great importance in restoring and rejuvenating the bodily organism by drafts upon the energy of the Spiritual world, and by entering into close connection with that spiritual world apart from the bodily organism demonstrates that mind exists apart from matter, and rules matter.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BHAGAVAD GITA.

Lesson II—"The Path of Initiation."

(Continued from p. 14, "The Kalpaka," March 1913).—P. S. CHARVA.

What is, after all, the gist of Sri Krishna's advice to the despondent Arjuna? At the outset, Krishna proclaims the fundamental thought of the sublime pantheism of the Vedanta Philosophy in Sloka 16, Chap. II, of the Gita. "That which is, never was not, nor ever will be; that which is not, ever was not, and is never to be." Such is the truth of being, as perceived by the seers of the heart of being. "All that lives, lives always, for ever

afterwards, for ever and for all ages to come." "Life cannot anywhere, by any means, be anywise diminished, stayed or slain; for, life was not born and never ceaseth to be. Never was time life was not; end and beginning are dreams; Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems."

Thus sings the Divine author of the Gita (Chap II). How far is this teaching consistent with modern

science? The whole teaching of science is towards unity. The latest discoveries and generalization of science unmistakably point to the existence of one underlying substance, as the cause, the eternal ground of the universe, of which all the endless variety of nature is but the changeful manifestation. Every particle of matter, science tells us, is part and parcel of this eternal substance. If matter is thus held to be single and eternal why not Spirit? So, the *Vedas* declare "*Ekam-sat*" (एकं सत्) "*Ekamevaditiam Brahma*" (एकमेवातीत्येदं ब्रह्मा) that his Life is one—one only without a second. The whole universe is pervaded by the one Divine Life whose Essence is Love. Or, in other words, the Universe, including its countless millions of solar systems, lives, moves and has its being in the infinite ocean of "Satchidananda"—the ocean of Life, Light and Love whence all that breathes, breathes the breath of life. The whole Universe then is a living organism, and all creation, a single breathing, palpitating life. There is nothing dead in this God's Universe for, as Miss Marie Corelli assures us, "Life is all Life and has no death in its composition. There is no death; what seems so is transition as Longfellow says"

Further the Life that thrills within all living things is in its essence at one with the divine Life. Free and eternal, the Life is, as the Gita proclaims, spreading life through all, and forming each frame with the spirit in *Its Own Image*. Does not Krishna mean to suggest in this text, "Thou art a spirit free and eternal, even as I, the Supreme spirit of love and beauty in the heart, am free and eternal."

Verily, man, the roof and crown of things, is in the deepest possible sense, one with God, because, he is part and parcel of the Divine Life—a wave of the Infinite Ocean of Satchidananda—a Ray of the Spiritual son, Gnana Bhaskara, the Light of Lights—a Breath of the Eternal spirit of Love—a partaker of the Divine Nature—a vital spark of Heavenly Flame, as Pope has exquisitely phrased it. "Thou are a portion of myself—"mama-amsa"—says Krishna. God says in the Gita to the human soul, "Verily I say unto thee, my beloved, the weapons reach thee not; the flame burneth not; waters cannot overwhelm, nor dry winds wither thee." Immortal, impenetrable, invulnerable, ineffable, infinite, unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched, all-arriving, exhaustless, by thought and word unencompassed, living in the Life Everlasting above all the "Twin-Snares" (Dwandwas)—beyond all the qualities (gunas) of nature; stable, sure, self-sustained, ever all thyself—such is thy self—being part or Amsa of the Divine self—which having pervaded the whole universe with a portion of Itself, verily remains Itself.

Thus is the soul declared by Krishna; such is the contribution of the profound philosophy of the Gita to the common stock of modern religious thought. And what a thought! A bolder thought was never proclaimed.

Make this thought, this doctrine of the Gita—not a nerve phrase of the lips but the ruling idea of life until your faith in God and in the immortality and essential Divine nature of the soul becomes absolute. Faith, yea, a little faith shall save thee! "Here shines one rule, one steadfast rule, for the firm soul,"

as the Gita says, while shifting souls have laws many and hard, extolling the letter of their scriptures. Alas, they know not what they do; they know not that the "letter killeth but the spirit giveth life." Therefore, Sri Krishna exhorts Arjuna, in a language as clear as crystal, to live in Faith—Faith in God and immortality of the soul—with a strong, constant, calm indifference to what is said or denied, this way or that way, in books or by men. Do not rely wholly and solely upon the authority of any book or creed. Arrive at your conviction not from the scriptures, not from the preaching or teaching of any church—the echos of mere decisions of mortal men,—men like ourselves—alas, men who were not as civilised as ourselves. Own no creed, therefore,—owe no allegiance to any school of thought, however much you may sympathise with them, for you know as well as I do the history of their production—their process—the passions that went into their making. But you may ask what have we to guide us then? Why, it is the Light of Pure Reason, I reply, the Light of Spiritual intuition alone—a reliance more solid for our day—the age of universal enquiry. Accept, then, no arbitrary authority, save the natural authority of the Heaven-born human spirit. For, know you not that you are the Temple of God and the spirit of God dwelleth in you?

But you need faith to realise the essential Divine nature of the human soul. But let your faith be based on your common sense—a faith that alone would wear, because it would stand the scorching test of Reason at the bar of Science—a faith that is the result of your

own knowledge, studies and investigations. With such a tremendous faith, conquer that demon of universal scepticism—the modern Duryodhana. The soul is without beginning, without end. The soul dieth not, neither was it born, as it is the partner of God Himself.

The Christian idea that its immortality is merely prospective, not retrospective, is an error—as laughable as it is lamentable. That which has a definite beginning in time must in the nature of things have an end. Science proclaims it; common sense accepts it. Nor has the doctrine of the immortality of the soul any consistent meaning without the doctrine of re incarnation, the theory of other lives than this. But more of this in the next lesson.

One word more ere I take leave of you, reader mine. The object of Sri Krishna, in the second chapter of the Gita—nay, throughout the whole poem—which runs like a string through pearls, to use a beautiful simile of the Gita itself—is not to make Arjuna an impractical dreamer, an ineffectual visionary, a philosophical vagabond, an "organ lobed lotus-eater." Such is evidently not the purpose of Sri Krishna—to convert Arjuna into any incapable theorist. "Be thou a Yogee, for Yoga is still in action." Remember, that thou should'st become a Karma Yogee, the most practicable mystic in the world. Be active, intensely active. Be actively spiritual, lead the strenuous religious life. "Yield not to impotence" says the Gita. Don't fetter yourself by any theory of weakness—physical, mental, moral or spiritual: be absolutely fearless always in a bold, vigorous, courageous frame of mind. Dream not for a moment that you grow weak,

old, or ill: say not that you die. To the soul that hath realised itself, nothing is impossible save death. Alas! you have hypnotised yourself into the belief that you are impotent. Dehypnotise yourself. Awake, arise, will you be for ever fallen? Stand up thou, hero. Shake off thy coward fit—(*Kshudrahrydaya dorebalyam*)—the paltry faint-heartedness. "It doth not become thee," says Krishna. "Yes it is *unaryan*—unworthy of a man and a gentleman—nay, it shuts the doors to Heaven" according to the Gita. God does not manifest himself to cowards, as Emerson says, and as is beautifully illustrated in the parable of Kratharjuniyam.* Therefore, literally, shake off your cowardice and be thyself. Deny

weakness; affirm that you are strong—strong in thy native strength, in the strength of the free heaven-born spirit. "So-minded nerve thy heart and brace thine arm for the battle or life—gird thee to the conflict and so shalt thou win." "So shalt thou tread the path of Yoga." So shall the aspiring soul reach the goal of Brahmanirvana—a condition attainable *here and now*—the salvation promised by our Lord, here in this world and in this life, if possible—a condition which is the extinction of all egoism in all its forms, the extinction of that sinful grasping condition of the mind, which would otherwise, according to the mystic wheel of birth and death be, the cause of renewed individual existence.

THE VANISHED PAPERS.

A DETECTIVE STORY BY DOUGLAS ALEXANDER.

Except when engaged upon an unusually exciting case, I am always to be found at the detective agency from ten till noon each day. Clients who wish to see me personally are shown directly into my presence.

I was busy in my private room one morning when the hall boy brought in a lady's card. I glanced at it. Upon it was written in pencil, "Mrs. Smith."

"It is as good a name as any," I said to myself, "and is most possibly a borrowed one. Show the lady up," I added aloud; and

a moment or two later, a tall, elegant woman swept into the room.

"I see you know me," she said. I bowed. "I used the name Smith," she went on, hurriedly, "as I have come here to consult you privately, Miss Westby."

I could see she was agitated. Her eyes were haggard with sleeplessness; her face, pinched and drawn, betrayed the state her nerves were in.

She looked very different from the last time I had seen her, when, at a ball at the German Embassy,

*Kratharjuniyam.—The allusion here is a well-known episode of the Mahabharata where it is narrated how during the exile of the Pandavas, Arjuna was engaged in doing penance to the great God Mahadeva for obtaining a missile called Jaspadastram; how a fight ensued between Siva in the disguise of a mountaineer and the prince, consequent upon some bear being sheltered by Arjuna, in spite of the repeated demands of the hunter to surrender it; how the God having been very favourably impressed with the remarkable courage of Arjuna conferred on him the boon he prayed for.

I had considered her the loveliest woman present. She was the wife of Sir Robert Harrington, the then Foreign Secretary.

"I have great need of your help," she began, and then she paused.

"I will do my best for you," I replied, seeing that she found some difficulty in continuing.

"I—I have lost a very valuable paper. I wish it to be found. It has vanished from my boudoir. I kept it there in a locked drawer of a cabinet. During the time it was in my possession no one had access to my boudoir but my maid and myself."

I could see that it was only by the strongest effort she was able to control her agitation. And suddenly, even what small control she had deserted her, and, starting up from her chair, she paced up and down my tiny office as if her soul were in torment.

"I am lost! I am lost! What shall I do?" she exclaimed, and something in her almost toneless voice told me that her case was indeed desperate.

"First of all," I said, calmly, "you must tell me everything. The paper is, I presume, a State document of some kind?"

"How did you know?" she asked, quickly turning around.

"I guessed that it must be of more than ordinary importance; you seem so upset by its disappearance."

"Upset!" she echoed, "If it is not recovered within three days my life will pay the price of its loss—that is all."

"What do you mean I asked, startled.

"That unless I can replace it whence I took it within that time my husband will discover its absence, and when he finds out that it was I who in the first place stole it, whatever the consequences may be, he will repudiate and cast me off for ever. And I could not live to face dishonor."

I managed to soothe her until she was able to speak with more composure.

"I am a Frenchwoman," she said, "although most of my girlhood was spent in England. Two years ago I was married to Sir Robert Harrington. At the time of my marriage, unknown, of course, to my husband, I was in the service of the French Government. But after my marriage I broke off all dealings with them, and did not alter my decision until a certain fatal day about three months ago.

"It happened that I was pressed for money. My bills had run up and for some time I had been unable to keep within the liberal allowance my husband makes me. He has, as every one knows, a most admirable sense of justice, but he can be very stern, and, rightly enough, he considers my pin-money sufficient for me to keep up my position. To tell the truth, I dare not appeal to him.

"In some miraculous manner, the French Government seemed to obtain knowledge of my circumstances. They approached me, and the bribe they held out was so magnificent that I could not resist it.

"And at first they required nothing of me that I was not able

to do with fear of detection. But, later on three weeks ago, to be exact they give me a commission attended with the greatest risk.

"I was to copy the letter sent by my husband to the British Plenipotentiary at Berlin, and for doing this I was to receive five thousand pounds.

"Sir Robert kept a rough draft of this letter in his safe in the library of his home study. I knew this, and to obtain his keys and abstract the paper was easy enough for a woman accustomed to such tricks as I am. I took the letter from the safe and carried it to the boudoir, and placed it in my writing cabinet.

"The drawer in which it reposed is fitted with a patent lock to which no one has a key but myself. I had commenced to copy the draft, and was half-way through my task, when I was interrupted by Sir Robert. Hastily placing the letter in the drawer, together with my copy, I opened the door for him to enter.

"He wished me to view a new picture which had just arrived, and thinking that the papers were safe in the cabinet, I left the room with him."

"Had you locked the drawer?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "The moment I heard my husband's voice I slipped the paper in the drawer, and, after locking it, placed the key in my pocket.

"I did not get another opportunity of being alone until late that evening, when Sir Robert was at the House. I then determined to finish copying the letter, and to

use the opportunity his absence afforded of replacing it in his safe.

"But upon going to the cabinet I discovered to my horror that both the original letter and my half-finished copy had vanished. I need not tell you how thorough my search was, and how fruitless; the papers had been stolen. I questioned my maid, but she could throw no light upon the mystery."

"Is this maid quite to be relied upon I asked.

"Quite. She has been in my service for the last seven years, and I have never found her otherwise than absolutely trustworthy."

"Is she in your confidence?"

Lady Harrington coloured slightly "I have perhaps been a little indiscreet," she said, "and have told her more than I should have done. But in my difficult position it was impossible for her not to know something of my affairs."

"She has never endeavoured to make capital out of this knowledge?"

"Never. She has been always my faithful servant."

"Nevertheless, I should like to see this woman. Will you send her to me at my private address to-night? Invent some errand for her and on no account let her guess my occupation."

With my repeated assurances of the woman's good faith, Lady Harrington, notwithstanding, promised. "One more question," I pursued. "Before your marriage you doubtless had many admirers, Lady Harrington, and your marrying Sir Robert must have caused them considerable disappointment. Tell me, did they all take their

disappointment quite nicely, or was there one who gave you some difficulty?"

She jumped up from her chair in her impulsive manner, and glanced down at me with astonished eyes.

"You are a witch," she said. "How did you know?"

"It was merely a chance shot. I am searching for a motive."

"There was one," she continued, "a certain Count von Reitzberg. He professed to love me passionately, and, well—perhaps I treated him a little badly. After I had accepted Sir Robert he forced himself into my presence one day, and insulted me grossly. He accused me of having played fast and loose with his affections, and vowed that one day he would exact a terrible vengeance. I confess that in the beginning I suspected his hand in this affair. But I have since learned that he is at present in St. Petersburg."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Perfectly. In response to a telegram of mine addressed to a friend in that city I was told that he was there on the day these papers were lost."

She volunteered many more particulars of more or less minor importance, and then left me after piteously begging that I would do all that was possible to restore the papers.

Punctually at seven, the time arranged, Lady Harrington's maid was shown into the sitting room at my lodgings. She had brought a note containing a few unimportant lines from her mistress, and I bade her to be seated while I read it.

Making a pretense that the reply to the letter required some thought I sat down at my desk and, pen in hand, tried to draw the maid into conversation. But she preserved a singular reticence, and my efforts were made in vain.

I examined her face carefully, and in spite of my suspicions being centered upon her I could find no sign of deceit in those composed, well-formed features. There was a suggestion of character in her heavy brows and thoughtful, passionate eyes, which gave me the impression that she was a woman who would have been as true as to any one she cared for.

I could tell by her manner of speaking that she liked her mistress, and, supposing her to be the culprit, that was the strangest part of the whole affair.

In spite of her outward calm I could see, as I watched her covertly, that inwardly she was in a fever of excitement. I picked up Lady Harrington's note again: "Tell Lucy that there is no occasion for her to return at once with your reply; she has asked for an hour for herself, and I have given it her."

I accordingly remarked to the woman, when I had sealed my note and handed it to her, that there was no haste for its delivery, and directly she had gone I rose from my chair with the intention of shadowing her. I wanted to see how she was going to spend that hour, where, and in whose company—to discover, if possible, whether that inward uneasiness which I fancied to have seen was only imagination on my part.

I slipped on a long cloak, and when I judged she was at a certain

distance from the house, I peered cautiously out. I could discern her figure at a little distance, just turning a corner of the street, and immediately I started in pursuit.

She had not proceeded very far when she was joined by a man, whose figure, to my experienced eye, proclaimed him to belong to the "gentlemen's servant" class. He was a dapper little man, and I could see by her eager manner that she was very interested in him. Probably they were lovers, I thought; although she had not struck me as the kind of woman to have a sweetheart.

They paused for a moment or two beneath the light of a lamp, and to my surprise I saw her hand him the letter I had just intrusted to her care. It would seem that Lady Harrington's correspondence interested him, for he examined the letter very carefully before he gave it back to the woman.

They walked on again, still in eager conversation, and presently turned into a public-house. Now was my opportunity. I saw that they had entered the private-bar entrance, and glancing in, I observed that behind the swing-doors there was a passage containing several small shutt-off compartments.

I peeped in at two, and in the second, without their observing me I saw the couple I was shadowing. Fortunately the adjoining compartment was empty, and entering it I meekly ordered a lemonade and claret, and while I sipped this I kept my ears open to catch the sound of voices.

An eight-foot partition divided the compartments, and as the place was fairly silent I was able, when

I got accustomed to the voices, to distinguish their words.

Although I missed much of what was said, I heard sufficient to confirm my original suspicion that Lady Harrington's maid was indeed the one who had purloined the papers.

I must confess, however, that my doubts of the woman had been weakened by the conviction she had produced in me that she had an unfeigned regard for her mistress. But the influence which had prompted her to this theft was stronger than any other consideration.

She loved the man at whose instigation she had been false to Lady Harrington, and against that love everything else had gone to the wall. And he had promised, as the price of this treachery, to marry her.

Listening to their conversation I gathered that it was not for himself that the man required the papers. He was the acting agent for some one in a far higher position, and frequent reference was made by him to some woman whom he always termed "the lady."

He went on to tell his sweetheart that the papers were still in his possession, as "the lady's" time had been too filled with engagements for her to see him or to send.

But that night he was to meet her companion at the north side of Eaton Square at eleven o'clock. He was to know her by the watchword "Secretary."

It was perfectly clear that Lady Harrington's maid was quite aware of the importance of the papers

she had stolen, for she implored the man again and again to assure her that no harm greater than a little temporary inconvenience should come to her mistress.

He lied glibly enough that she need have no fear, and soon after they parted.

I declare that, so far as I was concerned, I felt no nearer the recovery of the papers than I had been before. But one great point was gained: I knew who had stolen them, and by following the companion from Eaton Square I should be able to discover the identity of "the lady."

And then a thought, like an inspiration, flashed across my brain. Why should I not impersonate that companion? The man had plainly never seen her—he would give them to me without demur.

I decided to carry out this idea and I recognized that my one chance of success lay in either the man being early for the appointment, or in the companion being late.

Arrived at this decision, I returned home and waited there until it was time for me to go forth upon my errand.

When I first entered Eaton Square it was almost deserted, and in the quarter where I took up my position I was the only soul there. But five minutes later I saw approach the man who had been the woman Lucy's companion.

Going boldly up to him I held out my hand and uttered the one word, "Secretary." It acted like magic, for without a moment's hesitation he handed me a bulky envelope,—and did not seek to stay me when, without another syllable, I walked away.

I have often wondered what reception the real companion got, if he was still there when she arrived.

It happened, after all, that the first suspicion which had let me to question Lady Harrington about her disappointed suitors had been well placed.

Her maid confessed, when charged with taking the papers that her sweetheart (whose falsity she soon discovered) had been valet to the Count Von Reitzberg. The latter had sent him to England to execute this commission alone, as he did not wish to have his hand traced in the ruin which he had hoped would overtake the woman he had loved.

Dreading that in his next attempt at revenge he might be more successful, Lady Harrington resolved never to have anything more to do with secret service work. But I do not think she was entirely easy in her mind until she heard of the death of Count von Reitzberg, which occurred in a duel two years later. The last word he uttered was Rence—her name.—*New York Magazine of Mysteries.*

ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS' HEADS.

BY PROF. J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F. B. P. S., F. L. L. C.,

New of the death of the heroic Captain Scott and his brave comrades has aroused the thoughtful sympathy of the whole world. The immense courage, endurance, enterprise and daring needed in

leaders and organisers of Polar Expeditions is almost beyond human conception. Men of the calibre necessary to such undertaking are indeed rare, hence it should be of world-wide interest to know the type of head which best succeeds in such daring enterprise.

Heads best adapted for such heroic endurance should be wide at the base, large in the regions of the perceptive organs, giving prominence to the brows, and there should be a good height at the crown in addition to possessing strong durable constitution and robust health. Captain Scott was remarkably well endowed with all the essential qualities, mental and physical, needed in a Polar Expedition leader. He had a strong vigorous, physical constitution which, with his particularly wide head, gave him great powers of endurance, courage and executive-ness of purpose. He had considerable self-possession, strong social affections, friendship, firmness of character, perseverance and determination, very strong faculties of observation, practical judgment, remarkably good planning and organising powers, keen insight into character and motives, and a commanding personality.

Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, whom I have had the pleasure of interviewing, has many qualities in common with Captain Scott. He possesses a decidedly broad head and

a strong base to his brain and very prominent perceptive faculties, an exceedingly practical and resourceful type of mind, ambition, love of enterprise, independence, strong powers of endurance, a good amount of self-possession, character, discernment, organising abilities and remarkable capacity for command.

Leaders and organisers of Polar Expeditions, in choosing workers to accompany them ought to select men possessing wide heads and a strong base to their brains, prominent brows and a fair height to the crown of the head. Men of this type can endure and contend with hardship, are hard workers and can plod through under most severe and adverse circumstances, while those possessing narrower heads, and a high crown are actively persevering and thorough, apt to allow their enthusiasm to have much sway and thus use up their vitality too rapidly.

Captain Scott's head was wider, and in every way more powerfully developed than any of his comrades who perished with him though they each possessed fine manly practical characters. It is most likely that Captain Scott was the last to succumb, and he could possibly have saved his own life, but his sympathetic and humanitarian feelings held him to the last with his dying comrades.

NOTES.

Miss. Estelle Stead the accomplished daughter of W. T. Stead is now conducting the Julia's Bureau in conjunction with Miss Edith K. Harper. The Bureau deserves every help. Communications could be addressed to Cambridge House, Wimbledon, London, N., W., or the editor of "Kalpaka" would gladly forward contributions towards this worthy object.

For a clear study of Spiritualism authorities of the day prescribe
A Course in Spiritual Reading by Sir W. Crookes; 'The Philosophy of Spiritual-intercourse' by A. J. Davis; 'Immortality' by Dr. Peebles; 'Encyclopedia of Bible Spiritualism' by Moses Hull; 'Human Personality' by Myers; 'Psychic Philosophy' V. C. Deseris; 'The Survival of Man' by Sir Oliver Lodge; and 'The World of Life' by Dr. Alfred Wallace. These constitute a Course of Four Years Study. If anyone desires a complete knowledge of Spiritualism a thorough mastery of the works is absolutely necessary.

A recent supplement to the *Harbinger of Light* edited by our friend Stanford's and Fellow of the Latent Light Culture, Mrs. Annie Bright is a photo reproduction of an "apport" brought to Mr. T. W. Stanford's circle through the mediumship of the wellknown Charles Bailey. The apport is a highly colored print of Ravi Varma's "Rama and Sita seated on the throne with Luxman and Hanuman attending on them with one or two others besides the throne." This scene is described by one Dr. Whitcomb as: "This picture represents a group of Hindoo Gods with their Chief Deity seated in the middle. There is but one female figure, that of his consort, who will be seen seated on his knee, with her right arm encircling his neck. They have met for consultation on an important subject, namely, whether the Monkey God at the left hand of the picture shall be admitted into the sacred circle of the Deities." It is not known who this learned Doctor is. If he is a spirit control it is a pity that even spirits are unable to understand what a picture depicts. There never was an occasion in Ramayana to consider whether Hanuman could be admitted as a Deity or not. It would be well and more convincing if such misleading explanatory notes are omitted.

The New York World has:—Mrs. Kathleen Bauer Vollers, who lives with her husband and children in a cottage in a Brooklyn suburb, is credited by Dr. John D. Quackenbos, the noted student of physics, as being one of the most remarkable mediums ever discovered.

She has, although unskilled in medicine or surgery, properly diagnosed, while in a trance, the ailments of patients whom she had never seen before and of whose identity or circumstances she had no means of knowing. Of the above feats Dr. Quackenbos, has already given to medical journals his official confirmation. In some cases her diagnosis has differed from the doctor's but he says she has invariably proved correct.

Dr. Quackenbos had intended to give a demonstration of Mrs. Voller's powers recently before a representative assemblage of physicians and writers, but he decided that the time had not yet come when such experiments as he had intended to make would be received with proper dignity by both his profession and the laity, so he postponed the public tests indefinitely.

"The woman is not an ordinary medium who makes a living by alleged psychological accomplishments," he said to a reporter. "She is a sincere student of the sciences, poor woman, and is devoting her work and her gifts toward hastening the time when telepathy and its kindred phenomena may possibly be under our control."

He told of some of her feats in diagnosing ailments of his patients, and continued:—

"Another remarkable thing she does is to impersonate persons she has never seen. For instance, a short time after the Titanic disaster I hypnotized her, in the presence of witnesses, and told her that she was J. Bruce Ismay, the head of the White Star Line, who at that time was coming in for a lot of adverse criticism,

"She impersonated Ismay exactly. Persons who had seen that gentleman and heard him talk recognized in her impersonation his very voice and gestures.

"I asked her: 'What was the cause of this disaster?'

"Vanity!" she replied (talking as Mr. Ismay).

"And where was the captain of the Titanic; what was the matter with him?" I enquired.

"'Champagne,' was her reply.

"Now, I don't know whether she was getting her replies from impressions created upon her mind by what she had read in the newspapers or whether it came from something unconsciously reflected from my mentality, but at the same time all the auditors were amazed that she should so strike upon what seemed to be the exact facts.

"While she was in a trance here one day I directed her to go to Paris. She replied in a short time that she was in Paris. I told her to impersonate Mrs. X, a patient of mine who was sojourning in the French capital. Her impersonation was so strikingly realistic, in mannerisms, in language and in spoken facts, that I was so amazed over it I did not want to believe myself. So I called from upstairs one of my nurses who had attended the patient in question in this country.

"I said nothing to the nurse, but merely allowed her to look at Mrs. Vollers and listen to her talk. Before a moment had elapsed the nurse exclaimed:

"'Why, doctor, that is Mrs. X!'"

Mrs. Vollers was found in her cottage devoting herself to the care of two small tow-haired children. She is a woman of forty, with the pleasing plumpness of Teutonic maturity, straight-gazing, big brown eyes brown hair as yet untouched with gray, and a frank smile that contains none of the unctuousness of the professional fortune-teller.

Sir W. Barrett who was commissioned some decades ago by the Psychic Research Society, England, to investigate and report upon the Divining or Dowsing Rod made two lengthy reports giving evidences as to its origin and causes for its popular belief.

In "Psychical Research" (Home University Library of Modern Knowledge: Published by William Norgate, London) Sir Barrett says that he has materials ready for a third report which go to prove the authenticity of the Rod. With all the evidence stored he has come to the conclusion:—(1) that those who really possess this curious faculty are rare, and many pretenders exist; the good dowser is a case of *Nascitur non fit*; (2) the involuntary motion of the forked twig which occurs with certain persons, is due to a muscular spasm that may be excited in different ways; (3) the explanation of the success of good dowsers, after prolonged and crucial tests, is—like that of any other obscure human faculty or instinct—a matter for further physiological and psychological research, though provisionally we may entertain the working hypothesis suggested, viz, unconscious clairvoyance, an aspect of what Mr. Myers terms *teleesthesia*, "perception at a distance."

Our friend and fellow of the Latent Light Culture, Dr. Hyslop, the well known scientist and President of the American Society for Psychic Research who views everything with a biased mind and one who is too slow to accept anything even with overwhelming evidence writes in the February number of the "Journal of the American Society for Psychic Research": "The primary point is that neither expectation nor unconscious muscular action are the most natural explanations. From the point of view of expectation the rod should not have turned until I was near the tree, but it turned where I had not even surmised the spot, this having been concealed from me. As to the second point, the most natural direction for the stick to take, when it was held at an angle of forty-five degrees from the perpendicular, was forward and downward. Gravity would most naturally predetermine that direction and this was aided by expectation, under the condition that any motion at all should occur. So we have action directly the opposite of expectation and what would be most natural where gravity has any influence. All this is strengthened by my determined effort to hold the rod and prevent its turning. The effort to prevent it was based upon the supposition that gravity and the peculiar strain on the bent arms of the rod might naturally make it turn; this is a supposition that may have been hastily made, because the same strain on them exists in any position, and would not be relieved by their turning. Hence gravity is the one force that would have its influence modified by the turning. We can talk about strain only because there is a strain on the bent arms, but it is another thing to suppose that it tends to turn the rod, and I see no reason to assume that it does, and I am equally ignorant regarding its not doing so."

In our part of India villagers do not begin to dig a well without consulting a medium who locates water by a mere visual inspection of the land. The medium comes, glances at the land fixes a certain boundary and asks you to dig at that particular spot and lo! you have water there. No dowsing or Divining Rod is used. Of course this is "perception at a distance" as Myers calls it. This power is latent in everyone and could be developed. Our men ascribe this to spirit. India is the land and home of mysteries. The money that is being uselessly spent in **Psychic Research Societies** all the wide world over will be more beneficial

if spent in India. There are innumerable instances, everyday incidents that await investigation and research. Why not you scientists go and investigate in a place where you have too many things to attract you?

Of the celebrated Spiritual Mediums—Bangs Sisters—Mr. Griffin Bangs Sis. a Member of the Official Board of the National Spiritualists Association of America writes:

"I did not give Miss Bangs my name nor divulge to her any of the circumstances which induced me to seek a sitting with her. Upon seating myself at the table, the medium told me to write three or four questions on a separate slip of paper and fold them separately so that they could not be read without opening, and I proceeded to do so as she retired from the room. Among the four questions which I had written and folded as prescribed, was one addressed to my father now in spirit-life, asking if our present course of treatment of little Edith was correct. This question I held in my hand, not knowing however which question it was, while the medium placed the slate with a small piece of pencil upon it under-neath the table, holding it with her right hand, the left resting on the table in my view. After a few minutes of waiting with the slate and pencil in the hand of the medium under the table and with the folded question in my hand, held in a manner to preclude the possibility of either myself or the medium reading the same, I heard scratching sounds as if writing were being done upon the slate. When the sound ceased; the slate was withdrawn and upon it was written the following message:

Then follows a communication signed, "From your loving sister."

This greatly puzzled him, as he had no sister in spirit life that he knew of, and he really thought for the moment that it was a trick. "I said nothing to the medium, Miss Bangs, only that I should like the name of the spirit who had written the message." She then put the slates back under the table and after hearing the scratching, it was withdrawn with the following communication:

"Dear Brother: Be not discouraged; little Edith is happy and in time will recover her sight in one eye. Continue to build up her system and it will strengthen the affected parts so that she will gradually overcome this. She can now discern light and it is better than sometime ago, though you cannot perceive it. Loving sister, Clara L."

"The mystery was solved. This was my wife's spirit sister of whom I had not thus far during the seance had the slightest thought. It was she who had written the message to her father and the message to my wife, her sister, at the sittings they had had with the medium, in answer to questions respecting Edith. Evidently she was accurately informed of the condition of Edith and knew our relationship to her and to each other and it was useless to attempt further concealment of our identity. It is also to be observed that the theory of "mind reading" cannot be appealed to as a convenient explanation of the occurrence which had just taken place in my presence, since I had no thought of my wife's spirit sister in mind up to the time the name was written on the slate."

"It may be that the very astute sceptic who has seen little or nothing of spirit manifestations will be able to see how the mind reading

theory can apply to this state of facts, but I confess that I am utterly incapable of such a feat of mental gymnastics.

Of another sitting, Mr. Griffin writes thus:

"At the close of this sitting I took two slates, washed them clean, the medium placed a small piece of pencil upon one, and put the other on top of it, and asked me to hold one end of the slates thus placed together, while she held the other, above the table, in plain view. I did so, and while the slates were thus held I distinctly heard the sound of the act of writing between the slates. This seemed marvelous enough. After a few moments we opened the slates, and the following message was written upon the under slate:

"Dear Son: We are all happy in coming to you in communication to day, and want you to learn to feel our presence and guidance, for it is true we do live beyond the portals of time, and are happy beyond expression of mortal tongue or pen. I should love to tell you of all the beauties of this life, but language we must use is too vague. All is perfect joy and eternal bliss. We await your coming to us with eager anticipation. Therefore, wait, watch and be patient. We will come to you again, at greater length. From loving father,

"Joseph Griffin."

At another seance with Miss Bangs, this attorney-at-law writes as follows:

"The medium took two slates, which I had cleaned with a wet sponge, then wiped dry, and placed a small piece of pencil between them, tied them together with a handkerchief, and hung them thus tied on the gas chandelier, about ten feet distant from my chair, and perhaps twelve feet distance from her chair, and at the height from the floor that gas burners are usually fixed. During this time I observed all the medium's movements and believe without doubt that I could have detected any substitution of slates or any other trickery, had there been any. While the slates were in this position on the chandelier, the medium and myself sitting in our places at the table conversing, I heard, faintly, however, the sound of writing, apparently upon the slates hanging as I have described. After ten minutes or so from the time of placing them there they were taken down by the medium, who opened them in my presence, and upon one of them, written in a plain hand, was the following communication:

"My Dear Son:—I am happy to come to you again to-day. Happy to have you know of our continued presence and interest in all your efforts in life. Be patient, dear son, for time, which brings you the sunshine and flowers, removing the desolation of winter, will bring the changes in your home. Little Edith is happy, and by-and-by you shall all be doubly so. Good-bye. From Father, Joseph Griffin and Brother David."

I was satisfied there was no sleight-of-hand juggling in this manifestation. I believe my senses to be ordinarily acute; they serve me in all business and usual relations of life, and should I give countenance to legerdemain as an explanation of the occurrences here described, it would be at the sacrifice of my reason and a total discredit of the evidence of my senses."

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Dr. T. R. SANJIVI,
Editor.

SWAMI MUKERJI,
Associate Editor.

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HOROSCOPY.

S. NARAYANASWAMI AIYAR, B. A., B. L.

In the Eton College, Gray has written: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." This is an adaptation of the passage which Shakespeare ascribes to King Henry IV (Part II) :—

"Oh, if this were seen, the happiest youth
That viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."

In Lear, Shakespeare makes Edgar think:—

"Oh God, who is't can say I am at the worst?

The worst is not

So long as we can say, this is the worst."

"See the revolution of the times

Makes mountains level and the continent,

Wearied of solid firmness, melt itself."

"Thus chances mock and changes fill

The cup of alteration."

Then why get sick with fortune, often the surfeit of our behaviour,
and consult astrology and blame or propitiate the stars?

One admonition let us remember in the words of Edgar to his father:

"What, in ill thoughts again?

Men must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither

Ripeness is all."

SERVE THYSELF.

A. SRINIVASA CHARY, B. A.

Serve thyself and it shall follow, as night the day, thou canst not but serve thy fellow-men. Serve yourself well; live and breathe but to do service to your own inmost self; live only to be a perfect expression of the Godhood in you; live only to manifest freely the infinite power at the centre of your being, the tremendous love you are radiating on all sides and the inexhaustible stores of knowledge that slumber deep within the depths of your soul; and you have lived. Or else, in the midst of life you are in death; death, not of the body that is for final dissolution and disintegration, but of the soul, the only real and permanent entity amidst a host of unreal and transient shadows with which the so-called life has any concern—the Atman within us, the Existence-Knowledge-Bliss-Absolute. "What doth it profit a man," asks Christ, "if he gains the whole world and loses his own immortal soul?"

By our very birth we are the rich and glorious inheritors of the Kingdom of Heaven, for that is within us ever; but we have forgotten it completely in the heat of the worldly life, and thereby lost the Paradise. From within the innermost depths of the heart wherein the Lord is enthroned, there springs up a grand and inspiring song, a song that is truly ravishing; but the ears of ordinary mortals are deaf to it; the song of harmony is suppressed and silenced by the piercing cries of the animal soul that ever seeks to act out the cherished wishes of the outgoing (and not the indrawing) mind and so grossen and deaden are the nerve fibres of the body. To perceive it the man should elevate himself above the din and the tumult of conflicting passions and discordant earthly sounds. He must realise his self.

Yes, realise yourself you must somehow or other, and the sooner it is done, the better for you and for all. That is a mighty task that everyone must accomplish willy-nilly. The law of life is evolution; the irresistible will of the deity at the back of all phenomena is pushing you

onwards slowly but steadily and it lies within you either to strike in favour of it and be profited by it, or to resist it, if possible, and be entirely crushed by it and yet be pushed forward once more. You must do the one or the other, for both you cannot do at the same time nor can you avoid both and stand in the middle. You must either evolve and go forward, or you must contract yourself and retrograde.

• Decide then to stand by the spirit and go forward by asserting its strength. Swerve not a hair's breadth to the right or to the left from what you have chosen to do; shut your eyes and ears to the passing procession of the world and turn your eyes within. Wake up the infinite power of the soul by a constant serious introspection and, with the mighty club of your will, mercilessly shatter to pieces whatever is not in conformity with your soul-development. Go forth conquering and to conquer, step after step, and care not for pleasure or pain, praise or blame, well or ill, or anything that may come. "*He that overcometh shall inherit all things.*" "*Seek ye the Kingdom of Heaven and all else shall be added unto you.*" Despair not if circumstances are against you; yield not even if a thousand weapons are pointed at your breast; the within is always mightier than the without. The within determines the without; the within is the substance, and the without is the shadow. Hence flinch not, be brave; to you, brave soul, life and death are but the two sides of the same coin. Nothing can bind him who has identified his will with that of the Lord, and even fate must cease to affect him. He defies death, disease and destiny. Evolution is the only fate for him and nothing else. Before the invincible, adamant, superhuman, omnipotent strength of the spirit, obstacles must vanish, impediments must be shattered to pieces, mountains must crumble and oceans dry up. Nature's laws are bonds for weak men, but to those that will to overcome she is a slave and they dictate laws to her. Forget not that "*man is born to conquer nature and not to follow it.*" Aim at thoroughness without entertaining the slightest doubt, and you will be crowned with success in due time. Waste not your time in dreaming, fretting and fuming in vain, nor fight merely for the purpose of fighting, when fighting is of no avail, when fighting can be easily avoided; for by fight or by flight the goal must be reached. Endeavour to focus your entire attention and concentrate all your energies on the one task of realising the self; think of it, dream of it, walk in that atmosphere, talk in it, breathe in it, sleep in it, in short be mad of it; path or no path, go forward bravely like a lion without any fear, you shall find one path suited to you.

There are thousands of paths to perfection, and there are thousands of varieties of men. It does not matter what path you choose, for all the paths lead to the same goal, as all rivers flow into the ocean. The path of one is not of necessity the path for another, for no two men are alike in all respects although all are constituted in a similar way. Therefore, if contradictions appear among those that have begun the life-journey, talk not of them, spend not your energies in criticising others and forcing your views on others, nor be forced out of your own path at the same time. The God within is dictating to each and every one from within; and those silent whispers are the only real guides to evolution.

The God within alone can save you and none else. The God without, in whatever form he may appear, can but pave the way, free it from all obstacles and make the path easier for you. Believe as much in yourself if not more, as in others, however mighty they be. "*He who does not believe in himself is an atheist*," declares Swami Vivekananda with all the strength of his conviction. He is worse than an atheist. Kill the living, inspiring God within and do not expect to see the living God outside. Only the God within can appreciate, recognise, and sanction the God without. Hence when the God within is speaking to you, shut out the gates external and internal and merely listen within. "Silence all ye teachers : And silence, ye prophets ! Speak Thou alone, O Lord, unto my soul" says Thomas-a-Kempis in his "Imitation of Christ."

Now from all this it follows that "temperament" may bias one way or the other in the personal relationship, and therefore temperament is not to be trusted as much as personal sincerity. Personal sincerity in whatever direction must lead to personal growth ; and personal growth is the highest fulfilment of all obligation. What each person owes to the world is the perfect expression of personal potentialities. When the personal ideal is realised all obligations are redeemed. Obligations exist so long as the highest ideal is not seen. Faithfulness to the ideals embodies the fulfilment of all obligations. The greatest and the only obligation is therefore to one's Self—not the I-making little self but the Thou-making Tat-self which teaches "Thou art That" — "Tat-tvam-Asi !"

With a full conviction and a silent heart-felt recognition of the truth of the above, firmly resolve to practise the principles strictly and proceed to the *Sādhana*s direct. Even if millions of failures await you and threaten you on every step and at every endeavour, do not give them up, but "persevere as one that doth for ever more endure." Obstacles must vanish. Do not seek success, and success must and will seek you in the right time. Results can come only when past Karma ripens to fruition, and not a minute earlier, say the Karmavadhins. Results come and all imperfections vanish when the mighty overwhelming grace of the Lord or the Guru begins to flow towards you, say the Kiripavadhins. Anyhow we are not masters either way, and must submit to the inevitable with Hope and Faith—the first one, the eternal message of the spirit, and the next one, the fulfilment in due season of that Hope which is instilled in the trusting Heart and distilled as Faith Supreme and unfaltering. You cannot prevent your bad Karma from acting, for you generated it, and it is sure to act, although with the strength of your inner development and knowledge you can rise above the action and remain unaffected by it. Stamp this well on your mind, once for all—here lies one great secret of success, herein is the link between free will and necessity. Listen please. We are all free to act in our own way, but when once we have done a certain act we are bound by it, and so man is the master of his destiny and yet a slave to his destiny. It is a pity, it is true ; however, there is no hard-and-fast rule that all our past Karmas *must* affect us ; they may or may not, and we must proceed as though they can affect us not.

To illustrate this principle of vital importance :—A student of Yoga is trying his best to establish absolute purity in his consciousness, and the number of failures is too great to be easily lost sight of. Why the innumerable failures that seem to almost extinguish his tremendous enthusiasm, and force him to utter forth a cry of despair ? Failures are the stepping stones to success, your intellect will say ; but the heart overrules the decision and remains unsatisfied. Why all this misery, my boy ? Because of the cumulative force of all your past thoughts, words and deeds in directions other than those which you are at present trying to follow. In the results of your sense-born brain are registered the result of each and every one of your past doings, however tiny they may have appeared to you in the days of your ignorance. Thoughts though they 'come and trip it as they go' leave their footprints in the sands of your impressionable mind ; they have all combined into one vast habit whose force you cannot overcome in your initial struggles to achieve an opposite state. Our progress in the future depends *only* upon our own past and we are helpless so far. Yet let us analyse that state more closely. Here stands a student with a temptation which he is willing not merely to overcome this moment, but one which he would have avoided if possible. What does this mean ? The temptation, the occasion for the temptation, the opportunity for the probable failure has been the result of his past Karma ; and there the Karma ends. An evil thought has entered the sacred precincts of your mind, unbidden and unbidden, and there, right there, and the past Karma which was its origin and cause. So far you have been a slave to your destiny ; but though the thought, or the desire or the impulse has entered your mind, to you is still left the choice, either to refuse to act up to the thought, to suppress it entirely even in its bubble form, even before it may burst as a mighty thought on the surface of the waters of your mind, or to 'give the unproportioned thought its deed.' If you are strong enough to do the first, then glory unto you for the conquest ; for you have made your past Karma powerless, and have generated no fresh Karma—you have lessened the debts you have to pay. But if you do the latter, then remember you have not only yielded to your past Karma but by the very act you have generated fresh Karma that will surely stand up as an obstacle later on and block up your path onwards. It is true that the original Karma whose effect was the temptation has acted itself out and come to an end. But the habit has been established more firmly ; indeed one debt has been paid, but another debt has been contracted. Think of this often and often, and the knowledge shall foster and nourish the requisite willingness and earnestness to overcome and confer on you the power to do so. *Remember that there can be no failure unless you wish to fail.* If any evil thought strikes your mind, compose yourself, assume an attitude of thoughtfulness, and say with all your strength : "Get out, get out, I will never, never do so. Why think of it then ? Some time ago I did not think of this ; some time hence I will not think of this. This evil thought is for a moment only. Get out, get out." Repeat this decision firmly and sincerely for some time, and fight sincerely against the evil. Then suddenly turn your mind away to the opposite thought, to some noble high ideal, the very thought of which shall infuse reverence and purity. Keep thinking of it until equilibrium is

established. In due time, if this practice is persisted in according to the supreme law of attunement, evil thoughts will fall off and fly off from the mind of their own accord. Let it not be forgotten that though our rebellion at the early stages consists in the suppression of contrary thoughts, yet our consciousness must be exalted to such heights that our mind becomes too dominant and too positive to generate or permit such thoughts to rise in the mind. When thought, the finer cause, is controlled perfectly, actions are entirely out of question. Do you see? The very brain is then transformed—it is a literal change even of a physiological nature. Our resolves, prayers, tensions, right desires and right efforts, all these transform the brain. Higher centres in the brain are developed, and they control the lower ones. Then are our brains adjusted to the higher realms; we feel ourselves in tune with the higher world; we are then *en rapport* with the finer forces of nature, and without effort on our part, power flows out of us, and strengthens others; love and gentleness beam through our eyes, and pacify and purify the minds of others; and peace and purity radiate in all directions and shake off the grosser vibrations in the personalities of those that come within the range of our influence. This is real, elevating, uplifting service, the most effective service, to oneself and all. The individual is to the world what the small piston is to the large piston in Pascal's law. Push the small piston down with one pound force, and the other shall rise with 100 lbs. force, if its area is 100 times that of the other. Humanity is compared by a great Swami to a rigid table, and if you, by elevating yourself, elevate one corner, the whole table is thereby lifted up proportionately. The laws of the macrocosm run parallel to those of the microcosm. Seek the God within you, you must seek the God within all and without; serve yourself thoroughly and well, and you will serve others perfectly in the best way possible.

THE THREE CALLINGS.

HENRY PROCTOR, M.R.A.S., F.R.S.L., F.L.L.C.

The word of God reveals the fact that there are three distinct callings of God, corresponding in the main outlines to three different dispensations, thus:—

1st Dispensation.—Old Covenant. Call to—The Bride. *Rev. xii.*—The Woman. Represented by—The City, the heavenly Jerusalem.

2nd Dispensation.—New Covenant. Call to—The Body. *Rev. xii.*—The Son (the manchild). Represented by—The Temple in Heaven.

3rd Dispensation.—Call to—The Nations. *Rev. xii.*—The rest of her seed. Represented by—Earthly Israel.

i. The call to membership of the Bride is found in *Isa. liv* and *lv.*, in *Psalms xiv. 10*, and indeed throughout the Old Testament and overlapping into the New Testament. It is necessary that each dispensation should infringe upon and overlap the other, in order that the change may be gradually brought about. This overlapping period is called "the consummation of the age" (*Gk.*), and thus in the Epistle to the Hebrews (*Lx. 26*) Christ is said to have been manifested

TO PUT AWAY SIN

in the consummation of the ages, that is, in the period which consummated the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations and inaugurated the Christian dispensations.

The latter dispensation could not be fully introduced until the Jewish was completely consummated, which was not accomplished while the Jews had a temple and a ritual, and held together as a nation. So that all through the *Acts* we find that the Jews as a nation are exhorted to receive

JESUS AS THEIR MESSIAH

and, moreover, we find all the Apostles, even Paul himself, practising the Mosaic ritual, which is not necessary now, to the salvation of either Jew or Gentile; for, according to the Pauline Gospel, all distinctions of nationality are abolished, so that in Christ "there can be neither Jew nor Greek" (*Gal. iii. 28*).

But during the overlapping period the Gospel was preached to the House of Israel, to the exclusion of all Gentiles (*Matt. x. 5, 6; xv. 24*); next it was extended to the Samaritans, then to proselytes (*Acts viii. 5* and *x. 45*). But it will be seen that throughout the *Acts of the Apostles*, Christianity

WAS NOT ENTIRELY SEPARATED

from Judaism, but esteemed a Jewish sect (*Acts xxiv. 5*, and *xxviii. 22*). Thus there were daily services in the temple (*Luke xxiv. 53; Acts ii. 46* and *iii. 3*) which could not have been unless they still adhered in part to Judaism, in accordance with the will of God during the overlapping period (*Acts v. 20*). And in *Acts xviii. 18*, we find that the Apostle Paul had shorn his head at Cenchrea having a vow, which act would be in obedience to Mosaic ritual, and later still (*Acts xxi. 26*) we find him purifying himself in the Temple in accordance with the Mosaic Law.

The Book of *Acts*, therefore, is the history of a transition period gradually leading up to the introduction of

A PURE CHRISTIANITY

totally unmixed with Judaism. The relationship of the Christian Church to the Hebrew is symbolised as mother and son. (*Rev. xii.*) The two Churches are typified in the old Testament by Sarah and Isaac. Sarah (the Hebrew Church) was for a long time barren, but at last brought forth a son, Isaac (the Church of this dispensation), for we are "children of the free woman"; children of promise, as Isaac was (*Gal. iii. 27—31*). These two churches have since existed side by side. For we see the Mother Church represented by those who do not follow on to know the

BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.

Since they do not experience union with the glorified Christ, which is the call of this dispensation, they are in a great measure barren and lacking spiritual power; are putting consecration and indefinite waiting on God, in the place of deliverance from indwelling sin. Only those, however, who have the eyes of

THEIR HEART ENLIGHTENED

to know "what is the dispensation of the mystery which from all ages hath been hid in God," who have Christ in them, the hope of glory, can know and stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free (*Gal. v. 1*).

2. In confirmation of the foregoing it will be found that everywhere in the Old Testament the Church is always addressed as a woman but in the Pauline Epistles the Church, which is Christ's Body, is represented as a man (*Eph. iv. 13*; *Gal. iv. 28*). The Church is named the Body of Christ (*Eph. i. 22*; *III. 6*; *IV. 12*). The only means of becoming members of that Body is the Baptism of the Spirit (*Cor. XII. 13*).

The Baptism of the Spirit, baptising us into one body, is

THE PECULIAR PRIVILEGE

of this dispensation (*John VII. 39*). It is clear, therefore, that those who do not acknowledge and receive by faith this baptism, are living spiritually under the old dispensation; not having received the promise (*Heb. XI. 40*). These constitute the Church symbolized by the woman in *Rev. XII.*, who will be left on earth when the Church, represented by her son, the manchild, is caught up to God and to his throne. (*Rev. XII. 5*). But "God is no respecter of persons," and any believer who is willing to

COMPLY WITH THE CONDITIONS

of *Rom. XII. 1*, to present his body "a living sacrifice," can enter in the race for "the prize of the high calling" (*1 Cor. ix. 24*).

3. It is characteristic of the millennium that "a nation shall be born in a day." Not one nation only, but all the nations shall be saved. For God will destroy "the veil" that is now "spread over all nations" (*Isa. xxv. 7*). The Christ, Head and Body, shall rule all nations with a rod of iron (*Rev. II. 26*, *XII. 5*). All nations shall

SERVE AND OBEY HIM

(*Psa. LXXI. 11, 17*; *LXXXII. 8*). Israel shall be at the head of all the earthly nations (*Micah v. 8*; *Isa. II. 3*). Jerusalem shall be the metropolis of the world and "the camp of the saints, the beloved city" (*Rev. xx. 7, 18*).

The nations are mentioned twenty-two times in *Revelation* as pre-millennial, millennial, and post-millennial. The saved nations during the millennium walk in the light of the New Jerusalem, the Bride, the Lamb's wife (*Rev. xxi. 9, 24*). The whole earth shall finally become as the Garden of Eden, and

DEATH SHALL BE ABOLISHED,

even from the earth (*Rev. xxi. 4*); for there shall be a new heaven and a new earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness," and God in very deed shall dwell with men upon the earth (*Psa. LXXXVI. 9*; *Isa. II. 2*; *Psa. LXXXII. 8*; *Dan. VII. 14*).

POWER.

FREDERIC W. BURRY, F.L.L.C.

To have Personal Power in a marked degree, to have a strong Character, means far more than may appear at first.

With most people, it is the Materials that count principally, the Things. These objective aids for one's consciousness are given an undue place of eminence, their value over-rated, and there is a good deal of illusion concerning the pleasure and profit they seem to give.

It is overlooked that joy is altogether a matter of consciousness, a condition of the nerves, and that wealth is simply the recognition of personal Power.

Now if we can gain these desirable states of sensation without the roundabout and tedious process of accumulating tools and materials, it is easily seen that this actually makes a short cut to success, one reaching celestial realms by a quick route.

It is not always realized how true and consequent is the assertion that a law of Compensation governs all. We do not at all times realize that there is sure to be a reward for our pains. Therefore we grumble and find fault and make ourselves tiresome to people around us—generating a murky atmosphere, sending forth gloom, casting shadows around.

But the world goes spinning along, and the life within presses out in increased manifestation. With all our perversion of ignorance, we unfold. We grow in spite of ourselves.

The geniuses of history have valued Power above all things. Think of Julius Caesar, who marched to victory everywhere, discovering and founding in his way new civilizations. Or Alexander, whose youthful passions were ever for "worlds of conquest." And Napoleon, who would make laws and circumstances to suit himself. Michel Angelo transforms a piece of canvas into an eternal dream of art and glory. Shakespeare incarnating ideas into immortal words. The masters among the musicians giving vent to their inspirations by means of the language of tone-colors. And the great modern geniuses, with glimpses of the Cosmic Consciousness, interpreting in a measure the Universe, the Infinite, bringing together all the fragments of sensation into a complete Unit, complementing the five senses with a sixth, lifting a veil from life's mysteries.

We of the New Thought are working for the Future. We are perforce prophets and seers and dreamers. The things around us fail to please us. They do not touch the right spot in our consciousness. Our nerve centres are changing their location. And so we want a new life, new conditions, new worlds of material and phenomena, a new order of creation, to satisfy the unfolding new plexi of nerves,—the new functions, even organs, born of the new thought,—an entire new environment suited to the New Man and New Woman!

Not that we are merely discontented. We can take all the world as to offer us, and be grateful, but we want more,—and that More we know we can create.

Therefore we are living and working for the Future. That mysterious land of the Beyond which in a strange manner is evolved from the ever-involved NOW. The Present is the Shrine of the Future. Tomorrow is contained inside Today. Time is born out of the womb of Eternity. Coming Events cast their shadows before, for the plain reason that it is the Before which shelters the Beyond.

One seed-germ contains the potency of a multitude of organisms. The Material comes forth from the Mental. See the wisdom of getting where the real source of Power resides. Of checking in yourself that habit, born of the race's ignorance, of searching among the extraneous for means of happiness.

To search Without is to confess your Weakness. Perhaps you think this does not matter. Possibly you imagine that to have lots of money, so that you can buy anything, and everything, all the work done for you, is to possess Bliss itself. Aside from the fact that disasters and troubles and worries come both to the rich and the poor, it is palpably evident that to be delivered from exercise is only to have the capacity of consciousness benumbed or even dormant. And then not to be capable of sensing the enjoyment is clearly equivalent to not possessing the means of enjoyment.

Here are not pious platitudes, unless you choose to interpret this kind of talk in that way.

If you want Success, in the largest and fullest meaning of the word, including as it does Health, Wealth, Wisdom, Spiritual Consciousness,—you have got to value above all else the sense of Personal Power.

You have got to keep your eyes centered on this, the actual Kingdom of Heaven, within, which truly once sought, attracts all other things to the seeker. Here is scientific law, as well as religious sermonizing.

As a general rule, be it said that Power does not come to one unless he has been driven to put entire Trust in Self. Friends and Belongings either voluntarily or involuntarily shed from one's society, props taken away or cast aside, dangers faced, problems promptly tackled; here are steps leading direct to the throne of POWER.

This Article is for those who think that Power is worth while. Who have found by experience that it is not a question of some coins jingling in one's pocket, or the good opinion of others, or certain religious formulæ, or social conventions, or even paltry private convictions that COUNT. Not at all. These things are somehow connected with Fear. And it is Faith that is required; to shake loose from all sorts of clogs of custom, whatsoever,—to be yourself, at any cost.

This is Freedom. Here is Power. Generated at once in the Battery of the Brain, new live Cells taking the place of dead ones, more circulation, the debris cast out,—the good germs, the disease scavengers, shoveling out the refuse of long clogged-up material, fast and furious, in spite of the battling fires of changing emotion, the fearsome doubts that flicker across the mind,—as the new consciousness of Life, of Self, of Power, is conceived and born.

O, to be delivered from the fears, veritable physical bacteria that hurt so!

Get Power; and you are delivered.

Are they not worth while, then, the annoyances, the difficulties?—perhaps by these you have learned the most—when they waken you up, and bring you to your Self. You would never have any Power unless you were forced to feel and think. If you were merely made comfortable, the result would inevitably be inertia or practical annihilation of consciousness.

• A scientist never talks about ingratitude, knows no hate, values evil as much as good; he has a convenient memory and conscience—and manufactures his code of morals to suit himself, changing the same day by day. He makes his own commandments, writes his own scriptures,—worships his own god, which is his Ideal. He is not embarrassed by being proved inconsistent, on the contrary rather priding himself on this. His Truth is something relative instead of absolute; of elastic, not cast-iron calibre. He believes in founding his faith upon Rocks; but he also knows that even rocks are pliable materials, and that in his Will there resides when necessary the blasting Power of spiritual dynamite. He realizes above all the value of Change. He has a kaleidoscopic creed.

Are you conscious of what you miss, by blindly following in the train of custom? You eat the prescribed number of meals, with the prescribed courses; you sleep the prescribed number of hours; you are hungry and sleepy according to the "laws of nature,"—and these let me tell you are the crystallized habits of our ancestry, the dead ones.

We are making new "laws" today. We are given birth to something of our Power—Conscious Power—the past represents, comparatively speaking, Unconscious Power, Negative Power.

Let us have more Positive Power.

Here is an attractive element. THINGS are drawn to one by a Mental Attitude of POWER. For you do need some tools and materials, and now that you have learned to DO something without them, you shall have them drawn to you, that you may now go forth and do MORE.

You will then be able to economize—making the most of Energy. Wonderful conditions are to be born by the man who has discovered first of all the secret of Power within, making some use of the same, and then uniting himself with the Power without, for still larger concerns.

You have then always your conditions to be thankful for. The main thing is to take hold of every condition as a lesson and an opportunity. You will then be brought in touch with all varieties of life. And will it not be fine to so be an interpreter of all classes of character? Will it not be great to have the capacity of feeling every side of nature? This is the Cosmic Consciousness—the state of ecstasy and life immortal.

Over in the East, the mystics spend long years in silence and meditation. This is the way they learn the lesson of overcoming, and the strengthening of the will. Some of us of the West have more strenuous experiences thrust upon us. We are educated in the art of conquest of times by Noise rather than Silence; we are brought face to face with Self by having all else torn from us.

There are two ways of finding Self. One by Contemplation. The other by Experience. One by retiring from the world. The other by living and acting in the world. And they lead to different phases of a Cosmic Consciousness. The eastern ideal is the absorption of the Self in the All. The western tends rather to increased Individuality and Manifestation, to the Incarnation of the All in Self.

There is something truly beautiful in Work, even in having to go without things or results for awhile, to lose oneself in a Task, to be devoted to Labor,—there is joy in just being a Creator. But only when you Know It. To one who works unwillingly, who looks upon it as a curse, who takes the attitude of a mere medium or agent or creature,—then work is very unhappy. It's all in the Mental Attitude.

But you must be free before you can anoint Labor with the oil of Benediction. And the only way to be free is to think yourself free. You can think yourself in or out of any condition. For strong thought kapels to action.

Here are some truisms presented to you in a new light. It is all very well to say that "we knew it all before," and that there is no "new thought" under the sun.

But the thing is that we are now commencing to turn into practice the brave ideals of the old philosophers. Wisdom is becoming a Power among the Masses, instead of a thing read and talked about by a few intellectual aristocrats. Power has gone out into the world, through the New Thought,—the New Consciousness awakening in the race. We are filled with the thought of Conquest; and actually court the same conditions that used to make us tremble when they approached us. We are learning to be Unafraid. Because we are unfolding Self-knowledge. Each in his own way, by taking faithful note of his educational experience.

Power is there enshrined in your great sea of sub-conscious Memory; currents to be brought to the front of objective consciousness, as you make yourself strong enough to handle them—more and more by degrees,—stronger and stronger.

Power is locked up in your mental nature, this is your real hidden self,—to be disclosed to you, as you give some testimony to its existence in you. Recognize the Will, and it instantly becomes active.

The lightning of electricity has all the time been there; but only lately have we harnessed it for service.

Men have acted the part of cravens; they have fallen down and worshipped the forces of nature, which are but potential material for man's service.

And now we are also putting reins on the steeds of Power native to our bodies, increasing the voltage of the infinite magnetism that is the life and substance of the personality.

There has been a legend that the universe was "made" and done with some time ago. Since then nothing has been "created." But, lo, a new creation is taking place. Science is transforming things. Infinite Power is active out in the world.

And it is all born, this new renaissance of actual creativeness, from Human Thought. From the Brains of Men.

And You and I are each to do Something,—a Share.

It is glorious. To Create. To exercise Power. To Work. To Express.

To be a Genius. To be a Master. TO BE A POWER.

THE BUSINESS HEAD OF THE FUTURE.

J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., PHRENOLOGIST, BRIGHTON.

HEADS have changed remarkably during the last quarter of a century. There are reasons for this alteration. Compulsory education has had much to do in bringing it about. The advancement of education is materially affecting business men and women. It is developing the mental powers, and is at the root of progression. With these enhanced mental developments man's moral conduct, tastes, and intelligence are changing. This is observable in the rising generation and in the professions, but it is shown most markedly in progressive business persons.

Physical force and greed, avarice, craft, and cunning, and ultra-practical mental qualities have in the past been the chief requirements in successful business persons, but never again will these qualities suffice to command success. Thought and intelligence, keen character-discernment, creative ability, resourcefulness, honesty and sincerity are now more important characteristics for business success, and heads are rapidly altering to fit in with these new requirements.

So long as the general status of intelligence was not so far advanced as at the present time the wide-headed ultra-practical business man held sway and command. He practically carried everything before him in his eager quest for gold and crude popularity and in acquiring means for gratifying his abnormal appetites and pleasures. He ignored ideal conditions and made light of all human sentiment; and the very essence of things intellectual and of the highest utility had escaped his notice, or he never fully comprehended them. This type of man has skinned and ransacked the whole surface of the earth in his money-getting.

This organiser of the merely physical forces has about come to the end of his tether. After exhausting most of the physical means of money making, he is now seeking the person whom at one time he looked upon as a sentimental ignoramus. He feels the need of his ideas; which to-day have become a practical commodity. Who are these persons with ideas, imagination and creative genius? What is the shape of their heads? Very different, let me tell you, from the hard-headed, sternly practical business man of commanding capacity who has dominated in the past.

There is more in the expression "he is a long-headed fellow," than has generally been attributed to it. The person who will hold the reins of command in the future will be the long-headed person. He is fast surpassing the wide-headed individual. The reason is that he carries with

him more thought and intelligence, more originality, mental resourcefulness, and ingratiating capacity.

There is more in the shape of the head than in its size. We may often see a man with a large head doing nothing of importance—the poor quality of his brain, and its being unfavourably shaped, may account for this; whilst others with only average or even small heads, but well-developed in some particular part, may manifest uncommon ability, and with diligence and perseverance rise to distinction by concentrating the whole force of their nature on the particular thing for which they are specially gifted.

The size of the head, other things being equal, is a measure of power. The circumferential measurement of the head of a man possessing full average intelligence, whose frontal lobes are proportionately well developed, is about 22 inches. Women having generally a superior quality of brain to that of men, are from $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 inch less. Persons possessing heads of this size, or even less, if the quality of organisation is good and there is a favourable balance of the mental organs, are capable of much success. Though there may be some degree of aptitude, smartness, or even brilliancy, in some direction, we cannot expect great mental powers to be manifested by those whose heads measure less than 20 or 21 inches. Nineteen inches in an adult usually represents a weak, incapable character, while heads of 18 inches and below are, as a rule, decidedly idiotic and entirely lacking in brain capacity.

The best literary types of head that I have examined vary from a little under 22 to $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Beyond this measurement and up to $24\frac{1}{2}$ inches, we find men of powerful intellects. Seldom do we find heads in a healthy state larger than that. When beyond 25 inches, we begin to look for hydrocephalic tendencies.

The circumference of M. Paderewski's head is $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches; that of Kubelik is $22\frac{1}{2}$; Mark Hambourg, $23\frac{1}{2}$; George Robey, $23\frac{1}{2}$; Harry Lauder, $23\frac{1}{2}$ (and his is one of the longest heads I have examined); Robert Blatchford, $23\frac{1}{2}$; Sir Robertson Nicoll, $23\frac{1}{2}$; the late Mr. Wilson Barret, 24; Sir George Alexander, 24; Sir Hiram Maxim, 24 inches; Sir Ernest Shackleton, $22\frac{1}{2}$; Dr. Russell Wakefield, Bishop of Birmingham, $23\frac{1}{2}$; Dr. Clifford, $23\frac{1}{2}$; Henniker Heaton, $24\frac{1}{2}$; Prince Ranjitsinhji, now the Jam of Bawanagar, 22; C. B. Fry, $22\frac{1}{2}$; the late Dr. Joseph Parker, $24\frac{1}{2}$; the late William T. Stead, $23\frac{1}{2}$; the Rev. R. J. Campbell, $22\frac{1}{2}$ —though I dare say Mr. Campbell's, Ranjitsinhji's and C. B. Fry's are larger now than when I examined them twelve years ago.

Physical culture is now-a-days apt to be overdone. A reasonable amount of it is good: but athletes who devote themselves almost wholly to the development of the physical constitution do so at a sacrifice of brain development. I have observed this from examining the heads of a number of leading cricketers and athletes. Their heads average less than men of recognised literary abilities. All monotonous, physical and factory occupations tend to have a retarding influence on mental growth. The brainy man cannot afford to indulge too freely in physical exercise, or physically laborious occupations; though plenty of fresh air and country walks are good for him.

Heads that succeed in business, and in manufacture and mechanism are usually large, wide about the ears and forward, with large perceptives; broad though not always a high forehead; and rather strong domestic and social qualities. Persons with heads of this kind may become good builders, contractors, mechanical engineers, merchants, farmers, stock-raisers, business managers, or do well in other occupations requiring energy, force of character, constructive ability, planning capacity and practical judgment.

Heads that succeed in educational, literary, scientific, analytical and artistic pursuits are more generally long, proportionately narrow and high, with a good development forward of the ears; and the middle line from the root of the nose upwards and extending over the top-head should be well defined. The reflective and reasoning organs should be well-developed, likewise the perceptives, also the upper part of the side-head in the regions of ideality, imitation and sublimity. The extent of success even then will depend on the amount of energy, force of character, and perseverance the individual is disposed to put forth.

The future successful business person's head will show a combination of both these descriptions—being long and high, and especially well developed in the frontal lobes of the brain endowing him with large organs of observation, well-developed reasoning powers, causality, comparison, human nature, ideality, constructiveness, adaptability, and a good moral development.

He will need a superior education and training, far better than has served in the past, and a combination of literary and artistic gifts, in addition to practical judgment and business organising abilities. He must be cautious, tactful, not too secretive, or it will detract from his sincerity and the good impression which he must create in dealing with his fellows. He will need ambition, dignity, confidence, conscientiousness and sympathy. A natural endowment of these qualities will give a fair height and width to the forehead and to the upper part of the back-head at the crown. He will need hope to give enterprise, enthusiasm and reasonable speculation; and friendship and agreeableness to give him an adaptable, ingratiating disposition, without being unduly obsequious. But above all, he will need to be a man of ideas, imagination, mental resourcefulness and creative capacity; and particularly a keen student of human nature and character, with ability to act on his own initiative.

Sir Thomas Lipton, Mr. H. Gordon Selfridge, Sir Joseph Lyons and Lord Northcliff, possess heads which may be accounted somewhat ideal, though extreme, types of the class of business men who will lead in the future.

HUMAN EFFICIENCY IN BUSINESS.

Is there a Psychological Standard by which
We can judge Human Efficiency?

JESSIE ALLEN FOWLER.

Vice-President of the American Institute of Phrenology.

Business men tell us that the great problem which confronts them to-day is the sizing up of men and placing them where they belong.

Many business firms have expressed to us a desire to re-adjust the work of their employes, in order to obtain better results.

Of course, their aim is to find a suitable standard which will enable them to select efficient employes to fill their high salaried positions.

If we can measure a man's mental value by some practical standard, we can readily see how immensely useful such a method will become—especially as man is the most complete mechanism in the world.

There are business systems for nearly every kind of equipment, but Man seems to be the last animal of which we make a study. Is it a wonder, therefore, that so many men miss their proper calling, when the educational system of to-day does not thoroughly endorse the possibilities of the children and guide them into the right channels.

The only system that can be worked out in a serviceable way for business men is the one that gauges the dominant factors of the mind in each individual case.

All classes of men—like Mechanics, Engineers, Artists, Architects, Book-keepers, Engravers, Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers, and Advertising Agents, as well as Managers, Superintendents, Buyers, Salesmen, Accountants, etc.—have certain factors which single them out as being capable of "making good" in each of the distinct lines of work in which they engage; just as the tiles of a pavement have a certain pattern of design which can be repeated over and over again. It is just so in human agencies that a person can judge with approximate accuracy in what class an employe should be placed.

Men Who Are Sought.

Executive men with active personalities are wanted in every business to-day, and such men will be found to have a high percentage of mental capability in a line of sense discrimination, organizing ability and practical judgment; and they must be alert, receptive and masterful. They must, in other words, have some powers uncommonly high or active in the scale of human values, and other powers only average in development. Every business manager imagines that he can "size up" the man he wants, and if he knew just how to judge of efficiency, he would more easily find what he desired. A Chart of Human Values is what he requires to guide him in selecting his men.

Very often a desirable clerk is dismissed because he is not rightly classed, while if he were properly understood and placed in a position for which he was adapted, he would be of double value to his Firm.

A man's business efficiency can be gauged, if an outline of his averages can be obtained; and it is a great art to handle men in such a way as to win both their trade and their friendship. There are as yet too few well-qualified people to fill superior positions, and too many to fill subordinate ones. As the demand becomes greater for the former, however, men will qualify themselves with care for such positions, as efficiency can be obtained only by a rigid self-examination and an aiming at ideals and standards, so that defects can be obliterated and the high-water mark reached.

All men seeking high salaries find it necessary, in these days of classified labor, to inform themselves as to their psychological fitness and preparation for their ideal work, and every business executive is recognizing the fact that he must know his fellow-men and classify each according to his temperament, type and mental qualities, in order to find the men he wants.

To do this, every Superintendent needs a simple, scientific and practical system by which he can estimate the efficiency of every individual person in his employ, to block out the work that is adapted to each, and on the other hand to select the right man for the work he wants accomplished.

It is quite possible to find out fifty or seventy-five per cent. of a person's qualifications, but the other twenty-five per cent. is often a total blank, an engima or a puzzle; and in that twenty-five per cent. may be the dominant factor of the man's character, and it is this that is the all-important point to consider.

Efficiency to-day has to be special; for a Window-Dresser, who has artistic sense, possesses a very different equipment from the Salesman, who has pleasing manners, fluency of speech, and a knowledge of human nature.

Efficiency also has to be measured man by man, although if fifty men are required to do one kind of mechanical work they must all be equally proficient and have the same kind of equipment.

We believe that it is possible to arrange a System of Human Values in such a simplified way that a Business Executive can understand the requirements of persons for certain graded work.

(To be continued.)

THE ENCHANTED NECKLACE.

My father was an officer in the British Army, my mother an Italian lady. The latter dying a few months after my birth, and my father's regiment about the same time ordered off to India, I was taken in charge by my paternal grandmother, living on her estate in Somersetshire. In this sheltered seclusion I remained for eighteen years, when my grandmother died suddenly of heart disease, and I was sent out to India under the care of a minister's wife who had been home on a visit.

I was a slip of a girl, with a paucity of worldly experience which made me appear pathetically child-like. Physically and mentally I had been about equally endowed by both parents, and, in consequence, was made up of strange contradictions and startling contrasts. My golden-brown hair and fair complexion inherited from my father accentuated my classic features and large dark eyes, which came from my mother; while my impulsive warm-hearted Italian temperament was modified by a thin stratum of English reserve, making my moods as variable as the wind, which bloweth where it listeth. They gave to my manners a hint of fickleness, more apparent than real.

I had never seen my father nor his family, and felt fully what I was, a stranger in a strange land, my heart torn and bleeding from the wrench given it at parting from all I knew or loved. I stood on deck like one

spell-bound, when I felt myself encircled by a pair of strong arms, while a deep, sonorous voice was saying in my ear: "My daughter welcome to India," and, swinging round, I beheld my father, a middle-aged, soldierly man, with iron gray side-whiskers and a sun-tanned visage.

He conducted me to his victoria (the only familiar-looking object I saw, and even this had native coachman and footman) and we were bowled rapidly along the smooth streets, whose quaint scenes, with kaleidoscopic change, flashed past us, out into the suburbs, along a line of Parsee residences, with their white walls and brilliant flower-beds, up on Malabar Hill, where my father's bungalow sat in a grove of tamarind trees, some distance from the road.

On the low, vine-draped verandah stood my stepmother, with her children, waiting to welcome me. She was a wasted-out-looking little woman, indolent and amiable, evidently a victim to the enervating climate, and her three children—all girls, and aged respectively nine, six and three—bore a striking resemblance to her.

Her greeting was not lacking in cordiality, but the little ones drew back in round-eyed wonder, regarding me as though I were some strange animal. The look on their faces brought a sob to my throat, and oppressed me with a feeling of intrusion and superfluity. It seemed impossible for me to take the stamp of my new environment and adjust myself to an insignificant rôle—I, who had been all my life the central figure and spoiled darling of my grandmother's household.

I lived exclusively on fruits and boiled eggs—for palate and stomach alike rebelled at the curried dishes, which at first I vainly essayed to eat, with the tears streaming down my cheeks, to the no small amusement of the children and disgust of the servants, who regarded as a personal insult my inability to appreciate the native cuisine.

From the soft-voiced ayah, who had charge of the nursery, down through the different grades to the old punkah-puller, squatting all day in the basement, and jerking the cord which kept in motion the fans about the house, I was made to feel an alien.

Like the Queen of Sheba before King Solomon, there was no more spirit in me.

"Send me a cobra stone by Bentley. He is ill, and is coming home on furlough," my school chum, Caroline Rochester, had said, as she kissed me good-bye at parting.

Bentley was her brother—a captain in the cavalry. On the third day after my arrival I was sitting on the matting-covered floor of the library with Dorothea, the youngest child, who evinced a growing fondness for me. We were playing with her three Persian kittens, curled up on my lap like fluffy white pompons, when Captain Rochester was announced.

He was six-and-twenty (I had learned this from Caroline), tall and slender, with languid, thoroughbred, nonchalant manners, very white teeth, chestnut hair and earnest gray eyes fringed with dark lashes; but he was too emaciated to be even moderately good-looking.

I suppose it was our unconventional introduction and his relationship to Caroline that took away the constraint of a first meeting.

Besides, he had been in India but a few months, and his easy reference to people and places that I knew was like a balm to my aching heart. I was soon pabbling to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, while Dorothea and the kittens climbed about over our knees. "Have you ever taken the walk through the woods to the beach?" he asked when he had exhausted home topics.

"No," I replied, all my discontent surging back, "I have never left the house since I entered it. I am afraid."

"Afraid? Why, what are you afraid of?" he queried, with an amused look on his face.

"Tigers and lions and snakes, and—and—everything." The ready tears sprang to my eyes as I continued, hotly: "Oh, I hate this country! I shall never, never feel at home here!"

"What a child you are!—not much older than Dollie," said he, softly, as he leaned over to pull her tip-tilted nose. "Why, there's no more danger of wild animals in this part of India than there is in England—a few snakes, perhaps, but they are timid and keep out of the way. You will feel differently when the strangeness of it all wears off." Pressing my hand encouragingly as he rose to go, he added, "But you must get out, where you will see many things to divert you."

In compliance with Captain Rochester's suggestion, I asked permission of my stepmother to drive into the city the next day, shopping. She readily consented upon condition that I would excuse her from going, and take the ayah and Dorothea instead, adding, as an afterthought, that I must be careful to avoid exposure to the sun, as it would be apt to bring on fever.

As soon as tiffin was over we started. The top of the victoria was thrown back, for the sun shone fitfully, and clouds looming up from the ocean horizon portended rain.

We drove through the copper bazaar, but when we came to the flight of stone steps leading down to the ancient town we abandoned the carriage and proceeded on foot, pausing often to inspect the novelties that met us at every turn.

Just as we left a Chinese shop, with its pervasive odors, and were shaking our heads discouragingly at the almond-eyed Celestial standing bowing before us, and repeating, persuasively; "Wantee anything aday?" a sudden shower poured down. We scurried into the next door, where copper and brass vases, jars and bowls were piled in artistic confusion.

Hearing a laughing ejaculation, I looked round, and my heart gave a leap which sent the blood to my neck and face, as I saw Captain Rochester standing in the room shaking the raindrops from his hat. "I learned from your *gari-wala* that you were in the town, and just caught a glimpse of you as you vanished in here," he exclaimed, taking my hand and kissing Dorothea.

Just then, remembering Caroline's request for a cobra stone, I asked our host if he could supply one. He hobbled to his feet with an alacrity which I should have thought impossible to one of his cumbersome dignity and disappeared into an inner room. Hastily returning, he placed before

me a small lacquer box, and with folded arms stood watching me keenly. But the ayah had thrown herself on her knees at my side, and with rolling eyes and trembling voice implored: "Don't buy 'em, missus, don't buy 'em. They devil-stones, and bring bad luck," and she tried to take the box from me.

"They will not harm me. I am not superstitious," I said defiantly, shaking off her detaining hand, and, opening the lid, I saw several small yellow, semi-transparent pebbles, oval in shape, with flattened sides, lying imbedded in a nest of cotton.

"Is it true that the cobra-de-capello carries these stones in its mouth?" I asked of Captain Rochester, who was teasing Dollie.

"Yes," he replied, as he picked up the largest stone, and turning it idly in his hand, continued, dreamily: "If tested by psychomancy, what tales of horror these innocent looking pebbles might reveal of the jungle and death!" He laughingly placed it against my brow, at which the ayah uttered a piercing shriek, and, seizing Dorothea in her arms, rushed to the door, and even I drew back with a feeling of awe. Recovering myself by an effort, I pushed the box out of reach and persisted, deeply interested: "Tell me all about them. Of what use are they to the snake?"

"The most rational theory, I think," he said, absently twirling his moustache, "is that the cobras use them as decoys. The stone is a rare variety of fluo-spar, found in dry river-beds. It emits in the dark—especially when previously warmed—a greenish, phosphorescent light. Now the cobra has a peculiar fondness for a diet of fire-flies, and by coiling itself in the grass with the *naga-kallu* near, the fire-flies swarm round it in numbers, being easily deceived by its resemblance to the glow-worm, which, you know, is the female of the fire-fly, but crawls upon the ground, having only rudimentary wings. In this way the cobra obtains an easy supply of food and will defend the stone with its life."

"But why is the ayah so afraid of them?" I asked, looking to where she stood with an ashen face, muttering rapidly to herself in Hindustance.

"Oh, the natives have a superstition that their light comes from the spirit of those the cobra has killed, and that it grows dim if not supplied with fresh victims, which is an easy task, since there is no known antidote to the bite of the cobra."

"What a dreadful country to live in!" I said, with a shudder, as he extended his hand to assist me to my feet.

I paid thirty rupees for three of the largest stones, and we crossed the street to a jeweller's, who agreed to polish and attach them as pendants to a delicate filigree necklace of silver, which I selected.

The sun was setting when we reached the victoria, and Captain Rochester, taking the seat at my side, with Dorothea on his knee, ordered the *gari-wala* to drive to the fort, that we might hear the band play. My eyes welled over with tears when the soft strains of "Annie Laurie" throbbed and swelled on the pulsing air.

"This looks like a bad case of home sickness," said Captain Rochester, with sympathetic inflections of voice, as he laid his hand an instant tenderly over mine, behind Dollie's little plump back, and out of range of the ayah's sharp eyes and, though my tears continued to flow, I do not think they were those of sadness. At the park gate Captain Rochester mounted his horse, which the groom was leading, and rode back to the city.

The following day the necklace was delivered and I was fascinated by its quaintness. Half an hour before dinner I clasped it about my neck, and went into the library to write to Caroline an account of it. My father sat reading his paper, while Mildred, the second child, played with her blocks on the floor. From some indefinable cause, I suddenly raised my eyes, and found my father intently regarding me.

"Your mother was a very beautiful woman, my dear, and you are strikingly like her," he said, feelingly. "Won't you come and sit by me?" There was an expression on his face which I had never seen before, and his eyes were full of retrospection.

"Ah, first love is strongest and best after all," sang my happy heart, as I hastened to him; but Mildred, pert and officious as usual, anticipated me by throwing herself in his arms, and, while she motioned me away, showered kisses on his face, crying:

"He is my papa! He is my papa!"

I returned to the desk—my father resumed his paper and mask of reserve, and never again was it lifted between us. After dark we sat on the gallery, when the *naga-kallu*, warmed by my neck, gave forth a lovely light, which terrified the servants, who all shared the ayah's belief in its sinister omen.

When I went to my room, I laid the necklace on my dressing-table and stood threading my white fingers through the meshes of my golden hair, as I gazed at myself in the mirror, with my father's words in my mind. Perhaps I was really beautiful. It seemed to me that I looked different from the girl I had been in England. A new feeling had certainly come over me, but I did not wish nor attempt to analyze it. That night my sleep was fitful and disturbed, and, half-waking, half-dreaming, I heard gliding noises about my room, with the faint, resonant click of metal. When the ayah came in the morning to bring my little cup of black Mocha coffee, she found me up and dressed, instead of asleep, as usual.

I did not think of my necklace until after breakfast, and then when I went to look for it, it was nowhere to be found. Sadi, the young Hindoo man who did the chamber-work, when questioned, denied most earnestly having seen it, which, however, failed to convince the *consarmi* of his innocence, judging from the sound of blows and yells which afterward proceeded from the stable-yard. My father employed a native detective, who assured him that the necklace would be restored in a short time.

Three weeks had waxed and waned since I reached India, and during the time I had seen Captain Rochester almost daily. But the easy

familiarity of our intercourse was succeeded by a certain constraint, which jarred like a discord; and often, when I suddenly raised my eyes, I found his fixed upon me with melancholy intentness. For four days his visits had been discontinued altogether, without any assignable cause, and I grew restless and miserable. Next week he would leave for England, and might bring back a wife on his return. I was too much of a child, too undisciplined, to dissemble. When I was hurt I cried out like any other savage.

In a heedless, desultory way I strolled through the park out into the dusty road. How funereal the passing back-topped *sheegrams*! How suffocating the air! I hurried on toward the beach, when, turning a sharp curve, where the road hugged the bank, as though dizzy at the precipitous depths below, I saw Captain Rochester coming toward me, his head bent down, and flicking the pebbles out of his path with a small cane. Returning health was transforming him into a remarkably handsome man. He had not seen me, and I would not force my company upon him. With my heart beating like a sledge-hammer I stepped behind a rock for concealment, when a large lizard darted across my feet, and I sprang back. I bit my lips in chagrin at my cowardice, but the action was unconscious and automatic. In an instant he was at my side, holding my hands with such a glad, happy look in his honest gray eyes.

"Where are you wandering to, all by yourself?" he asked, retaining my hands.

"Oh, I started out for a little stroll, but that nasty lizard has frightened me so that I believe I'll turn back," I said, petulantly.

"Those lizards look formidable, but are harmless," he replied, smiling at my vehemence, as he poked about in the leaves until it ran away.

Still I stood irresolute, for I was suddenly confronted with the fear that, if I went home, he could do nothing less than accompany me, and thus I should make his visit compulsory.

"Let us sit here awhile," he said, selecting for me a smooth stone, and seating himself on a gnarled root by my side. A soft breeze was blowing from direction of my home. I turned my face toward it, and held out my arms longingly.

"Do you love England so much?" he asked, softly, while the troubled look came back to his eyes.

"I would give my life to return to it," I answered, choking back a sob.

"And do you think you will never grow reconciled to India?" he queried, gently.

"I would not live here if I had a choice in the matter—not if you made me empress of the whole country," I answered, with an aggressive tilt of the chin. The consciousness that I was appearing at a disadvantage added to my irritation, and made me say things that went like dagger thrusts to my own heart.

"As this is your father's home, your only chance of escape is to marry some man who can take you away," he said, as though thinking aloud.

"Yes," I responded, recklessly, driven to bay his cool assumption of such a possibility. "Yes, I would marry an ogre to escape from this country."

Then he rose, and we walked slowly through the gathering twilight, the moon appearing like a fairy boat in a luminous archipelago of stars.

"Ah, what a large and brilliant glow-worm!" I exclaimed, pointing to the dark shadow of a date tree standing in front of the bungalow. "After what you have told me about them, I must certainly examine it," and I started on a run to the spot, when, with a cry of horror, Captain Rochester seized me in his arms and bore me back to a young palm. He put me on my feet, and leaned tremblingly against its slender stem.

"What is it? What is the matter?" I screamed, clinging to him, for he still kept his arm about my waist, and strained me to him with a pressure that was painful.

"There! There!" he gasped, with his eyes fixed on the date tree. "Oh, my darling, you were walking straight into the jaws of death!"

"Where? How?" I faltered.

"That is no glow-worm, little one. It is a *naga-kallu*, and the cobra is not far distant. See, its light is continuous, and that of the glow-worm is intermittent. My God! what an escape you have had! And overcome by his emotions, he folded me to his heart, kissing passionately my lips and eyes. "Ah, you will dislike India more than ever now!" he said, this thought ever prominent in his mind.

But I was wildly, deliriously happy, after my depression and fright, for a new light had dawned upon me, and I saw the cross purposes at which we had been playing.

"I don't dislike India—I love it," I whispered, hiding my burning face on his breast.

"Did the sahib call?" asked the old *consarmi*, standing before us, but discreetly turning his head to cough in his hand.

The *consarmi*, like all native servants, seemed ubiquitous, and had a habit of appearing and disappearing most unaccountably.

"Get me your master's pistol, quick! There is a cobra under that tree," said Captain Rochester, pointing to the starlike glimmer in the grass.

Contrary to his usual alacrity when given an order, the *consarmi* stood as though paralyzed.

"It is the devil-snake and his *naga-kallu*! Don't shoot, sahib!" he panted, with chattering teeth. "Hindu fix him. Make him kill hisself—you see," and, without awaiting permission, he disappeared round the bungalow.

"What does he mean? I don't understand," I asked.

"It's only another of their superstitions," Captain Rochester replied. "They believe if the cobra is killed that another will come to avenge his death but if it can be made to commit suicide the evil power of the stone is overcome. I am glad you will have an opportunity of witnessing their jugglery."

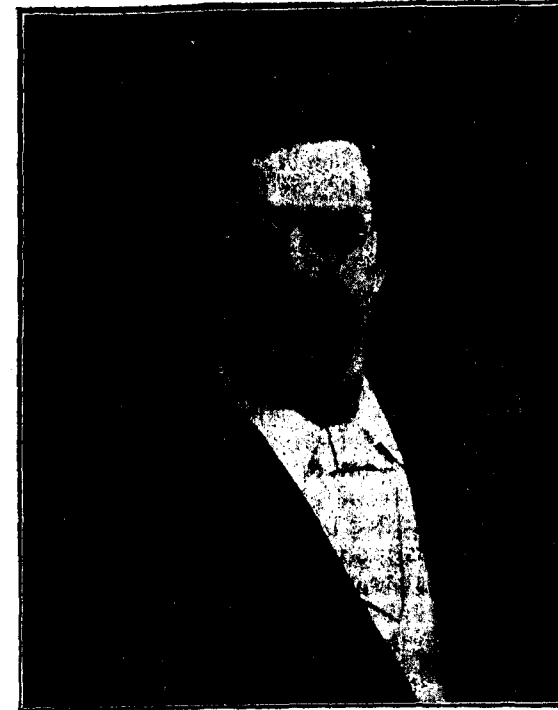
same time he may use his energy for preying upon humanity. Such cases are quite common. Can we call him holy? No, an athlete or physical culturist may observe great abstemiousness, self-control and abstinence to keep his physical power above par, yet no one shall believe in his power to bless a human life. That power to bless proceeds from the heart of a holy mind and a developed soul. The more one cogitates the stronger grows one's conviction that the true way to holiness lies in the practice of the four Yogas. Through self-government, wisdom, chastity, work and the nobler and higher strivings, the soul should ascend the steep and rocky path leading to the heights of divinity. The desire for sense-pleasures, passing enjoyments, in fact, *the entire desire-nature should be controlled* and then the Will, freed from inferior attractions, may tread the "razor-path" with success and tread it with a joy unknown to such as run after things "of a day."

"Modern Mysticism" is good in this—that it insists on doing things in the dry light of reason and common-sense. "Ancient Mysticism" tended only to develop grand dreamers. Now-a-days the element of purity is not so much emphasized as that of the "Will" in the development of the mystic and of course God and similar other "superstitions" are altogether dispensed with. This is a serious mistake. At the core of these institutions you can see the desire for Power. Power is quite a necessity, but it is a blessing only when wisely and conscientiously directed. With the loss of purity what we feel to be the "Spiritual Magnetism" in a man disappears. The mind needs to be developed and exercised in all its manifold aspects, and as this is a task of lives holiness is not a thing of immediate accomplishment. What we need do is to grow the "chaste nature" and then, keeping a firm hold upon it, work on with constant zeal towards the attainment of perfection for ourselves as for others. That hope and aspiration which sustains the true worker comes from within. Whoever "aspires" has consciously or unconsciously touched the feet of God. His soul is awake. Let him remember his God and work. He will get through.

A PHRENOLOGICAL CHAMPION.

PROFESSOR SEVERN. (*See page 3.*)

Mr. Severn, the eminent English phrenologist, is one of those happy men who have reached the goal of youth's ambition. His devotion to the science of phrenology dates back to his boyhood days, when, at the early age of 14, he would spend his pocket-money on any literature on the subject that he was able to obtain. He was yet a young man in his teens when he set out from his village home with a determination to rise to the head of a profession he had early made his life's interest. He was ever a keen student of human nature; so he sought the great Metropolis with its limitless life comparisons, there to embark on a course of study which should fit him to practise as a phrenologist. For eight years he lived the student life in London, gaining that insight into human nature that characterises him. There the young aspirant came under the training of Stackpoole E. O'Dell, the famous phrenologist of the London Phrenological Institution, attending his



PROFESSOR J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., F.L.L.C. (ENG.) *

lectures and finally becoming his pupil in a qualifying course of study. Real diligence brought its reward in the Institution's Certificate of Proficiency. The year 1886 saw the inauguration of the British Phrenological Association. As one of the original members of that society Mr. Severn soon had the distinction of being elected to the Council—a position he held almost continuously.

At that time the science was at a low ebb and in his practice it became Mr. Severn's constant endeavour to raise it in the estimation of the public. With real devotion to the cause he had so closely at heart he put an energy into the work which, directed into a more lucrative profession, would have made him a rich man. His studies he never relaxed, and in 1892 he was successful in gaining the diploma of the B. P. A.

For a number of years Mr. Severn travelled with his profession, visiting most of the large towns and cities of England, including Brighton in 1889 and finally settling in the "Queen of Watering Places" in 1894. Here he established the present Brighton Phrenological and Mental Science Institute.

All this time the status of the science steadily rose with the recognition of his work, and the professor by degrees established a reputation

* A Biographical Sketch of most of the Fellows of the Latent Light Culture will be given in an order in each issue of *The Kalpaka* in future.—ED. K.

which extends over the United Kingdom and beyond the seas. His work in the now incorporated society was acknowledged by the inclusion of his name among the Fellows. A Vice-Presidency followed and led up to his reaching the Mecca of the phrenologist—the Presidential Chair. This honour was his in 1904-1905.

Throughout, Mr. Severn has been an energetic propagandist. In the early years of his practice he conducted extensive lecture campaigns, but he devoted himself rather to the literary as a means of popularising the science. He has written much and gained splendid recognition in having won over to the side of Phrenology a hitherto reticent Press. The greater part of his work in this direction has taken the form of articles in the journals, newspapers and magazines. For many years he was joint proprietor, with the Editor, of *The Popular Phrenologist*—the organ of the British Phrenological Society, and during the nine years of its issue he contributed regularly, not missing a single number. The Phrenological Year Books, Annuals, London and local newspapers and various journals from time to time receive articles from his pen; and he has published a Phrenological Chart and several books on Phrenology. Mr. Severn is credited by the Press with having created a new phase of journalism in his profusion of phrenological character sketches of world celebrities, and it is generally known that he has phrenologically interviewed more personages of renown than any other living phrenologist; and honours have come in letters of recognition from several members of the Royal family.

His writings have treated on nearly every phase of Phrenology—its history, and the discovery and nomenclature of the phrenological organs. He has also investigated and written on over 150 occupations and professions. He has enriched the annals of Phrenology in some useful and important discoveries in connection with the localisation of the phrenological organs.

Some idea of his activities may be gathered from his books, which show that during the last 25 years he has personally examined over 100,000 heads; yet in addition to his professional practice and much other literary work and scientific research, he is at the present time a contributor to upwards of a score of magazines, newspapers and journals in different parts of the world including India, Australia and the United States of America. It is interesting to note that Mr. Severn has lately been elected an Associate of the Institute of Journalists. Further he has the honor of being a Fellow of the Latent Light Culture.

All this has entailed a great deal of study and research, and Mr. Severn has made himself a hard-worked man with a position growing yearly more demanding and strenuous.

THE GUIDING PRINCIPLE.

DAMODAR PRASAD SAKSENA, M.A., F.L.L.C.

(Special for *The Kalpaka*.)

One who has taken the pains to survey that portion of Greek History occupied with the attempts of the Persian monarchs to subjugate Greece, must have been struck with the fortitude, the strength of will, and tenacity of purpose displayed by those pygmy states of Europe that dealt the invading giant so effectual a blow. Strength of body was not wanting in the Persians, but it was something more than this that made the Athenians beat down a foe ten times their number on the plains of Marathon and defeat that army which had conquered Lydia, Babylon and Ionia,—which made Leonidas face death at Thermopylae, furnishing splendid examples of courage and patriotic sacrifice to his countrymen,—which fought and won the naval battle of Salamis, and which finally struck the intruder such a crushing blow at Plataea as to dispel his vain dreams of conquest in those parts.

Now the thinking mind may fairly ask the question—What saved Greece? What rule of warfare did they follow, what principle did they act upon in battle so as to make them work such havoc over countless odds set in opposition? What made those petty states of Southern Europe face so undauntedly the great Conqueror, the mighty Monarch and Ruler of the Persian Empire, and beat him back? Everybody knows that the Spartan mother when bidding her off-spring forth to the fight cried out to him—'With the shield, or upon it;—he was never to turn his back upon the foe in disgrace, but either to return triumphantly with the shield of the Conqueror, or borne upon it a senseless corpse by his comrades. The Persian army opposed to these heroes were scourged to the fight by their leaders,—their heart was not in their work,—no principle, no method, no reason in their warfare; while these brave people followed a principle which alone can command success in battle,—a principle acted upon by Clive and his few faithful followers at Arcot, by Alexander with his trusted warriors of the Phalanx, and by the Duke of Wellington in our own day, when he "clashed with his fiery few and won." In all the above instances a principle of guidance has been followed,—sure, unmistakable, unerring. Now what applies to warfare applies equally to every petty action in life and to life itself. Everything to be done rightly must be done well, and according to some sane principle or rule of guidance. There should be a clear and accurate conception of the end in view and a judicious selection of means to approach that end. When we look on Man, his fleeting existence in the world, and his discontentment with that condition, we are led to ponder over the problem of life and death, to consider the present existence as shadowy and un-real and to think of a life to come. Mark the comparisons to human life in literature. Man is spoken of as a sailor putting up in a harbour on the way to some far-off destination, or he is a traveller stopping for a moment at an inn on the road side, but bound for some distant land. There is a certain rule of navigation the former has to follow if he is to guide his course aright,

as there are certain marks and signs required by the latter for correct guidance on the road. We are thereby to conclude that the present condition is not an abiding one, but that there is a second one by far nobler and higher, and that if we are to realize it we are to guide ourselves in accordance with some sure principle of guidance by which alone it may be approached. The necessity of a guiding principle has always been felt and recognised, and the human mind has ever been devising the means how best to be able to account for the presence of evil and distress in the world and to combat with it. The Stoic found it in total indifference to pleasure and pain alike; others in other practices of virtue and moral discipline. The need, however, has been felt, and well for the mind of man that it is there. Well for us that we spurn and kick at all this false glitter of the world, spit on it, and look out to some brighter region as our final home. Let us, I repeat, at all costs and at all risks, behave like 'heroes in the strife,' and be ashamed to be strolling about like Longfellow's 'dumb-driven cattle.' If we look around us, we would see both the classes represented—the considerate and the inconsiderate, the saintly-minded and the worldly-disposed, the principled and the unprincipled. The triumph of the Greeks over the Persians was not a thing of blind chance or accident. There was a sure principle of warfare acted upon by them, which must be followed by any other that wants to succeed like them. Let us too find out the principle, sure, un-erring, un-mistakable by which the great struggle of life may be decided favourably. We feel we have not come into this world in vain. There is an order traceable in the Universe if we but care to discover it, and a living God that animates it. Can we then, 'travellers between life and death' afford to build on sand, be content to dwell on worldly pomp and grandeur, and regard our situation as one of immunity from peril? I think you would say with me—certainly not. Worldliness is a False Guide. It would lead us into the bog. Away with it! Oh! for a surer guidance which like the Pole-star may help us to steer safe into harbour. Hence it follows that no scheme that ignores the consideration of the next world can be safely accepted as true, and the thinking mind should conform all its actions in the present existence to the one that it is carried beyond the grave. "What if a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul"? Let us then shame to set our heart on riches or to seek for worldly perferment. Look to religion, trust and follow its teachings. It is the best guide to save us from the shoals of existence, and to make us attain the desired harbour. Let me use this occasion to drop a word here in praise of Hindu ideals of Virtue. Rama forsaking the throne of Ayodhya in obedience to a father's decree of banishment, and taking upon himself willingly and cheerfully the life of an exile, Sita welcoming the perils and hardships of a forest-life out of devotion to her lord, Lakshmana firmly resolving to keep them company out of fraternal attachment and love—here are some of the best instances of how a son, a wife, or a brother is to behave. Let us, then, in all earnestness, shake off worldliness, this evil that clings to us so much like a loathsome disease, and breathe in a purer atmosphere of Virtue and elevated thought. Let us worship and adore the bright Sun of Religion beaming forth from on high in all his glory and splendour. Let us follow the Rule of Devotion to the

Great Lord Shiva, and do our duty with a stout manly bosom, for then there remains nothing to fear for either here or hereafter.

CURRENTS IN WATER AND AIR.

J. BEN LESLIE, AUTHOR OF "ATLANTIS RESTORED."

The following information was given us by the spirit of Alem Prolex, an Atlantian, intended to be used in connection with the subject of "Electricity and Magnetism as Motive Forces," in the book "Submerged Atlantis Restored, or Links and Cycles." It was left out by the author for want of space, who now offers it to the readers of the *Kalpaka*, for further consideration.

Currents such as have place in the Atlantic ocean and other large bodies of water, are caused by complex influences, such as heat from the sun and beneath the surface of the earth; from convulsive and volcanic conditions beneath the bed of the waters; from electric and magnetic forces that operate by attraction and repulsion, etc. (See diagrams of currents in Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. XXIV, page 508, plate XI., and Vol. III., page 16, plate I.)

In the section of country between Cuba and Yucatan, and also in that south-west of Africa, there are great subterranean lakes of fire and lava, which move rapidly in circular motion, similar to the motion of a whirlpool in water, when the hot currents beneath the surface of the earth press it upward into the water, where it is crossed by the cold currents at the water bed, causes combustion, or eruption, which may result either in raising or sinking of the lands.

The powerful electric forces are generated in the north, and the magnetic in the southern regions. As these force their way through the water, or air, they produce currents in both elements. The subterranean heat is greater at the equator. As the electric and magnetic forces come from all parts of the earth, they meet and centre at the equator. When the greater force is electric, it radiates cold strata, in all directions through the water, and through air as well; and likewise, when the magnetic force is the stronger, then the radiations are of heat. When the magnetic comes to the centre as the stronger force, the heat overpowers the cold, and forces it back as it pushes its way through. This is the cause which has established what is now known as the "Gulf Stream." The rapidity of the streams as they flow depend upon the degree of mixture that takes place between the electric and magnetic forces. When the greater percent is electric, more rapid is the flow; and when magnetic, the less rapid. Hence the Gulf Stream, being conditioned with more magnetic than electric, and thus more conditioned than most of the streams in the Atlantic waters, is therefore the slowest.

The currents running parallel through the Caribbean Sea, being magnetic, thus held in position by the electric forces that come down from the north, and furthermore, being unobstructed by circular land coasts, are thus further influenced in their parallel course.

Those north of the Gulf of Mexico are electric, and sweep down towards the south, and then back eastward on a circular motion, so directed by the influence of the circular motion of the great subterranean lake of fire, above referred to, and the land formation that coasts the gulf to the southeast, and is further attracted by the magnetic currents that are flowing northwest in contour with the coast land of Central America, where they join forces below Central America, Cuba and Florida, which is the origin and establishment of the Gulf Stream. Therefore, every stream known to exist in any of the large bodies of water, find its origin and perpetuation through the above-named influences.

The "Trade Winds" are governed by same principles, or laws of electric and magnetic movements, and are not dependent upon the influence of the Gulf Stream, nor the latter upon the former. The electric force being the greater, the atmospheric changes are more apparent than those of the water, because of the difference in their force of conductivity.

Cyclones are caused by the same forces, or the result of a struggle between the electric and the magnetic forces, the former being in excess of the latter.

Water-spouts are also established by the same influences. A force is formed in the air and in the water by electric and magnetic principles, the greater being electric, and the magnitude of the water-spout is governed by the number of cross and circular currents of the two forces.

The same influences give rise to volcanic and convulsive conditions, both on land and beneath the waters. Heat from the subterranean fires radiates, and is met by the electric currents, which it attracts, thus aided by the magnetic force of the earth, which causes upheavals. Hence, islands are established, or torn down in the seas; mountains are raised and lowered on land; caves and caverns are formed beneath the surface of the earth.

Those who have visited the famous "Mammoth Cave," and others of Kentucky and various other districts of the earth, can therefore better realize the work of electric and magnetic principles; their heating and cooling processes and excavating forces. And further contemplation will lead the mind to recognize the universal influence they exercise through all life and forms of existence.

Another revelation, given by the spirit of Alem Prolex, on the subject of caves and convulsive forces, for use in the article regarding the formation of Niagara Falls, and the "St. Lawrence River," which, for the want of space, was also left out of the article in the above-named book, we give here for the benefit of those who may chance to read the book.

A powerful convulsion, whose force and action met the incoming waters, in co-operation with a great suction of air, established the now known "Whirlpool" in the Niagara River. The force further extended in the opposite direction, throughout the southern portion of the

Niagara region, to the point of the former convulsion, or in the region of the "rapids" above the present location of the falls, which established subterranean and subaqueous conditions yet unknown to moderns who visit this famous section of the country.

Were geologists able to explore the earth beneath Niagara Falls, the islands, the waters immediately below the falls, and the rapids above them, they would find it possessed with caves, many more than that now known as the "Cave of the Winds"; also with underground fissures and gorges. And they would also find that section of the earth in a precarious, non-remaining condition, that in all probability, before the close of the twentieth century, will work great changes in the present aspect of the falls and their surroundings.

A large cave in particular, not yet discovered by mortals, is closely allied to the Cave of the Winds. It extends from the vicinity of the central portion of the rapids above the "Horse Shoe Falls," and that also approaches closely to their brink. Three subterranean fissures extend from the cave, one leading to the walls of the Cave of the Winds; one beneath the "Lunar"; and one to the "Three Sister Islands." A deep gorge exists into which the waters of the Horse Shoe Falls precipitate, which extends from near the Canadian side of the falls, to the centre, or "V" shape, in the course, where the geyser effect can be seen at various intervals, and which is the deepest part of the gorge. The latter would connect with the cave at the same point, were it not for the debris that has obstructed the entrance, having place by precipitation, during the past ages, thus preventing an inflood of water from the gorge, into the cave.

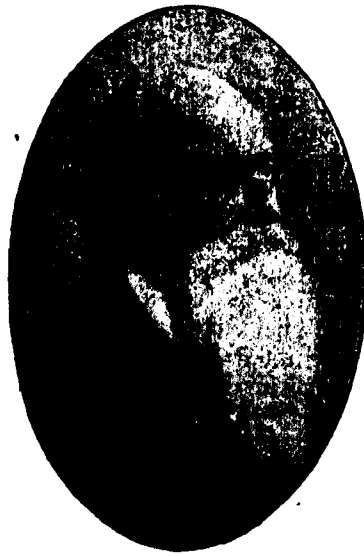
The cave, and the crumbling condition of the subterranean rocks throughout the islands, and the rapids above the falls, are such that the time is not far distant when the earth and rocks will give way under the enormous weight of water, snow and ice, which will cause the great change to take place, especially in the aspect of the falls as above stated. This will establish another link in the geographic and geologic cycles of everlasting change, or difference arising from similar causes.

The whirlpool is the main condition that has preserved, and still preserves the falls from destruction. It is the outlet for the electric and magnetic forces, as well as that of the air, which are constantly generating and accumulating in the subterranean caverns, caves and fissures, above referred to, as having place in the region of the falls. Especially is this true of the air that reaches them from the Cave of the Winds. Therefore, should the great whirlpool cease its action, but a short time would pass until convulsions would occur that would tear away the rocks and destroy the present condition of the falls.

As the above named conditions were established on the earth's surface and beneath it, prior to its present aspect in this region, by erosions and displacements of rock and soil, so will changes continue to come, in subsequent time, until the sound of the falling waters from another section will proclaim their ascendancy over similar conditions of the past, and thus record on the pages of time their mighty force and power co-operative with electric and magnetic conditions and eruptive forces.

as having completed the primeval work of the pre-historic convulsions; and like them, become influential links in the great geologic cycle, the extension of which is but a recurrence of natural causes, and re-establishment of their effects embracing the results of time divisible, space measurable, and existence eternal.

PHRENOLOGICAL CHARACTER DELINEATION.



JAMES M. PEEBLES, M. D., M. A., PH. D., F. L. L. C.

Physician, Author, Lecturer, Traveller.

Just now Dr. J. M. Peebles, the world's foremost Spiritualist, in his 92nd year, is visiting Europe. Having had interesting correspondence with this veteran exponent of Spiritualistic teaching, I secured a personal interview with him almost immediately on his arrival in London from America.

Dr. Peebles possesses a distinctive personality, and is a remarkable man from many standpoints; hence I would like to preface my phrenological estimate of him by a few biographical notes. He has an easy claim to the title of G. O. M. of Spiritualism and his reputation as a Spiritualist and Psychic researcher is international. I have a keen interest in old people and he is as grand an old man as ever I saw. I have seen many an older man at fifty. When referring to his great age he speaks of his being "91 years young." There is nothing of tottering age or senile decay about him. He is fresh and smart, a man of fine physique, standing six feet in height, broad shouldered; physically

well-knit, wiry and durable of constitution, straight as a line, and as healthy and upright in mind as he is in body.

His healthy constitution and fine physique speak much for the adoption of the vegetarian diet, and the abstemious and simple life. Professor E. Whipple, who knew him fifty years ago, speaks of him as then being "tall and very slender and far from robust." For sixty years Dr. Peebles has eaten no animal flesh, fish or fowl; nor does he eat pickles, condiments, old cheese or hot cakes: nor use coffee, wine, liquor, nor tobacco. "All these things," he says, "are expensive, useless and injurious. I live hearty and well on wheat, corn, rice, barley, eggs, cream, butter, nuts and the delicious fruits that grow in the sunshine. My brain was never so clear, and I could never write so easily as now. I obey nature's laws so far as I possibly can, and have unbounded faith in God." Writing to me from Los Angeles, California, in December last, he said, "I shall be 91 on the 23rd day of this coming March, am healthy, strong and vigorous, and could never do more literary work than at present, and I am corresponding with 31 different journals in this country and foreign lands; am lecturing Sundays and sometimes week-day evenings." Growing old is a very unwise habit. He is now undertaking another tour to Europe and will attend the International Spiritualists' Congress which is being held at Geneva this Whitsuntide. On his return he will engage in a lecturing campaign in London and the large cities of England, Scotland and Wales, returning to America about Midsummer. It needs some enthusiasm and grit to undertake to do all this at "91 years young."

Dr. Peebles possesses a large, powerful and distinctively formed head, 23 inches in circumference, and decidedly long, narrow and high; the distance from front to back being 8 inches, width in the regions of the executive organs, 6 inches. It is only occasionally that one measures a head so long. The frontal lobes of the brain, shown in the length and space from the opening of the ears to the root of the nose indicate a remarkably well-developed and practical type of intellect. He has a very high head, and the middle line from the root of the nose upwards and over the top-head is particularly well-defined, indicating large moral organs and great intellectual aptitude; and there is a sufficiency of width of head to give him considerable executiveness of purpose, powers of endurance, self-possession and control over his feelings.

His large perceptive faculties, giving prominence to the brows, indicate that he is a keen and practical observer, fond of knowledge and facts; is a natural teacher; particularly apt in acquiring and apt in imparting and demonstrating what he knows. He possesses a very active cause-seeking mind, likes to get to the bottom of matters which interest him; is fact-gathering and scientific in his methods of investigating subjects; critical in judgment; apt in comparing and analysing, and logical in his conclusions. He possesses keen reasoning powers, is thoughtful, reflective and philosophic, aptly turns his knowledge to useful account, and can plan ahead and organise well. He is intuitive—much knowledge and understanding comes to him by this means—though he is one who will desire to bring everything to the test of practical experience. He is naturally researchful

and resourceful, eager for knowledge and to make his knowledge known and understood; and he has a remarkably good memory.

He possesses a high moral brain, and the height of his head at the crown indicates the development of strong prompting qualities which make for progress and achievement. He is a man of aim and purpose and untiring zeal and energy. He seldom or never falters but goes on and on achieving. He possesses great tenacity of mind, and a righteous indignation at wrong-doing; always keeping his goal in view and when reached, setting it further away. These tenacious qualities, with a keen realisation of life's purposes, have doubtless much to do with his longevity. He desires to excel and to do something worthy of himself; is ambitious, aspiring, progressive of other's good opinions, yet pursues his course whether he meets with approval or not, and is all the more determined when oppositions come in his way. He possesses dignity of character, manliness and love of independence, and confidence in what he knows and understands. Firmness and conscientiousness are among his largest faculties, giving him great will-power, persistency of purpose, dogged determination, perseverance and adherence to principle. He can adapt himself to change and variety, and is apt to hitch on to a big programme, though when once he makes up his mind to accomplish anything in particular, it is not an easy matter to turn him from his decision. Though cautious and circumspect, he is decidedly open-minded, and frank and sincere. He cannot tolerate anything that savours of being underhand. He is exceedingly conscientious and is willing to stand on the merits of the principles he advocates, or fall.

His is benevolent, sympathetic and good-natured, spiritual-minded and reverential, but he lacks acquisitiveness in its purely business aspects. What he can get out of a thing is no stimulus to him compared with doing what he feels is right and his duty. In his zealous advocacy of what he conceives to be the truth, he may give the impression of being an exceedingly severe opponent, but he is really a great lover of peace, and more persistently tenacious than combative. His philosophy and his religion are of the optimistic kind, and he feels sure and certain of his teachings. Hope is one of his largest faculties, and though tempered with reason, practical judgment and intelligence, he is an optimist-enthusiastic, hopeful, and heartens and encourages always.

His large Ideality endows him with a fair share of imagination and creative capacity, and much love of refinement and perfection though he takes practical views; and his large Language combined with Ideality, Sublimity and Spirituality gives him lucidity of thought and ability for both verbal and literary expression. He is particularly adapted to be an author, writer, public speaker and teacher, and for literary and scientific investigation and research.

Having large Locality and love of knowledge and experience, he will greatly like travelling, though he also possesses well-developed domestic and social affections, is very warm-hearted, home-loving, friendly affectionate and particularly fond of children.

Dr. Peebles is a persistently determined, persevering, hard-working man, an accomplished scholar and physician and a convincing author and lecturer, and thoroughly in earnest in all he does. In addition to an incalculable amount of journalistic work he has already written some forty books and pamphlets, and he writes from an experience that few have been privileged to gain. He has been a public platform speaker for over seventy-five years; and with pen and voice he has advocated nearly every kind of uplifting reform. He has had 27 public debates, and in these he is at the height of his enjoyment. He is particularly successful in public debates with orthodox preachers. Wherever logic would win a point, his wonderful display of irony, sarcasm and scathing criticism would carry him through; and although he has proved himself to be a fearless and determined, even bitter opponent in respect to doctrines or statement of principles, his large Benevolence disposes him to be of a most forgiving nature, and he is always the first to extend the warm hand of fellowship and respect for the opinions of his adversary. He has been Peace Commissioner, and United States Consul to Asiatic Turkey, and in his advocacy of truth he has crossed the American Continent probably 150 times; the Atlantic Ocean, 20 times; has travelled round the world five times, and has associated with many of the most notable personages of his time. He is a living demonstration of his own healthful teaching, and he impresses one as still possessing an abundance of physical and mental vigour and remarkable capacity for longevity.

The Geneva Congress have made Dr. Peebles President of Honour to the International Congress of Spiritualists.

While interviewing Dr. Peebles I was also struck with the intellectuality of his spiritually adopted son and associate worker, Mr. Robert Peebles Sudall. Although not possessing a large head—the circumference around the perceptive is 21½ inches—he has a very refined, spiritual and intelligent mind, a highly susceptible, psychic and intuitive nature. Mr. Sudall is a promising young man. He has marked literary gifts, is earnest, conscientious and thorough. The spiritualistic, occult and religious circles should in future benefit by his abilities. His devotion to Dr. Peebles impressed me much.



THE CENTRE OF THE BROW

or

THE KEY TO THE HIGHER WORLDS.

S. NARASIMHAIVER.

It is a remarkable fact that, even among Western scholars, the really reflective hold opinions akin and similar to those inculcated by Hindu Philosophy and Yoga. Bulwer Lytton, the famous English novelist, has said : "To that world we attain by the repose of the senses." And his poem on the ideal world begins thus :—

"Around this visible diurnal sphere,
There floats a world that girds us like the space
On wandering clouds and glittering beams career
Its ever-moving, murmuring populace.
There, all the lovelier thoughts conceived below
Ascending live, and in celestial shapes,
Bind but thy senses and thy soul escapes :
To care, to sin, to passion close thine eyes ;
Sleep in the flesh and see the dreamland rise.

What is this dreamland? What is 'that world to which we attain by the repose of the senses?' Our readers would doubtless say, "The spiritual or the higher world." But how to realise this world, what is the proper key to unlock it, is an eternal question, as old as time itself, which the majority of men have not been able to solve.

The founders of the several religions have tried to grapple with this question in their own particular way. Moses, Jesus, Budha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Mohamed and the Rishis and Avatars of India have all approached this question and dealt with it at more or less length. But the science and the art of realisation of the higher worlds have not, received so clear, unambiguous, practical and full treatment in the works of the founders of other religions, as in those of the Hindu Rishis, Yogees and Avatars, while the latter considered the higher world to be the sole end and aim of man, and even exaggerated its importance to the detriment of the material world, Moses, Mohamed and others combined both the aspects in their teachings and did not ask their followers to totally ignore this material world of flesh. By this, we do not mean that they were insensible to the superior claims of the higher world ; the fact, probably, was that they had to adapt their teaching to the manners, customs, prejudices and civilization of their hearers. To take one salient example, the over-merciful Jesus no doubt knew that killing animals for the sake of food was a sin, but he did not urge this doctrine, as the people whom he addressed were not ripe for it. But the Hindus, and more especially the Brahmins among them, who from time immemorial are born religiously, live religiously and die religiously were fit to receive the sublimest heights of philosophical and Yogic speculation. Hence the superiority of the ancient Hindu works of Yoga and Philosophy over the other religious systems of the globe cannot be over-emphasised.

It being granted that the Hindu systems of Yoga and Philosophy are far more clear and practical than the other systems, the question

remains, "What is the best among the several methods in the Hindu Vedas and Shastras for realising the higher worlds?" The answer that comes uppermost to our lips is 'Yoga and Yoga alone.' Why should we select this? Are not there four paths, (1) Sanyasi or good thoughts, (2) Kriyai or good deeds, (3) Yoga or concentration and (4) Gnana or divine wisdom? Is not Gnana more important and effective than Yoga? To this, we answer Gnana alone cannot lead to salvation. Only the practice of Gnana will lead to it. Books on school method say, "Knowledge is next to useless, it is the power to use the knowledge that is of most use." Similarly, Gnana by itself is not much use ; the use of Gnana is the thing which leads to what we want. Benevolent thoughts and good deeds, though they may pave the way for realisation, cannot actually bring it. And mere mechanical Yoga, without a grasp of its scientific or Gnanic side, is not of much use. Hence, to sum up, Yoga founded on the firm basis of Gnana, or Gnanayoga, as it is called, is the only direct path to attain the end in view.

Now, again, what is the easiest path among the several ones comprised in the ancient treatises on Yoga? To answer this question, we must first of all know what is Yoga and what is its aim and object. Yoga is concentration on the soul within the body and its object is emancipation by realising the divine nature of the soul and the higher worlds, which are the heritage of all earnest pilgrims on the path. How is this concentration to be brought about? Only 'by binding the senses.' How 'to bind the senses?' This may be done in many ways, (1) by repetition of Mantras and incantations ; (2) by meditation of a form or image, (3) by control of breath and (4) by direct will-power. But what is the most fruitful among the above four means? What is the easiest for the beginner? The first, repetition of incantations is very easy, and since it centres the mind on one particular sound or series of sounds, it gives a good exercise in concentration. The next Dhyanam or meditation of an image also does the same by fixing the mind on a particular mental image. The third, control of breath is still more effective, but it is very dangerous to those who do not proceed cautiously in it. The last, the control of the mind by mere power of will, is very difficult and beginners may even consider it impracticable, but by practice and repeated efforts the mind can be made to think of nothing except the higher world for a considerable length of time. To those who have practised one or more of the previous methods for some time, the last method may not appear so difficult, to follow ; in fact, they will find their task considerably lightened by their previous practice on the other lines.

As we have left out the third, owing to its being too dangerous to body and mind and the 4th owing to its being too difficult, paths 1 and 2 alone remain. Of these, the 2nd is more important as it relates to the mental eye, while the 1st relates to the mental ear. It is a well-known truism that the eye is more retentive than the ear. Hence, the 2nd path is speedier in giving success than the 1st.

How to practise this 2nd method of Yoga? We give here a few simple directions. Imagine the form of your favourite deity as represented

in your puranas or scriptures. Bring to mind one feature after another of the deity and then form a complete image of it in your mind. The reader who has gone through the preceding lines carefully will be prone to ask: "Where are we to locate this image?" Our answer is: "Do that in your heart or, preferably, in the centre of your brows." These are the two centres of the body specially fitted for the location of the image. But why give preference to the centre of the brow over the heart? Our answer is simple. The centre of the brow is the place where the optic nerves meet. Hence it is the place to which the impressions formed by a picture or ideal of the deity may be easily carried. On the other hand, in carrying the image to the heart we have to rely more upon will-power. The natural forces do not help so much in fixing the image on the heart as on the centre of the brow. Another reason may also be cited. According to the Yoga treatises, the centre of the brows or the *Agnachakram* is the residence of *Sadasiva* and *Monamani*, the next to the absolute, while the heart or the *Anahatam* is merely the residence of *Rudra* and *Uma*, deities who are admittedly in a lower plane than the two above-mentioned.

The centre of the brow, then, is the best place to locate the image of the deity. And the beginner can best do this by having a picture or idol before him and transferring the image to the brow-centre by closing his eyes. After some practice, no external object or picture will be necessary and he can conceive of the image in the centre of his brows by the power of his will and the force of habit.

Steady practice is sure to develop the *bhittkala* or glimpse of the higher worlds in the centre of the brow. Even at the dead of night, even at midnight or new moon, the practitioner will see with his mind's eye a glorious light in the aforesaid spot. This glorious light is latent in all, but only the favoured few who have practised the above or any other equally suitable method realise it. In course of time, the light will become clearer and clearer and in the long run the practitioner will see the higher spheres in their full splendour and glory.

We have not had much time to state what we mean by "the centre of the brow." The centre of the brow is the centre of the gravity between the two brows, i.e., it is the point where the brows and the top of the nose meet. Nor have we stated the qualifications necessary for a man who wishes to cultivate the latent light or the realisation of the higher spheres. Uprightness in thought, word and deed is what is wanted. Love of seclusion and contemplation, faith in the scriptures and sacred works, belief in the Almighty and a firm desire to grapple with the mysteries of the occult or the hidden are the attributes of the earnest traveller on the thorny track. The voyage is, no doubt, long, tedious and difficult, but there is the long-expected port at last.

ABIDING IN HIM.

HENRY PROCTOR, M. R. A. S., F. R. S. L.

"Whoever abideth in Him sinneth not."—1 John iii. 6.
That which makes the yoke of Christ easy and His service to be

perfect freedom is the realization of God dwelling in us and we in God. While we abide in Him, we bring forth fruit spontaneously, like trees planted by rivers of living water. It is not by toilsome effort that we produce the fruit of the Spirit, but by entering, through faith, into God's rest: ceasing from our own works, as God at the creation ceased from His, and permitting Him to produce within us both the will and the execution; working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight.

Our responsibility, having been once cleansed, is to abide in our own proper spiritual environment. While we abide in Him, our words and our deeds are not our own but His, even as Jesus disclaimed the teaching He uttered as being His own. While we abide therefore, we must "walk even as He walked" as a natural sequence. As Branches of the Vine, our fruit must be His fruit. As Head of the Body, He must initiate and guide the work of each abiding member. Let us consider therefore how to maintain this glorious intimacy, this abiding fellowship and communion, which shall produce such glorious results.

The great hindrance is conscious sin. "A single unholy thought will interrupt the soul's communion," and until the soil contracted by any such thought be got rid of by confession, communion cannot possibly be restored. The very smallest unconfessed, unjudged sin on the conscience will entirely mar our communion with God. If we get out of His presence and commit sin, even in thought, our communion must of necessity be suspended, until by confession we get rid of the sin. But the moment I truly confess my sin before God, it is a simple matter of faith to know that I am perfectly forgiven and perfectly cleansed.

The typical laver was for constant daily use, so is the antitypical "laver of regeneration." It is "the laver of water in the Word" (*Eph. v. 26*, Greek), which sanctifies and cleanses the Body of Christ. If we abide in Christ, His words abide in us (*John xv. 7*), "the incorruptible seed," the seed of God abideth in us, preventing us from sinning (*1 John iii. 9*). In this condition of abiding in Him, whatever is true of His earthly life will be true of ours: "Because as He is, even so are we in this world." As the Son of God could do nothing of Himself, so "I can of my own self do nothing." For (we) died and our life is hid with Christ in God (*Col. iii. 3*). Being buried by the baptism wherein we shared His death, circumcised to the "off-casting of the whole body of the flesh," we are as those "living after death" (*Rom. iv. 13*—Moule), and are being transformed continually into His likeness by the renewing of our minds.

THE SPIRIT PORTRAIT MYSTERY. *

A. SRINIVASACHARY, B.A.

The mystery of producing spirit portraits which has for about fifteen years baffled the investigators that have studied the problem and through whose agency some of the most prominent men in America have been converted to spiritualism, has now been finally exposed by David P. Abbott, the well-known author of the remarkable book, "Behind the

* Extracted from the April 1913 number of "The Open Court," Chicago.

Scenes with the Mediums." The solution of the feat and its history have been treated of at length in the April number of 'The Open Court'. A brief summary of the article is given below for the information of the readers.

The following is a report of one of the scenes held in Kansas City with the object of securing a portrait in colors of a doctor's sister who was killed some six years previous in a run-away accident. The doctor is requested by the mediums to select two canvasses from a dozen or more that are leaning against the wall in the mediums' room. The two framed canvasses are examined carefully and returned to one of the mediums who places them face to face upon a small table in front of a window and darkens all of the window except where light came through the canvasses. The light from the window passes through the canvasses and they appear clear and white. The doctor holds the picture of his dead sister in his hand and is requested to fix the expression of her face in the mind. The people are seated in front of the window at a distance of three feet from the canvasses, while the mediums stand at the two sides of the table holding them and talking to the spectators. After a few minutes the canvasses are sized and there appears quickly on the outer edge of the canvasses or rather between the two a slight shadow. It continues to darken while the centre remains white and clear. In a few minutes a pale pink is noticed, almost directly in the centre; there is a glow at first; next an outline is noticed; the face is forming; then the eyebrows, eyelashes of closed eyes, lines of the mouth, the outlines of the head, become visible one after another; and the shoulders have become distinct; and finally the eyes are opened out. If so desired, the picture is improved in various ways. A side view of the spirit's face is given if necessary in each case, if the person interested suggests the changes he should like to have, the spirit-artists are requested by the mediums to wipe out the portrait and reproduce it in the desired form. The portrait is changed in any of the details such as the color of the eyes, change of the nose, etc; in fact the picture follows the thought of the person who wants the portrait. In the meanwhile the back ground changes in color several times from white to light yellow, then to a dark yellow or brown and then to green with a tinge of red. The changes take place like waves of light passing upwards over the whole picture. The two canvasses are now laid flat on the table and then a third canvass is then lifted from the floor and placed over them for cover. The people are then asked to place their hands on this so as to set the colors. Soon the portrait is uncovered and handed over to the proper persons.

The mystery is solved thus. The psychics invariably get a photo of the dead person whose spirit portrait is to be obtained from some one of the dead person's living relatives who come for a picture, some two or three days before the seance day; and from it they prepare a nicely colored portrait on transparent canvas. After the examination of the canvasses is over, the portrait is substituted in the rear canvas in an ingenious way without giving room to any suspicion. The reason for using two canvasses is merely to have the front one conceal from the sitters what happens to the one behind it. A painting is made in

advance, and before the delivery of the portrait at the close of the seance early in the performance—much earlier than one imagines—as is usual in all cases of substitutions in magic, the portrait is substituted in the rear frame. When the canvasses are separated, the rays of light emerging from behind the rear canvas and passing through the portrait begin to diverge and spread evenly on the blank canvas until, as the distance is sufficiently increased between them, the illumination becomes evenly diffused over it. The distance is about three inches. At the same time, as the canvasses are separated, side light is being admitted between them which helps to illuminate the front canvas evenly and to obscure the portrait. The greatest portion of the effects are within a distance of a quarter of an inch, and nearly all of them within a half-inch. So to precipitate a portrait and erase it, it is but necessary for the two psychics at each side to move slowly—very slowly indeed—the rear canvas forward and backward with the most steady and slightest motion possible. This is easily done with the fingers through the slit in the soft side-curtains; and were any one to violate all rules and 'grab' he would only find a portrait "just about finished by the spirits." When everything is in readiness, the psychics manipulate the rear canvas very slowly to get the effects in turn one after another. Meanwhile they skilfully employ suggestion announcing in advance each effect as it is to appear. Naturally during the movement of the rear canvas the back ground is working in most beautifully like waves of light, etc. The changes of color are, however, to a certain extent imagination; and this occurs easily among so many confusing details all coming at the same time. A hair ornament in the portrait can be made to appear by skilfully pulling off a patch on the back of the portrait which has been stuck on with wax and with thread attached. The effects narrowing the visage, or of slightly turning it or of altering the lines of the nose or mouth slightly can be apparently effected by a slight jostling of the rear canvas and the use of suggestion at the time. The changes in the color of the eyes, hair, flower, etc., are produced with the aid of the principle of compound colors by fastening on the back of the portrait with conjuror's wax a thin piece of cloth, preferably white silk, which can be dyed or have the colors placed upon it. The real reason for laying the canvasses over on the table and covering them with a third canvas under the pretence of 'setting the colors' is this. When the portrait is finished, naturally the extra canvas would be discovered and would arouse suspicion. But if one of the mediums lifts it for a cover, as if it had been there all along for this especial purpose, its existence is thought nothing of, and hence it does not have to be 'got rid of'. The author writes:—"Readers may feel in doubt that such a marvellous performance as these mediums gave is effected by such a simple principle as a moving rear canvas which contains a portrait; but they need only remember that this same principle enables magicians to give stage performances at big salaries. The mode of substitution may be different, but substitution it is and that is certain; and beyond any doubt the materialising and the de-materialising is produced on this principle of the moving rear portrait canvas viewed through a blank canvas by transmitted light." He is so confident of the solution of the mystery that he even ventures to make an offer of five hundred dollars

to the mediums and to promise to publicly acknowledge that they do not use the means he has published if they will produce a portrait under the conditions that he has framed,—an offer which he, like everyone else, sincerely hopes that the mediums will accept in view of the benefit that will be to science and to an enquiring and longing world. The author concludes:—Nevertheless, I feel sure it will be ignored, even though I double the price. I am so confident that my explanation is correct, that I feel sure my readers will never have the pleasure of hearing that the mediums have proven that they do not use this method. If they ignore this fair and sincere offer of *The Kalpaka* I feel that my readers will be justified in assuming that they do not give a sitting under these fair conditions, and that my explanation is tacitly admitted to be the correct one.

HUMAN EFFICIENCY IN BUSINESS.

Is there a Psychological Standard by which
We can Judge Human Efficiency?

[Continued from p. 17 of "*The Kalpaka*," May 1913].

BY JESSIE ALLEN FLOWER.

Vice-President of the American Institute of Phrenology.

Handling the Man.

Every separate line of work has its own standard of efficiency, and, therefore, every department has to be gauged by its individual requirements.

A Modern Business.

When we examine a Business Firm of to-day, we find that it consists of a Proprietor, Founder or President; a Treasurer, who attends to the finances of the Firm and supervises the income and the disbursements; a Manager or General Superintendent, who arranges the work of the employes; a Secretary to the President, whose duty it is to keep in touch with all matters of importance handled by the President; a Salesman, who either travels and sells goods by the wholesale or retails goods behind a counter; a Buyer, who selects the material that is to be sold; and an Accountant, who attends to the accounts of the Firm.

All of these distinct positions are filled by persons who are potentially different from each other in some essential points. Therefore, their scale of averages will be higher or lower, according to their equipment.

A Manager.

In an ideal Business Manager, one looks for a high percentage of executive ability, or a human steam engine. This is an essential, and he must rate high in this point, as well as in accuracy of details; while he should be low in egotism. Tact in handling delicate matters between customers and salesmen should be a strong factor; also intuitive insight into character, for without this he will be liable to make mistakes

Favoritism must be avoided, and a correct understanding of the mental value of each person under him is essential. A full degree of suavity is also necessary, as it helps him considerably to arrange matters, for sometimes too much abruptness on the part of the Manager has prevented a right adjustment of the work of his employes. He must treat business as a science and an art, and take a point out of the late Marshall Field's notebook,—namely, to judge of types by the face or appearance of a man.

Combined with these former high percentages of efficiency, we often find a high development of arrogance, selfishness and pride, which are undesirable and which augur seriously against his success.

It is important, too, that a Manager be thoroughly honest and trustworthy. Dependableness cannot be over-estimated. It is worth thousands of dollars more than mere "smartness." Therefore, the Manager should be honest, as well as clever, and a decided hustler.

A Buyer.

When we consider the efficiency of a Buyer (whether of silks, laces, furs, cottons, etc.), we see that many elements of mind go to form his character. His range of mental values leans on the side of judgment in expenditure, analysis of colors and materials, energy and expertness, interest in travel to select material, and sense of time or season in selecting goods. All of these points are essential in the work of a Buyer. His work is intensely interesting, but it will be noticed that he does not require a large percentage of language, or fluency of speech; for he has no call to expatiate on the beauty, texture or quality of the goods he handles, but his business is to use his eyes to see that everything is of the quality he wants. He must also know when, as well as where to buy his goods, as there are times and seasons when he must stock his warehouses to be ready for his travellers. A Buyer must have a high percent. of judgment of articles, and not allow fancy to lead him astray, or impulse to incline him to select what he cannot get rid of through his Salesmen. He need not be attractive in appearance or glib of tongue;—these elements need be only medium in the scale, although he must be reliable, that he can be trusted to handle thousands of dollars conscientiously.

A Salesman.

A Salesman needs language to give him fluency of speech and capacity to interest his customer, but he must not talk his customer dumb. He should also appear well, as his personality is a *sine qua non* in business. An unpleasing countenance and an untidy appearance are never tolerated for an instant. He should be able to illustrate his point by some metaphor or picture to drive home his arguments.

Besides, the Salesman should have energy, honesty and good judgment, as a customer wants to be pleased when spending his money. In fact, some Salesmen are able to double their sales simply because of their pleasing manners, or by wearing the "smile that won't come off."

Mr. Ogden, formerly John Wanamaker's manager, once said: "Every Salesman needs to have a thorough knowledge of Human Nature." So, the intuitional capacity of a Salesman should rank high, and the future Salesman will realize this as a dominant factor.

And so we might speak at length about others.

The Superintendent

Requires talent to adjust himself to every need of his work. He must possess many talents; as, executive ability, keen discrimination, judgment, color sense, and a keen sense of humor. These should range 80 percent.

An Accountant

Should have a fine blending of the mental and physical powers. His percentage of activity need not be large, but his integrity, concentration, memory of figures, calculating power, and order, should be high.

An Advertising Agent

Is of some importance in the present day, and requires special qualities to succeed well in his calling. He should express his ideas appropriately, have a keen sense of humor, and ingenuity and artistic taste to enable him to put his ideas together nicely.

The work of these and similar vocations have been depicted and described from capable persons in each line of work. H. I. Harriman once remarked, "I don't care what dress a person has on, but I am considerably guided by the form of a person's head and face."

CONCERNING THE LOST ATLANTIS.*

The talented contributor, Mr. W. H. Evans, Exeter, in the *Two Worlds* for June 23rd., furnished an excellent and extended review of a remarkable book, "Submerged Atlantis Restored," obtained through the mediumship of Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee and J. Ben Leslie, of Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A. Mr. Evans forwards the following remarks in a note he recently received from our old friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, who says about the mediums and the book:—"This book before us, about the Continent of Atlantis, through the trance, clairvoyant and clairaudient mediumship of Mrs. Van Duzee, whom we have favorably known for many years, and the inspirational clairvoyant and clairaudient J. Ben Leslie, a gentleman of culture and scholarly attainments, is a marvel and a most masterly production. More than half a century ago, we read with enthusiasm what the Grecian Plato said of the destruction of Atlantis through some great oceanic cataclysm. Later we conversed with controlling Atlantean spirits through different mediums, and also

* The book can be had of the *Latent Light Culture*.

saw several of their pictures produced through that medium-artist, Walla P. Anderson. With a vivid memory of these matters before us, we were prepared in a measure at least, to receive this wonderful book, abounding in wonderful revelations of a long lost Island's inhabitants. And what is remarkable, this book comes from the press about the time that archæologists and navigators have been finding long-buried relics along the Caribbean Sea and off the coast of Mexico and Central America. These discoveries add zest and authority to the volume. To the student of science and nature such discoveries as are now resulting to the world are exceedingly fascinating, because confirming the Atlantean catastrophe, and revealing its great civilization. We quote the following paragraph from p. 41:—"Although the twentieth century mortals boast of their greatness in records produced and preserved, yet, printed as they are on flimsy paper, many will be destroyed and lost, as were those of the great libraries of Alexandria, Egypt, by which much was lost that otherwise would have linked past knowledge of the science, arts and philosophies with that of the present. The lost can only be obtained in two ways: first, through disembodied intelligences, and second, through archæological discoveries. "Books of this character are valuable beyond the pen's description, and should be in the libraries of all Spiritualists, and the libraries of all villages and cities. We hope and trust that this volume will have an extensive sale."

BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research.—Vol. VII. Feb. 1913, No. 1. Published by the Secretary at 519, West 149 Str., New York, U. S. A. Price \$. 1:50.

The present volume deals with "The Sub-Conscious and its Functions." Treating of this Dr. Hyslop deals with "DEFINITION OF CONSCIOUSNESS, MYER'S THEORY OF THE SUBLIMINAL, CRITICISM OF MR. MYER'S THEORY, RECONSTRUCTION OF CONCEPTION OF THE SUBLIMINAL, DEFINITION OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS, THE LAW OF STIMULATION, COMPLICATIONS OF STIMULUS AND REACTION." This is worth a careful study of everyone who is interested in Mental Sciences. No cursory review can be made as every page is full of important points.

"Healing Influences."—By Leander Edmund Whipple. Publishers, The American School of Metaphysics, 10 East 66th Street, New York. A handy volume handsomely bound in cloth, with gold lettering. Retail price, cloth bound, 1 dollar 25 cents.

The name of Leander Edmund Whipple on the cover of any work is a sufficient guarantee as to its usefulness. Mr. Whipple is an authority on Metaphysical subjects. His writings are so very clear, terse and

logical as to appeal to everyone who has an opportunity to read his writings. The work before us is of great use to Mental Scientists. Some of the Chapters are: THE TRUE HEALING POWER, MENTAL PROCESS AND HEALING RESULTS, THE RELATION OF THOUGHT TO HEALTH, TRUE AND FALSE CONCEPTIONS OF MENTAL SCIENCE, MENTALPHYSICS AND HEALTH, THE IDEA AND ITS IMAGE, SYMBOLISM IN MENTALITY, SPIRITUAL HEALING.

The Voice Eternal.—Thomas Parker Boyd. The Emmanuel Press, Berkeley, Cal., U. S. A.

CONTENTS:—"The Life Within, A Shining Pathway, The Good Medicine, "The Pronoun of Power," The Man on Crutches, The Path of least Resistance, The Parable of the Christmas Tree, The last thing 'in the World, the Christ within, the Spiritual Basis of Health, The 'Word' of Well-Being, The Law of Suggestion, Material Accessories to Health, A New Generation, Emotional Chemistry, Formulas and Affirmations for Self Help.

Unfired Food and Tropho-Therapy:—(Food Cure): By George J. Drews, Al. D., 1910 N. Harding Ave., Chicago, U. S. A. Price \$ 2.15.

CONTENTS:—This book contains 360 recipes for Health Drinks, Uncooked Soups, Fruit, Flower and Vegetable Salads, Unbaked Breads and "Brawnfoods", Unfired Pies and Wedding Cake.

Rheumatism:—What Medicine Knows and Does Not Know About: By A. A. Erz: Published by Benedict Lust, N. D., Nature Cure Resort and American School of Naturopathy, Butler, N. J., U. S. A. Price 75 cents.

THE KALPAKA.

A Magazine of Knowledge



Vol. VIII.] JULY 1913.

[No. 7.]

Devoted to Indian Mysticism and Advanced Thought.

Subscription Rates : Rs. 3 ; 4 Shillings or \$ 1.00.

If this paragraph is marked X in blue, it denotes your subscription is overdue and we shall thank you for an early remittance.

Dr. T. R. SANJIVI,
Editor.

SWAMI MUKERJI,
Associate Editor.

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COURAGE.

The Philosopher's Attitude.

SWAMI MUKERJI.

Wouldst have courage? Then make conscious connection with the Infinite. That's thy first step. Back of the human mind, soul or spirit is that infinite magazine of Power and Wisdom called God. The closer you draw to this primal source of all that is, the stronger you grow and the more positive you are to external nature, the more perfect the rapport conditions between yourself and the Absolute. The object of evolution is to draw out the powers of the soul so that it may wield the wand of mastery. The hypnotism of fear is in the spirit's ignorance of its own regal nature. Let it open itself to the inflow of divine power and the darkness will vanish. The pall shall lift and illumination shall replace

Tamas. The acquirement of self-knowledge and self-conquest must be assiduously striven for. The soul that knows itself, its destiny and its source is prepared to face life and its varied and startling situations. It may stand aside, as it were, and witness the kaleidoscope of life unmoved. Because—it knows it is deathless, birthless, eternal. It knows the meaning of life and “plays the game” unattached—with the abandon of the freed spirit—yes, freed from the thralldom of fear.

Realize then that the personality with all its complex feelings and emotions is a thing related to the external world and since it is built of the grosser and finer grades of matter composing the same, the latter has power to move it. It is your place to control this tendency. So long as that is not achieved man is but a reed shaken and the soul has not realized its divine heritage. The supreme achievement of the Yogi is in the demonstration of this fact. He knows that he has grown and developed this personality for experiment and experience in the world of matter but that he is a being apart, who has projected a ray of himself into this house of clay for his own purposes and at his own will. The philosophically minded are advised to approach the subject from the above point of view.

The next step is to so regularise your actions and thoughts that they shall constantly reflect this soul-consciousness—because, mark you, it is nought else. A special effort of the Will is called for. The mind should be trained by constant auto-suggestions and by repeated action to vibrate only on the positive plane of mentation. Those who will not take this trouble will find psychological studies barren of all results. It would be the same as if your feet were climbing upon sliding sand—a fruitless occupation.

The third step is (a) accelerating and quickening the heart action. Where this is weak, irregular and unsteady, the brain and the Will are invariably feeble. “A bold heart” means first of all a steady pulse. The student should practise deep-breathing, regularly and systematically for 15 to 20 minutes every day, mornings and evenings. This is the only way. (b) Over-eating should be avoided. It dulls the brain and puts to sleep all the powers of the mind.

These are a few useful hints and the student is expected to develop them.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKESPEARE.

S. NARAYANASAMI IYER, B.A., B.L.

The sonnets of Shakespeare are imbued with a deep devotion of Love. Some fifteen sonnets in the beginning sound like an argument for married life and perpetuation of lineage. But from sonnet the seventeenth, the imagination soars to the divinest conceptions of love. The poet's soul seeks to be united with the Eternal Spirit, and by all the worship he can render, he prays for the consummation. He is confident of the attainment. He will not admit of impediment to love, and if it is young and weak, it will grow and bear out to the edge of doom.

2. He feels that he is not well-perfected in the art of love, and overabundant love sometimes causes a weakness :—

“So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground,
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As, twixt a miser and his wealth is found :
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.”

3. As a neglected child holds its mother in chase and cries to catch her who, having set down the babe, in careful house-wifery, runs after a trifle, the poet appeals to the Lord to turn back to him like a true mother and take him up.

4. Like a lover seeing music played, looks upon the blessed wood whose motion sounds with love's sweet fingers which gently sway the wiry concord, and in envy of those jacks that nimbly leap to kiss those fingers, gets his ear confounded, which should reap the harvest of that harmony, the poet fears that he may blush when others less in love but bolder in suit, may win the Lord.

5. The sonnets are a compilation consecrated to the spirit of Love. Love is the origin, the inspirer, and the aim. Love in all its beauty makes the art of Shakespeare's poetry.

6. He asks :—

“Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed ?”

He answers :—

“What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit ?
But yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same.”
“For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.”

7. The singleness of his devotion is expressed in language rarely equalled. “Mere dwellers on form and favour lose all.”

“Truth needs no colour with his colour fixed,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay.”
“I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt.”

"Which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?"
"Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives these all thy might?"
"Let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free."

8. This devotion is not idolatrous, the object of it is not an idol:
show:—"Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my Love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind and true is all my argument."

9. He accuses himself that he scanted his services, forgot his attendance, wasted time on idle thoughts, and wandered from the proper course of life. But he consoles himself that even his errors were but honest efforts to prove Love's constancy and virtue. By this appeal he incurs no hate, though he cannot escape the frown.

10. To sharpen our appetites we try endless feasts. Being in health, we physic ourselves needlessly to purge possible hidden sicknesses. Thus we anticipate ills and cultivate faulty habits. The poet is afraid that in this way he may fall sick by fearing to get ill.

11. He bids his heart to take comfort. He renounces himself to the will of the Lord. He feels assured that Grace will accept his will. The sea, all water, receives rain still and increases its store. He prays:

"So thou, being rich in will,
Add to thy will one will of mine,
To make thy large will more."

12. If his misgiving ear sometimes heard Love breathe forth the sound that said, 'I hate,' straight he saw mercy beaming in Love's eyes, and the sound followed, 'Not you.'

13. How may the spirit of Love be contemplated or viewed? The poet asks:—

"What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new;
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for a constant heart."

Not with wearied limbs, not with sleepless thoughts, may the Spirit be realised. But in the controlled and contented soul the Spirit abides. The eyes that wander for a sight of the beautiful return with a painted banquet. It is the privilege of the heart to feel the Spirit's inward love. Doubts and distractions, suffering and sorrow, taint the heart, and we lack the strength to render the true rites of love.

14. The instability of the world's favours, the wastes and ravages of Time, our own wayward thoughts and fancies, must put us in mind of what in us will abide, the better part of us, the Spirit, and teach us the wisdom of patience.

15. We have no right to quarrel with our fate. Bound to our Lord by all the ties of duty, let us wait patiently for his service. The slave has no precious time of his own, it is his master's. He has no service to render but what is commanded. He has no concern in the occupation of his lord. Patience, tame to sufferance, is the only merit he can seek.

16. Let us constantly remember how we left our eyes to false-weep our hopes and thus lost when we had to win, how in the exultation of our thoughts we only committed most wretched errors, how in the distraction of a maddening fever, our eyes came to be fitted out of their spheres,—and then we will submit to correction.

17. "I am that I am." My accusing or approving thoughts ought to concern me more than any false opinion of others.

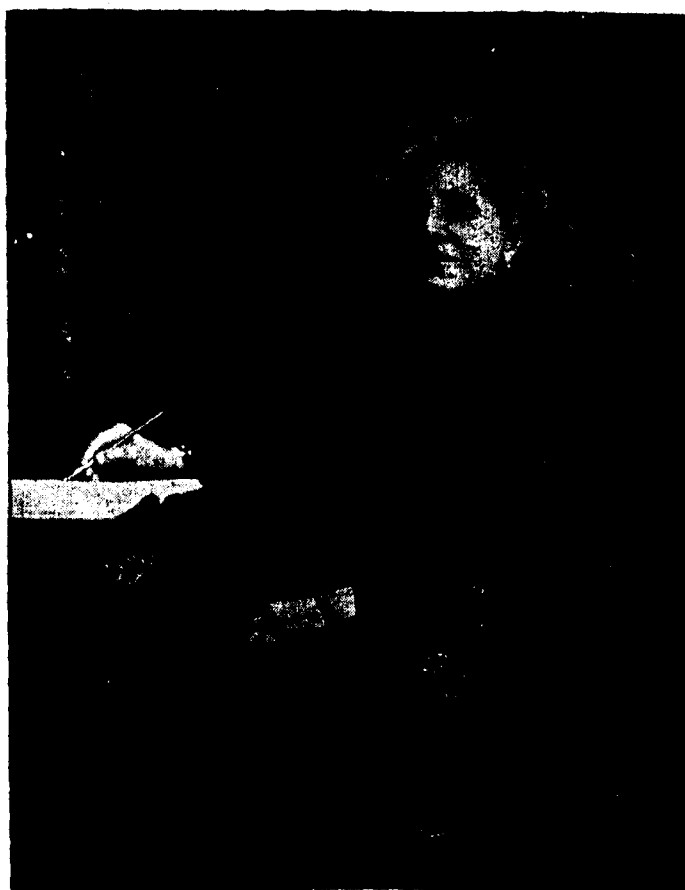
18. Be willed unto the Supreme Will. Do not pursue vain desires, which being had, are hated and despised, which being lacked, rage for more. Let your soul tax the service of the senses and the mind, and not allow them to rebel against it and fatten at its cost. Don't care for the fever of your desires, which sets the appetite propitious to its growth but fatal to your life.

19. Learn the true significance of things, and find and pursue with love and devotion, your true duty. Work of the flesh is mere lust or desire, its lot is brief mortality and waste. Right work done without expectation of reward, as an oblation to the Lord, is work of love. And in this sacrifice passion is burnt into Love. Work, the way of work, and the end of work, is all love. Love is the oblation. To Love it is rendered. Unto Love it grows.

20. Lay not your perjury on the Lord. Your errors and trespasses come not on Him. If your missing judgment, knowing what Beauty is, seeing where Beauty lies, still takes the worst for the best, the perjury is yours alone. If you wander here and there and make yourself a motley to the view, gore your own thoughts, sell cheap what is most dear, make offences of affections new, be resolved that these blenches give you another youth and let the worst essays prove that the Lord is ever Love. Be set deep in honest faith; let not your wits or senses dissuade your foolish heart from serving Him. Will that you become a Will willed unto His will.

MRS. ANNIE BRIGHT.

Mrs. Annie Bright, the talented Editor of *The Harbinger of Light* is an Honorary Fellow of the **Latent Light Culture** and as per our programme to give brief biographical sketches of all Fellows of the L. L. C., we publish hereunder an autobiographical sketch of her.—
Ed. K.



MRS. ANNIE BRIGHT, F.L.L.C.

Your kind request for a photo of myself, and a few notes concerning my work as Editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, cannot be put aside. Time does not permit me to write anything like an autobiography, and all I can say is that the work I am engaged in, and which is the joy and privilege of my life, is the culmination of a long striving after the goal set before me in my earliest years.

It is the hardest thing to reveal the hidden springs of action, or to show to the world the golden thread of destiny that becomes brighter each day to all who realise that they are simply the instruments of higher powers. When I hear of mysterious forces within ourselves that

can be developed solely by occult training, I know that perhaps the surer and safer way is to pursue unflinchingly the straight and narrow path that leads to eternal life. And I rejoice that for every man and woman the mystic gateway ever opens to the pilgrim at the appointed time and at a proper season of spiritual development. In quite a natural way some special teacher or some special helper is sent, some special work indicated.

In a report of an excellent lecture, "What is a Mystic?" received by a late mail the speaker, Madame Delaire, said: "A mystic is a man or woman who believes that God and the human soul are one, and seeks to realise this union in daily life." This is the very essence of Christianity as taught in the gospels, and is the heart of spiritual philosophy. In my book, "A Soul's Pilgrimage," I give the merest outline of how this at-one-ment with the universal life came through the opening of my eyes by simple Spiritualistic phenomena in my own house. As Spiritualism has led me out of the bondage of materialism, so I believe it will eventually lead all the world, and become the foundation of a religion that can appeal to every human heart.

THE HARBINGER OF LIGHT.

And so, as in the palmy days of the great Roman Empire, all roads led to Rome, so in my own life it is evident that all my past experience and training were but a preparation for what is pre-eminently the work of my life. In my book I say how some important development was constantly foretold, and to tell the story of how I became editor of the kind of paper I had always longed for would read like a fairy tale to the outside world.

Spiritualist, however, I can say that after a long apprenticeship to journalism of a most successful kind, after being Editor of the "Cosmos Magazine," one of the few successful Australian publications of its kind, a period of relinquishment of editorial work through illness in my family was necessitated.

When I was again free to resume the work which had hitherto delighted me, a strange incapability seized me, and I was powerless to write the articles or to do the work expected of me. In the midst of what was the most painful experience in my life came one day, in the mysterious fashion that psychics can understand, a message that entirely changed my future. Its effect on myself was more remarkable than the message itself. This was on the 24th of November, 1900, and was to the effect that I was to give up all writing of the usual kind for the press, and commence a work for which I had been long destined. "Do not hesitate to give yourself up at once to the divine helpers who are calling you." * * * A great crowd of angels will bear you up lest your feet stumble by the way. * * * Courage and faith remove mountains," etc. These are just a few sentences from what I knew to be a mandate from the unseen, and signed by the name of an exalted spirit whose very name was given to an esoteric circle, all strangers to myself, in London a few years ago. It seemed long to wait, as two years had to pass before the opening came, and then it was through an unexpected source.

In the early days of my widowhood, in 1903, broken down in health and spirits, an invitation came to me in Sydney from my esteemed friend, W. H. Terry, then Editor of the *Harbinger of Light*, to come to Melbourne to give the Victorian Association of Spiritualists a course of four lectures on Myers' "Human Personality," then just published. I came in August, 1903, for five weeks, not knowing that in this city was awaiting me the great work of my life. At the invitation of the Association here my short visit was extended. Spiritually I was informed that "my work lay henceforth in Melbourne, and that it was literary." I worked on quietly, never suspecting that the paper I had longed for, into which I could put the whole of my thoughts, would be in course of time *The Harbinger of Light*. As I was an experienced journalist, it was one of my pleasant duties to help Mr. Terry in conducting its pages. It was, however, quite a surprise to myself when some two years later Mr. Terry, wishing to retire from active business, gave it into my hands as his most precious possession to do as I liked with.

HELPERS BY THE WAY.

In the same way that occultists say that a helper comes at the right time, so did my great helper come in Mr. T. W. Stanford, who with one of his far-seeing intuitions, suggested one day a wider dissemination of the remarkable phase of mediumship displayed at his circles with the medium, Charles Bailey. From the first, the scientific aspect of Spiritualistic phenomena has always attracted me. A study of Sir Wm. Crookes' "Law of Vibrations," and the spiritual basis of matter, showed me that this was the explanation the world was waiting for. Since then psychic investigation and scientific discoveries, resulting in radium as illustrating the highest ratio of vibration yet registered, have confirmed all my theories.

A religion within nature is what the world is waiting for. It is to bring people back from the deadening influence of materialism that these circles have been made so prominent a feature, and the result is remarkable. From every quarter of the globe come letters of inquiry. Visitors from all parts of the world interested in Spiritualism make Melbourne and a visit to Mr. Stanford's museum of "apports" a chief place of call. That all this is under spiritual control receives corroboration in my every-day life, and although the most practical, methodical, and hardworking among women, relying not on "messages," but on inspiration that comes to all who seek, I know that of myself I could do nothing.

I have written this as to a friend, have fancied myself sitting with you in pleasant conversation, and I hope that in this simple way the story of my life-work may reach your readers, and especially those who realise that "there is a hand that guides."

ANNIE BRIGHT.

MUSIC AND DEFINITENESS.

FREDERIC W. BURRY, F.L.L.C.

Definiteness is an attractive word, suggesting security and truth but it also gives a hint of danger.

To be definite is to be dogmatic and it is often a state of ultra-conservatism that refuses to move, and believes not in progress.

This is pre-eminently an age of mental unrest, new thoughts and lines of action appearing fast one on the other, a day of revolution and reform. Yes, the spirit of change that is abroad is affecting everything—the fine arts as well as the mechanical. No longer can a particular text-book be looked upon as the one infallible authority; and to the very timid and cautious, this time we are living in appears as though all doctrines were undergoing a sort of earthquake. Where is stability, it is queried. Is there no absolute sure foundation?

It is a day of "vision," of "points of view," of "relative" standards.

The banner of freedom is being held aloft. Laws and codes and restrictions are tottering—there is agitation and disorder everywhere and in everything.

Out of this chaos, there is no doubt, newer settled theories will be arrived at. Meanwhile, we must be patient, and faithfully willing to alter many of our "opinions."

To musicians, it is very important that they keep abreast of the times, and be willing to compromise in some matters, while the present era of new conceptions proceeds with its working.

It will not do to shut one's eyes to facts, neither will it do to rashly throw over all the old laws, just because we see they have now merely served their time, being clearly of human origin, and thus anything but flawless.

Our complicated and puzzling musical terminology and symbology is a fair example of the frailness of man's early efforts for artistic expression. Coming down through many centuries and from various countries, the old symbols not being replaced very much by the new ones, but always continual addition, as new lines of musical expression appear across humanity's aspiring horizon, it is not to be wondered at that the study of music is so tedious, and to the impatient student often looks like confusion worse confounded.

It is easily to be seen why so many teachers become nervous wrecks, endeavouring to give satisfactory replies to the curious pupil; or why some say good-bye to their conscience altogether, when pupils insist on definite laws and unchangeable theories. For if there is anything more indefinite than our present musical modes, I do not know what it is.

But how can you expect music to be confined to the limits of definiteness? Music carries one upward, takes one away from what is generally called the finite, and beyond all the other arts gives one a keen into the realm of the infinite.

Our nomenclature is anything but definite. Take two musical dictionaries, and you will discover very often quite opposite meaning for the same word.

Take the words *Andante* and *Andantino* for example. One authority will declare that *andante* is quicker than *andantino*, while another will say the very contrary.

But it is all the point of view, like the shield that was gold on one side and silver on the other. Things in music are decidedly paradoxical.

Yet, you cannot always make the student understand this; and then, in the order of growth, when he happens to change a view point, he is apt to forget his former one; and so it is the poor tutor who is considered inconsistent, and perhaps incompetent. The cunning teacher guards against the pupil changing his view point, knowing how conveniently forgetful the average human being is, and this accounts for a great deal of musical mediocrity.

The materialistic scientist looks upon Beauty itself as a kind of lie, the veneer that covers up the actual sordid Reality. Music is the highest form of Beauty, the finest of the Arts, but there is surely a deeper message, as yet undreamed, enshrined beneath its veils of artifice. It lures man on to higher things, to a life yet unknown, it whispers of a nobler destiny to be lived somewhere, but not here or now. It carries one beyond the *definiteness* attached to time and space, and it is not surprising that its terminology may appear at times vague and indefinite; sometimes a word meaning slow, at other times quick, all according to the nature of the musical message, time and space, rhythmic and dynamics blending, as it were, the vision of a fourth dimension being opened, soul materializing in celestial forms.

It will not do to launch the early beginner among such fine and subtle things. He wants rules, and he should have them although when the proper time comes, they have to be broken.

A sensitive man, the genius who correlates the objects of life as the ordinary man can never do, is often at first supremely conscientious. Seeing and feeling instability all around him, if he mentions it to the undiscerning, he is told that he "does not know his own mind"—which of course is perfectly true—but this is considered the most culpable ignorance that one can be guilty of.

Ignatius Loyola, in his early days, had a very annoying lively conscience. The most trivial actions appeared to him as great crimes. This was because he possessed a wonderfully acute mental vision, that saw the blemishes in the accepted codes. Later, he founded the Jesuit Order, and dared to set up laws of his own. All great men have similar features to Ignatius. In their early days, they are kept back by a long constraint of really stupid casuistry but which prevents their real and lasting work from being born premature; but in due time they break their chains, they become free when they know how to be.

How poor are some of Beethoven's early compositions. What a dullard was Napoleon in his youth. How Leonardo would procrastinate and tinker with his work, "never finishing anything."

Great men at first desire perfection, looking upon it as a goal to be reached speedily, but meanwhile they simply must have Expression; and then at last they discover that Perfection is something of a phantom, and they lay down a certain definite line of action of their own, becoming laws unto themselves, "speaking as one having authority," they found schools, they build empires and make kingdoms of thought or of action. They do the best they can, and "let it go at that."

The most modern among the school of musical art are breaking away from the old laws with a vengeance. In some cases the construction of works seem so grotesque, as though they were composed neither of melody or harmony, consisting rather of a kind of bizarre noise, and yet giving a message in their way, though not always easily interpreted.

There is no doubt that some of our very modern music is open to the charge of not being altogether sane—being a sort of hybrid character, at times suggesting incompleteness, as though born too hastily. Still, it is evident that the new tendency is to break away from old limits; and it is at least probable that our modern composers are simply paving the way for a musical company of the future that will prove the present creations to have been worth while.

To sum up, definiteness and completeness are not to be expected. Music and all the Fine Arts represent messages of a higher order of life and expression. Then we must be prepared to temporize a little, and be willing to live in the Present, while working for the Future, with its generations yet unborn, which we are told is the "Meaning of the Earth."

HIDDEN MANNA.

HENRY PROCTOR, M.R.A.S., F.R.S.L., F.L.L.

"To Him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna."—Rev. II.

What is this hidden manna, and how does it differ from the manna in the wilderness?

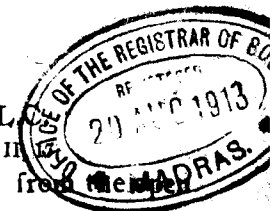
Our first introduction to the manna is in *Exodus* xvi. All Israel were to gather it daily. It was in nowise hidden, but was free to all. But Aaron was commanded to fill a "golden pot" with an omer of the manna, and to put it in

THE MOST HOLY PLACE

beyond the second veil (*Heb.* ix, 4). The hidden manna represented this. Our Lord Himself explained what the open manna typified; "the bread of God which cometh down out of heaven, and giveth life unto the world" is His flesh which He gives for the life of the world. It is a free gift, offered to all who will take it. And unless we "eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood" we have no life in us (*John* vi, 53). It is absolutely essential to eat of this manna in order to have eternal life. It is a

FREE GIFT

this eternal life, and therefore the manna which ensures it must also be a free gift.



But the hidden manna is only for the overcomer: the conqueror of this dispensation. Previously, the way into the holiest was not made manifest, and the manna was hidden there within the veil in the golden pot.

The gold represents the divine nature, the vessel containing it typifies the Christ in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, all the pleroma or plenitude of the divine nature. To eat of the hidden manna it is necessary to become a partaker of the divine nature. The hidden manna is the

HIDDEN WISDOM OF GOD;

the wisdom hidden in the mystery which God fore-ordained before the ages unto our glory. The knowledge of this wisdom can only be received by those who are spiritual (I Cor. III, 1). It is only spoken "among them that are perfect" (teleioi) (I Cor., II, 6), i. e., the overcomers.

"Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man" God hath revealed unto them by His Spirit, who worketh in them mightily teaching them "all things, yea, even the

DEEP THINGS OF GOD"

and causing them to eat continually of the hidden manna.

Under the dispensation of types and shadows the priest could eat of the outward flesh of the sacrifices which typified the Coming One who should give His flesh for the life of the world, but the inward hidden parts were consumed upon the altar of a sweet savour unto God. The hidden parts represented God's own portion. But now the overcomer is invited to sup with God Himself: to feed in company with our blessed Lord upon

THE DIVINE PORTION

—the hidden manna (Rev. III, 20). Other promises to the overcomer confirm this point—that he is to share with Christ all that the Father gives to the Son. As an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ he is to sit with Him on His throne; to exercise authority over the nations, and to be a pillar in the temple of which Christ is the chief corner-stone.

But we must buy of Him "gold refined by fire," that is, become partakers of the divine nature of Him who as a sacrifice has

PASSED THROUGH THE FIRE.

In conjunction with Him we are called to present our bodies—our human nature—as a sacrifice of a sweet savour unto God (Rom. XII, 1; Eph. V, 2.) This is selling all to buy the pearl of great price. But we must "count the cost" and pay the price. "He emptied Himself": I must empty myself. The price of divine wisdom is the renunciation of human wisdom; of the divine nature the human nature, of divine strength human strength. The waiters on Jehovah exchange strength. Only as they part with the human can they receive the divine. The two cannot co-exist. It is only as I realize that I can see nothing spiritual with the outward eye, and understand nothing spiritual with the human intellect, that the

EYE OF THE INWARD MAN

is opened, and anointed with spiritual eye salve, and I begin to sup with Him and He with me on the hidden manna.

EXCELLENT PHENOMENA.

Illustrating the Grand and Beautiful Truths of Spirit Return.

Recognizing the fact that *The Kalpaka* is an exponent setting forth various topics, especially those of a spiritual nature, and observing that phenomenal experiences of different individuals have been published for consideration by the reader, I have thought it expedient to relate my first experience under spirit influence, and some of the phenomena that attended my subsequent development spiritually.

In October, 1891, my wife, the last one of my family, passed to spirit life. Up to that, I had no knowledge of spirit influence, return, or other manifestations. The terms Spiritualism, Spiritualist and Medium, were by virtue of early education, connected with ghost stories and diabolical issues, I having been brought up under the strictest discipline of the Methodist church.

Very soon after my wife passed out of the body, I was seized by a numbness of the hands and fingers, especially so when I took up a knife or fork with which to eat, or a pen or pencil to write. I would throw them down, and immediately the hand would return to a normal condition. As often as I resumed the handling of these articles, the numbness would return. I, as well as my friends, feared that I was approaching a paralytic condition, which gave me much concern.

Two months after the interment of my wife's body, I was strangely impressed to go to Defiance, Ohio, to visit the graves of my loved ones. Not being able to throw off the continued impression, I made the journey from New Albany, Indiana. On arrival, and the fact that the cemetery was near the railroad station, I decided to visit the graves before going into the city. As I was entering the gate of the cemetery, there came over me a repellant force or feeling, and with it the thought: "Why come here? We are not here."

So strong was the impression that I simply walked through the avenue, paused a moment at the graves, returned to the station and boarded the first train for Albion, Indiana, with the intention of spending a week with my father. When there, the numbness returned again to my hands, greatly to the alarm of my father. At once I was impressed to move on, and felt that I could not remain there, so I left there the next morning for Walkerton, Indiana, fully intending to spend the Christmas week with my brother and his family. There again the unrest and discontent baffled my plans, and I was further impressed to go to Chicago to visit my wife's sister, which I did. I was contented to remain there for a week, though the numbness of the hands continued.

The second morning after my arrival in Chicago, I accompanied my brother-in-law to his office. While there, I took up a city directory, opened it, and almost the first name I read was Miss Lizzie Bangs, slate writing medium. Why my attention was directed to it, I could not understand at the time, but there came to me the impression to go to her for advice. This I fought until the last day in the afternoon, before I was to leave Chicago at night for my home. Finally, I gave way to

the influence, bought some slates at "The Fair", and washed them preparatory for use. Anticipating that the medium would either require me to ask questions or produce written ones, I took the precaution to write four, so arranged that they were not direct, *e.g.*, "Father, prove to me by the style of your composition and writing that the communication is made by you." The others I constructed similarly in accord with the required answer. I used no names in the questions. I folded each exactly alike, as small as possible, mixed them together so I could not possibly know them apart, placed them in my purse, saying to myself: "I guess that with these new washed slates and obscure questions, the medium will be baffled indeed, for there will be no chance for mind reading or mechanical slate drawings. I took my skeptic defiance in hand, and boarded a car *en-route* for the Bangs' residence.

It was 1 P.M., hence a bright sunlight in the seance room. After stating that it was my first experience with spirit manifestations, and that I was inclined to be skeptical, consequently had brought my own slates, and had my questions previously prepared, the medium remarked: "I am glad you have done so for if you get answers to them on your own slates, it will be the more convincing to you." She had me sit at a small table by her side, hold one of the folded slips in my hand, and to place the latter on the table, and with the other hand to hold one end of the slate, on which I had placed a piece of pencil too small for human fingers to grasp and write with. She then placed one hand on the table near mine, and with the other, she held the opposite end of the slate, (which latter never passed out of my sight) and very soon writing was distinctly heard on the under side of the slate. When the slate was filled, raps came on it, which she said indicated that the spirit control desired that the slate be turned over. I lifted the piece of pencil and she turned the slate as desired, then I placed the piece of pencil on top of the slate again. The writing was at once resumed. Finally it ceased, and the medium said: "Take your slate now, open your question slip and see if you have a satisfactory answer to it." I did so. It chanced to be the one I had written to my father-in-law as above referred to. In the earth life, he never wrote to me that he did not begin his letter thus: "My Dear Son Ben, Love and greetings to you to-day." These very words were used by him to open the communication on the slate. In the earth life he was an accountant, and wrote a bold back hand style, and all the final "y's" to his words were peculiarly flourished. I had often joked him relative to them, saying that they looked like whip lashes. Every final "y" in the communication on the slate was thus flourished, and as I had only addressed him in the question slip as father, yet he signed his name in full, "Francis H. Sleeper." Let the reader imagine my surprise at this.

Another slate and question was then taken, which latter proved to be one intended for my wife, in response to which came a communication detailing how she had worked to bring me to the knowledge of the continuity of life, and the possibility of spirit return to guide and aid mortal friends and that it was she who had thrown the numb condition on my hands, in her effort to make me feel her presence at the table,

and in hopes to use my hand for automatic writing when holding my pencil. She began her communication by calling me "Benjie," which was her favorite way of addressing me (my name being Benjamin), and signed, "Lovingly your wife Annie." Here my skeptical fortifications began to fall.

The third slate and question was then taken, with results as before. The question was the one I had intended for my mother. The communication in response began thus. "My Dear Son Ben; Mother has heard your lonely sad pleadings all the years she has been absent from you in the form. Open yet wider the door for communication, my child, and we will surely bring to you the knowledge you so much desire." (Here it might be well to say that my mother passed to spirit life when I was but four years of age, and that during my life time I always mourned the loss of a mother's counsel and love in the needed hour of effort). She signed her lengthy communication with her full name, "Mariah Zelina Leslie."

Here came my surrender to the glorious truth of Spiritualism, and the acceptance of positive proof relative to the continuity of life and the truth of spirit return to aid mortal friends in various ways, a satisfaction I had not previously found in creeds and their unproven beliefs.

The fourth slate and question was then taken, to which my mother-in-law manifested. She, like my mother addressed me thus: "My Dear Son Ben." She having named me as executor of her will, spoke in the communication relative to the manner in which I had carried out her wishes. As she and I had often conversed on the realities of the life beyond before her passing out, she made further comment on the theme, as per her understanding of it from the spirit side of life. She also signed her name in full, "Harriet Osborn Sleeper." Here the tree of knowledge began to develop, and that of belief to decay, and hope, its fruit, nourished the sprouting unto future growth.

Every slate was filled. This caused the medium to doubt my statement that it was my first experience with spirit phenomena, but reassuring her of the truthfulness of my statement, she said: "For my pleasure, hold a slate yourself and see what you get." She sat at least five feet from me, immediately the writing began. When completed, I found it to be a good-bye message from my wife. In the earth life when writing me a letter, she always reserved and marked off a corner on one of the sheets of paper, in which she wrote "love and kisses from Callie and Roy" (These were our children). One corner of the slate was thus marked off; but instead of the contents being in her hand-writing the children had printed the message, "Love and kisses from Callie and Roy."

"Now", said the medium, place a slate beneath one of your feet and see if you can get any thing that way." This I did and immediately there came a good-bye message on the slate from my mother. On top of the writing, and at right angles with it, the bold, back hand writing of my father-in-law traced the words, "God bless you, our boy," and the signature, "Father and mother Sleeper." Thus was the door to the spirit world opened to me.

Regarding some of the strange phenomena that I have experienced since that time, I will say that several months after my seance with Miss Bangs, I, with friends from New Albany, Indiana, was invited to take tea with some friends in Louisville, Ky., just across the Ohio river whose residence was on Chestnut Street, near 22nd. A slate writing medium was in the party, but there was no seance arranged on the programme for the evening. Most of the friends were gathered in the parlour, and I sat at the piano entertaining them. As I played, a piece of folded writing paper fell upon the keys of the piano, as if thrown down from the ceiling. It was distinctly seen to pass down through the air by those sitting in the room. Of course we were all amazed at the manifestation. I unfolded the paper and found it to be a communication purporting to come from the spirit friends who had assembled there with us. It was relative to the tea party and contained some jocularity. I read the communication to the friends, as each, in some way, were named in its detail. That pertaining to myself was in the form of a joke, viz; that the hostess had shown me favor, as she had given me the largest cup of coffee, which latter was a fact. A search was at once made to ascertain, if possible, the source of the manifestation, and where the spirits had obtained the paper upon which to manifest. It was found that the paper exactly corresponded with some that the hostess had, but hers was securely locked up in her writing desk, which latter had not been opened for several days; so if the paper was there obtained, it was a case of passing matter through matter, by the process of first dematerializing it and rematerializing it again.

Finally, the hour arrived for the home-going. I with my New Albany friends started for that city. We had gone in Chestnut Street from 22nd to 14th on the street car. We then had to walk several blocks in 14th street to the station where we were to take the steam car for New Albany. When within about two blocks of the station (the two ladies being about a block ahead of myself and the other gentleman), suddenly there came down, as if falling from the sky, a piece of china which struck me on the left shoulder, fell to the pavement and was broken into several pieces. We were startled at its coming. I gathered up the pieces, put them together and found it to be an individual butter dish with a piece of butter still on it. I, as well as my friend, noticed that it resembled those used at the tea party that evening. Being desirous to know if it were one of them, I returned the next morning, inquired of the hostess how many butter dishes she had in her set.

"One dozen," was her reply.

I said, "Will you please see if you have that number now?"

"Certainly," she replied.

She soon returned saying, "There are only eleven there now." I asked her to please bring me one, which she did. We compared the broken one with it and found it to be identically the same pattern. This was a case of conveying matter through space, under the process of dematerialization, and rematerialization again.

A few weeks later, I had an occasion to go to Jeffersonville, Indiana, on business, and in the meantime intended to call on a medium for a

slate writing seance. When I boarded the train at New Albany, I had both overshoes on; but when I arrived at Jeffersonville I discovered that one was missing. I thought that I had lost it when boarding the train. Business through, I made the intended call on the medium, and we joked considerably in regard to my having come there with only one rubber on, but nothing was said by the spirits regarding it. On leaving the house, and having walked away a few rods, the missing rubber fell with considerable force on the walk directly in front of me. I found it to be the identical one I had supposed to be lost. I was then about five miles from where I had first mislaid it. I was alone at the time of both losing and finding the shoe. This was another case of handling and conveying matter through space.

On another occasion, when going to have a slate writing seance with the same medium, just before entering her house, and as I was coming up the walk, a folded note fell at my feet. I opened it and read the contents, which was to the effect that I need not go, for I would find the person very ill, who therefore could not see me. To this was added a post-script saying: "We dropped this note for you when you was boarding the train, but you did not see it." To prove its truthfulness however, I went on and found the person ill, as was stated in the note.

About two weeks later, when having a seance with the same medium, I asked where the spirits got the paper on which they wrote the note. The answer came, "Look in your memorandum book." I did so, found a leaf torn out, the stub of which exactly fitted the leaf of paper on which the communication was written. I furthermore learned that it was taken from my overcoat as it lay on a couch in my room while I was preparing to go to Jeffersonville, a distance of six miles from my room.

A few weeks later, while spending the afternoon at the home W. E. Grove, New Albany, Indiana, where we were to hold a slate writing seance, the medium, myself and the friends in the home sat at a table near the window. After several communications had been received, we were startled by the sound of something falling from behind the curtains. The object fell to the floor and rolled out in front of us. I picked it up and found it to be a small sea shell on which was written, in black ink, "From Annie to Benjie," said to be from my wife, and for me; on further examination, I saw that it fully resembled a shell I had picked up on the beach of the Fernandina Island, Florida, and which I kept on a mantle piece in my room. I hastened home to see if my shell was there; but lo! it was gone. No one had access to my rooms, as I cared for them myself, hence no one could have removed it thence, so the writing must have been placed on the shell at my room, conveyed through space a distance of six blocks, and dropped in the room by spirit forces.

These phenomena took place early in the 90's, and no more occurred until in 1905 in Buffalo, N. Y. On Thanksgiving morning, as is my custom once a week, I placed a vase of cut flowers on my typewriting cabinet, saying: "This is a Thanksgiving offering to my spirit guides, relatives and friends in general"; at the same time sending out thoughts of thanksgiving to them for their loving care and aid in my work. The

boquet consisted simply of three carnations, and three fern leaves. These placed, I sat down to my writing, (for I was then already engaged on my late work, *Submerged Atlantis Restored or Links and Cycles*). At the noon hour I went to my lunch, supposing that I had finished my writing for the day, as I seldom write in the afternoon, especially so on spiritual themes; but on this occasion I felt a strong impression to return to my writing which I did. After I had been writing a few moments, I had an occasion to get up and refer to my dictionary. As I turned around from my library to my cabinet, I stood facing the boquet of flowers with my dictionary folded in my arms. I was startled by seeing a singular formation that appeared to be about two feet above the vase of flowers, which resembled a cloudlet of steam or mist on a frosty day. It began to descend toward the flowers, passed through them and down on to the top of the cabinet to the base of the vase without causing the slightest quiver of the flowers. When the formation had reached the cabinet at the bottom of the vase, it developed into a beautiful lanceolate leaf with serrulate edges, green, waxy and fresh, as if plucked when conditioned with the dew of morning. The stem gave evidence of fresh plucking. By the side of this leaf, there also developed four tiny leaves from the *Asparagus Springari*. I went to all the horticulture and floral places in the city to see if I could find a plant bearing similar leaves, but was not successful. Finally, I took it to a florist who told me it was a leaf from the *Leucothia* shrub, and that it was a native of Tennessee. Later, I learned from the guides that they had brought it from that locality through space in a dematerialized state, and that the process which I had witnessed at my desk, was that of rematerialization again to its normal state, and was done in recognition of my floral offering to them in the morning, and also to show me that they had the force to aid me in the writing of the book above mentioned. At that season of the year there was no verdure out of doors, nor were there any plants in the house, excepting the vase of flowers above mentioned.

A few weeks later, while giving a piano lesson, to a lady in her own home (who had previous to my coming, plucked a vase of tulips from her own garden, and placed them on a stand near the piano), she rose at my request to get a piece of music from her cabinet. Returning as far as to the stand on which the flowers stood, and beside which I was sitting, she paused while we commented on the beauty of the flowers. Instantly one of the blooms was broken from its stem with a snap that could have been heard in any part of the room, and fell to the top of the stand. She was startled at the phenomena for a moment. The bloom was variegated with three tints, and the only one in the vase so marked, each being of one color. Soon I heard clairaudiently the mother's voice saying: "It was I who broke the flower. I wish my daughter to know that I am here, and that the three tints represent myself and her brother in spirit life, and she yet in the mortal. When I told her what I heard, she said, 'Yes my mother and brother are in spirit life.'"

The last manifestation I have had with flowers was at the Easter time some five years ago. I went to the florist to purchase some flowers to send to a friend as an Easter offering or greeting. The store was filled

with blooming plants, ferns and palms. In a glass enclosure various varieties of carnations stood in vases on elevated shelves, the central one being all white blooms. As the florist walked toward it the white carnations were shaken as if blown by a whirlwind for the moment, and then became as still as before. Not another carnation in the enclosure was visibly moved. The florist looked at me in surprise, but I simply said: "Give me flowers from that vase please." The guides subsequently informed me that they wished me to send the pure white blooms, without my pre-knowledge of the fact, and that was why they moved them when I went to purchase them.

As my article is already too lengthy, I will close by referring to a few manifestations that took place during the latter part of the time when I was engaged on the completion of my book above referred to; and also the last manifestation that took place just before I left Buffalo, N. Y., to make Los Angeles my future home. First, the tests proving to me the force of spirit influences to operate material manifestations, consisted in their taking away articles for a few days, then returning them to their proper place, after strict search had proven them to have been removed by unseen hands. My pencils and other writing utilities would be spirited away and hidden where, in time, I would find them in unexpected positions and places; additions, and also perfect erasures were made on my MSS., etc.

Finally, the last manifestation of importance was as follows: While walking alone on North Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., contemplating whether it would be wise or not for me to change my residence to Los Angeles, I came to this decision of mind, and remarked audibly to myself saying: "I have trusted my spirit guides all through the several year I spent in preparing the data for my book (which is now completed) and I shall still trust their ability to aid me in making this change of homes. At the moment I made that decision, a piece of zinc or metal about three inches long, and rolled up into about an inch in diameter, fell from above, directly in front of me, and rolled some ten feet ahead of me. At that time I was not in any position that it could have fallen from a building near me, and no one was within nearly a block from me. I was about to pass the piece of metal when a spirit voice said to me: "Pick it up." I did so, took it home and laid it in one of the drawers of my typewriting cabinet. I thought no more about it until I was packing up preparatory to making the move, above referred to, when I threw the piece of metal into my waste basket. The same voice said: "Don't throw that away," so I took it up again, and as Mrs. C. C. Van Duzee, who had assisted me in getting the data for my book, was then in the home, I asked her to hold the piece of metal and see if she could get a solution to the strange manifestation. As soon as she touched it, she saw (clairvoyantly) an ancient Arabian spirit and heard (clairaudiently) him say: "I threw the metal down to show him that we still have a charge over him." As quick as a flash, he had entranced her, and through her organism, began speaking in Arabian to me. This language I could not understand, but a spirit interpreter said that he desired me to wear the metal near my body, and especially so on my journey to the Pacific Coast. He said that he had taken the spirit part

or life principle of the metal into the spirit spheres, and the metal into the material, where the former had been charged with the spirit forces, and the latter with the material, after which process, he had reunited the two principles or forces into one form again, which if constantly worn, would give me much aid in both the spiritual and the material conditions.

Vast and varied have been my experiences with spirit phenomena or manifestations, through which I have learned that on the spirit side of life as well as on the material, two influences exist, the good and the evil (though I have only narrated manifestations intended for the former), the developed and the undeveloped, which may enter the door or cross the threshold of manifestation by the aid of mediumship. It may be all good, all evil, or mixed good and evil in the effort of good to gain supremacy over evil; hence, genuine, fraudulent, helpful or disastrous results are the outcome. The mortal side of life is largely responsible for these conditions and results, for there is an attraction between spirits embodied and those disembodied, and the vibrations of life will follow the line connecting them with individuality and its purposes, ultimately in influence according to the consciousness of the receiver. Much could be said along this line, and I regret that space will not allow me to give some manifestations from the evil influences that have come to my notice, by way of contrast. Some will say, what good can come out of these manifestations? To me, they meant much, especially the proof of immortality, the continuity of life and intelligence beyond the grave, and the assurance that our departed come to aid and influence us on the material side of life.

J. BEN LESLIE.*

LOS ANGELES, CAL., U. S. A.

SERVE THYSELF—II.

A. SRINIVASACHARY, B. A.

Realisation of God from the personal or impersonal stand-point, from the objective or subjective side, from both if possible, is the only end of evolution, is the only obligation, for each and every one of us—a personal obligation, and the first, the last and the only obligation—albeit wrongly considered by some as selfish. In modern times one painfully observes a marked tendency even among the so-called educated community to criticise the ancient Rishis of our sacred land for being very selfish in the pursuit of their own God, for leaving their poor and undeveloped brethren to suffer bitterly and toil along their wearisome way unaided and uncared for, destitute of the valuable help they were in a position to offer to their younger brethren by way of precept and example. These great sages are blamed for leading a life of seclusion and silence, for not choosing the path of unselfish service for its own sake from the very beginning to the very end, for not living only to give and never to take, living only for the joy and prosperity of others, only for serving and saving their weaker fellowmen as far as they could.

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Before proceeding to justify their actions, the intense purity and the deep sincerity of the motives that impelled them to seek their favourite spots of mountain caves and so forth, I should like to impress on the minds of my dear readers the all-important general principle, that in this, as in everything else, while an earnest seeker will be careful not to lose the strong bent of his own mind and his own views in consideration of other men's views, however forcibly the rationality of the views and the cogency of their arguments may appeal to him, he should never get into the unpleasant habit of underrating and much less of criticising others, but should, as far as possible, understand and assimilate the various principles of spiritual unfoldment and accustom himself to the various forms which the same truth may assume under the action of different minds; for although all good principles have their common source in the pure and unselfish heart that is purged of all base attachments, they have to come round and manifest themselves through the medium of the head which is essentially an element that differs in multifarious ways in different individuals—an element which imparts its own colouring to whatever may be seen through it—and again, he should constantly endeavour to grow in an all-round way such that he may be ever free from all prejudices of the intellect that are likely to constrain its unhampered action and interfere with the clear and impartial vision of the truth. This is a principle that, if sufficiently adhered to, will enable one to grow rapidly in all directions and avoid unnecessary conflict and disturbance of mental equilibrium which assuredly result in a distorted version of the real truth. In this connection it must not be forgotten that no one need run away from truth from fear and want of confidence in himself; everyone should learn the many forms of truth and the various attitudes of the mind and the intellect, as far as it lies in his power. Perhaps the principles, the doctrines and the methods of various leaders (spiritual leaders) of mankind may appear to a superficial observer to contradict one another; but when once the intellect acquires the power of breaking through the external form of a principle and of plunging into the very bottom of it, there to enjoy the beauty of the conception that shines there in all its pristine beauty and naked grandeur, when the intellect obtains an intuitive insight into the principles, then, I think, the contradictions are sure to vanish, and things are seen in their true perspective. Says a great writer:—"Like and unlike are the same, opposites are identical in nature but different in degree; extremes meet; all truths are but half truths; all paradoxes may be reconciled." Now to return to the criticism of the Rishis:—

Whilst duly appreciating and then perfectly tolerating the noble views of those that have ventured upon the criticism I cannot help feeling that, after all, the views of our Rishis were equally noble, if not more, and though I am far from condemning views other than mine, the truth must be represented in the clearest way possible for its own sake, for every truth is but an aspect of the Highest Truth, God, granted that realisation of God is the highest goal, then first the path of service is a path chosen only as a means to that end, as a method of killing out all selfishness, directly or indirectly, from the very beginning, and of giving free and explicit expression to the God within us, or as one may put it,

of employing ourselves completely and thereby allowing God to appear and shine in all His glory through His highest embodiment—Man; and all real aspirants have to do the same whatever paths they may follow. Secondly our men believe not in serving and giving (please understand this properly); in giving anything really elevating another, unless and until they have acquired it themselves. And in their earnest endeavours to reach the goal, they do not forget their brethren really and are not reaching the goal themselves alone for their own sake, but are unconsciously and necessarily helping and influencing many of their brethren by their silent progress and development, in addition to what help they cannot but give in the future after they have realised God. Sincere and effective help can be given more freely and service done more unconsciously without the least thought of self, quite in the really charitable fashion, with the Christ-spirit of the right hand not knowing what the left hand giveth, by silently setting the example which is contagious in nature, than by preaching and publishing. Have ye not heard of the tremendous power of thought? "He who, may be, sits in a cave or apparently idles away life in the sunshine, who undertakes no works through the pen or through the purse, who apparently has no part in practical efforts to benefit, may, nevertheless, be a living battery from which radiates in every direction powerful influence in the shape of thought. Pure and selfless, it may vibrate through the world and stimulate and encourage the minds that are in accord with it. Higher than the poets, beyond the essayist or preacher, is he who can understand, control and project ideas." Secondly, you who serve because it is your duty to serve, do you not do your duty because you hope to evolve and improve thereby? Are you not anyhow seeking your own improvement? Again, my friend, before you think and talk of serving another, do you, I ask, really feel for your poor and neglected brother who is crushed by the merciless laws of nature? Does this feeling compel your body and brain, course through your veins and make you restless day and night? Do you really feel that he is your brother, not merely call him in name, however much he may deserve the name? Have you found a solution of the difficulties of your brother, and are you perfectly pure at heart, free from all blemishes of personal motives of fame, reward and so on? He who has satisfied these conditions, he alone has a right to serve. You who have not known the common Father of all, who have not realised the Fatherhood of God, how did you come to know and feel that your fellowmen are your brothers? I mean spiritually, not materially. Are you not repeating like a phonograph and a parrot the word 'brother' when you have not felt it yourself? Do you say in your self-conceit and ignorance that you serve? All of us imperfect ones do not serve in that sense, cannot at present; we serve but to help ourselves, to purify ourselves. Humanity is not in need of our service. God is, and it is all right with the world. The Lord knows the needs of each and every individual and shall send help in the right time to the right one without your or my interference in the affair as well. Hear what Swami Mukerji says:—"We criticise. We wrangle. We read. We write. We talk of working for humanity and criticise saints, the depths and heights of whose natures our small intelligence cannot possibly span. Your great Vivekananda who has done such glorious

services to humanity used to say: 'I have hardly got a spark of Sri Ramakrishna's profound nature. If I have done anything for this world it is my Master's. Only the mistakes are mine.' Humanity does not need our puny services. We grow by serving it. God rules and this I say in spite of cartloads of book learning which only deadens the soul. The teacher teaches himself. The preacher preaches to himself. The worker serves himself." Do you remember that Buddha, Christ, Mahomed, Ramakrishna and all the great saints and saviours of the world began to preach only after acquiring spirituality? Do you call them selfish? Show me one man who has worked more than these, among all that preach and publish in these modern days? Again, my friend, you take off all the poetry and the joy of service that lie in serving because it is your nature to serve, by thinking that it is your duty to serve. What are these duties that are made so much of? Every worldly duty is born of Maya and bred up by it. It is a bondage, a fetter—however altruistic in its purpose—and all these fetters are snapped asunder by him who resolves to fulfil the highest duty and the only duty, the duty of realising God. The higher always overcomes the lower and is never a contradiction of the lower but only an amplification of it. The part is included in the whole. 'Charity begins at home', says the proverb; similarly does duty begin with oneself and, fortunately for us, cannot end there. One's duty is to realise God, and he who feels this duty becomes mad after God, and to him who is God-possessed, God-mad, all duties vanish away, for he has no time to think of anything else but God, and real religion begins with that earnest and heartfelt craving for God, a craving for the realisation of the supreme within and without. And when the aspirant has reached his ideal, then he has surrendered all personality at the feet of the Lord, and has united his will perfectly with the will of the Lord, and identified himself with Him. He is in God, and God is in him. He has become a son fit to co-operate with the Father. Such souls are the real workers and through such, tremendous work has been done and will be done for ever. To us therefore realisation, feeling and life come first; then comes your service in the highest sense of the term. Others preach their principles, acquire followers, and form societies and congregations. They have missed the method of true reform sadly, and their methods are bound to meet with many difficulties; they call forth great efforts and result in a small success. An apt quotation from Swami Ram Tirtha will illustrate this point very clearly. Says the Swami:—"It is a grand blunder, it brings nothing but failure, and it will be seen by world sooner or later. * * * People who belong to Associations and Societies, raise dollars, build houses, buy clothing, but such conquest is not spiritual growth. Jackals in the woods always form great congregations, large associations. They always meet in large numbers, they stand and sit together and also howl together; grand assemblies are they and lots of noise they make. Similarly sheep depend upon their flocks, they congregate and form associations, but are jackals or sheep able to stand up and face the enemy? No. No. Did you ever hear of lions living in numbers, did you learn of lions travelling in numbers, did you even hear of their forming associations or congregations? Eagles are the kings of the forests. Do they form

associations? Oh no. It is the tiny, the small birds that fly together. Eagles and lions live alone, but an eagle can put to flight all your congregations of small birds. Did Christ form a congregation? No, no. He lived alone. Did Sankarachary form a congregation? No. The poor fellow lived alone. Each fellow must live alone, must stand alone; each one must feel and realize the Divinity within. The very moment you feel it, the very moment you realize and live it, the very moment it will gush forth out of you like the light going out of the sun. Remember, mind ye, all these attempts to bring about Reform, all these attempts to reform mankind, which are based upon or which depend upon money or outside help, or which seek something from others, all these attempts which beg, all result in failure. The moment we stand up as reformers of the world we become deformers of the world. 'Physician, heal thyself.' O Reformers who take up this role, you look upon the world as sinners, you look upon the world as deformed and abuse them. Why should the world be so poor as to ask help of you? Christ came and did all he could to raise, to enlighten the people, but the world was not reformed. Krishna came and did what he could. Buddha came, and all the many philosophers came, but there is still the same pain, suffering and trouble; the world we find the same. Are people any happier to day? It is just like a fraction whose numerator and denominator have both been increased; the fraction seems different; it seems to be increased, but it is in reality the same fraction increased proportionately. If your income or possessions have increased, your desires have also increased. So those people who stand up or start with a desire of reforming, those who make noise in this way in the universe, are self-deluded. Young men! Remember, you make a great mistake by starting something with the world. Throw not your centre of gravity outside yourself. Feel, feel your real Godhood, and the moment you are filled with Divinity that very moment spontaneously, permanently, will flow life, energy and power. That is the way to spread the truth."

(To be continued.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- 2,000 Years in Celestial Life :** By Henry Clay Hodges.
Hypnotism and Self-Education : By A. M. Hutchison, M.D.
Venereal and Generative Diseases : By Gerald Dalton.

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Dr. T. R. SANJIVI,
Editor.

SWAMI MUKERJI,
Associate Editor.

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MENTAL AND SPIRITUAL SCIENCES.

Their Study and Practice—I.

SWAMI MUKERJI.

The principal benefit underlying a close study of Soul, Science, Yoga, Occultism, Theosophy, etc., is in its tremendous bearing upon the human character.

The man who perseveres in this arduous and up-hill work is led on to the 'plane of causes.' He sees how by the conscious direction of certain mental forces he may precipitate certain results upon the plane of effects, in the physical or visible sense.

From an unconscious instrument he evolves into a conscious manipulator of his own fate. As the inner or soul perceptions grow more and more acute and highly sensitized this light dawns upon him slowly and in a way not unaccompanied by considerable and intense

pain. All conscious growth is like that. Yes, he sees that all is working for Ultimate Good, that every pain, every trial is a process of spiritual strengthening. To stand firm, not to be side-tracked nor swerve from the straight and narrow path that leads to the goal is the great achievement. The control of the desire nature is the proper safeguard against many evils that may otherwise darken a life and develop bad Karma. The student requires great moral stamina on the way and this comes naturally if one is bent upon right. The great danger in the study of these sciences lies in giving way to a tendency to too much idealism which is sure to wreck a human life. In the blind alley of life self-knowledge may come as a torch of light to guide a man through and also others who will follow him. In the training of character, in developing the Will, in emphasizing the higher aspects of human nature, nothing can be of greater aid than the knowledge acquired by these studies; and this is where the character has been purified and a man has ranged himself on the side of the good. Yes, we are decidedly of the opinion that even where one has only a clear theoretical knowledge of these sciences one shall be a better man or woman for it. The question of utility has also to be faced. The successful business-man or any man in any sphere of practical life has hit upon some of the Mental Science. He has done so by experience or it has come to him by hereditary. Be that as it may, the application is *unconscious*. The psychological process is a sealed book to him. It cannot be denied that better results may be obtained where a clear comprehension and grasp of the thing exists. People fight shy of Occultism which has a "taboo" put upon it because it only succeeds in turning our crazy lunatics. So long as we avoid mystery-mongering and too much Esoterism, so long as we avoid selfishness, hypocrisy and self-deception, the money and energy spent upon these studies cannot but bring the highest returns possible.

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

(A Supplement.)

S. NARAYANASAMI IYER, B.A., B.L.

1. Time's fickle glass, his sickle, is in the hold of Love, Sovereign mistress over wrack.
2. Love is not appetite. Let the governed mind govern the senses. Make not cherubs of monsters.
3. The eye may paint but it is Love's picture. True Love is felt by the true loving heart.
4. There where passions mix, where senses meet, is Harmony. There is Beauty. There is Love.
5. We have in us the evil nature and the divine. And if we watch and attend not, our bad angel may fire our good angel out.
6. Use power for help, not for hurt. Be more in doing than in seeming. Move others from temptation, be not moved to it. Husband nature's riches by action. Let your audit be rendered.
7. Own your honest face, hire none. "Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds."

8. Give up yourself and your next self, your wisdom and your will, to the Lord.

9. Love can kindle, Love can cool. And the sick soul may find its cure or return a distempered guest. All is in the strength and spirit of your piety.

10. Mistake not love for the grossness of the flesh; let not revolt where love should subdue.



ANNIE BRIGHT

the talented Editor of the *Harbinger of Light*—a brief sketch of whose autobiography appeared in our July issue—passed to the other world on the 21st of June last.



Peace, Peace be unto her soul.

OUR FATHER'S WILL.

HENRY PROCTOR, M. R. A. S., F. R. S. L.

The essential requisite for every kind of spiritual blessing is the doing of God's will, and it is this alone which can bring us to the height of all happiness. Our blessed Lord, who lived in the bosom of the Father, by an unceasing communication, could say: I do always those things that please Him, because he had

A PERFECT KNOWLEDGE

of His Father's will, and it is our blessed privilege "to walk even as He walked"—to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being filled with the knowledge of His will in all wisdom and spiritual understanding."

The first step towards this which any believer can take is to present Christ (once for all) his body a living sacrifice, and he will at once begin to "prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

To have no other mover, to live under no other guide or leader but the Spirit of God is what constitutes true holiness. Another will than my own now ruling in the depths of my being is to be waited on. Joined to the Lord I become

ONE SPIRIT WITH HIM

and as he lived by means of the Father, so I live by means of Him—eating His Flesh and drinking His Blood, and so abiding in Him, and He in me, that I have no desire, no purpose, no aim but such as comes by Divine inspiration, and is attended therefore with divine approbation. Not a thought or desire or action can be allowed a place in the kingdom of God, but it is a fruit of the Spirit. We are instruments of his outer presence and goodness in us, for from the beginning of time through all eternity we can have no goodness but that which God creates in us: producing in us both the will and the execution, and making us perfect in every good work to do His will.

But this does not come spontaneously or without any kind of effort on our part. Even our Saviour Himself needed to spend long periods in waiting upon God. It is there that we are stripped entirely of our own strength and put on Divine strength: "The waters of Jehovah exchange strength" (lit.), and through these set periods of waiting upon God (mostly in perfect silence) we are enabled to "pray without ceasing," and so to form the habit of waiting continually upon the Living God and

LISTENING TO HIS VOICE

for if we walk in the light there is a mutual communion and a continual partnership (fellowship) with the Father and with the Son, because according to His promise They both take up Their abode with us.

In regard to our business life, our daily calling, the will of God may be carried out in every detail, if we do it as "servants of Christ," in singleness of heart, as unto the Lord and not unto men, we may be

doing the will of God from the soul (*ek tes psuches*) and receive a special reward from God for "whatsoever good thing each one doeth." But we are absolutely convinced that everything is

DEPENDENT UPON PRAYER.

In no way can the will of God be accomplished without it.

Many people imagine that what God wills must inevitably take place. But it is a sad fact that God's will is continually being thwarted. "God willeth that all men should be saved," yet we know that it is not so, and God wills a great deal of blessing to his own people which never comes to them. He wills it most earnestly, but they do not will it and it cannot come to them. God has made the execution of his will in many things dependent upon the will of man. The will of God to bless, is dependent upon the will of man to say where the blessing must descend.

PRAYER MAKES POSSIBLE THE OTHERWISE IMPOSSIBLE.

In the decrees of the eternal purpose, there is always room left for the petitions of those who draw nigh to the Father through the Son. Of God's will revealed in His promises, just so much will be fulfilled to us as our Faith accepts. And having fully declared what His will is for us he still says "I will yet for this be enquired of, to do it for them." So that while nothing is impossible to the prayer of faith, because by this means "all power" is put into the hands of man in Christ Jesus, it is equally true that no part of our Heavenly Father's will is ever accomplished without it.

What the "vital breath" is to the natural world, that prayer is in the spiritual world. The most exalted intelligence in the universe can do nothing higher than the will of God, yet our loving Father will also enable the humblest of His children to do it perfectly.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BHAGWAD GITA.

Lesson III—The Mystic Wheel.

P. S. CHARYA.

Certain is death for the born and birth for the dead. (*The Gita*, Chap. II, Sloka 27).

"Our Birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar."—*Wordsworth*.

"In the Infinite Wheel of God wanders the pilgrim soul. So it is written in one of the oldest books in the world. And again, it is said that His is the pivot on which the Wheel revolves. Round and round it goes—the Infinite Wheel—by the splendour of His Grace. Such is the graphic language, used in the Upanishads, the earliest law of re-birth,—the law that maketh certain 'death for the born and birth for the dead'!

Verily it is the Infinite Wheel—this wheel of births and deaths. Verily, it is the Wheel of God; for, in the Infinite God it moves; on Him it turns; by Him it revolves. Round and round it goes—this Mystic Wheel—and with it goes the pilgrim soul. The Wheel turns and with it the Jivatma. It moves, and in its mystic motion we move upward or downward, as the case may be. The moving Wheel takes us on; it takes us with it; its motion never ceaseth—ceaseth not for the orphan's cry—ceaseth not for the widow's tears. It matters not if sparrows fall or Napoleons fall; but the Wheel of God "turns and turns"—the ever-revolving wheel of births and deaths. The wheel is unceasingly moving—moving up and down—now forwards, now backwards—swinging to and fro through eternity—swinging betwixt birth and death. With its ceaseless rotation man wanders; he wanders about through the "wilderness"—helplessly and hopelessly—hungering and thirsting after happiness, which ever dances out of his reach, like some mocking, teasing, alluring fairy.

Travelling continually in the Infinite Wheel, that is, the Universe, the pilgrim wanders far away like the "Prodigal Son" from his Father's Home; his migrations are from birth to death—from death to birth. Attached to the wheel of births and deaths, man roams about in the universe, and in his rambles, he goes forth from the womb to the tomb and *vice versa*. Man sees the light of day; he feels life in every limb; he grows: he withers; he decays. Like a bird of passage the soul flies from cage to cage—from one life-abode to another; and, in these transmigrations, in this endless chain of births and deaths, man forgets himself—that he is not the 'bird of passage', but, the bird of Paradise to whom belongs for ever the freedom of Heaven.

In life's pilgrimage, the average pilgrim progresses but little; he comes and goes round and round in a circle—following the wheel of transmigration—never once looking forward to the glorious destiny that awaits him—to the 'Promised Land,' where 'pilgrims meet to part no more.'

The Wheel turns on its pivot—the pivot of God, as the Upanishads say. For, it is really pivoted on the law of Karma, which is the expression of the Divine Will. The wheel of Re-incarnation revolves on its own axis—the Law of cause and effect—the law that states "As ye sow, so shall ye reap also." Such is the pivot on which the wheel of re-birth turns.

Yet, as the Scriptures* assure us, the Wheel revolves by the grace of the Divine Lord. For it revolves that man may evolve. The Infinite wheel of God revolves on the axis of Karma, that the pilgrim soul may evolve, to quote the Upanishads again, 'from the real to the unreal, from darkness to light, and from death to immortality.' Such is the purpose of the wheel of births and deaths; such, the meaning of the mystic wheel that 'turns and turns.' Man has to evolve—to evolve into a knowledge of himself and into a knowledge of God—which knowledge makes its happy possessor "the lord of himself, though not of lands," living in conscious union with the Divine Lord.

* Scriptures = Upanishads

In man's evolutions, then, lies the significance of the wheel of re-birth. Therein lies the utility of its revolution. Such is His plan; such, His supreme loving will. Thus do the Elders* speak, albeit with unspeakable reverence, about the splendour of the Divine Grace, that turns the wheel of re-birth on the pivot of Causation, in order that we may evolve and gain experience—now in one part of the universe, now in another,—until at last, he escapes from the host of 'mortal men' into the glorious company of the 'Immortal', or Jivanmuktas, as they are called. Such is the teaching of the Upanishads as regards the doctrine of transmigration; such is also the teaching, I think, of the Blessed Lord Shri Krishna.

(To be continued.)

THE VISIONS OF LIA PHAIL..

The following is a faithful and accurate account of certain phenomena which have come under my observation during a period extending from December 1898 to April 1911; and which, during the last three years, have developed features so unusual that I feel it my duty to give them publicity.

It has not been without due thought, and a certain reluctance, that I finally decided to do so; a fact which will be fully appreciated by those who have been called upon to declare certain seemingly incredible truths to an unbelieving and materialistic world.

The significant fact that our solar system has now entered the progressive, revolutionary, liberty-giving sign of Aquarius, where it has not been for the last 26,000 years, and also that the powerful planet Uranus entered his own house (Aquarius) would seem to amply justify the belief that significant and momentous changes on all planes of life's processes and manifestations are immanent.

A general feeling of expectancy, much the same as obtained just previous to the birth of our Saviour, must surely be evident to all observers of the signs of the times, and it does not seem asking too much to invite all who are interested in spiritual things to seriously consider the following unadorned narration of actual occurrences.

It seems incredible that the manifestations about to be related should be given for the gratification of one individual; nor is it reasonable to suppose, either, that such a tremendous out-put of energy as must have been involved in the production of phenomena on such a gigantic scale should be expended with no important object in view. We are led, therefore, to ask the question: "Are these phenomena of world-wide significance? and if so, what do they portend?" One very interesting fact will be noted in the following narration, and that is, the very gradual development of the phenomena, commencing with what seemed to be a mere speck of light in the heavens, and culminating in such startling, awe-inspiring, and at times almost terrifying manifestations, which, had they come at the earlier stages of those experiences,

* Elders = The sages of the Upanishads.

would possibly have unbalanced the mind, unfitting it for being an intelligent medium for the communication, in a clear and coherent manner, of these truths to the world. Although thirteen (13) years have now elapsed since these manifestations took place, yet each separate phenomenon here related is as clear before my vision to-day as when first it came. I would call attention to the fact that all the phenomena here related have taken place on the objective plane; where any exception is made to this rule, it will be stated.

Knowing what I do of the great cloud of witnesses by which we are encompassed, and also realizing the fact that there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed, I would not dare to wilfully misrepresent or exaggerate the facts.

Shortly after my arrival in the United States in the summer of 1898, a great desire to know something of the *hidden* forces of nature led me to devote much thought and energy in that direction, although at that time I had no idea that any manifestations — at least of an extraordinary nature — should be given to me.

Without knowing why, I found myself continually peering into the heavens, with a vague feeling that there was something there for me to see, but *what*, I could not even guess. One day while thus gazing, my attention was directed to what appeared to be a pendulum swinging to and fro in mid-heaven; this continued for several months.

For nearly a year nothing further developed, and I began to lose interest in what I had seen. One day, while looking up into the heavens, I was surprised to see the shadowy form (quite distinct in outline, however) of what seemed to be the figure of a man on horseback; he was riding among the clouds, and would frequently dismount, leave his horse for a while, then remount and ride round and round again, the horse all the while curvetting and prancing as if in high spirits; it was impossible for me, however, to discern the real nature of the being, whoever or whatever he was. A friend, who was with me at the time, had a clearer vision of the figure, and told me that it was an oriental on horseback. After drawing his attention to the object moving in the sky, I asked him what he saw, not giving him any hint, however, of what I took it to be. After a short pause, he replied, with a smile: "Can't you see? It is an oriental on horseback." This reply was of course to me a convincing confirmation of my own impression.

A few days after this vision, I saw a most beautiful golden yellow cloud form in mid-heaven, and right in the centre of the cloud was a figure of the oriental on horseback, shining with a white refulgence, equal, if not superior, in brilliancy, to the shining of the sun at mid-day. Since that time the same golden cloud has appeared to me many times, with the white horse and its rider, and I found that this strange and radiant being, whoever he was, and whatever his mission might be, was continually with me, riding either before me, alongside, or else in the sky in plain view; when up in the air he was continually beckoning to me as if inviting me to accompany him. About this same time I used continually to see in broad daylight myriads of beings in the heavens,

tier above tier, as far as the eye could reach; in fact, the whole atmosphere seemed to be teeming with them; some of them would be walking about, others standing in groups, evidently in conversation. Several times what seemed to be Hindus came and prostrated themselves before a certain being who appeared to be a leader or master, and after receiving instructions would rise up, salute, and walk away as if on some important business.

These appearances continued manifesting daily for several months, and during the same period I continually heard choruses of male voices singing and chanting. For several consecutive weeks, daily they sung the "Ninety and Nine" and "WE'll gather the wanderers home" in very quick time, almost quick enough for lively dance music; in fact I had the impression that they were actually dancing as well as singing, and the impression left on my mind was very peculiar. The feeling I experienced was as if they were celebrating the return of a prodigal to his father's house. Could this have been prophetic of the return of this dark, wandering planet earth to the God-consciousness, the return of the Father's Home of Love, in the Aquarian cycle into which our solar system has now entered?

Frequently, in addition to the singing just described, and which seemed to be heard by the physical, rather than the spiritual ear, I would hear several kinds of instrumental music, generally of a joyous and triumphant nature. At the approach of dusk I would see this horseman so distinctly walking along the road in front of me, or riding round and round me, that it was difficult to tell whether it was a being of flesh and blood or not.

The next important development occurred in the month of November 1899. One evening while returning from the country in company with some friends, as I lifted my eyes skyward, I saw my mounted friend no longer indistinct or shadowy, but standing out clearly and beautifully against the cloudless blue sky. Such a vision it was never my fortune to behold before, and it remained a sufficient length of time to enable me to note every detail of face, form, dress, etc., as also the Arab steed on which he rode.

Although this manifestation was given about thirteen years ago, yet so vivid was it, that were I an artist, I could to-day paint his picture from memory.

I had been hoping to obtain some definite information as to the identity of my unknown companion, but was doomed to disappointment, and I was foolish enough to allow this silence on his part to displease me, and permitted hard thoughts and disbelief to enter my heart. However, my attitude towards him did not seem to affect in any degree the attitude of my friend and guide (for such I did in a very real sense afterward on several occasions prove him to be) for his visible presence was continually with me, more perceptibly, however, in the gloaming. At the approach of dusk I would see him so distinctly that it was quite difficult to tell whether it was a horseman of flesh and blood, or a spiritual being; the nearer he approached me, however, the less distinct the figure became, and when quite close I could only see a very indistinct outline. He

appeared to be a man in the prime of life, tall, lithe, well built, handsome features, well-formed, strong nose, jet-black hair, beard and moustache. What most impressed me, however, was the kindly, sympathetic look in his piercing dark eyes. As he sat on his steed straight as a dart he presented to me three-quarter face, and his look spoke volumes to my soul; his lips were parted in a half smile, as if speaking some message of encouragement. His apparel was gorgeous in all the splendour of oriental colour, and the trappings of his steed were correspondingly bizarre. As soon as I could find my tongue, I called the attention of my companions to the sight, but it was too late—he had vanished as suddenly as he had come. This was the first and only time that I have ever seen him perfectly. Since that time the form has not been distinct, but just as real as ever.

From 1899 to 1908 the objective phenomena presented no new feature and I began to be rather discouraged, in fact, discontented, on this account and what added to my dissatisfaction was the fact that no explanation was forthcoming as to the significance of the occurrences.

The next important and radical development was in the spring of 1908 when I continually saw this mounted figure in the heavens very clearly, beckoning with the finger in a north-easterly direction. This appearance was visible both day and night, but I was at a loss to know what the meaning was; during this same period I saw a very large cross suspended in mid-air with what seemed to be a human figure upon it; and several other beings around it; many faces would show themselves among the branches of the trees near by; they were all strong and of an oriental type.

One evening during this same period, on looking up to the heavens without any definite thought, I saw in the blue azure sky (it was a beautiful, clear, starry night) what seemed to be living pictures in natural colours of the principal scenes in the life of Christ from the entry into Jerusalem to the Ascension in historical sequence. They were very vivid, and the detail perfect.

By this time it had been so firmly impressed upon me that I had to go to Chicago, and accordingly started for that place on the 22nd of April. A few days after my arrival while sitting by the Lake front in the evening, engaged in watching the movements of some of my oriental friends in the sky, I seemed to look right into the lower heavens. Never before had I seen the figures so startlingly real, and it was almost impossible to realize that the apparently solid ground on which these beings walked—for they walked just as we walk, no floating or gliding movements—was not as solid as *terra firma*; nor did they move about idly or aimlessly, but rather as if engaged on some definite and important business. The shadowy effect was not present in any degree, and they seemed like ordinary beings of earth, or at least like corporeal entities. While thus interested in observing the movements of these aerial beings, I saw something which had the appearance of a pillar of cloud, of a deep purple colour, come swiftly and with a bird-like motion from the sky, and alight on the grass a few feet away from me. Although I was unable to see through this pillar of cloud, yet I was

very conscious of a presence within it. I felt, however, that it was not the oriental guide, to whom I have already referred, as the influence coming from it was quite different. The same manifestation came to me a few nights after this in my own room. As I was about to rise up and go home a great flash of beautiful green light, something of the nature of lightning, yet in some respects quite different, illuminated the sky where the manifestation had been taking place. At the time I did not fully realize that I had witnessed an actual spiritual manifestation with my physical senses, although I did realize that it was not an ordinary flash of lightning that I had witnessed. The manner of its coming was quite different from ordinary lightning, and the effect left upon my mind was peculiar. There was just one flash at that time, and I went home pondering deeply over what I had seen, and determined to keep the matter to myself and wait for further developments.

From that time on I began to have some rather unusual subjective experiences, being consciously out of the body several times, but there was no repetition of the objective phenomena for nearly a year, nothing at least very startling.

It was not until the latter part of 1909 that I again began to see the remarkable phenomena in the heavens, mostly in the eastern horizon. Sometimes the flashes would illuminate the buildings on the opposite side of the street, where I had my rooms; at others the great flashes would illuminate vast masses of clouds, so that it seemed as if the heavens were literally ablaze. Sometimes they would come in the form of search-lights such as are used on board ship, and give three distinct flashes as if trying to signal; in fact the manner of manifestation was so varied that it was practically impossible for me to describe them all. On many occasions the light extended over nearly the whole visible heavens, and again it would appear like a ball of liquid electricity, for that is the only way I can describe its peculiar appearance. I now began to feel that there must be some meaning associated with such unusual sights, and frequently felt a very strong desire to speak of the matter to others, but did not do so. Early in December 1909, while sitting in my room with some friends engaged in conversation, a vivid flash of the same green light filled the room where we sat. Another evening, just a day or two after the occurrence just related, while standing close to the window talking to a friend, a vivid sheet of light came into the room. My friend remarked: "What a strange time for lightning!" There was just one flash, no thunder, no storm, in fact none of the accompaniments of ordinary lightning were present.

The next important stage in the gradual and frequently intercepted development of these manifestations occurred about after the last described incident. One night early in December I had a somewhat remarkable experience. I found myself out of the body, out in the open air, looking up into the sky. Suddenly I saw a bright star appear in the heavens, which travelled rapidly down and alighted on the top of some high mountains, suddenly assuming the form of the horseman which I have often previously referred to. Later on that same evening I awoke with a strong impression that something was about to happen, and sitting up, I awaited developments; the window of my room looked

out on the verandah of a row of houses, and as I looked I was surprised to see the whole length of the verandah lift up with a beautiful subdued white light, which illuminated the vicinity for hundreds of yards, around. Although I could not see distinctly any figures I felt impressed that the light which I saw emanated from a body of horsemen riding along the verandah at a good smart pace. The appearance of the light was not exactly the same as that which I had seen hitherto, in respect to its mode of motion; it was not a flash, but an appearance that might be expected to be seen proceeding from a company of spiritual beings. This manifestation continued for quite a while. Pondering what the meaning of such a sight might be, and perplexed as to its significance, I saw what seemed to be a star rising above the roof of one of the houses where I had seen the light; this star, or whatever it might be, rose slowly and steadily moving in an easterly direction, and then remained in that position. I can best compare it with the appearance of the planet Jupiter or Venus, but its peculiar movement and position conclusively precluded the idea of its being either an ordinary planet or a star. I watched with intense interest the unusual and sublime light, and very soon saw several groups of brilliant stars forming into groups, and which slowly resolved themselves into the figure of a being dressed in flowing garments; the several little groups of stars already described forming the outline of head, arms, girdle and feet. Gradually, the whole figure became one mass of stars, and soon they stood out distinctly before me, a life-size figure in oriental garb, with arms uplifted and outstretched as if in the act of blessing. He stood thus for quite a long time, and I am fully convinced that this was not a clairvoyant vision; I felt that it was a spiritual body as it appeared to my bodily eyes. What happened afterwards confirmed me in this belief, for, as he stood there, the whole heavens became filled with the same strange lightnings that I had been seeing previously. At the same time that the flashes were illuminating the heavens, myriads of what seemed to be moving stars filled the whole expanse of the visible heavens, quite unlike, however, in their motion, to that seen in meteoric showers. I was strongly impressed that these were multitudes of celestial beings moving about. I watched this wonderful, sublime pageant for over an hour; it then disappeared, and nothing remained but the consciousness that I had witnessed some unusual manifestation of spiritual power.

The following evening about 9 o'clock, while sitting at my window, wondering what the significance might be of the strange sights of the previous evening, I suddenly heard a great chorus of strong male voices singing in the sky. I am persuaded that this was not clair-audiently heard (at least as we generally understand clair-audience) as the sounds came from the open expanse of the firmament. As the hymns and anthems they sang were for the most part familiar to me, I was able to follow them. The first hymn they sang was "All hail the power of Jesu's name!" followed by such hymns as "Hark the herald angels sing," "Come all ye to Bethlehem," and what struck me so much was, that all the hymns and anthems were about Jesus. Now this to me is the more remarkable as I had for some time almost given up my old belief regarding Jesus as revealed in the Scriptures, and had even come at

times to serious doubts as to whether such a being ever existed. The singing lasted about an hour, and as the spiritual company brought their visit to a close, they sung "God be with you till we meet again" their voices gradually dying away in a whisper until not a sound was audible.

The same thing occurred the next night, and every succeeding night up to 'Xmas, after which it suddenly ceased. The only thing I can compare it to is the account we have of the multitude of the heavenly host singing and praising God.

From that time on, the manifestations became much more frequent, and since April 1910 were almost of nightly occurrence. At times they would come when I was least thinking about them; again it would be in answer to an earnest desire. I had by this time learned to recognise the same being who had first appeared to me as the one who brought these strange phenomena, or at least through whom they evidently came, for he invariably appeared a second or two before the manifestation itself, and always at the spot where the light was most vivid.

During 1910 I was disappointed but once in receiving a definite and immediate answer in response to a request for a signal from my unknown but ever present companion. To the best of my recollection on no occasion had I to wait more than a minute or two, generally only a few seconds, before the signal was given. At times the phenomena would come in the form of shafts of light, extending from the horizon to mid-heaven; at others it would appear like a gigantic arc light; frequently great sheets of flame would illuminate the whole face of the sky. On a few occasions during the year 1910 the light had the appearance of fire, similar to what is seen at great conflagrations. On such occasions the light would not flash, but would slowly flare up, occupying on several occasions nearly the whole extent of the visible sky. Generally it would flare up several times, sometimes just one single flare.

A remarkable manifestation occurred in October of 1910, but I will reserve this to the end of my article, as it is to my mind one of the most remarkable of all.

I will now describe one more incident in the series of strange happenings. It was the day before 'Xmas, and I was sitting reading in my place in the outskirts of Chicago, where I had gone to spend a few weeks. It was a bleak, cloudy day, and just before noon, on happening to look out of the window, I noticed that the snow on the fields, and as far as the eye could reach on the prairie, was suffused with a beautiful roseate hue, and not only so, for the dull heavens had become one mass of rose-coloured clouds. I gazed on this scene spread out before me for probably half an hour, then the dull grey of the sky and the glistening fields of snow assumed their normal appearance. That same evening a yet more striking manifestation came to me. I had been studying the prophecies for some time previously with reference to the second coming of Christ, and just then had definitely asked that if the manifestations, which I had been seeing, had been given in confirmation of the truth of those prophecies, that it might be shown to me. I had hardly asked the question when, looking out of the window, I saw the whole surface

of the earth, extending more than a mile in one direction, lighted up by the same kind of light, that I had seen for so many years. In this present instance the light was blazing steadily on the surface of the ground, just as if many great search-lights had been turned upon it, and steadily held there. Something then impressed me to go to the door and look out; there on the eastern sky I saw what appeared like a terrific conflagration, and which occupied, roughly speaking, a space equal to about one-tenth of the whole eastern sky. It was a steady blaze of light, and behind this fiery mass of clouds was the electrical effect already described, not flashing, however, but steadily shining as if from some celestial search-light projected by angelic hosts. I then saw that this was the origin of the illumination of the fields just described.

Late in October 1910, about 8 o'clock at night, I earnestly asked that my unknown friend might give me some signal of his presence. No sooner had I uttered the wish than a vivid flash appeared in the sky, exactly opposite my window, and immediately on top of it a terrific crash of thunder. Then broke loose the power of the elements, and we had one of the most severe thunder and lightning storms of the season. I was compelled to associate this outburst of the elements with my mysterious friend on horseback from the fact that at whatever point he appeared in that storm centre, there the lightning would break forth in greater vividness. There were also other beings with him, riding on the storm clouds, and as in his case the flashes were associated with these horsemen I watched this sublime and awe-inspiring spectacle for hours.

I will now briefly relate what occurred in the presence of friends whom I had invited one evening to witness the manifestations. This was in August 1910. After waiting for a very short space of time looking out at the window, I saw my mounted friend come as usual, and then give this signal: a great sheet of flame, which sent out shafts of light in all directions. I was impressed that there were other beings there, although I did not see them. Madame H. clasped her hands and her breast as she exclaimed with a startled look: "Oh that is terrible!" On my enquiring what it was she had seen, she replied that an angel had come in the cloud carrying a naked sword in the hand, and that also across the cloud was written in blazing letters "GALILEE."

I have no comments to make on the above except it be to add that these phenomena seem conclusively to point to the fact that the Coming of the Lord is near at hand. My object in writing this, is that it may reach those who are looking for that event and be the means of strengthening their faith.—MC PHAIL WATSON, Annville, Co. Dublin, Ireland.

ALTERATIONS IN SHAPE AND SIZE OF HEADS.

J. MILLOTT SEVERN, F.B.P.S., BRIGHTON.

Heads alter; they grow and expand, sometimes to an extent that is quite surprising. There are also indications occasionally of their atrophy or deterioration according to the use made of them. There is not

the slightest doubt of this. I have records of heads which have increased in circumference as much as three-quarters of an inch in ten or a dozen years. And this is long after the attainment of manhood. The heads of young persons grow much more rapidly, even to the extent of several inches in the course of years.

Mind improvement, intellectual work, thinking and study are the chief conditions which bring about brain development and its corresponding alterations in the shape and size of the head. Who has not watched the gradual development and alteration in the heads of babies and children as intelligence and training are brought to bear on their characters and dispositions? The fact is, we cannot think at all without the effort having the effect of drawing the blood to the brain and developing it in proportion to the effort made. Literary persons and students may especially perceive this; and business men's heads frequently show a steady growth and alteration in shape. ••

We often see business people possessing large heads and apparently more powerful intellects than devotees to literature, but the shapes of their heads are not the same; nor is the quality of their brains, or their physical or temperamental conditions always so fine as in persons entirely devoted to mental pursuits. The responsibilities, however, of business require them to think much, which enhances brain development. A business man with a large head may be so ignorant as to be unable to write his own name (this is, of course, an extreme case), and yet may achieve considerable success. Such a person usually inherits good business capacity.

The head alters in shape and size with every alteration of the interior mass, which in its turn is operated on, however slightly, by every thought and action. We cannot perform the least act by thought, word or deed, without the brain being employed.

The brain organisation, according to its quality, activity, and natural endowment, is in some persons much more susceptible to development than in others. Some persons may have large heads and but a low degree of intelligence, because the quality of their brain is poor; or they may possess good brain capacity, but from lack of educational and other advantages, the mental faculties may remain dormant. Such persons may, by their own efforts, and by coming under more favourable conditions, improve the quality of their brains, bring into activity dormant faculties, and thus better fit themselves for the higher duties of life, and attain to greater success than if they had allowed the former conditions to go on.

It is a Biblical injunction that we should make use of the talents we have; this is, in fact, all that is demanded of us. Some people attempt more than lies in their power, and being ambitious of distinction, give up disheartened, even when they are doing moderately well, because they fail to satisfy their ambition in achieving something especially great. Others make little or no attempt to use or improve their natural gifts. One of the great aims in life should be self-improvement mentally, morally and physically. Every effort makes its

impress on the brain and enhances the development of the mental faculties.

Not every one is born a genius; or with special mental advantages; or with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth, but every man and woman can use, and improve his or her natural endowments, and not even one talent should be hidden. We see a vast improvement effected by persons who realise their responsibilities and are determined on doing their best.

I have had many remarkable proofs of alteration in the size and shape of the head and the quality of brain. When practising at Oxford over twenty years ago, a gentleman came for a phrenological consultation who was possessed of a roundish, practical business head, in size rather above the average, and fairly evenly balanced. There was nothing, however, very extraordinary in his mental developments. He was an intellectual man, possessing keen business judgment, and had a bent for literary pursuits; but his mental faculties were at that time so balanced that he could have pursued life in a very ordinary manner, or have struck out in a commercial career and have become a first-rate business man. He had, however, a hankering for intellectual pursuits, and mental and moral improvement. About this time there must have been a severe struggle in his mind as to which course he would take, and in our conversation I learned that he had already determined to devote himself to a literary career. This gentleman is now the author of a number of highly scientific philosophical works, and the editor and founder of a well-established and influential journal. Close application and hard study have worked a wonderful change not only in his character, disposition, and mental capacities, but in the formation of his head. I have had opportunities of phrenologically interviewing him at intervals. The change was not very perceptible at first, but after a period of ten or a dozen years I was astonished at the remarkable alteration which had taken place. From the round, practical, business type his head had become longer and narrower and much more strongly developed in the regions of the Reflective, Reasoning, and Refining faculties. It is now, one might say, a purely literary and philosophic type of head, and the whole temperament is finer in quality. I know of but few men who have worked harder to effect such a change in their mental organisation, and immense credit is due to his perseverance. In his new sphere of work he is, and will continue to be, the means of benefitting millions of his fellow-creatures, which he could never have expected to do had he devoted himself to a life of pleasure and indulgence, or to business, even though he had attained considerable business success. This gentleman, well-known to every reader of the *Kalpaka*, is our valued friend and co-worker Mr. Alan Leo.

I have in my mind another case, a young student who visited me at my consulting-rooms in Oxford about the same time. He was then starting on his University course with a view to qualifying in law. Judging from his natural capacities he would certainly have done better in literature, mental philosophy, theological studies, or poetry, and this I told him. He had not the least ambition to occupy a public or legal position, but as it was the special wish of his friends that he should become a barrister and a State official, he set himself steadily to the task

of qualifying for the same. He has been successful in his studies, though it meant hard work for him. He now occupies a very high and important governmental position in India. I had opportunities of studying his mental developments during his collegiate and legal courses of study and have noted considerable alterations in the formation of his head. His natural endowments were almost wholly unsuited to the course of studies he pursued, and it took him many years longer to qualify than in the case of most other students. Now, while holding his official State position, he is a devotee to poetry and literature.

On the other hand, lack of mental exercise causes the organisation to become coarse, the skull to become thick, and there is sometimes a very perceptible diminution in the size of the head, or of some particular mental organs.

For five years I knew an independent middle-aged gentleman of good family, who, as a young man, had had a superior education. During the years I knew him, and for a considerable time previously, he did absolutely nothing in the way of mental or physical exercise beyond dressing himself, sleeping, smoking, taking his meals and walking twice a day to the nearest hotel. It was very rarely indeed, even from one year to another, that he varied this every-day routine. He gradually discontinued everything requiring intellectual effort and eventually entirely left off reading. I frequently examined his head and noted that it became smaller. It was, when I first measured it, $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches in circumference; five years later his head measured less than 23 inches, and it also perceptibly decreased in height.

These cases demonstrate the truth of Phrenology, and should encourage those who are desirous of making the most of their natural endowments.

THOUGHT PARAGRAPHS.

J. BEN LESLIE.

When ambition underrates endurance, progress disappoints expectation.

When confidence suffers by the act of deception, truth binds up friendship's wound, and scorns the offender.

When patience yields to temper, energy suffers the loss.

When purity of mind and purpose falters at the shrine of influence, character records the act upon the soul.

When passion conquers reason, action regulates the reward,

When the body serves under the yoke of intemperance, the soul is dwarfed thereby, and the spirit rendered incapable of perfect mental or physical process.

When action is prompted by impulse, good judgment is dethroned, and the faculty of reason loses a victory.

When love weaves its fabric on the loom of passion, desire betangles the threads of good, mars their colorings with evil, and hatred wears the garment made thereof.

When method is a slave to conservatism, analysis discloses no new ideas, and execution renders no advanced purposes.

When pride serves the purpose of ostentation, or inordinate self-esteem, nobility, dignity, and elevation of soul suffer annulment under the supremacy of haughty arrogance, self-concept, and insolent purposes.

WHAT IS COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS?

F. W. BURRY.

It is the next step in Evolution—the New Birth—Illumination—it is Heaven.

It is the Interpretation and Extension of Love. It is the End, Purpose, Object of Existence. It is Perfection.

It is the Point where the Human and Divine meet.

There are three well-marked stages of Consciousness—the lower leading to the higher. First the Simple Consciousness of the Animals; then the ordinary and present conventional Self-Consciousness of Man; finally the Cosmic Consciousness, which is the Complement of the others.

In this latter state of Consciousness, you feel and know yourself to be ALL—THE WHOLE UNIVERSE—GOD—LIGHT—LIFE—you include all in your own individuality; you are conscious of the eternal fact that there is nothing outside of YOU.

There are phenomena associated with this wonderful extension or illumination, including celestial bliss or ecstasy; a sense of being Pure Light of a very palpable physical character. The new Consciousness, which varies in degree at different times and with different people, gives you what some would call magical or miraculous power—though it is all perfectly natural.

And the road to this veritable Beatific Vision?

It is by Love. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. Love is God.

A STUDENT OF THE STARS.

Of Strange Occult Interest.

From my earliest remembrance my one longing was for knowledge, and my one ambition was for fame. Could I but share with Galileo, Kepler and Tycho Brahe that enviable position which they hold in the history of our sciences, my cup of happiness would have been full to overflowing, and to gain this end I would have done anything—would have committed any crime—aye, like Faust, I would have sold my future.

Mentally, I was endowed with a fertile brain, and had no trouble in mastering with ease the scientific and mathematical problems which I instinctively knew would aid me in accomplishing the great work which I felt assured I was predestined to achieve.

My nature was, however, a jealous one, and rather than have the world left in ignorance of the real discoverer of the scientific truths which I was to establish, I would have left these truths for ever hidden. I, therefore, write this in order that the great revelations concerning the planet Mars and the life thereon which were made by my enemy, De Mauteo, and which startled the world at the time, may be attributed to my credit and not to his.

To accomplish this end I must detail the history of these discoveries.

After mastering as much knowledge on these scientific and mathematical questions as our best American universities could give me, I went to Europe and continued my studies there. At the age of twenty-eight I found myself in an awkward predicament. I was among strangers with but a single shilling in my pocket, and a likelihood of starving to death—although my father was one of the richest of the American railroad kings.

A year prior to this my father had written to me, commanding that I return to America and learn, by practical business life, how to handle the vast fortune which would some day become mine. I answered with a curt refusal, and, after first threatening, he finally cut off my allowance and granted me a year in which to accede to his demands, at the end of which time he assured me, should I fail to obey, I would be disinherited. I answered that he need not wait a year but might draw up his new will immediately, and, being thoroughly angered, I sent him a draft covering the balance I had left from his latest remittance.

I then changed my lodgings to much cheaper quarters and instructed my bankers that all future drafts and letters should be returned to the senders, thus severing all ties with my one remaining relative.

During the year that followed I had my occasions to regret my hasty action, as I found myself in a position I was but poorly fitted for—that of supporting myself.

Considering the fact that my chief accomplishment consisted of a fair knowledge of astronomy, for which I had a great love, I was fitted to write upon several scientific questions which were, at that time, of interest to the newspaper-reading public, and with the miserable pittance which these articles yielded, I was enabled to sustain life. I had, however, become conversant in astrology, and at such times as my work permitted I practised this vocation; and so increased my revenue.

Of course, during this time, I was forced to lead a dual life, and the John Belsworth that my fellow-students knew was quite a different character from the "Professor Astronemo," who, with his mystic wand and long white beard awed those who called upon him and waited in fear and trembling while he calculated their horoscopes. They were certainly two very different people—yet quite the same.

One day, after a recitation at the university, I hurried to the quarters where I was known as Astronemo, donned my long, black robe, with its mystic symbols, and seated myself at a table upon which stood a weird, flickering, blue light, which alone relieved the darkness.

How long I sat thus I do not know, for I was engaged in calculating a partial eclipse of the moon which would take place in a few weeks, and upon which the newspaper to which I contributed had requested an article, when the servant parted the curtains and announced that a gentleman wished to consult Astronemo.

"What name does he give?" I questioned.

"Mr. John Smith," answered the servant.

"Well, bring him in," said I.

A moment later the curtains again parted, and I was aware that a figure stood in the shadow. In a sepulchral voice I said, "Advance, John Smith. You would consult the future. What are your desires?"

As I spoke my visitor came forward, and, as he stepped within the circle of light which my lamp cast I saw that he was of a quite different type from those I had theretofore dealt with. He was clothed in a black suit which fitted his tall figure closely, and each movement was one of perfect grace. His face and hands were darker even than a Spaniard's, and his jet black hair hung over and nearly concealed his ears, but was brushed back so that it showed his high, broad forehead.

All of this I saw at a glance, but when my eyes met his, I felt helpless; they seemed to glow in the darkness like twin stars, and unconsciously I shuddered, for I felt he was looking into my very soul—that he was reading my innermost thoughts. I knew that I was in the presence of a man to whom a mind such as I possessed was as plain as an open book. Yet the power which he exercised was not an hypnotic one, I knew full well, for I had mastered that simple art. What, then, was it?

"Well, sir, if you would consult me, I must know your desires. What is your wish?" I demanded.

Then he smiled: Ye gods, what a smile! In it amusement and sarcasm struggled for a mastery, until the latter gained, and he stood, a statue of cynical enjoyment before me. His voice came clear and commanding: "I would consult a wise man. Astronemo was recommended to me. Where is he?"

"I am he," I answered.

Again all was silence and, in spite of myself, I felt that my reason was leaving me. Then, with an effort, I seemed to shake off the load which weighted down my brain, and again I was myself, and I saw my companion convulsed with laughter—not the hearty, infectious kind which we love to hear, but a silent, joyless mirth.

I was frightened, yet angry. "Sir!" I cried, "enough of this. I am Astronemo. If you have business with me, name it."

"Well, sir, you are Astronemo," he said, in a low clear voice, in which I now noted a slight foreign accent, "you are Astronemo just as I am John Smith; yet neither is our true name. Your true name is John Belsworth. Can you tell me what mine is?"

"No!" I gasped. And he looked at me pityingly.

"But you should know," he said quietly. "Justly now I forced my mind to read your brain, and in so doing, I left mine vacant so that you might enjoy the same privilege."

"I believe you, sir," I answered, "yet, although I acknowledge I was endeavouring to hypnotise you, I felt my reason slowly leaving me. Had it lasted a minute longer, I should have become insane."

"That was my test," answered my visitor; "I came to consult a wise man, and my first question was whether you were wiser than I. When, by my art, I forced my brain to enter your brain and read its thoughts, I left my brain vacant, and yours, of course, took possession. My brain, being stored with knowledge which your mind cannot even comprehend, has proved too much for you, and your brain would have given way had I not seen the wisdom of returning to my own body instantly."

"Had you delayed this return what would have been the result?" I questioned. "Would I have come demented?"

"Worse than that, my friend," he answered. "You would have been dead."

"I do not understand," I cried.

"No, I see you don't; I fear I have not made myself sufficiently plain. You see," he explained, "when my will forced my mind to leave its home in my brain, it took temporary lodging in yours, and, being stronger than yours, it forced your mind out. The only lodging your mind had was in my brain. Had I not possessed myself of your little

store of knowledge almost instantly, you would have ceased to exist; but as I would then have had possession of your body when your mind dies, my body would have died with it, and I would have been forced to live in that poor carcase of yours until I could find a more suitable body."

"But my soul—" I interrupted.

"Bah!" he broke in contemptuously, "what is a soul? 'Tis only a mind. A great mind never dies. When it tires of one body it finds another. This body of mine was born in Constantinople about thirty-five years ago, but my mind was born in Egypt in the year 476 B. C."

"Ah, I see," said I. "You are a Pythagorean."

"Well," he laughed, "that is the idea I intended to convey. Yet you are only partially right, since it shows you grasp the idea that I believe in, and am able to accomplish, the transmigration of my mind or soul into another body; but to say that I am a believer in, and am, moreover, a living proof of, the doctrine of Metempsychosis would be nearer the truth."

"Ye gods!" I gasped. "I would give my future life for such a power!"

He looked at me intently for a moment, then said, "I believe that it is predestined that you are to have this power; but in return you will have to sacrifice something which you hold dearer than the welfare of your soul. But wait, we will see," and bending down he took from the table drawer a paper and commenced to figure upon it.

"Dearer than the welfare of my soul," I repeated mentally. "What can he mean? There is nothing that I hold paramount to that. No mind can be perfect—plainly, this is the one error that he has ever made. Why, with that accomplishment, I can be famous and live to enjoy my fame. My heavens! would that he were mistaken." But he was not.

As he figured and drew strange figures upon the paper before him, I leaned forward and saw that he was calculating my horoscope, and that he was making a far more complete reading than I had ever been able to do. At last he looked up.

"Well," said he, "it is as I thought—it is as I said. But," he added, "your mind will not be sufficiently matured for this great truth until thirteen years will have passed. I will come to you on your natal day in the year 1901, and will teach you this mysterious accomplishment. You will attain to many truths for the astronomical world before your study dies, but you must use great care, and refrain from selfishness, else your mind will also die. Use every end to further your knowledge of the stars, and in a little less than thirteen years I will see you again." And bowing now he left me.

It is needless to speak of my work during the succeeding years in more than a general way.

I made great progress in astronomy, and had my first taste of the red wine of fame when I discovered a second satellite to Venus. Shortly after this I was given an assistant's station in one of the largest of the English observatories, and, after making a number of minor discoveries, was surprised one day by a visit from Mr. Duckett, of Duckett and Dobbs, a legal firm well known in London. He advised me that my father had died intestate, and I was heir to his vast estate.

I was, of course, greatly astonished, and resigning my position, I sailed for New York and hunted up my father's lawyers.

The senior member of this firm met me with outstretched hand, and congratulated me upon my good fortune. "For," he explained, "had your father not died when he did you would have got nothing."—*New York Magazine of Mysteries.*

(To be continued.)

REVIEWS.

Hypnotism and Self-Education: By A. M. Hutchison, M. D. Published by T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. 6d. net.

This forms one of "The People's Books" series. The publication hopes to prove of immense utility to the general public. In as short space as imaginable a clear and concise idea of the subject is presented in a lucid and easy style.

In Woods of God-Realization, Vol. II: Swami Ram Tirtha, M. A. Published by Amir Chand, Delhi. Rs. 2/-

The public ought to feel grateful to this publisher as he has at a great sacrifice made known to the world the beautiful teachings of one of the greatest men of India. The volume before us contains a series of lectures delivered by the Swamiji both in the East and West, a few unpublished notes and poems. The poems are really the outcome of an inspired soul. Every sentence is pregnant with the personality of the Swamiji.

Venereal and Generative Diseases: Dalton. Published by Henry Kimpton, 263, High Holborn, W. C., London; 4s. net.

The author has in a most concise form dealt with rational and scientific treatments of the most neglected but important ills to which ignorant young men and women become victims. The work scrupulously avoids technical terms as is consistent with the nature of the subject and is of great use even to laymen.

Dental Formulary: Hermann Prinz. Published by Lee S. Smith & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. U.S.A.

This is one of the best known works on the subject and is authoritative. Those who are in the profession will find this to be of immense use.



2,000 years in Celestial Life: Astro Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

This volume contains a series of messages obtained through the medium of W. E. Cole by Mr. Hodges, Editor of *Stellar Ray*. The book is highly interesting.

Messages from Higher Spheres: By M. H. True, Box 86, Red Bluff, Cal., U.S.A. Dol. 1.00.

The whole work is a *verbatim* publication of the language of Spirit Guides from Higher Spheres as given through the mediumship of M. H. True, the authoress, except three chapters which were given by the inspirational speaker, Mr. R. S. Lillie. The work is a good guidance for spiritualists.

Philosophic Thoughts:—Revealed through Pranayamam and Higher Concentration with Practical Hints: V. Nagalingiah Dewara, B. A. Published by G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. As. 12.

Those who are interested in self-development will find this to be of great help in the formation of their self.

Spiritual life:—By Uriel Buchanan: Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., 18, East and 17th Street, New York.

The writer is well-known as one of the foremost advocates of Psychometry and as the author of many brilliant works as "The Mind's Attainment", "The Path to Power", &c. &c. What he deals in the works is truly inspirational and highly practical.

Atank Nigrah Pharmacy—Jaumnagar (Kathiawar).

We have a neat little album of this world-known manufacture of Ayurvedic medicines. The late lamented Mani Shanker Govindji was the founder of this firm and it is he who brought it to the high status which it now enjoys. The album contains clear expositions of the offices and villas of the Proprietor. We wish the firm every success.

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Dr. T. R. SANJIVI,
Editor.

SWAMI MUKERJI,
Associate Editor.

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TWO METHODS OF APPROXIMATION.

K. S. RAMASAWMI SASTRI, B.A., B.L.

Every religion worthy of the name tells us that man is pure spirit and is in eternal relation to the Universal Spirit. They may differ as to the nature of such relation, and as to the nature of the final liberation. Even in these matters the differences are only those that are inevitable when the great seers speak of the spiritual realms visible from varying heights of inner illumination. Just as when persons stand at varying heights on a hill, different stretches of meadows, lakes

and streams are enrolled before their gaze, so the great seers stand at different heights on the hill of the spirit at the top of which shines the Temple of God. They stand at varying heights not because they have not all of them reached the shrine and beheld the glory of the eternal Beauty but because they are desirous of leading mankind through slow and suitable stages to the top of the hill where the Temple of God shines afar. If a person stands right at the top his voice would be unheard by the hurrying and miserable millions at the base, and even if he was heard he would not be believed as his description of the glory that he saw would appear to them purely imaginary. The apparent differences between the various revelations are all resolved into a great and heavenly harmony if we view them from this stand-point and recognise that "though the mortals speak many tongues, the immortals speak but one."

Two ways exist for realising in some measure this truth of truths—the spiritual kinship of man and God. Different symbols are employed by different minds to grasp in some way or other this golden truth. Some religions declare that man was made in the image of God. Others declare that man is one of the bodies of God. Some others say that man is a reflection of the Light of Lights. Yet others say that he is one with God. But the two ways that we shall consider here are the humanising of God and the deifying of man. One method is to declare that God incarnates again and again as man to show all men the true path unto Himself. This doctrine of re-incarnation is a peculiarly Hindu doctrine and has travelled far and wide throughout the earth and found a glad welcome in every religion. The most perfect exposition of it is in Chapter IV of the *Gita* where Sri Krishna says: "Whenever virtue languishes and vice raises its head, I come among the sons of men to protect the good and perish the evil and restrain the Divine Law of Dharma." The Christian idea of the Son of God becoming the Son of Man to show the way to the Kingdom of Heaven and the Buddhist idea of the enlightened Buddha coming into the world to show the blessed path are manifestations of the same great religious doctrine.

Another way often adopted for recognising the spiritual kinship of man and man and of man and God is the deifying of man. Some religions regard this as blasphemy, but this is due to the fact that they view things from the lower heights of the hill of the spirit whereon the shrine of Truth and Love and Beauty shines for ever. Our religion proclaims the divinity of Man and has taught us to attain to सोहभाव (*Sohambhava*—the recognition of our being He). We should recognise that the body is His temple and that the individual self is Himself. It has been finely said: देहे देवालयः प्रोक्तः जीवो देवः सदाशिवः । (The body is said to be His temple and the individual self is the shining Sadasiva Himself.)

Numerous are the methods laid down in our sacred books for arriving at an intimate realisation, through inner experience, of this truth of truths. The methods are admirably calculated to lessen worldliness in our hearts, to inspire us to heroic acts of self-sacrifice, to promote the

growth of dispassion, and to bring about the dawn of the sun of spiritual illumination in the heaven of the heart. May the Hindus never give up such methods and may they be in the future what they were in the past—the spiritual guides of the world!

SELF-RESPECT.

• S. NARAYANASAMI IYER, B.A., B.L.

1. 'I am that I am.'
2. "Man must feel as man new made."
3. Limbed like the old heroic breed, self-poised and manhood's solid strength drawing from within for all our strengthly needs.
4. To thine own self be true, it follows as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.
5. Why on my frailties art thou frailer spy?
6. Be self-willed, be self-controlled, be self-satisfied, in this is life's true lesson taught and learnt.
7. Don't expect praise, for flattery is not praise, and no man praises another except for an end. The enemy's praise is true praise. But more than these is the praise that comes of a satisfied mind.
8. Seek no praise. Fear not blame. Reject alike the true and false opinions. Teach your ear to rule itself out of the "hear, hear," hum of the multitude, teach your eye to rule out the wistful glances of the mob, teach your mind not to look out, but to look in, and let your self-condemnation of the self-satisfaction be the aim, the rule and the achievement of your life.

OUR SPLENDID HERITAGE.

DAMODAR PRASAD SAKSENA, M. A.

It has been remarked of Alexander the Great that he 'wept bitterly' because he had no more worlds to subdue, and Napoleon is said to have got a medal struck at Paris in anticipation of, and to commemorate, his conquest of England. What a wild and way-ward fancy had seized the mind, of these two remarkable men! Every new acquisition of territory seemed to grow their desire for more, and it was a craving which could not be made to meet full satisfaction. Worldly ambition is even such a thing. Be it an estate, be it fame, be it riches—or any other commodity of the worldly bazaar, if we have once set our heart on acquiring it, the longing would grow, till it quite encircles the heart of man, fill it with trouble and turmoil, and banish its peace and comfort. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown'; the more so when the ruler loses sight of the high offices that do grace to king-ship, and engross him with the petty, self-seeking interests of life.

'How hard will it be for those that are rich to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.' Must all earthly possessions be exclusively yours before

you can have your mind set at rest? Must all the riches of the world pour into your own private purse to minister delight to your bosom? Do you think that all objects must pass down the gullet in order to be fitly enjoyed? Rather let me point out to you, gentlemen, a treasure which no Cræsus ever possessed, a territory which no great Prince ever ruled, a heritage more splendid and spacious than any earthly heir succeeded to—a possession open to all and within the reach of the lowest of us all.

And shall I tell you, friends, what it is, and under what conditions would it be exposed full in our view for our use and gratification?

Why, it is none other but God's Fair Creation, and the terms—paradoxical though it may seem—are that we must first fully forsake it in order to succeed to the enjoyment of it;—for we must have freed our mind from the narrowing cares of self and eschewed all worldly objects, before we can experience the superb delight of looking with an admiring, joyful glance on all the beauteous works of the Almighty Creator. Have you never, after a good night's rest, risen some early morning and seen with rapturous delight—a sight more beauteous and splendid than the Robber's Treasure could have possibly been to Cassin—the morn 'in russet mantle clad,' walk over the dew of some high eastern hill? Have not the glories of the rising sun ever moved you to worship and adoration of the Supreme Maker? and is not a simple, honest fellow, who pursues his work in life with a pure conscience, in as good a position to admire and enjoy this grand spectacle as any of the richest owners of a landed estate? Do not the refreshing gales that blow—wafting fragrance sweet and refined most welcome to the guileless, sinless bosom—cheer you up at this pleasant hour? Does not the bright and fresh appearance of the followers move your heart to transports of delight as you pass alongside of them in your morning ramble? and is not the gentle ripple of the rivulet by which they grow more agreeable to your ear than the pleasantest sound devised by the ingenuity of man? Are these fair objects the less our own, for we are not legally our masters and owners? The green fields of the earth and the blue expanse of the skies are, I may be allowed to say, meant as well for the man in the garb of poverty as for the other rolling in wealth, as well for the peasant who tills the field, as for the lord of rank and honor. Can any delight be more intense than that we feel on some cool summer day when the trees rustle in the breeze overhead as we take our stand under the shady branches, or that which comes under contemplation on the serene beauty of the skies at night when a thousand 'orbs of light' infuse hope, cheer and joy into our bosom?

What a splendid inheritance have we then got from our Maker freely to be used and enjoyed by us all—provided that we set about doing so in the right spirit and first have prepared ourselves adequately for the same,—which, again, can only be secured by taking a lift above this tainted worldly atmosphere into regions of purer, nobler thought. Let us in every way prove ourselves worthy of occupying this splendid Garden of Eden into which our Loving Maker has placed us. Let us adore Him, and Extol Him, and sing to Him hymns of praise for all the bounties He has given us. He is the Supreme

Source from which all joy must spring—The fountain-head of comfort, happiness and bliss.

GLORY TO THE ALMIGHTY FATHER!

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

HENRY PROCTOR, F.R.S.L., M.R.A.S., F.L.L.C.

The century which has passed away has been a century of triumph for hard unbelief and rejection of the supernatural, and spiritual gifts have consequently been almost an unknown quantity in the Church of Christ on earth. For this lack, we know not how the members of His Body will be able to give account before the Bema or Judgment-seat of Christ, for in Jehovah Elohim there is no change, and Jesus is "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever."

It is entirely wrong to think that the gifts passed away with the Apostles. We know that they were continued as long as there was

A FAITHFUL CHURCH

and fell into disuse only when the Church allied herself with the world, and looked to it for power instead of to God.

As a proof of this continuance we might quote the great and good Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, who said that:—

"They who are the true disciples of Jesus do in His name confer blessings on others by a power received from Him; for some cast out demons, others have knowledge of futurity and see visions, others again cure the sick by imposition of hands. Besides, as I have observed already, the dead have been raised and have lived many years among us." (EUSEB. lib v., c. 7.)

These gifts are the birthright of the Church of the First-born and belong to us to-day as much as they did to the saints at the beginning of this dispensation; and we are told to covet earnestly the greater gifts, but especially that of prophecy. Let us try, therefore to, ascertain (a) what these gifts are, and (b) how to obtain them.

(a) There are nine gifts enumerated in I COR. XII, viz:—

- (1) The word of wisdom (*Logos sophias*).
- (2) The word of knowledge (*Logos gnoseos*).
- (3) Faith.
- (4) Gifts of healings.
- (5) Inworking of powers (*energemata dunameon*).
- (6) Prophecy.
- (7) Discerning of spirits.
- (8) Divers kinds of tongues (speaking in foreign languages).
- (9) Interpretation of languages.

(1) We learn the meaning of the word of wisdom from I COR. II, 7. "Howbeit we speak wisdom among the teleioi or perfect ones." It is

THE HIDDEN WISDOM OF GOD.

fore-ordained before the worlds unto our glory. It is the manifold wisdom of God, or which the principalities and powers in the heavenly places are learning through the Church:—

"Things which eye saw not and ear heard not,
And which entered not into the heart of man."
"Things which angels desire to look into."

This word of wisdom was given to the Apostle Paul in an eminent degree (COL. I, 28) and through it was made known unto him the mystery which had been hid from all former ages and generations, and which enabled him to proclaim among the Gentiles the unsearchable

RICHES OF CHRIST.

"In EPH. XI, 17, it is called "a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him," which he prayed, continually, that the Ephesian Church, and "the faithful in Christ Jesus," might have and we may be certain that the spirit of God has just as great a longing that the saints may have it now, and there is quite as much need for its exercise in this age of unbelief.

(2) The word of knowledge is that inspiration by which spiritual men are able to discover the deep secrets contained in the oracles of the Old Testament, and to explain the

MEANING OF ALL REVELATION.

(3) Faith as a spiritual gift is explained in I COR. XIII, 2, as: "All faith so as to remove mountains." It is distinct from the common faith of which a measure has been dealt to every man. It is the faith of God (MAT. XVII, 20; MARK. XI, 23). It enabled the early disciples to stand unabashed and without fear and to preach the Gospel, not only in the presence of Kings and Rulers but before the most enraged enemies, as in the case of Peter and John (ACTS IV, 18, 29), and Stephen and Paul. The whole life of Paul was a mountain-moving life (see II COR. XI, 23-33). This is the kind of faith which we need to

TURN THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

as he did. Let us seek it as a special gift from God, as men seek for hidden treasure.

(4) The gifts of healing. This gift is expressed in the plural number to denote the variety of diseases healed. Many of the first Christians possessed it and, by exercising it, not only confirmed the Gospel, but obtained the good will of whole cities and communities (ACTS VIII, 7-9). The apostles possessed the gift in a supernatural degree.

THE SHADOW OF PETER

and handkerchiefs and aprons which had touched Paul's body were the means of healing many. All who visit the sick, should earnestly covet this gift of laying hands on the sick that they might recover.

(5) The inworking of powers. This is commonly translated "working of miracles," but the word *energein* does not signify to work, simply, but to work in another, and when the working of a miracle is expressed, the word used is not *energein* but *poiein*. It is the power of

CONFERRING SPIRITUAL GIFTS

on others, and of being the instruments of baptizing others, with the Holy Spirit, as Peter and John (ACTS VIII, 14) and Ananias (ACTS IX, 17). Paul had the power of imparting spiritual gifts, by the laying on of hands (II TIM. I, 6; ROM. I, 11), and so had others (TIM. IV, 15).

(6) Prophecy. The most useful, and therefore the most desirable of all the gifts. It was intended to be the most general: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," is the promise to those upon whom the Spirit is outpoured, and Paul desired that all the Corinthian Church might prophesy (I COR. XIV, 5). It means to speak by inspiration in revelation, in exhortation, and in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual songs to the

UP-BUILDING OF THE BODY:

the edifying of the Church. There were special meetings at which this gift was exercised, as the Apostle says: "Ye can all prophesy one by one," and if there come in an unbeliever or an unlearned man, he will be convicted by all; the secrets of his heart will be made manifest, and so he will fall down on his face and worship God, declaring that God is in you indeed (Greek "en humin entes"). So that prophecy is useful both to the Church and to the world, being fitted to build up the saint and save the sinner. By it also some were enabled

TO PREDICT FUTURE EVENTS

as Agabus, who foretold a famine, so that they were able to send relief to the saints in Judaea (ACTS XXI, 28). See also ACTS XXI, 11. Peter in his Epistles, John in the Apocalypse and Paul also foretell the future.

(7) Discerning of spirits. This very necessary gift is to enable spiritual men to know what is really spoken by inspiration of the spirit, and consequently to distinguish with certainty true doctrine from false. For there are in every age, and very largely in this, pretenders to inspiration, and evil spirits and demons are flooding the world with

FALSE DOCTRINES

and there are false Christs and false Prophets, so that this gift is more than ever necessary (I JOHN IV, 1).

(8) Divers kinds of tongues. This gift was one of the primary causes of the rapid growth of Christianity in the first century, for by it the preachers were able to proclaim the Gospel in foreign lands without losing years in acquiring the language. The Apostle Paul was greatly gifted in this way (I COR. XIV, 18.), and God is still able to bestow this gift wherever it may be found necessary.

(9) The interpretation of tongues, by means of which gifts the Gospel might soon be preached in every nation for a witness unto them, and so perhaps hasten the coming of the Lord.

(b) All these gifts can be restored to the Church, which is His Body

ONLY BY PRAYER

(I COR. XIV, 13). May all the members therefore be stirred up to pray for all, that each one may receive that gift or gifts of the spirit which he is fitted to exercise, for this is the law which rules the distribution of gifts. They are not for the good of any particular member of the Body but for "the common utility" (French ver.). We must desire them for the good of all the world, but especially should we seek to "excel" and abound to the edifying of the Church. "By the exercise of these gifts (*charismata*) in the Church multitudes of souls will be saved and many thousands will be baptised by the Holy Spirit into the Body of Christ (I COR. XII, 13.)

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BHAGWAD GITA.

Lesson III—The Mystic Wheel,

P. S. CHARYA.

(Continued from the August issue.)

According to the *Gita*, as I have already pointed out in Lesson II, man is a soul—an immortal being having the immortality of God Himself.

"Not at any time verily was I not", says He to Arjuna; "nor thou, nor these princes of men, nor verily shall we ever cease to be." (Chap. II, Sloka 12.)

And as though to impress upon the mind of His royal pupil that the doctrine of soul's immortality has no consistent meaning without the corresponding doctrine of repeated births, the Divine Teacher proceeds forthwith to lay down in the very next sloka the law of reincarnation, as follows:—

"As the Dweller in the body (the Pilgrim-soul or Jivatma) *experienceth* in the body infancy, youth, and age, so passeth he on to another life-abode." (Chap. II, Sloka 13.)

Man is really 'the dweller in the body' he is not the body: but he is the soul residing in the body. Man, 'the real man,' is not to be identified with the body, which is the 'apparent man'. He is the self within and never to be confounded with the sheaths. Verily man is a soul: and in body and mind, he is given the necessary tools to work with in the worlds of sense and spirit—that he may gain experience thereby and evolve to the utmost perfection.

As kittens are born blind, so man is born *apparently* weak and ignorant. But his powers are all latent, though not patent; his energies are potential, though not kinetic; his forces and resources are inherent and require to be made manifest in the course of evolution.



Man's divine capacity is really contained in himself without defect; but it must be *drawn forth*—that is, educated in the school of life. Man, in his inmost self, is, indeed, part of God—every one of us is a fragment of Divinity—each a potential Krishna, as it were, but 'a God in ruins', as phrased by Emerson. The 'God' must realise the divine nature—his real capacity. In short, man must become what he is. In the strange but significant paradox lies his divine destiny—his glorious goal. This 'becoming what we are' is achieved by self-knowledge or Para-vidya, the key to salvation—that is to become free and eternal, even as God the Dweller in the Innermost is free and eternal.

As all knowledge must be based upon experience, man has to gather all possible experiences in manifold births. He has to learn the lessons of life in the various schools of experience, and, as he learns, he grows in knowledge, and, as knowledge is power, he becomes more and more powerful; he becomes strong in his own native strength, realising himself and his God within. To this end, man evolves, as the wheel of births and deaths revolves on the axis of Karma by the Grace of Lord. Man is, therefore, born over and over again, in the various parts of the universe to master the lessons of life. God, which is Love, hath given him free will, with which man can 'make and mar' the foolish fates. As God is love, and as He has given man free will, He will not—I was almost going to say, He cannot—compel man to learn His lessons against his will. Man avails himself of the priceless power of free-will; but he knows not how to properly utilise it. Himself man knows not; nor does he care to know. The 'dweller in the body' identifies himself with the body; the self with the sheath; the imperishable with the perishable, the bird of Paradise with its cage. Sometimes, the religious man begins to talk of having a soul, as though he were not *it*. If he is not the soul, pray what else is he? Is he then the perishable body of the restless mind? Let man never mistake his vehicles for himself—the transitory for the eternal. The body and the mind are but the temporary tools which he wields in the world. Never confound, therefore, the tool with the workman. What would you think of the carpenter, who mistakes his chisel for himself? If he identifies himself with that tool and would have the instrument treated as himself—what shall we say of such a man? What would you think of him, reader? Would you not think him mad, insane? Would you not speak of him as being perilously near the lunatic asylum? Even so in the eyes of the 'seer who seeth', he is a mad man, who, knowing not himself as he is truly is, believes that he is 'body' or 'mind' and nothing more. Such a man can call himself civilized, among his compatriots, he may not be risking his reputation for sanity at all; nay, he may even pass for a very clever intellectual man. However, to the student of the psychic philosophy of the *Gita*, man is not man until and unless he knows himself as the master and not as matter, until and unless he sees himself as the dweller in the body, born in the world to work and gather experience, and thus ascending the ladder of evolution, step by step, and rung by rung, to realise

himself ultimately as part of the divine light that is everywhere—the life that never dies. Such is the goal of all our aspirations—the goal of spiritual evolution we have ever to keep in view.

Unfortunately, man in his present stage of evolution, is as ignorant as an infant regarding his higher nature and his divinely-appointed destiny. "What am I—an infant crying for the light—an infant crying in the night—with no language but a cry?" Such is his own confession; little wonder then that he is content to regard his bodily experiences as his own and to belittle himself in everything. He says, "Once I was a child, now I am young, and ere long will I grow old and die." And as he thinks so and thus *experiences* infancy, youth and age, so passeth he on, as the *Gita* puts it. This passing on is what we call 'death.'

According to Sri Krishna, then, death is but passing on from one life abode to another—changing one plane of existence for another. "As a man casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new." (Chap. II, Sloka 22.)

Death is not the 'tongueless silence of the dreamless Nirvana', as the materialists think; neither is it the long rest in the grave until the Judgment Day, as the pious Christians believe. Death is not what it *seems*; it is not a wall but it is a door; it is by no means the end of life; it is but the gateway of life. Through the portal of death, you pass into life—the life beyond the grave. Again through the portal of birth, you pass into life—the life on this side of the grave. The dead are not really dead; even the so-called dead are really alive—as much alive as the living are and through the gateway of birth they may come back to the earth, sooner or later. That all depends upon the mysterious workings of the great Law—the Law of Karma.

Thus we see that as the body becomes worn out and is no longer fitted for the evolution of the soul, it is cast off like worn-out clothes and the spirit enters into a fresh abode, on this planet or any other, in any other visible or invisible realms of Nature—to work out its further evolution. The body which is but the clothes you put on becomes worn-out by the violation, on your part, of the natural and spiritual laws of your being. You fail to control and to rejuvenate the living cells of your body. You are not the master in your own house. Preyed upon by a host of impure thought-intruders, by petty annoyances and nameless worries, victimised by all uninvited mental guests, man invites all the negative conditions of disease and old age. By the unnatural and the inharmonious life he leads, he makes of his body a happy hunting-ground for all the adventurous microbes. Impure thoughts and impure desires affect the nervous system directly and the blood-vascular system indirectly, producing thereby impure blood and consequent ill-health. Man regards them all as his own; he thinks that disease and old age are his natural experiences. He wonders how some enjoy good health in spite of the awful revelations of Bacteriology. He prepares himself for diseases mostly by his attitude and expectation, and when the body becomes worn-out by his own

folly and by his own recklessness, he receives the summons of death. He knows that, like the sword of Damocles, death hangs over his head, ready to fall upon him at any moment. He fears it; he hates it; he curses Nature; he curses God for the 'seeming waste' and lawlessness involved in death. For he knows not that 'nothing is that errs from law.' He knows not, indeed, that even the dreaded angel of death strikes but the worn-out body; he cannot touch the real man—much less, harm or hurt him. Liberated from the worn-out prison 'of clay', wherein he can evolve no longer, though still hemmed in around, wall upon wall, by other subtler bodies and kosas, Hamsa, the Bird of Paradise, as the soul is called in the Upanishads, passes on to 'another and another life-abode'. It is in this sense and only in this sense, that man is 'constantly born and constantly dying' as the *Gita* says—that to every man upon this earth, death cometh soon or late.'

(To be continued.)

THOUGHT PARAGRAPHS.

J. BEN LESLIE. *

Each individual bears spiritual and intellectual fruit according to his, or her, capability to bud and blossom, which latter condition renders quality and quantity.

This fruit sent broadcast to the world, be it through literature, or verbally, gives the receiver nourishment, strength, development, happiness and knowledge: or starvation, weakness, degradation, misery, and ignorance according to its quality.

Therefore, let the literary tree be annually pruned, that in each spring-time of life, its unfoldment be the more perfect, the fruit-gathering the more profitable, and the consuming thereof be the ideal of purity, truth, and universal good.

If there is justice in the laws of God, or Nature, and a consciousness of soul and spirit in the great beyond, will not the day of reckoning accounts, and straightening the crooked deeds of man to man, surely come? In this case, would it not be better to stand on the side of the oppressed, than that of the oppressor; the cheated, than the cheater; the deceived, than the deceiver?

Not all tears flow from the fountain of sorrow and grief; some issue from the source of gratitude and joy, each expressive of deep emotion, is an unwritten, unspoken elegy, and lyric of the soul.

Symbolic teaching in connection with the educational development of children should be practically considered. How many marvelous truths, pure and beautiful thoughts, could be planted, rooted and developed in the minds of the populace, if the children were given

* Author of "Atlantis Restored" Price Rs. 13, Post free.

symbolic object lessons, being taken from nature and the process of development leading up to the object.

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Gilded domes and towers are not possessory of their lofty and brilliant aspect by change; but by the result of architectural resource, and the principle of construction, co-operative with the mental and physical energy of the builder. So it is with the spiritual, mental and physical attainments of humanity. Those who would rise mentally, physically and spiritually to an ascendancy among men, must qualify themselves with the light of truth and knowledge such as is gained through the experience of life, and the contemplation of its principles.

THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE SELF AND THE NOT-SELF.

D. KRISHNA RAO.

Self stands for activity in all things and Not-Self for inactivity. That which gives life is self and that which is devoid of life is not-self. Self is the real generator and not-self the passive receiver. The latter expresses life only with the help of the former and without this it has no existence. Self is strength while not-self is the medium through which it becomes manifested. Self is not recognisable without not-self, though both of them are not attached to each other in the same way as body is with form and shape. Not-self is attached to self, and as such the attachment may cease to exist. The not-self may be a quality to self and so the quality is also changeable, or it may be a manifestation of the self, even then the manifestation may cease to exist. In our daily life we see two things, life and no life, active projector and passive receiver. It is between these two a relation exists which makes our existence a real thing. That relation is the tie that unties all living beings and keeps them intact. But for this, creation or manifestation would be an impossibility. There would be no activity, no consciousness and hence no life. There is affinity between them both, the self seeking the aid of the not-self for its manifestation, and the not-self seeking the aid of the self for its reality. To realise the beautiful relation self is clothed with not-self so that they may help themselves in recognition. At times self likes to fly from its attachment and at times seeks its aid. In attachment and repulsion lies the struggle. The struggle is going on from time immemorial and the birth of the struggle may be contemporised with the birth of self into not-self. These two are mighty warriors in the field of life—one is subtle, the other is assertive, one is crafty, the other is powerful, and the winner is yet to be decided. With some, it is yet to be decided. With some, it is the latter and with others it is the former. The superiority of the victor is determined by the annihilation of the opposite and complete superiority over it. No reconciliation, no peace-terms are offered but mastery of complete nature is required. Self is the light. The more the not-self is not recognised,

the brighter it shines. Clinging to not-self brings in its train all difficulties, pains and sorrows and disappointments, while the recognition of self leads to happiness, peace and harmony. Not-self is always dark and, unless self throws its light, darkness cannot be revealed. So many living in darkness think it light of day, as owls do, at the sunset, think a long joyous night has come. While their hearts are merry and the woods are filled with their hootings, the sun comes out with his darting rays to reveal unto them that the day of the night is already reckoned. Self is the reality and the not-self is dependent upon it. Self being enslaved by not-self becomes passionate, proud and condemnatory. Self appears not what it is but takes in the color of the thing it is enveloped. The crystal is pure white and wonderfully brilliant. But it cannot appear as beautiful and brilliant when a colored object is presented to it. It takes the color itself and loses its original grandeur. Suspicion, enmity, envy, lust and pride become the qualities of self through the association of not-self and man ascribes to it ignorantly those qualities which it does not rightly possess nor inherit. Self, clothed with matter, strives for the gaining of more matter, riches, etc. Self becomes contented to rest in the lowest plane and to be passed by unnoticed. Desire and opinions, conceptions and prejudices, cling to self, and the recovery from it is far in the future. The tendency of not-self is always to drag it on in its meshes and the self finds itself quite unable either to assert its authority over it or become an unconquerable foe. Slowly and slowly it loses much of its originality and appears incapable of any recognition. Selfishness, greed, become its watchwords, and wretchedness and delusion become its end. Having nothing of power to attack, nothing of power to defend with, self finds pleasure in it alone! Forgetting its original home, dwelling in the prisoned walls of matter, insensible of any hope of deliverance, it continues to live in unreality. The thirst for life grows deeper and deeper, and fleshly immortality it feels.

After much suffering, searching for more enjoyment, after longing after novelty, a turn comes, a dawn which will give way to future light and bright sunshine. The turn is not possible unless the not-self is completely exhausted when superfluity gives it a conscript. A turn may be possible when in the experience of struggle for more pleasure and enjoyment, it realises the new principle of life by the sudden light of new impulse. A turn is possible when the self ceases to be a passion's slave and begins to realise how completely it was subdued. The hour of crisis has come which decides the fate of the minions of darkness and enthrones the children of light. It is the epoch which overcomes the threatening disaster and ruin and reveals to the saddened gazes of self the reality of the power it has lost. Enlightenment and illumination have dawned upon it and the thing that is now necessary is the steady and constant watch. The turn now made is strong and is backed up by the experiences of life and by the knowledge of the unreal nature of matter. Now self seeks complete mastery over it. Memory of past bliss, fondness for its original abode, now gives it a dislike for all the allurements that may be placed by the

not-self. Dispassion is the keynote of this turn. Self-control, strength or power, mark the onward progress. Tearing away from the sway of the tyrant, relying upon its own judgment, it seeks the light that is growing with brightness and warmth. That which submitted blindly to patient trials now turns its feet and makes a swift passage over the many temptations to which it fell a prey. The not-self gives to it every possible hindrance to turn it from the decisive step it had taken and to a small extent it is able to bring it under its sway, but only for a moment. It had met many falls, it had suffered many wounds, and the constant realisation of the illusionary experiences gives to it a rock, a principle which will stand against the fury of the storm to which it succumbed a few moments ago. Once more it tries to soar aloft the mountain peaks of discord, strife, and worldly gain that are put up to hinder its progress, to brighter regions of harmony, peace and serenity. The greater the obstacles are, the greater is the determination of self to free itself from its opposite. In silent power it has strength, no changes, no turns hereafter afflict it. Time bends to it and death and doom it spurns. The chase is again begun. The lover no more desires the object he once desired. The self ever trying to shuffle the mortal coil, while the other clinging to it for its reality, the not-self pursues it, places before it every kind of illusion, in all planes of matter, physical, astral, mental. Allurements and enticements on one side, bliss and realisation on the other, gives the struggle a reality. Aspiration towards order, harmony and knowledge, inducement to disorder, disharmony and ignorance, are many skirmishes that take place in the battle of life. The physical body to which it clings is not proved as its, and so the mental and other bodies are. New beauties and new fairies are purposely created to drag the escaped bird. To every question of the not-self claiming relationship with it comes the emphatic answer 'No.'

Many Menakas to spoil many Visvamintras, many Indras to spoil many Bhagirathis, and many Satans to spoil many aspiring souls of Jesuses are powerless before the determination of the escaped. It shuffles off one coil after another, as snakes do, and shines out in growing brilliancy step by step. The Angelic beings, their sweet celestial songs, are not so sweet and melodious as the sweet bliss of its realisation. It ascends up the mount of transfiguration to glow in resplendent joy. From toil and anxiety, repose it found; from uneasiness and turmoil, peace it attained. From separation to union, from difference to amity, the self feels the force of its growth. Joy and bliss which were its qualifications now become its.

The not-self finds to its utter dismay, the bird has flown and its recapture is an impossibility. The not-self finds itself in the shape of a breathless heap, like a forlorn lover. The chase was in vain and the dear object was no longer the object of cherished love. The loss is great, and it cannot any longer keep itself alive. The object of the heart lost its pity for it and any mourning or anxiety will not in any way remedy this. The life is no longer possible. The breathings become hard with repeated hushes. Slowly and slowly it pines. As a worm in the bud preying upon its vitals, the flight of the self is

slowly destroying the reality of the not-self. The particles of not-self do not move and the end is nigh at hand. Motionless, realityless, slowly, the not-self loses its name and becomes dissolved in the unknown.

• STRANGE EXPERIENCES OF A DEVOTEE.

J. B. H.

With due reverence and humble submission to the Will of the Almighty, I humbly wish to declare, that from my faint spiritual knowledge and understanding, as dictated by my conscience, I believe, that a number of good souls in their spiritual bodies are similarly being trained and made perfect, to perform the duties that will be entrusted to them as "Soldiers of the Cross of Christ" in the near future. This newly organised Mighty Army of Christ is expected to arrive on this Earth, as an advance-guard to make ready the way for the second coming of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, by turning the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; not by wars and weapons, but by spiritual power. At present many are spiritually discerned and know for certainty, that the majority of mankind are growing very indifferent to their Maker, on account of their education, worldly goods, position and pride; thereby the word justice, which is one of the attributes pertaining to God, is gradually being wiped from off the face of the earth, thus resulting in the bitter cry of the poor, helpless, ignorant creatures daily ascending to the Throne of God calling for vengeance. This mighty army of Christ will not travel by land or sea, but will visit each continent of this globe in clouds of eternal glory and every teaching and preaching from all sources, hitherto neglected, ignored, unheeded and uncared for, will be revealed and impressed with power. I also believe that it is not the Will of Providence to destroy this globe on account of our ignorance but that in His shoreless Mercy He is anxious that all should repent and turn unto Him; in whom and by whom all things exist, live and move. The cross which is given to every soldier as a sort of dagger, will act as a magic wand, and discover every secret fault, put all things right, and purify every 'Temple of God', so that the 'Pure in heart shall see God' dwelling and reigning in them in this beautiful world.

You will notice that I omitted to make any mention of the companion referred to in my Testimony—as I hesitate on account of human jealousy, to say much of my companion. I am convinced inwardly and it confirms the belief, that our souls are one-half. Although I have never cherished any desire for a companion, but while my soul was in deep search for the Truth, it has come in contact with or found the other half, thus forming a Whole in Love (God). As far as my perception goes at present, we two who are made by the Mighty Power, and gifted with musical talents (each of us possessing instruments Banjo and Mandoline) are premitted to appear in the presence

of the God described in the Testimony, in the mental plane, and play such music in our united deep devotion, which is charming and delightful to the ears of the Creator of the Universe.

II.

As I have already explained of my experience in this life, which gradually developed in my mind-body, so as to picture Christ Crucified and there falling down before Him and worshipping the Triune Jehova. At the same time, being in touch with all the Saints who have gone before, with whom I commune every Sabbath Day, and enjoy the sweet communion with them—I now proceed to explain the further stage I am at present experiencing which is beyond that of the mind-body. From the mind-body of mine another superior being is produced or born, a description of which is given below; which does not dwell on the scenery described before, *i.e.*, land, water, trees, mountain, etc; but in the clouds, in the presence of the "Creator of the whole Universe. My pen cannot draw nor my words can express as to the beauty of the whole scenery which is Heavenly and therefore can only give a rough idea of what I see in spirit, and enjoy in the Heavenly Sphere.

The God that appears to my spiritual body in the sky is ONE in person, having the shape of a man. The material out of which He is made is not flesh and blood beautified, but his appearance is as fine silver in its liquid state when red-hot. His statue about 9 feet, well developed, and modelled to an artistic statue. He wears a seamless surplice without sleeves of a pale green color, embroidered with silver lace as far as his knee or a little below, with a white silvery cord girt about his waist, having a pair of tassels hanging to the side up to his knee. A fine cloak of thin flowered veil, made of fine silver threads, with thin fringed borders hanging from the back of the shoulder to the very bottom, a yard away from his feet. A bright, silver crown glittering like diamond on his head and a bright, long silver sceptre on his right hand, shaped at the top like a fork with three points. His eyes are bright and sparkling, of a pale blue color. His hair is peacock blue and curly, falling to the shoulder. His beard and moustache are well trimmed dividing a little in the centre. His eyebrows and face are of a womanly beauty. His whole appearance beaming lovely through a silvery cloud—this cloud has bright silvery rays right round about, and each ray seems as giving a message as to Who this is—You see right round on every ray in different characters or languages—

"The Creator of the Universe.

"The Saviour of Mankind.

"The All-Mighty.

"The All-Intelligent.

"The Omnipotence.

"The All-Force.

"The Omniscience.

"The Everlasting God.

"The Triune Jehova.

"The Alpha and the Omega."

The cloud on which He is standing and beaming through is held up in the sky by thousands of Angels, who spread their white wings under the clouds.

I, your humble, poor, dark-looking man in appearance, of no consequence and importance in this world, in my new spirit-body enrolled as a Soldier of the Cross of Christ, am permitted with my *companion* in the Heavenly sphere, to meet the God described above in my daily devotion; in fact at any moment, at will, I am in His presence. This God whom I see in my new spirit-body speaks to me and assures me with these words:—"You *two*, who have been united and made one by my mighty Power, and enrolled as a "Soldier of My Cross," will perform the duties connected therewith, when I shall establish my Kingdom on Earth, and until such time exercise and develop yourself to be made fit for your calling in my Kingdom."

My spirit-body which now meets in the presence of the Creator of the Universe" is in stature about 8 feet, well built like its master, but not of the same material. My appearance is pale pink, with long curly brown and reddish golden colored hair, falling to my shoulders, with fine eyebrows, moustache and beard and bright blue eyes. A very nice looking man of about 30 years of age. The uniform that I wear as a 'soldier of the Cross' is:—a tight pale green coat, without sleeves, up to my waist; a tight-fitting corded white skirt with trousers combined a little above the knee—girded with a white cord having a pair of tassels on the side to my waist—a *white cross*,—a foot in length, in my waist like a dagger—a thin green corded tape attached to a small white cross is tied to my forehead—and a short thin flowered veiled cloak covering my body up to the waist.

This new spirit body of mine descends from the sky and meets the mind-body at the 'Cross of Christ,' and unites in short Prayer, and then the spirit-body leaving the mind-body at the cross, goes to the open piece of ground at the back of the cross, adjoining a large garden, and performs its daily morning duty or exercise.

1st Exercise:—The spirit-body stands erect with hands stretched, palms upward, facing towards the East, and looking up to the sky. While in this posture 5 cobras (1 large and 4 small) come across from the garden and coil up my spirit-body, namely the largest snake round my chest, 2 on the two arms and 2 on the two legs. The feet are covered with ordinary scorpions, and two large black scorpions on the two palms. In this position I begin to pray for about 5 minutes, and I then step forward, two steps from the scorpions, and command the snakes to relieve, when they immediately drop in coils from my chest, hands and legs; and all the five snakes stand

facing me with their hoods up. On my command, they all drop their hoods and make a speedy spring to the garden where they dwell. The scorpions big and small of course remain on the ground in a group where they are.

2nd Exercise:—Three huge lions, two of brown and one of slate color with bright eyes and long manes, tails up, come charging in full speed, from the same garden, to meet me, as if I was their familiar friend and master. The three lions stand in a line, side by side, front of me, facing towards the East, in a rejoicing spirit. I then approach them, pet them and kiss them. Then I take my thin cloak and place it on the back of the centre lion, and the cross that is in my waist, drawing it out and placing it in the mouth of the centre lion, I begin my exercise. I standing at the back of the lions, place my two hands on the backs of the 2 outer lions with a sudden leap I stand erect, my legs up; and then gradually bringing my 2 legs in a circular motion on the heads of the two outer lions, with a gentle force I stand erect on my feet on the lions' heads, when I give a sudden leap making a summersault in the air, come on my legs on the ground. I repeat this exercise for three times and then jump or spring over the three lions without holding them on the four directions. After which I carry the centre lion like a little lamb on my shoulder and walk on the ground for a minute or two. I then remove the cross and the cloak from the lion and pet them a little, when the 3 lions with their tails up, run back to the garden rejoicingly.

3rd Exercise:—A white ram with a twisted pair of large horns comes to meet me from the same garden. After the usual greeting, I face the ram in a kneeling position, one knee on the ground and the other up, with my left hand on the knee, and my right hand stretched out to its full length with my palm facing the ram. The ram then comes in full speed and butts my palm which I have to resist with all my strength. This butting is repeated for half of a dozen times, and then I stand on my feet, when the ram leaps over my head, although I am 8 feet high. As the ram leaps over me from my left side I hold him back on my right hand and let him go, and *vice versa*, until he finishes leaping over me on my four sides, then he knows his work is over, runs back to the garden as fast as he can.

4th Exercise:—A noble spirited large white horse, in good condition, just in proportion to suit my size and build, comes to meet me from the same garden. The horse has no saddle except a single bit and reins in his mouth fastened to the broad band round his stomach. This broad band has two handles at the top of the rear shoulder blades, and I then stick my cloak on one side of the band and the cross on the other side and commence my exercise on the horse back. I first give a lead and jump on the back of the horse and stand steady while the horse 'is galloping round' and round this ground. I go through all the exercises you see in a circus to a greater perfection and astonishment. After concluding all the above exercises I then put on my cloak and the cross to my waist (the horse returning to the garden) I come back

to meet my mind-body at the cross of Christ, and then we unite again in short Prayer; afterwards my spirit-body, leaving the mind-body at the cross, ascends up to the sky and dwells in the presence of the "One Almighty, the Creator of the whole Universe."

A STUDENT OF THE STARS.

OF STRANGE OCCULT INTEREST.

Synopsis of preceding pages:—

John Belsworth is anxious for fame; he is a great student; goes to Europe; becomes absorbed in his scientific research. His father disinherits him because he will not return. The student finds himself in need, so, when not at his studies, practices the vocation of Prof. Astronomie, where people call to have him give their horoscopes. A strange man calls on him; this stranger has the greater power of putting his own identity into that of another. He tells John that he can teach him this power. John, at this stranger's suggestion and by additional years of study, acquires this power. He returns to America and finds that his father has left his fortune.

"How is that, Mr. Kelser?" I asked.

"Well, in this way," he said. "You see our late lamented client had no secrets from us as to the disposal he expected to make of his wealth. When you two quarrelled he came to us in a great fury and demanded that we deliver to him his will. Of course we did so, and he tore it into a thousand pieces. 'Now,' said he, draw up a new one, leaving all my money and property to three reputable men, to be expended on a college for teaching to young men all the branches and intricacies of railroading, and let this will comprehend that the descendants of my employees are to receive expense while pursuing their studies. Of course we drew up the instrument, and he signed it, and the newspapers lauded him to the skies. He was pointed out as a great philanthropist. All went well until a month ago, when, as you doubtless know, there was a great railroad strike, and sad to relate, his employees were among the first to quit work. Again he dashed into our office and demanded his will, and in great anger, tore it to pieces. 'Now, Kelser,' he thundered, 'make me a new one. Give my money to charity; or—better—I will find a great lunatic asylum; I can excuse a lunatic for acting the fool,' and he bolted from the room. We, of course, drew up the paper for him. Here it is. He died of apoplexy in his carriage before he reached his home. This will was never signed, so what the idiots lost you gain."

"Well, then, Kelser," said I, "I wish you would sell all of this property of mine as soon as possible. How much cash have I now?"

He named a large amount and after I left him I forthwith placed an order for an enormous lens to be made as soon as possible, for I was now resolved to have the finest observatory in the world, although it might beggar me.

The power of money is indeed great, for within five years I have erected an observatory which stood without a peer in the world, fitted with all the scientific appliances which inventive genius could devise to aid a student of the stars. It was located in one of our Western States, in a city whose altitude was such as would bring me closer to the field of my researches, and whose rarefied air would offer the least possible resistance to the sight.

There I lived, studying the heavens with a comparatively small celestial telescope, and praying for the time when my seventy inch lens would be finished and placed in position.

It was during this time that I became acquainted with Gabriel de Manteo, for whom, I, at first, entertained the highest regard; he being an amateur astronomer and a congenial companion we passed many friendly hours together. He showed such an interest in my work that I, without his knowledge, made a will making him my heir, adding as a codicil, a provision that he must use every endeavour to perpetuate such a fame as I might gain.

Some time afterwards I discovered that, though ostensibly my friend, in reality he regarded himself as my rival in our astronomical work, and as I found that he was using my theories and the minor discoveries that I had made—and of which he had knowledge—to gain personal renown for himself, I censured him severely, and after a heated passage of words, we severed our friendly relations, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that he was my open enemy.

Finally, after several years had passed, the lens arrived and was placed in the great telescope in the tower of the observatory, and after disposing of the scientists and reporters, who came to see my matchless workrooms, I prepared to view the heavens.

My interest naturally centered in the planet Mars, and to my great delight, I discovered that my monstrous lens showed many indisputable signs of life upon that little planet. I could readily distinguish buildings, and though just then, even in my enthusiasm, I could not overcome a strange feeling, instinctively I felt that I was not alone, but as my orders had been imperative that I was not to be disturbed, I again concentrated my mind on Mars, where my sight rested. Again the same nervous feeling overcame me, and I heard a faint footstep in the room. Angrily I turned, and confronted the cynical smile of the strange man who had visited me when I was Astronemo.

"I see that you do not expect me, Belsworth," he said. "You certainly have not forgotten my visit in England, nor my promise to again visit you on this, your natal day?"

"No, I had not forgotten your visit nor your promise," I answered, "but I did totally forget that to-day was the day you were to see me again. You see me situated quite differently from the time when last it was my pleasure to see you."

"Yes, you are situated differently, and you are probably not aware that to me alone you owe the change in your fortunes. You are already aware that I have powers which, to you, seem marvellous. I have another power of which you are ignorant, and of which you will remain in ignorance, say for the mention which I now make of it. Did it never occur to you that it was strange ordinance of Providence that your father's employees should have incurred the ill-will of their benefactor, and that he should have died so suddenly at the instant when his death meant so much to you? It is a strange condition that I, a man, should stand before you and freely acknowledge that I am of what the world would call your father's destruction."

I could not repress a shudder, and noting my look of loathing, my companion continued:

"I need hardly say that I do not regard it as a crime. In my estimation, I but removed an obstacle in the path of your fame. Consider—had John Belsworth, Sr., not died when he did, would you, at present, be John Belworth, the noted young astronomer, or would you still be the pseudo-astrologer, Astronemo? Which would be preferable?"

He paused but I could not answer, for, although I had never had even a small degree of filial affection for my father, yet I would very much rather have thought that his death was due entirely to natural causes than to have known that I was indirectly the cause of it.

"Well," he cried, "I see gratitude is foreign to your nature. But enough of this—I will not bother you further with a recital of the many ways in which I have aided you. It is ordained that I shall make you conversant with the mysteries of a strange power, and when I have finished my stock I will leave you to your own resources. Come, let us go to work. Look into my eyes."

I could see that he was very angry, and I would have tried to pacify him, but when I opened my mouth to speak I raised my eyes to his, and the words refused to come, but instead I experienced a strange, uncanny feeling that had come over me when, in my English lodgings, he had read my mind. This time, however, it was not so severe, and in the few seconds that elapsed I became aware that what he had told me of my father's death was true, and moreover, it was through his work that the great railroad strike had been brought about, and that his actions were solely for my welfare. This was all I had time to learn from the massive storehouse of his brain, when I became aware that my mind had again returned to my own brain.

"I find," said John Smith, "that you are much better developed mentally than you were when I last saw you, and are quite fitted for your lesson in metempsychosis. It would indeed be a boon to humanity if all teachers could solve the problem of instructing pupils as easily as I have. In that case, when a man wanted his child taught

in any of the branches he would summon a teacher, and this teacher would, by the method which I shall employ with you, in one brief lesson make the pupil thoroughly conversant with the knowledge of which his teacher possessed on the subject. Now listen intently to my instructions and do precisely as I tell you, else you would cause the death of both of us. I shall concentrate my mind on the knowledge I wish to impart to you, so that it will be uppermost in my mind, and with my eyes wide open but seeing nothing, will become cataleptic. Then you concentrate your mind upon your desire to know how to effect the transition of your mind to another living brain, and gaze fixedly into my eyes. When you have mastered this knowledge let your mind formulate the wish to return to your own body, and immediately it has done so, pour the contents of this vial down my throat, and I will revive. Do not, on any account, try to delve further into my store of knowledge, else we will both cease to exist, and you will go before your Creator a destroyer, not only of the body, but of the mind as well.

As he finished speaking, my companion seated himself opposite to me at the small deal table which stood in my workroom and reached across and grasped my hands and gazed at me. I could see his lithe, powerful frame twitch, and his eyes assume a strange, unseeing stare, and his hands became rigid and fixed about mine so that I could not have loosened their grasp had I so desired. Then I leaned forward, and, with my wish the centre of the thoughts, I felt my brain absorb the knowledge I desired. Almost instantly I mastered this, and at my wish, my mind returned to my body. When I looked at my companion his body had relaxed, and he was grasping as a drowning man. I hurriedly forced the contents of the vial into his mouth, and, with a few convulsive movements he regained consciousness.

I, of course, expressed my great gratitude to him for the power of which he had made me the master.

"Do you know, Belsworth," he replied, "by doing what I have done, I have accomplished the greatest act of bravery that man ever dared. I know, and knew, all the time, that in your estimation I am a murderer, and, to your crude reasoning, should be killed for your father's death, yet with this knowledge, I placed myself in your power for you know as well as I, that had you not given me the restorative when you did I would have died, both physically and mentally. As for the colourless fluid which you gave me, it was nothing but Mescal a Mexican drug, which alone would revive me. I will now bid you farewell."

"Wait one minute," I exclaimed, "I will go down with you. My servants will probably interfere if you should attempt to leave the building. As a matter of fact I have been wondering how you managed to come up without being stopped."

"Oh, that was simple. Your watchman did see and halted me, but I used hypnotic force upon him, and his mind is a blank. I will

revive him as I go out and he will resume the conversation in which we were engaged when he yielded to that force, and will doubtless tell you to-morrow of the suspicious character he warned away. Now, farewell, forever." And opening the door he was gone.—*New York Magazine of Mysteries.*

(To be continued.)

LITERARY REVIEWS.

Applied Psychology:—John Wm. Taylor. Published by Messrs. J. W. Taylor & Co., Skipton Str., Morecombe, (Eng.) Price Rs. 5/-nett.

Those who are interested in Phrenology will find this work to be a unique and remarkable one. The author elaborately deals of a system of Psychology for the development of the faculties both in the child and the man and is quite an authoritative work. We strongly recommend a study of this work.

Himself:—By Dr. E. B. Loury. Published by Messrs. Forbes & Co., Chicago. Price \$: 1.00.

The work is divided into two portions. In the first the author deals exhaustively of the anatomical descriptions of the male generative organs and their diseases. The second deals about the married life of man. This is a very useful work and every youth who has his life before him should carefully go through this book.

The New Treatment of the Mind:—By R. Demain Grange. Published by Messrs. Bennet & Co., 8 Henrietta Str., W. C., 3 s.

The author deals in detail of the ever recurring problems of God, Man and Mind in a lucid and clear style. The chapter on "The Power and Influence of Thought"; "Thought Control" are of a peculiar interest to those interested in Psychology.

Return of Frank R. Stockton. MacCoy Publishing Co., 45-46-49, John Str., New York.

The work is of unusual interest to those interested in Spirit Return and Mediumship. This is a series of stories and letters written by Frank R. Stockton through the medium Miss Etta de Camp. It gives one the belief that the dead though not of the material body can still continue their work on this material plane through suitable mediums.

NOTICE.

Owing to the constant change of hands in the staff and the continued absence of the Editor from the head quarters we have been forced to issue this as a treble number. To compensate the loss of two issues of "The Kalpaka" the subscribers are herewith presented with a copy of "SOUL-FORCE" or "THE MASTER-KEY TO OCCULT DEVELOPMENT" by our Associate Ed. Swami A. P. Mukerji.

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If this paragraph is marked X in blue, it denotes your subscription is overdue and we shall thank you for an early remittance.

Dr. T. R. SANJIVI,
Editor.

SWAMI MUKERJI,
Associate Editor.

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MYSTICISM.

K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, B.A., B.L.

There is a good deal of prejudice attaching to the word "Mysticism" in modern times—a prejudice due as much to ignorance as to worldliness. People think that there is in it something akin to black magic and the realm of darkness. Even those who pursue the path of scientific investigation and are hence sworn adherents to Truth and worship at her shrine, look askance at the flashes of enlightenment that light up the sky of mystic's mind. They think that there is

But in our beloved land, as well as in other lands, after the popular religion blossomed into something higher and before worldliness had begun to kill the bloom of the soul, mysticism of the higher type was recognised as a golden gateway leading to the *sanctum sanctorum* of the shrine of Truth. India is the only land where the high and passionate spirituality of the race has enabled it to preserve the higher forms of mysteries while achieving triumphs in the realms of material progress and scientific development.

Mysticism is nothing but the outcome of the recognition of the great truth proclaimed by India to the world of the spiritual unity of the universe and of the fundamental spiritual affinity of things. Religion is due to a passionate desire to transcend the limitations of the senses and to mingle in an unlimited and ecstatic spiritual life. The higher mind naturally tries to rise up to the heaven of higher spiritual joys. Now, there is no way of interpreting or even realising vividly the heavenly silences and raptures of the higher life except by the expression of them by material symbols and analogies. The Sun becomes the symbol of Godhead. Earthly affinities become the symbols of spiritual unions. It is only in a mystic sense that God is the father of the Universe. The Persian mystic Jami speaks thus of the veil of thought and language through which we gaze upon the otherwise too-dazzling glory of God:—

“Thy face uncovered would be all too-bright,
Without a veil none could endure the sight;
What eye is strong enough to gaze upon
The dazzling splendour of the fount of light?
When the sun's banner blazes in the sky,
Its light gives pain by its intensity,
But when 'tis tempered by a veil of cloud
That light is soft and pleasant to the eye.”

As a recent writer says: "Men take from the great poem of the world what meanings please them; for the mystic the note of the lute is the eternal lure of God's voice leading us on to ever-new adventures in experience without a thought of fear or regret for what we leave behind."

In India we have had the mystic note in thought all along. Horritz speaks of "the vivid realisation and peerless language of the golden Upanishads." Readers of the *Tiruvachakam* and *Thayumanavar* know what raptures of mystic thought and emotion are found in those

My song has put off her adornments.
She has no pride of dress and decoration.
Ornaments would mar our union; & so
They would come between thee and me;
Their jingling would drown thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before the sight. O Master poet, I have sat down at Thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight, like a flute of reed for Thee to fill with music."

PRAYER AND WORSHIP.

S. NARAYANASAMI AIYAR, B. A., B. L.,

What a pity that the governing Soul is caught in the corrupting flesh and is made fool of by those powers—the senses and the passions and the emotions—which are set to minister and to obey. Shall these flourish of which the existence is a leasehold? Shall that perish, who is their Lord and Master? Then Spirit, learn your true self, subdue those powers unto your will, and be seated and enthroned in your Deathless Majesty.

Is it possible that I care more for the fever that catches me than for myself? But so it is, the fever comes and the Doctor comes. His prescription is 'no desire.' But my fever is more careful of itself than I am of me.

Reason is abandoned. Fever has taught my tongue the false appetite, and every craving is of fever's endurance and life's decay. Reason is not. The high fever has set in. A maddening fever! Language and Thought away from Truth. And the last regret is of the Devilish Desire, which looking like Heaven has lured me to Hell.

What crocodile tears have my eyes shed? How many things have I desired to obtain, which being obtained, how many tears must

I shed for the obtaining? Obtained, a waste. Lost a gain. This stands for your praise. If my prayers are answered all, I will have lost all. Then in the losing of a prayer, thou hast blest me.

In Antony and Cleopatra, one man said, in disdain: "If the great Gods are just, they will answer the prayers of justest men!"

Another man said: "What the great Gods delay they deny not."

And it was answered: "While we have suitors to the thrones we lose the object of our prayer."

Another man answered: "The Great Gods are just and they deny our prayers for our good, so we profit by the losing of our prayers."

Never pray but in rightful prayer. Pray that right may thrive, pray that His will be done. Pray to be ripened in obedience and love. Pray for patience and suffering. Pray for clearness and freedom of conscience. Pray for patience to be rendered, for love to be sought, for life to be won.

Hot and peevish prayers are polluted offerings which are abhorred more than spotted entrails in the sacrifice. Gold and jewels are not offerings liked by the Lord. Man may set any value on these, they don't humour the Lord. He knows the value of things. The Soul in want, suffering distress, seeks the Lord in true seeking and the Lord is there. Sugared piety may soar aloft, but the Lord's ears don't hear them. In the pining heart is a Lord, in the feverish Soul is He, unto the yearning does He come, the poor then are blessed. Contentment is life and God is with the resting Spirit.

Let us learn more devotion than devotion's behaviour, more religion, than religion's grace, more humility than humbleness of visage; let us care for Him than anything else, and He is with us, will be with us, never leaves us. Mere prayers are pretences. Words may fly up but words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

CAN A SOUL, OR SPIRIT, NOT YET DISEMBODED, MANIFEST ELSEWHERE THROUGH A MATERIALIZED FORM?

J. BEN LESLIE.

(Author of "*Submerged Atlantis Restored, or Links and Cycles*".)

Can a soul, or spirit yet in a corporeal state, still inhabiting its material body, so project itself from it, as to manifest through a materialized form, such as spirits build up and manifest through at genuine materializing seances?

In contemplation of this question, it is not our purpose, at this time, to enter into an elaborate scientific discussion regarding the facts of materialization, or the laws and principles which govern it, as the subject has so often been discussed in articles which have appeared in

various periodicals, and from rostrums, by able writers and lecturers, but, proceed at once to answer the question in the affirmative, and leave the reader to meditate over the facts which we shall state in this article, and then to draw his conclusions regarding the phenomena; for, truly, it opens a door which leads into the profound depths of nature, whose forces make it possible for spirits or souls to manifest conditionally.

No doubt that many of the readers of this article are already cognizant of the fact that a disembodied soul, or spirit, operating from the spirit side of life, may through chemical and molecular utility, materialize a form through which it, as a soul or spirit, can make manifestations to its surviving mortal friends; but, it is not as common an occurrence, that an embodied soul, or spirit yet in the form, projects itself into the seance room, away from its material body, there to materialize another form like unto its own, through which it manifests, and is therefore recognized by friends and individuals there assembled.

In evidence of the possibility of such a phenomenal result, we give the following narrative.

During the Autumn of the year 1877, Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee, one of the noted pioneer clairvoyant, clairaudient and trance mediums, resided at a boarding house on Winter Street, in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., where, at that time she was seriously ill, and not expected to recover. In fact she had been in poor health for several months previous to that time.

One Sunday afternoon, a noted lawyer from Pittsburg, Pa., who on several previous occasions had private readings from Mrs. Van Duzee, called with Mr. John Hayes, a neighbour, and Mr. McCurdy, a friend, to enquire regarding her health.

During the course of their conversation, Mr. McCurdy suggested that they, the three gentlemen, go over to Camden that evening and attend a materializing seance, to be given by a Mr. Gorden, a medium of that place, to which suggestion they all agreed. It was then late in the afternoon, and as they hastened to depart, Mrs. Van Duzee said to Mr. Hayes: "Will you come back and tell me what you saw at the seance?" which he promised to do.

As it grew dark, Mrs. Van Duzee said to her husband: "They are getting ready now to go from their rooms to the seance."

About eight o'clock, she said: "They are about ready to begin the seance," which proved what her mind was upon.

She then fell into a quiet sleep. Mr. Van Duzee then watched her for a time; but as she seemed to be sleeping so peacefully, he lay down on a couch, to await her waking.

There were several persons at the seance, besides those above mentioned, who knew Mrs. Van Duzee well.

After a few spirits had manifested to their friends, Mr. McCurdy was called to the cabinet, and responded immediately. As he stood

before it, waiting the appearance of the spirit form, he said: "Who is it that wishes to manifest to me?" "Sister," said the spirit. (It had always been the custom of Mr. McCurdy to call her 'Sister Van Duzee'). He looked at the form closely, when lo! to his amazement, he clearly recognized the form to be that of Mrs. Van Duzee, or one resembling her. So great was his astonishment, that he turned to his friends in the circle, and exclaimed: "My God! Sister Van Duzee has passed out." He then called the lawyer to come to the cabinet and see for himself. On careful examination, he said: "Yes it certainly is she." Mr. Hayes was then called to the cabinet for the same purpose, who also affirmed the identity. The manifestation was so clearly made that Mrs. Van Duzee's other friends recognized her, even from their position in the circle, as a spirit controlling a materialized form through which she was manifesting, a fact which they felt positive of.

As no one in the seance room knew that it was possible for an embodied spirit to manifest thus, a great commotion followed among the sitters, for they supposed that she had passed out. This fact broke the conditions for further manifestations, and therefore brought the seance to a close.

When Mr. Hayes returned to his home, which had place just across the street from where Mrs. Van Duzee was stopping, he looked up to her window, fully expecting to see a light in her room; but he was astonished to see that the whole house was dark, so he thought that, as it was late, he would wait until morning, before further investigation.

Very early the next morning, therefore, he went over to Mrs. Van Duzee's rooms and found her still in the body. He then related to her all that had taken place at the seance the night before, as he had promised her he would. She then stated that during her sleep, and while the manifestation was being made, she had no consciousness of it whatever.

When it became known to the persons who had witnessed the manifestation, that Mrs. Van Duzee had not passed out of her material body, as they had supposed, they all gathered at her home to give her congratulations, and to talk over the mysterious event, which calls for a solution, under the scientific laws which govern spirit manifestation through material phenomenon.

By personal experience, we know that our soul body, aided by the force of its spirit, may project itself away from the material body, into space at various distances, according to the conditions attending the phenomena, material being no obstruction.

If classified, this force of being might be said to assume: first, the trance corporeal state; second, the clairvoyant; third, the visionary; and fourth the dream.

In the trance corporeal state, the soul individuality projects itself from its material body, which latter lies or sits in an entranced or hypnotic condition, and thus separated, recognises other soul

manifestations in the same manner, or souls having sustained the condition of disembodiment, commonly termed death. In fact the soul part of all materialized forms with which it comes in contact, according to the conditions which attend the manifestation, the facts of which it retains mentally, often times, when it returns to its material body, or to its normal state. Of course we are now speaking of an independent trance corporeal condition, where the soul goes out on missions of its own, and not the ordinary trance condition which a medium is placed under by a controlling spirit, as an instrument for the latter's mentality through which to operate.

In the clairvoyant state, the soul sight of the medium under spirit control, can likewise recognize projected soul individualities, though not in the state of soul projection himself, or herself, further than thus operated on by the controlling spirit which enables said mediums to describe both disembodied and projected soul individualities, and the environs which surround them, just as readily as they could the material body from which such souls were manifesting. This fact certainly proves that the soul form, or individuality, is a facsimile of its material body, though of a finer and more spiritual nature, and that it also has the force to project itself into space where it manifests as such, while its material body lies in a trance condition during the time that it is thus manifesting.

The visionary state is dual in its operative force. In the first place, it affords the soul sight an opportunity to recognize present projected soul manifestations, while yet in the semi-tranced material body, and the spirit environments about it, which cognition it retains mentally, when its material form returns to its normal condition.

In the second place, it is also capable of projection by extension into varied regions of space where it is also capable of recognizing manifestations away from its semi-tranced material form, hence closely allied to the trance corporeal state, in that respect.

The dream state, one of nature's provident sources of information, and therefore universally developed in mankind, in varied grades of perfection, whereby it serves mortal mentalities accordingly, may be said to be complex in its source of utility, and operates conditionally.

As a state, or quality of being, it is closely allied to the trance corporeal, for it affords the soul an opportunity to project itself into space, under spirit guidance, and thus held to the sleeping, or naturally entranced material body by its life cord which is capable of extension, or contraction, circumstantially. Thus projected, the soul hears, sees, and becomes conscious of its surroundings, and mentally retains the knowledge thus gained, according to the conditions governing the manifestation, which latter may be recognized positively, vividly, vaguely, or at times not at all, and remembered after it has returned to its body, and the latter to its awakened, or normal conditions which govern the projection and the return of the soul form, to the material body, which act is accomplished by spirit aid, co-operative with the individual's spirit force, or effort.

On the other hand, in the dream state, the soul form not projected, properly speaking, recognizes other soul manifestations which are present, or in the environs of its sleeping, or naturally entranced body, and therefore recognizes the mental picture.

The cognition may also be vivid, vague, perfect, or otherwise, according to the conditional circumstances. Therefore, under the condition of both the trance corporeal, and the dream state, manifestations are variously made, and are recognized by individual souls, either in, or out of the material body, or in other words, see, hear, recognize, and become conscious of their surroundings at the time when the manifestation is made phenomenally, which facts they may, or may not retain mentally, after the return of their sleeping, or naturally entranced body to its normal condition of wakefulness.

In evidence of the possibility of soul projection under the dream state, to a great distance, where it sees, hears, and becomes conscious of its surroundings, and mentally retains the knowledge thus gained, after the body had resumed its normal condition of wakefulness, we offer the following proof, which is one among many experiences which the writer has had.

During the space of one year before I made my first trip in Europe, and while residing in Southern Indiana, I dreamed seven times in succession, that I stood in a cathedral, listening to a discourse, given in a foreign language. Each successive time, it was the same discourse and the same priest who delivered it, and in the same auditorium.

When making my round of sight-seeing, as is customary with tourists, I wandered into an apartment, which gave entrance to the cloister, and to other apartments. I became confused as to which door would lead to the cloister, and started to make my exit from a door, which, later I learned, gave entrance to the private apartments of the nuns. A little pale-faced nun suddenly appeared, who earnestly exclaimed, "No! no! Monsieur!. No! no! Monsieur!", and beckoning me to another door, she led me to a hall-way from which I made my exit.

When I finally made my contemplated tour in Europe, and while in the city of Rome, Italy, I chanced to visit the same cathedral I had seen in my projected dream state; saw the same priest; heard the same discourse; got lost under the same conditions: saw the same little pale-faced nun; heard her exclamation of the same words; and was liberated by her in the same manner as I remembered them to have been in my experience when in the dream state, as referred to above.

Other examples might be given to illustrate all the foregoing facts, as set forth in this article, regarding the different states of soul manifestation; but, space will not allow them, and as the object of this article is to offer its main theme, *viz*: "Can a soul, or spirit, not yet disembodied, manifest elsewhere through a materialized form?" for further discussion, exchange of thought and knowledge regarding it,

we will close by inviting some of the savants of India, or the Orient, to give us their views on the subject.

Therefore, I feel that as they are so well versed in the varied forms of spirit phenomenon, that if agreeable to the management, some one of them will give us an article in the *Kalpaka*, at an early date, or honor us with a communication direct.

WHICH IS BETTER FOR THE CULTURE OF THE SOUL—MARRIED LIFE OR CELIBACY?

S. NARASIMHAIAER.

This is a question which has perplexed the minds of many thinkers, ancient and modern, and has been answered in favour of the one or the other according to the view of the thinker. The Avatar Sri Krishna says in the Bhagavad Gita: "Asceticism and Karmayoga are both conducive to salvation: but the latter, by doing all the duties allotted to a man without any attachment and by laying them all at the feet of God, is far more preferable." The above, no doubt, is a strong authority for Karmayoga or culture of the soul while in family life, but we must not take it literally. On the other hand, in the Narayana and the Kaivalya Upanishads, it is stated that only the ascetic who has restrained his senses and his mind and who contemplates on Iswara centered within the lotus of his heart can attain salvation. If the Bhagavad Gita, as coming from the mouth of Sree Krishna, is an authority, the Upanishads which are the loftiest portions of the Vedas are still more. Which of them should we believe? The balance seems to be fairly equal.

Still thinking over the question solely from a dogmatic point of view, we have to concede that the Vedas, though coming only from the mouth of Brahma, the creator, who is supposed to be the son of Vishnu or Krishna and admitted on all hands to be far inferior to Him, are supposed to be eternal, *i. e.*, to have no beginning and no end. The common notion among the Hindus is that the Vedas existed prior to the birth of Brahma and that Brahma who utters them and teaches them to the Rishis, is only a temporary mouth-piece. The Vedas are of the form or Svarupam of the three Gods in the Trinity, *i. e.*, not only of Brahma, but of Vishnu and Rudra also, who are admittedly far superior to him. And though, at the end of each chapter of the Gita, it is put: "Bhagavad Gita su Upanishadsu," *i. e.*, in the Upanishads of Bhagavad Gita, and though for all practical purposes it may be considered to be an Upanishad, still the Hindu has an instinctive feeling that the Vedas are the sole authority and that the Bhagavad Gita, the Vedanta Sutra of Vyasa and other sublime works of Hindu philosophy, hold their authority only under the Vedas and through them. Hence asceticism or celibate devotion is, from the standpoint of authority, far more preferable. Now let us turn over the question from the standpoint of reason. The Bhagavad Gita was an instruction by Sree Krishna to Arjuna, who belonged to the

warrior caste, when the latter was on the point of giving up the world and going to the forest out of disgust with the unbrotherly conduct of his kinsmen and the consequent necessity to wage a fierce war with them. It might be noted that Arjuna was a King, who was in duty bound to protect his subjects from cruel oppressors and that Sree Krishna was right in reminding him of his sense of duty, in the interests of the vast mass of Arjuna's subjects, though renouncing the war and the world seemed to Arjuna to be the only way of escaping the difficulty. Arjuna did not ask any instruction from Krishna for the salvation of his soul, nor was it the proper time for such a topic being opened. He only wanted to escape the sin of killing his cruel kinsmen and the Gita is an instruction by Sree Krishna to clear his doubts in the matter. Hence as an instruction, applicable to one and all, the Gita loses much of its value, though it no doubt very usefully serves in the matter of turning away men of responsibility from taking up asceticism, and thus shirking their duties towards their family, kinsmen and others, when the time is not ripe for it. And, from many Puranas, we learn that it was the professed object of Vishnu, in taking the form of Sri Krishna, to rid the earth of the cruel kings who were then tyrannising over the earth. And, as Sri Krishna did not think it fit to take up the sole burden of his inwardly humane, but outwardly fierce task, he wanted to utilise the services of Arjuna in the same. Such being his object, it is no wonder that he expatiated upon the importance of Karma and its superiority to all other forms of self-culture. Moreover, Sri Krishna might have thought that the world was too full of ascetics and Rishis then (*i.e.*, at the end of Dwapara-yuga) to have its evolution properly carried out and *He* therefore might have laid down the superiority of Karmayoga and supported it by his admirable arguments, which are the admiration, wonder and the very fountain-head of Mrs. Besant and her brother Theosophists in the present day.

The Upanishads, on the other hand, were instructions by one Rishi versed in the matters of the soul to other Rishis, his disciples, who questioned him earnestly about the right path to salvation and probably waited on him for years to have their doubts cleared. They had not their origin in the battle-fields but in the calm hermitages of the ancient Rishis. The Kaivalya Upanishad is an instruction by Brahma to Asvalyana, the author of one of the Dharma Sutras and the Narayanopanishad has no preface and discourses on the Atman from the very outset. Hence it is but fair that more weight should be attached to these than to the Bhagavad Gita, considering the circumstances in which the Upanishad and the Gita had their origin and application.

It is not to be inferred from the above that the present writer wants to detract from the value of the Gita, as a work of practical philosophy. No one appreciates the truths inculcated by our Lord Sri Krishna in the Gita more than himself. He only desires that the right interpretation of the Gita should gain the universal ear, especially in these days when its sublime teachings are being distorted by Theosophists and others, who want all men, however wise they may

be, to remain a willing slave to the world of action, obviously in the interest of humanity, but at the same time minimising their efforts at contemplation and Samadhi, thus postponing their own individual salvation for years to come.

The Theosophists expect the Jivanmukta or even the person who knows the real nature of God and the close relation between his own soul and God to roam about the world in the interests of humanity to preach to them in season and out of season and try their best to elevate them, whether the latter are fit for it or not. In the humble opinion of the writer of this article, the spirit of the Hindu Shastras runs quite contrary. It is emphatically laid down in all works on philosophy, mantra, yoga, etc., that no instruction should be given to one who has not sufficient faith in religious matters and who does not want, of his own accord, to obtain the knowledge requisite for his salvation. Instruction to an unearnest man would be next to useless; it would drag down both the preceptor and the disciple and diminish the prestige of the Shastras. The Theosophical Society, however helpful it is to the world at large by unifying the several religions on the face of the globe and to the Indian nation by arousing in them a sense of duty in the matter of studying their own Scriptures and Shastras is, still, not justified in giving an unfair, worldly and, as I might state, a western interpretation of the Gita, which is not warranted by the general spirit of the Hindu religious works, by the Hindu religion and by the Pundits and Acharyas versed in it.

But let us return to the point at issue. The pious Hindus of ancient days generally went through four stages, 1st Brahmacharya or celibate study, 2nd Grihastashrama or married life, 3rd Vanaprastashrama or life in the forest with or without wife, and 4th and last Sanyasa or total relinquishment of the world and its enjoyment, though within it. The celibate life extended from Upanayana or initiation up to the 25th or 40th year, the married life from the 40th to the 70th, the Vanaprasta life from the 70th to the 80th, and the Ascetic's life from the 80th till death at the age of 100 or 120. As the average Hindu has not so long a lease of life now, it would be good for him to be a Brahmachari till the 25th, to be a householder from the 25th to the 50th, to be a Vanaprasta from the 50th to the 60th, and to be an ascetic from the 60th year up to his death. Most of the Sanyasis of these days have not gone through the three preceding stages; and it is hence that they are not up to the mark and that most of them are more avaricious and lusty than even the most miserly or vicious householder. Only the person who has enjoyed to the full the baser pleasures of life can fully realise their transience and perishability, and only he will long for the eternal pleasure or bliss of the Atman or Soul. On the other hand, a young ascetic who has in a fit of anger or precipitate religious zeal, renounced the world and doubly or trebly promoted himself to the 4th order from the Brahmacharya stage or the early years of married life will have to repent of his folly sooner or later, as he is sure to violate the rules of his order, forced to do the same by the dictates of ambition, avarice or passion, which master him and which he has not

sufficient experience to master. To such a Sanyasi, an honest householder is by far preferable.

But here we have to consider the question: "Will not Grihastaraj or married life alone lead to salvation, if the Grihastaraj is pious and acts up to the dictates of the Gita? Is it not promised in the Gita that such a Grihastaraj or Karmayogi becomes merged in the Lord, *i. e.*, Sri Krishna, at the time of his death?" The answer is, in the humble opinion of the present writer, that it will not directly lead to salvation, notwithstanding anything that may be said in the Gita to the contrary. It may serve as preparatory for salvation and may advance the person into higher realms, say, even Vaikunta or Vishnu's abode, for a long period at the time of his death, but his fruit of Karmayoga cannot be enjoyed till the end of time. He will have again to descend to lower spheres, where, probably, as a result of his previous good Karma, he will have his birth in a family of Rishis or Ascetics where he will have ample opportunities of becoming a sole time devotee, *i. e.*, Gnanayogi or Sanyasi, in the real sense of the word. The householder, however pious he may be, has to devote much of his time to earning his bread, to eat it when it is earned and to exercise its surplus when it is eaten, the remaining portion, of course, being devoted to the much needed rest and sleep. Hence he cannot devote more than an hour or two in all the twenty-four for devotion and contemplation. And even if on one day he has got six or eight hours' time for these acts, he is sure not to have such a long time for many days to come. While he is at the very height of his devotions, his children or relatives or friends will, as it often happens, disturb him from them which, however much he may resent, he cannot avoid. But an ascetic, who controls his appetite and limits his food and drink to the lowest possible minimum and who has no family to care for, can devote, say the least, six or eight hours a day to thinking of the Atman or the Supreme. Whether he thinks that the individual Ego is the Supreme, or only an infinitesimal of the Supreme or a thing resembling the Supreme but differing from it, *i. e.*, whether he is an Advaiti, Vasishtadvaiti or Dvaiti, his long and steady practice will advance him further and further. And, as time advances, he may be able to overstep all limitations of time and remain in perpetual Samadhi or Communion with God.

It follows from the above, as clear as day, that only the Yogi or Recluse who devotes his full time to God can merge in Him at the time of his death, and it may be stated that, if even such a Yogi, by a strange freak of fate or will, thinks of some worldly object at the time of his death, instead of on the Atman, as he ought to do, he is sure to get another Janma or birth sooner or later for getting the worldly object he has in view. Thus even a Yogi who has been in perpetual Samadhi for years may revert from it at his best moments to some favourite object of his early days and may thus postpone his liberation for many thousands of years. However, as it is said in the Gita, such a Yogi will sooner or later get a fresh birth where his past Karma will come to *nil* and will not torment him at the time of his passing away into the Infinite.

We cannot close this small article without bringing to light some of the inherent difficulties of both Karmayoga and Sanyasa or Gnanayoga. The Karmayogi has to do all his actions without caring for the fruit thereof. How is this completely possible? Would not cessation from action be the only possible course? The Karmayogi must have sound conviction that Isvara alone is real and all the rest is farce. How can a man do his actions in the world without thinking that the visible world is real and lasting? Even if he has got a strong conviction that God alone is real, that the world is unreal and that the fruit of Karma is unsubstantial, how can he help sending that conviction to the subconscious state and bringing his reverse to play in his mind? These are some of the inherent difficulties of the Karma Marga, which, to us who are not all Janakas and Vasishtas, seem to be really stupendous. With regard to the other path, that of Sanyasa, the main difficulty is that the Sanyasi has to depend for his food upon the lay people and thereby be at their mercy, till he can accustom himself solely to live on meditation and meditation alone. Another difficulty is that, if the Sanyasi by any weakness of mind gives way to passion or avarice, his downfall would be more rapid than in the case of the Karmayogi. The Karmayogi has legitimate means of satisfying his ambition, avarice or lust, when by any misfortune or previous bad Karma, they break loose their bonds and he cannot imprison them again. But, alas! the Sanyasi has no such means. Hence the oft-quoted saying "that there is no unmixed evil or good in this world" applies also to the two paths which are in question now.

One other point has to be mentioned before this small article can be brought to a close. The Hindu Shastras provide for a twice-born remaining as a Brahmachari till death, if his Guru thinks that he is sufficiently self-controlled and virtuous. Such a Brahmachari will have in the early years of his entering the order to get the Vedas and Shastras by heart and to master their meaning. In his later years, he will have to give up study altogether and to meditate on what he has read, *i. e.*, he will have to bring the items of his study of Brahman to steady practice with a view to attain everlasting glory and liberation.

We have not gone into the details of Karma and Sanyasayogas, as they will require special articles for themselves.

To sum up: Sanyasayoga or celibate devotion to the Atman is the only path leading to supreme bliss. But it can, as a rule, be successfully attained only after going through the three preparatory stages mentioned already. Karmayoga or pious, disinterested, householder's life is not practicable to many, as it involves necessarily worldly action, indifference to the objects of such action and a knowledge of the action and its objects are unsubstantial—a thing which is not quite feasible, as the human mind is such that it cannot attend to three distinct things at one and the same time. And even if Karma-yoga is to some extent feasible, it cannot give salvation direct, but can only pave the way for it by leading one to Sanyasa or Gnanayoga at a later period.

SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION.

HENRY PROCTOR, F. R. S. L., M. R. A. S., F. L. L. C.

It is generally conceded, now-a-days, by all intelligent people that the universe cannot have sprung into being suddenly, as was formerly believed, but that the creation, as we now see it, is the result of an evolution which has continued through

IMMEASURABLE AGES

and that as far as the visible world is concerned, man is the topstone and crown of it all.

We look around and see mankind at all stages of culture and civilization, from the inconceivably low to the almost equally

INCONCEIVABLY HIGH.

For while there are those who have accomplished things quite beyond the ordinary man's conception, such as wireless telegraphy, telephony, the phonograph, cinematograph, and other marvels which would seem like miracles or magic to our forefathers, yet there are still peoples on earth, who are almost inconceivably low in comparison.

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIVE,

for example, often seems quite incapable of any moral conception; far less of the spiritual; or indeed of any matter requiring mental ability. One man, for example, who had clubbed his wife to death, and eaten her, on being told by the missionary how very bad it was to do such a thing, said, patting his stomach: "No, no, she am no bad; she am berry good." On another occasion a child having been born to a young woman, her relatives met, without her knowledge, and feasted on the body of the child. She was very angry with them; not because they had eaten it, however, but because they had not saved her any of the tit-bits.

There is nothing that they will not eat, even things that any respectable dog would refuse, such as snakes, lizards, worms and insects—the latter, even of the most loathsome kind.

They have none of that desire for cleanliness which is exhibited by a cat or a canary, or the maternal love of a whale or a tiger. In many respects they seem lower than animals or birds.

And yet these people are not

THE LOWEST OF MANKIND;

there are lower depths still—notably among the Mincopies of the Andaman Islands, who had no knowledge of producing fire, and have no means in their language of counting beyond two. They are all dwarfish, mostly under five feet in height, and they die, usually, at about 22 years of age, from exposure, through want of proper clothing or dwelling.

It is quite evident, therefore, that these—not to speak of those, of whom a specimen skull was found in

anthropologists to be that of a woman belonging to a primeval race, who had no articulate speech—could rise in one incarnation to a spiritual conception, being no more fitted for it, than apes or monkeys.

So then spiritual evolution becomes

A NECESSITY OF THOUGHT

if these people are ever to rise to that for which all mankind is designed—to the image of God, taking their rightful place as the heads of creation to which all the rest are subject. And this is what the Bible declares to be the eventual

DESTINY OF ALL MANKIND,

however long it may take them as a race to arrive at it.

There is no ambiguity about the Scripture language on this point—*Rom. VIII, 21*. It speaks of

THE WHOLE CREATION—

every being on the universe—as being redeemed from corruption.

If this be so, then, spiritual evolution is a fact, and the laws of the spiritual world being the same as those of the natural, then there must also be a physical evolution. The existence of the one is a proof of the other.

The spirit that animates the body has come direct from God

THE FATHER OF OUR SPIRITS.

On the other hand, we inherit our bodies from "the fathers of our flesh." So we are told to call no man our father upon earth; for one is our Father, even God. The real personality is the invisible spirit; the material only subserves its manifestation—"the body is yours not you." You are a spirit possessing soul and body.

Proceeding now according to the principle above enunciated, and knowing, as we do, that the natural world is a working model of the spiritual, the spirit being but the outer segment of the natural, and that "earthly things are types of things in the heavens"—all things evolve after the same mode and manner: the worlds in the infinite abyss of space being in all respects similar to the cells in the vegetable and animal tissue.

"AS ABOVE SO BELOW."

we can lay it down as an axiom that there is but one law through the universe of matter and spirit.

If therefore there is a natural evolution there must be also a spiritual, and *vice versa*; and if spiritual evolution be a necessity of thought, physical evolution must be so likewise. The one is a necessary corollary of the other. This being so, re-incarnation is no longer a theory but a demonstrated fact.

It stands proved that there are men on earth who in some respects are lower than our domestic animals, for these latter do not kill and eat one another; but on the other hand, have often been known to

How then are these animal men to reach

THE STATUS OF SONS OF GOD

which is God's design for the race, except by gradually rising from body to body through many lives? The only possible answer is that they might in the spiritual world rise to this eminence.

But the evidence is against such a supposition. Swedenborg, for example, has shown that nothing is more common than for disembodied spirits to remain for great lengths of time without any intellectual or spiritual advance. We may thence see what we have to expect if we enter there without the new birth which Christ taught to be essential.

On the other hand, we gather by using this

KEY OF THE ANALOGY,

or rather identity of spiritual and natural law, that there is but one life throughout the universe, and that all created things wherein the one life is manifested, must live for ever, and that therefore the Ego is promoted from one to another bodily habitation, which is fitted for that stage of life to which the Ego has developed; so that the spiritual development proceeds *pari passu* with the natural.

There is an evolution of physical forms going on side by side, with the evolution of spirit—so that the one complements the other: one is essential to the other.

To demonstrate the one, therefore, is to prove the other also—the Bible, on the one hand, declaring that spiritual things are types of natural things, and Natural Science, on the other, affirming that there is but

ONE UNIVERSAL LAW

and one universal life.

In regard to spiritual evolution, however, it may be freely granted that it is possible for one person to make as much spiritual progress in one incarnation, as in another case might take ages to accomplish. But the analogy between natural and spiritual law again holds good. For we know that by means of

ARTIFICIAL SELECTION

improvements in the physical forms of birds and animals have taken place, such as would take ages to accomplish in the ordinary course of evolution.

Look for example at all the varieties of pigeons which have been produced by human selection, or at those of domestic fowls, dogs or canaries. It took ages to produce the first horse, from the *eo hippos* or horse of the Eocene or New Dawn period.

But from the present species of wild horse have been produced, on the one hand, the beautiful Arabian, our splendid race-horses; and on the other, our equally splendid cart-horses.

The first possess every essential to the maximum of fleetness; the other of strength and draught utility.

Or to take one example from plant life, look at the varieties of chrysanthemum which gardeners have produced from the comparatively insignificant wild species.

Now this presents a true analogy with Scripture, for the elect are said to be God's husbandry—God's tilled land—and are compared to wild olives grafted into the cultivated species. The regenerate are said to be his cultivated vineyard—

BRANCHES OF THE TRUE VINE—

so that the analogy between human and divine selection is seen to be complete. The Bible is hereby shown to be in

COMPLETE AGREEMENT

with Natural Science; and the absolute necessity of spiritual evolution demonstrates, and is demonstrated by, the facts of natural evolution. All harmonise, because all proceed from one Divine Mind.

There is but one

PURPOSE OF GOD IN CREATION

to which all evolutionary force is tending, namely, that the whole creation shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, from sin, sorrow, disease and, into the glorious liberty of the children of God; for we are heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ—the First of the New Creation.

MOKSHA OR EMANCIPATION.

LATU SINHA GOUTAM,

Every child is born with a desire for freedom. As the child grows on, the desire for freedom becomes predominant or subdominant according to the circumstances in which the child is brought up. When the child grows into a man, he enters upon the stage of householder where he has to play a very dangerous part. He has to support his family, a wife and some children, besides having to do a lot of actions too numerous to mention. In a word, he gets more and more steeped in worldism if he is not a right-headed man. If worldly-minded, his desire for freedom suffers a partial break-down because he is frantically occupied with his own affairs and does not spare a minute to think of anything else but what is immediately useful to him. If he is fortunate enough to have some spare moments, he will spend these minutes in utterly useless things.

Another man, in whom the desire for freedom has ripened, very often mistakes "false freedom" for real freedom or Emancipation.

He has been deceived into believing that he will be tasting the bliss of freedom by conquering a few more territories and adding them on to his mother country or by carrying fire and sword throughout a land as the followers of Mahomed did in times past. He has been

trained along a particular line so that he may make his mark in the world. His freedom lies in doing as he pleases, just taking care not to violate the rules of society.

To him "name" and "fame" count much. He will say with Babar:—Gentlemen and soldiers, every man that comes into the world must pass away: God (Yes Shiva) is immortal and unchangeable. Whoso sits down to the feast of life must end by drinking the cup of death. All visitors of the inn of mortality must one day leave this house of sorrow (or happiness as one takes it). Rather let us die with honor than live disgraced.

"With fame, though I die, I am content
Let fame be mine, though life be spent."

Such is his idea of freedom. Though he is better than such persons as have stapped out the idea of freedom from themselves he is a slave to the senses and pleasures. The writer of this article desires to dehypnotise the man who has understood "Freedom" and mistakes his freedom for "Emancipation." As long as man is bound in the net-work of Maya—time, space, causation—to achieve emancipation is impossible—altogether impossible. But here comes the tremendous question "How to break through the net of Maya—time, space and causation"? This is the question of questions and has been repeatedly put by earnest souls.

"Lead a clean and pious life" would be a very vague but an all-comprehensive answer. Every religion, worth the name, takes upon itself to teach man how to lead a clean and pious life.

But mark it, friend, that almost all religions consist of two parts, *i. e.*, of a kernel, a shell, an esoteric and an exoteric. The shell of a religion is the external part of it such as ceremonies and beliefs in some superhuman souls; the kernel of it is the inside of it, or more clearly, the spirit or essence of it. I need hardly say that the latter is of much more importance and the former may be omitted. We should put ourselves into such a mood that we may get at the core of religion. It is no use professing a religion in name only, because religion is being and becoming. It is not a matter of talk only. If you follow a religion, follow it to the letter with your eyes wide open. Draw a big line of demarcation between what is religion and what is not. Go to the very root of the thing and then follow it. "Lead a clean and pious life" and "you will be emancipated." The statement will cause no small surprise in many. But I lay before them the very gist of philosophy. Please to listen to me. By leading a clean life, three kinds of layers called मल, विकल्प, आभरण. (mal, dirt, Vikshep, the tossing of mind, Abharan the veil) slip off and man naturally becomes more and more evolved. The meaning of his life comes home to himself gradually and he gets above the level he occupied before. Thus evolving, by degrees, he realizes his Atman or self. All efforts should be directed towards purifying the heart. A religion, worth its name, should aim at the purification of the heart. The religion has done this and then it has done its duty. But it is no child's

play to purify the heart. The purification of heart is very difficult to achieve. When one has the full body under one's sway, then and then only can one hope to purify one's heart. Our pure Atman has been caught into a net of the three said layers and unless and until the layers fall off, the pure Atman cannot be seen in its full splendour. Rightly was Arjun advised by his Divine Master:—

"Let a man uplift himself by the self; let him not drag himself down. The self alone is the friend of the self; the self alone is the enemy of the self."

"The self is the friend of the self who has conquered himself by the self. But to the unconquered self the self is inimical and (behaves) like (an external) foe."

"But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by anybody else but himself as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time" is the assertion of Emerson, perhaps an echo of the Shri Gita. Thus we have fully realized that as Atman caught itself into a trap, it can attain to liberation by itself through the grace of Paramatman or Great Soul (Shiva).

Religion tells you how to worship that Great Soul. I emphatically advise my friends to understand "Religion" in its proper and full significance. Deep things have been explained by Religion in the language of the common people. There lies a hidden meaning at the back of almost all the statements. I need not go into details of various religions for my doing so may lead to some unwonted controversy and heart-burning which I have to religiously avoid. One thing may be said. That is this:—"There is a God: call Him by any name that you please: call Him Rama, Krishna, Vishnu, Jove, Lord or any other name that appeals to you: Do not fight in favor of any favourite name of God which you prefer to other names of the Same Being. Always tell the truth: Lend a helping hand to the poor: Know that you are a spark of the same Big Fire: Your powers are infinite. You are capable of accomplishing anything that you like: Your body is entirely different from you: You are neither body, senses, organs, nor even mind which is a finer matter: You are the one which pervades the whole Universe: You are entirely pure: No sin attaches you: It is your senses and body and your slaves that are responsible for the sin, therefore give them a sound thrashing and, turbulent and hardly controllable as they are, have a complete mastery over them. Gird up your loins and be always on the alert not to be enslaved by your own slaves. This is religion. If you cannot help yourself, nobody can help you. This world is no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which you can come as a chance-comer but mark it well and write it on your inmost heart that there is a mighty purpose before you and you have to fulfil it. Will you? nill you? You have been hypnotised into a very weak person by the constant teaching of modern days that you are a sinner and you cannot attain to liberation and all such. It is sheer nonsense to believe in them. You are not so. Every religion believes in an individual soul and Universal Soul and though in details most religions differ from one another yet the underlying principle remains

the same. That principle is that the individual soul has a great desire to become one with the Great Soul and as long as it is not at one with the Universal Soul it has, apparently and though not really, to go through a number of difficulties to lapse into the origin from which it sprang. Thus Jivatman or individual soul appears to go round births and deaths constantly until it becomes one with "Shiva." For becoming one with Its parents, the Jivatman has to wash off all dirt that seems to envelop it. It is as pure as the Mother Ganges, as high as the Himalayas, still smaller than the smallest. The one particular thing in the conquest of the body or the animal soul is the control of the *mind* or *manas* because it is always tossing about like a playful wind. The stepping stone to the temple of Yoga is the control of "Mind." In order to lead a pure life, one must entertain only pure thoughts and always guard against being deluded into pitiful snares by an uncontrolled Mind. This control can be achieved by "constant practice" and "Renunciation" as was preached by the Divine Master more than five thousand years ago.

When the mind runs away, I give it a blow and say:—"I am more than a match for you: do not enter lists with *me*. I am too powerful for you: I have infinite powers, I am pure beyond description. Do you not know that I am a spark of Paramatman, Shiva himself?" Thus go on labouring for the control of the mind. The mind controlled, other organs and senses will be easily kept in check. You will have thus a complete mastery over your body and you can then fix your mind on God (Shiva). By this constant meditation your heart will be purified and you will then realize that you are no longer in the net of Maya. Rightly has the late Swami Swarupananda said:—"Jiva is bound so long as it relates itself to and identifies itself with this Nature: When it ceases do it attain (to) freedom." Thus Jivatman is no longer prey to Maya. It realizes itself. All dirt has been washed off and the Atman stands out triumphant and glorious in its full splendour. All the so-called worlds vanish! Lo! There is none but you. Emancipation is achieved. "You are He you are He" (Tat-twamasi). May God (Shiva) help us in reaching and realizing this blissful condition?

OM, SHIVA SHANKAR, PEACE!

SOME LESSONS FROM THE BHAGVAD GITA.

Lesson III—The Mystic Wheel.

P. S. CHARYA.

(Continued from the previous issue.)

Thus it may be clearly seen from what has been already said that a Divine Law of absolute justice tempered with love rules the universe; that obeying this law, every man can rule his stars making himself the dispenser of Heavens or Hells to himself; that what is called life is but an 'empty dream'—a day out of the true life—the 'life

everlasting, of the soul, that death, ever self-inflicted, is but simply the passage from one stage of life to another; and that every pilgrim soul ought to reach the goal at last and realise the 'God with us' in a single birth or a series of births; 'how far he may seem to have strayed from the path of evolution' following the wheel of re-birth that revolves on the axis of action and reaction.

o Such is the gospel of re-incarnation—The 'God news' that I present to my reader for his careful study and reflection. I beg him to thoroughly examine this doctrine in all its aspects, so that, 'proving all things, he may hold fast that which is good.'

If the reader can bring himself to accept the glad tidings, I can assure him that he will never regret it. He would never despair and say *ars longa, vita brevis* (art is long, but life is fleeting). Life is also long, he knows, longer than any other art—ave, long as eternity itself. He would no more complain that 'Time is fleeting and opportunity is slippery.' For, he has the whole eternity to himself, wherein he can evolve into a knowledge of himself and of God who is love. He need not be in a hurry, knowing that 'haste makes waste'; and the opportunities that pass by him in one birth are seized and utilized in some other. He knows that this fleeting time is the greatest of illusions; for life after life is his birth-right and his birth itself is but 'a sleep and a forgetting.' As he passes through death, into the worlds beyond, he takes with him his former mental and moral characteristics—for such is the glory of ethical and intellectual wealth—working at them and building into them all his ideas and ideals, all his fond hopes and golden dreams. One day, he may return to the earth with the characteristics of his past life, brought into this world with him to be exercised here with added power and experience. Further he learns, though slowly, yet steadily, that he is on the world-stage to play his part—to play it nobly and well—to play like a man that he is until his mission in life is fulfilled, until he realises himself and his Divine Lord. Undaunted by accidents or failures, he loves dangers and despises difficulties; he meets misfortune—if such comes in his way—with a smile on his lips, knowing that 'his own' has come to him through the operation of a never-failing Law—the avenging Law of Nemesis. He accepts whatever comes with a quiet resignation and makes the best of it under the existing circumstances. He learns the Spiritual Lesson which his unfavourable environment contains for him and when the Lesson is learnt the environment disappears, yielding place to a new and a better one—itsself becoming for the time being the stepping-stone to further progress.

Thus the 'Reincarnationist'—if I may be allowed to coin a word of my own—takes the sting out of calamity, and facing it boldly, transmutes the same into a blessing. Such is the alchemy of knowledge.

"Glad is he living, glad in dying, glad
Having once died: glad always, glad to know
What good deeds he hath done; glad to foresee
More good where he shall go."

Thus 'labouring with assiduity, purified from sin, fully perfected through manifold births, he reaches the supreme goal.' (Chap. VI, Sloka 45.)

A religion which rejects the hypothesis of re-birth, like, for instance, the orthodox Christianity, or what is humorously styled 'Christianity', has recourse to crude and irrational alternatives—the doctrine of 'original sin' and the 'fall of man'—a poor, miserable sinner—of death the wages of ancestral sin and beyond the grave and beyond the tomb, a kingdom of God like Euclid's point, as compared with the everlasting Hell—presided over by an Almighty Devil—an empire including all the vast infernal regions where the fire quenched not, and yet, strange to tell, the worm dieth not. A happy scheme truly this!—of salvation and damnation after a single life of 'three score years and ten.' Such a fantastic scheme 'providing', in the words of an eminent Christian himself, 'rod and candy for childminded men', devised in the fullness of His mercy and grace by the Loving Father in Heaven for His Beloved children on earth; was entrusted, perhaps, in the mysteriousness of His Providence, to the Church—the 'Elect of God'—during the Middle Ages; to be preached in the teeth of an obstinate humanity as the annals of the Christian creed itself show us, with all the convincing logic of the thumb-screw and the stake 'for the glory of the Lord.' Indeed, the pitiableness of it all is unspeakable! Yet I am happy to note that some of the Christian thinkers and writers are now coming forward to expose such theological nightmares and pre-historic relish of Jewish barbarism. Says one of these gentlemen—"Only a pure and radical infidel—by this we mean one who is in reality such, for there are many who are called infidels, even by many avowed religionists, who live a far truer religion than they themselves live—can rationally hold to the doctrine of original sin, with its consequent poor worm and miserable sinner. The religious teacher who professes to believe in God as the one Divine and Supreme being, and at the same time, holds to this irrational doctrine, is many times more a disciple of the Devil, whom he recognises and whose power he evidently respects, than he is of the Infinite God, in whom he professes to believe. He and he alone it is who finds a place for what he and his theology term the Devil. The one who truly believes in God as the only true and real being and the source of all life and power can indeed find no place for the Devil."

If, instead of such absurd theories, the doctrine of more lives than one be accepted as a 'Christian Doctrine', or, admitted even as a working hypothesis, then we see the wisdom, of God vindicated once more and the divine scales recognised to be a just balance. If any of my readers questions the *rationale* of this theory, let him hear what a rationalist like Huxley himself says about it:—"It is impossible to follow with any degree of certainty, wanderings more varied and more extensive than those imagined by the ancient sages who held the doctrine of transmigration." (Lessons in Elementary Physiology).

* R. W. Trine in his "Greatest Thing Ever Known."

"Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality; and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying". (Huxley's *Evolution and Ethics*.)

Thus speaks the great sage of rationalism; and besides, the theory of re-incarnation has a splendid intellectual ancestry behind it. It may not be superfluous, after all, to add here that the true law of re-birth does not solely depend upon the opinions of ancient sages, however hoary and time-honored they may be. Nor does it depend upon the mere argument from analogy of the modern scientists; but its truth may be verified more or less directly by each man for himself in his own individual inner experience.

Unlike the theories and hypotheses of the materialistic science of to-day, the eternal verities of the great spiritual science of the Gita are not merely supported by the trained human reason and intelligence, but they are ever justified in the eyes of intuition when pure reason is illumined by the Divine light. And the doctrine of re-incarnation, one of the fundamental ideas of our Celestial Song, can be proved by pure reason or spiritual intuition, much more satisfactorily than by an argument from analogy of Nature. The Divine Lord himself recognises this aspect of the question and makes guarded mention of the possibility of remembering past lives. If the reader is curious to know how that can be done, I can only hint at the *modus operandi* for developing the memory of previous births. Purify your body and mind by right living; then control them by your will. Practise meditation or Dhyana and increase the power of your receptivity. This involves the initial stage of Yoga, which, if practised steadily and persisted in faithfully, improves your mental powers gradually, so that you find, in course of time, that whatever past incident you concentrate your will upon knowing, comes from out the depths of memory, as it were, to the surface, slowly but surely. Carry on this kind of training, and one day you will be surprised to be able to look back upon your past life through the Gate of Dhyana or Meditation. This was done in the past by Buddha and other sages, and this is being done, though rarely, by persons like the late Mr. James Allen in the West; but much more frequently by most of the Yogis in the caves and jungles of the East.

And the Pilgrim Soul, looking back upon the past lives, threaded on his immortal self like pearls on a golden string, realises, at last, that he has wandered far and wide—away from his Native Land. On many a foreign shore, he has wandered in quest of Blessedness, in many a wilderness he has lost himself—hungering and thirsting—here and there coming across some pleasant oasis. But, now, he has understood his real nature—that he had a long past behind him and a splendid evolution before him; the pilgrim goes onward and forward—ever in a straight line—neither looking to the right nor to the left—until no longer the way seems lengthening and no longer looms the Promised Goal in distance—until the journey is accomplished, the goal is reached, the ideal realised, the purpose fulfilled, and the

Kingdom of God won for him and won for ever; and the wanderer, entering into blissful Nirvana, exclaims at last:—

"This is My Own—My Native Land."

A STUDENT OF THE STARS.

OF STRANGE OCCULT INTEREST.

Synopsis of preceding pages:—

John Belsworth is anxious for fame; he is a great student; goes to Europe; becomes absorbed in his scientific research. His father disinherits him because he will not return. The student finds himself in need, so when not at his studies practises the vocation of Professor Astronemo, where people call to have him give their horoscopes. A strange man calls on him; this stranger has the greater power of putting his own identity into that of another. He tells John he can teach him this power. John, at this stranger's suggestion and by additional years of study, acquired this power. He returns to America and finds his father left him his fortune, so has an immense wonderful lens for a telescope made; this he uses to study Mars.

For a while I mused upon the great future that my new power had opened to me. Fame would be simplicity itself—for might I not now gain from each learned man with whom I come in contact his store of knowledge to add to mine, until my store of knowledge would be the marvel of the present century? So ran my thoughts as I again focussed the massive telescope and brought it to bear upon Mars. Then, adjusting the marvelous mechanism so that the lens would move exactly as did Mars upon her orbit, and placing my reclining chair in a comfortable position, I prepared to enjoy my now complete observatory.

The view I got of Mars was probably the most perfect one earthly eyes will ever have, for not only were the earth's and the Martian atmosphere unusually clear, but it was the month of August, with Mars in apposition, and therefore we were only thirty-three million miles apart—the nearest the two planets ever approach one another.

The southern hemisphere of the planet lay spread before me like a topographical map of the earth's surface, and the beauty of its red tinge relieved with grey, white and darker markings held me entranced. In the centre the large, oval Torby Sea stretched its broad expanse; and indentations of the coast of the Maraldi Sea were clearly discernible near the right boundary; while between these two bodies of water, and, indeed quite surrounding the former, was the great Secchi Continent, south of which lay De La Rue Ocean, into whose centre extended a peculiar double peninsula, which scientists have misnamed "Hall Island;" to the South of De La Rue lay Jacob's land. In the space above floated the two Martian moons, the larger revolving from east to west, while the smaller, owing to its proximity to the surface, and the rapidity of its revolution, to all appearances seemed moving in the opposite direction.

Numerous collections of minute buildings were clustered at various points, showing that Mars was not only inhabited but that the inhabitants were in an advanced state of civilisation. Choosing the larger one

of these cities, which was situated on the west coast of the Torby Sea, I watched intently to see if I could not make out some of the inhabitants, but not even my powerful lens was sufficient to discern any.

As I watched my thoughts reverted to my peculiar experience with my strange visitor, and I longed that my power would suffice to force my brain into the brain of one of the inhabitants of that strange little city. Instantly the scene changed, for with miraculous swiftness the city seemed to approach closer and closer, until upon the roof of one of the larger buildings I could plainly see a cluster of people, one of whom was addressing his companions, and pointing upward and toward the earth. Instantly a passion seized me to reap from this man's brain the knowledge which he had of Martian life, and as my mind formulated the wish I saw that his gaze was directed into mine. Here, then, was my opportunity, and I centered all of my faculties into the great longing for this transition; with great joy I felt that I was successful, for my mind was even now revelling in the vast harvest room of his mind. Rapidly I mastered most of the contents of his brain, for I knew too well that the utmost haste was necessary lest I should lose the power to regain my own body. Yet, even knowing that, I was loath to leave any portion of his learning unassimilated. My inordinately selfish love for the acquirement of power spurred me to delve into the innermost recesses of his brain, until at last I felt the body I possessed swaying and even as I, in fear, tried to force my mind back to my own body, I staggered and fell—and all was blank.

When I recovered consciousness I was aware of a peculiar swaying movement and a confused murmur of voices, and opening my eyes I looked about me. I was being carried in a litter by people who were strange to my earthly eyes, but yet curiously familiar. Like a flash it dawned upon me that I was no longer John Belsworth, but an inhabitant of Mars and had by mine own act brought about this transformation. My thoughts of earthly fame, my hopes for power, my ambition for scientific renown, were forever blasted—and again I fainted.

When I awakened I was in a much calmer mood and I was inclined to look upon my predicament in a much more logical way. From the brain which I now possessed I had the best of reasons for knowing that the mind I had displaced was a very learned one, and I hoped and prayed that it had sped earthward, and was even now enthroned in my original body, and that, therefore, both that mind and my own were conversant with the same subjects; that, though in reality we had but exchanged bodies, each mind had gained the entire results of the mental development of the other. Thus reasoning, I found solace in the thought that, at some future time, the mind of my earthly representative would wish for a re-incarnation of his Martian body, and thus enable me to regain my own. So I resolved to make the best of it, and to use every means to offer to him opportunities whereby he might accomplish this result. I sighed in a satisfied way, and instantly the draperies of the bed whereupon I lay were parted and a man bent over me, his face beaming with the pleasure he felt over

my recovery, and in a kindly voice said, "Ah, Gamtha, have you quite recovered?"

"Yes, Neso, my brother, I am indeed myself, but I feel weak and faint, and my head does pain. But, tell me—what has happened?"

"First, you must drink this," said he, and, as I took the vessel from his hands and drank the sweet, fragrant wine which it contained, he continued: "Last night as we were assembled on the broad roof of our college, you were describing to us what our *savants* had taught you regarding that beautiful green star which has always been of much interest to our learned men, and you advanced the theory that like Mars, it was inhabited. At this some of the older men derided you, and you became angry, and, with great vehemence denounced them as ignorant scoffers. In the midst of your tirade you stopped abruptly, gazed fixedly at the star for an instant, tottered and fell, striking your head on the stone coping with such force as to render you unconscious. At first we thought you dead, but noting that your heart yet beat faintly, we conveyed you here to your room. But, as it is now past the sixth hour, I must leave to take my station at the semaphores. In twelve hours I will return to you. Meanwhile, Monea will minister to your wants, for I shall send her as I pass her father's house, and with her tender love as a balm, I feel assured you will soon recover completely."

When he had left me I arose and donned my clothing, which was not unlike the ancient Grecian costume, seated myself at the open window, and gazed upon the landscape. Everything had a reddish tint, the grass, the trees, sea—aye, even the blocks of stone of which the houses were constructed—were red. In the distance stretched a long line of semaphores, toward the nearest of which I could see Neso hastening. Plainly, Mars was not so nearly advanced as was the earth in science. I saw my way clear to become the Edison of Mars—and more, for I would introduce into this planet all of the inventions that have astonished the world in all ages.

These plans were dashed to forgetfulness by a pair of soft arms which stole around my neck, and looking up I saw my darling Monea.

"Well, dreamer," she said jestingly, "are your thoughts so weighty that you forget that in ten days we are to be married? Is it right for you to fall and strike your head before you have a wife to care for you in your illness? Now, Gamtha, there must be no more of this. I will not have it." And she stamped her little foot in mock rage.

"What my queen commands becomes the law of her most humble servant. But will her majesty do me the honor to walk with me upon the shore of the sea?" I answered. And, with her loving support to aid me, we walked far from the city, and, seated in the warm sunlight, talked of many things which concerned us alone and will be of no interest to scientists.

During the next three years I brought about improvements in the lives of the people about me; for with great rapidity I "invented" the telegraph, the telephone—in fact, taught the people the power and value of electricity and of steam, for they were in such a benighted age as was our earth about the close of the eighteenth century.

I was honored more than any other man; the king himself did homage to my great intelligence and genius, I was feted and praised—yea, well-nigh sanctified—by the simple-minded people.

Yet with all this, I was still dissatisfied with my position, and the reason, therefor, I could not at first determine. My public life was quite on the zenith of the people's adulation, and my home life, as the husband of pretty little Monea, was all heart could wish. In short, my life on Mars was all that my ambition on earth had craved.

One of the chief traits of Gamtha's character was an inordinate conscientiousness, and, in assuming his body, I had made this trait my own, and hated myself for being an imposter who masqueraded in another's body and plagiarized the ideas of the scientists and sages of previous ages and offered them as my own. Besides, I saw no honor in gaining the plaudits of a people intellectually inferior.

As a punishment for my actions I resolved to exile myself from the people whom I had learned to love, and, therefore, when the polar system was in the same relative position as it had been when I first made an advent into Mars, by concentrating my whole attention upon that spot upon the earth's surface where I knew my observatory to be situated, I succeeded in transferring my mind to the body of him who was then using my telescope.

When this was successfully accomplished I found myself in the possession of De Mauteo's body, and found, moreover, that the mind I had displaced had been Gamtha's, for he had, as I hoped, successfully stood the ordeal to which I had subjected him some years before, and being conversant with my innermost secrets, had accomplished a revenge which was awful in its fearful malevolence.

I found that he had called upon De Mauteo and had transferred his mind to De Mauteo's body, and, as De Mauteo's feeble mind could not cope with the mighty intellect which was the concentrated knowledge of two worlds, the body of John Belsworth, which Gamtha's had quitted, ceased to exist. Thereupon, in De Mauteo's name, he had written a series of papers upon what we knew to be true of Mars, thus giving to De Mauteo the fame that I had hoped to make my own.

His plans had been carefully laid, and most cunningly carried out, for he had not only spoiled my career on earth, but had returned to reap the rewards of the great name and happiness I have builded for him in his own country.

My life on earth is forever blasted, for I cannot bring myself to add to the laurels of De Mauteo's fame, for, although he and I were virtually one, I will not offer John Belsworth's learning upon

the altar of De Mauteo's name. Therefore, to-night I shall direct my energies to once more effecting my mind's transmigration to Mars. I pray that God in His goodness will grant that I may once more find lodging in Gamtha's body.

I have taken a poison which acts slowly but none the less surely, so that, should Gamtha's eyes meet mine as I look at the spot on Mars where I know him to be at this hour, his punishment for the injury which he has done me will be the loss of his life when his mind is transferred to this body I now inhabit.

I see Mars—I see my house—I see.

[Here the narrative abruptly ends, and no man on earth can say how the end came here and what happened to a man, a many million miles away. Gabriel De Mauteo's valet found his body with his hand resting upon the last page of his manuscript, and his staring eyes looking through his vast telescope. The question as to whether Belsworth's mind ever accomplished the great results that this manuscript of De Mauteo's gives him credit for or whether this is pure fiction, written by De Mauteo, when about to commit suicide, in order that his mind might be perpetuated, in accordance with the terms of his will, can never be solved, the editor resigns with the dead.]

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REVIEWS.

Book of Meditations: for every day in the year. James Allen. Publishers: L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade, Ludgate Hill, London, E. C. 5/-nett.

The author is too well-known to the students of New Thought. The get up does credit to the publishers. It is as attractive as the contents. The thoughts given for Meditation are gems unrivalled.

The Physicians' Formulary: Physicians Drug News Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

The book is intended for the dispensing physician and has formulas worth knowing. It gives one a chance to get fresh and good preparations and thus save one from the dangers of ignorant compounding.

Vedic Lore—Part II: Pandit G. Krishna Sastri. Published by The Vedic Mission, Mylapore, Madras.

This neat little work has Lessons on: The Soul and Light: and their developments. The aim of the Mission is laudable.

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