

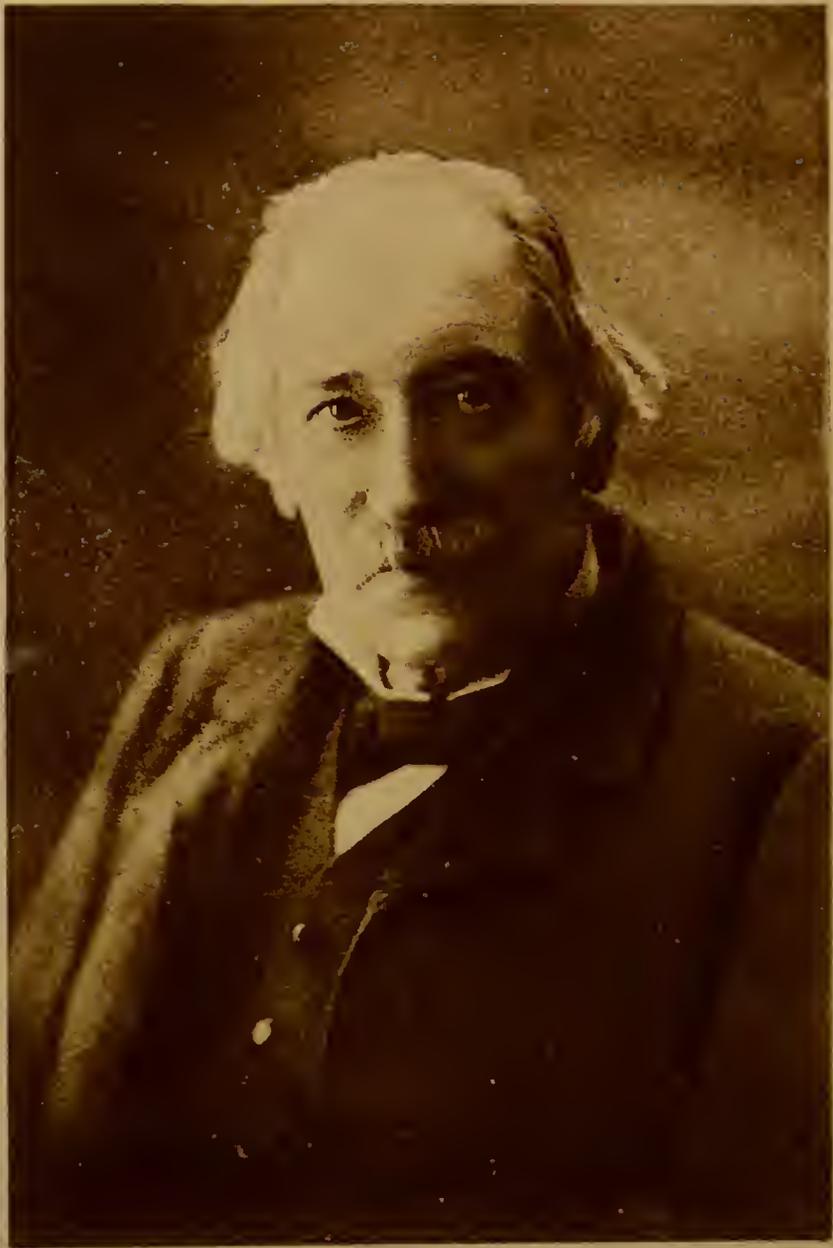
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BZP (Kingsford) (2)



ANNA KINGSFORD



Edward Maitland

ANNA KINGSFORD

HER LIFE LETTERS DIARY
AND WORK

BY HER COLLABORATOR
EDWARD MAITLAND

*ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS, VIEWS
AND FACSIMILES*

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II.

THIRD EDITION

EDITED BY
SAMUEL HOPGOOD HART

"Behold, I send unto you prophets"
(MATT. xxiii. 34)

LONDON
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1913

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ANNA KINGSFORD

CHAPTER XX

THE PERFECT WAY

IT would naturally be supposed that our delight culminated with an achievement such as the recovery of this Hymn to the Planet-God. And so it might have done had the highest satisfaction of which man is capable been that which is of the mind. But such is not the case. There is a joy of the heart that transcends aught of which the mind is capable. And such joy was ours when, passing from the sphere of Dionysos, the " Spirit of Power," and Elohe of the " third Day " of Creation, we entered the sphere of Aphrodite, the " Spirit of Counsel " or Love, and Elohe of the " fourth Day " of Creation, and received the first instalment of her mysteries.

The event was preceded and heralded by a singular experience, and one that at first caused Mary considerable perplexity. She had been eagerly anticipating the revelation of the mysteries of Venus, to use the Latin name for this divinity, thinking that they must be yet more exquisite than the rest, but failing to see how there could be room for such superiority. While in this frame of mind she received in sleep, from a source the nature of which was concealed from her, an intimation that she could not expect to have given to her the mysteries of the kingdom of Love while leading an ascetic life. This she reported to me ; when—divining the stratagem—I was able to reassure her by the suggestion that it was at once a test and a lesson the purport of which was to direct her attention to the greatness of the contrast subsisting between the mysteries inner and outer, spiritual and physical, of the same principle. And I hazarded the prediction that the next full moon, then near at hand, would

—as so often before—bring the desired revelation. And so it proved. For on the night of March 15, the moon being at its full, she received that most precious of all the “precious things brought forth by the moon”—as said in Deuteronomy—the hymn entitled, “A Discourse of the Communion of Soules, and of the Uses of Love between Creature and Creature, being part of the Goldene Booke of Venus.” For, like most of the things read by her in sleep, it was in archaic spelling.

During the following morning, without telling me what had occurred, she sat writing, book in lap, for an unusually long period, completely absorbed. At length she rose from her seat, and with a heavy sigh put her book away in her private drawer without speaking. Recognising and respecting her evident desire for privacy in the matter, I refrained from making allusion to it, intensely eager though I always was to learn the subject of her inspirations. The following morning saw her similarly engaged for an equal space. Having at length finished her task, she called to me in jubilant tones—for we were sitting in different divisions of the drawing-room—to come and hear what she had written; whereupon she read to me the hymn she had been writing down, and was delighted to find that my appreciation corresponded to hers. After I had remarked that its style reminded me of the *Imitation of Christ*, and that the two might really have come from the same source, she told me the following history of it:—

The volumes of Scriptures which had attracted her attention on quitting Lilly’s laboratory on the occasion of her being taken there by her Genius to have her horoscope told, had dwelt in her mind, making her long to return and read them. The longing seemed to have but awaited the next full moon to adopt my suggestion and fulfil itself. For on that very night, while in sleep, she found herself there alone, and with the books at her disposal, and she believed that her choice of that particular poem was determined by her mood of that day; for she was sorrowing greatly for her lost pet, Rufus, his successor having failed to fill his place in her heart. Enchanted with the poem, she had read and re-read it, hoping to be able to retain it and write it down afterwards. And her disappointment was great when, on attempting to do so, she was able to recollect only about the half of it. She determined, therefore, when night came, to

will herself back to the place and the book, keeping her secret to herself lest the clue be broken or obscured by any action of my mind. The attempt was successful, and on the following day she completed the transcript, with the exception of a single verse which she recovered soon after. Such is the genesis of that most exquisite hymn which stands in *Clothed with the Sun* as Part II. No. xiv. Part 2. We recognised it as the first expression the world had ever seen of really Christian doctrine. In talking about it she remarked with much emphasis, "The world has but to know that hymn for it to be the death-blow of vivisection." We wondered much—as about so many of its companion scriptures—whether it had ever before seen the light on this planet. The only thing that suggested the probability was a dream received shortly afterwards, in which Mary saw some lines in Italian which seemed to her to be a translation of the beginning of it.

Sundry utterances under illumination, on the evenings of the 22nd and 25th, partook of the nature of a recovery of ancient recollections. One occurred during a discourse on the Great Pyramid, when she said, while looking at it in vision, that it appeared to her as if she was once there herself, her sensations about it being so much like a memory, and that she saw the ceremony of initiation actually taking place. She then added :—

" I see that, although I have been initiated once or twice, I have never been regenerated. Nor have you, though you, too, have been initiated. Most initiations in our day took place in the Great Pyramid. There was a cave of initiation at Cana of Galilee. The story of the marriage-feast and the miracle of turning water into wine has reference to the final initiation of Jesus. The water was the symbol for the soul, the wine for the spirit. ' The beginning of miracles ' for the man regenerate is the spiritualisation of his own soul, which is therefore mystically called the changing of water into wine." ¹

The following coincidence struck us as curious in view of the circumstance that the year 1881 was the date supposed by so many to be indicated in the Great Pyramid as that of the " end of the world." On inquiring at the reading-room of the British Museum for a book on the Pyramid, we were referred to shelf 1881. The officials to whom we pointed out the coin-

¹ See " Concerning the Great Pyramid, and the Initiations therein " (*Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xx.).—S. H. H.

cidence were greatly amused thereat. We refrained from telling them, strong as was the temptation to do so, that the prophecy was actually in course of fulfilment, and that the world was really coming to an end in that year in the sense intended.

Describing, also under illumination, the events which occurred between the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, as recorded in *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xxxiii., Mary said :—

“ Jesus instructed His friends beforehand what to do. Joseph of Arimathæa was a friend of Mary Magdalen, and she procured for him the requisite balms. I see her running with them through the sepulchre to the house. I have a most curious sensation, feeling as if, somehow, I were in Mary and were she.”

The following instructions for our personal guidance were received on various occasions at this period, being spoken under illumination :—

“ It seems that we cannot do anything to facilitate the reception of the new Revelation. But my Genius wants me to lecture during the coming season. We are to become quite ascetics ; not just at present, but when, it seems, we are without a house of our own. The more immediate thing to do is to lecture. We may tell all we know, but only to persons of the kind described in my interview with Lilly.¹ If we attempt to speak to others, it will be made impossible for us ; we shall be stopped. This prohibition applies only to the Greater Mysteries. We may speak to others of things historical or interpretative, such as explain and reconcile the religions.

“ He says I must not lecture under my own name, and he wishes us both to eat fish for some time to come. All these things belong to different mysteries, and they must not be confused. In the mysteries of Demeter it is an abomination not to eat vegetables. In the mysteries of Aphrodite it is an abomination not to eat fish.”

The following came a little later :—

“ My Genius tells me that my addresses are to begin at drawing-room meetings, where, as they will be private, there will be no need to conceal my name. It is otherwise in the case of public assemblies, lectures, and publications. The name must be suppressed for the sake of husband and relatives, and a synonym or an assumed name used.

“ They wish us to eat fish for the present ; not for occult or mystic reasons, but to enable us to perform the hard intellectual work before us. Fish contains Iodine, and is necessary for us both, especially for you. The prohibition about fish related to the highest mode of life. These things are matters of Caste or Degree, and we are not yet of the highest ; so that it is not obligatory on us to abstain from fish.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 423.

“ My Genius says that we are, above all things, to teach the doctrine of Caste. The Christians made a serious mistake in requiring the same rule of all persons. Castes are as ladders whereby to ascend from the lower to the higher. They are properly spiritual grades, and have no relation to the outward condition of life. Like all other doctrines, that of Caste has been materialised. The Castes are four in number, and correspond to the fourfold nature of man.

“ My lectures are to begin with the beginning of our work and the earlier truths given to us. The Greater Mysteries are to be reserved until we have a circle of pure livers, in number, if even, of 40, 12, or 10, and, if uneven, of 9, 7, 5, or 3. They may eat fish, but not flesh. But while eating fish we are to consider ourselves of a lower caste.

“ Our own condition is yet impure. We are unpolarised, and do not hang together as we ought. We are, in a sense, dissipated, and go out from ourselves too much.

“ It is doubtful to me whether any person living now, or for some time to come, can become regenerate, so as to escape death. The defect in your system is in the blood-vessels; in mine it is in the tissues.

“ Many particulars are shown me about the diet, dress, and mode of living necessary to complete regeneration, but all quite impossible to be carried out. One in particular is about the covering of the feet. To walk barefoot on grass and earth would aid immensely in regenerating the body. Coverings on the feet—especially of leather—shut off the magnetism. The feet ought to be bare, and frequently bathed in cold water. The custom of putting off the shoes on holy ground was due to this fact. The hair should be kept long, too, as it is then a powerful agent in promoting magnetism. Food should be cold and uncooked, and no fermented drinks used. Cakes should be sun-baked in a kiln, that the particles may become polarised by the sun’s magnetism. I see a row of cakes being baked in this way in Egypt; but in this climate such things are impossible to us, and we must be content to live and die. Irregular polarisation and false foci create disease—local disease, that is, which is due to a false focus, which makes the poles converge to a false centre.”

In such manner was knowledge poured in upon us, in a steady and abundant stream, until the time came when it was necessary to prepare for the promulgation which, by accomplishing the doom of the “ evil and adulterous generation ” which has been in possession ever since the Fall, was to be the “ end of the world ” as it has hitherto been; and the inauguration of that new and better order of things variously implied in Scripture under the images of the reign of Michael, the fall of Lucifer and Satan, the breaking of the seals and opening of the books, the budding of the fig-tree, the resurrection and ascent of the two witnesses, the flight of the angel in mid-heaven having an eternal gospel to proclaim, the exaltation and illumination of the woman, the

battle of Armageddon, the second coming of Christ, and the revelation and destruction of "that wicked one," the controlling evil spirit of the world's selfish sacrificial system in Church, State, and Society, and the coming of the kingdom of God with power,—the whole stupendous programme of which was to be accomplished by the simple means of a new "Gospel of Interpretation," such as was being vouchsafed to us, and the time for the promulgation of which was now at hand.

That such claim on our part would be universally deemed a presumption as blasphemous as audacious, and these even to convicting us of stark staring madness, we were fully aware. But no consideration of what others might think gave us a moment's concern or hesitation, if only because we knew that we knew, and we knew that they did not know. We had put our hands to the plough which was to run so stupendous a furrow through the field of the world with our eyes wide open; and so far from dreaming of looking back in view of what treatment might be accorded to us or our message, we took delight in fixing our gaze in anticipation upon the rich crop of blessings to the world which would spring from our labours. We knew, too, in whom we trusted; for had not all the spheres from the bottomless pit of man's lower nature to the throne of the Most High been opened to us, and to us alone of modern times, enabling us to compare and estimate their respective values? And if danger threatened us for going on at the hands of the former, what was that to the danger at the hands of the latter for turning back? While, as for presumption, what presumption could approach that of putting ourselves in opposition to the Gods—manifested as they had been to us—by declining to execute their divine behests?

Casting about, according to my wont, for signs of the times presaging our work, and especially relating to Mary's part in it, the first that presented itself was the following, which struck me as a peculiarly exquisite and happy augury. Mary's spiritual emblem, it has been mentioned, the type of her nature on both planes, the inner and the outer, was that tall, slender, stately, and thorny plant surmounted by a splendid crimson blossom, the Cactus. In the newspapers at Easter-time in this year there appeared an announcement stating that the experiment of grafting vines and other fruit-bearing trees on the stem of the Cactus, in the arid wastes of Western Mexico—some of which

I had visited—had resulted in proving that, owing to the extraordinary capacity of that plant for secreting moisture, it was possible by thus using it to produce crops in regions otherwise hopelessly barren, and so, literally, to “make the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Here was a sign exactly to my heart. For I read in it a token that the turning-point in Mary’s own spiritual history had come, and that thenceforth her evil destiny had expended itself, the redemption to be accomplished in her comprising both the world and herself.

A corresponding augury was contained in the following incident. We were on the committee of the then “International Association for the Total Suppression of Vivisection,” a body which contained a sacerdotal element of the most pronounced kind, and one which carried the traditional antagonism of the priest to the woman to the extreme extent of refusing to allow one of that sex to appear in public as a teacher on any subject whatever. When it is said that the leader of this party in the committee was the late Rev. H. N. Oxenham, those who were acquainted with that vehement and uncompromising ecclesiastic will be able to appreciate the virulence of the opposition to a woman’s appearance on the society’s public platform, and the potency of the competing influences by which that opposition was overcome. For, as it proved, so profound was the impression made by Mary on the whole body of our colleagues, that the ringleaders of the opposition consented, at the request of the rest, to waive their objection in her favour, and accordingly gave their consent, excusing themselves on the ground that, though a woman by her sex, she was a man by her mind and her profession, and exempt, therefore, from the operation of the ordinary limitations. Mary was immensely amused at her triumph over prejudices so inveterate, and I hailed it as a sign of the times, betokening that at last the “woman” was in very deed to “crush the head of the serpent” of the corrupt orthodoxy hitherto in possession.

How much more Roman than Anglican this party was, though professedly of the latter, was shown as follows. After Mary’s address—which had evoked a storm of enthusiasm—another of our ecclesiastical colleagues—himself a beneficed Anglican clergyman—remarked to her in allusion to a Scriptural illustration which she had used—“Why, you, too, are a Catholic! I

am so glad!" "Yes," she said; "but how did you find that out?" "You said 'St Joseph,'" was the reply; "no Protestant would have so called him." The allusion had been to the legend which represents the Nativity as taking place in a cave and a stable and among the animals, as implying that in "Christ" all the lower consciousnesses of Creation, mineral, vegetable, animal, and human, are taken up into the divine and made at one with the Supreme Being from whom they originally emanated.¹

Notwithstanding this triumph for the "woman," she was not yet delivered from the liability to be "driven into the wilderness and persecuted of the dragon and his angels." With the view of exhibiting vivisection as a typical instance of the utter renunciation of that side of human nature of which the woman is the special symbol and representative, the side affectional, moral, and spiritual, I wrote a pamphlet² entitled *The Woman and the Age*, "on behalf of sundry members, clerical, medical, and lay," of the society, such description including Mary, A., myself, and such others as agreed with us. But this was altogether too much for the sacerdotal faction. Not on any account could they suffer a body to which they belonged to be represented by or associated with a publication which thus ministered to the rehabilitation and exaltation of the sex so despised and rejected of the priesthoods. And their opposition became so vehement and even virulent as to make our longer continuance at the Board incompatible alike with our self-respect and with the requirements of our work. We accordingly withdrew to carry on our part in the anti-vivisection crusade independently, I contenting myself with prophesying that in thus

¹ This truth was by the Egyptians symbolised in the Sphinx, which was at once a concealment and a revelation of the problem of existence. The Sphinx, Edward Maitland says, "represents mortal existence as rising from the earth into the animal, from the animal into the human, and finally from the human into the divine, simply by dint of fixing the eager, hopeful, yet withal calm and patient eyes of perfect faith on the vision of the ideal revealed to the intuitions of its soul. The world well knew then that the soul that ever tends upwards, subduing the animal to which it is attached, redeems itself and its animal along with it, so that its whole being at length returns towards the source whence it proceeded, taking with it into the Godhead the outermost spheres of the physical creation" (*England and Islam*, pp. 317-318, and see p. 312 n. *post*).—S. H. H.

² The pamphlet was dated Easter 1881, and was addressed to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.—S. H. H.

driving us from its counsels the society had pronounced its own doom, which prediction soon afterwards found its fulfilment in the withdrawal and subsequent death of our chief opponent, and the extinction of the society as a separate body, by reason of its incorporation with another and a larger organisation.

Notwithstanding the distressing character of these events, they had a side which struck us as not a little humorous, so exactly did they reproduce for us that world-old feud of priest and prophet, and the suppression of the latter by the former, which in the Bible is represented, first by the murder of Abel by Cain, and last by the murder of Christ by Caiaphas.¹ And we thought that, had Caiaphas become reincarnate, and been a member of our Board, he would have acted towards us exactly as his fellow-priest had done.

Thus viewed, the incident served as an object-lesson to interpret and illustrate the eternal verities concealed in the Biblical narratives.

Meanwhile our explorations at the British Museum had afforded us a reinforcement of a kind altogether unanticipated, by proving that the Fathers of the Church were largely on our side in respect of the esoteric interpretation. The positive statement of the ecclesiastical historian, Mosheim, that the whole of the Fathers of the second century insisted on an esoteric and spiritual sense as the true sense of Scripture and Dogma, put us on a track which we were not slow to follow, and with results no less gratifying to ourselves than valuable for our

¹ Writing of the story of Cain and Abel, Edward Maitland says :—" It is clear from the whole tenor of Scripture [that] Cain is no other than a type of the materialising priest, whether of religion or of science, who as the minister of sense recognises and cultivates only the lower nature in man, indicated in the expression ' fruits of the ground.' And Abel is the type of the prophet who as the minister of the intuition recognises and cultivates that highest and holiest of gifts, the ' lamb ' of a pure and loving spirit, which is represented in the Apocalypse as finally overcoming all evil." On another occasion, writing of the conflict between priest and prophet, he says :—" The two orders are really as Cain and Abel to each other : the former, who cultivates only the ' fruits of the ground ' or sense nature, killing the latter who brings to the service of God the ' lamb ' of a pure and guileless spirit ; as in the New Testament the priest Caiaphas kills the prophet Christ. And to this day the Cain, Caiaphas, and priest in man, kills the Abel, Christ, and prophet in man, whenever the lower and sense-nature suppresses the intuition of the higher and spiritual nature."—S. H. H.

work. For, while we found proofs indubitable of their recognition of the general principles of the interpretation received by us, we found that of the interpretation itself they had but the most dim and meagre glimpses; so that even Cardinal Newman—an unimpeachable authority on the patristic writings—while confessing himself in his *Apologia* to have been carried away with enthusiasm for the glimpses and suggestions he found in them of a system of thought, as, wrapped up in the Christian symbology, “magnificent in themselves, and making music to his inward ear”—could but look on them as “making room for the anticipation of further and deeper disclosures of truths still under the veil of the letter, and in their season to be revealed.” And he had even declared his conviction that “he saw no hope for religion save in a new revelation.” Now that it had actually come, we marvelled whether he would have the grace given him to recognise and acknowledge it.

It needed no long study of the Fathers to convince us of the truth of the utterance given us—“The Church knows neither the source nor the meaning of its own dogmas,”¹ and that it had inherited its mysteries without the key to them. And now that key—the “key of knowledge,” with the taking away and withholdment of which Jesus had so bitterly reproached, in the ecclesiasticism of His time, that of all time—after being forfeited, lost, and withdrawn from the Church visible by its guardians of the Church invisible, was once more restored by the latter, and to us; for that “time of the end” had come, the token of which was to be the “budding of the fig-tree,” the restoration of the inward understanding.

Among the Fathers to whom we were the most strongly drawn was he who had been canonised under the name of “St Dionysius the Areopagite,” a bishop of the Eastern Church in the sixth century. He, too, claimed special illumination as the source of his knowledge, and we eagerly appropriated to our own use the pregnant words in which he defined his aim:—“Not to destroy, but to construct; or rather to destroy by construction; to conquer error by the full presentment of truth.”

The materials for our coming lectures were in our possession

¹ Anna Kingsford’s illumination, “Concerning the Prophecy of the Immaculate Conception.” See Vol. I. pp. 195, 196.

and in abundance, and there was no doubt that more would be forthcoming as we proceeded with the preparation of them. But the task was a vast one ; and not only was the time at our disposal short, if we were to take advantage, as we proposed, of the London season—for it was no ordinary quality of workmanship that would serve as the fitting expression for the teaching committed to us—but our own physical condition was still such that, had we only ourselves to trust to, we should have despaired of success. The plan in view comprised the writing and delivery of nine compendious lectures in about as many weeks ; and while Mary's health was as variable as ever, comprising rapid alternations from the summits of spiritual insight and power to the lowest depths of disability from pain and weakness, mine—though the “ broken link in the golden chain ” had been repaired, as promised, as the spring advanced and the sun waxed in strength—showed but little abatement of the physical distress, which seemed to have become chronic, and, if curable at all, to require a term of years rather than of weeks or months, and this combined with absolute cessation of mental work. So deep-seated were the effects of the nervous strain and depletion to which I had been subjected during the years passed in Paris.

The manner of our collaboration in *The Perfect Way*—for such was the title determined on—was in this wise. Having arranged the order of the exposition and ascertained the number of its main sections, we selected each the subjects which we felt the best able to treat, but not with any intention of confining ourselves exclusively to the subjects thus chosen. It was necessary that our collaboration be particular as well as general, and extend to every sentence and detail however minute, so that no single word go forth which did not represent the full light of our combined perception. Accordingly, whatever was written by either of us was passed to the other to be dealt with freely, and then passed back again to be similarly dealt with anew—a process the result of which was sometimes the complete disappearance of the original draft. Not that there was anything tentative about the doctrine to be expounded. We were both masters of that. The question was of selection, arrangement, and expression, and the restriction of the exposition to the essential and fundamental, the primary and the

interior, to the exclusion of the accidental and superficial, the secondary and the exterior. Thus seeking always inwards and upwards to the highest, resolved to be content with nothing short of the highest, it would sometimes happen that what had at first presented itself would vanish in favour of something far superior, of which the former had been the suggestion only, essentially identical, but connoting rather an exterior orbit of the systems of which the latter was the true centre. This was a process which frequently reminded me of the motto of my once favourite pastime, archery—for proficiency in which I had gained the champion's medal in 1878—the phrase, "*Centrum Pete,*" and led me to see in that art a training for the lofty work in store for me, while Mary would remark that it was like mounting to a height by climbing alternately on one another's shoulders. And sometimes what we had thus conjointly written would serve as a platform from which she would spring, as it were, into the infinite, so exalted would be the truth suggested which from such level she was able to discern.

All that portion of the work which consisted in selecting and arranging the teachings received fell to me, Mary desiring rather to reserve herself for the fresh illuminations which might be in store as we proceeded. And, moreover, I was the more familiar of the two with what had been received, having, as their copyist, committed them largely to memory, while for her they had become somewhat dimmed. Among the sources of my satisfaction while thus engaged was the discovery that much of what I had written while in Paris¹ was suitable for use without modification either in substance or in form, many passages fitting in with an exactitude which made them appear as if the context had been contrived expressly to match them.

Mary continued to receive from time to time, until after the commencement of our lectures, further instructions concerning the Genius, which were as follows :—

“ The memory of the soul is recovered by a threefold operation,—that of the soul herself, of the ‘ moon,’ and of the ‘ sun.’ The Genius is not an informing spirit. He can tell nothing to the soul. All that she receives is already within herself. But in the darkness of the night, it would remain there undiscovered but for the torch

¹ See Vol. I. p. 256.

of the Angel who enlightens. 'Yea,' says the Angel-genius to his client, 'I illuminate thee, but I instruct thee not. I warn thee, but I fight not. I attend, but I lead not. Thy treasure is within thyself. My light showeth where it lieth.'

"When regeneration is fully attained, the Divine Spirit alone instructs the hierophant. 'For the gates of his city shall never be shut; there shall be no night there; the night shall be no more. And they shall not need the light of the lamp, because the Lord God shall enlighten them.' The prophet is a man illumined by his Angel. The Christ is a man married to the Spirit. And he returns out of pure love to redeem, needing no more to return to the flesh for his own sake. Wherefore he is said to come down from heaven. For he hath attained, and is a medium for the Highest. He baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with the Divine Fire itself. He is always 'in heaven.' And in that he ascendeth, it is because the Spirit uplifteth him, even the Spirit who descendeth upon him. 'And in that he descendeth, it is because he has first ascended beyond all spheres into the highest Presence. For he that ascendeth, ascendeth because he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth. He that descended is the same also who ascendeth above all the heavens, to fill all things.' Such an one returns, therefore, from a higher world; he belongs no more to the domain of Dionysos. But he comes from the 'sun' itself, or from some nearer sphere to the sun than ours, having passed from the lowest upwards."

"And what of the Genius himself?" I asked. "Is he sorry when his client attains perfection, and needs him no more?"

And he said, "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom. And he that standeth by rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice. I return, therefore, to my source, for my mission is ended, and my Sabbath is come. And I am one with the twain."

Here he led me into a large chamber where I saw four bullocks lying slaughtered upon altars, and a number of persons standing round in the act of adoration. And above, in the fumes arising from the spirits of the blood, were misty colossal shapes, half formed, from the waist upwards, and resembling the Gods. And he said, "These are Astrals. And thus will they do until the end of the world."

After this instruction concerning the degradation of religion through the materialisation of the spiritual doctrine of sacrifice, and the source of that degradation, he resumed:—

"The Genius, then, remains with his client so long as the man is fourfold. A beast has no Genius. A Christ has none. For, first, all is latent light. That is one. And this one becomes two; that is, body and astral body. And these two become three; that is, a rational soul is born in the midst of the astral body. This rational soul is the true Person. From that moment, therefore, this personality is an individual existence, as a plant or as an animal. These three become four; that is, human. And the fourth is the *Nous*, not yet one with the soul, but overshadowing it, and transmitting light as it were through a glass; that is, through the initiator. But when the four becomes three,—that is, when the 'marriage' takes place, and the soul and spirit are indissolubly united,—there is no longer need either of migration or of Genius. For the *Nous* has become one with the soul, and the cord of union is dissolved. And

yet again, the three become twain at the dissolution of the body ; and again, the twain become one—that is, the Christ-spirit-soul. The Divine Spirit and the Genius, therefore, are not to be regarded as diverse, nor yet as identical. The Genius is flame, and is celestial ; that is, he is spirit, and one in nature with the Divine ; for his light is the divine light. He is as a glass, as a cord, as a bond between the soul and her divine part. He is the clear atmosphere through which the divine ray passes, making a path for it in the astral medium.

“ In the celestial plane all things are personal ; and therefore the bond between the soul and spirit is a person. But when a man is ‘ born again,’ he no longer needs the bond which unites him to his divine source. The Genius, or flame, therefore, returns to that source ; and this being itself united to the soul, the Genius also becomes one with the twain. For the Genius is the divine light in the sense that he is but a divided tongue of it, having no isolating vehicle. But the tincture of this flame differs according to the celestial atmosphere of the particular soul. The divine light, indeed, is white, being seven in one. But the Genius is a flame of a single colour only. And this colour he takes from the soul, and by that ray transmits to her the light of the *Nous*, her divine spouse. The Angel-genii are of all the tinctures of all the colours.

“ I have said that in the celestial plane all things are personal, but in the astral plane they are reflects. The Genius is a person because he is a celestial, and of soul-spirit, or substantial nature. But the astrals are of fluidic nature, having no personal part. In the celestial plane spirit and substance are one, dual in unity ; and thus are all celestials constituted. But in the astral plane they have no individual, and no divine part. They are protoplasmic only, without either nucleus or nucleolus.

“ The voice of the Genius is the voice of God ; for God speaks through him as a man through the horn of a trumpet. Thou mayest not adore him, for he is the instrument of God, and thy minister. But thou must obey him, for he hath no voice of his own, but showeth thee the will of the Spirit.”

The latter portion of this instruction was given to Mary in sleep while she was writing the lecture on the Atonement, and the episode of the Astrals and the bloody sacrifice was intended to exhibit the source of the world’s sacrificial selfish system, with especial reference to the current perversion of the doctrine of vicarious atonement. It was, she was shown, through the wiles of the Astrals that the Emperor Julian had been deceived into renouncing Christianity and restoring the sacrifices to the Greek Gods, who were personated by these spirits, he not knowing that in their true aspect the Greek Gods are really divine principles, and that bloody sacrifice is a diabolical device and utterly abhorrent to them.

The approach of the time fixed for the commencement of our lectures found us much exercised about the composition

of our audience, owing chiefly to the conditions imposed on us. There was no lack of persons known to us who were willing and even eager to attend. My books, *England and Islam* and *The Soul and How it Found Me*, had done indispensable service in creating for us a reputation which made many desirous to hear us. But this was mainly among the devotees of the cult against which we had been so emphatically warned—the spiritualists. The partisans of the traditional orthodoxy were put out of the question by the fact that, being content with what they already had, they were inaccessible to new light. Moreover, their very standard of judgment incapacitated them; for, while our appeal was to the understanding, theirs was to authority; and while we insisted on a living God and a present revelation, they recognised only an historical God and a traditional revelation, and refused to recognise any interpretation of that revelation which did not confirm their misinterpretations of it. The votaries of the current materialistic philosophy were no less excluded by reason of their limitations, if only because, by denying prior to examination all testimony to the existence of the spiritual world, they made not truth, but the maintenance of their own hypothesis, their object. Clearly it was from a region intermediate to these extremes that our audience must be selected; but, even so, they must be in some sense “spiritualists.” As the event proved, there are spiritualists and spiritualists—those who seek to *spirits*, and those who seek to Spirit itself; and of the latter we succeeded in finding as many as our little drawing-room in Chapel Street could conveniently accommodate. But this is not to say that spiritualists of the former kind were altogether wanting, or that some of those of the latter kind were not also of the former, in that they had cognisance of the reality of spiritualistic phenomena.

And among these were sundry members of a body with which we now first formed acquaintance, bearing the name of the British Theosophical Society. These were a group of students of the occult science and mystical philosophy of the East, who formed a branch of a parent society founded originally in New York by a Russian lady, Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and an American, Colonel H. S. Olcott, but whose headquarters were now in India. Our attention had already been called to the former personage by her *Isis Unveiled*, with which we had made

acquaintance shortly before leaving Paris. A compendious compilation from numerous sources, reliable and other, of knowledges of the kind of which we were in receipt, but ill-digested, ill-arranged, and pervaded by a singularly combative and truculent tone, *Isis Unveiled* was, nevertheless, a work which showed both power and knowledge of an unusual kind, however undisciplined their possessor; and the fact of its appearance shortly after the commencement of our own work had struck us as a very remarkable coincidence. It now appeared that there was a coincidence yet more remarkable in this connection. This was the coincidence which consisted in the fact that, about a couple of years after the commencement of our collaboration, the purpose of which had proved to be the restoration of the esoteric philosophy or Theosophy of the West, and the interpretation thereby of the Christian and kindred religions, a like collaboration, also between a woman and a man, had been commenced, having a similar object in regard to the esoteric philosophy or Theosophy of the East, and both parties had [until] now been working on lines thus parallel in complete ignorance of each other's existence. And while, moreover, our knowledges were derived directly from celestial sources, the hierarchy of the Church Invisible in the holy heavens, theirs claimed as their source certain ancient lodges of Adepts said to inhabit the inaccessible heights of the Thibetan Himalayas, an order of men credited with the possession of knowledges and powers which constituted them beings apart and worthy of divine honours.

The chief intermediary between the Theosophical Society and ourselves was my friend, Charles Carleton Massey, so well known and highly esteemed as the "C. C. M." of the occult and mental literature of the day. Another of its members was Dr George Wylde, also a man of considerable light and leading in the same line. When to these are added the names of the Hon. Roden Noel, Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, J. W. Farquhar, Dr Inglis, Rev. John Manners, Hensleigh Wedgewood, Rev. Stainton Moses, Herbert Stack, Gerald B. Finch, Frank Podmore, Elizabeth V. Ingram, Francesca Arundale, Isabel de Steiger, and the Kenealy family, as members of our circle, it will be seen that we had an audience of more than average intelligence and culture of the kind requisite for the appreciation of our results. It is unnecessary to render any particular account of the course.

Each lecture was succeeded by a discussion, and a frank and marked recognition was shown of the value and beauty of the teachings received by us, and of their difference, in kind as well as in degree, from aught that had hitherto been known, as indicating their derivation from a source altogether transcending any as yet reached within human cognisance. Among others, Sir Francis Doyle—whose judgment, as a scholar, a thinker, and a poet of no mean order, was especially valuable—declared emphatically of some of the utterances recited by us that “they were something quite new in the world; there was nothing in literature to compare with them. And to hear them was like listening to the utterances of a God or an Archangel.” We kept to our programme of a weekly lecture,¹ save for one slight irregularity of a kind sufficiently remarkable to be related. The lectures were largely written from week to week, while in actual course of delivery, the dates of which were May 16, 23; June 1, 13, 20, 27; and July 4, 11, 18. Nos. 1, 4, 5, and 6 were delivered by Mary, and the others by me. This as they stood in the first edition of *The Perfect Way*; for in the Second Edition No. 5 was replaced by another, for reasons explained later.

The break in the order of our lectures arose in this wise, and is related here as an illustration of the reality of the dangers against which we had been so emphatically and repeatedly warned, as arising from the indiscriminate promulgation of spiritual mysteries, on account of the enmity of the spirits of the astral.

The subjects of our second and third lectures were respectively “The Soul, and Substance of Existence,” and “The Discerning of Spirits.” Among the audience was one whom we knew of both as a scholar and as a spiritualist, and one so earnest as to have imperilled his worldly career by his advocacy of that cult. We were not aware that he was himself a powerful medium for physical manifestations. The first lecture drew from him the admission that the origin and nature of the soul,

¹ One lecture was given during each week, but not on the same day of each week. The first two lectures were given on a Monday and the third on a Wednesday. The fourth lecture was to have been given on the following Wednesday but was postponed for five days until the Monday following. The remaining five lectures were given on the consecutive Mondays.—S. H. H.

and the distinction between the soul and the spirit, had formed no part of his inquiries ; but all the spirits of whom he had experience—and his experience was very large—claimed to be souls who once had been human beings, and he was content to call them by the general name of spirits. The admission was regarded by us as a valuable confirmation of the distinction which had been drawn for us between our work and “spiritualism,” of which he was a representative exponent.

The next lecture comprised a definition of the distinction between the prophet and the medium, ascribing the source of true inspiration to the soul of the man himself enhanced by divine illumination, and repudiating as altogether delusive whatever might be due only to extraneous spirits, such as are the “controls” of the spiritualists. To this doctrine our friend took vehement exception, declaring that it was contrary to all his experience, inasmuch as he was certain that his own spirit bore no part in what he received, and that it was destructive of spiritualism as he knew it. This was so obvious that we refrained from arguing the point through unwillingness to distress him. But he was evidently much discomposed, and retired somewhat abruptly on the conclusion of the discussion, leaving ourselves and some of the more sensitive of the circle plainly conscious of a breach of harmony in the conditions. It was, however, in the night that we were made aware how serious the discord was. My rest was completely broken by the vibrations of the magnetic atmosphere, which seemed to be beating against me like the waves of a tumultuous sea, with the result of producing a mental effect depressing in the extreme, by making our work appear altogether vain and hopeless. Not divining the source and nature of the disturbance, but supposing it to be purely subjective and restricted to myself, it did not occur to me that Mary might be similarly affected. But on our meeting next morning her aspect was such as at once to suggest that something was much amiss ; and her first words, uttered before I had spoken, were that if she was to have such nights as that which she had just passed after our lectures she must give them up. It had half-killed her, and she dared not risk a repetition. She then proceeded to describe an experience of the same kind as my own, only far more vivid and alarming ; for she only wondered, she said, that the house, and every thing and person

in it, had not been wrecked and destroyed by the tempest which had raged most of the night, so tremendous was it, and so difficult to suppose that it occurred only in the sphere of the astral, and had no manifestation in the physical. And it was to give her time to recover that Lecture IV. was postponed from June 8 to June 13, and the day of the week permanently changed. Our dissentient visitor, we subsequently learned, had quitted us in a state of mind which—knowing himself to be of choleric temperament—he was unable to master, and thought it best for all parties that he should withdraw forthwith; which he accordingly did, resolving never to return—a resolution to which he faithfully adhered. The experience was never repeated, and we concluded our lectures without further molestation, and had no difficulty in believing the marvels reported of the physical mediumship of Mr Stainton Moses, subsequently editor of *Light*. For he it was who had taken such exception to the doctrine of *The Perfect Way*, and whose controls had taken such means of manifesting their displeasure at it and their hostility to us. On discovering this we kept our own counsel and maintained cordial relations with him, though to the last he confessed himself altogether unable to comprehend our mystical interpretations, or even to accept the doctrine of Reincarnation—a proof positive to us of the astral character of the sources of his experiences. We recognised another notable sign of the significance attaching to the year 1881 in the arrival from India this summer of Mr A. P. Sinnett, who came over for the purpose of publishing the book which was to introduce the alleged thaumaturgists of the East, whom the Theosophical Society claimed as its “Masters,” to the notice of the Western world. We were naturally curious to know what he had to say, and he, on his part, was curious to make the acquaintance of those who—if all were true which he had heard about us—were in certain respects setting themselves up as rivals to his own venerated chiefs. It was arranged, therefore, that he should pass an evening with us. There were several points on which we desired information, especially the existence and powers of the alleged “Mahatmas,” and the system of thought which constituted their “esoteric doctrine.” That there should be persons such as the Mahatmas were stated to be was not impossible for us, it followed from the teaching we had already received, and which

was contained in our eighth lecture, though we had never before heard it said that such persons actually existed in the world now. We knew, too, that Reincarnation, under the name of Transmigration, was an Eastern tenet, and consequently the doctrine of Karma, which we had received in such plenitude of detail without ever having heard of that term for it. We were therefore greatly surprised to learn from Mr Sinnett that these tenets formed no part of the doctrine of the Theosophical Society, being neither contained in their chief text-book, the *Isis Unveiled* of its foundress, nor communicated to it by its Masters, and on these grounds Mr Sinnett rejected them, sitting up with us until long after midnight arguing against them, and saying, among other things, of the doctrine of Reincarnation, that even of the spiritualists only the few who followed Allan Kardec accepted it. Whereupon we stated our conviction that it would yet be given to his society by its Eastern teachers, and that, as for Allan Kardec's writings, we knew of them enough to know that they were far from trustworthy, and his presentation of that doctrine especially was unscientific and erroneous. For the sole source of his information was ordinary mediumship, as exercised by some sensitives who could see only in the astral, and represented, therefore, no true spiritual vision, but only the ideas of living persons, whom they reflected. And when his own book, *The Occult World*, made its appearance, as it did in the course of that same year, we were able to infer from it that, if there really was a true system of esoteric philosophy in the East, it had not yet been imparted to the Theosophical Society, if only for the reason that the doctrine of that book was sheer materialism, and had no room for the *Theos*, who forms so essential an element in that which is denoted by the term "Theosophy."

Thus far our experience of that body was a disappointing one, or at least would have been so had we yet anticipated much of it. Recognising, as we did, the time as having come for the unsealing of the world's Bibles, and our own appointed mission as that of unsealing the Bibles of the West, we should have welcomed eagerly a corresponding movement having for its purpose the unsealing of the Bibles of the East. The Theosophical Society was, however, still in its infancy, and, we resolved to wait patiently and hopefully for its further unfoldment.

A notable incident in the composition of our lectures was the receipt by Mary of the exquisite and wondrous vision [“ Concerning the Three Veils between Man and God ”] at the end of Lecture VI. My only contributions to this lecture were pars. 28 and 29 ; and her completion of it was followed in the succeeding night by the vision of the three veils drawn by the corrupt priesthoods of the fallen Church between man and God, shutting out from man the perception of divine truth. It was more than a vision. It was a drama actually enacted by her in sleep, wherein she was withdrawn from the body for the purpose, thus making it real for the plane on which it occurred. The excitement of it was so intense that some days passed before her system fully recovered its normal state. We regarded it as a veritable annunciation to her of the redemptive work to be accomplished through her. Now the names of the three veils are Blood, Idolatry, and the Curse of Eve.

CHAPTER XXI

NUMEROUS EXPERIENCES

OUR lectures happily concluded, we sought a brief term of recreation before entering on the arduous task of their final revision for publication. Meanwhile another notable sign of the times occurred to mark the year 1881. This was the publication of the Revised Version of the English Bible. The fact of a new translation was welcomed by us, if only as constituting a blow to the idolatrous veneration in which the letter of the old translation was held, a striking example of which we recognised in the ground of the opposition to the proposed revision raised by the excellent Lord Shaftesbury—that it would deprive many pious persons of some of their favourite texts. By which it would appear that men's blunders were more worthy of conservation than the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, to which he implicitly ascribed the Bible. The manner in which the work was accomplished would have been in the highest degree disappointing to us had we anticipated any other result than was actually attained. For we knew as did no others that the time was the winter solstice of the human soul, and spiritual perception was at its lowest ebb; so that, be the learning expended on it what it might, there would be no insight to guide it. The very first verse of Genesis more than confirmed our gloomiest anticipations. In the Authorised Version, the Hebrew word wrongly rendered "heaven" in the first chapter was rightly rendered "heavens" in the second chapter. In the Revised Version both were wrongly rendered "heaven."

This error in Hebrew as well as in doctrine was for us, with Chapters vii.-x. of the *Greater Mysteries* in our hands, proof positive that the translators had not begun to understand the system of thought which underlies the Bible, and of which the Christ is the personal demonstration. And it was not without

a sense of elation that we reflected that the real and vital translation of the Bible, its translation from the Letter to the Spirit, had been withheld from the magnates of the dominant orthodoxy, backed by the national purse, to be committed to such inconspicuous and poverty-stricken instruments as ourselves. There was an irony about it which argued a keen sense of humour in the divine disposers of events.

We separated for our holiday, my colleague going to her mother at St Leonards, and I to a married niece in Warwickshire for whom I had great regard and affection, but whom I had not seen for many years. But it is on account of an experience which grew out of the visit that I make reference to her here. Her father, my eldest brother, a man of great and varied talent, had studied medicine at Edinburgh, where he had gained the gold medal for chemistry. But after a few years of practice as a physician, a visit to Rome had developed in him an ecclesiastical turn of mind, which led to his graduating at Oxford, and taking orders in the Anglican communion. His death had occurred in London in 1866, during the cholera epidemic of that year, but under circumstances which left a doubt in my mind as to its real cause. For, owing to some domestic unhappiness, he was living alone in lodgings near the river at the time, and no doctor had seen him in his illness, and there were a number of poisonous drugs in his room, with which, in pursuit of his old love of chemistry, he was experimenting. I had, however, kept my doubts to myself, and as the doctor who was called in to certify to the cause of death found sufficient evidence of its being choleraic to give a certificate to that effect, I continued to keep them to myself.

My niece, who was in no kind or degree a "spiritualist," took advantage of my recognition of the reality of the spiritualistic phenomena to tell me that she could not help thinking that her father was about her at times, in consequence of her reception of sudden suggestions which she could only ascribe to him; one of which was of such a nature as to lead her to inquire of her husband whether there was any question as to the cause of her father's death. As he had not heard of any, he replied accordingly. Nevertheless the suspicion recurred, and during my visit she put the same question to me, after telling me what I have just related about her seeming consciousness of her father's

presence ; whereupon I told her of my doubts and the reason for them.

Our respective visits ended. Mary and I returned to London on the same day to resume our work. It was a Saturday ; and in the evening, while glancing at a spiritualistic paper which we took in, she found an advertisement announcing a religious service, accompanied by tests in clairvoyance, to be held on the following evening in the Notting Hill district, by a man named Matthews. Her curiosity excited, she expressed a wish to attend, remarking that it was not spiritualism but clairvoyance. We accordingly agreed to go, and having ascertained the whereabouts of the locality—for it was an unknown one to us—repaired thither at the appointed time. The place of meeting was a chapel-like room, containing a platform for the performer, and seats to hold about a hundred persons, most of which were occupied by people of the respectable, stolid, unimaginative middle-class tradesfolk, none of whom we had ever seen before, and to all of whom we were totally unknown, as also was the case with the clairvoyant. The service, which consisted in singing, reading, and prayer, was followed by the promised tests. These consisted in the clairvoyant going round the room and accosting such persons as he was moved to address, telling them that he was desired by such and such a spirit, whom he either named or described, to deliver such and such a message to them. This he did to about a dozen different members of the audience, each of whom declared that no one but the spirit indicated could have sent such a message, and the recipients one and all expressed themselves as being much gratified at the proof thus vouchsafed of their friends' continued existence and recognition of them. At length, last of all, he came up to us, but paused as if in some perplexity. Then, speaking hesitatingly, he said, addressing me :—

“ I don't understand the meaning of what I have to say, but there is a spirit here who tells me to say to this gentleman that he *was* a physician, and that he came to his end through poison administered by himself. But it was not intentional ; he did not take it for that purpose. He was experimenting with some chemicals, and what he tasted killed him. I am told to say also that W. M. is with him.”

The manner of this message struck me quite as much as the matter. My brother's cautiousness and secretiveness, espe-

cially in his latter years, had amounted almost to eccentricity ; and the way in which, on this occasion, the personality of the speaker and his relationship to me were concealed amounted of itself to a strong corroborative proof of his identity. The initials " W. M.," moreover, were those of our brother William, also a student of medicine, who was his favourite brother, and had predeceased him by some twenty years.

On discussing together the particulars of this experience, we found ourselves compelled to the conclusion that it was indeed my eldest brother who, desiring to clear up the mystery of his end, had come to his daughter, my niece, then passed into my sphere, and following me home, had prompted Mary with the wish to visit the clairvoyant, whom he then instructed accordingly.

This incident finished, the clairvoyant addressed us jointly, saying :—

" I see something very curious about this lady and gentleman which I am bid to describe. Just at the end of a high range of buildings in some foreign-looking city there is a magnificent fountain, over which stands a monument or statue representing the Archangel Michael transfixing a dragon. This monument, I am told, represents their work. For the angel means Spiritualism, and the dragon Materialism, and they are charged with a mission of which the object is to destroy Materialism in religion by restoring Spirituality. And I see this gentleman resting beside the fountain, and Joan of Arc, in the likeness of this lady, standing by and keeping guard over him."

It had so happened, but no one in the world knew it save ourselves, that, recognising while in Paris the significance of the splendid fountain and monument of Michael and the Dragon in the Boulevard St Michel, we had thought that a drawing of it would make an admirable frontispiece for one of our projected books, and had searched the photograph-shops of Paris for a good representation, which we had accordingly purchased, and was then in our possession.¹ The allusion to Joan of Arc as acting as guardian to us was similarly in accordance with our experience as has already been stated.

Mary was so struck by these experiences, that we paid a private visit to the seer, partly to test him further, and partly to obtain

¹ This intention was carried into execution in the case of my little book published in 1884, *How the World came to an End in 1881*, which had for frontispiece a drawing made by Mary from the photograph.—E. M.

information that might be of practical value. It must be remembered that our very names were unknown to him, and we gave him no clue to what was in our minds, nor said anything that could have suggested his utterances. On entering the lucid state he said, among other things, first addressing me :—

“ I see a spirit always going before you, bearing a cross, a simple plain cross, as your guide and symbol. You have about you an old Greek spirit well versed in all kinds of mythologic knowledge ; and he holds up a round talisman in silver which he says is your emblem.”

I took this to represent the moon, and thereby the intuition.

“ I should say that you are receiving curious and special revelations concerning religious matters, and especially concerning the reincarnation of spirits, showing how they come back to operate again in the world. I do not understand it, but I am told that I am to correct the belief which spiritualists have that all the spirits who come to them are real, genuine spirits, whereas only some of them are real, the others being ‘ reflections ’—I think is meant.”

Then, addressing Mary, he said :—

“ A sister of yours is here, who died young, with pure flaxen or golden hair—such a beautiful angel. She lives a part of her earth-life in and with you, getting her experiences through you.”

This description exactly fitted a sister who had died several years before Mary was born, and whom their mother—who was no believer in spiritualism, and had never heard of reincarnation—used to say was so like Mary in appearance and characteristics as to make her think that she had come back as Mary.

He then said to her :—

“ Have you anything to do with Catholicism ? because I see a luminous cross with you, and before it a form, covered with a rich embroidered mantle, bends in adoration. I think it must be an attendant spirit on you, who performs this worship at intervals. But you will not stay in England. You are destined to go abroad. I see you some day in Rome, but not as a Roman Catholic.

“ I see two links welded, golden links, so blended that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. They mean you two. And there is a great work indeed which will be accomplished by you two jointly. Your visions are given you by guardian spirits who show you the things you are to know and do. You are the oracle for an innumerable host of spirits who have been silent for ages, but now intend those things to be known. Joan of Arc is

one of your guides. She has an enormous following of spirits. A person has been to me who fancies herself a reincarnation of Joan, but I told her she was mistaken. You have a marvellous work to accomplish, and you can't help doing it.

"You were not always a Catholic. I see you as a proselyte. You are destined by a vast band of spirits to carry out a work which you cannot help doing. You will have many difficulties, especially about December next, but will overcome them all, and rise to a position so high you could not have attained it alone and of yourself. Your difficulties will be through people trying to hinder your work. It must be kept as secret as may be till complete. When complete and safely launched all will be easy. Your husband, whom I see, is also under guidance in the interests of your work. Meanwhile you will have to watch and be careful.

"Were you not much troubled at the end of last year and beginning of this by people spreading scandalous tales? Yes! I see it all. The stout lady who took so much trouble to injure you has had her trouble for nothing—no, not for nothing; it will return upon herself. I only wonder she has not lost some of her corpulency by the exertions she made to injure you! Oh, what a figure hers is! I cannot help laughing when I see it. Her conduct has worried you dreadfully; but it will turn to your advantage, and prove the worst day's work she has ever done for herself. Do not take any action in the matter. Keep as you are, do as you are doing, and I see no possibility of any evil overcoming you."

Not only was this personal description of Miss Cobbe absolutely correct, but—as we only learnt some time after this sitting—she had actively busied herself as described in writing letters and making calls in order to instil insinuations with the object of making Mary's position in London untenable. And she indisputably succeeded, so far as seriously to interfere with her professional prospects at that time.

For the rest of the year our work was incessant. The revision, first of the text, and next of the proofs, of *The Perfect Way* was a task of infinite toil to both of us. We were determined that the printer's part of the work should be as perfect as our own, and it was as if there was a no less resolute endeavour on the other side to baffle us, so persistent were the compositors in making fresh mistakes when in the act of correcting previous ones. Never, probably, was there a book which required so many revises. It seemed to us that a "printer's devil" of exceptional malignance had been charged to baffle and spoil our work. It was a costly book to publish. And it seemed as if the Gods had foreseen the possibility of its exceeding our means when they charged our good friend in Paris with the expense. And, besides ful-

filling her mission in respect of the English edition, Lady Caithness subsequently brought out a French edition at her own cost. It was not, however, without great hesitation and reluctance that we acceded to her proposition in respect of the English edition, so strong was our preference for doing it ourselves. But it was difficult to decline an offer pressed upon us with the assurance of its maker's conviction that she had been divinely charged with the duty, and should consider our refusal of it as implying our sense of her unworthiness to be thus associated in our work.

It proved impossible to get the book actually published within the year 1881. But we were assured that the time of its appearance fell within the period prophetically assigned for the event which would constitute the "end of the world." Meanwhile Mary, too, prepared and published an English edition of her "*Thèse du Doctorat*," under the title of *The Perfect Way in Diet*, our idea being to issue a series of volumes, to be called "The Perfect Way Series." But we were unable to carry it out, through the great pressure of other work and Mary's frequent disablement by illness. *The Perfect Way in Diet* soon found recognition far and wide as a standard text-book, and was reproduced in various languages.

It was the occasion to Mary of a triumph, unique of its kind, we believed, up to that time, and one that I had especial cause to rejoice at; for, having been lampooned in the *Saturday Review*, she wrote so vigorous a remonstrance to the editor that, fearing an action for damages on account of the apparent impugment of her professional status, he made an apology so ample as to approach the abject. Meanwhile, though no longer attached to any of the anti-vivisection societies, we suffered no amount of other work to interfere with our efforts in this cause.

One of the difficulties in the way of our completing *The Perfect Way* in time to appear in that year was due to our constant reception of fresh points of light, which required to be added in. We were all the time conscious of close supervision, one striking example of which was the following :—

It had occurred to me that the Apocalyptic prophecy of the drying up of the Euphrates [in order that the way of the kings of the East should be prepared, might denote a process analogous

to that of the uplifting of the waters of the Red Sea, in which case the received translation would be incorrect. And as a hasty glance at the Greek seemed to me to confirm this impression, I made a marginal note in the proof as a reminder to myself, intending to verify it as soon as I had an opportunity of consulting the Lexicon. It slipped, however, from my mind; and meanwhile the printer adopted the suggestion into the book as a note, and sent me what was intended to be the final revise. The matter was one of which Mary was unaware, such points of mere scholarship being left exclusively to me. But during the morning of the day on which the revise ought to have been returned marked "for press," she exclaimed as if on a sudden recollection, "Such an odd thing happened to me in the night. A venerable-looking man, in the garb of an ancient Greek, appeared to me and said, speaking very emphatically, 'That Greek note is wrong,' repeating it three times, as if to impress it firmly on my mind. What could he have meant? Is there a Greek note in the book?"

I told her of the circumstance, and then went to my club to consult the necessary books, first directing her to write to a relative who was a professor of Greek. The result was to prove the correctness both of the received version and of the Greek spirit, my mistake having consisted in confounding two words which were so nearly alike as to be almost identical.

Shortly after this, I was pondering the passage in question, in search of its mystical import, having before me the explanation given us of the meaning of the Euphrates as one of the four rivers of Eden, or constituent principles of existence; when it flashed upon me that it exactly fitted Mary, both as to office and name. For, as denoting the spirit or will, it evidently meant that the human will must be "dried up," in the sense of being sublimated and made one with the divine will, before man can be accessible to the divine knowledges of which the higher principles in his system, the kings of the *spiritual* East, are the bearers. And as a way across a dried-up river is a ford, and this was a way for kings, it was exactly described by her name, "Kingsford"; while the office she was exercising by means of her faculty was precisely that of restoring to the world the divine knowledges implied.

But this was not the whole of the correspondence. On my

asking her whether she knew that she was referred to in the Book of Revelation by name and function, she laughed and said yes, she had known it for some time, but had not mentioned it, because she wanted to see whether I should find it out for myself. But her maiden name, she added, was referred to in the Bible as well as her married name. For the time which follows the reception of the truth brought by the "kings of the East" is called elsewhere the "acceptable year of the Lord," the Latin for which is *Annus bonus*, which, allowing for change of gender, is identical with her maiden name, Annie, or Anna Bonus. She subsequently identified the "kings," or principles, in question with the Right Aspiration, Right Perception, and Right Judgment of the Buddhists, which I further recognised as representing the functions, respectively, of the three intelligent principles in man, the Spirit, the Soul, and the Mind.

We discovered yet another coincidence in this relation. While reading one of Dr Kenealy's curious volumes on things occult, Mary came upon a drawing of an antique medallion, representing a king fording a river on horseback, and a statement by Dr Kenealy that this represented the "twelfth messenger," who was to complete the series of cyclical illuminations now nearly due, and that the initials of his name would be A. K. And so strong, we afterwards learnt, was the impression on Dr Kenealy's mind that, if not himself, one of his family was the destined messenger in question, that he gave several of his children Christian names beginning with A.

The instruction, "Concerning the Hereafter" (*Clothed with the Sun*, Part I. No. xl.), was received by Mary in sleep shortly after the conclusion of the lectures, and was given in satisfaction of our need for a solution of some difficulties by which we were perplexed. These were difficulties arising out of sundry experiences, our own and those of others, which seemed to imply, on the part of visitants from the other world, alternations or fluctuations of condition, intellectual and moral, such as to render it impossible to regard the various states as belonging to one and the same personality, as they obviously did.

The instruction in question furnished a perfect solution of our problems, and, moreover, corrected what we had discerned to be erroneous in the teaching of the authority relied on by such of the spiritualists as recognised reincarnation at all, namely,

Allan Kardec, respecting that doctrine, by showing that he failed to distinguish between the astral phantom and the true soul. As this was a failure common to all mere spiritualists, we were greatly struck by finding from one of our Theosophical friends that what we had thus received accorded exactly with the teaching sent them from India, an agreement which disposed us to pay careful heed to other developments from that quarter.

But what was especially gratifying to us in respect of this instruction was the following:—Having occasion to consult the Kabala, of which our knowledge thus far was of the slenderest, being derived from interior recollections, or from books about the Kabala, rather than from itself, we repaired to the library of the British Museum for the purpose, where, while turning over the leaves of Rosenroth's *Kabbalah Denudata*, we came upon some chapters which showed us that what Mary had thus received in sleep was a perfect abstract of kabalistic doctrine, even to the repetition of Latin sentences and Hebrew words, all of which she had rendered with perfect accuracy. We saw in this a further confirmation of the conclusion we had long since formed, that the revelation made to us was identical in source, method, and kind with that which had been delivered to the inspired of old, and of which the Bible is the chief surviving depository, being described by the Rabbins of the Kabala as given by God to Adam in Paradise, and to Moses on Sinai, expressions which denoted the state of illumination. It was some time after this that Mary, on accepting an invitation to meet the noted kabalistic scholar, Dr Ginsburgh, was led to express certain convictions, whereat he exclaimed, in great surprise, "Why, that is pure Kabala! How did you come by it?" But not being a believer in the divinity of the Kabala, or in the reality of the corresponding illuminative experiences, he could not be persuaded that she was speaking seriously when she declared that she dreamt it. When *The Perfect Way* reached the hands of another and yet more notable master of kabalistic lore—more notable because understanding it and knowing enough to be able to believe—Baron Giuseppe Spedalieri of Marseilles, "the friend, disciple, and literary heir" of Eliphas Levi, he at once wrote to us declaring that our book represented the doctrine of the Kabala restored to its original purity which belonged to it while in the sanctuaries prior to its corruption by the Rabbins;

and that the illumination under which we had written it perfectly fulfilled the prophecies of the Hermetists of the later middle age announcing such an illumination as to occur exactly at the epoch in which it had occurred to us.¹ And we subsequently received like testimony from other kabalistic scholars.

Coming in my reading upon a notice of one of the most famous Hermetists of the middle age, Pico di Mirandola, I was struck by finding him extolled as a marvel of intuitive perception, on the ground that he had at once recognised the divinity of the Kabala. For my own feeling had been exactly the same the moment I came in contact with kabalistic doctrine. It was like a memory recovered, so instantaneously did I recognise it.

The discovery in an old book on Occultism of some directions for making a magic mirror made Mary curious at the same time to test both the directions given and her own power of seeing in it. We accordingly had one made. It was of copper, lined with tin, concave, and about four inches in diameter. After spending some time in trying it—it was in the evening of November 6—she laid it aside, uncertain whether her failure to see in it was due to her own lack of the faculty, or to the defective workmanship of the mirror, its concavity being so imperfect as to prevent the rays from properly converging to a focus. A little later in the evening, while resting on the sofa in the back drawing-room, she found herself lucid, and called to me, as I was sitting in the other room, to come and write down the extraordinary things which were being shown to her. The subject proved to be one of stupendous importance, but to which we had never given a thought ; nor had either of us any acquaintance whatever with the history of the period concerned. For it was a description of the composition of the Gospels from manuscripts contained in the Serapeum at Alexandria, and of the subsequent destruction of that library by the Christians in order to conceal their real origin, when the noise and tumult were so great that she begged to be recalled to her outer consciousness, declaring that she could not bear it. On consulting the history of the time, we found that, so far as history goes, all the details seen by her, names, dates, and the rest—although entirely strange to us—were perfectly accurate. And the

¹ See pp. 168–9 *post*.

account seen by her of the origin of the Gospels and the destruction of the Serapeum has since been pronounced by special students of the subject to be the only consistent and adequate explanation ever given. It is No. xxxii. in Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*.

For the satisfaction of those who may care to know our respective parts in *The Perfect Way*, I give the following table, using the Second Edition for the purpose:—Lecture I. pars. 1–6 are mine; 7–13, hers; 14–18, mine; 19–21, hers; 22–24, mine; 26–29, hers; 30–32, mine; 43–51, hers; 52, 53, mine; 54, hers, but taken down by me as spoken by her under illumination; 55, mine; 56, hers; making 25 pars. to be mine, and 29 hers, in Lecture I.¹

Lectures II. and III. were written by me mainly from illuminations received by her. Lecture IV. is hers entirely, my part in it being little more than that of literary revision. Lecture V. was written by me almost entirely from revelations received by her, my own independent contributions to it being pars. 27–29 and 45–47. Lecture VI. is hers, with the exception of pars. 28, 29, which are mine. Lecture VII. is mine, with the exception of the italicised portion of par. 3, which is adapted from an illumination of hers, as also is the whole of Part II. Lecture VIII. was written by me chiefly from illuminations of hers. Lecture IX. is mine, with the exception of portions of pars. 20–23, which were written by us jointly; and 44–46, 53 and 54, which are compiled from revelations to her. The Appendices are all as received by her under illumination occurring chiefly in sleep, the inspiration being both plenary and verbal, with the exception of No. X. [“Concerning the One Life”] which was intellectually elaborated.² All the italicised parts of the book were verbal revelations to her.

¹ There are fifty-six paragraphs in Lecture I. of the Second Edition (as also in the Third and Fourth Editions) of *The Perfect Way*. Paragraphs 25 and 36 are practically quotations. Consequently, nine paragraphs are unaccounted for, except that five of them must have been written by Edward Maitland (to make up the twenty-five paragraphs), and four by Anna Kingsford (to make up the twenty-nine paragraphs).—S. H. H.

² The Appendices to the first three editions of *The Perfect Way* have been omitted from the present (Fourth) Edition, and others have been substituted, all such omitted Appendices being included in *Clothed with the Sun*, which in 1887 (the date of the publication of the Second Edition of *The Perfect Way*) was not published.—S. H. H.

This table holds good for the Third Edition, with the exception of pars. 27-41 in Lecture VIII., the greater part of which is fresh matter, written by myself to replace the same quantity in the former editions, in accordance with wishes expressed and suggestions made by Mary shortly before her death. The chief reason for the withdrawal of Lecture V. in the First Edition, in favour of that which now occupies its place, was our conviction of the superior importance of the subject of the latter, and the impossibility of including both owing to the book being stereotyped. A secondary reason was Mary's reluctance to retain an illustration such as that of the "Wandering Cell," while physiologists were still undecided about the reality of the phenomenon, lest the book be exposed to hostile criticism in consequence of their doubts.¹

Our good friend in Paris, Lady Caithness, made use of the above table, of which I sent her a duplicate, to mark in her copy all Mary's parts with a red pencil line and mine with a blue one—these being our "tinctures"—and the composite passages with both. The cover, which was designed by Mary, had in the centre a figure of the "woman clothed with the sun," to denote the soul and her full illumination by the spirit; at the corners the symbols of the four evangelists and elemental divinities, which signify the four divisions of existence, both within man and without him; and round the borders the texts, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day!" and "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" Mary was very proud of this design. The First Edition was bound in the nearest colour to purple that was to be had, namely, a "peacock-blue," in order—while including the Seven Spirits of God—to combine our own colours, the red and the blue. And the design on the back cover was the symbol of the double triangle, interlaced, which denotes the interlinking of the worlds unmanifest and manifest; and a monogram composed of the letters A, E, and M, being the initials of our Christian names and that of Lady Caithness, which was added to our own in token of her part in the enterprise. And the latter signified her recognition of the book as marking the

¹ Paragraphs 27-41 in Lecture VIII. of the Second Edition, and Lecture V. of the First Edition are reprinted in the Appendix to the present (Fourth) Edition of *The Perfect Way*.—S. H. H.

introduction of the new dispensation which was to witness the establishment of the "kingdom of the Mother of God" by adopting *Anno Dominæ*, the year of our Lady, in the place of *Anno Domini*, the year of our Lord, and dating the new era from that time.

There were yet other events, besides those already enumerated, which seemed to us appropriate as symbols to mark the year as the introduction of a new era. These were (1) the introduction of lighting by electricity, in which we recognised a parallel to the vast enhancement of spiritual light through the new interpretation; (2) the accordance to women of equal political rights with men in the Isle of MAN, which was for us a curiously apt illustration of our doctrine of the necessity of the woman to man's completeness in all planes alike of their manifold nature; (3) the founding of the spiritualist paper, *Light*, in which we foresaw a medium for the promulgation of our teachings; and (4) the founding in India of that other organ of occult lore, the *Theosophist*.

The following curious experience, which I extract from my Diary, belongs to the record of this year:—

December 5 [1881].—In common with the generality of people, we have been much exercised about the murder of Mr Gould by Lefroy on the Brighton Railway, and especially by the persistence of the latter in ascribing the deed to a third person, who, he says, was in the carriage, but who disappeared unaccountably after the murder. And we were disposed to look for some occult explanation.

Shortly after the murder, Mary saw herself in vision standing on the platform by the carriage in which it took place, and on Mr Gould attempting to enter it, pulling him back, saying there was a tiger in the farther corner. He, however, declared that it was only a man, and insisted on getting in.

This morning the paper contained an account of Lefroy, who is to be executed to-morrow, saying that he now claims to have acted under some influence which he was unable to withstand—meaning, apparently, some spirit other than himself, who had quitted the carriage, and who was the real murderer. I was in the middle of the account when Mary came down, and, though knowing nothing of what was in the paper, declared, as she entered the room, that she had been up all night in the carriage with Lefroy, and had witnessed the whole scene of the murder; and that during the struggle, which was long and terrible, she had observed Lefroy sitting quietly in the corner of the carriage looking on, and on her expostulating with him for not interfering to prevent the murder, he said, "I see it, but I cannot help it. It is I myself who am doing it. Look! don't you see that it is my own very self?" And then,

looking, she found that he spoke truth, and that it was to his double that she was speaking, while the man himself was committing the murder.

One explanation was, that what Mary had been thus shown was the imprint of the murder-scene in the astral light, and what she had taken for the double of Lefroy was his astral body of the previous incarnation, which had overshadowed him and impelled him to the deed, he having been a murderer in that life also, and, instead of mending, had cultivated the tendencies which rendered him accessible to the evil influence of his own past self. So that he was, spiritually, of the grade of a tiger. As a matter of fact—if Lefroy's own confession is to be trusted—he had not entered the carriage first, but had waited to mark down a likely victim, and seeing Mr Gould alone in the carriage, had then got in. It was quite possible, however, for the apparition of Lefroy to precede his real entrance. And it is possible, also, that the experience was given to her as an instruction to be pondered over, without strict regard to the facts of the case.

This impression received confirmation from a subsequent experience in the same connection, to be recorded in its place.

In the summer of this year she began to keep a Diary for her own private thoughts, in which she had made the following entries under the dates specified:—

August 15, 1881.—I am going to begin my Diary to-day, because this day is one of sorrowful memory to me—the first anniversary of the death of my dear little friend Rufus. And it is also the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. There is an association between these two ideas, for is not Maria the same as Venus, and is not Venus our Lady of Love? And is it not from her Golden Book that I got my assurance of the continuance of the life of all creatures, and of the uses of Love towards them? Love's rising heralds the rising of Justice; our Lady the Enlightener climbs Heaven in advance of the Balance. Sure it is that Love and Justice are one, and the equal rights of all creatures before the Lord God of Spirits are revealed and assured to us by Her who is the Mistress of the Fourth Day. For what are these words—Justice and Rights? How should be known the meaning of either but for Love? And Love is the Woman of Heaven, Maria, Astræa, Venus, Aphrodite, by whatever name she is known and dear to us. Yes, dear Goddess, that sign of Thee in Heaven is my comfort, for I know no sign could be there if the Reality did not invisibly exist. How idle is it to refer us to all this wonderful text-book of the Zodiac, and to expect us to believe that the mere Letter is all there is of it! “Thy word, O Lord, for ever is written in Heaven.” Yea, but the writing is not the Word. This holy Lamb, this Lion, this Virgin, this Balance, this Cup-Bearer—they are but so many hieroglyphs of True Persons, whose signatures, so to speak, they are. Can Astronomy satisfy Love? Can the soul be content with symbols? That I love, that I have a soul—nay, that I *am* a Soul, these are evidences to me that Heaven too loves, that the Universe is spiritual. History is the

Body, Science is the Mind, the Soul is that inner and central Cause which answers to Religion. No one but a fool or a lunatic could suppose that all the wise and illuminated men of all ages and lands combined and agreed to represent these various figures in the Starry Sphere according to one universal chart out of pure fantasy! And if such an assumption be difficult on the face of it, how much more is it difficult—nay, impossible—to the man who has experience of life, and who knows how perfectly these figures correspond to the Intuition of the heart and mind! I need no history, for my part, to convince me of the truth of the Parables of the Zodiac, and of their eternal application to the experience of humanity.

August 22 [1881].—I have just finished Cahagnet's books on Magnetism, and chiefly that relating his experiences with his *Lucide*. I suspect that the images he evoked through her, and which doubtless were faithful representations of the persons asked for, were every one seen in the Astral, not in the Heavenly Sphere. I think this because all these Larvæ were of one mind, and answered certain questions all in one way, to wit:—*Q.* Is there any hell, any punishment for evil-doers in the next world? *A.* None; we are all in the same place, and all equally happy. *Q.* Shall you ever return to earth and become incarnate again? *A.* Never. We only live once on earth. *Q.* But the embryo of fifteen days old, for instance—has it a spirit, and does it never take another body, if at that age it should perish? *A.* It has a spirit, and if it should perish even at the age you mention it will never again return to earth. *Q.* What do you do in heaven? *A.* We continue to do that which we liked doing best on earth. And many other things I find in that book, all of which are reasonable enough if we think of them as conditions and acts of the material mind, but which—if the ancients be in the right of it—are not true of the Soul or celestial mind.

Here meditation passed into illumination, thought into perception and full knowledge; and she wrote the chapter, "Concerning the Four Atmospheres," which stands as I. xxxix. in *Clothed with the Sun*, but is there [in the First Edition] wrongly stated to have been received in sleep.

A few nights ago I was told in my sleep that the Earth once generated life spontaneously, but that she has long since ceased bearing, and, like a mother past the period of gestation, contents herself with rearing and nourishing her children. I do not know how this may be, but of one thing I feel pretty sure: it is, that the typical germ of all life is Thought, and that every living germ is, in its ultimate substance, Thought; and that, therefore, we men, animals, plants, minerals, gases, vapours, are mere agglomerate bundles of so many thoughts, varying according to our kind.

The microscope, indeed, has taught us that all bodies are kingdoms built up of a number, more or less great, of tiny individualities, organised, and having all the properties of life. What, then, causes the ego, which is the resultant of all these personalities, to be but One? And why, for instance, when many thousands of my cellular

subjects suffer in any particular region of my body, should their collective pains affect me with the sensation that I am suffering? Is it not because of the application of that law of sympathy which runs through all the universe, and which makes me identical with all those personalities magnetically connected with my consciousness? To *bind* is to progress, to develop, to rise, to increase, to eternise. It is Religion. To *unbind* is to dissolve, to retrograde, to dissipate. It is Irreligion. It is to "Janus Pater" or "Peter Jonas" that the power of binding and unbinding is committed, because the Father of the Church is no other than Saturn himself, the guardian of the outermost, and Lord of the Seventh Day. It is said that to bind and to loose is equivalent to Salvation and Damnation; for to bind is to knead together and to unite; to loose is to scatter and disperse. This binding-power, therefore, is the attribute and prerogative of Time, and what she binds together in matter is bound in spirit also. That which is the means of this binding is the law of Gravitation, which is no other than sympathy, magnetic attraction, affinity. As the body corporate feels and acts and reasons as One, so also is it with the Universe, which is welded together on the same plan, and the sum of whose thought is God. And as the germ of molecular matter is thought, so, therefore, is Mind the originator and not the product of Matter. Gravitation, or sympathy, which holds together in one the myriad corpuscles of my body, and merges all their several consciences in one consciousness, making one vision suffice for the whole kingdom, is the same also in the universe, in the which one Sun suffices to illumine the whole system. For the Sun is the eye of the Macrocosm, filling its whole body with light; and all bodies made after the image of God, or the Macrocosm, are similarly illuminated. Not to have an eye is to be rudimentary, an undeveloped, not a complete person; to be such as would be the planetary system without a sun. To have an eye is to claim brotherhood with the Highest, to have culminated in Personality, and to be a complete individual. When the body corporate thus welded in one, and thus collectively illuminated, makes but a single ego of its many corpuscles it dwells in love, and is eternal by the power of love, or of Religion, which is the same word. But if it fall from love and become irreligious, then it will divide and dissipate and lose its sight, falling into the outer darkness that is beyond the domain of Saturn the Binder. He who loves all works by love, and cannot do the works of Darkness or of Hate—that is, of Cruelty—on any account. If any man think that the works of darkness can be a means to bring him to light, that man is not under the power of love. For the works of love are love, and the joy of one is the joy of all.

August 29 [1881].—It has occurred to me to write a paper taking a new view of vivisection and its practitioners. I will contrast the physician of the day with the physician as he ought to be, defined thus by Ennemoser (*History of Magic*, vol. i. p. 322):—"He must be a priest-physician. Through his own health, especially of the soul, he is truly capable, as soon as he himself is pure and learned, to help the sick. But first he must make whole the inner man, the soul; for without inward peace no bodily cure can be radical. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary for a true physician to be a priest."

And this, indeed, was the idea of the primitive Church, whose priests were all put through a course of instruction in the healing art ; and from the earliest times the two professions of priest and physician have been united. The curate was the man who cured not only souls, but bodies likewise. He practised, in fact, the true Magic, "white magic," the art of magnetic healing. But side by side with this true priestly magic, there has always been the unholy art of the wizard, the art of "black magic," that of the man who sought to produce miraculous effects by evil means. To know, to heal, to work marvels by true magic, it is necessary to live purely, to abstain from indulgence of the flesh, and to do the deeds of love. All this did not suit the man of the world, who desired to attain the same results, but without the self-sacrifice. He had recourse then to devils, and wrung from them by evil means miraculous powers. To satisfy and to propitiate them, he offered living oblations in secret places, and sacrificed to them the most innocent victims he could procure, putting them to hideous deaths in order to obtain the knowledge or power he sought. The same part is played by the vivisector to-day. He is in fact a practitioner of black magic ; he obtains his knowledge by means of the exact counterparts of the bloody devil-sacrifices of the wizards, and, like them, he damns himself in the process. His knowledge may, indeed, be real, but he cannot ask the blessing of Heaven upon it. We fancy (vain fancy !) that in the nineteenth century no one practises magic, and that we have expurged the very word from our dictionaries. Yet, in what shall we say the practices of the secret devil-worshippers of mediæval times differed from those which now go on in the underground laboratories of the medical school at Paris ? There, as from time to time a door swings open below that flight of stone steps leading down into the darkness, you may hear a burst of shrieks and moans such as those which arose from the subterranean vaults of the sorcerers of the dark ages. It is—as it was then—the wizard at his work, the votary of Satan pursuing his researches, and at the price of torture and of his soul wresting knowledge from the powers of evil. Nothing is easier than this method of gaining knowledge, for the operator sacrifices nought of his own to gain it ; he gives only other lives, and these the most innocent he can obtain, for his master delights only in innocent victims. He is called on personally to renounce nothing—save his soul—and may live in all the luxury and crime he pleases.

It used to be deemed a damnable sin to practise such black arts as these. But now their professors hold their Sabbat in public, and their enunciations are reported in the journals of the day. It is held superstition to believe that in former ages wizards were able by secret tortures and unheard-of atrocities to wrest knowledge from Nature ; but now the self-same crimes are openly and universally practised, and men everywhere trust their efficacy. What is needed is the revival of the true magic of the Pure Life, which heals without blood and gives health without vicarious disease. It is black magic which, in order to cure a patient, first transfers his complaint to an innocent victim. He who accepts health at such a cost shall but save it to lose it.

August 31 [1881].—I think I have at last got the clue to the mythos of Hercules. It must be remembered that these astronomical mythos

were always at least threefold ; *i.e.* they related first to solar and cosmic phenomena ; next, to physical ; and, lastly, they had an interior meaning applied to the soul. Hercules, then, is the Sun in his twelve signs, but he is also the magnetic Man (Lodestone), and, correspondingly, he is the Christ-soul, the son of God. Hercules is connected in mythos with Castor and Pollux, the Dioscuri, twin sons of Zeus the lightning God, and with the Dactyls, five of whom were male and five female. The magnetic stone was called the Herculean stone, the magnet, the two poles of which are the Dioscuri ; for magnetism and electricity may be comprehended under the image of two inseparable individuals. And as the north pole of a magnet is discoverable only by its attraction to the south pole of another magnet—a fact which may be considered in reference to our globe and to every particle of matter—and as the one electricity is only discovered by means of its opposite, so here we have two Brothers who constantly die and return to life together, one dying that the other may live. These Dioscuri, too, are they not specially connected with the art of Navigation, and is not Hercules named with them as joint-inventor and patron of seafaring ? Is not Hercules also named the Astrologer, the Index, the Saviour ; and did not the Phœnicians, who were devoted to navigation, use a divining-cup ascribed to Hercules, by means of which they were directed in their voyages ? And the two pillars of Hercules, what are they in physical science but the double character of Magnetism and Electricity ? And was not Hercules worshipped at Hyettos and elsewhere under the figure of the Stone—a ferruginous Batylus ? As for the Dactyls, they are the human fingers, five of which disude positive and five negative magnetism.

These Dioscuri, sons of thunder, sons of heaven, are the James and John of the Christian Zodiac, the Gemini ; and their white horses are the lightning on which they ride. All those who smite, and whose mission it is to bring down fire from heaven, are termed—as they are—Cabiri, sons of the thunderbolt. All these myths have a spiritual meaning. Hercules, the lodestone of physical science, is the Christ-soul of religious science. This stone is the head-stone, the corner-stone, the white-stone in which is a new name written. It is that stone of understanding which is the symbol of Hermes, the guardian and conductor of the Soul, that stone hewn without hands—for indeed it fell from heaven, as did the Batylus—which shall smite in pieces the kingdoms of the world. And these Dioscuri are the dual powers of the Soul operating in perfect accord and union. These are the navigators of the sea of Mara, by whose aid the ship of the Church may safely arrive at the haven, weathering every storm. And as the Soul herself is born of the sea, so the Dioscuri are the sons of Leda, begotten in the water by a Swan. And James and John, their counterparts, were the sons of a fisherman.

November 13 [1881].—It happens that at times I am not altogether assured in my mind of the certainty of immortality for the soul, or even of the perfect goodness of God. But of one thing am I sure, and that is, that there is not, and cannot be, any half-way house between Atheism and that doctrine which I have. Either the universe is constructed after the manner I hold it should be, or it is not to be believed that it has any reasonable nature at all. Still,

there are some points which I have not yet resolved, and they are these :—

1. How comes it about that it should be Nature's common habit to ripen or to hatch but one, perhaps, out of thousands of wasted germs ?

2. Why are we forced, whether we seek it or not, to destroy life at every step and at every breath, not being able even to swallow a glass of water without immolating myriads of tiny creatures ? If it be true that "nothing is small and nothing great in the Divine sight," why so little care for these many lives ?

3. Is it true that predatory beasts are necessary to keep down herbivorous and other innocent creatures, and that, therefore, by destroying the first we destroy the equilibrium of Nature ?

4. Must we indeed snare and kill for our own protection, and for the security of our crops, such innocent and beautiful creatures as hares, rabbits, moles, pigeons, and other birds, who do no one any harm, and whose habits are gentle and lovable ?

5. Must we send to the slaughter-yard our aged and infirm horses and other beasts of burden who have spent their whole lives in our service, and whose very decrepitude is owing to the toil we have exacted of them ? Old men look forward to a calm decease in the midst of tenderness and love, surrounded by those for whose benefit they have laboured, and in whose arms they hope to pass away. But the old and faithful dumb servant, whose neck is worn with the yoke and whose knees are bent and weak with the long years of painful and constant work, falls murdered under the blows of the axe in a miserable and foul-smelling den, where often he is starved and wasted for many days before this horrible and ungrateful end. Is it right that violent death should be the reward of so great service ?

These questions must all be answerable in a satisfactory manner ; otherwise I see no alternative but to drop the thread which, so far, I have unravelled from the tangled skein, and confess with the Agnostics that one can know nothing. For either the system is perfect and without flaw of any kind, or it is no system at all. That is to say that, according to my mind, one must be capable of explaining with satisfaction all things soever, or one must confess that it is impossible to explain the least thing.

" 11 CHAPEL STREET, PARK LANE, W.

" November 4, 1881."

" MY DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—Thank you very much for your welcome and sympathetic letter. I doubt not that Mr M—— keeps you 'posted up' in the progress of *the Book*, which we are doing our utmost to get out as a Christmas present to the world. You can have no idea what a labour it has been, and, I may say, still is. For not only has it been exceedingly difficult to compress into moderate dimensions, and to express clearly in popular language, the enormous mass of truth we have to put forth, but we have also found it necessary to elucidate the texts by means of woodcuts, the designing, copying, and perfecting of which, having been exclusively assigned to me, have occupied a considerable amount of time. The Triangle, which occupies so large a part in your symbolic system

of thought, is now newly exemplified in the threefold united effort by means of which our Book is to be introduced to the world. And it seems to be somewhat significant that the trio thus chosen represents, respectively, three distinct powers, with none of which we could have dispensed.

“ The little woodcut which I have had stamped on this paper has been kindly lent me by Mrs Kenealy. It was cut for use by the Doctor, but he died before the book in which it was to have appeared could be produced. The design is a reproduction from an old picture ; hence the conventional stiffness of the limbs and drapery. Apart from this (which is perhaps hardly a fault), I find *everything* in the symbolism of the picture, and for that reason have adopted it. The divine Mother is, of course, the heavenly Arche, or Wisdom, the primary substance of things manifest, holding in her arms the Life or Spirit, that is God, the vital Principle, who is to the Soul what the sun is to the system. And the Seven Doves are the Seven Spirits of God, or Seven Messengers, the Dove, or Pigeon, being selected as the type of the Carrier messenger. For the Dove it was which went out of Noë’s Ark and brought him back tidings of the cessation of the Flood, bearing in her mouth an olive branch, symbol of Peace and of Wisdom ; and the throat of the Dove, encircled by a ring resembling the Rainbow, indicates it as the special emblem of the Sevenfold Spirit, whose hues are figured as those of the seven rays which make the One Invisible Light.

“ As regards the Book, I am anxious only that it should become *known*. Once known, I am confident of its success on every plane. But it is no easy thing to reach the public eye and hand. So far as I have yet seen, ‘ J. K.’ (Junius Köhn) approaches more nearly to our doctrine than any other writer, and his rule of life is similar to ours. But he is wholly astray in the view he takes of the Crucifixion and of the Miracles of Christ. The first he regards only as evidence of failure on the part of the Messiah (!) ; the second as evidence of mere adeptship ; and he is often, as in the case of the story of the raising of Lazarus, forced—in order to support his view—to attribute to the Christ something very like deliberate falsehood. I have been told that ‘ J. K.’s’ peculiarities in this respect are in some measure due to the fact that, being by birth and education a Jew, he has inherited the Jewish prejudice against the person of Jesus, and however greatly he has overcome this by dint of his own intuitive reason, he is still affected by hereditary sentiment to the extent of regarding the Cross as a stumbling-block.

“ The interpretation which you suggest of the celebrated ‘ 666 ’ is, I think, an admirable one, and commends itself more to my mind than any I have yet heard. The three sixes would thus be the ‘ number of the Beast,’ in that the date 1881 would indicate the year which should limit and end his power ; the Beast, of course, being Denial, the Spirit of Unbelief and Materialism. ‘ His number is 666 ’ ; that is, he shall fulfil that number of years, then his fall shall come. And it is also, as you say, the number of the Man, for then—in 1881—the Man shall begin to succeed the Beast. I regard the prophecy concerning this year as already fulfilled in the production of our Book, which will, for the first time in the world’s history, ‘ make straight the way of the Lord,’—the Perfect Way.

“ For a long time I have had no visions or direct illumination, but I look on these as suspended merely in order to permit occupation in the active work needed for the production of our Book. And I hope when that is safely launched that I may have time for rest and thought, assisted by the Light which has already taught us all to discern so much. You must remember also that, unlike the ordinary ‘ Medium,’ I have no power to attract or influence my ‘ Voices.’ If it should seem good to the Gods to show or to tell me anything concerning your special guardian, of course you shall know at once ; but, as a rule, the affairs of Souls and their Angels are as strictly concealed from other Souls as are the secrets of penitents by their Directors in the Church. Nor are the communications made to me often of a *particular* nature. They concern rather principles and interior interpretations, doctrine, and so forth. For these only, or chiefly, hitherto have I found myself clairvoyante or clairaudient.

“ I am glad to know you feel interested in my little treatise to which I ventured to give the *family name* of the ‘ Perfect Way ’ (*The Perfect Way in Diet*)—for Mr M—— and I regard it as a forerunner of the Book, a sort of John the Baptist heralding the fuller Gospel. And, indeed, it sets forth the physical foundation on which the spiritual structure must be raised ; it clears away the *blood* from the steps of the Christ. And unless a man can make up his mind to *live the life of Eden* he will never have right to the Tree of the Garden, ‘ whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.’

“ I send you herewith a copy of the last number of the *Food Reform Magazine*, thinking you may be interested in my last letter on Pure Diet therein. Also the *Réforme Alimentaire* of the Paris Society.—
Always most affectionately yours,
ANNA MARY K.”

CHAPTER XXII

VARIED ACTIVITIES

THE lease of the house in Chapel Street had but six months to run, and we were still without any indication as to how or where we should fix the fulcrum of our future activities. Meanwhile it was clearly our duty, as it was our pleasure, to make the most of present opportunities.

The year opened troublously for us. The clairvoyant whom we had visited in the previous summer had indicated the close of 1881 as an approximate period for trouble,¹ but we had not attached importance to the prognostic, remarkable as was his accuracy in all else that he had stated. But, as the event proved, the time had actually come of which we had been forewarned by our own illuminators in 1877, in connection with *The Soul and How it Found Me*. Take what precautions and observe what reticence we might, it had been declared to us, the book would bring us much grief. "This is a prophecy, and must be fulfilled." It came of the persecution instituted against Mary by her relentless enemy, the "stout lady" so accurately described by the clairvoyant.

For, as we now learnt, Miss Cobbe had obtained a copy of the book in question, and having identified Mary as the subject of the experiences recorded in it, notwithstanding my suppression of her name, forthwith proceeded to annotate her copy with sundry impure imaginings wholly foreign both to the letter and the spirit of the book, and such as only a person with a morbidly keen sense of impropriety could have devised, and to circulate it among her acquaintances, some of whom belonged to our circle and brought us word, asking for an explanation.

¹ See p. 27 *ante*.

This, of course, was easily rendered, as also, in turn, was rendered to us the motive of the slander, which accorded exactly with what had already been intimated to us.

We did not fail to recognise in the circumstance an exemplification of the destiny, or "karma," which we had been informed was inherited by Mary from her former lives. But the shock and distress were none the less serious to her; for they brought on a succession of seizures, epileptiform in character, of a very alarming kind. And our invisible foes, the "Haters of the Mysteries," availed themselves of the condition thus induced to make a fresh attempt on our work, by impressing her with the belief that I was the person really to blame, by reason of my having published the book against her strongly expressed wishes! And so well did they succeed that even the proofs which I submitted to her, in the shape of her own letters and drawings, failed to remind her of the fulness of her consent to the publication. But while her recollection of things recent and appertaining to her present life was thus obscured to effacement, her recollection of things remote and appertaining to a life long past was fresh and vivid. And the life remembered was that of which so evil a report had been given her by our Genii in Paris three or four years before.¹ For it was that in which "she had dwelt in the body of Faustine the Roman," empress of Marcus Aurelius. For, as her vivid descriptions of the things she now saw and heard showed, she was once more seated at royal banquets, decorated with imperial insignia, before viands conspicuous among which were peacocks wearing their feathers as in life, and other fantastic tokens of the luxury of the period. Once more she was at the gladiatorial encounters in the arena, surrounded by her court of ladies, and wild with excitement over the varying fortunes of the combatants, demanding quarter for favourites, and insisting on the despatch of those who by their lack of skill or courage had failed to win favour. Only by supposing her to be overshadowed by the astral self of Faustine could I at all explain the phenomenon. For I could not credit her true soul with the possession of memories of that nature. But how tremendous, I thought, must have been the strength of the lower will which

¹ See Vol. I p. 341.

enabled it thus to endure and to manifest itself in force after the lapse of so many centuries !

On her return to her proper self I renewed my endeavour to take what I saw clearly was the only reasonable view of the position. Our work was of a kind to enlist against it all the powers of the infernal, which would not fail to strike at us either directly or through human agents, and our only chance of safety lay in our maintenance of a strong and unshaken resolution. To this end she must be armed, like her favourite divinity, Pallas Athena, with the shield and helmet of defence, as well as with the spear of offence. She had but to put on the whole armour of the Goddess and steel herself against all assaults to secure immunity from harm. Nothing could hurt us if we were true to ourselves and sought aid in the right quarter. We had proofs innumerable that they who were on our side were more than they who were against us. But the wound was too recent and too deep. My remonstrances were vain, and my final reply to her pleading for an admission of error on my part was the assurance, which I gave her with the utmost solemnity, feeling absolutely certain of its truth, that the time would certainly come—whether here or hereafter I could not say—when she would see the matter exactly as I saw it, and would tell me of her own accord that I had been right and she wrong.

It is for the sake of this prediction and its issue that I have so fully recounted the incident. The fulfilment did not come in her lifetime. Nevertheless it came, and this absolutely and without affording the smallest ground for distrust as to its genuineness. But the relation of it must be left to its proper place in our closing chapter.¹

Meanwhile the trouble had struck its roots so deeply into her system that even my immediate withdrawal of the book from sale failed sensibly to reconcile her, so that it remained an unresolved, though a rarely expressed, discord between us—the only one there was.

Happily the trouble had caused no lesion in the part of her mental apparatus with which her intellectual work was accomplished; and the months of January and February [1882]

¹ See p. 420 *post*.

witnessed the appearance of two of her most notable contributions to the anti-vivisection cause. One of these was her article, "The Uselessness of Vivisection," which appeared in [the February number of] the *Nineteenth Century*, and the other an address entitled "Violationism, or Sorcery in Science," which was [on the 23rd January] delivered before the British National Association of Spiritualists. They attracted much attention both at home and abroad, being reproduced in various languages, and the former called no less a personage than Dr W. B. Carpenter into the field to answer her, in the attempt to do which he did not scruple to belittle Sir Charles Bell and his work for his denunciations of the experimental method.

The other paper—the first title of which was a term coined in the same connection by that profoundly philosophic thinker, Dr Garth Wilkinson—was written in pursuance of the design indicated in her Diary already cited.¹ It drew a parallel between the principles and methods of the sorcerer and the vivisector, and a contrast between these and the true magician and healer as subsisting in the times when men really believed in the Gods and the priest and the physician were one, and recognised the interdependence between soul and body. This paper was especially designed to rouse the spiritualists from their indifference on the subject [of vivisection] by showing them that their very claim to positive knowledge of the soul's reality and persistence constituted an obligation [on them] to oppose a practice which is utterly at variance with all that the soul is and implies. But, as the result proved, the spiritualists were too exclusively absorbed in their phenomenal experiences to care for the higher issues of their belief; and between spiritualism and spirituality there was a gulf which had yet to be bridged, and so far as they were concerned the appeal fell on deaf ears.

This paper represented, besides her own medical knowledge, much research at the British Museum. In it she says, quoting Ennemoser on Magic :—

"The sorcerers inverted nature itself, abused the innocent animal world with horrible ingenuity, and trod every human feeling under foot. Endeavouring by force to obtain benefits from hell, they had recourse to the most terrible of infernal devices. For where men

¹ See pp. 38 and 39 *ante*.

know not God, or, having known, have turned away from Him to wickedness, they are wont to address themselves in worship to the kingdom of hell and to the powers of darkness."

To this, after some examples in illustration, she added the following of her own :—

" An almost exact parallel to the modern vivisector in motive, in method, and in character is presented by the portrait thus preserved to us of the mediæval devil-conjurer. In it we recognise the delusion, whose enunciation in medical language is so unhappily familiar to us, that by means of vicarious sacrifices, divinations in living bodies, and rites consisting of torture scientifically inflicted and prolonged, the secrets of life and of power over nature are obtainable. But the spiritual malady which rages in the soul of the man who can be guilty of the deeds of the vivisector is in itself sufficient to render him incapable of acquiring the highest and best knowledge. Like the sorcerer, he finds it easier to propagate and multiply disease than to discover the secret of health. Seeking for the germs of life, he invents only new methods of death, and pays with his soul the price of these poor gains. Like the sorcerer, he misunderstands alike the terms and the method of knowledge, and voluntarily sacrifices his humanity in order to acquire the eminence of a fiend. But perhaps the most significant of all points of resemblance between the sorcerer and the vivisector, as contrasted with the Magian, is in the distinctive and exclusive solicitude for the mere body manifested by the two former. To secure advantages of a physical and material nature merely, to discover some effectual method of self-preservation in the flesh, to increase its pleasures, to assuage its self-induced diseases, to minister to its sensual comforts, no matter at what cost of vicarious pain and misery to innocent men and animals, these are the objects, *exclusively*, of the mere sorcerer,—of the mere vivisector. His aims are bounded by the earthly and the sensual; he neither cares nor seeks for any knowledge unconnected with these. But the aspiration of the Magian, the adept in true magic, is entirely towards the region of the Divine. He seeks primarily health for the soul, knowing that health for the body will follow; therefore he works through and by means of the soul, and his art is truly sympathetic, magnetic, and radical. He holds that the soul is the true person, that her interests are paramount, and that no knowledge of value to man can be bought by the vicarious tears and pain of any creature soever. He remembers, above all things, that man is the son of God, and if for a moment the interests of Knowledge and of Love should seem to be at variance, he will say with equal courage and wisdom, ' I would rather that I and my beloved should suffer and die in the body, than that to buy relief or life for it our souls should be smitten with disease and death.' For the Magian is priest and king as well as physician; but the sorcerer, whose miserable craft, divorced from religion, deals only with the lower nature—that is, with the powers of darkness—clings with passionate despair to the flesh, and, by the very character of his pursuits, makes himself incapable of real science. For, to be an adept in this it is indispensable to be pure of heart, clear of conscience, and just in action. It is not enough that the

aim be noble ; it is necessary that the means should be noble likewise. A Divine intention presupposes a Divine method. . . .

“ And in the last invention of this horrible cultus of Death and Suffering, the modern sorcerer shows us his ‘ devils casting out devils,’ and urges us to look to the parasites of contagion—foul germs of disease—as the regenerators of the future. Thus, if the sorcerer be permitted to have his way, the malignant spirits of fever, sickness, and corruption will be let loose and multiplied upon earth, and, as in Egypt of old, every living creature, from the cattle in the field to the first-born son of the king, will be smitten with plague and death. By his evil art he will keep alive from generation to generation the multitudinous broods of foul living, of vice, and uncleanness, none of them being suffered to fail for need of culture, ingrafting them afresh day by day and year by year in the bodies of new victims ; paralysing the efforts of the hygienist, and rendering vain the work of the true Magian, the Healer, and the teacher of the pure life.”

The institution of the spiritualist periodical, *Light*, has already been mentioned as one of the products of 1881 which were regarded by us as typical. Our anticipations of the value it would be to our work were justified by the event. It proved a channel for the enunciation of our knowledges when the general Press was entirely closed against us, and therein a stimulus to ourselves to write what otherwise would have remained unsaid. And not only were our contributions to its pages numerous, but it served as a field for the discussion, and therein for the promulgation, of *The Perfect Way*.

Had we been sanguine about the reception of this book by the general Press, secular or religious, the event would have been a grievous disappointment. But we were spared this by our knowledge of the world’s spiritual state. With a Press one-half of which was inveterately Sadducee, and the other half inveterately Sacerdotal and wedded to traditions which make the Word of God as revealed by the pure intuition of none effect, and with the spiritual consciousness flesh-eaten out of existence, the audience to which we appealed had yet to be created. In most of the few cases where our book was valued at all, we were taunted with superstition for believing in a spiritual world ! As if the real superstition was not the worship of matter, and the crediting of it with being the substance of the universe.

Diary, March [1882].—We have taken part this month in a discussion on reincarnation, which followed on an address delivered by the

trance-medium, Mr Morse, purporting to be inspired by the spirit of an ancient Chinese philosopher. He denied reincarnation, and instanced himself as a proof to the contrary. Upon this, Mary surprised the audience by taking him rather sharply to task for not knowing the religion of the country he professed to belong to, and suggesting that he was at most the "Ruach" or astral phantom only of the person he represented, and not the true soul, which alone reincarnates, leaving the phantom in the astral sphere; and she added that mediums are far more likely to be controlled by phantoms than by true souls, and stated that she was quite certain of the fact of reincarnation, because she had been able distinctly to recall some of her own past lives, but they were not generally such as she would care to confess to, one of them in particular filling her with shame and horror whenever she thought of it; so that it was not true to say, as had been said, that whenever people claimed to have been historical characters they always chose the great and good. The address and discussion were reported in *Light*.¹

We had resumed our weekly evening drawing-room meetings, and at one of them Mary read a paper on the fourfold constitution of man, showing that the division into Spirit, Soul, Mind, and Body is recognised both in the Bible and in various survivals from ancient times, such as the *Tarot*, or pack of cards, and the Pantomime, the latter of which was originally a mystery play, founded on the ancient knowledge of man's compound system. It was reported in *Light* [of March 18, 1882], with the following note appended by her:—

"Since the above exposition was read by me in my private circle, a friend has sent me a copy of the *Theosophist* for October 1881, which I had not previously seen. It contains under the heading, 'Fragments of Occult Truth,' the substance of the teaching of which I myself am the recipient from a wholly independent and interior source."

The following extracts from letters written to us by Lady Caithness, one in near anticipation and the others on the reception of our book, have an interest, as coming from one so closely connected with it, which entitles them to a place in this record:—

"NICE, February 4, 1882; Anno Lucis 1.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—It is quite time that I should trouble you with a letter to tell you with how much pleasure I received your last, in which you gave me good news of the progress of your Book. I was only sorry to find you had determined to leave out the frontispiece of Michael slaying the Dragon, which had struck me as so very

¹ *Light*, 1882, pp. 103-5 and 111-3.

appropriate to describe at a glance your great mission and the purport of your Book, particularly after reading up the book of the prophet Daniel, and so fully identifying every circumstance in my own mind. However, you know best. I had a letter from Mrs Kenealy, by which I was very happy to learn that you were looking much better than you had done for some time, and that dear Mrs Kingsford was more charming and brilliant than ever, and very much beloved and admired by all. This, I am quite sure, is very true, and also that she may be called the modern 'Hypatia.' I read of her lectures from time to time in the papers, and of the great success and applause she meets with. Hers is a noble and a holy mission, and she has been right nobly fitted and prepared by Divine Providence to fulfil it in a grand and noble manner. It is indeed wonderful that you and she should have met on earth, and that all circumstances should have combined so favourably for you, not only to work together, but, spiritually, for you to help each other by that constant intercourse which is so necessary to fertilise, animate, and sustain the intellectual faculties. When I compare your fortunate fate with my own solitary one, I no longer wonder at my mental inferiority, and sometimes wonder that I do not drift away with the rushing tide on which I am floating, with the frivolous children of folly and fashion amongst whom my lot is cast, into the surging ocean of materiality in which they all seem to be submerged. I never hear a serious word unless I utter it myself, and then no one listens to it; they give a polite stare and turn away to something or someone more to their taste. Without the strong belief I have in reincarnation, I should despair of their ever reaching a higher condition.

"I hope you will send me all the reviews you possibly can. As the godmother of your child, you will not wonder that I shall feel very anxious interest in its welfare. I wish I were a fairy godmother, and could endow it with some good gift. Then would I wave my wand and bid it have a far-and-wide circulation. But I do not doubt that they who have inspired it, and who have shown themselves to be all-powerful over its destiny, will secure it that, and also a rich harvest of use to the children of the earth on whom they bestow it.

"Mrs Kenealy tells me you have resumed your evening lectures, and Mr Manners tells me he has attended one with great edification. If you have time, do tell me something about them. It seems so hard I should be wholly deprived of attending them, or hearing a word of the wisdom that periodically floods your little drawing-room.

"In one of your letters you tell me you 'have not been permitted to publish those "Greater Mysteries," which may be given only to those who in virtue of their interior unfoldment have the witness in themselves.' Would that I might be considered one of these! Of course *I consider myself one*, and as quite ripe and ready to receive the highest revelations given to this planet; and for years I *know* I have been standing on one of the topmost towers waiting to see the first gleams of the 'brighter day.' Ay! my friend, longer have I stood there, and with a firmer faith, than you, that the unseen would give me the knowledge I yearned for. But it is not what we think of *ourselves*! It is not what I think of

myself, but what *you* think of my unfoldment that will procure me the revelation of those 'Higher Mysteries' which you are now in a position to impart. May God send you both His highest blessing, prays your sincere friend,

"M. CAITHNESS, Duchess de Pomár."

In this last remark our friend was mistaken. It was not what *we* thought of her unfoldment—*we* judged no one—but what they thought from whom our Mysteries were derived, that determined the selection.

"NICE, February 13, 1882; Anno Lucis 1.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—Yours of the 10th has just arrived. One (copy of the) Book came yesterday morning, and I gave up going out, although I had some engagements, in order to devote the whole day to reading it, *here, there, and everywhere*, which is my vagabond way, for I never could read anything straight through on end.

"I can now, therefore, write to you *at once*, and give you my first impressions. And I do not think it will surprise you to hear that my soul has everywhere *so far* responded, Amen, Amen, and Amen. . . .

"You tell me not to be in haste to judge, much of it being very profound and needing long pondering before it can be comprehended. Such is not at all my appreciation of it. All that I have read so far I have not had even to read twice over; for it has been like a magnet to my soul, which has flown to it page after page, and jumping about all over the Book! I have freely used my red and blue pencil to mark those passages I know I shall often turn to with real pleasure and delight. So I may at once say for your satisfaction that I have got another Bible.

"Thank you for sending me the number of *Light* containing the splendid address by Mrs Kingsford. You may well be proud of her wonderful powers. She is decidedly *The Woman* of the present age, and has no doubt been *The Woman* of many previous ages! She makes one feel very small and insignificant. Please give her my most hearty congratulations on all she has done and is doing. May God bless her, and He will.

"I earnestly congratulate you also on the very able manner in which you have performed your very arduous and difficult part of the grand work. May God also bless you with a full measure of His Love, prays your sincere friend,

M. C."

"NICE, February 16; Anno Lucis 1.

"MY DEAR MR MAITLAND,—I dare say you will not be surprised at hearing again from me. It is just the natural consequence of reading the Book.

"Yesterday I had to start early for Cannes to attend the marriage of the eldest son of the Duc and Duchesse de Vallombrosa, but I got up early, and ready steadily for *two hours* before an early break-

fast ; and had I had a minute to spare, I should have written to you at once on the spur of the vehement excitement I was under from the most attentive perusal of the Second Lecture,—‘ The Substance of Existence.’

“ This morning I have gone more calmly over it a second time, and I find my joy and happiness of yesterday was not exaggerated, but fully justified ; and I know you and our dear Seeress will be glad to hear from me that I am truly proud and thankful to have been united with you in this great work, . . . and to have been found worthy by the High Powers who have inspired you to form with you the Triangle in this great work,—the *most complete* Revelation, *certainly*, that has yet been given to man on this planet.

“ ‘ Comparisons,’ I know, ‘ are odious ’ between man and man ; but in this case they may be permitted, because those I would draw are between man and *Gods*. I do not know whether you ever saw Mr M’Dowell’s article ‘ On the Nature and Being of God,’ and on the Soul. It is indeed excellent, and until I had read your infinitely more satisfactory chapter, ‘ The Substance of Existence,’ I had pronounced it the most satisfactory account I had ever read. But, oh ! how difficult it is to follow compared to your flowing words and sentences, which bear one along so swiftly and so easily over your ocean of thought ! Again I tell you that I do not have to pause and consider, or even to re-read, your sentences. They come to me like natural food ; and yet those of Mr M’Dowell, which do not in reality convey half so much thought on the same track, are so sublimely difficult that I have to exert my utmost powers of mental tension to follow him.

“ But I have certainly paused once or twice over yours, to wonder whether the people of this close of the nineteenth century will really be so obtuse as not to understand and follow you. Again I beg of you to send me copies of all the reviews you hear of or see, as I particularly wish to preserve them as a criterion of the mental development of the times.

“ I am very grieved to hear that the health of our dear Seeress is so delicate, and also that she is so much worried. For, above all, she should enjoy perfect peace and equanimity. If you judge that a complete change of scene and air will benefit her, remember that the home of your friend and sister-spirit is always ready to receive you both, with a warm welcome. I know of no place more likely to be conducive to inspiration than these bright shores, so placidly smiling under the brilliant blue sky, in which the myriad constellations glitter so gloriously every night, and the Day-Star sheds its heavenly warmth and splendour so generously almost every day. For the last six weeks I have not seen a cloud over the broad blue expanse. Now God bless you both, prays your true friend and sister,

“ MARIE.”

The following letter is so characteristic of the prescience and enthusiasm of the writer that I have not the heart to withhold it, notwithstanding the character of its personal allusions to myself :—

“ NICE, *March 2, 1882.*

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—Many thanks for yours of the 22nd ult., to which I now reply. And first let me thank you for sending me that splendid letter written by our dear and much-venerated Seeress, A. K., to the *Kensington News*. Like all she writes, it is very able and very remarkable. She has a wonderful talent for expressing a very great deal in few words. She certainly is a very remarkable woman—as you are to my mind a very remarkable man. But we cannot wonder at this, when we so evidently see that you have both been sent to this earth to accomplish a very great mission, perhaps the greatest! There is one little circumstance, however, which has quite escaped your notice, I am very sure, but which I delight to dwell upon in my own interior memory, and that is, that I always feel more or less like your spiritual mother, or godmother. But you will never even understand this, because you do not know how much I prayed for your spiritual development long years ago at Brighton. So instinctively I seemed to feel that you were the man to accomplish a great reformation on earth; and yet at that time you were on a very material plane, and—I could see—almost despised my spiritual views and experiences. I remember so many conversations with you, and about you with Lady Louisa Kerr. Well, my prayers may have been of some avail, but at least I have lived to see my instinctive impressions about you fully realised, through your happy meeting with the high and pure-souled being who has so successfully developed your soul and raised it and you to such a spiritual elevation.

“ In this, of course, I see the hand of Providence. . . . Oh! if people did but see your Book and understand it with my perceptions, what a sale there would be! I can literally read no other book now. But I have no time to speak of all the admiration I feel at this time, nor to mention particular passages which I dwell on with wonder and delight, wondering that I had not seen it so before, since the moment it is pointed out to me I see it so clearly!
—Yours sincerely,
M. CAITHNESS.”

The letter referred to was one of very many written by Mary to the various newspapers against vivisection, and was called forth by an attack made by “Miss P.” on an address she had recently delivered before the Zetetic Society. The nature of the attack will be sufficiently indicated by that of the reply, of which the following are some of its sentences:—

“ It is morally permissible to use the lower animals for the benefit of man, but not to abuse them. Miss P. confounds use and abuse. In using an animal humanely and intelligently, both the user and the used benefit, the one by the service rendered, the other by the education and discipline obtained.¹ . . . Miss P. assumes that I would ride a horse to death to save a friend. No, I would not, *because my horse is my friend also.* I would urge him so far as

¹ See further on this subject, *England and Islam*, p. 553.

reason and humanity permit, and for the rest I would have faith in God. The hypothesis of the vivisector is that of the atheist. By it all possibility of God's help is omitted from the system of things. The scalpel, the saw, and the pincers are to do everything for man. Prayer and love and will, and all that is divine in him, are to do nothing. Under the doctrine of modern vivisectional science the nations are fast becoming atheistic. 'If,' say the people, 'it be necessary in order to *know*, and in order to obtain health and healing, that deeds abhorrent to moral feeling should be performed, then, obviously, Justice is not the essential principle of the universe, and religion has no substantial basis.' I am doing my best to show both that knowledge is the supremely good thing, and that it is to be got only by divine methods. 'The scientists,' says Dr. Garth Wilkinson, 'are in a hurry to be scientific, but God opens no gates to hurry.' "

Here, after a striking extract from Dr Garth Wilkinson's *Human Science and Divine Revelation*, she concluded :—

" These are the words of a poet, and the poet represents the highest, and therefore the most logical, type of mind. For he sees the divine and beautiful uses of life, and the interweaving and mutual sympathies of lesser and greater, the giving and receiving between creature and creature, which constitutes the purpose and the advantage of life. 'Violationism' (as Dr Garth Wilkinson designates vivisection) 'has no place in the divine system, and no logical mind can regard it as representative of human order.' "

" LONDON, *April 5*, 1882.

" DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—As you know, I have been intending for some time past to write to you, but ill-health, the cause of which you will learn from Mr M——, has hitherto prevented me from doing so. It appears that the arrangement we thought so innocent and so convenient, and about which, you may remember, I sought your opinion when staying in your house at Paris, has grievously offended the world, which sees in it no association for the sake of a high and earnest work, but one for ends altogether gross and inexcusable.

" Under the circumstances I am in great perplexity how to act and whither to betake myself. And, although I have already given my landlord notice that I quit this house in June, I am sadly at a loss in regard to future arrangements. On one hand, the very cause and credit of the work itself—to say nothing of my own honour and that of my husband—seem likely to be imperilled by my continued association with Mr M—— ; on the other, I shrink from the idea of tacitly confessing myself to have been in the wrong by yielding to the general clamour. I can only hope that in some way, before long, light will be given on the subject and the way made plain. In this matter it is not myself and my credit only that have to be considered. My husband, my child, my profession, my sex, and the honour of the work—which, like Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion—all these things claim a place in the conclusion arrived at.

“ It has been suggested that Mr M—— should seek a home of his own, and that I should take into partnership Arabella Kenealy, who is at present studying medicine, and who expects to take her degree in Dublin next year. As the daughter of Dr Kenealy, and familiar with my experiences, she would naturally be a very suitable companion for me ; and as a medically educated woman she would have similar aims and pursuits. Although I have spoken to her on the subject, and find her charmed with the scheme, it has not yet been mooted to her mother. How does it strike *you*, dear friend ? Do you think the association would be for good ? Of course Mr M—— would have constant access to us, but he would not live under the same roof, and thereby, I trust, scandal would be defeated. I *like* Arabella very much indeed ; she is intelligent and studious, and would, I think, *under my influence*, soon take a lively interest in a work which is, indeed, the completion of that of her own father.¹ There is one element of discord only to be considered : Arabella is still a flesh-eater. But whether she could, for the sake of the advantages which she thinks the suggested partnership offers, be induced to change her present mode of life I know not. I cannot think of any other person able to enter into such an arrangement with whom it would even be *possible* for me to live.

“ Of course I shall decide on nothing hastily. In truth, I hope, as I have already said, that some light may be vouchsafed on this difficult subject before long.

“ I think you ought not to be either surprised or disappointed at such letters anent our Book as that of Mrs H. B. It is doubtless very hard to take in a new idea ; and I feel sure that not only are all the ideas put forth in *The Perfect Way* new to her, but that when she wrote her letter to you she had read very little of the work she criticised. Strange indeed it would be if our Book should find universal acceptance in a world which rejected Christ ! But those who *do* recognise our teachings do so not warmly only, but enthusiastically. Of one thing I am sure ; which is, that the Doctrine of which our Book is the first Apostle will sooner or later become the headstone of the corner ; for it is the only doctrine capable of explaining the otherwise insoluble enigmas of the universe, and embodying a philosophy in which are united all the elements of every divine revelation vouchsafed to mankind.

“ By it Christian and Buddhist, Parsee and Hebrew, Greek and Egyptian, are brought into harmony, and shown to be only so many different dialects of one Catholic language. *The Perfect Way* is thus an eirenicon, and the Peace-maker is the Child of God.

“ Good-night ; it is very late, and I am tired.—Your affectionate and sincere friend,
ANNA K.”

In reference to the latter part of this letter, it must be explained that *The Perfect Way* was the means of disclosing to

¹ The reference here is to a side of Dr Kenealy's life and character of which the world in general was unaware. He was an enthusiastic student of occult and mystic lore, and the author of several anonymous books on that subject.—E. M.

the spiritualists—of whom, as a leading “medium,” Mrs H. B. was a foremost representative—the fact of the astral, and consequently delusive, character of the sphere to which alone, as mere spiritualists, they have access. Instead of welcoming teaching which accounted for, and showed the way of escape from, all the difficulties by which their practice was beset, the spiritualists, as represented by Mrs H. B., took violent exception to that teaching, and vilified and misrepresented it with a rancour which served effectually to confirm it, by showing how low was the sphere from which they derived their inspiration.

As for the social troubles referred to in these letters, we had no difficulty in tracing the whole of them to the active hostility of Miss Cobbe.

Light, of April 8, contained a paper by Mary on Reincarnation, having the following reference to herself. After enlarging on the necessity for caution in reading the writings of Swedenborg and T. L. Harris, if only on account of the incompatibility of their modes of living with reliable seership, she says:—

“ There is one at least, whom I do not name, for it would be unbecoming to do so, who is no stranger to heavenly visions and voices. . . . In these visions there has never been anything either incongruous or inconsistent; and the life of the recipient is such as to preclude danger of the kind to which Swedenborg was exposed. And in all these visions the doctrine (of Reincarnation) is ever strenuously and forcibly insisted upon as the very basis of human philosophy, and of a right understanding of Divine justice, and of the progress and evolution of the soul. The person of whom I speak could not, without renouncing religion itself, and turning traitor alike to her whole past experience and to the Divine light whose guidance she follows, and from whose interior illumination all her knowledge is derived, reject as illusory teaching so attested and conveyed; teaching, moreover, which alone is capable of interpreting satisfactorily to human reason and intelligence a natural system of apparent incongruities and injustices, utterly inexplicable on any other hypothesis. . . . As a last word I would record my belief, expressed with all possible love and sympathy for those whose views differ from my own, that too much of the personal *likes* and *aversions* of the exterior Ego have been brought to bear on this question.

“ On every side one hears the cry, ‘ I can’t bear the idea of coming back to earth!’ ‘ This world is a beggarly place!’ ‘ The very notion of a rebirth is repulsive to me!’ ‘ I have had enough of the world!’ Alas! all these cries are but signs of impatience and self-will; the voice of the unregenerate soul. It would be better to hear it said humbly and in self-abnegation: ‘ Thy will, my God, be done! Though the way be long, and the path such as I would not,

let it but bring me at last to Thee, and I am more than content. For I know that Thine order is beautiful, and that Thy method is love; therefore I pray that not my will but Thine may be all in all! ” ”

April 10 [1882].—Mary dreamt last night that she was walking down Fleet Street, when suddenly all the houses disappeared, leaving only a grassy down with a small stream running by to the river, and beside the stream was a canoe with a youthful male ancient Briton in it, which, somehow, she said, seemed to be herself; and she asked me what it could mean, and was immensely surprised to learn that the street is named after a stream called the Fleet, which is now built over, and which runs into the Thames just where she had seen it.

Mary has frequently been vexed by missing various articles of use from their proper places when she required them, and then, after a long and fatiguing search, finding them where they ought to have been all the time, as if they had been removed and replaced by invisible agencies merely to tease her; and she was disposed to resent my hesitation about implicitly accepting the fact and suggesting a more probable explanation, such as an oversight on her part through her mind being otherwise occupied while searching.

Last evening, however, an example occurred which certainly seemed to justify her conclusion. She was sitting at the table, threading by lamplight some largish beads as a necklace for her daughter, when one of them fell upon her lap and thence to the floor. Unable to find it by feeling for it, we placed the lamp on the floor to look for it, but in vain; it was not to be found, though, from the nature of the bead and the roughness of the carpet, it could not possibly have rolled many inches away. So, after an exhaustive search, we replaced the lamp and resumed our seats by the table, Mary being much annoyed at being prevented from completing her task. She, however, continued so far as she was able, and then, when on the point of putting it away, finished in respect of all save the missing bead, there came a tap on the table just in front of her, as of a small hard body falling on it from a height, and there was the missing bead, dropped apparently from the ceiling. And no other explanation was forthcoming but that it had been spirited away by some tricky sprite, who had removed it from the floor, or from Mary's lap—for we had no proof of its having reached the floor—to return it in this manner.

Another curious experience of hers about this time was as follows:—Being in bed, but not asleep, but in the intermediate state, she saw herself as Anne Boleyn, in a chamber in the Tower of London, as a prisoner, and engaged in writing sheet upon sheet of angry and violent letters of reproach to Henry VIII., herself being filled the while with the most furious emotions, to which her letters gave unrestrained expression. She retained a vivid recollection of the form and architecture of the room, and declared that she should know it again if she saw it. In order to verify the vision we paid a visit to the Tower, where she had never been.

On entering the enclosure of the fortress, and before the warder who was to show us over it could commence his description, Mary looked keenly round at the various structures, and presently exclaimed, ‘ Judging by the architecture of that building, it should con-

tain the room in which I saw myself a prisoner.' And on inquiring of the warder what that building was, and what its history, he replied that, among other things, it had been the prison of Anne Boleyn. Hereupon she asked, with eager trepidation, if she could see the inside of it. The warder said she could do so at some other time, but not then, for its occupant had gone out and left it locked.

"Can you tell me if my description of it is right?" she inquired. The warder said he could, and she accordingly described the room as she had seen it in her vision. To which the man replied, looking much surprised, that everything was exactly as she stated; adding, in answer to another question, that all the features mentioned were still as they had been in Anne Boleyn's time. "And where is the spot where she was beheaded?" was her next question. "Very near where we are standing," was his answer, and he indicated the spot. Mary at once went to it and stood upon the slab by which it is marked, but tried in vain to recover any recollection of it. She was not now in the lucid state in which she had seen the room, and, moreover, there was only the bare pavement, and no scaffolding as at the execution.

We quitted the Tower with the intention of returning when the locked chamber should be accessible, but the opportunity was never afforded of revisiting it. The warder was very curious about her anxiety on the subject and familiarity with the interior of the room, and evinced great interest on being told that she had reason to believe herself to be in some way akin to the unhappy queen.

The circumstance already related, that her earliest spiritualistic experience consisted in the receipt of a communication purporting to come from Anne Boleyn gave this incident a significance it would not otherwise have had for us. Among other things, it led her to read up more particularly the history of Anne Boleyn, when she was fairly startled by the number of characteristics shared by them in common, and exclaimed continually as she read, "Oh, how like me! how like me! That is exactly what I should have said or done under the same circumstances." And, as already mentioned, they were mostly characteristics of which she was the reverse of proud, such as wilfulness, ambition, and keenness of the sense-nature, which she maintained to be her besetting sins.

Desiring to know something of the school of the Positivists, as the followers of Auguste Comte style themselves, we attended a lecture given by one of their most notable members, Mr Congreve, who had been a clergyman of the Anglican Church. The subject was the superfluity of God to account for the universe; and the argument went to show that man is all-sufficient to himself, inasmuch as he is himself the inventor and maker of all the things

which he requires and possesses, and has no need to imagine a God to account either for them or for himself. What it is in man which endows him with his powers the lecturer did not say ; nor how things can exist without a pre-subsisting potentiality of things, which, being self-subsisting, infinite, and eternal, is divine, is God. The address was inconsequent, illogical, and shallow beyond expression ; and in the course of it Mary, becoming lucid, turned to me and whispered, in reference to the lecturer, " I have just seen his double, and it has its eyes in its boots." An admirable way, I thought, of expressing the spiritual state of a man so totally devoid of aspiration as to be able to look downwards only and never upwards, and consequently deifies the lowest instead of the highest.

In pursuance of her desire to raise the spiritualistic movement from the level of mere phenomenalism, Mary read, on May 22 [1882], before the British National Association of Spiritualists, a paper on " The Systematisation and Application of Psychic Truth," which was printed in *Light* of June 3. Its gist may be gathered from its concluding sentences, which were as follows :—

" To become a spiritualist simply in order to converse with ghosts implies a very poor kind of advantage. But to be a changed man ; to take new and illuminated views of life ; to look with the ' larger other eyes ' of the Gods on Life's problems, duties, and ordeals ; to hear a voice behind us saying, ' This is the way, walk ye in it ; and go not aside to the right hand nor to the left,'—to have exchanged doubt for knowledge, hesitation for decision, strife for peace, expediency for principle ;—this is to have systematised and applied Psychic Knowledge, and to have become a true spiritualist.

" And because the percipience and experience necessary to make such theoretical and practical application of his system come to the spiritualist only by means of thought, study, and heart-searching, it is, I submit, of the strongest urgency that those burning questions with which the lay and scientific worlds are now ablaze should be examined and argued by spiritualists from the platform which is peculiarly and exclusively theirs. Of what use to be ' the salt of the earth ' unless we give forth our savour ? Of what good to be the candle of the world if we submit to be put under a bushel instead of giving light to all that are in the house ? And of what avail will spiritualism prove to ourselves or to the age unless it make the world purer, sweeter, more just, and more godly ?

" Wherefore I, at least, as one spiritualist among many, will be instant in season and out of season, with voice, pen, and desire, to hasten the advent of the Kingdom of God, and the age of the ' new heavens and new earth in which Justice dwelleth.' "

This address elicited the following hearty expression of appreciation from Lady Caithness in a letter to me :—

“ Thanks for the magnificent address on ‘ The Application of Psychic Truth.’ What a noble view she takes of spiritualism ! What grand terms she expresses herself in, and how entirely sublime she is throughout ! I think all must feel her superiority, and be ashamed and angry at themselves for going on in the way they do. Here is a sublime sentence which I have deeply marked, and which should be printed in letters of gold [the sentence beginning “ To become a spiritualist simply in order to converse with ghosts ”]. Most heartily do I clasp her hand in accord, and most warmly do I use both hands to applaud her. I have no fears about *The Perfect Way*. It is sure to make its way as people advance ; and I think they are bound to do so in this new era which, beyond a doubt, has already begun. . . . You need but time, and to keep hammering away until the nail is driven home. There is no other teaching to be compared with it. I feel sure you will become a very great power, but not by sitting at home and discussing to a small private circle, or paying heed to what Mrs Grundy may say. You will have to be up and doing. I have got acquainted with a charming woman lately, quite a power in her way, Madame Adam. She edits the *Nouvelle Revue*, and has 150 men under her orders. How I wish our dear Secress could have an establishment like that ! She might move the world ! Madame Adam is a professed pagan, and is mad about Sibyls and Prophetesses of the past. We must dress our dear White Rose in white flowing robes, and crown her with a wreath of green laurel, and make her *look* what she *is* ; and she may fascinate this power, for such she is now, in her way, and might then become one in ours.”

It is hardly needful to say that, while we heartily appreciated our friend’s generous enthusiasm, we did not take her view of the way in which that divine kingdom which “ cometh not with observation ” was to be established, and were content to await the times and seasons and methods of the high Gods, without seeking to exalt ourselves as their instruments.

The letter to which the following is the answer is missing, but its subject and purport are obvious :—

“ LONDON, *April* 17, 1882.

“ MY DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—Your letter proved a great support to me ; and not to me only, but to others who—more feeble-hearted than I—were more than half disposed to press on me the necessity of obeying Mrs Grundy’s behests. One of these friends of mine was here yesterday, and seeing that she wished to renew the subject of a former conversation on this point, I read her your letter by way of preface. The effect was singular. ‘ Does Lady Caithness say that ? ’ she asked with emphasis. ‘ Then I think that letter is a great support to you, and ’—after a little hesitation—‘ I quite agree

with her.' She then rehearsed to me some recent conversations she had had with several friends (heavens! how women gossip!)—and the burden of the strain seemed to have been:—

“ ‘ Mrs Kingsford is a brilliant and gifted person.

“ ‘ She will never be like other women, nor do anything like any one else.

“ ‘ If we force her to be conventional, she will only be a failure, and the work she might do to help *us* ’ (most of these folks are anti-vivisectionists) ‘ will fall through.

“ ‘ If we leave her alone, she will be a great success, and will do our work as no one else can do it.

“ ‘ She *may* be “ improper,” but she will never compromise the Cause in any really serious way.

“ ‘ She is certainly eccentric, but then that is only all the more remarkable; and the more she is known, the less evil people will see in her.

“ ‘ To change, or attempt to change, her way of life *now* would only be to admit the justice of the charges made against her, and to brand herself as a “ penitent ” who has seen the error of her ways.

“ ‘ She will never change her way of thinking and speaking; therefore the reform would, after all, be but partial, and Mrs Grundy would certainly remain unappeased.

“ ‘ Therefore we will support Mrs Kingsford, and let her do work for us in her own way.’

“ But whether I should have heard all this if I had not opened the campaign by reading your letter I cannot guess. The fact appears to be that people cannot ‘ make me out.’ The lady who recounted all the above to me yesterday confessed that I seemed to her a ‘ resuscitation of a Bible-character ’ belonging to an age either long past or far in the future, and quite unamenable to present conventionalities and bye-laws. ‘ Nothing in our world seems to fit you,’ she said. ‘ When I hear you talk I seem to be living in a Bible-age, and the application of “ society ” rules and proprieties to *you* seems as incongruous as it would be to Isaiah. It is the people who don’t *know* you that talk scandal. Let the world in general only know and hear you, and those who now treat you as they would other women will change their minds and think as I do.’

“ So far my visitor. But before we can really determine on any settled course, we must see what becomes of the *Book* and what its course is. Under any circumstances, I do not think of remaining in this house. It is both too small and too expensive. I should like to live in some place, too, where I should be free from the trouble of servants and of housekeeping generally. It is impossible to leave one’s house for any time without anxiety; but if one lived in an hotel or club chambers, the servants and officials of the house would make it their business to see to the safety of everything.

“ To-morrow evening a few of the friends whose advice we think most worth having are coming to talk over the project of enlarging the scope of our work, and of appealing, as you suggest, to a larger public. I will give you the result of the consultation in another letter.

“ I do not think that any good would be done by addressing the

M——s, as you are kind enough to offer to do. They have *The Perfect Way* in their hands, and if *that* fail to convince them of our truth and uprightness, no special pleading from anyone else will succeed. ‘If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.’

“I think, however, that you would do a good and helpful thing by writing to Madame Blavatsky on the subject of the Book, which by this time must be in her hands. You would thus, no doubt, encourage and strengthen any commendation she may have it in her mind to give the New Gospel. For the rest, it seems to me best to trust the Gods and go on doing the right thing, confident that, though the heathen may rage, the issues will be triumphant.

“‘Nice customs curtesy to great kings,’ says Shakespeare’s Henry when he salutes his betrothed with a kiss, to her great scandal. If one only can be a king! And if we do not succeed in becoming thus royal, then the work will be a failure, and God’s Kingdom will not come. But if we do, then it is for us to make new manners, ‘sweeter customs, purer laws,’ and not to risk the whole future of a great work by a base subserviency to conventionalities made for those who know no ‘higher law.’—Yours very affectionately,

“ANNA K.”

The character of the advice given in the missing letter may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written to me :—

“PARIS, April 14.

“I am so glad that what I said in my hurried letter, written under the impression your joint letters made on my mind, should so far have coincided with your own opinions on the subject. I thought a great deal about you both in the train during my long journey, but never once did I see reason to change what I have said. I do not wonder at your dear companion feeling as she does about it, because she is so surrounded in London, or rather, I should say, in England, by a set of prim, uninteresting, washed-out sort of women, that she lives in mortal fear of overstepping—or seeming to overstep—the narrow boundaries they have set themselves. But they are not the women of the New Age—not of *Anno Domini* 1—nor do I believe they will ever understand the mystery of the Fourth Day of Creation, as set forth in Appendix III., Part 2, of *The Perfect Way*¹—‘For the creation of woman is not yet complete; but it shall be complete in the time *which is at hand*. And her kingdom cometh, the day of the exaltation of woman.’ To her—our sweet Lady—was this prophecy given; and no doubt on her has fallen the mission, not only of declaring it, but also of personally manifesting it to the world. And I do not doubt she will be divinely sustained to fulfil her divine mission, just as she has been providentially helped to proclaim it. Again I say that, had I been still settled in England, my drawing-room might perhaps have been brought into requisition. But, evi-

¹ *I.e.* The First Edition of *The Perfect Way*. For the Appendix referred to, see now *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., No. II. (2). See note 2, p. 33 *ante*.

dently *that* was not the purpose of the Overrulers. And perhaps for that very reason have I been sent out of the way—that the Gospel of Glad Tidings may be more widely spread than it could be if limited to private circles. . . . I do not fear for the Cause for a moment. We have too many proofs of Divine guidance to fear it will be left unprotected.”

Calling on a friend who was a Catholic, Mary met there a priest, who seemed to take great interest in her, and engaged her in close conversation. Something that she said drew from him the remark, “Why, my daughter, you have been thinking. You should never do that. The Church saves us the trouble and danger of thinking by telling us what to believe. We are only called on to believe. I never think. I dare not. I should go mad if I were to let myself think.” To which she replied, “Well, but, Father, I want to understand, and I can’t do that without thinking. And as for believing without understanding, that for me is not faith, but credulity. How, but by thinking, does one learn whether the Church has the truth?” The only result was a further warning against the danger she was running, and she came home as much amused at the absurdity of the priest’s position as shocked at its perniciousness.

Another incident which struck us as amusingly illustrating the mental attitude of the conventional Christian of the period was in this wise. Finding on a friend’s table a copy of Moody and Sankey’s hymns, she read one of the most sanguinary of them to her friend, and asked how she could tolerate such hideous doctrine ; when it was replied, “Yes, it is very shocking ; but the worst of it is that it is true !”

The latter part of May brought us from India a copy of the *Theosophist* of that month, with the first portion of a review of *The Perfect Way*, written, we were given to understand, by our visitor of the preceding summer, the author of the *Occult World*, Mr A. P. Sinnett. Coming, as did this review, from the one quarter in the world—so far as we were then aware—which laid claim to special knowledge of the subjects dealt with in our book, this review could not fail to have great interest for us ; and it was accordingly with much satisfaction that we found it described at the outset as an “upheaval of true spirituality ; a grand book by noble-minded writers, and one that, if every man in London above a certain level of culture should

read attentively, a theological revolution would be accomplished.” Of the passage in the preface applying the legend of the transformation of Medusa to the corruption of the Church and its mysteries, and the consequences to the world, it was said: “This passage is the keynote of the present book, and one could hardly wish for a nobler exordium for a perfect and faultless exposition of occult philosophy”; and, after citing some passages from Part iii. of Lecture VI., the reviewer said: “This is a magnificent exposition of the actual condition of the Christian world; nor, in defining the nature of the true knowledge which mankind, even in this degenerate age, may be led up to study, are the authors of *The Perfect Way* less keen of insight or eloquent of exposition.”

The following passage condensed from Lecture VII., pars. 40-49, possessed a peculiar interest for the reviewer, as also it did for myself, its writer, for reasons presently to be stated:—

“Let us attempt a description of that inmost sphere, the abode of the man celestial, which is the source of doctrine. . . . That which we propose to describe,—so far as the attempt to reconstruct it has been successful,—is the innermost sphere, not, indeed, of the mystic community of Eden itself, but of one of those ancient successors of and approximations to it which, as Colleges of the Sacred Mysteries, were the true heirs of Eden. . . . Of this community the members are, of all mankind, the profoundest of intelligence, widest of culture, ripest of experience, tenderest of heart, purest of soul, maturest of spirit. They are persons who—using life without abusing it, and having no perverse will to the outer—have learned all that the body has to teach . . . and who have made of their bodies instruments, instead of masters, for their souls, and means of expression, instead of sources of limitation, for their spirits. . . . Long vanished from human view, the Order has been replaced by semblances. . . . Nevertheless the Order still survives, though dwindled in numbers . . . lost tribes of a spiritual Israel whose roll-call is no more on earth . . . its doctrine is that one true doctrine of existence, and therein of religion, which, always in the world, is now for the first time in its history published to the world.”

“A footnote to this passage says that since it was written ‘a book has appeared stating that an ancient community of this nature still exists in the highlands of the Himalayas and steppes of Thibet,’ the reference being to *The Occult World*. The authors seem little to have realised at first—nor indeed do they seem very fully to realise even now—how wonderfully their own self-developed spiritual revelations have yielded them a philosophy closely, in many of its most important essentials, resembling that of the ‘Order’ whose existence they have inferred as a logical necessity of their own discoveries, and how wonderfully this inference corresponds with the actual state of the facts, of which they are unaware.”

Mr Sinnett's reference here is, of course, to the "Mahatmas," or "Masters," of the Theosophical Society, whom he was a prominent means in introducing to the world's notice. But so far from our having any knowledge or conception of the existence of such persons, either in the past or the present, the whole account was elaborated by myself out of my own inmost consciousness while in Paris, my feeling all the while being that I was recalling a recollection of my own appertaining to some long-past existence, in which I had myself been a member, however humble, of such an Order and community.

But though thus highly appreciative of the book from some aspects, the reviewer took violent exception to it from others, for he not only dissented from some of its teachings on occult matters, but objected to the symbolism, in which, in order to interpret the Bible, we had followed the Bible—and notably the adoption of the term "Woman" to denote the Soul and the Intuition; and he even ventured to assert positively that, instead of the Gospel narrative having been written expressly to illustrate a certain doctrine, as stated by us, this doctrine was but an ingenious application of the facts of the spiritual consciousness to a story which was altogether unintended to bear such relation; so that we were putting into the Gospels meanings of which their writers never dreamed, as if mystical theology had been of subsequent invention to the Christian era! instead of pervading—as we had shown that it does pervade—the Bible from the beginning, and is declared in the Bible itself to do so; as, for instance, when St Paul declares of the books of Moses, "which things are an allegory," and Jesus finds the Christ-doctrine of which He was the personal illustration in the books of Moses.

Our reviewer was especially aggrieved by our recognition of the existence on all planes of being of the principles which, on the physical plane, are represented by the terms masculine and feminine, of man and woman. And by way of showing the woman to be an altogether inappropriate symbol of the spiritual nature in man, he portrayed her bad side as exhibited in a debased social state, in such a way as to make her appear to be actually that which a corrupt sacerdotalism has represented her, the cause of man's fall and of the ills accruing therefrom. But, as was obvious to us, where we had spoken of the Woman

element in existence, according to the divine idea and intention, he, through lack of the mystical faculty, had spoken of *women*, presumably, as he had known them.

Recalling his persistent denial of Reincarnation on his visit to us in the previous year, we were interested to find him now accepting the doctrine. But even here also he differed from us in certain respects. For, whereas we had taught the possibility of a soul's return into a form below the human, by way of penance for grievous faults, he insisted to the contrary on the ground that "Nature does not go back on her own footsteps." As if such return, for such purpose, implied a going back of Nature, and not simply a putting back by Nature of a grievous offender for his own correction and reformation, to the making of the form the expression of the character.

Thus, while profoundly gratified by the review in some respects, we were almost as profoundly antagonised by it in others. And the result was a controversy in the pages of the *Theosophist*, not altogether devoid of bitterness, Mary especially resenting what she regarded as an affront to her sex. It was, however, finally and happily composed. Our reviewer concluded his part of the correspondence by describing us as "having produced one of the most—perhaps the most—important and spirit-stirring of appeals to the higher instincts of mankind which modern European literature has yet evolved." To which we returned a conciliatory reply, pointing out at the same time certain respects in which he had mistaken us. And the controversy wound up with the following characteristic enunciation by the editor, Madame Blavatsky, in which, as will be seen, she entirely threw over Mr Sinnett in his repudiation of an intended mystical sense as underlying Christianity:—

"*Editor's Note.*—It is most agreeable to us to see our reviewer of *The Perfect Way* and the writers of that remarkable work thus clasping hands and waving palms of peace over each other's heads. The friendly discussion of the metaphysics of the book in question has elicited, as all such debates must, the fact that deep thinkers upon the nature of absolute truth scarcely differ, save as to externals. As was remarked in *Isis Unveiled*, the religions of men are but prismatic rays of the one only Truth. If our good friends, the *Perfect Way*-farers, would but read the second volume of our work, they would find that we have been all along precisely of their own opinion that there is a 'mystical truth and knowledge deeply underlying' Roman Catholicism, which is identical with Asiatic esoteri-

cism ; and that its symbology marks the same ideas, often under duplicate figures. We even went so far as to illustrate with woodcuts the unmistakable derivation of the Hebrew Kabala from the Chaldaean—the archaic parent of all the later symbology—and the kabalistic nature of nearly all the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. It goes without saying that we, in common with all Asiatic Theosophists, cordially reciprocate the amicable feelings of the writers of *The Perfect Way* for the Theosophical Society. In this moment of supreme effort to refresh the moral nature and satisfy the spiritual yearnings of mankind, all workers, in whatever corner of the field, ought to be knit together in friendship and fraternity of feeling. It would be indeed strange if any misunderstanding could arise of so grave a nature as to alienate from us the sympathies of that highly advanced school of modern English thought of which our esteemed correspondents are such intellectual and fitting representatives.”

The two parts of the review appeared in the *Theosophist* of May and June 1882, and the articles in discussion in September and October of the same year ; and our final reply and the above editorial in January 1883.

The review in question procured for us the following vivacious letter from Lady Caithness :—

“ PARIS, June 28, 1882.

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—A thousand thanks for sending me the *Theosophists* with the review of *The Perfect Way*, my copies not having reached me. Yours are doubly welcome, because they have your notes and observations. The writer is evidently not up to the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, but very far from it. And I must say I am very much disappointed—not in the review itself, because I expect reviews to be unjust and one-sided ; they always are so—but that such a want of appreciation should be found in the *Theosophist* of what to me is the pervading and crowning glory of the Book—the doctrine of the Duality as it is in God, and should be in Man when made in the image of God—or ‘ perfect.’ I did expect more knowledge of the great mystery of God, which, if it has been ‘ kept secret from the beginning of the world,’ is now to be *made known*. For we have arrived at the turning-point of the world’s history,—the point when, the number 666 of the Beast being complete, we are to look for the manifestation of the ‘ Sons of God,’ or the Divine Humanity. I cannot tell you, therefore, how much the *Theosophist* has fallen in my estimation. Perhaps I have been inclined to estimate it too highly since the publication of those *Fragments of Occult Truth*, and also as compared with the spiritualist papers, which are so meagre, though *Light* is sometimes brightened by a letter from ‘ E. M.’ or a wonderful lecture by ‘ A. K.’ Then, too, what a disappointment it is to see the very low estimate in which *woman* is held !—the ‘ woman ’ who was to be exalted, whose seed was to bruise the head of the serpent, who was the last and crowning creation of God, and not taken from the dust of the ground, but from the man created in the image of his Creator,—his own better and higher self,—and for whom no better description is

comprehended or advanced than the following : ' The woman of the social system might at least as fairly be taken to typify the lower pleasures, fascinating enough at first, but ever less durable than desire, and culminating in satiety, ugliness, and decay.' Poor, poor Theosophists, how have they fallen from their throne,—the throne to which, however, I suppose *I only* had exalted them ! Now, I shall never more have any confidence in their advanced knowledge, in spite of their Himalayan Brothers and the authoritative tone in which they proclaim their theories—theories which I fancied were founded in the accumulated occult knowledge of the Ages, until now safely locked up in the Himalayan mountain fastnesses and Thibetan Lamasaries, whose threshold no profane foot had ever crossed.

" What a fall is here !—worse even than that of the first Adam ; for he at least acknowledged his partner and companion to be ' bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh,' and looked upon her with loving delight as the most beautiful of all the most beautiful objects that surrounded him in that earthly paradise.

" And the editor of the *Theosophist* is a woman ! And she also is as blind as her reviewer, or any old world Bat, to the signs of the times and their fulfilment of prophecy, recognised at least by all those who have made themselves ready for the ' Marriage of the King's Son.' . . . What in the name of Mystery have they been *occulting* all this time ? For is not this the great secret, the secret of all the ancient Mysteries ? Why, they have not understood even the lovely *social* mission of woman ! "

In another letter at this time Lady Caithness warned us against being sanguine of a rapid recognition and circulation of the book, saying, " There are very, very few as yet who are ready to receive such *fourth dimensional* teachings. That they are given in advance of the age is that the seed must first be sown before it can take root, and some time must elapse before it can spring up, and still longer before it can produce fruit. . . . Be in no hurry. ' Those who believe shall not make haste.' "

The story in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* entitled " The Three Kings " is an instance of the manner in which slight and apparently chance incidents served to evoke the recollection of long-lost knowledges and experiences. It is a deeply mystical interpretation of the mystery of Freemasonry, and was dreamt on the night following a conversation on that subject with a member of the order, our friend, Varley, the painter. Nothing, of course, had been said by him to disclose the secrets of the craft. Nor is there any reason to believe that its inner mysteries and spiritual significances are now known to any of its members. The angel-king in it is, of course, Hermes, the Spirit of Understanding,

who with his rod of gold, the symbol of knowledge, measures the Holy City of the Apocalypse. It was a prophecy of our work.

This summer brought us into correspondential relations with one who was recognised far and wide as one of the world's elect, alike for his mental power, scientific and philosophic culture, and grasp of spiritual things. This was Dr Ernest Gryzanowsky of Leghorn, already known to us as the most formidable opponent in Germany of the experimental school of physiologists, against which he wrote under the name of *Ἴατρος* ("Physician"), and the trusted adviser of Prince Bismarck on that subject. He wrote to us always in English, his mastery of which was equalled by that of several other languages. The following letter was elicited by my pamphlet against vivisection, *The Woman and the Age*, to which reference has already been made :¹—

" LIVORNO, June 9, 1882.

" DEAR SIR,—Pray accept my cordial thanks for the five copies of your pamphlet, *The Woman and the Age*, which I have read with great interest, and the duplicates of which I will distribute among my acquaintances according to their presumptive susceptibilities.

" I now understand the real meaning of those allusions to this pamphlet which I remember having read in some numbers of the *Zoophilist*. The reserve or protest of the committee (printed on the fly-leaf) may be just enough, but seems to me ungenerous and irrelevant. It can refer only to your remarks on vegetarianism, and to those on metempsychosis, and it seems to me that those who disagree with you on either point have more reason to feel ashamed of the faith they hold than of the faith they disown. Independent thinkers find it difficult to march (or to fight) in rank and file, and if they join militant societies, it is naturally a mere coalition *ad hoc*.

" As to myself, I fully concur in your views on vegetarianism, being a practical vegetarian myself, and one of those whose original motives were æsthetical and ethical rather than physiological, and who would abstain from animal food even if vegetarianism had not the sound scientific basis it really has.

" Of your ideas concerning the migration of souls, I may say that they would fit into my philosophy without having hitherto formed part of it. This hypothesis would explain much that is inexplicable now. My belief in the permanence of the individual is, I dare say, as strong as yours, and I am also ready to consider this immortality, not as a right (to be claimed as a matter of course), but as a prize to be gained or to be forfeited. Only, such a forfeiture pure and simple would appear to me too slight a punishment for 'persistent evil living.' People talk of the 'victory' of truth and righteousness. But this life is nothing but a triumph of evil and of strength: the weak are crushed by the strong and the simple outwitted by the

¹ See p. 8 *ante*.

cunning. And life being what it is, a brutal scuffle for existence, we crave and postulate, not a reward of merit, but something like a punishment of wilful iniquity and a *restitutio generalis* with regard to sufferings.

“ A French lawyer, M. Pezzani, has written a book on *La Pluralité des Existences de l'Âme* (Paris: Didier & Co., 1869), which contains interesting views on these matters, and it would be easy enough to generalise his ideas so as to make them comprise a speculative retrospect on the lower and lowest forms of animal soul-life.

“ I shall be glad to read your larger work, and will send for it as soon as I have reached my summer quarters in Königsberg (Prussia). From there, or at latest from here after my return in September, I will write to you again after the perusal of your work. I leave Leghorn about the 15th, and hope to be in Königsberg by the 1st July.

“ I have nothing to offer you in return for your kind gifts, and I do not venture to trouble you with my German pamphlets without knowing whether you are familiar with my mother-tongue.

“ I have just received Professor Hamernik's *Remarks on Medical Principles, etc.* (London: E. W. Allen). I cannot agree with all he says. But when a clinical professor yearly denounces vaccination as an absurdity, we may fairly hope that the Inoculation craze induced by Pasteur and Koch may speedily disappear.

“ With many thanks to you and to Mrs Kingsford (the co-author of the previous pamphlet), I remain, yours faithfully,

“ E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

Mary's anti-vivisection work this spring comprised a series of articles in Mr Bradlaugh's paper, the *National Reformer*, in opposition to Mrs Annie Besant. Their effect may best be described in Mrs Besant's own words, as given in her *Autobiography*, published in 1893:—

“ One incident of that autumn (1881) I record with regret. I was misled by very partial knowledge of the nature of the experiments performed, and by my fear that, if scientific men were forbidden to experiment on animals with drugs, they would perforce experiment with them on the poor in hospitals, to write two articles, republished as a pamphlet, against Sir Eardley Wilmot's 'Bill for the Total Suppression of Vivisection.' I limited my approval to highly skilled men engaged in original investigations, and took the representations made of the character of the experiments without sufficient care to verify them. Hence the publication of the one thing I ever wrote for which I feel deep regret and shame, as against the whole trend and efforts of my life. I am thankful to say that Dr Anna Kingsford answered my articles, and I readily inserted her replies in the paper in which mine had appeared—our *National Reformer*—and she touched that question of the moral sense to which my nature at once responded. Ultimately I looked carefully into the subject; found that vivisection abroad was very different from vivisection in England; saw that it was in very truth the fiendishly cruel thing that its opponents alleged, and destroyed my partial defence of even its less brutal form ” (pp. 271, 272).

CHAPTER XXIII

A TOUR ABROAD

THE time had come to relinquish our home in Chapel Street, and it was determined to devote a space to travel, partly for the sake of the rest and renovation only thus to be obtained ; partly for the advancement of the two causes on behalf of which, mainly, Mary had adopted the profession of medicine ; and partly, again, to test the effect of a residence in high altitudes in promoting spiritual illumination and intercourse. For it was to Switzerland that we were bound, in response to urgent appeals thence received on behalf especially of the anti-vivisection cause, that country being one of the principal headquarters of the school of the torturers, the notorious M. Schiff having established his laboratory at Geneva after his expulsion from Florence.

It was by no means with unmixed regret that we quitted the house which had been the scene of the production of *The Perfect Way*. For, great as had been the work accomplished in it, it had been accomplished only at that maximum cost, physical, mental, and other, which seemed to be the appointed condition of all our work ; and, indeed, it sometimes seemed as if the two things were in inverse ratio to each other, and that the greater the cost and suffering, the greater the results to the work, and the more the sowing had been in tears, the more the reaping was in joy. Mary was wont to say that it was her Karma that made it so. She had returned to earth to work out a double redemption, for the race and for herself, and this involved a double amount of suffering.

The arduous and uncongenial labour of the packing and storing of our effects in view of a possibly prolonged absence, the finding of suitable places for the two Swiss domestics, and other indispensable matters duly accomplished, Mary repaired

to Hastings to her mother, with whom her daughter had for some time been living, at the grandmother's earnest desire, I undertaking to join them when the time came for our journey. This was not long delayed, as we had pledged ourselves to Lady Caithness for July 15. In the interval Mary wrote in her Diary :—

I am on the brink of a new departure whereof I cannot guess the ending. I am about to take to the Continent my daughter, in the hope that she may learn to love my work, and to long to do it herself; and that she may forsake the superstitions in vogue, and learn to know the Real and the True. I shall do my best to accomplish this end. May Heaven aid and conduct me! Then indeed we shall be truly related; for they only are truly related to us who see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and feel with our hearts. As said the good Jesus of Galilee, "Who is My mother, and who are My brethren? My mother and My brethren are they who hear the word of God and do it." And again, "Except a man forsake his father and his mother, he shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of God." It is not because our physical bodies are born of such and such parents, or because our bodies again become the soil out of which new bodies spring, that we are related in Spirit to these our physical progenitors or offspring. It may indeed be so, and there may be a happy affinity between physical relatives, but more often they are, in Spirit, widely separated. The Soul finds her true relatives more frequently in strangers, and hearts are knit to hearts that beat in unison, though no family likeness of feature be found between such friends. It is not physical motherhood that is the most blessed bond and duty, but the spiritual tie of the inner and true Ego; the adoptive relationship, whether it be of mother and child, of brother and sister, or of any other affinity. Which truth I know, and knowing, I am ready to act as it shall please the good Gods.

" ST LEONARDS, July 3 [1882].

" MY DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—I hope you will not be misled by the misinterpretations of *The Perfect Way* given in the June *Theosophist*. The most serious and incomprehensible of the reviewer's mistakes is that in which he finds fault with the fourfold division of Human Nature, and actually pretends that he can find in that division no place allotted to the Soul!—when the whole book is nothing else than the history of the Soul and her apotheosis!! The blunder is so gross and palpable that I find it hard to believe it has been committed innocently. Of course, the sevenfold division of the *Theosophist* is included in the *four* of *The Perfect Way*, and no more contradicts it or clashes with it than the fact that there are twelve months in the year contradicts the fact that there are four seasons in the year. For the seven are included in the four, the Jiv-atma or physical vital force belonging to the division of the body—for Jiv-atma is nothing else than *nerve-force*, and the Linga-Sharira, Kama Rupa, and Intelligent Mind being, of course, comprehended in the Astral spirit. The other two divisions of Soul and Spirit

(absolute) perfectly correspond with ours. Not to see so plain a fact as this is surely to be wilfully blind.

“ After all this reviewing and fault-finding on the part of critics having but a third of the knowledge which has been given to us, there is not a line in *The Perfect Way* which I would alter were the book to be reprinted. The very reviewer—Mr Sinnett—who writes with so much pseudo-authority in the *Theosophist* has, within a year’s time, completely altered his views on at least one important subject,—I mean, Reincarnation. When he came to see us a year ago in London, he vehemently denied that doctrine, and asserted, with immense conviction, that I had been altogether deceived in my teaching concerning it. He read a passage from *Isis Unveiled* to confute me, and argued long on the subject. He had not then received any instruction from his Hindu Guru about it. *Now, he has been so instructed*, and wrote Mr Maitland a long letter acknowledging the truth of the doctrine, which, since seeing us, he has been taught. But he does not yet know *all* the truth concerning it, and so finds fault with our presentation of that side of it which, as yet, he has not been taught.

“ I have no fear that the Immortals will deceive me ; nor am I in the least disconcerted by adverse criticism. That others do not see, and cannot understand, proves only how greatly our work is needed in the world, and how far it surpasses all minor labours and teaching. Let no one, dear friend, shake your constant mind from the great doctrines which we have of the holy Powers themselves. For all other teaching, save that which is based on *Justice*, shall come to nothing. ‘ The just Lord loveth justice ; His countenance beholdeth the thing that is just.’ Try all the doctrine of *The Perfect Way* by this supreme test, and see if it does not in all things satisfy and fulfil it as does no other under the sun. All are broken lights,—lights indeed, but fragmentary merely ; one teaching including some stray beams, and others more. But to us the Gods have given without measure a perfect and glorious orb of complete glory, and if we be but faithful—we three—there is nothing we may not know.—Yours affectionately,
A. K.”

The fortnight we spent with our friend in Paris was eminently restful, but not so the time which almost immediately followed. For we had not been many days in Switzerland when it became clear that, with the work undertaken there, and that which followed us from home, a period not only of toil, but of conflict long and severe, was before us. And meanwhile Mary’s inveterate enemy, asthma, attacked her so severely at Lucerne as to compel a flight to the higher and drier airs of Berne. The work which followed us from England arose out of a controversy which had been started in *Light* about our book, being provoked by a letter from Lady Caithness,¹ speaking of it as—

¹ Lady Caithness’ letter appeared in *Light* of August 19, 1882.

“ That most admirable book, *The Perfect Way*, which embodies the latest, highest, and most important revelations given to humanity, constituting a new Gospel which thousands would thankfully receive could the work in question be brought to their notice ; for thousands are at this time literally starving for want of the spiritual food adequate to the needs of their present spiritual growth. This further supply was promised by the One who could not give them more until they were prepared and able to receive it, in these words, ‘ I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth.’ This promise is now very beautifully fulfilled in *The Perfect Way*. And being further cognisant of the way in which it has been given and received, I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing it to be the new Gospel of Interpretation of the Mysteries of God kept secret from the beginning.”

This letter gave rise to a discussion which continued until December, compelling us to intervene from time to time in order to correct erroneous conceptions and elucidate still further our teaching, our joint-communications being signed, “ The Writers of *The Perfect Way*,” while my separate ones bore the signature, “ Cantab.”

Among the contributors to the discussion were several of the most notable of the students of spiritual science of the time, the list comprising Mrs A. J. Penny, the expositor of Jacob Boehme, Dr George Wyld, Madame de Steiger, Miss Arundale, C. C. Massey, Hon. Roden Noel, and “ I. O.” [the Rev. J. G. Ouseley], a priest deeply devoted to things mystical, the last of whom pronounced *The Perfect Way* the “ most wonderful of all books which have appeared since the Christian era,” and one that “ no student can be without if he will know *the truth* on these subjects.” The last five all wrote in refutation of the strictures of the first two, who had seriously misconceived the scope and doctrine of the book. And it was chiefly in order to correct such misconception that we wrote the following. It appeared in *Light*, September 23 [1882], and was followed by others :—

“ Permit us space in your columns for a few words in reply to the strictures of Dr Wyld and Mrs Penny upon the above book.

“ *The Perfect Way* neither is, nor purports to be, a ‘ new ’ Gospel in the sense implied by your correspondents. On the contrary, it is expressly declared in the preface that ‘ nothing new is told, but that which is ancient—so ancient, that either it or its meaning has been lost—is restored and explained.’ Its mission is that simply of Re-

habilitation and Interpretation, undertaken with the view, not of superseding Christianity, but of saving it.

“ For, as the deepest and most earnest thinkers of our day are painfully aware, the Gospel of Christendom, as it stands in the Four Evangelists, does *not* suffice, uninterpreted, to satisfy the needs of the age, and to furnish a perfect system of thought and rule of life. Christianity—historically preached and understood—has for eighteen centuries filled the world with wars, persecutions, and miseries of all kinds; and in these days it is rapidly filling it with agnosticism, atheism, and revolt against the very idea of God. *The Perfect Way* seeks to consolidate truth in one complete whole, and by systematising religion to demonstrate its Catholicity. It seeks to make peace between Science and Faith; to marry the Intellect with the Intuition; to bring together East and West, and to unite Buddhist philosophy with Christian love, by demonstrating that the basis of religion is not historical, but spiritual,—not physical, but psychic,—not local and temporal, but universal and eternal. It avers that the true ‘ Lord Jesus Christ ’ is no mere historical character, no mere demi-god, by whose material blood the souls of men are washed white, but ‘ the hidden man of the heart, ’ continually born, crucified, ascending and glorified in the interior Kingdom of the Christian’s own Spirit. A scientific age rightly refuses to be any longer put off with data which are more than dubious, and logic which morality and philosophy alike reject. A deeper, truer, more real religion is needed for an epoch of thought and for a world familiar with Biblical criticism and revision;—a religion whose foundations no destructive agnosticism can undermine, and in whose structure no examination, however searching, shall be able to find flaw or blemish. It is only by rescuing the Gospel of Christ from the externals of history, persons, and events, and by vindicating its essential significance, that Christianity can be saved from the destruction which inevitably overtakes all idolatrous creeds. There is not a word in *The Perfect Way* at variance with the spirit of the Gospel of the ‘ Lord Jesus Christ. ’ If your correspondents think otherwise, it can only be because they are themselves dominated by idolatrous conceptions in regard to the personal and historical Jesus, and cannot endure to see their Eidolon broken to pieces in the presence of the Ark of the Mysteries of God.

“ It is just those who *have* fully accepted, and who comprehend the spirit of, the old Gospel who are ready and anxious to hear what the promised Spirit of Truth has yet to reveal. But the world at large never has accepted that Gospel, and cannot accept it for need of that very interpretation which our opponents deprecate. If the Spirit of Truth be really charged to ‘ show all things, ’ such exposition will certainly *not* consist in a mere reiteration, in the same obscure, because symbolical, terms, of the old formulas. But if they elect to close their minds against any elucidation of sacred mysteries other than that provided by a Boehme or a Swedenborg, they virtually quench the Spirit and fossilise its revelation.

“ Despite the eulogy of Dr Wyld, Mrs Penny’s letter is altogether inadequate to its intention. Like the utterances of conventional pulpiteers, it is profuse of praise and meagre of explanation. Terms such as ‘ the ²water of life ’ and ‘ the painful mysteries of our own

nature ' are used wholly without indication as to their meaning ; and the sense in which it speaks of ' the Lord Jesus Christ ' is left entirely to the reader's imagination. Surely she must be aware that these oft-repeated expressions have failed of their proper practical spiritual issue, precisely because they have lacked the interpretation necessary to render them intelligible, and that until they are so explained the world's conversion is not to be hoped for. But, as it seems to us, Mrs Penny is one of those who, contemning knowledge, postulate as the condition of salvation a faith which is divorced from understanding, and which, therefore, is no true faith, indefeasible and constant, but a blind, mechanical assent, born of mere wilfulness, and liable at any instant to fail and fall away.

" The secret, however, of the opposition made in certain circles to the doctrine set forth in *The Perfect Way* is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fact that the book is, throughout, strenuously opposed to idolatry in all its forms, including that of the popular ' Spiritualism ' of the day, which is, in effect, a revival under a new guise and with new sanctions of the ancient cultus known as Ancestor-Worship. *The Perfect Way*, on the contrary, insists that Truth is accessible only through the illumination, by the Divine Spirit, of man's own soul ; and that precisely in proportion as the individual declines such interior illumination, and seeks to extraneous influences, does he impoverish his own soul and diminish his possibilities of knowledge. It teaches that ' Spirits,' or ' Angels,' as their devotees are fond of styling them, are untrustworthy guides, possessed of no positive or divine element, and reflecting, therefore, rather than instructing, their interrogators ; and that the condition of mind, namely, passivity, insisted on by these ' angels ' is one to be strenuously avoided, the true attitude for obtaining divine illumination being that of ardent active aspiration, impelled by a resolute determination to know nothing but the Highest. Precisely such a state of passivity, voluntarily induced, and such veneration of and reliance upon ' guides ' or ' controls,' are referred to by the Apostle when he says : ' *But let no man beguile you by a voluntary humility and worshipping of angels.*' And precisely such exaltation of the personal Jesus as *The Perfect Way* repudiates and its opponents demand is by the same Apostle condemned in the words : ' *Henceforth know we no man after the flesh : yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him no more.*'

" This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. God, with ' Christ,' is in the man who, purifying his spirit after the secret of the Christ, aspires prayerfully and fervently. And it is to this interior spirit that he must look for illumination and salvation, and not to any outside ' angel ' or fleshly Saviour. Attaining such illumination for themselves, our critics will be able both to recognise the source and to verify the teachings of our book for themselves. For, thus invoked, the Divine Spirit will ' bring all things to remembrance ' for them, even as it has for us. Opinions will be merged in knowledges. And, instead of limiting the Spirit by the form in which its past revelations have been couched, they will be able to discern, in all its plenitude, the Spirit *through* the form. Your correspondents referred to have, clearly, not yet recognised the *source* of the teaching to which they take exception. They will

find it fully described in Part I. of Appendix III.¹ If the divinity of this utterance is beyond their power of recognition, argument in their case is hopeless, and no avenue exists through which Divine truth can reach them. God grant it may not be so.

“THE WRITERS OF *The Perfect Way*.”

We passed the greater part of August at Lausanne, making our home at the Pension du Cèdre, being tempted thither by its charming position in the open country and its vegetarian regimen. Here Mary commenced the work which had brought us to Switzerland, by delivering addresses on behalf of vegetarianism and against vivisection, having first obtained letters of introduction to some of the leading residents. Her efforts resulted in the formation of an anti-vivisection society under the best auspices the place afforded. But it required much argument and persuasion to work up the male part of the community to the requisite pitch. For, besides being much under the domination of the prevailing scientific spirit, it was a new thing to them that a woman should take the initiative, and they were accordingly disposed to resent it. But the eloquence and force of Mary's expositions combined with the charm of her personality to rouse them from their indifference and bear down all opposition. But not until she had made such a display of energy as to elicit from one of the local magnates the remark that it was fortunate for them that she was a vegetarian, for as a flesh-eater her fierceness would have made her dangerous.

Geneva was our aim, that being the headquarters of experimental physiology in Switzerland. But it was too early yet for Geneva, the inhabitants being mostly in the mountains. We fixed, therefore, upon Montreux for the interval, and taking up our quarters at the Pension Vautier, devoted ourselves to making excursions, whether on foot, by rail, or by steamer. Under the stimulating influence of the mountain air, Mary developed an unexpected capacity for walking, managing without undue fatigue to climb to Glion and Les Rochers, and the walk to Les Avant and back by the alternative road. Sometimes, indeed, it would happen that on first starting her asthma made breathing difficult and locomotion almost impos-

¹ See note 2, p. 33 *ante*. The illumination here referred to is the one “Concerning Inspiration and Prophecy,” being No. ii. in Part I. of *Clothed with the Sun*.

sible. But with every increase of altitude the oppression lessened, at length to disappear altogether, when her keen sense of relief from physical pain and weakness combined with her intense appreciation of the scenery to induce a state of ecstatic delight such as is known only to highly strung artistic temperaments. And at such moments she would almost cry with desire to *be* all the beauty she beheld, and seemed to herself in some way to belong to it and it to her, as if she and Nature had but one consciousness between them. Such was the feeling which was destined before the year was out to find expression, such as it had never before found, in her wondrous utterance on the poet as the type of the Heavenly Personality. Conceived on the mountains of Switzerland, it was born into words at Paris.¹

From a letter addressed to me, which reached us when on the point of quitting Lausanne for Montreux, we learnt as follows. The writer, Mr G. B. Finch, was at once one of the most competent judges of our work and warmest of our adherents :—

“ The Theosophical Society in England has arrived at a crisis. Dr Wyld resigned the presidency some time ago, and Mr C. C. Massey has been elected. On his election he wrote to Colonel Olcott, asking whether it was any good keeping up the Society, and entering into full particulars about the state of affairs here. I learned these things from Mr Massey, to whom I had gone to see whether something could not be done to keep what seemed to me a useful agency going. M. says that members are admitted too freely ; that he had urgently proposed to put it on an ascetic basis, but that Madame Blavatsky had rejected this. She apparently wished the Society to be Catholic. But it can be this and at the same time eclectic, for they have sections ; and it would be in accordance with the practice of the Society elsewhere to have a section on an ascetic base, or any other base within the purview of the Society’s aims. M. seemed to wish for some such section, and if Mrs Kingsford were in it I think he would be greatly pleased. He seemed to me to be in a phase of discouragement or of depression, which perhaps is rather general, due to the inevitable law of reaction after action. I should like to be a member of some such section as I have described if you and Mrs Kingsford were members. Not that I see that I could do anything, having so little originating or constructive imagination. But as you know that in chemistry bodies unite to act upon each other in the presence of a third supposed neutral body, so in such a section I might help action if I could not originate it.”

This was the first suggestion to us of a conjunction with the Theosophical Society, and the idea had not occurred to us before ;

¹ See pp. 101–2 *post*.

nor, now that it was suggested, and this by those whom we held in high esteem, did we feel drawn to it. On the contrary, we already knew enough about the origin, motives, and methods of the Theosophical Society to distrust it. Its original prospectus committed the glaring inconsistency of declaring the absolute tolerance of the Society of all forms of religion, and then of stating that a main object was the destruction of Christianity. Its founders had committed it also to the rejection of the idea of a God, personal or impersonal, and this while calling it *Theosophical*. And it claimed for its doctrine a derivation from sources which, even if they had any existence—a matter on which we had no proof—were not to be compared with those from whom ours was derived, while the doctrine itself was palpably inferior so far as yet disclosed, and this both in substance and form.

On sending the letter to Lady Caithness, together with some remarks to the above purport, she replied as follows :—

“ I am surprised at what is said about the T. S. in London, and greatly fear that, unless you can be induced to undertake to preside over it, it will fall to the ground, which would be a deplorable event for Mde. B. I therefore think she will gladly accede to your terms, whatever they may be, excepting, of course, the change of name. For that would be to form a new society altogether, quite independent of the Hindu Theosophical and of the Himalayan Brothers. Therefore I do not understand your wish to change the name if you join it. For it would be easier for you to establish one of your own, with Mrs Kingsford as directress, as no doubt she is a sufficient power by herself to do so ; but if there is really any truth in the Himalayan Brothers—which I believe there is—does it not seem a pity to ignore them entirely in such an undertaking ? For surely, *if they are*, they would be a great power, though invisible. Shall I tell you that it would not surprise me in the least that Mrs Kingsford should be suddenly invited to go to India, where no doubt she would become personally acquainted with some members of this Occult Brotherhood ? I shall be anxious to see how it all comes about ; for there is no doubt she has been much canvassed by the Hindu set. And perhaps *The Perfect Way* has found its way to the occult fastnesses, and orders have come from the Brothers to hold her in due reverence. Indeed I feel sure that ere long she will hear something important from that quarter. So I think it would be a pity to begin by quarrelling with the name ‘ Theosophist,’ or Striver after the Divine, which is so eminently characteristic of their only occupation, the one for which they have sacrificed all other things.”

The matter went no further at this time ; but we were struck

by learning that Mary had been recognised by the mysterious chiefs of the Theosophical Society as "the greatest natural mystic of the present day, and countless ages in advance of the great majority of mankind, the foremost of whom belong to the last race of the fourth round, while she belongs to the first race of the fifth round." Without attaching any value to this doctrine of rounds and races, we could not but recognise the singular coincidence between this assertion of her antiquity and the intimation given to us some years before while at Paris, that she was a "soul of vast experience, and many thousands of years older than" I was, of which intimation we had never uttered a word to any person, but had kept it strictly to ourselves.

The following is from Mary's Diary :—

September 17, 1882. At Montreux. I did not think I should bring my Diary so far, and yet leave it so long without an entry. And now the entry I shall make is inspired, not by the outer world, but by interior reflections. I have employed a dull day in reading an ill-written novel,—Lord Lytton's *Coming Race*; and yet that novel, despite its irritating defects of style and construction, has suggested to me some considerations which I feel constrained to write here. Lytton speaks disparagingly of the Drama, and seems to believe that its one use—that of depicting Emotion—would have no application in a perfected community, from which Emotion would—according to him—be necessarily banished. For my part I have long looked on Drama—or perhaps I should say Spectacular Pantomime—as one of the probable future instruments of education. The crowd which refuses to read Books or hear Lectures would eagerly gather to witness theatrical representations. Why—with sufficient funds to supply the needful accessories—might we not revive the ancient Thespian Art, the Art which in early ages was applied to the Initiation of Neophytes into the Mysteries of the Gods, and in later times to the representation of those same Mysteries under the guise of the Christian Myth? I would like to reproduce, if possible with the aid of Song and Opera, those solemn and sacred plays in which was depicted the Progress of the Pilgrim Soul from Stage to Stage and from Form to Form. I would like to represent the career of a Hero, whether as Perseus, as Heracles, or as Jesus, His Mission, His Acts, His final Apotheosis. I would reproduce the calm, ascetic life of holy Buddha-Gautama; I would reiterate to a Western audience his divine precepts, and give, in character, a verbal sketch of his philosophic system. Or, as Pythagoras, I would give utterance to the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, and define the moral duties which man owes to his fellow-beings in other forms of matter.

That all this, and much more, could be achieved on the Stage has again and again recurred to my thoughts while witnessing such modern plays as *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *Babil and Bijou*, or even

the commonplace and degraded Pantomime. And the marvellously glowing and dramatic visions which from time to time have unveiled themselves to my own sight, have often been of a character such as to make me long to reproduce them on the Stage. Such a scene as that I once beheld on the far-off summit of radiant Olympus, where the Gods reclined at their Feast; or that, again, in which I beheld the Mosque-like Temple with its three strange Altar-Veils; and many another mystic scene, would admirably lend themselves to the manipulation of Stage-resource.

Lytton prognosticates an age in which all Passion, whether physical or psychic, shall be no more. His "coming Race" is to be like the Egyptian Gods—stern, emotionless, placid, serene. Hence, of course, all the Arts—which we owe chiefly to the Greeks, whose Gods were far removed from the Egyptian type—must gradually languish and cease. Poetry will be no more. Music, Painting, Romance—all those various channels of the imagination in which Emotion rolls its many-coloured waters—will be broken down and destroyed. Not only so; but with the attainment of "Perfection" must perish the vocation of the Seer and of the Reformer. At this thought I cannot but stop and ask myself what *I* should do in such a world. If I labour to bring about Perfection in its manifold aspects—spiritual, moral, physical—what is the far-off consummation of my toil? A condition of undisturbed harmony and serenity in which shall be heard no discordant note, which no sound of pain or sorrow shall ever trouble. Where, without Suffering, Poverty, and Tyranny, could be the virtues of Charity, of Compassion, of Courage? . . . Yet a divine Impulse compels the highest of our race to labour and to sacrifice themselves perpetually in order to attain the estimation alike of Virtue and of Vice. I can but suppose this end is not destined to be achieved upon this Planet, nor are the conditions of life which surround us here such as to make such a consummation possible. The achievement of Perfection—a word which is in fact identical with Serenity, Calm, and Repose—must be reserved for Nirvâna. It will never, it *can* never, be realised on this Plane. What we do then, in our continual efforts towards Reform, is but to attune and fit our own Souls and the Souls of a few elect for removal from this sphere; we cannot permanently ameliorate the condition of the Planet on which we now are. We render the conditions of mundane existence intolerable and impossible to ourselves and to those whom we are able to influence, and thus we effect our own and their transmutation to other planes, where the conditions of Being will accord with our transformed state. Were it otherwise, we should, I think, ultimately arrive at the utter extinction of all Qualities which, under present circumstances, owe their manifestation to their Opposites, and at the annihilation of all Faculties which are cultivated and perfected by the existence of Obstacles. There is here an Idea, or rather a relation of Ideas to each other, which needs some careful thinking out.

By this it will be seen that she got upon the track of thought of which the doctrine of "Progression by Antagonism" was the outcome.

On September 19 we repaired to Geneva, the season having arrived when Mary could take advantage of her introductions to commence her missionary work under good auspices. For, as the chief seat of the school of torture in Switzerland, it was necessary to enlist the strongest personal support available. We had found congenial quarters at the Pension Froment-Jackson, and all looked well for our enterprise, when the weather, hitherto fine, broke up, and Mary found herself struck down with a chill, which, settling on the lungs, produced so serious an illness as to lead those whom we consulted to urge on her an instant flight to a milder climate. She would never, they declared, get over her attack if she remained at that season in Switzerland, and with one consent they indicated Mentone as the place of places for her. We determined, therefore, though reluctantly, to go thither, returning as soon as circumstances permitted.

For my share in this reluctance I had reasons known only to myself, such that it was with astonishment and almost dismay that I found myself bound on the journey. Those reasons were in this wise. When packing up my effects on giving up the house in Chapel Street, I came upon a small parcel, so closed up as to be almost hermetically sealed, which had so long been unopened that I had forgotten the contents; and on opening it to ascertain these I found that they were a number of the marking-cards, calculations, and other appliances of the gaming-tables at some of the German *kursaals*, which I had preserved as relics of a systematic attempt I had made several years previously, in conjunction with some friends, to get the better of the *Banque*.

As may be supposed, the attempt had been not only vain, but costly, and I had entirely renounced the idea of ever renewing it. Not, however, for those reasons alone, but also because I found that the fascination of the pursuit promised to become so absorbing as to withdraw me from all other interests. It was not the excitement of the game that so affected me, or even the prospect of winning—though I had ambition, such as that of entering Parliament, for which larger means than I already possessed were requisite. It was the idea of the conquest of the *Banque* by means of a system so contrived as to make such *Banques* thenceforth impossible that took possession of me, and

threatened to become a fixed idea, to the exclusion, as already said, of all other ideas ; and it was only the counter-assertion of itself by my other and proper fixed idea—namely, the innate idea that I had a special work to do in life, which was not that of breaking banks—that enabled me to dispel this idea. I was helped, too, by the remark of one, a veteran of the *Casinos*, who had bought his wisdom at the expense of his whole fortune, and who said to me, speaking very impressively, “ Maitland, take my word for it—the word of a man who knows—you will never be allowed to win at play. The Gods have other work for you. You are too good a man to be a successful gamester.” Not to prolong the story unduly, the result was my possession by another idea in force such as entirely to supplant and displace its predecessor. This was the resolve never again to put myself in the way of playing, and never to be the means of putting anyone else in the way.

Such was my fixed resolution when I lighted on the packet in question. But although the sight of its contents was powerless to alter my resolve, there escaped from it a palpable influence which smote me with such force as to cause me to exclaim, “ Why, it is like the story of the bottled imp in the *Arabian Nights* ! ”—a story in which now for the first time I saw a possible truth. It was a distinct *smite*, the effect of which was to set up in the outer part of myself a craving to do that from which my inner self entirely revolted, and this without in the least weakening, but rather intensifying, the resolve I had formed. The conflict thus set up between the two spheres of my being, the spiritual and the physiological, or perhaps rather the astral, was such as to enable me to realise, with a distinctness never before experienced, the duality of the human system and the independence of each part from the other of its two moieties ; and thus to constitute a psychological phenomenon well worth the study I found myself constrained to bestow on it. And it was with no little satisfaction that I observed that, potent as was the assailing influence, it was utterly powerless to affect the real *me* in such wise as to dispose me to heed it. My impulse was to destroy the contents of the bewitched packet ; and had there been a fire in the room, I should at once have burnt them. But it was summer-time ; and so I reclosed the packet and replaced it in the chest, to go to the warehouse, thinking that its so-long

retention of the "spirits of the cards" might be due to the impermeable nature of the enclosing substance.

Meanwhile I renewed my resolve against visiting or taking anyone else to visit what was now the only place of the kind accessible, which was Monte Carlo. And I also decided to say no word to Mary about the matter, lest perchance her imagination might impart force to what otherwise would expend itself harmlessly, as I hoped the influence would do. My surprise, therefore, may be imagined when, on the very next day, she told me that she had dreamt that we were in the playing-rooms at what she supposed to be Monte Carlo, and saw certain friends of ours, whom we had never suspected of such a thing, playing high and winning largely! For reasons of my own, I contented myself with advising her not to mention her dream to her daughter. But neither my precaution nor her silence was of any avail. For a few days later the child came to her mother and exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I had such an odd dream last night! I was in a magnificent hall, decorated with rich gildings and columns, and having a number of tables covered with money, and crowds of people standing round them gambling. And while we were looking on at a table which had a wheel on it, a strange man spoke to me, and offered me some money which he wanted me to put on the table for him, as he said I should be sure to win, and he would give me half for myself. And then, on turning to you to ask if I might, I woke."

Being aware of the superstitions which gamblers have about a maiden's luck, I was yet more struck by the intelligence which thus seemed to be behind the influence to which I ascribed the dream. And very soon I had reason to be struck also by its persistency; for both mother and daughter were visited by similar dreams several times in the next few weeks, with the result of making me more firmly resolved than ever to keep our distance from any place of the kind. And now, by a destiny which seemed to be irresistible, we were about to start for a place which was but a few minutes' distance by rail from Monte Carlo!

Our first halt on leaving Geneva was Aix-les-Bains, where we were detained three days by an attack of asthma which rendered Mary unable to proceed. We reached Turin on the 3rd, and Savona on the 4th of October, passing two nights at

the latter place to allow Mary to rest. On the 6th we proceeded to Mentone, arriving there as it was getting dark. On reaching the hotel on which we had fixed—one close to and fronting the sea—we found that we were the first arrivals, the season not having yet begun, as the rainy season was not quite over. Of this most fatal drawback our Geneva friends had said nothing, and the discovery greatly dismayed us. For, wet though it was, we had hoped the weather was exceptional and would soon change. We had no choice, however, but to engage rooms and arrange terms, which we accordingly did, stipulating that, in the event of our being compelled to leave at a moment's notice—an event which the health of Madame rendered probable—we should not be called on to pay for any unexpired term of occupancy. Nothing could exceed the politeness of the proprietor, and the matter was so arranged.

The event proved the wisdom of this precaution. The distresses of that night were beyond description. None of us went to bed. The close, damp, heavy atmosphere early brought on for Mary an access of asthma, so violent and persistent as to compel her to sit up all night, while we burnt stramonium and other medicaments, and strove to protect the sufferer from the mosquitoes, which literally swarmed. But all in vain. The morning found her exhausted with pain and fatigue and want of sleep, disfigured almost beyond recognition and nearly blinded with mosquito-bites, and bent on quitting the place by the earliest possible train. But whither to betake ourselves? Summoning the proprietor before it was yet full day, and informing him of the nature of the emergency, we were told that the whole Riviera was similarly infested with mosquitoes and liable to wet. The best chance of escaping them was on the high ground of Monte Carlo, but there was no certainty even there. Panic-struck at the prospect of another such night, Mary declared decidedly that she would go straight back to Paris, where neither asthma nor mosquitoes ever troubled her; and she asked when the first train left, and whether we could catch it. The reply was, "Yes, provided we lost no time, but started at once."

This, however, I recollected, was impossible. The treble fare for such a journey exceeded the cash in my possession, and I must first change a circular note, and for this must wait

until the bank opened. Mary reconciled herself to the inevitable delay, and soon after ten we were in the train, provided with tickets for Marseilles ; for I was able, from my knowledge of that place, to reassure her on both causes for apprehension. Being a large city, it would be free from mosquitoes, and there was no fear of asthma at the altitude of the Hotel de la Gare, to which we would go. On approaching Monte Carlo, I pointed it out to her, but she was too badly blinded to be able to see it, and too much exhausted and suffering to care to do so. My one ground for consolation amid our manifold troubles was the thought that, whatever might be the influence concerned in bringing them about, it had been baffled, so far, at least, as it had any design on us in connection with Monte Carlo ; for we were passing by the place unvisited, without any prospect of returning.

My satisfaction proved short-lived. On reaching Nice the doors of the carriages were thrown open and the passengers one and all were ordered to descend. The rains had caused a flood, which had carried away a bridge on the line, and the train could go no farther. We were thus detained perforce within an easy distance of Monte Carlo. Could such a fatality be purely accidental? Only the event could decide. I still kept my own counsel, and suspended my judgment. Mary, who was feeling a little better, remarked, " They mean us to see Monte Carlo after all."

Indeed, she was so eager to see the place so noted at once for its physical beauty and its moral ugliness, that she had no sooner recovered somewhat than nothing would do but to make an excursion thither. This we accordingly did, breakfasting there, strolling about the gardens, and watching the play and the players, and even adventuring a few silver pieces, more out of curiosity as to their fate than from any desire to play. My satisfaction in the experiment resulted from the proof it afforded me that we both were indifferent, and the trial was no real temptation. The atmosphere of the rooms was indescribably noxious, physically and spiritually ; and, moreover, we had been compelled to leave the child outside, the high moral sense of the administration having led them to exclude minors. Hence our stay was very brief, and the relief on emerging into the pure air great.

We had been unfortunate at Nice in our selection of an hotel no less than in the weather, the former being in a too low-lying situation for our asthmatic subject. Mary therefore continued to suffer greatly; and as the railway was not yet open to the westwards, we determined to seek some other locality. On asking advice from persons likely to be well informed, the testimony was unanimous in favour of Monte Carlo, the altitude and rocky soil of which made it, they declared, a model place for our purpose. Mary had certainly breathed better there than at any other place on the Riviera. We had observed an hotel situate so far above the *Casino* as to seem safe against her enemies of both kinds. We resolved, therefore, to make trial of it, any hesitation that I might have on other grounds having disappeared in the light of our recent experience. And on the 13th we removed thither, making at our hotel the same stipulation which we had made at Mentone; and, by way of extra precaution against mosquitoes, I procured a vast piece of gauze as a shelter for her in the event of her being compelled again to pass the night in her chair, ransacking Monaco in search of it.

The weather was perfect to look at, and the evening so fine as to tempt us to take a walk on the hillside, which Mary enjoyed greatly for the beauty of the scene, with the starry sky overhead, and the purity of the air. In her exhilaration she felt as if new inspirations of the highest order must be in store for her. Alas for our hopes! The very atmosphere of her room seemed to stifle her as she entered it. The asthma returned in redoubled force, and the terrible experience of Mentone was repeated in an aggravated degree. The whole night was passed in an endeavour to mitigate her sufferings; and when morning came her condition was such as to make it impossible either to stay or to go. The dilemma seemed invincible, and I was in despair accordingly. The solution proved as strange as it was unexpected. While I was standing by her as she sat in the chair in which she had passed the night, there came from within the folds of the gauze netting with which it had been found necessary to envelop her a voice, speaking in a tone loud, strong, firm, and peremptory as that of a man accustomed to command, which said, "Procure some chloroform at once—as much as you can get. It will enable me to return to Nice."

On looking at her in surprise, she appeared unconscious of having spoken ; but I lost no time in acting on the suggestion, and hastened to the nearest pharmacy. Here I had great difficulty in getting supplied. It was forbidden to sell the drug without a medical prescription, and that could be obtained only by calling in a doctor,—a course which, besides involving delay and expense, was one to which Mary would by no means consent. At length, moved by my pleadings, the chemist let me have half-an-ounce. This was soon expended, and with but little apparent effect in allaying the spasms of her malady. On presenting myself again with the empty bottle, the chemist gave me another half-ounce ; and this, following the other, proved sufficient ; and by keeping her slightly under its influence, we succeeded in getting her into a carriage to drive to the station, then into the train, and finally to an hotel in Nice to which we had been commended in a letter just received from Lady Caithness, who, with unremitting kindness, had written to us every other day through our trouble. Mary was able to converse a little during the journey, and was surprised to learn, in answer to her question about the chloroform, that she had ordered it herself, having no recollection of the occurrence. Nor had it occurred to me that the utterance might have come through, and not from, her, strange as her tone had been.

Our destination was the Hôtel Millet ; and Mary was no sooner seated in her apartment, which was a very large one, being still, but only slightly, under the influence of the anæsthetic—the supply of which was nearly exhausted—than she spoke again in the same voice as before, saying in a rapid but a distinct, measured, and emphatic tone, without pausing or faltering :—

“ Use chloroform, only chloroform ; no stimulants ; not tea, coffee, nor brandy. It will make her sick, but that will not injure her. The left lung is hopelessly diseased. There is in it a very large cavity, too deeply seated for detection by auscultation. She has tubercle in the lungs, in the stomach, in the intestine, and in the kidneys. The left lung adheres at the apex to the pleura, and is totally useless. It is the condition of the lung that affects the bronchial tubes and causes the asthma. This cannot be cured. It can only be kept under by living always in a large city. London is the best place for her ; not Kensington, but Notting Hill, for its height and dryness. Neither the hotel you are at nor Nice is suitable ; they are too low. If in three days she mends sufficiently to bear the

journey, take her to Lyons, and tell her husband to be prepared to come to her there. She would not have been so ill at Geneva ; but we tried to bring you to Monte Carlo in order to help you through her. You are not likely to have any success there by yourself ; but we could have enabled her to help you to win the money necessary for your purposes had the conditions of her health rendered it possible for us to use her. All through, the conditions have been such as to render her work almost impossible. And now it is scarcely possible for her to live much longer. She might have done so but for the occurrence of yesterday evening. No one of her constitution should be abroad when the Mistral is on the sea. It is the Mistral which caught her last night that has probably shortened her career. Nevertheless the work will be completed, even if she fails us. For there is another woman now in the world—one known to you—who can recover the necessary recollections, and can complete it with you. This only if she dies before it is done, as in all probability she will, in a few years. For herself it will be well that she should die. No one could wish her to live with the terrible suffering that is inevitable in the case of a prolonged existence. Keep her under the chloroform, that we may continue to speak, and also because it is the only thing that can help her now. Apply also hot fomentations to the chest, not the shoulder—the diseased lung can receive no benefit—but to the bronchial region ; only there, not to the feet either. It is too late for that. Keep applying continuously, if necessary, until she is better. Her case is extremely serious ; so much so that she may never leave Nice. Very much depends upon to-night. She must become better in order to leave it, and must rest a night at Marseilles. Once at Lyons, she may stay until sufficiently recovered either to go to London or to finish what she has undertaken at Geneva. Renew the chloroform, and as soon as possible procure a large supply of it. Everything depends on it. See that she alters her Will. As it stands it is an evil Will. It must be altered in favour of her husband—entirely in his favour. She must trust him altogether with everything. And do you make him fully acquainted with your circumstances. It will be best for all concerned that you do so, and that she amend her Will as we have said. For the present unpack as few things as possible, that you may remove her at any moment she is able to travel.”

Here the voice ceased, its strength having remained unabated to the end, causing E. to exclaim, “ Why, mamma has quite forgotten her asthma ! ” I had been watching with dismay the exhaustion of the chloroform. It was now almost gone, and how to procure more I knew not. No chemist would supply the amount wanted without a medical order, and no medical man would give such an order even were we to summon one. Besides which, he would in all probability have disapproved of such a use for it. Suddenly an idea struck me ; and, acting on it, I placed before her a table with pen and paper, and bade

her write a prescription for three ounces of chloroform. She was still comatose from the drug. Nevertheless she took the pen, and in a slow, mechanical manner wrote, without a mistake, and in her ordinary hand, in French, an order, which, sent by the hand of the *concierge*, was at once complied with, and the desired supply was brought me. It was then between six and seven o'clock, and from that hour till near midnight she was kept under its influence to a degree just sufficient to suppress consciousness and prevent the recurrence of her spasms, I meanwhile carefully observing her pulse and general state. By midnight the oppression had so greatly diminished as to render the breathing free; finding which, I discontinued the chloroform; and soon after, to my intense satisfaction, she sank into a profound natural slumber, which lasted till morning. And, with the exception of the sickness, which followed as predicted, and continued for two days, she was well enough to be told of what had occurred, and to discuss its many strange features. Having no knowledge of the prescription for the chloroform, she was greatly surprised to learn that she had herself written it while under its influence.

Our chief perplexity, of course, was as to the personality of the speakers, for they always used the plural. The experience was a new one to us. We readily recognised the knowledge and wisdom of all that they said so far as mundane things were concerned. But when they contemplated a work such as ours being promoted by means of money, won at the gaming-table, we could hardly refer them to the category of the divine. As for the statement that there was another woman in the world by association with whom our work could be completed in the event of Mary's death, I kept that to myself, knowing the distress such a suggestion would cause her. But I did not for a moment entertain it. The very idea of such a replacement of her was intolerable to sacrilegiousness, and it seemed only to strengthen the suspicion excited by their other proposal. Mary was by no means disposed to follow the injunctions respecting her Will. And it was not until over four years later, and she had again been driven by illness to the Riviera, that she recognised the propriety of the change enjoined, and adopted it. I had been anxious during the reference to the Will that her little girl should not understand the utterance, and made a strong

mental effort to restrain her. So that it was a satisfaction to me, when questioning her afterwards as to what had been said, to find that she had entirely mistaken its import, and thought that her mamma was to give up her own will, and not the legal document thus designated.

Another curious point was that of the ability of the influences in question to realise their claim to be able to make Mary win at the tables, and the precise *modus* of the process, supposing it possible. And we were disposed to think it might be in this way. To win at the cards, all that was necessary to know was how they were packed after being shuffled and cut. The game being *trente et quarante*, it was open to a clairvoyant to read the order of the cards and know what would win; but this only, of course, after the event had been practically decided by the position of the cards in the pack prior to their being dealt out.

To win at the roulette-tables would involve a different process; for no elements existed on which to found a calculation. Here, then, there must be an application of physical force, which would consist in the ball being so controlled by the invisible influences as to fall into any number they might choose, while they inspired the player with the impulse to stake upon that number.

The problem was so singularly interesting from so many points of view that I was hardly surprised that Mary, ill as she was, should be fascinated by it, and—with her usual eagerness for experiences—desire to put it to the test. But even though allowing the possibility of the achievement implied, I doubted the suitability of the conditions under which the experiment would have to be made, and this partly as regarded both environment and agencies. For, while the latter could hardly be of a grade to merit the designation heavenly, the former involved conditions which both morally and spiritually were distinctly infernal, namely, the atmosphere and associations of the *Casino*; and I did not believe that her gift could be exercised while in contact with it. Rather was I apprehensive of harm to herself from the conjunction.

I offered no positive opposition to the attempt, but confined myself to putting these considerations before her, regarding the question as for us an intellectual and not a moral one

believing that the right and wrong of any act not involving a breach of principle depends upon the spirit in which it is done. Mary's clinching argument for making the experiment found expression in the exclamation :—

“ But only think what a crushing proof it would be to the materialists of the reality of man's spiritual nature if I were to guess right every time and win every *coup*! And it would not be gambling, for I should know positively.”

As no sufficient reply to this aspect of the matter was forthcoming, the experiment was resolved on, a trifling sum only being devoted to it. For, while success would of itself supply the means, a very few losses would suffice to prove failure.

The result was as I had at first surmised. The spiritual atmosphere of the place blinded and stifled her. Instead of seeing clearly she guessed at random, and with the usual results, and after a few vain attempts, begged to be taken away, saying she felt as if she was being poisoned. There were no tokens of the presence of the influences which had spoken through her when under the chloroform. How it might have been had she again been similarly rendered accessible to them we could not say. We had gone early, in order to be able to return home before the fatal Mistral should set in, so that we were able to spend some hours in the open air, enjoying the scenery and dissipating whatever might have clung to us of the unwholesome influences to which we had been exposed. The evening showed us that in this we had not been altogether successful, for it brought Mary a severe nervous crisis, which we had no difficulty in tracing to such origin. The “ outer walls ” of her system were not yet fully built.

Throughout this season of trouble we were in constant communication with our friend at Paris, whose letters of sympathy and counsel were most helpful. Nice was her winter residence, and she would very shortly be coming thither, and hoped we would stay to see her. But we were bound to escape northwards as soon as the railway was passable. Accordingly, on the 19th, we took our departure, and breaking our journey on Mary's account at Marseilles, Lyons, and Dijon, reached Paris on the 23rd. As Lady Caithness was unable, on account of her coming departure, to take us all in, we divided our party, the mother and daughter going to stay with the family of Irish

ladies with whom she had formerly lived in Paris,¹ and who now kept a pension in the Avenue Carnot, while I went to the Rue de l'Université to stay with Lady Caithness until she left for the South, when I went to a *pension* near the Arc de l'Etoile, as there was no room for me where Mary was. And so ended an expedition to which, for the painfulness and the strangeness of its incidents, it would be hard to find a parallel. For the solution of the mystery of the voices which claimed to guide us we had yet long to wait, but, as will duly appear, it came at last.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 60.

CHAPTER XXIV

WINTER AT PARIS

THE intimation given us of the probable early close of Mary's life seemed but to stimulate her efforts in the cause so dear to her, the rescue of the animals from their tormentors, scientific and others. She resolved accordingly to resume her interrupted crusade in Switzerland when sufficiently recovered, and to utilise the interval by going through a course of instruction in philosophy, engaging a professor for the purpose. She felt strongly the need of thus supplementing her medical and scientific knowledge; and, with the view of keeping up the latter, she also resumed her visits to the hospitals.

The imprudence of this step, which I represented to her in vain, soon became apparent. The resisting power of her system, never strong, had been enfeebled by her recent illness, and she presented symptoms which the doctor, whom she reluctantly consulted, declared to be of so serious a character as to afford little prospect of recovery, or even of living beyond a few weeks, the most imminent danger being due to tubercle. It was, moreover, not one malady but several that affected her, as if she had contracted all the diseases which prevailed in the wards she had visited. Nevertheless, alarming as was his report, and desperate as appeared to be her state, she rallied in a manner so surprising as to lead him to distrust his own diagnosis in favour of the singular supposition that her symptoms were not real but simulative, causing her to have the appearance only of the ailments in question and not the ailments themselves; and, as if in confirmation of this explanation, she was shortly after shown a vision of herself as a building in the form of a fortress, the citadel and central positions of which were complete and sound, but the outer walls were either broken down or but partially built, having gaps and openings through which noxious creatures of various kinds made incursion. This, it was ex-

plained to her, was a type of her own state, physically, morally, and spiritually. Her "outer walls" had yet to be built up to render her inaccessible to extraneous influences. This experience recalled to our minds the curious account given of her some time before by the spirit of Sir William Fergusson, in which he had said, "The spirit in her is unclothed. It is, as it were, naked"; and compared her symptoms to those of the disease called *purpura hæmorrhagica*.¹ Discussing the matter together, we found it fruitful of suggestion respecting obsession as a possible factor in crime and insanity, as well as in ordinary disease, under the influence of which persons may be constrained by extraneous and parasitical influences to commit actions which, of themselves, they would shrink from. In view of the injustice of punishing persons thus liable for actions of which they are morally innocent, we were led to recognise the wisdom of the ancients, who required of physicians that they be also priests, versed in occult science, and competent to deal with spiritual maladies. The necessity of training clairvoyants medically, for the purposes especially of diagnosis, was continually being impressed on us by our own experiences.

The effect on Mary of her first lessons in philosophy was not only to perplex but to distress her. The teaching was, of course, that of the materialistic school of the day; but so insidious and specious was the mode of its presentation that, even while discerning its utter falsity, she was at first unable to formulate her objections to it satisfactorily to herself. As the event proved, she had within herself the antidote to its poison, but aid was necessary to enable her to find it. As had so often happened to her before, the extremity of the man without was made the opportunity of the God within. And she had no sooner recognised the need of such reinforcement than her appeal found response. Such were the circumstances under which she received [chiefly in sleep] the wonderful series of expositions concerning the constitution of the spiritual and substantial, as distinguished from the physiological and phenomenal, Ego, contained in the book of her illuminations.² We

¹ See Vol. I. p. 148.

² *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., Nos. xli.—xlvii. inclusive. These illuminations were received during the months of December 1882 and January and February 1883.

saw in them the most valuable contribution ever made to psychological science. Their length precludes their insertion here. She had already, in the previous year,¹ received the following answer to an inquiry respecting the advisability of her studying occult science :—

“ The adept, or ‘ occultist,’ is at best a religious scientist ; he is not a ‘ saint.’ If occultism were all, and held the key of heaven, there would be no need of ‘ Christ.’ But occultism, although it holds the ‘ power,’ holds neither the ‘ kingdom ’ nor the ‘ glory.’ For these are of Christ. The adept knows not the kingdom of heaven, and ‘ the least in this kingdom are greater than he.’ ‘ Desire *first* the kingdom of God and God’s righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you.’ As Jesus said of Prometheus,² ‘ Take no thought for to-morrow. Behold the lilies of the field and the birds of the air, and trust God as these.’ For the saint has faith ; the adept has knowledge. If the adepts in occultism or in physical science could suffice to man, I would have committed no message to you. But the two are not in opposition. All things are yours, even the kingdom and the power, but the glory is to God. Do not be ignorant of their teaching, for I would have you know all. Take, therefore, every means to know. This knowledge is of man, and cometh from the mind. Go, therefore, to man to learn it. ‘ If you will be perfect, learn also of these.’ ‘ Yet the wisdom which is from above, is above all.’ For one man may begin from within, that is, with wisdom, and wisdom is one with love. Blessed is the man who chooseth wisdom, for she leaveneth all things. And another man may begin from without, and that which is without is power. To such there shall be a thorn in the flesh.³ For it is hard in such case to attain to the within. But if a man be first wise inwardly, he shall the more easily have this also added unto him. For he is born again and is free. Whereas at a great price must the adept buy freedom. Nevertheless, I bid you seek ;—and in this also you shall find. But I have shown you a more excellent way than theirs. Yet both Ishmael and Isaac are sons of one father, and of all her children is Wisdom justified. So neither are they wrong, nor are you led astray. The goal is the same ; but their way is harder than yours. They take the kingdom by violence, if they take it, and by much toil and agony of the flesh. But from the time of Christ within you, the kingdom is open to the sons of God. Receive what you can receive ; I would have you know all things. And if you have served seven years for wisdom, count it not loss to serve seven years for power also. For if Rachel bear the best beloved, Leah hath many sons, and is exceeding fruitful. But her eye is not single ; she looketh two ways, and seeketh not that which is above only. But to you Rachel is given first, and

¹ June 1881. Illumination, “ Concerning Regeneration.”

² A term which signifies forethought, and as here used implies distrust of the divine sufficiency.—E. M.

³ *I.e.* the flesh itself is their thorn.

perchance her beauty may suffice. I say not, let it suffice; it is better to know all things, for if you know not all, how can you judge all? For as a man heareth, so must he judge. Will you therefore be regenerate in the without, as well as in the within? For they are renewed in the body, but you in the soul. It is well to be baptized into John's baptism, if a man receive also the Holy Ghost. But some know not so much as that there is any Holy Ghost. Yet Jesus also, being Himself regenerate in the spirit, sought unto the baptism of John, for thus it became Him to fulfil Himself in all things. And having fulfilled, behold, the 'Dove' descended on Him. If then you will be perfect, seek both that which is within and that which is without; and the circle of being, which is the 'wheel of life,' shall be complete in you."

We had subsequently recognised this teaching as on the lines of the Kabala. It was in pursuance of it that Mary had now undertaken a course of philosophy; and the occasion was taken advantage of to make another and invaluable addition to the New Gospel of Interpretation.

December 12 brought the following long-desired supplement and complement to the stupendous revelation concerning the Immaculate Conception which had been received in the summer of 1877.¹ It appears in her record, without preface, note, or comment, as one of the regular course, showing that the perceptive point of her mind was now so much accustomed to these altitudes that she remained unexcited even by the disclosure of the significance of that mystery of mysteries, the Church's last and supreme dogma which still remains to be promoted from a pious belief to an article of faith; which promotion is implied in the insignia of Pope Leo. XIII. as to take place during his pontificate, though not therefore necessarily through his act.² The utterance contains a further recognition of the divinity of the Kabala, and also of the truth of the saying of St Paul: "These things are an allegory." It is a token also of the inseparability of philosophy from religion, by disclosing psychology, which appertains to philosophy, as the gateway and threshold of religion:—

"The two terms of the history of creation or evolution are formulated by the Catholic Church in two precious and all-important dogmas. These are, first, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary; and, secondly, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin

¹ Vol. I. p. 195.

² For the explanation see *The Perfect Way*, V. 44, n. 13.

Mary. By the doctrine of the first we are secretly enlightened concerning the generation of the soul, who is begotten in the womb of matter, and yet from the first instant of her being is pure and incorrupt. Sin comes through the material and intellectual element, because these belong to matter. But the soul, which is of the celestial, and belongs to heavenly conditions, is free of original sin. 'Salem, which is from above, is free, which is the mother of us all. But Agar'—the intellectual and astral part—'is a bond-slave, both she and her son.' The soul, born of time (Anna), is yet conceived without taint of corruption or decay, because her essence is divine. Contained in matter, and brought into the world by means of it, she is yet not of it, else she could not be mother of God. In her bosom is conceived that bright and holy light—the Nucleolus—which dwells in her from the beginning, and which, without intercourse with matter, germinates in her and manifests itself as the express image of the eternal and ineffable personality. She gives this image individuality. Through and in her it is focussed and polarised into a perpetual and self-subsistent person, at once God and man. But were she not immaculate,—did any admixture of matter enter into her integral substance,—no such polarisation of the Divine could occur. The womb in which God is conceived must be immaculate; the mother of Deity must be 'ever-virgin.' She grows up from infancy to childhood at the knee of Anna; from a child she becomes a maiden,—true type of the soul, unfolding, learning, increasing, and elaborating itself by experience. But in all this she remains in her essence divine and uncontaminated, at once daughter, spouse, and mother of God.

"As the Immaculate Conception is the foundation of the mysteries, so is the Assumption their crown. For the entire object and end of kosmic evolution is precisely this triumph and apotheosis of the soul. In the mystery presented by this dogma, we behold the consummation of the whole scheme of creation—the perpetuation and glorification of the individual human ego. The grave—the material and astral consciousness—cannot retain the immaculate Mother of God. She rises into the heavens; she assumes divinity. In her own proper person she is taken up into the King's chamber. From end to end the mystery of the soul's evolution—the history, that is, of humanity and of the kosmic drama—is contained and enacted in the cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The acts and the glories of Mary are the one supreme subject of the holy mysteries."

Her lessons, and her illuminations in correction of them, were now intermitted for a space. It had been my custom daily to pass some hours with her, and to discuss together what had been received. She still suffered greatly with weakness, and even positive illness, under the influence of which she was liable at times to subside to a level at which she failed fully to appreciate the value of her inspirations. It was therefore a great satisfaction to her to have my unqualified recognition of them, and

positive assurance of their inestimable value at once to the science, the philosophy, and the religion of the future. Her next entry in her Diary, which was dated December 20, was an extract from St Augustine, whom she had been reading in French, which struck her as indicating his recognition of the esoteric meaning of Church dogma as its true and intended meaning. For it seemed to her that he could hardly have spoken as he did of the Virgin unless he regarded her as denoting the Soul, and no actual historical person.

This is the passage :—

“ Tous, nous sommes les pauvres, les mendiants de Dieu, *omnes mendici Dei sumus*. Mais c'est par les mains de Marie que Dieu veut nous accorder ses graces ; tous ses dons doivent passer par le Cœur de la Vierge Immaculée ; de sa Mère. *Totam nos habere voluit per Mariam.*” Elsewhere he says, “ Mary brings us to Jesus.” What is this but our own doctrine that the finding of Christ is by the culture of the Soul, the Christ within us, our spiritual and substantial Ego in which we are redeemed ?

The next entry bears date Christmas Day :—

It is strange how I *forget!* This evening I have re-read several passages and chapters written by my own hand, and conceived in my own mind, of *The Perfect Way*, and they filled me with as great wonder and admiration as though I had read them for the first time in some stranger's work. Ought this not to set me a-thinking how little this outward and mundane memory has to do with the true and interior consciousness ? For, indeed, in my true self, I know well all these things, and an hundredfold more than there lie written ; yet my exterior self forgetteth them right readily, and, once they are written, scarce remembereth them more ! And this sets me wondering whether, perchance, we are not altogether out of the reckoning when we talk of memory as a necessary part of selfhood ; for memory, in the sense in which we use the word, signifies a thinking back into the past, and an act by which past experience in time is recalled. But how shall the true, essential self, which is without end or beginning, have memory in any such sort, since the “ eternal remembrance ” of the soul seeth all things at a glance, both past and to come ? To that which is in its nature Divine and of God, memory is no longer recollection, but knowledge. Shall we say that God remembers ? Nay, God *knoweth*. I thank thee, O my Divine Genius ; thou art here ! I feel thee ; thine aura encompasseth me ; I burn under the glow of thy wonderful presence. Yes, it is thus indeed !

Here meditation passes into illumination, and the Diary thus continues :—

This faculty which we call Memory is but the faint reflex and image in the material brain of that function which, in all its celestial

plenitude, can belong only to the heavenly man. That which is of time and of matter must needs think by means of an organ and material cells, and these can only work mechanically, and by slow processes. But that which is of eternity and spirit needeth neither organ nor process, since organism is related only to time, and its resultant is process. "Yea, thou shalt see face to face! Thou shalt know even as thou art known!" And just as widely and essentially as the heavenly memory differs from the earthly, so doth the heavenly personality differ from that of the material creature.

Thou mayest the more easily gather somewhat of the character of the heavenly personality by considering the quality of that of the highest type of mankind on earth,—the Poet.

The poet hath no self apart from his larger self. Other men pass indifferent through life and the world, because the selfhood of earth and heaven is a thing apart from them, and toucheth them not.

The wealth of beauty in earth and sky and sea lieth outside their being, and speaketh not to their heart.

Their interests are individual and limited: their home is by one hearth: four walls are the boundary of their kingdom,—so small is it!

But the personality of the poet is divine: and being divine, it hath no limits.

He is supreme and ubiquitous in consciousness: his heart beats in every element.

The pulses of all the infinite deep of heaven vibrate in his own: and responding to their strength and their plenitude, he feels more intensely than other men.

Not merely he sees and examines these rocks and trees: these variable waters, and these glittering peaks.

Not merely he hears this plaintive wind, these rolling peals.

But he *is* all these; and with them—nay, in them—he rejoices and weeps, he shines and aspires, he sighs and thunders.

And when he sings, it is not he—the man—whose voice is heard: it is the voice of all the manifold Nature herself.

In his verse the sunshine laughs: the mountains give forth their sonorous echoes: the swift lightnings flash.

The great continual cadence of universal life moves and becomes articulate in human language.

O joy profound! O boundless selfhood! O God-like personality!

All the gold of the sunset is thine; the pillars of chrysolite; and the purple vault of immensity!

The sea is thine with its solemn speech, its misty distance, and its radiant shallows!

The daughters of earth love thee: the water-nymphs tell thee their secrets; thou knowest the spirit of all silent things!

Sunbeams are thy laughter, and the rain-drops of heaven thy tears; in the wrath of the storm thine heart is shaken: and thy prayer goeth up with the wind unto God.

Thou art multiplied in the conscience¹ of all living creatures; thou art young with the youth of Nature; thou art all-seeing as the starry skies:

¹ An archaism for consciousness.

Like unto the Gods,—therefore art thou their beloved : yea, if thou wilt, they shall tell thee all things ;

Because thou only understandest, among all the sons of men !

Concerning memory ; why should there any more be a difficulty in respect of it ? Reflect on this saying,—“ Man sees as he knows.” To thee the deeps are more visible than the surfaces of things ; but to men generally the surfaces only are visible. The material can perceive only the material, the astral the astral, and the spiritual the spiritual. It all resolves itself, therefore, into a question of condition and of quality. Thy hold on matter is but slight, and thine organic memory is feeble and treacherous. It is hard for thee to perceive the surfaces of things and to remember their aspect. But thy spiritual perception is the stronger for this weakness, and the profound is that which thou seest the most readily. It is hard for thee to understand and to retain the memory of material facts ; but their meaning thou knowest instantly and by intuition, which is the memory of the soul. For the soul takes no pains to remember ; she knows divinely. Is it not said that the immaculate woman brings forth without a pang ? The sorrow and travail of conception belong to her whose desire is unto “ Adam.”

By “ Adam,” of course, was meant the outer and lower reason. For “ these things are an allegory.”

It was to the above glorious apostrophe to the poet that I referred when describing the feelings evoked in her among the mountains of Switzerland. I hope it will not be considered unduly egotistic in me to say that it recalled to us both some verses written by me in Australia nearly thirty years before, in a similar vein, which were included in my tale, *The Pilgrim and the Shrine*, of which the following are some of the stanzas. Having for theme a poet's rejection by a wealthy dame on account of his poverty, they were entitled “ The Poet's Reprisals ” :—

I've jewels that cost nought, and are all joy ;
 Each dewdrop trembling on a leafy spray,
 Lit by the morning sun, a diamond is ;
 And each bright star that gems the nightly sky
 Doth lend a ray of beauty to my soul ;
 What more can thine ?

All nature spread around is my domain ;
 Mine own peculiar park through which I pass,
 To cull rich thoughts from her redundant breast,
 Hold converse grave with dark mysterious woods,
 And gaily banter with the fluttering winds :
 Thus all are mine.

Where flowers grow, sun shines, and trees make shade,
 Where waters flow, rains fall, and winds refresh ;

Green earth, blue sky, and ever-changing sea,
 And the grand rolling music of the clouds ;
 I have a right in all I ne'er would yield
 For ten times thine.

Mary's Diary continued :—

December 26 [1882].—After waking this morning early I had a real Christmas vision, or rather a Picture, for I was not asleep, but quite wide awake. First, it was dark all around, with only the stars overhead, and these were cloudy. I sat on a hillock thinking, and behind me I heard a sound of running water. All at once a voice said "Anna!" and this startled me all the more because no one ever calls me by that name. But I soon saw it was a play on the word, such as I have often heard lately; for the next moment another voice, and another after it, cried out, "The Year! The New Year!" Then it seemed to me that I was being called, and I turned—for the voices came from behind me—and saw on the other side of my hillock a broad river; and on the opposite bank I could just make out by the starlight three misty and motionless shapes, that looked like men. One of them lifted his hand and cried to me across the water, "Where is the Ford?" I stood still, much puzzled, and looked right and left along the river, but could see no Ford at all. And just as I was going to answer, "There is none," behold! the water *where I stood*, at my very feet, began to open and part, and a path seemed to rise up from its midst as though by magic. And at that instant the dawn broke, a clear line of horizontal light straight behind the three men. So I saw they were coming from the East, and it flashed upon me that they were the Three Kings, and that somewhere Christ was born that night."

To which she might have added, but left it for me to do, "And that I myself was the King's ford."

On the resumption of her lessons her illuminations recommenced, and continued at short intervals until the course was completed, by which time she had received a complete exposition of the evolution of the spiritual and substantial Ego, and demonstration of the fallacy of the materialistic philosophy.

There seemed to be a special purpose in these communications to us at this juncture. Whatever might be our relations to the movement [represented by the Theosophical Society] we had consented to join—the importation into the West of the corresponding philosophy of the East—it was necessary that we be equipped with the means of testing and judging that philosophy by the light of actual knowledge, in order to determine its true place in regard to the religion of the future, and, perhaps, even to influence its course.

Respecting that Society, the then President of the English Branch, our valued friend, C. C. Massey, wrote as follows :—

“ For the attitude of the Society towards all the religions of the world, I may refer you to the enclosed paper, ‘ Individuality of Branches,’ now being issued, along with the enclosed circular, to all our members. I believe there would be much opposition among us to giving our own branch a sectarian designation or direction. One grand aim of our Society is to show the underlying, or esoteric, identity of all religious philosophies worthy of the name, and, while respecting the particular forms or manifestations of the one truth, to cut away the ground of sectarian antagonism which such partial or disguised presentations appear to contain. In India, Olcott has busied himself much with what I take to be a Buddhist propaganda, though I believe he would not admit this. Anyhow, there can be no doubt whatever that to Christianity, as popularly understood and taught, we are all more or less opposed. We have two beneficed clergymen of the Church of England among us, and they would probably say that the popular form is capable of a true statement, and must be regarded as ‘ dispensational.’ That is quite consistent with the discovery in it of a true system of doctrine, which, however, would be such a ‘ new departure ’ as almost to amount to a second revelation. And that, I believe, would be the position accepted by yourselves as the writers of *The Perfect Way*. And I think you will find the answer to the question, whether that position is inconsistent with our regard for the Indian teachings, in the paper about the ‘ Individuality of Branches.’ The liberty reserved to Branches cannot be denied to individuals. I cannot, of course, conceal from myself that it is desirable that our President should be in great sympathy with the acknowledged teachers of the Society,—although, indeed, there is no one who is ready and able to teach us whom we should not be ready and able to acknowledge. Certainly I should not accept the statement that we look to ‘ Koot Hoomi,’ or any one else, as the ‘ ultimate source of illumination.’ But at present we are studying in his school. It will be for our President to read to us the expositions which come from that quarter, and of course we should look to her for a sympathetic, and not a controversial, attitude towards them. That does not prevent her from holding and pointing out any other aspect of truth, even in relation to them.

“ If I hear from Mrs Kingsford, I may be able to satisfy her and you more fully on these points in my reply to her. I infer from your letter that the return to London will not be just yet, if you find the suitable quarters for her health in the Engadine. We should have to set off the hope for her restoration from this residence against the postponement of her appearance among us. I most earnestly trust that the Providence which guards her work will also secure her to us as its best agent.”

The following is from the circular in which Mr Massey notified the Society of his intention to nominate Mrs Kingsford as its President :—

“ I have now to give notice of an important proposition, which I shall submit to the general meeting, in the earnest hope that it may meet with general and cordial approval, and in the belief that its adoption will conduce to the future vitality, progress, and use of

the Society. It is that Dr Anna Kingsford shall be elected President of the Society for the ensuing year. From information I have received, I think there can be no doubt that this choice would be acceptable to those with whom we are most anxious to come into direct relations, while the knowledge many of ourselves possess of the genius, moral force, and entire devotion to spiritual ideals of this accomplished lady seems to designate her as the natural leader of a Society with beliefs and aims such as ours. Nor are Dr Kingsford's scientific attainments an unimportant consideration to a body of students who see and desire to trace in occult phenomena an extension of the range of Natural Philosophy. It may also be allowable, in a private letter like the present, to refer to the well-known fact that she is one of the literary authors of that remarkable work, *The Perfect Way, or the Finding of Christ*. The general resemblance of the ideas there put forward to the teachings which we are studying has been expressly acknowledged by our Indian authorities. It is, however, scarcely necessary to observe that our selection of Dr Kingsford will not imply unqualified acceptance of all her published opinions. We could never have at our head any marked individuality, if members supposed that in electing a President they were so committing themselves. On the other hand, as a result of this step, we may expect important accessions to our ranks, and a union of forces which have lately been tending in the same direction. It is, perhaps, quite unnecessary to urge a recommendation which will, I believe, be generally acceptable; but to all who may think that my long connection with the Society, and intimate relations with those most completely identified with its interests, entitle my opinion to any consideration, I may say that I have not decided on making this proposal without the most careful deliberation and consultation, and that I regard its adoption as of *vital importance*. It only remains to add on this subject, that Dr Kingsford herself has, I rejoice to say, given a conditional consent to the nomination."

When at length we gave consent, we did so on condition that we retain absolute freedom of opinion, speech, and action, acknowledging no superiors, nor any allegiance save to our own illuminators, and reserving the right to use as we might deem fit any knowledges we might acquire. For, having obtained what we had already received expressly for the world's benefit, we were resolved to remain unfettered in this respect. Our association was thus so ordered as to have for its purpose a simple exchange of knowledges. They should tell us what they knew, and we would tell them what we knew, both sides reserving the right of criticism, acceptance, and rejection, the Understanding alone, and in no wise Authority, being the criterion.

The election of Mary as President, and myself as Vice-President, of what was subsequently called the London Lodge of

the Theosophical Society took place at the first meeting in 1883, which fell on Sunday, January 7. We discovered in the course of the day that it was the Festival of the Three Kings of the East ; whereupon Mary made the following entry in her Diary :—

On the 7th of this month I was elected President of the British Theosophical Society. The 7th was Epiphany Sunday, the Festival of the Kings. A strange coincidence and augury.

“ 21 AVENUE CARNOT, PARIS, *January 11, 1883.*

“ DEAR MADAME DE STEIGER,—I salute you in my new character of President of the British Theosophical Society ; and though I shall not be able for some time to come to take my place among you in the body, yet I hope that my new dignity will serve as a fresh link in the tie of friendship already existing between us, and that you will from time to time send me some account of your proceedings in the Society, and of your own personal reflections on the teaching we are now promised from the East.

“ I pointed out to Mr C. C. Massey in a recent letter the singular coincidence that it was on Epiphany Sunday, the Festival of the Magi, that the T.S. elected as its President for the new year a *King's ford* ; and I suggested that we might regard this fact as a happy augury for the prosperity of the Society in the immediate future ; since now indeed the way seemed at last opened for the passage of the Kings of the East, and, as it is said in the Apocalypse, the River is dried up that the way of the Kings of the East may be prepared.

“ My health, about which you are so kindly interested, is much better lately, and I am able to get to work again. But I am sorry to learn from your letter that you are not likely to remain in London during the whole of the coming year. I hope, however, that you do not intend staying abroad long.

“ It gives me considerable surprise, and puzzles me not a little, to learn that Dr Wyld is still not only a member of the Theosophical Society, but is absolutely accepted as co-Vice-President with Mr Maitland ! I quite understood from Dr Wyld himself, and also from the circular issued by Mr Massey, that the aims and programme of the T.S. had become so distasteful to the Doctor that he had determined to resign his connection with it. Strange that he should withdraw deliberately from the *Presidency*, only to come forward as *Vice-President* so shortly after ! Can you explain this riddle ? I should be very glad to have it solved.

“ I have requested Mr Massey to retain his place as my *locum tenens* until I return, and feel sure that, as he is so manifestly in harmony both with our Indian correspondents and with myself, you will all be glad of this arrangement.

“ How are you going to treat the subject of *Circe* ? It is a splendid subject for a mystic artist. Do you intend to illustrate the allegory itself, or is it only an ideal portrait that you contemplate ? Remember me to all our friends, especially to Miss Arundale and her mother, and accept my love and best wishes for the new year. Mr Maitland, who is spending the afternoon with me, sends his kindest regards.—Affectionately yours,

ANNA KINGSFORD.”

A striking experience of Mary's which occurred in this month was led up to in this wise. We had been following with much interest a discussion in *Light* between two of its most eminent contributors—the Hon. Roden Noel and C. C. Massey—respecting the divisibility of the principles in man after death, and the retention by them of consciousness when separated from each other. The latter of the two disputants maintained the doctrine, held in common by us and the Eastern occultists, which assigns consciousness and memory to the phantom or astral shell when dissociated from the Soul and true Ego. And the former maintained, in common with the spiritualists, the impossibility of such a division on the ground that consciousness is necessarily one and indivisible, and compared the detached phantom—supposing there to be such a thing—to a cast-off coat. Some of Mary's recent illuminations had borne directly on the subject, and we proposed to contribute a paper to the discussion. It occurred to me, however, to remark to her that I should like to know what the phantom itself would say about the matter, and I begged her to question the next one she saw about its own nature in this respect. A few nights afterwards she had this experience :—

Being asleep, she found herself in a place resembling the Tower of London, among a group of persons all of whom had been historically associated with the Tower. One was Mary Stuart, looking so like our friend Lady Caithness that she took her for her. Another was so like our friend Arabella Kenealy that she addressed her by that name, but only to be instantly corrected by Mary Stuart, who exclaimed, speaking just as Lady Caithness might have done, "Arabella Stuart, you mean." Presently, while they were conversing, a form passed rapidly by of a man enveloped in a cloak, but without his head. "Who is that?" exclaimed Mary, and was told by Mary Stuart that it was Sir Walter Raleigh. "Oh, I must speak to him," she said, remembering my suggestion and recognising him as a man of high intelligence; and she accordingly gave chase to him until she had come up with him, when she addressed him, saying—

"Tell me, are you the soul of Sir Walter Raleigh, or only his phantom?"

"His phantom," he replied, speaking in a man's voice, which seemed to come from the air above him, "but without my head, for they cut that off and threw it into a basket of papers."

"Then tell me," she said, "how, if only a phantom, you are able to understand me, and to answer questions, and to remember. Ought you not to be merely like a cast-off coat, as Roden Noel expresses it?"

“ Roden Noel knows nothing about it,” responded the ghost sharply. “ He forgets that a coat is a mere material spun in Manchester machines out of gross and lifeless stuff, and that a man’s phantom is living substance nowise comparable to it. He compares things which are incomparable and have no point of similitude between them. Mind is rather to be compared with flame, part of which you may take away and yet leave a living, energetic flame behind. We phantoms of the dead resemble mirrors having two surfaces. On one surface we reflect the earth-sphere and its pictures of the past. On the other we receive influxes from those higher spheres which have received our higher Egos, which represent the most sublimated essences of the lower. Most philosophers fall into the error of confounding the unities. They forget that space, distance, time, and separation belong to physical and mundane conditions, and ought not to be imported into discussions about the condition of the freed soul. There is no far or near in the Divine state.”

“ But,” said she, “ if your soul, your thinker, be gone, how can you reason and remember ? ”

“ In and by the same method as Roden Noel’s old coat holds its parts and its woof together when he takes it off. To everything belongs its proper behaviour. While Noel wore this coat it behaved as a coat, and its business was to cover him and to keep itself in shape and consistency. And when he takes it off, it still remains such as it was, and continues to preserve all its characteristics. It *was* a coat when he wore it ; it is a coat still. The proper characteristic of this Ego in a man’s lifetime is to reason and think *electrically*. It is not a coat ; it is Substance having life. And when the soul puts it off, it goes on being what it was ; for its very warp and woof is of thought-nature ; and it only keeps this nature, just as does the coat. It would be a miracle indeed if the coat, when taken off, should suddenly change its nature and become something else, say non-material. So equally would it be a miracle if, when the soul departs, the phantom should suddenly change its nature, and become something else, say non-substantial. Matter remains matter, psychic substance remains psychic substance. Noel would make differentiation in the substantial world impossible. If the Divine can differentiate into many protoplasmic selves, and yet retain all these in Itself, so also can Man differentiate protoplasmically. For there is but One Nature, and the part is essentially one in potentiality with the whole.”

Here the colloquy ended, and she awoke. On the following night she was shown a demonstration of the error involved in Noel’s conception, and was told :—

“ If the Ego could not differentiate of its personality, the doctrine of the Trinity, which, as *you* have it, is a true doctrine, would be impossible. Noel’s conception is fatal to the Trinity.”

The soundness of the reasoning of the phantom left us no doubt that it truly reflected the higher Ego and true soul of the

speaker, and the experience tended to confirm us in our conclusion that the detached astral portion of the individual may serve as a lens through which the soul can communicate with persons in the earth-life.

It will be remembered that we had been told of Swedenborg, with reference to our intercourse with him, that "a portion of him is still in this sphere, through which he can communicate with those with whom he is in affinity."¹

It served also to illustrate this statement in the instruction given us "Concerning the Hereafter":—"The reason why some communications are astral, and others celestial, is simply that some persons—the greater number—communicate by means of the *anima bruta* in themselves; and others—the few purified—by means of their *anima divina*, for like attracts like."² It is the key to all the incoherences of "spiritualism." Its votaries, as a rule, communicate only by means of the astral in themselves, through lack of unfoldment of their spiritual nature, and the results are of the astral, astral. To attain to the highest without himself, man must seek to the highest within himself.

The fact that Mary had been attracted to this group of spirits tended to confirm also the intimations given us of her identity with Anne Boleyn. It was not as a stranger and an intruder that she had been received by them, but as one whom they recognised and knew intimately, and regarded her presence among them as a matter of course.

The appearance of our article on the subject in *Light* (February 10, 1883), elicited the following letter from Mr Massey:—

"I read with very great interest the letter in last *Light* from 'The Writers of *The Perfect Way*.' It is a very able attempt to make the conception of dual and divisible consciousness intelligible, and seems to have succeeded in at least one unexpected quarter. For Mrs Penny writes to me that she finds it admirable, helping her much to understand the subject.

"I should like to know if your revelations include any information on the long intermediate periods of rest, or 'Devachan,' described by Sinnett in his recent letter in *Light*. It now appears that the 'spiritual individuality' is never annihilated, only the personality when Devachan is not attained, and after it is exhausted and re-birth takes place into a world of causes. There seems some

¹ Vol. I. p. 350.

² See *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., No. xl.

inconsistency here with former teachings in the *Fragments of Occult Truth*.

“ How, upon the principle you lay down, that the work of Spirit in the world must have the co-operation of a couple male and female, do you reconcile the fact that this has not been so in the case of the greater Avatars, or Revelators, Buddha, Christ, etc. ? The answer I suppose to be, either that in those cases the two principles were perfectly united in equilibrium in one person ; or that it is only *now* that the epoch has arrived for manifesting the feminine function. But in the latter case I should suppose that the woman would work alone.

“ The Psychological Research Society is too exclusively exoteric for such considerations to be relevant. The presentation of objective evidence to the world of certain facts is not a spiritual work at all, at least not directly and consciously, and does not make the least pretence to being so.

“ As yet we have had no instruction from India about the Planetary Spirits, or ‘ Dyan Chohans.’ You, I understand, are already in independent possession of this Gnosis. Well, I hope it will be that the Planetaries are not separate Gods, but the superior Monads including our individualities and the substantial beings of them. Thus by true *self*-knowledge our consciousness would be universalised, would be one with the world-soul.

“ I can easily believe that Mrs Kingsford would make it very uncomfortable for the Paris ‘ theosophical ’ vivisector. That such a person should have been admitted to the Society there seems to me little to its credit. Certainly I would veto any such candidate, however eminent, for our branch here. Indeed, it is questionable to me whether social relations should be maintained with anyone addicted to that horrible practice—that damnable profanation of ‘ science.’ ”

Ever mindful of the subject of this closing sentence, Mary had joined with a band of resident friends in organising a French society for the abolition of the practice in question. Her success on this behalf is notified in the following letter to the editor of the *Herald of Health*, which appeared in the May number of that organ :—

“ I dare say you may like to hear that I am still busy and successful. There is now a Paris Anti-Vivisection Society, and, as you will see from our circular, its President is no less a person than the great poet, Victor Hugo. I have been much in the physiological laboratories of the *École d’Médecine* lately, and have been witness of the immense necessity which exists for some prompt and decisive intervention by the public in this matter of scientific torture. It is horrible to see and hear what goes on daily in these infamous dens.

“ I think that possibly you may like to reproduce an article which has recently appeared in a French newspaper, and of which, therefore, I enclose a translation. I have seen several of the advertisements, ‘ *Bains de Sang* ’ (Baths of Blood), to which the article refers, and I know a Parisian lady whose doctor told her that she

would probably die if she did not consent to go to the slaughter-house in the morning and drink blood. He said she had tubercular symptoms, and that nothing else could save her. She refused to comply, and recovered.

“ This ‘ blood mania ’ is, in fact, the last new medical craze, and it may interest your readers to see what is thus the practical outcome of vivisection and carnivorous tastes, encouraged as they are here in this atheistic city of Paris.

“ Have you seen the enclosed cutting from the *Lancet*? This, too, is one of the last suggestions of the enlightened medical faculty.”

The article contained a graphic description of the scene at the abattoirs in the Rue de Flandres, the files of elegant equipages of the upper classes drawn up before them, and their dainty occupants awaiting in the buildings the slaughtering of the “ mild-eyed oxen,” and then quaffing bowls of the fresh-shed, steaming blood; while others supplement or vary the process by having baths of blood at home.¹

Towards the middle of March we returned to Switzerland to resume our interrupted crusade. Meanwhile Mary had the following dream, which we took as an indication of a severe conflict awaiting her on her arrival. The event proved the truth of the augury :—

Paris, Feb. 15 [1883].—I dreamed that I sat reading in my study, with books lying all around me. Suddenly a voice, marvellously clear and silvery, called me by name. Starting up and turning, I saw behind me a long vista of white marble columns, Greek in architecture, flanking on either side a gallery of white marble. At the end of this gallery stood a shape of exceeding brilliancy, the shape of a woman above mortal height, clad from head to foot in shining mail armour. In her right hand was a spear, on her left arm a shield. Her brow was hidden by a helmet, and the aspect of her face was stern—severe, even, I thought. I approached her, and as I went my body was lifted up from the earth, and I was aware of that strange sensation of floating above the surface of the ground, which is so common to me in sleep that at times I can scarce persuade myself after waking that it has not been a real experience. When I alighted at the end of the long gallery before the armed woman, she said to me—

“ Take off the night-dress thou wearest.”

I looked at my attire, and was about to answer, “ This is not a night-dress,” when she added, as though perceiving my thought—

¹ The *Daily Express* of July 16, 1908, contains an account of the Blood Cure, as then recently practised, which is reprinted in *Addresses and Essays on Vegetarianism*, pp. 48-49 n.—S. H. H.

“The woman’s garb is a night-dress; it is a garment made to sleep in. The man’s garb is the dress for the day. Look eastward.”

I raised my eyes, and behind the mail-clad shape I saw the dawn breaking, blood-red, and with great clouds, like pillars of smoke, rolling up on either side of the place where the sun was about to rise. But as yet the sun was not visible. And as I looked she cried aloud, and her voice rang through the air like the clash of steel :—

“Listen !”

And she struck her spear on the marble pavement. At the same moment there came from afar off a confused sound of battle-cries, and human voices in conflict, and the stir as of a vast multitude, the distant clang of arms, and the noise of the galloping of many horses rushing furiously over the ground. And then, sudden silence.

Again she smote the pavement, and again the sounds arose, nearer now, and more tumultuous. Once more they ceased, and a third time she struck the pavement with her spear.

Then the noises arose all about and around the very spot where we stood, and the clang of the arms was so close that it shook and thrilled the very columns beside me. And the neighing and snorting of horses, and the thud of their ponderous hoofs flying over the earth, made, as it were, a wind in my ears, so that it seemed as though a furious battle were raging all around us. But I could see nothing. Only the sounds increased, and became so violent that they awoke me; and even after waking I still seemed to catch the commotion of them in the air.

Dr Gryzanowsky’s appreciation of our work, as evinced in the following letters, was highly gratifying to us :—

“LIVORNO, *April 2, 1883.*

“DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter of March 25th has given me a welcome opportunity of holding communication with you once more, and of thus renewing an acquaintance which, if not personal, is certainly more than merely epistolar, considering that you have spoken to me through your Book. That Book seems to me not only your work, *i.e.* one of the many possible productions of your mind, but a reflection of your whole and innermost self, and as such it can be fully understood and appreciated only by those who have a certain affinity (intellectual and moral) with its author. In this respect, you have good reason to be satisfied with your reader who, in his turn, feels grateful to you for the spiritual treasures he has found in its pages. To say that your Book is brimful of information and of deep thought would be a mere platitude which you would hardly care to hear. The question which alone can be interesting to you in this case is whether or how far the *general* ‘world-view’ propounded in your work may happen to tally with your reader’s world-view, and whether or how far, in case of discrepancies, you may have compelled the reader to accommodate his to yours. I say unhesitatingly—in general terms at least, and quite apart from more or less irrelevant details—that I fully acknowledge the fundamental truths of your

philosophy, which is, without a doubt, the noblest and purest form of spiritualism I have yet met with. It is, at the same time, the most comprehensive form of spiritualism, containing or implying all that is worth having in the so-called mystic lore of ancient and modern times.

“ We meet, in the history of religion and of philosophy, with certain ever-recurring ideas which seem altogether independent of the accidents of tradition and of historic continuity. They are irrepressible, because they are eternal verities, and if Philo’s works had all been destroyed by Omar’s fire in the Alexandrian Library, the doctrine of correspondences would, sooner or later, have been propounded anew. In all probability Swedenborg never read Philo’s *Liber Legis Allegoriarum*, nor is it necessary to assume that Goethe had read either Philo or Swedenborg when he wrote that short but wonderful *Chorus Mysticus* at the end of his *Faust*.

“ I believe with you that religion is nothing historical (p. 26), and that its truths require, or, at all events, are capable of, repeated revelation. In this way Christianity can be rationalised, not in the shallow sense of Strauss, Rénan, or of the Unitarians, but in the sense of the German Theosophists, such as Jacob Boehme and Baader, and even Hegel, who openly declared his belief in the Triune God and all the mysteries of Christian dogma as in conceptual (and as such eternal) truths whose validity had nothing whatever to do with historic evidence or human testimony.

“ I am not sure whether I can agree with your appreciation of Spinoza, whose *All and One* has always appeared to me as sterile, as all monistic doctrines must necessarily be. Without some form of dualism, sexual, dialectic, or metaphysical, no fertility, no development seems possible, and I admire particularly your way of affirming this dualism in your second Lecture (Parts i. and iv.). There you reason like Philo, but Philo was the only Jew that could rise (or descend) to dualism, the Hebrew mind being essentially monistic, while the Aryan mind finds repose only when it has passed through the dual to the triune. Once there one can easily go on to the *Τετρακως*, like Pythagoras, or to the Madonna, like the Catholic Church; but what can Spinoza evolve from his solitary One? and whence come his *modi*? From the Dual, from the God and ‘Non-God’ (as you have it), I can find the *modi*, the relativities, and all the rest, but not otherwise.

“ I felt almost triumphant on reading your ideas about the *limitations* of the Creator through His Creation. It is true you speak in the first place only of the material creation, but evidently imply the same with regard to the plurality of finite living beings. This ‘limitation’ of God by quasi-autonomous beings is sufficient to account for the origin of Evil, and a ‘theodicea’ is possible only if *partial freedom* is assigned to the human will.

“ But whither am I drifting? I hardly know where I should end if I wanted to discuss the contents of your Book. Let me add, however, that I consider the fourth and the fifth Lectures, and more particularly the third part of the latter, as the most important and (to me) most interesting chapters of the work—as far as I have read it. For, wishing to read it, not hastily, but carefully, and having been interrupted by tasks which brooked no delay, I left the last two

Lectures and the whole of the Appendix unread. I hope to read these parts in the course of the present month, and I must trust to the future for opportunities of exchanging notes with you and your fellow-author. Meanwhile accept my warmest thanks for every ray of light and hope that has reached me, thanks to this dual influx from brighter spheres.

"I had no knowledge of the 'Adepts' of Hindustan and Thibet, nor of the existence of a Theosophic Society in England. Your communication concerning these matters, and your apocalyptic interpretation of Mrs Kingsford's personal data, are, indeed, interesting and suggestive. Dr Aderholdt, even if he were a sceptic, might make a poem of it, a better one than the German sonnet *On Mrs Kingsford*, which I found in his volume of Songs, and which is by no means bad.

"You have chosen an inclement season for your trip, but you have come on a noble errand. The foundation of a truly international Anti-Vivisection Journal would be of the greatest importance. I have joined the newly-formed Paris Society, but fear that such questions do not ripen on French soil.

"May I trouble you with the enclosed note to Mrs Kingsford? In hopes that this letter may still find you in Geneva, I remain, with sincere regard and gratitude, yours faithfully,

"E. GRYZANOWSKY."

"LIVORNO, April 3, 1883.

"DEAR MADAM,—I need not apologise, I believe, for addressing you, as I have to thank you for what I must consider as a token of good fellowship and goodwill. The French translation of your article in the *Nineteenth Century* was the more welcome to me as I never had read the original, which I only knew through Lord Coleridge's quotation. I am glad to be able to add that I made *at once* use of some of its passages for three short articles for German newspapers, the *mot d'ordre* in our camp being just now a frequent and *anonymous* discussion of the Vivisection question in the daily press, as the most plausible mode of influencing our lawgivers on the eve of the impending debates in the Reichstag (on the 16th). Not that we expect any positive success, any tilting of the scales, but we hope to find a change in the distribution of weights which would be a sort of invisible success.

"I have often heard, and I rejoice to hear again, of your untiring and most valuable services to the cause of Humanity. After all, our demands are but negative. No bloody food, no bloody science. Yet how difficult it is to kill these dragons! Even Miss Cobbe's services, valuable though they are, would be more efficient if she had less bitter feelings against vegetarians.

"I have joined the newly-formed French Society, but I attach greater importance to the foundation of an international Anti-Vivisection Journal, which (Mr Maitland informs me) is one of the objects of your visit to Switzerland.

"Your excellent Inaugural Dissertation I have read in Aderholdt's German translation. But my indebtedness to you has, of late, been greatly enhanced by my perusal of that wonderful Book which Mr

Maitland ascribes to your and his joint authorship. Pray accept your share of my thanks, together with my congratulations on your election to the Presidency of the Theosophical Society. May the mystic meanings implied in the circumstances of this election be one day affirmed and confirmed by the fruits of your activity, and may these fruits ripen in the rays of the heavenly Light.

“With profound esteem and gratitude, I remain, dear Madam,
yours sincerely,

ERNST GRYZANOWSKY.”

CHAPTER XXV

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

OUR campaign in Switzerland opened distressfully, Mary having contracted a severe attack of erysipelas by sleeping in a damp bed at Neuchâtel, where we rested the first night of our arrival in that country. The malady developed itself at Berne, with the result of delaying the execution of our mission there for several days. Concerning this expedition, it will be sufficient to state that in the course of it Mary held meetings public and private, and delivered lectures and addresses at Berne, Lausanne, Montreux, and Geneva, at all of which places our letters of introduction procured us a cordial reception from the principal residents. Her two subjects were vegetarianism and vivisection, and the enthusiasm excited by her combination of gifts, her courage, her zeal, her eloquence, her self-possession, her resourcefulness, her mastery of her subjects, and the charm of her personal appearance, made her progress a veritable triumph. Only in Geneva was there any overt opposition. And it was here that the conflict raged which had been foreshadowed in her dream of Pallas. As the headquarters of the Swiss experimentalists, and the place which had given asylum to the notorious vivisector, Schiff, after his expulsion from Florence, it was to be expected that the opposition would be keen, as it proved to be, the partisans of the practice impugned mustering in force at the public discussions, the newspapers reporting the proceedings at length and taking opposite sides, while on each occasion the hall of meeting was crowded to overflowing, even the windows being scaled with ladders by persons who were unable to enter by the doors. Various causes contributed to intensify the interest. The question itself was a burning one, both in its universal and its local aspects, and involved not only strong vested interests, but science, morality, religion, and even

the fundamental principles of humanity itself. The controversialists, moreover, were in deadly earnest ; it was war to the knife between them. And, to crown all, the champion who had issued the challenge, and who stood like a youthful David against the Giant, or an Athanasius against the world, was not only a foreigner, but a woman, young, fragile, and intensely feminine of aspect, in a community inveterately given to regard woman as a negligible factor in humanity.

Besides arming herself at all points in regard to the general treatment of her subject, she was careful to obtain the local knowledge calculated to give point and application to it. To this end she bearded the lion in his den, or rather—not to do that noble animal an injustice—the demon in his pit, by presenting herself at the laboratory and demanding an interview with its notorious chieftain, which was accorded. I accompanied her on the enterprise, but was careful to keep in the background, in order to allow of a more unrestrained and spontaneous discussion than could have been possible in the presence of a third person, and that one of the physiologist's own sex. The professor gave expression to the usual fallacies, admitting that in other laboratories than his own there was deplorable cruelty, but that the subjects of his experimentations regarded him as their best friend, owing to the pleasing effects of the narcotics which—and not anæsthetics—he administered to them,—an aspect of the subject of which Mary had no difficulty in disposing, as she did dispose of it to his face, by convicting him of being, like his brethren, as unscrupulous in the statements whereby he defended his practice as in that practice itself. All of which she duly recounted in her public addresses.

Failing to answer her indictment, they sought to impugn her authority to speak on the subject by questioning the genuineness of her diploma, affirming it to be of American manufacture, and void of value as a testimony to her competency ; and when the falsity of this charge was demonstrated, they fabricated others injurious to her reputation as a woman, but of course only to meet with a further exposure of their own utter unscrupulousness. I had the satisfaction of making a laughing-stock of one of them who had dated his diatribe from an hospital for the insane, by suggesting that the " arlequinade " he had

perpetrated bespoke the writer to be, not the physician of that institution, but one of its patients ; all of which was duly published in the Geneva press.

The immediate result of this expedition was the formation of two new societies, one in Geneva and the other in Lausanne, for the abolition of vivisection, and the revivification of a society already existent at Berne, but sunk into a state of lethargy. Mary made several enthusiastic and lifelong friends at the various places visited, and received from the *Société Protectrice des Animaux* of Geneva a medal in acknowledgment of her efforts on behalf of its clients. The value of this token, however, was greatly impaired for her by the circumstance that it formed no part of the Society's programme to oppose the torture of animals on the pretext of science—a fatal limitation which it shared with its kindred societies of London and Paris. Her visit proved a great and lasting stimulus to the cause of food reform in Switzerland ; but as regards the other cause, she lived to see the flame she had kindled subside and become extinct for want of a competent leader always on the scene. The moral sense of the country was still too feeble to respond to the high ideals proposed by her. Like a piece of damp wood, it would burn while in contact with the flame of her zeal, but was incapable of independent combustion after the removal of that flame. The barrenness of permanent results was the fault neither of the seed nor of the sower, but of the soil itself. The rock had yet to be covered with mould. The Geneva of Calvin, and of the burners of Servetus, still survived in the Geneva of Schiff and its torture-chambers.

An interesting acquaintance made by us in Switzerland was that of the native poet, Jules Charles Scholl, whose touching appeal on behalf of the animals as against their scientific tormentors—*Ayez Pitié*—had profoundly moved the hearts of all whom it reached who had hearts capable of being moved. Although then in feeble health, he came to Berne expressly to greet us. His zeal was unabated, but he was already a doomed man and his end not far off. He had renounced poetry, and all else that made life a joy to him, to devote himself to this cause. But the agony of it proved too much for his sensitive system, and he ultimately died broken-hearted at the monstrosity of the iniquity and the impotence of the endeavours to quell it.

Discussing with Mary, in reference to him, the plea of utility advanced by its partisans on behalf of the practice, she was emphatic in the expression of her conviction that, even could any alleviation be procured by it for the physical sufferings of the race, it could never compensate for the mental sufferings caused by the knowledge of it, to say nothing of the degradation of humanity.

We arrived in England May 20, and two days later went to Norwich, where she had undertaken to lecture on behalf of vegetarianism. Her reception was most enthusiastic. Returning to London, she commenced her duties as President of the Theosophical Society by suggesting as a better designation for it the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, a proposition which met with cordial approval. Her reasons were set forth in the following letter which she wrote a few days later to Lady Caithness, urging her to adopt the same plan with the Paris branch instead of calling it by the name then proposed :—

“ ATCHAM VICARAGE, *June 8* [1883].

“ I did this because there are in London a vast number of ‘ Societies,’ good, bad, and indifferent, and I wish the character of our fraternity to be entirely distinct from that of the ordinary run. We are a *secret* society, too, and our members are, or should be, brothers and sisters. But chiefly our aim is to establish branch societies throughout the world, and as the members of all these will be in constant intercommunication, and will virtually be brothers of one fraternity, I think it best to designate the different groups by the name of Lodge, the meaning of which is now classical and explains itself. There is really but one T. S., as there is but one Society of Freemasons, and all its various sects are really its Lodges. Mr Sinnett adopted this idea with great zest, and it was carried immediately and unanimously. Pray do not let yourself be drawn away from the original idea by giving your Society such a name as the ‘ Oriental.’ It will mean nothing, and will put you into communication with no one either in India or in England. As a Theosophic Lodge you will have everything we of England or India can give you, and I have by me some very interesting papers to send, which you shall have. But you know you must not communicate their contents to any uninitiated person.

“ I am going to do my utmost to make our London Lodge a really influential and scientific body. . . . Besides, we do not want to pledge ourselves to Orientalism only, but to the study of all religions esoterically, and especially to that of our Western Catholic Church. Theosophy is equally applicable to such study ; but Orientalism can relate only to Brahmanism and Buddhism.

“ As you see, I have left London. Mr M. has forwarded to me your last letter and the cuttings from the *Figaro*. The article re-

produces all the old false statements about the circulation of the blood, etc., to which I see added a new falsity copied from Richet anent Galvani and his *dead* frog. I shall notice and answer all these untruths in my article for Madame Adam's *Nouvelle Revue*, which I am going to write *at once*. If you are writing to her in the course of the next few days, will you tell her that I am preparing this article?

"As for Brown-Sequard's experiments with carbonic acid, it is difficult to understand why he should have injured the monkey's throat in order to test such a medicament, or why the creature should have screamed so terribly, as it is admitted it did, if nothing painful was being done. If the object of the professor really was to discover a new anæsthetical agent, he might have tested his drug more satisfactorily at one of the veterinary colleges where injured animals are under operation, without maiming wantonly creatures in health and soundness of limb. A little extra trouble is all that is needed in nine cases out of ten to convert cruel and unjustifiable tortures into praiseworthy experiments."

To the same :—

" June 25 [1883].

"I have finished my article for the *Nouvelle Revue*. Will you please send me Madame Adam's address as soon as possible? I am going up to town on Saturday to preside at the Theosophical Lodge meeting on Sunday, and also to give a lecture at a garden-party upon vivisection. I have a very long and interesting letter from Madame H. in reply to a note I sent her. She seems thoroughly in earnest, and may very likely be able, with the help of her Republican friends, to draw attention to the horrors which go on unchecked in beautiful Paris. 'Beautiful Paris! Evil-hearted Paris!' I am all the more anxious for this reason that my reply to Charles Richet should appear without loss of time.

"I have a plan which I earnestly hope I shall somehow have the means of carrying into practice next spring. It is to give lectures in London at one of the large halls on 'Esoteric Christianity.' I should explain the hidden and true significance of the Catholic doctrines,—as much, of course, as is possible,—and the interior meaning of all sacred myths. I have already sketched out a little scheme which, if only it can be realised, will, I feel certain, do more for our Theosophy than any number of printed books.

"It is very pleasant to me to have this quiet little country retreat to resort to, to think and write. But for it I could never have done the article for Madame Adam; for in London I was constantly interrupted."

To the same :—

" LONDON, July 1 [1883].

"I write to ask you to beg Madame Adam very earnestly indeed not to delay the publication of my reply to Professor Richet later than August. Miss B. writes to me that R.'s article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has done and still is doing the most terrible injury to our cause, as it is being repeated and quoted everywhere by the

newspapers ; and it is all a mass of lies, ' gross and palpable,' as I have clearly demonstrated in my reply. As to Lady H.'s paper, that is on a subject of no particular and burning interest, and one time is as good as another to talk about women's rights ; but the wrongs of animals, and of humanity in general—these are themes which can ill afford to wait, now that a general stir is being made so vigorously on the whole subject in Paris. Supplicate Madame A. to publish my article at the earliest possible date ; otherwise I greatly fear that my reply may be anticipated by some unscientific and unqualified writer, incompetent to deal with the question, and thus worse harm may be done even than by Richet's falsehoods. I have had six or seven letters from Paris imploring me to get it published at once.

" To-day is our Lodge meeting. I congratulate you heartily on your election as President of your Lodge. How can you think for a moment that I am not interested in Theosophy ? Is it because my love and pity and sense of justice are stirred so strongly on behalf of the dumb and oppressed ? Surely I should ill deserve the name of a student of the wisdom of God if I did not do all in my power to save the poor and the sorrowful. Are not Wisdom and Love *one* ? "

To the same :—

" July 14 [1883].

" I have this morning received a note from Madame Adam in which she says that she is alarmed at the length of my reply to Richet, and will certainly have to cut out a great deal. Now, I want you to do me and the cause a great kindness and service. I want you to write to her, and ask her not to cut out anything, but to publish the article in two parts, half in one number and half in the next. It will be utterly impossible to mutilate it without omitting much that is indispensable, because there is not a word *de trop* in what I have written. It is because M. Richet wrote so much that I am compelled to write much in reply, since it is obvious that, if any point of his argument is left untouched in my answer, our adversaries will at once say, ' She did not answer such and such a statement, because she could not ' ; and the cause would be almost more injured by such an omission than it would be were the thing left untouched altogether. *You* have weight with Madame A., and a word from you to this effect would doubtless influence her. All our friends in Paris are anxiously looking for the appearance of this reply. Supplicate Madame A. not to mutilate it. It is already compressed within the narrowest limits."

To the same :—

" August 1 [1883].

" I return herewith Madame Adam's note. I suppose that when she says the article is *trop développ *, she objects—as I *know* she does—to the basis from which I have argued the matter ; to wit, the Hermetic philosophy. But all this I thoroughly considered before putting pen to paper. This vivisection question will never be really understood and rightly judged until our true relations to other beings are rightly comprehended. The commonplace ' moral

duty' argument is quite insufficient, and has been amply proved to be so, because the obvious answer to it is, 'Man is of more consequence than a thousand other creatures, and the motive of the vivisector redeems his act.' I am curious to see how Madame Adam's critic will separate what he calls the '*abus de la vivisection*' from legitimate torture. Such a line of argument cannot but prove a fiasco, and will injure more than help the cause."

The paper in question was eventually printed separately, the *Nouvelle Revue* being too much under the influence of the dominant school to admit it. It was a reply to Professor Charles Richet's article, "*Le Roi des Animaux*," and was entitled, "*Roi ou Tyran?*" It found much acceptance with the friends of the cause in France, both for its scientific and its philosophic value, and served greatly to strengthen their hands. Atcham, from which the foregoing letters are dated, was the parish of which A. had formerly been curate, and had become incumbent during our absence from England. It was now her home whenever she was able to make it her home. It possessed many advantages, social and other, over his former living, being only four miles from Shrewsbury, and so picturesquely situated as to be a favourite resort of artists; but the vicarage grounds lay low, on the very brink of the Severn, on a spot liable to inundation, a position which rendered it peculiarly unsuitable for a system so delicate as hers. It was, therefore, with much apprehension that she contemplated a residence there. This was an apprehension which—as will appear—the event fully justified, wringing from her again and again the plaint, "I am not allowed to have a home in which I can live," and bringing to mind the intimations given her of her destiny, which found their fulfilment in the prohibition.

The arrival of Mr Sinnett in England, and the publication of his *Esoteric Buddhism*, had completely revolutionised the status of the Theosophical Society. No longer now was it a private group of students engaged for their own satisfaction in mastering the philosophy of the Orient, and pledged to secrecy respecting its nature. It was a propaganda eager for notoriety, and claiming to be in possession of a doctrine resting on the infallible authority of an order of men divinised and hid away in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Thibetan uplands. This made it all the more necessary for us to see that we were committing ourselves to nothing that could impair the authority

of the teaching received by us. And it was with no little interest that we looked forward to an examination of *Esoteric Buddhism*.

The proposed Epiphany of the Theosophical Society took the form of a public reception to Mr Sinnett, in Prince's Hall, on July 17. The audience numbered some three hundred, and—as stated in the press—“was at once fashionable and influential.” The proceedings were opened by Mary, who, in her capacity of President, delivered the following address :—

“No doubt our guests will expect me to explain what is meant by the word ‘Theosophy,’ and what are the aims and objects of the Society over which I preside. I will attempt, in as few words as possible, to give a reply to both these questions.

“Theosophy is the science of the Divine. In this age the word science is readily understood ; not so the word Divine. We Theosophists understand by the word Divine the hidden, interior, and primal quality of existence ; the noumenal as opposed to the phenomenal. Our relations to the Divine we hold to be relations, not to the exterior, but to the within ; not to that which is afar off, but to that which is at the heart of all Being, the very core and vital point of our own true self. To know ourselves is, we hold, to know the Divine. And, renouncing utterly the vulgar exoteric, anthropomorphic conception of Deity, we renounce also the exoteric acceptance of all myths and legends associated therewith, replacing the shadow by the substance, the symbol by the significance, the quasi-historical by the true ideal. We hold that the science of the Divine is necessarily a science of such subtle meanings and transcendent verities that common language too poorly conveys them, and they have thus, by universal consent throughout the world, found their only possible expression by the medium of types and metaphors. For metaphor is the language of the poet, or seer, and to him alone is it given to know and to understand the Divine. In the picture-world in which he lives and moves all interior and primal verities are formulated in visions rather than in words. But the multitude for whom he records his visions takes the metaphor for the reality, and exalts the eidolon in the place of the God.

“The object of the Theosophical Society is therefore to remove this misapprehension ; to unveil Isis ; to restore the Mysteries. Some of us have doubted whether such act of unveiling and of restoration is altogether prudent, arguing that the quality of mind needed for the comprehension of pure truth is rare, and that to most supernaturalism and even superstition are necessities. The answer to such objection is, that the present system of theological teaching has long been and still is an impassable barrier in the way of right thought and action, and of scientific progress ; a fruitful spring of oppression, fraud, and fanaticism, and a direct incentive to materialistic, agnostic, and pessimistic doctrines. In the interest of science, of philosophy, and of charity, therefore, the Theosophical Society has resolved to invite all earnest thinkers, students, and lovers of their kind to examine the system and method it presents,

and to satisfy themselves that the fullest claims of science are compatible with, and its latest revelations necessary to, the true comprehension of esoteric religion.

“ I have used the word religion. It is a word which has, unhappily, become divorced from its true meaning, and associated with much that is inherently repugnant thereto. One of the efforts of this Society will be to restore to sacred things sacred meanings. Religion is the science of interpretation, the science of binding together earth and Heaven, the science of correspondences, of Sacraments, or, as they were called in all old times, the Mysteries. And the religious man is he who is bound together, in whom heart and head have equal sway, in whom Intellect and Conscience work together and in harmony, who is at unity with himself and at one with the whole world of Being. In this sense we are a religious society, for one of our avowed aims is the promotion of universal brotherhood. We proffer an Eirenicon to all Churches, claiming that, once the veil of symbolism is lifted from the divine face of Truth, all Churches are akin, and the basic doctrine of all is identical. The guest of the evening, who sits beside me, is a Buddhist. I, the President of the English Lodge, am a Catholic Christian. Yet we are one at heart, for he has been taught by his Oriental Gurus the same esoteric doctrines which I have found under the adopted pagan symbols of the Roman Church, and which esoteric Christianity you will find embodied in *The Perfect Way*. Greek, Hermetic, Buddhist, Vedantist, Christian—all these Lodges of the Mysteries are fundamentally one and identical in doctrine. And that doctrine is the interpretation of Nature’s hieroglyphs, written for us in sky and sea and land, pictured for us in the glorious pageantry of night and day, of sunset and dawn, and woven into the many-coloured warp and woof of flower and seed and rock, of vegetable and animal cells, of crystal and dewdrops, and of all the mighty phenomena of planetary cycles, solar systems, and starry revolutions.

“ We hold that no single ecclesiastical creed is comprehensible by itself alone, uninterpreted by its predecessors and its contemporaries. Students, for example, of Christian theology will only learn to understand and to appreciate the true value and significance of the symbols familiar to them by the study of Eastern philosophy and pagan idealism. For Christianity is the heir of these, and she draws her best blood from their veins. And forasmuch as all her great ancestors hid beneath their exoteric formulas and rites—themselves mere husks and shells to amuse the simple-minded—the esoteric or concealed verities reserved for the initiate, so also she reserves for earnest seekers and deep thinkers the true interior Mysteries which are one and eternal in all creeds and Churches from the foundation of the world. This true, interior, transcendental meaning is the Real Presence veiled in the Elements of the Divine Sacrament: the mystical substance and the truth figured beneath the bread and the wine of the ancient Bacchic orgies, and now of our own Catholic Church. To the unwise, the unthinking, the superstitious, the gross elements are the objects of the rite; to the initiate, the seer, the son of Hermes, they are but the outward and visible signs of that which is ever, and of necessity, inward, spiritual, and occult.

“ But not only is it necessary to the Theosophist to study the myths and symbology of former times and contemporary cults ; it is also necessary that he should be a student of nature. The science of the Mysteries can be understood only by one who is acquainted, in some measure at least, with the physical sciences ; because Theosophy represents the climax and essential motive-meaning of all these, and must be learned in and by and through them. For unless the physical sciences be understood, it will be impossible to comprehend the *doctrine of Vehicles*, which is the basic doctrine of occult science. ‘ If you understand not earthly things,’ said the Hierarch of the Christian Mysteries, ‘ how shall you understand heavenly things ? ’ Theosophy is the royal science. To the unlearned no truth can be demonstrated, for they have no faculty whereby to cognise truth, or to test the soundness of theorems. Ours may be indeed the religion of the poor, but it cannot be that of the ignorant. For we disclaim alike authority and dogma ; we appeal to the *reason of humanity*, and to educated and cultivated thought. Our system of doctrine does not rest upon a remote past ; it is built upon no series of historical events assailable by modern criticism ; it deals not with extraneous personalities or with arbitrary statements of dates, facts, and evidence ; but it relates, instead, to the living to-day, and to the ever-present testimony of nature, of science, of thought, and of intuition. That which is exoteric and extraneous is the evanescent type, the historical ideal, the symbol, the form ; and these are all in all to the unlearned. But that which is esoteric and interior is the permanent verity, the essential meaning, the thing signified ; and to apprehend this, the mind must be reasonable and philosophic, and its method must be scientific and eclectic.

“ In the *Mahâ-Paranibbâna-Sutta*, one of the Buddhist theosophical books, is a passage recording certain words of Gautama Buddha which express to some extent the idea I wish to bring before you. It is this :—

“ ‘ And whosoever, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto himself, and a refuge unto himself, betaking himself to no external refuge, but holding fast to the truth as his lamp, and to the truth as his refuge, looking not to any one besides himself as a refuge, even he among my disciples shall reach the very topmost height. But he must be anxious to learn.’

“ It may, at the outset, appear strange that there should of late have set in among us of the West so strong a current of Buddhism, and many, doubtless, wonder how it comes about that the literary and thinking world of this country has recently begun by common consent to write and talk and hear so much of the sacred books of the East, and of its religious teachers. The Theosophical Society itself has its origin in India, and the motto adopted by its Fellows declares that Light is from the East—*Ex Oriente Lux*.

“ In all this is the finger of Law, inevitably and orderly fulfilling the planetary cycle of human evolution, with the self-same precision and certitude which regulates the rotation of the globe in the inverse direction, or the apparent course of the solar light.

“ Human evolution has always followed the course of the sun, from the East to the West, in opposition to the direction of the planet’s

motion around its axis. If at times this evolution has appeared to return upon its steps, it has been only the better to gather power for some new effort. It has never deviated from its course in the main, save to the right or left, south or north, in its orderly march westward. And slowly, but surely, this great wave of human progress has covered the earth in the wake of the light, rising eastward with the dawn, and culminating in mid-heaven with the Catholic Church. In India first, at the beginning of the cycle, rose the earliest glory of the coming day; thence it broke on Syria and on Egypt, where it gave birth to the Kabalistic and Hermetic gnosis. Passing thence to Grecian shores, the mysteries of the Gods arose among the myrtle and olive groves of Thebes and Athens; and these mysteries, imported into Rome in their turn, became merged in the symbols and doctrines of the Christian Church. And as the cyclic day of human development draws on towards its close in the western hemisphere, the light fades from the orient, and twilight gradually obscures that eastern half of the globe which was erst the spring of dawn and sunshine. What then? When the round of the terrestrial globe is thus accomplished, when the tidal wave of evolution has swept the whole expanse from India to America, it arrives once more at its point of departure. Scarce has day dipped beneath the horizon of the occident, then lo! again the East begins to glow anew with the faint dawn of another cycle, and the old race, whose round has now been accomplished, is about to be succeeded by a race more perfect, more developed, wise and reasonable.

“There are indications that our epoch has seen the termination of such a planetary cycle as that described, and that a new dawn, the dawn of a better and a clearer day, is about once more to rise in the sacred East. Already those who stand on the hills have caught the first grey rays reflected from the breaking sky. Who can say what splendours will burst from among the mists of the valley westward, when once the sun shall rise again?”

“Some of us have dreamed that our English Branch of the Theosophical Society is destined to become the ford across the stream which so long has separated the East from the West, religion from science, heart from mind, and love from learning. We have dreamed that this little Lodge of the Mysteries, set here in the core of matter-of-fact, agnostic London, may become an oasis in the wilderness for thirsty souls,—a ladder between earth and heaven, on which, as once long since in earlier and purer days, the Gods again may ‘come and go ’twixt mortal men and high Olympus.’”

“Such a dream as this has been mine. May Pallas Athena grant me, the humblest of her votaries, length of days enough to see it, in some measure at least fulfilled!”

As this is not a history of the Theosophical Society, but only of our connection with it, it is necessary to say only of Mr Sinnett’s address on this occasion, that, admirable as it was for its purpose, it struck some notes which we recognised as scarcely harmonising with the conceptions formed by us, and which therefore might not impossibly develop into an irresolvable discord.

The rest of the month was spent in cultivating relations with our new associates, and in the beginning of August Mary visited her mother at Hastings, I remaining in London. On the 11th we went together to Atcham, to prepare for a lecturing tour which we had undertaken on behalf of the Vegetarian Society. The expedition occupied us from September 21 till the middle of October, when we returned to Atcham, having held public conferences at Chester, Carlisle, Longtown, Silloth, Ambleside, Stirling, Dundee, Dunfermline, Glasgow, Edinburgh,¹ and Dumfries. At Edinburgh we had the high privilege of spending an evening with that ripest and tenderest of souls, Dr John Pulsford, and of hearing him preach one of his profoundly mystical discourses.

The most notable features of this tour were, first, the indescribable enthusiasm everywhere evinced for Mary on account of the eloquence and luminousness of her expositions and the charm of her personality; and, secondly, the intensity of her physical sufferings, and the manner in which her spirit rose superior to them and carried her triumphantly through. She had left home ill, the climatic conditions of the place having proved in the highest degree deleterious to her, and each day's journey had completely prostrated her, sometimes inducing total loss of consciousness while in the train, and always culminating in agonising neuralgic headache on arrival, rendering her to all appearance utterly incapable for the appointed task of the evening.² Her one remedy was the immersion of the

¹ On October 4, 1883, when at Edinburgh, Anna Kingsford gave, under the auspices of the Scottish Society for the Total Suppression of Vivisection, the important lecture, *Unscientific Science*, which was afterwards published as a pamphlet, and which will be included in her and Edward Maitland's collected *Addresses and Essays on Vivisection*, shortly to be published.—S. H. H.

² Owing to her liability to loss of consciousness, Anna Kingsford occasionally suffered from falls. Edward Maitland says:—"Some of her falls, which occurred out of doors and when walking by herself, resulted in permanent injuries. Railway journeys were a frequent occasion of them, being induced apparently sometimes by the fatigue of packing—a thing she would suffer no one to do for her—and sometimes by the effect of the vibration on the spine. She was thus affected at least five or six times during our journeys together, when she would sink unconscious on the floor of the carriage, the only warning being a sudden sharp spasm of pain in the head. They were invariably followed by intense headache. But distressing as they were, their effects were transient, and the closest scrutiny

lower limbs in water as hot as she could bear it ; and thus would she occupy herself until the last moment before starting for the lecture hall. Arrived there, she was a new person, and for the hour, or hour and a half, of her address would stand firm, confident, and self-possessed, and pour forth unfalteringly that which she had to say, with a natural spontaneous eloquence which kept her audience spell-bound, to be greeted at the close with an outburst of applause, electrical for its vehemence, and seeming as if with difficulty repressed until then.

The tributes rendered to her gift were many and striking. Even persons of slender culture and ordinarily unimpressible would declare that, whatever the subject might be, they would go any distance to hear her. Speaking of her one day, a notable

failed to detect any mental deterioration as resulting from them. Over and over again she would emerge from a condition of complete prostration, and a few minutes later take her stand on the platform, looking radiant, as if suffering and weakness were unknown to her, and for an hour or longer hold her audience spell-bound by her eloquence, and never for a moment falter or seem distressed or at a loss. Whether on occasions of this kind, or any others, such as her examinations, when exact punctuality was indispensable, it rarely happened but that it was up to the last moment a grave question whether it would be possible for her to be up to time. . . . On one occasion she was travelling from Shrewsbury to London at a moment when there was no escort available. She was alone in the carriage, when she found herself suddenly confronted as she believed by a man who attempted to clutch her by the throat ; whereupon she tried to reach the alarm overhead in order to summon assistance ; but in the act of doing so she became insensible, and on recovering consciousness, which was just as the train was entering the Oxford station, she found herself lying on the floor and still alone. Her medical knowledge enabled her to conclude that she had had a fit, which had been accompanied by an hallucination. But she was convinced that without such knowledge she would have believed to the last that she had really been attacked by some man who had subsequently quitted the carriage, and she regarded the experience as explaining at least some of the charges of assault which from time to time appear in the papers.

“ The explanation of the seizures which most commended itself to her was that of the eminent physiologist Dr H. Jackson, who likened them to an electric discharge, such as that which constitutes a thunderstorm, but occurring in the system of the individual. . . .

“ Such were the conditions [of health] under which her work was performed, and rarely did a week pass without some acute and prolonged access either of pain, of prostration, or of insensibility. So that when besides the shortness of her career is considered also the numerous and extended periods of complete disablement, the quantity of the work accomplished by her—to say nothing of its quality—appears little short of miraculous.”—S. H. H.

publicist and philanthropist, himself an admirable speaker, declared of himself and his compeers that they always felt when listening to her as if they were beings of an inferior order hearkening to the utterances of some superior being who had come down to teach them. She herself and her teaching seemed alike to be to her hearers as a new revelation of human possibilities.

After a few days' rest at Atcham we visited Birmingham and Bath on the same behalf, and with similar results.

The following extract from a letter to me from Lady Caithness, received at this time, is of interest, as showing her satisfaction with the evidences already received of Mary's identity with two characters named :—

“ ORLEANS, *October 6* [1883].

“ We went from Biarritz to Pau, where we spent a few days and made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, which I think one of the prettiest places I have ever seen, besides being of such great interest. Our next halting-place was Tours, where I thought it would be a very good opportunity to see all the old historical chateaux for which the region is so celebrated. Tell Mrs Kingsford I thought of her often while revisiting these historical chambers, which must have so often been alighted by her glorious bright eyes as Anne Boleyn, and to-day I shall see her inspired look and eyes raised to heaven as the sainted Jeanne d'Arc, when I visit the historical places of this old city. She must have been often, as the former heroine, at the Chateaux d'Amboise, Chaumont, Blois, Chambord, etc., etc. I wonder would she have any reminiscences were she to revisit these scenes of her former state and splendour.”

In relation to this subject it will be interesting to insert here the following account of a dream received by Mary a few weeks later,¹ which referred to three of the historical characters she remembered having been, two of them being those named in the above letter, and the other the character her identification with which in Paris had so greatly shocked her, namely, Faustine, the Empress of Marcus Aurelius. It was only after a good deal of consideration that we found it to be a parable of Karma, founded on the facts of her own history in her previous lives. For the lesson intended by the cards was evidently that of the necessity of bringing thought and skill to the conduct of life

¹ The dream, as recorded in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, bears date Atcham, Dec. 7, 1883.—S. H. H.

if man would work out his own salvation. Thus the Ace of Diamonds represented the divine Particle within herself, which needed but to be duly applied to enable her finally to overcome all limitations and realise her destined perfection; while her partner was Hermes, in his usual character as the Understanding, all the details about him according with her previous manifold experiences of him :—

“ I dreamed I was playing at cards with three persons, the two opposed to me being a man and a woman with hoods pulled over their heads, and cloaks covering their persons. I did not particularly observe them. My partner was an old man without hood or cloak, and there was about him this peculiarity, that he did not from one minute to another appear to remain the same. Sometimes he looked like a very young man, the features not appearing to change in order to produce this effect, but an aspect of youth, and even of mirth, coming into the face, as though the features were lighted up from within. Behind me stood a personage whom I could not see, for his hand and arm only appeared, handing me a pack of cards. So far as I discerned, it was a man’s figure, habited in black. Shortly after the dream began my partner addressed me, saying—

“ ‘ Do you play by luck or skill ? ’ ”

“ I answered, ‘ I play by luck chiefly ; I don’t know how to play by skill, but I have generally been lucky.’ ”

“ In fact, I had already lying by me several ‘ tricks ’ I had taken. He answered me—

“ ‘ To play by luck is to trust to *without* ; to play by skill is to trust to *within*. In this game *within* goes farther than *without*.’ ”

“ ‘ What are trumps ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ Diamonds are trumps,’ he answered.

“ I looked at the cards in my hand, and said to him, ‘ I have more clubs than anything else.’ ”

“ At this he laughed, and seemed all at once quite a youth. ‘ Clubs are strong cards after all,’ he said. ‘ Don’t despise the black suits. I have known some of the best games ever played won by players holding more clubs than you have.’ ”

“ I examined the cards, and found something very odd about them. There were the four suits, diamonds, hearts, clubs, and spades ; but the picture-cards in my hand seemed different altogether from any I had ever seen before. One was Queen of Clubs, and her face altered as I looked at it. First it was dark, almost dusky, with the imperial crown on the head ; then it seemed quite fair, the crown changing to a smaller one of English aspect, and the dress also transforming itself. There was a Queen of Hearts, too, in an antique peasant’s gown, with brown hair ; and presently this melted into a suit of armour, which shone as if reflecting firelight in its burnished scales. The other cards seemed alive likewise, even the ordinary ones, just like the court-cards. There seemed to be pictures moving inside the emblems on their faces. The clubs in my hand ran into higher figures than the spades ; these came next in number, and diamonds next. I had no picture-cards of diamonds,

but I had the Ace, and this was so bright I could not look at it. Except the two Queens of Clubs and Hearts, I think I had no picture-cards in my hand, and very few red cards of any kind. There were high figures in the spades. It was the personage behind my chair who dealt the cards always. I said to my partner—

“ ‘ It is difficult to play at all, whether by luck or by skill, for I get such a bad hand dealt me each time.’ ”

“ ‘ That is your fault,’ he said. ‘ Play your best with what you have, and next time you will get better cards.’ ”

“ ‘ How can that be ? ’ I asked.

“ ‘ Because after each game the ‘ tricks ’ you take are added to the bottom of the pack, which the dealer holds, and you get the ‘ honours ’ you have taken up from the table. Play well and take all you can. But you must put more *head* into it ; you trust too much to fortune. Don’t blame the dealer ; he can’t see.’ ”

“ ‘ I shall lose this game,’ I said presently, for the two persons playing against us seemed to be taking up all the cards quickly, and the ‘ lead ’ never came to my turn.

“ ‘ It is because you don’t count your points before putting down a card,’ my partner said. ‘ If they play high numbers you must play higher.’ ”

“ ‘ But they have all the trumps,’ I said.

“ ‘ No,’ he answered ; ‘ you have the highest trump of all in your own hand. It is the first and the last. You may take every card they have with that, for it is the chief of the whole series. But you have spades too, and high ones.’ (He seemed to *know* what I had.)

“ ‘ Diamonds are better than spades,’ I answered, ‘ and nearly all my cards are black ones. Besides, I can’t count ; it wants so much thinking. Can’t you come over here and play for me ? ’ ”

“ He shook his head, and I thought that again he laughed. ‘ No,’ he replied ; ‘ that is against the law of the game. You must play for yourself. Think it out.’ ”

“ He uttered these words very emphatically, and with so strange an intonation that they dissipated the rest of the dream, and I remember no more of it.”

“ *Play your best with what you have, and next time you will get better cards.*” Here was karma and reincarnation. It reminded us of the question put to Jesus by His disciples, “ Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was born blind ? ” and of the saying of the writer of the Book of Wisdom, “ Being good, I came into a body undefiled.” A subsequent reading of the dream suggested to me a correspondence between it and Rev. xii. For what but the soul is the woman persecuted of the dragon of matter in the wilderness of the world ? and what but the “ man-child,” the good deeds she performs during the term of her probation ? She, indeed, remains below for her allotted period. But the “ man-child ”—so called because representing action, which is the result of force, and is masculine, and not mere wish, which is feminine—

which the dragon would fain devour, is caught up to God and placed to her credit in the bank of heaven. And so, "after each game" of life, "the tricks we take are added to the bottom of the pack which the Almighty Dealer holds, and we get the 'honours' we have taken up from the table." But to work out our salvation we must not trust to fortune, but must put our head into it and work with understanding. The dealer is not at fault. The divine Justice is blind, and deals without partiality the cards we have earned. However low and black these may be, we still have the possibility of the "Ace of Diamonds," the divine spark in us, which is capable of winning the game at last, against all odds, if we but let it. The three female forms were obviously the characters she had been led to regard as among her former selves. Nor had we any difficulty in recognising Hermes as her partner and adviser, and in seeing in the dream a correspondence with the fable of Io, to whom Mary had been wont to liken herself. Io was the soul; the gadfly whereby she was tormented and driven from place to place, until, at length, under advice of Hermes, she took refuge in Egypt, was the desire of the soul for incarnation. Egypt was the body. And here, under the tuition of Hermes, the soul finally weds Zeus, being united with the divine spirit, of whose essence she partakes, as indicated by her name, Io, the most typical of all the symbols of Deity. Thus was this dream another of the numerous indications given of the dominance of the part her Greek incarnations had played in moulding the soul of Mary, and fitting her to return when the time should come to restore the Greek presentation of the Mysteries in interpretation of the Christ-doctrine. Hence the peculiarly personal application of the hymn she had been the means of recovering :—

"There is corn in Egypt; go thou down into her, O my soul, with joy.

"For in the kingdom of the body, thou shalt eat the bread of thine initiation.

"But beware lest thou become subject to the flesh, and a bond-slave in the land of thy sojourn.

"Serve not the idols of Egypt, and let not the senses be thy task-masters. . . .

"And Hermes, the Redeemer, shall go before thee; for he is thy cloud of darkness by day, and thy pillar of fire by night."

It had been told us on a former occasion that "a soul may have as many former selves in the astral light as a man may have

changes of raiment." The utterance found illustration as follows in an experience received at this time. She beheld in vision a crowd of persons, chiefly men, of many different peoples and races, ranks and avocations, all of whom she felt herself as in some way identified with, and was told by her Genius that she had been. She was, however, only able to recognise positively the characters with whom she had previously been identified, one of which was Joan of Arc. And concerning her she was told that, "as the least unworthy of her past incarnations, Joan had been permitted to act as a guardian angel to her in her present life."

I made no remark at the time on the expression "least unworthy," greatly as it jarred on me. But, having occasion some time later to refer to the experience, I purposely substituted for it "the most worthy," but only to be instantly corrected by her exclaiming with decisive emphasis, "No! the least unworthy." She had not made any record of the incident, but contented herself with relating it to me. It obviously implied the consciousness of some defect of character even in the apparently blameless French heroine. And the inference was subsequently confirmed by a further revelation of Mary to herself in that incarnation, when it was shown her that, with all her deep piety, her heroism, and her wonderful gifts, Joan of Arc had not been free from a strong vein of personal ambition, which detracted from her merits as seen from the spiritual point of view. And though on some accounts Mary was indignant at her being denied canonisation, she admitted that on others the Church was in the right to decline.¹ It was not the possession of psychic gifts, however extraordinary, that constituted saintship, but the unfoldment of the moral and spiritual nature.

She received during her sojourn at home this summer [namely, on August 19, 1883] the second part of the revelation concerning the Christian Mysteries (*Clothed with the Sun*, I. xlviii.), in which an explanation purely reasonable and entirely satisfactory is given of the cultus of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The following extracts from her Diary at this period represent the processes purely intellectual in which she was wont to exercise her mind in the intervals of special illumination :—

¹ See Vol. I. p. 229.

May ¹ 15 [1883].—There is, I find, much evidence to show that the primitive Christian Church understood her faith esoterically, and that her great dogmas were symbols only, or at least chiefly. The monuments, frescoes, and writings of the early years of the Church are evidence of this fact. Within the first century, allusions, both pictured and written, to Christ in the character of Apollo, of Orpheus, of Bacchus, and other Pagan gods, are constant; and it is, moreover, remarkable that at this early date recognition of Him as a historical character never occurs. Wherever He is depicted, it is as a young God—a youth, lovely and blooming, surrounded with vines, doves, lambs, fishes, and naked genii. He is never seen in His historical aspect, is never the “Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief” of the later times. The Stations of the Cross, the “Gospel history,” as it is called, the crucifix, the agony,—these find no representation in early Christian art. The first idea of Christ was, strangely enough, purely esoteric and mystic. The Christians appear to have devoted themselves in the primitive age of the Church to an attempt to purify and reform the culture of the Gods, adopting their symbols and images, and giving to them an interior and esoteric meaning. Such, indeed, they had in their first intention, but this had long been lost to the Pagan Church, and the original mission of Christianity seems to have been to restore the Mysteries. It is difficult to reconcile the evidences of the cultus of the early Christian Church with any other hypothesis, especially when one finds documentary evidence, such as that of Dio Cassius, that the first Christians were punished on a charge of *atheism*. Had they been merely adorers of a new God, zealots of a new supernaturalism, their adversaries would hardly have arraigned them on such a charge. But this charge of atheism is precisely that which is, in our day, brought by professors of orthodox superstition against theosophists and pantheists; for to the believer in idols the rejection of these in favour of mystic truth has ever been regarded as a form of atheism and unbelief. Lundy observes, in his *Monumental Christianity*:—“Had the Christians believed Christ to be a man, there would have been portraits of Him without end in painting, statuary, gems, and mosaics; but because He was deemed a Divinity, we find no such portraits, only ideal types.”

August 19 [1883].—The fact seems to be, that in order to have Religion, or Love, one must have knowledge, and this positive, and not merely intuitive, knowledge. I mean that, in order not to mistrust the justice of universal Law, one must have scientific knowledge of Nature. Knowledge is therefore the prime minister of Faith. How wonderfully the Church helps one in matters of Theosophy! When I am doubtful about Divine Order or about Function in the human kingdom, I appeal instinctively to the Catholic doctrine, and am at once set in the right path. I think I should never have clearly understood the Order and Function of the Soul but for the Catholic teaching concerning the Mother of God; nor should I have comprehended the method of salvation by the merits of our Divine Principle save for the doctrine of the Incarnation and the Atonement.

¹ Probably a misprint for August.—S. H. H.

Here follows the illumination (xlvi. Part 2) above referred to, by which it will be seen that the esoteric and spiritual sense in which she accepted these doctrines is utterly destructive of the exoteric and idolatrous sense in which alone they have been given to the world, inasmuch as they denote processes interior to the individual man, and not actual persons.

August 23 [1833].—De Lanessan¹ seeks to prove the non-existence of the soul by the following argument:—

(a) The idea of the soul supposes a vital principle, or Unity, one and indivisible.

(b) Physiology shows that the body of a living creature may be divided into many conscient portions, like a tree; *e.g.* that a fish's heart will continue to beat after you have cooked and eaten the fish; that a rat's paw will grow and live engrafted on another rat; that the tail of a tadpole, separated from the tadpole's body, will increase and develop independently; that a dog's head cut off, and reanimated by the injection of blood from another dog, will show signs of intelligence; that a man's head after decapitation will continue to manifest emotion, etc.

(c) He argues, thence, that these facts contradict the hypothesis of a Unity, or single Force, because such a force could not manifest itself simultaneously in different separate parts of the same body, and could not be restored in any one part by the injection of blood from another body.

(d) He adds: That which lives in a pluri-cellular being is not the being himself; it is each of the cells which compose him.

Now I think De Lanessan confuses the Jiv-atma (or animal vitality) with the Psyche (or Soul). Every portion of living matter lives, and contains—as I suppose—its Four Principles, potentially, if not actually. And that which continues to live in the amputated paw, tail, or head, and in the abstracted heart, is the local consciousness of the organ or member concerned. It is exactly the difficulty of the "Shell" over again. Living matter behaves like living matter, and cannot do otherwise until its forces are disintegrated. And even then they will continue to function as disintegrated corpuscles, because all matter is impregnated with spirit. It is no more destructive to a man's identity that his hand should continue to live engrafted on another man's body, than that his blood, transfused into another man's veins, should nourish and become part of that other man. And even supposing it possible that the decapitated head of a man could be reanimated by adaptation to the trunk of another decapitated man, and continue to live so engrafted,—this would only be an artificial reproduction of the "monsters" Nature sometimes produces; *e.g.* the Siamese twins and the two-headed child, in whose bodies a double consciousness makes itself felt. It appears to me that in all such cases we have to deal with two kinds of consciousness, the lower and the higher. In some entities the

¹ A French physiologist whose book she had been reading, and who had been one of her professors at Paris.—E. M.

lower is the stronger and more apparent, as in trees, insects, etc. In the higher animals, it is the higher consciousness which dominates, but the lower is still there. The lower consciousness is diffusive, because all consciousness is diffusive, from one radiant point, which is the higher Ego.

At this point thought culminated in vision, and she wrote under illumination Chapter xlix. of *Clothed with the Sun*, "Concerning Dying."

"LIVORNO, September 25, 1883.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On returning here, after an absence of nearly three months, I had the pleasure of finding two numbers of *Lumière et Liberté* and Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, which you have done me the honour of inscribing to me.

"I feel greatly obliged to you for this valuable gift, and hasten to thank you for it before I have had time to examine its contents. I have skimmed the last chapter only, which contains a summary of the doctrine, and I was glad to see that the solution of the great riddles (such as the origin of evil and the incompatibility of predestination and freewill) is sought in hypothesis of a plurality of existences, which has always appeared to me to be the only key to those locked mysteries. Of course, there is another point of view from which these 'mysteries' appear as a mere illusion of pure reason, which, like the squinter and the drunkard, has the misfortune of seeing everything double, and of dividing every oneness into two incongruous and apparently incompatible opposites. This frailty (or defect) of rationalism can only be compensated by some mystic premises or cured by dialectics. Mr Sinnett's book furnishes the former, and (as far as I can judge) with complete success. But should there be minds incapable of accepting such premises, let them try the dialectic method, which, like pure reason, splits every notion into its constituent opposites, but which ends by reuniting these opposites into a *tertium aliquid* which is no longer the original notion. This process—for such it is—this alternation of dissension and reconciliation, is a marvellous solvent of all so-called riddles. In fact, I cannot help comparing this method with an achromatic lens whose layers induce an alternation of compensating refractions. Pure (or poor!) prismatic reason can see naught but broken rays, but armed with that metaphysical lens it sees the white united ray of light, as though it had never split into pluralities and incompatibilities. However, this is a mere matter of method. The result is the same in both cases. I anticipate great pleasure from the careful perusal of Mr Sinnett's work, and we may have occasion to discuss its contents hereafter.

"Your polemical correspondences with M. Fillion and Dr Borel are highly satisfactory. Your reply to the latter seems to me particularly good. M. Fillion, I think, would have deserved a little less condescension on your part. He calls himself 'architecte,' and I am far from blaming him on the ground of incompetency. On the contrary, I hold that *everybody* is competent to be a juryman in this great trial. But there is something indecorous in a layman's defending vivisection. If a physiologist defends it (and in doing so

loses his temper or his good manners), we may see an extenuating circumstance in his pleading *pro domo*. Such men talk as if they felt that, deprived of their laboratory, they would have no *raison d'être*, and we must make allowances for that. Borel's impertinences, intolerable though they are, seem to me less unpardonable than the architect's amateur defence. On him your teachings are wasted, but then the reader is perhaps the most important person on such occasions, and for him you may not have written in vain. Mrs Kingsford's *Geneva Discourse* is excellent. May she have strength and patience to continue her good work. With cordial thanks for your great kindness, I remain, yours very truly,

" E. GRYZANOWSKY."

CHAPTER XXVI

A TIME OF CONTROVERSY

IN his preface to *Esoteric Buddhism*, Mr Sinnett expressed himself respecting our work as follows :—

“ Let me add that I do not regard myself as the sole exponent for the outer world, at this crisis, of esoteric truth. These teachings are the final outcome, as regards philosophical knowledge, of the relations with the outer world which have been established by the custodians of esoteric truth, through me. And it is only regarding the acts and intentions of those esoteric teachers who have chosen to work through me that I can have any certain knowledge. But, in different ways, some other writers are engaged in expounding for the benefit of the world—and, as I believe, in accordance with a great plan, of which this volume is a part—the same truths, in different aspects, that I am commissioned to unfold. A remarkable book, published within the last year or two, *The Perfect Way*, may be specially mentioned as showing how more roads than one may lead to a mountain-top. The inner inspirations of *The Perfect Way* appear to me identical with the philosophy that I have learned. The symbols in which those inspirations are clothed, in my opinion, I am bound to add, are liable to mislead the student; but this is a natural consequence of the circumstances under which the inner inspiration has been received. Far more important and interesting to me than the discrepancies between the teachings of *The Perfect Way* and my own are the identities that may be traced between the clear scientific explanations now conveyed to me, on the plane of the physical intellect, and the ideas which manifestly underlie those communicated on an altogether different system to the authors of the book I mention. These identities are a great deal too close to be the result either of coincidence or parallel speculation.”

Esoteric Buddhism was, then, the book which, as the chiefs of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, we were bound to study, and upon which, as the writers of *The Perfect Way*, we were equally bound to pass judgment, and this not for the sake merely of the members of the Society, but for the sake of our own work, and for the vindication before the world of the teaching committed to us, and which we knew of ourselves to be true,

while—as the writer of *Esoteric Buddhism* frankly admitted—he was entirely dependent for his knowledge upon teachers of whom he had no personal knowledge, but whom, nevertheless, he had learnt to trust implicitly.

Such being the position, our course seemed to us to be clear. This was to ignore persons, and judge the doctrine on its own sole merits, making appeal only to the understanding. Having ourselves insisted on the possibility of man's attainment of knowledges and powers even transcending those claimed for the Eastern Adepts, we were by no means averse to the idea that such persons may actually exist. But there was no sufficient evidence of their existence, or of the possession by those who asserted their existence of the ability to recognise them, even in the case of contact with them. For, as only they who possess the Christ-Spirit in a measure can recognise the Christ, so only they who are themselves adepts in a measure can recognise the Adept. And even if the teaching in question really came from the source alleged, what guarantee was there that it had not undergone in transmission a change sufficient to vitiate it? Our own position in regard to the current Christianity was, that the Church had all the truth, having received it from a Divine source, but that the priests had materialised it, making themselves and their followers idolaters.¹ And might not the same thing have happened with the teaching now propounded, and this while its propounders were acting in the best faith, owing to the lack of spiritual insight on the part of the recipients? The very designation, *Esoteric Buddhism*, moreover, was open to grave question. And there was the further consideration, that to accept it upon authority, and independently of the understanding, would be but to establish a new sacerdotalism in place of that which we and they alike sought to dethrone.

And, indeed, it very soon became evident that matters were not only in danger of tending in this direction, but had already gone far in it. The idea of a group of divinised men, dwelling high up in the fastnesses of the Himalayas, and endowed with transcendent knowledges and powers, possessed a fascination for all but the strongest heads; and that many had succumbed to the glamour of the supposed "Mahatmas," as the adept masters were called,

¹ See Vol. I. p. 201.

was evidenced by their readiness to accept implicitly all that was put forward in their name, even to resenting as blasphemous the suggestion of need for caution and deliberation, and their refusal to recognise the presence of an esoteric element in Christianity corresponding to that which was claimed for Buddhism.

There was also much in the tone and character of the publications issued from the headquarters of the parent Society in India of which we disapproved as not only calculated to impair the credit of the Society with the public, but as harmful in itself and incompatible with its real aims. For, while we recognised the Society as at once representing high aims and possessed of invaluable knowledges, we were compelled to recognise the presence of other and conflicting elements which, unless eliminated, would assuredly wreck the whole movement. This is to say that, although, owing to the heterogeneous nature of its elements, chiefly as regarded the personalities of its foremost representatives, it was but a chaos, we discerned in it the possibilities of a kosmos, provided only those elements could be duly redeemed from their limitations and fused into harmonious accord. For us its promoters were as children who, having become possessed of a valuable instrument which they were as yet incapable of appreciating, were in danger of destroying it through the exuberance of their child-nature, and their consequent disposition to play with it, instead of setting seriously to work to apply it to its proper uses.

In view of these objections, "Mary" addressed the following letter of remonstrance to Colonel Olcott in his capacity of President of the Parent Society.¹

" LONDON LODGE, *October 31, 1883.*

" DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,—It gives me great pleasure to address you officially for the first time, as President of the British Theosophical Society. This letter must do duty as a delegate from our Lodge to your Anniversary Meeting of December, it being impracticable to send you any one of our brethren as a representative.

" I venture, therefore, to ask that you will permit me, as chief of your British Fellows, to lay first before you in your official capacity, and subsequently before the readers of the *Theosophist*, a brief *resumé* of what I believe to be the right aim and method of our work in future, and the wisest policy possible to our Society.

¹ This letter was not included in the previous Edition. It is taken from Part III. of the pamphlet referred to on p. 148 *post.*—S. H. H.

“ I have read with interest, and hail with joy, the evidence published in the October number of your journal (pp. 10 and 11 of Supplement) of a *rapprochement* between the Theosophical Society of India and the Christian Mission established in that country.

“ To me, personally, it has always been a matter of regret that in attacking the orthodox presentation of Christianity, your Society has hitherto been hardly careful to guard itself against the imputation of antagonism to the essential mysteries of that religion.

“ In my inaugural address, delivered at the *Soirée*, held by the London Lodge last July,¹—an account of which is given on p. 4 of the Supplement to the October *Theosophist*,—I endeavoured to put before our Fellows and our guests what I hold to be the true attitude of Theosophy towards all the great popular creeds of past and present ; and I was gratified to hear read quite unexpectedly in the course of Mr Sinnett’s subsequent discourse, a letter from one of the Indian adepts, in which my own view was emphatically endorsed and ratified. The writer said :—

“ ‘ Once delivered from the dead weight of dogmatic interpretations and anthropomorphic conceptions, the fundamental doctrines of all religions will be found to be identical in their esoteric meaning. Osiris, Krishna, Buddha, Christ, will be shown as different means for one and the same highway to final bliss. Mystical Christianity, that is to say, that Christianity which teaches *self*-redemption through one’s own seventh principle,—the liberated Para-atma or Augoeides, called by the one, Christ, by the other, Buddha, and equivalent to regeneration or rebirth in spirit—will be just the same truth as the Nirvâna of Buddhism.’

“ These are wide and far-seeing words, and ought to sound for us the keynote of our policy and aims, especially in regard to the work of the Society in Christian lands like England and France. It is not by wholly setting aside and rejecting names and symbols hallowed by familiar use among our people from their birth as a nation that we shall create for ourselves the largest sphere of usefulness. It is not so much the revelation of a new religious system that is needed here as a true interpretation of the religion now existing.

“ In the country in which your labours are conducted, you are undoubtedly right in adopting as your platform the exposition of that form and system of doctrine which is indigenous to the race and soil of India. The terms you employ, the names of the various deities, principles, and conditions, etc., to which continual allusion is made, whether in the pages of the *Theosophist* or in your own oral addresses, are familiar to the mass of your Oriental readers and hearers. But in this quarter of the world they are meaningless and unintelligible, save to a few—a *very* few—students of Asiatic literature. Most of us, in reading such expositions, skip the terms and names unfamiliar to us, and lose, of course, utterly, the force of their interpretation. Not knowing their exoteric acceptance, it is impossible for us to appreciate the demonstration of their esoteric value.

“ And if this be the case with Fellows of the Society, it is easy to

¹ See pp. 123–126 *ante*.

judge of the insuperable difficulties which such reading must present to those who are altogether strangers to our system and design. It is too much to ask English-speaking people, with but little leisure, to devote the necessary time, toil, and trouble to the study of a foreign language and theology as a preliminary to the explanation of problems which are related to that theology, and which do not immediately involve or concern their own, so far as they can see. Much more, the mysteries of existence, which underlie all religious structures, ought to be expounded in familiar terms, as well to Occidental as to Eastern inquirers, without need of recourse to foreign epithets or reference to processes which, to the Western mind, must necessarily be so obscure and difficult of comprehension, as to repel it from the serious consideration such matters demand.

“Orthodox Christianity, both in Catholic and in Protestant countries, is languishing on account of a radical defect in its method,—to wit, the exoteric and historical sense in which, exclusively, its dogmas are taught and enforced. It should be the task of Theosophy in these countries to convert the material—and therefore idolatrous—interpretation of the ancestral faith and doctrine into a spiritual one; to lift the plane of the Christian creed from the exoteric to the esoteric level, and thus, without touching a stone or displacing a beam of the holy city, to carry it all up intact from earth to heaven. Such a transmutation, such a translation as this, would at once silence the objections and accusations now legitimately and reasonably brought by thinkers, scholars, and scientists against ecclesiastical teaching. For it would lift Religion into its only proper sphere; it would enfranchise the concerns and interests of the Soul from the bondage of the Letter and the Form, of Time and of Criticism, and thus from the harassing and always ineffectual endeavour to keep pace with the flux and reflux of material speculation and scientific discovery.

“Nor is the task thus proposed by any means a hard one. It needs but to be demonstrated, first, that the dogmas and central figures of Christianity are identical with those of all other past and present religious systems—a demonstration already largely before the world; next, that these dogmas being manifestly untrue and untenable in a material sense, and these figures clearly unhistorical, their true plane is to be sought not where hitherto it has been the endeavour of the Church to find them—in the sepulchre of tradition, among the dry bones of the Past, but rather in the living and immutable Heaven to which we, who truly desire to find the ‘Lord,’ must in heart and mind ascend.

“ ‘Why seek ye the Living among the dead?
He is not here, He is risen.’

“Lastly, it should be demonstrated that these events and personages, hitherto wrongly supposed to be purely historical, accurately represent the processes and principles concerned in *interior development*, and respond perfectly to the definite and eternal needs of the human Ego. And that thus the Initiate has no quarrel with the true Christian religion or with its symbolism, but only with the current orthodox interpretation of that religion and symbolism. For he

knows that it is in the noumenal and not in the phenomenal world, on the spiritual, not on the material plane, that he must look for the whole process of the Fall, the Exile, the Immaculate Conception, the Incarnation, the Passion, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension, and the Coming of the Holy Spirit. And any mode of interpretation which implies other than this, is not celestial but terrene, and due to that intrusion of earthy elements into things divine, that conversion of the inner into the outer, that materialisation of the Spiritual, which constitutes idolatry.

“ For, such of us as know and live the inner life are saved, not by any Cross on Calvary eighteen hundred years ago, not by any physical blood-shedding, not by any vicarious passion of tears and scourge and spear; but by the Christ Jesus, the God with us, the Immanuel of the heart, born and working mighty works, and offering oblation in our own lives, in our own persons, redeeming us from the world and making us sons of God and heirs of everlasting life.¹

“ It is because I earnestly desire to rescue the Divine and lovely teaching of Christianity from the abyss of anthropomorphism, idolatry, and contempt, that I have deprecated with fervour the apparent endorsement given by the *Theosophist* to the coarse and ignorant ribaldry with which these teachings are befouled by such writers as the authors of certain anti-Christian tracts. These persons are materialists of the grossest type, and their indecent onslaughts on Christian faith and doctrine are wholly devoid of intelligence and learning. They are ignorant of the very alphabet of the sacred tongue in which are written the Mysteries they presume to criticise and vilify. It is no love for orthodoxy, nor desire to spare it, that calls forth from me this protest. Bigotry and religious exclusivism are intolerable to me; such movements and demonstrations as that afforded by the ‘ Salvation Army ’ are to me the very type of the abomination that maketh desolate. But it is inconsistent with the whole end and aim of Theosophy—the Science of the Divine—that it should lend its countenance to the desecration of Divine things, and to the dissemination of shallow witticisms and flippant suggestions bordering on the obscene. Many of the men who perpetrate these attacks on the Christian mysteries are upholders of the worst cruelties of materialism; the special organ of their school advocates Vivisection and Malthusianism, and pleads the lowest utilities and the most sensual enjoyments as a sufficient vindication of practices alike repugnant to justice, to morality, and to the highest interests of the race. Surely our Society would wish its fair fame cleared of the suspicion of approving such views of Man’s destiny and place in Nature as their teachings imply.

“ Confident as I am that the idea I have thus ventured to put forward of the attitude which our Society ought to take in respect of Christian doctrine, will meet with the approbation of those highest in authority among you, I venture to add a few words on a kindred subject affecting the direction to be taken, in this country above all, in regard to what I may fairly call the Theosophical creed. That creed should be essentially *spiritual*, and all its articles should relate to interior conditions, principles, and processes. It should be based

¹ See *The Perfect Way*, Lect. IV., par. 32.

upon experimental knowledge, not on authority, and its central figures should be attributes, qualities, and sacraments (mysteries), not persons, nor events, however great or remarkable. For persons and events belong to time and to the phenomenal, while principles and processes are eternal and noumenal. The historical method has been the bane of the Churches. Let Theosophy and Theosophists remember that history and individual entities must be ever regarded by them as constituting the accidental, and not the essential element in a system which aims at repairing the errors of the theologians, by reconstituting the Mysteries on a scientific and intelligent basis.

“ Suffer me, in conclusion, to expound for your readers’ meditation a certain passage in the Christian evangel ¹ which has hitherto been supposed to bear a meaning purely circumstantial, but which, in the light of the interpretative method, appears to carry a signification closely related to the work which I trust to see inaugurated under the auspices of a truly Catholic Theosophy.

“ ‘ And it came to pass that as the multitudes pressed upon Him to hear the word of God, He stood by the lake of Gennesareth.

“ ‘ And saw two ships standing by the lake : but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets.

“ ‘ And going into one of the ships, that was Simon’s, He desired him to draw back a little from the land. And sitting, He taught the multitudes out of the ship.

“ ‘ Now when He had ceased to speak, He said to Simon : Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught.

“ ‘ And Simon answering said to Him : Master, we have laboured all the night, and have taken nothing : but at Thy word I will let down the net. And when they had done this, they enclosed a very great multitude of fishes, and their net broke. And they beckoned to their partners that were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came and filled both the ships, so that they were almost sinking.

“ ‘ Which when Simon Peter saw, he fell down at Jesus’ knees, saying : Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord.

“ ‘ For he was wholly astonished and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken.

“ ‘ And so were also James and John the sons of Zebedee, who were Simon’s partners.

“ ‘ And Jesus saith to Simon : Fear not : from henceforth thou shalt catch men.’

“ In this parable the Christ standing by the water-side is the Logos, the Word of God, and the lake by which He stands is the Psychic element, the soul of the Macrocosm and Microcosm (Gennesareth, the Garden of God). Beside these spiritual waters there are two ships, but they are empty ; their owners have gone out of them and are washing their nets. These empty ships are the two ancient parent Churches of East and West, the Oriental and the Pagan. At the time of the re-birth of the Mysteries under the Christian dispensation, both these Churches were barren and vacated, the life and vital power which once thundered from their Sinais and Olympuses were

¹ Luke v. 1-10.

dead and gone out of them, the glory of their ancient oracles and hierarchies was no more, the nets with which they once had caught the *Gnosis* and spiritual graces needed cleansing and renovation ; the vivifying Spirits or Angels which had animated these two Churches had forsaken their shrines.

“ And the Christ, the Word, entered into one of them, which was Peter’s, and desired him to thrust out a *little* from the land. The ship into which the Christian Logos thus entered at its outset was undoubtedly the Pagan Church, which had its headquarters at Rome. It can be proved from monumental evidence and from the writings of the Fathers (see, *inter alia*, *Monumental Christianity*, by Presbyter Lundy), that the new faith, whose epiphany must have been at Alexandria, adopted from its earliest age the symbols, the rites, and the ceremonials of the expiring pagan system, incorporating them into its own Mysteries, endowing them with new vitality, and thus perpetuating and preserving them almost intact to our own times.

“ Peter is the universally accepted representative of the Genius of Rome. Peter’s ship is the Roman Church of this day, even as the ship of Janus was in pre-Christian times the appropriate symbol of Pagan Rome. Peter is the opener and shutter of the Gates of the Church, even as Janus was of the portals of heaven. It is, therefore, into this Pagan Church of Rome that the Logos enters, and prays its Genius to thrust out a little from the land. Now, in sacred allegory, the ‘ land ’ or earth is always a figure for the bodily element, as opposed to water, or the soul. It represents Matter, and the material plane and affinities.

“ We see, then, that the Word, or ‘ Christ,’ demanded in this first age of the Christian dispensation the partial spiritualisation of the existing Church,—demanded the basis of doctrine and dogma to be shifted from the mere dry earthy bottom of materialism and hero-worship on which it had become stranded, to the more appropriate element of ethical religion, the province of the soul,—not yet, however, far removed from the shallows of literalism and dogma. This done, the Word abides in the renovated Church, and, for a time, teaches the people from its midst.

“ Then comes the age which is now upon us, the age in which the Logos ceases to speak in the Christian Church ; and the injunction is given to the Angel of the Church :—Launch out into the deep and let down your net for a draught. Quit the very shores and coasts of materialism, give up the accessories of human tradition which, in this era of science, are both apt to offend and so to narrow your horizon as to prevent you from reaping your due harvest of truth ; abandon all appeals to mere historical exegesis, and launch out into the deeps of a purely spiritual and metaphysical element. Recognise this, and this alone henceforward, as the true and proper sphere of the Church.

“ And the Apostle of the Church answers, Master, all through the dark ages, the mediæval times in which superstition and sacerdotalism reigned supreme and unquestioned—the night of Christendom,—we toiled in vain ; the Church acquired no real light, she gained no solid truth or living knowledges. But now, at last, at thy word, she shall launch out into the deep of thought, and let down her net for a draught.

“ And a mighty success is prophesied to follow this change in the method and system of religious doctrine. The net of the Church encloses a vast multitude of mystic truths and knowledges—more even than a single Church is able to deal with. Their number and importance are such that the Apostles or Hierarchs of the Christian Church find themselves well-nigh overwhelmed by the wealth of the treasury they have laid open. They call in the aid of the ancient Oriental Church, with its Angels, to bear an equal hand in the labours of spiritualisation, the diffusion of truth, the propaganda of the Divine *Gnosis*, and the triumph of esoteric Religion. Henceforth the toilers in the two Churches of East and West are partners; the Vedas and the Tripitakas find their interpretation in the same language and by the same method as the Christian evangel; Chrishna, Buddha, and Christ are united, and a true Brotherhood—a true *Eirenicon*—is preached to men.

“ From that day forth, the Church Catholic and Christian need have no fear, for she shall indeed ‘ catch men.’

“ And so, dear partner and fellow-fisherman of the Oriental Church, suffer me to remain, fraternally yours,

“ A TOILER IN THE SHIP OF PETER, AND PRESIDENT
“ OF THE BRITISH THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.”

Our dissent from Mr Sinnett’s book, and our attitude towards the alleged “ Masters,” produced in the Society a feeling which called forth the following letter from Mary :—

“ THE VICARAGE, ATCHAM, *November 2, 1883.*

“ DEAR MADAME DE STEIGER,—I do not know what view you may have taken of the manifestation of feeling elicited at last Lodge meeting by the reading of my Letter. I can only say that, for some reason or other unknown to me, you all took a view of that Letter which was certainly not in my mind when I wrote it. *I never dreamed of disparaging the Brothers, nor of imputing that I did not believe in them.* But you must be aware that experience has shown the folly of the course pursued in the latter half of last season by Mr Sinnett, of dragging the names of the Brothers forward into undue prominence, and so making our Society ridiculous in the eyes of the world and of the press, so that in more than one paper we have been held up to public ridicule, as followers of a company of ‘ Indian jugglers,’ on ‘ whose alleged feats ’ we have built our whole system. It is deplorable that we should figure thus before the public. Yet this statement actually occurred in a leading article of the *Standard* at the close of this summer. Mr Sinnett dislikes my being President for reasons of his own, and if I were to retire would not be slow to accept the vacant Chair. A hint is enough on this matter. The fact is patent to all who have eyes to see. Following his lead, you have, most of you, read into my address a meaning I had not the least wish to convey, and I am heartily sorry so many of my friends should so much have misunderstood me. Mr C. C. Massey, at whose lead, as you know, I first joined the T.S. and became your President, under what we all then thought such happy auspices, is coming up to town specially to be present at Sunday’s meeting,

the 4th, and to do his best to break down the cabal raised against me. I hope you will support him, and I hope also that others of my friends will do likewise. Can you manage to get a little private conversation with Mr Massey before the meeting, and exchange ideas with him? You will then learn exactly what it is he proposes to do. I have written him a letter to read at the meeting. Mr Sinnett will doubtless propose to call on me to retire from the Chair and from the Society; *because this is his policy*. Do not be misled by him. Both Madame Blavatsky and 'Mahatma K. H.' himself are, I have reason to believe, *anxious* to retain me as President. I had a long and cordial letter from Madame B. herself yesterday, with a kindly message from 'K. H.' I feel sure they would all be grieved to hear I was displaced.—Yours affectionately,

“ANNA KINGSFORD.”

“ATCHAM VICARAGE, November 5, 1883.

“DEAR MME. DE STEIGER,—In thanking you for your letter, which is, I suppose, a fair exposition of the present views of the London Lodge T.S., it would not be honest in me to leave you without a clear statement of my position in the matter that has arisen between us.

“(1) When I was invited to join the Society, I was emphatically and distinctly told that no allegiance would be required of me to the 'Mahatmas,' to Mme. Blavatsky, or to any other person real or otherwise, but only to Principles and Objects.

“(2) Consequently, I am no traitor to the express conditions on which I entered the Society when I say that I neither owe nor do I acknowledge the allegiance which now appears to be required of me to persons of whose existence and claims I am utterly unable to affirm or deny anything positively.

“(3) If, then, it is the deliberate opinion of the whole Lodge—which it certainly was not six months ago—that it 'must have a President whose allegiance to the Mahatmas is *sans peur et sans reproche*,' then I certainly am not, from the nature of things, fitted to occupy your Chair. And I do not see how anyone can occupy it, on such terms, who is not, of his own personal experience, in a position to testify to the existence and claims of the 'Brothers.' This even Mr Sinnett cannot do, as he only knows them 'through a glass darkly, and not face to face.'

“(4) I cannot consent to pose before the world in the absurd position of a person claiming to act on principles of exact knowledge and scientific methods, who has abandoned the platform of Historical Christianity because its so-called events and personages are impossible of verification, and who yet accepts as indubitable another set of events and personages the evidence for which is meagre and unsatisfactory in a degree surpassing even that of Historical Christianity. All that is affirmed *may* be true; but I am not in a position to know of its truth, and cannot therefore say I *believe* it, or *disbelieve* it.

“The utmost I can say in the present matter is—and this I say cordially—that I am heartily willing and anxious to hear all that comes to us from the East, with serious attention, provided I am not called upon to connect it with subservience to any personal

authority claiming my belief and confidence as a duty ; and provided also that I may fairly and freely criticise what I hear, and test it by reason and experience.

“(5) Madame Blavatsky calls the ‘Mahatmas’ *Masters*. Her experience and evidence may justify this epithet for her, but they do not justify me in using it. I do not, therefore, and will not, apply that term to any earthly being soever.

“I may add that it is not *I* who seek to separate Esoteric Buddhism from Esoteric Christianity. First, the system expounded by Mr Sinnett is not—so far as I can see—*esoteric* at all, being simply a scheme of transcendental physics ; and, secondly, he is deliberately seeking to *silence* every other voice but that of the ‘Mahatmas.’ If there is to be unification and brotherhood, there must be *equality*. It now seems to me that I am the only representative of Christian doctrine left among you !

“In conclusion, I would like to add that, personally, I sincerely thank Dr Wyld for the criticisms he has from time to time contributed to *Light* on the subject of Mr Sinnett’s book. I think he is a wholesome check upon extravagances and assumptions which, but for the timely part he plays, might land some of us in abject fetishism.—Always affectionately yours,
ANNA KINGSFORD.”

Meanwhile, with a view to the vindication of our own position in regard to [Mr Sinnett’s] *Esoteric Buddhism*, we wrote a pamphlet in two parts [the two parts covering twenty-nine pages], the first of which¹ was by Mary, and the second² by myself, addressed to the London Lodge.³ In her part of it, after recapitulating the circumstances under which we had been induced to join the Society, and citing some passages from the address delivered by her at the Princes’ Hall meeting,⁴ she said :—

“I had not at that time had an opportunity of carefully and critically studying the work to which Mr Sinnett has put his name, and which had then but just issued from the press, nor had it occurred to me that the system set forth in that work was intended by its compilers to supplant every other and to monopolise for themselves the exclusive allegiance of the Theosophical Society. Had I been in the least degree apprehensive of such pretensions as these, I could not have spoken as I did in introducing Mr Sinnett to the public. But the attitude subsequently assumed by him as

¹ “A Letter to the Fellows of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society.” It is dated “Atcham, Shrewsbury, December 1883.”

² “Remarks and Propositions suggested by the perusal of *Esoteric Buddhism*.”

³ The pamphlet also contained a third part, namely, Anna Kingsford’s letter, dated October 31, 1883, to the President of the T.S., Madras. (See p. 140 *ante*.)

⁴ See pp. 123–126 *ante*.

the apostle of this system, the positive prohibition laid upon any expression of dissent from or criticism of it, or of its supreme authority, and the tone taken respecting certain attempts of my own to stem the current of a tide that appeared to me likely to lead us into an undesirable channel, induced me to give to *Esoteric Buddhism* a more special examination than I had hitherto bestowed on it.

“ This study, shared by Mr Maitland, resulted in the abstract of its doctrine appended to this Preface,¹ to which abstract I shall add only a few remarks of my own :—

“ It may not be generally known that those points in *Esoteric Buddhism* which are really attractive to students of metaphysical philosophy are not by any means peculiar to the doctrine of the school introduced to us by Mr Sinnett, but are derived mainly from an Oriental system older even than Buddhism itself, of which in some measure it was the basis, that of Kapila, known as the Sâmkhya. This philosophy affirms two primary principles, Purusha (soul or spirit), and Prakriti (essential substance). Prakriti is the primary root from which are produced what Kapila calls the ‘ seven productive principles,’ not as external resultants, but as modifications of the pre-subsistent principle itself. These are : (1) Buddhi, or Mahat, the Great one, or supreme Mind. (2) Ahankara, or self-consciousness, the individual ego; and these two alone are indestructible in their nature. The other five principles are the ‘ subtile rudiments,’ the ground of outer personality and of cognition. Of these seven principles, Buddhi is defined as the seat of virtue, knowledge, and power, power being defined as the subjugation of Nature.

“ Here, in inverted order, is the exact classification given in *Esoteric Buddhism*, a classification with which, in its *original* order and purity, I am far from wishing to find fault, since it is precisely that followed by all esoteric doctrine. But the inversion it has suffered at the hands of those who have taken it from the Sâmkhya is profoundly significant, and due to the fact that, as I shall presently show, they have given to the root-principle—Prakriti—a meaning quite other than that intended by Kapila’s doctrine.

“ Again, all the theories of Kâma, of transmigration, of evolution in obedience to law, of Nirvâna, of Avitchi, of the devachanic and astral states, have been presented to us over and over again in Vedantic, Buddhist, Bhagavat, Hermetic, and even Christian theosophy, so that for these no originality can be claimed. And in this fact, indeed, lies their value and importance; wherefore I again emphatically disclaim any wish to disparage them as true doctrine.

“ Further, with regard to the passage of souls from planet to planet, this doctrine, of which traces may be found in many Western theosophies, was accepted in popular Buddhist schools, and is thus formulated in Colonel Olcott’s *Catechism*, issued under the sanction of the Southern Church, which differs radically from the Thibetan section whence Mr Sinnett’s teaching is derived, and which, according to Colonel Olcott’s own statement, has produced no ‘ adepts ’ and no so-called ‘ esoteric ’ doctrine :—

“ (I translate from the French edition, p. 41.)

¹ The reference is to the second part of the pamphlet, written by Edward Maitland.

“ ‘ Q. Does Buddhism teach that man is reborn only on our earth ? ’

“ ‘ A. No. We learn that the inhabited worlds are innumerable. It is the preponderance of individual merit or demerit which determines the world in which a person is to be reborn, as well as the nature of the reincarnation. In other words, the ulterior lot is, as science would say, influenced by anterior attractions.

“ ‘ Q. Are some of these worlds more perfect and developed than our earth, and others less so ?

“ ‘ A. So Buddhism teaches, and also that the inhabitants of every world have a development corresponding to the condition of that world.’

“ I venture to submit that this doctrine is far more in accord with the suggestions of scientific and spiritual thought, cognisant and considerate of the innumerable and subtile differentiations and potencies of human character, than the mathematical precision of the clock-work arrangement invoked by Mr Sinnett’s mechanical system.

“ Be this as it may, it is once more evident that the doctrine in question is the property of the Buddhist Church at large, and is not now unveiled for the first time by the ‘ adepts ’ of the North.

“ There appear, however, to be good grounds for believing that the elaborate scheme presented to us in the name of the latter, of a ‘ planetary chain ’ of physical globes, has its real origin in an entirely metaphysical and esoteric doctrine—one of the profoundest and most beautiful of the subtile Buddhist theosophy. In the course of spiritual progress towards Nirvâna, Buddhism teaches that the Saint must pass through four *dhyanas*, or mental stages of abstraction, known as ‘ *worlds of form* ’ ; and after these, through certain still more interior conditions of pure thought, or ‘ *formless worlds*,’ the last of which is Nirvâna. These ‘ worlds,’ it seems, may, and perhaps must, be traversed many times before final and absolute beatitude is attained ; and he who will, after reaching the last round, and standing, as it were, on the very brink of fruition, may forgo it for the benefit of mankind, and return out of pure love to redeem other souls yet in the earlier stages, and point them to the ‘ path of release.’ ¹

“ Analogous conceptions are found in the Greek *Gnosis*. A well-known exponent and critic of Oriental theosophy says, in commenting on the above system of metaphysical stages and transitions, that the endless repetitions and recurrences of *numbers* involved in its details, “ are not to be taken in a literal sense ; they indicate simply the perpetual *monotone* by which the thinker’s imagination is limited, and to which it perpetually returns ’ ; a ‘ cadence of formulas ’ expressing varying and renewed approximations in orderly series to a definite and transcendent ideal (Samuel Johnston).

“ We find, indeed, in Buddhism, the *germ* of all the apparently novel doctrines contained in Mr Sinnett’s book, from which doc-

¹ I must not be understood as questioning in this place the fact of planetary evolution and transmigration, but only as pointing out, in the actual version of it under consideration, a confusion which seems to arise from the mixture of the idea of spiritual *states* with that of physical *localities*.—
A. K.

trines, as *presented by him*, I am compelled to dissent; for Buddhism, as Buddha and his disciples taught it, represents an esoteric and spiritual philosophy of which Mr Sinnett's version is a materialised reproduction. To give a more special instance, there is no doctrine in his book which is more repugnant to common sense, and to the intuitive conception of the fitness of things, than that which attributes the physical creation of the worlds to perfected men, or Dhyan Chohans. We are told that they and they alone are the artificers of the planets and the reconstructors of the universe. This doctrine is but a materialised presentation of one which is common to Buddhist and to Christian belief. It is taught by the former of these religions that whenever a Buddha passes into Nirvâna, his Karma is poured out through the worlds as a fulness of living moral energy, whereby a fresh influx of spiritual life is developed. And from all the great souls (Mahatmas) who thus pass into the highest or seventh sphere of Divinity or Rest, flow miraculous energies which, spiritually, revivify Nature. It is through the merits of all beings in these higher stages that the worlds are renewed; and it is through the vices of all degraded beings that they are destroyed. Buddhistic substantialism personified spiritual energy, and made of Karma a separable entity or 'genius,' regarding it in much the same light as that in which Christianity regards the Holy Ghost, and represents Christ as declaring—'If I go not away, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you.' Thus, on Buddha's assumption into Nirvâna, as on Christ's ascension into Heaven, the Karma or energy of the one, and the Divine Spirit of the other, is shed abroad over the earth, and re-creation, the special function of the third Person in the Trinity, occurs on the spiritual plane, as originally occurred by the operation of the same Power, creation on the physical plane.

"And, carrying on the idea thus conceived in regard to the regenerative function of the Effluence proceeding from an ascended Christ and a glorified Buddha, it is held by the followers of both that the merit, or Karma, of all beatified Saints is effectual for the release and assistance of souls still on the earthly plane, and can be applied to their spiritual renovation. Conversely, the vicious Karma of evil-doers, even after their departure from the world, infects its mental atmosphere, and becomes a cause of spiritual depression, harassment, and obscuration, though, being not positive, but negative in its mode of action, it is a cause far less potent than that of the good Karma of the Saints. This last point, however, Buddhistic teaching leaves somewhat indefinite, because it is connected with that mystery of the 'eighth sphere,' of which I venture to assert that Mr Sinnett's exposition has completely distorted the meaning.

"Thus it is evident that conceptions sound in principle and spiritual in application, have furnished the nucleus of the materialised doctrine given us in a book, which, far from representing *esoteric* Buddhism, is in reality a more *exoteric* version of it than all the Eastern sects together—and their name is legion—have yet dared to formulate openly. For the doctrine of spiritual renovation and re-creation by means of the beneficent and life-giving energy of the Blessed in Nirvâna, is substituted that of material creation by the

' Past Grand Masters ' of occult science ; and for the conception of the effluent evil proceeding from disintegrating egos as an element of spiritual contamination infecting the mental world, is substituted the notion of physical cataclysms, terrestrial catastrophes, and dooms with which *esoteric* religion can have no immediate concern, and the dogmatic enunciation of which at once removes the system credited to the Thibetan ' adepts ' from the altitude of spiritual science to the low level of mere *exoteric* history.

" A similar process of degradation has been applied to the Sânkhya and Buddhist idea of Prakriti, which, in the hands of the compilers of the book under notice, has become *molecular matter*, but which, in its original and only proper meaning, is not ' divisible ' at all, but is the ideal root-principle or self-subsistent Archè taught in Greece by Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, having ' no property of body ' ; that ' immutable essence which enfolds and evolves mind and sense through the presence and purpose of Spirit.'

" This, again, is the Hermetic, Kabalistic, and Alexandrian doctrine necessary to the true scientific conception of the genesis and unity of existence ; but throughout Mr Sinnett's book we find the word Matter substituted for Essence, and the idea persistently conveyed that divine (?) and human volition, and the creative principle itself, are but ' matter in motion.' Of course, this perversion of the words ' Prakriti ' and ' Purush ' into Matter and Motion accounts for the important inversion already noticed of the order of the seven principles, since it is obviously impossible to derive pure spirit (Atma, or supreme Mind) immediately from unconscious and molecular agents. Thus the first in the true series becomes the last in the travesty, and the celestial generation is presented to us upside down in the order of terrestrial evolution. And hence many of the strange inconsistencies and incongruities of the later pages of the book.

" Pure Buddhism is in no radical respect different from pure Christianity, because esoteric religion is identical throughout all time and conditions, being eternal in its truth and immanent in the human spirit. I am myself as much the disciple of Buddha as of Christ, because the two Masters are one in Doctrine. But, in my view, such a system as Mr Sinnett's book reveals to us is as opposed to Buddhism as it is to Christianity, and is utterly incompatible with the avowed aims and teachings of the Society under whose ægis it is issued. No universal religion, no catholic brotherhood, can be built on such a foundation as this ;—it is but the germ of a new sect, and one more materialistic, exoteric, and unscientific than has ever yet been presented with serious claims to the modern world. Its tendency is to divide, to scatter, to repel, making all chance of unification impossible, instead of reconstructing, consolidating, and reconciling. East and West will never meet on such a bridge as this doctrine, nor will the conflicting testimonies of history and scientific criticism be silenced by enunciations of transcendental physics which directly impinge on their domain. In a word, this book is neither ' Buddhistic ' nor ' esoteric.'

" But a solution of the riddle it offers, the only solution of a satisfactory nature possible, remains to be put forward. My co-worker has touched on it in his ' criticism,' and I shall but offer a few further suggestions in support of it.

“ It is a well-known custom of Oriental Masters to subject aspirants to occult science, seeking instruction at their lips, to severe ordeals, with a view to test their fitness for the reception of the knowledge sought. These ordeals are as often addressed to the mind as to the body, and we are expressly told in the *Theosophist*, by accredited authorities, that not infrequently ‘chelas’ will be tempted by their own ‘Gurus,’ and traps set in their way into which, if wanting in intelligence and perception, they may fall, and thus give evidence of their unfitness for higher initiation. Traces of this kind of ordeal are to be found scattered throughout the sacred books of the West also, and it is even asserted of Christ that He was Himself ‘tempted’ or tried, and that He taught His doctrine in ‘hard sayings’ that only those who had *ears* might hear. It is possible that ‘*Esoteric Buddhism*’ may be a ‘hard saying’ of this nature, intended to test the capacity of the would-be ‘chelas’ of the West, and that not until these have vindicated their powers of discernment by penetrating and unveiling the true purpose of the Masters, will the veritable ‘esoteric’ secrets of the East be trusted to them. It may be that, if we steadily refuse to accept as serious the system now presented to us, we shall find it declared to be after all but a fable, in which true meanings have been purposely reversed and inverted, spiritual verities materialised, and essentials converted into images, not so much to delude as to test us. Mr Yarker, F.T.S., in his *Mysteries of Antiquity*, writing of the customs of initiation observed by the Bektask Dervishes, says:—‘Before reception, a year’s probation is required, during which false secrets are given to test the candidate.’ Perhaps it is too much to expect the adept Mahatmas of the East to yield at once and without trial into strange and unknown hands the treasured wisdom and lore of ages. If such as this prove to be indeed the true solution of this Sphinx’s riddle, I shall rejoice at finding myself in the position of Œdipus.

“ Meanwhile my co-worker and I wish to lay before the London Lodge, of which as yet we have the honour to be respectively Vice-President and President, the following proposition:—

“ That, on the recurrence of the elections for 1884, two Sections be created in the London Lodge, one of which shall be formed by those Fellows who desire to pursue exclusively the teaching of the Thibetan Mahatmas, and to recognise them as Masters; and that the Presidency of this Section be conferred on Mr Sinnett, the only person now in this country competent to fill such a position. The other Section should be composed by Fellows desirous, like myself, to adopt a broader basis, and to extend research into other directions, more especially with the object of encouraging the study of Esoteric Christianity, and of the Occidental theosophy out of which it arose. In this Section we should welcome papers from students of Hellenic thought, we should inquire into the relation of Greek Individualism to Vedantic Pantheism, and should endeavour to find a ground of reconciliation between the hitherto apparently antagonistic conceptions of Life, posited on the one hand by the Oriental philosophy of ‘illusion,’ and on the other by the Hellenic idea of the joyous reality of existence. I should myself hope to lay before this Section certain studies in thought which might conduce to the inauguration of that *Eirenicon* after which I so earnestly aspire.

“ This Section might be known as ‘ The Catholic Section of the London Lodge.’ ”

“ Of course, Fellows belonging to either Section might belong to both, and freely attend each other’s meetings, but it would be understood that at those held under Mr Sinnett’s Presidency, the attention of Fellows would be exclusively directed to the development of the system recently presented by him to the public; while in the Catholic Section that system would be regarded as occupying but a minor share of recognition, our principal studies being addressed to the analysis of the great religions and philosophies which have swayed mankind in the past, and which divide their allegiance in the present.

“ In concluding, I may mention that the Letter closing this pamphlet,¹ has been sent by me to the President Founder of the Parent Society, in connection with one, conceived in similar tone, from the President of the French Theosophical Society, with whom I am in perfect accord, and hope always, as now, to work in concert.

“ It is certain that sooner or later Esoteric Christianity will be proclaimed as a religious science to the Western half of the world. I ask you by your endorsement of the proposition just suggested—to wit—by the creation of a Catholic Section in your Lodge, to ensure to the Theosophical Society the distinction of bearing the renewed Evangel to our race, and of making known to a desponding and divided Christendom the advent of the ‘ Christ that is to be.’ ”

My portion of the pamphlet, which is far too long for reproduction here, consisted in a criticism which, by contrasting various statements in the book with each other, and with sound reason, convicted it of incoherences and inconsistencies fatal to its claims to be regarded at all as a system of thought. And as there was no one on this side who felt competent to reply to us, our protest was referred to the Society’s headquarters in India. Meanwhile an admirable essay entitled, “ The Metaphysical Basis of ‘ Esoteric Buddhism,’ ” was issued by C. C. Massey, which coincided in all essential respects with our view of that book. The great majority, however, of the Lodge were strongly adverse to the line taken by us, for reasons apparently personal rather than philosophical, in that they resented our attitude towards the Mahatmas. And it became clear that, when the time came, as it would come in January, for the annual election of officers, we should be displaced. This was a conclusion which, so far as concerned ourselves, we contemplated with more than equanimity, with positive satisfaction and relief. The turmoil

¹ The letter, dated October 31, 1883, written by Anna Kingsford to the President of the T.S., Madras. (See p. 140 *ante*.)

of the position and the personal conflicts engendered were distasteful to us in the extreme ; and only the hope of saving the Society from its own discordant elements, to become a redeeming influence in the world, reconciled us to a continued association with it. Meanwhile both sides represented their views of the situation to the Founders, Mary writing a letter of some 4000 words to Madame Blavatsky, and one nearly as long to Colonel Olcott. While awaiting the election we received the following letter from Dr Gryzanowsky :—

“ LIVORNO, *December 16, 1883.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I trust you have received my post-card in which I acknowledged the receipt of your interesting letter of Nov. 17, begging you at the same time to convey my thanks to Mrs Kingsford for the gracious promise of her photograph. As to the two pamphlets I received together with your letter, I do not know whether I have to thank her or you for them.

“ *Roi ou Tyran?* I had read already, and very good it is—too good, one might say, for M. Richet. But even more valuable, it appears to me, is her English essay on ‘*Unscientific Science.*’ That is the nail which our hammer must hit (at least in quarters where other arguments are not understood). Science deceives herself about her own dignity and the firmness of her foundation. The modern (Darwinian) habit of considering the organic and the inorganic worlds as a *continuous* whole has led to the false belief in the validity and legitimacy of a single method of research. This illusion has to be destroyed, and the exactness of experimental physics must not be allowed to be a feather in the biologist’s cap. Even physical science is not quite so ‘exact’ as it appears to be, but it has *corpora vilia* at its disposal, which biology has not. You say nothing about *Le Zoophile*, which sprang so unexpectedly from Miss Cobbe’s jovial head, nor whether the *Champion* has any chance of starting into existence after this. However this may be, I am glad of *Le Zoophile*, as I should have been glad of *Le Champion*, for purely linguistic reasons.

“ I now come to Mr Sinnett’s book, and to your critical remarks about it. And let me begin by telling you that I agree with you as far as the atheistic character of the doctrine is concerned. It is curious to see how often theosophy becomes atheistic. In Gunther’s and (I think) also in Baader’s theosophic philosophy the *processus* of the universe consists in a gradual *self-creation* or *self-evolution* of God. God is its consummation, not its beginning and origin. In the beginning there was unconscious causation ; in the end there will be conscious effect, the divine Ego as a result. Strictly speaking, we find the same in Hegel’s philosophy, where the *processus* begins (as Schelling calls it ironically) with the *ennui* of the *Parabrahm*, and ends by his becoming the Absolute in the ideal end.

“ In *Esoteric Buddhism* there is a dormant or potential God, as seventh principle, in every human being. This principle may, or may not, develop itself, but the result is sure to be a plurality of

godlike beings whose ultimate fate is Nirvâna, or (as Mr Sinnett defines it on p. 163) 'conscious rest in omniscience.' Although Mr Sinnett disclaims Agnosticism, he is agnostic himself on p. 179 with regard to the world outside our solar system. Within that system the Adept knows everything (p. 177) and considers everything as knowable, *i.e.* as subject to law.

"This would, indeed, be a grossly materialistic view (such as our men of science are wont to take), if he had not added the words 'plus the guiding and modifying influence of the . . . Dhyan Chohans.' Where, one might ask, does this influence, which negates and corrects the law, where does this divinely free will come from? As an outcome of evolution it cannot negate and disturb evolution. It must come from somewhere else. But whence? What is an *influxus divinus* without the *Deus*?

"This inconsistency spoils the Adept's theosophy, which is theistic by implication, atheistic in appearance, and agnostic involuntarily.

"You call it a 'transcendental Materialism.' But this judgment seems to me a little too severe. It is true Mr Sinnett himself calls Buddhism a transcendental Materialism (p. 153), but *duobus dicentibus idem, non est idem*, one might say here. For your remark implies the reproach of non-spirituality. 'It deals, not with the spiritual,' you say, 'but with the occult.' And this, it seems to me, is only partly true. I do not know how far Mr Sinnett is authorised to speak in the name of the great Buddhist priesthood, but *he* certainly insists, in many passages, on the eminently spiritual character of Oriental philosophies in contrast with the purely intellectual character of Western philosophy and of Western civilisation in general. He admits the *practical* dangers of incomplete or unmerited initiation, the temptation to jugglery. But the jugglers are only the thieves of the mystery, the burglars of the Sanctuary, and although Mr Sinnett does not use this simile, he certainly condemns such practices. In fact, one might say, there are similar dangers and abuses in the Christian Church. Witness the liquefaction of the blood of San Gennaro and other miracles of the Hagiology; and I, for one, would insist on the necessity of making the same distinction between Esoteric and Exoteric Christianity as the Adepts make between Esoteric and Exoteric Buddhism. If the visible Christianity were the Esoteric one, the many learned Hindoos who come to Europe would not invariably say they prefer Buddhism to Christianity.

"Before I tell you why I do not agree with these Pundits, I feel bound, in justice bound, to mention the many valuable truths and exquisite beauties I have found in Mr Sinnett's representation of Esoteric Buddhism. It opens long vistas of thought and speculation, and the Adept's horizon is altogether so wide, so immeasurably vast, that the sphere of Western thought, and even that of Christian eschatology, appears, at first sight, painfully small. Moreover, there are a great many metaphysical and logical riddles which we Occidentals can never solve, but which the Buddhist solves by not putting them. I am not speaking of the antinomy of free will and prescience, which the Buddhist avoids by eliminating the prescient God. But such puzzling problems as the origin of the different races of mankind, the 'missing link,' the phenomena of mediumship,

the born cripple, the apparently revolting inequality of our start in life, the fate of dying infants, the effects of suicide and of all violent deaths—all these things find a surprisingly plausible solution or explanation in this esoteric doctrine, and there is a singular charm in the dry common sense with which the mystic revelation is at times suffused. For instance, when Mr Sinnett says a sudden or violent death cannot be a death at all, one hardly requires any proof of the assertion. The theory of the seven Principles, of the occasional subdivision of the fifth, of the occasional separate existence of the two upper ones, which have to 'grow a new astral principle' for incarnation, are most convenient keys with which many a lock can be opened.

"Having read quite recently a highly interesting review (in the *Bayreuther Blätter*) of Count Gobincau's work, *Sur l'Inégalité des Races*, I was particularly glad to find in the 'Esoteric Doctrine' an easy (albeit mystic) explanation of these wonderful inequalities which sorely puzzle us, not only scientifically, but morally. Not only are the yellow races separated from the white ones by a great gulf, but there are similar gulfs between European races too. I am quite willing (indeed I am anxious) to consider the Latin races as Atlanteans whose native island vanished long after the Aryans had peopled the East and North with heroes and prophets. But where did the Buddhists get the idea of Lemuria from? I thought this fatherland of the anthropoid Ape was a creation of Professor Hæckel, our German Darwin.

"The Cycles and Manvantaras help us over a great many difficulties, and *thus far* I am ready to go with Mr Sinnett. But his *Planetary Chains* I do not understand and cannot appreciate. He talks of the seven chains of seven planets each, four of which are always in *pralaya* (or Brahma's night). But what are *we* to say to such things, even if we know nothing of astronomy? You justly complain of a want of *vraisemblance*, but an Adept might retort that if *vraisemblance* were a criterion of truth, Buddhism would belong to the intellectual plane of Western science. The *Credo quia absurdum* may be one of the ordeals of the would-be initiate.

"I agree with you in admiring the doctrine of *Karma* and the description of the *kama loca*. The idea of making, not the devachanic existence itself, but only its end, the rebirth, the proper retribution of our karmic merits or demerits, and of making this rebirth a matter of natural selection, is highly satisfactory, far more so than Swedenborg's ideas on retribution, which do not (as this doctrine does) explain the initial inequality of human lives.

"Yet, on the whole, I miss the *moral* element in Buddhism. Whatever Mr Sinnett may say about it, and whatever Max Müller (p. 158) may say about the perfection of Buddha's moral code, Buddhism is (as far as I can see) essentially and above all a system of revealed *dogmatic* philosophy in which there is a place for everything, even for evil. But in its cold serenity, Buddhism has no wrath, no scorn, no indignation, no passion. With what weapons could it battle against the iniquities of life if it talks of evil as of something 'necessary' (*sic!*), and of Satan as something rather heroic (p. 128), more likely to secure immortality than human mediocrity? There is no message of peace and of hope to the weak

and the 'poor in spirit,' nothing like Paul's mighty dialectic paradox proclaiming the strong of the world to be God's waifs, and the sages of the world to be God's fools. Buddhism, after all, is (and that is the curse of all evolutionary doctrines) a sort of *struggle for life* (*à la* Darwin), and of survival of the fittest. The question is not, May he survive? Is he worthy of surviving? but, *Can* he survive (p. 127)? Is he strong enough to survive?

"The historical Buddha was a converted profligate. He preached moderation and wisdom, temperance rather than abstention and asceticism. His doctrine is practical, and fits into human nature. He died of flesh-eating. He utilises evil as we utilise steam, as a motive-power, and he offers to destroy human suffering on condition of the sufferer's being susceptible of certain knowledge.

"Christ, the historical Jesus, was pure and spotless, apparently divine. He preached love and mercy, but also perfection: 'Thou shalt be perfect as thy Father in heaven is perfect.' His doctrine was unpractical, unearthly, heavenly, and has never fitted into human nature or human life. Christianity has never existed; it is a thing to come, a beacon in the rough sea of life and in the dark night of history. Christ makes no bargain with existing evil. He has temper enough to curse the fig-tree, and to whip the usurers out of the Temple; but He offers salvation to whosoever comes in search of it. He died after an unbloody repast. He died on the Cross, and prayed for His tormentors, 'Father, forgive them.'

"I could never accept Buddhism as more than a most interesting and (partly at least) most satisfactory (revealed) philosophy. It is, somehow, too Asiatic for me. Without being a Christian believer, *I miss Golgotha in it*, and only under the Cross can we find the passion and the weapons for our crusade against the dragon.

"I am glad you have taken some steps towards ascertaining whether, and how far, your London Lodge can make its programme compatible with the Hindoo doctrine, and whether the Indian chiefs can be induced to make their programme more catholic. Your book (*The Perfect Way*) is, on the whole, more congenial to me than Mr Sinnett's. They agree in a good many points, even on the androgynous nature of the First Cause (though Mr Sinnett does not call it Cause). But further comparisons would lead me too far. Even as it is, I must apologise for the great length of this letter.

"I thank you beforehand for the promised 'little Christmas book' on the end of the world in 1881. If I could offer you an exchange of photographs (which, at this moment, I cannot), I would take the liberty of asking you for yours, with the promise of mine for the spring.

"With best wishes to you, and kind regards to Mrs Kingsford.
—Yours sincerely, E. GRYZANOWSKY."

The meeting of January¹ passed without any overt action affecting the situation, the elections being postponed until such

¹ The meeting was held on January 27, 1884.

time as word should be received from India. The following letter from Mary to Lady Caithness refers to the meeting :—

“ 5 CHAPEL PLACE, VERE STREET,
“ January 28, 1884.

“ DEAR FRIEND,—Thank you very warmly indeed for your kind and sympathetic letter. The meeting is over, but I cannot say it has advanced us much. There has been no election ; it is postponed for a fortnight, by which time it is thought that letters will have arrived from India, and by these I suppose the Lodge will be entirely guided. Whether the reply of ‘ K. H.’ will be in accordance with our hopes or not, my conviction will, of course, remain entirely unshaken. The doctrine *we* have received is that of all Hermetic and Kabalistic teaching from time immemorial ; and to forsake that and embrace the strange and inconsistent creed put forth as ‘ Esoteric Buddhism ’ would be to turn our backs at once and definitively upon all that is divine and true, in the highest sense. None of *us* are capable of such folly as that would be. Mr Ward (‘ Uncle Sam ’)¹ sent me his vote, accompanied by an affectionate letter. Of course many hard things were said of us, but all quite incorrect and unwarrantable.—Always affectionately yours,

“ ANNA KINGSFORD.”

When the time came for the decisive meeting to be held, the occasion proved to be in the highest degree dramatic. The tension was extreme, so high did feeling run on both sides ; and when, at the moment that the crucial question was to be put, Mary produced a telegram² from India saying, “ Remain Presi-

¹ Samuel Ward, a noted representative American, and the uncle of Marion Crawford. His esteem for Anna Kingsford was great, and, Edward Maitland says, “ his death, which followed not long afterwards, filled her with grief as for a valued friend of long standing.”—S. H. H.

² The telegram had been received by Anna Kingsford on December 9, 1883, *after* the printing of the pamphlet on Mr Sinnett’s *Esoteric Buddhism*, addressed to the Fellows of the London Lodge (see p. 148 *ante*). Further, in a letter dated “ Adyar, November 25, 1883,” written by Madame H. P. Blavatsky to Anna Kingsford, and received by her on December 21, 1883, Madame Blavatsky, writing “ under orders,” asserted that the policy and actions of Anna Kingsford were known to and approved of by the Mahatmas. The following is an extract from Madame Blavatsky’s letter :—
“ I happen to know—and I write this to Mr Sinnett to-day—that notwithstanding your own doubts and slight misconceptions of our Masters, and the opposition you experienced (or rather Mr Maitland) on the afternoon of October 26—and *all the rest*, They are still desirous (and ‘ more than ever,’ as my Guru expresses it) that you should kindly pursue your own policy, for they find it good. This I write *à l’aveugle*, for I know nothing either of the said policy or what has been the nature of the disagreement between you in its details, though acquainted with its general character. I simply communicate to you the Order I receive, and the words used. ‘ Future alone will show why we take another view of the situation than Mr Sinnett ’

dent," and signed "Koot Hoomi," the sensation was indescribable. The mandate was at once recognised as imperative, and the election was but a formality. And such was the effect of the sudden *coup* on our American friend [Samuel Ward], ardent believer as he was in "Mahatma Koot Hoomi," that he wept outright with joy and triumph.

The result of the reference of our criticism of *Esoteric Buddhism* to India was a pamphlet of some forty-five pages, bearing the name of "T. Subba Row, Counsellor of the Parent T.S.," and written jointly by him and Madame Blavatsky, in support of Mr Sinnett and refutation of us. It necessitated a rejoinder¹ from us, which took the shape of another pamphlet of thirty-one pages, in which we showed conclusively that the reply, so far from being an answer to us, was inaccurate and incoherent, and left our position untouched. And we still had to wait for the presentation of doctrine which was to remove the objections we had formulated against *Esoteric Buddhism*. This came in due time, but not until the publication of *The Secret Doctrine*. In this, her *magnum opus*, Madame Blavatsky threw over Mr Sinnett's presentation in favour of ours, having meanwhile informed us that it had been as much as she and Subba Row could do to make a plausible defence of *Esoteric Buddhism*, as we were right and it was wrong, through its writer's misapprehension of the teaching received by him. "But," she added, with the candour characteristic of her in her best moods, "we were obliged to support him then because he represented us. But when the Secret Doctrine was concerned, it was necessary to tell the truth"—a position at least intelligible.

The following passages occur in the rejoinder:—

Holding, as we do, that Consciousness is the essential of personality, and is implicit in Being, we do not regard Being as non-conscious and impersonal when, instead of concrete, limited, and manifest, as by form and dimension, it is abstract, unlimited, and unmanifest. Hence, for us, that is a rational, and the only rational,

—are the words used. . . . I have always understood the Chelas to say that They—the Masters—knew and watched your proceedings, that *you were notified* of Their presence, and that you are the most wonderful sensitive in all Europe, not England alone."—S. H. H.

¹ The rejoinder, which is dated March 18, 1884, is entitled *Reply to the "Observations" of Mr T. Subba Row, C.T.S.* It is a joint pamphlet-letter by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland "to the Fellows of the L.L.T.S."—S. H. H.

Theism which regards Deity as infinite personality, and holds that but for such personality in unmanifest Deity, there could be no personality in the manifest Cosmos. Herein we but maintain the universal application of the laws of Correspondence and Heredity.

We find it stated acquiescingly [in Mr Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*] that "the Dhyān Chohans," or "Gods who once lived on this earth as men," are the "Elohim of the Western Cabalists." . . . We would ask how, if this be true, are to be denoted, and what becomes of the "Seven Spirits of God," who, subsisting indefeasibly in the Divine Nature, as the seven rays of the prism in light, find manifestation through the Trinity, as do those rays through the prism, and by the power of their inherent Divinity produce and sustain alike macrocosm and microcosm, which last is Man, who, when perfected by them, is "God Manifested"? . . . Yet another reference to the Dhyān Chohans. To grant them, as represented in *Esoteric Buddhism*, the power to come into such contact with matter as to be able to destroy a continent and its inhabitants, is surely to invest them with something more than the powers to which Mr Subba Row now restricts them. Neither should we regard such a use of their power as a Divine one. Far better, we presume to think, when a race has "reached the zenith of its physical intellectuality and developed its highest civilisation," that "its progress towards absolute evil be arrested," as that of our own race is now actually being arrested, by the destruction, not of the race itself, but of its false and pernicious system of thought and conduct—a system wholly materialistic and nihilistic—by means of such further interior unfoldment of man's spiritual consciousness as will supplement and correct mere intellect by a pure intuition, and thus enable man to realise his higher potentialities. It is to promote a destruction of this kind—a destruction which is really a renovation by further evolution—that the work represented in *The Perfect Way* is intended; and it was in the hope of finding an efficient ally in this work that we consented to join the Theosophical Society. In preferring, however, physical applications to spiritual ones, that Society will not only show itself blind to the significance of what is actually occurring in the world, but will enhance the difficulties in the way of the world's sorely needed regeneration. . . .

In Madame Blavatsky's note are two or three things which call for remark. First, *The Perfect Way* is not, as she implies, the work of a single person, but is, both in conception and in execution, dual, as befits its peculiar mission. Secondly, it is a mistake to regard us as seeking to "set off Esoteric Christianity against Esoteric Buddhism," and this for the very reason assigned by her, and in which we have great pleasure in agreeing with her, namely, because to do so would be "to offer one part of the whole against another part of the whole." For, as stated at some length in *The Perfect Way* (pp. 256-9),¹ we regard the two systems as complementary to each other, each being indispensable, as concerned with, or repre-

¹ The reference here is to the First Edition of *The Perfect Way*. For the corresponding passage in the present (Fourth) Edition, see Lecture VIII., pars. 49-51, both inclusive.—S. H. H.

senting different stages in man's spiritual evolution ; Christianity, rightly interpreted, representing the later, and therefore the higher, in that it alone, unequivocally, "*has the Spirit.*" In token of which may be adduced the fact that, while it is a moot point, even for the Buddhists themselves, whether or not Buddhism is an "atheistic" system, no such question is or can be raised concerning Christianity. The reproach of seeking to set one system against the other, or to exalt one unduly at the cost of the other, if chargeable against any section whatever of the Theosophical Society, lies not with that to which we belong, but with that which is seeking, and this avowedly, to make of the Society an agency for the subversion of all spirituality, and the exaltation of a mere Occultism, or *Nature-worship*, under the name of Buddhism.

The third and remaining point in Madame Blavatsky's note is one of which the personal nature makes us loth to speak, but of which, nevertheless, for the sake of our special work, and to prevent further misconception, it is necessary to speak.

This is the question respecting the nature and range of the faculty by the possession of which the President of the London Lodge is removed from the category of ordinary inquirers into Esoteric science. This, she wishes it to be clearly understood, is not an *occult* faculty in the common acceptation of the term. It involves no abnormal powers voluntarily directed, or acquaintance with any method requiring to be imparted by initiation of the secondary intellectual principles. Nor, again, does the condition in which it is exercised resemble the trance of ordinary clairvoyance. She is, therefore, neither a "trained occultist" nor a natural clairvoyante. The faculty she possesses is one with which she was born, and it has been developed by a fourteen years' abstinence from flesh-food, and by a series of experiences and a manner of life not altogether at first the result of choice. Students of the Platonic philosophy will recognise the condition in question as one of *illumination* affecting the soul rather than the mind. It is believed by her to be the result of psychic reminiscence, through which the *gnosis* acquired by initiation in a previous birth is revived and unfolded to her perception. She has strong reason for the conviction that the school, in virtue of her initiation into which these illuminations occur, was the Greco-Egyptian. The state during which they present themselves is one of intense and breathless concentration. The whole outer personality appears to be superseded and transcended, and knowledges are vividly borne in on the interior understanding as a vision, often of symbolic character. It has been shown by means of these very illuminations that this condition, described as the result of psychic reminiscence, is in her exceptionally developed in consequence of the period now reached by her interior selfhood in its planetary evolution. Hers is represented to be an advanced Ego, which, having returned to definite existence more rapidly and persistently than is the normal case, has thus got ahead of the race generally and thereby developed a faculty which will in time be attainable by all souls *who have been really initiated in a former birth*. But this reminiscence is possible only in respect of the *religious gnosis*, dealing with principles and metaphysical truth, not in respect of that which, being intellectual and dealing with the condition and

exercise of occult power, affects the *physiological* memory, and cannot be transferred from one birth to another *in the manner described*.

Mr Subba Row characterises our criticism not only as " illogical," but as " quite uncalled for " (prefatory letter). Having disposed of the former charge, we will now dispose of the latter, and in so doing place before the Lodge our view of the existing situation and its exigencies. As Mr Subba Row wrote in complete ignorance, or at least with one-sided knowledge of the circumstances under which our criticism was written, his denunciation of it as " quite uncalled for " represents, not the impartial decision of the judge, but the hardy assertion of the advocate.

The occasion was the eve of an election which involved not only the possibility of a censure upon ourselves, but the policy and character of the Theosophical Society itself—at least, so far as this country is concerned—certainly for a whole year to come, and probably in perpetuity. Our Lodge had ceased to be a secret or private body, Mr Sinnett having insisted on a radical change, the effect of which was to bring it prominently before the public. This is stated not as a reproach, but as a fact, and one which most materially affects the case, both as it then was and as it still is. We had joined the Society not as mere inquirers, but by express invitation; and we were already known as exponents of the Esoteric doctrine of Christianity, a subject equally with Buddhism comprised in the programme of a society calling itself Theosophical, but for which, although our special subject, we desired no precedence within the Society, as we regarded as having equal claims to consideration all the forms under which Theosophic truth is presented. For, as already said, so far from regarding Buddhism and Christianity, properly interpreted, as antagonistic and rival systems, we regard them as one and the same system under different modes of presentation; so that what would conduce to the understanding of one, would conduce to the understanding of the other. Of course, the title of the Society being *Theosophical*, it went without saying that the last charge which could be brought against it would be that of Atheism. On joining the Society we expressly reserved our independence; and finding, after joining it, that certain amendments were needed in its conduct and programme, we took the requisite steps to effect those amendments. Among these was a revised set of rules, and the exclusion from the Society's publications of advertisements and statements calculated to bring it into disrepute on grounds both social and philosophical. Our representations on these points were favourably received both at home and at the Society's headquarters in India; our rules were revised; the desired change was made in the Society's recognised representative organ, the *Theosophist*, Mr Sinnett, who had recently come from India, assenting; and the Lodge set itself to study, with the aid of its author's expositions, the book out of which the present situation has arisen, our prepossessions being in favour both of the book and of its author. No sooner, however, had this course of study been entered upon than the position changed, for it appeared that instead of being proposed as a contribution to occult knowledge, and as such fairly liable to criticism, the book was exalted as an infallible product of infallible authorities, and the system described

in it as destined to supersede all other systems, any expression of dissent being regarded as an impertinence and even as a blasphemy.

Meanwhile the result of the addresses given outside the Lodge was such as to induce the belief—which found expression in the public Press—that the object of the Society was to form a new religion upon the basis of the feats of Indian magicians; and that we ourselves had abandoned the teaching we had expounded in *The Perfect Way*, and adopted this new cult. And so far from remonstrance being of avail, an address in which the President sought to stem the current, by showing that such excessive devotion to human authority partook of the nature of the idolatry which had always been fatal to truth, and would, moreover, render the Association ridiculous in the public eye, was actually met by a vote of censure, wholly regardless of the fact that she had been expressly invited to fill the post in virtue of her possession of the perceptions which justified such an admonition. It thus became obvious that the London Lodge was in a fair way to become a place for those only who were prepared to yield abject submission to the authorities propounded by Mr Sinnett. And it was no secret that the resignation of all who were not so prepared was deemed desirable in order that Mr Sinnett, who had recently determined to remain in England instead of returning to India, should have the undivided direction of the Lodge. Meanwhile the belief was sedulously inculcated that the independent attitude of the recalcitrant members would be so deeply offensive to the Mahatmas as to lead to the withdrawal of their promised teaching.

Of course resignation was the easiest and not least agreeable way of getting out of the difficulty. But persons, no less than principles, were at stake. For there were those in the Lodge who stood by us, and by whom, therefore, we were bound to stand. And there was the further and supreme question, to which did the Lodge belong, and who had the best right to belong to it, the Theosophic or the Atheistic element—those who accepted the constitution as defined in the rules, and exercised freedom of judgment, or those who violated that constitution and denied such freedom? In this dilemma, to have resigned our fellowship would have been to grant the correctness of Mr Sinnett's view, and hand over the Lodge to those who avowedly rejected the principles implied in its very name and constitution, and who, moreover, were bent on making it an engine, not for the interpretation of religious thought, but for the subversion of all religion, and the negation of all thought,—for that is not thought which is not free. Such was the emergency in which we issued what Mr Subba Row calls our "quite uncalled for" criticism of *Esoteric Buddhism*.

The following letter, which was elicited by a recently published article written by Lady Caithness, throws so much light on the situation as to be well worth reproducing. And if Mr Sinnett finds in it anything to resent, I hope that his reception of it will be such as to show that he has, as I believe, far outgrown the limitations which at that time exacerbated his attitude

towards us, and will welcome rather than resent a recital so important to the history of the great movement in which he has enacted so distinguished a part :—

“ *To Lady Caithness*

“ LONDON, *March 11, 1884.*

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—Let me before all congratulate you very heartily and earnestly on your splendid letter published in the last number of the *M*—. It is beyond praise, but a great deal too valuable for publication in such a periodical. I am almost sorry to see you descending into the vulgar arena of mere spiritism to contest with such unworthy opponents as the majority of the readers of the *M*—. Most of these people are without education, and belong to a class addicted to personalities and to the ‘ calling of names ’ on the smallest provocation. It is for these reasons that I never myself write in that print. It seems that to give expression to any ideas unfamiliar to its supporters is to expose oneself to a volley of abuse. All this, however, does not detract from the value of the contribution you have made to the metaphysics of true Christianity in your excellent homily. If the rest of the work on which you are engaged be as lucid and as profound as this example of it, then we may look forward to some hope of illuminating the world at last. Do you know Baron Spedalieri of Marseilles? He is a very advanced and learned Theosophist, a friend of ‘ Eliphas Levi,’ and now ours. He would be delighted with your exposition. You should send him a copy of it with your compliments, if you have not yet corresponded with him. Of course he knows you well by reputation, and we have often spoken to him of you and of our association with you.

“ Mr Maitland and I have just completed a reply to Mr Subba Row’s pamphlet, in which we have clearly shown the obscurities and confusion of the greater part of his argument. Of course, he had a very difficult, and indeed an impossible, task to perform. For he had to defend Mr Sinnett against us while well knowing that our charges were by no means ill-founded. Thus he endeavours to rebut our suggestion of the exoteric character of Mr Sinnett’s book by saying ‘ it is not wholly *allegorical*,’ and that he is not at liberty at present to ‘ speak publicly ’ of the esoteric doctrine of the Buddha. We never said he was ; but why pretend, then, that Mr Sinnett has done so? It is manifest from Mr Subba Row’s exposition that the truth of our statements respecting *Esoteric Buddhism* is virtually conceded by him and by his directors. And I think that our reply will make this fact unmistakably clear.

“ Neither Mr Maitland nor I have the smallest desire to adopt towards Mr S., or anyone else, an attitude of hostility. We have from the beginning done our utmost to impress on him and on our fellow-Theosophists the fact that we are contending for certain *Principles*, and not against any *persons* soever. I hope you will take the opportunity, when you meet Madame Blavatsky, of impressing this fact upon her, because—judging from a paper which Mr S. read to the assembled Lodge at its last meeting, and in which very violent language was used against us—it is highly probable that he may

have written to her or to Col. Olcott in a similar strain, and so imported into our controversy a personal element which ought studiously to have been avoided. I cannot say what he has written to India, nor what he has received from thence, as he persistently refused to communicate to the Lodge, or even to the council, any letters or parts of letters passing between him and his Chiefs. In fact, we know little or nothing of the views entertained at headquarters on matters of philosophical interest; for all these are jealously reserved from us, and shown, if at all, to those only who are prepared to accept everything coming from the 'Masters' with blind faith.

"The fact of the matter is, that Mr S. has a personal and intense aversion to Christianity, and regards with absolute intolerance any attempt to unfold its esoteric meanings. Truth to tell, the very word 'esoteric' is not understood by him; for he interprets it only of that which is not commonly known, rather than of that the nature of which is interior and spiritual. Thus, for him, transcendental physics are 'esoteric,' the tale of the submerging of the geographical Atlantis is 'esoteric'; and so forth. He does not understand that things occurring on the historical plane, and capable of verification by ordinary physical scientific processes, cannot possibly belong to 'esoteric,' that is, to spiritual, truth. When I seek to unfold to him, or to the Lodge, truly esoteric mysteries affecting not the mere intellect, but the soul, he characterises such expositions as 'cloudy' and 'hazy.' He is utterly wanting in the qualifications which alone fit a man for the study of the deep things of God. There is nothing spiritual in him; he hungers and thirsts, not after Justice, but after mere occultism, and to this he would reduce all the studies of the T.S. Lodge. The more I see and hear him, the more I marvel that 'K. H.' or any 'Adepts' should have permitted such a man to be the bearer to Europe of their philosophy. For they must have known the kind of presentation it would receive in his hands, and the character of the interpretation of it on which he would insist. His language against us at the last Lodge meeting caused a lady who was present, and who was previously inclined favourably to him, to write to a friend a letter which he showed me, in which she said, 'As I listened to Mr Sinnett I wondered where peace and joy and brotherhood had fled to; and when Mrs Kingsford rose to answer him I marvelled at her great moderation. Surely one so gentle as she is in such a trying position is far more fitted to be our President than one who, like Mr S., whatever may be his loyalty to the Masters, loses his temper so readily.'

"I do not know whether you have yet read Mr C. C. Massey's new pamphlet on *Esoteric Buddhism* called forth by the recent controversy. It is a most excellent and philosophic little treatise, and will, I doubt not, prove of the greatest value and service to us all. Massey is not only a scholar and a clear thinker, but he has the 'spiritual mind'; and if it be thought advisable that I should retire from the Presidency, he is the only man who is, in my view, likely to direct the Lodge with knowledge, prudence, and charity. But he has already refused the office, being inordinately modest and diffident. When I hear from you that Madame Blavatsky has

arrived at Nice, I will write to her on several subjects of vital interest in our Lodge. Meanwhile, will you tell her from me that she mistakes me in two points—first, the question of ‘belief’ in K. H. I don’t quite know the theosophical meaning of this word ‘belief,’ but if it implies belief in the *existence* of ‘K. H.,’ then I believe in that quite as much as I do in her own. All that I see reason so far to doubt is the exact significance to be attached to the terms ‘Adept,’ ‘Mahatma,’ etc., as applied to him. The other point regards her own conception of the nature of the ‘gifts’ with which she is good enough to credit me. I have no occult powers whatever, and have never laid claim to them. Neither am I, in the ordinary sense of the word, a clairvoyante. I am simply a ‘prophetess’—one who sees and knows intuitively, and not by any exercise of any trained faculty. All that I receive comes to me by ‘illumination,’ as to Proclus, to Iamblichus, to all those who follow the Platonic method. And this ‘gift’ was born with me, and has been developed by a special course and rule of life. It is, I am told, the result of a former initiation in a past birth, and the reason that I am enabled to profit by it is, that I am an ‘old spirit,’ having, by ‘thirst of life,’ pushed myself on to a point of spiritual evolution somewhat in advance of the rest of my race, but to which all can attain in time *who have really been once initiated*. My initiation was Greco-Egyptian, and therefore I recall the truth primarily in the language and after the method of the Bacchic mysteries, which are indeed, as you know, the immediate source and pattern of the mysteries of the Catholic Christian Church.

“But powers of the ‘occult’ order, the exercise of which depends on the knowledge of certain natural modes of law, and on the development of an intellectual will, competent to grapple with and direct ‘akasic’ magnetism,—these can be communicated only by the initiation of the intellectual mind; and this, I have reason to believe, is not transferable from one birth to another, because it affects a vehicle of the human kingdom which is renewed at every new birth. Wherefore it is only to be attained by severe training and rigid exclusion from the world; and when thus the desired power is educed, the natural object of the fully developed occultist becomes to *perpetuate* the life during which only this initiation will be available. I will explain myself more fully, should you wish it, at another time.—Always your very affectionate friend,

“ANNA KINGSFORD.”

The testimony received from the personage just named ¹ trans-

¹ Baron Spedalieri. Anna Kingsford’s letter of March 11, 1884, was followed (on a page which she had left for the purpose) by one from Edward Maitland, at the end of which he referred to Baron Spedalieri. In his letter, which referred also to the then pending controversy, Edward Maitland said:—“With regard to the T.S., I shall say only that our critics seem to have forgotten that what we were criticising was not only Mr Sinnett’s *book*, but Mr Sinnett’s *action* and personal expositions in regard to the book, the effect of which, whatever may have been the intention, was obviously to substitute an atheistic occultism for *all* religion, Buddhist or Christian.”—S. H. H.

cended in value that of any other person known to us to be alive. Baron Giuseppe Spedalieri, a native of Sicily and a resident at Marseilles, was the ripest living veteran of spiritual science in Christendom. He had been the friend and disciple, and was the literary heir, of the renowned magician, the Abbé Constant, who wrote under the name of "Eliphaz Levi," and was at once Hermetist, Kabalist, and Occultist, and to his knowledges Baron Spedalieri added a wisdom and understanding surpassing his master's, as was amply testified to by the multitude of his letters to us by which his discovery of *The Perfect Way* was followed. The weighty utterance in which he first announced to us—writing as a perfect stranger—his judgment on our book has already seen the light on two occasions, one of which was the introduction to the Second Edition. But the plan of this biographical history of our work calls for its inclusion here also. Originally written in French, I render it in English, in which language he afterwards conducted his correspondence with us. This is the deliverance in question, written exclusively upon the strength of the intrinsic merits of the book. Such an utterance, like the occasion of it, is unique in history, and it proves that "When the Son of Man comes, He shall indeed find," not only "faith," but knowledge "on the earth," though not necessarily within the pale of the Church visible:—

"As with the corresponding Scriptures of the past, the appeal on behalf of your book is, really, to miracles, but with the difference that in your case they are intellectual ones, and incapable of simulation, being miracles of interpretation. And they have the further distinction of doing no violence to common sense by infringing the possibilities of Nature; while they are in complete accord with all mystical traditions, and especially with the great Mother of these, the Kabala. That miracles such as I am describing are to be found in *The Perfect Way*, in kind and number unexampled, they who are the best qualified to judge will be the most ready to affirm.

"And here, *à propos* of these renowned Scriptures, permit me to offer you some remarks on the Kabala as we have it. It is my opinion—

"(1) That this tradition is far from being genuine, and such as it was on its original emergence from the sanctuaries.

"(2) That when Guillaume Postel—of excellent memory—and his brother Hermetists of the later middle age—the Abbot Tritheimius and others—predicted that these sacred books of the Hebrews should become known and understood at the end of the era, and specified the present time for that event, they did not mean that such knowledge should be limited to the mere divulgement of these particular Scriptures, but that it would have for its base a new

illumination, which should eliminate from them all that has been ignorantly or wilfully introduced, and should reunite that great tradition with its source by restoring it in all its purity.

“(3) That this illumination has just been accomplished, and has been manifested in *The Perfect Way*. For in this book we find all that there is of truth in the Kabala, supplemented by new intuitions, such as present a body of doctrine at once complete, homogeneous, logical, and inexpugnable.

“Since the whole tradition thus finds itself recovered or restored to its original purity, the prophecies of Postel and his fellow-Hermetists are accomplished; and I consider that from henceforth the study of the Kabala will be but an object of curiosity and erudition, like that of Hebrew antiquities.

“Humanity has always and everywhere asked itself these three supreme questions: Whence come we? What are we? Whither go we? Now these questions at length find an answer, complete, satisfactory, and consolatory, in *The Perfect Way*.”

He subsequently wrote:—

“If the Scriptures of the future are to be, as I firmly believe they will be, those which best interpret the Scriptures of the past, these writings will assuredly hold the foremost place among them.”

The accordance of our doctrine with that of the Kabala—but obtained by us entirely from interior sources, and in complete ignorance of the Kabala—was subsequently testified to by Mr S. L. Macgregor Mathers, who dedicated to us his learned work, *The Kabala Unveiled*, in these terms:—

“I have much pleasure in dedicating this work to the authors of *The Perfect Way*, as they have in that excellent and wonderful book touched so much on the doctrines of the Kabala, and laid such value on its teachings. *The Perfect Way* is one of the most deeply occult works that has been written for centuries.”

In a letter dated February 15, 1884, Dr Gryzanowsky refers as follows to the present crisis in the Theosophical Society:—

“The idea of issuing cheap editions of select chapters of Theosophic lore seems to me a very good one, provided the object of your Lodge is not secrecy, but propagation of faith. From all you tell me about the Himalayan Brethren and about occult science, I must infer that you dissent from these mysterious powers on matters of doctrine, but not on the principles of occultism. Your doctrinal differences, as set forth in your joint printed letter, seem to me well founded, and I shall look forward with sincere interest to the reply from India which is to put an end to the present crisis. Mrs Kingsford’s proposals of putting Mr Sinnett in her Presidential chair, and of forming a more ‘catholic’ and *quasi*-independent section, are very good, and ought to be accepted. A complete secession from the Hindoo Society would seem to be necessary if intentional

mystification were proved to be one of its accepted ordeals. I revere the veil of Isis, I respect the Sphinx, the oracle, the symbol; but the symbol is not a lie. Ordeals always are lies, but may be excused or justified when they are used as temporary tests for temper and character. *Doctrinal* ordeals I can neither justify nor excuse, and would secede from any society, or church, or lodge that sanctioned them. The intellect bears reticence and oracular symbolisation, but revolts against intentionally falsified doctrine.

“On such occasions I cannot help asking myself, Why should seekers of Truth and students of Theosophy ever club together and form a society? Association is useful for militant purposes. I understand a church, a lodge, a religious order, but *study* and *investigation* are individual pursuits, and gain nothing by being made collectively. No independent thinkers, no two members of the T.S., will have the same theosophy, and so the theosophic lore must become dogmatic, and the Society itself a Church; and considering what the established ‘Churches’ have become, such a substitution or addition would be no doubt salutary in these days. Only I would avoid the term *Society* and insist on *Lodge*, and on masonic organisation.

“The English doctors have formed an ‘Association for the Promotion of Medical Science by Research.’ But this name is a misnomer. It is in reality an association for militant ostentation, or for defence against our agitation; but the ‘research’ can only be individual. At most two may join, one acting as assistant and amanuensis to the other. But a society as such can never study or investigate anything. (Of course I admit the dual co-operation of two complementary beings, on which you justly lay great stress, and which has proved so fruitful in your and your fellow-worker’s literary productions.)

“In *The Perfect Way*, App. V. 23,¹ I read (there are three gates of sense), ‘The gate of the eye, the gate of the ear, and the gate of the touch.’ If you consider smell and taste as mere modes of touch, the vision and hearing must likewise be regarded under that category, all sense-perception implying some sort of contact (molar, molecular, or atomic) between interior and exterior. Is not your tripartition somewhat arbitrary?

“But it would be pedantic to dwell on such details, which, I can assure you, in no way lessen my admiration for these unique writings. Such an apophthegm, for instance, as that which follows the verse just quoted, is so sublimely true that it matters little whether the physiological analogon that underlies it is a trias or a pentas.

“Have you ever heard of Professor Jäger in Stuttgart, who has written a book on the discovery of the soul, and who tries to prove that the sense of smell is the highest, most refined, and immaterial of all the senses, and that, if a soul could be physically perceived, it would be through that sense alone? From a purely scientific and ‘astral’ point of view, the olfactory perception is a most mysterious phenomenon, since it reveals to us matter so highly attenuated that

¹ *I.e.* The First Edition of *The Perfect Way*. (See n. 2, p. 33 *ante*.) The reference is to verse 28 of Anna Kingsford’s illumination, “Concerning the Great Work,” given in full in *Clothed with the Sun* (No. V.).—S. H. H.

one might almost call it dematerialised matter, or perhaps 'radiant' matter, as Mr Crookes calls it. The eye can only see *surface*, but the sense of smell seems to reveal the 'essence' or intrinsic quality of matter."

My reply to his criticism on our tripartite division of the senses elicited a cordial acceptance of the explanation. That explanation was as follows :—

Smell, taste, and touch involve contact with the object itself that is perceived, no matter how finely divided it may be, as in the case of smell (which entirely does away with Professor Jäger's hypothesis, which represents the fallacy of mistaking the infinitesimally small material for the spiritual, dematerialisation being an altogether different thing from minute subdivision). The other two senses, sight and hearing, involve contact, not with the object itself that is perceived, but with vibrations set up by that object in an intervening medium, such as the luminiferous ether, or the atmosphere.

According to the teaching received by us, Cerberus, the three-headed dog, the conquest of which is the last and crowning feat of the spiritual Herakles, is the body, whose three heads are these three true senses. In its highest aspect this "labour" consists in the indrawal of the body from the physical into the spiritual to its complete dematerialisation, and constitutes the "ascension of Christ." See *The Perfect Way*, viii. 22, etc.

CHAPTER XXVII

MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES

IN the intervals passed at home this winter and spring Mary wrote [in her diary] a number of meditations of very profound character, on the mysteries, Egyptian, Hebrew, Greek, and others, at a length which admits only of a few brief examples here. They form a valuable confirmation of the declaration of St Augustine : “ That which is called the Christian Religion existed among the ancients, and never did not exist, from the beginning of the human race until Christ came in the flesh, at which time the true religion which already existed began to be called Christianity.”

February 24 [1884].—The Holy of Holies in the Tabernacle corresponds to the King’s Chamber of the Great Pyramid, and the Mercy-Seat to the Coffin.¹ Both the Holy of Holies and the King’s Chamber represent, then, the Final Dispensation and the reign of Christ ; in other words, the kingdom of God. The Mercy-Seat and the Coffin represent the Christ-Nature, the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ ; and the word Mercy denotes that the basis and the most characteristic feature of that nature is Mercy to all creatures.

It is the Fourth Generation that shall enter into the King’s Chamber. Then shall be the making-known—the Gospel of Interpretation. “ Behold, I will make all things new.” The Fourth Generation is the “ King’s Daughter, all glorious *within*, whose raiment is of wrought gold.” Mary Magdalen, who came early to the Sepulchre, while it was yet dark, and Esther, who stood in the Ante-Chamber waiting for the king, typify the time immediately preceding the kingdom of God on earth. They are types of the Woman who shall come, as we are told, to bring to the new Church the balm of good tidings, as Mary brought the sweet perfume to the Sepulchre before the rising of the day. But neither Mary nor Esther were permitted to touch the Lord, that is, to embrace Him in His fulness. “ Touch Me not, for I am not yet ascended ” ; that is, the kingdom is not yet fully revealed, the glory of God is not yet fully manifested. And Esther drew near and touched, not the king, but the top of the

¹ For plans of the Tabernacle and of the Great Pyramid respectively, see *The Perfect Way* (Fourth Edition), pp. 246 and 334.

golden sceptre which he held out to her. They were of the Ante-Chamber; they entered not into the kingdom; and they are types of the Woman who shall usher the world into the Ante-Chamber of the Pyramid; who shall come while it is yet dark and ere the sun be risen upon the earth.

The outer open court of the Tabernacle, containing the brazen Altar and Laver, corresponds to the descending passage of the Pyramid, and extends from Noah, the Covenant of the Flood, to Moses. The Covered House corresponds to the commencement of the Ascending Passage; it contains the seven-branched Candlestick and the Table of Shew-Bread; this is the Second Generation. The Third Generation is the Christian. It extends from Jesus to the first dark and low passage symbolising Materialism. It is typified by the grand gallery which corresponds to the Sanctuary of the Tabernacle containing the Golden Altar. According to this, the Mosiac and Christian Dispensations make One Covered House, divided into two parts: the first the Holy Place, the second the Sanctuary. Then comes the Veil, corresponding to the Ante-Chamber, which Veil is fourfold, Blue, Purple, Scarlet, and White, corresponding to the entry to the Dark Passage No. 1; then to the entry to the Ante-Chamber; then to the entry to the Dark Passage No. 2; then to the entry to the King's Chamber. The Veil and the Holy of Holies compose the Tent, and together make up the Neck and Head, the Fourth Generation ushered in by Esther and Mary Magdalen.

Shrovetide, February 26, 1884.—The Kabalistic and Hermetic secret regarding the Moon is one which throws a flood of light upon the Gnostic theory connected with Materialisation, and the hidden meaning of certain Hebrew and other Myths.

In the Kabala we find the tenth Sefirah dejected from the triple enumeration which connects all the other nine one with another; and we learn that this separation and isolation is on account of the peculiar function and character assigned to the tenth Sefirah. This Sefirah—Malkuth by name—is in the Kabala denominated as the Wife of the Microprosopus, the Moon, the Spouse, the Church, the Virgin, the Ark, Matrona. Now it is said concerning Malkuth that she is Actuality. Things that exist in the First Nine Sephiroth only potentially—that is, that *are*, and having no subsistence outside of the Formless Worlds, or Worlds of Pure Being—are made actual, visible, and manifest by Malkuth. She brings into action and effect virtualities of Cause. Hence she becomes Fate, under which aspect the Kabala ascribes to her the power of Fixation of the Volatile. All the other nine or Great Gods, by virtue of their purely spiritual character, are simple potencies; that is, they are throughout, in the nature of their Being, absolute and undifferentiated, and although capable of expression under many modes, and of application in many degrees of power and splendour, the homology of each is invariable, and the Idea presented single and invariable. But in the tenth Sefirah we have a duplex nature, a nature possessing *two* characters, positive and negative, which, translated into astrological language, present themselves severally as Good and Evil influences. The Kabala says:—"The upper part of the Wife of the Microprosopus is called Leah, the Wife of Israel, and the lower

part is called Rachel, the Wife of Jacob." The Greeks said of the Moon, that in her beneficent aspect she was Artemis or Phœbe, and in her malignant aspect, Hecate.

In the Greek mysteries of Eleusis, Demeter, the personification of Intelligence, seeks Persephone (the Soul) throughout *nine* days in vain; but on the *tenth* she meets Hecate, who tells her that she has heard the cries of Persephone, and knows that she has been ravished from the upper spheres into the nether world. After Persephone's restoration, Hecate becomes her constant attendant, and the former passes two-thirds of the year in the upper, and one-third in the lower, states. Hecate was said also to accompany the souls of the dead; and wherever crime, especially murder, had been committed, her influence as an avenging Goddess was paramount.

All these parables become plain the moment we understand that Malkuth, or Luna, represents *Karma*. Of course, Karma has two faces, according to the character of the soul or postulant.

As the Earth in the process of individuation throws off its satellite or Moon, so Man in process of individuation throws off his Karma or Fate, and fixes it as his constant attendant and control, whether for good or for evil. Thus his Karma or Genius, personified, becomes his Initiator, and follows and precedes him through all changes. The good face, or face of Artemis, reflects to him the Divine Light of her brother, Phoibos; the dark or evil face is to him a portent of malignant influence; it is the face of Hecate the Avenger.

And so also says the Hebrew parable. Jacob is the human soul, whom his mother, Rebekah—the same as Demeter, Intelligence—sends into a far country, remote from his father's house—the lower world into which the Soul descends—and there he falls in love with Rachel, the Moon in her good aspect, and longs for this beautiful influence. But no sooner does he think to embrace her than he finds himself face to face with Leah, the evil Karma. And it is told him that he must first expiate his time with her before he can be rewarded with the blessing of Rachel. Thus the wife of the Soul has a twofold aspect, and throughout the story the alternation of his relations to both continues. Joseph, the Prince and Genius of the *Spiritual* Egypt, and the reputed Father of the Christ, is, of course, the offspring of the good Karma of the Soul.

It is thus not difficult to see how a materialising tendency in occult mysteries would readily convert Malkuth into an evil influence. The more spiritual science is, the more it tends to dwell on the Good and on the Beautiful; and the more material science is, the more it lowers itself to association with evil and hideous influences. Hence wicked and irreligious men are often superstitious, and dread spectral monitions, fluidic apparitions, and ghostly terrors, simply because the Moon smites them by night. And their evil life brings upon their souls the avenging arm of Hecate Triformis, she who as a horse is swift, as a dog is sure, and as a lion implacable. These souls fear the Lunar power, and in their terrors of hellish influences may be discerned their secret and interior man's foreknowledge of the evil Karma which they are building up against themselves in other lives to come.

Until the Soul falls into matter, she cannot, of course, have any

Karma. Karma is the appanage and result of Time and of Manifestation. The Blessed are free of Fate; therefore Malkuth, the tenth Sephirah, is otherwise called Actuality. For that is Actual which is done in Time and is subject to the three tenses. The world of Malkuth is the world of Form, or of Effects; the other Sephiroth inhere in the Formless worlds of pure Causes. Observe that Demeter, searching for her lost Daughter, seeks in vain for nine days and nights. She visits the nine Abodes of Heaven, and inquires of all the Gods in turn. The Soul, precipitated into Hades—Matter—has entered the world of Effects, and is no longer to be found in the world of pure Causes. She has come under the domain of Fate, of Actuality, of Leah; and it is therefore Hecate alone who is able to reveal her whereabouts to Demeter. Then, by the aid of Hermes, or, as Orpheus says, of Bacchus, Demeter recovers the lost one. Of course, Hermes and Bacchus, in this connection, represent the same idea—the Spirit, the Divine Particle, by which the Soul is finally redeemed from Matter; that is, the Christ, descending into the very jaws of Hades to rescue the “Souls in Prison” (St Peter).

Hence the idea of certain occultists, who are not divine Seers, that evil Souls and decaying Egos actually *go to the Moon*; that is, to the physical Satellite. This notion is, of course, a corrupt and materialised form of the kabalistic doctrine just stated. Malkuth is not the physical Moon, but the archetypal idea of the Moon; and the relation of this Archetype to the Soul is the relation of cognates, whereas the relation of the physical Satellite to the Soul is an incongruous one, for it involves a relation of two things which are not cognates. The kabalistic doctrine, of course, compares like with like, and preserves the affinity of Similar. The teaching of the mere occultist is unscientific, and creates confusion of substance. “The woman shall not lie with the beast,” says the sacred book; that is, the spiritual can hold no legitimate and intimate relation to the physical. It is for this reason that the idea of the redemption of the Soul by means of physical blood-shedding is an impossible and a blasphemous idea, and that a physical incarnation of God is absurd in esoteric science. Such physiological processes can have no relation to the Soul; they represent the physical, and cannot be brought into effect as spiritual realities. The Soul is unaffected by them; they belong to Time, not to Being.

All kabalistic ideas are Primaries; they stand for Actualities, not of Time but of Mind; they are substantial ideas, and not their reflects translated into the *objectiva* of Matter. Whoso reads the Secondary and the Reflect where the Primary and the Original is intended, may indeed be an occultist, but he is not a mystic,—an epopt.

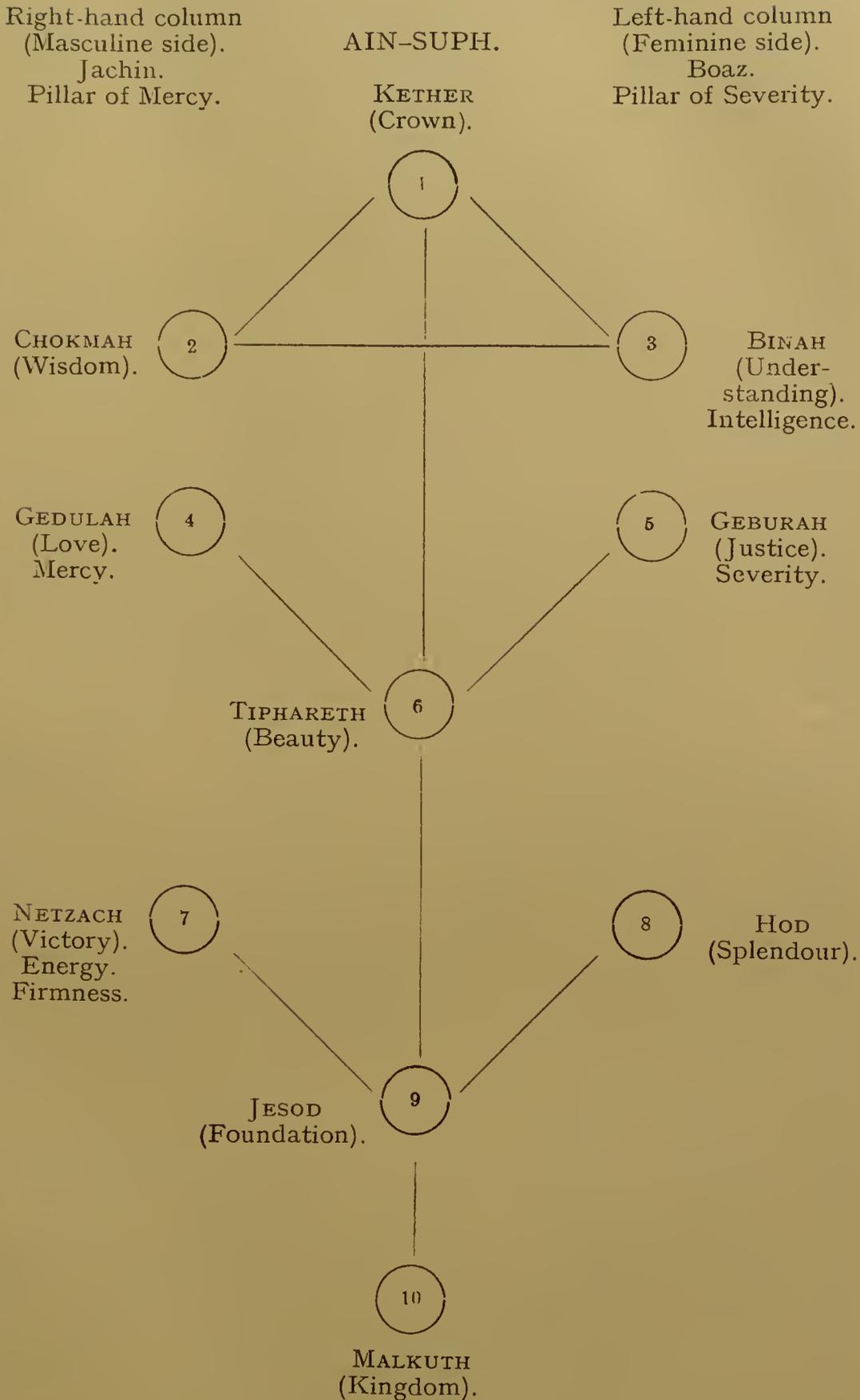
Malkuth to the servant of God is Rachel, the beautiful, the loving, the gracious. The pure soul may be safe in her keeping, for the Moon is favourable unto those who love God. Precious things come forth from the Moon. Artemis is the Patroness of the chaste and virginal,—that is, of the soul undefiled with the traffic of the flesh. In this kindly aspect Malkuth is Isis the Initiator, the Enlightener, the Good Genius, because through a beneficent Karma we become enriched with the wisdom of the past, and the light thereby shed upon

our souls lights up their dark recesses and revivifies our interior reminiscences. And this light of the kindly Isis is the reflected or duplicated light of Heaven ; its original source is Adonai, the express image of the Effulgence of God. For the Soul has nothing but of the Original Essence, and through her own justice she sees the Justice Divine. Therefore to the pure Soul the Moon is pure, and her silver glory is the radiance of Heaven itself. And for this reason the Kabala says that Malkuth is the root of the Tree of Life. The tree of Life is the transverse bar of the tree of Good and Evil.

The Triads of the Kabala are three. The first is Kether, Chokmah, and Binah—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit (feminine). The second is Gedulah, Geburah, and Tiphareth. The third is Netzach, Hod, and Jesod. Now if the original Duality of the Kabala, Ain-Suph, the Father-Mother, be taken as the root of the Triads, we should have a primary Trinity of which the third term [Kether] would be the first of the second triad. The Christian doctrine has adopted the order just recapitulated. But there is a higher and more purely Kabalistic and Hermetic view, which is as follows :—The first Triad would thus be [Ain-Suph, Kether] Father, Mother, Son. In the second [Triad], the son [Kether] becomes the Father, and we have the order Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. In this second Trinity, the last term [Binah], that is, the Spirit, is feminine, and this was the case with the Gnostics. The Hebrews always read from right to left, consequently the Kabala places Ain on the right side. The right-hand column, Jachin, is the masculine column—Wisdom, Love, Energy ; the left-hand column, Boaz, is the feminine column—Understanding, Justice, Strength. The synthetic Sephiroth are Thought, Beauty, Motion (or Time), and Fate—the root of the Tree of Life. Note that thus [*i.e.* with Ain-Suph] we have twelve numbers in place of ten. And this represents the higher and complete Kabalistic reckoning.

Kether (Zeus), who in the first Trinity is the Son, is called in the Kabala the I AM ; The Personality. He is Adon, the Lord. But the manifestation which takes place by Him is completed only in the evolution of Chokmah and Binah, Son and Spirit, because, says the Kabala, Volition, which is a product of personal self-consciousness, needed for its evolution a dual concurrence. Chokmah represents the Effulgence, potential in Adonai, but presenting itself only in its dual aspect Light and Heat in the double procession of masculine and feminine principles. Therefore Binah, the Holy Spirit, is called the *House* of Wisdom, the Fire self-consuming, the *Face* of the Sun. Chokmah, or the Son, is Wisdom itself, is Light, is the Sun. The Spirit therefore proceeds *through* the Son, and is called the Daughter by opposition with Suph, the Mother of the first Trinity. Chokmah, the Son, is God as Creator, “By whom He made the Worlds.” But Adonai (Kether) could not make the Worlds by Wisdom unless Wisdom were dualised with Intelligence ; for as male and female are the Image of God, it must be the Duality, and not the Unit, by whom Creation occurs. This Holy Spirit, therefore, is in the Son and through Him, and both are in Adonai, the Lord. Adonai is the First Effulgence, the Light shining in Darkness, hence He is called Krishna, the Black Colour. He is the Invisible Light, the first Emanation of Ain-Suph. Chokmah is His expression in the attribute of active

THE SEPHIROTHIC TREE OF LIFE



DIVINE NAMES.

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|-------------------------|-------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 11. Aheich, I Am. | 5. Eloah, the Almighty. | 9. El Chai, Mighty Living One. |
| 12. Jah. | 6. Elohim, God. | 1-10. "Adam Kadmon," |
| 13. Jehovah. | 7. Jehovah Sabaoth. | "the Archetypal Man." |
| 14. El, the Mighty One. | 8. Elohim Sabaoth. | |

or bright Effulgence, the Radiance of Concentration. Kether is Thought, Chokmah is Wisdom, the outcome and essential attribute of Thought. Thus the Second Triad represents Thought, Wisdom, Intelligence. And of these the first term—Thought—is synthetic or containing; hence it is the transverse beam of the Triangle, Wisdom and Intelligence representing the analytic or composite principles. The Intellectual Trinity is the highest formulate; the primary Triad is abstract and purely essential—thus Being (Ain), Essence or Principle (Suph), Thought (Kether). Thus is conceived the Idea primary of the Subject—Absolute.

February 27 [1884] (Ash Wednesday).—The Kabalistic order and function of the Principles (Sephiroth) are formulated by the Zohar in the Adam-Kadmon. The Adam-Kadmon is the Pentacle, the five-rayed star. It is the eidolon of the prototypal Humanity. The right side of the Pentacle is Male; the left is Female—Jachin and Boaz. There is, then, in the centre of the Pentacle a Tree; which Tree is crossed-barred; one beam representing the Tree of Life, and the other beam the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. The root of the Tree of Life is in Malkuth: its summit is in Ain-Suph. The transverse beam is the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the centre-point of which is in Tiphareth (Aphrodite). This Tree is the Tree of Time and Order, and it divides the Pentacle into upper and lower. Malkuth (the Moon) is out of the Microprosopus altogether: hence she is isolated and is the ultimated opposite of the Ain-Suph. Reflects are upside down; hence Malkuth reflects the lower half of the Microprosopus as the upper, and the higher as the lower. Hence Leah (Hecate) is the upper half of the lunar sphere, and Rachel (Artemis) is the lower half thereof. Mundane order (which is lunar order) reverses the heavenly order. The Synthetic or Containing Principles among the Sephiroth, are indicated in successive logical order on the centre perpendicular of the Adam-Kadmon. They are from the Apex downward: Mind, the original personality (Kether); Heart, the original concept of Beauty (Tiphareth); Time, the synthesis of generation (Jesod); and Fate, the synthesis of Humanity and resultant of generation (Malkuth), proceeding from it. The last two are Chronos (Saturn), and Malkuth, the double-faced Artemis. In the Adam-Kadmon all the synthetic or containing principles are thus superposed on a single line, as Brain, Heart, Generative Organs, and their resultant or fruit—Actuality or Fate, dejected from the Microcosmos as Product. The Tree of Knowledge has its pivot in the Heart, or point of balance between Good and Evil, the point at which the Soul (Eva) emerges from Sense into the Gnosis. All below this line of knowledge is sensible and rudimentary. Aphrodite represents the boundary between the upper and the nether. The order of the Principles on the central perpendicular is alternately male and female, Mind, Heart, Generation, Product. The Principles on the right of the Pentacle are of Male function and correspond in character and dignity to the synthetic horizontal which resumes and categorises them. Thus, from the highest synthetic Principle, Mind, flows on the right side Wisdom, and on the left Intelligence. This is the highest or Intellectual Triad. Its counterpart on the moral plane is the central Triad, whose synthesis is Heart (Beauty), whence proceed, on the right side,

Love, and on the left, Justice. But Love itself is but the extension of the highest Being (Ain), as Justice is the extension of the highest Essence (Suph). Love in perfect Justice may therefore be said to be God the Supreme. And thus it is to be observed that the Second or Moral Triad is a more direct procession from the highest and interior summit of Divinity than the primary or Intellectual Triad, because the *direction* of the Second Triad is identical with the Divine impulsion, but the direction of the Intellectual Triad crosses that of the Divine. The Third Triad has for its synthetic Principle, Generation or Time, spoken of in the Kabala as the "Leviathan of the Deep," that is, the Devourer, or the Serpent. Its analytic and formulative Principles are, on the right side, Energy or Contest (Ares), and on the left side, Strength, Might, Endurance (Hera), sometimes Glory, the King's daughter. Strength is but an extension of Intelligence, the female principle of the Intellectual Triad, and Energy is the extension of Wisdom. The affinity between the first and third Triad is, therefore, as complete as that between the second and unmanifest. Hence we learn that Goodness is the primary direction of Being, and that Intellect is the primary direction of dynamic or physical world. The Divine impulsion is that of Righteousness morally understood; the human impulsion is that of intellectual balance. The Woman Principle, or Heart (Maria, Aphrodite) is therefore more immediately Deific in intention than the Male Principle or Brain (Zeus, the Crown).

In the Dynamic or Third Triad, Netzach (Ares), is the basic principle of the struggle for life, of the Evolution-theory. But all the Principles, it must be borne in mind, are Archetypal Ideas; Malkuth alone—the product or seed of Generation—gives them a Double Actuality in Existence, for Fate is the Daughter of Time.

February 28 [1884].—Religion, according to the Gnostics, must be founded, not on historical facts, but on ontological ideas:—the true meaning presented by Christianity under an historical veil. The motto of the Gnostics might be exactly given in the words of Fichte: "Men are saved, not by the historical, but by the metaphysical." The meaning of the term Gnosis, as applied to a system of Philosophy, may be illustrated by the language of Plato towards the end of the fifth book of the *Republic*, in which he distinguishes between knowledge (*γνώσις*) and opinion (*δόξα*) as being concerned respectively with the real (*τὸ ὄν*) and the apparent (*τὸ φαινόμενον*). When to this distinction is added the further explanation that the objects of sense, the visible things of the world, belong to the class of phenomena and are objects of opinion, while the invisible essence of things, the One as distinguished from the Many, is the true reality, discerned not by Sense but by Intellect, we shall be justified in identifying Gnosis with that apprehension of things which penetrated beyond their sensible appearance to their essence and cause, and which differs in name only from that Wisdom (*σοφία*) which Aristotle tells us consists in a knowledge of First Causes or Principles.

Ain-Suph (*τὸ ἀπειρον*, that which has no limits) is the highest of all possible abstractions, an incomprehensible unity, having no definite existence, but virtually comprehending within Itself all existence, all that is emanates from It and is contained in It, for as It is infinite, nothing can exist beyond It. At first there proceeded

forth (from Mind) a masculine or active potency designated Wisdom. This Sephirah sent forth an opposite, a feminine or passive potency, denominated Intelligence, and it is from the union of these two, who are called the Father and Mother, that the remaining Sephiroth proceeded (Ginsburg).

The Ophite Gnostics represented evil as emanating from Good as a transient phenomenon in the action of the mundane soul ; and evil thus becomes a necessary moment in the rhythm of existence. The Fall is thus a stage in the process of man's elevation to spiritual life. Hegel, in his *Philosophie der Religion* (Werke XI., p. 269), says : " The state of innocence in which there is for man no distinction between good and evil, is the state of the brute, the unconsciousness in which man knows nothing of good nor of evil, when that which he wills is not determined as the one or the other ; for if he knows nothing of evil, he also knows nothing of good. . . . We find in the Bible a representation called in an abstract manner the Fall, a representation which in its great depth is not a mere accidental history, but the eternal necessary history of mankind represented in an external mythical manner." Evil, according to Basilides, is no other than a phase in the world's development. Valentinus, in explaining how Spiritual Being gives Existence to Matter, does not content himself, like Plato—whom in other respects he so closely follows—with assuming as the germ of the natural world, an unformed matter existing from all eternity ; this would be to assume two independent principles, the Deity and Matter existing in contrast to each other and therefore neither of them the One Absolute. Valentinus commences with one sole spiritual Being, and the material must in some way be evolved from It. He adopts an hypothesis which is virtually that of Pantheism ; the material world has *no real existence : it is but the shadow or reflection of the spiritual*. " In proportion as consciousness becomes definite and limited, and therefore unable to comprehend the Absolute in its fulness, in the same proportion it becomes conscious of an inability, a limitation, a something hindering complete knowledge. As spiritual knowledge becomes fainter and less complete, this indefinite negation of knowledge becomes stronger and more intense, till at last the substance and the shadow change places, and the mere limits to the consciousness of the spiritual assumes a definite existence as the material. . . . All finite existence, first spiritual and then material, though seeming to have separate and substantial Being, is but a mode of the Absolute, becoming gradually more definite and concrete as it becomes more limited and further removed from the primitive Absolute. Real existence is the relation of subject to object, the objective existence becoming more unreal as the development increases definitely, and finally culminating in the grossness of an apparent matter, opposed to thought in nature as well as in relation. The relation of the Ego to objective existence is therefore a seeming relation of subject to object, and is unreal."

(From Dean Mansel's *Gnostic Heresies*.)

[Buddha said] " And whosoever, either now or after I am dead, shall be a lamp unto themselves and a refuge unto themselves, and shall betake themselves to no external refuge, but holding fast to the Truth as their lamp, and to the Truth as their refuge, shall look

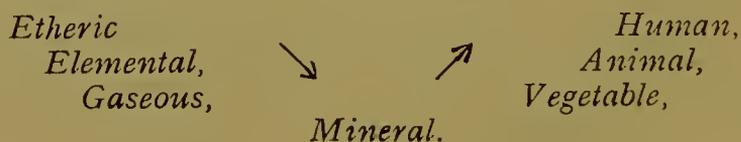
not for refuge to anyone besides themselves, and shall betake themselves to no external refuge—even they among my disciples shall reach the very topmost height. But they must be anxious to learn.”¹

March 20 [1884].—There are Seven Planetary States—not planets, as certain Theosophists so-called vainly imagine—through which the Ego must pass. This truth is typified by the Seven Circuits of the river Styx around Hades. Hades is the underworld of the inner microcosmic Adytum, and a river—as says Olympiodorus—is a figure of Life. Life, then, passes seven times around the Hadean sphere, and is the Mother of four children, Zeal, Victory, Strength, and Power. Styx, the river of Life, or Hadean Life—that is, Existence—is called in Greek the Hateful, because this earthly existence is indeed hateful in comparison with that eternal and serene ocean from whence it flows and into which it returns. So Styx is said to be the daughter of Oceanus, the great Water of Eternity surrounding the earth—that is, the world of emanation. She flows, it is said, from the tenth source of this ocean—that is, from Malkuth, the tenth Sephirah or Power. Malkuth is that which makes visible, Actuality or Fate, the dual-faced Moon. For this reason Hecate, who is the evil aspect of the Moon (Leah), was regarded as the dominant power of Hades, and sacrifices were offered to propitiate her by all who had reason to fear the vengeance of the Erinyes, or who desired to invoke the powers of evil. And for this reason also Hecate is introduced in the Mysteries informing Demeter (Intelligence) what had become of Persephone (the Soul). For by the descent of the Soul into the lower world, she fell under the power of the tenth Sephirah, and this is the power of the Moon.

Styx as Existence united to the Elements (Pallas the Giant) brings forth four successive results of spiritual development, and these she presents to Zeus (Adonai) to assist Heaven against the Titans. The Titans are figures of the Powers of Nature, which are deified by those who know not God, and who thus become the rivals of and rebellers against Zeus. It is a picture of the contest between Materialism and Idealism, the Titans representing the irresponsible blind Forces at war with the moral and spiritual attributes of Man. The strife rages in the Hadean world as well as in the upper Macrocosmal region. The war of the Gods and the Titans reproduces the Eastern allegory of the strife between Ormuzd and Ahriman, and between the devils and the angels. But the Titans are not evil, and must not be confounded with the Devil. The Devil is void and negation, the Not-God, Nihilism and outer darkness. The greatest of the twelve Titans is Chronos (Time), identical with Satan. For Satan is Time, a Power, and that the mightiest of the natural world, the beginner of the Dynasty of Creation. For Creation is in Time, and Chronos is the Lord thereof. He is the Prince of the Power of this world, the Avenger and Destroyer. But he is a Son of Heaven (Uranus), and Father of the Gods, because the Soul, whose function it is to cognise the Gods and Principles, springs out of Mind, and has her birth, therefore, from that vehicle which only cognises the Powers of Nature. The whole story of the successive despoliation of Uranus, of Chronos, and the wars of their respective armies are parables of the

¹ Mahâ—Parinibbâna—Sutta.

succession of circles in the Evolution of the Styx (Life). In fact, the Titans are figures of the world of Generation, and Styx herself is said to be a Titan, wife of a giant. Oceanus, the father of Styx, is the oldest of the Titans, and signifies therefore the link between the worlds of Emanation (Heaven) and of Earth (Gē). Each time the River of Hades completes a circle of the worlds of Generation she takes a higher plane. The first spiral is the Etheric world, a condition immergent in Matter and Time, but in which the transition is chaotic. Malkuth is the tenth source of the extra-mundane Ocean, and the sphere she dominates is the eighth. This eighth sphere is no other than the caldron of Hecate and of Medea. In it are the *débris* of the dying and ancient worlds; out of it springs the New World. It is Chaos. The world which arises immediately out of this caldron is called the Etheric. It is the first in the planetary chain. Consider that this word "Planet" signifies "Wanderer." All the worlds of Generation are scenes of Pilgrimage or of Wandering; and as they reappear again and again in successive rounds, they are themselves "Wanderers." A planet, in occult phrase, is therefore nothing more nor less than a station. The Soul passes from one to the other through the whole chain of seven worlds (or stations) in order. Of these "worlds," four are subtle, three are gross. Three of the subtle are on the downward path, one on the upward. But when the last is reached, then the whole circle is begun over again on a higher spiral. The first world, going outward, is the Etheric. This is subtle. The next is the Elemental, also subtle, but less so than the Etheric. The third is the Gaseous, less subtle still. These three are the fluidic worlds. Then comes the first world of dense matter—the Mineral. Therein the lowermost and outermost of the worlds is reached, and the spiral turns. The next world is on the upper and reverting line; it is the Vegetable, the first organic station, and less material than the last. Then comes the Animal, the last of the material or gross worlds; and the next is subtle again—Man. But this last is on the spiritual spiral, for the turn is taken between the Animal and Man. This is the first cycle of the Styx. The next is Spiritual or interior, and the whole operation is again repeated. The outcome of this last spiral is Christ. Then a third time the spiral is run through on the plane of the personal and transcendent state, with the result of Transmutation as the seventh station. During these rounds, four Powers are begotten in the Soul, and these finally overcome the Titans, and dwell for ever with Zeus (Adonai). They are Ardour, or striving Zeal, belonging to the purified passionate nature; Triumph, or Victory, belonging to the volitional nature; Strength, or Fortitude, belonging to the intelligent nature; and Power, belonging to the psychic nature. These are saved and redeemed principles, surviving the wrack and wreck of the dross which is destined to be swept into Hecate's caldron, for the building up of new worlds. These principles are the offspring of Styx, and are caught up to the Throne of God.



These seven worlds compose the Lower Triangle of the sacred hexagram. When a man begins the life of Thought, he goes all round the seven stations again, and ends at the state of Christhood. Every man must attain this state *potentially* before he can enter the Heavens. The man who realises it *actively* is a Jesus. It is necessary in one's own heart to be willing and able to be a Jesus ; but to carry the will into actual deeds is to attain to the third and highest circle, ending in transmutation. There are many subordinate rounds in the chain. You may number them until seventy times seven if you will. Or if you find it clearer, instead of arranging your seven planetary stations as a triangle, which, of course, is only arbitrary, you may arrange them as a succession of islands with a stream—the river of Life—flowing around each. But remember always that all numbers are arbitrary symbols. All these seven worlds are included and intended in the phrase, " Worlds of Form."

July 19 [1884].—To the question, " Have we been elementals ? " we should reply, " We are elementals in our Jiv-atma or life-soul." For the worlds represent Seven Principles ; and these principles, all of them potential in the first or Etheric world, are evolved in order. So there was a time when we were only two, then three, then four, then five, then six, and we shall be seven (fold). All the seven are in the One, but they are displayed in order. Therefore we have in us actually, and the world has in it actually, the Jiv-atmic Forces. It would be equally a mistake to say, " We have been animals or plants." For we *are* animals and plants now, in certain parts of our nature, as we are also mineral and gas in certain parts. But there was a time when we stopped at gas, when we stopped at mineral, or plant, or animal. The " We " that went through all these phases is the Selfhood, and in Nature the Mundane Soul. Two principles descend into Nature—Dionysos, or Spirit, and Persephone, or Soul. Persephone is Malkuth (or the daughter of Malkuth) ; Dionysos is Binah (Bi-mater). Now, as the three, Father, Word, and Holy Spirit, flow through the Upper Triangle, manifesting the Ensoph ; so in the Lower Triangle, three flow through the worlds,—the Spirit, Dionysos, resuming the Trinity ; Water, or Substance, the Soul—Malkuth ; and the Bloods, or Elemental Powers, the Nephesh dwelling in the bloods, as distinguished from the Ruach and the Neshamah. Dionysos is Jekedah, the Spiritual Word, or Logos, of the Man, called also Chokmah (Wisdom), Nous. Persephone is Neshamah, the Soul ; Ruach is Athena, but Athena under the aspect, not of the mere *anima bruta*, but of Intellect. Athena is represented as the guardian and patron of horses, and hence is called Hippias. Horses signify the Intellect. She is also a warlike Goddess, demolishing chimeras and vindicating Zeus (the Reason) in all disputes. She takes an active part in the war with the Titans, entombs Enceladus (in Etna), and slays Pallas, the winged giant ; hence her name Pallas-Athena, by which this achievement is immortalised. Thus the Intellect is the antagonist of mere rudimentary forces. He who sides with the Titans is against Athena, *i.e.* is deprived of Intellect or Reason. As Hermes slays Argus, the astral power, so Athena slays Pallas ; that is, the mind developing overcomes the blind instincts of the merely animal man. Athena, Poseidon, Hephaistos, and Demeter are said to be elemental Deities,

but they are not thereby classified with the Titanic elementals. The Air, Water, Fire, and Earth personified by the Gods are the archetypal and celestial elements, not the mundane. As Air is the breath of Jiv-atmic forces, so Intellect is the breath of the Soul. In the world at large she is the pure reason of things, controlling the working of the Titans. She has in charge the heart of Dionysos. So then Spirit, Mind, and Life-force flow through the worlds together. Persephone is the mundane consciousness flowing from Malkuth, the Tenth Source of the Ocean. She is not, therefore, the Sixth Principle, for she contains this and all others, developing each principle in turn according to its order. Persephone is the Collectivity of the Principles, and therefore she is called the World-Soul, as including all these. The Water that bears her along is that of Existence, Styx, whose daughter she is therefore sometimes said to be. Persephone was carried off in the chariot or car of Pluton; this chariot is another figure of Styx (Existence).

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE HERMETIC SOCIETY

MARCH [1884] witnessed the arrival in England of the Founders of the Theosophical Society.¹ Colonel Olcott was the first to arrive, Madame Blavatsky having elected to remain awhile in Paris. One of his first acts was to hold a meeting for the purpose of initiating new members. We were present at the function, but failed to be greatly impressed by the solemnity. Indeed, the President-founder seemed anxious to relieve the occasion of any undue amount of feeling of the kind. Among other things, he explained that the expression in the initiation formula, "*Ab Oriente lux*," which signifies "Light away from the East," was a mistake for "*Ex Oriente lux*," which means "Light from the East." But as the mistake had been made, it had not been considered worth while to correct it.

There was a melodramatic element in the first appearance of H. P. B., which for us seemed altogether incompatible with any sense of seriousness. The occasion was the Lodge meeting at which our successors were to be inaugurated, and to show our acquiescence in the change, we attended it. By all but a few who were in the secret, Madame Blavatsky was believed to be still abroad. But during the meeting the whisper went round that she had unexpectedly and mysteriously arrived, and would presently appear. The excitement of the devotees was, of course, intense on finding themselves about to be brought face to face with so miraculous a personage. And it culminated when, on entering the room, she authoritatively bade Mary and myself to present ourselves to her, and then peremptorily bade us to shake

¹ The object of their visit to England was to compose the division that had been set up in the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society. It was then that the two parties first became acquainted with each other. (See E. M.'s letter in the *Unknown World* of March 15, 1895.)—S. H. H.

hands with Mr Sinnett, and let bygones be bygones for the sake of the universal brotherhood. Meanwhile she fixed her great eyes on us, as if to compel us by their magnetism to obey her behest. Making myself spokesman for us both, I remarked to her, firmly but quietly, that repentance ought to precede forgiveness. Let Mr Sinnett do his part, and we should not be slow to do ours. At this unexpected opposition her eyes flashed yet more powerfully on us, especially on Mary, who, as presumably the weaker vessel, might be expected to yield the more readily. Of course neither of us was in the smallest degree affected by her sorcery. And the President, seeing that Madame was courting a fiasco, approached her and said that he would not have her trying to magnetise Mrs Kingsford. The rest of the evening was passed in conversation more or less amicable, curiosity and amusement being our dominant sentiments. And in the issue, being unable to reconcile ourselves to their programme [and in deference to the general desire for officials devoted wholly to the Eastern teachings], we withdrew from [our positions of President and Vice-President respectively of]¹ the Lodge, and sought an independent platform for our own teaching. The result was the formation of the Hermetic Society, in which we had the concurrence and assistance of the Theosophical Society Founders and several of its members, their desire being to make it a separate Lodge of their own Society. This, however, to our satisfaction, proved impracticable, owing to the issue of a rule prohibiting membership of more than one Lodge at a time.² The Hermetic Society was therefore established on

¹ Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland did not at first sever their connection with the Lodge, but remained members thereof, with the double object of examining any further teachings that might be received from the East, and effacing personal antagonisms. At the close of the year, however, they took the further step, and resigned their membership in the Lodge. (See p. 221 *post.*)—S. H. H.

² A charter was, in fact, granted by Col. H. S. Olcott, the President-Founder of the Theosophical Society, to the new society, which was to be known as the Hermetic Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and members of other Lodges were to be eligible for admission to the Hermetic Lodge without renunciation of any previous affiliation: and on April 9, 1884, a meeting for the purpose of inaugurating the new Lodge was held at C. C. Massey's Chambers, Col. H. S. Olcott presiding. But owing to the issue almost immediately afterwards by Col. H. S. Olcott of the above-mentioned rule prohibiting membership of more than one Lodge at a time, and as some of the members of the Hermetic Lodge were also members of the London

an independent basis, with Mary as its President. Throughout the whole course of the contentions our valued friend, C. C. Massey, had proved himself a wise counsellor and indefatigable supporter, and he now threw himself heartily into our new enterprise, having found himself compelled to sever his connection with the Theosophical Society on account of certain incidents which failed to find satisfactory explanation.

Diary.—May 11, 1884. Early in the morning, or rather in the night between the 9th and 10th of this month, Friday and Saturday, Death carried from me my last little friend. Now I have no pet. Friday the 9th was the day of our inaugural meeting of the Hermetic Society, at Captain Lloyd's house. And Piggy died before the next dawn. I envy her, almost, lying very quiet and still now under the ground in the garden at home. For A. took away the corpse that same day.

I am still in the self-same puzzle in which I was this time last year at Montreaux. There seems to me to be no way out. And now I have a Society for discussion; perhaps we may be able to arrive at some sort of conclusion thereby. I do not yet know, myself, exactly what it is we seek to gain in this Society. I do not want to be a Teacher, arrogating to myself all authority and illumination. I want light. Perhaps the best way will be to have discussion days on the subject of some paper previously read. What we really seek is to reform the Christian system and start a new Esoteric Church. When once this is started it may go on indefinitely, as does the Exoteric Church.

To Lady Caithness.

“ 21 HENRIETTA STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,

“ May 12, 1884.

“ DEAR FRIEND,—Will you kindly send me the title and publisher of the book on Masonry that I read when I was staying with you in Paris a year ago? I mean the book containing pictures of the various signs, grips, ceremonies, etc. I hardly dare ask you to *lend* me the book, because I know how much you value it, and how rare it is; but probably, if it is at all procurable in England, I might be able to get a copy through some collector. The Pope's recent denunciation of Masonry makes me anxious to investigate more closely than I have hitherto done the details and purport of the craft; for I *think* I have discerned the cause of the enmity borne

Lodge and had no desire to sever their connection with it, it became necessary to make the new adventure outside of the Theosophical Society; and at a meeting held on April 22, 1884, it was unanimously resolved to surrender the charter affiliating the new Society to the Theosophical Society, and to reconstruct it independently of that organisation. It thus became possible for members of a Lodge in the Theosophical Society to remain in or join the Hermetic Society without severing their connection with the London or any other Lodge of the Theosophical Society.—S. H. H.

by the Catholic Church against the Masonic system. I believe it is nothing more nor less than the ancient feud between Judaism and Christianity. Yesterday I had a long conversation with a Mason, and am convinced that the main object of the craft is no other than the perpetuation of the Jewish system and religion. It is fundamentally opposed to the very spirit of the Catholic Church, and especially to the worship of our Blessed Lady. It is materialistic and male, and radically subversive of spirituality and womanhood in its supremest sense.

“ Our Society (the Hermetic) was inaugurated on the 9th with good success. Colonel Olcott was present, and expressed his sympathy with our intention and objects. But we want to *get known*. Sometimes I think that the truths and knowledges we hold are so high and so deep that the age is yet unable to receive them, and that all we shall be permitted to do is to formulate them in some book or books to leave as a legacy to the world when we pass away from it. The truth we have is far in advance of anything the disciples of Madame Blavatsky and her Gurus possess. They know only the Lower Triangle of the Seal of Solomon ;¹ and this, again, is all that the Masons or the Buddhists know. This Lower Triangle is Solomon’s Temple, which the Masons are always engaged in ‘ rebuilding.’ But that which has been expounded to us, and which we hold in trust for the age to come, is the secret of the Upper Triangle—‘ the city not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.’ Do not talk about this to Madame B. ; she cannot know it ; she is an occultist, not a mystic, and she is incapable of comprehending this Upper Triangle.

“ I like Mohini Chatterji. I think he knows *more intuitively* than Mme. B. is capable of knowing. I have had two hours’ conversation with him, and found him instructed and intelligent. I think him honest and free from malice, so far as I can judge. Do you know anything of chiromancy ? If you do, ask to see Madame’s hands. —Your most true and affectionate friend,
ANNA K.”

“ LIVORNO, May 6, 1884.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Some five or six weeks ago I sent you my first instalment of thanks for your welcome and valuable letter of March 3, and for your photograph enclosed therein. I think photographs should always be exchanged by correspondents who do not know each other ; it brings them nearer than the mere exchange of written thoughts, and the sun-printed features speak more intelligibly to us than the chirographic characters, typical though these may be.

“ Since my return to Leghorn I have received the *Pall Mall Gazette* of April 26, which you were kind enough to send me, and which contained the interesting account of an interview with Madame Blavatsky. The Russians are a terribly clever people, but while the men are only vulgarly acute, *i.e.* eminently fit for outwitting others, the women have, or seem to have, a more elevated form of intelligence, often combined with considerable soul-power. I have had Russian friends in my youth, and I have known some most imposing specimens of Russian womankind, but I never knew how much of what

¹ The hexagram, or double triangle.

I admired in these women was due to genuine genius and depth, and how much to mere '*esprit*' and imitativeness and mercurialness, which is sheer want of selfhood or typical *ὀύσια*. Far be it from me to decry or even to doubt the extraordinary qualities of Madame Blavatsky. Nor is it her epistolary correspondence with the Thibetan Mahatmas, regardless of spatial distance, which puzzles me, such things fitting perfectly into my metaphysics. But her remarks on 'Zanoni,' on 'Vril,' and on the 'Coming Race' induce me to believe that she is not a mould, but only wax craving for a mould, and that her receptivity or impressibleness is greater than her spontaneity or selfhood. That would not disqualify her for certain forms of mediumship. On the contrary. In fact, if *Isis* could be unveiled (which I humbly deny), and if it were lawful or becoming for human hands to draw the veil, such a woman's hand might do the deed. But only her *hand*, not her mind.

" 'We reverence Gautama Buddha,' she says (according to her interviewer), 'because he alone of all religious teachers orders his disciples to disbelieve his own words if they conflict with true reason.' Why, then, reverence Gautama Buddha beyond all others, if the supreme authority is 'true reason'? This lands us only on the platform of citizens Robespierre, Danton, and Marat; on the altar of *La Déesse Raison*, with the guillotine as its symbol of the *salutaris Hostia*. Or it may land us on the Baltic shores of my native town, Königsberg, where Kant erected the fences and the bulwarks of 'Pure Reason' against the inroads of speculation, Religion, and Mysticism.

" It is Madame Blavatsky's own reason which she reverences 'above all Mahatmas,' and as her reason must be the reason of all reasonable people, it is Reason itself, Kant's Pure Reason, *La Déesse Raison*, which she reverences and adores. And I ask, How can reason unveil *Isis*? The curtain could not be pulled by such an agency; and if it yielded, the indiscreet maiden would be struck blind, like that youth of Laïs who crept into the Temple by night. To enshrine the mystery and then to unveil it is like 'eating the pudding and having it too.' To enshrine the mystery and then to enshrine Pure Reason is like eating the pudding without having paid for its materials. I have to apologise for these low similes, but I feel strongly on the point. I lie prostrate and awe-stricken before the mystic altar, and I know what I am about. Gautama Buddha need not whisper to me, 'Test the mystery by thy "pure" reason, and throw away whatsoever does not stand the test.' How much more clear-headed was the kabalistic Paul, who bluntly bids us take our reason prisoner under our faith!

" I like to use my reason, and more particularly do I delight in mathematical sport. I have wasted much time on the Theory of Numbers, on Complex Functions, and on the Differential Calculus, but the tool becomes absolutely useless when I have passed the threshold of the Temple. There is no room there for criticism. The only instrument available there is one's concrete self in its entirety, which either affirms or negates, either adores or despairs.

" In those sacred halls, it seems to me, there ought to be no discussion. There need not be absolute silence, but that which craves utterance there cannot adequately utter itself in argument.

“ What is Mystery ? The answer is : *Si quæris, nescio ; si non quæris, scio*. Therefore, do not ask, *Fuge quære* ? And is not this the divine mission of *Art*, to give utterance to the unutterable ? The child, the poor in spirit, and the sage may join in choral chanting, though they can join in nothing else.

“ Death has often been called the great leveller, before whom there is no inequality, no differences of rank. But is not our *ignorance* as great a leveller as Death ? On the plane of transcendent truth we must all *lie low* as in our graves, though prostrate rather than recumbent. If you object that we crave articulate utterance and rational speech even on that exalted level, I would reply, that such utterance would have to take the form of preaching and dogmatic teaching, but never of polemical discussion, of criticism or apology. The subject-matter is too ethereal to bear discussion, or rather to be affected by it ; and much of the critical and apologetic acumen displayed in the great controversy now pending seems to me to be like the stabbing of ghosts.

“ That is the beauty and also the strength of the Masonic Lodges, that the *Venerabile* itself is never discussed : it is symbolically represented, and looks as if its hidden truths were reserved for the Adepts of the highest grade ; but, somehow, nobody ever reaches the highest grade, and there is no deceit, no prevarication, in all this.

“ Let me now tell you that I have read and re-read and thoroughly studied the four remarkable pamphlets which have appeared since Mr Sinnett’s book, and which you were kind enough to send me. Six weeks ago I thanked you for the act of giving ; now I thank you for the gifts themselves, and with a full knowledge of their value. My indebtedness to you can only be measured by the intense intellectual pleasure I have felt in reading those pamphlets.

“ If I delight in mathematics, my love for metaphysics is equally great ; only I could not call such occupation sport, since more than one mental faculty are engaged in it. There is a charm, an irresistible charm, in this projecting of transcendent truths on the reticulation of human dialectics ; and I believe this mental embroidering is a legitimate, and even a salutary, occupation.

“ Yet we should not forget that we remain outside the Temple withal, and that Isis *cannot* be unveiled either in this or in any other way.

“ Mr Massey has, with consummate skill, pointed out the characteristic differences between the theistic and materialistic world view. He has shown that evolution in the theistic view, being a mere *procedure* from the *involved* pre-existent to the evolved manifested, has nothing mysterious or transcendent in it ; whereas the materialistic evolution is an incomprehensible generation of the higher from the lower, and as such illogical. Now, this latter assertion seems to me incorrect. The individual never pre-exists, not even as a potential individual : it pre-exists neither in the ovulum nor in the sperma, but its ingredients pre-exist, and that scattered or divided between the male and female parent. The ovulum that produces Cajus might have produced Sempronius if the father had been another man.

“ The ordinary Darwinistic evolution (of modern science) is objectionable on other grounds, but not because it assumes the evolving of the higher from the lower. This objection could only be raised

against the *generalis spontanea*, which is a downright miracle. But what would be a miracle on the material plane is an ordinary possibility on the spiritual plane. Jupiter's thigh could not bring forth Bacchus, but only supplement Semele's gestation; but Jupiter's brain brought forth Minerva, and that full grown and in full armour. On page 21 of your *Reply to Subba Row* I find one of the most important arguments in this whole controversy. It may be yours, or it may be Kapila's, but it is a profound and fertile thought, which opens up an intellectual vista not dimmed by anything except its own immeasurable length. The *division* of the evolutionary high-road into a downhill road and an uphill road is an argument which, it seems to me, has not been dwelt upon sufficiently. Without reconciling the theistic and materialistic views, it certainly brings them nearer, by showing that there is room for both downward and upward developments on the same evolutionary chain.

" In Schopenhauer's quasi-Buddhistic philosophy we find a similar *apparent* breach of continuity in the chain which begins with the Unconscious, and which goes on, evolvingly, until quite suddenly the flash of *conscious* Intellect lights up the universe. Schopenhauer's ethics are sublime and pure, but dogmatically his system is like most forms of Buddhistic philosophy, not only *atheistic*, but also *akosmic*. If the Unconscious is the Beginning, and the *nirvânic* Unconsciousness the end, what is the use of going through the farce of this evolutionary waltz, which ends where it began, and which ought not to have begun at all, and which can only be pardoned in consideration of the Unconscious not being accountable for its primordial fidgets ?

" I believe this teleological argument against the ' objective ' view (as Mr Massey calls it) is stronger than the would-be logical one about the non-pre-existence of the higher *evolendum*.

" But both the theistic and the materialistic views have one great difficulty *in common*, and that is the Beginning, the *premier pas qui coûte*. Mr Massey might have acknowledged this more explicitly, but he certainly has not tried to hide it.

" The materialist, beginning with the *Unconscious*, can knit the whole chain except the first link, there being no motive in the unconscious unit for action or for dualising. The theist begins with the conscious Personality, and the conscious Ego being already dual (Subject-Object, as Schelling calls it), the evolutionary process has no difficulty even at the outset. But the difficulty lies here *behind* the first link: can the *primum* be a dual, or can anything dual be the Primum ?

" It is as easy to say ' yes ' as ' no,' but the ' yes ' is infinitely more satisfactory, and in harmony with the constitution, not of our mind, but of our concrete self. The Ego *craves* an Ego-God. Nor can I see why that God should not be extra-mundane, considering that we stand here on mystic ground, where the miserable categories of our grammar-bound logic may not be valid. The Primum, whether conscious or unconscious, must be the *Causa Sui*; and is this formula, though Cartesian, not the mystery of mysteries ? We have the same in every system. Even Pythagoras, whose first was the ἀπειρον or Indeterminate unit, has it determined by the πέρας (or Limit); but whence did he get this second ? And does not the Fourth Gospel

begin, without the slightest embarrassment or apology, from the Dual of God and the Logos ?

“ I would suggest, let us all openly acknowledge this. Whether scientific materialists or speculative gnostics, we must start from and bow before a primordial mystery. That is the narrow ground on which all *must* agree, while on all other questions they can only agree to disagree.

“ In the Beginning lies the Unknowable. In the remainder both views are *logically* admissible, and the choice becomes (*si'l venia verba*) a matter of *taste*. A person that chooses the materialistic view may remain my friend as long as he says, ‘ I cannot help it, but cursed be the day of my birth ’ ; but a person abiding smilingly by this choice, and missing nothing, becomes a stranger, an enigma, to me.

“ You and Mrs Kingsford were unquestionably right in blaming Mr Sinnett's needlessly materialistic phraseology. As a mere recipient of traditional lore, he might claim a more lenient judgment, provided the lore has not suffered by the transmission.

“ The ultimate question is, Why should the East and West unite ? We are all Aryans, and can learn from each other, but why should Christianity go more than half-way to meet its older but dreamy and fantastic sister ? I venture to think that, to satisfy our metaphysical cravings, we need not go farther east than to Alexandria, to John, to the Gnostics, to Proclus. Let the *Iseion* become our common temple, guarded as it is by Sphinxes and emblems of silence. It seems to me finer than the grotesque Pagoda, which is filled and surrounded by fumes of opium-dimming consciousness, lest it might despair at the view of a godless and soulless Void. Where is the Gospel of mercy there ? It may be implied in its dreamy lore, too, but it is not asserted explicitly. And, considering that we cannot *empirically* find God either in Nature (which is heartless) or in History (which is vicious), but that the only things divine we know of empirically are the impulses of mercy and compassion, of suffering with and for others, this tenet should be made the foundation, or the centre, or the apex of a religion, instead of remaining a mere ornament of its structure.

“ The last number of the *Zoophilist* brought out a beautiful article against vivisection, emanating from the Brahma Somaj. Apparently Western Christianity is put to shame by such Hindoo utterances. But what has Christianity to do with vivisection or with Western culture ? Europe has discredited Christianity, which is altogether non-existent as yet.

“ I have received the French Statutes of the Theosophical Society, I believe from Madame de Morsier, together with a prospectus of the *Theosophist*. I may become a subscriber to the latter, as soon as I have found a new home. As to the Theosophical Society, I cannot, in the present state of things, make up my mind yet as to whether it would be compatible with my views on the uses of association for non-combatant purposes to solicit the honour of membership.

“ Meanwhile I follow your researches and your controversies with the liveliest and keenest interest. I shall feel most grateful to you for every glimpse you may hereafter allow me to get of the wonders of Thibetan lore, although thus far I have felt no inducement to

leave *The Perfect Way*.—With sincere regards to Mrs Kingsford, I remain, ever yours truly,
E. GRYZANOWSKY."

Diary.—June 3 [1884], Paris. I have come here for the Anti-Vivisection Congress, or rather Conference, which begins to-morrow. Matters look very gloomy for the cause of justice since the Pasteur investigations began. It may be that discoveries partially beneficial really may be made by this horrible system of inoculating madness and death. All the severer the ordeal for those who keep a perfect heart and a clear eye. And now dear old "Uncle Sam" [Samuel Ward] is gone to the other side. I shall not see him any more, nor hear his genial, gracious voice. It is difficult to realise—the death of a friend. Friends only die very, very slowly. Sometimes I think it is as well to have no friends. It is always through the affections that we suffer. "Uncle Sam" died on Monday the 19th May. I had known him barely one year, and yet he had become part of my life, and was bound up with all my thoughts about the future. It seems to me that he cannot be dead; that some day he must return to us, and bring me, as was his wont, a basket of fruit or a bunch of roses. What will he be—this dear old man—in another life? He is a relative of mine now, acquired by my Karma, and I feel sure in another birth we shall be of one kin.

How keenly, as one grows older, the idea enforces itself on the heart that all the events and experiences of this life are but *Maya*! How clearly one sees that all the light of this world is but a false radiance, and that all its seeming realities are the tricks and shows of illusion! Nothing *is*; everything passes, flits by, and vanishes.

From C. C. Massey to E. Maitland

"July 16 [1884].

"I had a note from Olcott this morning. He seemed greatly pleased with his visit to Mrs Kingsford. No doubt she will soon be 'the Goddess' with them again, as she was with Sinnett a year ago! As to their attitude towards yourself, perhaps you are right; but that, too, is a question of times and moods, and meanwhile your equanimity is not likely to be disturbed. And now that troubles are menacing on account of 'the old Lady,' other people's depravity will throw yours into the shade. I, who have been the spoilt child of the theosophical movement up to now, may be discovered to be a very wicked wretch, if not a Jesuit.¹ We all have to take our turns at this sort of thing in the 'Brotherhood.' . . . As to amalgamation of the Hermetic with the Christo-Philosophical Society, I think that is a measure to be kept in view, and more likely than anything else, if it can be brought about by *bringing them to us*, to extend our connection in a very promising quarter—I mean the advanced Christians who are seeking to reconcile their denomination and calling (in the case of many of the clergy) with a more interior reading of the faith. This section of the Church is at present

¹ This is an allusion to a charge made against us to account for our action in reference to the Theosophical Society. We were alleged to be "agents of the Jesuits" on the authority of occult knowledge!—E. M.

an unknown quantity, but I believe already a very considerable and an increasing one. It only needs a rallying-point, and if we could give them that, the Society would soon be a great power. Of course the Christo-Philosophical is only a nucleus, and it is languishing for want of definite direction. Find it that, and I believe there would be a great draught of fishes into the net, whichever name it had. A 'Speculative Church Reform Society' would be as good as any other, perhaps; but anyhow that is what the Hermetic Society has got to be, if it taps that spring at all. It struck me almost immediately after Mrs Kingsford announced her lectures on the Creed, which at first, I own, I did not at all like the idea of. It seemed too much like putting new wine into old bottles, and, in short, not quite the sort of thing 'Hermetists' would look for. But then it occurred to me that if she really can show to the progressive minds in the Church that the esoteric doctrine is signified by the historical form and embodied in the Creeds, and that this historical faith is not really Christianity, but just its vehicle, then that truth might be seized upon, and might unite hundreds of influential minds in its propaganda. I mean that the lead might thus be given to a movement of real importance in the Church, and one which might re-ally it to philosophy. . . . Our movement is one of many. If it meets *the* want, the public will find us. With many others I feel that there are mighty spiritual forces vibrating beneath the surface of thought at present, and they *must* rush to the right outlet. But my faith is not *yet* strong that our Society will be the one to introduce to the world its needed revelation. For we know what is to precede that. 'Lo, here; and lo, there.' However, be that as it may, I recognise in you two a power, and I should like to see the most made of it."

In a subsequent letter to me he wrote:—

"I must tell you how much I like your last letter in *Light*. It would be impossible to express the true issue more clearly and tersely than in your sentence, 'The controversy turns upon the method and intention of Scripture, and how far religion is addressed to the senses or to the soul.' And the same remark applies to the earlier part of the letter equally well. I was really quite grateful to you for that statement, *à propos* to which there is a suggestion perhaps worth considering. It is said of Jesus, 'And except in parable spake He not unto them.' Is not this a hint, as it were, to us that this is the method of Scripture itself? Would there not be an inconsistency in the world being treated with more unreserve than the disciples themselves?"

The news of the formation of the Hermetic Society elicited the following gratulatory expressions from Baron Spedalieri:—

"Your promptness in acquainting me with the result of your *séance* has satisfied my most eager desire. Thanks with all my heart.

"I can well believe that the resolution to establish a new society with the auspicious title of 'Hermetic' is as great a satisfaction to you as to me. You will thus be delivered from an *entourage*, turbulent and disaffected, from which you must, sooner or later, have

parted. You will now be free to work to proclaim your glad tidings, *urbi et orbi ad majoram Dei gloriam. Sursum cordam.*

“ I thank Mrs Kingsford for having placed me in relation with Lady Caithness, who has honoured me with two charming letters. But I believe our correspondence will stop there. *The Perfect Way* and your correspondence have made me exclusive and *intransigent*. I can truly say with Caliph Omar, that if others write what is not in your books, I do not care for it; if it is there, their writing is superfluous. I turn away, then, from the praisers of the Mahatmas, ‘ possessors of great secret truths,’ of Swedenborg, of Boehme, and from the writer who complains in *Light* that you take no account of these authors. When, after long years of research and study, one has succeeded in finding that truth so much sought and longed for, it is distressing to see persons who ought by all means to rally exclusively to it wandering and dissipating themselves over strange doctrines. You have opened my interior sense. The light has shone forth and illumined it. I can now say, *Hic est requies mea*, and sing *Nunc dimitte Domine*. Why, then, should I seek elsewhere? ”

The objects of the Hermetic Society were set forth in its prospectus¹ as follows :—

“ The designation of this Society was chosen in conformity with that ancient and universal usage of the Western world, which, regarding HERMES as the supreme initiator into the Sacred Mysteries of existence, has identified his name with the knowledge of things spiritual and occult.

“ Its objects are at once scientific, intellectual, moral, and religious.

“ Its chief aim is to promote the comparative study of the philosophical and religious systems of the East and of the West; especially of the Greek Mysteries and the Hermetic Gnosis, and its allied schools, the Kabalistic, Pythagorean, Platonic, and Alexandrian,—these being inclusive of Christianity,—with a view to the elucidation of their original esoteric and real doctrine, and the adaptation of its expression to modern requirements.

“ The knowledges acquired will be applied, first, to the interpretation and harmonisation of the various existing systems of thought and faith, and the provision thereby of an *Eirenicon* among all Churches and communions; and, secondly, to the promotion of personal psychic and spiritual development.

“ To these ends the Society encourages and undertakes the publication of ancient and modern Hermetic literature, and invites its Fellows to further its efforts on this behalf by subscribing for the Works issued, by actively co-operating in the general purposes of the Society, and by contributing to the promotion of its special objects.

“ In carrying out these designs, the Society accords to its Fellows full freedom of opinion, expression, and action; and in regard to doctrinal questions, recognises reason and experience alone as affording legitimate ground for conclusion.”

¹ *I.e.* the revised prospectus. For the prospectus as originally issued, see *Light*, 1884, p. 186.

The meetings for this session were held at the residence of Captain Francis Lloyd, Grenadier Guards, 43 Rutland Gate, the first being on Friday, May 9. And in token of the foundation of the Society having taken place on St George's Eve, the President made the legend of St George and the Dragon the basis of an exposition of Hermetic doctrine, in the course of which she showed that it was one of many allegories of identical import. For, as the Dragon of the sacred myths of old was always Materiality, and the Princess exposed to it was the Soul, so the Knight who rescues and finally carries her off in triumph as his bride to heaven is always, directly or by delegation, Hermes, the angel of the understanding of divine things, by whose aid alone the soul is enabled to surmount the sense-nature and man realises his Divine potentialities. Applying this to the present age, she said :—

“ In the revival of the Hermetic philosophy now taking place may be seen at once the token and the agent of the world's deliverance. For it means the supersession of a period of obscurity by one of illumination, such that men can once more rise from the appreciation of the Form to that of the Substance, of the Letter to that of the Spirit, and thus discern the meaning of the Divine Word, whether written or enacted. Such recognition of the ideal as the real signifies the reconstruction of religion upon a scientific basis, and of science upon a religious basis. So long as religion builds upon the mere facts and phenomena of history, she builds upon a sandbank, on which the advancing tide of scientific criticism is ever encroaching, and which must sooner or later be swept away with all that is founded upon it. But when she learns the secret of Hermetic, that is, Esoteric interpretation, then, and then only, does she build upon a rock, which shall never be shaken. Such is the import of the term ' Peter,' which, as one with Hermes, properly denotes not only rock, but interpreter.”¹

My contribution on the occasion was a sketch of the history and character of the Hermetic philosophy, which was followed by a discussion, the chief feature of which was an account given by Colonel Olcott of the origin and aims of the Theosophical Society, and of the derivation of its teaching from the sages of the East, whose methods and doctrines, he said, were purely Hermetic—a definition which we recognised as altogether excluding Mr Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*.

¹ For Anna Kingsford's exposition of the legend of St George and the Dragon, see the story of St George the Chevalier in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* (Third Edition), p. 288.

At the second meeting [on May 19], I read a paper on Revelation as the Supreme Common Sense, meaning that the consensus or agreement which it represents is that, not of all men merely, but of all parts of man ; of mind, soul, and spirit ; of intellect and intuition, combined in a pure spirit and unfolded to the utmost. There is no contradiction between Reason and Revelation, provided only it be the whole Reason and not the mutilated faculty which ordinarily passes for such, for that represents the intellect without the intuition. And it is precisely the loss or corruption of this last which constitutes the Fall, the Intuition, as the feminine mode of the mind and representing the soul, being mystically called "the woman."

At the third meeting, which was on June 12, Mary gave the first of her promised course of papers on the Credo of Christendom (the Apostles' Creed), and in the course of the session she gave five further lectures on the same subject, dealing with it clause by clause.

In her first lecture, dealing with the first clause,—“ I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth,”—after affirming the universality and antiquity of really Catholic doctrine, and its identity with that of the sacred mysteries of all countries from the beginning, she showed the fallacy involved in the conventional anthropomorphic conception of Deity, and the necessity to a rational system of thought of a substratum to the universe which is at once intelligent and personal, though in a sense differing from that which is ordinarily implied by the term ; the Divine personality being that, not of outward form, but of essential consciousness ; and creation, which is manifestation, being due, not to action from without, but to the perpetual Divine presence and operation from within : “ God the Father ” being, in the esoteric and true sense, the original, undifferentiated Life and Substance of the universe, but not limited by the universe, and Himself the potentiality of all things.

The subject of her second lecture, which was given at the fourth meeting on June 19, was the second clause of the Creed : “ And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord ; who is conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.” Concerning this clause, she said that in insisting upon the esoteric signification as alone true and of value, we are but reverting to the ancient and original usage. It is the acceptance of the Creed

in its exoteric and historical sense which is really modern. For all sacred mysteries were originally regarded as spiritual, and only when they passed from the hands of properly instructed initiates into those of the ignorant and vulgar, did they become materialised and degraded to their present level. The esoteric truth of this article of the Creed can be understood only through a previous knowledge, first, of the constitution of man, and next, of the meaning of the terms employed in the formulation of religious doctrine. This doctrine represents perfect knowledge of human nature, and the terms in which it is expressed—"Adam," "Eve," "Christ," and "Mary" and the rest—denote the various spiritual elements constituting the individual, the states through which he passes, and the goal he finally attains in the course of his spiritual evolution. For, as St Paul says, "these things are an allegory"; and in order to understand them it is necessary to know the facts to which they refer. Knowing these, we have no difficulty in recognising the origin of such portraiture and in applying it to oneself. Thus "Adam" is man external and mundane merely, yet in due time developing the consciousness of "Eve" or the Soul—for the soul is always the "Woman"—and becoming a dual being consisting of matter and spirit. As "Eve," the Soul falls under the power of this "Adam," and becoming impure through subjection to matter, brings forth Cain, who, as representing the lower nature, is said to cultivate the fruits of the ground. But as "Mary," the Soul regains her purity, being said to be virgin as regards matter, and polarising to God, becomes mother of the Christ or Man regenerate, who alone is the begotten Son of God and Saviour of the man in whom he is engendered. Wherefore Christ is both process and the result of process. Being thus, he is not "*the* Lord," but "*our* Lord." *The* Lord is Adonai, the Word, subsisting eternally in the heavens; and Christ is his counterpart in man. And no Christ on earth is possible for him for whom there is no Adonai in the heavens.

The entire spiritual history of man is thus comprised in the Church's two dogmas, the Immaculate Conception and the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. For they have no physical reference, but denote precisely that triumph and apotheosis of the soul, that glorification and perpetuation of the individual human ego, which is the object and result of cosmic evolution,

and consummation of the scheme of creation. As may be supposed, this paper was followed by a conversation of unusual interest, in which a large number of Fellows and visitors joined, the chief point of discussion being the extent to which the Gospel narratives represent an actual personal history, and the value attaching to such history if real.

The following and fifth meeting, on June 26, was devoted to a paper of mine on "Mystics and Materialists," in which I showed how dense was the ignorance and prejudice of the treatment accorded by the materialistic school to Mystics and Mysticism, and described the issue between the two parties as of the most tremendous import, being nothing less than the nature of existence, the constitution and destiny of man, the being of God and the spiritual world, the possibility of revelation, and the validity of the religious sentiment. Respecting all these, I said, the mystics claimed to have affirmative experiences of a kind absolutely satisfactory, they themselves being, by reason of their character and eminence, entitled to full credence. For the order to which they belonged comprised the highest types of humanity, and in fact all those sages, saints, seers, prophets, and Christs, through whose redeeming influence humanity has been preserved from the abyss of utter negation in respect of all that makes and ennobles humanity, and these have uniformly declared that the passage from Materialism to Mysticism has been to them a passage, physically, from disease to health; intellectually, from infancy to manhood; morally, from anarchy to order; and spiritually, from darkness to light and from death to life—even life everlasting. And none who had made that passage had ever been known to wish to retrieve his steps. And as it was through the loss of the intuition that the world has sunk into the materialism now prevailing, so it will be through the restoration of the intuition, now taking place, that the world will be rescued and redeemed.

The remaining lectures, with one exception, were all given by Mary, and that one, the sixth, was given by Mr Arthur Lillie, the subject being Indian Yoga.¹ Careful abstracts of our own

¹ The following are the dates and subjects of Anna Kingsford's six Lectures on the Credo of Christendom:—

June 12, 1884 (Third meeting). First Lecture, on the clause "I believe in God," etc.

lectures, made by myself, were published in *Light*; and among the recognitions received from persons who read them there was the following from one whom we regarded as far and away the most advanced of them all in mystic and spiritual knowledge—Baron Spedalieri, who wrote to us as follows respecting Mary's interpretations of the Creed:—

“ MARSEILLES, August 21, 1884.

“ DEAR AND HONOURED MADAME,—DEAR SIR AND FRIEND,—Eliphas Levi was right when he told me that humanity needed not a new Revelation, but rather an explanation of that which it already has. This explanation would, he said, be given in the ‘latter times,’ and would constitute what he called the ‘Messianisme.’ The illuminated Guillaume Postel predicted likewise that the ‘latter days’ would be distinguished by the comprehension of the Kabala, and of the occult books of the Hebrews.

“ You—the New Messiah—you are now accomplishing this double mission, and you are doing it in a manner veritably *miraculous*. For I cannot otherwise explain to myself how you have been able to acquire an erudition so exalted and a knowledge so deep that before it all human intelligence is dazzled. No initiation in any anterior state of existence suffices to explain this wonder. Moreover, the doctrines you expound relate to facts posterior to the ancient mysteries, and were therefore unknown to the initiates of remote ages.

“ Nothing was ever known or written by any of the Christian Mystics, whether St Martin, Boehme, Swedenborg, or any other theosophists, comparable to your writings. Eliphas Levi himself would be astonished at your teaching, so logical, so reasonable, so consistent throughout, and so convincing; before which the mind can but incline and adore, and which have made and will make my only strength in the presence of death.

“ But this mission imposes on you a great duty. Time presses; the harvest of the earth is ripe. Why do you wait? Why confine yourselves to communicating to a small group of auditors that which ought to regenerate humanity: Why not at once publish these chapters on the *Credo*, and later the rest of your Hermetic expositions of the teachings of the Church? For then indeed the Church herself will for the first time learn with surprise how great a treasure lies buried under the materialism of her doctrines.

“ Prepared as I was by the study of *The Perfect Way*, your two

June 19, 1884 (Fourth meeting). Second Lecture, on the clause “And in Jesus Christ,” etc.

July 10, 1884 (Seventh meeting). Third Lecture, on the clause “Suffered under Pontius Pilate,” etc.

July 17, 1884 (Eighth meeting). Fourth Lecture, on the clause “I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church.”

July 24, 1884 (Ninth meeting). Fifth Lecture, further on the same clause.

July 31, 1884 (Tenth meeting). Sixth Lecture, further on the same clause.—S. H. H.

first lectures did not surpass my learning. But the rest have been for me a dazzling revelation. They have opened to me new and unexpected horizons: the splendour of the Kabala has been surpassed. I have thoroughly studied the *résumés* in *Light* in order to grasp the depth and breadth, and shall I say the originality? of your commentaries. Your explanations of the Seal of Solomon are new to me; but their profundity and truth have ravished my mind. I cried aloud as I read, 'How beautiful that is! How all the truth is there! Ah, my God, when will all this be published?'

"At last I have found the explanation of the planetary system of *Esoteric Buddhism*. But what a difference between the two! How simple is the truth, and how the reason is satisfied by it! Beautiful and accurate also is the distinction you draw between Mysticism and Occultism, whereby the superiority of the former is readily perceived.

"Dear and honoured friends, how can I speak of the great literary talent you have exhibited in the treatment of those most difficult subjects? You have placed them within the reach of every intelligence. You have handled them with admirable lucidity. All that I can say would be beneath the truth.

"With sentiments of the most profound and respectful attachment, I am your wholly devoted
SPEDALIERI."

Notwithstanding the arduous nature of our work in connection with the Hermetic Society, we had not neglected our crusade on behalf of our rudimentary brethren, the animals. In May we visited Exeter to take part in a public demonstration in the vegetarian cause, where Mary was the principal speaker; and in June we paid a hurried visit to Paris,¹ where she delivered an address in French, before the Society of which Victor Hugo was the president, in exposure of the pretences and methods of Pasteur, which was afterwards published in France. We stayed with Lady Caithness on this occasion, and Mons. V——, the president of the committee of the Society in question, called there upon Mary to obtain her consent to a certain change in its title and objects. It would have, he maintained, a far larger number of adherents if, instead of seeking to prohibit vivisection altogether, it sought only to prevent the abuse of the practice. This was a concession to the enemy to which she was absolutely opposed. The practice itself, she maintained, was an abuse, just like murder and robbery, and one might as well legislate against the abuse of these as against that of vivisection. To concede the principle was to abandon the cause. Vivisectors themselves might consistently join such a Society as that would

¹ See p. 193 *ante*.

be. Mons. V—— was a man of formidable proportions and aspect, and a notable controvertist. He had evidently no doubt of the result of his visit. The discussion took place in one of the suite of large reception-rooms for which the house is distinguished, being an old ambassadorial residence. I was present at the commencement, but withdrew to an adjoining room on perceiving there was to be a battle-royal, both sides being equally determined and positive; for I knew that nothing would be so likely to prevent a surrender on his part when he found himself worsted—as I was confident he would be both in argument and in resolution—as the presence of another man. To a woman alone he might yield, but not before one of his own sex. The contest raged loud and long, so that it seemed as if it would end only in the sheer exhaustion of one at least of the combatants, and the whole vast suite of apartments resounded with their voices as if each side were a host. After nearly two hours there was a lull and a hush. Then the door of the apartment opened in which I was sitting with our hostess, and the pair entered, showing palpable signs of heat and excitement, and on Mary's side a scarcely successful attempt to conceal a look of triumph. Then, addressing himself to our hostess, Mons. V—— said—

“Madame la Duchesse, pour la première fois de ma vie, je suis vaincu en debat. Madame votre belle compatriote m'a battu.”

The formation of the Hermetic Society was speedily followed by a letter from the President of the Paris *Société des Occultistes*, stating that they had been compelled to break off their relations with the Theosophical Society, and proposing a conjunction with ours. The appreciation expressed by the writer, Dr Fortin, greatly surprised us by its warmth, considering the greatness of the gulf which separates the mystical from the scientific so called. But we felt that it was better for each Society of the kind to retain its independence, and accordingly agreed simply to exchange results with each other.

We had been warned that our attitude towards the Theosophical Society and its Masters exposed us to personal danger from the occult powers possessed by them, and some of the more ardent of their partisans had already expressed their surprise at our immunity from their vengeance. Certain incidents which occurred during our sojourn in London this summer

seemed to lend confirmation to the idea, of which the following is one :—

Mary was roused from sleep one night by a sound of rustling among some manuscripts which were on a table at the foot of her bed, and on looking to see the cause, beheld a dwarf figure, which she recognised as that of an elemental of the order of the Gnomes, or earth-spirits ; for it was costumed as a labourer, and carried a long-handled shovel, their distinguishing symbol. It was turning over the manuscripts as if looking for some particular paper, and muttering to itself in French. She therefore accosted it in the same language, sharply demanding its business, and bidding it begone. Upon which the imp looked at her in great surprise, as if not expecting detection, and exclaiming in the same language that it had made a mistake, took its departure.

On the following night I was aroused from a sound sleep by hearing her exclaim in great distress, “Caro! Caro! I am dying!” Owing to the distance between our rooms—for they were on different storeys and staircases—I knew that her actual voice could not have reached me, call as loudly as she might. I took it, therefore, for an interior summons, obeying which I hastened to her door, and knocking at it, asked if she was in want of anything, as I fancied I heard her calling out. Whereupon she presently exclaimed, “Oh! I am so glad you have woke me ; I was just being suffocated by a terrible nightmare.”

She had been much exercised about the experience of the previous night, owing chiefly to the circumstance that the goblin spoke in French, this being quite a novel feature to her ; and she could not help connecting it in some way with a visit she had on that day paid to Madame Blavatsky, in which they had chiefly spoken French together. The visit itself had been marked by an incident which we had discussed with considerable interest, and which was in this wise.

On calling at the house where Madame Blavatsky was staying, she found her on the point of going out for a drive, and instead of entering the house, complied with a message asking her to get into the carriage and wait there. Presently Madame appeared, with one of her Indian *protégés*, one M——, and the three went for a drive together, Madame being very cordial, and cheerful even to jocularity. After a while she referred to

the criticism we had written on Mr Sinnett's book, *Esoteric Buddhism*, quoting a sentence which she ascribed to Mary, and asking how she could say such a thing. To which Mary replied that she had said nothing of the kind, but quite the opposite. Whereupon, in order to prove herself right, Madame asked M—— for the pamphlet, saying she was sure he had it about him. This M—— denied, but, on her persisting, searched his pockets for it, but without finding it. At this Madame seemed disappointed, but presently regained her cheerfulness, and showed herself full of vivacious humour, much to Mary's delight, as she had heard so much of that trait in her character, but had never yet witnessed any exhibition of it. In the course of the drive the "Old Lady" proposed that they have some refreshment, and the party accordingly repaired to a confectioner's, and called for some chocolate. While sitting there Madame again recurred to the pamphlet, reaffirming her accuracy, and insisted on M—— again searching his pockets for it, saying in a tone of command, "I must and will have it." This time, after a short search, he produced it; upon which Madame exclaimed triumphantly, "There! you see! the Masters——" To which Mary responded by saying quietly, "That is very nice; now I will show you"; and taking the book, she found the passage, which proved to be as she had declared. Madame at once frankly admitted her mistake, saying she was very glad to find she was wrong; and the rest of the time passed pleasantly all round.

On coming home and telling me the story, Mary said that, even if she had believed there was a miracle in the matter, she would not have shown any surprise, as that would have been to credit Madame with a monopoly of thaumaturgic power. What she wanted, however, to do was to find a middle course between a miracle—in which she did not for a moment believe—and a barefaced trick, deliberately contrived and rehearsed to impose upon her. The explanation to which we inclined was this twofold one. Madame had been prompted, partly by her irrepressible love of fun, and partly by her desire to put Mary to a test to ascertain whether she was really a sensible person, or belonged to the category of those whom Madame had been wont to call her "domestic imbeciles," "flapdoodles," and the like names. It was the way of the Adepts in occultism to test their neophytes, and Mary took this as an ordeal simi-

larly devised to try her, and believed that her behaviour on the occasion had greatly raised her in Madame Blavatsky's estimation. In this view I was glad to concur, but could not help remarking that it was a serious risk for the "Old Lady" to run, whether as regarded her own credit or that of her cause, as the generality of persons would be apt to take a view less favourable to her. But then prudence was notoriously not her strong point, and, in fact, was the very last quality with which either her friends or her enemies would credit her. For she was a veritable personification of impulsiveness.

Knowing, too, as we did know, that for several years prior to the formation of the Theosophical Society she had followed the vocation of a professional spirit-medium, and knowing also the class of entity with which such persons are apt to be in relation, and the liability of sensitives to yield to sudden suggestions from such source, we were disposed to regard her peculiarities as representing a survival from her former vocation, and as due, therefore, to what she herself called "the spooks of the séance-room," rather than to any deliberate design of her own to deceive.

Having been interviewed by Mr W. T. Stead, then editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mary wrote for that journal the following account of the Hermetic Society, which duly appeared, but under the misleading heading, "The Newest Thing in Religions":—

"The name of Hermes as the divine representative of the intellectual principle has ever in the Western world been associated with the study of spiritual and occult science, and with the knowledge of things hidden and removed from the reach of the superficial sense. Hence the very word 'hermetic' has, in common parlance, come to be applied to the enclosure and sealing up of objects which it is desired to preserve inviolate and incorrupt. The Hermetic Society, however, though, as its name implies, concerning itself mainly with the study of the secret science, is not a secret association. Its Fellows are bound by no pledges of silence, and use neither password nor sign. In a Society having a catholic object, and aiming at the inauguration of a school of thought which, though old in the history of the world, is new in that of our race and time, it is considered that a policy of exclusiveness would be anachronistic and out of place. Moreover, the origin and character of the Society are not of a nature to render secrecy either necessary or desirable. Composed as it is, not of initiates, but of students, and numbering in its ranks sound scholars and competent thinkers more or less intolerant of ecclesiastical methods and control, the

task which the Society has set itself is one for which it seeks and invites co-operation on the part of all able contributors to the thought of our day. This task involves the investigation of the nature and constitution of man, with a view to the formulation of a system of thought and rule of life which will enable the individual to develop to the utmost his higher potentialities, intellectual and spiritual. The Society represents a reaction that has long been observable, though hitherto discouraged and hindered from public expression by still dominant influences. Reaction is not necessarily, nor indeed usually, retrogressive. It bears on its wave the best acquisitions of time and culture, and often represents the deeper current of essential progress. The tendency of the age to restrict the researches of the human mind to a range of study merely material and sensible is directly inimical to the method of Nature, and must, therefore, prove abortive. For it represents an attempt to limit the scope and the possibilities of evolution, and thus to hinder the normal development of those higher modes of consciousness which mark certain advanced types of mankind. Reason is not less the test of truth to the mystic than to the materialist; but the mode of it to which the former appeals is on a higher level, transcending the operation of the outer and ordinary senses. 'Revelation' thus becomes conceivable. Only to thought which is absolutely free is the manifestation of truth possible; and to be thus free, thought must be exercised in all directions, not outward only to the phenomenal, but inward to the real also, from the expression of idea in formal matter to the informing idea itself. Our age, failing to comprehend the mystic spirit, has hitherto associated it with attributes which really belong not to mysticism, but to the common apprehension of it—obscurity and uncertainty. The Hermetic Society desires to reveal mysticism to a world which knows it not; to define its propositions, and to categorise its doctrine. And this can only be done by minds trained in the philosophical method, because mysticism is a science, based on the essential reason of things—the most supremely rationalistic of all systems.

“ The programme by which the Hermetic Society intends to regulate and direct its labours is a rich one. It comprises the comparative study of all philosophical and religious systems, whether of the East or of the West, and especially of the 'Mysteries' of Egypt and Greece, and the allied schools of Kabalistic, Pythagorean, Platonic, and Alexandrian illumination. The researches of the Hermetists in the direction of Christian doctrine are specially interesting, on account not only of the importance of the subject, but of the novelty of the treatment accorded to it. In the papers on the 'Credo of Christendom' now in course of delivery, the President deals with the historical element of our national faith as its accident and vehicle only, the dramatic formulation of processes whose proper sphere of operation is the human mind and soul.

“ These observations will suffice to show that the Hermetic Society is not more friendly to the popular presentation of orthodox Church doctrine than to the fashionable agnosticism of the hour. It represents, indeed, a revolt against all conventional forms of belief, whether ecclesiastical or secular, and a conviction that the rehabili-

tation of religion on reasonable and scientific grounds is not only possible to the human mind, but is essential to human progress and development. This line of thought was first introduced to the public in a work entitled *The Perfect Way; or, the Finding of Christ*, with the production of which it is an open secret that the present President of the Hermetic Society had much to do. The book consists of a series of lectures, delivered to private audiences in London in the year 1881, and published in the following winter. The subject chiefly handled in these lectures is the Christian tradition; and the Roman Church, as the principal and completest exponent thereof, is connected with and referred to the Hermetic 'mysteries' of Egyptian and Hellenic origin; the method adopted by the neo-Platonic school in expounding these being applied, in *The Perfect Way*, to the Christian revelation, as their descendant and heir.

"Students of the 'solar myth' have again and again demonstrated the fact that the dogmas and central figures of Christianity are identical with those of all other religious systems, and are probably all traceable to a common astronomical origin; but it was reserved for the writers of the book in question to define the esoteric significance of the solar myth, and to point out the correspondence subsisting between the symbology of the various creeds founded on the terms of this universal myth, and the processes and principles concerned in the interior development of the individual human Ego.

"The appearance of this book, it is asserted by those who claim to know, awakened the interest of the Eastern 'Adepts,' whom the Theosophical Society venerates as its leaders and masters; and the writers were invited by the London representatives of that Society to join its English branch in an official capacity. The views and aims of the two parties proved, however, to be in some important respects divergent. The writers of *The Perfect Way* found that their labours, though not inconsistent with personal interest in the propaganda of which Mr Sinnett is the accredited exponent, could not be carried on within the same organisation. Their paramount idea lay in the direction of the revival of Christian mysticism, as the form of theosophy best adapted to the genius of the European mind. In this view many readers of their book concurred, and thus, while friendly to much in the objects of the Indian Theosophical fraternity, the Hermetic Society has its *raison d'être* in the distinctly Western proclivities of its promoters. It has a mystic rather than an 'occult' character; it depends for guidance upon no 'Mahatmas,' and can boast no worker of wonders on the phenomenal plane. Its Fellows do not, as Hermetists, interest themselves in the study or culture of abnormal powers; they seek knowledges only, and these not so much on the physical as on the intellectual and spiritual level. Such knowledge must, they hold, be necessarily productive of good works. Hermetists are expected to be true knights of spiritual chivalry, identifying themselves with movements in the direction of justice and mercy, whether toward man or beast, and doing their utmost, individually and collectively, to further the recognition of the Love-principle as that involving the highest and worthiest motive and method of human action."

THE HERMETIC SOCIETY

“ *To the Editor of the ‘ Pall Mall Gazette.’* ”

“ SIR,—Pray allow me to remove the erroneous and unfavourable impression likely to be produced by your heading of the article on this Society in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of to-day. So far from being ‘ the newest thing in religions,’ or even claiming to be a religion at all, that at which the Society aims is the recovery of what is really the *oldest* thing in Religion—so old as to have become forgotten and lost—namely, its esoteric and spiritual, and therefore its true, signification. I had hoped that this had been made sufficiently clear in the article to prevent any misconception on the point. Thanking you for the publication of the article, and requesting the insertion of this important rectification, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“ THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.”

“ GARMISCH (BAVARIA), August 7, 1884.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you much for the two *Pall Malls* and the prospectus of your new ‘ Hermetic Society,’ which were forwarded to me hither after some delay. The disorder consequent upon the removal of my furniture to a magazine made it well-nigh impossible for me to give due attention to such subjects as were touched upon in your last communication of May 22, and even in these mountain retreats, which are just now filled with a restless crowd of excursionists and pleasure-seekers, I have had some difficulty in tuning my mind for theosophic harmonies. How little repose there is in this Western world of ours, and what a world of toil and drudgery it must be to induce such holiday excitement !

“ I was greatly and agreeably surprised to hear of the constitution of the new Society. I had received the Statutes of the London Lodge, and later the *Statuts de la Société Theosophique*, but of the actual secession of some of the London brethren, and of the foundation of a new and *independent* Society, I knew nothing ; and now that I have carefully read its prospectus, and the admirable commentary contained in your *Pall Mall* article, I cannot but congratulate you on this step. Your article is a masterpiece of persuasiveness, and so irresistibly plausible that my former objections to such forms of mental co-operation have grown weaker, and may at any moment be waived together.

“ It was a bold but salutary thing to proclaim the scientific dignity of Mysticism, and to vindicate the claims of Christian mysticism in particular. And what you say about the knighthood of spiritual chivalry completes your programme most satisfactorily by bringing, explicitly or implicitly, every one of our great moral agitations within its range.

“ If the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls this ‘ the newest thing in religions,’ he only proves what we all know but are apt to forget, that newspapers are at best but advertising agencies and sensation-mongers. Fortunately, this *nouveauté* did not come from Paris.

“ You would greatly oblige me by telling me, at your leisure and convenience, a little more about the status and the prospects of

your new Society, and by letting me know the conditions of membership.

“ You are right in what you say about the variety of ‘ planes ’ on which a new spiritual fermentation is observable (from the Buddhistic revival and apparition of the Mahdi down to the Salvation Army), and from the Hermetic point of view this must be considered as effects of ‘ illumination,’ or *influxus divinus*, while ordinary rationalists would ascribe it to *evolution from below*, helped on and accelerated by the multiplication of the channels and means of human intercourse. But, then, what is ‘ evolution,’ what is all so-called spontaneity (whether of generation, or of thought, or of will), without some divine subsoil, or some hidden spiritual *vis a tergo*, which is but the *alter ego* of the Spirit above reflected and refracted in the spray of matter ?

“ I find among my papers a little note which I beg leave to transcribe here, although it is out of date. It runs thus :—‘ I said in my last letter to Mr Maitland that the individual cannot pre-exist either in the sperma or in the ovulum. I might have said, more accurately, one part of the individual, namely, the four first principles, being dependent for their aggregation on natural or intentional selection, cannot collectively pre-exist, but *manas*, *buddhi*, and *atma* may be supposed to pre-exist somewhere as to wait for the formation (from below) of a suitable substratum.’—Yours sincerely, E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

From the numerous letters from strangers which reached us from various distant regions, I select the following, which was written in reply to a brief communication supplying some desired information respecting our work. The writing is a model of clearness, the Hebrew and Greek characters being written in the most scholarly style, the former as if by a student in a Jewish school. It was expressly declared to be for ourselves alone, and I therefore withhold the name. The writer, however, has since become distinguished as the author of some very valuable contributions to theosophical literature :—

“ MINNESOTA, U.S.A., August 27, 1884.

“ ‘ Αἰτεῖτε, καὶ δοθήσεται ὑμῖν ; ζῆτεῖτε, καὶ εὕρησεται κρούετε, καὶ ἀνοιγήσεται ὑμῖν.’ ”

“ DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 10th inst. and the pamphlet have been received. I am very thankful for them. What you tell me about Dr Kingsford does not surprise me. The language and teachings of *The Perfect Way*, compared with her language and teachings in the *Theosophist* and *Light*, point to her. I wrote ‘ Sirs ’ as a mere matter of formality ; for, while reading the book, I said that a Catholic, and I felt that a woman, had co-operated in its production. As it is, all honour to her and to her fellow-worker. I procured *The Perfect Way*, read it three times, underscored all strikingly interesting statements, and circulated it among a few prudent friends, men and women. All have admitted it is full of

love and light, and each is about to procure a copy. My copy has been sent to Pennsylvania. The woman-friend to whom I sent it writes me that she is 're-reading' it. Truly it bears 're-reading.'

"I thank you for offering to answer questions I may put. But before I ask any question, that I may be understood, let me depart from my usual habit and say a few words about myself.

"I am a Swede; *to-day* thirty-five years of age; unmarried; physician by profession; have been in America about twelve years. I was brought up in the Swedish (Lutheran) State Church. My mother was a pious woman, and sought to inculcate what she supposed to be the truths of eternal life, especially by example. Her influence was powerful for good. But there were other and more powerful influences at work to counteract her—Strauss, Renan, Flammarion, Theodore Parker, Boehme, and a host of others, foreign and native, good and evil. Each had his season of influence. Relatives and companions had theirs. Behold a poor boy in his teens, seeking, but not finding, mental and moral rest, wandering alone in wood and field, sighing for spirituality, spending his nights in reading *pro* and *con* immortality, crying with St Paul, '*Miser ego homo; quis me eripiet ex isto corpore mortis.*'

"Since I came to America I have continued my search and struggle. For ten years I have studied the entire theology of Swedenborg. His teachings have made a profound impression upon me. But the 'New Church' that his followers have established. Alas! 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' (תכל חבליים חכל חכל;) 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation.'

"I read *Ghostland*. I am indebted to the author of it. It led me to read *Isis Unveiled*, *The Occult World*, the *Theosophist*, and *Esoteric Buddhism*. The last led me to read *The Perfect Way*. While reading it I thought at times that it had been inspired by some 'Mahatma'—a thought not repugnant to me. But the thought that 'departed spirits' might have had something to do with it did not enter my mind, because the productions of 'departed spirits'—as many of these as I have met with—consist either of pathetic nonsense or downright imposture, neither of which is visible in *The Perfect Way*.

"I confess frankly that I am disappointed to learn that a brotherhood of the kind I referred to in my letter does not exist.¹ I would give much if I could find a brotherhood that could show a Christhood. And I would give more if I could get the spiritual help the 'Chelas' get, that the author of *Ghostland* got in India; and that is gotten in the *adyta* of some of the temples of the East.

"I am looking for a sign of the Son of Man. Where, my good Sir, shall I find it? In books? in Thibet? in my heart? 'In the latter,' you would say. I understand you. But, consider, I am not, like Dr Kingsford, and perhaps yourself, born into such a psychological state that I can elevate myself beyond the matters of the senses and learn the secrets of the 'Woman.' Alas, no! Of what profit is my book-knowledge, my abstinence from unclean food, and

¹ This was the community described by me in *The Perfect Way*, Lecture VII., pars. 40-49, on the strength, as it seemed to me, of interior recollection.—E. M. (See p. 65 *ante*.)

my other possible virtues? Will these alone open the *adytum* of my being, restore the memory of the forgotten past? Again, alas, no! Then in what respect am I better off than the ignoramus, the cannibal, and the libertine? 'A melancholist,' you would say, 'seeking signs.' Sir, I have not practised table-tipping, slate-writing, and tambourine-playing, in dark or lighted chambers. And I do not intend. But I feel daily the force of Goethe's words, '*Ernst ist das Leben.*' And I am looking for the Christ. Do you blame me?

"I have now not any direct question to put. You will readily perceive this whole letter is a question. For your letter I thank you again. I give you hereby my word of honour not to misuse any information you have given, or may give, in the future.

"Please tell Dr Kingsford that she has attentive and appreciative readers in this distant land, who will not knowingly trample the 'Woman' under foot; who will, if possible, 'restore the Queen.'

"Are your works, *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* and the *Keys of the Creeds*, of an Hermetic nature? By the by, the discussion now going on in *Light* between the Spiritists and the Theosophists is very painful to me—Respectfully yours,
——"

CHAPTER XXIX

LETTERS AND ILLUMINATIONS

THE season over, and with it our work in London for this summer, we betook ourselves to Atcham. Here we resumed our life of study, relieving it by occasional visits to a notable member of the Hermetic Society with whom we had recently become intimate. This was the late Walter Moseley, of Buildwas Park, who was both an advanced student of occult science and owner of an admirable library of old and rare books on that subject, which he placed at our service. They proved to be the means of opening to Mary fresh veins of buried knowledges, by serving to recall her recollections of the remote past, and thus to obtain results far transcending those contained in the books themselves.

Meanwhile I was engaged on an exposition of Genesis i., working out the fourfold meaning assigned to it in the key we had received,¹ and referring each "day" of the creative week to its proper presiding divinity, as indicated alike by the order of the "Seven Spirits of God" enumerated by Isaiah, the seven great Gods of the Greeks, the planets, and the colours of the prism, and the character of the work of each day. All these accorded with each other, save that in Genesis the order of the third and fourth days is inverted, with the result of making the earth the third and Venus the fourth of the planets, counting the sun as the first, and also of making vegetation precede the sun, an arrangement which had been a fruitful source of triumph to unbelievers. The manner in which this crux was at length solved for us was as follows:—

I had been discussing it one evening with Mary, but only to find that, while she recognised the difficulty, she did not discern the solution. On the following morning, however, while pon-

¹ Illumination "Concerning Holy Writ," received by Anna Kingsford on October 19, 1878. (See Vol. I. pp. 282-283.)—S. H. H.

dering it alone in my room, a light was flashed on me which gave a clue to the enigma, but, to my great disappointment, was withdrawn before I had fixed and elaborated it. Finding myself unable to proceed, I went to her study to see whether I could recover the idea by conversing with her about it. On my entering the room she signed to me to sit down and be silent until she had finished what she was writing. I knew what that meant, and I saw that she had put aside the work on which she had been engaged in order to write down something that had just been given her. When she had finished she read to me the following reasons why Venus, who is called by Isaiah "the Spirit of Counsel," is mistress of the Fourth Day instead of the Third; and why Dionysos—the Spirit of Power—(who represents the Earth) is placed before her in Genesis, although her planet is next to that of Hermes (Mercury), the Spirit of Understanding, and inside the earth's orbit:—

(1) She is the representative of Love, and as such is the enlightener of the eyes and revealer of heaven to earth.

(2) Dionysos represents the centrifugal or outgoing force, which must needs be exercised before the centripetal or indrawing force.

(3) She is of the Soul, and although potentially and virtually first in order, she is not revealed until polarised by means of the body (to which the earth corresponds). So that, although Love be really before Power or Intellect (which is the *force* of the Mind), yet she wears a veil and is hidden until the Mind reveals her. Similarly Eve, or the Soul, is really before Adam (the personality and its intellect), but is not manifested until he is prepared to recognise her.

This was succeeded by the revelation of the Mysteries of the Kingdoms of the Seven Spheres, as given in *Clothed with the Sun*, II. xvii., setting forth the correspondence between the seven final clauses of the Creed and the Seven Spirits of God, and consequently the seven planets and their Gods.

When she had finished, I remarked, "But you did not know this last night." To which she replied, that it had come to her only a few minutes before I entered the room. By which it was clear to me that the illuminating ray, after being momentarily directed on me, had been diverted to her, and she had, as it were, intercepted it higher up, leaving me in the dark in order

that the full revelation of the mystery should come through her, as had so often happened before at the moment when my need for it culminated, in accordance with the design to "exalt the Woman" as the special representative of the soul and intuition.

Two days later she called me into her study to hear the most exquisite of all the hymns to the Gods, which she had received in sleep during the preceding night, the "Hymn of Aphrodite," throwing yet fuller light on the order of the third and fourth days of Genesis. Though given in *Clothed with the Sun*, I cannot forbear repeating it here in the connection in which it came:—

THE HYMN OF APHRODITE

(1)

1. I am the dawn, daughter of heaven and of the deep : the sea-mist covers my beauty with a veil of tremulous light.

2. I am Aphrodite, the sister of Phoibos, opener of heaven's gates, the beginning of wisdom, the herald of the perfect day.

3. Long had darkness covered the deep : the soul of all things slumbered : the valleys were filled with shadows : only the mountains and the stars held commune together.

4. There was no light on the ways of the earth : the rolling world moved outward on her axe : gloom and mystery shrouded the faces of the Gods.

5. Then from out the deep I arose, dispeller of night : the firmament of heaven kindled with joy beholding me.

6. The secrets of the waters were revealed : the eyes of Zeus looked down into the heart thereof.

7. Ruddy as wine were the depths : the raiment of earth was transfigured ; as one arising from the dead She arose, full of favour and grace.

(2)

8. Of God and the soul is love born : in the silence of twilight ; in the mystery of sleep.

9. In the fourth dimension of space ; in the womb of the heavenly principle ; in the heart of the man of God ;—there is love enshrined.

10. Yea, I am before all things : desire is born of me : I impel the springs of life inward unto God : by me the earth and heavens are drawn together.

11. But I am hidden until the time of the day's appearing : I lie beneath the waters of the sea, in the deeps of the soul : the bird of night seeth me not, the herds in the valleys, nor the wild goat in the cleft of the hill.

12. As the fishes of the sea am I covered : I am secret and veiled from sight as the children of the deep.

13. That which is occult hath the fish for a symbol ; for the fish is hidden in darkness and silence : he knoweth the secret places of the earth, and the springs of the hollow sea.

14. Even so love reacheth to the uttermost : so find I the secrets of all things ; having my beginning and my end in the Wisdom of God.

15. The Spirit of Counsel is begotten in the soul ; even as the fish in the bosom of the waters.

16. From the sanctuary of the deep love ariseth : salvation is of the sea.

(3)

17. I am the crown of manifold births and deaths : I am the interpreter of mysteries and the enlightener of souls.

18. In the elements of the body is love imprisoned : lying asleep in the caves of Iacchos ; in the crib of the oxen of Demeter.

19. But when the day-star of the soul ariseth over the earth, then is the epiphany of love.

20. Therefore until the labour of the third day be fulfilled, the light of love is unmanifest.

21. Then shall I unlock the gates of dawn ; and the glory of God shall ascend before the eyes of men.

(4)

22. The secret of the angel Anael ¹ is at the heart of the world : the " Song of God " is the sound of the stars in their courses.

23. O love, thou art the latent heat of the earth ; the strength of the wine ; the joy of the orchard and the cornfield : thou art the spirit of song and laughter, and of the desire of life.

24. By thee, O goddess, pure-eyed and golden, the sun and the moon are revealed : love is the counsellor of heaven.

25. Cloud and vapour melt before thee : thou unveilest to earth the rulers of the immeasurable skies.

26. Thou makest all things luminous : thou discoverest all deeps :

27. From the womb of the sea to the heights of heaven ; from the shadowy abyss to the throne of the Lord.

28. Thy beloved is as a ring-dove, wearing the ensign of the spirit, and knowing the secrets thereof.

29. Fly, fly, O Dove ; the time of spring cometh ; in the far east the dawn ariseth ; she hath a message for thee to bear from earth to heaven !

Being much struck by the resemblance of some of the verses to the following lines which Lucretius addresses to " Alma Venus," I procured his poem to show them to her :—

" Te, Dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum, tibi suavis dædala tellus
Submittit flores, tibi rident æquora ponti,
Placatumque nitet diffuso lumine cœlum." ²

¹ Anael signifies the Sweet Song of God.

² " From thee, O Goddess, from thee the winds and clouds of heaven flee, from thee and from thy approach ; to thee the variegated earth yields her sweet flowers, and the sky, appeased, shines with diffused light."

Incredible as it may seem, it is a fact that a clerical reviewer, referring to this and its companion hymn, "On the Communion of Souls," in one of the so-called religious newspapers, could find for them no better description than "languishing odes to Venus," and was not ashamed to append his name to the article.

Lady Caithness, who was in London, wrote to us October 31, [1884]:—

"Just a line to tell you that I had another wonderful séance yesterday afternoon with Mrs Spencer Cowper at Eglinton's, and brought away two slates covered with fine, beautiful writing, consisting of sixty closely written lines, signed *Marie*, with a cross. You may imagine my delight. All was above board, he holding both my hands with both his as we grasped the slate between us, so that both his were occupied.

"But what I want to tell you is, that Madame Blavatsky had a wonderful séance with him. It seems Mohini and Miss A. accompanied her. Madame B. told Eglinton that she did not believe in his spirits, but would do so if they could guess her thought and execute it. Presently she said, 'Oh, Mohini, it is going, going, gone!' and then, on unlocking the slates, her pearl ring was found between them, taken from her finger and placed there according to her mental desire! She asked if she would get out of her trouble, and the spirits told her she would not do so with clean hands, and wrote her a long lecture, not sparing her at all, telling her she was too ambitious, and had ruined herself and her cause, and saying she should have obeyed those who were wiser and better than herself. Did they mean the 'Mahatmas'? Eglinton told us that on the day before he had given a séance to Gladstone, who got writing in Greek and in Spanish, and expressed himself as much satisfied."

Lady Caithness came to spend a few days at the vicarage, after which we went to London to see her, when she insisted on our attending a séance for which she and Mrs Spencer Cowper had engaged some noted mediums.

To our dismay, it was a "dark séance," and the manifestations were entirely of a physical order. They certainly were remarkable, being inexplicable except on the spiritualistic hypothesis, consisting as they largely did in producing any objects mentally wished for by the audience. One of these greatly distressed and angered Mary. It was the warm and palpitating body of a dead sparrow, which the "spirits" claimed to have just caught outside, on the roof, one of the party having wished for a bird to be produced. It was our first and our last "dark séance."

We arranged a sitting with Eglinton, and in order to make it a crucial test, we drew up beforehand two papers of questions, the answers to which were to be written within the locked slates, without the questions having been seen by the medium. One of the papers was placed between the slates with the written side downwards, and the slates were then locked together and held by the medium and ourselves. Presently there was a sound as of rapid writing, the slates vibrating to the pressure, and evincing every sign of writing going on within them, such as the scratching and tapping of the pencil. In an incredibly short space of time the writing ceased, and on the slates being unlocked, the lower one was found covered with fine writing, giving the answers to the questions in the order in which they were written. The other paper remained in my possession, and was also unseen by the medium. Nevertheless the questions on it were similarly answered in the order in which they were written. Not that in every case the information asked for was given, but the answers indicated full knowledge of the questions. Thus, in reply to the question, "How do you perform these feats of writing?" the answer was, "You have no terms in your language in which we can explain the process of writing, but we will endeavour to frame an explanation against your coming again." To the question, "Why do you deny reincarnation?" (as we had heard they did to other sitters), the answer was, "We do not deny reincarnation; we say only that we do not know." To the question, "Who or what are you who perform these phenomena?" it was replied, "We are the disembodied spirits of human beings." Upon this I remarked to the medium that that did not necessarily or properly mean spirits of the dead, since they would be better described as disembodied human beings, but would apply to some spiritual force in living persons put forth in such a way as to be disembodied for the time. The medium admitted the truth of the remark, but refrained from expressing an opinion as to what the operating agencies really were.¹

¹ Anna Kingsford did not believe that the operating agencies were necessarily souls. Writing to *Light* of this sitting, she said:—"I asked the communicating spirits two crucial, but perfectly plain questions, to both of which they were unable to reply. Their answers showed perfect cognisance of the terms of the questions, but as perfect an inability to deal

One of the most notable products of Mary's faculty this autumn was the exquisite parable and scathing satire entitled "Beyond the Sunset," which is contained in *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, and was received by her in sleep, as also was its charming fellow-composition, "The Village of Seers," soon afterwards.

When in Paris she had one night dreamed these lines, but was unable to retain more :—

A jarring note, a chord amiss,
The music's sweeter after,
Like wrangling ended with a kiss,
Or tears with silver laughter.

Now, October 7, she dreamt this addition, but never was able to obtain the continuation :—

The high Gods have no joys like these,
So sweet in human story ;
No tempest rends their tranquil seas
Beyond the sunset glory.

The whirling wheels of Time and Fate.

Returning home, she resumed her meditations on the mysteries, aided by the books lent us by Mr Moseley. The following specimens [which were begun on October 19, 1884] are valuable, both for their suggestiveness and as indicating the pre-natal bent of her mind :—

with them. Yet they were questions which departed *souls* would certainly have solved. Not that I think it impossible souls should communicate through mediums. But it is, I believe, rare that they do so, and when they do, it is because they are, temporarily, in a sphere 'open' to the earth, and therefore not a sphere of a high order. I believe it is clear, even to demonstration, that the gates of the séance-room open upon a labyrinth of many levels and intricate windings, whence may issue such a medley of voices and shapes as fairly to confound any but a saint or an adept. There are elementals, rudimentaries, embryos, phantoms, souls in prison. We stand in the view and hail of purgatory with all its sevenfold spheres. And to me, and those who think with me, the chief value and praise of Spiritualism lies in this, that it has triumphantly demonstrated, and will continue to demonstrate, the fact that consciousness and intelligence are not necessarily and exclusively connected with a physical organism. The axiom of Materialism is, 'No brain, no mind.' The facts of Spiritualism demolish this axiom, and demonstrate the possibility of an everlasting life for the individual, long after the brain has become dust and ashes." (*Light*, 1884, p. 519.) The same number of *Light* also contains a letter from Edward Maitland on the subject of "disembodied spirits."—S. H. H.

“ It is not idly or without meaning that the Metals have become associated with the Planets and with their divine Patrons. Chemistry is, as its radical implies, truly the dark or secret art, *Chemia*, at once that which is black or hidden, and that which, being black or hidden, and therefore of the same nature, sees. Plutarch tells us that by the word ‘*Chemia*’ the seeing pupil of the eye is designated, and we know that the eye is the mystic organ.¹ Chemistry, therefore, is that art by which, rightly interpreted, we may discover hidden matters and read the planets and stars. It is in the science of Chemistry that the doctrine of Correspondences is first unfolded. From the researches of Chemistry, or Dark Art, we obtain the Philosopher’s Stone, so called because Chemistry deals with Minerals, whereof the Stone is the type. And the same art applied to organic life, yields us the Elixir Vitæ, so called because the study of this science deals with Juices and Essences. For all tissue in the organic world is but blood coagulate. In the mineral kingdom the metallic Radix first presents itself in the experimental process; and seeing that in Metals, as saith Geber, is less perfection than in animals, we can the more freely perfect them. For those things in which Life dominates over corporeal consistency are endued with greater and nobler perfection, namely, that which subsists according to Mind and Soul. In brief, the theory of the dark or secret art is the theory of Transmutation applied to all things; that is, that the key which opens one of Nature’s doors doth open all, and that by Transmutation of Terms every Riddle may be solved. Saith Arnold de Villanova in his *Speculum*: ‘There abides in Nature a certain pure Matter (Substance), which, being discovered and brought by Art to perfection, converts to itself proportionally all imperfect bodies that it touches.’ And Friar Bacon says: ‘Species are not transmuted, but their subject-matter rather. Therefore the first work is to reduce the body into water (that is, into “Mercury”), and this is called Solution, which is the Foundation of the whole art. Form is ephemeral and phenomenal. Subject-Matter is eternal and noumenal, and applies to all bodies alike.’

“ Thus, as in the mineral kingdom the Formal Light produces Gold, so in the vegetable kingdom it produces the Elixir of the Wise. And what is this Water, or Mercury, into which all things are reducible, but the heavenly Ether or Hera, Mistress of Gods and Men? This also is the Generator, or Protean Water, of all things, the which is symbolised by the silver-footed Thetis, mother of Achilles. For her spouse, Peleus, only won her as his bride by holding her fast in his embrace throughout her many transformations, by which she sought to elude and deceive him. But in all her manifold forms she remained the same, and he knew it, and was not deceived; nor did he relinquish his grasp of her. So he won her, and she bore to him the hero, Achilles, the conqueror of Troy.

“ Now, is not the whole tale of the Trojan War Alchemic? For it all arose out of that Apple of Discord flung upon the marriage-table of Peleus and Thetis. Peleus is the Seeker after Truth, the

¹ The reference here is to the instruction given us by ²Hermes (*Clothed with the Sun*, II. xii., Part 2): “The eye is the symbol of Brotherhood among you. Sight is the mystical sense.” (See Vol. I. p. 274.)

Philosopher or Lover of Wisdom in its Virgin Essentials ; and when at last he has discovered the Alchemic Secret, he begets by this knowledge the Force which is alone able to subvert the stronghold of Materialism. This war costs the hero his life, it is true, but not before he has slain Hector, the terror of the true doctrine ; and he dies because on one spot only he was vulnerable and mortal. His Heel was his Judas. Achilles is the typical Solar hero, whom the Sons of Darkness slay, and who rises again and mounts to heaven, regenerate.

“ All these Alchemic myths are but parables of the incessant strife between Materialism and Spiritualism. Of the same kind, too, is that which tells how Ixion desired to embrace the true Hera, or original Life, and instead was deluded by a cloud which he took for the Goddess. In like manner are the Materialists deluded who have deified Matter in the place of Spirit, and flatter themselves that they have penetrated to the inmost secret of things, taking an illusion or phantasm for the reality they cannot attain.

“ Now, the Alchemists say that the true and Archaic Water is divided into four parts, or hypostatic relations, called Elements. And in the ‘ Golden Treatise ’ of Hermes it is said that the third part of this Water is coagulate, but the rest are the Weights of the Wise—to wit, Mind and Soul. ‘ All the sciences of the world,’ he says, ‘ are comprehended in this hidden wisdom, and this and the learning of the art consists in these wonderful hidden elements. Our Stone is from many things and of various colours, and composed from four elements, which we ought to divide and dissever and segregate, preserving the Water (Substance) and the Fire dwelling therein (Spirit) which is from the four elements.’ And again : ‘ Know that the hen’s Egg is the greatest help with respect to the proximity and relationship of the Matter (Substance) with Nature ; for in it there is a spirituality and conjunction of elements, and an earth which is golden in its tincture.’ So this Alchemic Stone is therefore the Yolk of the Egg and the Sun of the System, and the Leaven in the midst of the three measures of meal. And how, after the reiterated statements of the Alchemists, shall any say that Man is not fourfold ?

“ But we find in the Alchemic process that the art of Transmutation is not without loss. There is a base residue which is not transmuted. For notwithstanding the Adepts say that metals and all things in the world derive their origin therefrom, yet in all there is some impurity, and therefore a certain weight is lost in transmuting them ; but in Gold there is none, but the Formal Light is wholly swallowed up in it without residue. For although all metals have their origin from thence, yet nothing is so friendly to it as Gold (the Soul) ; it is even like a mother to it, as saith Sendivogius. Out of it also Gold is itself produced.

“ The manner of treating metals for transmutation is by sublimation, or, as it is sometime called, fixation, operated over and over again. This Hermetic sublimation is said to change the matter by meliorating, urging on life to its primal state. (Here again is the fable of Thetis and Peleus.)

“ So there is a Somewhat, which is refuse and dross, and returns to the eighth sphere. Nine months is the child of the human race

carried in the womb before it comes to perfection. And, as 'Scipio's Dream' (Cicero) tells us, Man passes through nine spheres or cycles of evolution. He is quickened, or made living, in the sixth; in the seventh he is perfected and viable, and may be born alive; but nine is the number of the consummation. In the early months of gestation Man is not truly man, but only an embryo, in the likeness of a fish, a reptile, or a beast—his initial stages."

In December [1884] I accompanied Mary on a lecturing tour to Leeds, Hull, Birmingham, and Cheltenham, her subjects being as before vegetarianism and vivisection. She had everywhere the same success and recognition as on her previous tour, but also as then a vast amount of physical suffering.

Returning to Atcham, we finally resolved to terminate our connection with the Theosophical Society.¹ It was a resolution slowly and reluctantly formed, and only after taking much counsel with Mr Massey, who had himself retired from the Society in the previous summer. In our letter of resignation, which was dated Christmas Eve, 1884, we ignored our very strained personal relations with the leading members, and confined ourselves to the reasons put forth in the following letter to the Hon. Secretary:—

"Having decided upon resigning our membership in the London Lodge T.S., we have duly notified our intention to the Treasurer, and now communicate to you, for the information of the President, Council, and Fellows, the following statement of our reasons for the step we are taking.

"But first we will state what those reasons are not. They are in no sense or degree of a personal nature. Whether as regards the Founders of the T.S., the Members of the London Lodge, or ourselves, our decision has been uninfluenced by any considerations of that kind.

"Nor are they founded in any objections to the professed objects either of the Parent Society or of the London Lodge. On the contrary, we have always been, and still are, in full sympathy with those objects; and we recognise—with a writer in the *Madras Christian College Magazine* of September last—that 'something like what the Theosophical Society proposes with regard to the ancient religions and literature of India, is an absolute necessity at the present time,' and that 'there are great possibilities before the Society.'²

¹ By their letter of resignation, it will be seen that they terminated their connection not with the Theosophical Society, but with the London Lodge only. They never severed their connection with the Parent Society. (See p. 375 *post.*)—S. H. H.

² Anna Kingsford's views respecting the mission of the Theosophical Society were some years afterwards stated by Edward Maitland to have

“ It is therefore not to the professed objects of the Lodge that we take exception, but to its actual practice, which—in our view—constitutes a departure from those objects, amounting in no small degree to a renunciation of them, and involving an exhibition of intolerance out of harmony with them and with ourselves. For, instead of a sentiment of ‘universal brotherhood,’ we find that of exclusiveness; instead of an ‘unsectarian standpoint,’ we find a narrow sectarianism; instead of seeking to ‘demonstrate the substantial identity of various systems,’ we find one particular system alone heeded; instead of the ‘revival of research connected with occult science and esoteric philosophy,’ and the freedom of opinion and expression indispensable to such research—and distinctly permitted in the prospectus of the Society—we find implicit acceptance required both for persons and for teachings,—no adequate guarantees for either of which have been afforded,—and freedom of expression, whether within or without the Lodge, regarded as an offence; while incidents of the most perplexing character have been allowed seriously to impair the credit, and therein the usefulness, of the Society, without receiving satisfactory explanation, or eliciting a demand for such investigation and reform as would lead to the discovery and removal of the sources of deception.

“ Concerning the attitude taken by the Lodge in regard to the allegations last named, we would observe that to treat as indifferent—as is now being done—the question whether or not deceptions have been practised by individuals in a position to compromise the Society; and to fall back upon philosophy as the true object of the Society—is not a course open for adoption. It was upon the strength of certain exhibitions of alleged thaumaturgic powers, that the teaching called ‘Esoteric Buddhism’ was commended to and adopted by the Society, and by it introduced to the world. So that to admit the possibility of deception in regard to those exhibitions is to destroy the superstructure of philosophy founded upon them, and thus to deprive the Society of its reason for being.

“ It is with profound regret that we have found ourselves compelled to withdraw from the Lodge; but we feel that to retain our membership longer under existing circumstances would be to place ourselves in a false position and one from which no

been as follows:—He says: “ Engaged as she herself was in restoring to Christendom the system of Western Mysticism which underlay its religion, and by means of which alone that religion can be interpreted, she regarded the disclosure of the system of Oriental Mysticism—the task undertaken by the Theosophical Society—as an important adjunct to her own work, if only for the demonstration thereby afforded of the substantial identity of the two systems, and therein of the needs and perceptions of the human soul in all ages and places. And she further recognised the simultaneous but independent movements represented respectively by Madame Blavatsky and herself, but as two divisions of one great movement providentially ordained and having for its object the rescue of the world from the abyss of materialistic negation, and the promotion of the spiritual consciousness of the race to a level transcending any hitherto attained save by rare individuals.”—S H. H

satisfactory results could accrue either to the Lodge or to ourselves." ¹

The following letter accounts for the early part of the new year :—

ATCHAM, *February 17, 1885.*

" DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—I was—and so also was Mr M.—so glad to hear from you, though you wrote only so little news and

¹ The severance by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland of their connection with the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society was, at the time, a necessary step to enable them to vindicate their true position, and show the world that Mahatmas and occult phenomena were not necessary to "Theosophy." They desired to "redeem and resume that name, and save it from being identified with Buddhism, esoteric or exoteric." Their reasons for resigning their membership in the London Lodge were summarised by Edward Maitland as follows :—

" (1) The inversion [by the Theosophical Society Founders and others] of the true places of phenomena and philosophy involved in putting the former first and resting the philosophy on them, with the result of making the senses and not the understanding the criterion of truth. (2) The insistence [by the said Founders and others] on an implicit recognition of and deference to authority, and the investment with infallibility of the sources from which their teachings claimed derivation. And (3) the exclusive recognition [by the said Founders and others] of the Occultism of the East, to the rejection of the Mysticism of the West—with the restoration and interpretation of which we ourselves were chiefly occupied—instead of such a combination of the two branches of study as would enable them to throw light upon each other,—a combination upon which we considered ourselves bound to insist, inasmuch as it was in consequence of their recognition of our work, *The Perfect Way*, that the Chiefs of the Society in India had first sought us out and invited us to join the English Branch of it as its President and Vice-President, until which time we held no relations with the Society."

Edward Maitland says :—" When, later, she [Madame Blavatsky] came to know us personally and to respect us, she frankly admitted that we had been in the right in all our contentions, and our opponents in the wrong, even though she herself was one of the latter" (*The Unknown World*, 1895, vol. ii. p. 90 ; and see pp. 274-276, 296-297 *post*).

Some six years after their resignation from the London Lodge (namely, in 1890), Edward Maitland said :—" Not only did the friction engendered of these differences soon pass off, but the causes themselves of the differences underwent considerable modification. And I for one, at least, can look forward with unabated confidence to the time of which it was long ago predicted that 'many shall come from the East and the West, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven,' understanding by the former expression the mysteries of Brahma, Isis, and Iacchos, or Spirit, Soul, and Body—the mysteries at once of India, Egypt, Greece, and Syria, and through them of the true Christianity ; and by the latter expression, of a perfect system of thought and rule of life ; and when the movements represented by the terms Theosophic and Hermetic will be recognised as having been indispensable factors in achieving this blessed result."—S. H. H.

only on a post-card. I have copied out the work on which I was engaged ; that is, the whole of the *Astrology Theologised*, which I have registered for safety's sake, and return to you herewith with many thanks. I intend to make my preface to this book the occasion of setting forth, very briefly, the Hermetic doctrine. I have just been reading the new book of the Theosophical Society by the 'Two Chelas,' *Fragments of Forgotten Man*, and find it silly and shallow. The only suggestive thing in it is an echo of the American prophecy about 'Vril' as the coming force which is to supersede even electricity itself. An American is said to have discovered, or rather invented, an instrument which is a veritable rod of Moses ; for by means of it matter can be disintegrated, corpses consumed, and all manner of marvels accomplished !

" I have been so very, very busy lately with the translations of the Hermetic books for the Bath series of occult reprints, that I have not had time to get on with my novel, so that is at a standstill for the present. I think they will be a valuable addition to Hermetic literature. They will be preceded by essays written by ourselves. I am hoping to be able to get to London in the spring and take up the Hermetic Society again. I am sure that if only it could be energetically conducted it would have great success. But my health is that of an invalid, and my resources are very small, so that I do not quite see how things are to be managed. Enclosed is a letter which I wrote to Madame de S., after reading the last 'Scripture' of the Theosophical Society. But after writing it I concluded it would be best not to send it, because, although Madame de S. is well disposed towards us, she might show this letter to some of our opponents, and a disagreeable result might ensue. I don't want to enter into a controversy just now, being extremely busy and out of health ; so, rather than tear up the letter, I send it to you, thinking that it may be of service to you as a reference when you read the book in question. The extent of the work which lies before us seems so great and overwhelming that I despair when I think of it ; and, alas ! mankind care so little about it. The idea of a miracle or of an Adept is far more attractive to them than all the knowledge in the world. Write to me as soon as you can. It gives me always the greatest pleasure to hear from you, for you are the one friend with whom I can converse with entire confidence and affection."

To this I appended the following postscript :—

" Laurence Oliphant's book, *Sympneumata*—his Greek term for the 'Counterpartal Angels of his late master, T. L. Harris'—has come ; ponderous in style and astral in character."

I reviewed the book at length in *Light* of April 11th, 18th, and 25th, 1885, the education—doctrinal and experiential—we had received in things spiritual and occult having qualified us to pronounce positively upon it. And not upon it only, but upon all the manifold systems in the course of being poured out on the world as the result of the general opening of the

consciousness of men to the spheres of the unseen, in advance of the ability to discern between them. Every fresh experience served but to confirm the assurances received from our illuminators that the system given to us is an infallible touchstone whereby to test all others, having been delivered expressly in view of the delusions which would inevitably be foisted on the world from the lower spheres to which alone the generality have access.

Among the numerous gratifying and grateful recognitions sent me of this *exposé* was the following from Lady Caithness :—

“ PARIS, *April* 30 [1885].

“ I have this moment laid down the last number of *Light*, after reading your superb—your truly grand and magnificent—review of *Sympneumata*. Indeed, I can find no adequate words—no words noble enough to express all I feel about it! I think the principal feeling was one of gratitude, to think that you and Nina [her name for Mary], are in the world at the present difficult time through which it is passing. Each sentence is so brimful of truth and instruction. Thank you a thousand times for having written it. Whilst reading the last number this morning, an impression came to me that the reason you and dear, beautiful Nina are so harassed and tormented in all you undertake, is due to the malevolence of those very astrals whom you so well understand and are determined to expose. . . . I have been delighted to find what an impression her personal appearance and conversation made on many who saw her at my reception last year. So many, both men and women, who were at my recent party asked me if she were present or was expected, and spoke of her with the highest admiration in every way. And yet how little these admirers know what she really is ! ”

Another accomplished woman of the world, Lady Wilde, expressed herself no less forcibly respecting her “ presence,” saying that, “ no matter who was in the room, when Mrs Kingsford entered there seemed to be no one else there.”

The lady referred to in Mary’s letter [to Lady Caithness] had been one of the warmest appreciators of our work, but had to some extent fallen away from us under captivation by the idea of the Mahatmas. Returning soon afterwards, she asked us wonderingly how we had come to escape the glamour to which she and so many others had succumbed ; she had forgotten that the altitudes whence our teaching was derived far transcended those of the Himalayan abodes of the supposed Mahatmas, being no other than the peaks of the spiritual Olympus itself.

The two books referred to in Mary’s letter were eventually

published by Geo. Redway, under the titles of *The Virgin of the World*, and *Astrology Theologised*.¹

On May 15 [1885] Mary wrote to Lady Caithness from London, reporting progress as follows :—

“ If I had written to you as often lately as I have wished to write, you would have had by this time a score of letters. But I think Mr Maitland will have told you the best of the news. Our Hermetic meeting last Wednesday was attended by thirty-five people. As you know, we have taken the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society in Albemarle St. for our reunions. I am still much out of health and unfit for mental work, my head troubling me much. I fear we shall be unable to visit you in Paris this year, greatly as I should enjoy it. After leaving London I think I shall have to go home and remain there quietly till the ensuing spring, as I did last year, unless, indeed, I undertake some lectures in the autumn. I enclose you a form of petition sent me for signature by Mrs Burton, wife of the British Consul at Trieste. I have already obtained nearly seventy names to it, and I send a form to you, begging you to sign it, and to get all the friends you can to sign also. As you see, it is a petition to Pope Leo XIII., calling on him to instruct the Catholic Church on the subject of humanity to animals,—a long-neglected matter, which I understand his Holiness has promised to take up, if the Christian world shows itself anxious to receive the expression of his opinion. The editor of the *Tablet*—leading Catholic journal—has also warmly interested himself, and has a petition in course of signature at the office of his paper. So also the *Weekly Register*, another Catholic paper. And even Protestants are signing the petition in large numbers. Please ask your friends to do the same, whether Catholics or otherwise ; for the subject is one, not of theological dogma, but of broad humanity. Vivisection is not specifically mentioned, the basis of the request being as indefinite and general as possible. But I am sure you will agree with me that the expression of the Pontiff’s views in favour of the kind treatment of animals is enormously needed in Catholic countries.”

To Mrs Frederica Macdonald

“ 27 MONTPELIER SQUARE, May 18, 1885.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,—As some correspondence, however slight, has already passed between us, I do not feel that in addressing you I am guilty either of an indiscretion or of an impertinence. I have just read your article in the *Fortnightly* on ‘ Buddhism and Mock Buddhism,’ and I feel impelled to write and thank you for it. It expresses in strong, sweet English, and with clear terseness of phrase,

¹ *The Virgin of the World* (published in 1885) contains introductory essays on “ The Hermetic Books ” and “ The Hermetic System and the Significance of its Present Revival,” by Edward Maitland, and an Introduction by Anna Kingsford.

Astrology Theologised (published in 1886) contains a Prefatory Essay on “ The True Method of Interpreting Holy Scripture,” by Anna Kingsford.—S. H. H.

the exact contention which led me to renounce, first, the Presidency, and, secondly, membership in the camp of the London Theosophists. I am now unconnected with the 'Lodge,' whose leader is the author of *Esoteric Buddhism*; but, being deeply interested in religious science, I have gathered about me a small group of students, who, under the name of the 'Hermetic Society,' continue to meet at regular intervals for the discussion and consideration of transcendental doctrine. [I could wish there were some better word than this long and formidable one to express my meaning, but no better one presents itself, and rather than pause over a word, I pass on to express my idea.] You will see, from the enclosed card, that our plan is to ask some one of our number to read a paper on a subject—chosen by himself—every Wednesday. This reading is followed by a liberal discussion, in which the largest share is usually taken by the reader. We have no 'Mahatmas,' no miracles, no occultism; our lines are precisely those you indicate as the truest and highest method of religious research; our aim is to instruct and assist one another by facilitating thought. Each of us brings what he can to the common treasury; none of us pretends to 'initiation'—unless, indeed, that of the 'kingdom which is within'—nor do we profess 'chelaship,' or obedience to any external authority. As I read your article, it seems to me that the ideal you describe is that after which we also aspire. Is it asking too much of you to beg you to come to our place of meeting and judge for yourself whether I speak advisedly? So serious and scholarly a mind as yours, so trained and disciplined an intellect, would be a great gain to us. No doubt it is selfishness that moves me to write thus, but a selfishness in which the exterior Ego is not concerned;—a greed for diffusion of thought and increase of light, which surely you will understand and pardon. My office as President of our little group is chiefly that of a *hand* to gather into our barque all able mariners I may chance to come across. Such a mariner I recognise in you; and, like the phantom in Paul's vision, I ask you to 'come over and help us.'

"When you come [I prefer this 'when' to 'if'] make yourself known to me, for, of course, you are a stranger to me in face; although, I think, so much my intimate in thought and tone of mind. As I have mislaid your former letter, I trust this to the publishers of the *Fortnightly*, and am, very faithfully yours,

"ANNA KINGSFORD."

The programme of the second session of the Hermetic Society, which was held at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 22 Albemarle Street, was as follows:—

The President, on "The Hermetic Fragment, *Koré Kosmou*, the Virgin of the World."—April 27.

Mr Arthur Lillie, on "The Kabala and Buddhism."—May 6.

The President, on "The Method of the Mystics."—May 13.

Mr Maitland, on "The Revival of Mysticism."—May 20.

Mr C. C. Massey, on "Karma."—May 27.

Mr Maitland, on "The Symbology of the Old Testament."—
June 3.

Hon. Roden Noel, on "The Value of the Historical Element
in Christianity."—June 10.

Mr Maitland, on "The Intention and Method of the Gospels."
—June 17.

Mr C. C. Massey, on "Individuality."—June 24.

The President, on "The Communion of Saints."—July 1.

Mary's paper on "The Virgin of the World" was subsequently
published as the introduction to our edition of that and some
other of the Hermetic books.¹

The following letter was written by her in reply to some
strictures in *Light* respecting our position in regard to the
historical Jesus :—

"I do not think Mr Roden Noel and the 'leaders' of the Hermetic
Society are so much in disagreement as Dr Wyld seems to think.

"The 'leaders' of the Hermetic Society have never denied, nor
wished to deny, the historic Jesus. They have but pointed out that,
not the historic, but the spiritual Christ is the real essential of Chris-
tianity and subject of the Gospels.

"I have—speaking for myself—distinctly stated at recent meetings
of our Society that I should be grateful to anyone who could recon-
cile for me the difficulties and discrepancies abounding in the way
of belief in the historical Jesus. I should be glad to receive any
really logical and scholarly rectification and explanation of the many
serious and important misstatements and inconsistencies undoubtedly
existing in the Gospels. These difficulties do not concern mere
details, but the chief facts of the life itself. I do not doubt the
achievements of Napoleon, but then it is a matter of no moment to
the souls of the world to-day whether Napoleon achieved anything
or not. So neither I nor any other person interested in eternal
things cares to verify his history or his acts. As for the miracles,
they are no sort of difficulty to me. I am not in the position of the
non-Spiritualists. But does not Dr Wyld see that he proves too
much in proving the modern phenomena of Spiritualism to be iden-
tical with the 'mighty works' of Jesus? What, then, was Jesus no
more and no greater than the medium of to-day, but merely a better
medium!

"I have said that I should be glad to be able to think the Gospel
stories true, because so to think would bring me into closer union
and harmony with many friends whose sympathy is dear to me.
But, for myself, such a belief would add nothing to my faith in
Christ. For I am quite sure that there is, virtually, no such thing
as history. The things that are truly done, are not done on the
historical plane; nor has any fact in the history of the world ever
been truly chronicled. For no man can know any fact, and cannot,

¹ See p. 226, note, *ante*.

therefore, set it down. The knowledge one man has of any given fact is not the knowledge of another ; man is incompetent to know facts, for he has no possible means of knowing them. Only Omniscience can know facts.

“ But man can and does know his own spiritual experience, and this is, indeed, the only needful knowledge. Jesus Christ comes in the flesh when He is incarnate in man ; and this is the way in which He comes to all mystics—in which only He can come.

“ It does not matter to me, therefore, whether the Gospels are true or not on the merely outer plane. They are true, essentially ; and, for my soul, my true self, the historical and the physical *are not*. Nothing done on that outer plane can save my soul ; it must all be transmuted into spiritual terms and spiritual application before it can have any true saving value and grace.

“ As for the doctrine of rebirths, I do not want to enter into that question again, because already in these columns, in reply to Dr Wyld, I once undertook a disquisition of some length about it. There are no rebirths any more for the soul that has found Christ Jesus and is one with God. Unto which grace may we all be brought.

“ ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.”

Abstracts of our own lectures, made by myself, were printed in *Light* ; and an Hermetic Society was formed at Boston, U.S., for the express study of *The Perfect Way*. Among the earliest results of the introduction of that book to an American public was the following paragraph in a Boston paper :—

“ *The Perfect Way* is the title of a book which has excited great attention in London, and in Boston circles of modern scientific and theosophic discussion, and the name of the author has been sought in vain. Mrs Waters (Clara Erskine Clement), who has just returned from Europe, solves the mystery. The author of these remarkable lectures is Dr Anna Kingsford of London, a woman described as having the face and figure of a Greek goddess, so perfect is her beauty. She is of the golden-blond type, and her manner is one of exceptional dignity and grace. The Metaphysical Club of Boston were deeply interested in *The Perfect Way* last year. A remarkable book it is, whether one accepts its ideas or not. Dr Kingsford's theory of life, in brief outline, is that it is a series of reincarnations, by means of which the soul acquires its experiences ; that the deeds and aspirations of one life predetermine entirely the quality of the next incarnation.”

Meanwhile we had received the following letter from Dr Gryzanowsky :—

March 24, 1885.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—Having explained in a letter to Mrs Kingsford the reasons of my very long silence, and trusting that they will be communicated to you, I need not do more here, I believe, than repeat my cordial thanks to you for having joined Mrs Kingsford

in her kind inquiry, and to offer you my equally cordial, though belated, thanks for the valuable material you sent me last autumn, and for your highly interesting letter of September 16, to which, without any further preamble, I shall now reply.

“ I entirely agree with Baron Spedalieri in admiring your President’s Hermetic Lectures, and that I feel deeply interested in the aims and aspirations of the new Society you may take for granted. My natural disposition is, unfortunately—if I may use such a term—an atomistic one. The term suggests affinities, no doubt, but instinctively I shrink from all collective action. I have never been at heart a citizen ; and if I have become a member of many societies, it was not owing to the dangers of polemical warfare (when even *Francs-tireurs* may march in rank and file for a short time), but it was owing to my theoretical conviction that the usefulness of societies lies in the collection of money, and that these moneys enable militant authors to get that to which (in countries like Germany) neither a timid and time-serving press nor mercenary publishers will help them—a hearing.

“ In most of these cases the co-operation or collective action consists in little more than in the paying of one’s annual contribution, which prejudices nothing. But it is different with societies like yours, which I like to consider more like Lodges and Churches and holy orders. These one ought to join only after mature consideration ; and I may mention here what I had no occasion to mention in my letters to Mrs Kingsford, that the want of discrimination with which Colonel Olcott bestows the honours of Theosophic Fellowship on outsiders had somewhat surprised me. We ought—but I have no right to speak in the first person,—*you* ought to imitate in this respect either the consummate *finesse* of the Jesuits or the hierarchical filtration of Freemasonry, both calculated to keep off all peccant matter.

“ But whatever else the Hermetic Society may be or aspire to become, it is, in its present nascent state, pre-eminently an association for *research*, desirous to use the eventual results of the researches as a foundation for its future Church. You have, in your last letter, given me some idea of the vastness of your task : the translating and editing of the Kabala will be an expensive undertaking unless you can count on the gratuitous services of some competent person. But considering what the Swedenborgians have accomplished with regard to the translating and publishing of their sacred books, there is no reason why the Hermetic Society should not succeed in mastering materials far less voluminous. Unfortunately, you complain of the fewness of your members, and the adjourning *sine die* of your assembly raises some doubts with regard to the future. Should these doubts prove to be unfounded (on which point I hope to be reassured ere long), I would venture to solicit the honours of Hermetic Fellowship.

“ You speak of the Chiefs of the Theosophical Society as having ‘discredited’ their cause ; also of Mr Massey’s resignation, and of the possibility of your following his example. All this makes me eager to know some particulars ; and with the same eagerness I look forward to the publication of the essay or pamphlet you say you were writing on Thomas Aquinas, or rather on the Pope’s declara-

tion in favour of his philosophy. That declaration is perfectly logical, and consistent with the spirit of any Catholic or would-be Catholic Church, but the ambiguous and reserved attitude which the Roman Church continues to assume with regard to the question of *liberty* raised by modern science goes far to show that Leo XIII. is not conscious of all the bearings of his own philosophic manifesto, nor of the parallelism of events to which you allude.

“ When I was in Siena, last October, I noticed for the first time the beautiful old chancel in the Cathedral, which rests on a well-chiselled group or cluster of allegorical figures representing the *Sciences*. Perhaps our modern savants would like to preach their gospel from such a pulpit. But the meaning of the Siena architect was obviously that implied by the scholastic philosophy which considered Theology as the irreducible (if not unknowable) residue of scientific investigation, thus resting on, yet soaring far above, the ‘ sciences.’ In the scholastic sense, *support* and *subordination* are inseparable.—Yours most faithfully,
E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

“ LIVORNO, July 15, 1885.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I heartily thank you for your kind letter of June 6, which is a friend’s letter in the truest sense of the term. I thank you (and I wish this pronoun to be taken as a dual) for your kind sympathy and for your considerate request not to write at any length. Of this permission I will avail myself to-day, although I might easily grow eloquent in stating my indebtedness to you and to Mrs Kingsford for the intellectual and spiritual treasures you have been kind enough to send me. The six numbers of *Light* containing abstracts of the Hermetic lectures of this year’s session I have read, nay studied, with the keenest interest, and before doing so, took occasion of reperusing the wonderful lectures delivered last year by the President on the Christian Creed. I have been greatly struck with the depth and fitness of that mode of interpretation, familiar though I was with it from the reading of certain chapters of *The Perfect Way* and its Appendix.

“ I am glad you alluded to Swedenborg in one of your lectures, as one feels a natural curiosity to know on what terms you are with the ‘ New Church ’ people.

“ The interpretation of the Rape of Proserpine (as meaning the descent of the Soul into matter or existence) was, indeed, new to me. The permission granted to her by Pluto of passing six months of the year on the surface of the earth would seem to point to the alternation of seed life and plant life ; but then the learned President, or you, might rejoin that the earth-clad soul *is* a seed, and that these myths are the substratum of more than one mystical meaning, just as Solomon’s Seal or Jacob’s Ladder is a canvas on which *all* the tenets of the Creed can be embroidered.

“ Let me hope that you may soon be able to address a wider circle of readers in one of the monthlies and quarterlies on the important subject you have dwelt with in one of your Hermetic lectures, namely, the modern revival of Mysticism.

“ Even in Germany there are signs (albeit faint ones) of such a revival, it being obviously impossible to abide by a world of evolution without sooner or later invoking or postulating an inverted

World of Emanation and Influx, in which, as Paul says, our wisdom is folly and our strength weakness.

“ I was glad to hear of the purification (if I may say so) of the Theosophical Society. The difference between ‘ Occultism ’ and ‘ Mysticism ’ seems to assert itself more and more, as also the difference between the Western and the Eastern spirit.

“ Your and Mrs Kingsford’s addresses at the Exeter Hall meeting of January 12, as also your article in the *Dietetic Reformer* of February, I have read with great pleasure ; and as to the fairy tale, ‘ Beyond the Sunset,’ in the Vegetarian Society’s annual, it is both beautiful and deep.

“ I was glad to see Dr Aderholdt’s translation of it in Baltzer’s *Vereins-blatts*. Lastly, I have to thank you for the Publishing List of the Bath Occult Reprint Series. I intend to order some of those works after my return from Munich, where I hope to indulge in six weeks’ rest. Not that writing is much of an exertion to me, but reading taxes my eyes.

“ I have frequent opportunities of admiring Mrs Kingsford’s working powers. She seems to work incessantly and on different levels simultaneously. You must both be glad of the approaching end of the London season. To be in London at any time is painful to me, and even Munich, with its comparative dreaminess and with its hermit king, appears almost too much of a town to me.

“ The Adams-Coleridge affair has, at last, come to a happy conclusion. Yes, I have no doubt, Miss F. P. Cobbe had pulled the wires behind the scene, and I cannot think of any other motive but jealousy that could explain this. She is a formidable hater.

“ Will you kindly give my respectful and grateful regards to our President, and believe me to remain, yours in cordial friendship,

“ E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

To Baron Spedalieri

May 24, 1885.

“ As your letter to Mr Maitland chiefly concerns my paper, I have undertaken to reply to it, seeing that you misapprehend the doctrine I had intended to set forth. I assumed at the outset that my hearers and readers would understand Plato and the Kabala, when speaking of the soul’s *descent*, to speak—after their manner—by means of a personification. The soul indeed descends ; but both the words ‘ soul ’ and ‘ descends ’ are, in this connection, used figuratively. For our language requires that we should speak of ‘ descent ’ when we infer a passage from Being into Existence ; although, of course, transference from one locality to another is not intended, but only change of condition. And the ‘ soul ’ that so descends is the soul of the world—Persephone—not a number of individual souls. For the evolution and elaboration of individual souls is accomplished *by means* of development in material conditions ; therefore soul is already individualised before assuming those conditions. That which ‘ descends ’ into generative states is the Monad, or Divine Substance vivified by the Divine Life. And its first appearance in the sphere of Matter and Time is not as individual, but as diffuse existence ; not as self-conscious, but as simply conscious. But the

potentiality of all higher existences is contained and slumbers within it ; it is the efficient cause of all subsequent developments.

“ ‘ Persephone ’ passes through seven stations, or ‘ houses,’ in the course of her unfoldment ; and the first of these is wholly rudimentary and diffuse, being the etheric and elemental states of existence. But I affirm further that the soul ‘ descends ’ by free-will, because, as a Pantheist, I hold that the worlds are not created by God in the popular sense, but that God is immanent in the very substance of the worlds. Wherefore this descent, or putting forth of subjective Deity into objective conditions, is obviously an act of free-will. The Monad—Persephone—is the true Daughter of Zeus, the very substance of God. Her descent is not accident, blunder, or fault, for it occurs with the cognition and express will of Zeus—as we learn from the Platonic mysteries. Therefore creation—or generation—occurs by the free-will of the soul—or Divine Substance—actuated by the Divine Life.

“ If we should suppose any other origin for ‘ creation ’ than this, we should find ourselves placed in a theological dilemma ; for we should be obliged to admit either that the Divine intention was frustrated by a catastrophe—which is absurd—or that prior to Creation something was wanting to God—which is no less absurd—to supply which want God created the worlds, and this would be to argue imperfection in the Divine Nature. But the scientific and theosophic explanation is, that Manifestation, or Activity (Creation), is a state of God, during which God becomes Multiple. Not that the other state of Passivity is suspended or interrupted thereby, for both states co-subsist. Time is a fiction, not a reality ; and consequently Creation is a Divine state, which Being assumes by means of what the Hindoos call *Maya*. Waking is not imperfect or wanting in anything because sleeping is absent ; nor is sleep wanting or imperfect because waking is absent. Both states are perfect in their own order and quality ; and so also are the states of Divine Activity and Passivity. They are simply two states of God, eternally ebbing and flowing, and of them Passivity represents the ‘ Night of Brahm,’—the Nirvânic condition during which consciousness pulsates, so to speak, within itself, undifferentiate and indrawn : a Force potential and unmanifest, reposing in the Pleromic Darkness. In the state of Action, or ‘ Day of Brahm,’ the Force becomes creative, and the Dark becomes the Light. This state of activity is the state of the soul in generation.

“ There is nothing in this at variance with Hermetic doctrine. All the various forms of the Mysteries—Hellenic, Kabalistic, Neo-Platonic, Buddhist—teach the same doctrine, although variously expressed. And we find the allegory of Persephone, of the Descent of the Souls, the Fall, and Evolution all one and identical, perfectly harmonious and self-evident, when the key which opens all their locks is applied.”

Writing to Lady Caithness on June 15, 1885, she said :—

“ I am so hardworked and so very much out of health that it has been impossible hitherto to write and thank you for your charming and acceptable letters. For when I am not busy, I am ill, and as

soon as I recover, I have to get to work again. I am a victim to neuralgia, and have tried three physicians in vain, the last being Mr O., the mesmerist, who really took great pains to cure me. Under the circumstances it will be quite impossible for me to accept your very kind and tempting invitation to Paris, for I could not bear the journey. And, indeed, if I go anywhere on leaving London, it will have to be a purely health-seeking quest, probably to some sea-side resort. . . .

“By the way, have you got some signatures to the petition to the Pope—which I sent you—praying him to cause humanity to animals to be taught and preached to the people in Italy, Spain, and elsewhere? Mrs Burton, the promoter of the petition, is now in London. She came to see me yesterday, and I am to meet her again on Sunday and also next week, Lady Mount-Temple having asked me to bring her to lunch with her. Mrs Burton is *most nice*; you would like her greatly. She reminds me wonderfully of you in some things. She pounced immediately on the picture of the Virgin and Seven Doves on our paper, and asked if it was reserved for you and me only, or whether she might not adopt it too. I said she might, and she then begged me for a copy to take to the engraver’s, and she preferred *yours* on account of the double Triangle and the *Anno Dominæ* which greatly struck her. So I tore off a corner of your last letter and gave it to her. She says, however, that she shall adopt one alteration, that of putting the Cross in the centre of the two Triangles, as it is in my ring-seal. She also sees visions and is a spiritualist. Her special guide is St Joseph, she says, and he has appeared to her several times.”

CHAPTER XXX

SOME FORMER INCARNATIONS

THE following letter, written from her mother's house, whither Mary repaired on quitting town, gives a graphic view of the situation :—

“ 56 WARRIOR SQUARE,
“ ST LEONARD'S, August 2, 1885.

“ DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—All the time I remained in London, I was so hunted about with all manner of lectures, at homes, calls, and engagements of all sorts, as well as literary and medical work, that I thought it best to wait until I got away to the sea-side before sitting down to write to you. I have now been here since July 31, and I hope to remain for about ten days before going back to Shropshire. I have quite given up the idea of going abroad or elsewhere this year; in fact, I have no possible time for a holiday-ramble, seeing that my daughter's schooling is over, and I must take her home until the end of September; after which I have several lecturing engagements to fulfil in various parts of England, which will occupy me until the beginning of November. Mr Maitland is now staying close by, on the Grand Parade, so that we meet often.

“ Mr Sinnett speaks quite enthusiastically about you and your forthcoming book, the scope and plan of which he considers excellent. No doubt you have by this time read *The Virgin of the World*, and our two essays prefixed to it. I am longing to hear what you think of it and them. Our Hermetic Session was far more successful at its close than at its opening. No doubt you have read the reports in *Light* of our weekly meetings. Next session I hope to go on with my lectures on the Creed, which I suspended this time in order to permit other speakers to be heard. It is, however, extremely difficult to impress a catholic and mystic view of things on the British mind. The fogs and clouds which enwrap their isle seem to enshroud their spirits also. And yet how lucent, how splendid, how entrancing this wonderful Truth is, could they only receive it! Is it indeed the fact, I sometimes wonder, that a few of us have senses developed which are unknown to the majority of our race; and do we really walk about among a blind and deaf generation for whom the light *we* see and the words *we* hear *are not*?

“ I have been trying hard to persuade Lady Archibald Campbell to produce next year, as a pastoral play, in Coombe Wood, the story of Buddha, founded on Edwin Arnold's magnificent poem, 'The Light of Asia.' You know this has long been a dream of mine to

educate the people by means of the stage, by reproducing in tableaux or spectacular drama the lives and teaching of the world's holiest and noblest. 'The Light of Asia' lends itself peculiarly to such an idea. The verse is melodious and dramatic, the situations are excellent, and the scenery, being mostly forest and jungle, quite easy to manage. I proposed to give four acts — the Departure, the Ministry, the Triumph, the Return, and to introduce into these all the chief episodes in Buddha's career. I drew out a tableau of the acts, with the chief situations fully described, and rehearsed the whole at Lady Tennant's, in Grosvenor Square, in the presence of Lady A. Campbell, Lady Ribblesdale, Hon. Mrs Lyttelton, Hon. Percy and Mrs Wyndham, Mr Tennyson (the poet's son), Miss Tennant, Mr Godwin (the manager of the Coombe Wood plays), and some others. All were delighted, but the *technic* of the matter appeared to them to involve great difficulties. Edwin Arnold, to whom I wrote on the subject, said he would do everything he could do to forward the idea, and to ensure its success if it were found workable.

"As for my novel, that is quite at a standstill. I hope, however, to take it up again as soon as I return to Shropshire. I have a story coming out at Christmas in the Catholic magazine, *The Month*. All this time I have been talking about myself, and have not said a word about you. That is very egotistic of me."

The story referred to was afterwards republished in her *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the title, *A Village of Seers*. With the exception of some minor details, it was entirely elaborated by her in sleep, and was thus a veritable "Dream-Story." The main incident, that of the rescue of the lost child by the clairvoyant dogs, was so intensely real for her that she actually made it an argument on which to base an appeal against vivisection, as if it represented an ascertained fact, and was only with difficulty made to see the incongruity of thus using an imaginary incident, and induced to withdraw the paragraph.

Diary.—August 15, 1885. The Feast of the Assumption again, and the anniversary of the death of my dear little friend Rufus. One day I hope I shall meet with his dear little ghost in the world of Realities. . . . I find the old longing on me to set myself free from all ties—yes, even from Myself, and get away into a new Life and a new Person. I am tired of being Myself. I hate to wake every morning and re-collect all the old threads, warp and woof of the circumstance and data of this existence, and go on spinning the same interminable yarn. I want to be a new individual, with new ties, new surroundings, new thoughts, new views. How would it be if one ran away from it all, and went off somewhere into a wholly fresh set of activities? A dream, a dream, but better than most dreams. Will there ever be a new Break-away for me, I wonder? Hardly now.

Such were the wailings in which she would give utterance to

the consciousness of her spiritual unrelatedness, even to her nearest physical relations, and the impatience of life engendered of a habit of early deaths, with the consequent craving for sympathy, and for a change even of her own personality.

On her return home she resumed the course of reading and meditation indicated by the following entries in her Diary :—

October 19 [1885].—Synesius was a Christian bishop of Alexandria and a Platonist, holding the doctrine of Transmigration. He says : “ The spirit may be purified, even in brutes, so that something better may be induced. How much will not the regression of the rational soul be therefore base, if she fails to reject that which is foreign to her nature, and suffers to linger on earth that which rightly belongs on high, since it is possible, by labour and by transition into other lives, for the contemplative soul to be purified, and to emerge from this dark abode ? And this restoration, indeed, some may attain as a gift of divinity and initiation.”

It was an Ass that carried the Mysteries of old, and a golden Branch was part of the sacred equipage :—

“ Aureus et foliis et lento vimine ramus,
Junoni infernæ sacer.”—*Æn.* vi. 136.

And we read further, that there is in Alchemy, a certain noble body, which is moved from one “ lord ” to another, in the beginning of which there is suffering with vinegar, but in the end joy with exultation. “ O blessed gate of blackness,” cries the Adept, “ which art the passage to so glorious a change ! ” (*Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*).

No man enters the Magian’s School but he wanders awhile in the region of Chimeras, and the inquiries he makes before attaining to experiential knowledge are many, often erroneous (Vaughan’s *Lumen de Lumine*, p. 40). Hence, doubtless, the Sphinx, that proposer of riddles and devourer of men, stood always at the vestibule of the temple and along its approaches, the terrible Dweller on the Threshold so fatal to weak or irresolute souls. But investigation once begun, in a right rectifying spirit, enters, and succeeds in tracing the chain of vital causes to their last efficient link in Deity ; whence surveying, the Adept is enabled, under the Divine Will, to work such perfection in things below as transcends this life and the ability of the natural intellect to conceive.

The significance of the ass in the mysteries had yet to be disclosed to us. It proved to be a symbol for the Intuition, the faculty whereby is the consciousness of things spiritual, the horse being the corresponding symbol for the Intellect. The discovery proved an invaluable key to the solution of many perplexing passages in the Bible, including the incident of Balaam.

Passing from quotation to original thought, she thus continues :—

The description of the "coming of the Son of Man" in the New Testament agrees exactly with the account given by the Alchemists of the disruption of the vital forces in the human kingdom before the advent of the "Lord," or Final Light. The Earth is overflowed with the Water, the Body is overcome by the Soul, the powers of Heaven are shaken and the tribulation is profound, the "sea" and its waves roaring by reason of the successive passion and prevalence of the vital principles one over another. And if the true interpretation of the Scriptures be thus throughout mystic and interior, what shall be said of those crowds of false teachers who expound the Bible according to the literal or letter-sense? Indeed, they have an exact counterpart in the spurious Alchemists, who made of Alchemy a material art for the search of physical gold, and so squandered their time and substance, misled their generation, and brought the whole art into mockery and disrepute.

As the smallest fragment of the Loadstone remains perfect in two poles, so may we conceive of every portion of existence as continent and comprehended proportionally of the great whole. Iamblichus says, speaking of the Regenerate Ether: "This substance, being consascent with the Gods, will doubtless be an entire and fit receptacle for the manifestation of Divinity. And an exuberance of power is always present with the highest causes; power which transcends all things, and is nevertheless present with all in unimpeded energy."

November 5 [1885].—A dream last night, of which the exact interpretation is not clear to me.

I seemed in my vision to be on a long and wearisome journey, and to have arrived at an Inn, in which I was offered shelter and rest. The apartment given me consisted of a bedroom and parlour, communicating, and furnished in an antique manner, everything in the rooms appearing to be worm-eaten, dusty, and out of date. The walls were bare and dingy; there was not a picture or an ornament in the apartment. An extremely dim light prevailed in the scene; indeed, I do not clearly remember whether, with the exception of the fire and a night-lamp, the rooms were illumined at all. I seated myself in a chair by the hearth; it was late, and I thought only of rest. But, presently, I became aware of strange things going on about me. On a table in a corner lay some papers and a pencil. With a feeling of indescribable horror I saw this pencil assume an erect position and begin of itself to write on the paper, precisely as though an invisible hand held and guided it. At the same time small detonations sounded in different parts of the room; tiny bright sparks appeared, burst, and immediately expired in smoke. The pencil, having ceased to write, laid itself gently down, and taking the paper in my hand, I found on it a quantity of writing which at first appeared to me to be cipher, but I presently perceived that the words composing it were written backwards, from right to left, exactly as one sees writing reflected in a looking-glass. What was written made a considerable impression on me at the time, but I cannot now recall it. I know, however, that the dominant feeling I experienced was one of horror.

I called the owners of the inn, and related to them what had taken place. They received my statement with perfect equanimity, and told me that in their house this was the normal state of things,

of which, in fact, they were extremely proud; and they ended by congratulating me as a visitor much favoured by the invisible agencies of the place.

“ We call them our Lights,” they said.

“ It is true,” I observed, “ that I saw lights in the air about the room, but they went out instantaneously, and left only smoke behind them. And why do they write backwards? Who are they?”

As I asked this last question, the pencil on the table rose again, and wrote thus on the paper:—

“.k s a t o n o D ”

Again horror seized on me, and the air becoming full of smoke, I found it impossible to breathe. “ Let me out!” I cried. “ I am stifled here—the air is full of smoke!”

“ Outside,” the people of the house answered, “ you will lose your way; it is quite dark, and we have no other rooms to let. And, besides, it is the same in all the other apartments of the inn.”

“ But the place is haunted!” I cried; and I pushed past them, and burst out of the house.

Before the doorway stood a tall veiled figure, like translucent silver. A sense of reverence overcame me. The night was balmy, and bright almost as day, with resplendent starlight. The stars seemed to lean out of heaven; they looked down on me like living eyes, full of a strange immeasurable sympathy. I crossed the threshold, and stood on the open plain, breathing with rapture and relief the pure warm air of that delicious night. How restful, calm, and glorious was the dark landscape, outlined in purple against the luminous sky! And what a consciousness of vastness and immensity above and around me! “ Where am I?” I cried.

The silver figure stood beside me, and lifted its veil. It was Pallas Athena.

“ Under the Stars of the East,” she answered me, “ the true eternal Lights of the World.”

After I was awake, a text in the Gospels was vividly brought to my mind—“ *There was no room for them in the Inn.*” What is this Inn, I wondered, all the rooms of which are haunted, and in which the Christ cannot be born? And this open country under the Eastern night,—is it not the same in which they were “ abiding,” to whom that Birth was first angelically announced? ¹

The reading of this brought to my mind a passage in an instruction received by her some years before, which seemed to give the desired clue to its meaning. The passage was as follows:—

“ The adept, or ‘ occultist,’ is at best a religious scientist; he is not a ‘ saint.’ If occultism were all, and held the key of heaven, there would be no need of ‘ Christ.’ But occultism, although it

¹ *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, No. XXI.

holds the 'power,' holds neither the 'kingdom' nor the 'glory.' For these are of Christ. The adept knows not the kingdom of heaven, and 'the least in this kingdom are greater than he.' . . . If the adepts in occultism or in physical science could suffice to man, I would have committed no message to you." ¹

The receipt of the vision at the present time we ascribed to the fact that we were then a good deal occupied in discussing the heavy tribulations encountered by the Theosophical Society in reference especially to the event known as the "Coulomb incident," and the hostile action taken by the Society for Psychical Research. And we regarded the vision as an intimation that the troubles had come through the failure of its leaders to devote themselves exclusively to the higher and true aspects of their work, and their recourse to methods which savoured rather of those lower phases of occultism wherein it is akin to sorcery. In which case it was a caution to us against letting our work being in any way associated with theirs.

Mary's health at this time was such as to cause us serious anxiety, and her sufferings were of the severest. It was becoming evident that the climatic conditions of the place were in the highest degree unfavourable to her. According to the physiologists, asthma is a form of rheumatism, and on those low-lying banks of the Severn rheumatism was rife. And strong as was her attachment to her home, and manifold as were its advantages in other respects, as regarded her health it was in the highest degree deleterious, and it became a matter for serious consideration whether she could remain throughout the winter, and if not, whither she should go. The following entry in her Diary was made at a time when her bodily weakness and suffering were extreme :—

November 19, 1885.—I was ill all yesterday, suffering with violent pains in my head, so that I could not dress and leave my room. Yet, as has more than once happened, this physical disruption of the nervous system seemed to open my mind to interior conditions ; and to-day I have more of the old feeling of the Poet on me than I have had for long years.

When I suffer like that in my head there happens to me something akin to the phenomenon experienced by drowning men. The past, with a hundred vivid pictures and sensations, reawakes, youth returns, and I am again, first a girl, and then a child. Yes, the years retreat, and the present shrivels up and rolls away like smoke.

¹ For the remainder of the instruction, see p. 97 *ante*.

I recover the old feelings, the old longings, the old hopes and beliefs in the goodness of life. I remember that I once thought the world an easy thing to conquer ; that I then believed in myself, and thought that before I had reached the age of thirty years all men would have heard my name, and that I should have become *great*. Yes, I thought all that, and believed it. And now I am long past thirty, and behind me lies a life of wasted effort, of beating vainly against iron bars, of struggling vainly for success—a life of deceptions, of disappointments, of sharp mental pain and strife, of weary disillusionment. That is what comes to all of us who start in life with an ideal ; that is the common fate of Poets. To have youth in one's heart, and age in one's body and mind ! To feel that one is ugly, and infirm, and grey, and wrinkled ; to have discovered the hollowness of life and the baseness of man, and the hopeless, horrible stupidity and ignorance of the whole human race,—its ingratitude, its falseness, its delight in lies, its love of tinsel and folly and sham,—to know all this, and to hate and loathe and despise it all ; and yet to have in one's inner spirit all the freshness of Nature and the undying desire to achieve ! I think some day death itself will come and find me so, with the love of life so strong, and the hate of men so great ; and again I shall be forced into existence, unable to rest, unable to sleep as others sleep when life is over.

That is my Karma. I shall come back again and again, with only the briefest possible interval of rest, until I am really able to do and to be what is in my spirit. Always I have had that aim—that Ideal—burning like a flame before me, and I wandering always after it through the deserts of existence. It has been there before me continually—the desire for greatness, the desire to achieve—and I have always followed it feverishly. Now it took to my vision one shape, now another. Sometimes it appeared to me that this highest good was Glory—the glory that comes of physical heroism and daring ; then I risked all for that, and died in fire for my reward ! Anon it danced before me in the guise of a crown ; and again, in spite of warning and presage, I covered myself with blood and tears to snatch my prize. I knew it was but for a year, and yet I cast all I had upon that die, and perished miserably ! Karma has always thrust me into mean births, and from these I have climbed always—to fall, and to die violently ! And now across the wastes of Time and Eternity, when for a moment the veil of oblivion is stirred by nervous disruption, a corner of it moves and lifts, and there float back to my soul from behind it the old echoes of the battle, of the wild fever of enthusiasm, of the strong belief in myself, of the cruel, cruel disappointment, of the miserable stupidity and ignorance of the men who judged me, of the terror, the denial, the self-accusation, and the suffocation of death. Then again the plunge into new existence, the reckless determination to have all or nothing, the desire to eclipse, to triumph, to excel ; the same overpowering egoism and belief in Self—the I that filled the world. And a phantom crown that dazzles me ; and a wild desire that sweeps everything aside to snatch it—honour, pity, justice, reputation, truth—a Crown for which I lie and perjure myself ; for which I steel my heart and stifle my conscience, to be like the wretch through whom only my highest good can come ! I hear and see all this, and the heart-breaking

remorse which tore me in the silence of the night and slew the unborn child within my womb.

Then again the wheel of Fortune turns, and I fall. Swift and horrible death rends my soul from my body, and still I cannot rest. Back, back to the earth, so quickly that the past is hardly wiped out ; the figures still stand freshly on the astral atmosphere around me. And still the same Flame burning ever before my spirit. But now its aspect is changed, for in that three hundred years of lapse my Karma has changed.

In those past lives my body ruled ; for it was strong and robust, and life leapt within me to impel my soul to deeds of arms, of force, of physical pleasure, of gaiety and dissipation.

Now I reap the harvest of these sins of the flesh. My body is weakly, delicate, diseased ; pleasure is forbidden it. The kind of triumph and display that comes of physical health and vigour are impossible to me ; my soul is shut off from outer things, and forced inward upon itself. It is the reaction of Polarity. The focus of life is interior now. It seems like punishment, but it is Law. The force that expended itself in striving after earthly things spends itself now in the pursuit of things interior. The craving that found its outlet in physical action and in ambitions related to the world of sense is forced into occult and heavenly lines. The polarity of life's current is changed ; and whereas in former existences it flowed readily and easily through the bodily channels, breaking outwards and expending its vitality there, where magnetic attraction was strongest, it now flows upward and internally by a more difficult channel ; for the bodily ways are blocked up and closed to it, and the magnetic focus lies within, on the mental plane. Men who pursue material ends, gained by physical means, achieve or fail, necessarily, during that period in which the bodily forces are strongest. The enthusiasm of patriotism, the physical courage and prowess of military adventure, belong to the time of the youth of the body, to the years when the vital forces of pulse and muscle and nerve are at their fullest and strongest. For the stream of life flows downwards through the body from the mind, and its impetus is rapid, furious, and soon expended. It is the roaring of a swollen torrent pouring from its source down a quick incline.

So also is it with the man whose desire is set on worldly rank and splendour. To women it is beauty and fascination that brings such things, unless they be born to them ; and beauty and fascination are of the body, and if they bring aught to their possessors, it must be in youth. Again it is the same rushing outwards and downwards of the stream of life. The body is its channel, and the time of the body's youth is short. The body has nothing to learn. It is at its best in its earliest days, for then its magnetic forces are most potent, and its powers of achievement keenest. There is no mental discipline needed for its triumphs. Material success must be gained in the morning of existence, for the day of the body is soon past.

But that is not so when the stream of Life runs upward and inward, as it does now with thee, O my child, that thinkest thyself lower now than Joan the peasant and Anna the queen, because thy morning is spent and the day of thy triumph is not yet come. Knowest

thou not that the youth of the Spirit endures when age already holds the flesh in his grip? The furious outpouring of life is past with thee. Karma has reversed the direction of the wheel of thy fate. Now it turns inward upon itself, and the forces of Life flow upward and inwardly. They flow more slowly now, because their direction is reversed, and the magnetic attraction which draws them is in the Mind, and not in the body. Thy body is feeble and tenuous; there is little vitality in it; it affords no channel for the outpouring of life. It is a mere veil of flesh, behind and within which the astral Mind and the Spirit burn and gather strength from day to day. For *their* youth has not yet reached its prime; *their* day-star is hardly yet above the horizon. The inner man is young and beautiful and full of force when the outer shell is decrepit and bowed with disease; for the inner man is the child of the Gods, and he is young even when Death despoils him of the garment of the body. Thou shalt be young in the midst of age, if the Gods love thee. Be content; long before thou art "thirty years old" thou shalt have won thy crown.

For the triumph that comes to the mind must be earned by discipline of the mind, and for that time is needed. The battles of the soul are fought with heavenly arms; the crowns of knowledge and of spiritual empire are achieved by Thought and Meditation. Laboriously the stream flows against natural gravitation, drawn upwards by strong magnetic attraction. All the polarities of thy being are changed. Thy past is but a shadow and forecast of what thy future shall be. Thou must translate the earthly honours or triumphs of the past into internal and spiritual achievements. Types and forecasts are ever meaner than the realities they foreshadow. They are on the lower plane—the plane which to the earth, of course, seems larger and worthier, because it is nearer to itself. But that which they forecast are the realities of the higher plane; and these, being lifted up above the earth, appear to its denizens smaller and more obscure. The material sword and crown are *types*; they have been thine and thou hast risen beyond them. But that which they foreshadowed on the Heavenly plane is still before thee. They are the Flame which calls thy Spirit onward.

Karma is just, and, being just, is merciful. Thou hast a greater, not a lesser, Destiny before thee than that which lies behind. I have lifted for thee but a corner of the curtain of thy Past, because it was not possible to hide it from thee altogether. Thou hast plunged too quickly into Existence in these latter years to keep the immediate past secret from the spirit whose sleep hath been so brief. Thou walkest among spirits whose age is not thine, whose existences are far fewer, and whose intervals of oblivion have been vastly longer than thine own. And thou hast brought back with thee into Existence the faint memory of the past, strengthened by the constant overshadowing of thy former astral selves. They seek thee. Take of them that which is good—their courage, their faith in self, their set purpose to succeed. And thou shalt be greater when forty years are told than they were at twenty. Thou knowest that the conquests of the Spirit are harder to attain than material victories, and that the powers of the Mind are matured later. In thy former lives—known to thee now—thou hast used the *body* as the instrument of the soul. Now thou usest the Mind. The body served thee then

as thy sword. Now it is only the sword's scabbard. It is with the Mind thou strivest, and it takes long to temper a blade of such as this.

Anna's crown was won at twenty, for it was by the body she earned it. Thine shall take twice that tale of years to gain ; for it lies on a higher plane, and thy way is harder and steeper than hers. A nobler prize, and unstained with the blood and tears of others than thyself ! Thou hast been the cause of suffering and death to many of thy kind. Thou must atone by bringing life and joy and peace to men. It is not fit that most living souls should know their past ; for most would be so occupied with it, and with its bygone scenes of triumph and woe, of exaltation and danger, that they would forget to live in the present, and to build up new Karma for the future. But from thee it cannot be hidden. Let the knowledge of it spur thee to better greatness and to purer aims. Thou wert nobler as the peasant than as the queen. Be wiser and higher than either, as the Reformer and Apostle.

All this I heard or saw in the night ; and more than this, for I seemed to be in a perfectly lucid state of spirit. Things were opened to me in the midst of my physical pain, as in the midst of the disruption of the storm the lightning opens heaven to the sight. Old hopes and fears came pressing back upon me from behind the veil ; old feverish triumphs and intrigues, anxieties, and despairs. Not of this life ; of a long-remote past. And at last I fell, as it were, into the darkness again, and saw far off, beyond and above me, abiding in the heights, uplifted over the mists and rain-clouds of earth, a Silver Figure, radiant and stately, with great calm eyes that filled my soul with light. Then again the clouds closed beneath her ; and I am upon earth, and she abides in heaven. But I remember, and shall know more and more, as the years roll by—perhaps.

One thing further. As I awoke, I heard a voice say quite aloud and distinctly, "*It is the dawn of the Sixth Consciousness.*"

Some time after her death I sent a copy of this utterance to Baron Spedalieri, as the most competent of living men to estimate it. His response was full at once of awe and of enthusiasm. It was unique, he declared, both from the literary and from the occult point of view, and constituted a revelation of the way the soul comes, transcending any yet known to the world.

The more we studied the histories of the two characters thus so fully and positively indicated to her as having been among her latest incarnations, the more striking did we find the resemblances between her and them. Even when reading of traits, such as were some of Anne Boleyn's, the reverse of what she would have been proud of, she would exclaim, "How like me ! How like me ! That is exactly what I should have said or done !" While every trait and experience of Joan's fitted her

exactly to the very manner, including her aptitudes for situations wholly strange and novel to her,—there was the same resourcefulness under difficult emergencies, the same quickness and incisiveness of rejoinder to hostile interrogation, the same peremptoriness of tone as of one born to command and accustomed to receive implicit obedience, and even more than the same responsiveness to spiritual impression and impulsion. Even the mission was identical in kind, being one of rescue and deliverance, with the difference that, while Joan's was a mission of political and national import, hers was of spiritual and universal import. She owned also to a feeling which seemed to be derived from yet more remote incarnations, that the natural thing for her to do to those who displeased her would be to cut off their heads, and a sense of strangeness at being unable to gratify it.

Even as a return of Anne Boleyn, there was a fitness in the work assigned her. For, as Anne Boleyn, she had been the means of rescuing the letter of the Bible from virtual suppression, inasmuch as she was the cause of the quarrel which led Henry VIII. to renounce the supremacy of the Pope and set up the Bible in opposition to him; and now it was her mission to rescue the spirit of the Bible by restoring the interpretation. And as if she had an instinctive consciousness to this effect, the very next entry in her Diary after that just recorded was the following, which she made on November 24 [1885]:—

“ For at present there is no profound understanding of the Scriptures; nor does any look, as says Cornelius Agrippa, under the Bark of the Law. But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. ‘ Nevertheless, when it shall turn to the Lord,’ says the Apostle, ‘ the veil shall be taken away. For the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. We all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord ’ (1 Cor. iii. 15). Unhappy, truly, therefore, is he said to be who regards the Law as a mere simple recital or in the light of an ordinary discourse; for, if in truth it were nothing more than this, one could even be composed at this day more worthy of admiration. ‘ In order to find such mere words,’ observes the Kabbalist, ‘ we have only to turn to the legislators of this world, who have frequently expressed themselves with more grandeur and grace. . . . But it is not thus; each word of the Law has a meaning and cloaks a mystery entirely sublime. The story of the Law is the vestment of the Law; unhappy he who mistakes the vestment for the

Law itself. . . . The sages and servants of the Supreme King, those who dwell on the heights of Sinai, are occupied only about the Soul, which is the basis of all the rest' " (*Zohar*, Part iii.).

"Settle not in the lees and puddles of the world. Have thy heart in heaven and thine hands upon earth. Ascend in Piety, and descend in Charity. For this is the nature of Light, and the way of the children thereof. Thou must live, as says Agrippa, according to God and the Angels, rejecting all things that are dissimilar to the *heaven*; otherwise thou canst have no communication with superiors. Lastly, *Unus esto non solus*. Avoid the multitude, as well of passions as of persons. And, in conclusion, I would have thee understand that every day is a contracted year, and every year an extended day. Anticipate the year in the day, and lose not a day in the year. Make use of indeterminate agents till thou canst find a determinate one; the many wish well, but one only loves. Circumferences spread, but centres contract; so superiors dissolve and inferiors coagulate. . . . Learn from thine errors to be infallible, and from thy misfortunes to be constant. There is nothing stronger than Perseverance, for it ends in miracles" (*Anima Magia Abscondita*, p. 51; *Cœlum Terræ*, p. 137).

"O Mysteries truly sacred!" exclaims the Bishop of Alexandria in holy transport; "O pure Light! as at the light of torches the veil that covers God and Heaven falls off. I am holy now that I am initiated. It is the Lord Himself who is the Hierophonta. He sets His seal upon the Adept, whom He illuminates with his beams; and whom, as a recompense for faith, He will recommend to the eternal love of the Father. These are the Orgies of my Mysteries; come ye and be received!" (Clemens Alexandrinus).

"Agrippa says, *Clausum est Armarium*, 'The Scripture is obscure and mystical throughout; even in the simplest details most profound, but significant in its promises'" (*An Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*).

On November 27 [1885] she received under illumination occurring in sleep the striking instruction concerning Revelation considered as re-veil-ation, which forms I. iv. of *Clothed with the Sun*.

Our lecture tour this autumn [chiefly anti-vivisection] comprised Gloucester, Malvern, Cheltenham, Hereford, Bristol, Clifton, Weston-super-Mare, Clevedon, and Tunbridge Wells. At all of these places she addressed large audiences, public and private, with her wonted power and acceptance, betraying no signs of the ill-health from which she was suffering, her enthusiasm for the causes advocated always sufficing to sustain her through the effort, however arduous, and lifting her to a plane at which she was superior to all limitations. At Bristol our labours were largely increased by a newspaper controversy in which we bore a plentiful part. At several of the places visited we were hospit-

ably entertained in private houses, and had opportunities both of making fresh friends and of imparting of our more recondite teachings. Among our most interesting visits was that to Weston, where we stayed with Professor Francis W. Newman, who poured out freely for us of the treasures of his richly stored memory concerning the many notable persons and things with whom he had been concerned. At once learned and pious—the latter to such extent as to hold family prayers morning and evening, which he conducted with much of devoutness—he astonished Mary, who was unaware of his sceptical views, by declaring that he had no consciousness whatever of having within himself something answering to what is called a soul, or anything beyond the mind, which, he firmly held, was an appurtenance of the body, and would perish with it. For his part, he said, he had no expectation of a future life, nor any desire for continuance; and he considered it unreasonable and presumptuous to want it, and to hope for it, as we ought to be content with having lived once. What it is in us and in him that makes us religious, if not a soul that is conscious of immortality, was a question to which we failed to obtain answer from him.

While staying at the Clifton Down Hotel, on this excursion, Mary found herself accosted in sleep by someone who was invisible to her, who told her that at Paris there is a paper, having a large circulation, which, while apparently innocuous and advertising dolls and other toys, really advertises various kinds of obscenities, the dolls meaning children, chiefly girls, whose ages and appearance are indicated by their height in centimetres, and other particulars, some of the advertisements referring also to animals. The headquarters of this infamous traffic, she was told, is called "Coin de Sainte Marthe," and the police had long had them under watch, without being able to obtain proof on which to take action. On her asking her informant what this had to do with her, he said that, as she was engaged in a crusade against cruelty, the matter was one that she might fairly take up, the cruelty involved, especially to children, being very great.

Mary was confident that she had never heard of anything that could have suggested this conversation, and that it was really due to some extraneous spirit. We accordingly bore it in mind, with a view to informing the Paris police. But no

opportunity was afforded us of ascertaining the truth, or otherwise taking steps in the matter.

The following are two examples of her many popular addresses on behalf of the vegetarian regimen :—

“ I always speak with the greatest delight and satisfaction in the presence of my friends the members of the Vegetarian Society. With them I am quite at my ease, I have no reservation, I have no dissatisfaction. This is not the case when I speak for my friends the Anti-Vivisectionists, the Anti-Vaccinationists, the Spiritualists, or the advocates of freedom for women. I always feel that such of these as are not abstainers from flesh-food have unstable ground under their feet, and it is my great regret that, when helping them in their good works, I cannot openly and publicly maintain what I so ardently believe—that the Vegetarian movement is the bottom and basis of all other movements towards Purity, Freedom, Justice, and Happiness.

“ I think it was Benjamin Disraeli who said that we had stopped short at Comfort, and had mistaken it for Civilisation, content to increase the former at the expense of the latter. Not a day passes without the perspicacity of this remark coming forcibly before me. Comfort, luxury, indulgence, and ease abound in this age, and in this part of the world ; but, alas ! of Civilisation we have as yet acquired but the veriest rudiments. Civilisation means not mere physical ease, but moral and spiritual Freedom—Sweetness and Light—with which the customs of the age are in most respects at dire enmity. I named just now freedom for women. One of the greatest hindrances to the advancement and enfranchisement of the sex is due to the luxury of the age, which demands so much time, study, money, and thought to be devoted to what is called the ‘ pleasures of the table.’ A large class of men seems to believe that women were created chiefly to be ‘ housekeepers,’ a term which they apply almost exclusively to ordering dinners and superintending their preparation. Were this office connected only with the garden, the field, and the orchard, the occupation might be truly said to be refined, refining, and worthy of the best and most gentle lady in the land. But, connected as it is actually with slaughterhouses, butchers’ shops, and dead carcasses, it is an occupation at once unwomanly, inhuman, and barbarous in the extreme. Mr Ruskin has said that the criterion of a beautiful action or of a noble thought is to be found in song, and that an action about which we cannot make a poem is not fit for humanity. Did he ever apply this test to flesh-eating ? Many a lovely poem, many a beautiful picture, may be made about gardens and fruit-gathering, and the bringing home of the golden produce of harvest, or the burden of the vineyards, with groups of happy boys and girls, and placid, mild-eyed oxen bending their necks under their fragrant load. But I defy anyone to make beautiful verse or to paint beautiful pictures about slaughterhouses, running with streams of steaming blood, and terrified, struggling animals felled to the ground with poleaxes ; or of a butcher’s stall hung round with rows of gory corpses, and folks in the midst of them bargaining with the ogre who keeps the place for legs and shoulders,

and thighs and heads, of the murdered creatures ! What horrible surroundings are these for gentle and beautiful ladies ! The word ' wife ' means, in the old Saxon tongue, a ' weaver ' ; and that of ' husband ' means, of course, a ' husbandman.' ' Lady,' too, is a word originally signifying loaf-giver. In these old words have come down to us a glimpse of a fair picture of past times. The wife, or weaver, is the spinner, the maker, whose function it is to create forms of beauty and decorative art, to brighten, adorn, and make life lovely. Or if, as ' lady ' of the house, we look on her in the light of the provider and dispenser of good things, it is not loathsome flesh of beasts that she gives, but bread—sweet and pure, and innocent type of all human food. As for the man, he is the cultivator of the ground, a sower of grain, a tiller of the field. I would like to see these old times back, with all their sweet and tender Arcadian homeliness, in the place of the ugly lives which most folks lead in our modern towns, whose streets are hideous, above all at night, with their crowded gin-palaces, blood-smeared butchers' stalls, reeling drunkards, and fighting women. People talk to me sometimes about peace conventions, and ask me to join societies for putting down war. I always say, ' You are beginning at the wrong end, and putting the cart before the horse.' If you want people to leave off fighting like beasts of prey, you must first get them to leave off living like beasts of prey. You cannot reform institutions without first reforming men. Teach men to live as human beings ought to live, and to think wisely, purely, and beautifully, to have noble ideas of the purpose and meaning of Humanity, and they will themselves reform their institutions. Any other mode of proceeding will result only in a patchwork on a worthless fabric, a whitening of a sepulchre full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Flesh-meats and intoxicating drinks—the pabulum of Luxury—are the baneful coil of hydra-headed Vice, whose ever-renewing heads we vainly strike, while leaving the body of the dragon still untouched. Strike there—at the heart—at the vitals of the destructive monster, and the work of Heracles, the Redeemer, is accomplished ! ”

“ I have stood so often on this and other platforms throughout England, as well as in Scotland and Switzerland, to speak to my friends about the physiological, chemical, anatomical, and economical aspects of the non-flesh diet, that to-night, for a change, I am going to take another and a higher line. We will therefore, if you please, take as ' read ' all the vindications of our mode of living furnished by various scientific arguments—that we have the organisation of the fruit-eater ; that the constituent elements of vegetable food furnish all the necessary force and material of bodily vigour ; that it is cheaper to buy beans and meal than to buy pork and suet ; that land goes further and supports more people under a vegetable cultivation than when laid out for pasture, and so forth. All these arguments, more or less eloquently and clearly formulated, most of you have by heart, and those who have not may buy them all for sixpence of the Vegetarian Society. So I am going to talk to you to-night about quite another branch of our subject, the loftiest and fruitfulest branch of the whole tree. I am going to tell you that I see in the doctrine we are here to preach the very culmination and

crown of the Gentle Life, that Life which in some way we all of us in our best moments long to live, but which it is only given now and again to some great and noble soul, almost divine, fully to realise and glorify in the eyes of the world. I said just now that 'in our best moments' we all long to lead the Ideal Life. Some of us have many 'best moments,' and long ones too; moments that dominate and top our work-a-day efforts always, like a light of stars overhead, through which the Heaven looks down on us. Some of us, again, have very few best moments, short and feeble, like lights over a marsh; never steadfast, always flickering in and out, and paling and flitting when we get abreast of them. With this class of persons the Ideal is very faint and unstable, while with the former it is strong and masterful. Societies like ours are made to encourage the 'best moments' of the weakly, and to glorify those of the strong. Societies like ours are made to train soldiers and provide them with leaders to fight for the Ideal. Beginners and feeble folk cannot stand without encouragement in the teeth of a hot fire, nor rush upon the enemy unless some hero heads them and shows the way. The Ideal Life, the Gentle Life, has many enemies, and the weapons used by these are various. They are pseudo-scientific, pseudo-religious, pseudo-philanthropic, pseudo-æsthetic, pseudo-utilitarian. And the enemies are of all ranks, professions, and interests. But of all the weapons used, the most deadly, the most terrific, is ridicule. Yes, Ridicule slays its tens of thousands! To be laughed at is far more awful to average mortals than to be preached at, groaned at, cursed at. It is the weapon which the journalists almost always handle with the greatest facility. These are the men who laugh for their living. They have replaced in modern days the paid domestic jesters of olden times. Every town keeps its paid jester now in the office of its local paper, as a few centuries ago great nobles kept their man in cap and motley to crack jokes on the guests at table. We have not changed in manners, but in manner only. And the very first thing that Reformers have to do is to get over minding the man in motley. Let him laugh. He cannot argue. Laughing is his stock-in-trade. If he laugh not too coarsely, and avoid blaspheming, he is, after all, very harmless. It is his privilege to laugh at all that is new and unwonted. All children do that, and the man in motley is but a clever child. Why let him knock you down with his fool's truncheon? Wince, and shrink, and expostulate; he sees his advantage then, and belabours you pitilessly. But heed him not, and go on doing your work with a great heart as though it were a royal thing to do, and he will soon be off to some other quarry. Only be sure in your own mind that you are *right*; only be set in dead earnest on keeping that royal thing in clear view and working up to it, and the Ideal will reward you by becoming the real and actual.

"It is not necessary to go very far afield to find the royal work. It does not lie—for most of us—in setting out to accomplish some vast task. Most of us will find it in just simply and calmly shaping out and lifting up our own lives so as to beautify and perfect and unify them, being just and merciful to all men and all creatures. We vegetarians carry the Ideal a stage lower, and therefore a stage higher, than do other folk. We find the duty to the lowliest the duty completest in blessing. Let me tell you a story. Once, in the

far-away old days of romance, there was a Christian knight of peerless repute, whose greatest longing and dearest hope it was to have the vision of the Holy Grail. The Holy Grail is the name given in chivalry to the Chalice of the Altar containing the sacred Blood of Christ, and this was said to be shown in a vision by God to those whom He judged worthy of the sight of this supreme symbol of His grace, in the moment when they pleased Him most. Well, the knight of whom I speak, in pursuance of the object of his desire, joined the Crusaders and performed prodigies of valour and wonderful feats of arms in battle against the infidels, but all in vain ; he had no vision and remained unblest. Then he left Palestine and went and laid aside his sword in a monastery, and lived a life of long penance and meditation, desiring always a sight of the Holy Grail. But that, too, was in vain. At last, sorrowful and almost despairing, he returned homeward to his own domain. As he drew near his castle he saw gathered about its gates a crowd of beggars, sick, maimed, aged and infirm, old men, women, babes and children—all who were left behind on the land while the hale and hearty went to fight the Saracens. Then he said to his squire, ' What are these ? ' ' They are beggars,' the squire answered, ' who can neither work nor fight. They clamour for bread ; but why heed such a herd of useless, despicable wretches ? Let me drive them away.' ' Nay,' said the knight, touched to the heart ; ' I have slain many abroad ; let me save some at home. Call these poor folk together ; give them bread and drink ; let them be warmed and clothed.' And lo ! as the words passed his lips, a light from heaven fell upon him, and looking up, he saw at last the longed-for vision of the Holy Grail ! Yes, that humble, simple, homely duty of Charity was more precious in the Divine Eyes than all his deeds of prowess in the field of arms or his long devotions in the cloister !

" And so with us, who so poor, so oppressed, so helpless, so mute and uncared for, as the dumb creatures who serve us—they who but for us must starve, and who have no friend on earth if man be their enemy ? Even these are not too low for pity nor too base for justice, and without fear of irreverence or slight on the holy name that Christians love, we may truly say of them, as of the captive, the sick, and the hungry, ' Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, My brethren, ye do it unto Me.' ¹

" For, as St Francis of Assisi has told us, all the creatures of God's hand are brethren. ' My sisters the birds,' he was wont to say ; ' my brothers the kine in the meadows.' The essential of true justice is the sense of solidarity. All creatures, from highest to lowest, stand hand in hand before God. Nor shall we ever begin to spiritualise our lives and thoughts, to lighten and lift ourselves higher, until we recognise this solidarity, until we learn to look upon the creatures of God's hand, not as mere subjects for hunting and butchery, for dissecting and experimentation, but as *living souls* with whom, as well as with the sons of men, God's covenant is made."

¹On the subject of the animals being " a living conscious portion of the divine mind," so that every pang suffered by them is suffered directly by that mind, see *England and Islam*, pp. 214-216, 244.—S. H. H.

CHAPTER XXXI

DE MULTIS REBUS

“ LIVORNO, *January 8, 1886.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I hasten to thank you for your welcome note of the 4th, and for the good wishes which you and Mrs Kingsford were kind enough to send me for this new year, and which I heartily reciprocate. Mrs Kingsford has been so much before the public of late, and has displayed such apostolic energy and ubiquity, that I could barely resist the temptation of sending her my tribute of admiration. But I abstained, and I am glad of it, having now an opportunity of sending that tribute through you ; that is, in a manner which entails nothing troublesome to her.

“ You have had the good fortune of spending Yuletide in high latitudes, where its merry gloom is both more merry and more gloomy than in the South, although I am, in my turn, better off in that respect than the unfortunate Australians, who have to burn their logs in June.

“ But I must answer your question, and only regret that I am not in a condition to give you the desired information. I do not receive the *Revue Scientifique*, but Pasteur’s rejoinder to Koch I remember having seen quoted and referred to in some other (*probably German*) periodical. Not knowing whether Koch has replied again, I am little inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, it being the trick of would-be great men *nowadays not* to claim the honours of the last word. The history of the apparently fierce and inky *bacillus* war waged on Austrian ground by Stricker and Spina against Koch in 1883 shows clearly enough how profitable it is not to reply when one has been beaten, the public thus remaining free to interpret the silence in accordance with its preconceived notions. In fact, why should a scientific magnate like Koch, at whose feet Gossler, the Minister, sits lost in admiration, and who, living as he is in the ‘ metropolis of intelligence,’ is surrounded and supported by a legion of editors and readers of the press,—why should he stoop to fight like a common gladiator before the readers of the *Revue Scientifique* ?

“ Science is, more than ever, national, and the direction and rapidity of the propagation of scientific results, ideas, and fashions seems to depend on international sympathies and antipathies more than on anything else. Research, apparently so lofty and so pure an occupation, is often nothing but the outcome of numerous and more or less mean motives, personal, national, and even (incredible though it appears) municipal. Paris is fully as bad as Berlin in this respect, Pasteur fully as bad as Koch ; and as to French literature, it is worse

than German literature, any reference to the latter being apparently tabooed in the former.

“ Add to all this that Koch is a strikingly bad reasoner, and that he imputes to his *bacilli* (the phthisical as well as that of cholera) the most unreasonable performances, whereas Pasteur is logical enough to draw from his precarious pan-spermistic premises the most formidable structure of conclusions that ever threatened human health and ‘sanity,’ and I can easily imagine why Koch preferred to wrap himself in majestic silence.

“ But, after all, who are those whom *you* wish to convince? Are they people that go by the rule of the ‘last word’? If so, the poor fishwife was wrong whom O’Connell had called ‘You parallelogram.’ And why refer to Pasteur through Koch, whose advocacy might be positively dangerous?

“ The world (even England, at all events Scotland Yard) seems to be in a fit of temporary insanity. All that is low and mean in human nature shows itself, and whosoever ministers to fear ministers to cruelty. To argue with fear is difficult. Let us not waste our energies: this, too, will pass.—With kindest regards to Mrs Kingsford, yours most faithfully,
E. GRYZANOWSKY.”

“ ST LEONARD’S, *February 24* [1886].

“ DEAR LADY CAITHNESS,—I have been intending to write to you for ages, but work has quite overwhelmed me of late; and, besides, I have been terribly bad with neuralgia, and almost laid up. Now that I am away from our damp vicarage I am better. Thanks, many, for your Nice newspapers. I have read the accounts of your festivals with interest, and fancied myself present. On Saturday next I go up to London with my little daughter, who leaves for Paris on Sunday night under the charge of Miss D. The child is going to spend a year in Paris to learn French and music. The change will do her an immense deal of good in every way, and she is looking forward to it greatly. After the dull life she has led here it will develop her character for the better, I hope. As for me, I have taken a charming little flat for the six spring and summer months in London, and enter into possession on March 8. My address will then be 34 Wynnstay Gardens, Kensington, until next September.

“ Our Hermetic Session will very soon begin again now. Is it not extraordinary that this year of all years the Sphinx is to be dug out of the Desert sands that have hidden it all these centuries? 1886 is, you know, the prophesied year of Nostradamus, who foretold that when St George should roll away the stone from the door of the holy sepulchre, then the new era should dawn. This year St George’s Day and Easter Day coincide—a thing that has not happened before, since many hundred years, I think—and all the other Festivals also coincide in very strange ways, but I have not the prophecy here to refer to. I will try to get it and send it. But no doubt you read all about it in *Light*. Moreover, this year is the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria. And the Hermetic Society was founded on St George’s Day! He is our Patron Saint. The Sphinx is to be uncovered by Easter, so the whole thing is most strange. . . .

“ I have a new book just coming out, published by Redway. It is the *Astrology Theologised* of Weigelius, with a long introductory

essay by me. I hope you will like it. But how about *your* book? Do let me know how it gets on. I am so glad you liked my story in the *Month*. It has lately been reprinted in America. I am very hard at work now with literary and other matters, and only wish my health was sufficiently good to allow of my taking up *all* the offers of literary work that I get."

While the amount of her work was a source of anxiety to us owing to its proving so serious a tax on her strength, we were no less disquieted by the character of one branch of it, on account of its apparent incompatibility with the work which constituted her special mission. Desirous at once of utilising her medical knowledge, of benefiting her family, and of obtaining the means for extending the scope of her spiritual and interpretative work, she had, towards the close of 1884, undertaken to supply a weekly letter to the *Lady's Pictorial* on subjects connected with Hygiene in its two aspects of prevention and cure. This was an undertaking which proved to involve a heavy correspondence with individuals as well as a considerable private practice, in the prosecution of which she was eminently successful, and had, moreover, the satisfaction of doing much to extend her own reformed mode of diet and inculcating refined and gentle modes of life. It soon appeared, however, that the chief demand upon her was for the treatment of complaints detrimental to beauty, whether of face or of form, her own success in maintaining which unimpaired, and her extraordinary youthfulness of appearance, produced a widespread impression that she was possessed of some magical secret which could be imparted to others. Her practice in this line brought her knowledges respecting both her own sex and the methods of her own profession which she declared to be a veritable revelation to her, whether as regarded the lengths to which women will go in the pursuit of beauty, or the depths of ignorance and unscrupulousness of those who trade upon their weaknesses, and this whether by quack vendors of cosmetics or by regularly qualified medical practitioners. For, while the former made the wholesomeness of their compounds the last consideration, the latter treated such requirements with scorn, and prescribed at haphazard, wholly regardless of common-sense, to the aggravation of the particular trouble concerned and the detriment of the patient's general health. "I could not have believed it if I had not seen it," she would declare after her patients

had left her. "Only think; as sure as I question the patients who come to me about their complexions concerning their diet and general habits of body, they reply that they did not come to me on those accounts, but about the skin of their faces; and that they have consulted heaps of doctors—high class and expensive ones—for the same thing, but have never been asked questions of that kind. And when I have made them show me their prescriptions, they have proved to be one and all for drugs, chiefly mineral ones, such as would soon destroy the strongest constitution, and were of themselves enough to account for the state of their complexions. And when I tell them so, and inform them that the look of their skin depends on the state of their blood, and this chiefly on the diet with which they nourish it, their astonishment is unbounded, and they declare that not only has such an idea never occurred to them before, but they are quite sure it never occurred to any of their doctors. For, besides drugs, they chiefly recommended a diet of flesh as nearly raw and as plentiful in quantity as they could manage to take. So that I could not help being convinced that the doctors, as a rule, as little understand the fundamental principles of health as the clergy do those of religion."

And so it was that her practice consisted so largely in the treatment of complexions and the invention of innocuous cosmetics, as to justify the title of the book of her articles on the subject, *Health, Beauty, and the Toilet*; a book which proved a veritable boon to vast numbers of her sex on both sides of the Channel and of the Atlantic.

But while thus successful in her profession, she was much distressed by her sense of the incongruity between such a line of practice and her vocation as an apostle and prophet and religious reformer, and felt apprehensive of injury to her mission through the effect on the minds of others, who would, she feared, hardly be able to take her seriously in respect of the latter. I fully shared her feeling, knowing how liable people are, especially press critics, to detect and make the most of such an apparent incongruity. Of course in itself it was innocent, and had been forced on her by circumstances not of her seeking, and beyond her control. And it had, moreover, no deteriorating effect on her own mind or on the quality of her illuminations. But it might, and doubtless would, be turned to the prejudice of

our spiritual work by the "Haters of the Mysteries," whether embodied or unembodied, and we wondered accordingly why such a risk had been permitted, and hoped almost against hope that an explanation would be vouchsafed which would at least satisfy ourselves.

It came at length, and did more than satisfy ourselves; for it was of such a nature as to minister to the recognition of some of the chiefest doctrines our work was designed to illustrate. And it came to us both simultaneously, and was comprised in the word "Karma." In recounting to Mary her horoscope, we were reminded it had been said to her, "It was fore-ordained that you should be luxurious, and addicted to the use of all manner of sweet and cleanly perfumes, baths, and anointments, which render the body fragrant and pure. You will, therefore, in opposing your destiny, be extraordinarily apt to contract all manner of such filthy complaints as accompany poverty, dirt, and the reverse of the condition to which your Rulers destined you. Unclean insects and impure diseases may pursue you, and you may fall a prey to one or the other."¹ It has already been related how she was a martyr to the attacks of insects, and now she was fulfilling her horoscope yet further by having to devote herself to the medical treatment of other people for precisely the ills to which her thwarted destiny rendered her liable. It was thus that, by illustrating the doctrine of Karma and working out her own, she was made a personal demonstration of the fundamental tenets of the doctrine she was appointed to restore.

In reviewing her recent book, *Astrology Theologised*, the *St James's Gazette*, in reference to her introductory essay, after congratulating her on not having been born into the world some four hundred years ago, as she would assuredly have been burnt at the stake for it, indulged in some characteristic criticisms, to which she made the following rejoinder, which duly appeared:—

"The notice of my introduction to the above-named book in your issue of the 21st inst. is calculated to produce an injurious impression, which I think it important to correct. Your reviewer says that I 'make short work of Christianity,' and cites in proof the following sentence: 'Assuredly there will come a day when the figure of Jesus

¹ See Vol. I. p. 419.

of Nazareth . . . will become obscure and faded as that of Osiris,' etc. I, however, go on to say—and this your reviewer, unfairly, as it seems to me, ignores—'not that the Gospel can ever die, or that spiritual processes can become effete, but that the historical framework in which, for the present age, the saving truth is set, will dissociate itself from its essentials, fall, and drift away on the waves of time' (p. 36). And again (p. 41): 'It is not part of the design of Hermetic teaching to destroy belief in the historical aspect of Christianity, . . . but to point out that it is not the history that saves, but the spiritual truth embodied therein.' Unless, therefore, your reviewer holds that Christianity consists in historical accidentals, and not in spiritual essentials, he is certainly not justified in describing me as 'making short work' of it on account of the passage he cites.

"Your reviewer falls into the further blunder of regarding Theosophy as a thing of recent invention, or, at least, importation, and accordingly confounds my views with the Theosophy which, as he says, lately 'came over to Europe.' Whereas the fact is that Theosophy—both the term itself and the system properly so called—has subsisted in the Church from the beginning; and what I have done is to restore and develop it—not as lately 'come over to Europe,' but as held by St Paul, by St Dionysius 'the Areopagite,' by the scholastics, and by the host of Christian mystical philosophers, to whom alone it is due that Christianity is now in any degree a spiritual religion, instead of having degenerated into a mere fetish-worship. I propound no 'Modern Theosophy' which is not also 'Olden Mysticism.'"

Resuming our Hermetic lectures [at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. 22 Albemarle Street], we carried out [in 1886] the following programme:—

The President, on "Bible Hermeneutics." ¹—April 13.

E. Maitland, on "The Higher Alchemy."—April 22.

Hon. Roden Noel, on "Jacob Boehme."—May 4.

Arthur Lillie, on "The Indian Rama, his Connection with the Osirian and Eleusinian Mysteries."—May 18.

E. Maitland, on "A Forgotten View of Genesis."—May 27.

Mr S. L. Macgregor Mathers, on "The Kabala."—June 3.

Mohini M. Chatterji, on "Krishna."—June 10.

E. Maitland, second paper on "The Higher Alchemy."—June 22.

E. Maitland, a joint paper by the President and himself on "The Nature and Constitution of the Ego." ²—June 29.

¹ This lecture consisted of Anna Kingsford's Introduction to *Astrology Theologised*.—S. H. H.

² This lecture was subsequently included (as Lecture V.) in the Second Edition of *The Perfect Way* in substitution for Lecture V. of the First Edition. Both lectures are given in the present (Fourth) Edition of *The Perfect Way*.—S. H. H.

Mr S. L. M. Mathers, on "The Physical or Lower Alchemy."—July 8.

E. Maitland, on "The New Illumination."—July 15.

The President, in answer to questions invited, re-read her third lecture on "The Creed,"¹ and gave a further exposition in satisfaction of questions.—July 22.

Dr W. Wynn Westcott, on the Kabalistic book, *Sepher Yetzirah*.—July 29.

At all the meetings the papers were followed by discussions of the highest interest, the attendance varying from thirty to fifty persons, many of whom were notable for their talent, their erudition, and their piety. A special feature in Mary's lectures consisted in the highly artistic diagrams, made by herself, of the symbols explained, such as the double Triangle and the Seal of Solomon, on which were shown the stations of the soul in the course of its elaboration; also her drawings of man in his two states, degenerate and regenerate, as indicated by the direction of the magnetic currents of his system, according to the view shown to her in vision. Another feature worthy of mention was the occasional presence of theatrical actors and professional reciters, who came, they said, not because they could understand what they heard—that, they frankly admitted, was beyond them—but in order to listen to the President, whose gift of elocution they declared to be so perfect that to hear her speak was a lesson in their own art. This proved to be the closing session of the Hermetic Society.

Among the letters written or received during this summer were the following:—

" 34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W., May 11, 1886.

" DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—You know that it is not because I do not often think of you that I do not write often. Both Mr Maitland and I have been, and still are, so incessantly occupied with literary work that we find it hard to get time for correspondence further than the sending off of short notes and post-cards. We are now very busy getting ready the revised edition of *The Perfect Way*, which will contain a new lecture and many alterations and improvements. Then there is my own book, which Redway is bringing out, and the proofs of which I have to correct, besides my weekly newspaper work, which is heavy, and my lectures. One is coming off on Thursday evening at Hampstead. It is a mere feat for me to get to

¹ See p. 200 *ante*.

bed earlier than 1 or 2 A.M., and, as you know, my health is very far from strong. Lately I have suffered horribly from neuralgia.

“ There is a general feeling among the members of the Hermetic Society that we ought to hold some meetings in the evening. Many of our men cannot come in the afternoons. At the last the Hon. Roden Noel gave us a paper on Boehme, which was extremely interesting, and led to my reading up what Mrs Penny has to say on the subject. I think I begin to understand Boehme much better than I did, though I think, with Mr Maitland, that he was very irregular in his aspirations, and the levels to which he attained ; not rising always to the same height. He certainly recognised this himself, for he says that, in order to mark the distinction between that which he says *of himself* and that which ‘ God says in him,’ he uses, to express the first condition, the pronoun ‘ I,’ and, to express the second, ‘ *we.*’ Of himself he affirms, he finds it difficult to rise above the ‘ astral knowledge,’ but that which he writes of the Spirit ‘ transcends the three kingdoms.’

“ I am particularly angered by Gerald Massey, the so-called poet, who is now in London giving lectures on Sundays at St George’s Hall. If you still see the *Medium*, you will find in it a very fair report of these lectures. Gerald Massey is a materialist of the rankest type, masquerading as a spiritualist. He is a man incapable of comprehending anything beyond the crudest objective manifestations of psychic energy, and even of these he deliberately prefers the lowest and vulgarest types. As for spiritualism as we understand the word, he will have done with it altogether ; it is ‘ effete, ‘ old-world,’ ‘ musty and fusty,’ and must be swept away into limbo. He says there is no meaning in any dogma or doctrine or event of sacred science other than that which lies immediately on the surface, and as this is superseded, he calls on his hearers to sweep away the whole Christian system, with the ideas of God, Devil, Christ, and all that belongs to the category of Mysticism. The only spirits in the universe, he says, are human spirits ; the only intelligences we can possibly come into contact with are those of embodied or disembodied men and women ; the talk and phenomena of the séance-room constitute the only revelation we can hope for. And as to illumination from a Divine source, or hidden interpretations, or esoteric teaching, or re-births, or seership, or mysticism of any kind—Neo-platonic, Theosophic, Hermetic, or Kabalistic—it is all pure unmitigated bosh. This is what he says publicly every Sunday, and last Sunday he quoted a passage from *The Perfect Way* in order to denounce it. The passage in question was that in which we say that ‘ the signs of the Zodiac are written on the heavenly planisphere because they stand as eternal verities in the history of every human soul.’ He puts the physical first—and last ; that is the Alpha and Omega of existence. The spiritual is but a mere dream of insane imaginations, read into physical phenomena by sickly visionaries ! And this is the kind of teaching to the dissemination of which, under the mask of ‘ high teaching,’ certain ‘ spiritualists ’ are lending themselves.

“ Adieu. I have already written too much, I fear, and may have wearied you.—Ever yours lovingly,

A. K.”

“ 4 FINCHLEY ROAD, N.W., June 14, 1886.

“ DR ANNA KINGSFORD.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am deeply thankful to you for your lecture on *Pasteur*. It cannot be said that it exhausts the subject or settles the controversy, only because human evil, with its folly and embruted stupidity, once it is fairly master of an inveterate will, dominates flocks of men and women, and has inevitably its devil's time of success, and waits for God's time of judgment. You know this too well; and your militancy for good will not be impaired by the apparent uselessness of present effort against the overwhelming flood of scientist wickedness and quackery.

“ I am sorry for the lady you mention whose faith in the Good God is strained by Pasteur's success. Evils, says our friend Swedenborg, *must* come out, in order that they may be seen, acknowledged, and exposed, and that they may be got rid of. The diabolus of atheist-scientism, with its hideous methods, is now allowed to show itself in all its deformity, yet in its full robes of infernal pretext, that its judgment may, when the season comes, be condign.

“ I send you a little translation of mine of a book I admire. My handwriting is difficult to me now, and I am more in the upper planes of thought than any longer in controversy with the Materialists. But I thoroughly love and appreciate your work.—Yours fraternally,

“ J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.”

The following is a characteristic example of her “ short way ” with editors :—

“ *To the Editor of —.*

“ DEAR SIR,—The heading you have affixed to my article *will not do*. It contains no less than *three* errors in five words ! (1) Pasteur is *not* a ‘ Dr ’ ; he has no medical diploma at all ; consequently, Dr Graucher has to operate for him, to save him the reproach of practising without a qualification. He is M. Pasteur simply. (2) He does not profess to *cure* hydrophobia, but to *prevent* it only ; for he has distinctly stated many times over that his process is *not curative*, but prophylactic. And this is the whole point of this ‘ discovery.’ (3) Human beings do not have *rabies*, but hydrophobia. Rabies is a canine complaint, and what M. Pasteur attempts to prevent is hydrophobia. The title would only be correct thus—‘ Can M. Pasteur *prevent hydrophobia* ? ’ I suggest that it would be much simpler to head the article ‘ PASTEURISM.’

“ Pray do not commit me to three such awful mistakes as the ‘ *Dr*,’ the ‘ *Cure*,’ and the ‘ *Rabies* ’ !!!
ANNA KINGSFORD.”

“ 34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W., August 19, 1886.

“ DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—Thank you so much for your very kind invitation. Yes, if the Gods are favourable, we will try to visit you for a week or two somewhere about October 1. Next week we are going to stay with the Mount-Temples at Broadlands.

“ Yes, we have read *Masollam*, and also Mr Sinnett's new novel, *United*. For my part, I prefer the latter to the former. *Masollam*

disappoints me, especially as coming from an adept such as Oliphant is supposed to be. He has not been near us, by the way ; I suppose because Mr Maitland criticised his *Sympneumata* rather severely in *Light*, and because we have not shown ourselves very deeply interested in his astral schemes for regenerating the world by means of 'Counterparts.'

" Miss Dawson came unexpectedly to see us the other day, when my husband was here, and told us how kind you had been to Eadith, and said she thought the child much improved. . . . Now that you are at Vichy, I suppose you will get on with your book. We, too, are going to try to do some literary work while on our proposed holiday. If we go on to Germany after leaving you, we shall have to be away some time. Mr M. even talks of wintering abroad, but I do not see my way to that, though I should like it very much from some points of view. It is our strange *kismet* that we never know what we are going to do until we are on the eve of doing it. 'The Spirit moves us,' and we act accordingly.—Ever yours lovingly,

" ANNA K——."

" BROADLANDS, ROMSEY, *August 27, 1886.*

" MY DEAR MISS WALKER,—I have long been seeking a quiet half-hour to talk with you, and it has come at last.

" I am here for a brief while in 'Retreat,' in the midst of the most lovely country, the most perfect calm, the most glorious weather. To-morrow I return to London ; meanwhile I am at rest. This is the country-seat of Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, and I never saw any lovelier place. We have had Canon Wilberforce and his wife, Mr Percy Wyndham (whom you have often met at the Hermetic Society), and one or two other kindred spirits with us. Mr Maitland is also here, and how I have wished you could have been of the number ! All day long we have spoken together of spiritual things—nothing else—whether wandering through the gardens, or sitting on the sunlit lawns, or pacing the terraces under the beautiful stars at night. In the morning we have services of song and prayer and reading of the Scriptures, with exposition ; and after that we meditate alone for some time, then meet again at lunch, and spend the rest of the day in discoursing about sacred things.

" I am writing this to you in my own room, while the others, under the direction of a young clergyman, are singing hymns in the oratory. It is indeed a convent life, only with all the beautiful surroundings of wealthy circumstances and the refined and cultured accessories which wealth procures.

" After leaving this sweet retreat to-morrow I go to London, to attend a meeting at Hyde Park Hotel for the purpose of determining what ought to be done to deliver the dogs from the Chief Commissioner of Police !—Yours, with affection and sincerity,

" ANNA KINGSFORD.

" To Miss E. ABNEY WALKER."

We returned to London from this visit bounteously supplied with choice flowers culled by our hostess herself from her garden,

in connection with which an incident occurred curiously illustrative at once of Mary's liabilities and sensibilities. On reaching home the basket was entrusted to her maid—a young woman she had brought with her from the country—for the flowers to be arranged in vases. After an unduly prolonged interval the maid appeared bearing a single vase only containing roses.

“ Well, where are the rest ? ” asked her mistress.

“ Oh, that is all, ma'am,” was the reply.

“ What *do* you mean ? I gave you a large basketful of flowers of different kinds.”

“ I mean that is all the roses. I took no account of the others. I only care for roses, and I supposed you did the same.”

“ And what have you done with the rest ? ”

“ Thrown them away, ma'am.”

“ Thrown them away ! Why, what do you suppose I brought them to London for ? Where have you thrown them ? ”

“ Down the ash and dust pit, ma'am.”

“ Then go and fetch them out directly.”

“ I don't think I can reach them ; and, besides, they are all spoilt now. I have thrown a heap of ashes and other rubbish on top of them.”

“ And those lovely living things are smothering and suffocating in darkness and dirt while we are talking here ! ” exclaimed Mary, the tears springing to her eyes. “ Come, Caro, and help me to rescue them.”

It proved a task of no little disagreeableness and difficulty, but we persisted in it until every flower had been recovered and washed, and laid out tenderly to dry, Mary contenting herself with remarking to me that it seemed sometimes as if there were malicious elementals about who were bent on contriving vexations and distresses for her. People could not possibly be so stupid and so cruel of themselves.

The allusion in her letter to Miss Walker about the dogs and the Commissioner of Police referred to what was known as the Baker Street dog case, which had aroused her strong indignation, and on behalf of which she wrote, by request, the following letter to the Queen, the acknowledgment of which was most gracious :—

“ 34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.

“ TO THE QUEEN'S MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

“ MADAM,—Understanding from my friend Lady Gertrude Stock that your Majesty is so good as to take a personal interest in the sad story of the poor little dog so brutally killed by the police in Baker Street on the morning of the 14th of June, I venture to write to your Majesty on the subject, and to tell you what I have learned of the case from those most nearly concerned in it.

“ Strenuous efforts—not, I fear, the most honest—have been made to shield the police in the matter. The witnesses on the side of the owner of the dog are unanimous in the grave charges they make against the constables, and it is not likely that the matter will be suffered to drop. Lord and Lady Mount-Temple, whose names are doubtless well known to your Majesty, are interested in the case, and there is a probability that before long a meeting may be held to protest against the magistrate's decision, and against the state of the law which permits such outrages to occur in the public streets.

“ The dog in question was a favourite spaniel, gentle, quiet, and affectionate. He was in perfect health, ate, slept, and drank well. He was put into the street *with his muzzle on* ' for an airing ' immediately after his usual morning meal, according to custom, about 9.30 A.M. After running about a little in the street, it appears to have mistaken its way home (its owner temporarily staying in ' apartments ' in Baker Street, and the place consequently being unfamiliar to the dog), and to have gone up the stairs of No. 49, where a Miss Rebell lived. Here it was captured by the police with a lasso, they apparently supposing it to be a ' stray dog ' ; and Miss Rebell, seeing this, and knowing the dog by sight, went down to the front door to inform the constables that she knew to whom it belonged. As she went, she heard the first blow of the policeman's truncheon on the poor creature's spine and a piteous cry. She ran to the door and addressed Inspector Prendegast, asking what he was about. He answered, ' Killing a mad dog.' Miss Rebell replied, ' It is *not* mad. I know the dog well ; let me take him into my house.' The Inspector retorted, ' It is dead.' Miss Rebell said, ' No—not dead, poor thing ; he is looking piteously at me ! ' The Inspector then became very insolent, and addressing a policeman standing by, said, ' If she likes it, give it another before her, and let her see it ! ' The dog was then beaten again most brutally on the spine and nose, Miss Rebell continuing to remonstrate. Finding that all she said was unavailing, she went back into the house, sat down on the stairs, and cried ; but, unable to endure the horrible and continual sound of the blows and the moans of the poor dying beast, she again went out, and this time used very warm language to the police. Even yet the dog was not dead, but crawled feebly towards her ; and running upstairs in a state of frenzied horror and indignation, she emptied from her balcony a large pitcher of water over the policemen. For this act she was subsequently summoned *and fined* ! !

“ Some of the witnesses assert that the dog was being slowly beaten to death for three-quarters of an hour, crying and howling

all the time; others say half an hour, but the lowest computation is twenty minutes. A great crowd collected, and one lady sent out her servant to offer a sovereign to the Inspector to buy the dog, and he told the girl in reply to 'go and be damned.' After the policemen had done their worst the poor little animal, still alive and covered with wounds, was strapped on a water-cart and removed, 'to be finished at the station.'

"For the constables it was stated that two witnesses—as against ten on the other side—thought the dog dangerous, and saw it bleeding at the mouth and running wildly. In fact, it bled at the mouth because its muzzle had got twisted and cut it; and, as it was holiday-time (Whit-Monday), several boys 'larking' in the street had pursued it with sticks for fun. Being thus hunted, the poor creature sought refuge in the house of one of these witnesses, but was turned out, and then ran to Miss Rebell's. There was not the slightest evidence to show that the dog was ailing in the smallest degree, or that it even resented the brutal attack to which it was subjected.

"Your Majesty will probably hear another account from Mr Colam. Permit me to say that the secret of the reticence of the R.S.P.C.A. will, it is trusted, be fully explained before long, in as public a manner as possible.

"I have the honour to remain your Majesty's most dutiful and obedient servant and subject,
ANNA KINGSFORD."

"34 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W., June 1886.

"MY DEAR MME. DE STEIGER,—Your charming gift is as much a surprise to me as it is a delight! But—ought I to accept it?—for I fear you offer it to me under the impression that this flat is mine. I have only taken it for six months, to see whether I succeed in London or not; so it is not mine, as you appear to think. But I do hope this will not cause you to recall your gift. I admire this picture of yours greatly. It is a little jewel, and words fail me to thank you enough for it. Pray come and see it next Monday, and tell me if you like the place I choose to hang it. I shall then be better able to thank you than on paper;—written thanks are always meagre. I know what it costs an artist to part with a 'child' that has grown under the hand in moments of love and insight. One's picture is a part of oneself, more so by far than a book, for that may be multiplied by the thousand, while the painting is only one—a beloved offspring.—Yours with great and sincere gratitude,

"ANNA KINGSFORD."

The following letter from a Parsee scholar and native of India was interesting to us as a token of recognition of the substantial identity of Christianity and Zoroastrianism, by showing that between them, as between Christianity and so many other religions, the differences are of the exoteric only, and not of the esoteric. It also gave us hope of the rise of a native Anglo-Indian religious literature demonstrating this identity to the holders of both faiths:—

“ AHMEDABAD, June 25, 1886.

“ TO EDWARD MAITLAND, ESQ.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 5th January last. I am also very thankful for your valuable book, *The Keys of the Creeds*, and for the trouble you have taken in giving your views upon the questions raised by me. The little book has, I may assure you, proved very valuable to me, and has solved many of my difficulties. *The Perfect Way* has made me a much nobler man—a man of tranquillity and calmness, due to the knowledge of the philosophy of Being imbibed by me from it, and for which my mind was fortunately prepared; and the book you have now sent me has done no less to strengthen my noble aspirations.

“ Probably you are reading my articles on Zoroastrianism that are appearing in the *Theosophist*. They are to be embodied in a treatise, to be added to the book, which contains the Chaldæan doctrine, the Zoroastrian Oracles, and the doctrine of the Iranian Platonists, which are known as some sects of the Zoroastrians. When the book is ready I will send you a copy; and I shall be greatly obliged if you will kindly let me have in the meantime the respective opinions of yourself and Dr Anna Kingsford of the articles on Zoroastrianism, that I may, if advisable, publish them in the book.—With my sincere regards for yourself and for the venerated lady, Dr Anna Kingsford, believe me, yours sincerely and faithfully,
DHUNJEEBHOY JAMSETJEE MEDHORA.

“ P.S.—I am going to add to the said book your sketch of the Hermetic doctrine in *The Virgin of the World*, should you have no objection.”

On September 19 [1886] our highly esteemed correspondent, Mrs Atwood, wrote to me from Bridlington :—

“ I have followed—picturing to myself with amazement—the amount of your London labours this season. I was vexed to find that paper on the evolution of the true Ego so abridged in *Light*, but conclude that it will be forthcoming complete in the new edition of *The Perfect Way*. We are sorry, indeed, though not surprised, that Mrs Kingsford can find no recruit of health without going further afield. Her constitution plainly calls for more supply of vitality than those midland counties yield. I trust that the project of wintering in Rome will be carried out *after* (may it be) a trial of sea air for a while after leaving Paris. Has she ever stayed at Arcachon ?

“ The beautiful old priory here is an object of interest. There is an aroma to me of sanctity about it still. I will send with this a copy of the little guide, which may amuse Mrs Kingsford if she has leisure to read the rigmarole concerning the famous alchemist, Canon Ripley, etc. You are right about the ‘Inquiry.’¹ I sent it for you to keep, please. It must be a satisfaction to Mrs Kingsford to find

¹ Her book, before named, *An Inquiry into the Hermetic Mystery*. As the writer of that book, and one of the profoundest of living mystics, she was in the very foremost rank of those whose judgment we valued.—E. M.

that the ' Pasteur craze ' has fallen into abeyance, or some discredit at the least, owing to her efforts."

In acknowledging the receipt of the MSS. of some of our Hermetic Lectures, sent to her to read them in full, Mrs Atwood wrote to me :—

" I thank you very much, not only for having afforded me a sight of these lectures, but for having written and delivered the same. You have full well maintained throughout the dignity of the subject, of the which I am naturally jealous ; and the general view taken of the doctrine appears to me correct and capable of all proof. The key is, as you recognise clearly and forcibly, hidden within the new life of humanity (also within the old, methinks). But you have wisely avoided touching on the experimental methods of dealing with the universal subject ; the terms relating to which, and its degrees of progress, you may find, on further investigation, to represent more essentially what they express than at first sight appears. It was the vulgar chemists who borrowed these essential terms rather for the designation of their own dead elements and drugs.

" There is a suggestion contained in a letter from Mrs Penny to me lately about the dog-soul which I should like to convey to Mrs Kingsford, if you will kindly give her the accompanying to read at leisure."

Mrs Penny has already been mentioned as a profound and original thinker, and a notable expositor of Jacob Boehme. Her remarks were as follows :—

" You ask me about dog-madness, and what I think of it. Very decided but unintelligible thoughts. My theory is, that all dogs are *solidaries*, just as all human beings are. And I suppose that all the exquisite tortures inflicted on dogs by vivisectionists are now telling on the whole nervous system of that plane of being. This theory I never had a glint of from anyone else ; it came as I pondered upon another probability, that as in the Middle Ages humanity as a race had its sensibilities quickened by the horrid tortures human beings—friend and foe alike—inflicted on their own kind (for the surgeons rubbed gunpowder and burning oil on raw wounds !), so now the dog race may be having some new faculty of spirit roused by sufferings of which I *dare* not think. Mrs Kingsford has my blessings for trying to right that diabolical wrong, which a doctor's wife tried to justify to me two days ago by saying, ' Well, you see, animals have no souls——' I did not let her finish that sentence !

" It is as much as my faith can stand, the thought of the Divine Love remaining silent and non-interfering while a dog is slowly agonised or a child ill-used ! "

The season had been one of severe and incessant toil, and this far in excess of what has been already indicated. For, besides Mary's literary and medical work, the high appreciation

of her energy in action and skill in organisation had led to her being besieged from all sides by calls for her assistance in manifold works of justice and mercy, none of which she had it in her to decline. But even more than these, there were grounds for apprehension which made me especially anxious for the termination of our stay in London, and for her removal into conditions favourable to the reparation of her exhausted vitality. These grounds were of two kinds. One arose from the intimations we had from time to time received pointing to the age of forty as a highly critical period for her. The other was her entry upon a course of study in that most exhausting of all pursuits, practical occultism.

To speak first of the former ground. It was true that her Genius, conversing with her in the winter of 1880-81, had said to her that he saw no prospect of an early death for her, but, on the contrary, a very long-continued youth and an age beyond the ordinary span, the reason being the extraordinary power of repair in her system.¹ And it was true also that the former part of this prognostic—her retention of her youth—had been fulfilled, for she was still a girl in looks and vivacity. But as regarded her life, he had obviously spoken of what might be in the event of her observing ordinary care and not exhausting her vitality faster than it could be reproduced. On the other hand, there was the dialogue she had overheard in 1880 between two spirits who were discussing her condition and probabilities of life, wherein one of them had affirmed positively that she would hardly survive forty unless she again became a mother.² In the year just past, again, on the occasion of her being positively identified with Joan of Arc and Anne Boleyn, the age of forty was indicated as the limit of her activity in the words, "Anna's crown was won at twenty, for it was by the body she earned it; thine shall take twice that tale of years to gain."³ She herself took this as referring to the limit of her work, either physically or mentally.

There were yet two other utterances which had struck me as possibly applicable to one who had about her so much that was typical and representative. One of these was contained in the three concluding verses of the illumination entitled,

¹ Vol. I. pp. 397-398.

² Vol. I. p. 357.

³ P. 224 *ante*.

“ Concerning the Great Work, the Redemption, and the Share of Christ Jesus therein ” (*Clothed with the Sun*, II. v.), which run thus :—

“ For when the cycle of creation is completed, whether of the macrocosm or of the microcosm, the Great Work is accomplished.

“ Six for the manifestation, and six for the interpretation ; six for the outgoing, and six for the ingathering ; six for the man, and six for the woman.

“ Then shall be the Sabbath of the Lord God.”

The other was suggested by the periods assigned to Esther, and to herself as her representative :—

“ Six years shall she be anointed with oil of myrrh ; that is, with study and training, severe and bitter :

“ And six years with sweet perfumes ; that is, with the gracious loveliness of the imagery and poetry of the faiths of the past, that religion may not be lacking in sweetness and beauty.”¹

Such was precisely the number of years that she would have then been occupied in her spiritual work with me, and such also the periods of their division ; so that, whether as applied to the term of her life or her work, the prognostics would fit the actual periods in the event of a near breakdown. I did not know whether she had applied them to herself, and I refrained from naming them to her, and strove rather to weaken her impression respecting the former ones.

With regard to my other cause for apprehension on her account—her study of practical occultism—the case was in this wise. She had always borne in mind the recommendation given her on behalf of the acquisition of such knowledge, and sought for an opportunity of complying with it. This was the recommendation contained in the instruction entitled “ Concerning Regeneration,” received in 1881, and published in *Clothed with the Sun* as I. xxiii.²

In the course of the summer of this year, 1886, a proposal to study occultism was made to her by a notable expert, who, being well versed in Hermetic and Kabalistic science, had attained his proficiency in the best schools. Had the exercise been, as originally contemplated, a purely intellectual one, there had been no ground for apprehension. But the prospect involved of obtaining power over the elemental forces suggested to her

¹ Vol. I. p. 353.

² It is also given at p. 97 *ante*.

the practical utilisation of these agencies on behalf of the animals by directing them against some of the leading vivisectors, and especially M. Pasteur, who was generally regarded as the chief champion of the method on the ground of his alleged success in treating hydrophobia. As the one remaining experimentalist who had not yet been discredited with the public, the palpable failure of his system would be a crushing blow to the experimental method. She had already, she firmly believed, been divinely used as an instrument for the destruction of Claude Bernard; and if the present impulse were of the same order, it was not for her to resist it, be the cost what it might to herself. She knew the risk to be great, but the duty was paramount, and it might well be that precisely such sacrifice of herself was required of her in expiation of the as yet remaining liabilities from her former lives. And the fact that I felt in no way called on to take part in the enterprise was no reason against her engaging in it. We each had our own Karma, and must work out our respective destinies, according to our individual needs. For her, it was part of her mission as a redeemer, like the knights of old, to rid the earth of noxious monsters at all risks to herself.

All this passed between us in this connection, and much more which need not be recounted, if only because her Diary of a later date will be found to set forth her views with sufficient fulness. Well aware that the action proposed involved an energetic and long-sustained effort to project the will to the exhaustion and possible collapse of the willer, be he robust as he might, and that her strength was already greatly overtaxed and reduced, I could not but entertain grave apprehensions of the result to herself. As it was, when the time came to quit London for home, she was prostrate and suffering beyond all previous experience. Nevertheless, to judge by the event, the terrible sacrifice was not altogether in vain. For the arch-tormentor at whom she aimed was presently stricken with a malady which threatened his life and compelled his retreat from his laboratory to the Riviera, for a sojourn which proved to be of many months; and the average of the failures of his system, as shown by the mortality among his patients, was largely increased.

Her Diary in London this summer contained but two entries. They are these :—

June 22 [1886].—It is, I see, nine months since I wrote a line in my Diary. Time enough in which to have conceived and borne a child. And yet I am always standing on the same spot, moving my feet, indeed, but never advancing,—marking time—marking time!

I know what I want. I want to be away in strange places—over-sea there, in the prairies of the West; there—overland, in the gorgeous South, among the palm-fronds, and the broken shrines of the dead Gods. Or eastward again, in the old world, where faces are brown and garments white and the stars drop out of heaven on the clear luminous nights! Or northward, among the fjords and the firs,—in Norway, in Finland, or the ice-fields. Why must I stay here—here, where the Salvationists howl and blaspheme the Lord; where there are policemen and mad dogs and Societies and Journalism? Yes, and Gladstone! and the hideous nightmare of the Devil Pasteur, blackening all the horizon with his looming shadow!

What! will not the Gods smite? Is not the time ripe? Are the Gods sitting serene, unmoved, patient, yet on their shining thrones, bearing, enduring, seeing, hearing? Oh that I were one of them!

Somewhere in the world is there no friend who will take me away, that I may forget this fallen Christendom? No friend with whom I may visit the solitudes that yet remain on the planet,—the long salt shores, the deep forests, the silences of earth, where still the Genii and the Spirits linger? In my dreams the spray blows on my face, the stars shine, the meadows are daisy-sweet. When I was a child they always looked like that. Is it Love that I want? No, not the common vulgar cry, the cry of all sickly women-folk, the sing-song of drawing-room misses. I want a *friend*.

There are too many men and women; there is too little Humanity. I had almost said there is no Humanity. There is a dearth of understanding, of nakedness of spirit. All of us are over-dressed; no man knows what heart beats in his neighbour's bosom. Truth is dead—is dead—or has she never yet come to the birth?

In utterances such as this we could not but recognise unconscious reminiscences of lives long past, and confirmations of the statement that only by being placed in a body of weakness and suffering would she accomplish the work assigned her in this incarnation:—

“The Feast of the Assumption, 1886, and the anniversary of the death of my dear little Rufus, whom Our Lady bless and help on his upward way! My cry to-night is but a continuation and echo of that recorded in my last utterance. There is no truth among men—no—nor any justice. ‘Justice’ is bought and sold. Everything is valued at its price in cash. There is but one god in the world, and his name is Mammon; and men are his abject servants and adorers.”

I was at no loss to discern the source of this access of pessimism, as revealed in these entries, in some revelations recently made to her of the prevalence of fraudulent practices in trade. She

had been approached by the representative of a certain institution founded ostensibly for the provision of curative appliances, but really, as she discovered on examining them, for deliberately plundering the public by the sale of worthless counterfeits. The offers made for her public patronage were so liberal as to mean wealth ; and it would be hard to say which was the greatest, her own surprise and indignation at the cheat and the attempt to enlist her on its behalf, or the astonishment of the agent at her refusal of terms so advantageous for the sake of principle.

CHAPTER XXXII

A FLIGHT FOR LIFE

ATCHAM, *September 12* [1886].—Yesterday, towards midnight, while suffering terribly from asthma and facial neuralgia, all other remedies having failed, Mary begged to be put under chloroform, remembering the relief it had given her under like circumstances four years ago at Nice.¹ A. had gone to bed, prior to taking his turn at nursing at a later hour. There was at most but half an ounce of the drug left, so that it must be used very sparingly, as it was impossible to procure more until next day. We were sitting before the fire. She was in a very depressed frame of mind about her life and work, regarding them as a complete failure, and refusing to heed any word of hope and encouragement. She was greatly distressed also at the near approach of her fortieth birthday, and declared that she could not and would not live to see it. To be forty was to be old, and she loathed the idea of outliving her youth. The anæsthetic took almost immediate effect. She became lucid, and spoke in her own person, holding with me the following colloquy:—

“ I am quite off now, quite gone away.”

“ Where to ? ” I asked.

“ I don't know where, but the selfhood left is quite unconscious of pain.”

“ Can you say where you should go to obtain the best conditions for health and work ? ”

“ I can only say that London and Paris are best for me, but I shall not live long.”

Here the chloroform was renewed, as the pain was returning. She insisted on having a somewhat stronger dose, which practically exhausted the supply, and I dreaded the consequences of being without it. Presently she spoke again, but this time as another person, and with another and a stronger voice, a decidedly masculine voice, and quite unlike her own. I at once recognised it as the voice which had spoken from her at Nice, and concerning the utterer of which I had been so greatly perplexed. As on that occasion, it did not proceed from her lips or vocal organs, but was of a distinct personality within the organism. Its first words were spoken as a soliloquy. It said—

“ If she can kill herself she will. She hardly thinks of anything else.” Then, addressing me, it asked sharply, “ Are you awake and conscious ? ”

“ Yes, perfectly.”

¹ P. 89 *ante*.

“ Then feel her pulse. It is very doubtful if you get her back : she is nearly gone.”

I had but a moment before taken my finger from her pulse, as it was quite strong, and I knew that the chloroform had not been enough to cause danger. I now at once withdrew the handkerchief, which I found she was pressing firmly against her mouth and nostrils with both hands so as to exclude all air—a change of position I had failed to observe owing to the dimness of the light. But on feeling her pulse again I was reassured, for I had often known it to be much weaker, and in fact quite extinct in some of the fainting fits to which she was subject. Presently the voice resumed :—

“ She did it on purpose, believing there was enough in the bottle to kill her ; and she will do it yet if not prevented.”

“ Who are you,” I asked, “ that speak of her as of someone else than herself, and without disapprobation of such an attempt ? ”

“ I am the Astral.”

“ Ah ! not her higher and true self, then ; not the *Anima Divina*. That would not approve of such an action, would it ? ”

“ Do not ask. I do not know. What I know is, that the indications of her natural life are forty years. At most she can live but ten years more. Better for her to let her die. There is awful suffering for her if she lives.”

“ Of what kind ? ”

“ Physical and mental.”

“ Would she be able to come back and help me in the work ? ”

“ I think not. She would need rest.”

“ Would she still suffer ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Physically or mentally ? ”

“ Both.”

These last two replies were given hesitatingly, and with seeming reluctance, as if through the speaker perceiving that they told against his advice to let her go now, since she would not escape suffering. Here she spoke in her own voice, demanding more chloroform, and saying, “ Quick ! quick ! before the pain returns ! ” There were but a few drops left, and her pulse was now strong and regular. So I gave her the rest, dreading her next appeal, when I should be unable to comply. On her going off again, the strange voice resumed :—

“ Let her go. It will be better for you both, and save her ten years of suffering, which will be as bad for you as for her ; and she will not be able to work, but will only hinder you. Better let her go now.”

“ Tell me,” I said, “ is her suffering in this life due to things done in her former lives ? ”

“ I cannot say. I do not believe in them. I am the Astral.”

“ Would not her suffering hereafter be the greater for having put an end to herself ? ”

“ She is hardly accountable.”

“ You have before given us some good advice on an emergency ; can you tell me where she would suffer least ? ”

“ In Paris and London. But she will always suffer much anywhere, and be able to do very little work. Much better to let her go.”

At this moment a change came over her ; the voice ceased, and,

to my infinite relief, she passed into a sound natural slumber, which continued for three hours, when she woke free from pain and distress, and conversed cheerfully until A. came in and took his turn of watching. I had been about to question the Astral as to its share in prompting her to her despairing thoughts, and what he had to gain, if anything, by her withdrawal from the body. But the opportunity was gone when the sleep came on. For some days after this she spoke continually about her wish to die, and asked to have in her own keeping the fresh supply of chloroform which had been at once procured, but yielded to my entreaty to be allowed to take charge of it, at least for the present.

It soon became evident that the only hope of immunity from intense and constant suffering, if not also from positive lung-disease, lay in flight to some less unfavourable conditions of climate. The wrench for us all was a severe one, for we were never so happy as at the vicarage, and it was an ideal place for study and work. She herself was so averse to leaving it that she was about to prepare for a few weeks only of absence. Being less sanguine, I prevailed on her to provide against all emergencies and prepare to pass the winter abroad. For I had in my mind the south of Italy as the climate most likely to suit her. We resolved, however, for the present, to make trial of Paris, first spending a few days with the Kenealys at Watford—a visit which she greatly enjoyed, and by which she was considerably benefited. Our next halting-place was Ostende, to make trial of sea-air, and also to respond in person to the following letter from Madame Blavatsky, to whom she had written in consequence of a communication from Lady Caithness :—

“ VILLA NOVA, OSTENDE, *Aug.* 23, 1886.

“ DEAR MRS KINGSFORD,—I was expecting a letter from you, and it came. What I wrote to our dear Duchesse about you was six months ago, and my ideas of you since then have only gained in my sincere thankfulness and gratitude to you for what you have done for Mohini. He is with me for the last fortnight, and will stop here two or three weeks longer. He will not go to America, since there is ‘ cats and dogs ’ fight among the Theosophists there worse than in Europe. Ah! what an exemplar, our Society, for the world in general, and our enemies in particular! My dear Mrs Kingsford, I cannot put on paper what I might say were I to see you face to face. I winter here, and therefore you will find me when you like. Only, if you would see me alone, better come toward the end of September, when the whole house will be at your disposal. In October I will have here Theosophists who do not feel, unfortunately, so friendly to you as Mohini and I do. Then I will answer any questions you may please to ask me. I am hard at work now,

for I am afraid not to be able to finish my *Secret Doctrine* if I wait long. Whatever it may be as a literary production, people will learn in it more than one new thing.

“ Please convey my friendly regards to Mr Maitland.—Wishing you health and success, and assuring you I have long ceased paying attention to any gossip—*personal* gossip—against me least of all, believe me, ever yours with genuine admiration,
H. P. BLAVATSKY.”

Arrived at Ostende, we took up our quarters at an hotel, and when Mary had sufficiently recovered from the journey we made our intended call on Madame Blavatsky, who then had living with her a lady for whom we had high esteem, the Countess Wachtmeister. Here we found ourselves not only cordially welcomed, but overwhelmed with reproaches for having put up at an hotel instead of going straight to them,—a thing we had not for a moment contemplated doing. And Madame Blavatsky took it so seriously to heart as to show that our continued refusal would very deeply wound her. Our hesitation had no personal element in it, being solely for the sake of our work, which, in the then position of the Theosophical Society, was liable to be seriously prejudiced by association with it. My own sense of such risk was so keen that nothing but Mary's determination to accept the invitation for herself finally induced me to consent. The reasons pleaded by her were these three: her unwillingness to wound further a fellow-woman—even if in fault—who was already smarting under great obloquy, and who would inevitably ascribe our refusal to our concurrence in the prejudice against her; her desire to enlist Madame Blavatsky's influence with her followers on behalf of the anti-vivisection cause; and the promise that, if only she would come and stay in the house, she should see the Master, Mahatma Koot Hoomi. This last was a crowning inducement which she avowed herself quite unable to resist. So, finding her resolved, and being myself also exceedingly averse to paining “the Old Lady”—as she was familiarly styled by her adherents—and feeling, moreover, that I dare not let Mary be exposed alone and unshielded to the occult influences, at once powerful and hostile to us, with which we had reason to believe the Society to be associated, I at length yielded, having first ascertained that there would be no difficulty on the score of diet. In regard to which Madame Blavatsky assured us that, although her doctors insisted on her eating flesh, the

Countess was, like ourselves, a pure liver, and we should share her diet.

Our visit, which lasted three days—from October 5 to October 8—proved most enjoyable. The hospitality and geniality of our hostesses were unbounded, and “the Old Lady” fully justified her reputation for the possession of knowledges in the highest degree recondite. But no Mahatma vouchsafed an appearance, nor did anything happen that was suggestive of occult powers, unless the following incident be so regarded :—

On the first evening, while “the Old Lady” was engaged, according to her invariable wont, in playing a game of “Patience” with cards, and conversing the while at one end of the table, the Countess occupied herself in divining, also with cards, at the other end; during the course of which she suddenly exclaimed, “Oh, Mrs Kingsford, here is a divination which concerns you! The cards say that you will very shortly have a proposition made to you which may send you back forthwith to England and affect all your future life. And it will be made to you, as I read the cards, by two women. And it will be your duty to give serious heed to it.”

The divination in question had a rapid and accurate fulfilment; for on the very next day a proposition was made to her by Madame Blavatsky and the Countess themselves, that she should rejoin the Theosophical Society in the capacity of President of Madame Blavatsky’s own Lodge, the latter retiring in her favour. It was against herself personally, “the Old Lady” declared, that all the prejudice was directed, and Mary would disarm all opposition, and, by combining our work with theirs, would create a Theosophy which would really be universal, and be everywhere recognised as such. Meanwhile she, Madame Blavatsky, would keep herself in the background, only helping with her knowledges. For, as she expressed herself to Mary, “Though you are cleverer than I, I know more than you.”

We had no difficulty in arriving at a decision respecting this proposition. Much as we felt the need of a platform for the spread of our teaching, and admired the energy which marked the proceedings of the Theosophical Society, the acceptance of an offer which identified us with it and its chiefs would, we felt, be suicidal, for it would ruin us without saving them. And thus far, moreover, our avowed missions were wholly incom-

patible ; for, while our purpose was the restoration of the true, esoteric, and spiritual Christianity, theirs was the total subversion of Christianity itself. Nor were we favourably impressed by the method by which they had sought to predispose us to the acceptance of the proposition. For, as was now apparent, this was the real object of their insistence on our staying with them ; and as the minds of both were full of the project, the " divination " of the previous evening was obviously nothing more than one of those tricks for which the Society had already acquired so evil a repute. We wondered what sort of persons they had been in the habit of dealing with who would be taken in by such a palpable device, and were disposed to resent the implied imputation on our own want of percipience.

No special illumination was vouchsafed to guide our decision, but we took the following experience as pointing in the same direction :—Being attacked by a bad fit of asthma one day while conversing with our hostesses, Mary begged for a whiff of chloroform to allay it, which she duly took, with the result desired, I meanwhile being somewhat uneasy as to what she might be prompted to say while under its influence. For she had never been lucid in the presence of anyone save myself. I therefore silently exerted my will to restrain injudicious utterance. The drug gave instant relief, at the same time inducing lucidity, when, speaking in her own person, she made some remarks in depreciation of " showing so much concern about a little pain—a thing in itself of no consequence." Presently she complained of being oppressed by what seemed to be the lowness of the ceiling, which pressed upon her like a weight, preventing free utterance. " I see such curious and beautiful things," she exclaimed to me, " which I want so much to tell you. But I cannot. There is something that holds me back. I am not allowed to speak. What can it be ? It was never so with me before." From this I gathered that, in accordance with my apprehension, the influences of the place and persons present were not of an order such as might participate in her revelations, the expression " lowness of the ceiling " having a mystical meaning denoting this.

Presently, changing the subject, she said—

" I see now that my projections in London against Pasteur were successful. They produced a decided effect of the kind

I intended. But they were the main cause of my own illness. They took from me my nervous force. But they were successful, however."

Here I asked in an undertone, "But were they legitimate, supposing they caused the death of the patients?"

"Yes," she replied in the same tone, but with much decision. "The case was one in which the motive justified the action. They were quite lawful in such a cause. The patients who accept such a system share the guilt of those who practise it."

The frankness which was one of "the Old Lady's" greatest charms found full vent on the occasion of our visit. Speaking to me of her troubles in connection with the exposures of the Society for Psychical Research, she exclaimed of herself, "My dear Mr Maitland, I am the biggest intellectual fool in the world."

"Meaning," I asked, "that you are one of those persons whom Tennyson had in his mind when he said, 'Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers'?"

"Exactly so," she replied. "With all my knowledge, I can't get discretion. He must have meant me when he said that." And she told Mary that what she wanted was someone to take care of her, as I did of her—Olcott was no good for that—and then she would never do the things which got her into trouble.

Our destination was Paris, where we were to pass a few days with Lady Caithness; but we had a double motive for lingering a while in Belgium. One was to give Mary time to recover somewhat from her low condition, and the other to give Lady Caithness the same chance; for she also was indisposed, and not equal to receiving us. Accordingly, on October 8 we left Ostende for Antwerp, having passed exactly three days with Madames Blavatsky and Wachtmeister. While under their roof we had been entirely free from molestation from occult influences. But on comparing notes on the morning after our first night at Antwerp, where we stayed at the Hotel St Antoine, we found that we had both of us been assailed by nightmare dreams, hideous and distressing in the extreme, and of the order of which Mary had experience in 1884 after visiting Madame Blavatsky.¹ And the agencies so exactly resembled the "spooks" of the séance-room as to suggest that,

¹ P. 203 *ante*.

with all her denunciations of "spiritualism" and her claims to intercourse with beings so exalted as her "Mahatmas," Madame Blavatsky was still infested by the entities encouraged by her in the days of her professional mediumship, which possessed the power and the disposition to inflict annoyance on those who were not in accord with her. It was to their influence over her that we were disposed to ascribe her own astonishing inconsequence and variability, and incapacity for recollecting things said or done by her even within the space of a few hours.¹ And it was doubtless to actual forgetfulness that were due her emphatic denials of facts laid to her charge and known to be true. She was as one alternately controlled by and controlling entities other than herself, even to reflecting, all-unconsciously to herself, the characters of those with whom she came into contact, to the utter suppression of her own personality, especially those who were possessed of a strong decided individuality. For these she would take on and reflect them to themselves so completely as to serve as a mirror in which, while fancying they saw her, they really saw themselves. Such want of continuity was necessarily a serious hindrance to the acquisition of a sense of responsibility, especially of the kind requisite to constitute her a veracious historian, whether in speech or in writing. And as this liability was shared by her associate, Madame Wachtmeister, who had been compelled to abandon the practice of mediumship on account of the exceedingly objectionable character of the manifestations of which, whenever she exercised her gift, she was the subject, it was not difficult to account for the curiously unhistorical character of the narrative which she subsequently published of our visit to them at Ostende. For in her little book, *Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and "The Secret Doctrine,"* published in 1893, our visit of three days was magnified into a fortnight, and instead of being paid in unwilling deference to their most earnest entreaties, was a charity bestowed on us on account of Mrs Kingsford's suffering from the discomforts of our hotel! No mention is made of the motive for the invitation, though a somewhat particular account is given of the conversations held, which conversations, however, it is declared, "soon drew to a close, for Mrs Kingsford

¹ P. 205 *ante*.

became very ill, and was not able to leave her room, and Mr Maitland thought it expedient to take her to a warmer climate, so one fine morning they started for Paris, and H. P. Blavatsky and I were once more alone" (p. 70).

Until the appearance of this book I had every respect for its writer, believing her to be a conscientious and veracious person, despite the limitations due to her temperament as a medium. And had these inaccuracies been my only cause of complaint against her, I should have written nothing of her here which might be detrimental to her, but contented myself with simply stating the facts as they occurred. But what came to my knowledge subsequently entirely absolved me from any obligation to reticence, and made it my paramount duty, for our work's sake and our own, to discard all such considerations. This was the practice in which Madame Wachtmeister indulged of systematically depreciating my colleague, especially by alleging that in respect of diet she did not practise what she preached, and was no consistent opponent of cruelty to animals. It was not only in loose conversation that she said these things, but in writing, and it is from letters of hers which were placed in my hands by the greatly shocked recipient of them—herself an ardent friend of Mary's—that I quote the following:—

“ THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY, DUKE STREET, ADELPHI,
“ *September 29, 1892.*

. . . “ Anna Kingsford was not a vegetarian, so you see she could not deprecate the torturing of animals both before and at the slaughtering-houses, for she was inconsistent both in teaching and policy.”

This elicited from the recipient a reply, to which the following response was made:—

“ *October 10, 1892.*

“ You seem to be as surprised to hear that Mrs Kingsford was no vegetarian as I was myself when she and Mr Maitland begged of me to provide both fish, poultry, and birds during the time that they were the guests of Mme. B. and myself at Ostende. The first evening there was only vegetarian food such as I eat myself, but during the fortnight they stayed with us I, of course, provided the food Mrs Kingsford told me she was accustomed to eat. You may be sure that I would not have mentioned such a thing if I had not had personal experience of it.

“ I do not oppose anybody eating meat, and for some I think it absolutely necessary; but I like the old adage of ‘ Practise what you preach.’—Yours very sincerely,
C. WACHTMEISTER.”

What actually happened on "the first evening" was that, on a special tray of flesh-food being brought in for Madame Blavatsky, she renewed the expression of her regrets at her inability to live as we and the Countess lived, and the only thing that I "begged" for was that she would say nothing about it, as we fully understood the compulsion under which she acted. The spirit in her was willing; it was only the flesh that was weak.

As soon as I was aware of the misstatements of Madame Wachtmeister as to the motive and duration of our visit, I sent to the Theosophical Society magazine, *Lucifer*, the correction which appeared February 1894, p. 517. The other and far more serious misstatement only came to my knowledge in consequence of that correction, through the recipient of Madame Wachtmeister's letters taking heart on finding how mistaken she had been in those respects, and hoping to learn from me that she had been equally wrong in the others. For the friend was one to whom Mary's character for consistency and integrity was very dear. How far the calumny spread, and what the injury done by it to our reputation and work, I have no means of judging. I must content myself with adding in this connection that the want of veraciousness shown by Madame Wachtmeister in regard to us has been such as to entirely discredit her for me as a witness on behalf of Madame Blavatsky, and has suggested an explanation of the extraordinary difficulty which has been found in ascertaining the truth concerning the origins and methods of the Theosophical Society, and this despite its motto, "There is no religion higher than Truth." That explanation is, that its originating and controlling influences are better represented by the term "mediumistic controls" than by the term "Mahatmas." In this view, its abounding irreconcilable incoherences and contradictions are tokens, not of any deliberate, conscious defect of moral sense on the part of the parties to them, but of the obscuration of such sense through the practice of mediumship, which involves the substitution of other and irresponsible entities as the controlling agents. And such is precisely the explanation since rendered by the Founder-President himself, Colonel Olcott, of the events to which the more recent crises in the Society were due. As will be seen by our subsequent intercourse with Madame Blavatsky, she herself made no manner

of charge against us on the score alleged by her associate, Madame Wachtmeister, but showed herself to be at bottom the possessor of a large, noble, and frank nature, full of warm sympathies and impulses, and quite incapable of being a party to the malignant inventions propagated by her associate, Madame Wachtmeister.

From Antwerp we visited Bruges, Ghent, and other places of interest, and then Brussels, whence Mary wrote the following letter :—

“ HÔTEL DU GRAND MIRROIR, BRUSSELS,
“ October 12 [1886].

“ DEAREST LADY CAITHNESS,—I am so very grieved to hear of your suffering. I know well how distracting a thing facial neuralgia is, having suffered from it terribly myself, both at Atcham and Ostende, where I had to go to bed in consequence and put on hot poultices. We shall remain here until we hear from you ; and as I told my husband to forward letters, etc., to your care, perhaps you will keep them until we call for them, which we will do at once, if we do not become your guests. Pray do not think of undergoing any inconvenience if not well enough to receive us, for we can easily find shelter elsewhere. Miss D. will take me in. While at Ostende we stayed nearly three days with Madame Blavatsky, at her urgent request. She was very genial and hospitable, and we got on together admirably. She is hard at work on *The Secret Doctrine*, which promises to be a larger book than even *Isis*. I trust most earnestly to see a letter in your own handwriting in a day or two announcing your recovery from the sad pain you have been so long enduring. How is it you did not mention to us before this that you were suffering ? We should not then have ventured to think of trespassing on you.—Yours always most affectionately,
A. K.”

A conversation with Madame Blavatsky concerning the mystery of “ Satan ” reminded Mary that the revelation received by her of the genesis and functions of the Principle thus designated by the Hebrews—the date of which was Paris, November 12, 1878—was but partial, being for our own immediate instruction, and left over for completion at some future time. The reason for the postponement was explained to us as being twofold. It was the profoundest of sacred mysteries, and could not be apprehended until the initiate had reached a stage in his spiritual unfoldment far in advance of that at which we then were ; and we were not, on any account, to put it before the world until expressly permitted to do so. At this time the Second Edition of *The Perfect Way* was actually in the press, and our part in preparing it was accomplished, unless fresh

matter were imparted to be included in it. This came at the last moment, and the next entry in Mary's Diary, which was dated Paris, October 21, 1886, recorded the commencement of the redelivery and completion of it.

We were staying with Lady Caithness at the time, who had happily recovered sufficiently to be able to receive us ; but Mary was prostrate with weakness and pain, and confined to her room. Such were the conditions under which she received the stupendous revelation entitled "The Secret of Satan," which now, for the first time in the world's history, was to be promulgated to the world, instead of being, as formerly, rigidly reserved for initiates of the highest grade. It proved to be the last that she was to receive of the first order, and, owing probably to the effect of pain on her perceptive faculties, she was able to receive it without quitting the waking state. Her faculty had been perfected by suffering. There was no open or personal vision, as on the former occasion. Then the illuminating Spirit had manifested himself in the form of the "First of the Holy Seven," the Spirit of Wisdom, in his Greek aspect as Phoibos Apollo, because only by the First of the Gods might the stupendous mystery of the Last of the Gods be disclosed. Now it was projected into her consciousness bit by bit as she was able to receive and recognise it while we sat together in her own room, she occasionally appealing to me to know whether I, too, recognised its truth ; for, as must be remembered, that which was being imparted was a most essential part of the New Gospel of Interpretation, and Interpretation presupposes comprehension. Only once did she falter, and then but for a moment. It was when the sense rushed on her of the immensity of the remove it represented from the traditional belief of the world in all ages. "Don't you think," she almost gasped out, "that there must be some element of evil in Satan ?" To which I responded by asking, "How can there be, if he is—as he must necessarily be—a mode of functioning of God's own self in creation ?" Upon which she exclaimed, "Of course ! of course ! But how hard it is to disentangle oneself entirely from the old ingrained misbeliefs !"

Under the stimulus of this fresh illumination she rallied somewhat, but only to relapse into yet deeper depths of suffering, the neuralgia having extended from the sciatic and facial nerves

over the whole system. On the 26th, notwithstanding her terror of doctors, she consented to see one who chanced to be calling on Lady Caithness, and who, being a noted magnetiser, was likely to be guiltless of orthodox malpractices. He, however, on seeing her, pronounced the case too serious for magnetism, and declared that it would yield only to *le fer rouge*—cautery with a red-hot iron. She had seen too much, both of the cruelty and of the inefficacy of this practice in the hospitals, to give her consent, but she allowed herself to be persuaded into taking an injection of laudanum. This was followed by an access of pain so intense that, being frantic, she implored me to give her poison. She consented, however, to try chloroform again, when, the malady proving obstinate beyond all previous precedent, it was necessary to produce a more profound anæsthesia to subdue the suffering. It was 6.30 P.M. when I commenced to administer it; and at 4 A.M., after being all those hours more or less under the influence of the drug, she fell into a natural and quiet sleep, which lasted for three hours, I maintaining my place beside her and keeping watch on the pulse. During this interval the following took place:—

A voice came from her, not her own, for her lips did not move; nor was it that of the "Astral" who before had spoken from her.¹ For it was soft, tender, and angelic in the depth of its sympathy.

"Poor, poor child," it said, "her suffering is indeed terrible in the extreme. Do not let her wake; she cannot bear it. It is Their supreme moment. They have tried to force her to suicide."

"And who are 'They'?" I asked.

"Her former selves. None of them lived beyond forty. They cannot understand her doing so, and are determined she shall not live longer. This is the crisis of her life, and Their supreme attempt."

I wanted to know who and what the speaker was, but the voice ceased here, and the rest that was imparted to me was by direct mental impression. It was to the effect that in such measure as she survived this crisis she would escape further molestation from this group of her former selves, and be free

¹ Pp. 272-273 *ante*.

from the impulses and suggestions which had caused us such sore anxiety and distress ; and every month she lived beyond that age would detach her more and more from the sphere of their influence, and mend her soul's record generally.

I was profoundly sensible of the strangeness and importance of these experiences, and wondered whether they were unique, and if it was the first time that any person had been known to speak from each of the two planes, the astral and the celestial—as I firmly held the latter to be—the one denying and the other affirming the doctrine of Reincarnation. The statement that none of her former selves had passed the age of forty suggested a solution, entirely satisfactory, of a problem which had long perplexed me. Her gifts and characteristics had, from the first, struck me as those of a young soul, brilliant and vigorous, but without the maturing and mellowing influence of age. But, on the other hand, she had been declared to be an “old, old spirit, many thousands of years my senior, and of vast antiquity and experience.”¹ How to reconcile this seeming discrepancy? The light just received did it. She was old by reason of her having had a vast number of incarnations spread over a vast period of time ; but she was young, because she had never lived to be old in any of them, but had early come to an end through the wilfulness and impetuosity of her disposition, which had led her into courses which cut short her career. Hence each fresh life had served but to accentuate and reinforce her youthfulness, and, instead of ministering to maturity and the qualities which come only of maturity, had resulted in her contracting a habit of early and violent deaths, with the accompanying liability to become reincarnate after abnormally brief intervals. Hence, too, her total lack of fear of death ; as she had once remarked to me long before either of us had any idea of the possibility involved, “she seemed to be so used to dying as to have no fear of it.”

Having so many evidences of the separateness of the principles composing her system, and also of their personality, it occurred to me to wonder, in the event of her death and the continuance of her intercourse with me, in which of her personalities she would return.

¹ See Vol. I. p. 340.

The following day was passed in tolerable ease, but towards evening sickness came on, which she ascribed partly to the laudanum—which, she said, never agreed with her, and she would not have taken, had she been fully herself when the doctor proposed it—and mostly to the combination with it of the chloroform. The incompatibility of the two drugs with each other she had forgotten in her trouble, and I was unaware of it. The night was a terrible one from this cause, and in the morning she said to me in the positive tone of one who had sure information, “I shall die to-night.”

Deeming this another device of the “former selves,” whose power I believed to be on the wane, I did not let the utterance disturb me, and sought to impart my confidence to her. But as the day passed without any abatement, the sickness proving incoercible by any means employed, and I apprehended a collapse, I begged her to allow me to summon an English physician, Dr Herbert, pleading the difficulty I should have in satisfying her relatives in the event of her dying without my calling in a doctor.

The plea prevailed, but not without her chiding me for unkindness in wishing to prolong her life. To my dismay, the doctor was dining out, and would not receive the summons until he returned home, when it would be midnight. The case seemed desperate so far as physical means were concerned. The only relief was obtained by my passing my hands with light contact slowly downwards over the front of her body in mesmeric fashion, at the same time forcibly directing my will, with the twofold intent of allaying the internal irritation and expelling or neutralising any hostile influences that might be obsessing her. Meanwhile the pulse became so alarmingly feeble that her passing away seemed imminent. She herself said that life was ebbing, so death-like was the feeling of faintness; and she seemed rather to triumph at the prospect of the fulfilment of her prophecy of the morning.

Nevertheless I at no time despaired, nor had I any half-thought in the matter. My conviction was absolute that it was best both for herself and for her work that she should live, and I believed that, however strongly set as the natural lines of her destiny might be towards dying at that time, it lay within my power to reverse that destiny and override fate, and compel

her retention in life, and possibly her restoration to health. It was, I felt, a conflict between the astral and the celestial, to be victor in which it was needful only for me so to *polarise* of my will to the latter as to unite it with that of the Highest.

Thus attuning my inward self, I reinforced my outward self, which greatly needed it, by swallowing a glass of the champagne which had been thoughtfully sent in for her by our hostess as a possible remedy, and half sitting, half kneeling, on a hassock beside the bed—a position which I felt I could maintain for an indefinite time—I grasped firmly her right hand in both my hands and sought to project all my magnetism into her system. To my surprise and delight, the effect began to show itself almost immediately. She lay perfectly still, without any recurrence of the spasms which until then had been rending her, neither fainting nor asleep, but apparently at absolute rest, while the pulse, upon which I steadfastly kept a finger, reappeared and gradually gained, both in frequency and volume, and her temperature became assimilated to my own. By all of which symptoms I knew that a vital *rapport* had been established between us, making us virtually one system in respect of the identity of our nervous currents. At length sleep crept over her, deep and restful, and such that, if it could be maintained long enough, she was surely saved. She slept thus for three hours, I retaining my position unchanged; and though never ceasing actively to infuse my force into her, without my feeling a particle of diminution of force, which greatly surprised me; until, on analysing my sensations, I found that I myself was being actively reinforced by influences other than my own who had gathered round and were supplying my need as I required it, using me as a channel of healing power. And so it came that, when at length the doctor arrived and was holding conference with our hostess, I was able to join them, and announce the good news of my patient's safety.

The doctor fully confirmed my judgment. He was greatly surprised, after what he had been told, to find her pulse so strong, and herself able to converse with him. He prescribed simply an occasional draught of strong lemonade and soda—“*potion de Riviere*”—to be taken as the sickness threatened to recur, and left, promising to call in the morning. Meanwhile, though admitting the change for the better, she was so fixed in the

belief that her time had come, and in the desire to die, that she repeated her prophecy of the morning, saying, "I said I should die to-night, and I shall all the same, though I feel better just now"; to which, knowing the danger of such a conviction, and confident that she was saved, I replied with vivacity that she would do nothing of the kind; for the enemy had been baffled, and would now leave her in peace. I still maintained my watch, passing the rest of the night on a sofa in her room. And in the early morning she said, on waking from a good sleep, "What you have done to me I don't know, but you have saved my life"; and then, glancing at her hand, she exclaimed, "What an extraordinary thing! You know that my 'line of life,' which used to be so long, has lately been gradually disappearing, until it had stopped short at the point which indicated my death to be due at this very time. Well, it has suddenly reappeared beyond that point, showing that I am to have another term of life, perhaps of years."

Dr Herbert came three times in all, but his only further recommendation was inhalation of oxygen, which she tried, but with inappreciable results. She continued to mend steadily, but remained for some days dazed and bewildered, feeling, she said, as if she had no right to be alive, and that there was no more any work or place for her on the earth.

The suggestions whereby her "former selves" had sought to induce her to put an end to herself were curiously insidious. They assured her not only that she could do no good work after the age of forty, as she would not be attended to after the loss of her youth and beauty, but that the world is not yet ripe for her teaching, and that by committing suicide she would become reincarnate much sooner than if she died a natural death, and thus be able to return in good time to complete the work begun now, and secure for it the success it could not now have. The suggestion that suicide was wrong in itself had been met with the sophistical plea, that even so, the motive would involve a great renunciation and constitute it a virtuous act, and deserving of reward.

One night of this period, while between waking and sleeping, the form appeared to me of my old friend Mrs Woolley, whom I had been expecting to arrive in England about this time from Sydney. She was attired in black, and looked deathly wan

and wasted, and on entering the room glided to a chair between me and Mary, where she sat a while looking from one to the other, but without speaking, and after a little while disappeared. I mentioned the apparition both to Mary and to our hostess, and taking it as a possible intimation of her death, I wrote to her daughter, who was in England, to know if there was any news of her, and when she was to be expected in England, as I had some apprehension about her health. In the course of a few days I received in answer a letter informing me that about the very time of this experience she had received news of her mother's death at Sydney, after long illness and severe suffering, and that she had been on the point of writing to inform me of it when my letter reached her. From which I gathered that my dead friend had delayed giving me the intimation until such time as it would serve to break the shock she knew that her death would be to me, without keeping me in the suspense that would have ensued had she appeared immediately after her death.

For, as I have related early in this history, she had been, of all women next to my mother, the one whom, as a young man, I most venerated, and to whose influence I was the most indebted. On making Mary's acquaintance she had won from her also the like transcendent esteem. She, too, had recognised in *The Perfect Way* the full satisfactory solution of all her religious difficulties, and, as I later learnt, she came after her death to her daughters and told them not to seek further on such subjects than *The Perfect Way*, as all the truth was there. As I shall have occasion yet again to refer to her, I will ask my readers to keep her in recollection ; for in this history people do not cease with their bodies.

Much to our distress, we were compelled to trespass on the kindness of our hostess, even after the invalid had recovered sufficiently to be able to go out. The detaining cause was an illness contracted by myself, from a chill incurred in consequence of the low condition induced by my arduous attendance in the sick-room. The middle of November, however, found us located in a *pension* in the Rue Balzac, Miss D. not being able at present to receive us. Meanwhile Mary had written in her Diary the following abstract of the doctrine she had received concerning " Satan " :—

“ Satan is, then, not identical with the devil ; for the devil represents negation and not-being. But he is associated with the devil, because his sphere is the outermost of Being, and because at that point the centrifugal power becomes exhausted ” (or, rather, arrested, for the system concerned). “ But for the work of Satan there would be no evil, for material conditions give rise to evil, on account of Limitation, which is inseparable from the material state. Satan is, however, not the Creator ; he is the Elohist power by means of which God creates. The Seven Elohim are, in their procession, progressively more and more formulate. Thus Phoibos represents the most interior and spiritual of the spheres ; Hermes, the most intellectual ; Aphrodite, the most affectional ; Dionysos, the most volitional ; Ares, the most kinetic ; Zeus, the most astrologic ; and Chronos, the densest and most manifest. And as all the six principles in man and the planet, save the body, are commonly invisible, so all the Gods save Saturn (who is Satan and Chronos) are naked. He only wears a belt about his middle part. Satan’s Day is the seventh, therefore, because on that day the centrifugal energy ” (to which “ Creation,” which is Manifestation, is due) “ is exhausted, and a pause or standstill ensues, after which the return power comes into activity. The station of Satan is therefore the Sepulchre, in which our Lord lies asleep. But ‘ very early in the morning ’ of the first day of the week (following) He will rise again and return to His Father. The centripetal power will come into action. Satan’s day is the Sabbath of Elohim, the day of God is the night of Jehovah, and the labour of Brahm is the rest of Parabrahm. The day of the Manifest (Word) is the night of the Unmanifest (Mind). Satan’s work is the necessary evil of *Existence*. When *Existence* is recalled into *Being*, then Satan will return to his former estate of Order and Obedience in the Celestial hierarchy.”

Among the most notorious of the vivisection fraternity of Paris during our residency there had been Professor Paul Bert. His laboratory was in the vicinity of the Sorbonne, and close, therefore, to a street of dwelling-houses. So terrible were the cries of the animals under experimentation, when left for the night in their mangled condition to be operated on afresh next day, that the *locotaires* of the neighbourhood were not only seriously disturbed, but were unable to retain their tenants, and actions at law were accordingly brought to obtain a cessation of the nuisance. But one and all they failed, the judges ruling that, as it was on behalf of science, the law could not interfere. Paul Bert had since accepted a mission, partly political and partly scientific, to the French provinces in China, one of its scientific objects being to introduce vivisection into that country. Mary had subsequently told me that she had coupled him with Pasteur in her occult projections against the latter.

We understood that he was now on his way home to resume his experimentations in Paris, having failed to accomplish his scientific projects in the East, and had fallen seriously ill. Such is the necessary prelude to the following entry in her Diary :—

Paris, November 12 [1886].—“Mort de M. Paul Bert.” “La nouvelle de sa mort, arrivée Jeudi soir à quatre heures, n’a surpris personne.” Yesterday, November 11, at eleven at night, I knew that my will had smitten another vivisector! Ah, but this man has cost me more toil than his master, the fiend Claude Bernard. For months I have been working to compass the death of Paul Bert, and have but just succeeded. But I *have* succeeded; the demonstration of the power is complete. The will *can* and *does* kill, but not always with the same rapidity. Claude Bernard died *foudroyé*; Paul Bert has wasted to death. Now only one remains on hand—Pasteur, who is certainly doomed, and must, I should think, succumb in a few months at the utmost. Oh, how I have longed for those words—“*Mort de M. Paul Bert!*” And now—there they actually are, gazing at me as it were in the first column of the *Figaro*,—complimenting, congratulating, felicitating me. *I* have killed Paul Bert, as I killed Claude Bernard; as I will kill Louis Pasteur, and after him the whole tribe of vivisectors, if I live long enough. Courage: it is a magnificent power to have, and one that transcends all vulgar methods of dealing out justice to tyrants. It would interest M. Charles Richet to know of the two episodes in question.

Thus did she again vindicate her endowment with the third of the “Four Excellent Things” which constitute the equipment of “Hermes, Son of God, slayer of Argus, Archangel,” as described in the Divine hymn she had been instrumental in recovering :—

“Upon thy side thou wearest a sword of a single stone, two-edged, whose temper resisteth all things.

“For they who would slay or save must be armed with a strong and perfect will, defying and penetrating with no uncertain force.

“This is Herpë, the sword which destroyeth demons, by whose aid the hero overcometh and the saviour is able to deliver.

“Except thou bind it upon thy thigh thou shalt be overborne, and blades of mortal making shall prevail against thee.”¹

Professor Charles Richet had been one of the trio of examiners at whose hands she had received her diploma. He was so much struck by her that he invited her to a vegetarian repast at his house, given expressly in her honour; and she was

¹ See “Hymn to Hermes,” Vol. I. p. 278. *Clothed with the Sun*, Part I., No. xii.

not without hope of enlisting him on her side in the vegetarian and anti-vivisection causes. For she read in him a possibility of higher things. But the rival influences prevailed. His soul was quenched, and he became one of the leading experimentalists of the day, and wrote the article on "Le Roi des Animaux," in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, to which she had crushingly replied in her pamphlet, *Roi ou Tyran?* In an essay of mine [on vivisection], published by the Humanitarian League in 1893, was the following reference at once to him and to her reply to him. My purpose in citing it here is to show those of the readers of this history who do not already know, what manner of beings they are against whom she was permitted to be the instrument of the Divine vengeance,¹ in order that they may not waste their sympathies under the impression that they were *human* lives which she thus destroyed, and reprobate her action :—

"It was not on the ground of their insensibility that Professor Charles Richet, in his article in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, 'Le Roi des Animaux,' rested the right to experiment upon animals, but on the ground of man's superiority. By which he showed that, for his order, man is superior only because of the greater force at his disposal, and that kingship means not justice but tyranny, and the power to govern confers the right to torture. It is from this operator that the world has learned that 'an average horse lives thirty-three days without food, while an average dog dies of starvation on the twenty-first day,' and other animals in varying periods. The series of experiments by which this valuable information was obtained comprised nearly thirty animals of several different kinds, all of whom were deliberately starved to death by him to obtain it. And it was in his laboratory that the experiment was performed which

¹ Writing in reply to a Review of the *Life of Anna Kingsford*, in which the reviewer had taken exception to Anna Kingsford's action against Pasteur, Claude Bernard, and Paul Bert, Edward Maitland says that such action was done "under direct divine impulsion," for Anna Kingsford "could not have done it of herself," the impulsion and the power having been "imparted to her specially for the purpose"; and that to blame "the instrument of the Gods" is to blame the Gods themselves and their decrees; and that "she herself had no moment of misgiving, no thought of regret, nor any rebuke from the Gods"; and, he says: "Such were the relations between Anna Kingsford, the Gods, and myself, that there could not possibly have been any disapproval on their part of anything done by us or her without our knowing it. I do know positively that there was no disapproval. . . . Humanity is enriched by the loss of those who brutalise and debase humanity, as by the extirpation of a brood of noxious monsters" (*Light*, 1896, pp. 130, 154, 173).—S. H. H.

consisted in beating animals to a pulp with a heavy mallet. The following passage occurs in his published writings :—

“ ‘ I do not believe that a single experimenter says to himself when he gives *curare* to a rabbit, or cuts the spinal marrow of a dog, or poisons a frog, “ Here is an experiment which will relieve or cure the disease of some man.” No, in truth, he does not think of that. He says to himself, “ I shall clear up some obscure point ; I will seek out a new fact.” And this scientific curiosity, which alone animates him, is explained by the high idea he has formed of Science. This is why we pass our days in fœtid laboratories, surrounded by groaning creatures, in the midst of blood and suffering, bent over palpitating entrails.’

“ We find no hypocritical pretence here whether of utility or anæsthetics, or of the comparative non-sensibility of the animals. The operator addresses himself to the public as frankly and as confident of their sympathy, as we might conceive a devil addressing his fellow-devils to be, taking it for granted that the sentiments of humanity are as extinct in them as in himself ” (pp. 29–30).

Diary.—November 13 [1886]. Of all evils, the worst, I think, is growing old. I am not sure that it matters so much to a man, but to a woman it is terrible—terrible. Not, perhaps, if one’s work were fairly worked, or at least stood out for what it would be, clear and distinct on the world’s canvas. But to be caught by old age before one’s task is formulated, when the outlines of it are incomplete and the picture of it remains in the mind of the artist,—this is the intolerable thing. It is gloomy here, in this cheap *pension*, in this narrow, cramped-up, little set of rooms, whence one cannot, even by craning one’s neck, see a glimpse of the sky ; nothing but a high, dead, white-washed wall, just such as might be seen from a prison window !¹ It is very gloomy, too, to sit here all day, unable to go out because one is ill, and because one’s companion is ill too, and cannot be left alone. What shall I do with the remainder of my life if I am always to suffer, and so be forced to suppress every impulse towards active work in me ?—if pain and decrepitude settle down on me like a cloud, and compel me to pass the remainder of my life in *enduring* ? Is this, too, Karma ? I think sad and distressful life is not always the result of evil Karma. I can quite believe that for certain souls, perhaps even for the greater number, or may be for all, the last birth may be invariably a melancholy and an outcast birth ;—not by any means as the consequence of demerit, but as a final purgation to utterly detach the soul from the love of existence, to disgust it with material and mundane things, and to break asunder irrecoverably the links which bind to desire and love.

While at Ostende she had proposed to Madame Blavatsky a scheme for uniting a number of occultists in a band for the purpose of exercising their will-power on the vivisectors with

¹ We had accepted these rooms in an emergency, shortly to move into better ones.—E. M.

a view to the destruction, first of their system, and next of themselves in the event of their refusing to abandon their cruel methods. The following entry in her Diary refers to a conversation with Madame Wachtmeister on the subject :—

November 17, 1886.—I wish to write down some thoughts and instructions received about the distinction between “white” and “black” magic. The subject arises out of a controversy between Countess Wachtmeister and myself as to whether it is or is not justifiable to “will” the destruction of evil men. My position is this :—“Black” magic consists in magic exercised from the plane of the personal principle in man, or unregenerate self, the *anima bruta*. This personal principle concerns itself only and solely with personal emotions and motives. Thus, a witch or sorcerer bewitches, or wills evil to, one who has brought himself into antagonism with the *persona* of the operator, and against whom the latter feels resentment. Such was invariably the case in all mediæval charges against witches. Magical practices were, and still are, resorted to for obtaining the sickness, death, or affliction of persons for whom the operator had conceived hatred, or from whose decease some personal gain was expected. In all such cases the *lower personality* alone operated, in defiance or disregard of the Divine Will. The witch assumed the entire responsibility of the act, and brought to bear on its execution the most intense and concentrated personal consciousness. The whole question is, therefore, like all occult questions, one of planes or levels. An act which, undertaken and executed from a lower plane, is an assassination, becomes, when undertaken and executed from a higher plane, an expiatory sentence ; just as that which is, from the lower plane, lust, is, from the higher, love.

“White” magic is, then, precisely the exercise of magical power from the impersonal plane ; that is, from the level of the *anima divina*. Such magic can, in fact, be exercised only by the adept or initiate, because the exercise depends, first, on knowledge, and secondly, on discipline. Knowledge first, because it is necessary for the operator to understand the difference between his art and that of the dealer in sorcery, and to know God. No man who is not a believer in God can practise white magic, because the first of its rules is union with the Divine Intention. The art of the White Magian lies wholly in this,—that he must transcend and destroy his own personal principle, in order to unite himself entirely with the Divine Principle. If, then, he does not know God, he cannot attain to this union. Secondly, he must be disciplined, because unless he is able to root out himself and his own egoism entirely from his spirit, and to bring this spirit under perfect control and into complete union with the cosmic will, he must fall short of his design and incur danger.

The White Magian, then, works by means of prayer, and the more truly prayerful he is, the more successful he will be in his art. Under these conditions, and having carefully examined into his motives, and seen reason to believe himself free from all personal feeling about or towards the person concerned in his operations, and being free from passion, malice, and emotion of all kind arising from personal motives, he may practise his art in the fear of God. But

unless he be a very great adept, and very profoundly experienced, he had better refrain from any direction of his will for the purpose of destroying anyone from whose decease he can possibly, directly or indirectly, derive any personal advantage, gain, advance, or gratification. It is best that he should never even have seen the person concerned, or in any way have come into personal collision with him. The conditions being such as accord with these rules, the White Magian is authorised to undertake an act of execution in the same spirit and with the same motive, and in the same frame of mind, as he would entertain in the act of destroying a noxious beast or a venomous reptile or creeping thing. Being a Magian, he has, of course, a spirit of discernment, and will not direct himself against any but real malefactors, *i.e.* oppressors of the poor and innocent, tyrants, and public criminals. Such men may be compared with pestilential creatures, whose evil lives poison the moral atmosphere of the planet, and whose removal from it is a Divine act. Part of the work of Man as the Redeemer of the world is the work of the Destroying Angel, the purger and deliverer, the smiter of monsters, ravenous beasts of prey, dragons, and ogres.

Ogres are men who have forfeited their manhood, and who are therefore in the category of carnivorous and dangerous beasts. The Magian who undertakes to rid the earth of these embarks in a perilous adventure, since everything depends on his singleness of heart and purpose. Uniting himself with the will of God, and committing himself to it, he implores God, if it be His will, to free the earth and mankind from the human plague incarnate in such an one. Then, concentrating and projecting his will, as though it were a sword in the hands of God, he devotes it to the destruction of the ogre or monster designated, accepting for himself the peril to which the combat exposes him, and desiring only the salvation and redemption of the oppressed. In such a spirit St George met and demolished the dragon which ravaged Cappadocia, and Theseus the robber Sinis, and Procrustes the tyrant of the mountains. So also with Moses, Jehu, Judith, the Apostles, and so forth. In all these cases the operators were but the instruments and channels of Divine wrath, and accomplished no personal object in their undertaking. It is an error to suppose that such acts interfere with the "Karma" of the persons against whom they are directed. On the contrary, they *are* that Karma; for the doom of such evil men inevitably is to bring down upon them the hatred and abhorrence of the good. "For as Love is strong to redeem and advance a soul, so is Hatred strong to torment and detain." The Magian merely formulates and gives definite direction to the vague and unexpressed desire of all virtuous men, namely, to be delivered from such and such a tyrant. And, indeed, whenever this desire is sufficiently intense and widely felt, it suffices of itself to work the destruction of the man who is its object. "The will of the people is the death-warrant of the oppressor. Tyrants die by the will of the nation." And by-and-by, when the discernment between good and evil becomes more definite and general, when the love of good and the abhorrence of evil become strong in the people, and when wrong-doing becomes intolerable, not to a few individuals only, as now, but to the whole people, it will be impossible for tyrants to continue to exist. In a regenerate world

tyrants and tormentors could not live when once their deeds were known.

Karma, therefore, is not baffled, but is fulfilled by the sentence of justice which the White Magian helps to carry out. His will is the focus of the Divine forces, which always work through human channels. The Divine Will, whether for grace or for vengeance, whether for blessing or cursing, formulates itself through human agencies. This is the law of the universe. The evil man, by his evil acts, draws upon his head the Karma of those acts, the wrath of God, formulated through the will of a human agent. The rod of Moses directs and expresses the fiat of God. It is only when the human will acts from the lower and personal plane, moved and set in action by personal antagonisms and passions—as when Moses struck the rock instead of speaking to it—that the human agent is brought into collision with Karma, and disorder and confusion result. But this result even then is not in disharmony with law. No Divine law is ever broken. The phrase, “Karma must not be interfered with,” is an idle phrase on the lips of an adept. It should rather be, “Karma cannot be interfered with.” For even the action of a hostile will, evilly directed, is provided for and taken into the account of the Divine counsels. God is never taken by surprise. The reaction is against the operator only, and is the mere recoil of law. “Thou couldest have no power at all against Me,” said Jesus to Pilate, “unless it were given thee from on high.” So also said Buddha, when dying, of the disciple who poisoned him with swine’s flesh: “It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh.” The sorcerer, whose position and method have been defined, assumes the penalty of murder, and generates a corresponding Karma, which he must work out. But his victim falls quite as much by the will of God, and in accord with the workings of *his* Karma, as though he had died any other sort of death. Accidents and catastrophes never happen in the primary sense of those words. They are from the foundation of the world as certainly and as orderly in place and sequence as summer and winter, seed-time and harvest. To think otherwise would be to deny God, and to make human will the disposing and arbitrating force of the universe, not in a derived and secondary, but in an absolute and primary sense. The work of the White Magian, then, lies in the educated direction of the kosmic will-current, concentrating this as a burning-glass the solar rays, and bringing it to bear on a certain point. The act of consuming thereby produced is not *his* act, but that of the solar heat, polarised by his means. That the will of an outraged people does not produce this effect in the present day is due only to the fact that the people, unlike the adept, are wanting in knowledge, and do not know how to polarise their will-force. It is diffuse, and consequently impotent. The Magian does consciously, and according to method, and therefore effectively, what the people do unconsciously and confusedly, and therefore ineffectively. Where *they* vaguely wish, *he* intently wills.

The following letter to her from Madame Blavatsky, November 29 [1886], refers to the same subject:—

“The Master’s attention was first drawn to you just because of that feeling you have in you for poor animals. The venerable old

Choha Chohan *was for you*, when everyone, including myself (though in lesser degree), was against you. When I went to London I *was* prejudiced against you, and it is the Master who blew me up for it, and made me do my duty. All that came to pass later on was not the Master's desire, but the rebellion of his would-be 'lay and unlay Chelas.' Therefore I feel sure and know that the Master approves your opposing the principle of Vivisection, but not the practical way you do it, injuring yourself and doing injury to others, without much benefiting the poor animals. Of course it is Karma in the case of Paul Bert. But so it is in the case of *every murdered man*. Nevertheless the weapon of Karma, unless he acts unconsciously, is a murderer in the sight of that same Karma that used him. Let us work against the *principle*, then ; not against personalities. For it is a weed that requires more than seven, or seven times seven, of us to extirpate it."

"Attack the principles, and not the persons!" she exclaimed when we had read this letter. "And while the world is being educated to recognise the principle, millions of poor creatures are being horribly tortured, to say nothing of souls degraded and damned. I will tell you what that means. It means that whenever you see a ruffian brutally ill-treating a woman or a child, instead of rushing with all your might to the rescue, you are to stand by and do nothing but talk, or else go home and write something 'attacking the principle.' No; the power to interfere and save imposes the duty to interfere and save; and as that power has been given to me, I should not be doing my duty if I did not exercise it."

She was bent on visiting Pasteur's Institute, to witness his procedure and obtain such further information as would strengthen her hands with the public against the system. Her health was still deplorable; the weather was inclement, and the place distant. I myself, moreover, was hardly yet sufficiently recovered to venture out without risk. And for this reason she proposed to go alone. That, of course, was out of the question. And so, finding her hopelessly possessed of her idea, and even fascinated by the thought of risking her life in the cause, I accompanied her to the Rue d'Ulm, the day being November 17, the date of the last entry cited from her Diary, but only to find that we had come at a wrong hour, when there was nothing going on and no one to be seen. Returning with the intention of going again the following day, we were caught, before we could obtain a shelter or a vehicle, in a heavy rain, and reached our apartment for Mary to be struck down by a severe attack of pneumonia, which for a time threatened to carry her off.

But after an incredible amount of suffering—so extraordinary was her vitality—she rallied sufficiently to move, on December 13, to the *pension* kept by her friend Miss Dawson, with whom her daughter was living, who now had a vacancy which enabled her to receive us both. The history of the rest of the year will best be told in the following letters from me to her mother :—

“ I RUE DARU, PARIS, *Dec. 22, 1886.*

“ DEAR MRS BONUS,—Mrs Kingsford desires me to write to you for her, as she is quite unable to write herself, to convey to you her best love and wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and to inform you more particularly of her state than her daughter is able to do. Her removal to this house has brought no improvement, but has somewhat altered the character of her illness. For, while her cough continues, and there is evidently some mischief in the lung, her neuralgia has extended to the region of the heart, setting up a complaint called by the doctor, who was sent for again yesterday, ‘cardiac neuralgia,’ which is always terribly painful, but least dangerous, he says, in the form in which she has it, of the two forms in which it occurs. He ascribes it to long-continued asthma, and says it is most likely to be cured by removal to a climate which, being at once warm, dry, and not relaxing, is favourable to the cure of asthma. Such a climate, the doctor says, exists in greatest perfection in Egypt, and he recommends her removal to Cairo. But Egypt is not only a long way off, and involves a journey by sea and land ; it is a very expensive place both to go to and to live in, and is therefore beyond the means of any of us who would have to go with her. Before seeing the doctor I had written to Mr Kingsford to ask him to hold himself in readiness, if possible, to start at short notice to come and help me to remove her to some health-station in France, and we have thought of Arcachon, the winter resort in the pine forests near Bordeaux, as by all accounts the most likely to suit. This place has the further advantage of being within easy reach of the famous sulphur baths of Amélie-les-Bains, where also the climate is favourable, the place lying high and being warm. Pau we consider too relaxing. Should both the two above-named places fail, she would be within easy reach of Marseilles, a place which suited her very well after her disastrous visit to Mentone and Nice four winters ago, and from Marseilles it is easy to get to Algiers, which some say is the next best place to Egypt. But nothing is settled yet, and her state of weakness and susceptibility is such that any attempt to move her might be frustrated when it came to the point. Instead of quitting Paris there is another plan which she herself has suggested, in consequence of the noise and draughtiness of this house ; and that is, to go into some private hospital. She bids me add that you are not to be alarmed about her, as the worst that is likely to happen is a tedious illness, which may keep her abroad several months. And I may assure you on my own account that you need not fear her not being carefully and skilfully tended. It is very far from being the first time that I have been with her in illness, both at home and abroad, so that I understand her and her requirements as no one else except

her husband does, and can always see that she has every comfort and attention possible. And besides my being a good nurse both by nature and by practice, I hold it a high privilege to minister to one whose life I regard, in common with very many persons all over the world who know her work, as one of the most valuable lives *in* the world *to* the world.—Believe me always, yours very faithfully,

“ EDWARD MAITLAND.”

To the same from the same :—

“ December 28 [1886].

“ Mrs Kingsford desires me to acknowledge and thank you for your kind letter and enclosure. I beg also to thank you for your kind note to myself. The doctor who saw her before at our previous lodging, one long established in Paris and of high repute, came yesterday, and made a careful examination of the heart and lungs. He pronounced the neuralgia which had attacked the former as having gone for the present, and the left lung as requiring active treatment, a new centre of disease—in addition to the old ones which had healed up—having opened in it. She was consequently blistered last night on the back and painted with iodine on the chest, with the result of promoting expectoration and relieving the breathing. She is, of course, very low. But I, who have seen her in so many illnesses, am more hopeful than I was of her recovery in due time, judging by the experiences of the past. For on at least three occasions she suffered all the winter in much the same way, and got well on removing in the spring, one time to Italy, another to the neighbouring forest of Meudon, and the third time to Switzerland. We must not, however, be sanguine of a rapid or of a complete recovery. For the cough is accompanied by so much pain as to indicate a severe attack, and it has come upon a system already depleted of nervous energy by a long course of over-exertion and enfeebled by a long illness. The doctor says that she will probably have to reside chiefly, if not altogether, in Italy. But hers is a constitution which has always baffled medical prognosis,—the *spirit* in her is so strong, though the organism is so fragile. One of her great troubles is the soreness and pain caused by so much lying down, or rather sitting up; for, owing to the difficulty in breathing, she never really lies down, but sleeps in what is here called a *chaise longue*, a contrivance half sofa and half chair. She desires me to send you her best love. Her brother John has written in answer to me, sending a list of places he thinks suitable for her. But there is no need now to hurry a decision. She proposes to write to you herself so soon as the pain from the blistering has sufficiently subsided.”

CHAPTER XXXIII

A MELANCHOLY TOUR

I ANXIOUSLY sought information as to the best place to which to take her, consulting many persons and books. Egypt stood first with most authorities, Algiers next. But even about Algiers opinions varied greatly, one writer stating that he had lived there twenty-eight years, and had known twenty-eight exceptional winters, so unreliable was the climate. A visit paid us by Sir Richard and Lady Burton enabled me to consult him, when I found him a complete encyclopædia, and able to speak of most places from personal experience. Cairo he pronounced to have been spoilt for really delicate persons by its defective system of drainage; and only in the desert was pure air to be found. Pau, Tunis, Tangiers, and the Riviera all came under his ban. He most favoured Teneriffe. We were finally determined by the editor of the *Journal de Médecine*, Dr Lutaud, whose acquaintance Mary had made in her crusade against Pasteur, of whose system Dr Lutaud had declared that, instead of preventing hydrophobia, it caused it.

The place recommended by him was a spot on the Riviera, with the advantages of which as a health resort he had been so strongly impressed that he helped in establishing a sanatorium there. This was Saint Raphael, and we accordingly repaired thither, leaving Paris, February 15 [1887], accompanied by A., after he had spent a few days with us in Paris. It was evident from the manner of the doctors, of whom she saw several, that they considered the left lung too far gone for recovery, and that only a few weeks or months of life remained to her. Remembering how often her doctors had said the same during the last ten years, we still kept up hope. All depended, it seemed to us, on the weather we should find on the Riviera.

Meanwhile, thanks to her indomitable will, she had been able to write without intermission [to the *Lady's Pictorial*] her weekly medical letter, with answers to correspondents, and her monthly article for an American magazine, and this without any falling off in quality or style, her vivacity never flagging however great her weakness and suffering. It seemed as if the abstraction of mind consequent on thinking lifted her above the organism to a level where her health was unimpaired, so that when thus engaged she was no longer the sufferer and invalid. I could not but feel, however, that the work ministered to exhaustion, according to the teaching received by us that "thought is substance, and every thought a substantial action." And I could not but wish—and it was her wish also—that if she must work, it should be in her special line, which no one else could do, that the world might be the richer in the knowledge which it so sorely needed, and which she alone could supply.

But, knowing the hygienic value of cheerfulness, I would say nothing to depress her, but, on the contrary, chose for our reading together the most amusing and interesting literature. Thus I read aloud to her the whole of *King Solomon's Mines*, which was then just come into vogue, and so great was her enjoyment of it that for once I accounted Mr Rider Haggard a benefactor of his kind.

On reaching Marseilles she announced her arrival there to Lady Caithness, at Nice, in a post-card, as follows:—

"MARSEILLES, HÔTEL DE LA GARE, Feb. 17 [1887].

"By the time this reaches you we shall be at St Raphael, Hôtel Beau Rivage. My husband is with me. We came on Tuesday 15th, in waggon-salon, and arrived here to-day at 1 A.M., more dead than alive—at least I was. Mr M. has been passing most of his time with Baron Spedalieri, and will spend the evening with him. I want my husband to go over to Nice and see the next Battle of Flowers, but I fear he won't like to leave me, which is a pity, for he won't have another chance. We find the weather bitterly cold, and not at all what we expected. Lady Burton is at Cannes. A. K."

My intercourse with the veteran student of the divine science was in the highest degree cordial and gratifying. He came to the station to greet Mary on our departure for St Raphael, which was the only opportunity then available, and he promised to visit us while we were on the Riviera. He gave me

some unpublished MSS. of his master and friend, "Eliphas Levi," and also the latter's own copy—largely annotated and illustrated by himself—of the book of the eminent Hermetist, the Abbot Trithemius, printed in 1567, *De Septem Secundeis*, being an exposition of the course of the world's spiritual evolution under the successive operation of the Seven Elohim, or Spirits of God, of the Creative Week of Genesis. The book had an especial interest for us as containing the principles of the calculations in virtue of which, as recorded by "Eliphas Levi," Trithemius had prophesied the New Illumination and its date, of which Baron Spedalieri had recognised our work as the realisation.¹ He gave me also photographs of himself and of "Eliphas Levi."

Arrived at St Raphael, she wrote to Lady Caithness :—

"HÔTEL BEAU RIVAGE, ST RAPHAEL, *Feb.* 20 [1887].

"My husband thanks you for your kind invitation, which, however, he could not accept because of the sore throat given him by the bitter cold. To-day he is quite laid up, and has written to decline Mrs Thursby Pelham's invitation to lunch with her on Monday and see the Battle of Flowers. I never felt such cold; it is glacial. We shiver all day, and can only get warm in bed. We have very nice rooms, all *en suite*, full south, looking straight over the sea, but at present I have seen little of the beauties of the place, as I dare not leave the hotel. Lady Burton, at Cannes, writes that she also is laid up with cold, as are other friends of ours at Beaulieu; so that altogether the slings and arrows of this wintry-time seem to have done fell work! . . .

"Since I wrote the first page of this letter we have been out for our first walk together. As it is my first walk since the beginning of my illness on November 17 [1886], you may suppose it has been quite an event. We only went a very little way along the shore, but still it is a beginning. I am hoping now that before this week is over we may be able to take a trip to Nice, though I fear we shall see nothing of the Carnival.

"After my husband has gone home to England, Mr M. and I think of going on to Naples, and then spending Easter in Rome. I have always longed so much to see Rome, and especially at Easter.

"You must let me know how your ball went off. Send me a paper about it. St Raphael knows nothing of the Carnival; it is as quiet as you please. My doctor (Lutaud) comes this week, and, I expect, will come to see me either to-morrow or next day. He is the editor of the *Journal de Médecine*, and is Pasteur's bitterest enemy. Hence we are already quite comrades. I should like to get a sight of Nice in the season. When I saw it the Promenade des Anglais was quite desolate. Moreover, I want to see your beauti-

¹ Pp. 168–169 *ante*.



PORTRAIT OF BARON SPEDALIERI.

James Hyatt.

face p. 302, vol. ii.

ful house, about which I have heard so much. I am trying to find out whether I can make the journey to Nice and back in the same day.—Always your loving
NINA.”

Charming as we found St Raphael for its scenery, quietude, and sundry other advantages, its climate during most of our stay was disagreeable and treacherous in the extreme, keeping us in constant anxiety. An intense sun, combined with a keen wind, was the rule, and the hours were few and far between when it could with any certainty be said that a walk or a drive could be taken with safety. And this even for persons sound of lung. Desiring to escape from the place and try some other, we were very anxious for the promised visit of her doctor. He came at length, but under circumstances altogether unanticipated and lugubrious. Early one morning we were roused by feeling our beds heaving and sinking as if on a sea-wave, a sensation which was repeated several times at short intervals. Meanwhile Mary and A. were clamouring at my door, telling me there was an earthquake, and asking what was best to be done, and whether we ought not to rush out into the open lest the house fall upon us. As the fall of the house was doubtful, and exposure to the bitter air outside meant certain death for her, I counselled an instant return to bed and a calm awaiting of events, taking care to keep warmly covered up. We all followed this advice, and lay so long as the vibrations continued, listening for the subterranean rumble which preceded each shock, and calling out to each other, “Here comes another,” the effect always proving proportionate to the loudness of the rumble, which last exactly resembled the passage of a heavy train underground. The railroad was well within hearing, so that we were able to mark the similarity of the two sounds, and to observe that the only difference between them lay in the fact that when a train passed, our beds did not upheave, and when a shock came, they did. In the course of the morning they ceased; telegrams from Nice and other places announced a terrible earthquake, and during all that day and the next, trains in numbers arrived, or passed by, filled with fugitives hastening to some safer district. Among the later arrivals was Dr Lutaud, having the look of a man scared and shaken, as by some narrow escape from imminent destruction. He was asleep, he told us, in his hotel at Mentone, when, on being

roused by a shock and a crash, he looked up to see the open sky above him, the roof and ceiling having fallen in, but without injuring him.

The following struck us as a somewhat singular coincidence. It will be remembered that, when at Nice in the autumn of 1882, Mary had been charged by a voice speaking through her, while under the influence of an anæsthetic taken to allay asthma, to make a fresh will, on the ground that her existing one was an "evil will."¹ She had declined to comply, partly because she both distrusted the source of the injunction and resented the dictation, and partly because she was satisfied with the will as it stood. Now, however, after an interval of nearly four and a half years, when driven back almost to the same spot, she found herself spontaneously approving the change then indicated, and accordingly remade her will, further consideration having entirely reversed her judgment in the matter.²

We remained at St Raphael until A. quitted us for home, his parish duties compelling his return, and on the same day started for Nice—the earthquake having ceased for some days—and arrived there March 8, but unfortunately not until after dark, owing to our having first seen A. off on his homeward journey. For the evil Karma which we had been given to understand would "pursue Mary and her nearest associates so long as she persisted in leading a virtuous life"³ baffled all the precautions we had taken to select eligible lodgings. Following the strong recommendation of some friendly English gentlewomen who were staying at our hotel at St Raphael, we found ourselves doomed to a repetition of the experiences which had driven us from the Riviera on our former visit in 1882. For we had dismounted ourselves and luggage, dismissed our carriage, and engaged rooms, only to discover that we were in the very house at which the earthquake had culminated in Nice, and in the only part of the house the earthquake had left habitable, the rooms in which were long and low and narrow, and on the ground floor, and altogether such as gave us the

¹ P. 90 *ante*.

² This will, which was signed at St Raphael (see p. 315 *post*), was not Anna Kingsford's last will. Her last will was made a few months later (see p. 341 *post*).—S. H. H.

³ Vol. I. p. 420.



PORTRAIT OF "ELIPHAS LEVI."

James Hyatt.

face p. 304, vol. ii.

worst forebodings of what might follow. But there was no alternative but to make the best of them for that night ; and the people, who were Swiss, were really so nice that we had not the heart to show distrust of their assurances of attention and sympathy, to say nothing of the effort it would be to Mary to set off at that hour in quest of another hotel. As it was, neither of us went to bed, the night being passed in pacing our rooms, endeavouring to allay her asthma by burning stramonium, a drug which was her constant *vade mecum* when travelling, sipping hot coffee, and in fighting the mosquitoes, which thickly swarmed.

On communicating our position next morning to Lady Caithness, she promptly sent her carriage for us, and a recommendation to go to the Hôtel Cosmopolitan, whither we at once repaired, and where we remained, much to our comfort, during our sojourn at Nice. In the afternoon we visited her at her beautiful house—the Palais Tiranty—a meeting the pleasure of which seemed so completely to efface for Mary the effects of the miseries of the night as greatly to encourage my hope of her ultimate recovery, by showing how extraordinary was her power of self-repair. But the hope proved delusive, for it soon became evident that Nice was no place for her, the keenness of its winds far exceeding those we had left behind at St Raphael, while the dust was such as to be a constant torment and source of danger. I longed to get her to Naples ; but she was unwilling so soon to leave her friend ; and, moreover, we had invited Baron Spedalieri to stay with us at our hotel. The visit was duly paid, and lasted three days, to our mutual great satisfaction, we had so much in common on the higher planes of thought, knowledge, and experience. The impression produced on him by Mary was, he declared, of the profoundest kind, fully realising the high anticipations he had been led to form. Among the most pleasant elements in our sojourn at Nice were the drives which Lady Caithness took us in its beautiful neighbourhood, where we visited various of her friends. Of these the most notable was the eccentric and accomplished Comtesse de Chambrun, at one of whose receptions in Paris Mary had been surprised and amused at being accosted as Queen Anne Boleyn by a certain literary marquis, distinguished for his studies of that period of English history, and

who declared that she exactly resembled his conception of that character. The *Mi-carême* occurring during our stay, we witnessed and took part in the Battle of Flowers, our friend's son driving us up and down the Promenade des Anglais for the purpose. The scene was bright and animated in the extreme, and Mary enjoyed it vastly, showing a gaiety and vivacity which made for me the most vivid and saddening contrast with her actual state, only too plainly visible to me, as I sat opposite to her, in the lines of her wan and wasted face, which were so strongly brought out by the brilliant sunlight as to confirm the worst anticipations of the results of her malady. But, as was characteristic of her, excitement lifted her into another sphere, where all consciousness of the lower was lost, and even the apprehensions expressed by me of the danger of her exposure to the keen wind that was blowing seemed to her unfounded. Nevertheless, I have since always considered that day at the Battle of Flowers as more than any other event responsible for the final result, by serving to intensify and confirm a mischief which until then was not past cure.

On March 20 [1887] we left Nice for Genoa, on our way to Rome, Mary positively refusing to visit Naples on account of the harrowing descriptions she had heard of the barbarous treatment to which animals are subjected in the streets of that city. We spent two nights at Genoa, where she had arranged to meet her brother, General Bonus, and the proprietors of a flat in Kensington for the lease of which she was in treaty. The project was regarded by her relations as an unwise one, considering the state of her health, and her mother wrote in dissuasion. I recognised the force of their objections, but refrained from opposing an impulse which, in her case, might proceed from a source transcending ordinary perception. I therefore took care only that she should have all the reasons, for and against, fully before her. Her own view she stated as follows :—

“ I cannot continue to travel and live in hotels, but must have a home of my own in which to live or to die. London is the only place which suits me, and is within reach of my husband. If I had had a home there I should not have come abroad, and might have escaped all that I have suffered since. Even

if it was my destiny to be homeless until I was forty, I have reached that age, and outlived so much of my evil Karma."

Her business satisfactorily settled at Genoa, where her brother duly met us, we proceeded to Pisa, intending to proceed the following day to Rome; for, besides having already seen Pisa, we both disliked it for the atmosphere of death-in-life which pervades it. But we were detained there for four days by an attack of illness which we ascribed to the propinquity of our hotel to the river, and the effect of which was to reduce Mary yet lower.

Determined to leave no opening for mishaps at Rome, and aware of the liability of that place to become crowded on the approach of Easter, I took occasion on our detention at Pisa to obtain in advance the promise of rooms at the Hôtel Continental, choosing that locality for its altitude above the old and low-lying districts of the city. But the precaution proved unavailing. We reached our hotel only to find that the pressure of arrivals had rendered it impossible to retain rooms for us, and we were consequently compelled to put up at an address given us by the manager, the accommodation at which was such as to compel our removal on the day following, supposing the quest for a suitable lodging to be successful, a result declared by our host to be out of the question. He was not far from wrong, so arduous a quest did it prove to be. Only after several hours of driving from house to house, and street to street, and quarter to quarter, did we succeed in obtaining even tolerable accommodation, and this was in the district the farthest removed both in locality and in climate, as well as in costliness, from what we desired. For it was at the Hôtel de Russie, in the Piazza del Popolo. Happily we had some friends in Rome who knew of a suite of rooms then on the point of being vacated, which promised to suit us, and after three days at the Russie we moved into the Hôtel de la Ville, close by.

During our long quest on the day after our arrival we had an experience which showed us what we might have expected had we gone to Naples. I had entered an hotel, leaving Mary, exhausted and speechless with fatigue, in the carriage. But on my returning to her after the few minutes spent in inspecting the rooms offered and making inquiries, she was no longer there, and the driver could only point to the hotel in explanation.

Presently she reappeared breathless and flushed, as from a fright or some unwonted exertion. She had seen from the carriage a boy ill-treating a dog on the other side of the Piazza. In an instant she had rushed to the rescue, seized the boy, given him a vigorous shaking and rating, and forced him to let the animal go. Then, on the boy calling to a man, who appeared to be his father, for help, she had beaten a hasty retreat into the hotel, whither he refrained from following her. And her only reply to my expressions of concern was to show me her broken parasol, and say that, if she was to stay in Rome, I must get her a stout stick to carry, as she could not keep her hands off ruffians who ill-treated animals.

Never, we thought, had pilgrimage to the Eternal City been made with so much of difficulty, toil, and suffering. Mary took it all as part of her evil Karma, which she was in course of expiating and working out ; and, to judge by the event, it seemed, indeed, to be a fulfilment of destiny that the place which she had been led to regard as having been the scene of the " most unworthy " of her former lives should prove to be the scene also of her greatest suffering in her present life.

The prospect of a sojourn in Rome had been to me the occasion of considerable anxiety. For, though she was little more than nominally a member of the Roman Church, and was profoundly conscious of its manifold and grievous shortcomings and positive defects, she was not without a certain respect for its antiquity and greatness ; while the fact that, despite its gross materialisation of the mysteries of religion and conversion of them into sheer idolatry, it had retained in its integrity the system of symbolism in which they were veiled, while the Protestant communions had so grievously mutilated it, served to withhold her from being altogether alienated from it, even while maintaining absolute independence of judgment and a steadfast refusal to submit to any ecclesiastical direction whatever.

There was yet another sentiment which prompted her to keep in touch with the Church. This was the impression that she might obtain from it some official recognition of our work which would ensure to it a serious and far-spreading attention. And hence, when—as more than once happened—overtures had been made to her offering to make her the head of a new religious order if she would submit to direction, she had been disposed to regard

the proposition as not unworthy of consideration, but had readily abandoned the idea when, on consulting with me, she came to see in the proposal but an insidious device for suppressing both her and our work altogether. For, as was obvious to me, it would be simply suicidal to the whole sacerdotal system to propound an interpretation which, by the very fact of its being an interpretation, posited the understanding, instead of authority, as the basis of belief, and by its nature was destructive of the whole fabric of the theology on which sacerdotalism rested, and would involve, therefore, the damning admission on the part of the Church that, so far from being, as it claimed to be, infallible, it was not merely fallible, but utterly fallen and corrupt, and was a Church, not of Christ, but of Antichrist. As well might Jesus and the prophets, and their followers, appeal to Caiaphas and his successors for recognition of their doctrine as we to official ecclesiasticism for recognition of ours.

Besides which, as I argued on such occasions, the very fact of our message being made to appear as emanating from, or as sanctioned by, some one particular section of the Church, would fatally prejudice against it all other sections. And, moreover, the fact of the selection of myself, who, while really a free-thinker and detached from all sections, was nominally a Protestant, was proof positive that our mission was really Catholic, embracing the whole of Christendom and the world in its scope, and not merely Roman Catholic, which section was sufficiently represented by herself.

I had further pointed out that the acceptance by her of such proposals would involve our dissociation from each other, and the dissolution of the collaboration in which we had been divinely conjoined, seeing that neither would the makers of the proposal accept me nor would I join them, or become in any way connected with a body having so awful a record behind it as the Roman Church. To do so would be to condone not only the most pernicious system of imposture by which the human mind had ever been repressed and enslaved ; it would be to condone the Inquisition and its wholesale practice of human vivisection done in the interests of a caste. It was not from the Church visible, terrestrial, and corrupt that our commission was derived, but from the Church invisible, celestial, and incorruptible, and it would be the basest of betrayals to submit to the former. No ; if the Gods had

wanted both of their instruments to be even nominally members of the Church of Rome, they would have selected some other than myself for her colleague.

To all this she had unreservedly assented, and we had long ceased to refer to the subject, considering it finally settled. But knowing her sensitiveness on the astral plane in her system to influences appertaining, as do those of sacerdotalism, to that plane, I could not but be alive to the possibilities of a contact with them in their own chiefest headquarters and stronghold. And hence, while systematically refraining from any allusion to the subject, and leaving her absolutely free and unbiassed to form her own conclusions, I watched carefully for such indications as might manifest themselves, hopefully bearing in mind the old saying that the best antidote to Romanism is a visit to Rome. Even in the incident, distressing as it was, of the cruelty witnessed by her in the streets on our first day in Rome I could recognise an ally, by reason of the adverse feeling it would create in her to the whole system of the place.

The few friends we had in Rome were in sympathy with us rather than with the Church. Among them were Mr and Mrs Thomas Williams, who were regular winter residents, and had been among the attendants on our lectures at the Hermetic Society. Mrs Williams was the accomplished translator of some of the writings of Giordano Bruno, himself a Hermetist. They showed us much kindness and concern, and through them we made acquaintance with a certain Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society, and a careful and an erudite student of the Hindû Scriptures, translating them for himself. Reading *The Perfect Way* while we were in Rome, he found in it, to his astonishment, passages identical with some which he had rendered from the Upanishads, but of which no translation had ever been published ; and he accounted for the coincidence by supposing an identical illumination for both.

Mary was especially anxious to learn the extent to which the Church exerted itself to elevate and humanise the people at large. The information obtained left her in no doubt on the subject. It effectually convinced her that the one endeavour of the Church was to sustain its own authority and promote its own material interests, and the last thing it cared for was the intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement of the people. Ignorance was, for it,

the mother of devotion, and the more ignorant the people the stronger would be their faith and the firmer the foundation of the Church. Even the brutality of disposition manifested by their treatment of animals was no bar to their being accounted good Catholics. The animals were not Christians, and Christians owed no duty to them. From Rome she wrote as follows to *Light*:—

ANIMALS AND THEIR SOULS

“ *To the Editor of ‘Light.’* ”

“ SIR,—I have been long ill, and am still too great an invalid to enter into any controversy ; but I should like, *à propos* of the subject of Mrs Penny’s interesting letter of March 19 on animals and their after-life, to relate a pathetic little story which I heard from a well-known spiritualist in Paris. At a certain séance held in that city, a clairvoyante saw and described spirits whom she beheld present. Among the sitters was a stranger, an English gentleman, unknown to anyone in the room. Looking towards him, the clairvoyante suddenly exclaimed, ‘How strange ! Behind that gentleman I see the form of a large setter dog, resting one paw affectionately on his shoulder, and looking in his face with earnest devotion.’ The gentleman was moved, and pressed for a close description of the dog, which the clairvoyante gave. After a short silence he said, with tears, ‘It is the spirit of a dear dog which, when I was a boy, was my constant friend and attendant. I lost my parents early, and this dog was my only companion. While I played at cricket he always lay down watching me, and when I went to school he walked to the door with me. He constituted himself my protector as long as he lived, and when he died of old age I cried bitterly.’ The clairvoyante said, ‘This dog is now your spirit guardian. He will never leave you ; he loves you with entire devotion.’

“ Is not that a beautiful story ? ”

“ I don’t think, however, that I should have been moved to give it here but that, while I was at Nice a few days ago, someone sent Lady Caithness a new journal just issued by an ‘occult’ society or lodge, in which there was a passage which deeply grieved both of us. It was a protest against belief in the survival of the souls of animals. Such a passage occurring in any paper put forth by persons claiming to have the *least* knowledge of things occult is shocking, and makes one cry, ‘How long, O Lord, how long ?’ The great need of the popular form of the Christian religion is precisely a belief in the solidarity of all living things. It is in this that Buddhism surpasses Christianity—in this Divine recognition of the universal right to charity. Who can doubt it who visits Rome—the city of the Pontiff—where now I am, and witnesses the black-hearted cruelty of these ‘Christians’ to the animals which toil and slave for them ? Ill as I am, I was forced, the day after my arrival, to get out of the carriage in which I was driving to chastise a wicked child who was torturing a poor little dog tied by a string to a pillar—kicking it and stamping

on it.¹ No one save myself interfered. To-day I saw a great, thick-shod peasant kick his mule in the mouth out of pure wantonness. Argue with these ruffians, or with their priests, and they will tell you 'Christians have no duties to the beasts that perish.' Their Pope has told them so.² So that everywhere in Catholic Christendom the poor, patient, dumb creatures endure every species of torment without a single word being uttered on their behalf by the teachers of religion. It is horrible—damnable. And the true reason of it all is because the beasts are popularly believed to be soulless. I say, paraphrasing a *mot* of Voltaire's, 'If it were true that they had no souls, it would be necessary to invent souls for them.' Earth has become a hell for want of this doctrine. Witness vivisection, and the Church's toleration of it. Oh, if any living beings on earth have a claim to heaven, surely the animals have the greatest claim of all! Whose sufferings so bitter as theirs, whose wrongs so deep, whose need of compensation so appalling? As a mystic and an occultist, I *know* they are not destroyed by death; but if I *could* doubt it—solemnly I say it—I should doubt also the justice of God. How could I tell He would be just to man if so bitterly unjust to the dear animals?

ANNA KINGSFORD.

"ROME, March 28, 1887."

We witnessed much in and about Rome which confirmed this estimate. For, despite her weakness and suffering, she mustered force to visit everything of paramount interest, and to study the ways of the world around her, and where cruelty was concerned she was lynx-eyed. Her only difficulty was in believing that Naples was far worse than Rome, since what she witnessed here kept her in a constant tremor of anguish and indignation. She waited, however, until she had quitted Rome to give expression to her feelings about it in her Diary.

Meanwhile she found herself attracted, with a force and decision

¹ See pp. 307-308 *ante*.

² Writing in 1877 of the attitude of the Catholic Church towards, and of the new dogma of the redemption of the lower animals, Edward Maitland says: "Only three or four years ago this fallible Pope [Pius IX.], when appealed to on behalf of a project for diminishing the terrible cruelties practised in Italy upon animals, declared that it was quite a mistake to suppose that Christians owe any duty to the lower animals. Herein the 'Vicar of Christ' was one with the tormentors. He was fallible morally and fallible spiritually. He proved that he had failed to discern the true or the full meaning of 'Christ' in respect either to past or future. He did not see that in 'Christ' all creation had been virtually taken up into God; nor did he see that Christendom was on the eve of the promulgation of a new dogma,—the dogma of the universal salvation of animals through their recognition by man as his brethren and essentially one with man, and in man 'one with God'" (*England and Islam*, pp. 181-2; and see p. 8 *ante*).—S. H. H.

which surprised her, to the Greek, as against the Christian, associations and art of Rome. She greatly preferred the temples to the churches, and the statues of the gods to the pictures of the saints. Indeed, from some of the latter she turned away with positive loathing, confessing herself sickened by the false and morbid conceptions they represented of the nature and meaning not only of religion, but of existence itself. These were the paintings depicting men torturing and emaciating their bodies for the sake of their souls, a practice which she declared to be sheer materialism, as well as cruel and unjust, saying that the body is man's animal, and he has no more right to torture it than any other animal.

The sight of the approaches to the Vatican galleries excited her greatly, on account of their exact resemblance to what she had seen in a dream. The guard at the entrance ; the architecture ; the long, narrow, steep stairs ; the corridors which led to the Pope's own apartments,—all these she declared to be exactly as beheld by her when she had threaded her way through them in sleep on the occasion in question, as I had assured her they were on her recounting the experience to me. And now she saw them with her bodily eyes, she was satisfied that she must have visited them in her astral body. The dream occurred in 1885, in London, while she was assisting Lady Burton with her hapless petition to the Pope.¹ Hapless because, although having some hundreds of thousands of signatures, it was refused presentation on the ground that the effect of a papal utterance on the subject would be to burden the consciences of the faithful with a new sin to confess, and one of which a precise definition was impracticable.

The dream began by her visiting some of the committee meetings of the Anti-Vivisection Societies she had been the means of founding on the Continent. She had been greatly disappointed at the meagreness of their results ; and now, on presenting herself among them, she found that the only members present were a few women, and that these were engaged in discussing matters personal and domestic merely, and neglecting their real business on the plea that it was not urgent and might be performed at any time. Finding her proposition to set to work at once coldly

¹ See p. 226 *ante*.

received, she impatiently withdrew, and, following a sudden idea, made her way straight to the Pope, covering hundreds of miles in what seemed to her a few moments, and passing without pause or hesitation, as if she knew the way perfectly, in at the entrance by which we had entered, past the guard, and up the steps, and through the corridors, directly into his Holiness's sanctum, where he was sitting at his writing-table alone and lost in thought. Here, kneeling beside him, she cried in accents imploring and almost commanding, "Holy Father, help me to save the animals from their cruel oppressors; above all from their scientific tormentors, those worst enemies of God and of man. Sanction the creation of an Order devoted especially to the abolition of vivisection; give us a title and a badge of your own devising and your blessing, and by God's help I will undertake and do the rest!" He listened without speaking, looking keenly at her the while, as if—it seemed to her—that he was trying to identify her with some character already familiar to him, but with an expression in which compassion and contempt were so curiously blended as to baffle completely her attempt to divine his frame of mind. Then, still keeping silence, he took from the table a large sheet of blank paper, which he twisted about until it was folded in the form of a fool's cap. This he placed on her head, and said, "My daughter, you shall have your Order. It shall be called 'The Fools of Christ,' and this cap will be your badge." Such was the dream the recollection of which so much excited her on visiting the Vatican; and she so greatly wondered whether she had actually visited and addressed the Pope on the occasion in her astral body that she contemplated seeking an interview in order to ask him.

Of all her dreaming experiences which were not of distinctly celestial derivation, those of the night of April 12 bore the palm, whether for multiplicity of incident, vividness of portrayal, or startlingness of *dénouement*. They were veritable surprise dreams, of which the end was wholly unanticipatable, and yet, when it came, was evidently the end to which the whole dream led up. These are the two dreams related in *Dreams and Dream-Stories* under the headings, "A Haunted House Indeed" and "The Square in the Hand," one a tale of sorcery, and the other of chiromancy. Their length precludes their repetition here, their contents being respectively about 1800 and 2000 words. They

came at a time when her feebleness and suffering were extreme, and were separated from each other only by a fit of coughing which woke her for a short interval. Nevertheless, shattered as she was by them, she related them both to me next morning, and during the next two or three days wrote them out at length without a break of memory or change of a word, or any diminution in her usual luminous and faultless style. So that it would be impossible to divine from the hand the condition under which they were received and recorded. We knew of no event that could have suggested either of them. And the significance, if any, was by no means obvious. Of the first one her own idea was that it might be intended to denote the tendency of the Church to absorb and suppress the individuality of those who yield to it, and as a warning, therefore, to herself against its glamour. The second, we fancied, might represent an actual fact in one of her, or our, previous lives. I shall have occasion to refer to the former dream again, when the time comes to relate how it found its explanation.

The only entry in her Diary respecting Rome, which was made in Rome, is the following :—

Rome, April 14, 1887.—I see that, very strangely, the last entry in this Diary bears the date on which my long and terrible illness began, November 17, 1886. Since that day I have endured a long agony, and have completely parted with what youth and beauty yet remained to me. I do not know that much would be gained by recording here the suffering through which I have passed. It is not yet over, and will, I suppose, only cease with my life. Whether I brought it upon myself occultly by means of my projections against Pasteur, which, not being sufficiently strongly impelled or skilfully directed, recoiled upon myself—a supposition which I have some grounds for thinking probably correct—or whether the whole weight of my Karma has fallen on me *en bloc* as a result of my entry upon a certain occult period of my career, matters not very much. At all events, this is the sixth month of an illness that began on November 17 with an attack of inflammation of the lungs, complicated with generalised neuralgia, and which held me a prisoner in my bedroom for nearly four months. When at last I could leave Paris, I came south with A. and C. to the Riviera, where—at St Raphael—we experienced an earthquake, which laid Mentone, and partly Nice and all the Italian Riviera, in ruins, and which is now historical. Then, after three weeks' sojourn at St Raphael, where my new will was signed, A. left for England, and C. and I went to Nice, and there saw Baron Spedalieri. Thence after a few days we went to Genoa, and there met Captain S. and his wife, in order to settle affairs about a home in London which they have to offer. There

also my brother J. came to see me. I had already seen him both in Paris and at St Raphael, where he spent two days with us. From Genoa, after only a couple of days' sojourn, we passed on to Pisa, where cold and fatigue detained me four days, and so to Rome on March 26, Saturday. Since I have been here I have seen but little, being ill and unable to bear fatigue, but I managed on Easter Sunday to go to St Peter's in the morning.

Among the grounds for the suggestion above made of the possibility that her projections against Pasteur had recoiled upon herself was the following:—The idea of such a thing had not occurred to either of us. But one night, in the course of the experience, being between waking and sleeping, I suddenly became aware of the presence, high in air, and aiming directly at my head, of a body like a luminous projectile, which, it seemed, must strike me, and if it struck me, must kill me. I instantly started up to a sitting posture, keeping my eyes intently fixed on the missile, but only to recognise the impossibility of avoiding it by any physical effort, such as change of position. But as it approached it diverged from its course, taking—to my great alarm—the direction of her room, which, however, it failed to reach. For it fell in the corridor between the two rooms, where it disappeared, doing no harm, and leaving no trace, being, of course, of too tenuous and subtle a nature to affect anything merely material. I told her of the occurrence next day, and we consulted both her professor in occultism and some books. The result was to lead us to suppose that, owing to the cause named in her Diary, the force projected had recoiled, boomerang-like, on failing to reach its intended destination, but owing to the strength of the spiritual *rapport* between us, which virtually made us one system, had been attracted equally to both of us, and consequently missed us both, falling innocuously midway between us. I myself was convinced that her illness was in no wise due to the recoil of the force projected. It was amply accounted for by the loss of nervous energy involved in the projections themselves, and following as these had done upon exhaustion by overwork, and by the subsequent exposure to wet and cold.

Meanwhile I had despatched a printed circular to the members of the Hermetic Society, informing them of the President's illness and the impossibility of holding a session that year.

The following record of our experiences exhausts the entries made in her Diary at Rome:—

Rome, May 24¹ [1887].—A thunderstorm took place yesterday at midday. I had a headache when I rose, but as the storm drew on it became rapidly worse. Sharp stabs of pain occurred in the left half of my brain, like electric explosions, and at length, just after a very vivid flash, I seemed for a moment to lose consciousness. From that time the pain became worse. I had an afternoon engagement, which I had to give up. I darkened the room, put on a dressing-gown, took down my hair, and lay motionless on my sofa without eating until seven o'clock. Then I had a few vegetables and a little bread, but finding my head still grievously painful, I went to bed at eight. During the whole six hours that I had been lying on the sofa my thoughts had been very lucid. I had been, first, endeavouring by concentrative thinking, and a series of orderly injections of conception, to formulate the process of disintegration of the astral self. Second, I earnestly sought to place myself under "*direction*," and united my intention with that of the Will which I felt to be upon me. (I cannot explain this process more clearly; words will not do.) Third, I then endeavoured to project and distribute myself by a series of progressive and culminative efforts. Finally, when I undressed and went to bed, nothing had occurred beyond this. But hardly had I disposed myself on the pillow, about a quarter to nine, I think, than I was aware that the withdrawal of my astral self had really begun. At first I heard a man's voice speaking continuously close to me on the right, and not seeing anyone, and feeling—I know not why—annoyed, I think on account of the pain in my head, I turned on the opposite side. The coverings of the bed were then pulled, and my knee was tapped smartly two or three times, as if to draw my attention. I still continued, however, to disregard this, and tried hard to sleep, but in vain; the talking continued, incessantly and clearly, and other voices joined it. Once or twice I heard English, but more frequently the language was one I did not understand. I began to feel vehemently distressed, and to *long* for sleep with a kind of intense thirst, when I became aware of a curious sensation of drawing and of levitation. Something like a strong current of wind seemed to suck me up and draw me away. I was unable to resist it; it was like a stream. Then I perceived that I was floating about half-a-yard above the ground, and became aware that the whole of my person had lost its natural weight, so that if I threw out an arm or a leg, or turned my body quickly, I lost my balance, and was in danger of turning completely over. For the most part I floated sideways, or on my back, but I felt myself to be so light that a very small current of air would waft me upwards or displace me. I could not control my movements properly, and when the ground over which I passed became uneven, I could not rise sufficiently to avoid striking against the raised parts. This shows I was still *material* in some sense. I endeavoured by a great effort to lift myself higher into the air, so as to float over and clear these obstacles, but I could not do this by effort, until a current seemed to catch me, coming

¹ This cannot be the correct date. It is probably a printer's error for "April 24"; or, if "May" be correct, the day must have been *before* the 22nd, because they left Rome on the 21st, and arrived at Florence on the 24th of May 1887 (see p. 319 *post*).—S. H. H.

I don't know whence, which took me like a feather and carried me right away into a strange room, where I only recovered myself to find I was in the presence of a single individual, a man, tall, and a stranger. The room was so dark I could see nothing clearly, nor could I discern his features. Something impelled me to exclaim, "Now I know I really *am* out of my body, but I should like to do much more than this. The thing I most desire of all is to be able to convey to paper, at once, and without mental effort or mechanical writing, all the splendid things that are told me in my interior state. They lose so much by my having to write them down in the ordinary way. I want to have them flashed through my hand by simply laying it on blank paper, just in the glorious rolling words in which they come from the Intelligences themselves."

The strange man took a sheet of white paper from the desk at which he was sitting and laid it before him. "Like this, you mean," he said; and as he spoke he put the palm of his hand on the white paper and moved it slowly over the surface of the page. As he did this words appeared on the paper, which seemed either to rise up from within it or to drop from his hand, I don't know which. It was instantaneous; yet he never moved his fingers, but simply drew his hand slowly over the page from right to left. In this manner he projected a line of clear writing in *blue*, the letters of which seemed to start up from the paper. The characters were in an unknown language to me, so I could not read them. But I cried out at once, "Yes, just like that! Teach me how to do that." He smiled, I think, though I could not clearly see his face, but I have that impression. At all events, what he said, very clearly and emphatically, was this:—

"My child, such a process as that would be more costly to you than writing letters on bank-notes."

This, or perhaps the way it was said, and the meaning it seemed to convey, produced a powerful impression on me. He then put the paper aside, and began to talk to my spirit in an interior way; not in words, for I cannot recall a single thing he said this morning, but I am sensible that some knowledge was imparted, which is still in my spirit, and which will come out when wanted, just as the writing on the blank paper started up to sight when he moved his palm over it. While he was thus conversing with me, the current of air took me again and swept me away, as it had taken me. On my way back I saw my sister and a group of people in a drawing-room somewhere. I saw many confused figures, and heard voices talking; then an unpleasant sensation of returning pain in my head, giddiness, and general discomfort. Then I recovered myself fully; it was just twelve o'clock (midnight), and all was over. I had been away just three hours.

The season was approaching when Rome would no longer be possible. It was still too early to return to England, as her new home would not be available until July. We determined, therefore, to spend the interval in making trial of the treatment at Bourboule-les-Bains, in Central France, which was strongly

recommended both for its own efficacy and for the climate of the place. The journey would be long and tedious, and I regarded it with much apprehension, so extreme had become her weakness and suffering towards the end of our sojourn in Rome. For one short interval of about two days she enjoyed a respite. It was while the sirocco was blowing. "Oh! if only this would but last I should get well," she cried in joyous accents. "I am well now, for I have no cough, no neuralgia; I can breathe quite freely. A few weeks of this would cure me. Can we not find some place where it is always sirocco?"

When it had passed she sank lower than ever. Sight-seeing was out of the question. It took all her strength and courage to stroll, leaning heavily on me, to the Pincian Gardens, close by. Meanwhile, in view of the coming journey and the necessity for assistance in taking care of her, I summoned from England the brother who had been with us on the Riviera, and had offered to hold himself in readiness in the event of any emergency. Knowing him to be admirably qualified, no less by experience than by nature, for the office, his coming was a vast relief to me, as well as a great comfort to Mary, who held him in high esteem; and we set out in better spirits than at one time seemed possible on our journey, leaving Rome May 21 [1887], and travelling by short stages, with the double object of avoiding fatigue and whiling away the interval until the opening of the "cure" season at La Bourboule. Thus we halted in turn at Siena, Florence, Parma, Milan, Turin, Chambery, Clermont-Ferrand, and Royat, reaching La Bourboule June 17. At all these places she visited the chief objects of interest, allowing neither pain nor weakness to daunt her. Our longest sojourn was at Florence, where we stayed from May 24 to June 8, putting up at the Hôtel Minerva, in the Place Santa Maria Novello, which I selected on account of its remoteness from the river. The result fully justified the choice. She was more free from distress than for some time past, and took delight in visiting the principal galleries and churches. Her delight culminated in the Convent of San Marco; for in Fra Angelico she seemed to find a kindred spirit. Her sympathy with Savonarola also was very strong. While at Florence an invitation came to us from the wife of our venerated friend, Dr Gryzanowsky, to visit them at their villa near Lucca, whither he had retired broken with illness and overwork. Her going

was of course out of the question, but she insisted on my going ; and I had no reason for refusing on her account, as her brother was so well qualified to tend her. So I went for a couple of days.

Our friend's home was a charming villa in the lovely vale of Segromigno, a few miles from Lucca, where he lived tended by his wife, an Englishwoman, and her two maiden sisters. But his condition was the saddest imaginable, a cerebral stroke having paralysed the faculty of speech while leaving his mind intact. So that, while full of ideas he was eager to express, he never could get beyond the third word of what he wanted to say ; when finding himself baffled he would clasp his head with his hands, uttering a cry of despair. His delight on seeing me was manifested vividly, as also was his grief at the sad news I had to give of my dear colleague. His appearance fully accorded with the high estimate I had formed of his character and intelligence, in a measure far surpassing that of any man I had ever known, so noble were his features, so keen his glance. He had evidently many years remaining of good and useful work in him ; but in his eagerness to accomplish it, he had disregarded the laws of health, and so brought his affliction on himself. He championed many causes, and was the backbone in Germany of the opposition to vivisection. Stimulated and instructed by him, Prince Bismarck declared of himself that, if only he remained long enough in power, he would abolish vivisection in Germany. Such was Ernest Gryzanowsky, whose favourite *nom de plume* was *Iatros*, " physician " ; a truly worthy son was he of Hermes, the " physician of souls."

The *fête* of Garibaldi occurred during our stay at Florence, when the city was illuminated, and, to my great delight, Mary had the opportunity of witnessing the lighting up of the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio as I had seen it on the occasion of King Victor Emmanuel's entry on the foundation of the kingdom of Italy, with Florence as its capital, and considered the most exquisite effect of the kind I had ever beheld, the lights being so contrived as to give the whole structure the appearance of luminous alabaster. She was fascinated by it, and we watched it from our carriage for a long time, unable to quit the spectacle.

The only entry made by her in her Diary while at Florence was the following :—



PORTRAIT OF DR ERNEST GRYZANOWSKY.

James Hyatt.

face p. 320, vol. ii.

Florence, June 6 [1887].—It is strange I should have made no entry at Rome of the impression produced on me by the Eternal City. I went thinking I should love Rome; I found that I hated it. Hated the peasants most of all, and the priests. The whole place and its influences left a bitter taste with me. I shall never wish to see Rome again, should I live a hundred years. A great horror and contempt of the degraded cult, called Christianity, which from Rome has gone forth to poison the whole earth seized me. Worse even that Protestantism in this, that it has taught the people to be cruel to their beasts. How can poets endure Rome? No art, no marble or painted or columned beauty, can compensate for the daily sight and hearing of the devilries of Italian peasants. And the priests! Pah! They resemble black flies buzzing about the putrid corpse of a dead religion. Florence is sweeter and wholesomer than Rome, because, I suppose, it has not been cursed with direct papal government. But they are barbarous here also. I have seen a man strike his horse furiously with his fist upon its nostrils because the poor creature snatched a wisp of grass from a torn sack.

In Florence I met Vernon Lee (Violet Paget), whom Mrs Elma Stuart knows, and who came here to my hotel to see me. Happy Vernon Lee! She has greater possibilities than I, for she is not yet thirty. Miss D., a friend of hers, also came, but I was too ill to see much of anybody. A. writes that the agreements for the flat are signed, so I shall come into possession of it at midsummer.

Arrived at La Bourboule, after seeing us comfortably lodged, her brother took his leave, and she proceeded forthwith to practise the "cure," under the direction of a local physician. His diagnosis of her condition was far from favourable, the mischief in the left lung being so serious. The place, though still somewhat rudimentary, had much to commend it as a health-resort. It stands high, being on the elevated volcanic plateau of Puy-de-Dôme—famous for its connection with Pascal—and a few miles from Mont-Dore. Its scenery, walks, and drives are charming; and its climate, at the season of our sojourn, struck me as the most delicious I have ever known in any part of the world. So much so that I felt that if only she could have the benefit of it long enough, she would have a good hope of recovery. And for a time the hope seemed in fair way of being fulfilled. But the term required for the "cure," and allowed by the season, was altogether inadequate, and in the third week of our stay she made the following entry in her Diary:—

Bourboule-les-Bains, July 5, 1887.—Not cured yet! No, nor even mended, were it but a little. Still the cough, still the afternoon fever, still the weakness, still the neuralgia. From November to July the same continual malady and enforced idleness. Where now

are all the projects I had formed for this year, the book I had to write on the Creed, the novel, the stories, the essays? I have passed a year of bitterest suffering, of weariness of spirit and torment of body. My left lung is in caverns, they say; my right is inflamed chronically. My voice is broken and gone, with which I had hoped to speak from platforms; wreck and ruin is made of all my expectations. Can a miracle yet be wrought? Can *will* accomplish what medicine fails to perform? The hard thing is that I cannot will heartily, for lack of knowing what I ought to desire. Is it better for me to live or to die? Unless I can be restored to the possibility of public life, it is useless for me to live. Dying, I may the sooner obtain a fresh incarnation and return to do my work more completely.

There was at least so much of improvement in some respects that I had no apprehension in having sole charge on the journey home, long as it was. Travelling by short stages, we reached London without mishap, saving only a detention for four days at Boulogne, through stress of weather, on July 13, and at once took up our abode at 15 Wynnstay Gardens, of which she had taken over the furniture with the lease, so that we were able at once to take possession. Her own maid was already there, and we were speedily joined by A., who from that time forth passed with her as much of his time as could be spared from his clerical duties, and placed her under the charge of Dr W. H. White of Weymouth Street, an old friend of his own, in whose skill he had much reliance, and whose attention was unremitting, notwithstanding that he was precluded from accepting a fee from a fellow-doctor. It was clear from the first that he considered the case hopeless.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A HOME TO DIE IN

THE pleasure of having for the first time in her life a comfortable home of her own did much at first to reanimate the invalid with fresh energy and hope, though her medical knowledge told her that, physiologically, she had no right to look for a recovery. At least it was a home in which to die if not to live. Meanwhile she eagerly adopted every means which promised to conduce to a cure—fresh air and exercise, walking or driving, cheerful conversation with congenial friends, the most nutritious diet compatible with her principles, though not such as satisfied her doctor, whom she plainly told that she preferred to die, if die she must, as a vegetarian, than to live as a flesh-eater, so greatly did she loathe the idea as well as disapprove the practice. Her faculties, mental and psychical, remained undeteriorated, and while she wielded by day a pen which showed an intellect as vigorous and a hand as firm as ever, her experiences by night showed no falling off, whether in quantity, quality, or variety, and I was in constant requisition to take them down at her lips.

The following is my record of the first of them :—

August 1, 1887.—M. saw last night, sitting in the arm-chair between her bed and the window, a man with a white covering on his head and shoulders, exceedingly distinct and real. Whereupon she got out of bed on the opposite side—that by the door—and went round the foot of the bed, and turned up the gas in front of him in order to have a better view. At this the figure stood up and looked her full and fixedly in the face. Its face was remarkably pale, horrible for its pallor, she said, and much disfigured, and she recognised it as that of a nephew—H. B. by name—who is in Australia. Presently he disappeared, and she found herself in bed, awake, and wondering whether she had actually left her bed, or only dreamed that she had done so. The relative in question had not been at all in her mind, nor was likely to be, as her acquaintance with him was slight, and it was long since they had met.

August 10.—M. has received from her mother a letter saying that

news has just come from Australia, announcing a terrible horse accident to her grandson, H. B., in June last, in which he had been kicked in the face and otherwise badly hurt. He is, however, getting over it.

August 3.—Between ten and eleven yesterday evening, M.—being in bed, but not asleep—had an interview with a person who had with him two globes, one bright and the other dark, between which he sat, and they conversed about her illness and the probable duration of her life. And he asked her whether she wished to recover or to die.

“To die, certainly,” she replied, “if by ‘recover’ you mean only that I should have such health as I always have, which is continual and intense suffering.”

“Is that your deliberate choice?” he inquired.

“Yes,” she said firmly and positively.

“Then you are ready to die on the 15th of this month, rather than recover to be as you have always been?”

“Most certainly. If I am still to suffer and be unable to work, I would far rather die.”

“Then if that be indeed your deliberate choice, you will die on August 15.”

Having thus spoken, he turned to his bright globe and gave it a spin which set it whirling rapidly round. From which she understood that the bright globe represented death and the dark one life, and that she had made a wise choice.

Without attaching much value to this prediction—for I was disposed to regard it as of astral origin, and as representing a wish and an attempt on the part of those influences to bring about her death—I could not but await the date named with much anxiety. It was a relief to me to find that she herself was uninfluenced by it, the following entry in the interval in her Diary pointing to a somewhat later period as probably that of her departure:—

Kensington, August 3, 1887.—Dying is a very slow process. Save that I am a little weaker, a little thinner, and my cough a little more frequent, I am in the same state as when I made my last memoranda at La Bourboule. It does not appear to me possible now that I should recover. I expect to die this autumn; for I am sure I shall not survive the first frosts:—

“O Death, rock me to sleep!
Give me my rest!
Let pass my weary ghost
Out of my breast.”

Life is a fever; Death is convalescence. Life is a fury and a brawl; Death is sweet peace and quietness. It is a black and hateful planet on which I am now incarnate, and to be away and

rid of its abominations will be all for joy. I shall go to the Gods; I shall see my Master, Hermes, the Teacher and queenly Athena and their holy Angels.

The handwriting of this entry varied in no wise from her ordinary style, but was as perfect in its calligraphy as the most deliberately written of any of her manuscripts, showing how complete was the mastery of the spirit over the nervous system, even under circumstances so disturbing.

“ 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W.

“ August 10, 1887.

“ DEAR MRS JAMES.

“ Our dear invalid continues in much the same state of fluctuation. At one time apparently at death's door, and at another seeming capable of recovery. But my fear is that the level of each recurring depression is lower than before. Just now we have especial cause for anxiety on account of certain intimations specifying a very early date as that of her death. They may, of course, be delusive, or may be overruled by a positive adverse attitude of will. But it will be a relief to see the date in question pass without anything serious occurring. Please think of her with special *intention*—as the Catholics say—on Monday the 15th. Perhaps the best I have to report is that she herself has been of late more desirous to live, provided she can recover health and strength to work and to escape suffering. But, as she says,—and it is difficult for one who knows how great cause she has for saying it [to think otherwise]—it would be no kindness to wish to keep her here if life is to be the *rack* it has hitherto been for her.

“ Always yours sincerely,

EDWARD MAITLAND.”

The following is from my notes written on the night of August 14 :—

The last few days M. has rallied considerably, and is more hopeful and wishful to live than she has been for a long time, and has made every effort to do so by avoiding anything that might fatigue her, and taking more food. To-day, however, she has been very low, drooping gradually throughout, and this evening she has had a sudden access of severe pain in the left lung when coughing. Indeed, her state has been one almost of complete collapse, so extraordinarily low has been her force. She said that she felt as if her vitality were being wound out of her, just as the visitant of her vision of the 2nd instant had seemed to wind it on his globe. She ascribes her present attack partly to a chill caught when out in a wheel-chair in Kensington Gardens on Friday last, but mostly to the fatigue of seeing some visitors on Saturday, one of whom stayed a long time and affected her very disagreeably by reason of the uncongenial nature of his magnetic *aura*. I am very anxious for

to-morrow to be safely passed. Not only is it the day so positively named by the visitant for her death, it is also the Feast of the Assumption, B. V. M., a day fraught with associations for her, not all of which are happy. For it is the anniversary of the death of her chiefest pet, little "Rufus," who had been her constant companion for nine years, and whom she has never ceased to mourn.

After midnight on the following day I wrote, first congratulating her on falsifying the prediction :—

August 15 [1887].—Mary has survived the day so strongly insisted on as that of her death, but only after what seemed a very narrow escape. She was almost *in extremis* from complete loss of force, when, as if to destroy what chance she had of living through it, she received from one of her brothers, an Anglican clergyman of high views and extreme zeal, whom she rarely sees, and with whom she has little in common, a sudden and unlooked-for visit, which even at the best of times would have been most trying. For, seeing how serious was her condition, he insisted peremptorily on her doing at once three things—make confession to a priest, receive extreme unction, and make her will,¹ alleging as his reason that she was so ill that she could not recover, but must die very soon. On her pleading her desire to be cremated as a reason for not seeing a priest—the Pope having forbidden the practice (which pretext she put forward in order to avoid touching on deeper subjects)—he asked her whether she thought she knew better than the Holy Father, to which she replied that her horror of burial was stronger than her attachment to the Church, and also that—believing as she believed—no mere rites or ceremonies possessed any meaning or value for her. "Do you, then," he asked, "mean to say you are not a Christian? Don't you believe in the Incarnation of our Lord?" To which she replied, "I am not a Christian in your sense, nor a believer in the Incarnation in your sense. In the spiritual and only true sense I am both." Having never heard of any sense but the traditional and sacerdotal one, and being wholly unacquainted with her writings, he necessarily failed to comprehend her, and after some further expostulations concerning the distress she would cause her family, and the impossibility of being saved without the last sacraments, he took his leave, saying he would return shortly bringing a priest, and leaving her so prostrated by the effort, excitement, and surprise at this sudden and unlooked-for visitation, that for some hours it appeared as if she would indeed die on the day predicted.

He had, of course, but done what he conceived to be his solemn duty, in the further pursuance of which he subsequently wrote to A. :—

"December 15 [1887].

"I hear this morning very bad news about Annie. Do, pray, tell me what you think. It is very sad and grieving. Can you get her

¹ P. 304, note 2 *ante*.

to see some priest? Will she receive the Blessed Sacrament? Do, my dear fellow, do your utmost for her; I feel so for the dear mother. If you could win her over to receive Communion and Christian rites and burial, it would take away the agony of the parting."

To which A. responded, as it seemed to me, wisely and truly:—

"Don't trouble yourself about her spiritual state. Nobody could be more prepared to die than she. She may not be quite orthodox in some of her views; but if we were half as good as she is, we need have no fear as regards our future state. Her remains will be buried at Atcham with the rites of the Church of England."

The extent to which she rallied after this occurrence was such as to excite hopes that the enemy had done his worst, and would be baffled after all by her restoration, at least, to some tolerable measure of health. Nevertheless, the memory of what had just occurred dwelt in her mind, with the result of suggesting to her the propriety of putting on record a distinct statement of her position, and this first and foremost for her brother's sake, with a view to removing the serious apprehensions and disquietude for her after-state, which otherwise he would inevitably entertain. Such were the occasion and motive of the following manifesto, which she wrote off at a single sitting in her usual faultless style, not staying her hand for a moment until it was finished:—

"August 20, 1887.

"Until the occurrence of a recent incident, it had not entered my mind that any of my relations would regard it as a duty to interest himself actively about my religious faith, and to press upon me the performance of certain customary religious rites, either as a means of saving my own soul or of satisfying family scruples. I had believed that my recently published works were sufficient evidence of the ground taken by me in regard to dogmatic Christianity, and that the whole course of my life during the past ten years would show the state of my mind respecting popular conceptions of religion. But as it seems necessary that I should not die without some sort of *Apologia*, I will attempt in this brief letter to explain my position.

"When, in 1872, I entered the Communion of the Roman Church, I was actuated by the conviction—which has since enormously strengthened—that this Church, and this alone, contained and promulgated all truth. Especially was I attracted by the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass, and by the cultus of the B. V. M. But I did not then comprehend the spiritual import of these doctrines, but endeavoured to accept them in the sense ordinarily understood. My Spirit strove within me to create me a Catholic without my knowing why. It was not until 1875–6 that I began by means of the Inner Light to comprehend why my

Spirit had caused me to take this step. For then began to be unfolded to my soul, by means of a long series of interior revelations, extending over ten years, that divine system of the *Theosophia* which I afterwards discovered to be identical with the teaching of the Hermetic science, and with the tenets of the Kabala, Alchemy, and the purest Oriental religion. Enlightened by this Inner Light, I perceived the fallacy and idolatry of popular Christianity, and from that hour in which I received the spiritual Christ into my heart, I resolved to know Him no more after the flesh. The old historical controversies over the facts and dates and phenomena of the Old and New Testaments ceased to torment and perplex me. I perceived that my soul had nothing to do with events occurring on the physical plane, because these could not, by their nature, be cognates to spiritual needs. The spiritual man seeketh after spiritual things, and must not look for Christ upon earth, but in heaven. 'He is not here; He is risen.' I therefore gave up troubling myself to know anything about Jesus of Nazareth in the flesh, or whether, indeed, such a person ever existed; not only because no certainty in regard to these matters is intellectually possible, but because, spiritually, they did not concern me any longer. I had grasped the central truth of Alchemy that is one with the doctrine of Transubstantiation, namely, that the Objective must be transmuted into the Subjective before it can be brought into cognate relation with the soul. Truth is never phenomenal; it is always noumenal. If I have not sufficiently explained my meaning, I earnestly refer readers of this letter to the Preface to the Revised Edition of *The Perfect Way*.

"In the faith and doctrine set forth in that book I desire to die. And, having ceased to require assurance in any physical or historical fact whatever as a factor of my redemption, or to crave for any sort of outward ceremony as a means of spiritual beatitude, I am content to trust the future of my soul to the Justice of God, by whom I do not understand a personal being capable of awarding punishments or pardons, but the Pivotal Principle of the Universe, inexorable, knowing neither favour nor relenting. For, as says the Kabala, 'Assuredly, thus have we learned,—There is no judge over the wicked, but they themselves convert the measure of Mercy into a measure of Judgment.' This is a declaration of the esoteric doctrine of *Karma*, which I fully accept, believing with Buddha and with Pythagoras, and the whole company of wise and holy teachers of the East and of the Kabala, that the soul is many-lived, and that men are many times reborn upon earth. As I am certainly not yet perfected, I shall return to a new birth after my merits have been exhausted in Paradise. Or if I should, on the contrary, need purgation in the subjective states, I accept that gladly as the will of Justice.

"But how or why, holding such belief as this, should I, on my deathbed, seek the intervention of a priest, seeing that, to accept such intervention, I must necessarily deceive him?

"I die, therefore, a Hermetist, believing in the spiritual Gods, with whom, I indeed aver, I have inwardly conversed and have seen them face to face; in the Evolution of Soul from the lowest grade of Jacob's Ladder unto the Presence of the Holy One; in the solidarity and brotherhood of all creatures, so that all may come at

length to eternal life which are on the upward path. For Christ gives Himself for all, and shall save both man and beast. And therefore I desire after death to be burned, as the Greeks were burned, and as the Orientals are who believe as I believe.

“ ANNA KINGSFORD.”

Having written it, she handed it to me, desiring me to forward it after reading it. My perusal of it suggested grave reasons for doubting the wisdom of sending it. For, though finding it admirable from our own point of view, I felt that from that of its intended recipient it would be quite the reverse, and that he not only would not understand it, but would disastrously misunderstand it. But to explain this to her it was necessary to wait until the mood in which it had been struck off had given way to a mood in which it could be calmly judged. This came on the following day, and in reply to her questionings I gave the following *exposé* of my view. Its object, I remarked, was of course to lessen or remove any uneasiness that might be entertained concerning her spiritual condition, by explaining the nature of her convictions. To do this it must be intelligible to the recipient, both as regards the argument and the language. Would it be so? As regarded the language, it used terms such as “ Hermetic,” “ Kabala,” “ noumenal,” *Karma*, and the like. Did she suppose, from what she knew of him and his order, that he understood their meaning and value? To this she replied with an emphatic negative. “ Very well, then,” I continued; “ you have written in an unknown tongue so far as he is concerned.” So much for the language. Now about the argument. There are sentences in it which, superficially apprehended, as he is sure to apprehend them, would convey to him exactly the opposite of what you mean by them and intend him to understand, even to leading him to regard you as at once Anti-Christian and Atheistic. “ How so? ” she asked. “ Because your denial of the deity of Jesus will be for him a denial of Christ; and your denial of a personal God, in the only sense in which he understands the word ‘ person,’ will be to him a denial of God altogether. So that the result of sending it will be such an outburst of consternation from him and others—for he is sure to send it at least to your mother—about your last state that they will give you no peace except on condition of your disavowing all that you hold to be true, and separating from me, whom they will inevitably regard as the cause of your perversion. For you cannot expect them to understand that you are so

differently constituted from themselves and the mass of people that you can know positively by direct perception about things which they learn only at second hand and by rote, and accept without understanding them, on the strength of authority or habit."

Her only reply at the time was, " Let me read it again. I want to see exactly how it appears from his point of view." And having read it, she said I was right, and I was not to send it, but put in among our archives. It would be a profanation of the mysteries to put such doctrine before those who held such ideas. And she added in a tone almost of despair, " How *is* the truth to be got to the world, so long as priests bear rule, preachers preach falsely, and the people are content to have it so? Can it be that we have made a mistake, and come ages before the time was ripe? " To which I replied that the Gods do not make mistakes, and can see better than we how far the time is ripe.

August 23 [1887].—When the Feast of the Assumption came round this year, I was too ill to write even my customary prayers for little Rufus. But I thought of him, and prayed for him in my heart. I wish I knew whether I am to recover or not. It seems, judging from physical signs, as if I could not live long; but then strange things happen where prophetesses are concerned! I am so sure that the prophecy is not finished, and that a vast amount of work remains to do which must be done by me, or not at all, that I cannot but think the Gods will restore me in time. Meanwhile the suffering and exhaustion are very bad indeed to bear. Of all my pains, the enforced idleness is the worst. To rise at eleven; to crawl—not dressed, but only wrapped up in a loose gown—from the bedroom to the drawing-room; to sink wearily into an easy-chair, and to lie there all day—hour after hour—with idle hands and nothing to mark the progress of the time except the coming on of the afternoon fever and its slow departure; to creep wearily back to bed at night, and lie propped up with pillows and racked with cough all the dreary night,—this now represents the routine of my life, and this is now the eleventh month of my illness.

And all the while my spirit is alive and beating its wings like a caged wild-bird against the bars of this body of death, longing to be away, out yonder in the clear high blue of the supernal height, longing to break forth as of old into song—into song, and to search out the secrets of the Lords of Dawn. O sweet, sharp wind blowing between the turf spaces of the hills, laden with bean and clover scents, I feel you on my face! I greet you. You are full of health and comfort. Deep, deep dome of holy sky, up there above the fir-trees, I look towards you reverently. I know you are the bosom of the Father wherein the Son, our Lord, dwelleth. But upon the glory of His face I cannot look. I shade my eyes. I salute the beautiful dappled lights of it, lying here and there under the trees along the woodland

pathway. Sky, Sun, and Wind—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, perfect and inseparable Trinity; the first unfathomable and infinite, revealed only by the Light of the second, who is the only begotten of the Sky and its express image and glory, distinctly set forth before the eyes of men, rising and setting and leading their life with them; going forth with them to their daily toil, and sinking with them to rest at night, having taken on Him their humanity, and showing Himself already as their heavenly Brother. And, last, the Wind, invisible and mysterious, now roaring like a Fire, and breathing like a child asleep; Wind proceeding from the Sky and the Sun-heat, and performing their holy will; Wind, the comforter and sustainer; Wind, the chastener and searcher of hearts, rending asunder the rocks and cleaving the depths of the sea. Cleanly Wind, wholesome Wind, sweet Wind, avenging Wind, destroying Wind, tender, loving, balmy Wind!

See now! I have been out on the hills in spirit, even while sitting here in my narrow chair, coughing and burning with fever. I have seen the grass wave, and the harebells toss their blue heads, and the grey rounded clouds float slow across the lovely sky. I have lain there, yonder in the wood, on that bank of dry moss, and looked up through the tremulous fronds, green and innumerable overhead, swaying, pulsating, and whispering—full of the secret of the Lord. Is not this better than the talk of any priest? Who shall convert and sanctify and absolve me so well or so purely as those beautiful faces and voices of God? Who reveal to me the things invisible and eternal of Him so well as the things visible and made by Him? Priests are of no use to Poets. The Poet can go to God direct. What should he want with an ecclesiastic to help him into the presence, forsooth? Does this wafer or that drop of oil from the priest's fingers heal my soul as do these glories of the Ideal? What have I to do with confessions to clerks in orders, when the ear of the Lord is open to me? As for past sins,—what are sins? "Avidya"—ignorance, the mistakes of the blind eye and the deaf ear; ignorances by which the Soul gains experience, and for which, too, she thanks God. We sin only so long as we do not know the nature of things. When once our eyes and ears are open we cannot sin. No man who has seen the Lord can abide in sin. Nor is past sin a thing to be either regretted or forgiven. Forgiven it cannot be, because all Avidya has its Karma, and Karma *must* be reaped; regretted it need not be, both because regret is useless and because it is needless. Keep the lesson sin has taught, and cast out the memory of the sin. Perhaps the Gods are bringing me so near the threshold of death to try my faithfulness to them; to see if I will give in to the priest and the ceremonial, or resolve to die a Hermetist. Well, I will have no priest: "I have known whom I have believed." . . .

Why do not the Gods give me the three hymns which are yet wanting to their series? I have the hymns of Phoibos, of Hermes, of Aphrodite, of Dionysos, of Saturn. I yet want the hymns of Ares, of Zeus, and of Artemis. If these hymns be not given to me, they will never be given to any other. . . .

I had hoped to have been one of the pioneers of the new awakening of the world. I had thought to have helped in the overthrow of the idolatrous altars and the purging of the Temple. And now I

must die just as the day of battle dawns and the sound of the chariot-wheels is heard. Is it, perhaps, all premature? Have we thought the time nearer than it really is? Must I go and sleep, and come again before the hour sounds? . . . That was the scent of the sea that floated past me just then! Fresh and pungent, and full of great life and heaving tides! I hear the waves break on the headland; beyond is white mist, beautiful, soft, diaphanous. You cannot tell where the sea ends and the mist begins. There are white shining gleams upon it here and there; it rends itself and parts, and again it flows together. I feel it drift over my hair and cheeks, dewy and salt, like a blessing from Zeus touching me out of the sky. . . . Now everything fades; the shore is gone; I see nothing any more. It is the dreary afternoon at Kensington again, and I am sitting here alone in this narrow, low-ceilinged parlour, dying of consumption!

Her loneliness was of her own choice, being one of the occasions when she desired to be left to solitary meditation. Electric wires were attached to the bells in every room frequented by her, enabling her always to summon anyone in a moment without stirring from her seat.

A few moments later and she was solacing herself with illustrating her note-paper with the bird and flower and animal forms so dear to her.

The following verses were obtained by her while dozing in her chair in the drawing-room after a day of much suffering and exhaustion:—

“Sweet lengths of shore with sea between;
Sweet gleams of tender blue and green;
Sweet wind caressive and unseen,
Soft breathing from the deep;

What joy have I in all sweet things!
How clear and wild my spirit sings,
Rising aloft on mystic wings
While sense and body sleep!

In some such dream of grace and light
My soul shall pass into the sight
Of the dear Gods who in the height
Of inward Being dwell;

And joyful at Her perfect feet,
Whom most of all I long to greet,
My soul shall lie in meadows sweet
All white with asphodel.”

The last reference, of course, is to Pallas Athena, as the representative of the Divine Wisdom, one of her two chief instructors.

15, Wagnuslag Gardens,
Kensington Road, W.



"Rufus"

Her dream-experiences were not all of this lofty character. They varied according to the plane of activity, every principle in her system manifesting itself in turn, independently of its fellow-principles. Thus, on September 1, the night following the receipt of the above verses, she dreamt that there was a ring at the bell of the outer door, on opening which she found no person, but only two coffins standing up on end, which she judged from their dimensions to be intended for herself and me.

Two nights later a humorous vein controlled her dreams, in one of which she was with me in Ireland inspecting the house and grounds of some nobleman's country-seat which she contemplated hiring; and all the fruit-trees, vegetables, flowers, and other plants had been plucked up by the roots, and were laid flat side by side on the ground. On her asking the gardener the reason of this, she was told that it was always done in his lordship's absence, and would be so long as the place was unlet, because the plants could not be allowed to waste themselves in growing when no one was there. Being much puzzled by this reply, she turned to me for an explanation; whereupon I said, quite seriously, that no doubt it was because in these times Irish landowners were obliged to practise the utmost economy—an answer which continued to cause her perplexity even after waking.

Of the same order was a dream in which she found herself in a room the fireplace of which was outside in the verandah, and on asking the reason, was told that it was so much more convenient than the ordinary plan, as it was only necessary to open the window to let the heat in when required. This was an invention the advantages of which continued to strike her as very great even after being for some time awake.

In another she found herself visiting the animals in the Regent's Park, and gravely holding a conversation of the most ridiculous character with a solemn functionary who held the post of Bishop of the Zoological Gardens.

The following, which occurred September 30 [1887], had more point in it, and accorded exactly with the intimations given us from time to time ever since the beginning of our illuminations in 1876. She dreamt that she was present at a great State function in Westminster Abbey, where the Queen was bestowing decorations for eminent services. On Mr Gladstone approaching the throne to receive the honour allotted to him, the Queen flushed with

anger, and rose and turned to go away. Upon this the Prince of Wales stepped forward and spoke with her in a low tone, evidently of remonstrance, but without avail; for the Queen replied, saying with great emphasis, in a loud, firm voice, "No; it would be a disgrace to the sovereign of these realms to *touch* a man who has done so much to divide and ruin the Empire."

I cannot forbear recounting here, as belonging to this history, though not to this period of it, yet another example of the manner in which, as revealed to us, Mr Gladstone and his career are regarded in the spheres upper and inner. It occurred to me in the summer of 1892, while on a visit to a country rectory, and at a moment when my mind was altogether free from any thought in that direction. I was lying in bed awake, and in a state of complete mental passivity, when I found myself one of a vast crowd assembled in the streets of London, to witness the pageant of Mr Gladstone's funeral. Escaping from the crowd, I was viewing it from an elevation which seemed to me to be the balcony of my club in Pall Mall, whence, many years before, I had witnessed the procession of Lord Palmerston's funeral. Presently I caught sight of Mr Gladstone hovering over the crowd and gazing on the scene. And I said to myself, "Why, he has come back to see his own funeral. But where has he been in the meantime?" And I determined to follow him if I could, after it was over, and see where he went to. I did so, and followed him in a north-west direction, to what seemed an open country, lying somewhere about Wormwood Scrubbs. But, as I presently found, it lay on an interior plane, being no longer in the material but in the astral world; for we were both in the spirit. Here I followed him at a distance as he wended his way along a scarcely perceptible path through an interminable tract of desert land, going very slowly, lost apparently in thought, and yet so surely and steadily as to cause me to remark, "Why, he knows the way! He must, then, be returning to the place to which he had gone after his death, and from which he had come to see his funeral." The country was flat and treeless, the only vegetation some occasional stunted shrubs. Nor was there any sign of habitation. It was a perfectly desolate wilderness. At length he approached a slight depression in the ground, down which he went, I following. Here was a structure, half bench, half chair, high-backed, and made of iron. In this he seated himself with all the air of its being his appointed resting-place, with which he was familiar, and beyond which he was not at liberty to seek. Having seated himself, he leant back in the chair, and thrust out his legs in front as if to resign himself to repose. But not to a peaceful repose, for he at once commenced to raise first one arm and then the other to wave off haunting thoughts or apparitions which he found intolerable, using much energy of action, but indicating stern resolution to endure whatever might be his doom. I was reminded of my previous vision of him in 1881¹ surveying his own effigy in Westminster

¹ Vol. I. p. 428.

Hall, with the aspect of a soul writhing in agony at the contemplation of its own past. And then, as I watched him, standing unperceived before him, he began to get red-hot from within, which I took to be a sign of the remorse he was experiencing at the review of his career, with its many and grievous shortcomings, political, moral, and religious, and its pernicious results to his country; his lust of power, his blindness to principles, his determined rejection of new light in favour of the worst traditions of sacerdotalism, all of which, with many other of his salient points, recurred to my mind. But I no sooner perceived the outward and visible sign, which I have described, of his inward and spiritual state than I withdrew, feeling it to be a moment when he ought to be free from intrusion. And as I turned to depart, there again recurred to my mind Byron's line on the Laocoon, "The immortal agony of that Grand Old Man." But the thought that remained by me was the same as on the former occasion, that in virtue of his very capacity for remorse he was redeemable and will be redeemed. For by the ministry of suffering he will eventually be led to subordinate his own will to the Supreme.

On the evening of November 5 [1887], while reposing in her bedchair in the drawing-room, Mary had the following dream, in which, notwithstanding its varied, and in some respects fantastic, character, we recognised a deep purpose. She thus related it to me soon after waking from it:—

"I dreamt that I had died while quite unconscious, as if in a swoon from want of breath. And I recovered consciousness to find myself in the presence of a great light like that of flame, such as to suggest the thought that the Christians were after all correct in their belief about hell, and I had gone to the place to which they would doubtless assign me. But presently I discovered that I was lying in a lovely green meadow, among long grasses and white flowers, which I recognised as asphodel. And while wondering where I was I was accosted by a radiant female figure very heavily draped in a white stuff like the finest cashmere, folds upon folds, having only the face visible. I knew her for Pallas Athena. And she said to me joyously, 'My true Greek child! So you have come to me through the fire!' by which I remembered that I had been cremated, and this was the cause of my impression about fire. And I bethought me of the verses given me a few weeks before my death:—

'And joyful at Her perfect feet,
Whom most of all I long to greet,
My soul shall lie in meadows sweet,
All white with asphodel.'

And I said to myself, 'Then that was a prophecy, and this is the realisation.' We had a long conversation together, which I cannot recall, and then she intimated to me that I was to rest, and bade me

lie down again on the grass, and then she glided away like a mist and disappeared from my sight.

“ Then, as I was lying on the grass after Pallas left me, a group of girls and lads passed by near me, the girls all clad, as I was, in translucent tunics, and the lads quite nude, with myrtle crowns on their heads. After they had gone on a little way, the last girl of the party whispered something to the last lad, evidently about me. Upon this they all returned and came near me and saluted me, the lads lifting their crowns. They all were wonderfully graceful ; their skins shone with a clear, bright colour like copper, and the last lad struck me so much by his frank expression that I wish much I could have made a drawing of him, he would have made so beautiful a picture. They passed on without speaking to me. My only garment was a tunic of apple-green, bordered with lines of gold round the neck and sleeves, and quite translucent.

“ I then fell asleep, and when I awoke I found lying on my chest, fast asleep, my dear little friend Rufus. And on rising and looking about I saw a number of guinea-pigs scampering about and playing among the grass. And as I went along, a crowd of animals of different kinds, but no carnivorous ones—for all were pure feeders—came running towards me and flocking round me. And presently I beheld approaching me a glorious, bright-shining golden figure, nude, but wearing a winged cap on his head, whom I recognised as Hermes. And we walked on together and talked ; but first I asked him if I ought not to remain and look after the animals, especially the guinea-pigs ; but he said they were quite safe ; nothing was ever lost or hurt in that place. I asked him then how long I had been dead, for it seemed to me as if I had been asleep but for an instant, and he answered, ‘ There is no “ how long ” in this place.’ So I said, ‘ How long according to the reckoning on earth ? ’ To which he replied, ‘ You have been what you call dead ten years.’ This astonished me so greatly that for a considerable time I was unable to speak. When I had recovered myself I asked after my husband and daughter and mother, and was told that the two first were still on earth, and the last was in the Christian heaven. It was very clear to me that I was in the Greek heaven and these were the Elysian fields. And beautiful fields they were, covered with grass and innumerable flowers ; while the light and air were brilliant and delicious beyond all imagining. I asked next if the Christian heaven was far off, and he said it was very, very far off indeed, and quite inaccessible from where we were, and the nearest to us of all the heavens was the Brahminical heaven, where all Oriental souls go. This put me in mind of Madame Blavatsky and the Theosophical Society, and I asked him about them, and how they had fared in these ten years ; and he told me that she had quitted the earth and was in the Brahminical heaven, and that in England the Society had gone to pieces. Then a strong fancy took me to see Madame Blavatsky, if possible. And he said the journey was a long one for me, and we could not quit one heaven to enter directly another ; but we could communicate with persons in it across the dividing waters. So we set off in that direction ; and as we went he told me, in reply to my questionings as to why I had been taken away from earth with my work unfinished, that it was due to my diseased

organism ; and that they, the Gods, have no jurisdiction over things physical, and cannot come into relation with them. Their empire is that of the Mind and Soul ; and they instruct those among men who are sufficiently advanced in Spirit, and enable them to do what they can so far as their organisms permit.

“ And so we conversed until we had quitted the plains and reached a country which became more and more mountainous as we proceeded, until we arrived at a range of snow-clad hills, which seemed impassable. But, instead of attempting to climb them, we entered a passage by which they had been pierced, and passing through them, we at length emerged, to find ourselves on the brink of the stream which divided the two heavens ; and looking across, I beheld, resting in an arbour on the very verge of the Brahminical heaven, Madame Blavatsky, clad in an ample robe of dark purple, with a girdle round the waist ; and on seeing me, she came running out with great agility, rolling a cigarette between her fingers, and exclaiming that it was so delightful to have no legs to prevent her from moving freely, such as she had when in her body. She had evidently just been eating, which reminded me that I had as yet had no food. Whereupon, as if reading my thought, she said that she had plenty, and very good it was, though quite Buddhistic ; and she was so glad she had come there instead of going to the Christian heaven, where they spent all their time sitting on damp clouds and playing on the harp, with Salvationists and such-like folk. Here Hermes, who was standing back in the shadow of the tunnel, looked grave at her flippancy, and remarked to me that the Salvationists could not reach that elevation, being too rudimentary and unfolded in their higher nature, but remained in the lower strata of air near the earth, soon to return again into the body.

“ Madame Blavatsky then asked me if there were any animals in my heaven, and I told her that a number of them had gathered round and run after me, but only innocent, pure-feeding ones. There was no place in the heavens for any others, for the carnivora and cruel animals must pass through the forms of the herbivora to become purified. And she said, ‘ We too have animals here of the same kind as yours, especially elephants, but no insects. They can’t rise high enough to reach this place, but remain below, close to the earth, to sting the Salvationists, I suppose. But how came you in the Greek heaven ? Had you no priest when you died ? ’ I told her that not only did I have no priest, but I refused Christian burial, and insisted on being cremated. She then said, ‘ I heard such a capital story the other day about a man on your side. He too was a worshipper of the Greek Gods, and when he lay dying the folks about him said, “ Shan’t we send for a minister ? ” “ No,” says he. “ Nor yet for the priest ? ” “ No.” “ Haven’t you got any religion, then ? ” “ The best on earth,” he said, “ but it has not got any priests.” “ How is that ? ” they asked. “ Because the half of them died more than two thousand years ago, and the other half are not born yet.” ’

“ Here Hermes came forward out of the shadow, and was seen by her. At the sight of him she started with amazement and let her hands fall. Then, recovering herself, she asked me who he was, and I said, ‘ This is my Master, the God Hermes.’ At which she ex-

claimed, ' Well ! I never saw a Personal God before ! How beautifully he shines ! Just as in the pictures.'¹ Then, holding up her cigarette, she asked him if she might smoke without offence, to which he smiled an assent. She continued to talk in the way usual to her when on earth as she smoked, remarking, among other things, that ' Colonel Olcott is still going it in India ' ; and then she suddenly inquired of me, ' And is Mr Maitland with you ? ' To which I replied, ' No ; he is still alive upon earth.' At this Hermes bent forward gently, and touching my wrist, said, ' You never asked *me* if he is still alive.' To which I replied, with great positiveness, ' No ; because I knew that, if he were dead, the great affection between us would have drawn him here to me.' At this Hermes looked intently on me, and I saw that his eyes were suffused with tears, and he said, ' My child, there was a greater love than yours—his mother's. He is gone to the Christian heaven.' This unexpected reply gave me such a shock of grief that I burst into tears and woke weeping, and continued to weep after waking ; and—and—I cry again now while telling it to you."

As regarded her mother and Madame Blavatsky the dream proved correct, for the former survived her but three weeks, and the other three years. It still, at the time of this writing, 1895, remains to be shown whether it was correct as regards myself, two years remaining to clear up the doubt.² But, as concerned ourselves, a little reflection led us to the conclusion that it was to be taken not so much as a positive prophecy as an approximate forecast, combined with an instruction which, if unheeded, would make it a prophecy ; in which view it depended on circumstances within our own control how far it would prove prophetic. The effect of the dream on her was greatly to modify her preference for cremation, and for a time to make her as wishful to live as she had before been to die. This change of mood found expression in her readiness to take more nourishment, and consent

¹ Those who knew this remarkable woman will at once recognise the trait here pointed at. In her enmity against the current orthodox presentment of Deity, she was wont to inveigh strongly against the idea of a personal God, and would ask persons, when first introduced to her, " Do you believe in a P. G. ? " meaning a personal God, by way of testing their intelligence. I had represented to her that she did herself and her cause an injustice by this practice, inasmuch as she really did believe in a personal God when she admitted the universe to be the product of will, mind, and intelligence, since these imply personality. To which she replied that she knew that, and meant only to ridicule the notion of Deity having form and limitation such as constitute personality for people in general.—E. M.

² The dream also proved correct as regarded Edward Maitland, who died on October 2, 1897, *i.e.* less than ten years after the death of Anna Kingsford; who died on February 22, 1888.—S. H. H.

to such treatment as was deemed calculated to arrest her disease, to both of which she had given but a grudging assent, asking why she should seek to prolong her suffering.

It had the result, moreover, of impelling her to expressions of her sense of indebtedness to me for my care and guidance such as had never before escaped her. It was as a sudden awakening to facts of which as yet she had been but little sensible, and nothing could be more fervent, and consequently more gratifying to me, than the manner in which she now expressed her recognition.

The tokens which poured in upon us of sympathy, regret, and concern from the many friends who had become attached to her, for her work's sake as well as for her own, were numerous and fervid. Only to a few of those who called was she accessible; but though grateful for their affection and respect, she confessed to feeling humiliated by the consciousness of her own unworthiness. "You cannot think," she said to me after occasions of the kind, "how mortified it makes me feel, when people make obeisance before me and kiss my hand, to know what possibilities of evil still remain in my nature, and how different I really am from what they imagine me to be. They see but one side only of me; I see all sides, and know that I am yet very far from being regenerate. Whatever you say or write of me, when called on to do either, do not make me out to be a saint."

The two following letters are from Madame Blavatsky:—

"MAYCOT, *August* 1887.

"DEAR MR MAITLAND,—Thanks for your kind letter. You have no idea how deeply with the illness of Mrs Kingsford I feel grieved and ready to rebel against fate and Karma. We cannot pretend to question the latter and its immutable wisdom. But Fate, or Destiny, to which only the manifested physical world is subject, does seem a cruel, idiotic, ever-blind and erring something. For the Mystics of England and English-speaking peoples—I mean the true Mystics, not the spiritualists—to lose such an intellect is more than they deserve, and would be a blow indeed. I feel one thing. Apart from her great intellect, I love her as a woman. I really first made her acquaintance at Ostende, and since then a strange revulsion of feeling took place in *inner me*. I had always admired her, but I had little personal sympathy till then with her. Why is this? Why should I feel such a sincere affection for her now? But I really do. For me she is quite another woman, or rather Being, and quite apart from the A. K. the world knows of. Perhaps *you* will understand me. Others won't; therefore I say very little.

"Ah, dear Mr M. ! if you had followed the advice given to take her to Davos, no blood-spitting would have developed there. A

man I knew who had both lungs decaying and threw up blood terribly, and was condemned only last autumn, returned in May nearly cured, and never spat blood since. I had never heard of the place before I was told (occultly) to advise you to go there; after which I took an interest in it. He went there late in November, and yet he is cured. It is as I told you: Davos has become an ELIXIR OF LIFE in consequence of the incessant seismic disturbances and the shifting of electro-magnetic centres, and their gathering or grouping on several particular spots—(occult doctrine, whether scientific or not). But it is too late now, and it is useless to talk of it. It is the Mediterranean climate and the mistrals that have developed so rapidly the illness. Yet if she can only succeed in never allowing her *will-power-to-live* to break down, she can save her body and nearly recover. She could recreate her lungs at all events,—crystallise them and make them remain *in statu quo*. You will regard all this as nonsense. So I shut up. . . . Have you seen a very curious work by one G. H. Pember, M.A., author of *The Great Prophecies*, called *The Earth's Earliest Ages, and their Connection with Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy*? It has been sent to me by the author to review in *Lucifer*. In it the kind man combs the hair of all of us with delightful impartiality. You, Mrs K., myself, C. C. Massey, Sinnett, Olcott, Edwin Arnold, *Perfect Way*, *Isis*, etc., etc., all are boiled in the same pot into an *olla podrida* of Satanism and Devil-worship. We are all servants of Anti-Christ, and subject to the 'Spirits of the Air' or devils. It reads like the nightmare of an insane Methodist or Bible-lunatic.

"I am going to emigrate to town, to Lansdowne Road. Tell me *how high* you live, and how I can see you (both) when you are alone. I do so wish to see *her*. Give her my affectionate love. Ah, poor dear great soul! Now I know that cactus-leaves water would stay blood-spitting and do her the greatest good; but where can those cactuses, which grow in millions at Adyar and by the Indian roads, be got here? Suppose a large cactus-leaf, half-an-inch thick, with fine thick hairs on it, could be got from some hothouse. Cut it into pieces after scrubbing off well the outer fine prickles, and put the pieces into a large tumbler of water. In two or three hours it will become oily, and in twenty-four hours like thick oil. Try it for mercy's sake.—Yours sincerely and sympathetically,

H. P. B."

"17 LANSDOWNE ROAD, HOLLAND PARK,

"October 10, 1887.

"DEAREST MRS KINGSFORD,—I am so glad to hear from the Countess that you feel better, and are now determined to will to live. I do hope you will go on strengthening and progressing in health. Thanks so much for your pretty story; it is really very, very charming. But do let me put your full name. You must do this for poor *Lucifer*, as you are too good a writer, and too well known, for him to afford to receive a visit from you almost anonymously. We have many reverends wanting to write for it. There is a regular steeple-chase, and you will laugh.

"If you were well enough by the end of this month, I would ask you to write an answer to Gerald Massey, who, speaking of the contradictions of the New Testament, calls it 'a volume of falsehoods

and lies.' I must do so if you do not feel strong enough, for it is absolutely necessary to show that the Bible is as esoteric as any other Scripture of old. You will read his attack in No. 2 of *Lucifer*, which will appear in about a week.

" Please give my love to Mr Maitland. I hear he does look pulled down. I love him, and would love him if it were only for the care he gives you, and nursing you as he does throughout your illness. He is a *dear* man.—Yours sincerely and faithfully, H. P. B."

Among her visitors this autumn was our friend Lady Caithness, between whom and Mary the parting was very sad, so evident was it that it would be their last meeting. She was accompanied by her son, and as we were at that moment considering whom to ask to witness her will, which had required remaking, we took advantage of their presence for the purpose, thinking it a somewhat curious coincidence that their coming should have been so aptly timed.¹

The following is from her Diary :—

November 12, 1887.—What is Sin? The root of Sin is Ignorance, and the nature of Sin is Injustice. The word Sin is best interpreted by the Biblical word Transgression: " Sin is transgression of the Law." Of what Law? Of the Law which maintains order in the world—the Law of Nature; in other words, of the Will of God. Sin is always the result of Ignorance, because no sane creature does that which is the worst thing he can do for himself, knowing it to be the worst. He sins because he is ignorant and does not yet know the Truth; that is, the Law. What, then, is the relation of Sin to disease? Disease is the result of an injustice done to the body; of a violation of or deviation from the Order of Nature. Therefore disease is undoubtedly the product of Sin, insomuch that but for Sin there would be no disease.

But disease may be inherited, in which case the parents' sin, or the ancestors' sin, is the cause of it. Immediately, this is so; but the diseased person would not have been born of such parents but for Karmic influences and attractions. The chief sins are murder, cruelty, theft, rape, envy, hatred, gluttony, drunkenness, lying, and all kinds of frauds and idleness. All these are sins because they are injustices. Some forms of sensual vice are sins in a lesser degree; but most ecclesiastical " sins " are not sins at all. There is no forgiveness of sins in the ecclesiastical sense. Sin—or transgression, as it is much better to call it—may be wiped out by the enlightenment of the transgressor, and his consequent abandonment of his mistake. But the consequences will have to work themselves out to the end, as is the Law of Nature. No merits of another, or sacrifices made

¹ This was Anna Kingsford's last will. It is dated August 16, 1887; and was proved at Shrewsbury by her husband and G. B. Lloyd, two of the executors, on May 4, 1888.—S. H. H.

by anybody else on behalf of the sinner, can obtain pardon for his sin. The merit of holy men, whether dead or living, may indeed act on a penitent soul as a means of grace ; that is, a good influence or influx, creating a purer moral and spiritual atmosphere about him, and so inducing favourable conditions for grace and imparting grace ; and the power of holy souls, living or departed, to be thus helpful to others depends on the amount of merit they possess. " But no man can redeem his brother, or make atonement unto God for him."

Sometimes, for occult reasons, because of the intervention of the operation of a Law more powerful than the natural (physical) Law (as that of magnetism suspends that of gravitation), the effects of Sin are suspended or suppressed, but they are never annulled. No soul is ever absolved from penance. The penance is as inevitable as effect always is to every cause. It is idle to say, and it is a terrible heresy to say, that man cannot sin because he is God. It is not the God in him that sins, of course, but the human. The Divine Selfhood, or *Atmân*, knows all things, and is therefore free from Ignorance, which is the only cause of Sin. But the lower selfhood is ignorant, and learns knowledge by experience ; hence it is prone to sin. If everything were Pure Mind, and man were wholly, in all his nature, Pure Mind (God), the world would be resolved into Himself, and would have no material existence. But so long as there is material existence, there is Limitation ; hence Ignorance, and hence Sin. Man is the Microcosm, and as the world is, so is he. When he shall have united himself wholly with his Divine part, and become one with It, and permeated by It, he will cease to sin, and will be " resolved " or transmuted, as the world would be in a similar state. But now is not the world Pure Mind only, nor is man Pure Mind only, but consisting of many complex elements and consciousnesses which are far from being in harmony. Hence the Karmic Law by which Sin is expiated and experience gained, and the sinner saved. When the truth of things is clearly seen, the denial of it becomes impossible, and action adverse to the Truth ceases. But such enlightenment occurs only when man is made perfect, or " raised from the dead." " Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

November 17, 1887.—To-day, a year ago, the disease from which I am now suffering began. To-day, a year ago, C. and I were at the hotel in the Rue Balzac, and J. came to see me with one of his sons, just after I had returned from an expedition in rain and wind—disastrous indeed—to find Pasteur's Laboratory. And for a whole year since November 17, 1886, the disease that struck my lungs that day has gone on destroying them, slowly, no doubt, but still destroying.

On November 23 [1887] she recounted to me a long dream in which she dreamt that she had died in the night of December 31, and immediately gone to visit some of her relatives and friends. It was full of the most circumstantial details, all graphically told, but of too personal a nature for reproducing in full. Its occult value consisted in its exhibition of her perfect familiarity with

the state immediately after death, which it seemed to me could be due only to her frequent experiences of that state within a period so recent as to allow of full recollection. In it she had told one of the persons visited that she had renounced her right to proceed straight to Devachan (the Hindû equivalent for Paradise, or place of rest of the freed soul), in order to carry on her work. But she experienced much distress at finding people unwilling to converse with her, and even terrified at her presence. One, however, was more reasonable, and soon got over her alarm. But when first she perceived her, she had exclaimed with astonishment, “ ‘ Why, Nina, they said you had died, and were buried yesterday ! I wonder they should have played me such a trick.’ ‘ They played you no trick,’ I said ; ‘ they but spoke the truth.’ ‘ Then you are not Nina, but—— ’ ‘ Yes, I am Nina, but not her body. Surely you understand——’ And she, too, began to show signs of great alarm. So I reasoned quietly with her, explaining to her that I only illustrated the lately recovered doctrine of man’s survival of his physical body, and of his ability to manifest himself in his astral form ; and that I had been able to keep intact and unseparated all my principles, so that only my body was wanting ; and that the burning of that had enabled me to get away from it so much sooner and more completely that I could come to her at once. Hearing this, she gradually resumed her composure, and became quite absorbed in interest. And then I told her of the irrational terror of one person known to her whom I had visited, and how glad I should be if she would use her influence to put him right. ‘ It is,’ I said, speaking energetically, for I was very angry about it, ‘ the ingrained falsehood and superstition of centuries that makes people act so.’ ”

Not one of the least curious circumstances in this anticipation of her *post-mortem* experiences is the fact that, although based on the belief that she had been cremated, she never was cremated, as, for reasons which will appear later, she had been led to abandon her intention on that behalf.

Another token of the extraordinary activity and inventiveness of her imaginative faculty at this time, and of its independence of her bodily state, was given two nights later. It was a dream suggested by the illness of the late Emperor Frederick, while Crown-Prince of Germany, whom we held in high regard, and for whom we were greatly concerned. The following is her account

of it, as taken down by me from her lips, and included in my Diary :—

November 25 [1887].—While I was taking my turn of watching at M.'s bedside last night about midnight, she suddenly woke from a sound sleep and said, " I have just seen such a curious story, which I will tell you. Sir Morell Mackenzie, who, you know, is the throat-specialist in attendance on the German Crown-Prince, received, while at his house in London, a letter offering to place in his hands, in case he was disposed to use it and would undertake to make a serious trial of it, a certain cure for cancer which had been in use in the writer's own family for generations. The letter contained many scientific details which greatly struck the Doctor, and proposed his first making trial of the remedy on an inmate of some cancer hospital whose case should most nearly resemble that of his royal patient. The letter concluded by saying that no reward was expected, and that an advertisement in the second column of the *Times* would suffice to bring the writer—who was himself a doctor—into personal communication with Sir Morell Mackenzie.

" Sir Morell resolved at the least to comply with the last suggestion, and accordingly, in response to his advertisement, he was called on by his correspondent on the following evening. The latter proved to be a tall, slender man, evidently a foreigner, wearing a Spanish cloak, but speaking English well, and his name, according to the card he sent up, was Doctor Xeres, and a string of other Spanish names which I could not retain. His face was remarkable for its paleness as contrasted with the hair he wore on it, and his skin was of a hue and an aspect which were cadaverous and unhealthy in the extreme. His speech was slow, firm, and distinct, and his whole mien such as to give weight to his utterances. ' To judge my pretensions,' he said, after the first introduction, ' you must hear my history. I am one, and the last, of a family of which every member for many generations has been afflicted with cancer, some in one place and some in another. Mine is internal, in the stomach ; consequently the remedy which I propose to give you for your illustrious patient is used by me diluted, as it must be for him. Only for external application must it be used undiluted. I vouch for its effecting a cure in twelve hours, and I speak with scientific knowledge, as you will have judged by my letter. I conclude by your advertising for me that you accede to my proposition, and are prepared to put my remedy to a test upon an hospital patient. Well, take this phial,' and he produced a small stoppered bottle made of gold. ' It is, as you see, of gold, because no other substance will resist it. Provide yourself with a stock of new camel's-hair brushes, which must be dipped in it and applied to the cancer. The stuff must on no account be poured out into a plate, nor exposed to the light ; nor must any brush be again dipped into it after having touched the tumour. Paint the place every two hours, six times ; that will make twelve hours' treatment, at the end of which the patient will be well. But you must watch the effect of the treatment yourself closely the whole time. This is what will occur :—After the first application, and before the time comes for the second, a slight activity will be apparent beneath the skin, and the colour will change and the pain be some-

what less. This effect will be considerably enhanced by the second application, and on the third the tumour will burst and discharge freely, and the pain will be gone. It must then be squeezed forcibly to eject the matter remaining in it. The other three applications, which must be within as well as without the wound, in order thoroughly to destroy the tumour and cleanse the tissues, will complete the cure. After you have made your experiment, advertise for me again, and I will return to give the final instructions necessary for your great case.'

"Dr Mackenzie had no difficulty in finding a subject for his experiment. He had a friend who was house-surgeon of a cancer hospital and acceded readily to his proposal. He, however, said nothing of the source or nature of the remedy. The patient selected had a terrible cancer in the cheek, and had long been a hopeless sufferer. The first application, which was made in the evening, produced precisely the effect predicted. A slight action was set up in the tumour; the colour of the surface changed, and the patient declared himself a shade easier. After the second application these effects were so much enhanced that the doctors marvelled greatly, while the patient became excited with hope and delight, and declared that he was almost well. After the third application the agitation in the tumour became violent in the extreme, and in due time it burst, discharging quantities of virulent matter, and the pain ceased, while the patient cried and laughed by turns with joy, and expressed his unbounded gratitude. The tumour was then duly squeezed and treated as directed. The remaining applications were made in the manner prescribed, and with the result promised; and in twelve hours' time from the first application the cancer was cured.

"Amazed and overjoyed, Sir Morell lost no time in summoning the author of the miracle, who, on his part, lost no time in presenting himself. After listening to the Doctor's account of his experiment, the Spaniard thus addressed him: 'You will, of course, start immediately for the South. Be sure to observe all the directions I have given you. Use new camels'-hair brushes, never dipping one which has touched the cancer. Do not expose the drug to the light or pour it out on a plate, and dilute it with half its quantity of water before painting the inside of the Prince's throat. But you will require a fresh supply, as the bottle you have is nearly exhausted. Return that to me—they are of gold, and valuable—and take this fresh phial. One word more. If you succeed, avow the source from which you obtained the cure, and do not in any way claim it as your own, or pretend that any credit in the matter belongs to you. Disregard my injunction in this, and I will publicly expose you and will ruin you. This is my fixed determination. *Adios.*'

"The Doctor lost no time in journeying southwards; and after communicating to his fellow-physicians, and the patient and his family, so much of his story as was necessary to procure their consent, prepared to commence the treatment, the other doctors being present; when, immediately on the first application to the swelling in the throat, the Prince's face turned crimson and swelled up to a frightful size; profound anæsthesia set in, from which nothing they could do would rouse him, and in about half an hour he was dead. Not suspecting a plot, or doubting the good faith of

his visitor, Sir Morell had taken it for granted that the second phial contained the same stuff as the first. The shock of horror awoke me, and all I can remember further is that, on referring to the Spaniard's card, it was found to have no address on it."

November 25 [1887].—Waking from sleep while I was watching by her this evening, Mary said: "I have just dreamt a curious story of the old days of chivalry. The scene was in Italy, and a knight was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl who belonged to a family none of the women of which were found, when about to be wed, to be maids, although they were so within a week of that time. The knight was resolved that his should be an exception to this rule; and he accordingly appointed a brother knight, who was bound to him in the closest affection, to keep guard at the door of his lady-love's bedroom every night during the week prior to his marriage. This was done, and nothing occurred save that, as the time approached, the lady became profoundly melancholy without any apparent cause. But on the last night of the knight's vigil, the door of her apartment opened, and the lady addressing him in a supplicating voice, besought him to enter and take her virginity. The knight, amazed and offended, declined, saying, 'I am placed here by my brother knight expressly to guard your virginity for him, and how then can I violate my knightly honour by doing such a deed?'

"The lady continued to entreat him, weeping and wringing her hands; and at length, finding all her entreaties in vain, she told him the cause of her so strange behaviour, and of the reason of the evil repute of the women of her family. 'It is,' she said, 'through no wantonness or evil thought of mine that I have asked this of you, Sir Knight, but to save the life of my affianced lord, your brother, and to preserve our own happiness. It is the appointed fate of my family that if any of its women comes to her bridegroom a maid on her wedding night, the bridegroom shall die a horrible death before sunrise next morning. What, then, can I do but that which I have done?'

"And the knight answered, 'Your duty and my duty are plain. It is my duty to keep my engagement, and it is your duty to tell your husband what you have told me, and leave him to do as shall seem good to him.' With this the lady returned into her chamber, and the knight remained without on his watch. The marriage duly took place next day, and when night came the bridegroom retired with his bride to their marriage chamber. What passed no one knows; but just before dawn a terrible outcry came from the chamber, and on the household entering it they found that the knight had just died in a horrible agony."

The last entry made by her in her Diary was the following:—

December 26, 1887.—In the night or early morning of this day—Christmas night—Piggy died. She had suffered a long time.

The pet in question was the little animal which she had purchased in 1885, and had been her companion throughout her illness while travelling abroad. Its death was a great relief to its

mistress, who was seriously distressed at being unable to find anyone to whose care she might leave it with assurance that it would have the constant guardianship which such creatures require on this side the Elysian fields. "I am so thankful Piggy has gone first," she more than once remarked.

Hearing that a course of remarkable sermons was being preached at the Pro-Cathedral by an Irish monk famous for his discourses, she begged me to attend and report to her one which had for its subject the history of Satan. I myself had no little curiosity both as to the nature and the source of the information such a title implied. The occasion was a great one. The Pro-Cathedral was crammed with eager hearers; and what they were told with loud assertions of the utmost positiveness, in a torrent of Irish eloquence, was in this wise. How and why the Almighty permitted evil, and such an event as that to be described, to take place in heaven, in His own immediate presence, was a mystery which the Church had not seen fit to reveal. But these were the facts of it. The Almighty had made known to the angels His design of taking on Himself human form by incarnating as a man in order to save the world; and the angels, headed by the greatest and proudest of them, whose name was Lucifer, had taken offence at such action on the part of the Deity, regarding it as a slight to themselves that a race so mean and insignificant as mankind should be thus honoured; and they had accordingly revolted and lost their place in heaven. All this and much more of the same kind was affirmed as actual historical fact, no hint being given of its possibly allegorical significance, if any, and the congregation had been dismissed without the smallest attempt to reconcile it to their understandings. She could hardly credit my report, and made me repeat it over again. And at length, being satisfied that I had given her a faithful account, exclaimed, "No wonder the world is infidel, when the Church allows such blasphemous nonsense to be preached from its pulpits." The mystery of Lucifer had not at this time been disclosed to us, beyond an intimation that he represented some principle in human nature. But, as will by-and-by appear, we were destined to have a solution making it perfectly intelligible and reasonable. I may add that while coming out of the church I listened eagerly for comments from the congregation. But, so far from hearing a word of resentment at having been treated as children for whom anything was

good enough, I heard only remarks worthy of an assemblage of idiots.

It was not until September [1887] that she gave up her press-work, by discontinuing her weekly contributions to the *Lady's Pictorial*. It was with great difficulty even then that she prevailed on herself to take the step, and to confess herself beaten. Her chief objection was that it would deprive her of the means of bringing her spiritual work effectively before the world. Already, despite the shortness of the time that she had been in practice, her broken health and her constant removes, the results of her professional work were such as to point to rapid and extraordinary success. For in the last year of her life her earnings from all sources connected with her profession were close on a thousand pounds.

The following is her last letter to the press :—

“ FUR AND FEATHERS ”

“ *To the Editor of the ‘ Pall Mall Gazette.’*

“ SIR,—Mr Punch's lines against the massacre of birds for dress, reprinted in your issue for this evening, are very pretty, and their sentiment very sound. But, alas ! the birds are not the only or the worst sufferers in the interests of our fine ladies. The horrors of the seal-fishery are infinitely worse in their heart-rending details than anything Mr Punch has depicted. It is some years since I satisfied myself that the fur trade, and the sealskin trade in particular, were incompatible with the gentle life it should be the aim of civilised beings to lead, and since that time there have been no furs in my wardrobe. There are, however, certain feathers which are obtainable without slaughter, and, I am assured, without cruelty—ostrich-feathers, the plumes being cut yearly from the birds, which are kept in large numbers on farms for the purpose and well treated. Ostrich-feather muffs, boas, and trimmings are extremely pretty, warm, and more hygienic than furs, because they are permeable to the air and do not shut in the transpiration of the skin as furs do.—Your obedient servant,

ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

“ *September 14, 1887.*”

These verses from an unknown hand bear striking testimony to the influence she was recognised as exercising :—

TO ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

Before me the roses are blooming
 In glory of crimson and snow,
 Their petals the soft air perfuming
 With fragrance above and below ;

Athwart the dark blue of the mountain
 The red dawn is stealing on high,
 And spreading its crimson-rayed fountain
 Far up through the pale eastern sky.

Above the stone archway's carved splendour,
 Where roses are twining their leaves,
 A sunbeam, bright, golden, and tender,
 Steals over the quaint sculptured eaves ;
 White blossoms, with petals yet folden,
 Cling close to the earth in the mist,
 The sunbeam, high-gliding and golden,
 Has left their pale beauties unkissed.

Our rose, deepest crimson, clings lonely
 About the great archway's keystone,
Her petals the ray has kissed only,
Her red leaves lie opened, alone ;
 The sunlight will spread to the roses
 That cling to the ground by the wall,—
 But the highest, the noblest, uncloses
 Her petals the first of them all !

O thou ! who hast risen above us
 In strength and in womanly power,
 Who ever hast striven to love us
 And aid us in sorrow's dark hour ;
 O woman the truest and strongest,
 Though climbing be weary and hard,
 Thou hast toiled towards the sunlight the longest,
 And gained for thyself its reward !

Thyself ? Nay ; it was not *thy* glory
 Thy labour was given to gain,
 Thy life is one gold-written story
 Of aiding all creatures in pain :
 Yet thou *hast* thy reward,—though on many
 The bright dawn of Heaven may fall—
 Who the highest hast mounted of any,
 And touched the first sunbeam of all !

—ROMA.

“ 20 BELSIZE CRESCENT, HAMPSTEAD,
 “ December II, 1887.

“ Precious daughter of ‘ our Father ’—in whom also is our Mother—in Edinburgh, once, and once only, we met for an evening hour, but it was quite long enough to give me a deep and tender interest in you. I am therefore in fatherly—motherly sympathy with you. For I hear of the frail and suffering condition of your tent—the poor earth-body.

“ I pray that the Eternal Livingness which has begotten you, and rooted itself in you, may reveal its power and sweetness all the more

through your weakness and passivity. 'Because I live, you shall live also.'

"I would call in the hope of seeing you for a few minutes, that I might share in the Blessing which blesses you. But I conclude that those who love you most would be careful to save you from every species of excitement.

"In the Spirit of Love which we children inherit from the Ancient Bosom-Source, and our Endless Hope, right truly yours,

"J. PULSFORD."

CHAPTER XXXV

THE WITHDRAWAL

THE invalid continued, though with many fluctuations, so palpably to decline with the year that on the very last day of it Dr White declared her to be rapidly sinking, and unlikely to live beyond another week or two. Nevertheless on January 2 [1888] she made so good a rally that both he and Sir Andrew Clark, who had been called in for the second time, said that they saw no reason why she should not yet recover a fair share of health and live for some years, especially if she would consent to follow the diet prescribed by them—beef and burgundy. Such an abandonment of her principles was out of the question, even if she had believed in its efficacy; and though admitting the momentary improvement, she did not share their sanguine prognosis, be her diet what it might. For she knew too well what the accidents of her malady portended. These were the exhaustion, the inability to discharge the secretions of the lungs, the dropsical swellings, and the sleeplessness caused by the agony of the bed-sores, especially those at the base of the spine, which rendered sitting up and lying down alike intolerable, and to relieve which no device availed. Frantic with pain and want of sleep, the old impulses to suicide reasserted themselves, and it became necessary to consent to her demand for morphine if only to avoid being reproached with cruelty for depriving her of such relief as it might afford.

The second week of the year was one of unprecedented fog, smoke, and darkness, which tried her severely, greatly aggravating the cough and necessitating an increased use of morphine.

This week—January 9—she for the first time recognised the necessity for a professed nurse, and consented to have one, overcoming her repugnance to have a strange woman about her; and then it was rather for our sakes than for her own, and chiefly for

mine. For she perceived the effect which the long-continued toil and anxiety were having on me, and feared that, near as her own end appeared to be, symptoms were present to show that mine might be yet nearer; so seriously had the heart's action become impaired with those fifteen months of incessant nursing and anxiety. I had kept the matter to myself, hoping though almost against hope that I should be permitted to tend her to the last, and then be enabled to recover for the work's sake. For I knew myself necessary to that; and I was, moreover, confident that our collaboration would not cease with her life. Her discovery of the state of things with me was made in this way. I had moved her, in the wheel-chair which I had procured for her, into the drawing-room, and was sitting by her, when she suddenly put her hand on my pulse and exclaimed, "Ill as I am, you are in danger of dying before me. I never knew such a pulse. I guessed it from the movement of your foot as you were sitting cross-legged. This long spell of nursing me is killing you. I must spare you by having a professional nurse. Nothing else would induce me to do so."

A nurse was procured, but only to be dismissed before a week had passed, being not only incompetent, but indolent, unwilling, and even insolent to her charge. Meanwhile the emergency had become intensified, and it was necessary to obtain another without delay. A. was absent at his parish work, and at her suggestion I wrote to her friend Mrs M., a Catholic lady living hard by, asking if she could recommend a properly qualified nursing-sister. She replied by promptly sending a regular nun, one of a society of ladies who had thus devoted themselves, receiving no personal remuneration, but only gifts for their order. This one was Irish, who had been brought up in France, and had taken refuge in England on the expulsion of the religious orders by the republican government. She was lady-like, gentle, and pleasant of speech and manner, and of aspect altogether prepossessing. Being entirely unprejudiced against her on the score of her vocation, I welcomed her cordially, fully believing that she was animated by pure love of God and humanity. It was agreed that she should begin with taking charge by night, getting her sleep in the afternoon and evening, while I, and A. when with us, should take charge by day. To my immense relief her patient took to her at once, being won, as I had been, by her voice and appearance.

The day of her coming was Monday, and by the following evening we concluded that we had found a treasure in her. There was, however, one item in her programme, required of her, she said, by her "rules," which was, that she should leave her patient every morning, while it was yet dark, for an hour or more, to attend early mass at the Pro-Cathedral.

She had done this on the Wednesday morning, and had returned to the sick-room ; and shortly afterwards there was a ring at the bell of the outer door, which I answered, to find myself confronted by a priest who gave the name of Monsignor Moore, and said, in what struck me as an offensively peremptory tone, that he had come to administer the sacrament to a sick Catholic lady who lived there. To this I replied that I thought there must be some mistake, because I was in the full confidence of the lady in question, and I had heard of nothing of the kind, and I was quite sure she would not keep such an intention from me. He persisted, however, saying he had been expressly summoned by the nursing-sister after mass that morning, and that he was quite prepared to find his visit objected to, as he understood the rest of the household were Protestants ; but he was also prepared to insist on doing his duty in spite of all opposition. To this I replied that he was entirely misinformed respecting the situation, as there was no one in the house who had the smallest objection to the invalid seeing him if she really desired to do so, and if he would step into the parlour I would at once ascertain whether such was the fact.

The sister was in the sick-room when I entered it, and I observed on her face a very wistful look, showing that she knew the priest had come, and that she was anxious as to my course in the matter. As will at once be understood, my feelings were anything but pleasant at finding that on the very second night of her service she had come between Mary and myself, inducing her for the first time in all the fourteen years of our association to withhold her confidence from me, and this in respect of a matter of so great importance.

I repressed my feeling, however, to the best of my ability, not wishing to betray it to the sister ; and as she remained in the room and I wanted to speak privately with Mary, I said what I had to say in an undertone. This was to the effect that I was so much surprised at the priest coming without her telling me of her

wish to see him, that I could only suppose he had been summoned by the sister without her consent. Was it so or not? She knew perfectly well that I had no feeling in the matter one way or the other, and had more than once offered to go and fetch a priest myself if she wanted one, so that there was no reason for her to fear opposition on my part. All I desired to know was, whether it was really by her own wish that he had come, because I only wanted her to be free, and not to be persuaded against her will.

To this she replied, firmly and positively, that neither was the priest sent for by her wish, nor was it kept from me by her wish; it was all the sister's doing. She had worried her all night about seeing a priest until she got too much exhausted to continue to refuse, and the sister had promised that if only she would see a priest this once, she should not be troubled any more. And the reason why I had not been told was because the sister insisted that it might prevent trouble in case I objected, as I was sure to do, being a Protestant; and, besides, it would be a pity to disturb me so early by rousing me before she went to mass, as it was then that she must see the priest.

To this I replied that there was no need for her to think more of the matter. I would tell the priest that he had not been sent for by her wish, and apologise for the mistake; and then we would dismiss the sister for violating her duty by tormenting her patient about her soul when she had been engaged only to minister to her body, and I would do at once what I should have done before had time allowed—telegraph to Dr White to send forthwith a suitable nurse.

Had we been alone, I had no doubt that she would gladly have assented to all these propositions; but, as it was, the sister was not only present, but was watching her fixedly from the opposite side of the room, with an expression the meaning of which I failed at the time to divine, but which later became clear to me. Its influence upon M. was obvious, and I noticed on her face an expression which I had never seen there before, but which suggested the idea of her being under the influence of a will other than her own. In all our intercourse I had never sought to influence her other than through the reason, but what I saw now led me to believe that she was being dominated by a power she was unable to withstand, and of which she was in fear; for she said, in a tone and with a manner indicative of some vague appre-

hension, that she was afraid it would be very rude to send the priest away after he had taken the trouble to come, and the sister had promised not to worry her any more if she consented to see him, and she did not feel equal then to another change of nurses. Let her but get a little stronger, and then she would have someone else ; but now she would do only what would cause the least trouble and worry. And then, referring to the proposed ceremonial, she said, with a faint smile on her wan face, " It can't hurt me, you know, half so much as this worry does. Of course I do not take it in the sense in which they understand it. I know too much for that. And, besides, I have never had it, and am curious to know what it is like ; and I am fond of new experiences."

Long as it appears when written, our conversation occupied but a few minutes, and at the end of it I felt that I had no choice but to admit the priest. She told me afterwards all that had passed in a manner which showed her complete exemption from the orthodox and superstitious view of the rite, and so the matter passed. But further experience of the sister made us both regret that we had not replaced her as I had proposed, so distressing were her limitations ; for she was prohibited by her " rules " from doing for her patient the smallest service which was not of direct need for her as an invalid, such as keeping her wardrobe and linen. Nor might she read, either to herself or to others, any but books of devotion and lives of the saints, or even speak of secular things. She was obliged, moreover, to read and pray continually in the sick-room, aloud for the benefit of the patient if awake, and if asleep, silently for her own benefit, and this throughout the night. Though wholly uninformed and avowing her total lack of understanding, she was absolutely positive of the truth of her faith in the sense in which she held it, and supposed that all mankind are either Catholics or Protestants, having never heard of any other denominations, and that the Protestants are mere fools and idiots for rejecting what she believed in. In short, her ignorance, superstition, and credulity were without bounds, and Mary very soon became weary of her incessant reiteration of beliefs and formulas which to her were simply puerile.

My Diary at this time contains the following entry :—

January 30 [1888].—After waking from a doze this evening, M. told me that she had just held some snatches of conversation with one of her illuminators, and believed there was an intention to impart to

her an important instruction. The utterances which alone she had been able to seize and retain all referred to her illness, and were a continuation of some which had been given her several weeks previously, telling her that she had substantialised in her system a small portion of what was called the "philosopher's stone," in virtue of which she could not actually die of any illness; but the portion was so small that she could not recover from the present illness; for which reason she would live on long in suffering, and when she quitted her body it would be rather by a voluntary withdrawal than by compulsion of disease.

She tells me, moreover, that she had a visit from an old and very dear friend of mine, who had also become a great friend of hers, but had died in the autumn of 1886. [This was the Mary Margaret Woolley already referred to under that date as having announced her death to me in Paris, she having just died in Australia.] She had now come to Mary and told her that her death was near, and endeavoured to reconcile her to it by explaining that it would be the best thing both for ourselves and for our work, as she would be able to continue her collaboration with me after her death, unhindered by her present limitations of health; whereas, if she lived, her sickness and suffering would be such as to prevent any work being done by either of us. She also assured her that she should be present to receive her on the other side when she passed over.

The "philosopher's stone," it had been explained to us, signifies the pure spirit and soul-substance of which the regenerated selfhood—the "Christ within"—consists, and of which, therefore, the two eucharistic elements, the wine and bread, otherwise called the blood and the water, are symbols. So that when Jesus, speaking as typical man regenerate, says, "This is My body and blood," He means that those elements represent the constituent principles of the new interior substantial selfhood which is divinely generated within man's material body of his own soul and spirit, and is identical in nature with them. It was to this wholly reasonable explanation that Mary referred when she said that she knew too much to accept the sacrament in the sense understood by the priest.

From my Diary of February 16 [1888]:—

Notwithstanding her promise to leave her patient unmolested if she would see the priest once, the sister has now worried her into a consent to receive a second visit from him, and he has taken the opportunity to assail her about her writings—which, however, he admits that he has not read—and has tried hard to get her to acknowledge that she has written against the interests of the Church. She, however, she assures me, steadfastly maintained that she had not done so, but had, on the contrary, written in the highest interests of the Church. Upon which he gave in so far as to say that, though

she might have written hostilely to the Church, unwittingly, he believed her conscience was clear in the matter, and he would therefore give her full absolution and the Papal benediction, which will invest her with all the last offices of the Church, and leave nothing more to be done, die when she may.

February 18 [1888].—It appears that the sister had come upon a copy of *The Perfect Way*, and seeing Mary's name as one of the writers, had told the priest of it. The sister has really become an intolerable nuisance, and Mary has more than once complained to me with tears in her eyes that she is so worried and wearied by her that she must have another nurse the moment she can bear the change. She tells me that last night the sister again recurred to *The Perfect Way*, telling her that she would get into serious trouble if she did not submit to the Church in the matter; and on Mary cutting her short, and refusing to do anything of the kind, or to listen to her on the subject, she became sulky, and made no attempt to help her to move when she wanted to change her position on account of the pain, and refused for some time to bring her some fruit when asked to do so, and then brought her but a very small quantity, and refused to bring more. Her demeanour, Mary says, was like that of a person angry at being baffled in a cherished purpose. The sister clearly considers herself as but an instrument of the priests, to be used in the interests of their order; in which case she is here as a nurse only under false pretences.

Mary tells me also that owing to the excitement of the altercation with the sister she must have carried on the conversation afterwards in her sleep, for she was awakened by the sister asking her what she meant by saying that. "Saying what?" "That I do not know my own religion." "I must have said it in my sleep, then," replied Mary, "for I am not aware of having said it, and you woke me by speaking to me."

Much as she suffered through this course of experience, she declared to me that it was most valuable to her, and she would not have missed it on any account. For she had before no conception of the awful results of the conventual system in crushing the minds and darkening the souls of its victims, and if allowed to recover—which she now more than ever desired for the purpose—she would make the exposure of it a leading part of her work. Such systematic suppression of the faculties divinely given us in order to be unfolded, and such refusal of the experiences calculated to unfold them, was nothing short of rank blasphemy against both God and man. No wonder the priesthood condemns and turns away from all that is Hermetic. It knows that, as the Spirit of Understanding, Hermes and their system cannot exist together. "Why, only think," she exclaimed in conclusion of her denunciation, "the sister actually believes that the pearls and precious stones promised to the saints hereafter, as a reward

for their self-sacrifices here, are actually material jewels ! And when I told her they were symbols of spiritual gifts and graces, she would not hear of such a thing."

Indeed, one of the sister's most marked characteristics was her imperviousness to any suggestion that might serve to enlarge or enlighten her mind. The moment a remark was made to her that failed to tally with the ideas imposed on her, she would set her face as a flint in such a manner as to suggest that, by dint of tremendous self-discipline, she had acquired the power of closing her ears with the same readiness as her eyes. And this, it appeared, was one of the "rules" of her order. Not only might she not read any but the books prescribed ; she might not hear any but the beliefs prescribed.

Again and again, when the hour approached for the sister to relieve me in the sick-room, the poor sufferer fervently expressed the wish that I could remain with her instead, so distressing to her was the manner in which the sister talked when she did talk, or watched her when silent, as if endeavouring to obtain control over her by the power of her will. Eager to relieve her of what I saw was a growing bondage, my reply on such occasions was, that I would gladly stay by her—I had long since learned to rest as well in a chair as in a bed—but it meant the sister's dismissal next morning, and the engagement of a fresh nurse. And from this she shrank, her only expressed reason being her aversion to having another strange woman about her, and to have to break her in to her ways. But—as I later became fully convinced—the real reason was her inability to shake off the spell—magnetic or hypnotic—which the priest and the sister had cast on her. And it was this that she meant when she remarked to me, "When I get better, you and A. will have to take me far away and hide me where they cannot find me. For, now that they have got hold of me, they will never let me go so long as they know where I am."

Not thinking the end so near, A. had returned to his duties some days before it came. She had then, of her own accord, renounced her intention of being cremated, her sole reason being to spare A. the difficulty and possible annoyance which her persistence might cause him. He had readily consented to her wishes, and had received her instructions respecting the spot in which she wished to be laid. This was a spot in Atcham Churchyard, on the edge

of the Severn's bank, above the reach of floods, in view of the vicarage windows, and where we had been wont to stroll, gathering herbs for her pets, or watching the sunset gleaming on the river. It was through her own extraordinary love of circumstantial detail that the design to be cremated was abandoned. It had been settled that the burning at Woking was to be kept secret, and followed by a regular funeral in the ordinary style at Atcham, to avoid offending the prejudices of the rustic population of his parish, who would inevitably visit their disapprobation on A. "But," she exclaimed, "the bearers will know by the lightness of the coffin that my body is not in it!" The reply that the undertaker would be instructed to put in something to compensate for the deficiency failed to satisfy her; and she forthwith abandoned her intention of being cremated at all, her sense of the ridiculous serving to reinforce her reluctance to expose A. to the liabilities in question. "I see now," she remarked, "cremation is the best plan in itself, and for the generality; but it is not best for me, placed as I am in regard to others, and it would be selfish in me to persist." She further assured me that one of her fears of burial arose from the possibility of her being taken for dead when only in a trance; to avoid the risk of which we were to make very certain that she was really dead, and if there was any room for doubt, to have a *post-mortem* examination made. The sister had been worrying her, she added, to go through a grand service in the Pro-Cathedral, and be buried with Catholic rites in the Catholic cemetery, and would not take no for an answer, so she had left off saying no, and taken refuge in silence. The sister could not understand her caring more to be buried at her own home among her own relations, Protestants as they were, than in the bosom of the Church.

As is characteristic of consumption, the approach of the end was marked by increased hopefulness on the part of the sufferer, leading her to fancy she was actually mending, and might yet recover, even though at death's door.

At times she would forget her pains, and be even blithe and cheerful, especially when the sister had retired to rest and she found herself alone with me and able to converse unrestrainedly; and she took delight in being wheeled by me into the parlour to sit by me at my meals, when she would recount to me all that had passed between her and the sister, their conversations, and

the things she had read in the sister's books of devotion ; and how clear to herself was the spiritual intention of things to which the Church persisted in giving meanings grossly material and idolatrous ; and how the sister was perpetually saying prayers to the saints, especially St Bridget and St Joseph, and to no one else, until she had felt tempted to tell her that she seemed to believe in everyone except God. " And only think ! " she exclaimed, " the sister is so ignorant as to suppose that re-incarnation is an article of the Protestant faith ! For after you had said to her that monks and nuns would have to come back again to the earth to learn the lessons they have shirked by withdrawing from the world, she said to me that the Protestants are such fools that they actually believe people live more than once ! "

And then she would descant on the work she would do in abolition of all the wicked falsehoods which had brought the world into its present terrible plight, until, as may readily be understood, I found her cheerfulness and hopefulness more saddening even than her opposite moods, knowing as I did their deceptiveness and what they portended.

Meanwhile she received from time to time illuminations which she described rapturously as being most glorious, confirming and amplifying all that we had been taught, and disclosing vista after vista of the divinest truth and beauty beyond. " But," she would add tearfully, " I am too weak now to retain the particulars so as to tell you, or to write them down." Among the precious things thus lost to the world were some additional stanzas in continuation of the poem last cited—that commencing,

" Sweet lengths of shore with sea between "—

which she declared to be no less exquisite than those already received.

Nevertheless she was able, partly by the light of these illuminations, to give me some suggestions for adoption in *The Perfect Way* when the time should come for issuing a new edition. Some of them bore reference to certain things she had read in the devotional books shown her by the sister, and these suggestions she gave me, contrary to her usual practice, in the sister's presence and hearing, and with evident reference to her, as if designed to produce on her some impression apart from that founded on

their intrinsic nature and bearing. This, I found, was the impression that she wanted a change of some kind to be made in the book of which she wished the sister to be aware. As the immediate consequence of this action was a complete cessation of the sister's attempts to persuade her to recant her faith and repudiate her share in *The Perfect Way*, there was an obvious motive for the stratagem, and one which justified it as a means of escape from a persecution as cruel as it was unwarrantable, though it was one which she would assuredly not have employed had she foreseen the purpose to which it would be turned after her death, and on account of which I have thus minutely recorded these particulars.

Monday, February 20 [1888], was the last day on which she was able to quit her room and sit beside me at my dinner. A. was still absent. On the following [Tuesday] afternoon, towards six o'clock, the difficulty of breathing became so great that she was compelled to exchange her bed for the large easy-chair which stood beside it; and, being unable to sit back, she rested her head on a pillow placed on a small table before her, and never again left her seat. The trouble arose from her inability to free the chest from the accumulated secretions, owing to the loss of power caused by the morphine taken to allay the cough. She was very quiescent, but fully conscious, and really suffered less than she appeared to do, through the deadening effect of the drug. Tiring of this position in the course of the night, she signed to me to come close and let her rest her head on my shoulder, for which purpose I took up a kneeling position by her on a cushion, which I maintained unchanged for several hours, which were passed in silence. Towards dawn she desired me to telegraph for A. to come by first train from Shrewsbury, which would bring him early in the afternoon at soonest. Later, she desired the doctor to be summoned. He arrived about ten, when she asked him to administer a subcutaneous injection of morphine, on the plea that it would enable her to cough up the secretions. Considering the amount she had taken internally over night, he suggested an alternative treatment of an innocuous character, to which she assented, but declined it when about to be applied. Not apprehending an early termination, the doctor took his leave, promising to return early in the afternoon. She then resumed her previous position, resting her head on my shoulder and clasp-

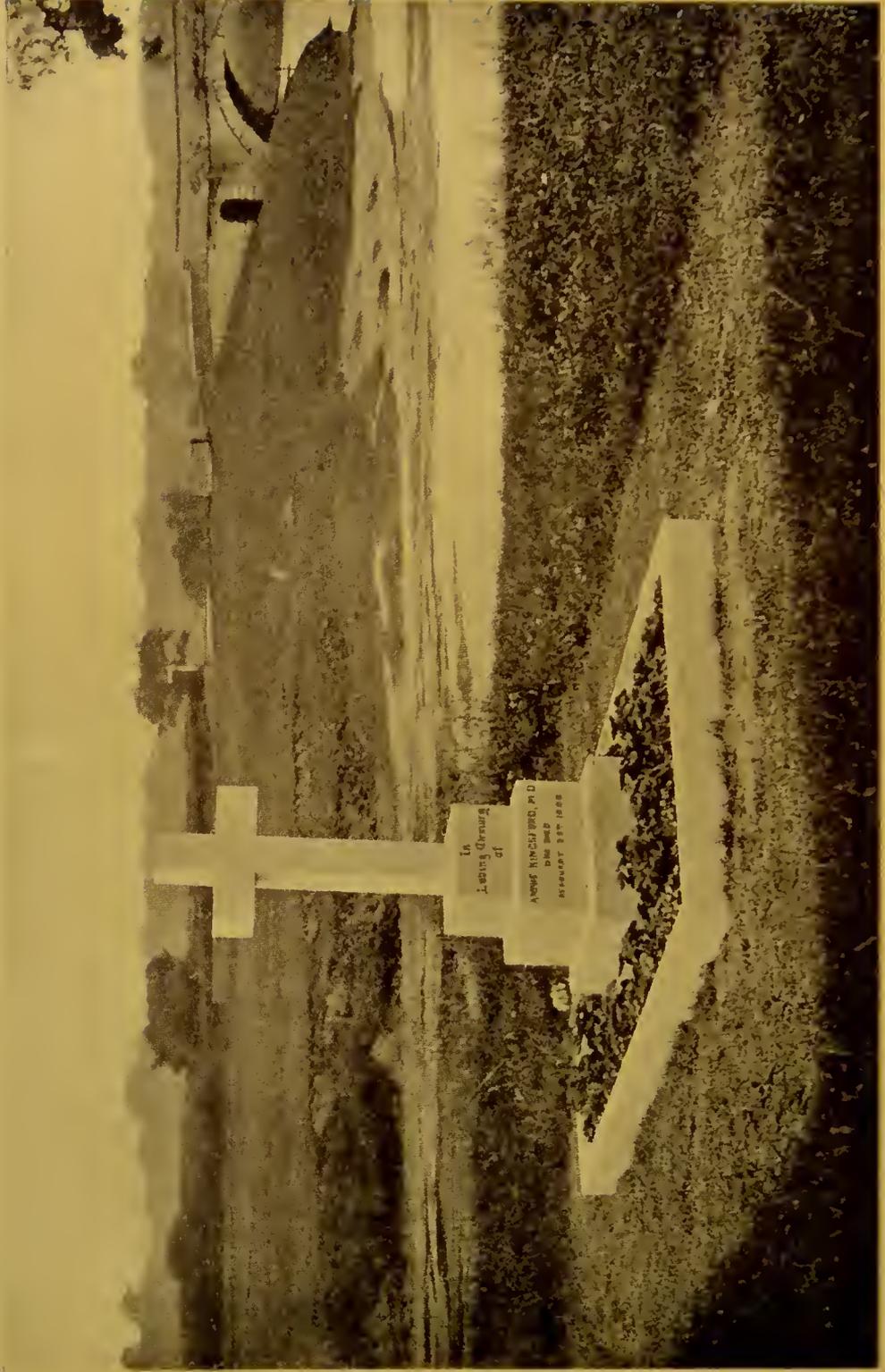
ing one of my hands as I knelt beside her, the hour being about eleven. Meanwhile the sister, having first asked my permission, recited some prayers, kneeling behind me. No word was spoken by Mary, nor any heed given to the images and pictures with which the sister had surrounded her. She was fully conscious, but her thoughts were inward, and nothing external affected her. I felt, however, that I knew her thoughts. As I read them, she was making up her mind to withdraw from her body as no longer of any possible use, but a hindrance only and a cause of distress to herself and others. Having patiently endured all that she was called on to endure, she was now free to depart. Such was my reading of her thoughts at this time; and we had been accustomed to read each other's thoughts in a manner that often startled us.

The first token of her actual departure was the sudden coldness of her hands. Then drops of sweat appeared on the brow and neck, which, on touching, I found to be cold and clammy. She then raised her head from my shoulder, and for the first time in those eighteen hours leant back against the pillows behind her. On this I rose from my kneeling posture and stood over her, steadying her head with both hands. In another moment she silently and painlessly, and to all appearance consciously and voluntarily, exhaled out her life in one long breath, her face and eyes at once losing all signs of animation. The withdrawal at that moment was distinct, certain, and complete.

After having, with the sister's aid, lifted the body on to the bed, I withdrew, to allow the necessary offices to be performed, and await the coming of A. He had lost no time, but nevertheless failed to arrive until some two hours after she had died. He likewise observed the completeness of the withdrawal, as also did those of our friends who saw her and were possessed of psychological knowledge. They one and all agreed in regarding her appearance after death as a proof of the high development of the psychic and spiritual principles of her system, since not otherwise could she have effected her withdrawal so rapidly and completely. From the first moment it was impossible to conceive of her as being in a trance, as she had feared.

“ *February 22 [1888], Evg.*

“ DEAR MRS JAMES,—Our long hopes and fears have come at last to a sudden end. After an all-night struggle for breath Mrs



ANNA KINGFORD'S GRAVE.

James Hyatt.

face p. 363, vol. ii.

Kingsford passed away in perfect ease at noon to-day, surprising even the doctor who had seen her an hour before and discerned no immediate danger. . . . One of her latest utterances was that she could carry on the work better from the other side, where she would be free of her physical limitations. That, and that only, would be any consolation and compensation. May it be indeed so.—Always yours sincerely,
EDWARD MAITLAND.”

“ 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, W.
February 25, 1888.

“ DEAR OUSELEY,—I seize the first moment possible to tell you of our sad loss. Mrs Kingsford died on Wednesday at noon after an eighteen hours’ struggle for breath, sitting in her chair and supported by me—her husband failing to arrive in time—but at the the end in perfect ease. A vast relief for her this escape from a world which shocked her at every turn, and an organism which from infancy had been a torture-chamber to her, so constant and severe were her sufferings through its inherited characteristics. To the last I had some hope, knowing her marvellous vitality, and could only fitting conditions of climate have been found she would—I felt—have recovered. But in her state of weakness and emaciation removal was out of the question. Only in her own home could she have got the necessary nursing and other comforts. However, it was not to be, or it would have been. And now, my only consolation is in the consciousness of having spared myself in nothing to secure her welfare, and indulging the hope that she may be enabled to return in spirit and continue to co-operate with me in the work. She promised to do so if possible,—the doubt lay in the probability that she would require too long a rest ere again fit for activity.—Always yours sincerely,
EDWARD MAITLAND.”

The burial took place [on the following Wednesday] at Atcham, in accordance with her expressed wishes, and was attended by several of her brothers and a large assemblage from the countryside. Snow fell during the ceremonial. Many wreaths, both from individuals and from societies, testified to the estimation in which she was held. The societies thus represented were those devoted to the causes for which chiefly she had worked herself to death. In due time a memorial was erected over her grave, with the inscription, “ In loving memory of Annie Kingsford, M.D., who died February 22nd, 1888.”

CHAPTER XXXVI

PRIEST VERSUS PROPHET

As this is a history, not of a life only, but of a work, and is both biographical and autobiographical, the record does not terminate with the life of its chief subject. From the funeral I returned to the flat in Kensington, with the intention of making it my home until such time as a purchaser was found for the lease and furniture, supposing that I lived so long. For of this I had serious cause to doubt, so low had I been brought by the prolonged period of intense anxiety and unceasing service rendered under conditions the reverse of hygienic, the effect of which was manifested in repeated alarming failures of the heart's action. And besides the physical condition, the tension on the spiritual bond between us was so extreme as to require all my force of will to avoid being drawn over to the side where now my colleague was. Of my duty to resist the traction thus set up I had no manner of doubt. Our work was far from accomplished, and it was made clear to me that the chief reason for her removal was that it might be accomplished. For, whereas this was impossible so long as she continued to linger on in weakness and suffering, to the entire engrossment of my thought and care, time and strength, her departure would set both of us free to continue our collaboration. This was a possibility of which I had no manner of doubt, provided only my own condition were such as to render me sensitive to her action. And for this it was necessary for my system to recover its lost health and tone. To have allowed myself to pass over in order to rejoin her would, I felt, have been to subject us both to the bitterness of regret on the score of work left unaccomplished; whereas by remaining here and continuing our collaboration, instead of bitterness we should have supreme satisfaction, the tie between us being of the spirit, and needing not the bodily presence.

Nevertheless, despite my firm faith in the perfection of the arrangements on the other side, I found it almost impossible to imagine her as no longer needing the services I had for so many years been accustomed to render her.

The letters of condolence which now poured in upon me helped me much, especially by their unreserving recognition of her and her work. It is because they are tributary to her that I reproduce the following selection from them. The first is from Lady Caithness :—

“ PALAIS TIRANTY, NICE, *February 25, 1888.*

“ DEAREST FRIEND,—Your sad news reached me this morning, and has naturally affected me very much; though I knew how *very, very* ill she was, yet I always fancied she would recover. I thought she was an instrument in the hands of those who would be powerful to protect her for their work. I fancy that they must be as deeply grieved as we are that she should be called away from earth just when she seems, *to us* at least, to be the most wanted. Of course we are but short-sighted mortals; and, after all, her withdrawal *may* ultimately prove to be for the advantage of the great cause in which she was the foremost worker. And I shall not be at all surprised to hear before long that you will *feel* her presence, and that she will be able to accomplish much more through you than she could have done henceforward *with* you. Perhaps she had to go first that she might thus work through you, instead of having to seek for another; and to this hope I now cling. But, my poor friend, my heart bleeds for you in your loneliness. What will you ever do without her glorious companionship, to which you have now been accustomed so many, many years? And at Atcham! in that lonely little study, without her bright presence, what will you do? Oh! it is too sad to think of you thus all alone, and with no sympathetic nature with whom to share your thought; and then to see that sad grave! Still, perhaps, she can come sooner to you there than anywhere else; for you will be surrounded by her *aura* and influence. Every book on the shelves will seem to you part of herself. I am so glad I have been at Atcham, and can see you there, but always with her! Poor Mrs Kingsford! and Edith too! . . . My poor, darling, sweet, lovely friend, it seems impossible I shall never see her again, or receive her beautiful letters. I shall always keep her portrait before me. I thought as long as I kept the little one where she is in the same frame with you, and the Holy Spirit in the shape of a Dove between you, that she would live on; but there it is before me, and you are alone! I am going to write to the Mount-Temples to tell them the sad news. Let me hear from you as often as you can. And oh! pray remember that I feel deeply for you, and sympathise most affectionately in your grief.—Your affectionate old friend,

“ MARIE CAITHNESS.”

I had written at the same time to Lady Mount-Temple, who wrote in return as follows :—

“ CIRNIEZ, *February 25, 1888.*

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—What a blow! I thought she would be restored to us. What will you do? Can you live without her? *Where* is she? Is she near you? I have told Broadlands to send a wreath. Will you lay it over her beautiful body, with love in every leaf? I long to pour it out warm and living from my heart over her, noble, lovely creature, the friend of God, woman, and the lowest creatures! What a dreadful loss to poor Earth! Dear Mr Maitland, tell me some time that you are not in despair. Tell me if I can do anything for you. Count me your friend to the end of the chapter,—and *beyond*, I hope.—Yours ever, and *hers*,

“ GEORGINA MT.-TEMPLE.”

From Lady Wilde came a card inscribed, “ With deep grief for the loss of one of the noblest and most gifted of English-women.”

Lady Wilde subsequently wrote to me of her :—

“ Reading her writings, I at once appreciate the deep thought, vivid imagination, and great learning displayed in them. Truly she was a great light in the world, gifted beyond her sex, with strange insight for the deep and mystic things of the spirit. Much of her nature is now a revelation to me. I wish I had known her better while she was present here. She was but half-understood by all of us. Her queenly social graces were so striking that we rested there in admiration, while the inspired prophet-nature within her was not recognised as it merited, nor her ceaseless efforts in all she wrote to lift the Human to the Divine.”

Baron Spedalieri wrote as follows :—

“ MARSEILLES, *February 25, 1888.*

“ MY DEAR, VERY DEAR, SIR AND DESOLATE FRIEND,—On the sight of your heartrending letter I was seized with a trembling, and my eyes—filled with tears—prevented me at first from perusing it. Though prepared for such a fatal event, the shock was none the less tremendous, and words fail me to give expression to my sad anguish. I am writing having our dear departed one’s last post-card before me, and bitterly crying.

“ But, however great is my grief, it is increased by the thought of yours. I can imagine how comfortless it must be, the severance of a spiritual tie being not comparable to that of a material one. It is the parting of a soul in two, one of which is gone far off. I, who am aware of all the circumstances of your life and work with our for ever lamented friend—I only may estimate your bereavement. But I am aware at the same time that you may have a fount of consolation which you may get at; and I don’t despair of a future, if not a happy but a resigned one. You have yet a great and *double* mission to fulfil. Be then of good cheer, as much as it is now permitted. If the thought of a friend’s friendship, more than ever devoted and affectionate, may concur to assuage your immense sorrow, remember that you will have him in your true friend,

“ SPEDALIERI.”

The Rev. John Manners sent me the following :—

“ CLAREMONT, BROCKLEY, *February 27, 1888.*

“ MY DEAR MAITLAND,—Now that *dear* Mrs Kingsford has been called to leave the frail tabernacle—the so-called earthly—or covering of the essential and celestial, which she had and has, she will be the better qualified to fulfil her high mission *in, through, and by* Christ Jesus the Lord, in pure love and wisdom. I ever did and *do* feel the deepest regard and love for her and yourself and work. —Believe me ever yours affectionately,
J. MANNERS.”

Mr Edmund J. Baillie wrote :—

“ WOODBINE, UPTON PARK, CHESTER, *February 25, 1888.*

“ DEAR MR MAITLAND,—I cannot tell you with what sorrow I learned the death of Mrs Kingsford, for whom I entertained something more than a profound admiration.

“ I was hoping her life might be spared to us yet a while, especially as the loss will be so keenly felt just now at this time ; but the purposes of the Eternal are wisely ordered on the lines of Love, and ‘ What I do thou knowest not now ’ is the fitting admonition from the Silence until the waiting heart hears the whisper from the Morning-land.

“ In my searchings for light I have always been helped by the writings of the pure soul so recently released, and I feel saddened by the thought that I cannot again receive from her lips those words of counsel which always carried force and prompted the heart unfettered to take divine wings and fly for a while to a haven of rest, where in quiet the breath of peace came, and with it the strength and solace of a new life, to the full enjoyment of which she has now entered.—Believe me, my dear Mr Maitland, ever gratefully and faithfully,
EDMUND J. BAILLIE.”

The following is from Mrs Elma Stuart, whose name will be familiar to many as that of the particular friend of “ George Eliot ” :—

“ MONTREUX, *February 25, 1888.*

“ MY POOR DEAR FRIEND,—Ah ! what can I say to you ? There is no comfort for you in *such* a loss—such a terrible loss ; desolation indeed—you may well call it that—for you for ever. Even for me—and I was only a very recent friend ; but I tenderly love her, and with my whole heart and soul admired her—even for me there is a blank that can never be filled. The world will not now know its loss, *but it is very great.* She was a Power for good in it. Ah ! who is left like her at all ? and what is in her place ? Ah me ! but it is you—you I think most of, and oh ! I am so sorry for you. My heart goes out to you in tenderest sympathy, as if I were indeed your mother, and you were indeed my son. Ah, how we will speak of her in the years to be, the years that are left us ! *You* will feel as if she were ever near you. I cannot feel so. Even now I can hardly realise it, hardly believe it. It seems too dreadful. We are all

bereaved—all robbed of something that made life better and higher, more worth living, more lovely—but you most of all. *Try and rest now*, dear; try and sleep. You must sorely, sorely need it. I know the thousand things you have to do and think of—(and how *more* than kind and sweet and good it was of you to write to me in them all—how kind you have *always* been to me!)—but rest you *must* have; do take it; *for Her dear sake*, rest now and sleep. You have work to do for Her—for us all. Your strength has been terribly tried, and *how* you must need rest—sleep and forgetfulness for a while! Let me hope that I shall always keep the great and precious privilege of your friendship, which, believe me—pray believe me—I know well how to be grateful for and to keenly appreciate.—Dear friend, in spirit I wring your hand in unspeakable sympathy, and am your very anxious, affectionate friend,
 ELMA STUART.”

The following letters appeared in *Light* of March 10 :—

“ *To the Editor of ‘Light.’*

“ SIR,—Will you allow me to add a word of regret to your own editorial respecting the removal from amongst us of Dr Anna Kingsford? We believe that she is only removed in bodily presence; nevertheless we cannot but feel the blank.

“ She was surely one of the most gifted women of our day and generation. Her spiritual insight, her acute reasoning faculty, her knowledge in deep occult subjects, were most notably married to a very remarkable gift of luminous exposition, beautiful expression, and a vivid poetic imagination. None who were privileged to hear her essays read at her own house, and at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, in connection with the Hermetic Society, of which she was President, can easily forget them; their impression and influence are ineffaceable. Her services in the cause of the poor animals subjected by modern science to the hideous and diabolical practice of vivisection are also to be remembered with heartfelt gratitude. She, ‘being dead, yet speaketh.’—Yours faithfully,

“ RODEN NOEL.

“ ANERLEY PARK, *March 5, 1888.*”

“ SIR,—The readers of *Light* must feel great regret at the sad intelligence they learned in your last issue of the death of Dr Anna Kingsford.

“ We have for so many years been accustomed to her able pen as a contributor to *Light* that it will only be by degrees that we shall understand the magnitude of our loss.

“ Truly she was a peerless and a matchless woman, and there is no one to take her place.

“ She was really the greatest opponent to vivisection, and the most powerful writer against it, of any in England. It remains to be seen whether her mantle will fall on any other prophet of humanity; because, unless it does in a full degree, the promoters of vivisection will surely now have their day.

“ Those of us who know Dr Anna Kingsford’s share in that unequalled and most remarkable work *The Perfect Way*, must feel

that such a work was a gift worthy of a lifetime, and that it is really a book for and of the future. The doctrines therein unfolded are, for the present, too pure and high (exquisitely simple withal) for the general mind to grasp.

“ Confused metaphysics are the order of the day, and works in which true order is their quintessence are not yet truly ‘ understood of the people.’

“ There are many most interesting notices of this most gifted woman’s life in the journals of the day, but we, as readers of *Light*, are most nearly concerned with the loftiest side of her character, her so-called mysticism, a gift which is bewildering to some of her memorialists, but not to us, and we know that in losing Anna Kingsford we have lost one of the most excellent seeresses of modern times.

“ I saw her, to my great sorrow, after her death, and I would like to mention something that struck me, namely, that her beautiful face looked to me so *very, very dead*, if I can so describe it. There was an absence of that peaceful look of sleep one sees so often, as if the soul still lingered near, and the senses were still tinged with a feeling of a happy dream. There was nothing of this sort here; her face looked to me as if her noble spirit had taken its flight so completely and so absolutely away from its encumbrance that there was not the faintest trace that it ever had been on earth at all. Her soul, so long trained to supersensual things, would, straight like an arrow, find its way, with no lingering on the frontiers. But I must not detain you; other pens will doubtless have something to say on this subject.—Faithfully yours,

ISABEL DE STEIGER.

“ BEDFORD PARK.”

The following is the obituary notice in *Light* of March 10, 1888:—

THE LATE DR ANNA KINGSFORD

“ We are assured that our insertion of the following tribute to this lamented and highly gifted lady will gratify a public extending to the farthest quarters of the globe, to whom she was in the fullest sense of the terms at once Apostle and Prophet. Her labours on behalf of the principles of mercy and justice, especially in their application to the animals, are too well known to require more than a brief allusion here. For her, not only the happiness of the animal world, but the character of the mankind of the future, was involved in the question. Science, morality, and religion were equally at stake. Hence her assertion, enforced with the impassioned eloquence and logical reasoning for which she was remarkable, that that which is morally wrong cannot be scientifically right, and that to seek one’s own advantage regardless of the cost to other sentient beings is to renounce humanity itself,—inasmuch as it is not the form but the character which really makes the man,—and to degrade those who do so to the sub-human and infernal.

“ The keynote to her teaching was the word Purity. She held that man, like everything else, is only at his best when pure. And her insistence upon a vegetable diet,—which she justified upon grounds at once physiological, chemical, hygienic, economical, moral, and

spiritual,—was based upon the necessity to his perfection of a purity of blood and tissue attainable only upon a regimen drawn direct from the fruits of the earth and excluding the products of the slaughter of innocent creatures. In thus teaching she had the strongest personal motives. She ascribed her own delicacy of constitution to the violation of the law of purity by her ancestors ; and her knowledge of the cruelties perpetrated in the world, especially those enacted in the name of science, robbed life of all joyousness for her, and made the earth a hell from which she was eager to escape. Her scorn and contempt for a society which, by tolerating vivisection, consented to accept for itself benefits obtained at such terrible cost of suffering to others, were beyond all expression.

“ But Mrs Kingsford felt herself called to a loftier task than that of enforcing any particular application of her views. Recognising a defective system of thought as the source of the evils she deplored, and the insufficiency of any reform which stopped short at institutions and left men themselves no better, and finding the Churches, one and all, failing to provide an adequate remedy, she set herself to meet the want as only it could be met, namely, by interpreting to men their own nature, potentialities, and destiny. Hence her devotion to occult science and the studies and experiences represented especially in *The Perfect Way ; or, The Finding of Christ*,—a work which has found recognition among students of divine things in all countries, irrespective of religion or race, as the fullest exposition concerning God, nature, and man ever vouchsafed to this planet, and her share in which has gained for her the reputation of being a seer and prophet of unsurpassed lucidity and inspiration. For this book,—with its ‘ marvellous appendices,’ as they have been styled by a critic of high attainments,—was largely the result of illuminations and inspirations received by her chiefly in sleep, and constituting—as appeared on subsequent investigation—nothing less than a re-delivery, from the sources whence it originally came, of that divine Gnosis, variously called Hermetic and Kabalistic, which underlay and controlled all the world’s great religions and Bibles, and by the aid of which alone these can be interpreted. And this was given to her, not in suggestions and ideas only, but in language clear, precise, and exquisite, wholly beyond her own power of composition, and accompanied by dramatic experiences of the most striking kind. It was this faculty, possessed from childhood,—when it found expression in a number of tales and poems of a highly mystical character,—of withdrawal into the inmost and highest regions of the consciousness attaining to full intuition, and being taught directly of the Spirit,—a faculty due doubtless to the strength and purity of her own spirit,—that chiefly differentiated Anna Kingsford from the rest of her kind, and made of her for her intimates—to whom alone she disclosed her secret—a person apart and worthy of especial veneration. Taught from transcendental sources to regard herself as an appointed instrument in the Divine hands for the overthrow of the world’s materialistic system, she recognised the wisdom of the Providence which required of her an especial education, first in the tenets of the Christian Church, both Catholic and Reformed, and next in the philosophy and science of the world’s most materialistic school, the University of Paris.

“ Only they who know what it is to be hypersensitive to their spiritual surroundings can imagine the keen agony to her of the associations to which she was there of necessity exposed. That which sustained and carried her through her university course—a course which she achieved with high distinction—was the consciousness that her mission was a mission of redemption, and that only to those who have themselves been more or less ‘perfected through suffering’ is such mission ever entrusted.

“ Tall, slender, and graceful of form ; of striking beauty of face and delicacy of complexion, intelligence of expression and vivacity of manner ; with a noble brow, grey, deep-set eyes, a profusion of golden-auburn hair, a full, generous mouth, a rich musical voice, admirable elocution, and a persuasive eloquence ; alike artist, poet, orator, and philosopher,—Anna Kingsford was as a diamond with many facets, and the admiration and affection with which she inspired her friends, masculine and feminine alike, was of the most fervent kind. Her maiden name—in which her early writings were published, the first when in her fourteenth year—was Bonus, that of a great Italian family of the earlier Middle Ages, notable for the variety and excellence of their gifts and achievements, and from which her descent is believed to be traceable. She has left a husband and daughter. Her remains are interred in the churchyard of Atcham, near Shrewsbury, the parish of which her husband is vicar.

“ Although formally received into the Church of Rome in 1870 by Cardinal Manning, Mrs Kingsford was but nominally a Catholic, for she retained to the last complete independence of thought and action, declining any direction, although the prospect was more than once held before her of being made the head of a new order in the event of her submission. She was, however, too well aware that such compliance meant either total suppression or the restriction of her sphere of action and influence to a section and a denomination ; whereas she regarded her mission as a universal one, consisting in the interpretation to the world of the truth contained in the doctrines of religion. ‘ For the Church,’ she maintained, ‘ has all the truth, but the priests have materialised it, thus making themselves and their people idolaters,—idolatry being the materialisation of things spiritual.’

“ The early withdrawal of one thus gifted and thus commissioned will to most seem a mystery hard to be solved. But it may well be that as much as was required of her has been accomplished, and that, being dead, she may yet speak still more effectually through those who remain and who enjoyed her confidence, as well as through her writings, of which some yet remain to be published, and by the example of her life.”

The following extract from an obituary written by Mrs Fenwick Miller in the *Pictorial World* [and also in the *Lady's Pictorial*, March 3, 1888] has its value both as a testimony to her many-sidedness and as exhibiting her from the standpoint of one so wholly out of sympathy with the serious side of her nature as to be altogether unable to recognise the significance of her spiritual work :—

“ Mrs Kingsford, M.D., whose name is so familiar to subscribers to this paper, passed away from life on the 22nd of February, after an illness of more than a year’s duration.

“ In some respects, Mrs Kingsford was the most remarkable woman I have known. I have never known a woman so exquisitely beautiful as she who cultivated her brain so assiduously. I have never known a woman so courted and flattered by men so loyal to the interests of women. I have never known a woman in whom the dual nature that is more or less perceptible in every human creature was so strongly marked—so sensuous, so feminine on the one hand ; so spirituelle, so imaginative, on the other hand.

“ It was in the season of 1873 that I was introduced to Mrs Kingsford by Mrs George Sims, the mother of the well-known author. I was then only eighteen, and Mrs Kingsford was twenty-six. I find recorded in my Diary (for I had leisure to keep Diaries then) that I on that occasion thought Mrs Kingsford ‘ the most faultlessly beautiful woman I ever beheld ; her hair is like the sunlight, her features are exquisite, and her complexion—I can use no other term but faultless—not a spot, not a flaw, not a shade ! ’ Thus I fell in love with her face on the spot. Of her opinions and character I already knew some favourable facts. She had just had a brief experience of editing and owning a weekly paper devoted to what both she and I considered the best interests of our own sex. She had shown both judgment and courage as an editor, as well as a singular fairness to people of opposite views from her own. On the occasion of our first meeting, Miss Downing (then a well-known speaker on the woman’s suffrage platform ; dead now some years) objected to the idea that women must not eat heartily ; that women themselves, as she regretfully remarked, thought it unlady-like to eat two eggs for breakfast. ‘ No one, man or woman, ought to eat two eggs for breakfast,’ replied Mrs Kingsford. Hereupon I told her that I had clearly perceived her vegetarian views in her paper, and that I had therefore much admired her for printing a vehement attack on the practice from the pen of Miss Jex-Blake, M.D. ‘ I am glad you appreciated it,’ said Mrs Kingsford, ‘ for to print it was the hardest struggle I ever had in my life.’ It was certainly very broad-minded and generous.

“ Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Madame Bodichon, Mrs Henry Kingsley, and many other notable ladies contributed to Mrs Kingsford’s paper ; but it did not pay, and after losing a good deal of money over it she gave it up. In the next year, 1874, she began the study of medicine. I also was at that time a medical student, though I had already come to contemplate the probability that I should, for a variety of reasons, resign medical work for literature. Mrs Kingsford was very desirous that I should accompany her to Paris to study—our acquaintance having by this time much developed. I had been down to Hinton Hall, Shropshire, her home then, and had seen Mr Kingsford and her little girl ; and we had talked miles of ideas in her pretty little boudoir, where a statue of the Virgin, revered with cups of roses and a tinted lamp, stood in one corner, giving it the air of an oratory. Mrs Kingsford, though her husband was a Church of England clergyman, had herself joined the Catholic Church. I never heard from her one word

that reminded me of this fact ; and indeed, it is only as I recall her room—with its writing-table under the window that looked on to the Welsh hills, and its abundance of easy-chairs, and its ranks of books of all kinds—that I remember where the Madonna's image stood, and then recall that Mrs Kingsford was understood to be a Catholic.¹

“ I saw her for the last time in November. She was terribly ill, but her gay spirits and her beauty of face were almost unimpaired. ‘ I think my face eats on its own account,’ she said : ‘ it absorbs the cold cream I give it. My arms are thin enough !’ She knew, reasonably speaking, how very ill she was, and that her recovery was impossible. ‘ But I cannot feel as if I am going to die,’ she declared ; ‘ life, all that makes *me*, my intellect, my feelings, are so keen—as acute as they ever were ; how can I believe that it is all over with me ?’ She said it cheerfully—nay, stoically—but it was a painful moment. With the extraordinary hopefulness characteristic of consumption, she then began to talk about beginning some new literary work ‘ at Christmas.’ She asked me to find her a lady to read the Greek and Latin poets with her, ‘ for I may as well make use of my involuntary leisure,’ she added. She looked so young and pretty as she lay on her couch, in a black satin tea-gown, and with a large red fan in her hand ; her intellect was so active, her wish to live so apparent, and yet her acceptance of her danger so heroic—ah, what a tragedy is human life with death at the end of it !

“ Her mysticism about religious matters was to me simply unintelligible. This developed greatly of late years. She founded a society (‘ The Hermetic ’) for studying the soul and occult ‘ science ’ ; was once President of the Theosophical Society ; and believed that she had supernatural revelations, the substance of which is set forth in her book, *The Finding of Christ*. If, on the one hand, she thus soared into the empyrean far beyond my vision, on the other hand she descended, to my thinking, to depths of practicality in her counsels about putting on rouge, dyeing the hair, and various other matters, in which she equally surprised me. Yet I am sure she meant what she wrote in these columns : ‘ A true woman thinks first of her heart, secondly of her mind, and last of her personal appearance.’

“ Mrs Kingsford was a great lover of animals. She wore feathers in place of fur, silk gloves in all weathers, and some vegetable material for her shoes, so as not to destroy animal life for her adornment. She was a tower of strength to the anti-vivisection cause, in an effort to serve which, indeed, she lost her life. I will conclude this brief and imperfect sketch by telling this story in her own words, in a letter written to me last April :—‘ One horribly wet day, November 17 last, I took into my head to visit M. Pasteur's laboratory. I waded across Paris in the sleet and mud, and stood

¹ Edward Maitland says that in 1874, when his collaboration with Anna Kingsford commenced, she was “ already practically detached ” from the Roman Catholic Church—“ not indeed by formally quitting it, but by holding aloof from its ministrations and discipline, and observing perfect freedom in thought, speech, and action ” (Letter dated August 10, 1891, to *The Evening News and Post*. The letter is reprinted in *Light*, 1891, p. 416).
—S. H. H.

a long time in wet boots and clothes, and got back at last after about five hours, soaked to the skin. Result, severe neuralgia and inflammation of the lungs. Inflammation did not dry up, as it should, but got "cheesy," and, after I had been in bed a month, I began to spit blood. I had a cough that was almost incessant, and, after many doctors had debated over me, I was informed that my left lung was tuberculous, and my best chance was the Riviera. Husband came over, and we started. . . . My doctor (Lutaud, editor of the *Medical Journal*, and Pasteur's great antagonist) came to see me there. He chaffed me about Pasteur being the death of me after all; but I don't think he would have done that if he thought I should really die. Of course I am a complete invalid. . . . People live years with only one lung, and do lots of work. But to think that, as Lutaud says, Pasteur should have cost me all this! And the earthquake missed *him*! Have you seen Lutaud's book about Pasteur? I take it for granted you agree with L. and me. . . . Good-bye! Pray let me hear about you everywhere. Women have no worker so good and *thorough* as you are. I think, of all your *Lady's Pictorial* papers, I like best those in which you showed by the example of Mendelssohn's sister and Herschel's what women *might* be if they were not everlastingly suppressed and bullied into silence. When idiots like —— tell us women have never been great—that they have been tried and found wanting, and so forth—these little biographies are a pathetically eloquent reply. My heart aches when I read these things, and feel all the pangs of disappointed hope and ambition that women must have suffered. . . . Yours always affectionately,

A. K.' "

The obituary notice in *Lucifer* of March 1888 was preceded by a letter to me from Madame Blavatsky, in which she says:—

"I have written for this *Lucifer* a little obituary of her whom I now know and appreciate ten times more than I did during her life. I did the best I could, letting rather my heart speak, and leaving the brain suggestions to those who say that which they do not feel. I do not like that notice of her in the *Pictorial World*; it is too flippant in my estimation. The one in *Light* is *very* good."

"THE LATE MRS ANNA KINGSFORD, M.D.

"We have this month to record, with the deepest regret, the passing away from this physical world of one who more than any other has been instrumental in demonstrating to her fellow-creatures the great fact of the conscious existence—hence of the immortality—of the inner Ego.

"We speak of the death of Mrs Anna Kingsford, M.D., which occurred on Tuesday, February 22, after a somewhat painful and prolonged illness. Few women have worked harder than she has, or in more noble causes; none with more success in the cause of Humanitarianism. Hers was a short but a most useful life. Her intellectual fight with the vivisectionists of Europe, at a time when the educated and scientific world was more strongly fixed in the grasp

of materialism than at any other period in the history of civilisation, alone proclaims her as one of those who, regardless of conventional thought, have placed themselves at the very focus of the controversy, prepared to dare and brave all the consequences of their temerity. Pity and justice to animals were among Mrs Kingsford's favourite texts when dealing with this part of her life's work ; and by reason of her general culture, her special training in the science of medicine, and her magnificent intellectual power, she was enabled to influence and work in the way she desired upon a very large proportion of those people who listened to her words or read her writings. Few women wrote more graphically, more takingly, or possessed a more fascinating style.

“ Mrs Kingsford's field of activity, however, was not limited to the purely physical, mundane plane of life. She was a Theosophist, and a true one at heart ; a leader of spiritual and philosophical thought, gifted with most exceptional psychic attributes. In connection with Mr Edward Maitland, her truest friend—one whose incessant watchful care has undeniably prolonged her delicate, ever-threatened life for several years, and who received her last breath—she wrote several books dealing with metaphysical and mystical subjects. The first and most important was *The Perfect Way ; or, The Finding of Christ*, which gives the esoteric meaning of Christianity. It sweeps away many of the difficulties that thoughtful readers of the Bible must contend with in their endeavours to either understand or accept literally the story of Jesus Christ as it is presented in the Gospels.

“ She was for some time President of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and after resigning that office she founded ‘ The Hermetic Society ’ for the special study of Christian Mysticism. She herself, though her religious ideas differed widely on some points from Eastern philosophy, remained a faithful member of the Theosophical Society, and a loyal friend to its leaders. [Both she and Mr Maitland resigned from the London Lodge, but not from the parent Society.]¹ She was one the aspirations of whose whole life were ever turned towards the eternal and the true. A mystic by nature—the most ardent one to those who knew her well—she was still a very remarkable woman even in the opinion of the materialists and the unbelievers. For, besides her remarkably fine and intellectual face, there was that in her which arrested the attention of the most unobserving, and foreign to any metaphysical speculation. For, as Mrs Fenwick Miller writes, though Mrs Kingsford's mysticism was ‘ simply unintelligible ’ to her, yet we find this did not prevent the writer from perceiving the truth. As she describes her late friend ‘ I have never known a woman so exquisitely beautiful as she who cultivated her brain so assiduously. I have never known a woman in whom the dual nature that is more or less perceptible in every human creature was so strongly marked—so sensuous, so feminine on the one hand ; so spiritual, so imaginative, on the other hand.’

“ The spiritual and psychic nature had always the upper hand over the sensuous and feminine, and the circle of her mystically inclined friends will miss her greatly, for such women as she are not numerous

¹ See p. 221 *ante*.

in the same century. The world in general has lost in Mrs Kingsford one who can be very ill spared in this era of materialism. The whole of her adult life was passed in working unselfishly for others, for the elevation of the spiritual side of humanity. We can, however, in regretting her death, take comfort in the thought that good work cannot be lost or die, though the worker is no longer among us to watch for the fruit. And Anna Kingsford's work will still be bearing fruit even when her memory has been obliterated with the generations of those who knew her well, and new generations will have approached the psychic mysteries still nearer.

“ *** The boasts made by the Roman Catholic *Weekly Register*, to the effect that Mrs Kingsford died in the bosom of the Church, having abjured her views, psychism, theosophy, and even her *Perfect Way* and writings in general, have been vigorously refuted in the same paper by her husband, Rev. A. Kingsford, and Mr Maitland. We are sorry to hear that her last days were embittered by the mental agony inflicted upon her by an unscrupulous nun, who, as Mr Maitland declared to us, was smuggled in as a nurse,¹ and who did nothing but bother her patient, ‘importune her,’ and ‘pray.’ That Mrs Kingsford was entirely against the *theology* of the Church of Rome, though believing in Catholic doctrines, may be proved by one of her last letters to us, on ‘poor, slandered St Satan,’ in connection with certain attacks on the name of our journal, *Lucifer*. We have preserved this and several other letters, as they were all written between September 1887 and January 1888. They thus remain eloquent witnesses against the pretensions of the *Weekly Register*, for they prove that Mrs Kingsford neither abjured her views, nor ‘died in fidelity to the Catholic Church’ ! ”

The *Vegetarian Messenger* contained the following tribute to her :—

“ ANNA (NINON) KINGSFORD

“ Born 16th September 1846. Died 22nd February 1888.

“ No more her soft and silvery voice is heard
In pleadings for the tortured and the weak ;
No more her friendly aid the friendless seek,
Or know her kindly hand and kindly word.
No more, no more ! Is all then passed away ?

Knowledge and genius swallowed in the tomb !
Is virtue silenced in that dark and gloom,
Not piercéd by one bright consoling ray ?
Grieve not that she has passed—the bright and brave ;
Star-like her soul shines o’er this earthly ball ;
From her fair life sweet influences fall
On many lives, and wandering feet recall—
Recall from sin and error. Thus to save
Dooms death to die, and conquers o’er the grave.

“ WILLIAM E. A. AXON.”

¹ The reader will remember that I had applied for, and, as I supposed, engaged, a “nursing sister,” not a *proselytising* one.—E. M.

Another magazine devoted to the same cause thus concluded its obituary notice of her :—

“ ‘ HER WORKS WILL LIVE AFTER HER,
AND HER PRINCIPLES WILL NEVER DIE.’ ”

“ IN MEMORY OF MRS ANNA KINGSFORD,

“ *Who departed this life 22nd February 1888.*

“ Well done, well done, thy war is o'er,
Thy earthly work is done ;
And thou hast gained the shining shore,
And thou hast found thy home.

Thy feet were weary with the way,
But thou didst bravely climb,
Up from the shadows cold and grey,
Which wrap the clods of time.

Thy cross, thy earthly heavy cross,
Thou bearedst up in pain ;
And every evil was thy foe,
And every good thine aim.

Love was the spirit bright and fair
Whose voice did guide thee right ;
Peace was thy gentle sceptre rare,
And truth thy banner white.

To help the helpless thou didst strive,
Thou didst defend the weak ;
And thou didst speak with burning words,
For those who could not speak.

No more earth's storms and billows rise
To strike thy shrinking bark ;
No more shall horrors pain thine eyes,
Nor agony thine heart.

Thou, with thy beauty and thy grace,
Thy gifts and talents bright,
Hast left behind a vacant place,
And yet a trail of light.

Thy works shall live, thy words shall burn,
Thy star shall ever shine ;
Death cannot chill thy loving heart,
Nor quench the light divine.”

And the following was in *Thalysia*, a German magazine published at Nordhausen :—

" NACHRUF AN ANNA KINGSFORD

VON DR ADERHOLDT

Des Himmels Huld verlieh Dir reiche Gaben,
 Der Jugendschönheit holde Zauberblüthe,
 Den Geist, der durch die Nacht hin Funken sprühte,
 Aufsteigend über Raum und Zeit erhaben.

Und alle Wesen, die da Leben haben,
 Umfasste liebend Deine Herzensgüte,
 Und heil'ge Sehnsucht Dir im Busen glühte
 Nach neuer Welt, wo Mensch und Their sich laben.

Ach ! weil Dein Eifer Licht und Leben bot,
 Hatt' Dich zum Opfer längst erseh'n der Tod,
 Und frühe sankst Du, allzufrüh zur Ruh !

Doch wer, Du Heilige, gewirkt wie Du
 In edlem Kampf und siegesfrohem Streben,
 Der lebt' ein reiches, unvergess'nes Leben."

[The following reminiscence by the late well-known journalist Mr W. T. Stead is of interest. He says :—¹

" I remember Anna Kingsford. Who that ever met her can forget that marvellous embodiment of a burning flame in the form of a woman, divinely tall and not less divinely fair ! I think it is just about ten years since I first met her. It was at the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which I was editing in those days. She did not always relish the headings I put to her articles.² She was as innocent as the author of *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* of the necessity for labelling the goods in your shop-window in such a way as to attract attention, but we were always on good terms, being united by the strong tie of common antipathies. I saw her once at her own place, when, I remember, she wore a bright red flower—I thought it was a great gladiolus, but it may have been a cactus, which lay athwart her breast like a sword of flame. Her movements had somewhat of the grace and majesty that we associate with the Greek gods ; and as for her speech—well, I have talked to many of the men and women who have in this generation had the greatest repute as conversationalists, but I never in my life met Anna Kingsford's equal. From her silver tongue as in a stream, 'strong without wrath, without o'erflowing full,' her sentences flowed in one unending flood. She talked literature. Had an endless phonograph been fitted up before her so as to be constantly in action, the cylinders might have been carried to the printer, and the copy set up without transcription or alteration. Never was she at a loss for a word, never did she tangle her sentences or halt for an illustration. It was almost appalling after a time. It appeared impossible for her to run dry, for you seemed to feel that copious as was her speech it was but as a rivulet carrying off the overflow of an ocean that lay behind.'"]

¹ *The Review of Reviews*, January 15, 1896, p. 75.

² See pp. 205 and 208 *ante*.

If sympathetic recognition could suffice as a restorative to me in my depressed condition of health, it was assuredly accorded in a measure rare both in kind and in degree ; and doubtless it served me somewhat. But more was done to this end by the active part which I found myself called on to take in defence of our work itself. To touch this with hostile hands was to me an offence of far greater magnitude than would have been any assault on ourselves personally. That work represented the very life-blood of our souls shed for the world's redemption in the pages of *The Perfect Way*. And it was *The Perfect Way* which I now found myself called on to rescue from an insidious and monstrous allegation of retractation in respect of it, brought by the emissaries of Sacerdotalism against my venerated colleague.

The conflict grew out of the following paragraph which appeared in a Catholic paper, *The Weekly Register*, February 25, 1888 :—

“ REQUIESCANT

“ Only a mile from the Oratory—in Kensington—has passed away this week another Catholic—one of singularly various mind and fame. In her way, too, Dr Anna Kingsford was an apostle, though her message was not widely accepted, and was perhaps often misunderstood. In the bloom of life, full of personal attractiveness, and in the vigour of a most original intellect, she has been snatched away by rapid consumption, leaving her work, as it seems to human eyes, half done. If many women are intelligent, few, in the still prevailing conditions of education, are intellectual ; but to Mrs Kingsford belonged eminently the graver quality. Her literary work was chiefly conspicuous in her controversy with the disciples of M. Pasteur—a controversy of which the last word has yet to be spoken—and in the testimony she bore in the *Nineteenth Century* and elsewhere against vivisection. Mrs Kingsford had taken her degree in Paris, and she made her protest with a vibrating note of experience not easily forgotten. She was not, however, an emotional writer, and she dealt with scientific matter by scientific method. To this order of her powers belonged *The Perfect Way in Diet*, an essay on vegetarianism. She wrote invariably excellent English, vivid and direct. Though her beauty and grace made her many friends, she was almost a stranger, if we mistake not, in the Catholic world, and will be therefore more lamented by the mixed group of the Hermetic Society, of which she was President, than by her fellow-believers. A convert and the wife of an Anglican clergyman, who is left to mourn her—a woman, too, whose nearest friends were outside of her own Church, Mrs Kingsford has upon our readers a special claim to remembrance in their prayers. Her hope was to go to Lourdes before she died, but her sudden and cruel disease was too imperative and too quick.”

The succeeding number, March 3, 1888, contained the following article :—

“ MRS KINGSFORD’S RELIGION

“ In recording last week the death of Mrs Kingsford, M.D., a distinguished writer on dietetic, social, and philosophical subjects, we printed the following words :—

“ ‘ A convert and the wife of an Anglican clergyman, who is left to mourn her—a woman, too, whose nearest friends were outside of her own Church, Mrs Kingsford has upon our readers a special claim to remembrance in their prayers. Her hope was to go to Lourdes before she died, but her sudden and cruel disease was too imperative and too quick.’

“ On the Monday morning following the publication of this paragraph we received this letter :—

“ ‘ *Mr Kingsford to the Editor of the “ Register.”*

“ ‘ 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, KENSINGTON, W.

“ ‘ *February 25, 1888.*

“ ‘ SIR,—I beg to thank you for your kind notice of my wife’s death contained in your paper. I must, at the same time, ask you to contradict the statement that she was a member of the Roman Catholic Church ; neither had she the slightest idea of going to Lourdes. I must request you to publish thus.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

ALGERNON G. KINGSFORD.’

“ This letter was read by us with feelings of wonderment ; for it so happened that the editor of this paper had been personally acquainted with Mrs Kingsford, and had frequently conversed with her as a Catholic to a Catholic—on the understanding that she had been received into the Church by the Benedictine Fathers at Ramsgate so long ago as 1870. Moreover, Mr Maitland—the old friend under whose fatherly and most tender care Mrs Kingsford was in London, while her husband remained at his vicarage near Shrewsbury, visiting his wife as often as he could—had applied to Mrs Meynell—a neighbour in Kensington—to obtain for Mrs Kingsford, at her own request, a nursing sister. This, happily, had been done, and between the dying woman and the devoted sister of Bon Secours from Bayswater there sprang up during that last month of the life of one of them a friendship to be tenderly remembered by the other as long as she lives. The sister makes the following report :—

“ ‘ Mrs Kingsford talked to the sister about religion and expressed a great desire to see a priest and to receive the sacraments. She seemed troubled about a book she had published in conjunction with Mr Maitland. She said there were things in it she wanted to expunge ; that Mr Maitland wrote most of it ; but there were eighteen pages of hers and some passages ; that it would cost £50 to cancel these, but she would pay it and have it done. She said, “ Sister, don’t you know some kind fatherly priest who would be good to me ? ” The sister replied that the priest of the parish, Mgr. Moore, was all that could be desired ; and, at Mrs Kingsford’s request, she

sent for Mgr. Moore. Mrs Kingsford began to prepare herself for her confession. Mgr. Moore came on the following day. When he arrived, Mr Maitland, in whose charge Mrs Kingsford was, made some difficulty, on the score of the patient's illness, about her seeing him ; but Mrs Kingsford, on being appealed to, insisted upon seeing Mgr. Moore. She made her confession, and received all the last sacraments most devoutly, and after this seemed to give herself up entirely to prayer and to preparing for death. She used to beg the sister to say the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, which she would follow most devoutly. She also asked for a statue of Our Lady, and for a rosary, which the Rev. Mother sent to her. The sister feared at times that her patient would overtire herself with so many prayers, and used gently to protest, but nothing would deter her from making a Novena to Our Lady and to St Mary Magdalen. She began a Novena to St Joseph, too, four days before she died.

“ ‘ Often she would say to the sister, “ Sister, bear witness that I died a Catholic.” She also expressed a strong wish to be buried according to Catholic rites in the churchyard at Atcham, her body having first been taken to the Pro-Cathedral and a Requiem sung. She also said she wanted something put on her grave to show she was a Catholic. She received Holy Viaticum three times. Mrs Kingsford at first used to speak of going to Lourdes, but later she would say, “ We shan't go to Lourdes, Sister ; I'm dying.” She took Lourdes water every day, and she several times told the sister how it comforted her to have her, and how terrible it would have been to die with only Protestants around her. She received the Brown Scapular the week before her death. When she really was dying she could not be in bed, but rested in a chair, and on the table near her she had a picture of the Assumption some one had sent her at Christmas, and in her agony once she said, “ Mother, help me ! ” She also made after the sister the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, as well as the Profession of Faith, and held the Crucifix in her hands, kissing it from time to time. She passed away quite calmly, her last action being to turn her head, and look, with a look so pathetic, the sister says she will never forget it, at the little picture of the Assumption.’

“ Monsignor Moore, to whom also we communicated the contents of Mr Kingsford's letter, has written the following :—

“ ‘ *Mgr. Moore to the Editor of the “ Weekly Register.”*

“ ‘ PRO-CATHEDRAL, KENSINGTON, W.

“ ‘ *February 29, 1888.*

“ ‘ MY DEAR SIR,—I am astonished at Mr Kingsford's letter, in which he informs you that his wife was not a Catholic. I can only state that I visited her, by request, three times during her last illness, and administered to her the last rites of the Catholic Church, and was quite satisfied as to her good dispositions.—I remain, yours very truly,

C. HARTINGTON MOORE.’

“ We have only to add that Mrs Kingsford's wishes, as expressed above, have not been complied with ; that her body was not taken

to the Pro-Cathedral before it was removed to Atcham ; and that Canon Allen, of Shresbury, to whom Monsignor Moore wrote to state what Mrs Kingsford's wishes were, was informed by Mrs Kingsford's representatives that her funeral was to take place according to the rites of the Church of England."

The same issue contained also the following article as a leader :—

“ MRS KINGSFORD

“ When we pleaded last week for the aid of readers to make the records of our dead complete, we did not dream how much force would be added to our remarks by the events following on the death of Mrs Kingsford. We were prepared, indeed, to find that we alone among our Catholic contemporaries had chronicled the early ending of a life which had done so much, and which seemed, nevertheless, to leave so much undone. For, though Mrs Kingsford had reached middle age, she did not seem to have attained maturity. Her abundant thoughts and intuitions needed a longer life for their due arrangement. Much of a mystic, and something of a visionary, she was nevertheless keenly practical and essentially scientific. If she had been more commonplace she would have been more comfortable. But there was nothing of affectation in the habits by which, for instance, she lived in modern London on the fare of St John the Baptist in the wilderness—isolated in her abstemiousness, but in her outward manner a veritable cosmopolitan. Her active mind had early ranged through the nebulous regions of religious speculation, and she was still in the early twenties when she found refuge, from the vagaries of spiritualism and the deadness of infidelity, in the Catholic Church.

“ To those who assert by rote that the Catholic Church is the grave of individuality and the opiate of spiritual and mental energy, Mrs Kingsford's case may be offered. We said she would have been more comfortable if she had been more commonplace, and the remark applies to her spiritual as well as to her mental history. To many her mysticism would have been a perplexity ; and those who heard her lecture before the Theosophical Society may, at first sound, have doubted whether the speaker was more at home as a dogmatic Christian or as a Buddhist philosopher. She herself may have had some scruples ; for she resigned the presidency of the Society ; and, just as she had been admitted into membership of the Catholic Church, so, despite eccentricities which never reached the point of errors, she steadfastly remained in it, never doing or saying what a prudent director prohibited, though probably sometimes doing what he refused to approve. Yet we would say nothing to leave on the minds of readers any impression that Mrs Kingsford did not live for nearly twenty years a consistently loyal and faithful daughter of the Church. That she certainly so died we have had the happiness to make clear in another column.

“ It would have been more agreeable to us, on many accounts, to have left untouched the curious episode created by the letter of Mr Kingsford. On receiving it, our first thoughts were to write privately to him, telling him that he wrote under a strange misapprehension,

and begging him, by withdrawing the letter, to relieve us from the necessity of impeaching its accuracy. But, on second thoughts, we decided that, in justice to many converts, surrounded at death by Protestant relatives, we ought to place the whole of the facts, as they occurred, before our readers. By a series of happy accidents the chain of evidence is complete; and we have been able to fulfil Mrs Kingsford's last wishes, that her friends should know she died in the religion she had professed. The letter of Mr Kingsford will teach us, therefore, to receive with caution the statements made by Protestant relatives as to the infidelities of Catholics wholly cut off—as Mrs Kingsford herself very nearly was, and easily might have been—from co-religionists. The possible difficulty placed in the way of a priest's access to a deathbed will also be brought home to isolated Catholics residing in a Protestant household—who will take precautions accordingly; while the wishes of Catholics for Catholic funeral rites must—it would appear—be expressed in so plain and public a manner as to leave no doubt that they will not, as in this case, be either misinterpreted or ignored."

From the same, March 10, 1888 :—

" Last week, as our readers will remember, it was our duty and pleasure to lay before them certain statements in direct contradiction to the assertion that Mrs Kingsford did not die a Catholic. These statements were made by Monsignor Moore, of the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, who gave her the last sacraments before she died, and by the sister who nursed her during the last month of her life. Mrs Kingsford, it will be remembered, repeatedly begged this sister to bear witness after her death to her fidelity to the Catholic Church. This she has done, without one word of partizanship or of display, and we know that her testimony is true. Nevertheless, we think it right to publish two communications addressed to us by the Rev. Algernon Kingsford, and by Mr Edward Maitland. We forbear comments on these letters further than to say that in some respects they answer each other; that in other respects the statements made in them are in direct conflict with the statements of other witnesses, and there is no human means of explaining the discrepancy; that in certain points, where we have been able to test the accuracy of Mr Kingsford's information from outside evidence, we have found it wanting; as, for instance, when he says that Mrs Kingsford had not been to mass or to a director for years, and when he implies that a nun was smuggled in, in some underhand manner; the fact being, as a letter now before us shows, that Mr Maitland applied, 'at the request of Mrs Kingsford,' to a Catholic friend to find 'a nursing sister.' These things must be left to the judgment of our readers, who will, moreover, resent with us the imputations levelled against this devoted sister under some vulgar illusion that Catholics delight in pretending to effect conversions. On behalf of this sister we repel the insinuation that she teased her patient with prayers, or plied her with priests and pious objects—the facts being exactly contrary, and the sister trying to moderate her patient's devotion, when she feared Mrs Kingsford's strength was being overtaxed. That a change, and a great change, came over Mrs Kingsford during those

last weeks of her life we never doubted, and the letters of Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland confirm. It is possible, too, and even probable, that in her state of weakness it was painful to her to explain or to discuss this change with those whom she knew would grieve over it; and who did, indeed, resent it so greatly that they now attribute it to a sort of intimidation from the sister—an intimidation so great that it forced Mrs Kingsford to set aside the wishes of those nearest to her over and over again—in some instances against their remonstrances! In this way it is possible to account for some of the strange discrepancies between the statement as to Mrs Kingsford's frame of mind. We are not quite sure whether Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland are quite competent to decide what Catholics really do believe; and, in regard to such matters as that of Mrs Kingsford's preference for cremation, we can only suggest that her written request for that mode of disposing of her remains may have been made before cremation was condemned by the Holy Father; and, at any rate, she had entirely conformed to Catholic practice when she spoke to Monsignor Moore and to the sister of her burial with Catholic rites, in the churchyard of Atcham.

“ ‘ *Mr Kingsford to the Editor of the “ Register.”* ”

“ ‘ 15 WYNNSTAY GARDENS, KENSINGTON.

“ ‘ You must be aware that this correspondence is most painful to me under the circumstances, but I feel obliged to write and correct the statements made by you in your article. The case stands thus. You say Mrs Kingsford died a Roman Catholic, and I say she did nothing of the sort. You have thought it necessary to publish all the details of a death-chamber. Whether this was good taste or not I leave others to judge. You say, “ On receiving my letter your first thoughts were to write privately to me, telling me that I wrote under a strange misapprehension, and begging me to withdraw the letter, and suggesting that my letter was untrue.” [Mr Kingsford does not quote accurately; we did not use the word untrue, or any equivalent to it.—ED.] Perhaps it would have been better if you had acted on your first thought, as it might have saved me the pain of answering your remarks publicly, and the publicity given to my wife's last moments, which should have been held sacred; but as to withdrawing the letter, I could not have done so, as that letter contained the truth, which I can prove. I consider, in the first place, your remarks are most insulting and most uncalled for, when you say, “ The letter of Mr Kingsford will teach us, therefore, to receive with caution the statements made by Protestant relatives as to the infidelities of Catholics, wholly cut off—as Mrs Kingsford very nearly was, and easily might have been—from her co-religionists.” Now, Sir, the facts which I will state, and which I can prove, will speak, to unbiassed minds, for themselves. Mrs Kingsford wanted a nurse, and some friend told Mr Maitland of one who was highly recommended, but as far as I can ascertain, nothing was ever said about her being a nun. I may here mention that this nun was introduced into my house without my knowledge. On my arrival in London some few days after the nun had been here, I was utterly astonished to find her. I immediately asked my wife for an explanation. She said she was

horrified on finding a religieuse had been sent to her, but that she was too ill to send her away, and was glad to have anyone. As matters turned out, my wife was justified in her dread, as the nun did nothing hardly but pray and importune my wife. My wife then asked me to get another. Her words were, "I wish you would get me another nurse, as the sister does nothing but pray. She so bothered me about a priest that I did anything for peace and quietness. I was at the time suffering agonies; it was not my wish for him to come, neither did I believe he could do any good; I was terribly upset and weak at the time he came." These words, or words to the same effect, my wife repeated to two others who are prepared to vouch for their truth; one of whom was her own doctor. The same evening I went to a friend, to whom I told all the circumstances of the case, and settled to get another nurse the next morning. However, when the next morning came my wife was very ill indeed, and said she would rather keep the sister for the present, as she did not feel strong enough to direct another how to attend to her; I agreed to this, as I understood the sister would not worry my wife any more. The sister remained to the end, but, I regret to say, did not stop her importunities. Again you say, "The possible difficulties placed in the way of a priest's access to a deathbed will also be brought home to isolated Catholics residing in a Protestant household." I beg to state that, if there were any difficulties, they arose from the unwillingness of my wife to have a priest; for, until the nun came and made her last days miserable, she loathed the idea of a priest, and constantly said to me, "Whatever you do, don't let a priest come near me." Some years ago, when about taking a house in London, she said, "My only objection to it is, it is so near Farm Street, and I am so afraid of the Jesuits coming to me; I so detest them and their doctrines that I do not wish to have anything to do with them." Shortly before the nun came she was advised by a near relative to send for a priest, but she utterly declined, and said she was not a Roman Catholic and did not want a priest, as she did not believe in them; she has left a written statement, giving her reasons for declining, signed by herself.

"Now, Sir, you state that my wife wished to be buried with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and you imply that because she had not left a written statement her wishes were not carried out—another gratuitous insult and a cruel statement to make. My wife did leave a written statement, and that was to the effect that she should be cremated. Now I believe I am right in saying that no *Roman Catholic* would wish to be cremated; and I believe I am right in saying that cremation is condemned by the Pope. However, the very last time I was with my wife, very shortly before her death, she informed me that she had changed her mind, partly out of consideration for my feelings, and said she wished to be buried at Atcham, with the service of the Church of England, and that Hymn 401 should be sung, and that her brother Edward, who is a clergyman of the Church of England, should perform the service. This was the last request she ever made to me personally before her death, and I promised her that her wishes should be carried out. This happened after she had seen the priest, and does not look as if she died a Roman Catholic. I may say that this request was not made

to me only, but to two others. After her death I had a most kind letter from Canon Allen, stating that he had heard from Mgr. Moore, and offering to take the service. I immediately wrote to him, saying he was mistaken in thinking my wife was a member of his Church, and telling him of her wishes. In reply he wrote—and I quote his own words—“ That she had not been for many years a Catholic I was well aware, and I confess Mgr. Moore’s news was a surprise to me.” There is one statement more of yours, namely, “ She herself may have had some scruples, for she resigned the presidency of the Society ; and, just as she had been admitted into membership of the Catholic Church, so, despite eccentricities which never reached the point of errors, she steadfastly remained in it ” (*i.e.* the Roman Catholic Church), “ never doing or saying what a prudent director prohibited, though sometimes doing what he refused to approve ”—another false statement, and which I cannot see how you can reconcile with the statement of Canon Allen. Besides, she never had a director, and never consulted any Roman Catholic priests for years ; also, she never attended mass or confessed for years, but she did attend the Church of England services when at home and when her health allowed, and took the greatest interest in my church and the services. So much for your article ! Now for the statement of the nun, which is untrue in many respects. It should begin—“ *I* talked to Mrs Kingsford about religion ; *I* worried her to see a priest and to receive the sacrament. *I* offered to go for the priest, *I* persuaded her to have an image, and *I* asked her to let me get her a rosary.” The sister says she feared at times that her patient would overtire herself ; she ought to have said—“ *I* fear *I* constantly during the night overtired her by my hourly prayers, although she asked me to desist. It was *I* who dressed up the poor dying woman with all sorts of things ”—when she was too weak and ill and wandering to take any notice. As regards the story about the book, *The Perfect Way*, it must be a pure invention of the nun’s imagination, as my wife wrote quite half the book and generally supervised the whole, and when asked to retract the book, utterly declined to do so ; and in this way died contumacious. The nun states that my wife asked her to get a priest. My wife told me and two others, one of whom was her doctor, that the sister worried her so to have one, as I previously stated. You must allow me to believe my dying wife’s statement rather than that of a nun, whose sole object seemed to be to make my wife’s end wretched—although, perhaps, with the best intentions. I have been compelled to make this letter a long one owing to its being a statement of facts, which statement I declare to be true, and most of which can be proved by independent witnesses.’

“ ‘ *Mr Maitland to the Editor of the “ Register.”* ”

“ ‘ The statements contained in your last issue respecting this highly gifted and lamented lady are for the most part perversions of truth—I do not say wilful, but—grotesque to monstrosity, and so injurious both to the dead and to the living as to demand instant and positive contradiction. That they came before you so attested as

to leave no room for doubt of their trustworthiness I fully allow ; and I am deeply sensible of your high appreciation of and regard for their subject, and your kindly reference to myself in my relations to her. As I can further assure you that, although not of your communion, I am no anti-Catholic, I hope to be regarded as writing in no spirit of hostility, but solely in the interests of truth and justice. My recitation of the facts, moreover, will show that the statements impugned by me *could not* be true. With the statements that Mrs Kingsford was many years ago—in 1870—formally received into the Catholic Church, and in her last illness was nursed by a sister and received the last rites from a priest, I have no fault to find, as they are in themselves perfectly correct. But the value attached to them is wrong, and all the others are either absolutely untrue, or are such distortions of the truth as to make them falsehoods. Thus, to deal with them in detail, it is not true that Mrs Kingsford was “cut off wholly or very nearly from her co-religionists by reason of her living in a Protestant household,” or that a difficulty was thrown in the way of her seeing a priest. For she had always been entirely free, both to visit, and to receive whom she would, and she largely exercised that freedom. And when, during her last illness, a relative urged upon her the propriety of seeing a priest, and she conferred with me on the subject—I being in sole charge of her at the time—not only did I raise no difficulty, but I had actually taken my hat to go and inquire of a Catholic friend the address of a priest likely to be acceptable to her in the event of her deciding to see one, when she stopped me, saying positively that she would not have one at all, and giving me her reasons, from which she never swerved. These were—(1) Her conviction that the condition of the soul is alone of consequence, and that no extraneous observance can affect that ; (2) that a priest would feel bound to take objection, both to her writings and to her intention of being cremated, in neither of which respects would she suffer interference ; and (3) that if once a priest obtained entrance, she might have endless trouble in avoiding dictation as to her future life and work ; and that the direction she was already under—alluding to her spiritual illuminations—infinately transcended that of any priest whatever. From these views, I repeat, she never for a moment swerved ; and until the engagement of the sister, her nurse, no question arose about a priest, and no desire was expressed by her for any support or consolation beyond that which she received from interior sources ; and this, she used to assure me, was so full and glorious as to make her bitterly regret her inability through weakness either to write or dictate them. Yet, on the second night of the sister’s presence, she was induced to allow a priest to be summoned, and without my knowledge, a suspension of the confidence that had hitherto subsisted between us that caused me exquisite pain. And alike in regard to this and the subsequent visits of the priest, I was assured by Mrs Kingsford—although I made no objection, and therefore needed no excuse—that she had consented solely in order to escape the worry and fatigue of the sister’s importunities, and on her promise that it should be the last time. Similarly with regard to the sister’s own religious ministrations, Mrs Kingsford complained to me repeatedly with tears that her nights were so broken and disturbed, and herself so neglected by reason of the

sister's incessant repetition of prayers and insistence on observances, all of which she characterised as frivolous and puerile in the extreme, as to seriously impair her chances of recovery, and altogether make impossible her own communion with the Divine. And her only reason for not consenting to the change I pressed upon her was her inability through increasing weakness to break in another nurse to her ways, and the possibility of another failure. And so it came that, to avoid exhaustion by argument, and for the sake of peace, she gave in on one point after another, and suffered herself to be surrounded and decorated with pictures and images and scapulars, all the time feeling their utter triviality, and marvelling at the completeness with which the conventual system had suppressed the intelligence of her attendant, and the abjectness of her submission to the priests. And more than once she said to me, that she was glad to have had the experience, as she would be able, in case of her recovery, to expose and denounce a system so fatal at once to the minds and souls of its victims. My own remonstrances to the sister, representing her conduct as most cruel and a dereliction of her duty, inasmuch as it was to the body and not the soul of her patient that she was engaged to attend, were entirely unheeded, and very likely unheard, being received with averted face and a muttered accompaniment of what I took to be a string of exorcisms, indulged in to prevent her hearing me; and I was told by Mrs Kingsford that nothing was more likely, since they were forbidden to listen to anything unauthorised by their spiritual superiors, and she remarked, with a smile, that St Peter had never been cured of his practice of cutting off people's ears. The impossibility of the sister's story about the picture of the Assumption becomes obvious when it is considered that Mrs Kingsford, while she had learned to regard the Church as containing the whole truth, had learned also to regard that truth as purely spiritual, and consequently as devoid of any relation to persons, events, or things physical and historical—the ascription to Christian doctrine of such relation constituting idolatry, and idolatry being defined for her as consisting in the materialisation of things spiritual. Thus the Assumption possessed in her view no personal or historical significance whatever. It was simply a symbol—and one which she dearly loved—of the soul, purified from taint of materiality, and rising into final union with the Divine Spirit. It was thus an eternal and universal verity, denoting the potentiality of every soul, and being this, could not have evoked the ejaculation described by the sister, unless, indeed, the sufferer's mind was wandering and her words were unconscious and meaningless. This illustration of Mrs Kingsford's doctrine will suffice to make it clear that between the letter of Mr Kingsford denying that his wife was a member of the Roman Catholic Church and that of Monsignor Moore asserting that she was a Catholic there is no real discrepancy, and the two letters do not traverse each other. Mrs Kingsford was a Catholic in that she held Catholic doctrine; and she was not a member of the Roman Catholic Church in that she held Catholic doctrine in a sense not recognised by that Church, and refused submission to it. The sister's statement about our joint book, *The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*, is, perhaps, the most ingenious of all the perversions of fact made in this relation. But I

do not assert that the falsehood was intentional. In it I can see a way in which the impression may have arisen. The book in question was largely the result of illuminations and inspirations received by Mrs Kingsford chiefly in sleep; for Mrs Kingsford was from childhood a seer of marvellous lucidity, and she grew up to be more than this. You yourself have described her as an apostle. She was more even than this. She was a prophet also; for she was in the habit of receiving from divine sources knowledges concerning divine things, transcending any she could have devised of herself, or acquired otherwise, and these couched in language which for its perfection was far beyond her own power or that of any person living to have written; the purport of them all being the interpretation of religious doctrine and the revelation of the nature of existence. It was my discovery in her of this faculty, now some fourteen years ago, that led to my literary association with her, and during the whole of that period my chief function in regard to her was the surrounding of her with conditions such as best to promote its highest development and application, the main pursuit of my own life previously having been the search for the spiritual reality behind the phenomenal form, with a view to the solution of the great problem of existence. *The Perfect Way* was the result of our combined faculties, and is the triumph of a thought absolutely free. It has found recognition from the most advanced students of "Divine Science," in all countries and of all creeds, as the fullest exposition of that science ever known, and as destined largely to control the faith and practice of the future. And so far from being troubled about it, Mrs Kingsford gloried in it, considering it the supreme privilege of her life to have been a sharer in its production, and she was only apprehensive lest it might, through her death and mine, fall into the hands of those who might suppress it. Now for the sister's strange perversion. While reading the book for the last time, but a few weeks before her death, Mrs Kingsford found a passage, written jointly by us, which she saw to be capable of improvement, chiefly by means of amplification and extension; and she made some notes and suggestions to this end, advising that in order to obtain the space requisite for the new matter—the book being stereotyped—several pages—about eighteen—be omitted. Not that she regarded their contents in any way as erroneous, but she considered the proposed new matter as of superior value. This I undertook to have done, and it so happens that, while the part to be omitted does not at all conflict with current Catholic ideas, the new portion substituted by her for it will so conflict. Such exactly are the facts of Mrs Kingsford's alleged retractation of *The Perfect Way*. When I have added that, on her decided refusal to submit in the matter, and to allow the sister to importune her further respecting it, the sister, to use Mrs Kingsford's expression to me, "sat and sulked through the night like a person conscious of being baffled in a mission," and was with difficulty induced to attend to her wants when called upon, I shall have said enough to dispose of what you designate a "series of happy accidents which complete the chain of evidence" proving Mrs Kingsford to have died a member of the Catholic Church. In reply to your remarks concerning her connection with the Theosophical Society, I have to say that it was no scruple of conscience such as you suggest

that led her to quit it.¹ She and I had entered it by express invitation of the Society itself, which was then but a group of persons of culture engaged in studying Oriental occultism, in order to share our mutual knowledges ; and we quitted it because of the importation from India of an element strongly anti-Christian and antagonistic to us. It remains only for me to confirm what I understand from Mr Kingsford he is writing to you, by stating that on the second and last days before her death, in answer to my questions, Mrs Kingsford said that she desired to be buried in Atcham Churchyard, and described the spot—a spot overlooking the Severn and overlooked by the windows of my room in the vicarage, and by which we were wont to stroll gathering herbs for her “ rudimentary sister,” as she considered her pet guinea-pig, and watching the reddening of the stream in the sunset ; that her brother, an Anglican clergyman, should officiate ; and that she desired no requiem or other Catholic observance which had been pressed upon her by the sister. And she said further, that as she had renounced her intention of being cremated, not in deference to the Pope, whom she considered to have made a great mistake in forbidding the practice, but on account of the inconveniences it might entail on her husband as a clergyman, she wished to have special precautions taken, as by a *post-mortem* examination, to secure her from being buried alive, through a trance being mistaken for death. And she renewed her promise to return, if permitted, in her spiritual body, to assist me in completing the work inaugurated in *The Perfect Way*, so soon as the rest which would probably be necessary for her after so much of toil and suffering should be accomplished—an event well known to us both by manifold indubitable experiences to be possible. I wish before concluding to emphatically disclaim any feeling against individuals. My objections are to the system represented by the sister, and not herself, as she is but what it has made her. And this was Mrs Kingsford’s expressed sentiment also. And if I seem to have been unnecessarily lengthy in my remarks, I trust that the importance and interest of the theme, alike to the dead and to the living, will be my sufficient justification and procure them a place in your pages.’ ”

To this the Editor rejoined :—

“ We have received a number of communications about Mrs Kingsford—some from persons to whom she had been at pains to justify her orthodoxy, others from those who had seen her at mass, and others from friends to whom in conversation she often spoke of her director and confessor. We mention these statements as directly contradicting some assertions made last week ; but we need not continue further the fruitless task of sifting testimony so conflicting. Only one thing demands to be added : that the absolute untruthfulness of the version given by Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland of what passed during Mrs Kingsford’s last illness is reiterated by both the sister and by Monsignor Moore, who was communicated with before his second visit to the sick-room by Mrs Kingsford herself, in probably the last letter she ever wrote.”

¹ See p. 221 *ante*.

The following was my reply to this tissue of falsehoods, but it was refused insertion in a paragraph of such a nature as to aggravate the grievance of which I complained :—

“ *To the Editor of the ‘ Weekly Register.’*

“ SIR,—You leave me no choice but to address you again, the question being one of veracity. I admit that Mrs Kingsford was accustomed to ‘ justify her othodoxy.’ But how? Why, by insisting that her esoteric views were the real doctrine of the Church, although unauthorised by its official representatives. I admit that she occasionally—though very rarely, and not at all recently—went to mass. But I used to accompany her. What does that prove more than that we both liked the music? I challenge your informants to name her alleged director at any period during the term to which this discussion refers. For her to have put any human being in such a relation to herself would have been a direct and fatal violation of one of the fundamental conditions of her spiritual initiation, which was that she should ‘ call no man king or master upon earth.’ And as to her letter to Mgr. Moore in reference to his second visit—a letter which was written in my presence, and taken by me to his house—so far from its being a letter of invitation, its purport was to decline his offer to send a substitute—he being ill—and to say that she would await his recovery, the invitation to him to come again having been extorted from her by the sister in breach of her promise that she would be satisfied with a single visit. If the priest says that he has any other letter from Mrs Kingsford in reference to that visit, or indeed to any other visit, I call upon him to prove it. And, in fact, he owes this to you for having induced you to write as you have done in the paragraph to which I am replying. For the letter I have described most certainly does not bear out the construction he wishes to have put upon it, and I do not see that any other would. Of course, the priest and sister ‘ reiterate the absolute untruthfulness of Mr Kingsford’s and my version.’ Being what they are, they are not free to do otherwise; and so far from accounting it a sin for them to lie where the interests—real or supposed—of their Church are involved, they account it a merit; whereas we, on the contrary, do not tolerate such ‘ pious frauds,’ or hold that ‘ the end justifies the means,’ no matter what the interests at stake.

“ Against the letters received by you I, too, have letters—some of them from Catholics—complimenting me on the accuracy and clearness of my definition of Mrs Kingsford’s religious position, and referring to letters written to *them* by me during the progress of her illness, when there was no anticipation of the difficulty which has since arisen, as entirely bearing out what I have since stated about the sister’s behaviour.”

The plea on which this letter was refused insertion was my impeachment of the veracity of the priest and sister. But it can scarcely be supposed that that plea would have been set up if the priest had been able to vindicate his truthfulness by

producing the letter he pretended to have received from Mrs Kingsford.

The *Tablet* of March 3, 1888, contained the following :—

“ OBITUARY

“ We regret to have to announce the death of Dr Anna Kingsford. Dr Kingsford died on Wednesday, last week, of tubercular consumption, at Kensington. To Catholics Mrs Kingsford was best known for her earnest papers contributed to these columns against vivisection, and especially against M. Pasteur’s new method of dealing with hydrophobia. To the wider world she is known as the author of incomparably the best work ever published upon Vegetarianism. Her *Perfect Way in Diet* had a great success at the time of its publication, and still commands a sale in France and Germany. In 1867 she was married to the Rev. Algernon G. Kingsford, Vicar of Atcham. Three years later she was received into the Catholic Church. Her life was one of busy activity to the last, and a stream of pamphlets on many of the scientific questions of the hour came from her pen. She died a good Catholic, and received all the last blessings of the Church from the hands of Mgr. Moore. During her illness she was buoyed up by all the dreadful hopefulness which is so characteristic of the disease, and several times expressed her intention of going on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. At times she seemed troubled by the thought of certain passages she had written in a work undertaken in connection with the Theosophical Society, and at last she sent orders to the publishers to have them cancelled. During her last illness she repeatedly asked the nun who attended her to bear witness that she died a Catholic. Every humane cause and philanthropical society in Dr Anna Kingsford loses a friend. She was only forty-two years of age. *R.I.P.*”

To this I replied on the 10th :—

“ I write on behalf of both Mr Kingsford and myself (I having been for many years in literary collaboration with Mrs Kingsford) to give the most emphatic contradiction to certain statements respecting her contained in your last issue as unjust to the dead and injurious to the living. Although received some eighteen years ago into the Catholic Church, and continuing to the last a Catholic in doctrine, Mrs Kingsford had long since ceased to hold that doctrine in the authorised sense, or to be in any recognised manner a member of the (visible) Catholic Church. And her admission of a priest in her closing days was strongly against her own wishes, and was acceded to solely in order to obtain relief from the importunities of the sister, her nurse, who, she assured me repeatedly, with tears, would not cease worrying her until she had consented. She had no intention whatever of making a pilgrimage to Lourdes, but disclaimed any faith—so far as she herself was concerned—in the efficacy of such a step. She had, however, sometimes expressed a desire to visit that place as a matter of curiosity. She was in nowise troubled by anything she had written, whether in connection with the

Theosophical Society or any other. The book referred to—*The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*—was not written in connection with that society, but in complete independence of it and prior to her knowledge of its existence. And so far from her retracting anything in it as contrary to authorised teaching, she gloried in it to the last, and was desirous only of leaving it in the highest state of perfection. And to this end she left with me some suggestions for the rewriting of one single passage which she saw to be capable of improvement, the effect of the change proposed being to widen still further the interval between the teaching of the book and that authorised by the Church. The key to her career is to be found in the fact that Mrs Kingsford was endowed in the highest degree with the faculties of the seer and the prophet, and, in virtue of her illuminations and inspirations, knew not only that which the Church teaches, but that also which the Church *ought to teach*—the spiritual meanings concealed beneath its external forms. And it is this last which she has—in collaboration with me—set forth in *The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*. So far, moreover, from the pious aspiration, *R.I.P.*, affixed to your notice of her being consonant to her wishes, it should read, not *Requiescat*, but *Operet*, since her most earnest desire was to continue that which we both regarded as her chief work in life, her work of interpretation. And only a day or two before her death—so far from retracting what she had written—she renewed her promise to me to return, if permitted, in spirit, when sufficiently rested, to continue our collaboration, a thing which we both knew from manifold incontestable experiences to be perfectly possible.”

“ Our reply to this extraordinary letter shall be very brief. Mrs Kingsford was received into the Church in 1870, and continued a Catholic till the end. She was frequently at this office, and always spoke of herself as a Catholic, and in no equivocal sense. The testimony of her many Catholic friends is to the same effect, and she was often at Farm Street and the Oratory. At the beginning of her fatal illness she sent to a Catholic friend asking her to procure a nun to act as a nurse. The services of a sister belonging to the Order of the Bon Secours was accordingly obtained. Mrs Kingsford at once begged her to send for a priest—someone who would be kind to her. The sister is explicit in saying that this was an entirely spontaneous request upon the part of the dying woman. Mgr. Moore was sent for, and saw Mrs Kingsford on three different occasions. On the first he heard her confession, and administered the Last Sacraments; on two other occasions he gave her Holy Communion. Mrs Kingsford asked Mgr. Moore to have a Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul sung in the Pro-Cathedral, and said she feared there might be an attempt to bury her as a Protestant, and so besought him to go to Atcham to perform the Catholic service over the grave. She also expressed a wish to be buried in the churchyard at Atcham, adding, ‘ You know that is consecrated ground.’ Mgr. Moore explained to her that, though the churchyard was an old one, it had been desecrated, but promised to write to Canon Allen and arrange that some consecrated earth should be placed in the grave. All through her illness Mrs Kingsford seemed afraid that when she was dead her friends would pretend she was not a Catholic,

and many times over prayed the nun who nursed her to witness for her that she died a true child of the Church. Mr Edward Maitland, better than any man, knows whether, when Mgr. Moore came at Mrs Kingsford's request, an attempt was made to dissuade him from entering the house, and whether, when he had insisted upon entering, an attempt was still made to dissuade the sick woman from seeing him. To accuse Mrs Kingsford of conduct which would amount to consistent and conscious hypocrisy carried on for years in the face of her Catholic friends is to wrong the dead. To tell us that it was fear of a nun—with Mr Edward Maitland in the house—which led Mrs Kingsford at last to send for a priest, and three times to go to confession to him, is to trifle with our common sense. Mrs Kingsford's prayer for Catholic burial has been disregarded; we cannot say whether her wishes about her book will be fulfilled."

In answer to this, I wrote in the *Tablet* of March 17, 1888 :—

"SIR,—Your comments on my letter are, both in tone and in substance, such as to make imperative a rejoinder from me. My contention is—and I speak with full knowledge and without prejudice or reservation—that Mrs Kingsford, although formerly a member of the Roman Catholic Church, had of late years withdrawn from such membership, and remained but nominally a Catholic, holding Catholic doctrine in an unauthorised sense, and declining the offices of the Church and the direction of a priest, and this not on account of any opposition—for none was offered—but purely of her own accord and of conviction. That she paid occasional visits to your office and spoke of herself as a Catholic no more prove her to have been one in your sense of the term than her visits to the office of the *National Reformer* and her speaking of herself as a Free-thinker prove her to have been one in Mr Bradlaugh's sense of the term. She was at once Catholic and Free-thinker, because hers was an intelligent faith and compatible with—nay, due to—perfect freedom of thought. And it so happened that the object of her connection with the *Tablet* and the *National Reformer* was one and the same. For it was the vindication of the cause at once of religion, science, and humanity, against a practice which was, I hold, rightly regarded by her as a denial of and outrage to all three—the practice, namely, of vivisection, which was upheld in both papers—in Mr Bradlaugh's by avowed atheists, and in yours by a Rev. Father.

"So far from any opposition being made to Mrs Kingsford's seeing a priest in her last illness, I had myself only a few months previously offered to ascertain the name of one whom she could summon without delay should she at any time feel disposed to see one—a relative having urged it upon her; and I had actually set off on the quest, when she recalled me, saying that she had only hesitated through her wish to avoid giving pain to her relative, but was now quite decided against seeing one, and gave reasons altogether incompatible with her being what you represent her. That she swerved from this position afterwards was in no wise of her own accord, but was due entirely to the pressure put upon her by the sister engaged to nurse her. And so far from her having 'sent for a nun,' as you

allege, she was greatly dismayed to find that a nun had come. For she was under the impression that there were institutions of women who, though nursing for religious motives, were not under religious vows, and would, therefore, refrain from molesting their patients with their religious observances. For myself, I did not share her dismay, as I regarded the objections I had been accustomed to hear as largely, if not wholly, founded in prejudice; while I was free from prejudice, and I accordingly received the sister in the most cordial manner, and all the time she was in the house did my utmost to promote her comfort.

“To come to the head and front of your offending against myself and the facts. You say: ‘Mr. Edward Maitland, better than any man, knows whether, when Mgr. Moore came at Mrs Kingsford’s request, an attempt was made to dissuade him from entering the house, and whether, when he had insisted on entering, an attempt was made to dissuade the sick woman from seeing him.’ Now this is a striking instance of how near the truth the words of any statement may be, and how far from the truth its meaning. For ‘Mr Edward Maitland’—speaking with full recollection and absolute exactitude—‘knows better than any man,’ and declares positively that no *such* attempts were made, but that the attempts made had quite another ground and object. For they were made simply and solely to prevent ‘the sick woman’ from having a priest thrust upon her unawares and against her own wish. And I defy any candid person to suppose otherwise when I have recounted the facts. Up to the previous midnight, when I yielded my place in the sick-room to the sister for the night, the confidence between Mrs Kingsford and myself was full and unbroken as ever, and no hint was given me of her intention or wish to see a priest, although, as I have already said, she was well aware that I should make no objection, and therefore had no motive for secrecy. Yet the very next morning, on going to the house-door, I found there a priest demanding admission. Of course I could not suppose that he had come at Mrs Kingsford’s invitation, and took it for granted either that he had come of his own accord, or that the sister had summoned him on her own responsibility, when attending mass that morning, in neither of which cases should I have been justified in admitting him to the sick-room—a view of my duty in which I give him credit for acquiescing when he shall have read this statement of the facts. By no possibility could it have occurred to me that, within a few hours of my leaving Mrs Kingsford, the sister—on only the second night of her being in the house—should have so worked upon her patient as to induce her to send at once for a priest and to withhold the fact from me. Yet that is what, on repairing to the sick-room, I found, to my unspeakable distress, had happened—distress, observe, not because Mrs Kingsford had sent for a priest—to that I was absolutely indifferent—but because of the withdrawal from me of her confidence involved in her acting thus clandestinely. After discussing this point, I proceeded to ascertain her real wishes in the matter, when she assured me that she had no wish whatever to see a priest, but had consented solely for the sake of peace and quietness, the sister never ceasing to importune her, and promising not to worry her any more if she would let her fetch him that once. Of course I felt that under

such circumstances she was not bound to see the priest, although he was in the house, and I undertook to make suitable apology to him as summoned under a misapprehension. But she replied that it would be rude to send him away, and she would be sure to have to undergo all the worry over again with the sister. And so it came that the priest was admitted, not once, but thrice, and each time Mrs Kingsford assured me, owing to the same cause, the sister's importunities, her inability to withstand which, and also to face a change of nurses—so rapid was the decline of her vitality—convinced me, on recalling all the particulars, that the influence of the sister's presence was no less detrimental to her health than distressing to her mind. It was as a glamour which she was powerless to resist; so that it is anything but 'trifling with common sense' to believe that her alleged wish to have a Catholic funeral was but an adroit perversion of the silence in which she took refuge when it was pressed upon her, or, at least, of her failure to give an emphatic refusal. Her chief wish had long been to be cremated, her 'hatred of interment being much greater than her love for the Church,' as she expressed herself; and I understood from her that she had told the sister that she considered the Pope to have made a great mistake in forbidding the practice. That she gave up this intention was due entirely to the inconvenience it might entail on her husband as a clergyman of the Establishment; and it was on receiving at the last the strongest assurances that every precaution should be taken to prevent her from being buried in a trance that she finally gave it up. That she was buried with Anglican rites by her brother, an Anglican clergyman, in the cemetery attached to her husband's church, was owing to her own instructions, given to her husband at their last interview, when she selected the hymns to be sung, which instructions she renewed to me distinctly and positively the day before her death. And on my asking whether she would like to have a Requiem first, either at the Pro-Cathedral or at Shrewsbury—a thing, I told her, easily arranged—she unhesitatingly declined, saying she did not want it, and would not have thought of it but for the sister urging it upon her.

"The assertion that 'Mrs Kingsford's prayer for Catholic burial has been disregarded' is utterly false, and your concluding remark about her alleged recantation of *The Perfect Way*, reiterated in the face of my positive statement in contradiction, is a most egregious and unwarrantable piece of discourtesy, and shows a total misconception on your part of the class and character of the persons with whom you have to deal in this matter. Mrs Kingsford's wishes about her book will 'most assuredly be fulfilled.' For I regard it as a sacred duty to carry them out. But that duty would most certainly not be accomplished, but the reverse, were I to take as my rule the version, or rather perversion, of those wishes so hardly maintained by you. Mrs Kingsford retract her part in *The Perfect Way*! For those who are cognisant of the genesis and significance of that book, it would be no whit more preposterous to talk of the prophets and apostles as possibly retracting their part in the Bible.

"There is an hypothesis by which these amazing discrepancies of statement can to some extent be explained without serious impeachment of the veracity of the sister. It is that, being extraordinarily

amenable to the magnetism of those about her, Mrs Kingsford may occasionally, in her state of weakness, have been influenced by the sister's evidently strong will-power to give utterance, mechanical and unconscious, as by a process of reflection, to sentiments answering to those in the sister's mind. But this, if it occurred, would not constitute her a Catholic in the sense claimed. And how readily she returned to her normal healthy condition of mind when the pressure was removed and her own luminous soul was set free to utter itself was shown by several instances, of which I will recount one.

“ On going to her one day, just after the sister had withdrawn, I found her in great indignation at what she spoke of as both an outrage and a blasphemy, which consisted in the sister having calmly assured her that I ‘ could not possibly be saved because I had not the love of God, since only Catholics could have that.’ Truly a cheerful style of conversation with which to treat a dying woman, and in regard to her dearest friend, too ! That was the ‘ outrage.’ But it is with Mrs Kingsford's other comment that we are chiefly concerned ; and this was, that ‘ such a conception of the Divine character is in the highest degree blasphemous, and that the God of those who hold it is no father and lover of souls, but only a magnified priest, who damns all who are not of his own persuasion.’

“ I trust I have said enough to show that Mrs Kingsford's Catholicism was certainly not of the kind entitled to be labelled ‘ Roman,’ yet not enough to bring down upon her the curse by bell, book, and candle, which the sister intimated to her she would be in danger of incurring unless she made submission about *The Perfect Way*.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
EDWARD MAITLAND.”

The following is the editorial rejoinder :—

“ We publish elsewhere another long letter from Mr Edward Maitland. This unhappy controversy has been none of our seeking, and we will keep our reply within the narrowest possible limits. If it be indeed true that Mrs Kingsford was in such awe of the man who was watching by her deathbed that, to use his own words, when she wanted to send for a priest she did so ‘ clandestinely,’ and then, rather than dispute with him, was driven, in her weakness, to the poor subterfuge of pretending that she had been coerced, it will but add a new bitterness to the sorrow and unavailing pity with which her friends have heard of her death. For the statement that the nun, one of the most gentle of her sex, ever used pressure or persuasion we must put aside as a baseless fabrication. We have these undisputed facts. Three times over Mrs Kingsford sent for Mgr. Moore ; and it may be news to Mr Maitland to hear that on the second of these occasions she wrote to him with her own hand. She went to Confession three times, and received Holy Communion, and begged for prayers, for solemn Requiem, and for Catholic burial. Mr Maitland tells us that the first time she received Mgr. Moore it was out of politeness. Was it politeness that made her write to him, and twice send for him ‘ clandestinely ’ ? Does Mr Maitland really understand what it is he suggests when he says that Mrs Kingsford, knowing she was on the threshold of the grave, was

only deceiving the priest, was trifling with the Sacraments, and receiving the Holy Communion out of politeness? But Mr Maitland says Mrs Kingsford was so susceptible to the personal magnetism of others that perhaps, without her will, she may have said things others were wishing her to say. Was it magnetism that three times made her go to Confession to Mgr. Moore?

“But it surely is idle work, this talk of personal magnetism—this use of phrases which explain nothing. The sister assures us that her chief difficulty all through Mrs Kingsford’s illness was to moderate the fervour of her devotions, which threatened to be too much for her failing strength, and it is not disputed that she repeatedly sent for Mgr. Moore and received the Sacraments. Her statements to Mr Maitland are only explicable on the supposition that, knowing the cold and hard disapproval with which he would judge what she had done, she temporised, and, rather than dispute with him, pretended she had been persecuted. This explanation fits well with what Mr Maitland calls her ‘clandestine’ conduct towards him, her repeated cry to the sister to witness for her after her death that she died a true child of the Church, and her evident fear of Protestant burial. Mr Maitland thinks it deeply discourteous on our part to repeat the statement that Mrs Kingsford wished to cancel certain passages of *The Perfect Way*. In justice to Mrs Kingsford and to the sister who nursed her, we repeat it now. We can assure Mr Maitland that the nun is quite innocent of any knowledge of ‘Theosophy,’ and had never even heard of *The Perfect Way* until Mrs Kingsford expressed her regret for passages in it, and wished to cancel some eighteen pages of it. The words concerning Mr Maitland’s personal prospects of salvation which are put into the mouth of the nun we dismiss as too ignorantly silly to need denial. In conclusion, we have only to say that we are sorry if any words of ours have given pain to Mr Maitland, and we have no wish to impeach his veracity. What we have written we have written in justice to the dead and the living.”

My reply to this rejoinder convicted the priest absolutely of having deliberately falsified the purport of her letter to him, as well also as the editors of unscrupulously adopting as their own the allegations of the priest and the nun, as if they themselves had personal knowledge of the circumstances. And it was therefore refused admission. The following extracts from *Light*¹ will conclude my citations from the press on the matter. That I have reported the facts at such length is because I regard the *exposé* as an important feature of our commission to “lay bare the secrets of the world’s sacrificial system” :—

“The *Tablet* and the *Weekly Register* contain some correspondence and editorial comments which I should describe as funny were it not for the repulsive and even ghoulish efforts made by the re-

¹ *Light*, 1888, p. 133; see also further letters on the same subject, pp. 151, 164, and 187.

spective editors to claim Dr Anna Kingsford as one who had died in the odour of their sanctity. The official comments, ignoring the life-work of the departed lady, and ignorant entirely of her chief publication, as well as of the opinions she held and never disguised, are remarkable only for a deliberate putting aside of facts and a determination to square with preconceived notions what inconveniently took place. That anyone with an ordinary regard for truth can seriously assert that Dr Anna Kingsford died an orthodox Catholic, troubled in conscience on account of *The Perfect Way*, is not credible. She was a Mystic, and her acceptance of Catholic teaching was mystical. She was weak and ailing in her closing days of earth-life, and she was pestered into accepting the ministrations of a priest by a sister whose zeal was a long way ahead of her discretion. The strange belief, honestly held, I doubt not, that a departing soul not blessed by the ministrations of the Church is lost for ever is responsible for this most indecent intrusion on the closing hours of a perfectly consistent life, and for this palpable perversion of fact.

“ It would not concern me in the least whether Dr Anna Kingsford died a Buddhist, a Mohammedan, or a Catholic. But I am concerned to protest against the indecent stuff published with regard to her by the Catholic journals that I have mentioned. Their intrusion on the very deathbed, their twisting and distorting of plain facts in order to claim the soul of this poor lady, are as repulsive an exhibition as I remember to have seen. Both Mr Kingsford and Mr Maitland are very outspoken in their chastisement of the misstatements made, and their words are in no whit too severe. Though I have always deprecated, and though I do still very strongly deprecate, any prejudice against any person by reason of theological belief, I am unable to refrain from saying that the conduct of these persons, the priest, the nun, the editors, and all concerned with them, is calculated to make one wish that their bigotry and intolerance could be sharply punished. There is an ingenuity, a malign ingenuity, of misrepresentation in such comments as this in the *Weekly Register*: ‘ A change, and a good change, came over Mrs Kingsford during the last weeks of her life. . . . It is even probable that in her state of weakness it was painful for her to discuss this change with those *whom she knew would grieve over it.*’ The accuracy of statement is on a par with the accuracy of the grammar. Sorry stuff and sad reading !

“ Is it really an unthinkable proposition that men should come to realise that belief is a very small factor in the soul’s progress ? Cannot people see that this unseemly shuffling over a dying woman in order to label her with a certain ticket, indicative of a belief, or of a profession of belief, expressed perhaps when the faculties are failing, is an insult to the common sense of any thinking man ? Put it precisely. A. B. lives his life on earth, makes himself what he is, carries his responsibilities such as he has made them, and then, as the eye grows dim and the faculties fade, there comes one who says to him, ‘ Believe this, subscribe to this, profess this, and you are saved.’ Does any thinking person accept that ? Does any reasonable being view with anything but disgust the attempt to twist a fading life into the contradiction of itself ?

“ *March 24, 1888.*”

Meanwhile the effect of the excitement of the conflict on myself was in the highest degree beneficial; for it served at once to withhold me from complete engrossment by grief for my loss, and to brace me to fresh endeavour by disclosing to me the danger which threatened our work and my colleague's reputation, and rendered necessary my continuance in life and health, both for its sake and for hers.

I had also the support derived from my absolute conviction that the time was not far distant when our work would be recognised at its full value by the intelligent and candid of all creeds and communions, to the utter downfall of the system which had shown itself so hostile to it; and I at once made it my determination to devote the rest of my life to the hastening of that time, both for the world's sake and for my own; in order that I might yet see the triumph of the truth for which we had toiled and suffered, and the discomfiture of its enemies and ours.

How far my anticipations have been justified will appear from the following recital, which at the date of this writing—February 1895—I am enabled to make.

In the third annual report of "The Esoteric Christian Union"—a society formed under my presidency¹ for the express purpose of propagating the "New Gospel of Interpretation," of which we had been the recipients, is the following statement:—

"The two terms whereby the spiritual movement of the age is generally designated are 'the revival of mysticism' and 'the restoration of the esoteric philosophy.' In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* of January 1894, this movement was declared by a Catholic writer of repute to be proceeding, not only in the Protestant communions, but in the Roman Church, especially among the clergy and in the monasteries, 'at a rate so rapid as to be revolutionary'; and in the course of that winter the Pope notified his recognition and sanction of it by issuing an encyclical letter calling on his clergy to re-study the Scriptures by the light of the ancient esoteric philosophy, specifying the Fathers and Doctors of the Church as the sources of information. But, as allowed by the late Cardinal Newman in his *Apologia*, while the patristic writings affirm positively the presence in the Christian symbology of a system of thought recognisable by the mind, and differing widely from the orthodox presentation of Christianity, and give of it glimpses and suggestions described by Dr Newman as 'magnificent in themselves and making

¹ The Society was formed at Edward Maitland's chambers (No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios) on Advent Sunday, November 29, 1891 (see p. 429 *post*).—S. H. H.

music to his inward ear, showing that nature is an allegory, Scripture a parable, and the dogmas, rituals, and appointments of the Church but symbols of the heavenly truths which fill eternity,—he did not for a moment imply that such interpretations are to be found in the Fathers, but only enough to give hope of a new and fuller revelation to come of the truths still under the veil of the letter. And he subsequently expressed his conviction that the only hope for religion lay in such a new revelation.

“The value and relevance of this recital to the present purpose consist in the fact—freely admitted by those who are in a position to speak from personal knowledge—that the writings to which this significant movement in the Church owes its impulsion and sustenance are no other than those which are recognised by this Society as the ‘New Gospel of Interpretation,’¹ and which constitute, therefore, the fulfilment of Dr Newman’s anticipation of a new revelation in the eyes of trained ecclesiastics of his own faith. Not that this conviction is confined to any particular communion. For, from members of numerous communions and creeds, cleric and lay, at home and abroad, Christian and other, of various races, nationalities, and tongues, whom the glad tidings of the New Interpretation have reached, there constantly come expressions of joy

¹ The books here referred to as being recognised by the Esoteric Christian Union as appertaining to the New Gospel of Interpretation were *The Perfect Way; or, The Finding of Christ*, by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, which was published in 1882 (Fourth Edition, 1909); *Clothed with the Sun, being the Book of the Illuminations of Anna Kingsford*, which was published in 1889 (Second Edition, 1906); *The Bible’s Own Account of Itself*, by Edward Maitland, which was published in 1891 (Second Edition, 1905); *The New Gospel of Interpretation, being an Abstract of the Doctrine and Statement of the Objects of the Esoteric Christian Union*, by Edward Maitland, which was published in 1892; *A Message to Earth*, which was published anonymously in 1892; and *The Story of the New Gospel of Interpretation*, by Edward Maitland, which was published in 1893 (Third and Enlarged Edition, 1905, under the title of *The Story of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland and of the New Gospel of Interpretation*). In 1894 the present book was not published; had it been, it would undoubtedly have been classed with the above-mentioned books. These books, Edward Maitland says, “represent the prophesied restoration of the ancient Esoteric doctrine which, by interpreting the mysteries of religion, should reconcile faith and reason, religion and science, and accomplish the downfall of that sacerdotal system which—‘making the word of God of none effect by its traditions’—has hitherto usurped the name and perverted the truth of Christianity. Their standpoint is that Christian doctrines, when rightly understood, are necessary and self-evident truths, recognisable as founded in and representing the actual nature of existence, incapable of being conceived of as otherwise, and constituting a system of thought at once scientific, philosophic, and religious, absolutely inexpugnable and satisfactory to man’s highest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual.” There was also the book, *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, by Anna Kingsford, which was published in 1888 (Third Edition, 1908), containing teaching identical in source and character with the foregoing books, but mingled with some writings of a lighter order.—S. H. H.

and thankfulness unbounded, the burden of which is, 'At last! at last! The seals are broken and the books are open; the veil has been taken away and the long-lost key of knowledge restored, solving all the mysteries of religion by giving of them a scientific statement recognisable by the understanding, and satisfying absolutely man's highest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual. Now at length we can behold God and God's truth, no longer darkly, but face to face.' "

Such is the recognition which our work has found in their own communion within six years of the time when priest and nun lied freely, and subservient editors backed them up, in order to make it appear that its chief instrument had recanted her part in it! And how little their action was endorsed by Catholics themselves in the meantime may be gathered from the following letter, written by a well-known member of that communion, which appeared in the *Echo*, September 14, 1891:—

“ ESOTERIC CHRISTIANITY

“ SIR,—I am much struck by the closing words of the article by 'Urbanus' in your columns of to-day, when he says that 'Mrs Besant had never penetrated as far into Christianity as she has into Esoteric Buddhism.' This is the true explanation of the influences which lead people away from Christianity. Millions of so-called Christians have never penetrated beyond the outer courts of that Divine philosophy ('penetrated' is just the word to explain the whole matter). Probably Mrs Besant had been nurtured on 'Dearly beloved brethren,' and the routine services of the Church of England, or the cant phrases and formulæ of some other religious sect; she had never penetrated beyond these outer courts, or she would have found as much to occupy her mind and employ her mental powers as did the most learned, the most beautiful, and most spiritually minded woman whom I ever met—the late Dr Anna Kingsford. This lady found in Esoteric Christianity employment for the most beautiful and devout mind which I ever knew to be enshrined in the form of a woman, and she has given us in that profound work of hers, *The Perfect Way*, a system of Christian philosophy noble enough and large enough for the highest intellect. If inquiring minds would go to work with Christianity with the patience, the study, and the mental concentration required for that of Esoteric Buddhism, they would find in the despised and neglected religion of Jesus and Paul quite enough to occupy all the intellect they possess.—Yours, etc.,

“ EDWARD BERDOE, M.R.C.S.

“ LONDON, *September 11, 1891.*”

By way of compensation for the suppression of my last letter to the Catholic papers named, and with a view still further to discredit the system it was our appointed mission to destroy

I contributed the following paragraph to *Light* of March 31, 1888:—

“ MRS KINGSFORD'S ‘ RECANTATION ’

“ FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

“ With reference to the pretended retractation of her writings by Mrs Kingsford, it is interesting and instructive to recall the like attempt made in the case of the late Abbé Constant (‘ Eliphaz Levi ’). Out of an amiable regard for the feelings of a lady friend, he consented, when near his end, to receive a priest. But although he never recanted a jot of his opinions or writings, it was none the less asserted that he had done so. The attempt in Mrs Kingsford's case is a peculiarly heartless and nefarious one. For it implies (1) either that she had become mentally imbecile, since her teaching consisted of truths which are as necessary and self-evident to the spiritual perception as are those of mathematics and geometry to the intellectual perception, and therefore of truths which could not possibly be renounced by her while of sane mind; or (2) that she was consciously faithless to the Divine voice and vision so abundantly vouchsafed to her; in which case the assertion of her recantation is an attack upon her character. As also is the statement that she had declared herself to have written only eighteen pages of *The Perfect Way*. For this is to charge her with direct and gross falsehood, and one readily confuted by the production of the MSS., all of which are in existence.

“ But such is only too apt to be the way of priesthoods. The salvation of the individual is made the pretext for advancing the interests of the order regardless of truth and justice. The ignorance, too, of those who have thus rushed in where angels and archangels were wont to tread with respect is, in this case, singularly conspicuous. For, by insisting on the impropriety of the teaching concerned, they both virtually deny that there is a substratum of spiritual meaning to the historical presentations of Christian doctrine, and they also, by this denial, condemn the greatest luminaries of their own Church, not to mention the recognised scientific champion of Catholic orthodoxy of the present day, Professor St George Mivart. For what *The Perfect Way* really does is to expound the ‘ intellectual concepts ’ claimed by him in his recent articles in the *Nineteenth Century* to be implicit in the Church dogmas, but which concepts he either cannot or dare not formulate. And so we have the world-old tragedy re-enacted, of which the earliest Biblical instance is the slaughter of Abel by Cain. The priest, as the minister of Sense, is ever at deadly enmity with the prophet as the minister of the Intuition. But withheld, nowadays, from shedding his blood, he insinuates himself into his death-chamber, in order to come forth and declare that he has retracted his message ! ”

The “ eighteen pages ” were thus arrived at. The contemplated emendations would extend over that space; and the sister overheard the number mentioned between us in our con-

versations on the subject, and made it the foundation for her statement that Mrs Kingsford had written only eighteen pages of the book, and recanted the whole of these. A comparison between the second and third editions, Lecture VIII., pars. 27-41, at once both makes this clear, and shows how little of anything approaching "recantation" was involved in the proposed changes.



PORTRAIT OF EDWARD MAITLAND, ÆT. 70.

James Hyatt.

face p. 405, vol. ii.

CHAPTER XXXVII AND LAST

POST MORTEM

IN the spring I took up my abode in some newly erected studios in Thurloe Square,¹ being attracted thereto by various considerations. Among these were my preference for large, lofty, and well-lit rooms; the fact that, having never before been occupied, they would be free from the possibility of uncongenial influences remaining from former associations, and amenable, therefore, only to those introduced by myself; and the fitness of a building thus styled and dedicated for one who, though neither painter nor sculptor, was none the less artist, in that he always is artist who, cultivating an ideal, strives to make that ideal an actuality, and so far as in him lies, to recreate the world in the image he has cherished,—a point of view regarded from which the supreme artist is God Himself.

Thus settled, I devoted myself sedulously to the threefold task of re-establishing my broken health, carrying on our work as I knew my vanished colleague would wish it to be carried on, and watching for tokens of the fulfilment by her of her promises to come to me and continue our collaboration. Of her ability to perform her part of the compact I had no manner of doubt. I doubted only of my own ability to regain the sensitiveness requisite for my part of it. All depended, I was convinced, on the recovery of my physical health. For I knew by experience that the higher the tone of my organic system, the more open I should be to such intercourse. It is to the record

¹ No. 1 Thurloe Square Studios, Thurloe Square, South Kensington, London, the house being the corner house on the south side of the square, and forming an angle with Pelham Street in the rear thereof. The chambers occupied by Edward Maitland were (entering) on the left-hand side of the ground floor of the building overlooking the garden in the square. They have since been somewhat altered in their internal arrangement. He went into possession in May 1888.—S. H. H.

of the intercourse which actually occurred that this concluding chapter will be mainly devoted. Thus only will this history be complete, seeing that, first, allusion has been made in the course of it to incidents the promised sequel of which was *post mortem*; and, secondly, that the very nature of the work recorded necessitates experiences of the kind in question in corroboration of its doctrine. It remains only to state that she had made me her literary executor and trustee, and bequeathed to me the few hundred pounds saved of her professional earnings, to be expended on the publication of her literary remains, and such allied purposes as our work required; and I am free to pass at once to the subject of this chapter.

My faculty, it will be remembered, had consisted in sensitiveness of hearing and touch rather than of sight, saving only when asleep; for then my spiritual vision was of the keenest. For this reason I did not anticipate ocular proofs of her presence; unless, indeed, she should visit me in sleep. And concerning this possibility, I reflected that any experience of such kind would be unsatisfactory, as it might be but a dream, and would require corroborative evidence to give it value, such as would be afforded by the communication of knowledges specially characteristic of her. But no dreams of such kind occurred to me; and for a considerable period the only intimations I had of her presence consisted in such enhancement of mental perception in regard to our work as might be due to the duplication of my faculty by hers, the result being fresh applications of the key given us to the interpretation of spiritual mysteries.

In May [1888] I made the acquaintance of a lady who, without being a medium in the sense of going under control, was in a remarkable degree clairvoyant and clairaudient to spiritual presences. My anxiety to lose no chance of communication, added to my recognition of this method as legitimate, induced me to sit with her for the purpose, she coming to my rooms, where I was satisfied the conditions would be best. She was a person of ordinary intelligence and acquirements, but simple and genuine of character. The answers repeated by her in reply to the questions put by me were all such as might have come from Mary, and as the intermediary was incapable of devising. Hence I give some of them, though not deeming them conclusive as proofs. Her own knowledge of us, and our

association and work, was but slight, and far from such as would have enabled her to invent the replies. I will call her Mrs H.

Thus, to my question about the personality of the influence declared by the sensitive to be present, the latter replied that she was shown the letters "A. K." as denoting the name she was generally known by, but that there was another, which for the present the spirit reserved. As to my question about her present state, whether it was one of complete freedom from the physical suffering of which she had experienced so much while in the body, and from mental distress, it was answered :—

"I put off all physical suffering with the organism. For the rest, I have only a sense of work unaccomplished. The past is gone, with its joys and its woes, its triumphs and its failures. Look not back to it; care only for the future. For yourself, all depends on the care you take of yourself how long you live. Avoid all excitement, especially argument and controversy, which injures both yourself and your work. Work on quietly and steadfastly, unimpressed by any strange influence. You have not time to repair errors, therefore avoid making them. There are those who will try to hinder, and who will resent what you say. But do not heed them, and do not seek to champion me. You have other work to do, something new, and interpretative of what we have written; something suitable for the masses. For the world is so low, material, and grovelling that people can be raised only by the most elementary instruction, absolutely simple and plain. Use no hard words. Hitherto the learned have written only for the learned, and have left the generality in ignorance. Your work is rather to give our truths to those who are in total darkness than to those who think they know. Avoid, then, technicalities; help the receptive who are ready, willing, and unprejudiced. And in writing my life, do it only as the history of a soul, in its weakness and its strength; not as a eulogy of a person, but as I see you have it in your mind to do it."

To my question if she had been with me of late and trying to make me conscious of her presence, it was replied :—

"Yes, and you have received from me the impressions I wished to convey, though unaware of their source. We used often in my life to read each other's thoughts directly, and without using words, and we shall now do this more and more according as you encourage the wish and direct your mind to me."

"Is there," I asked, "much new matter of high importance for me to receive? And must I work hard, or is there plenty of time before me?"

"There is much to do," was the reply, "but not much time to do it in. So work while you can."

To my question whether certain messages sent to me by various mediums, some of whom were strangers to me, were

really from her—for I greatly distrusted them, if only because I could not imagine her visiting some of those whom I did not know—it was replied:—

“ Not personally or actively. I influenced the controls of certain mediums to give them messages from me to you, assuring you of my welfare and continued alliance with and regard for you.”

This was a reply which fully accounted for the inability shown by the controls in question to answer any further question about her put by the circles visited, even though they had spoken as if really herself, claiming to be her, as if for the moment believing themselves actually to be the person they represented, an illusion fully compatible with the astral character I ascribed to them, and not due to any conscious or intentional deception.

Among the messages sent me by strangers purporting to come from her was one which struck me as of exceptional importance, being accompanied by another purporting to come from Swedenborg, in which I was informed that, as he had interested himself in our work during her lifetime, so now he was in relations with her and was serving her. As we had never, at that time, mentioned to anyone our intercourse with Swedenborg, this struck me as too remarkable to be an accidental coincidence, and I called on the sender for an explanation of the manner of its reception. But all that I could extract from him was the statement that it had been received by a certain lady of his acquaintance who did not wish her name divulged, and who had entrusted the message to him for transmission to me.

The time was then approaching for the annual meeting at St James's Hall of the London Spiritualist Alliance, when some notable trance-medium was to deliver an address. I was not in the habit of attending such gatherings, but on this occasion I found myself so strongly impelled to go as to make me wonder at the circumstance, and to seek the reason therefor. This I failed to find, but none the less did I obey the impulse as possibly due to some suggestion which I might regret not having heeded, even though unaware of its origin and motive. In any case, the worst that could happen was a wasted evening. So far as the address delivered was concerned, it was such an evening, excepting perhaps for the proof afforded of the astral character of the speaker's inspiration, as shown by its utter unspirituality. For it consisted in a denunciation of the doctrine of Reincarnation, on the ground

of the diminutiveness and general insignificance of this planet as compared with other heavenly bodies and the universe at large, no account being taken of the lessons to be learnt by experience of the lives lived here. By which it appeared that the speaker ranked physical dimensions above spiritual evolution, thereby showing himself to be a spiritualist of a very materialistic kind.

In the course of the evening I was accosted by a stranger, who said that he was commissioned by some ladies who were present to request my consent to an introduction to them. They proved to be a Mrs and Miss W., the latter a simple and unsophisticated girl of about seventeen, through whom had been written the two messages sent me, of which one purported to come from Swedenborg. Finding them to be persons of high consideration, excellent social position, serious, and in every way desirable as acquaintances, I accepted an invitation to visit them and witness Miss W.'s exercise of her gift, which consisted in the power of writing under a control which used her hand only, without affecting her consciousness.

For, besides being unaware of what was being written by her hand, which altogether transcended her own knowledge and capacity, she was able to converse with those present with a freedom which showed that her mind was in no way engaged in the writing. The controlling influence claimed to be the soul of a woman not long dead, who, as representing a group of souls, spoke in the plural. Being spiritualists rather than mystics, the family had little knowledge of our work, and it was soon made evident to me that the communications were independent both of them and of my own thoughts. They began :—

“ We call you the shell-breaker. You crack the outer crust of problems and get at their kernels. We see the form of a spirit who is near you, and yet we can hardly call it a spirit, but rather a glorified soul, and she speaks to us, but cannot herself control the writing for want of use. But she will answer the questions you put, and we will write her answers. She has sent, she says, no communication to you direct from herself, but has given several medium-spirits messages for you. She knows that the power will be given to impress you herself so distinctly that she will be able to continue her work through you. And she bids us say that, when she can find a medium unspotted by the world, she will communicate with you through her, but she hesitates to place the pure water of life in a dirty glass. The inner communion with you has already commenced. Soul speaks to soul ; but your soul is not yet able to impart the impression to the body. She lost time, she says, in

establishing the material link, because she thought there would be no need, for she thought that you also might be allowed to leave the body. But now she knows that your work on earth is not yet finished, and so she will try to establish the inner consciousness. To this end you should devote a certain hour daily to withdraw your thoughts from other things and centre them upon her, not with any straining, but with a calm and restful feeling.

“ There is more difficulty in her case than in that of many others. For she was not an ordinary human form. She was an unveiled soul, shining through the material form. She did not need to draw through different sources ; she drew direct from the Infinite. There was no cloud between her and her Master, for they were one in spirit. And therefore, now she is withdrawn from earth, she shines as a light which sheds its soft lustre round the object she encompasses, and does not, as those less advanced, dart a ray on one single point. She bids us tell you that she now sees doubly all that she knew and felt on earth. But it is difficult for us to enter her sphere sufficiently to be able to convey to you what she wishes us to say. She speaks to us more by impression than by expression. We fail to render the poetry of her language. A thought had but to float towards her to be covered with a golden veil of poetry before she let it again go free. Thoughts clothed themselves in poetry as they approached her. She was an entirely different order from all those to whom she was allied by kindred on earth. For she was a soul made perfect, caged in the body for the purpose of uniting the chain of the earthly and the spiritual ; but she had not one idea in common with those who were called her relations. She dwelt among them, but was not of them, she says, and had she not known you, would never have shown the life she possessed interiorly.

“ It was not necessary for her to develop in the way that most have to develop. She did not cling to any to aid her to grow upwards. She clung to the highest power of all. She had no weight to attach her to earth. All in her was attached to the spiritual.

“ And now she is in a sphere so far removed above us ordinary spirits that she appears to us as a constellation shining by a light of her own. She is so closely united with her Master, with Divinity, that she knows all things of herself, and does not require to be told them as we do. And she passed up so rapidly to her own sphere that she could not have held communication with anyone in the lower spheres, had there been any there whom she knew.

“ She wishes you to know that the friend who had promised to receive her when she quitted the body was present and did receive her ;¹ but she could not stay with her long, because she had to mount to higher spheres and leave the friend behind. But she is able to see her and hold converse with her. Remember, there is the difference between a soul being made perfect, and a soul which is made perfect.

“ She bids us tell you that a curious mist seems to come over her when she tries to recall the more material portions of her life on earth. She seems to see only the purposes which overshadowed all deeds. And that is often the way when we leave earth. Earth itself passes from our memory, though all that made earth endurable

¹ P. 356 *ante*.

lives for ever in our inner consciousness. She bids us also tell you that she would often have sent you messages, but being unable to speak them directly to yourself, she refrained from entrusting them to a channel which she feared might misunderstand and pervert them, and sully their purity."

To my question as to how far she was still affected by the memory of her sufferings, it was replied :—

" She rejoices to let you know that the suffering she enjoyed—yes, enjoyed—was the ladder that led her spirit upward, ever upward. She knows now that, had that suffering not chained her spirit to her material frame, the power she possessed would have been of no use in this sphere of earth. For had her body not suffered, her knowledge could never have been expressed, but must have remained in her inner self as a dream, one day to be realised.

" We understand her as saying that she undertook to restore the thirteen sacred books she had possessed as the Sibyl, and meant that she was able to place on paper, in this her last earthly existence, all that was in the burnt books. The burning had not been by actual fire, for the books were not material books. But through yielding to passion she had lost the wonderful knowledge contained in the inner volume. There are many secrets still to be revealed. All has not yet been given. And the teacher must wait until the pupil is advanced enough to understand what is being learnt. That pupil is the world. That she had been able to recover so much of them, and to give them forth in her life just passed, was due entirely to her association with you. But for your influence she would have kept all she knew locked up in her own soul.

" When a soul gets very high it is impossible for it to come into direct contact with the material. She might, indeed, speak consciously to yourself, but yet be unable to control your hand. She might speak more clearly by dictating words than by directing through us the hand of our medium. May we be allowed to call her Mary? For that is the name under which her influence makes itself known to us.

" She wishes you to be assured that she who is now holding communication with you through us is indeed Mary—the soul. There are two A. K.'s, her outer detached personalities in the astral sphere, and you will have to distinguish her impressions from those of the others, should they come to you.

" We knew you wondered how it was that you came to attend the meeting where you met with this circle. It was the Divine Will that you should meet, and for that purpose you both were sent, that you might find others like-minded with yourselves. We can tell you what will surprise you,—Swedenborg; there lies the key. He was in your sphere and in the sphere also of our circle, and he was charged to bring you together through us."

There were many things in these communications which I could account for only by supposing them to be genuine, and that I had really come into relations with the soul of Mary. I

had been so fully cognisant of the manifoldness of her personality as to wonder in which of her characters she would communicate with me, if at all. But I had strictly reserved the thought to myself. The possibility of a duplex and divisible astral personality had scarcely occurred to me. It is one of the most recondite facts in occultism. And, moreover, my friends were spiritualists, and unaware of the distinction between "Mary," the true soul, and the astral phantom. Another fact known only to myself was that of her having had no relation or friend who had predeceased her who was spiritually related to her. Nor was anyone but myself aware of her being beyond all else a poet.

The statement, also, that owing to her union with her divine principle she knew all things of herself, and did not require to be told, was word for word what had been declared years before to us by our own illuminators, and had been kept strictly to ourselves.¹ The assurance now given me that she who was now speaking was indeed Mary, the soul, was for me another strong proof of genuineness, since no one but myself knew that she had been so called expressly in accordance with the symbolism which adopts Mary as the typical name of the soul.

I subsequently came upon yet further evidence at once of the genuineness of this communication and of the occult knowledge possessed by the ancient Gnostics. For in the year 1892, when reading King's *Gnostics*, I found a citation from the Gnostic gospel, the *Pistis Sophia*, or Faith-Wisdom, in the chapter on the state of the Initiate after death, stating that after death the Initiate receives a light which denotes the number of his soul's place in the spiritual spheres, and that in virtue of his possession of this light he passes rapidly up to his own proper altitude, the Rulers of the lower spheres being prevented by it from detaining him. Mary, we had been assured by our illuminators, had been initiated more than once in her previous lives. But as yet we had never divulged this knowledge.

During the summer I occupied myself in preparing her *Dreams and Dream-Stories* for publication, intending to preface it by a short account of her life and faculty. But I no sooner set about composing this than I found myself strongly impelled to use only as preface to it a paper which she herself had written in anticipa-

¹ Vol. I. p. 340.

tion of its publication in her lifetime, and thus to let her be the only speaker, save for the occasional brief notes requisite. Meanwhile my health was mending, though but slightly, and I was beginning to feel somewhat more conscious of her presence, and of her attempts to hold direct communication with me, but I obtained only vague impressions. On September 28 [1888] I sat again with the Mrs H. already referred to, having had no communication with her in the interval; so that she was quite unaware of the situation. On becoming lucid she said, without my having given her any clue, that my friend Mrs Kingsford was present, "But she now calls herself Mary, and not A. K., as before, and is so much better and sweeter-looking, as if at her very best in every way." And she asked me to explain the change of name and appearance. After I had told her that by calling herself "Mary" instead of A. K. she meant she was present now in the soul, and not merely in the astral form, which would account also for her radiant look, the sensitive continued:—

"I am told to tell you that she has been much with you, and finds you more sensitive to her presence than at first; and that you have carried out all her wishes very well indeed, and she is quite certain that you are impressed by her. She fears, however, to press you too soon with what might be premature; but your time is short for doing all that there is for you to do, and she finds it hard not to be impatient to get all said that she wants to say to you. She fears also that you and she may be misunderstood by the great majority. Those who have the inner light will understand, and she desires to reach the rest by making plainer what has already been published. You must therefore put it into simple and child-like language, if the masses are to be reached. For the mission, she *now* sees, is not to the few, but to the many, to the *all*. You alone have charge of the inmost truth. All others have failed either to receive or to accept the pure truth; and for want of understanding it, they have distorted it. I am to tell you that it has been revealed to her that an attempt will be made to upset your work by depreciating it and you and her, but she cannot say by whom or how. But you must stand firm, knowing you have the truth. The attempt is already being made in some quarters. There are two great classes who will be against you: those who deny all revelation whatever, and those who take the so-called Christianity as their standard, and turn against all who have a different interpretation. Your worst opponents are not the *unbelievers*, but the *misbelievers*."

In reply to my question whether she approved of my intention to follow the present book [*Dreams and Dream-Stories*] by one containing all her illuminations, an answer was given emphatically in the affirmative, with an instruction to add explanatory notes

stating their source and significance. Her function in our joint work, she added, was essentially reflective. She was given to me to be a mirror to reflect to me the universe and man. It had originally been intended that she should also portray to the world the highest type of womanhood ; but there was too much else to be done, and our actual work, that of interpretation, was considered the most important to be done first. The world could not go right so long as it has a false religion. It was then intimated that our conversation must now close, as she could not remain long with any medium. When I was better she could remain any length of time with me, and she would then inspire me with all that she had to say. Meanwhile, to that end, I was to follow a certain mode of life, of which particulars were given me, and the wisdom of which I fully recognised. To my parting expressions of affection it was responded that there was no need for us to give our love to each other ; for that is a perpetual possession between us—a fixed, unalterable fact, recognised by both, and not needing words. For it dates from long ages past, as we had been together in the closest union in many lives, and shall be hereafter. She has no thought now but for me and the work. But although that makes her an “earth-bound spirit” in one sense, it does not make her one in the bad sense, in which the term is commonly understood. For she is remaining below voluntarily in order to do good.

Sitting again, October 13 [1888], Mrs H. said :—

“Your friend is here, and I am to tell you that she finds you greatly increasing in sensitiveness to her presence ; and she will soon be with you in a more palpable way, for she prefers greatly to converse with you direct, and with you only. There is so much that she wants done which you alone can do. It is through you alone that she is to speak to the world. For you alone can perfectly understand her. She is greatly pleased with what you have written since the last visit. You have written more to the point, and to the right persons, and at the right time. She wishes your present work to be completed with all possible despatch, as there is so much more to be done. She has an idea that what you are writing now will meet with opposition. But you are not to be afraid, but go on, and do not heed ‘friendly criticism,’ as it will profess to be. Go on in spite of it, for the work’s sake. No one must be allowed to interfere. The work must be the paramount consideration. There are many, both on that side and on this, who are seeking to hinder the highest expression of Truth, which has been given to Us alone, and who know so much as to make them dangerous. But, in making haste, be careful to be accurate. Allow no doctrine or sect to have

any influence with you. Her relations, she says, may perhaps dislike her being presented as you will present her. But she *must* be so presented, as you knew her, or—and this she says with great solemnity—*she will have lived in vain.*

“Remember she is with you, and is one with you, in all you do, and follows and helps you in all. You are to declare the whole truth, and not to trouble about anyone or anything. With her co-operation you will be able to surmount all obstacles and solve all questions. Always be calm in your writings and conversations and discussions. Your coming visit to Atcham will bring her nearer by putting you into a more receptive attitude. The books you are now preparing will make her biography sought for, and this will educate the world more than all else, by showing how the Divine life can be led, and the faculties opened to Divine truth, and that to get that truth the Divine life must be led. This is her chief longing—to have the Life written as you are preparing to write it, and you must not let anyone change the plan of it. It is only through the woman-principle in man that such truth can come, and it was her mission to represent that principle.”

In the last week in October [1888] I visited Atcham full of hope that the associations of the place would promote the conditions requisite for the experience I craved. And in this view I went daily to the grave, and endeavoured, forcibly but silently, to project my wish to the spheres, inner and upper, that I might at least hear her addressing me by the name which she had occasionally used for me, my initiation-name—Caro. But though I listened intently, I was unable to persuade myself that I heard any response; and after three or four attempts I desisted, intending to try again after a short interval. On the last occasion, however, I was convinced that my wish had not been dissipated in space, but had penetrated to the sphere to which it had been directed, and had actually reached her for whom it was intended, and formed a line of communication between us, by which she was endeavouring to transmit a response which only my defect of faculty prevented me from receiving. My sense of the existence of such a line thus made, and of someone at the other end of it thus engaged, and of there being a message on the way to me which expended itself without reaching me, was unmistakable, and I resolved to be content for the present with such result. The date of this last attempt was Tuesday, October 30. I made no mention to anyone of these attempts, or of my desire.

Four days later—Saturday, November 3—I received by post from London, forwarded to me under cover, and bearing a Scotch postmark of November 1, a letter from a young lady, Miss

M. H. E., who had been an occasional correspondent of Mary's, but had never seen her ; and who, having the highest regard and veneration for her, had written to me in her illness inquiring after her. We had subsequently met in London, and had lately resumed correspondence in consequence of her desiring counsel under the following circumstances. She had, she told me, recently and quite unexpectedly developed the faculty of "mediumship," and had received from her mother, then several years dead, visits and communications such as left no room for doubt as to their reality and genuineness. ;

Knowing enough of her surroundings to be aware that such experiences would inevitably be referred by them to the pathological rather than to the spiritual, and what was a recovery or an enhancement of a natural faculty would be regarded as a morbid delusion and "treated" accordingly, I had written cautioning her to keep strict silence respecting her experiences, and meanwhile to maintain a calm and critical, but not an unsympathetic, attitude of mind, firmly repelling whatever influences might be of an inferior order, and carefully recording all that happened. The event had proved the wisdom of the caution thus given, but either it had been received too late or had been disregarded. For, being under the impression that others would be as overjoyed as herself to find that one whom they had loved and lost still existed and cared for them, and could hold converse with them, she related to them what had happened, with exactly the disagreeable results to herself which I had anticipated and sought to avert.

The letter received from her by me on Saturday, November 3, was written on Wednesday, October 31, and in it she stated that in the course of the previous night—the night of the day of my last attempt beside the grave—she had been roused from sleep by someone whom she recognised as Mrs Kingsford, who had caused her to write to me the letter now enclosed. The message thus dictated consisted of warm assurances of Mary's continued regard for me and interest in our work, and concluded with the exclamation, emphatically underlined, and written with impetuous energy—"Caro ! Caro ! Caro ! does not my voice reach you ? *Caro !!!* CARO !!! CARO !!!" making it to appear as if she was then actually calling to me at each repetition louder than before, as well as writing, just as I had desired her to call, and as I had

felt that she was calling, though the sounds failed to reach my ears.

On the following day, Sunday, November 4, I received from Miss M. H. E., also forwarded under cover from London, another letter purporting to have been dictated by Mary, charging me to use for the book I had just edited, her *Dreams and Dream-Stories*, a preface which she herself had written, instead of one of my own composition, a copy of which I should find in a certain receptacle in the room which had been her study at the vicarage. The particulars, none of which were known to the writer, were correct in every respect, saving only that the word "schoolroom" was used instead of "study." It was in the place named that I had found the preface in question, which, as before related, I had substituted for one of my own, under a strong impression that in so doing I was acting as she herself would prefer if consulted. The book, moreover, had actually just been published, so that the present instruction came too late to be acted on. From which it was clear that her knowledge of my doings was not fully up to date.

The letters thus dictated showed a gradual and increasing assimilation of the medium's handwriting to that of Mary. But the envelope containing the last letter was addressed in a hand which was not merely like hers, but *was* hers, and was written with great freedom, clearness, and firmness, and as if dashed off at speed, the strokes being somewhat thicker than she was wont to make, as would naturally be the case when forcibly using the hand of another. It was accompanied by a letter from M. H. E. herself describing the sensation in her hand when writing it as that of being controlled by some pervading substance, which, while strong and firm, was soft and impalpable. The same post brought direct from Scotland another letter similarly addressed in Mary's handwriting, as exact as mine was, to A. It had been written, M. H. E. informed me, on the same occasion as mine, but was delayed in the posting, so that it arrived simultaneously with mine from London. It came just after A. had quitted the vicarage for morning service, and while I was still in the house; and I placed it, pending his return, on the drawing-room table. The first person to see it was E., the daughter, who, on catching sight of it, at once called out to me, in great excitement, "Mr Maitland! What can be

the meaning of this? Here is a letter for papa in mamma's handwriting."

Upon this I told her, what I had before kept to myself, that I also had received one similarly addressed, and that there was really nothing to be surprised at in the matter, as such things were well known to the ancients, and were mentioned in the Bible, and had been frequent since the rise of spiritualism; and it was only what was to be expected in the case of one so highly developed spiritually as her mamma. The purport of the letter to A. was identical with that to me. She had failed to follow me to the vicarage, and supposing I was still in London, had written to tell him to find the preface in question, and send it to me.

It will be remembered that in the spring of 1882 a difference had arisen between Mary and myself in relation to my book, *The Soul and How it Found Me*, on the ground of Miss Cobbe's cruel aspersion and bitter persecution of her on identifying her as the "seeress" of that book; and that the experience especially cited by Miss Cobbe to her disadvantage was that entitled the "Vision of Creation," or the "Vision of the Worlds," and subsequently, in *Clothed with the Sun*, the "Vision of Adonai." Completely demoralised by her acute suffering and sense of injustice on the occasion, she had forgotten her part in the publication of the book, and the necessity of it to our work, and conceived the impression that I had published it against her wishes, and committed a grievous error of judgment in the matter, which error she wished me to confess. I, however, had remained firm in my conviction, and said that I would at once make such a confession if I could do so conscientiously; but that, so far from that being the case, I was absolutely convinced that some day—whether here or hereafter I knew not—she herself would be of my opinion, and would say that she was wrong and I was right in the matter.¹ I had failed to convince her, and the question remained, the one unresolved discord between us, though I had at once withdrawn the book from further sale. After her death I had still respected her feeling in the matter, though it had not found expression for a long time. And partly for this reason, and partly to recompense the publisher, who had so considerately

¹ See p. 46 *ante*.

assented to my desire, I bought up the remainder of the edition and had it destroyed. There was yet another motive. I wished to be free to use the materials for my contemplated history of her and our work.

Since the publication of *Dreams and Dream-Stories* I had occupied myself in preparing *Clothed with the Sun*. But here the question arose whether to include the vision which had been the source of so much distress and trouble. My own conviction had remained unshaken. It was absolutely indispensable to our work as showing that no mystical experience, however lofty and recondite, had been withheld from us that would enable us to speak with authority from personal knowledge. But the recollection of her objection rose before me so vividly as to make me uncertain whether it was only recollection, or whether it was being reinforced by her present opposition. In this dilemma I sought for some direct, palpable indication from her as to the inclusion of this vision. To that end I addressed to her, as though visibly present, a formal statement of my reasons for its republication, not speaking aloud, but mentally. To my great satisfaction, I found, on concluding, that I was no longer under any hesitation in the matter, but that whatever opposition there might previously have been was entirely withdrawn; and I accordingly included it in the book, placing it last, in order to be able to suppress it in the event of some later and positive intimation to that effect. Meanwhile I was so confident of her assent that the matter no longer weighed on my mind. I was conscious also of assistance from her, not verbally and audibly, but by means of enhancement of perception and judgment, in the preparation of the notes and appendices, some of which dealt with matters of the utmost profundity.

Such was the situation when I received an invitation to attend a sitting for automatic writing by two ladies who possessed that gift. Of these ladies one only of them was known to me. She was a Mrs C., whom I had met but twice, but of whom I had seen sufficient to assure me that she was a person of sound judgment, mature in spirit as in years, and altogether reliable. Nevertheless, I at first declined the invitation, on the ground that I disliked mixed sittings, and never joined in them. I was assured, however, that the persons to be present were all serious inquirers, and no element of frivolity would be admitted; all that was

wanted of me was to be present and offer any suggestions respecting the conduct of the sitting. While pondering the matter I found my hesitation entirely disappear, and I consented to attend in the character described. I had no definite anticipation of any results personally interesting to me, but previously to going I mentally asked Mary to be present, and to tell me through them, if she might, of any change that ought to be made in my book of her illuminations. The sitting duly took place, the two ladies who wrote being in the centre of a circle of six or eight persons, when, after some messages which they recognised as from persons known to them, they said to me that my late friend, Mrs Kingsford, was present, and would answer any questions I might like to ask. To which I replied by exclaiming, "So, then, you have really come at my request?" To which it was said in writing, "Yes; the tie is not snapped." I then said, "Now is the time to tell me about my work. Is there any change you wish made?" To which it was answered, "I wish to tell you that since I have been on this side I have come to see some things differently from what I did before, and that about the 'Vision of the Worlds' I was wrong and you were right." My satisfaction at this was supreme. Only we two had ever known of the difference which had thus arisen between us; and now, after the lapse of seven years, she had fulfilled my prediction, and used the very words I had declared she would use when her perceptions should become clearer, thereby showing recollection and growth and readiness to acknowledge her error of judgment. And when I explained the matter to the persons present, they fully appreciated the grounds of my satisfaction and the positive proof afforded of continuance and memory and advancement after death.

On June 5, 1889, Mrs H. sat with me and reported Mary as saying that she was aware of the difficulties placed in my way by opposition of various kinds, and was pleased at my unswerving steadfastness; that the opposition was becoming weaker, and would gradually disappear.

"She sees," she continued, "that you need rest and change, and is anxious that you get them soon, before beginning fresh work. You put so much of your own substance into your work that you exhaust yourself. Do not be afraid of taking all the rest and sleep you require now, without waiting for your holiday. Visit different places, as last year, keeping Atcham for the last, and returning thence home for your work. That place suits you best for several

reasons, one of which is, that she gets at you best there to help you. She much approves all you have done, and is surprised at the completeness with which you are able to carry out her wishes. Do not fear—as you have feared—that you have spoken too explicitly. Some members of her family may object on conventional grounds, but do not mind them. Be firm and gentle; the world is fast moving on, and will recognise your new book beyond any of the others. She fully approves the idea of a cheap edition of *The Perfect Way*, and wishes also for a small, plainly written book to be published, setting forth its teaching so that all can understand it; also a volume of her collected lectures, papers, and essays on Vegetarianism,¹ Vivisection, and other subjects, and by and by her lectures on the 'Credo.' These last are in advance of people now, but will not be so long, as people are themselves advancing. Meanwhile keep on writing the Biography, to be ready when the time comes for its publication, when those who might object to it will either be sufficiently advanced to object no longer or will be removed. The Biography will be a most valuable light to the world as exhibiting the history of the soul. All these books will together constitute a complete body of knowledge. She is very busy in advancing the work by influencing others also; and you will find help and recognition coming from many quarters where she is busy. Do not think of her past sufferings, or of herself as still weak and suffering and needing tending. All that was put off with the physical organism. Dismiss the recollection of these from your mind as mere pictures, useless and even pernicious to dwell upon, and as weakening to you both. For she derives strength from you when you think of her as superior to such conditions. You have expanded much, she says, and have a larger and firmer grasp of the truth even than when last you conversed with her through me. The influences here are excellent, and it is much better for me to come here than for you to come to my residence. It does me good to come here, the influences are so pure. She approves of an occasional conference of this kind, though well satisfied with her success in impressing you directly. You do everything she wishes, she says, and that is the best proof."

To a question put by me about the Theosophical Society, the "Secret Doctrine," and its influence on our work, it was replied:—

"The ultimate effect of that Society will be to help your work. It will have acted as a great net to draw people to these subjects; but they will not long remain at the Society's level, but will rise towards yours. That Society's work fell into about the worst hands into which it could have fallen. There were no good instruments, and such as were available had to be used. They will pass away and be succeeded by better ones, and you will find that movement

¹ Anna Kingsford's and Edward Maitland's Vegetarian writings have recently been published under the title *Addresses and Essays on Vegetarianism*; and this book will shortly be followed by their *Addresses and Essays on Vivisection*, and there are other writings to follow.—S. H. H.

has been a great help to yours. Madame Blavatsky's sources of information are partly from study, and partly, as she states, spiritual, but reflective or astral rather than original and Divine, the truth being greatly obscured and distorted. Reading her book is like wading into a sea of mud to find a single little pearl. In all you write you should explain fully, and you will have nothing to recall; and remember that whatever you say will endure for ever."

Startled by this last utterance, I remarked, "You mean whatever I say with full perception." To which it was replied, with much decision, "I mean whatever you say. You will be allowed to say nothing without full perception."

The sitting concluded with an injunction to use the medium only on an emergency, and to seek directly to Mary herself, as it was almost a sacrilege for any third person to come between us.

On June 24 [1889] I sat again with Mrs C. and her friend, in compliance with an invitation which I had accepted only after much hesitation, notwithstanding the supremely satisfactory nature of my previous sitting; and that I did finally accept it was owing to an impulse of such a nature as to lead me to ascribe it to Mary herself. It was at a time when I was perplexed well-nigh to despair about the projected Biography. Two lines had suggested themselves to me, neither of which I cared to adopt, my chief difficulty arising from my consciousness of the offence likely to be taken by her relatives, especially at the intimations she had received about some of her previous lives, which were among the most valuable incidents to be recorded. One of the two lines was to write a brief memoir, keeping as close as was practicable to the conventional, and such as could give offence to no one; but that would be to produce a book entirely devoid of spiritual value, and to such extent to make her to have lived and suffered in vain. The other was to write in full, as she herself had charged me, and leave the book to be published when not only I myself, but all who knew her, had passed away, and to incur the risk of its never being published at all. I shrank equally from both alternatives, and no third course presented itself, so that I was altogether unable even to make a commencement. While in this dilemma it suddenly occurred to me to attend the sitting to which I had been invited, first asking her to be present and to solve my difficulty. Accordingly, when about to start from home for the purpose, I mentally begged her to accompany me, and wrote on a slip of paper a reminder of the point at issue, partly to ensure

my own recollection of it, and partly to show the circle what I had come prepared to ask, in the event of a reply according with my need. The words I wrote were these: "Am I to withhold anything or write in full?" No one in the world but myself knew either of my intention or of my difficulty.

As on the previous occasion, I took my seat in the circle, and the ladies wrote on a small table in the centre. We had lunched together first, and they had begun writing before I joined them in the drawing-room. But I had scarcely taken my place when their communications ceased, and it was written, "There is someone else here who wishes to write for one of the party." "Is it for so and so?" they asked, naming one and then another. "No," was the reply. At last I said, "Is it for me?" "Yes," it was written. Then I said, addressing the controlling spirit, and resolved, as was my wont, to make the test a crucial one, by giving no hint of what was in my mind, "If you are indeed whom I suppose, you know what is perplexing me; can you solve my difficulty?" It will be remembered that my secret written question was, "Am I to withhold anything or write in full?" It was then instantly written, "Do not withhold anything. The minds of those left behind are changing, and will change yet more, and you will have no difficulty in saying all that you wish to say. Light will come in developing thought. All these things must and will be allowed. The leaven is working in many others. There must be criticism, but act independently of it. The time is not yet ripe, but do not shrink on that account. Your service is that of the pioneer."

The surprise and satisfaction of all present may be imagined when I produced the slip of paper containing the question thus so directly answered, and in its own words. But this was not all. During the writing its character had entirely changed from a slanting, pointed, running hand to her own square, upright hand, the writers declaring that their hands had been compressed at the time with so much force as to make them feel faint from the pressure.

Speaking with Madame Blavatsky of these and other experiences, I remarked that her attitude towards spiritualism failed to take account of phenomena such as ours. To which she replied very emphatically that nothing that she said about spiritualism applied to persons like us, but only to persons who

are quite undeveloped in their spiritual nature, as the spiritualists are as a rule, and who can therefore hold intercourse only with phantoms and spooks, and such other low orders as correspond to their own level. What I had told her confirmed the belief she already had, that Mary had become what the Hindoos call a *Nirmâna-kaya*. That is an order of souls who have to such extent been adepts in their lifetime, and so far perfected their spiritual principles, that after death they are free, and able to renounce their right of immediate ascent to higher conditions, and remain within reach of the earth in order to influence and instruct persons who are still living on it.

The book of her illuminations was all in type, and the first sheet of the final revise had been sent me without my having been able to find a title to please me ; and in default of it the printer had begun to set up a portion of the sub-title at the top of the left-hand page. I was in despair. Titles had always been a strong point with me, and now I found myself at a loss with the book I esteemed above all others. Meanwhile I felt absolutely convinced that there was in the world a title to suit it, and one only, yet I could not hit on it, and the printer was waiting ! “ I *must* have it ! ” I exclaimed to myself. “ Where and what is it ? ” Another instant and it was flashed upon me, and proved to be one of the most familiar of Bible phrases, and so absolutely appropriate that I marvelled greatly at my failure to see it before. It was “ Clothed with the Sun,” an apocalyptic expression which we had recognised as denoting the soul under full illumination of the spirit, and having full perception of Divine truth. Another instant and there were similarly flashed on me full instructions for the binding and cover. The front was to have on it the central part of the design which Mary had drawn for *The Perfect Way*, the figure of the woman standing in the sun, and the back cover to have a monogram of the initials of her mundane name, also invented and drawn by herself. This was a butterfly feeding on a twig, so disposed as to make the letters AK, and representing occultly the soul feeding on the tree of life, and the colour was to be that of the “ blood-red ray of the innermost sphere, where Wisdom and Love are One.” So absolute and supreme was my satisfaction that I gave no thought to the possible source of the suggestion, but only wondered at my failure to think of it sooner. Meanwhile I kept it strictly to myself, as I had always made a

point of doing with my titles, looking as I did on a perfectly happy title as a property of priceless value, to disclose which prematurely would be to incur almost a certainty of loss through its appropriation by someone else.

Three days later my clairvoyante friend, Mrs H., called on me, having been summoned by me to give her a certain commission from a friend. She knew nothing whatever of my book, or design to publish one. On taking her seat and becoming lucid, however, she at once began to smile as at some exquisitely pleasant circumstance, and then, before I had time to question her as to the cause of her hilarity, she exclaimed :—

“ This is most curious, to see how you two think the same thing so exactly at the same moment that it is impossible to say who thought it first. Before you tell me what you have sent for me about, I have to tell you that your friend who calls herself Mary is here, and she bids me tell you that she sees you are very much pleased with the title of your new book, and that you think it is your own. But it is not. She gave it to you. She not only acquiesces in it, she claims it. And she tells me to say further, that although at present she has been unable to make herself palpable to your senses, as she yet hopes to do, she is most gratified by the readiness with which you receive and carry out all the ideas she suggests to your mind. And in answer to the one objection you have thought of to the title—that it has been used already for the recent book called *The Mother, the Woman Clothed with the Sun*—she says that it is no objection at all, because that book is an astral travesty representing the lowest order of spiritualism, and that by taking for your title *Clothed with the Sun*, which is the only part of it in Scripture, you will redeem it from such grievous perversion. I have further to tell you from her that she approves of all you propose to do, and of the dedication ; and that, vast as is the work awaiting you, you will be allowed to remain until it is so far accomplished as no longer to need your presence. You alone can do it, and are to do it. Have, then, she says, no fear on that account. There is absolutely no one on whom your mantle could fall. You two are so much one in mind and thought, the harmony between you is so complete, as really to make identity rather than sympathy.”

I was not alone in my estimate of the book in question, as the following letter, received soon after its publication, will show, the writer being one whom I regarded as second to none in the power rightly to estimate it. For it was our ripe mystical friend, the Rev. Dr John Pulsford, whose acquaintance we had made at Edinburgh :—

“ January 31, 1890.

“ I cannot tell you with what thankfulness and pleasure I have read *Clothed with the Sun*. Sincerely and very much I congratu-

late you as the editor and collaborator with the Seeress. It is impossible for a spiritually intelligent reader to doubt that these teachings were received from *within* the astral veil. They are full of the concentrated and compact wisdom of the Holy Heavens and of God. If Christians knew their own religion they would find in these priceless records our Lord Christ and His vital process abundantly illustrated and confirmed.

"The regret is that so few, comparatively, will be able to read the book, or, reading it, to be aware of the tithe of its pearls. But that such communications are possible, and are permitted to be given to the world, in type, is a sign, and a most promising sign, of our age.

"The editing and the added notes, together with the appendix, are beyond all praise.

"It is no little joy to me to feel that, through these illuminations, I am so much more in sympathy with God's daughter, the Seeress, than I supposed. The testimony is so clearly above, and distinct from, the degraded and degrading species of Theosophism derived from the occult powers of the universe rather than from the Supreme Spirit, and Father-Mother of our Spirits.

"Now let us expect Evah and Her Seed—the coming of Her Kingdom of the fourth dimension. Psyche, who is within and before Ether, shall yet be the flower and crown of Ether.—In the holy covenant and joy of Her Love,
JOHN PULSFORD."

One of the methods adopted by Mary to convince me of the genuineness of the impressions made by her on my mind was the communication of them to some friend at a distance who was sufficiently sensitive to her influence, with a charge to transmit them to me. My son's return from India in 1891, after an absence and a separation of over ten years, was made the occasion of such a duplication. Having little sympathy with my work, and knowing the slenderness of my means, he naturally regretted my devotion to work commercially unremunerative, and made his engagement to be married the occasion of expressing himself to that effect. Meanwhile I had been advised by some of my adherents to form a society for assisting me in the promotion of my work, but had shrunk from the idea through my intense reluctance to the introduction of a money element in any form or kind. Nevertheless I felt that my son had reason on his side, and that it was a duty on my part to consider him and his interests. Between these conflicting feelings I was greatly perplexed, but was somewhat relieved when, on the near approach of his marriage, I received, palpably coming from Mary, an intimation that the event which seemed to me so calamitous for my work would really be advantageous to it, since it would compel me to assent to the proposals made of assistance from others.

This was the intimation, which was duplicated as follows. On the next day but one after the wedding I received from the mother of the Miss W. through whom I had held my first intercourse with Mary the following letter :—

“ October 9, 1891.

“ I enclose you a message which came for you this morning. My daughter was at breakfast, and found there was a communication to be made. We certainly had not been talking or thinking of you.

“ ‘ We are asked to give you a message from the one who gives the name of Mary, to tell E. Maitland that she foresees some little amount of difficulty before him, but she wishes him to be quite easy, as it will not injure the cause of anything that he has at heart, but will in the end be a very good thing ; and that he has her constant supervision and direction ; for through the height of their wanderings together, she *above* can touch depths, and he *below* heights that bridge over the removal of the Body, and enable them to work together as formerly, as One.’ ”

In this way, without giving a hint of the nature of the subject to the intermediaries, she made herself perfectly clear to me, and ensured my acceptance, as really coming from her, of the intimation she had already impressed on my mind.

The first occasion on which, to my unbounded satisfaction, I was able to catch the tone and accents of her voice was as follows. By a train of events so exceptional as to seem to be ordered, I had been brought into relations with a certain weekly paper which was about the last I ever anticipated writing in. This was the *Agnostic Journal and Eclectic Review*, which I knew only as an organ of unbelief in its most pronounced form, its editor avowing it to be the object of his life utterly to discredit the Bible and destroy all that passed for Christianity. The few numbers I had seen of it had simply disgusted me by the dense materialism and coarse profanity of its writers. The editor, nevertheless, was—I was assured—better than his paper, and his revolt was not really against religion as such, but against the presentation of it to the destruction of which I myself was devoted. What if I could, in his columns, get pure spiritual teaching to an audience otherwise inaccessible on that side of their nature ? The chief priest and Pharisee class had proved themselves as deaf as of old to any but the conventional orthodoxies. Appeal to them was useless. There was no room in the sumptuous inns of a press inveterately sacerdotal for the humanity represented by our work. How about the publicans and sinners of the lowly cave and stable

represented by the *Agnostic Journal*? I was bound to get a hearing, wherever it might be accorded, and what more likely than that the very novelty of the attempt to convict the dominant orthodoxy of heresy and falsehood out of its own sacred books, and thus to rehabilitate these, would win a hearing which would otherwise be denied?

Such were the conditions under which I consented to contribute to the paper in question the series of articles entitled "The Bible's own Account of Itself," and subsequently published under that name. I had despatched the first of the series overnight, without any particle of misgiving. But on rising next morning I found myself labouring to an extraordinary degree with apprehension at the prospect of the encounter I had challenged, feeling that I had gone into a hornets' nest, or thrown myself, like another Daniel, into a den tenanted by far less noble creatures than lions, since, as materialists and vivisectionists, they had, most of them, so far suppressed their humanity as to be rather demon than human. Thus pondering and shrinking, I sat at the foot of my bed, when suddenly Mary threw herself upon me in an all-pervading embrace, giving me an immense accession of force and courage, and exclaiming in her own unmistakable accents, "Caro! they who are on your side are more than they who are against you. The mountain is full of horses and chariots of fire round about you!" And from that time forth, for all the years I wrote in that paper, I found myself possessed of force and lucidity amply sufficient to sustain me in every exposition and secure victory in every encounter; and from many of its readers—some of them life-long unbelievers—I received tokens of grateful appreciation, declaring that as I put spiritual things before them, they had no difficulty in accepting them.

Nevertheless such moments of depression would occasionally recur; and it was in an unusually severe access of such a mood that I chanced one day to be gazing on her portrait, that hung on the wall, when I was startled by a voice, which was unmistakably hers, speaking as from the picture itself, and saying, "Caro, you are the happiest man in the world!" To which I replied, "Well, I suppose I am." But I am quite sure that anyone else would have declared that the picture itself had spoken.

I have mentioned that we had failed to find a satisfactory explanation of her Roman dream, entitled, in *Dreams and Dream-*

Stories, "A Haunted House Indeed."¹ I had sent the book to a friend in Denmark, Herr Carl Michelsen, a notable and scholarly mystic, and to some extent a sensitive; and shortly after reading the story he wrote to me saying that, while pondering its meaning, a spirit giving the name of Anna came and told him that it meant Materialism. This was an explanation that I found altogether satisfactory, since it is by yielding to the glamour of the sense-nature, and therein to matter, that man becomes absorbed and loses his individuality. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die."

The result of my complying with the proposals made to me was the formation [in November 1891], under the name of "The Esoteric Christian Union," of a society having for its object the propagation of the New Gospel of Interpretation, of which we had been the recipients.² Mary's interest in the movement was

¹ Pp. 314-5 *ante*.

² The object of the Society was not to form a new Church or Sect. Writing on this subject to a friend, Edward Maitland said:—"It is not at all our idea to form any new Church or Sect, but rather to radiate off our own illuminations into all existing bodies, with a view to lead them to recognise the spiritual truths underlying their own Scriptures and dogmas and formulas, believing that this will in due time cause the barriers of form which now separate them to dissolve and disappear before the recognition of their essential identity. . . . What I mostly desire is the opportunity of giving addresses on and readings in the New Interpretation to groups of persons really earnest for knowledge on the supreme subjects dealt with in it, and so by degrees forcing the official preachers and teachers of the existing Churches and Sects to recognise the fact that there is in the world, actually delivered in our own day, in accordance with numerous explicit prophecies, Biblical and others, a new revelation interpreting the former ones, and expounding all the mysteries of existence and religion in such wise as to satisfy absolutely man's highest aspirations, intellectual, moral, and spiritual" (Letter, dated January 15, 1895, to T. May).

The Esoteric Christian Union did not survive the President-Founder. At the end of the first year of its existence its list comprised "some sixty members and numerous sympathisers," but the Society was never much before the public. From the start it suffered from insufficiency of means. Few of the members were "of the richer sort." There was never any money available for public meetings, for readings and expositions. By the rules, members were not bound to contribute anything towards the funds of the Society, contributions being optional. The Society also suffered from lack of workers. The writer joined the Society in 1894, and from that time there was never a general meeting of the members. Edward Maitland, as and when opportunity offered, delivered lectures and addresses, usually to private circles of students and inquirers in London and the suburbs, and he wrote numerous articles expository of the New Interpretation in various periodicals, notably in *The Agnostic Journal*, *The Vegetarian*,

vividly manifested in various ways, notably in the supervision she exercised over the composition of the statement of the society's

Light, and *The Unknown World*. For all practical purposes, Edward Maitland himself was the Society. Apart from his lectures and articles, the chief work of the Society was the dissemination by gift, loan, or sale of the publications and books regarded by the Society as the best exponents of the *New Gospel of Interpretation* (see note, p. 401 *ante*). In the second annual report, for the year ending December 31, 1893, Edward Maitland says:—"One notable feature [of the Society's endeavours] is the increased desire evinced by the clergy of various denominations, especially the Anglican and the Roman Catholic, for fuller knowledge of the import of the doctrines and formulas of religion, and their greater readiness to recognise the writings disseminated by the Society as containing indubitably the interpretations hitherto sought in vain, but now in these latter days disclosed to the world in due fulfilment of the prophecies which foretell the breaking of the seals and opening of the Books, and the restoration of the faculty whereby is the understanding of divine things, as to occur at the present period and under the existing conditions of Church and World" (see also extract from the third annual report, pp. 400-2 *ante*). In the third annual report, for the year ending December 31, 1894, Edward Maitland referred to "the lightning-gleams of the advent of the new and divine Humanity [which were] already flashing from the east unto the west with a vividness and a lustre not to be mistaken," and he appealed to "those to whom the blessing [had] been vouchsafed of light and knowledge in a degree transcending their fellows, actively to bestir themselves in spreading that light and knowledge": and the report continues:—"What is especially needed is the accession of persons able and willing to address audiences, public or private, such as may be accessible to new light. At present the whole burden of such exposition has fallen on the President, but the results have been such as to show that only a sufficiency of labourers is required to reap an abundant harvest. . . . The world has entered upon a new epoch in its spiritual history, and one that is destined to issue in a dispensation truly millennial, in that it will witness the promotion of the spiritual consciousness of the race to a level transcending any hitherto attained by it as a race; seeing that never in the world's history was the yearning for pure truth so intense and widespread as now; never were there such facilities for the transmission and diffusion of thought and knowledge comparable to those which now are; and never was that truth in its midst and accessible, in plenitude and simplicity, as now. Assuredly, then, while so many are hungering and thirsting after it, and it exists in so great abundance and perfection in our midst, there ought to be no lack of hands or means to convey it to them." But this appeal did not avail, for the fourth and last annual report of the Society contains the following paragraph:—"The circulation of the Society's special publications, a large proportion of which is gratis, continues to make such drafts upon its still very slender resources as to render necessary an appeal to its members and sympathisers for more liberal help." The help again asked for was not given, and at the time of Edward Maitland's death, in 1897, the Society was dead through stagnation. Whether it will ever be revived remains to be seen. One reason, no doubt, for the failure of the Society was the fact that "its members [were] so scattered as to render concentrated action very difficult." In no place were they numerous enough to hold meetings of their own.—S. H. H.

aims, methods, and scope. This was a compendious little epitome of the real doctrine of Christianity as founded in the nature of existence, and as subsisting in the Bible properly interpreted.¹ It made a small volume of less than a hundred pages, but, owing to its very smallness, it required an immensity of labour, so much had it to be condensed into so small a space, and with brevity it was essential to combine lucidity. The writing of it gave me more labour than anything I had ever before written. Night after night for weeks I went to bed satisfied with my day's work, and woke in the morning with an entirely new presentation, far superior, which I had been enabled to think out in sleep. Occasionally during the day's work her presence was palpable both to hearing and to touch. One instance of the former was as follows :—

I was aware of the numerous allusions in the Bible to the Intuition as the feminine mode, or "woman," of man's mental system, and I was seeking for some fresh allusions to the Intellect as the masculine mode, or "man," of that system. I had paused in my writing to think inwardly for what I wanted, ransacking my memory, but for some time in vain. Presently she said to me, in her usual clear, incisive tones, "Caro, Lucifer is the intellect. Read the *chapter*," with a strong emphasis on "chapter," implying that I was to read it as a whole. This showed that she knew exactly where my mind was on the subject. I knew the chapter well, but had not read it as a whole, owing to the apparent division made in it between the first part, which refers to the king of Babylon, and the second, to Lucifer. I knew what was meant by the king of Babylon, and his fellow-kings of Egypt, Assyria, Tyre, and others—that they were mystical terms to denote the ruling principle in the world's materialistic system—and she knew that I knew it; but I had not identified him with the principle apostrophised as Lucifer. But now, on turning to Isaiah xiv., I saw at once that they are the same; and that as, when united with the pure Intuition, the Intellect is the force

¹ It was entitled *The New Gospel of Interpretation*, "being an Abstract of the Doctrine and Statement of the Objects of the Esoteric Christian Union" (see note, p. 401 *ante*). The Society also issued as a pamphlet *The Appeal of the Esoteric Christian Union to the Churches and People of Christendom*, which was written by Edward Maitland, and which set forth the two presentations of Christianity designated "Christ" and "Belial" respectively.—S. H. H.

by which man may grasp and apprehend the truth, and is called therefore Lucifer, the Light-bearer, the bright and morning star, and opener of the gates of the day of the Spirit ; so, when divorced from the Intuition and leagued with the sense-nature, he is the king of the Babylon of this world, and " prince of devils " in man. And it is of Lucifer in this sense that the fall from the heaven of his supremacy is exultingly hailed in anticipation by the prophet—as is subsequently that of " Satan " by Jesus—on the restoration of the " woman " Intuition, when she shall be " clothed with the sun " and carried to the throne of God, and her sons shall make war with the dragon of Matter and have victory over him.

The manifestation of the presence of Mary at this period culminated during the writing of the passage on page 80, alluding to the practice of vivisection as the initial prompting cause of our seeking the revelation which had been vouchsafed to us. This is the passage :—

" And if it be asked how, or under what circumstances precisely, an event so momentous came about, and what token, if any, there is to show that the Saviour it claims to restore is in very truth the same with Him of whom, it is alleged, man has been so cruelly defrauded, and that the Christ of the proffered Gospel of Interpretation is identical with Him of the accepted Gospel of Manifestation—this ought surely to suffice, *He had His birth among the animals.*¹

" For their terrible wrongs, culminating at the hands of their scientific tormentors, were the last drops which filled to overflowing with anguish, indignation, and wrath hearts already brimming with the sense of the world's priest-caused degradation and misery, wringing from them the cry which rent the heavens for His descent, and in direct and immediate response to which He came.

" For the New Gospel of Interpretation was vouchsafed in express recognition of the determined endeavour, by means of a thought absolutely fearless and free, to scale the topmost heights, fathom the lowest depths, and penetrate to the inmost recesses of Consciousness, in search of the solution of the problem of Existence, in the assured conviction that, when found, it would prove to be one that would make, above all things, Vivisection impossible, if only by demonstrating the constitution of things to be such that, terrible as is the lot of its victims here, the lot of their tormentors hereafter is unspeakably worse ; as has proved, with absolute certainty, to be the truth, to the full vindication at the same time of the Divine Justice and the Divine Love."

As I wrote the words, " the cry which rent the heavens for His

¹ See p. 8 *ante*.

descent, and in direct and immediate response to which He came," she threw herself upon me in an ecstasy of emotion, exactly as my mother had done fifteen years before, thrilling with intensity, and for some moments wept passionately through me, in token at once of her appreciation of my recognition of her work and its motive, and of her delight at having the truth thus fully and distinctly declared.

This was in December 1891. A very few weeks later brought the following experience :—

A lady living in London, whom I will call Mrs C.,—altogether unknown to me, but of a family notable for intelligence, energy, and beneficent public activity, wife of a distinguished lawyer, and an intimate friend of several of our foremost experts in science and philosophy, at whose feet she may be said to have been brought up,—came into contact with another lady, a friend of mine, and honorary secretary of my new society, "The Esoteric Christian Union," and after a brief conversation was prompted to unbosom herself as follows. She was supremely unhappy, she declared, through the conflict in her mind between the two presentations of doctrine, the materialistic and anti-religious, and the spiritualistic and religious. All her surroundings belonged to the former ; but she herself was to such a degree a sensitive that she was able to receive instruction from the world of spirits, and, under such influence, to write things which transcended her own knowledge and ability to originate, but not her power to appreciate and recognise as true. Any intimation to her scientific and philosophic friends of her gift and her belief in this direction was at once scouted as ridiculous, and declared to be the inevitable precursor of madness if persisted in. "That way lies Bedlam," they would say, and solemnly caution her against encouraging such tendencies. And as they who spoke thus were the foremost exponents of the science of the day, she hesitated to trust her own judgment against their positive assertions that such things are utterly impossible. The mental conflict thus engendered in herself made her, she declared, unhappy, ill, and irritable, and incapable of properly discharging her duties, domestic and other ; and she felt that, for the sake of all concerned, it must be put an end to if possible. She had therefore yielded to the impulse which had seized her to ask my friend if she could direct her to any person of experience and judgment

whom she might consult with advantage. The result was a visit to me, and a conversation lasting for some two hours. I found her a person of bright intelligence, high culture, perfect sincerity and candour, lofty ideals and great energy, and able to recognise at once the fallacies which, as I pointed out to her, vitiate alike the methods and the conclusions of the materialists in such a degree as to lay them, and not us, open to the charge of insanity. For, while claiming to found their system on experience, they really found it upon non-experience, because they deny on the strength of their own non-experience the things which we affirm on the strength of our experience, and consider that our affirmations thus founded are effectually disposed of by their denials thus founded. Doing which they really make, not experience, but non-experience the basis of conclusion. Then, again, while claiming to be Agnostics, and declaring that man is incapable of obtaining knowledge save through the bodily senses, and denying the possibility of knowing anything about God, the soul, and immortality, they are really posing as Gnostics, and claiming to know the limits of human faculty. And they, moreover, set limits even to Omnipotence itself, by denying to God the power to make Himself known to man. Their doctrine of Evolution, moreover, as defined by them, is an impossibility. For they deny the permanence of the Ego, which is the subject of Evolution; and without a permanent Ego to retain and advance by means of experiences undergone, there can be no Evolution. And not only this, but even while believing in Evolution, and admitting their total ignorance of the nature of the force by which it occurs, of the substance in which it occurs, and of the impulsion through which it occurs, they presume to assign limits to Evolution, as by denying the possibility of the experiences relied on by us. True, they call the substance in question matter, and define Evolution as the "integration of matter." But seeing that matter is phenomenon, in thus defining Evolution they build their system on the appearance instead of on the reality of which matter is the appearance, totally ignoring the underlying original Substance, which is necessarily nothing less than Divinity itself, since there can be but one Substance of which all things are modes of manifestation.

Passing from the illogicality of their method, which she fully recognised, to their results as regarded the outlook for humanity,

I inquired whether her scientific friends were satisfied with the universe as constructed by them, and content with blank annihilation as their lot ; to which she replied with emphasis, " No, indeed ! Some of the very foremost of them have confessed to me the temptation under which they find themselves to commit suicide in order to get rid of the horror they feel at the idea of there being no future for them, and that they will be none the better permanently for all that they have done, and suffered, and learnt."

I then told her of our results, and the certainty to which we had attained, both doctrinally and experientially, of our past as well as of our future existence ; and went on to explain that it was precisely the mission of the Christ to demonstrate to men their own equal Divine potentialities with Himself, which belong to them in virtue of the divinity of the constituent principles of existence, its Force and its Substance ; with all of which, and much more, she heartily concurred, and she took her leave, expressing the highest satisfaction, relief, and gratitude.

During the colloquy I had become aware of the presence of Mary. She did not, however, manifest herself to my visitor. But the latter had scarcely departed when she said to me, " I like her ! I will come to her." It did not occur to me what she meant by this. But some ten days later I learnt that she had actually come to her on the day following her visit to me, and after avowing herself to be the spirit who had collaborated with me and was now helping me, commenced giving her a series of instructions, and introduced to her a group of souls of a like high order, for the same purpose ; all of which she wrote down under their guidance, they explaining the process to be, not that of " mediumship " or control—for her own consciousness was never set aside—but of enhancement of faculty by blending with her own mind. This continued for a space of about three months,¹ during which Mrs C. came to me from time to time to read me what she had thus received and written ; and in several instances, especially in the communications which I recognised as coming from Mary herself, it was identical even in terms with what she had suggested to me for the statement I was then writing for " The Esoteric Christian Union." ² Such is the genesis of the

¹ February—June 1892.

² Pp. 430—1 *ante*.

little book entitled, *A Message to Earth*. That it was issued without any word of preface or introduction was due to the unwillingness of the recipient to risk recognition by her relations and friends. As, to my great sorrow, she was removed shortly afterwards, the omission will be made good in any subsequent edition, by the relation of its history; the testimonies received by me to its value from many persons of culture and judgment, having been of the warmest description.

The following is one of the utterances thus received. It came from Mary, and was one of those most characteristic of her. It contained expressions I had myself received from her. It was given in response to an appeal, made in a desponding mood, about the results of the new spiritual awakening generally, and about our work in particular—"Was it indeed the work of God, and would it be successful?" The utterance was headed—

A CRY FROM THE BEYOND

"It is the work of God, nor can failure be where God is. The hour is at hand, cry Those of the Beyond, and they of earth's denizens who can read the signs of the times shall unite with us to accomplish our holy work.

"See ye not that in many ways God works among you? On one level the stirring of the masses finds voice in what men call the 'Salvation Army.' On another, the Churches turn restlessly around, seeking to revitalise their faiths. Everywhere men's minds are seeking truth or despairing that truth is not for man. Wherever your intuitions are true to Everlasting Fact are ye led to see beyond the veil into the things which transcend sense. Whether the result take place in one form or in another, the same Divine outpouring it is that underlies the spiritual phenomena of your age. Science, even, in laying bare the phenomenal aspect of the Universe, so far as man's reason through his fleshly tenement can gauge it, has awakened men's consciousness to the vastness of their surroundings, and has whetted their appetite for further knowledge. Nor will her cry—the cry of Science—that 'what lies beyond the phenomenal is unattainable by man,' avail to stay the onward tide of your eager souls. She has established the fact of Evolution as the pivot on which your Universe revolves—as the main-spring of its Being. And shall she set bounds and order limits to its unfolding in man himself? Shall the priesthood of Science replace the priesthood of Religion? Not so, in face of facts she will not look upon, or can account for only by a denial of their existence. If the priesthood of the Earth—uttering itself whether as Religion or as Science—prompted by fears lest Truth abolish it, shall seek to withhold from you your Birthright in God; if, as Religion, its effort be to arrest man's mind in contemplation of dead doctrines formulated centuries ago in self-preservation; or if, as Science, because of its own blindness, it utter a

limit to man's growth towards the Divine, most assuredly shall it pronounce its own doom and awaken but to the knell of its own passing bell.

“ For, has not God, in your accepted Evolution, decreed that the tyranny of man shall no longer restrain his fellow-man from reaching upwards to the clear Heavens he discerns above awaiting his approach? From henceforth, know, ye men, that God's Church is the Universe, extending from Earth to Heaven; that God's Temple is the human creature, whose goal is God; nor shall any limit be set by man to man's conceptions of the Divine within or without him. And from henceforth, know, ye Churches of the Earth, that ye shall stand and grow in exact measure as ye grasp this truth and, having grasped it, as ye urge men on to realise the divinity Christ claimed for them. And, ye Churches of the Earth, ye shall perish, and that utterly, as ye blast man's Divine hopes and impulses, perpetuating the priest-constructed doctrine of his sinful origin from a blood-loving deity.

“ Nor shall Earth alone be glorified in its own redemption. Not in vain do the long ages of its past awaken in the voices of those who once called it by the sweet name of 'Mother Earth.' Not in vain do the Angels who claim to have been its own men and women appear to you in vast harmonies of love and faith, prophesying its near resurrection; not in vain do the Celestial ones audibly appeal to you, their loved ones, to join hearts and voices that Christ's divine mission, the establishment of God's Kingdom 'on Earth as it is in Heaven,' shall no longer be as a meaningless sound in your children's ears ” (pp. 21-23).

Another occasion on which I was distinctly accosted by her was the following, which occurred in 1893. I had been invited to take part in a discussion on vivisection at the S—— Club, but I hesitated about accepting, in the belief that its members—all of whom were women—were of the kind who prided themselves on sinking the feminine side of their nature in favour of the masculine, and accordingly were hopelessly committed to the side which I should oppose. I left the matter open until the last moment, having almost decided not to go. But while in the act of crossing Pall Mall from my club, about half an hour before the meeting, it was said to me in tones which were unmistakably hers, “ Tell my sisters of the S—— Club that the really fallen woman is the woman who suppresses her womanhood.” I could not help being amused at the idea of presenting myself to such an audience with such a message. Nevertheless I did so, giving also the history of it, and, to my great relief and satisfaction, it was most cordially received.

The completion of this history was signalised by the last of the *post-mortem* experiences I propose to recount. The stage in our

intercourse had long passed at which an intermediary was necessary. I was able either to hear her voice or to receive on my mind the vivid impression of the ideas she desired to convey. The writing of this book had been my own secret, and no one had been allowed opportunity of making objection if so minded. But being finished, the time had come when, in the event of opposition being offered to its publication, such opposition was imminent. Of the probability of such opposition, its source and its motive, she had long since warned me, and had charged me to be resolute, and to suffer nothing and no one to hinder me. Now, however, in view of the announcement of its near publication, she evidently considered it advisable to reiterate and reinforce her previous admonitions, in order to strengthen me against any disposition to hesitate or yield ; and she accordingly came to me and held colloquy with me to this effect.

When she had written that I should have no difficulty in saying all that I wished to say, her meaning was, no insuperable difficulty. The powers of evil, those " Haters of the Mysteries " from whom we had so greatly suffered, would inevitably do their utmost to prevent the publication of such a book, and they can always find instruments to do their bidding. It had never been shown to me why she was allowed to pass away with so much of the work left undone. It was now needful for me to know it. Our work had two sides, the doctrinal and the experiential. As the former it is a revelation of Divine truth ; as the latter it is a record of actual facts demonstrating the spiritual nature of existence. The former had been largely accomplished in our published books ; the latter would consist in the history of our work, which would give the world the demonstration so greatly needed of the utter falsity of materialism as proved by our experiences of the reality of the soul and the spiritual world. But this record could not be made public in her lifetime ; and there remained to me, who was alone able to write it, little more than a sufficiency of life and power for the task. She, therefore, had been removed to allow of my doing this. And I was to let the knowledge that she had died when she did expressly in order to enable me to do it, and that without it she would largely have lived and suffered in vain, steel me against any opposition that might arise, however fierce, from whatever quarter proceeding, remembering that no mortal has a right to forbid the Almighty to make a new revela-

tion to the world, or to choose His own instruments. Should conflict arise, she would be on my side, aided by Divine help.

As the event proved, this admonition was not without its uses. It served greatly to support me at a very critical moment.

This record would be incomplete without the following answer—the only one at present in my power to render—to a question which can hardly have failed to present itself to my readers. This is the question : In virtue of which of my own former lives was I most specially qualified for the part assigned me in relation to the New Gospel of Interpretation ? Throughout the whole course of our collaboration, from the time of our spiritual initiation in 1876, I had carefully borne in mind the intimations and suggestions which pointed to my having been a certain person, to be a reincarnation of whom, and of no other, would account for a number of circumstances otherwise inexplicable to me. But respecting such an identification I had maintained an absolute reserve, never hinting it even to my colleague, for I felt that if it were withheld from her by our illuminators—as, for reasons obvious to me, might well be the case—it was not for me to communicate it to her. I was far from admitting it to myself as a positive fact, and kept it as a surmise rather than as a conviction, as a possibility rather than a probability or a certainty.

Meanwhile, when once suggested, the idea remained with me, only to gather strength from accumulating evidences of the reality of which I was satisfied ; for I knew by careful observation that, however sensitive I might be to psychical impressions, I was the reverse of fanciful. Among these evidences were my strong feelings of personal acquaintance with and attachment to Jesus ; the longing to clear His character from complicity in the horrible doctrines founded on Him ; the sense that whatever I seemed to know of Him was due to actual recollection, which, it will be remembered, I recorded as occurring long before I had the smallest conception of the doctrine of Reincarnation, and of the possibility of recovering such recollections of a previous existence ; my high appreciation of and preference for the Fourth Gospel ; the utterances with which my reading of certain portions of the Book of Revelation had been accompanied, and the likeness to the recovery of a lost memory of the process by which I discerned the meaning of such passages as I came to understand, and the feeling that it needed but a sufficient enhancement of

such faculty to regain the sense of the whole of it. Then there was the intimation so early given me that I was to live with my colleague as John would live with Mary Magdalen, were the two to come back to tell the world what they knew of Jesus—a life which I took to be one of entire devotion to her highest welfare and interests, with the tenderest consideration for the limitations and liabilities surviving from her past, and not yet wholly outgrown, and steadfastly surrounding her with the spiritual atmosphere essential to the perfect fulfilment of her mission. The agreement with each other of our recollections of Jesus, His person and ways; and the strong resemblances in character and faculty which I could not but recognise as subsisting between John and myself. My own frequent vivid dreams in childhood of imprisonment, persecution, and martyrdom, and notably of the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, at which event, it seemed to me, I must have been present. And, lastly, the circumstance which occurred shortly after Mary's death, of a certain medium, a man whom I met at a friend's rooms, and to whom I and my work were totally unknown, giving in trance a description, as having connection with me, of the martyrdom of John by being boiled in a cauldron of oil, no thought of that legend having previously occurred to me.

That there should be such a return of John had been intimated by Jesus, both in the Gospel and in the Apocalypse, as to take place on the occasion of that second and spiritual coming of the Christ in the clouds of the heaven within men of their restored understanding of Divine things, which event, by interpreting the Christ, would constitute the latter days of that "evil and adulterous generation" in possession in the Church ever since the Fall. For the expressions, "tarry till I come," and "not see death," may well imply his continuance within reach of the Earth-life, instead of passing on to his final beatitude, since the word Death was used in the Mysteries to denote the last initiation whereby the soul, being dead to the world, attains its final perfectionment and emancipation from matter. Daniel and John, both of them "men greatly beloved," had been told that they should stand in their places and prophesy at the latter days. There was so much of identity of spirit and character between the two men as to bear out the impression given me that John was a reincarnation of Daniel, in which case the annunciation

made to both of them that they should return would be fulfilled by the reincarnation of John, since the soul would be the same ; and, as already related, it was Daniel's inspiring angel, Gabriel, who gave us the interpretation of Daniel's prophecy concerning the Time of the End. It would be an impiety to suppose such predictions to be made at haphazard, and argue complete ignorance of the power of the celestial world to foresee the future, and even to accomplish its own predictions by reincarnating at the fitting time the souls necessary for its purpose.

Another reflection worth noting in this relation is, that the belief that one has been such a person as John does not necessarily involve conceit or arrogance. The disciples of Jesus were, one and all, ordinary men, neither exceptionally great nor exceptionally good, and owe the veneration paid them entirely to their association with Him. Such veneration, therefore, is factitious, being reflective only and not direct.

But be these things as they may, the incident now to be recorded actually occurred to myself, in relation to the point involved, during the summer of 1892, the occasion being the preparation of the Second [revised and enlarged] Edition of the "Esoteric Christian Union" statement of our doctrine, under the manifest assistance of my late colleague. I do not, however, ascribe to her any part in it, nor was I at the moment conscious of any presence extraneous to myself. While writing I was suddenly seized with a strong desire to exchange supposition for positive assurance in regard to my identity with John ; and looking up from my writing, I mentally put the question as to my own inmost self, being, as was my invariable wont, absolutely calm and collected, and without the smallest expectation of a response : " May I be quite certain of the reality of my seeming recollections of having been John the Evangelist and Seer, and that I am truly a reincarnation of the soul that was in him ? " The response to this question came with an instantaneousness and force which seemed to imply that the question had been prompted and expected in order to make answer to it, there being no moment of delay to suggest the need of the arrival of anyone to answer it. It was electric for its swiftness, vividness, and intensity, and seemed to radiate from the very centre of my system to its farthest extremities, and it consisted in a mighty " YES," which appealed to every sense at once, being alike heard,

seen, and felt. And when the sensation had passed away and the tones of the utterance had ceased to vibrate, I found myself perfectly content and satisfied, and undesirous of further assurance. The answer seemed to be intended as a final and conclusive reply, to seek beyond which would be to exhibit a distrust wholly without excuse in view of the history, relations, experiences, and achievements in which it had been given me to bear part.

THE END

Anna Kingsford

ORDINARY SIGNATURE.

Anna Kingsford

SIGNATURE WHEN IN AN EXCEPTIONALLY VIVACIOUS OR PEREMPTORY MOOD.

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